GARBO IN LOVE AGAIN?

WARNING TO AMERICAN MOTHERS! DON'T BRING YOUR CHILDREN TO HOLLYWOOD DISCOVERER OF DEANNA DURBIN TELLS YOU WHY

PRISCILLA LANE
IS IT really me?... here in a lovely house, with a car and servants... and the nicest man in the world for a husband? Sometimes I wonder...

It seems only yesterday that I was one of an army of clerks—and a very lonely one at that... only yesterday that Anna Johnson gave me the hint that changed my entire life. Maybe she told me because I was quitting and she wanted me to have a good time on my little trip to Bermuda that I'd skimped and saved for.

"Lil," she said, "in the three years we've been here, I've only seen you out with a man occasionally, I know it isn't because you don't like men."

"They don't like me," I confessed.

"That's what you think... but you're wrong. You've got everything—and any man would like you if it weren't for..."

"If it weren't for what?"

"Gosh, Lil, I hate to say it... but I think I ought to..."

And then she told me... told me what I should have been told years before—what everyone should be told. It was a pretty humiliating hint to receive, but I took it. And how beautifully it worked!

On the boat on the way down to the Islands, I was really sought after for the first time in my life. And then, at a cocktail party in a cute little inn in Bermuda, I met HIM. The moon, the water, the scent of the hibiscus did the rest. Three months later we were married.

I realized that but for Anna's hint, Romance might have passed me by.

For this is what Anna told me:

"Lil," she said, "there's nothing that kills a man's interest in a girl as fast as a case of halitosis (bad breath). Everyone has it now and then. To say the least, you've been, well... careless. You probably never realized your trouble. Halitosis victims seldom do.

"I'm passing you a little tip, honey—use Listerine Antiseptic before any date. It's a wonderful antiseptic and deodorant... makes your breath so much sweeter in no time, honest."

"I'd rather go to a date without my shoes than without Listerine Antiseptic. Nine times out of ten it spells the difference between being a washout or a winner.

And in view of what happened, I guess Anna was right.

* Sometimes halitosis is due to systemic conditions, but usually and fortunately it is caused, say some authorities, by fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine quickly halts such food fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend. Always use Listerine before business and social engagements. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
New "Postillion" hat of black felt, wool snood back, grosgrain band and tailored bow.

Her smart little hat impressed him first but her lovely smile went straight to his heart!

An appealing smile is a priceless asset—Protect yours with Ipana and massage!

Don’t neglect “Pink Tooth Brush!” Ipana and massage promote firmer gums, brighter smiles!

A saucy little hat may catch the eye of many a man, but a lovely smile goes straight to his heart.

And how pitiful the girl who lets her smile get dull and dingy... who ignores “pink tooth brush”... who doesn’t take the proper care of her teeth and gums.

Don’t YOU be so careless! For your smile is you—lose it and you lose one of your most appealing charms. Neglect the modern care of your teeth and gums, ignore the warning of “pink tooth brush,” and all the Paris hats in the world can’t help you overcome the bad impression of a dull and unattractive smile.

So if you notice a tinge of “pink” on your tooth brush—see your dentist immediately!

Very often, he’ll tell you it’s only a warning that your gums have grown tender because our soft-food menus deny them the vigorous chewing exercise they need. To help correct this he’s likely to advise—as so many dentists do—“the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.”

For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help your gums as well as to clean teeth. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums whenever you brush your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier, more resistant.

Play safe. Buy a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist’s today. Let Ipana and massage help make your smile the bright and winning smile it should be.
GOOD NEWS!

NORVELL WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

You want him back—so he'll be back! The astounding success of Norvell's recent series of astrological features for SCREENLAND brought so many letters asking for more that we have assigned Norvell to do an entirely new series for us. The noted Hollywood astrologer, adviser to many famous screen stars, resumes his fascinating articles in the next, the December issue, of The Smart Screen Magazine.

YOUR FUTURE—BY NORVELL!

As a special feature of interest Norvell will offer a horoscope FREE to readers of his SCREENLAND articles.

WATCH FOR NORVELL—IN DECEMBER ISSUE, ON SALE NOVEMBER 3.

Paul C. Hunter, Publisher

November, 1939 Vol. XXXX, No. 1

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Cover Portrait of Priscilla Lane by Elmer Fryer, Warner Brothers.
A PROPHECY: "HERE'S THE GREATEST FUN AND MUSIC ENTERTAINMENT YOU EVER SAW!"

BABES IN ARMS

with CHARLES WINNINGER • GUY KIBBEE • JUNE PREISSER • GRACE HAYES • BETTY JAYNES • DOUGLAS McPHAIL • RAND BROOKS • LENI LYNN • JOHN SHEFFIELD

Screen Play by Jack McGowan and Kay Van Riper. Directed by Busby Berkeley • Produced by Arthur Freed

A METRO-GOLDFYN-MAYER PICTURE

... and the best of music! Hear:

"BABES IN ARMS" and "WHERE and WHEN" by Rodgers & Hart, "GOD'S COUNTRY" by Arlen & Harburg, "GOOD MORNING" by Nacio Herb Brown & Arthur Freed.
BRENDA MARSHALL, Warner Brothers’ glamour girl who makes her first screen appearance in “Espionage Agent” with Joel McCrea, is the wife of Richard Gaines, who is currently the successor to Raymond Massey, star of “Abe Lincoln in Illinois.”

HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD

Beside that oil well that Irene Dunne owns, that is bringing in money faster than you canthink, she also is a part owner of an Artesian well company. Miss Dunne seems to run to things underground. The company sells things called well points. The well points have nothing to do with this story except that when Irene and “Doc” Griffith take those treks up and down the state of California playing every intriguing golf course north and south of Pebble Beach, they sometimes look after their gadget’s welfare, too. When someone told a business man up near Carmel that the couple who got so talkative about his well point business was none other than Irene Dunne and her husband he wouldn’t believe it. “Why, it couldn’t be!” he said; “they’re so common, just like you and me.”

SorRy, Mr. Charles Martin! Seems we printed an item about you in these columns last month which said you were just 24 years old and formerly a radio announcer in Brooklyn. You say it isn’t so—that you’re 31 years old, just the same age as Miss Joan Crawford, and that you’ve never even been in Brooklyn. To the contrary, we are told, it was Charles Martin who originated, produced and directed the radio “March of Time” for its first 2½ years, and furthermore such well-known people as Orson Welles, Nancy Kelly, and Garson Kanin have worked in the important radio shows Mr. Martin has put on. Again, we’re sorry, but we meant well—because we’ve been 24 ourself and we’ve been in Brooklyn. It isn’t a bad place at all.

It’s Hallows’en, and the wicked witch is telling Judy Garland that the goblins will get her if she don’t watch out. When Judy made personal appearances with showing of “The Wizard of Oz,” her fans waited in line for hours and hours to see her.

PRISCILLA LANE has never been given the credit due her for the sincere effort she makes to characterize whenever she has the chance, and when a columnist about town took a crack at her and said she was the only member of the cast of the Cagney picture, “The Roaring Twenties,” too sissy to dress the part, she hit the ceiling. That man is going to have to eat his words, because Priscilla is laying for him. She went to every end to look and dress the part of a flapper of the 1920’s era. In fact, when Lola saw her she warned her that she just couldn’t be seen like that because it was awful. “Be sensible,” Lola coaxed, “you know that no one else does it, so why should you? Don’t try to be the great actress. I doubt whether you’ll have the nerve to go through with it, though, and be seen like that.” That’s all Priscilla needed. She hoisted her skirts higher and had her hair cut off square, very much as if it had been neatly chopped. She looked the part, all right. And then that guy comes along and says she didn’t dress the role because she thought she wouldn’t look pretty. So now, Mr. Columnist, look out!

(Continued on page 12)
"JAMAICA INN"
Your bright young correspondent's hands are quite black and blue from pounding on the Paramount doors, begging for a preview of "Jamaica Inn," the new Paramount release starring our special screen favorite Charles Laughton, and directed by the one and only Alfred Hitchcock. But every black and blue mark is a cherished possession now.

For I've seen "Jamaica Inn" and it is all that I'd hoped for. Laughton has an even grander role than his Captain Bligh, or Javert, as Sir Humphrey Pengallan, a glorious rogue in a top hat, who directs the thrilling activities of a crew of cutthroats who wreck ships on the English coast and turn over their spoils to Sir Humphrey. Maureen O'Hara, Laughton's own discovery, is all he claims her to be. In short, Pommer-Laughton Mayflower Productions have made this exciting Daphne du Maurier novel into an even better screen drama.

"WHAT A LIFE"
If you've seen the stage play "What a Life," or listened to the adventures of Henry Aldrich on the radio, you're prepared for the treat Paramount has in store for you in the new picture, "What a Life." Jackie Cooper is, of course, the perfect choice for young Henry. And Betty Field is so delightful as Henry's Best Girl that Paramount has already signed this young Broadway actress for the lead in Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen." Frankly, I haven't had so much fun since my last high school dance as I had watching Henry, his mother, and all his teachers tangle in the true-to-life schoolday adventures of "What a Life." Jay Theodore Reed deserves a lot of credit for making the finest school comedy brought to the screen in years.

"HONEYMOON IN BALI"
Suppose you were a very beautiful and very successful young New York career woman, with plenty of social and economic independence; would you think a husband necessary? Madeleine Carroll, as such a young lady in Paramount's "Honeymoon in Bali," gives a very definite "no" to that question. Even charming Allan Jones, as an opera singer who can make most girls' hearts go pit-a-pat, gets a cold shoulder from Madeleine. Then along comes Fred MacMurray, the adventurous charmer from Bali, boasting of the five Balinese beauties who love to mend his socks, gives Madeleine a Balinese kiss ... and whammmmmm! P. S. Little Paramount starlet Carolyn Lee, under the expert direction of Edward H. Griffith, is wonderful as that wonderful Babe from Bali.

Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Grant, will play. Remember: If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.
Applause for "Golden Boy," the picture; and for the newcomer, William Holden, who makes the most of his golden opportunity in the title rôle.

It was a great fight, and we're glad he won! Thanks to Clifford Odets' beautifully written play, Rouben Mamoulian's masterly direction, and Columbia's brilliant casting, a newcomer named William Holden has scored a screen knockout, and is now on the high road to Hollywood glory. As the music-loving lad pushed into a prizefighting career, young Holden gives a fine, sensitive performance, aided by Adolphe Menjou as his manager, Lee Cobb as his father, and Barbara Stanwyck as the "dame from Newark" whom he loves. You won't want to miss "Golden Boy." It's a fine and noteworthy film.
Thrilling new way gives teeth Brilliance, Sparkle...

Extra Care!

That Luster-Foam “bubble bath” in the new Listerine Tooth Paste does wonders in giving teeth the luster demanded of glamour girls before the studio cameras.

Blessed is the bride who’s found the Luster-Foam way of keeping a smile ever lovely for a husband’s approval.

LUSTER-FOAM

in Listerine Tooth Paste forms a “Bubble Bath” of amazing penetrating and cleansing power

When a tooth paste can get thousands of men and women raving about it to their friends, and snapping it up to the tune of more than a million tubes a month—it’s got something!

In the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste, it’s Luster-Foam detergent. Born in the brain of a clever European scientist, this dainty magical ingredient is now incorporated in a tooth paste, to give super-cleansing in a new, delightful, different way.

You will love that foamy, aromatic bubble bath Luster-Foam creates when saliva and brush set it into gentle action. Its power to spread and penetrate is simply unbelievable.

That’s why it reaches hard-to-get-at areas where old dentifrices may never penetrate—the very areas where some authorities say from 75 to 98 per cent of decay starts. This surging “bubble bath” quickly attacks enamel-clouding films. The teeth soon flash with new brilliance. Hosts of acid fermenters and decay-fostering bacteria are swept away in a sea of foam.

And all the while your mouth feels younger, fresher, cleaner—such is the stimulation of that gentle bubble bath. Try the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste. Now at any drug counter, in two economical sizes.

Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.

THE NEW FORMULA

P.S. Listerine Tooth Powder also contains Luster-Foam

Screenland
Yours for Loveliness
Six steps in the art of discovery
of self-beauty—all tried and true

A LIPSTICK to harmonize with your eye make-up! Winx contributes this enhancement, plus a complete restyling and improvement in the famous Winx eye beautifiers—mascara, eyebrow pencil and eye shadow. A rich blending of subtle color accents for those attraction points of your face, eyes and mouth, are now available in exotic combinations in the chain stores. You will love this new lipstick! It has a soothing base that is not greasy. That means it will not dry lips, but will stay on longer. This lipstick gives that enviable perfect lip line. If you want a thrill from your own face, try your choice of the four vibrant tones, plus the harmonizing eye make-up. Truly lovely.

A mark of good grooming—lovely hands with Jergens Lotion

IT IS surprising what a quarter can buy! In this case, it is an understanding of your own face—its shape, contours, features, etc. as illustrated in Perc Westmore’s “Perfect Make-Up Guide,” with clear instructions as to the use of make-up. In your face lie the dramatic and appealing qualities of many a star—if you just know how to accent them. This is the purpose of the book. Fascinating reading, profusely illustrated, with a measuring wheel to type your own face. Here is real help. At beauty counters in chain stores or by mail.

As COLD days approach, a good skin cream becomes very important. This cream should absolutely cleanse your skin of dust, make-up and normal secretion. My experience with Sitroux Cold Cream has been so satisfactory that I recommend it most heartily. In addition to superb cleansing, it seems to have just that amount of lubricant that keeps skin petal-soft without an excess of oil to make removal difficult. It meets the highest standards of purity and is made by the makers of Sitroux Tissues. The Sitroux Finishing Cream, too, deserves a good word. A means to that velour look; a safeguard for the freshness of make-up; a protection from weather and dust. The two make a good combination for cold weather. For sale in chain stores, Try these when you next buy creams.

As LIGHT as mist, as clinging as a true friend! Here seem the popular specifications for an ideal face powder, and these you find in Luxor, with its "feather-cling" quality. This is a well-balanced, medium weight, in five fashion-right tones, with emphasis on the lovely Rose Rachel. If your experiments with face powder have not proved satisfactory—and many do have to experiment—try a box of Luxor. You will find that it clings without being obtrusive, seeing lovely eyes that may depend upon it to cling and look fresh a long, long time; to bring you compliments of a lovely and coveted kind.

C. M.

Lip and eye beauty is now coordinated in the new aids by Winx

INVITATION to romance lies in soft, compelling hands. Every touch, every movement of hands, too, indicate your personal care and fastidiousness—or your neglect. For softening, for smoothing, for whitening, Jergens Lotion is the choice of many discriminating women, and for good reason. This dainty lotion contributes the moisture that water, work and weather steal from your skin. Actually, there are a dozen and one uses for Jergens—wherever skin needs soothing and softening, but because of quick results, ease of use, lack of stickiness, we say, 'Jergens for lovely hands!'
A ROARING ERA becomes A ROARING HIT!

Here's more screen excitement than ever you've seen before! America at its maddest! America at its merriest...

the land of the free gone wild! It's the heyday of the hotcha — the shock-crammed days

G-Men took ten whole years to lick!

By far the biggest of all

Jimmy's big hits!

JAMES CAGNEY · PRISCILLA LANE

Hollywood's Thrilling New Team! What a Treat for Their Fans!

THE ROARING TWENTIES

Warner Bros.' Newest Dramatic Success, with

HUMPHREY BOGART · GLADYS GEORGE

FRANK McHUGH · JEFFREY LYNN · PAUL KELLY

Directed by Raoul Walsh
Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay and Robert Rossen
From an Original Story by Mark Hellinger
"Eyes of Romance"

WITH THIS AMAZING

NEW Winx

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new improved Winx Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem naturally longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter...sparkling "like stars!"

New Winx does not stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

Winx Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—today!

Money-Back Guarantee!

Amazing new Winx is guaranteed to be the finest you've ever used. If not more than satisfied, return your purchase to Ross Co., New York, and get your money back.

Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New Winx Lipstick!

Winx Lipstick gives your lips glamour...makes them appear youthful, moist...the appeal men cannot resist! Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying—and stays on for hours. For a new thrill, wear the Raspberry Winx Lipstick with the harmonizing Mauve Winx Eye Shadow. Fascinating! Get Winx Lipstick, at 10¢ stores, today!

"The trimmings" make entertaining the fun it is—especially when, like June Lang, you're the perfect hostess who insists that every table setting should make a beautiful picture

By Betty Boone

June Lang enjoys going to parties, but she loves giving parties for her friends, too, and you should hear their praise about how charming she is when she entertains. Although June is full of life and fun, we don't mean that she's strictly a party girl, for she does take her screen work seriously, but she sees to it that her career doesn't interfere with her star role of good hostess.

If you have pictured Miss Lang as being a twirling glamor girl twenty-four hours of the day, you'll have to be disillusioned about that, for the glamorous actress you see on the screen puts business and career behind her when, at the end of a day's work, she opens the doors of her home.

When that door closes, June Lang, the star, is left outside. Inside there's another June Lang—with the same thoughts and ideals and ambitions as a million girls all over the country. The late afternoon sun was streaming through the windows of the living room, the day I called on her. June immediately broke forth with a homey, "I'm having a dinner tonight—do you mind coming into the dining room? I love to 'set the table' myself. It's so much fun to make dishes and glassware and flowers and silverware into a picture I direct!"

The raftered dining room is rich and dark with its massive furniture and its great refectory table. You can get a hint of this gracious dining room from the picture, for when June finished setting the table, she hurried upstairs, put on a soft chiffon dinner dress, and let us take this picture. June is very particular about her table! After she had arranged the giant daisies in a circular silver bowl, spread fine linen doilies on the polished wood, and service plates and glassware on and by the doilies, she pulled out a deep drawer and beaming at us said, "Now I'm going to christen my brand new silverware. I love this design. It's the Del Mar pattern of 1831 Rogers." June continued, "and I own every piece of flat table silverware (Please turn to page 74)"
To one woman
he gave his memories...
to another
he gave his dreams—
wild longings—
fierce desires
he dared not name...
for an interlude of
stolen love!
Could any woman
be content with
half a love?
Could any man
summon enough
for both?...
A vivid portrayal by

LESLIE HOWARD
star player extraordinary in

INTERMEZZO
A Love Story

SELMNICK INTERNATIONAL'S
great production introducing
the glamorous new Swedish star

INGRID BERGMAN

Produced by DAVID O. SEZNIICK
Leslie Howard, Associate Producer
Released thru United Artists
Hot from Hollywood

continued from page 6

Whether you care to believe it or not, Jack Benny has never kept a press book. He can't refer to his radio raves of years back by flipping open a huge clipping file, as most stars can. And it has never occurred to him that his lack of vanity would bother any way. But Joan Benny, his adopted daughter, is trying to persuade her famous father to be more conscious of his great popularity. She is only seven, and has just realized how popular her father is. She is a great movie fan herself, too. She has gathered countless pictures of him and stuck them all over the house. And in her room she recently gathered three poses she liked best and Jack was very touched by it all until he asked her why she had picked three pictures of him rather than one, and Joan said quickly, "Why daddy, because I imagine one of them is Robert Taylor, and one Tyrone Power, and the other one Cary Cooper." Now Jack's decided he must do something to become the matinée idol type.

There is an actor in Hollywood, name of Jack Chapin, who is thoroughly disgusted with himself, because he figures, now, that in a week moment he sold himself down the river to that greasy old ogre of Hollywood realism. Chapin is an actor turned sound-effect man. Those awful long waits between roiles forced him to it. Lately he has been called upon to use himself experimentally for sound effects that no real actor could abide for long. They've doused him in the face with a wet sponge to get a good recording of Claudette Colbert taking a bath. They've repeatedly slapped him across the bared chest with a handful of paste to get a good effect for Fred MacMurray hitting someone in the face with a thimble. He's been given a pair of glasses of a drunk, and the walking of a hen. But when he had to gnaw a discarded button in imitation of a mouse, it was too much. He's fed up with stage noises, and he wants more than anything else only to be seen again, even if he doesn't open his face.

Fred MacMurray is about to take Barbara Stanwyck for a ride in this scene from "Remember the Night," when Boscy looks in on them to moo her approval and frightens Barbara into moving closer. That's a grateful look Fred's giving Boscy.
No job for Mary, not while she's Marked—

Everyone knows Mary is a whiz for work. She's quick, she's clever, she's attractive-looking, too. Why, then, can't she get a job—why can't she keep one?

If Mary only knew! It seems a small thing...yet many a capable, charming girl loses out in business, yes—and in romance—because others haven't the heart to tell her she needs Mum. Why take the needless risk of underarm odor? Mum so surely guards your charm!

Wise girls know a bath alone isn't enough for underarms. A bath removes past perspiration—but Mum prevents odor to come. More business girls—more women everywhere—use Mum than any other deodorant. It quickly, safely makes odor impossible through a long day.

SAVE TIME! Busy girls find Mum takes only 30 seconds.

SAVE CLOTHES! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics—so safe you can use Mum after dressing. Even after underarm shaving Mum won't irritate skin.

SAVE POPULARITY! Without stopping perspiration, Mum makes underarm odor impossible all day long! Get Mum today at any druggist's. In business...in love...guard your charm!

Mum is First Choice in Hollywood

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration

Important to You—Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.

Screenland 15
TAGGING
the
TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53

The Cat and the Canary
Paramount

A mystery thriller which will send chills up and down your spine (except when Bob Hope appears on the scene and relieves the spooky atmosphere with his excellent humor). It all begins with the reading of a will at midnight in an old mansion which has dark secret passages and where mysterious noises are heard and murder is committed. Paulette Goddard provides romantic interest with Hope, Douglas Montgomery, John Beal quarrelling over her.

Swing music (by Matty Malneck’s orchestra) and Hawaiian melodies (by Hopi Pili’s Hawaiian band) are nicely blended in this light and gay film musical. It’s about a young man (Johnny Downs) whose father wants him to follow him in the hotel business, but Johnny's heart is set on leading a swinging band. It has hula dances by gals who sure know how to shake a “shredded wheat” skirt, and Constance Moore, Mary Carlisle and Eddie Quillan are in the cast.

Sherlock Holmes, fiction’s master detective, is at his best in this mystery yarn, solving intricate crimes in thrilling fashion. It’s second in series based on fame of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle’s sleuth, The Infamous Mortality is about to commit another murder in order to steal the crown jewels, but Holmes is too clever for him. Ida Lupino is the girl Holmes saves and Nigel Bruce plays Dr. Watson. Suspense to the very end. Well-acted by fine cast.

In this tale of aviation and romance, Phil Regan plays devil-may-care Spiner Magico, egotistical mail pilot who woos the ladies with his pleasant tenor voice. It’s a familiar story made entertaining by fine cast: Jean Parker, Robert Armstrong, Col. Roscoe Turner, Nina Beery, Jr. Regan, grounded for breaking rules, sober up when his buddy’s killed because of his negligence. He makes amends by saving a plane from crashing through high-tension wires.

John Garfield and Priscilla Lane are co-starred in this film which shows the struggles American youngsters have in trying to find their place in the world. Garfield does a good job with the role of the hotel boy who is bitter because he had to serve a sentence for a crime he didn’t commit. Priscilla is splendid as the girl he marries and who proves to him that the world can be kind. The love scenes between the two are poignant, persuasive. A good picture.
Bob Burns as Len Schofield characterizes a small-town lawyer who practices and preaches the golden rule. The film is entertaining, but it is somewhat slow moving and becomes too involved because of the many issues dealt with—unscrupulous capitalists, industrial strife with its strikes and plug-ugly strike-breakers, communistic propaganda, patriotic preaching, romance. Burns' fans will see their favorite in a straight dramatic role; one of his biggest.

A swiftly paced melodrama which reveals the intrigue in an unnamed "dictator controlled" country. It concerns an American ship radio operator, Allan Lane, who learns his ship carries contraband, escapes when it docks at a foreign port, and is hunted by secret police. Linda Hayes plays a secret operative who helps Allan get away. The plot is confusing, but a series of captures and escapes by speedboat and seaplane give it some thrilling moments.

A crime melodrama, fourth in the series starring Frankie Darro, who plays Buzzy, bell boy in a hotel which turns out to be a stolen bonds center. Buzzy's an amateur sleuth who gathers clues while bellhopping and gets himself involved in many predicaments, but eventually (here's where the Irish Luck comes in) solves a murder. Frankie gives a good performance as the boy detective as does Maston Moreland, colored comic relief. Will please Darro fans.

The plot of this film revolves around the life of a community of orange growers in the State of California with several problems on its hands. There's the smuggling of contraband oranges; the stealing of oil to keep smudge pots burning in order to save the crops from the frost; and a case of an innocent man who's accused of murder. It has plenty of action and thrill. The cast has Barry Mackay, Rochelle Hudson, Ralph Morgan, John Wray, Cliff Edwards.

Out of the hearts of its people... out of the very soil of America... a great director creates his most stirring, human drama... of an unsophisticated young man with a dream in his heart... of a woman who helps make his dream come true... and of the laughter, the love, the pain, and the joy they share in this everyday business of living! Stirring... in the seeing! Precious... in the remembering! Enacted by one of the most perfect casts ever assembled!
The romance of Hollywood from bathing beauties to world premieres!

IN
TECHNICOLOR

DARRYL F. ZANUCK’S
Production of

HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE

The most brilliant new note in entertainment!
A heart-warming drama of today filled with 1001 thrilling yesterdays!

starring

ALICE FAYE • DON AMEACHE

J. Edward BROMBERG • ALAN CURTIS
STUART ERWIN • JED PROUTY
BUSTER KEATON • DONALD MECK
GEORGE GIVOT • EDDIE COLLINS

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS

Associate Producer HARRY JOE BROWN • Screen Play by
Ernest Pascal • Story by Hilory Lynn and Brown Holmes
Based upon an original idea by Lou Breslow
A 20th Century-Fox Picture
DEAR MR. AUTRY:

I have owed you this Letter for a long time, whether you know it or not. I'm pretty sure you've never missed it what with your more than 12,000 fan letters a week. I've missed you, though, which is making my face very red.

You see, Mr. Autry, I live in that great big backward town called New York, and I review pictures there. Then I go to Hollywood to see them made. This has been going on for a long time—with my eyes bulging at Bing Crosby and Bob Taylor and Tyrone Power and Gary Cooper and Clark Gable, and my reviews bursting with attention to these famous and gifted gentlemen of the cinema. I went along smugly convinced that I was seeing everything worth seeing on the screen. I was right up to the minute with my movie-going, I was. I was—NOT.

All the time I had been missing the treat of a lifetime. What with dashing from the Radio City Music Hall to the Roxy and from pre-view to pre-view I had been overlooking the miracle man of the movies himself. And his horse Champion. And his steel guitar. Don't blame me too much, Mr. Autry. As I said before, New York is backward in some ways, chiefly in keeping up with Gene Autry. Your pictures don't play the Music Hall or the Roxy. In Hollywood you aren't one of the sights of the town such as Gable. You make your films quietly in one of the studios which is not so super-colossal as to be pointed out to visiting firemen like myself. And yet your pictures, practically secrets in Hollywood and New York, play to more people and cheers than any other star's.

I finally caught up with you on the screen—and now I know what all the shouting's about. Your Westerns for Republic are crisp and clean and lively entertainment. You yourself represent a nice breezy glorification of the modern Westerner outwitting chicanery with good clean fun, an ingratiating grin, a soothing voice, and a wonderful way with the steel guitar. They're saying you make more money than Shirley Temple, attract more crowds in person than Tyrone and Gable combined could do, and are now tagged for a big-time future including a remake of Will Rogers' success, "Jubilo." That's fine. You come closer than any other personality to approaching the Rogers appeal. There's this difference: Will was a big-town stage star first, a small-town idol second. You're just beginning to dent the self-complacent consciousness of the big cities. If you can make the Music Hall and still keep the small-town kids cheering, you'll be the biggest star in pictures. And now may I please have your autographed photograph?

Delight Evans
Is "Blondie" telling a good one to Ann Sheridan and Cesar Romero, or is she just showing off pretty for our camera reporter? Anyway, it makes a cute picture. "Blondie," when not sparring with Arthur Lake on the screen, is Penny Singleton.

Watch this new twosome! No publicity romance for Richard Greene this time—not when the girl is the beautiful, blonde Virginia Field. See the coy velvet bow in her ear? Both handsome youngsters are English, and both are so-o-o romantic.

Herbert Marshall glaring at our cameraman when caught off-guard at the Trocadero party after the big premiere of "The Woman." His companion, attractive Lee Russell, makes a prettier picture as she goes right on chattering unconcernedly.

Binnie Barnes has bows in her hair, beaux at her elbow—Binnie's popular. Here, above, she is seen with Mike Francovich at the Cocoanut Grove. Mike is not in movies—but he's a Hollywood somebody as Joe E. Brown's adopted son. And now—
Come one, come all! See the little ladies and gentlemen of Hollywood off their guard—more or less—after studio hours, caught by our demon camera reporter, who has all the hard work and none of the fun.

Hollywood Whirl photographs by Len Weissman

You see Pat O'Brien around a lot, but you don't often catch grand actor Walter Connolly off-guard, as he is here, pictured with his wife, Nedda Harrigan, as Pat chats with them at the Ambassador. Occasion: 60th birthday dinner for Gus Edwards.

Now that sister Joan Fontaine is married to Brian Aherne, Olivia de Havilland better watch out or she'll be the old maid of the family. It's Livvy's own fault; she's most-in-demand girl in Hollywood. Above, with her escort Tim Durant at Cocoanut Grove.

Joe E. himself, with his wife, out doin' the town. Above, they're dining in the Fiesta Room at the Ambassador. Joe E. recently requested press agents to stop publicizing that broad grin of his. "I'm no freak," said Joe, "I'm an actor."

Paulette Goddard, one of the many feminine sights to see in "The Women," nibbles a canapé held out to her by movie mogul Joseph Schenck, at the Troc party celebrating the big picture's world premiere. Note Paulette's huge locket.
Bagging the fierce (?) movie lions in their lairs is a perilous business for our intrepid cameraman. If he missed just one, he'd have all of 'em ganging up on him.

Two familiar faces, and one to test your memory. You know Gracie Allen and George Burns; but can you identify their table companion in picture above? That bright little girl over there says it's William Haines. She's right! He's now an interior decorator.

You wouldn't know it from her smile, but Eleanor Powell's dogs are mighty tired tonight. She's been dancing with Fred Astaire all day in scenes for their first co-starring film, "Broadway Melody of 1940." Here, she's attending "Oz" premiere at Grauman's.

Now don't try to make something of this! Loretta Young, above, had fun dancing with Broderick Crawford one informal evening at the Coconut Grove. They're good friends, and that's positively all. Brad is son of Helen Broderick, the comedienne.

Fred Stone, grand old man of stage and screen, celebrated fifty years in show business by making a speech at opening of "Wizard of Oz" while daughter Paula Stone listens. Mammy and Pappy may remember that Fred was original "Oz" scarecrow.
Stanley sneaking up on Livingstone had nothing on our photographer stalking his film prey in their pet haunts. See how he brings 'em back alive and smiling.

Studies in expressions, above. The "I'm-used-to-it-by-this-time" expression, by actress Irene Dunne, left. The "This-is-too-embarrassing-for-words" look by socialite Mrs. Guy Torrey, as the ladies help themselves at the buffet table at Beverly Hills Hotel.

You may not see much of Nino Martini for a long time. Then he'll bob up and always in the company of a gorgeous creature. This time Nino sires lovely June Lang, one of Hollywood's two or three prettiest girls, to Sand and Pool Club at Beverly Hills Hotel.

The only glum "lions" bagged by brave Len Weissman are the two solemn stars above, pictured at the Gus Edwards 60th birthday dinner. Eddie Cantor was once a Gus Edwards kid actor, along with Walter Winchell, George Jessel and other celebs. Jack Benny's hungry.

Gregory Ratoff, Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, Walter Wanger, and Joan Bennett occupy adjoining seats at a recent movie opening. Ratoff is a director; Wanger a producer; Mrs. Zanuck a producer's wife; and Miss Bennett a screen star. Guess are they talking shop?
Garbo in Love Again?
Romance for Hollywood's most mysterious woman!
Who is "he?" Read all about the new man in Garbo's life

By Elizabeth Wilson

"T"HE loves of the great," a poet once wrote, "can no more be hidden than the burning topless towers of Illium." Helen of Troy found that out, so did Cleopatra, Mary Queen of Scots, Ninon de l'Enclos, and the languidly lovely Lily Langtry. And so has the most alluring of all the beautiful women of the silver screen—Greta Garbo.

Garbo is the only one of Hollywood's glamorous stars who really has a private life. She alone is magnificently aloof. She alone has the somber mystery of a snow-capped Matterhorn. For months she can live her life in private. The snoopiest of reporters cannot pry into her solitude. But when the Great Garbo falls in love—then indeed the topless towers begin to burn. Her private life is shot to hell.

When Garbo returned to Hollywood several months ago to start production on "Ninotchka" she had a telephone installed in her dressing room on the set. This is the first time she has ever had a phone. She could have had one long ago (Mr. Mayer would gladly have had a little something in gold and sapphires sent out from Cartier's, so eager is he to please his Scandinavian star) but Garbo never called anyone, and no one ever called Garbo, so it just stood to reason that Garbo didn't really need a telephone. But now it seems not only does she make calls but she receives them, several a day.

This shock was quickly followed by another, and another. A writer reported that she was interviewing Myrna Loy one noon in the new women's dressing room building when Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman, accompanied by much clamor and laughter, broke loose in the Garbo dressing room directly across from Miss Loy's. Garbo, apparently, was catching up on her dancing. Miss Lamarr in the room below was catching up on her sleep, but gave it up. A columnist reported that he was showing his Aunt Tillie and cousins from Paducah the Metro back lot one afternoon when Garbo in slacks and a big straw hat ran past them and did a hurdle, a la Mickey Rooney, over a pile of "props"—and looked back at them with a smile to see if they fully appreciated her prowess. They did. Aunt Tillie hasn't stopped talking yet.

Well, naturally, the studio began to wonder. Garbo, who used to wrap herself in cellophane the minute she left the set, was actually smiling at people! And hurdling and dancing too! Why, she hadn't been so animated in years. She must be falling in love again! But with whom?

The answer to that question didn't come until several weeks later when the doorman on the "Ninotchka" stage was startled out of his wits one day by a young man and two ladies who casually announced that they were there to see Miss Garbo. "You can't come on this set," the doorman spluttered. "No one ever sees Miss Garbo. The set is absolutely closed to all visitors." The young man smiled patiently. "Miss Garbo has invited us. Tell her it's Gayelord Hauser."

"Tain't no use," grumbled the doorman. "She don't see nobody." But much to his amazement, to everyone's amazement, Garbo did not have the visitors thrown off, instead she greeted them with friendly chit-chat, and even urged them to stay for tea. Eyes popped all over the place. In all the thirteen years she had been at Metro Garbo had never permitted guests on the set before!

You can well imagine that that little episode caused a bit of a flurry around the lot. Who was this Gayelord Hauser who entered where not even Kings were allowed? Only the week before the Crown Prince of Sweden had been refused admittance to the Garbo set! Everyone had been refused. Except Gayelord Hauser. Garbo must be in love with him. That was it—he was Garbo's new "boy friend."

Well, he might be Garbo's new "boy friend" to the studio people but to the world in general Benjamin Gayelord Hauser is as famous in his profession as Garbo is in hers. For a number of years Dr. Hauser has been a well-known authority on Diet and Health. He has been diet advisor to the world's most (Please turn to page 84)
A bombshell that had to be hurled at you in the cause of common decency! Famous producer Pasternak has the courage to come out with the brutal facts.
NOT long ago Joe Pasternak received a letter from a woman. “I'm visiting here from the east,” she wrote. “My mother knew your father. I'd like to come in and say hello.”

Pasternak was suspicious. He is also polite. He invited her to the studio and showed no surprise when she brought a little girl with her, because that was what he'd been expecting. Civilities over, she came to the point. She had always longed to be an actress. Circumstance had prevented, but she'd handed her thwarted talent down to her child. Pasternak was so wonderful with children. Look at Deanna Durbin. And now Gloria Jean. She understood that he was always on the lookout for talented youngsters. They must be so hard to find. So she'd brought him hers. He heard her out quietly, then said: “I'll do my best for you.—Do you love your husband?” “Why—yes,” “And your child?” “Of course.” “All right then, take her home!” said Pasternak. “Get out of Hollywood as fast as you can and stay out! Give her a normal childhood with you and her father. Let her go to school with the girls and play tag and make fudge and giggle, and when the time (Please turn to page 76)
DISCONTENTED women are usually responsible for their own defeats! Only one ungratified woman in a thousand tries to change herself in the right way." It was Leslie Howard talking. Leslie, the sophisticate, had achieved perfect relaxation in a too rigid chair by simply lounging in it. He took slow, satisfying puffs at the English briar that is as much a part of him as his comfortable Mexican sandals are. He has seen how blunderingly some women have gone about attempting to remodel themselves, and he marvels at their persistent blindness.

"Of course nine out of ten women are miserable!" he went on. "They want to be exactly what they aren't. But they don't know how to go about it! The woman who denies that she wants, above all else, to be well-loved is plunging headlong into the worst of complexes. She may persuade herself temporarily that she is above romance being the most important thing in her life, but some day she'll wake up to a pretty fine mess of regrets. She'll never forgive herself for deliberately trying to live without the greatest of pleasures—love."

The brilliant morning sun poured onto his blond hair. He shifted to get it on his face. Then he continued, firmly: "The woman who isn't concerned chiefly by how to rate a better love-life isn't interested in restyling herself, however, so let's count her out. Most women today, fortunately, do suspect that no career of any kind will compensate for the lack of an above-par husband. No actress is making more commendable strides now than Bette Davis, and she will tell you herself that her career has also brought her a loneliness that she dreads.

"I am not unduly conceited about my own sex," he smiled. "I realize that half of our romances slither off into dullness, if not into out-and-out disruption, because the gentleman in the case is no gentleman. The man too frequently does not do justice to the lady in the case. You know," said Leslie, his blue eyes turning earnest, "a woman, to be at her best, must be guided by an understanding man, by a man who is experienced and wise and completely aware of her powers. He will never treat her as an inferior. Many men have little consideration for the women they marry. They don't recognize that they must adapt themselves to feminine feelings.

"No woman, I don't care who she is, really expresses herself until she has known love. Not until then can she live intensely. She only puts up a big bluff about being

By Ben Maddox

The elegant and amiable Mr. Howard speaks with startling frankness and real understanding. Subject: remodelling women!
self-reliant until her desire for companionship is fully shared and understood. Furthermore, a woman is stupid if she resigns herself to a disappointing life. Unselfishness is a dangerous virtue. Women who make themselves martyrs to men are rarely magnetic, as they could be. A man thrills to spirit in a woman, never to docile dullness. Often wholesale devotion is plain cowardice, or laziness. A woman isn’t a true woman unless she has some conceit about her charms. Sometimes, regardless of how much a woman loves a man, and even though she does everything she can to please him, the man is not worth her efforts. When she learns that all her exertions have been futile, she finds a sudden determination to put an end to all her one-sided grief. I don’t blame her; I admire her. She can begin again, so why shouldn’t she? “I’ve been impressed with the cleverness of some women, and the bungling of others. The happiest women I’ve encountered have been the discerning ones who’ve artfully built their lives around the man they wanted. They bravely stepped out, and into the spot they felt suited them. They didn’t think too much. They listened to what their heart said. I don’t wonder so many women become mixed up when they resolve to remodel themselves; there’s such a barrage of advice fired forth that any doubtful person couldn’t help but be confused. But when a woman starts to set herself right she makes a grave mistake if she supposes she can reason herself into more pleasant circumstances. That ‘use-your-head’ theory is a fallacy. None of us is ever ruled by our brains, not really. Our emotions govern us. All we need do is let our heart decide which emotion is best. It’s not complicated, you see?

“The happiest women I’ve known have been amusing women, because a man longs to be entertained. Faithfulness and kindness are primary qualities for a woman to possess when she is in love, but a woman can’t sit back and expect to be fascinating because those two characteristics are obviously hers. It’s most commendable to be able to run a home, and raise a family. But a man wants more. He wants his life decorated. So a smart woman is proficient in the art of gaiety. She conscientiously sparkles. She is as easy to look at as she can be, and she is warm and sympathetic and merry. She doesn’t take things too seriously. (Please turn to page 80)

“PROFESSOR HIGGINS” HOWARD SAYS:

("The woman who denies that she wants, above all else, to be well-loved is plunging headlong into the worst of complexes!"

("Unselfishness is a dangerous virtue. Women who make themselves martyrs are never thrilling!"

("The happiest women I have known have been amusing women, who listened to what their hearts said and didn’t think too much!")
Two charming troupers—two on the threshold of fame, the other mellowed with many years of triumphs—tell you their secrets of success in life and work

Two events of major importance had transpired to encourage Olympe in the hopeful belief that at long last she had been graduated from the "little girl" ranks. Exultantly she recounted them for me. "For the first time in my life I have ridden on a train all by myself!" she gloated. "And for the first time in my life I've been away from home for three whole days without The Bosses!"

The Bosses, she explained, have nothing to do with her employers. (Please turn to page 81)

Amazing things can happen in Hollywood. For instance, I just have witnessed nothing more than a single slice of gooey chocolate cake put down a one-woman rebellion. The incipient rebellion was centered in the petite and sparkling person of curly-headed Olympe Bradna. Its fountain head was simply this: Miss Bradna was irked to the tips of her pink toes at the way everyone—family, studio, and friends—persisted in treating her as if she were a babe in swaddling clothes instead of a grown woman.

"After all, I am 19 going on 20," she pointed out in indignation. "Or at least I will be next month, and that's certainly grown up. Look how people treated Juliet when she was only 15, or Scarlett O'Hara when she was just 16."

We were having a buffet lunch a few steps from the sands of the private beach of the Del Mar Beach Club where Olympe had become a member a few days before. With disarming naivete and infectious excitement she had taken me on a grande tour of the premises, including The Ladies Room, which is done in blue tile, and The Crow's Nest, which used to be the life-guards' lookout tower but has been converted into a miniature bar. (We had a Coca-Cola and shaved ice apiece to keep in the gay, festive mood of the day!)
MOST women dread old age, and think with fear and revulsion of the day when they will be wrinkled, and when romantic love will be only a dim chapter in their past. But May Robson feels otherwise. "It's fun to be seventy-five," she told me. "Young people are apt to be so serious and so pessimistic. By the time you've reached seventy-five, you have priceless memories to draw upon at all times, memories that keep you happy and young. Not that I plan to live in the past—heavens, no! But after you've lived through so many years, you know that nothing that can happen to you in life can keep you from going upstream.

"Each time you have a child or a grandchild or a great-grandchild, life begins for you all over again. I intend to live to a ripe old age, for I have a great-grandson, seven days old, and I want to help bring him up. I've got my work cut out for me. Pictures, of course. And living up to what my family thinks of me. I try to be what those who love me think I am. And believe me, if you live up to what they think of you, that's plenty; you can't want more than that out of life."

Since everyone asks May how to live to a ripe old age, she has an answer on tap. "Live a sane life and work," she said, "I've never known a man or a woman to say, 'From now on I close up my desk and retire' and to do it, who wasn't dead in a year. Of course I don't mean you have to work at a desk. If you've got children and they take up all your time, that can be hard work, too.

"Ever since I went on the stage in 1883, I've worked, never missing a single season. Then recently, while I was making 'They Made Me a Criminal,' I fell down and broke my arm, and they took me out in the middle of the picture. For some reason, they couldn't put my arm in a cast, so they put a Matthews pin through the bone of the elbow, tied a rope to it, attached an eight-pound weight to it, and tied the rope to the bed so my arm was pulled this way and that way. I tell you, I was all trussed up like a fowl. And what do you think my friends said? 'This was really a lucky break for you, May. You needed the rest.' I got so mad about it, I couldn't stand it any longer. When Rob Wagner came to visit me, I said, 'If you come one step nearer to me and say, 'Well, May, you needed the rest,' I'll commit murder. And if you go further and say, 'Aren't you glad it wasn't your hip,' I'll torture you first before I murder you.' Wouldn't you think that people could find something more comforting than that to say to a woman with a broken arm?"

And May's hearty laughter suddenly resounded through the room. Actually she asks no one's sympathy but has always been able to take what was meted out to her with indomitable courage. Married at sixteen, she had three children before she was twenty-four—two boys and a girl. When she and her husband encountered financial difficulties, she went on the stage. One of her roles was in a play named "Called Back." And by

By
Dora Albert

hideous, ironic chance, it was while she was acting in this play that two of her children were truly "called back," for they sickened and died of diphtheria. Only one child—Edward—was left. When her husband died, she was alone with the burden of her pain and with the problem of supporting her son. Out of her fears and her hopes, she wrote a poem which has been reprinted many times because it touches a universal note:

When your heart cries out
In its dire distress
For the peace that has winged away
Do you think that your sorrow
Will grow less
If watered by tears each day?
One solace God sends
For that haunting pain.
Of this heartsease would you partake?
Then WORK!
Garner in the sheaves of your brain
And your heart will forget its ache!

It's a doctrine that May Robson has been preaching ever since, through the years. "If I had a daughter," she said, "that's what I would (Please turn to page 95)
First pictures and story of Jimmy Cagney's new home—when you scratch the screen's top Tough Guy you find a peaceful citizen!

By S. R. Mook

Exclusive! We're first to show you the new Cagney place, left. Below, another exterior view of driveway and motor court; the dining room; and the stone-walled library.

CAGNEY Comes Home

HERE is the first real story of the new James Cagney home. Reams of publicity flooded the country when Jimmy and Billie (his wife) elected to live in servants' quarters over the garage, rather than in a hotel, while the house was being built. It has been close to a year from the time they first started clearing the ground until they have finally moved into their new abode. The fact that they chose to live on the ground was no surprise to me. There are no people in Hollywood with so deep-rooted a feeling of contempt for “chi-chi” as these two. That the house was almost a year in the building (according to the publicity sent out) gave rise to all sorts of speculation as to what kind of house it would be. I'll tell you—it is more of a home than a house!

One star confided to me once that he was building a “small place” out here to harbor him and his wife while he works on pictures but that his “home” would be on his Pennsylvania farm. When the “small place” was completed it turned out to be a modest domicile of seventeen rooms. But the new Cagney place comes pretty close to being my favorite of all the stars' homes. It is the first time a star has
said he would build a small home and stuck to his word. It is just six rooms. Simplicity is the keynote and there is not a home in the movie colony more typical of its owners. Most Hollywood homes reflect the taste of the interior decorator. The Cagney home had no decorator, Jim and Billie did it themselves—and did it in excellent taste. The major portion of the year was spent, not in the building of the house (which is much less pretentious than a successful business man in any other line of endeavor would build) but in the clearing of the ground.

Originally the twelve acre plot was bought by Jim as an investment. It rambles all over a mountain side. A garage with servants' quarters over it (consisting of a large room with a pull-down bed, a small kitchen, bathroom and laundry) were put in by the former owner about twenty-five years ago. A small outhouse which originally was built as a stable and barn was left standing. This has been converted into a guest house at a minimum of expense. It is curious but the fact remains that while the outhouses were in a good condition of repair the main dwelling was falling apart. There was nothing that could be done to it, except tear it down. So they tore it down.

The new house is an Irish farmhouse. "Irish farmhouse!" I ejaculated when Jim told me. "I thought the Irish were regarded as a poverty stricken race."

"Well," Jim grinned, "there are some landed gentry even among the Irish, I guess.

The road was already in. It only had to be resurfaced. Its graciously winding curves lead up (Please turn to page 72)
What's she really like, this new screen sweetheart of Nelson Eddy? Our candid close-up gives you the startling story of Ilona Massey

By
Charles Darnton

HARD knocks have been her lot. Poverty hit her in helpless childhood. Hunger smote her in struggling girlhood. Wrath whipped her in desperate maidenhood. Tragedy struck her in appalled womanhood.

Yet Ilona Massey bears no scars. Only beauty. She is like Venus risen from a sea of troubles. But the secret of it all is more than skin-deep. For this singer from Budapest has a singing soul. It makes her a living Hungarian Rhapsody. Of all the foreign songbirds to wing their way to Hollywood she strikes a new note. It rings with humanness. From the depths she has soared to the heights. Yet on them she remains as simple as her lowly origin. Peasant-born, she has none of the lofty airs of the prima donna. At twenty-four she is still a working girl.

Her voice is her tool. She has fashioned it out of her own industry in her own workshop. And she values it alone, her beauty not at all. You saw and heard her in "Rosalie." Now you see and hear her again as a star with Nelson Eddy in "Balalaika." But you have never heard her talk as she talked with unaffected frankness over lunch at the studio which has become her new home in a new world.

"Never do I really believe that one day I be here!" confessed Hollywood's astonishing newcomer. "It was only that from ten years old I dream of it. You know why that is so? Rudolph Valentino. Poor Valentino, he was every girl's dream! When he die I don't speak for ten days to any girl. Ten of us girls in school do this for our—what you say?—our penance. Before that, for a long time, each we put in a cent a week and buy a cinema magazine. In it we read all that is going on in Hollywood and we know about the love affairs—everything. Then at home one day I say sometime I be in the cinema. My mother she didn't like that—she think an actress is a bad girl. And you know what my father he did? He slapped me in the face!"

She Who Got Slapped smiled forgivingly. Plainly that blow had left no lasting hurt. Nor did later silent punishment. For it came out: "When I go in the theatre and sing and dance my father he didn't speak to me for years. But my mother—she was weak—did. They never go to see me on the stage till I am prima donna in 'Empress Josephine.' Then they sit in a box and wear their peasant costumes— (Please turn to page 90)
PRIVATE LIVES!
CAROLE AND CLARK GABLE

Continued on next page
NO GLAMOR,
B'GOSH!

Maybe their idea of "roughing it" is more luxurious than ours, but Clark and Carole at least try hard to forget they're movie stars on that ranch in San Fernando Valley.
He's star of Metro's "Gone with the Wind," she's in RKO's "Vigil in the Night"—but between pictures they like to pretend they are plain folks. Carole serves husky food to a hungry husband, above. Left, Gable melon-eating contest—Clark's ahead. Below, boy with new toy. Gable's tractor is his pride and joy, as close-up characteristic grin at right proves.
Tracy Takes It Easy

Private life of Spencer Tracy revolves around his ranch home in Encino. After he returned from location in Idaho for "Northwest Passage" he let us look in on him for picture scoops shown here. Left, he puts son John to work; far left, with new member of his animal family—Tracy raises polo ponies and is an expert player.
Above, Spencer, Suzy, and John. Suzanne is camera-shy so dad diverts her attention while the photographer double-crosses her. Below, stoking up the hay-burners—but to be honest, Tracy goes through the motions only to oblige the cameraman. He does his hard work in the studio, regards his ranch as relaxation, leaves chores for hired hands. Right, Spence with his Irish setters—they're the finest in film colony.
High on a knoll overlooking other estates of Bel-Air is this huge white concrete home of Wayne and Bubbles Morris, in its beautiful settings of terraced lawns, lily ponds, trees, and flowers—see above. Below, the den, done in blue, plum, and wine. Left, the master bedroom, in soft-blue-green. The bed is 7' by 7'. Walls are covered with white and silver bamboo paper. Left below, the living room—60' long, 30' wide. Furniture throughout the house is mahogany rubbed down with white lead to a soft grey tone.

Photographs by Scotty Welbourne, Warner Bros.
BUT IT'S HOME TO WAYNE MORRIS

Above: the swimming pool and lawn tennis court. Another view of the living room is shown below. Color scheme follows the artist's colors in fresco above fireplace—blue, yellow, coral, chintz, green. Decor is by Bubbles herself. Bar belongs to Wayne—see him, top right, licking travel labels for wall decoration. Right, guest bedroom in red and white. Beds are padded in red chintz; white spreads have red flounces. Lower right, the handsome dining room. Note all chairs are armchairs—upholstered in yellow linen.

Hollywood's youngest "Mr. & Mrs." live here luxuriously
GRACE BY

Vera Zorina/

In "On Your Toes" by Hurst, Warner Bros.

Zorina
America's most popular baritone will make another musical movie with Jeanette MacDonald following the current "Balalaika" with Ilona Massey.
FRED
MacMURRAY
Now in Paramount's
"Honeymoon In Bali!"
PATRICIA MORISON

Now in "Untamed"
"MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON"—
AND JEAN ARTHUR GOES ALONG

A new Frank Capra picture is important, and not only in Hollywood. Audiences watch for his films, for he is one director who has never lost the common touch. His latest, "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," considers the political scene with a shrewd and humorous eye, and it offers added inducement in its co-stars, James Stewart and Jean Arthur—a new team—see Jimmy and Jean together on opposite page, please.
WHO'S THE HERO OF EVERY GAME?

Not the man who makes the goal—not the boys who buck the line—but energy. In play or work everyone needs it. Baby Ruth, rich in Dextrose, is a real source of food-energy. It's fine candy—and fine food for young and old. Have you had a bar lately?

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE CANDY BAR THAT'S RICH IN Dextrose
THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Alice Faye and Alan Curtis
They Write the Songs for Stars to Sing

Meet those unheralded heroes, the hit-song writers

By Jack Holland

"SURE was a swell song in that picture!"

"Yeah! Wonder who wrote it?"

Just a line of ordinary conversation heard from a couple as they leave the theatre after the showing of a motion picture. More people emerge. Many are humming a new tune they have just heard sung by a popular star. Who wrote it? They haven't the slightest idea. It's this sort of thing that makes one wonder when Hollywood is going to rise up and recognize its unheralded heroes, the song writers. Those steady-going tunesmiths who turn out hit songs for stars to sing and for the nation to hum, sing, and whistle. Out here in the land of gold and glamor, of broken promises and heartaches, scattered about among the different studios, are such names as Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, Harry Warren and Al Dubin, Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger, Mack Gordon, Harry Revel. Quiet, unassum- (Please turn to page 86)
THE WIZARD OF OZ—M-G-M

Most enchanting motion picture fantasy since "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs!" Some of you may like this even better than the Walt Disney classic, for here are real people rather than animated drawings—performing not a foreign fairy-tale but a favorite story of millions of American children, L. Frank Baum's divinely silly "Wizard of Oz." Here are the cherished characters of childish memory brilliantly brought to movie life: delightful, fresh, gifted Judy Garland, a true little girl as Dorothy; Bert Lahr, a shaggy riot as the Cowardly Lion; Jack Haley, the lovable Tin Woodman; Ray Bolger the Scarecrow Baum must have had in mind; Billie Burke and Margaret Hamilton as good and bad witches, respectively, are just right. While Frank Morgan as the wily Wizard is still Frank Morgan, he is fine for my funny bone. Dazzling scenes in color of the poppy field, of the forest, of the Emerald City; songs with just the proper lift and twinkle you have every right to expect and, for once, get; a hair-raising cyclone—Hollywood's most spectacular—to blow Dorothy and Toto into the Magic Land of Oz—and to blow you back into childhood unless you're one of the few unhappens who wasn't raised on the Oz Books. If so, it really isn't too late to catch up with the rest of us. Producer LeRoy is Public Benefactor No. 1.

THE STAR MAKER—Paramount

BING CROSBY is knee-deep in kids in private life, and now he's up to his neck in them in his new picture. He must like them—and you must like them, or stay away from "The Star Maker." It's simply swarming with children of assorted ages and talents, singing and dancing and mugging away like mad, but Bing holds his own—no other actor could do it—by giving his best and certainly the most active performance in years. The great crooner actually works in this one, rather than lazing through it; he boos, he hurries, he stooges for the latest Deanna Durbin, Linda Ware—and he manages to achieve a real and very likeable characterization somewhere in the mad melange. A dreamed-up version of the life of song-writer and kid Columbus Gus Edwards, "The Star Maker" has many a merry moment and never a dull one as Bing in his impresario rôle picks and trains talented youngsters for vaudeville with enormous success until the children's society steps in and closes his shows, and then—all, then in steps Walter Damrosch, himself, to lead Linda Ware in song with his symphony orchestra; and much applause for little Miss Ware's clear soprano and amazing poise; and a bright future for Bing in radio, that new-fangled crazy invention. You won't want to miss the Crosby crooning of School Days. You'll like Louise Campbell too.

WHEN TOMORROW COMES—Universal

Not quite another "Love Affair" for that ever-lovin' couple, Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer—but near enough to hold the rapt attention of every sentimental feminine movie-goer. What their boy friends will think of it, I don't know—or yes, I do too, and it isn't very polite. But just let the ladies alone, you big strong men, with their dreams and visions of Monseur Boyer. The fact that we go for him is an indication of the most exquisite taste, for M. Boyer is not only powerful personality but one of the world's great actors, so it's all in the interest of Art after all. This is an "intimate" drama of incident rather than action, crammed with the characteristic John Stahl directorial "touches" which I happen to like, but which may make 'some of you as restless as Harpo Marx. Nothing much happens except that Miss Dunne, playing a most unusual and clever waitress, takes an order from M. Boyer, as a famous pianist—what was he doing in a tea-room, anyway?—and naturally falls in love with him, and he with her. All right, but he is married; not only that, but his wife is a mental case. And so—after a brief and charming interlude—they part. And personally, I don't think Mr. Stahl ever intends to bring them together again. Still, there are her parting words, "I'll be waiting." So, if a sequel comes, I'll be there too. And so will every other woman in the world.
THE UNDER-PUP—Universal

Refreshing, lively entertainment as gay and youthful as its little-girl star, the new Pasternak discovery, Gloria Jean. Don't ask me if this eleven-year-old is worthy of her appointment as heiress to Deanna Durbin's kid-star crown. Gloria Jean is as different from Deanna as Lombard from Shearer—she's perp when Deanna is serene, daredevilish as Durbin is demure. Her voice may eventually thrill you as Deanna's does, but of course right now it's a nice, clear kid's voice, doing its best with songs far beyond its scope. But make no mistake, Gloria Jean is here to stay. She has a shining intelligence, a clean-cut loveliness, and best of all a bubbling sense of fun that's irresistible as brought into action by the appealingly simple story of her first picture. She plays Pip-Emma, rich little poor girl beloved by her doting family, who wins a summer at a poor little rich girls' camp, where her gaiety, impudence, and common sense not only enliven but reform the haughty sub-sub dels—to say nothing of encouraging the romance between Robert Cummings and Nan Grey. Cummings is grand as the camp athletic coach. C. Aubrey Smith as Pip-Emma's old fix-it of a grandfather is a joy; and you'll howl at Billy Gilbert and antics of the two bratty boys who play his sons, Kenneth Brown and Bill Lenhart. Virginia Weidler is best of the big cast of little girls.

GOLDEN BOY—Columbia

HERE'S entertainment for the many and for the few. Superb screen translation of Clifford Odets' fine play, "Golden Boy" is a great show, and boasts the added bonus of the most rousing prizefight since "Kid Galahad." Robert Mamoulian's smashing direction is "important," his photography is stunning, his actors grade-A; yet it is still Odets' play told in pictures—which is all right with me, an Odets' fan from "Waiting for Lefty." If Mr. O. would ever turn his complete attention to writing directly for the screen, we'd have a cinema Shakespeare. Until then, "Golden Boy" will do very nicely, thank you. Our Honor Page gives you William Holden, the lad who in the title role—his first—gives promise of being the potential Number One Boy of pictures. It's got his picture, though; it is also Lee Cobb's, playing his grand old father; it is Barbara Stanwyck's, in her most poignant performance since "Stella Dallas." The story of "Golden Boy," who exchanged his violin for boxing gloves, has punch aplenty. Adolphe Menjou, Sam Levene—then the cast—fine!

FIFTH AVENUE GIRL—RKO-Radio

AND this picture isn't "another" something, either. Ginger Rogers' latest falls far short of the spontaneous and sparkling standard set by "Bachelor Mother." Comparisons are simply odorous, but because Ginger uses the identical technique in developing the characterization of this current heroine that served her so well in the previous picture, she just naturally invites 'em; and I say her new portrayal is simply a carbon copy of that utterly winning bachelor salesgirl who captured David Niven. This time, she's an unemployed Cinderella who meets a mature millionaire on a park bench, celebrates his birthday with him, and accepts a job in his home as "rival" to his petulant wife. His household is upset, his daughter is in love with the "radical" chauffeur, his son falls grudgingly in love with Ginger, and there is a great deal of "smart" dialogue designed to deceive us into believing that the goings-on are quite casual, quite natural, and awfully funny. I couldn't believe a word of it; I didn't admire Miss Rogers' deliberately "dead-pain" playing of so many scenes; and not even director LaCava's celebrated touches could convince me that people, whether on park bench or Park Avenue, really do talk and act that way. Walter Connolly works hard as the bemused millionaire, Verree Teasdale harder as his wife. A new girl, Kathryn Adams, shows real promise.

LADY OF THE TROPICS—M-G-M

IN WHICH the world's most seductive woman lets us look at her for a long time and looks back at us from the screen through those magnificent eyes—and, strangely enough, gets tired first and quietly expires, leaving us to go home and look in our mirrors and ponder on the injustice of life and probably leaving Robert Taylor to ponder much the same thing, without the mirrors. "Lady of the Tropics" is simply an optical orgy for moviegoing gentlemen who have only just recuperated from seeing "Algiers"—one long feast of lovely Hedy Lamarr ravishing close-ups, medium and long shots, each breathtakingly beautiful and quite, quite meaningless. Hedy plays a gorgeous gal of Indo-China who is won in marriage by all-American Bob Taylor, only to prove once more on the screen the old good saying about East Is East, and West Is West and never, etcetera. The elegant Eurasian finally gives up and dies by her own hand for love of Mr. Taylor—how different from "Algiers" where Hedy was such a femme fatale for Charles Boyer. It must be that Metro wanted to curry sympathy for Miss Lamarr, but the only result is to work up sympathy for Mr. Taylor in the most thankless rôle any young actor was ever asked to play. The matchless Miss Lamarr doesn't need sympathy. We other women need sympathy and Mr. Taylor is the one to give it to us.
Fashion Scoop! Mrs. Robert Taylor's new Fall wardrobe designed by Bernard Newman exclusively for SCREENLAND

Edited by

Barbara Stammel
You don't have to be a movie star with a fabulous income to own a twin-sweater set such as Barbara sports on opposite page! Any smart girl can have a similar set. Barbara's is green wool with bright yellow cable trim over yellow slip-on. Worn with a deep green skirt, here's Mrs. Robert Taylor's favorite informal garb.

Famous Hollywood fashion designer Bernard Newman designed Barbara Stanwyck's Fall clothes 'way ahead of time, to enable us to photograph them for this issue. Above, stunning sports ensemble combining moss green and gold wool plaid. Box-pleating in the skirt, full broad shoulders, and softly turned collar are high style features. The blouse is gold silk crepe with green buttons, the hat green felt with grey and green curled quill. Deep gold suede bag and gloves are smart accompaniment. Left, Barbara's new fitted fur coat, of grey Persian lamb, alternates ribs of silk with wide inserts of the fur to give the new skirt fullness. A black suede belt with hand-wrought silver appliqué hugs the waist. Her hat is of grey and black suede. Coat by Harry Barron.
Bernard Newman created this lovely black slipper-satin evening gown for Barbara Stanwyck Taylor’s important moods! Forty yards of black silk net are used in the skirt. Pleated flesh organza is a dainty insert for the square neckline, and the hooped shoulders are very flattering.
Versatile as an actress and as a personality, Barbara naturally chose Bernard Newman, most versatile of filmdom's stylists, to design her special Glamor School fashions. Here, she has exchanged romantic grace for modern glitter, with this dinner gown of brocaded satin.
"I'll get by, as long as I
Have you . . . "

So GOES the chorus of that old song. I'd like to change it about a bit and give it to you for a theme song—change it about like this:

"I'll get by, as long as I
Try . . . ."

For show me a glamor girl and I'll show you someone who is doing a darn good job with herself as an individual, someone who is trying, constantly, to make herself more attractive. She knows that little boys, especially, forget that good old axiom “Beauty is only skin deep” immediately they finish writing it in their copy books at school. And she's keen enough to be aware that even if she hasn't hair like sunshine, eyes like cornflowers, and a mouth like a poem that she will pass for a beauty in this modern world if she attains chic—something everybody can have!

Take Joan Bennett. When I tell you Joan had a perfectly terrible time learning to dress smartly I know you're not going to believe me. The very name of Bennett is synonymous with the greatest chic. Look at Constance, look at Barbara. That was just the trouble! Joan did look at them, since they were her elder sisters, and the admiration she felt first cowed her and then, just as bad, led her to imitation. With both of those reactions she got exactly nowhere.

"For years," says Joan, "I didn't consider I had a chance with Connie and Barbara. I accepted it for a fact that they were the chic ones in our family. Then, a little desperate to enjoy some of the pleasures their attraction was bringing them, I began doing what I saw them do, wearing what I saw them wear. At very long last it dawned upon me that I would improve my appearance not by using the same effects they used but by employing the same method they employed—by discovering what colors, lines and effects suited me and being true to them.

"Really," Joan admitted, "it's only in the last few years that I've learned exactly what lines do the happiest things for me. And this, I believe, is something every woman must ferret out for herself. Once such valuable information is yours, however, you not only will be immune to the specious enthusiasm of salesgirls but you will be equal to doing well for yourself with inexpensive little numbers. Practically my favorite dress at the moment, for instance, is black with blue piqué trimming. I paid eleven ninety-eight for it. But I had it altered to fit me, so it didn't bulge at the waist, pull across the hips, or have shoulder seams hanging quarter way down my arms. Fitting is such a vital part of grooming!"

So what do we learn from Joan . . .

Never reconcile yourself to the fact that others are chic and you are not. Exactly the same methods that they have used to become outstandingly chic will make you chic too.

Imitate no one. You will achieve the high point in appearance which you admire in those you would be tempted to imitate only by catering to your lines, coloring, and personality as assiduously as they cater to these three things.
They Learned to Be Chic

By Adele W. Fletcher

Have fewer clothes or less expensive clothes, if need be, but have them altered so they fit—perfectly!

Norma Shearer, not forgetting some of the lovely things she has done on the screen, undoubtedly is most distinguished for her sleek, brushed, and polished look. And that look, native as it seems to Norma, isn't anything with which she was born. Think back to Norma's beginning on the screen and you'll remember, as I do, when she wore evening gowns with flounces—and garlands of rosebuds on her gowns as well as in her hair. Besides which she fluffed her hair out from her head in intricate coiffures that never outlined the clean line of her head the way her coiffures do these days, whatever mode she follows. Norma deserves plaudits for the miraculous way in which she transformed herself from an average-looking person into an outstandingly attractive woman.

"The simpler you keep your appearance," Norma once said to me, "the easier it is to have it right. The fewer flounces or frills or buttons there are on your clothes the few stitches-in-time you have to take and the less chance there is of a flounce or frill or button hanging loose and giving you a frowzy, untidy look."

It was, you'll remember, (Please turn to page 94)
Leota Lane—the sister who didn't go into the movies—and Mrs. Lane talk about the cute Daughters Courageous, and especially Priscilla, our Cover Girl

By Sylvia Conrad

"REMEMBER 'Four Daughters'? They must have taken that picture from our lives. Of course, not all of the things that happened in the picture have happened to us, but the tone of it was exactly like the tone of our own lives. We were always a close-knit family like that. And the hectic borrowing of clothes—all that sort of thing—was an intimate part of our lives. There was always music around in our home, as there was music in theirs. We lived, you see, in a college town, and each of us entered the conservatory at Simpson College."

It was Leota Lane talking—looking like another edition of Priscilla Lane with the same fair hair, the same blue eyes, the same outrageously mischievous smile. She is the sister who recently made her début in opera, the sister who almost appeared in "Four Daughters"—but finally decided not to.

"I want to sing classical music," she explained, smiling, "but the script didn't allow any chance for that, and, of course, they couldn't change the script just for me. So Gale Page played the fourth daughter, and did such an excellent job of it, that there no longer seemed any necessity, when they made the sequel, for them to use anyone but Gale Page.
in the part. Some day I'd like to make a picture with my sisters, but I wouldn't want the movies as a steady career. I'm more interested in serious music."

"Are you sisters all alike in temperament?"

"Oh, no, each of us is as different as can be. Lola Lane is the most sophisticated, worldly-wise member of the family. She is the best-dressed girl in the family, too, and if she hadn't become an actress, she would probably have become a successful designer. Priscilla, the baby of the family, is calm, quiet, and reserved. Rosemary is much more vivacious, peppy, and gay. And such a tease! She teases me about my music, persuading me to get up and sing popular rhythm songs—she thinks it's amusing that a prima donna should sing hot songs. And she teases Priscilla constantly about her cat, Muffet, of which she's very fond. Whenever Priscilla starts talking about her cat, Rosemary says teasingly, 'Oh, it's a lovely cat, but I'm sure it's deaf.' One day, during an interview on the air, Priscilla started raving about how wonderful her cat was. Without stopping to think, Rosemary said teasingly, 'Oh, yes, it is, honey, but it's deaf!'"

Just then Mrs. Cora Lane walked in. She is a charming, wholesome middle-aged woman with blue eyes and graying hair, which used to be brown like Lola's and Rosemary's. "All my daughters are impulsive," she said smiling, "but Rosemary is probably the most impulsive of them all, and the most daring, too. I remember when Rosemary was a little tot—she couldn't have been more than three—and they were building a house across the street. Rosemary started climbing up a ladder and wouldn't come down. We were frightened to death. We could see her climbing and smiling, and were afraid she might fall down.

But she wasn't afraid of anything. Up she climbed another rung. Frank Henderson, a kind neighbor, had to go out and grab her. And I'll never forget the first time we were out at a lake. She waded right into the water without any hesitation—in fact, she went out so far for a little tot that she went under, and I had to catch her. When Rosemary was a little older, we had company visiting at the house. As she entered the hallway, she noticed a box of candy, tasted a bonbon and made a face. 'Oh, mother,' she said, in front of the woman who was visiting, 'when we have company, you ought to have better candy.' The woman must have turned red with embarrassment. She had brought the candy!"

As she talks, gradually the picture of the Mullican family, as they were known in Indianola, Iowa, grows. And so does your picture of Indianola, which was not then the modern town it is today. It was in the heart of what Henry Mencken would call "The Bible Belt," for the Methodist college, Simpson, was located in the town. Most of the people who lived there were extremely pious, and looked upon (Please turn to page 96)
Louis Hayward, who made a great hit in "The Man in the Iron Mask," spends his spare time on his hobby—candid photography. See him, below, getting an "angle shot." Bottom of page, favorites from the Hayward collection: John Garfield and his baby "mugging" for Louis.

UNMASK
Louis Hayward and You'll Meet a Camera Fiend!

And you'll find Ida Lupino, his devoted wife, cheering him on.

By Ruth Tildesley

HAVING a candid camera fiend in the house is very hard on the budget!

"You can't imagine how much money it runs into when you buy films, extra lenses, have a number of prints made up, or are persuaded to get a new gadget for your camera almost every other week," sighed Ida Lupino Hayward, wife of that candid picture expert, Louis Hayward.

"Louis is so mad about his pictures that he can't resist an enticing salesman. But our business manager is trying to keep the Hayward menage on a budget. We are both permitted an allowance for personal expenses, and the business manager pays the big bills and household expenses. When Louis has run through his allowance, and wants something new in equipment, or has perhaps taken some particularly nice shots and wants to have a bunch of them made up for his friends, he 'borrows' from the kitchen cash box. Geneva—you know Geneva, our big blonde Swedish cook?—uses that money in the kitchen cash box for purchases at the door, paying for packages, buying supplies and so on, and she knows to a penny how much should be in it. She is always bursting into the room, crying: 'Mr. Hayward, sir, the cash box is missing $3.14 again. Now, Mr. Hayward, sir, you'll have to give that money back. I just can't run my kitchen that way. Now, Mr. Hayward, sir, where's my $3.14?" Ida relaxed from her impersonation of Geneva and she chuckled.
"Oh well, women spend 80% of the world's income, according to the newspapers!" grinned Louis. "Let her get it out of the business manager. He won't advance me a cent, but he'll give up $3.14 to Geneva without a murmur."

"My lamb, show Ruth the shots we made on our honeymoon. You know, we couldn't take a honeymoon until we had been married six months, and I'll swear most of it was used up with Louis and his Leica! Where are all those good pictures, m'lamb?" demanded Ida. "He made them especially for SCREENLAND."

Louis bowed to her, gratefully, as he searched through his album.

"One side of photography that we find useful in our professional lives," continued Ida, "is taking pictures of moods or possible characterizations. We are quite keen about acting, you know. We both think that we can improve quite a lot and we're trying to do something about it. We get scripts of pictures whenever we can manage it and read scenes aloud, doing different roles. We study scenes from stage plays and work them out together. We even develop scenes from books we read, especially new books that are being talked of for pictures, and see how we could play them. It's very difficult to watch yourself in a mirror when you are really trying to express something, because after all you can't help but get that watching look in your eyes. So sometimes Louis takes shots of me in different moods or depicting different characters. While on the train on that honeymoon trip to New York, we thought we'd try for some. (Please turn to page 93)
How About a Change of Personality?

By Sydney Valentine

It was late in the afternoon at a Hollywood "temple of beauty." A tremor of excitement ran through the place. A rare thing was happening—the four Westmore brothers, movieland's tempestuous, mad, colorful, royal family of make-up, were all in the same place at the same time!

At the head of the conference table at the House of Westmore was Perc, now acting head of the family and director of the make-up department at the Warner Brothers Studio. Next to him was Wally, chief of Paramount's make-up department. Across the board was Monte, in charge of Selznick's "Gone With the Wind." At the other end of the table was Buddy, the youngest, who holds forth at Twentieth-Century Fox.

And between them all, feeling very conscious of their professionally X-ray eyes, was Miss Everywoman. Clearing her throat, Miss Everywoman murmured something about make-up for her type.

"Your type, Miss Everywoman?" inquired Buddy incredulously.

"There is no such thing as types any more," shot out Monte.

"Old-fashioned!" amended Wally.

"You see, Miss Everywoman," Perc put in quietly, "men are types. Women are anything they want to be. Time was, when a woman was born exotic, innocuous, old-fashioned or any one of a dozen different types, and that's the way she went through her entire life. Sometimes even when the type she had fallen into was not at all becoming to her."

"Sometimes a lifetime wasted," said Buddy, who, as the youngest of the four brothers, felt those things very keenly.

Perc continued. "That's all changed during the past few years. Things are being discovered every day in the studios that help a woman to make vast changes in her appearance. Corrective make-up, the new color-filtered foundation cream, and all the important tricks of our trade that should become part of every woman's make-up routine."

Wally interposed, "It may be odd to say this, but frequently people are born with personalities that do not suit them at all. Look at our great stars, Bette Davis, Claudette Colbert, Alice Faye, Joan Crawford. They are not the same people—the same types—they were originally. They made themselves the outstanding personalities they are today. They had the courage to recognize their own shortcomings and the will to do something about it."

"Look at Bette Davis today," continued Perc, "the greatest actress on the screen—and in years to come, people may call her the greatest actress America has yet produced on stage or screen. Yet just a few years ago, Bette was just a little, negative-looking blonde—another in a city full of blondes. Today, the fact that this girl can move from 'The Sisters' to 'Carloina' to 'Dark Victory' and now to 'The Old Maid' with all the poise and conviction in the world, is the answer to whether a woman can change her personality."

"Naturally, a woman in private life has no need for changes so dramatic as those accomplished on the screen.
Let the magic of Hollywood make-up work for you and make you over into the girl you'd like to be, just as it transformed such stars as Bette Davis, Claudette Colbert, Alice Faye

Nevertheless, the story of Bette Davis could easily be the story of any woman. Because Bette herself is so perfectly human, she has experienced over and over again the uncertainty and despair women undergo about their own appearance. The color of Bette's own hair is blonde—almost platinum blonde. When she came to Hollywood, friends told her to dye it black to lend her a more striking appearance. That didn't work. On the advice of other friends, Bette went to the other extreme—a thoroughly bleached blonde, which process completely blanked out her natural color and vivacity. For years, she only managed to struggle by, playing tiny bit parts at the smaller studios.

"When she came to Warner Brothers, Bette decided to take her own counsel. Bleach, eyebrow tweezers, and trick eye make-up went out the window. She forgot about artifice and concentrated on good health, good complexion, and well-kept hair. She taught herself to avoid self-consciousness about her appearance."

"No other woman in Hollywood would take the rôle of Mildred in 'Of Human Bondage' because it required a shocking, disillusioning make-up. Bette accepted the part and it made her a great star. Bette Davis today is beautiful, under normal circumstances, as fans can see for themselves in 'Dark Victory'. She can also be exotic as evidence in 'Juarez' or completely unprepossessing as her make-up as the fifty-year-old Virgin Queen in 'The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex' will reveal. The point is, Bette triumphed over artificial ways to beauty—false beauty—which women will accept for lack of more vision and determination. She learned to change her personality, and she discovered her own beauty lies in simplicity."

"That business of courage holds true in every case," interposed Brother Wally, "but changing types can work both ways. Take the case of Claudette Colbert. When she came to Hollywood, Claudette determined to make something of herself—she was just another pretty young brunette actress. She was filled with eagerness, youth, ambition—anxious to make a name for herself. Being typically American in appearance, she resolved to do herself over in a sophisticated, continental manner. The transformation took place over a number of years. But she succeeded. Today, Claudette Colbert is poised, vibrant, worldly, the very picture of all that sophistication should be."

"The danger lies—with most women—in making Miss Colbert a particular example. Sophistication is dangerous; unless it is carried off properly, the sophisticate can so easily appear childish and artificial. But Claudette knew this was right for her, knew the change would benefit her. Her hair—once raven black—is light red; her brows are high and narrow, her eyes are made up only in the inside corners; (Please turn to page 74)
Glenda Farrell inspires some thoughts on the male's good looks. Here are several ways for the girls to help!

By Courtenay Marvin

This is a story about the men in your life. And it was suggested by Glenda Farrell. For when I popped in to see Glenda not long ago, we suddenly found ourselves very animated over an angle of good looks not usually covered on this page—good looks for men.

"This time," said Glenda, from a big chair that made her look small, "let's talk about men." She had just come in from the country: her golden hair was still wind-tossed, and her skin had a fresh outdoorsy look. Her only make-up at that moment was a vivid lipstick, sharp and dramatic with her light blue sports frock, a type she prefers.

"All of us have men in our lives. Go through any household. Now, it seems to me that girls and women know how to take very good care of their appearance. Hair, face, figure, clothes and accessories. Isn't it time we turned about, cast a critical eye over our males and began to work on them? I think so. Surely nothing lifts a girl's ego like an escort who attracts admiring glances. I believe every wife who takes pride in her husband's personal appearance has a better success mark chalked up against her marriage than the one who is conscious of her husband's lank and thinning hair, of his rapidly increasing waistline or his general disinterest in his clothes. I think this pride in our menfolk extends helpfully, too, to fathers, to brothers and the younger fry. I think the girls should look out for them, and get busy when they need a haircut, develop slouchy posture or broken-out skins. It mightn't be a bad idea to suggest that your readers please tell the boys!"

"Making men do things that are, oh, so good for them is not exactly an easy job," I reminded Glenda.

"Be subtle," said Glenda with a twinkle. "Try praise in place of criticism. Remember the old honey vs. vinegar line. Inspire, encourage, praise! Play up their good points. Say as little as possible about their bad ones, but work in a subtle way. When a birthday, anniversary, or holiday rolls around, see that your gift is something to encourage more personal interest in themselves. Men like to experiment with new ideas for themselves just as much as we do. I've seen them as enthusiastic over an electric shaver as a child over a new toy."

"Where do you think the girls should begin?" I asked.

"Hair," said Glenda emphatically, with sincere conviction in her green-blue eyes. And we should! Man's 1st problem is hair. It thins, it falls out, it recedes, and the first thing you know that wave or nice, smooth sweep that once inspired your caresses is just a weak little reminder of what once was. There are jokes about bald-headed men, but baldness is no joke to them. The scientific world is still struggling over the problem of baldness, but the fact remains that it is a mark of this day and age and a tragic one. On the subject of hair, I urge the ounce of prevention now, rather than the pound of cure later on. This prevention begins with the suitable type of shampoo that cleanses and invigorates the scalp without drying. If there is a trace of dandruff, a dandruff remover type of shampoo should be used. Men seem much more subject to this condition than women, due, undoubtedly, to one abuse we (Please turn to page 92)
This smart quartette of cherishables will find its way into the possession of "those who care" for nicer things. For where to buy, turn to store list on page 79.

By Marina

If you like plaids, then these are your dish! Everyone adores them, and this season, they are news in the dorm! Whether you sleep or loof in them, it's your chance to proclaim a proud bit of Scotch blood, or just to be colorful and dashing. These gay 2-piecers, the "Loch Lommond" pajamas by Miss Swank, come in rayon crepe plaid, with red or green predominating. Price, about $4.

What's new in the handbag you'll carry with "everything"? Suede, of course, and the size will be enormous—big and pouchy, with lots of room for those smart, fat compacts and "things." You'll like this beauty, with two outside pockets. It is beautifully fitted, with the center "treasury department" section kept tightly closed by a Kover-Zip, the invisible fastener which matches the color of the suede. The bag comes in block, brown, wine or green, and sells for $3.

Olympic twins! Together or separately, they are definitely a "plus" to your wardrobe. Designed by Lead, this adorable Tish-It-Knit twin sweater set has that expensive, "Hand-made" look, comes in vibrant colors, and sells for $2.98. Literally, the biggest and smartest news in compacts is Valupte's "Snuff Box." Gold-plated, with fluted sides, it has a brightly colored enamel top and deep slitter powder section, $2.
ROBERT TAYLOR is the big headache at Metro lately. He isn’t satisfied with his roles, and for the first time in four years he’s yelling about it, and plenty. There are those who say Barbara Stanwyck is putting the spurs into Bob and that’s why he’s dissatisfied. Up to date, Bob always insisted that the bosses knew best and that he was just a country boy quite willing to be led around by the nose. So even the insiders at M-G-M are stunned with the behavior, and are trying to underestimate the decided bad feeling. But they can’t overlook all those recent stormy sessions, with Bob rushing out of story conferences and inner offices in a boiling rage. After a particularly hot session last week-end when Bob didn’t show up for work on Monday morning, everyone concerned had a couple of bad moments. Around the studio all were convinced it was a feud for sure, and then came the reminders that Barbara Stanwyck had stayed out of pictures for a couple of years until she got exactly what she wanted. However, Bob hasn’t gone that far. It was a scratch on that famous nose from a scrape with one of his horses over the week-end, that kept him at home. He’s back and smiling.

I’LL bet Alice Faye and Paulette Goddard and a few other girls are biting their lovely lips now that it’s definitely set that Jimmy Stewart will appear in “Destry Rides Again,” and that Marlene will play opposite him. Both girls had a chance at the picture and turned it down. To play opposite Jimmy, I understand, any number of girls around town would even sacrifice their next option. And another thing I’ll bet is, that Marlene makes that role the sexiest ever seen in a horse opera. She’ll have a chance to make it another “Morocco.” When Dietrich quit us flat and went to France to make pictures she was to pull down $150,000 for every appearance, but somehow those French producers just couldn’t find that much money after Dietrich arrived. Here, they’re now calling her come-back, “Marlene Rides Again,” and everyone is pulling for her.
M ost girls about town make it very clear that they are just plain sorry for Loretta Young. She is forever getting into scrapes like the Buckner thing. She is so sick as far as men are concerned. She just doesn't seem to be able to find anyone that she would marry. If you'd ask me, I'd say it isn't pity, but jealousy that women feel toward Loretta, but they won't admit it because she lives completely and fully as every other stellar woman would like to, if she had the chance. There are facets to Loretta that no one knows or ever hears about because we are all content with the conclusions we have come to about her, and about her over-publicized love affairs. Here is something not generally known about her. I got the story from an accountant in the offices of the largest agency in town handling the radio accounts of national sponsors, and I heard that Loretta never as much as sees any of those $4,000 and $5,000 checks that she gets every time she broadcasts. The checks aren't even made out in her name. They are made directly to Loretta's church, the Blessed Sacrament, on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood.

T hat mysterious figure that repeatedly walks the shadiest byways and the darkest alleys at the Warner Studio these nights is none other than Paul Muni keeping in the mood. And he's sick and tired of having all those policemen pounce out every whip-stitch and stick a flashlight in his face. It's disturbing to the "feeling" of the scenes he's rehearsing. For his new picture Muni has taken up his residence at the studio and he has the whole lot besides the actual sets to rehearse in. And he does it, too. His wife, Bella, is with him on the set during the day, advising as usual, but after dinner she leaves Muni alone, and he goes to town. (Bella is testing for a role opposite him in his next picture.) Incidentally, in this one he will wear no make up other than a home-grown mustache, and it's that sad, sad ending that Paul is working up to with the solitary night prowling.

Lano Turner, "Dancing Co-Ed" in the college film musical of that title, gets into the spirit of things and starts stepping to Arlo Shaw's clarinet call. In background is the maestro's swing band.

M ore than any other actress in recent years Paulette Goddard has aroused a consuming curiosity and conjecture by keeping the reasons for her actions to herself. People seem to want to make her business their business. And yet Paulette, in her own very charming way, still keeps all of Hollywood guessing. You can't be sure of anything about Paulette. It isn't only whether she is or isn't married to Glaaplkin that people want to know, but they want Paulette's undercover private life all explained to them. That's why, when Paulette arrived at the Cafe Lamaze one night recently, flanked with an escort of what appeared to be plain clothes men, a decided buzz was set up as to the "why" of it. When she appeared shopping at Magnin's the next day with the same guards the motives flew thick and fast. The men have been identified as G-men, and no one can say just why they follow Pauletta around, but they do, everywhere. Some say it's the emeralds that Charlie gave her, others a threat of kidnapping. Of course, Paulette simply smiles and says nothing.

A ll those women who crowd the Los Angeles City Hall courtrooms when Hollywood celebrities' many woes get public airings went all weak and sentimental when young Tim Holt and his famous father, Jack, made a forced appearance. They are without a doubt the handsomest father and son in Hollywod. Mr. Holt says he is not divorced from Mrs. Holt after these seven long years, Mexican divorces being what they are, and that the property settlement, therefore, is all wrong. And quick as a flash, there went that new house and ranch that father, Jack, was all ready to hand over to son, Tim, and his young wife. At least, it won't be theirs until things get straightened out.

N ow they're calling it a Corroborree. At least that's what the Warren Williams named it on the invitation. It isn't as bad as it sounds because it's really only a Hollywood party in disguise. In other words, a get together in Australian aborigine style. After you get over the tea and cakes and more tea and cakes you throw boomerangs. The real news about Warren William, however, is that after he's seen in that villainous role opposite Jean Arthur in "Arizona" somebody is bound to discover him all over again.

S C R E E N L A N D

The scene, above, from "The Light That Failed," shows Ronald Colman and Walter Huston in their Kipling roles of war correspondents who share adventures with British troops in the Sudan.
When Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor and Bing Crosby and Gay Cooper went out last year and paid good money to buy the Hollywood Baseball Club everyone thought they were "touch." or that they were just fooling with the thing for the laughs. Maybe they were, but now they've got a business on their hands. The players found this fact that the percentage their money earned for them was nothing to be sneezed at. After a couple of smart exhibitions for charity, like the game, there were the playing men and the supporting players, with Taylor actually out playing, they couldn't keep the fans 'out of the stands. So, next year we are going to have a fancy baseball club, "Coop" and Bing are going out to buy some high class players, and to hear them talk, Hollywood is going to be big league stuff in no time.

Jeffrey Lynn is the world's champion worrier. He worries about his roles, about his future, and even about the weather. He's been known to telephone a member of the studio publicity force in the smallest hours of the morning when he got to worrying about how a certain paragraph in a story to be published on him, might look in print. At option time Jeff becomes almost a hospital case. But the unusual twist to this story is that he doesn't do the worrying because of himself or his own welfare, but because of his family. He really thinks he has been the luckiest, and he hopes it all lasts, because he has eight brothers and sisters back home and he is slowly helping them one at a time to do what they want with their lives. He has just brought the fourth one out here, a brother, and enrolled him in an aviation school. He won't be happy until they all get set.

Constance Bennett is back from Europe once more and she still hasn't got the desire to get back to the Motion Picture world. She did come back with some fancy orders for her cosmetic business, though. The administrator of the palace of the king of Bulgaria gave her a wonderful order for a complete line, even the chief gardener of the palace grounds in Lichtenstein wanted some of the Bennett beautifiers. (If his wife don't get them I hope she doesn't see this.) Connie has been entertaining three girls from Philadelphia who sell her products because she admires their sales ability. They won salesmanship contests there and in reward got the trip out here.

This story comes from one who should know. It goes back to Glasgow, Scotland, twenty-five or more years ago. There was at that time an obscure music hall there that set itself apart from any other in the city because of its eccentric manager. He allowed no short subjects to be shown in his theatre. There were absolutely no comedies allowed. Slapstick would have been sacrilege in that house. The place was known for its program features only. The managers were persuaded by his son as to the policy of the house. The father believed in that son explicitly. Today that son is Stan Laurel, who is really kung of the comedy rackets, and who after all his marital troubles, is back in them again.

Now that Lillian Gish is back in Hollywood she is making up for the time she lost when she was a silent star, and, as she confesses, had no time to go to parties. Lillian insists that it was all work and no play in those days. She is very pleasantly in evidence at every premiere and opening, either with Mary Pickford or old-timer David Wark Griffith. No big party is without her wistful presence. At the premiere of "The Star Maker," with flowers in her hair, Miss Gish drew warm and effusive clubs and ads from the street crowds, even Mary took a back seat. But Miss Gish says there is more than just partying in her madness. It is really perfectly exhilarating all the newness and the technique of our stars and the business today, and before snow flies she insists that she and D. W. Griffith will launch "A History of Hollywood," with their own money. Miss Gish will star. She's slowly creeping up on us with all those appearances. Won't that be a comeback? I can't wait.

It will probably take only an innocent family of rabbits to completely upset one of Jimmy Cagney's deep-set aversions, Taking everything into consideration Jimmy is a most complex and contradictory guy. On the screen he can strut the toughest and most ornery manner. Off the screen he is very soft-spoken and quiet. He takes a deep pride in the choice flowers he raises and he has a consuming hatred for anyone that will kill helpless little animals. That's just where Jimmy is going to have to make a trying decision. This family of innocent rabbits that I told you about is slowly but surely destroying his most beautiful flowers. From the look in Jimmy's eyes as he tends these prize blooms I'd say those rabbits better lay off, or else.

Here's that busy

Being a busy screen star doesn't keep Bette Davis from being president of the Tailwaggers' training home for "Seeing Eye" dogs. Above left, Bette with two of the dogs and their owners; above, with Jim Lindsay, organization's director.

Isabel Jewell took the part in "Northwest Passage" because she was just good and tired of waiting for a big rôle. She had been living aboard her boat, Star Dust. So she packed up to come to town for a few weeks and remained to this very day. After she started in "Northwest Passage" her part was built up a little and that kept her longer. Then, that procedure was repeated until her stint was quadrupled. Before Isabel finished she was working as interpreter. Raised in the location country, she did the negotiating between the crew and the local Indians.

Young Raymond Sevign, as Gerald in "We Are Not Alone," feels safe with newcomers (Paul Muni) arms around him.
Bette Davis girl!

Miss Davis, above, found time to appear on Raymond Pajé's radio program recently to introduce Pam, her young protegee. Above right, as Queen Elizabeth, Bette greets Charles Laughton who once played Henry VIII, Queen Bess' father.

YOU'VE known that Fred MacMurray "doesn't" think much about hogging the camera or spot light if you could have seen his complete embarrassment the other night after an opening when the announcer in front of the theatre kept calling repeatedly over a loud speaker, "Mr. MacMurray's car, please. Mr. MacMurray is waiting for his car, please." It sounded as if Fred were an impatient somebody. He kept grinning, but he colored to his ears. What a relief it was to him when he slipped under the wheel of his unpretentious coupe and drove off with his wife.

MARRIED life has made a new man of Nelson Eddy, at least everyone insists that he has made a very decided change toward being a more practical and approachable. I'm sure you have heard of the feud that were reputed to exist between the Eddy and MacDonald duo. Nelson is supposed to have frequently put on a temperamental rage when something went wrong with his recordings and even at his radio rehearsals all horseplay was sacrificed for Art. And now one can believe their eyes when they see Nelson doing the rhumba at his more frequent partying or tap dancing constantly while waiting between scenes. All during the making of "Balalaika" there wasn't a temperamental blow-up, even when a persistent female reporter cornered Nelson on the set and gave him the third degree about questions of his marriage. Before the great personality change, that woman would have been frozen into a quiet retreat. But Nelson made it clear, in a most jolly and friendly way, that his marriage wasn't to be talked about. When the writer demanded to know what it was like to be a secret step-father, and Nelson didn't blow up with a big bang, I was convinced that he is a changed man. However, he didn't answer the question, either. And he really has a step-son 14 years old that lives with him, but until now, no one has ever known it. He is the son of Ann Eddy and Sidney Franklin, her former husband. It's a little bit of a coincidence, too, that the Eddy's back yard adjoins that of Ann's former husband. It makes it convenient for the son, but that's about all I can say for it. That should settle that question for all time. Nelson Eddy is a step-father.

I WISH Gene Raymond would accept one of the offers of being in the friends band. Just lately he turned down an offer of a Broadway musical show so he could go on a vacation with Jeanette. They went in to the theatres and the ever increasing insomnia. They packed all the paraphernalia that Jeanette had to have to get to sleep. All the black eye-masks, the ear-stops to keep out the other noises, records of soothing music that lull Jeanette; all the concoctions that go into the warm milk she drinks just before retiring, and her special pillows. When they arrived at their out-post and found to their surprise that all the sleeping black-magic had been left behind. Jeanette was determined to stay and fight it out. She fought so hard that for the only time in her life Jeanette slept as peaceful as a baby every night.

BONITA GRANVILLE'S mother has put her foot down. There will be no jitterbugging at the house-warming to celebrate the newness. In fact, both he and Annabella have decided that there won't even be a house-warming until the newness has worn off a bit, and the place is completely furnished. Right now, Bonita and her mother are sleeping on mattresses right down on the floor, because the especially made beds aren't ready yet. Bonita has lived in the same apartment for nine years prior to her marriage, and is dying to give a party like the keen affair that Judy Garland gave at her new home in Bel-Air, where anything always goes. In fact, Fred Astaire wanted autograph. Bonita has signed a new long-term contract with M-G-M she and Judy have become the best of friends; so have their mothers. The idea that Bonita's mother heard of the severe strain Judy's party had put on the new Garland house, and hence the ultimatum.

ANITA LOUISE has all her Christmas presents wrapped... First surprise birthday present Gloria Dickson got was a single large diamond on a delicate, invisible platinum chain from husband Perc Westmore... Dennis Morgan, who used to be Stanley Morner at M-G-M, will sing the Red Sable role in "The Desert Song" for Warners.

THE French women went wild over Tyrone wherever he went in France. The women in Paris made an especial fuss. They thought his mouth was intriguing, his smile devastating. They were far more enthusiastic than American women fans but much more reserved. Although Tyrone quit trying to shop after one or two attempts because the women mobbed him wherever he went, he still had a real problem. They were quite good in spite of the fact that he didn't even do any shopping on their whole trip except to buy some Wedgewood china that Annabella found in a shop in the Champs Elysee one day. It matched some pieces that they have in their partly furnished home. After Annabella brought the pieces, in her typical French way, she would go to the store and buy the rest of it. He even flew the Atlantic with her, in the Clipper. At one of the many dinners for Tyrone in Paris the women mobbed him and one of them set down her champagne and just one look into those "beautiful" eyes. It caused quite a stir there at the Crillon Hotel. Annabella's ex-husband was at the same dinner and had just met Tyrone. Incidentally, remodeling plans of the Powel's house do not include a nursery.

Little Virginia Weidler and Frank Morgan dressed up for some real western scenes in "Henry Goes to Arizona."
Mrs. Cagney in her bedroom, above, working on a rug for the guests' powder room. The beautiful white circular rug was made by Mrs. Cagney too. The ruffled organza canopy and the flounces on the four-poster bed match the curtains.

Cagney Comes Home  Continued from page 33

to the house and a scene of indescribable beauty. Surprisingly, Mr. Cagney’s landscape has had to be done. A few weeds cleared away and in their stead has been planted almost every garden of flower you can mention. The motor court (for guests parking) will accommodate twenty cars. This is paved with cobble stones salvaged from the city dump. There are over six thousand of them in this space 60’ in diameter. Bougainvillea, honeysuckle, and wild strawberry plants will cover the hillsides. In the flat areas Sweet Williams, mignonette, hollyhocks, morning glories, moonvines, chrysanthemums, dahlias, asters, daisies, roses, violets, pansies, carnations, and whatever you can name lend their glory if not their fragrance (for in this much-touted California climate no flower has any color).

Entering the house, one comes into a small entrance hall. To the left of the door is a powder room for guests. To the right, a double door opens on to the living room. Directly in front of the entrance is another double door leading to the dining room. To the left, and beyond the powder room, stairs lead to the upper floor and a door opens into the kitchen. This hall is finished with wood paneling. The woodwork throughout the house is Idaho knotty pine that has been sheathed with a brown stain and then rubbed with oil, giving it a soft glossy finish.

Passing through the living room, one comes to the library which really looks like a library. Four cut-out panels—the work of an artist friend, Will Crawford—form the doors to a small but completely equipped bar. There is running water, a tray for liquor, shelves for glasses, and below, a small electric refrigerator.

“I didn’t want a regular bar or rumpus room,” Jim explains. “I like to feel that this is a home and not a night club. The bar we have is large enough to accommodate as many guests as we usually have. If we have a party, we always have in extra help and drinks can be served from the butler’s pantry.”

On either side of the bar is a small built-in chest with a glass front. You will note one of them to the left of the bar.

This one is called “The Pirates Treasure Chest.” The figures are wax. It is done exactly to scale and is the work of Dwight Franklin. The one on the other side depicts one of the adventures of the dwarfs in “Snow White” and was done by Crawford. The beauty of these lies in the detail and coloring, which, unfortunately, a black and white photo cannot catch. Very little new furniture has been bought for this house. Most of it was either brought from their old home on Hillcrest Drive or from their New England farm house. The cobbler’s bench at the extreme left of the picture was brought from New England. An antique dealer from whom they purchased a few things made them a present of the old cobbler’s tools. These have been augmented by Jim’s collection of three pipes—which he never smokes. The divan in front of the window (from Hillcrest) is in tan leather. All the chairs in this room are upholstered in leather, either tan or green. The rug is a hand-woven, hand-braided hook rug made by Mrs. Cagney’s sister, Mrs. Jess Anthony of Glendale. On the opposite side of the room, the table under the window is an old tip-topped from the farm. The ship above it is a miniature reproduction of an old Spanish gal- leon, correct to the most minute detail, which was made and presented to Jim by one of his admirers at the studio. Just over the divan you will note an old oil lamp. It is so old it burns only whale oil. So it is never lighted. They have no whale oil, although I have heard plenty of banana oil spilled around that room. The other lamps manage to struggle along on kerosene. You will note the stone wall on the side of the room where the fireplace is. This whole wall is rough stone.

Jim has a phobia on the subject of lighting. He hates brightly lighted rooms, so in the library there are only a few oil-burning lamps and the one electric lamp in the window. This, too, is from Hillcrest. At the latter place Jim would never have it wired for electricity. He liked the smell of burning kerosene.

Going from the library to the living room, we find on the right of the place an old, old English mahogany tilt-top table. The lamp on it is a red satin glass Victorian oil lamp that has been wired. Also on the table is a sterling silver, porcelain-lined shaving mug with a mirror set in the top. On the side of it is a rest for the shaving brush. This is now used as a cigarette box and the rest, instead of supporting a shaving brush, supports Mr. Pat O’Brien’s big black cigars.

In front of the fireplace is an antique “pig bench” which in old days was used to slaughter pigs on. The gas has been removed and it now does duty as a coffee table. The huge brassy snuffer on it is filled with roses instead of cognac because, since neither Jim nor Bill drinks, they have no eye to practicality. The curtains in this room, as they are throughout the house except in Jim’s bedroom; library, and kitchen, are criss-crossed white ruffled organdy. The drapes are hand-blocked linen and all the upholstery in this room is of a similar material except the divan which is covered in a rough textured red-and-white weave. The
The beams in the Cagney living room, above, are hand-hewn and the walls are of Idaho knotty pine, shellacked and rubbed down to give them a soft glossy finish.

Mrs. Charles Einfeld (Warner Brothers publicity director), Mr. and Mrs. Pam Blumenthal and Mr. and Mrs. George Murphy. The plates are English Sheffield and the bread-and-butter is silver.

At the left of the room is a drop-leaf maple serving table. Note the rock crystal hurricane shades around the candles. All the furniture in this room is either old pine or maple. There are three different kinds of chairs. They could not get a set of matching chairs that were authentic antiques and preferred using these that were left over after they had finished furnishing their farmhouse.

Throughout the house the floors are 12" pine planking, held down with copper nails. Jim held out for even wider planking but the builders would not guarantee that in this famous California climate they wouldn't warp. The rug for the dining room is not quite finished. It is being hand-braided of damask to match the draperies, which are genuine old creel. The only light in this room is furnished by candles. The architect put in electric outlets but Jim calmly had them plastered over.

Although the kitchen is the pride of Mrs. Cagney's life, it has regulation equipment, its distinguishing feature being sound-proof walls (so that the rattle of pots, pans, and dishes does not penetrate to the dining room or other parts of the house) and a built-in desk where menus may be made out and bills checked. A red and white color motif has been followed.

Upstairs there are only two bedrooms-the master bedrooms-each with its own dressing room and bath—one for Jim and one for Billie. Billie’s bedroom and the kitchen were her only contributions to the plan of the house. She generously wanted Jim to have exactly the kind of home he wanted. For herself, she wanted a large bedroom where she could lie rather than have to go downstairs to the living room.

“Well, baby,” I murmured, “you sure got what you wanted. It looks like the rotunda of the Grand Central station!”

“It is large, isn’t it?” Billie agreed. “But I don’t have the noise and confusion of the Grand Central and,” she added meaningly, “usually no one intrudes on me here. Oh, yes. The other thing I held out for here, besides the size, is the fireplace. I have always wanted a fireplace in my bedroom.”

She crocheted the rug herself and I mean to state it must have been a man-size job. It is made of an off-white yarn. The bed the two windows is an old, old blanket chest. Behind Mrs. Cagney in the picture is a combination sewing table and tea wagon. Above the mantel on the left is a hand-made cross-stitch sampler, a gift from her sister, saying, “To a friend’s house the road is never long.”

Her dressing room is the only modernistic note in the house. The shelves in the windows are glass. She has made a collection of miniature oil lamps. The only wallpaper in this room is on the ceiling. And here, too, is the one note of extravagance in the house. There is a tap with filtered ice water running from the ice-box drawers. There is no similar outlet in Jim’s dressing room. He comes here for his drinks.

The furnishings of Jim’s room were brought intact from the Hillcrest house. He loved his bedroom there and thought he could not improve on it. The four poster bed is hand-carved walnut. The blue and white quilted spread was hand-made, a gift from Billie’s aunt in Iowa. The chest, from which the mirror has been detached and hung separately, is also very old—hand-carved walnut of the early Victorian era. Opposite the chest is an old-fashioned washstand with a china pitcher and bowl. This stand was originally made for a new English school teacher 20 years ago and was presented to her, with the bowl and pitcher, on her wedding day. There is also a small walnut rocker in the room and it is a panic to watch the tough guy of the screen sitting there, contentedly rocking and studying his script.

His dressing room is handsome—but severely plain. The walls are knotty pine, except one which is rough stone like the wall in the library. The closets are roomy enough to hold a stock for a clothing store, although Jim has fewer clothes than any man I know in Hollywood. “I’m building for the future,” he grinned, “when I become a star and can afford a large wardrobe.”

The little plaques above the closets (also a gift from a friend) represent Dickens characters. They are done in plaster of Paris and painted. At either end of the dressing table you will note another of the cut-outs representing incidents from their lives. These form the doors to the medicine cabinets where he keeps his toiletries.

Many houses in Hollywood are more pretentious than livable. But every time I enter this house I think of a favorite verse of one of my school teachers:

“For every house where love abides
And friendship is a guest,
Is surely home—and home, sweet home—
For there the heart can rest.”

S E E N E E D
Inside the Stars’ Homes
Continued from page 12

that Oneida Ltd. Silversmiths make or any party could call for.”

You’d think so, too, if you could see the teaspoons and soup spoons, the tablespoon and serving spoons—the dinner forks and knives and the salad forks and the butter spreaders—everything that her set includes.

We didn’t dare stay any longer this time, for it was getting near time for the dinner guests to arrive. But before we left, June promised to tell us just how she uses her silver service for different occasions. We went back a day or two later and we’re passing on to you—digested and simplified for your guidance—the rules Miss Lang follows for the setting of her tables.

**THE SILVERWARE YOU NEED FOR EVERY MEAL—AND HOW TO PLACE IT**

Remember the five general and simple rules for putting your silver on the table...rules you’ve grown so used to that you have probably ceased to notice them.

1. All forks at the left
2. All knives and spoons to the right
3. Butter knives laid across the edge of butter plate
4. All silver service laid so that the first courses are farthest from the plate and the last course, except desserts, next to the plate
5. Dessert service differs in formal and informal dinner (as shown below)

**BREAKFAST**

*Place Setting*

Orange Spoon
Teaspoon
Grille Knife and Fork
Butter Spreader

*Serving Pieces*

Sugar Spoon
Butter Knife
Tablespoons
Small Server

**LUNCHEON**

*Place Setting*

Bouillon Spoon
Teaspoon
Salad Fork
Luncheon Knife and Fork
Butter Spreader
Iced Drink Spoon
* (for hot weather)

*Serving Pieces*

Sugar Spoon
Butter Knife
Pierced Pastry Server
Tablespoons
Cold Meat Fork
Pickle Fork
Small Server

**INFORMAL DINNER**

*Place Setting*

Cream Soup Spoon
Teaspoon
Salad Fork
Dinner Knife and Fork
Butter Spreader

*Serving Pieces*

Sugar Spoon
Butter Knife
Carving Set
Gravy Ladle
Pickle Fork
Pie Server

**FORMAL DINNER**

*Place Setting*

Round Bowl Soup Spoon
Cocktail Fork
Grille Knife and Fork
Dinner Knife and Fork
(Roast)
Salad Fork
After Dinner Coffee Spoon
(Served with Coffee)

*Serving Pieces*

(Not on the table...but passed with the various courses)

Sugar Spoon
Tablespoons
(F)or Vegetables)
Gravy Ladle
Small Server
Pierced Round Server

**BUFFET SUPPER**

*Place Setting*

Knives
Forks
Salad Forks
Teaspoons
Butter Spreaders (for Cheese, 
**DeSSERTS AT DINNER**

Formal

Dessert service is brought in and set before each plate at the table. The Dessert Fork is on the plate at left and the Dessert Spoon at the right. No silver is placed on the table.

Informal

Dessert plate carries finger bowl, set on doily, Dessert Fork and Dessert Spoon at left and right of finger bowl. Finger bowl is placed on table at top of plate by guest, and dessert is passed.

Why not cut out these June Lang rules and paste them on your dashboard and save them so that you can check your own table settings?

**How About a Change of Personality?**

Continued from page 65

her mouth is slightly larger. But with all these signs of the sophisticate, she has cultivated the understanding, the intelligence and knowledge, the humor that is so necessary to go with it.”

“Alfie Faye,” volunteered Buddy, is “the best example I know of a girl whose change of appearance meant success, Alice arrived in Hollywood a torch singer and typical Broadway ‘Glamor Girl.’ She had slicked-down platinum blonde hair, lots of eye make-up, brows that almost disappeared, and rosebud lips. After a year or so had passed on the Fox lot without a deal happening for her career, Alice began to think seriously of changing her personality. She let her hair return to its normal taffy-blonde shade, buffed it out in a more ordinary arrangement—the one that flattened her facial contours, and she made up her eyes and mouth in a normal way, Soon letters about the ‘Faye girl’ began to pour into the studios. People liked her. Why hadn’t they seen her before? Today, Alice is one of the ten biggest box-office stars, and she puts the reason squarely on her change of personality.”

Monte Westmore, directing make-up for the momentous “Gone With the Wind,” had a somewhat different problem with Vivien Leigh, the Scarlett O’Hara girl. “In the first place,” explained Monte, “Miss Leigh is in a somewhat controversial position. The eyes of the world are on her in that O’Hara role—in which she, an English girl, must play a woman who is the very fire and essence of the American South.”

“Miss Leigh, when she came to America, wore the typically conservative make-up usually worn by English women. We drew her brows heavier, her mouth larger, rearranged her hair, dramatized, with shadow, her flashing green eyes mentioned so often in the character of the book—and there was Scarlett O’Hara to the life! But Miss Leigh, realizing this change was entirely outward, spent many hours observing American women, conversing with them, trying to understand their viewpoints and problems and hopes.”

“In other words,” spoke up Miss Ev’rywoman, “a change of personality doesn’t necessarily mean a make-up box full of new colors, paints, powders and false eyelashes?”

“Not entirely, Miss Everywoman,” said Perc gravely, “It means understanding, and good taste, and common sense, and imagination wrapped up with it, too.”

“I see,” answered Miss Everywoman.

“Thank you for your help, Perc and Wally—and Monte—and Buddy.”

“You’re welcome,” said the Westmores.
BUT they're both quick to grasp this Exciting new "SKIN-VITAMIN Care*!

QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON: Do you find it difficult to protect your skin against sun and wind when you're traveling outdoors a lot?

ANSWER: "Oh, no—my regular use of Pond's Vanishing Cream helps take care of that. I can smooth little roughnesses away with just a single application!"

QUESTIONS TO MRS. MOORE: Can a busy housewife find time to give her skin proper care, Mrs. Moore?

ANSWER: "Yes. Pond's 2 creams make it very easy—inexpensive, too! I can get my skin really clean and fresh with their Cold Cream. Besides that, this famous cream now contains Vitamin A, which is certainly important to know."

Everybody out! Big game of the season to Susy, Bill and their parents is between Pittsburgh and West Virginia, where Mr. Moore studied engineering.

Shopping for the week end—Mrs. James W. Moore, of Mt. Lebanon, Pa., takes advantage of the Friday food bargains. Her two young children have healthy appetites.

QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON: Does using more than one cream improve the general effect of your make-up?

ANSWER: "Yes. When my skin is cleansed with Pond's Cold Cream and then smoothed with Pond's Vanishing Cream—make-up goes on evenly—sparkles longer!"

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE: Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your face cream?

ANSWER: "I studied about vitamins in feeding my children. That's how I learned there's one that's especially important to the skin—Vitamin A. Skin lacking it gets rough and dry. And now I can cream it right into my skin with Pond's Cold Cream!"
Warning to American Mothers

Continued from page 27

comes let her go out with the boys. Train her to be a woman. It's still mothers who run the world, not actresses. It's still better to love a man and to make him happy and to bear his children than to have a career. That's the best advice I can give you. That's what I'd do with a child of my own, if I had one."

"But what about Deanna?" she gasped. "What about Gloria?"

He leaned forward across the desk. "Look, I'm a producer. It's my business to make pictures. If I find material which I think will help me to make a good picture, it's my business to use it. As a producer, I can't use your child. As a human being, I say, take her home. If I had a voice that could reach mothers everywhere, I would shout: DON'T BRING YOUR CHILDREN TO HOLLYWOOD!"

Pasternak is a short man, electric with energy. You'd look at him twice in the street because his face is alive—rugged, attractively homely and full of character. He has crinkles of humor round the eyes and a smile that cuts his age in half. Having been kicked around by the industry for years, he takes the dignity of his present pre-eminence with his tongue in his cheek. Adversity taught him the realities so thoroughly that they're his for life. He's easier to approach than nine-tenths of Hollywood's self-inflated underlings.

It has been said that without him Universal would have had to shut up shop. "Boloney!" he snorts. "Make a couple of good pictures, you're Lincoln. Make a couple of bad ones, you're mud." Whether or not he saved the studio from collapse, he has certainly kept it among the majors. When Leo, the astute Lion, let Deanna slip through his paws, Pasternak grabbed her and you know the rest. That was when the mothers started crowding. A woman determined to make an actress of her child will stop at nothing. They waylaid him at the studio gates, and after his car, they ferreted out his favorite eating places and tried to corner him there. They sent him letters, belligerent or pleading, straight or roundabout, filled with the spirit of their guilt. "We have a new litter of thorough-breds," one woman wrote. "We'd like to give you one. My little girl will bring it to the studio. She looks like Shirley Temple."

Now he's brought in another winner in the person of Gloria Jean, the beginning eleven-year-old of The Under-Pup. "Please don't think that it's in his producer's capacity, he groans at the thought of the avalanche that's bound to follow. And though he's annoyed by the persistence of the suppliants, it's the children's plight that bothers him most.

"People somehow find out your weakness and make capital of it. They know I love kids. So they think, if they bring me the child, I will say, 'How cute! I'll put her in the movies.' It's because I do love kids that I want them kept away from here."

"Very seldom do fathers want their children to be actresses. It's mostly mothers. And why? Do they talk to the child? Do they try to find out what's inside her? Do the child say, 'Mother, I'll die if I can't be an actress'? No. A normal child wants to play. A normal child wants to do what other children do. But the mother reads the figures. Ninety-five per cent are inspired by the money end. Maybe they fool themselves that it's for the good of the child. But they're being dishonest. And this they would be forced to admit if they had the courage to examine themselves. Also they read the magazines and listen to the radio. I don't want to say unholy things about magazines, but some of them print too much glamor. Deanna has a glass house, they say—which she hasn't—so the mother thinks her own angel would look much better in a glass house than Deanna. Mothers who don't think their children are the most beautiful in the world aren't mothers."

"It doesn't take very much. Maybe the neighbor wants to borrow an egg or a glass of milk. Maybe she didn't pay back the last egg. So she has to take Mrs. Smith's mind away from the egg. What's the best way to do it? You know, when your Betty recited Little Bo-peep, I cried. She's much better than Jane Withers. Jane must have known a producer. Why didn't you take Betty to Hollywood?" So the mother says, 'Betty, make your face like Jane Withers.' And the neighbor laughs—and goes home and laughs again. That dumb-believer, she tells the other neighbors.

"That's the bad part. That's where the poison creeps in. The dumb-believer believed her. All night the house and the kid was saying: 'Betty is better than that kid we saw last night. Why shouldn't Betty make three thousand a week? So at last he scraped a few dollars together, because the poor girl has to sleep, and he sends them to Hollywood. Then when she can't get into the studios, she's ashamed to go back. She knows the neighbors are waiting. She knows they'll be sweet to her face and jab-jab-jab behind her back. So she gives her last cent to some phony agent, because the regulars won't touch her. Then she has to wire back for bus fare, and the poor kid gets hell because she can't do what she never wanted to do, and wasn't made to do in the first place. They have me tagged as a guy who discovers children. I don't. Children aren't discovered. They're born, they're raised, they become teachers or nurses or file clerks or extras or stars, according to what's inside. We don't make sensations. Nobody in Hollywood ever made a star. Stars are made in Iowa and Kansas, in Boston and Philadelphia and Oshkosh, and maybe in the Singer Building, New York. I mean that. No star is bigger than the twenty-five cents Anna Zilch pays to see him. All we can do is try to guess what Anna Zilch wants."

"So now you're going to ask me after all this talk, how did Deanna and Gloria happen? Deanna didn't come to Hollywood. She lived here. She was studying for opera. She didn't give a hang for the movies, she didn't run after them, they ran after her. Gloria didn't come to Hollywood. I lost her in New York."

"I sent for Deanna because I was trying to cast Three Smart Girls," not because an agent raved about her. Without the proper solid backing, no matter if she had been two Deannas. If you can't cast them, what are you going to do with them? All right, I had the set-up, I had a great director, King Vidor. I had seen plenty. They tripped in, they curtsied like a jack-in-the-box, they said ma-ma, they said da-dee, they stuck their heads in their necks and went away. There's no greater ham than a child ham.

"Deanna came in. She was simple, she was honest, she was direct. She didn't make a speech about her family. She just talked and acted like a girl of thirteen. She said what came from her heart, not what someone had taught her, I thought she had talent, but next to it I was a quarrel. You don't know—you have to try. I took her not because I hoped she had talent, but because I knew she was real. I had been a mechanical toy, I didn't have helped."

"It was the same with Gloria. I'm not an atheist, so I believe God g puzzles people around and plays chess with their fates. When I cast Three Smart Girls, Grow Up! I was going to the mountains for my first vacation in years. I had to cast The Under-Pup, but I didn't even want to think about it. I came back—there was ready to leave, when suddenly I thought: 'You big booby, you have a sister in Canada whom you haven't seen for nineteen years. Why don't you go there?'"

"From Canada I went to New York. Mr. Waterman, secretary to our president, Mr. François Gaal, one of Hollywood's most charming personalities and good ones well suited for Fall, as shown here.
Go get the facts and you'll never use a heavy cream again! Young America knows a thing or two. In schools and colleges you'll find a revolt against heavy creams... and a swing to Lady Esther Face Cream!

Heavy creams demand heavy-handed treatment...tugging at delicate facial muscles. Whether you are 18, 28 or 38—why chance looking older than you really are? Get the facts about my 4-Purpose Cream and give up old-fashioned methods.

The speed of life today puts new demands upon your face cream and calls for a cream of a different type. For heavy creams can't fit the tempo of 1939 and modern girls know it. They were the first to pass up heavy, greasy creams.

LADY ESTHER SAYS—

"To keep your Accent on Youth—
Join this Revolt against Heavy, Waxy Creams!"

Lovely skin brings its own reward—every minute of the day. For no charm is more appealing than a youthful looking skin. So give yourself "young skin care"—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—and you will see that life is gay and romantic. Yes, that life is fun for every girl who meets each day with confidence in her own beauty.

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream has its wonderful following because it is a modern cream. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you please follow the test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn't the one and only cream for you?

Convince yourself... make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW!

Are you sure your face cream really cleanses your skin? Is it making you look older than you really are? Find out with my amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test."

First, cleanse your complexion with your present cream. Wipe your face with cleansing tissue, and look at it.

Then do the same—a second time—with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Now, wipe it off with tissue and look at that!

Thousands of women are amazed...yes, shocked then and there...to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with their own eyes that my cream removes pore-clogging dirt many other creams FAIL TO GET OUT!

For, unlike many heavy, "waxy" creams—Lady Esther Face Cream does a thorough cleansing job without harsh pulling or rubbing of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, at my expense. Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Start now to have a more appealing skin—to keep your Accent on Youth!

Thank you, Lady Esther, for this lovely picture! I'm glad to have you share my picture with me.
Blumberg, began pesterling me about this kid. He'd never seen her, but the butcher knew the baker and the baker knew the candlestick-maker. And the candlestick-maker knew a girl. I told him to leave me alone, I wanted to meet bigger girls in New York. He kept after me—the family's poor, they've got four kids, the father's out of work. When I say yes, it's mostly a waste of time. When I say no, my conscience bothers me, maybe I'm missing something.

"So I saw her. She didn't say much. She was friendly, but she didn't push herself down my throat. I asked if she knew who I was. 'You're the one who makes Deanna Durbin's pictures,' I asked if she wanted to be in the movies. She was shy. 'I don't know if I'm good enough. It's up to you.'

That's how I met Gloria. Here was a kid from Scranton, Pa., who happened to be in New York for an audition. Here was a guy from Hollywood who should have been snoring in the mountains. His brotherly feeling made up for nineteen years and land him in Canada. He takes in New York as a side trip, fate shoves us together."

I asked if he thought that Deanna had lost, or that Gloria would lose, by a screen career. His answer came without hesitation. "I can only repeat what I said before. If I had a talented child, I'd keep her out of the movies. Of course I don't know what my wife would say, if I had a wife. She might be stronger than I. For the present I haven't a wife, but I have a child, so it's easy. But I have a sister whose boy is three and a half. If I can help it, he won't be an actor.

What's the duty of a parent? To give the child a happy childhood and to help build for the future. I think she has a better chance for happiness in normal surroundings, and I think building character is more important than building amenities. And even though you try to do both, there are still certain things you can't prevent. The child may be modest, and the parents may be wise, but the studio atmosphere remains unnatural. It's not natural that a child should have a bodyguard. It's not natural that she can't go roller-skating with her friends or that she should be always the center of attention.

"Deanna gets home from work and goes to bed at eight, because at seven next morning some guy will be putting make-up on her face. Once in a while she has a chance to go to the Palomar with this boy she likes, and what happens? She can't step on the floor, public swimming in autograph bags. Imagine a fellow says, 'I love you,' and a candid camera pops in her eyes and she has to blink and turn back to the guy and say, 'What?' It's the most precious moment in life and it's lost.

"Maybe I'm too old-fashioned, but I still think a girl's most beautiful future lies in marriage. Most girls spend their happiest days dreaming about the prince on a white horse, learning from their mothers how to cook and keep house for him. So he's not a prince and he comes in a blue Ford. Or he hangs on a subway strap, what do they care? But a girl in the movies has no time for such things. I don't say she doesn't dream too. Only her life is full of other excitement. One dream fills your horizon. Two are too many, the second has to take a back seat.

"Or suppose she falls in love with a poor young man. It's all right, she says, I have enough for both. But suppose the poor young man won't live on her money.

"Or leave marriage out. Suppose her career is finished at eighteen? How many child players do you know who go on after that? You can count them on the fingers of one hand. So she's lost her childhood and she hasn't gained her future. She feels it's the end when it should be the begin-

"You'll say, it's easy for the fellow who's full to preach to the fellow who's hungry. My answer is this: let everybody mind his business and believe that the other guy has his own troubles. The president sleeps in the White House, but he has more sleepless nights than the WPA worker who gets fifteen bucks a week.

"People read about swimming-pools. They say, a lucky so-and-so. Take it from me, ninety percent who own swimming-pools don't use them. They haven't the time. They haven't the peace of mind. I've got two brothers. One's a tinsmith, one's an assistant director. We have dinner together, and I sit and watch those kids eat. I think, Lord! if I could eat like that. Why can't I? Because my digestion's no good, because I'm wondering how was the last scene we shot, did we do it right, did she over-act, should we do it again tomorrow, how much would it cost? When the tailor goes to bed, he goes to sleep. For a pair of pants, he should worry, 'If the guy didn't like it, he can bring 'em back tomorrow and I'll press 'em again.' Then why don't I open a tailor shop? I have to do the only thing I'm trained for.

"Your body isn't worth a nickel more in silks than in cottons. The stenographer with one hat and one pair of shoes has a date. She puts on her hat and says, 'Hello, Jim, let's go.' The star has a date too. She wants the same thing as the little stenographer, love from the boy friend. She opens her closet and puts on a hat, no good, another, no good, another, what happens? 'What's the idea,' the boy friend says, 'you're late.' I couldn't have let her have to wear. 'Try on some more, I'll read the funnies.' So they start screeching and she cries all night and looks like hell when she gets in front of the camera next day.

"I'd like to say to you mothers just one thing. A movie child's life isn't all cream and honey. It's hard work and heartbeat. A successful marriage is better than a successful career. If you can guide your girl to find the right man, she may have less money but she'll have more happiness. So will her husband. When a man comes home, he wants his wife there. Even if she throws the milk bottle at him, it's more fun than having a star in Hollywood."
A "Neglected" Wife
is almost always guilty of
ONE NEGLECT*

Let "Lysol" Help You Avoid
This ONE NEGLECT

If there is any doubt in your mind about
feminine hygiene, ask your doctor
about "Lysol". Some of many reasons
why it has the confidence of so many
doctors, nurses, hospitals, and wives, are . . .

1. Non-Caustic: "Lysol" in proper dilution is
gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali.
2. Effectiveness. "Lysol" is a powerful germicide,
active under practical conditions; effective in
the presence of organic matter. 3. Spreading. "Lysol"
solutions spread due to low surface tension; virtu-
ally wash out germs. 4. Economy. "Lysol" is con-
centrated, costs only about 1¢ an application in
proper dilution for feminine hygiene. 5. Odor.
The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.
6. Stability. "Lysol" keeps full strength no matter
how long it is kept, or often it is uncorked.

HE NEGLCTS her pride, and often
embarrasses her by admiring other
women; making comparisons unfa-
orable to her, sometimes in public.

HE NEGLCTS to kiss
her good-bye, and never shows the little
signs of affection which
mean much to a wife.

HE NEGLCTS the compan-
ionship they used to have; shows no in-
terest in her daily
problems and plans.

HE NEGLCTS her to.
her door to
her, forgets anni-
versaries and
special occasions
to which she has
looked forward.

BUT...
her own neglect
was really the
cause of his
indifference

The one neglect no husband
can forgive is carelessness (or
ignorance) about FEMININE
HYGIENE.

Let "Lysol" Help You Avoid
This ONE NEGLECT

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how long it is kept, or often it is uncorked.
Leslie and the Ladies

Continued from page 29

I don't say this attitude toward men is natural. It's acquired. But a woman has her choice.

"From my observations, I say quite definitely that absolutely any woman can make herself over so that she is charming, not even the most enchanting siren was born enchanting; she became so, step by step. People surround the process with mystery because they don't want to go to the trouble involved.

"A woman's charm, which is her most potent weapon, is the result of her surroundings, her training, and her wish of having fun. A woman doesn't have to be beautiful, though it helps. A girl is silly if she plasters on a lot of make-up and fausses that suit her. Baby faces, pretty faces, and exotic faces are common in Hollywood, and the standardized studio girl couldn't make the grade in real competition because she has banked on looking like a star who was an original. The 'typical' Hollywood girl falls into the same error as many other hard-working girls do; she expects a surface similarity to prove appeal is all she needs. No wonder she grows discouraged. She hasn't enough individuality to stand out!"

"Envy is a confession of inferiority. The fascinating women of this world don't imitate; they create. They try to be different from any other woman who ever existed. They take advantage of grooming and polishing, certainly, but they heed the modes to spotlight their originality. Wendy Hiller, for example, had none of the attributes of a movie star. If I'd brought her here to Hollywood personally, and had taken her right into producers' offices, and had recommended her as a fine bet for the screen, I could have laughed off the They'd have said, 'She may be a good stage actress, but she's much too tall, she isn't good-looking enough, she has no glamour, her features aren't right, and you can't change features. She's a bust!'

"But Wendy Hiller isn't a bust. She demonstrated that she has plenty of screen appeal. She has the charm. She is a woman of enormous integrity. When she made her picture début in 'Pygmalion' we adapted ourselves to her individuality. We didn't try to transform the film by Shaw, because she'd been a hit when his play had been revived in the theatre. He hadn't given a thought to film technique, so solved it, when I really per This caused her to go into the projection room with me and examine her close-ups. She was wholly sincere about wanting to be a good actress, but she hadn't realized what her rushes could teach her. After she saw how she looked she was more cooperative; we were able to photograph her more flattering. Every woman who is discontented with herself with herself can profit equally as much by studying herself in the mirror. Perhaps she has mannerisms and gestures which detract, and of which she has been ignorant.

"I think Wendy Hiller can do great things on the screen if she is carefully cast, if her career is hand-tailored. If she is wise enough to come to Hollywood on a standard contract, I've my doubts about her fate. They wouldn't know how to handle her here; at least, only a Selznick or a Goldwyn would be sympathetic and patient enough. She is a demonstration of what I said about a woman needing understanding direction. It's also a fact that a woman's potentialities aren't noticed by every man. My own chapter with Katharine Hepburn points this. She was cast in a Broadway play of mine. Today she is a Broadway success, but that was back before she got into pictures, when she was beginning. The author had dug her up in a Massachusetts stock company. When I watched her attempting to portray my woman, she was so stricken, dumb. She was a funny-looking girl, wearing a weird coat, and she not only had no regard for her appearance, but she was appallingly inert at acting that rôle. When I saw them strapped to her heart screen, I was even more astonished. Her scrappy, gingersy hair, had become a compelling crowning glory as it were. The character in her face, her individuality, was now quite apparent. She was literally transformed. Yet she was unlike anyone else in Hollywood; she was her own self, an original, polished up. She was with her heart not imitated. She had the courage to climb. A woman of significance can't be soft at the core. On the surface, yes. But she must have nerve. Back of it all is a natural self-respect filter. Away she's a weakness. She's foolishly suppressed her native impulses. She's narrowed her interests, a splendid system for becoming a woman.

"The one thing a woman can emulate a feminine movie star in, besides grooming, is voice technique. I don't mean to go about speaking like any one particular actress; that's that monotonous copying once more. I mean that all our better actresses rely on the tone of their voice and their diction for much of their charm. They employ a low pitch. They cultivate colorfulness of range. Many a woman only has to open her mouth to disillusion a man. Many a woman could open her mouth and intrigue a man. Why allot energy to improving the face and figure and ignore the sex-appeal a voice gives or spoils.

"There is something any woman can work on in her own home. She can pay attention to fine samples of speech, breathe rhythmically, practice talking before her mirror. She can eliminate any suggestion of a white, of mediocrity if she'll take the bother. It's worthwhile. A man responds to a pleasing vibration, believe me! And don't for one minute presume one is born with one's palate tuned. Any Harding, for instance, created that lovely voice of hers. Laboriously, methodically. She did not talk like Wendy Hiller in the first reels of 'Pygmalion'. She was no bones about having had just a plain, ordinary voice until she set out to do something about it.

"Women who only copy, when they recognize they lack charm, and women who are suspicious or cynical go into the also-ran classification with the clinging-vines. I consider them both deplorable. A woman is better off being made a fool of than succumbing to any ugly misgivings. Adaptability and tolerance are nearer qualities to being a woman's charm. A woman is better off being made a fool of than succumbing to any ugly misgivings. Adaptability and tolerance are nearer qualities to being a woman's charm. A woman is better off being made a fool of than succumbing to any ugly misgivings. Adaptability and tolerance are nearer qualities to being a woman's charm. A woman is better off being made a fool of than succumbing to any ugly misgivings. Adaptability and tolerance are nearer qualities to being a woman's charm. A woman is better off being made a fool of than succumbing to any ugly misgivings. Adaptability and tolerance are nearer qualities to being a woman's charm. A woman is better off being made a fool of than succumbing to any ugly misgivings. Adaptability and tolerance are nearer qualities to being a woman's charm. A woman is better off being made a fool of than succumbing to any ugly misgivings. Adaptability and tolerance are nearer qualities to being a woman's charm.

"Listening to your heart instead of your head doesn't imply, warned Leslie, who was warning. "That woman is going to stagnate. A man wants a woman to have views, when he asks for them! Vivian Leigh confines her ruthlessness to her Scar Portuguese accent, her troops on world affairs, on the new books, on music. It was fun to work with her. She's entertaining."

"Then Leslie Howard stretched and turned leisurely, very leisurely away from the chair. And quietly left the room.
"It's Fun to be 19!"

Continued from page 30

Paramount Studio. The Bosses are her parents, Mr. Bradna is The Big Boss and Mrs. Bradna is The Little Boss. That's because she has discovered when The Little Boss says "No" to something, it doesn't always mean "No." The Big Boss is in a more lenient frame of mind, but if The Big Boss says "No" it means "No" and that's all there is to it.

It was not that she was glad to be away from The Bosses, Olympe quickly amended. She adores them with every ounce of love in her impetuous little French heart. It was just that she had tasted of the freedom the average American girl takes for granted and found it heady, exciting stuff. So heady that it started all sorts of thoughts and hopes spinning around in her head. Two weeks of ardent pleading with The Bosses had been necessary before permission finally was won for her to visit some friends in Salinas, nine hours away from Hollywood by train, and attend the three-day rodeo which annually draws thousands of visitors to the small town. It was necessary to convince The Bosses she would not be kidnapped, or fall off the train, or get lost. It was necessary she faithfully promise (1) to talk to no strangers; (2) not leave the train when it stopped at a station; (3) telephone every night at 8 o'clock to report her safety.

"I had a wonderful time on that train," Olympe beamed. "I felt positively independent when I walked in the diner all by myself and ordered exactly what I wanted to eat. Of course I must admit I talked to two strangers but they were just a nice lady in the next seat who gave me some of her cookies and a nice old man who asked me if I would like to read his newspaper, so I thought that wouldn't count. And to the conductor who told me The Big Boss had told him to look after me, and to the porter who brought me a telegram and called me 'Miss O-lee-umph Bradna,' the telegram was from The Bosses, because they were worried about me."

Her grown-up status proved to be short-lived, however, despite her safe return from the "hazardous" journey. A few days later she had been out to a dance with a group of young friends under orders, as usual, to be home by 12 o'clock midnight. On the way home she and her escort stopped for a milk shake and though neither of them was wearing a watch, they were sure they were well under the deadline. It turned out they were 25 minutes late and The Big Boss was waiting up with plenty to say about it. Plenty!

"The next time I was out with that young man I wore my watch," Olympe giggled, "and he was wearing two, one on his wrist and one in his pocket! My dates all seem to have a healthy respect for..."

Honey

BEAUTY ADVISOR

"MEN HATE THE TOUCH OF SCRATCHY, CHAPPED HANDS"

OH, HONEY... YOU'RE JUST THE PERSON I WANT TO SEE! I NEED BEAUTY ADVICE—QUICK!

WELL, THAT'S MY JOB! WHAT'S WRONG, CAROL?

WHY, HONEY... THIS HANDS IS THE MOST SOOTHING HAND LOTION I'VE EVER USED!

NEXT DANCE HANDS YOU'VE GOT THERE, LADY! GRAND AS A POWDER BASE, TOO—CAROL, IT'S EXTRA-CREAMY, EXTRA-SOFTENING!

HAPPY, PELAS, I BROUGHT HER HONEY COULD SEE ME NOW!

WHY, HONEY... THIS HANDS IS THE MOST SOOTHING HAND LOTION I'VE EVER USED!

BEAUTY ADVICE...Okay, Carol...

LAST NIGHT TED TOOK ME TO A DANCE...

HEY! HOW ABOUT CUTTING IN ON MY DATE?

SURE, TED... CAROL'S CUTE BUT... HER HANDS GAVE ME THE SHIVERS... ROUGH AS A MAN'S...

THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME... OH, I'LL NEVER COME TO ANOTHER DANCE AS LONG AS I LIVE!

OH... HEY! YOU'RE NOT SO SOOTHE ME WHEN I LIVE!

BEAUTY ADVICE...Okay, Carol...

EVEN ONE APPLICATION—SO SOOTHING!

YES! Even one application of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream helps dry, chapped hands feel smoother. It's extra-creamy, extra-soothing! Every soothing drop brings comfort to your work-abused skin. Coaxes back the dainty look-and-feel that harsh cleansers, hard water, cold weather, and housework take away. Makes hands look nicer, feel better right away! Now contains 2 vitamins—A and D. In 10¢, 25¢, 50¢, 81 sizes at, toilet goods counters. New! Hinds Hand Cream. Ask for it too.
The Big Boss when she's on the warpath.

At first she had taken it as an encouraging sign that she had been permitted to The Bosses to join a big bash out of anywhere, go there unattended in the daytime and unchaperoned to big dances in the evening, Olympia confided. The victory lost a little of its glory, however, when she discovered The Bosses personally had interviewed everyone from the president of the club down to be sure the exclusive organization wasn't fit sort of places for their young name sake. She might as well have a big PLEASE TAKE CARE OF ME sign hung around her neck, she said.

"You see the trouble," she said very earnestly, "The Bosses always seem to think something dreadful is going to happen to me if I am out of their sight. That's why they are so strict with me. Personally, I think they believe too much of what they read in the papers. Like at breakfast the other day. The Big Boss saw something about some girl who was held up and robbed or something. 'There!' she said to me, 'that proves I'm right. That's what happens to young girls who go out to parties at night.'

Olympia perhaps was half-right. Europeans quite frequently have difficulty in sitting the truth from the sensationalism that sells American newspapers. Too, they usually come to America with exaggerated notions of the prevalence of crime and the abundance of criminals roaming the streets. However, more than that understandable error is influencing Mrs. Bradnas in regard to Olympia. The age-old continental custom in bringing up a daughter is to guard her from all unchaperoned contact with the world. Safety is safeguarded and the under the protective wing of her husband, Generations of Bradnas have followed the pattern instinctively. It would be easy to make the same mistake, I am afraid, to check all that seems normal and right to them in favor of the bewildering American system which automatically grants a child the fresh, unmarred freedom of thought and action without parental surveillance of any kind.

I reminded Olympia of that angle of it over a particularly tempting plate of rich soda bread I had agreed, "I appreciate that. And in some ways I am glad I have been brought up the way I have. It's sort of a comfortable feeling to know people enough to worry about you. And sometimes I must confess I think The Bosses are right when I see some American girls using so little discretion in what they do. Still, am I am 19, almost, and old enough to know what's good for me and what isn't?"

"Such as," I asked.

"Well, for instance, I have to be home by 12 o'clock at the latest, like I told you," she began. "A lot of people think that's just a gag or publicity but it isn't. And I'm just die hard about it. 10. The Little Boss thought 10 o'clock was late enough until I was 21 but The Big Boss talked him out of that a few weeks ago. They mean it. If we go to Hollywood parties, even if I am a star, I am not allowed to drive my car except to church on Sundays. That means wherever I go, the chauffeur, has to drive me, even to the corner store or my singing lesson, I'm not allowed to have a date unless The Bosses know exactly and the chauffeur and the man in question has spent at least one evening at home with The Bosses. Even so I'm not allowed to have more than two dates a week."

"I'm not allowed to go to the movies at night with a girl friend. I'm not allowed to go to the studio without Nana. Nana is my nurse and about 56. When we were making 'Happy Ending' recently Pat O'Brien nicknamed her The Lady From The Trap Door because no matter where I was or what I was doing, Nana suddenly would have to chase a dragon or necessary. And that's silly because there just aren't any dragons for her to chase. Besides, if there were, I wouldn't be capable of chasing them myself!"

In a way, that's perfectly true. It is a quaint paradox that the little Nanette (Annette) who the priest refused to christen a baby with anything as pagan as Olympia which comes from the Greek word meaning heaven of gods) who the Bosses tenderly protect from the world is the same little Olympia who is their sole financial support and who began dancing for the studio as soon as she was two when she was not quite eight!

"You know, I'll bet you know more about the world right now than The Bosses do, because I've been well-founded complete in her would be, and how fully worthy of trust she is in every respect. For all she looks like a cuddly little doll, she has been and has seen and experienced enough of American life to have formed a reliable set of standards and values."

"Of course, I don't mean that The Bosses don't trust me personally," Olympia defended the strict regime under which she lives and has begun to chafe. "It's just that they cannot reconcile the freedom of modern girls with the Victorian standards of their own youth. They cannot concede that a girl who comes and goes and does other things not be permitted. I might have gone on thinking the same way if I had not come to America to learn differently. I probably would not have wanted the freedom they granted me myself."

She hunched forward. "I'll tell you a secret," she whispered. "Sometimes I feel wicked to want so many things. Sometimes I look at myself and think 'Miracle of Knives' that's not into you?' Then I look at the other girls around me and say 'Why, that's not wicked at all.' It's just natural!"

Poormulled little Olympia. So there was a dragon chasing after all. The dragon of doubt. Supposing, I told her, by some miracle she suddenly was permitted to rearrange her life to suit herself, exactly what would she do?

"I'd make a long tour of the whole world," she answered promptly.

But that was just one of those daydreams we all nurse, I reminded her. How would she change her present, everyday life?

First off, she said, she would make an admiralty in that may-nots she already had mentioned about staying out after 12 o'clock, going to big Hollywood parties, driving her own car, going to the movies alone, without a boyfriend she could tackle some other problems which were bothering her. "I wouldn't have everything planned the way it is now," she explained, "Everything I do now is planned and discussed weeks in advance. Say we are going somewhere for lunch. As it is now, The Big Boss carefully telephones to find out how many guests I do. It is noon. The Big Boss might talk to them to find out what kind of people they are, what kind of a place it is, and if it is good, wholesome food. If I had my way, we'd just get in the car go and make a chance on the people and the food!"

"I would choose my own wardrobe and if I wanted to wear a blue dress, I'd wear a blue dress, even if The Big Boss thought a red one was more suitable. And I'd be terribly extravagant about clothes, not so
much in how much they cost but in having loads and loads of cute little things. I suppose it isn't sensible or something but I'd rather have five dresses that cost $15 than one dress that cost $75. The Big Boss doesn't approve of that.

"I think I'd like to have a definite allowance of some kind to buy silly little things if I wanted them. As it is now, my money is all put in a trust fund, except just what we live on, and I ask The Big Boss or The Little Boss for what I need. I'm not sure I'd really want an allowance because I've never had one and don't know what I'd need it for, but I think it would be fun to have a little money in my purse, even if I didn't need it for anything. You know, just have it there.

"I'd like to take long walks in the evening by myself, so I could think things out, without The Bosses and the whole neighborhood being thrown into a panic.

"I'd like to go to an American college for a while. All my life I've had tutors except when I went to the school for Professional Children in Paris and that wasn't like going to school because we could go any time we wanted, in the morning or the afternoon, or not at all on some days if we were working.

"I'd like to go horseback riding out of a ring. The Little Boss takes me riding now but we have to stay in the ring at the stables because he is afraid I'll fall off and hurt myself. He was badly hurt himself once and so he is afraid for me.

"I'd like to go to a drive-in hamburger joint for dinner instead of formal restaurants. I'd like to eat chocolate cake whenever I wanted to."

The waitress was passing with a tray of chocolate cake when Olympe expressed that last revolutionary thought. For a moment she looked like a kid with her nose pressed against a candy store window. Suddenly she straightened her shoulders. "I am about to rebel," she announced in a determined voice. "I am going to do what I want. I am going to have a slice of that gooey chocolate cake!" She had it.

Half an hour later Mack was driving us home. Olympe was huddled in one corner of the car, an unhappy expression on her face. She had, at the moment, the prize tummy-ache of the world.

"Oh-h-h," she moaned miserably. "I wish I was home with The Bosses!"

"What about the rebellion?" I asked.

"Ugh!" she answered eloquently.

"WinterDryness" may make your Hands Hard and Unromantic.

Read how to guard against this!

Soft "Hollywood hands" help you to romance! So—don't let cold, wind and constant use of water dry out, roughen and chap your hand skin.

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Way to Hand Beauty: Even one application does wonders for rough, chapped hands! Regular use of Jergens Lotion helps prevent miserable roughness and chapping. In Jergens are 2 fine ingredients used by many doctors to help harsh skin to lovely softness. Fragrant! No stickiness! Thousands of popular girls thank Jergens for their adorable hands. Get Jergens Lotion today, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00. At beauty counters.

CUPID'S RECIPE FOR LOVABLE HANDS—
Keep hand skin well supplied with beautifying moisture. Use Jergens Lotion after every handwashing.
Garbo in Love Again? Continued from page 25

beautiful women. "Eat and Grow Beautiful," his latest book, has become a text-book with women all over America and England. (For it is an excerpt from the recent issue of Life Eddie Rickenbacker confessed that he was a Hauser diet addict.) For several years he was associated with Dr. Dietrich of the famous Maine Chance Beauty Farm, and it was there that he introduced the spinach cocktail to Society. The spinach contains one of the play of life. Martin, you can be certain, but it isn't half as bad as it sounds—and it's reducing.

Bengamin Gayelord Hauser's interest in diet stems from the discovery of silybon, South of Germany, he was taken seriously ill with a tubercular hip. Seven operations in America proved futile, and he decided to return to Europe and the last months of his life in the beautiful Swiss Alps. In a small Swiss sanitarium he first heard about diet from an old German doctor—and a miraculous cure resulted. Fully recovered he went to Vienna to make a scientific study of diet and health, and five years later opened a Food Clinic in New York. With the aid of a staff of physicians and nurses, he became very successful. He has lectured in practically every city in the United States, and last season gave a series of lectures in London. While there London Times Entertainment for him at a party to which were invited the twelve most glamorous women in the world, headed by the Duchess of Windsor. Had he known Garbo it may be sticking my neck out—heaven knows I've done it often enough before—but I shall now go on record as saying that this is the most serious of all the Garbo romances, and the one most likely to lead to the altar. They have so much in common, these two. They both put very little value on possessions. They are both rather shy.

When he is not lecturing or doing research work in Europe Dr. Hauser lives in his magnificent home on the top of Misty Mountain overlooking Beverly Hills. He takes great pride in his swimming pool (as big as a quarter of a mile), his dogs, his flowers, and his view. It is here that Garbo spends most of her afternoons when she isn't facing a camera. It was during the past summer that a mutual friend introduced him to two Garbo. Garbo is terribly interested in food science. She had read Dr. Hauser's books. A romance got under way but immediately. Not every Garbo's admirants could understand, but crack, "Is it love or is it spinach? I think it looks like love. The hot kind. But will Garbo marry the handsome young Hauser? After all, romance is nothing new in La Garbo's life—we all know that. In the thirteen years and ten months since she first set foot in Hollywood (and never has a foot been so maligned) there have been five "great love of her life." The quotes are not Garbo's. She never said anything was anything. But the public hasn't been so reticent. When she first came to Hollywood her name was "associated" (that's a genteel euphemism if I ever saw one) with that of Mauritz Stiller, the famous stage director, who gave her her first big break in "Gosta Berling" in 1922 for the Swedish Film Company—which picture had caused Mr. Mayer, traveling in Europe at the time, to dash over to sign a contract. Stillier, artistic and impractical, did not fare as well in Hollywood as did Garbo, and it was in Europe that he died. He's talked about later when Garbo was singing "Wild Orchids."

In 1927 Garbo met the handsome, dynamic, and extremely likeable John Gilbert and made for him called "the Devil." Their romance was the "talk" of Hollywood for several years during which time they made a slate of heavy grossers at the box office, and added the expression "Garbo-Gilberting" to the vocabulary and "Garbo-Gilber" naturally, meant romancing like mad. Some people said that "Handsome Jack" wanted to get married, and Garbo wouldn't, and some people said vice versa. (Garbo as usual said nothing.) Anyway Gilbert married Ina Claire all of a sudden-like, and the great Garbo-Gilbert love affair was over. Then came "Queen Christina" in 1933 with John Gilbert trying a "comeback," and with the former Theatre Guild director Rouben Mamoulian directing. But it was not Gilbert on whom Garbo turned those heavy-lidded slumberous eyes this time—it was Mamoulian. It was with him she took her famous trip into Arizona which some people said was an elongation, only that Garbo had gotten cold feet when recognized by the State Police at the California-Arizona border. After "Queen Christina" Garbo hid out on a ranch near Victorville, and Mamoulian joined her there. But instead of sitting down to lunch and dinner at one big table, the way they do at ranches out here, Garbo insisted that her meals be served to her in lovely splendor. She also insisted that when she went riding no one else was to be allowed to ride. The woman who ran the ranch wasn't at all pleased with the Garbo demands, and it certainly wasn't fair to the other paying guests, so Garbo, my children, was asked to leave. Imagine a Garbo being thrown out! Ah me, it seems it happens to the best of us.

In 1934 Garbo and George Brent met on the set of "The Painted Veil," and after a few days' work together began to get quite chummy. There were rumors of a new romance, though some people said it was only publicity for the picture. With the picture completed Garbo hid out on the desert this time at the swank La Quinta Inn, near Indio, California. George Brent followed her there, and the romance was on in full swing. (Brent followed Bette Davis to the same place in the winter of 1939, so don't say history and Brent don't repeat themselves.)

When the famous symphony conductor, Leopold Stokowski, arrived in Hollywood in 1937 to do a picture with Deanna Durbin, he and Garbo met at the home of a people, and both extremely anti-social. When Dr. Hauser's work is done he is perfectly content to hide himself away on Misty Mountain, he has never been one to mingle with the social set in Hollywood, or to hang around the Tropicadero and other movie night spots. On evenings when they do not dine at the Hauser home, or at Garbo's Bel-Air home, they will dine out at some quiet restaurant in Beverly Hills or Santa Monica, where the film folk and the newspaper folk definitely don't go. And just to be certain that they are not seen by too many people they dine at very unusual hours. On hot afternoons, or before driving some place for dinner, they often stop by the Jones Health Food Store in Beverly Hills for a cocktail—but not the kind you and I drink. They like a Carrot Cocktail, or a Spinach Cocktail, or a Cabbage Cocktail, which is made from the juice of these vegetables with a fruit juice, or lemon juice, for flavoring. And very tasty too. Garbo never drinks high-balls, or any intoxicating liquors.

Garbo always dresses informally when she goes out to dinner or to drive with Dr. Hauser; she wears slacks, but extremely well tailored. A lot of times she will put a big straw hat on her head and as she seems to think the hat will keep people from recognizing her. At one of Dr.

Orson Welles, in Hollywood to star in a movie which he'll write and direct, entertained Dolores Del Rio, left, and Lili Damita Flynn at the Coconut Grove recently.
Hauser’s small dinner parties one night someone suggested that they go down to Los Angeles to a concert. “But I haven’t a dress,” said Garbo. “I don’t think I have a single dress.” Later she reported, “I did have one dress. A peasant dress someone gave me in Italy. I found it hanging in my closet.”

Though terribly fond of good music Garbo rarely ventures out to the Hollywood Bowl. She and Dr. Hauser spend many evenings, however, listening to his superb collection of records—and, of course, the radio. She reads everything, including fan magazines. She is very much interested in Dr. Hauser’s research work and they discuss sun-bathing, swimming, and food science by the hour. She never “talks” pictures. They share a passionate fondness for flowers. Though several of Garbo’s former friends have been accused of making use of her for their own personal publicity, you can be quite sure that Dr. Hauser is making no effort to exploit her in any way. For that reason, if none other, I would be willing to bet my last dollar this is Garbo’s most serious romance—that it may even end in marriage.

Just in case you are interested in reducing, I’ll give you the recipe of Dr. Hauser’s Carrot Cocktail. And the First Day of his balanced reducing menus:

**CARROT COCKTAIL**

**Ingredients:**
- Golden Carrots
- Orange Juice

**Method:**
1. Scrub carrots until their skins glow and sparkle. Cut into vertical strips about one-half inch wide and put through a vegetable juice extractor. (If you prefer you may shred the carrots on a medium-sized shredder and then put them through the juice extractor.)
2. This juice deteriorates very easily and loses its golden color. For this reason you must have some orange juice in the cup into which the juice flows.
3. Since carrots are quite dry and do not give much juice you may put them twice through the juice extractor.
4. Mix the carrot juice with the orange juice in equal proportions.
5. This Carrot Cocktail, if faithfully imbibed, is warranted to produce that schoolgirl complexion.

**FIRST DAY**

**Breakfast**
- Glass of Grapefruit and Prune Juice (equal amounts mixed)

**Half Hour Later:**
- Hot beverage with sugar or cream—not both

**If Hungry During Morning:**
- Glass of Buttermilk or Glass of Tomato Juice

**Luncheon**
- Waldorf Salad
- Thin slice of Toast
- Beverage, if desired

**If Hungry During Afternoon:**
- “Pick-me-up” Cocktail

**PICK-ME-UP COCKTAIL**

Beat one egg yolk, one teaspoon of honey, and one tablespoon of Sherry into a cup of grapefruit juice. This cocktail is to be taken in the afternoon.

**Dinner**
- Grapefruit and Pineapple Salad
- Two Lamb Chops
- Green Peas
- Head Lettuce
- Baked Apple
- Demi-Tasse

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**THE EYES OF FASHION by Maybelline**

For alluring mystery under your most captivating hat, make your eyelashes look long, dark, thick—with Maybelline Mascara. For blonde or tawny type, Brown or Blue. For brunettes, Black or Blue.

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They Write the Songs for Stars to Sing

Contents
THREE MORE ACTIVE DAYS
This is how many women give more time to living, and less to needless pain

LIFE is far too short—and too enjoyable—to give up several precious days each month by giving in to menstruation's functional pain.

Millions of women now know what has long been common medical knowledge—much of this pain is needless. So here we picture an effective and pleasant aid to active comfort. The way many women now save that lost time for living.

Think of this Midol package not as a slim case of small white tablets, but as three additional days which you might have in your month. Three days when you might go on as usual...making and keeping appointments...enjoying life normally in spite of the calendar.

Unless you have some organic disorder requiring medical or surgical treatment, Midol should make your dreaded days as carefree as others. It is made for this purpose—and usually acts not only to relieve the functional pain of menstruation, but to lessen discomfort. A few Midol tablets should see you happily through even your worst day.

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Midol is a special formula recently developed for its special purpose. Midol contains no opiumates and no antispasmodics.

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GENERAL DRUG COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

SCREENLAND

The show went on anyway. It opened in Philadelphia. Just before the opening night, Guy Bolton had a nervous breakdown. Kalmar began to look pale around the gills, and a short time later, he too collapsed. Again the singing pair survived. But the opening night, he suffered a breakdown that made the others look like a slight cough. To top all their troubles, an anxious Ethel Merman and the Washington Senators was told to go back to writing songs, work today is like making a study in jitterbugs. While they're working, Ruby has every reason to go back and forth, and Kalmar bites his nails. Guess we'd all bite our nails and wear holes in rugs, though, if we could attain the same position held by Kalmar and Ruby.

Once more the past comes back. A young and beautiful wife is greeting her sailor husband. The World War is over, and they go back to their new life together. Yes, they were among the many who married during the war. The sailor, or rather the ex-sailor, was Harry Warren. The girl, by the way, was Ethel. She said to him, "Well, it cost me forty dollars to get you out of the navy and back with me, Harry, but it's worth it."

About the same time—before the war was over—there was another jolly, rotund young private sat in the trenches writing lyrics. Shells screamed overhead, bombs burst all around, but Al Dubin just dismissed all the noise and kept on writing. Little did that sailor and that private know that they would combine forces and become one of the greatest song writing teams Hollywood has ever known. But after years after the war, they started their career together. You see, both had been writing with different partners for a music publisher and both of their colleagues left, Harry and Al joined forces. Both boys were far more skilled in their professions. Al had been writing lyrics for years and used to submit his work. But they'd always write amateur songs for his own amusement, as he terms his job. He even wrote lyrics. Like other song writers, they finally submitted theirs and the Warners Brothers when they wrote their first big hits for pictures, Too Many Tears, a song sung by a young singer in his first picture, Dick Powell. From that day, Dick's career was pushed ahead by the songs of Warren and Dubin.

One day, Warren and Dubin were called into Mr. Zanuck's office at Warners—that being the time when Zanuck was one of Warners' head producers. He told them to get busy on some spectacular musical numbers for a big extravaganza he was going to produce. The songs Harry and Al wrote for this film made Hollywood history, for can you ever forget Shuffle Off to Buffalo, Boy, We're Getting to be a Habit with Me, and, of course, the title song, 42nd St. As far as that goes, can you forget the picture, "42nd St."?

Following the success of this picture, Warren and Dubin were never idle. Their songs became tops in town, and they won four Academy Awards for their numbers. Among the hits that followed were Shanghai Lil for Jimmy Cagney, Shadow Waltz, for Dick Powell, I Only
Have Eyes For You, She's a Latin from Manhattan, for Al Jolson, Boulevard of Broken Dreams, Constance Bennett's first song, and the number that sent Ginger Rogers' screen stock soaring, We're in the Money. By this time, it had become an established fact that every star who sang a number of theirs in a picture was destined for a brilliant future. But of all their hits, Warren and Dubin are proudest of their Don't Give Up the Ship, from "The Singing Marine," a song adopted by the U. S. Naval Academy as the finest song of the year.

Recently, Dubin left to go back to New York. Harry, alone for the first time in years, did songs with other writers, chiefly, You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby, and the music for "Honolulu." But now the boys are back together again in Hollywood and are getting ready to turn out more hits for studios, the kind that made them famous.

There are many dramatic stories connected with the songs these two have written. Harry told me something of the story that inspired Al to write his Among My Souvenirs. "Al and his wife had had a disagreement," Harry said, "and while he was out, she took everything he owned and left. Later in the day, Al returned. He immediately sensed something was wrong, even before he stepped into the apartment. When he walked in and saw everything gone, his heart sank. Quietly, he walked to the dresser. Opening a drawer, he found memories of the good times he and his wife had had together. Theatre stubs, programs, odds and ends, memoirs of their happy days. He sat down, lonely and heart-sick. Out of Al's grief was born Among My Souvenirs, one of the biggest hits.

This song was written before Al and Harry became a team, but there are other equally interesting reasons for the writings of some of their hits. One night, also before their teaming days, Al saw a couple of lovers in one of New York's hamburger wagons. They were shabbily dressed and were sharing a cup of coffee and a sandwich, but they seemed desperately in love. Dubin went home and wrote Al a Cup of Coffee, a Sandwich and You, a song that was tremendously popular.

Later, when Al and Harry were churning off ends of countless pencils and filling wastepaper baskets while trying to get a song they were after, they heard the wailing of a train whistle as it passed. The whistling screeching, the cars rumbling, and the hum of the wheels on the track gave them the needed inspiration. A short time later, Shuffle Off to Buffalo emerged from their pen and paper, and, incidentally, from their harried brains. And speaking of inspirations, Harry admits that many of his hit numbers on Broadway were inspired by his love for his wife.

Harry and Al are unlike many Hollywood teams. They don't go in for night life and parties. Their work and their own interests are more important. But if you want to see them as they really are, you ought to take a look at them while they're writing a song. Usually, Al is chewing ends off cigars with madness, and much to the worry of Harry. Then they break into a frenzied argument over some phase of the song. A few moments later, they will have argued and they'll be joking with each other. Such is the value of their great sense of humor.

The years have rolled back again for the moment, and we find a young fellow in New York. A chap who had formerly worked in a steel mill in Pittsburgh and who aspired to be a director of classic stage productions or an actor. Anything but a writer of lyrics. The young man—Leo Robin. Around him, reams of letters of recommendations given him by his friends back home to their famous acquaintances in New York. A blind flip of the batch of letters, and he opens one to George S. Kaufman, then dramatic editor of the New York Times. His first field to conquer!

A few hours later, Leo was in Kaufman's office, listening to the now renowned playwright tell him to go back to Pittsburgh, that he would stage and in due time, he'd have him on the boards as a director or an actor. But Leo wouldn't go home! He knew he could succeed, and he told Kaufman so. Finally, the young chap, in desperation, told the austere critic that he can write poetry. Kaufman began to show interest. Perhaps he can write lyrics for songs?

A few days later, Leo sat in his hotel room studying piles of songs that he had managed to get from the publishing companies. Pouring over lyrics. Actually di-

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Naturally— and Dorothy Lamour. Now Leo and Ralph are in New York, writing for musicals on Broadway and have just finished the music for “Gulliver’s Travels,” Fleisher’s full-length cartoon for Paramount. But behind them they have left some of the greatest screen hits any team has ever written, hits that will always remain in the minds of all movie goers. Their last assignment before they left was for Bing Crosby’s “Paris Honeymoon,” the hits being I Have Eyes, Fanny Old Hats, and Sweet Little Headache. The scene shifts once more to the past. The scene is a New York dock. It is eight-thirty in the morning, and the Albany dayboat is about to sail. A large, rotund gentleman—300 pounds of him, in fact—is about to board the boat. Another fellow stops him. “Remember me?” the latter asks. “Sure. I met you in the music publisher’s office a while back. But it’s no use. I’m through with song writing. Back to vaudeville for me.” “A pause. And then, do you mind if I follow you to Utica? I’d like to see your act.” “Of course not.” And so began the team of Mack Gordon and Harry Revel, hit song writers.

In Utica, between Mack’s four shows a day, Harry finally induced Mack to write lyrics for his songs. A week later, they left Utica, with nineteen songs in their pockets. They were on their way to New York where they landed the coveted Ziegfeld Follies contract. They were excited, they even forgot that not one of their nineteen songs that won them the contract was used in the show. Soon, with Broadway hits behind them, they were heading for Hollywood, the days when Mack was a boy soprano and Harry’s touring days with his musicals in Europe only vague memories. When they landed in Hollywood, the town was in the Gold Rush days. Musicals were in demand. Soon, they were at work on a one picture deal to write the songs for Darryl Zanuck’s “Broadway Through a Keyhole.” The title was six years ago. They’re still here.

One person was responsible for keeping Gordon and Revel in Hollywood. That was Walter Winchell. The plugs he gave the boys in his column kept them in the forefront in Hollywood. But they had a chance to show their appreciation to Winchell.

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One person was responsible for keeping Gordon & Revel in Hollywood. That was Walter Winchell. The plugs he gave the boys in his column kept them in the forefront in Hollywood. But they had a chance to show their appreciation to Winchell.
When they came here to make "Wake Up and Lives," Mack and Harry were commissioned to write the musical score. They were determined to write their best music. They felt they owed it to Walter.

So off they went to their lucky suite at San Francisco's Mark Hopkins Hotel. They were as nervous as a couple of alley cats. But the room had been lucky for them before. They hoped it would again.

A piano was moved into their room. meals were brought in, and behind locked doors, they worked, without stopping, for three days. When they left the hotel at the end of those three days, they had completed nine songs, enough for "Wake Up and Lives," and some left over for three more pictures.

Mack and Harry write their tunes in the strangest places. For example, their new hit, "I Never Knew Heaven Could Speak" from "Rose of Washington Square," was written on a train. They simply had a piano moved in their compartment, and to the clink of the engine, they dashed off their love ballad. They merely felt like writing, and the train was as good a place as any. Whenever a mood strikes them, they begin new songs on tableclothes and on napkins.

Nothing bears out the fact that Mack and Harry write by moods so much as does the origin of two of their biggest hits, "Stay As Sweet As You Are," and "Looky, Looky, Looky, Here Comes Cooky."

Mack was writing a young girl's autograph book at Harry's Hotel Am-bassador one day. Not knowing what to write, he looked at the sweet young thing. A second later, the girl read in her book, "Stay As Sweet As You Are. Mack Gordon.

Then it happened. Mack looked at the phrase and called to Harry, "Look at this title, Harry. They both thought of the same thing, and that night, "Stay As Sweet As You Are" was written.

Again, when they were at Catalina Island, a girl asked them why they didn't write a song for her. They asked her what her name was. She replied, coyly, "Cooky." Thus a mood was furnished, and "Looky, Looky, Looky, Here Comes Cooky." And neither names has been so successful as those sung by Alice Faye, Shirley Temple, and Bing Crosby, Alice's career jumped by leaps and bounds when she sang the first Gordon-Revel tune. And whenever she sings a new hit of theirs, she advances another step on the screen. Shirley can sing anything of theirs, no matter how difficult it may be, and many a picture of hers has been popular because of the Gordon-Revel songs she has sung. Bing still feels their "Love Thy Neighbor" was mighty lucky for him.

Among their hits are "When I'm With You," "Goodnight, My Love," "Last Year's Kisses," "A Star Fell Out of Heaven," "Did You Ever Dream a Dream Walking," "With My Eyes Wide Open, I'm Dreaming," "I've Got A Date With A Dream," and others. Gordon and Revel have split for the time being to fulfill new commitments, but their association is almost definite to continue in the future.

There are other teams in Hollywood. teams like those of Johnny Burke, a favorite lyricist of Bing Crosby's, and James Monaco, two boys who wrote the music for Bing's "East Side of Heaven," the hits being "Sing A Song of Love," "Savit's" and "Will You Be My Heart on a Hickory Limb. Then there are Frederick Hollander and Ralph Freed with their Loveight in the Starlight and Says My Heart. And there are Gus Kahn, Walter Donaldson, and many, many others.

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they looked sweet. But after the performance my father say nothing about how I was, and all my mother say is that she don't like my dress. They don't believe I can do after this. I'm feeling everybody. But I don't care just so I can do something for them. When I go to Vienna I don't ride in a street car or a taxi, but walk to the theatre and back and save money to send home because I know I must take care of my father and my mother. I love them, and now they are very proud of me. So, at night, when I go to London, I'm the head of the family. I have two children at home—my father and my mother. But when I went back to Budapest, last year only, a funny thing happened. One night I want to go to a ball, but my father he don't want I should go, and he say, 'Your father he can still slap!' Her beautiful head threw back and her musical laugh pealed out. "It is just like I am yet ten years old. But you know something? I don't go to the ball. No. I stay home. Perhaps it am brought up so strict as a child that I don't forget. When I am a girl and go out for a walk in the afternoon I must be back by five o'clock. One minute late it is a scandal. My mother say if I don't go with boys I will have a husband to take care of me when I am nineteen, and my father like his grand- mother and have sixteen children. When I think about this I think it is too much. Anyhow, when I am fourteen I must go to work, because my father should go to war and when he come back he is wounded and he can work no more. We are very poor, and my parents, my sister and I all live in one room in the basement. That is why I am a dressmaker. I have In the cottage dressing shop for twelve dollars a month, and we live on that. But I am the worst dressmaker you ever saw, and now if I see a needle I get goosepeople.

That part of her appealing story was belied by long, shapely, efficient hands. "Sometimes," she reflected, "the tailor who had been over her hair as early as in the morning till six at night, "I think if people are born poor it makes them strong, and that it is not a bad thing. But I don't think I lie in the sun. Always I have been the laziest person in the world. But when I would go to school with no shoes and old clothes, I would say, 'My God, will this be my future?' But the war changed my life. Maybe it is bad for me to say it, but the war was good for me. It made me think and make me work. My father he had a beautiful voice to sing around the house. Also a little gramophone. It makes my voice come out. I listen to it and pretty soon I learn the aria from Tosca. Pretty soon. I rub some red on my cheeks and lips from the label on an old coffee can I find in an alley, then I go to a theatre and ask will they have me. They put me in the chorus and I leave the dressmaking shop. Then the most beautiful and the most sad thing of my life it happen.

Her blue eyes clouded, and for a moment she was silent. "A photographer take my picture and it is printed on the cover of a magazine. So it comes a young man sees it. He try many times to see me, and at last I meet him. He tell me that first he fall in love with my picture, and now with me. This is not serious to him till he ask me to marry him. I say this can never be, as his family is so rich as mine is poor. But Nick won't listen to me, and—well, we get married. Then his father gets mad. He say his son should marry a countess or a princess. He say he take away all his money if we do not get divorced. This would bad for us. It is bad for Nick. It is bad for us. He want to do it, but make Nick get a divorce from me so he don't lose everything. I mean it right, but it is wrong. The most terrible thing happen. When he go with me Nick can't decide. Then his father kills himself. I am also for a long time like dead in the heart and the soul."

She sit stark in the memory of that double tragedy which she had been the innocent cause. At nineteen Fate had dealt her a staggering blow. "Always since I am three years old I want in some way to somebody," she said, as though in self-reproach, "but now I love nobody. I am afraid if I do. Maybe love is not good for me. I don't know. It is hard to tell if I work to it. Then don't bring sorrow to others—and there is so much sorrow in the world. When I am together with Nick I studied music and languages, then I try to make for myself a new start. I did not go back to the chorus—it would have been sad to me like the grave. I get to be understudy for a prima donna, then suddenly I am pushed up to sing Tosca. But all the time when I am prima donna I want to get away—from memories. Perhaps in Hollywood I could forget. But it is always there. I hear how many times I can get there. Anyhow, I leave some photograph with the manager of the M-G-M office in Vienna, George Cukor, the director. I go to him when I visit there. Then he show them to Benny Thau and Bob Ritchie, when they come on talent scouting, and they hear me in concert in Vienna. All they say is, 'Why don't we call you?' I sit two weeks from London. I don't tell anybody this, for if nothing comes then I don't go home with a long nose. But in two weeks I get a letter that I must go and I tell them in London and sign a contract."

Her hand went up with an inconsequential gesture. "Why not? If I am a flop in America, I have anything. My life is full of excitement. Now I tell you something. Today a girl she most be daring. If she don't stay in the same mud puddle. Always I gamble. I get it or just all right. A beauty! I was the ugliest child you could imagine, and not yet am I over it. But here they make me over. They think I am wide. There is no there to me a thing. In the village where my parents live before they came to Budapest the people they look on women like horses and when they ride with hundreds of pounds the peasants they think she is just beginning. But in Hollywood she would be ended. Quick I find this out. So soon as that fast rich studio sent me to a hospital in Santa Barbara and there they take twelve pounds off me in three weeks. They diet it off and they slap it off.
I married a Dentists' Daughter

I feel all right, but I like to eat. I think here I have more money, yes, but what is the use if I can't eat? When first I came in the studio commissary I think I ordered myself lunch of hors d'oeuvre, soup, next a heavy beefsteak, then apple pie, fresh fruit, cheese and coffee. But they ordered for me. When I eat a little I wonder that comes next, but nothing comes. At Santa Barbara it is again nothing. I write my mother what I have and my mother she write me that she can't sleep because she think I am dying of hunger. She say she is making fresh sausage and she will send me some. I expect any day now it arrive. Did you ever eat Hungarian sausage? Ah, my God, it is grand! And you know what is in a Hungarian breakfast in my parents' village? It begin with a glass of cognac to wake up the stomach, then bread, sausage, bacon and coffee. Here I have half a grapefruit, Melba toast, and black coffee with skimmed milk; And you see what they give me for lunch.

She cast deploiring eyes on cottage cheese and sliced pineapple, with the heartfelt lament: "It is only a crumb in the bucket. Sometimes I think why did I bring my stomach to Hollywood. If I leave it home I never notice the difference. But in America women look younger because their stomach is forgotten, and a woman with two children they call a girl. In Hungary the food would make her so big as two children together—oh, yes! Now I wish if you tell me something. Do you like paprika chicken? Oh, I am glad! I have a good Hungarian cook. If you come to dinner she'll make paprika chicken.

"When I come on the train here I see a havelock with a palm tree," she related. "and now I have it, a havelock. I am glad like when I buy my parents a farm with what I earn as prima donna. It make me happy also that I buy for a poor girl who is my friend a tobacco shop. From birth her face it is disfigured, but soon I bring her here and the American surgeons they make it all right—yes? That is why it is good I am in Hollywood. It is just as I imagined, and now I am perfectly American. I love the eating car. You just stop around the corner in the street, and right away your appetite is tempered. I like, too, when I go in the commissary and people they say, 'Hi, honey!' and 'Hi, kid!' I don't like it form. But outside it is different. One day I am driving in my car to the studio when two cops come along on motorcycles and wave to me. I think they are making coquetry with me, and I give it the gas. Then one cop he stop around in front and say, 'What's the big idea, sister? I am not his sister, but I say I think they wanted to make flirtation with me. He say I make over the speed limit and maybe I tell it to the judge. Then I am crying. But he get soft in the heart and say he let me go because I have the foreign accent and don't know what I am doing. Another day I drive down to the ocean and dump into a car, I feel terrible till the man say, 'Are you insured?' Then don't let it bother you! I go home and tell my cook. 'The American gentlemen they are so charming.' But next day a letter comes and it says, 'If you don't pay I sue you.'

She smiled that off with her ever-ready good nature, then went on: "But mostly people here help me and are so kind. In Europe it was all the time a bigger fight, with everywhere at the opera house looks in the eyes, jealousy. Here in Hollywood I have but one disappointment—I don't see so many gangster pictures. At home we see them all the time when we are going to school. And we don't even ask the name of the picture, just how many get killed. I would like myself to be in a gangster picture, I don't care if they slap me around. Already I get so many slaps in my life that a few more can't possibly hurt me."

First time I ever met my father-in-law, he was riding his favorite hobby. "We moderns have lazy mouths!" he declared. "Our teeth get no real exercise on soft, modern foods. We all need Dentyne!"

"Yes sir—Dentyne's special firmness provides the tough chewing we need! Stimulates active circulation of the blood in oral tissues. Helps the gums keep firm and healthy. Also— it flushes the teeth with an increased flow of saliva—and polishes them by gentle friction. Great gum, Dentyne!"

I started the Dentyne habit then and there! It's fine for my teeth. And that flavor's delightful! "Sugar and spice"—a rich, tempting spiciness that takes your taste by storm. Always fresh and luscious. Notice how handily Dentyne's flat package fits into your pocket or purse. Try Dentyne today. It's great!

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"Please Tell the Boys—"

Continued from page 66

BEAUTIFUL HANDS

How do your hands rate? Are they a point for attraction and admiration? Our gift-of-the-month is a hand beautifier, and our November bulletin tells you how to get this gift, as well as featuring Hollywood angles on beauty, fashions and good times. Keep your "appeal" up to the lovely fashions of this Autumn!

The bulletin is yours for a three-cent stamp to Courtenay Marvin, Screenland Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

Skin perfectly clean and to discourage the over-production of oil. Diet should be a good balance of simple, nourishing food, plus plenty of liquids like milk, fruit, and vegetable juices. No one should feel alarmed about this skin condition in either girls or boys, so long as it is looked after and treated for just what it is—a "too busy" oil gland condition. To aid in the correction of this skin, there are some splendid preparations, especially designed for the young skin, though helpful for all. They are the results of findings by skin experts, simple and made for easy use. These I have seen work wonders on tween-teen faces.

Men keep their faces pretty clean. The daily shave enforces this. Many will welcome, however, a soothing lotion to be used after the shave and a dash of after-shave powder. These add a groomed look to any face and mean more skin neatness. They make good gifts and if your man has not fallen into these good habits, a gift is the way to start him.

More with men, than with women, I believe, daily routine of living shapes the figure. The girls get busy and do something when the scales show a change; men, seldom. So upon the males, again, rest the matter of doing what they can be in the way of proper daily feeding, of keeping those menus interesting, nourishing, and appetizing without an over-abundance of starches and fats. I believe it is up to the girls, too, to encourage more exercise in the way of sports and outdoor play. It seems advisable to tackle this problem from the viewpoint of good times and enjoyment, rather than because it is good for one or something that one should do. This puts the exercise in the form of a chore and life is just too full of chores.

As to male attire, Glenda has ideas there. She believes that any man possessing even two suits can smarten himself up well. She thinks men should pay more attention to the upkeep and conditioning of their wardrobes.

"It is nothing for business girls to stay up late at night and really work to keep their one good pair of stockings and underthings in perfect order. Their own fastidiousness and their sense of the importance of appearance prompts this. Surely personal neatness and grooming is a strong point for attraction in any man. Next in importance, with me, comes disposition. A pleasant dis-

In her role of key woman in an espionage plot in the film "Television Spies," Dorothy Tree, above, exudes the glamorous allure of a Mata Hari.
position is a blessing. Perhaps I’d rate tolerance next. Humor seems more important to me in men than in women, though I consider it the natural gift of gifts for both. I think kindness, dramatics, and good temper are especially deplorable in men.”

Glenda admires quiet, good taste in men’s clothing. Adolphe Menjou and Herbert Marshall she considers to be the best dressed men in Hollywood. Mr. Menjou representing a cosmopolitan type; Mr. Marshall, more the average well-dressed man. It seems that really the public look out for these men of taste, and that we should encourage them to look at their best and be their best. We might still do them one big kindness by making some concessions about under-arm perspiration. There is nothing sissy in the use of a preparation to keep one’s person and clothes fresh and immaculate, and the girls should convince their men of this. See what you can do in this respect. All around, you will be doing a favor, I assure you. On this special point, I’d like to repeat Glenda’s words, “Please tell the boys—”

Unmask Louis Hayward

Continued from page 63

thing unusual, so I posed as a refugee leaving the homeland. I got this shot, a little shot, I had the camera in my lap. Louis seldom lets me shoot him. He thinks he has enough of that every day. He is looking out of the window and natural, and so I shot him when he didn’t know it, and I think it’s good!”

Louis extended some prints. This is ‘Loopy’ herself, as an ingenue. I used a portrait lens on him. I do as many close shots. In this one, she was being Oriental — rather effective, especially when printed on an angle. In this, I caught her just as she turned to speak. Typical of ‘Loopy,’ isn’t it?”

Speaking of character candid shots, Louis was frantically eager to have another role in “The Hunchback of Notre Dame.” No one could discourage him. In spite of everyone in Hollywood telling him that no director or producer would consider him, for the part, as only definite character actors were rated possible, Louis knew that he could do it and yearned for it. He even went to the trouble of creating a character-looking grotesque mask, with a make-up artist, giving his idea of how the hunchback should look.

“First the make-up man would put on the mask and Louis would take pictures of him,” confided Ida. “Then, if they didn’t look right, they’d correct whatever it was, and Louis would don the outfit and have pictures made.”

“Show me some,” I urged. But it seems that when Charles Laughton got the role, Louis destroyed every picture he had made.

“He was mad, of course,” said Ida, “but after all, studying the part, working out the make-up and characterization were all good for him, and he learned a lot.”

When Louis piloted his own plane, he liked to take his camera up with him and make scenic shots from the air. Also when he was their “swim,” as a number of shots of scenery, one of the best being the rocks in the sea at Corsica.

“But people sent me more than scenery,” said Louis. “I doubt if I have saved many scenic shots. Here are two of this place—one of the lower entrance, showing the garage, which was unoccupied close as you go to the front of the other of the garden in back. When we first had this place, we used to like to take pictures of each other sitting on the roof of the living room and around the various reclines, who didn’t know that the roof there is only about two feet from the ground, since we live on a hill.”

“We’d get letters asking: ‘What on earth is Ida doing on the roof?’” put in Ida. “But if Louis isn’t very keen about making scenic shots, you should have been here the day he took back that garden thing. We had an appointment somewhere and I kept calling him to get ready. ‘I’m busy, old girl,’ he’d reply. ‘I’m frightfully busy!’ I called and called. At last I went out and saw him sitting quietly with his Leica, apparently doing nothing. ‘Is this what you call busy, m’lamb?’ I asked, reproachfully, being the perfect wife who never goes off to the deep end. ‘Well, ducky!’ he confessed. ‘If you must know, I’m waiting until the sun flecks that tree back there, so that I can get a picture of the garden.’ I couldn’t be furious with him. I know the feeling of wanting to get just the right thing. We work so hard trying for the exact shade of meaning in a line that I suppose the right sun fleck can be important, too.”

Louis’ devotion to his hobby was tested one Sunday afternoon last summer when he decided to take a sitting of John Garfield’s infant daughter at a party out at Arthur Lyons’. The rest of the party went in swimming, played tennis and badminton and helped with the barbecue, but Louis spent hours coaxing the baby to express himself. He did.

“The best shots you get are never planned,” said Louis. “I worried myself and the child trying to get her to stand up or take a step or do a bit of creeping, and she wouldn’t. I didn’t know till afterwards that she was only seven months old and hadn’t gone in for any of that stuff yet! Then suddenly John came over and sat down with his racket and made a mug at the baby and I shot him. Immediately the baby made the same mug, and I shot her. Aren’t they priceless? As John smiled and I got that, but when we tried to get the baby to smile, she turned her head a little away. She wasn’t going to share his private joke.”

The young Haywards’ heads drew closer over the outspread prints. Louis was wearing his favorite gray suit, a shirt with an open neck and no tie. He matched his, but her skirt had her monogram on its pocket and she wore a blue tie that matched her eyes.

“He hates new clothes, don’t you, m’lamb?” she murmured. “Just recently he went to his tailor and had four new suits made, but he gave them all away because he loathes new things. And here he is back in his old ones again.”

“Here’s Triunfo,” said Louis, tossing a print in my lap. Triunfo is his horse, a beautiful creature who takes prizes in any horse show he enters. “He made that leap by himself. And here’s a shot Ida made of me taking Triunfo over a gate. This one is a close-up. He looks almost human, doesn’t he?”

Louis keeps his horse at Allan Jones’ stables and he and Ida love to ride. Some days he dreams of breeding horses himself. Louis would always take his camera with him, wherever he went, if his hosts would permit it. “Vincent Price gave a barbecue one night out at his new beach house,” related Ida. “He told his studio and his publicity representative that there were to be no pictures. When Louis arrived with his faithful Leica, he said: ‘I’m Vincent.’ That means that Vincent commandeered his camera. Louis was furious. When the time came for Vincent to do his stuff at the new barbecues, he would be that evening. He lit the fire with great ceremony, and instead of burning up in a glowing blaze, it suddenly went pop, pop, bang! There was a string of firecrackers in it. Louis Hayward’s contribution—and revenge!”

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S C R E E N L A N D

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Population Must Be Earned, So—Shine!

Continued from page 59

when Norma determined to overcome the self-consciousness from which she suffered that she took her appearance in hand. She felt, very wisely, that the woman who was to make sure that every detail marred her ensemble so, when she saw people look at her, she could feel sure they weren't eyesing a spot on her dress, crooked seams in her stockings, or a wrinkle in the fabric, on one thread. And it was with the degree of self-confidence that her fastidious grooming gave her that Norma began her climb to stardom as she was a shining chic. For the more Norma eliminated fussy details the more she came to wear the clothes that best suited her.

On some occasions flounces and frills and rosebuds are enchanting. But they weren't enchanting on Norma. She bought the dresses that featured these things, and wore them. But they never were her clothes, intrinsically speaking. They were pretty. But they weren't pretty on her. She's a streamline model and she knew this is she's done very well for herself.

So it's two invariable rules about clothes we can cull from this little Shearer sage:

The simpler you keep your appearance the better it will be to have it right. The fewer flounces and frills and buttons there are on your clothes the fewer stitches-in-time you'll have to take and the less chance there will be of you looking unkempt—which is unpardonable always.

Don't fall for the pretty-pretty clothes if you're the streamlined type—and vice versa. For irrespective of how pretty your clothes may be in themselves they won't be pretty on you and you won't be pretty in them unless you complement your individual appearance.

Gail Patrick had two psychological problems to overcome before she acquired her lovely grooming. Just mention either chic or dowdiness in Hollywood and you're pretty sure to hear Gail's story. She came from Alabama where she was the belle of the Howard College campus. So she naturally lacked the height and in the way she dressed. But her suspender dresses of black and dark blue with blouses that were a little on the prim side and hats that came close to her face didn't serve her well in Hollywood which can be counted a cosmopolitan place—with respect to clothes in any event. Compared to girls who wore discreetly the latest models with a self-consciousness faded into the background of mediocrity. And no one can afford to do that.

Those who had the responsibility of grooming her for the screen pleaded with her to get more "umph" in her things. And it was trying to please them, but still bound by small-town, conventional notions, that she appeared one day in a black dress tined with white at the cuffs and high neckline.

"Is this the sort of thing you mean?" she asked. You could see she was tired of it.

"No!" They showed her no quarter. "A thousand times no! You look like an Alabama schoolmarm!"

Gail could have allowed her feelings to be hurt and she could have turned defensive and told everyone that she had done well enough at Howard College in her choice of clothes. But she wasn't that stupid. She kept trying. And bit by bit she learned little things-which finally and accidentally made all the exceptional grooming by which she is enhanced today.

At the same time Gail had to adjust her ideas on clothes to her more worldly surround. She also was overcoming self-consciousness about her height. She constantly tried to suggest that she wasn't such a tall girl—by the way she stood and the way she wore her low-crowned hats and low-heeled shoes, by breaking the length of her figure in every possible way.

Travis Banton, in charge of Paramount's wardrobe department, stood this as long as he could. Then he got after Gail. "Stand up to your size!" he told her. "Be regal! Be proud! Cut a figure..."

Gill looked at Travis in astonishment. Ever since she had marched in school as the last girl on the line she had been embarrassed about her height. That little girls were shorter and had at least as much good as she had come to accept as an unalterable fact. But Travis gave her a very different picture of things. She took off her flat hats and her flat heels. She held up her head. She threw back her shoulders. And she cuts a figure...

Be flexible! Adjust your ideas about clothes to changes in yourself and your surroundings. Don't hamper yourself with preconceived ideas.

You're what you are! Don't try to obliterarte your physical individuality by the way you dress, rather try to dramatize it. Loretta Young, who has been on more than one list of the ten best-dressed women, claims that she has "habit" a months that most frequently ruin chic. When I saw Loretta she wore a simple black frock and a "hunk" of costume jewelry. This, she explains, is the thing that she loves above all others. I asked her, of course. "Because to my mind it so perfectly illustrates the effectiveness of having a probably an unalterable trait. That is my basic rule for smartness. "One dramatic point in your costume," Loretta went on, and your costume is part of you, you aren't part of it! Whereas if you go in for a flowered dress, flowers on your hat, open work shoes, fancy gloves and bracelets you are nothing more than part of a cowaking jumble. Or even if you only go in for half of those things."

Then she talked about shopping. "I no longer expect a shopping spree to do my appointing. I'm not part of it! Whereas if you go in for a flowered dress, flowers on your hat, open work shoes, fancy gloves and bracelets you are nothing more than part of a cowaking jumble. Or even if you only go in for half of those things."

She always carries a safe carrier. It also carries my money away. For it just doesn't seem to be possible to buy things at once, say, and to have more than two of them simultaneously.

"It's bad to buy under pressure, too—go out for an evening gown because you need it that same evening. It's infinitely less expensive to keep your wardrobe equal to those demands that are likely to be made upon it. Shopping under pressure is almost always fatal. You get what you go after—but you wish you hadn't."
Don’t wait until you have to have a dinner dress or a bathing suit before you shop for it. Keep your wardrobe generally adequate.

Without Cladette Colbert no Hollywood story would be complete. For Cladette brings the same invariable quality to her clothes that she brings to her screen portrayals—timeliness. In other words, she doesn’t overdoo; she knows where to stop; she’s sensitive as to where to draw the line.

Cladette will wear a huge, jewelled starfish on her coat because it is colorful and gay. But you can bet she wears this starfish, the rest of her costume will be startlingly simple. You never catch her wearing things that are extreme. Let the designers go “amusing.” Let other women wear hats that look like boxes of strawberries or pots of geraniums. They can have all the second glances they get that way or any similar warp. Cladette prefers to play safe.

“It’s no trick to attract attention,” she says. “Just walk down any street and make faces at those coming toward you and you won’t have turned to look at you again the minute they have passed you. Clothes, in my opinion, never should be selected because they’ll attract attention—yes, but that attention will be of the admiring kind.

“I remember,” she went on, “how the men in the stands at a recent sports event kept turning to look at a girl in one of the upper terraces. She was wearing a hat that looked exactly like something a slapstick comedienne would wear. ‘Good Heavens,’ the men kept muttering among themselves, ‘did she get that hat? Did you ever see anything so frightful? What will women wear next?’ The girl, aware only of the men’s eyes and not of their comments, undoubtedly thought she was enchanting. And knowing how she felt I almost wished she could hear what was being said. It would have been good for her. But you can also play safe and be a pretty girl; and had she been wearing a more conservative number the second glances she received, even though there likely would have been fewer of them, would have been admiring and directed at her, not merely at a detail of her appearance.”

Which brings us to something else we do well to remember:

Dress so you always can be sure any second glances you receive spring not from amusement and not from astonishment, but from admiration.

Joan Bennett, Norma Shearer, Gail Patrick, Loretta Young, and Cladette Colbert. They wear clothes in the great chic which marks them today, any of them. They earned that chic for themselves by using their brains. And what they have done you can do too. Remember your theme song:

‘T’ll get by, as long as I try.’

“And It’s Fun to be 75” Continued from page 31

by a fashion show or a sale you’ll buy the wrong things, every time.

Edward, used to ogle her as she passed down the street and would then ask me for some money so he could buy her an ice-cream soda—as if I couldn’t love her any more if it were my own daughter—and I’ve taught her to love work and believe in it, as I do.

When things have gone horribly amiss, May has never wept over them. Asked what people could do when they were terribly discouraged, and there seemed to be no solution to those problems, she said, “If things get to such a pass that you feel that there’s nothing you can do, then don’t do anything. Just drift. And pretty soon, something is bound to come along that will pay you upstrains.”

She has seen Marie Dressler and Will Rogers, who were true and faithful friends of hers, pass away, but she cherishes the memory of them and of their world, and it will cherish that memory forever. “There were greater actors than Will Rogers, but our sons and our grandsons and our great grandchildren will talk about him because he was a great human being. He was so sweet and so dear and so simple. I remember a dinner party that was given once for poor Marie Dressler and everyone present got up and made long speeches, reading from their notes. I thought to myself, ‘If Will Rogers looks up notes when he gives his jokes, he never wear the end of it from me. I’ll kid him unmercifully.’ I got up and gave my own speech without notes, and when Will’s turn came, he did the same thing. The others were thrilled, and I think the boy was a great human being. He was so sweet and so dear and so simple.”

When Will Rogers died, once again May Robson dipped into the store of her great emotions and wrote a poem which was so true and so touching that thousands of people sent for copies of it. A hospital in Seattle suggested that if they charged twenty-five cents for each copy of the poem that was sent out, it might help with the charitable work which the hospital was doing. May consented, of course. And the plan was so successful that the money which was sent not only equipped an orthopedic room in the hospital, but also paid for instruments and the surgeons needed.

A bit of lavender and old lace in the glittering, artificial tinsel of today’s movie world, May has never been known to say anything unlike them. Once after she had appeared with Garbo in “Anna Karenina,” the ship news reporters, a hard-boiled lot, went to May, hoping she’d talk longingly of the deeper things she plays on the screen, and asked for inside stuff on Garbo. “Why, she’s just a frightened faun,” she told them. “She’s like a child who likes to run behind things in skirts and hide.”

May is convinced that there is a great deal of kindness in the world and that you will usually find it in unexpected places. People realize what a blushing idiot I am about some things, and maybe that’s why they’re so kind to me. I remember once when I left my vault key at the Second National Bank and kept the money and called up the cashier about it. He told me to call for the key that afternoon. When I called for it, the cashier said, ‘Merely as a matter of form, you’ll have to give us the number of your vault key. Do you remember it?’ ‘Of course I do. It’s 244169.’ ‘That’s right,’ said the cashier, ‘1857,’ handing me my key. I said rattled off the number of my savings bank book!”

Muzzy May’s constant companion is Lillian Harmer, whom she met when Lillian was out of work twenty-six years ago. Since then, they have been inseparable, and it’s Lillian Harmer who watches to see that Muzzy doesn’t make any “idiotic” mistakes. About six years ago, the two women were driving in Culver City,
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May takes a tremendous interest in going to theatres where her pictures are showing, and listening to the kids' salty comments about her. When she first conceived the notion she ever heard about herself was made years ago, while she was still on the stage. In those days she traveled everywhere with a cage of canaries, and they carried the hero from growing up by singing the old song, "I'll never forget the music."

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Screenland

These Lucky Lanes

Continued from page 61

such carryings-on as dancing and smoking as being very wicked. In those days you couldn’t concoct a plot—you had to go to Des Moines to get them. Mrs. Mullican had been brought up in Indiana, where dancing wasn’t considered anything wrong. The children, however, didn’t believe in the gloomy conception of religion held by some of her neighbors.

"I had no chance to be very severe with my kids; they were too little. But the first three daughters, Martha, Lola, and Leota, were born in less than three years. I was never very much of a spanking mother, and I guess I didn’t tell them of any matter as well as to the other side, and reasoning things out with them. I tried to hide the iron hand in the velvet glove."

The girls led a carefree, happy childhood. They went on picnics, rode in a hay wagon, and camped on the long ponds when they went swimming. They also did some camping on the farms of their neighbors. They could do anything they wanted. The children, too, were very young. Mrs. Mullican didn’t encourage dates, but she did believe in group dating. (Priscilla and Rosemary still go in a lot for group dates.) And they enjoyed music. All the Mullican girls, except Martha, played the piano and sang.

"Martha," Leota told me, smiling, "was the singer. She could sing herself, but she would tie her scarf into knots when I sang. She was the first of us to marry, eloping when she was very young."

The girls used to read aloud to each other from the Fanny Haslup Lea stories. They were so impressed by Miss Lea’s saying that they copied them all down in their notebooks. Perhaps the word “line” hadn’t been heard yet. But Lola knew a good line when she saw it. The other girls used to notice that when company was present (particularly male company) Lola would sometimes excuse herself, slip away into the back hall, and stay there for hours. When they couldn’t figure out just what she was doing, they discovered that always, after one of these trips, she would utter one of the Fanny Lea lines like, “If you’re not good, I’ll turn you into a cup of beef and pour you down the sink. Or, I’ll turn your face red and shoot it.”

It dawned on them then that Lola had gone out of the room just to look up some particular bit of wit or wisdom to try on one of the boys of her acquaintance."

All the Mullican children took part in school operettas and plays. Their favorite Saturday pastime was giving plays in the gym on the Hopper farm, charging prices and pennies as admission. The rich children paid pennies and the poor children paid
in pins, so no one would be deprived of seeing the plays for want of a penny. Then the Mullican children would buy a big sack of candy with their profits, and go riding in a neighbor’s car with their favorite friends, sharing the candy with them.

Priscilla, the baby of the family, admired Leota’s acting tremendously. One day, after having witnessed Leota play the part of Juliet at Simpson, Priscilla persuaded Leota to lend her the wooden dagger with which she had stabbed herself. Shortly afterwards, the family found Priscilla out in the back yard, lying on an ironing board covered with curtains, and holding the wooden dagger toward her breast as she sighed, “Dagger, this is thy sheath!”

Being spirited, highly curious, imaginative young girls, they were in and out of hot water constantly. There was the time some friends from Des Moines were visiting Rosemary. The young man calling on her had left his car outside, unlocked, and his keys in the car. When he decided to return to Des Moines, he found the car gone. The sheriff was a family friend, and Mrs. Mullican called on him. “I’ll try to get it back for you,” he said grimly. For hours, he chased the missing car, without success. And then, over the hill toward the Mullican house, came Priscilla riding in the car they had all thought was stolen. The car had looked inviting to Priscilla, and knowing it belonged to a friend of Rosemary’s, she had been sure no one would object if she took a ride in it. It just hadn’t occurred to her to ask permission. “And so,” smiled Mrs. Mullican, “I had the sheriff chasing my own daughter.”

Rosemary was in hot water at the age of three, partly because she pulled round with a little boy whose father was a professor of philosophy who believed in raising children to be individuals. Freedom ought to be the keynote in bringing up children, he said. But when his little boy and three-year-old Rosemary built a fire under one of the beds in his home (luckily no one was hurt but the bed did go up in flames) he decided it was time to call a halt. Mrs. Mullican herself never believed too much in the “freedom” theory, but whenever possible she explained to her children just why they must never do again whatever it was that had gotten them in hot water.

As a child, Leota had her share of curiosity. She and a friend used to notice as they walked through a certain alley. (Leota walked on stilts, which she had known to be a certain building was always dark. One day they passed, they couldn’t resist peeping through the door. Suddenly the doors of the little girls fell in. They discovered that a checker game was in progress by falling right into the laps of the players! They were both so embarrassed in the stockingtights and their little skirts and rushed out.

Life changed somewhat for the Mullican sisters when Gus Edwards discovered that Leota and Lola could sing and offered them roles in his revue. When Mrs. Mullican found that her two daughters were eager to accept, she didn’t stand in their way. She felt that they knew right from wrong, and that always after that, it was up to them to live up to the ideals she’d taught them. But her neighbors felt otherwise. The wife of the president of Simpson College talked to the two girls and tried to make them change their minds, pointing out how much more valuable they were in the world as vaudevilleทยor a singer or dancer. The girls were polite, and she thought she had them convinced. When on her way East to visit relatives, she met Lola and Priscilla in the rest room of the Chicago railroad station, she was horrified. What were they doing so far away from home? ”Oh,” said the sisters blithely, “Gus Edwards has offered us roles in his ‘Follies.’”

“Mean you you’ll dance!!”

“Well, we hardly do any dancing, mostly singing.

“But there are girls in the cast who dance.”

“Oh, yes!”

She had no authority to tell them to go home. But she had to do something. “Let us pray,” she said. And down on her knees she went, to pray for the souls of these two “misguided” girls, and to beg that they would be steered safely through the dangers that would confront them.

Back home in Indianola, the mother of the girls knew what it meant to be condemned by her community. Groceries were scarce in those days. Indianola was well supplied with women whispering, thinking of course that she would not hear them. “Did you hear what Mrs. Mullican’s two daughters have done? They’ve left town to play in a revue, in which there is a lot of dancing. Would you let your daughters do a thing like that, going around all over the country, tak’it?”

When Leota and Lola came back after about two years and sang a duet in church, something in it had changed. It was a little, but not much. The Des Moines papers carried stories about the two girls who had gone to Broadway, and then coming home. Lola thought they went to the amazement of some of the people in Indianola, highly laudatory stories. One woman wrote to the President of Simpson College: “I hope you can do for my children what you did for Leota and Lola, but I’ve changed my mind. I wouldn’t dream of sending them to a college which made such a fuss over two girls who had played in Broadway.” Her letter made it clear that she thought Broadway a latter-day Babylon. But the feelings of the town changed when some time later Leota and Lola went on a campaign, their performance, which helped pay off the mortgage for the college. The college folks were so grateful they dedicated part of the college annual to Lola and Leota.

“When Leota and Lola were in New York, they bought a little cottage in Indianola, thus saving the mortgage money.”

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Good news! Leatrice Joy, silent film favorite who has been absent from the screen for a long time, is back. In “First Love,” which stars Deanna Durbin, she appears as Deanna’s aunt.

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SCREENLAND
York, almost every week was like Christmas week," Mrs. Lane told me smiling. (To avoid confusion, she has changed her name to Lane, the name the Mulligan sisters adopted when they went on the stage.) "They used to send huge packages of clothes for Rosemary and Priscilla. Some of the clothes were new, some were dresses they'd worn only a few times."

Now that Martha was married, and Leota and Lola were on the stage, coming home only for brief, delightful visits, Rosemary and Priscilla had only each other. No wonder they grew very close to each other. And though Rosemary was only a year older than Priscilla, she bullied her outrageously. When there was a search which Rosemary had meant to wear and Priscilla asked for it, Rosemary never refused her. Even today all the Lane sisters admit that even Priscilla, tiny Priscilla somehow creeps into all hearts. Though quite a grown-up young lady, she's the only Lane who crawls right into her mother's lap and looks as if she belonged there.

By the time Priscilla was growing up, Indiana had become a much more modern town. Dancing was no longer frowned upon, and Priscilla and Rosemary even took dancing lessons. When new records came out, the girls would make up interpretative dances to go with the records. These performances were strictly family affairs. Once when Dance Macabre came out, they devised the spookiest interpretative dance ever seen, trying to give the effect of jingling skeletons.

They were a singularly serene family. Mrs. Lane says that the girls never quarreled with each other. The nearest they came to it was the first Christmas after she, Priscilla and Rosemary had come to New York to join Leota. Leota asked Rosemary and Priscilla not to open any gifts on Christmas Eve. "I can't be home," she said, "so please wait until tomorrow morning." They promised—they forgot in the excitement of the evening. On Christmas Eve, they decorated the tree, and began opening their packages. There was happiness and great rejoicing. There was laughter as the gag gifts were opened.

The next morning, in came Leota, smiling. She took one look at the room, and stopped smiling. Strew everywhere were opened packages. And she had looked forward to seeing Rosemary and Pat open the gifts she had "bought" for them. "Oh, Pat! Oh, Rose!" she said in a quavering voice. "Didn't you remember you promised me?" They were all compunction, all apologies then. "Oh, Lee, we're so sorry, but honestly we forgot!" It ended with all of them with their arms around each other. Rosemary and Pat promised that such a thing would never happen again.

I asked Mrs. Lane if the girls had ever felt any jealousy about each other's success, for, as you've probably noticed, first one sister, then another, went foremost in the public interest. A number of years ago, it was Lola. Then Priscilla and Rosemary shared the limelight equally. Now Priscilla seems to have the edge. "Oh, no, there's never been any jealousy," she said. "I think possibly it's because they were all brought up in a college town, where sportsmanship is a sort of watchword."

"We learned good sportsmanship from mother," said Leota briskly. "It's as if we were in a sort of competition, all trying to win cleanly and fairly. But if one loses, she doesn't feel any envy of the others, but is glad to congratulate the winner."

It's known in Hollywood, as it was known in New York, that the Lanes are one for all, and all for each other. Fred Waring used to say, 'It's the strangest thing about those three sisters in my band. When I scold Priscilla for something, Rosemary bristles and comes to her defense. If I scold Rosemary, Rosemary takes it quietly, but Priscilla bristles.'

Hollywood bewildered the Lane sisters at first. Priscilla and Rosemary were amazed when they'd pick up newspapers, and find untrue stories about themselves. "Why did they print that?" they'd ask Lola. And Lola would say, 'smiling and shrugging her shoulders, "Don't let it worry you, kids. That's Hollywood.'"

One day when Rosemary and Priscilla were on location, someone brought them a newspaper with headlines which announced, 'Lola on Ill With Streptococcus Infection,' "Gee, it's too bad about your sister, isn't it?" a member of the company said. "You mean that story in the papers? Hollywood, you can't believe that, can you? That's just the old Hollywood hooey," laughed Rosemary. "Lola's never been ill. When they got back to Hollywood they found that Lola was really ill, and in the hospital. An infected tooth had caused the streptococcus infection. Fortunately, the crisis was already past."

Priscilla is still bewildered by Hollywood, and this business of being a movie star. She finds it hard to believe that she's one. When Warner's sent her to the Virginia Military Institute to help publicize a new motion picture, Rosemary found her, begging for her autograph. She told her mother about it, with bewilderment, later on. "People seem to think they're playing movie stars. The awful thing happened in Chicago, on the way to the Virginia Military Institute. A woman came up to me and said, 'Will you let me take your picture? I'd like to see if movie people feel like other people.'"

Stories about her romances bewilder her, too. Sometimes they tell a lot more than she herself knows. When people talk to her about romance, she listens quietly and says nothing. "So," says her mother, "thinking that silence lends consent, reporters write as facts things that are not true. She was taken in by some of the rumors that Priscilla is secretly married to Oren Haglund, the director. "Priscilla likes Oren Haglund," she said. "We all do. But the rumor isn't playing me any serious."

"What if it were?" I asked. "Suppose Priscilla came to you and said she wanted to marry?"

I'd tell her to be sure that she was in love, and that the man was in love with her, and to think a little ahead, and decide whether she could manage a career and a husband and baby all at once."

Lola, who's the most practical one, her idea is that it would be best to wait until she's a little more firmly entrenched in her career. But if in spite of what I said, she felt differently, I'd tell her to go along with my blessing."

Mrs. Lane, Priscilla and Rosemary live in a house in Laurel Canyon. Lola has a home across the street. Priscilla is the only one of the girls used to be known as Lee (Leota) Dot (Dorothy is Lola's real name) Pat (Priscilla) and Roz (for Rosemary). But since the publicity thing, Mrs. Lane invented new, even more affectionate nicknames for them. Pat is now Patty Cake and Rosemary is Rossy Glow."

The sisters still love each other. They were, for instance, the time when Leota visited Hollywood, and Lola and Leota planned an evening in which their guests were all the stories in front of the fireplace. Leota was sent out on the roof to practice being the ghost voice. The idea was to make the effect more spooky. The roof was down in all the different things from the roof. Leota and her sisters promised to tell Lola how her voice sounded. "It sounds pretty well," they told her, "but why don't you go on the other side of the chimney and practice all your lines from there? Perhaps it'll be more effective that way."

"All right," said Lola, clambering over to the other side. And then she began to call down all her lines. When she got to the end of them, she asked, "How did that sound?" Leota answered, "Didn't you want me?" she shouted louder than before. "How did I sound?" No answer! She climbed down. Her sisters were nowhere in sight. She'd been hearing some lines and whispering others from the roof, they had tiptoed out and driven away. They're always up to some prank.
This is the Nail Polish that swept the country in 6 months.

"FINGER-NAIL" CAP

You simply must try it!
Join the millions of women—yes, millions!—who are switching to a longer lasting, high-gloss nail polish—Dura-Gloss! Yes Dura-Gloss is taking the country by storm, because it's an entirely new nail polish. You get richer color, a polish with more "body," that wears longer, resists chipping longer, keeps its brilliance longer! You owe it to the beauty of your hands to try Dura-Gloss—today!

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CHOOSE YOUR COLOR by the patented "Finger-nail" bottle caps, which show you 20 style-approved shades exactly as they will look on your own nails. At cosmetic counters. 10¢

Shown above: HUNTER RED, Fashion’s new shade for Fall.
They do the job they're meant to do

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Chesterfields are like that . . . they go about their business of giving you more smoking pleasure . . . with a taste, aroma and mildness that's all their own . . . the kind that only the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos can give.

CHESTERFIELD

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CONFESSIONS OF A FALLEN STAR
LET NORVELL HELP YOU in YOUR QUEST for ROMANCE
HOLLYWOOD BEAUTIES IN CORSET WAR! SEE PAGE 24
Lovely young JUNE LANG appearing in "Captain Fury" a Hal Roach United Artists production, features Silverware Service of the Stars on her table.

1881 ROGERS by Oneida Ltd Silversmiths presents...

The Glamour CHEST

Smart young brides-to-be and brides on a budget, too. "Glamorize" your table with the "Service of the Stars"! You needn’t wait another single day! For at your silverware dealer’s are the new Glamour Sets of 1881 ROGERS. Don’t delay—make your selection today from the smart designs your dealer will show you. He will gladly arrange planned payments for you.

40 Piece Service for 8—including 8 Teaspoons, 8 Salad Forks, 8 Mallow Handle Knives, 8 Forks, 8 Dessert Spoons.

Chest is FREE with selected service.

Complete 52 Piece Service for 8—FREE tarnish-proof Chest contains 16 Teaspoons, 8 Dessert Spoons, 8 Knives, 8 Forks, 8 Salad Forks, 2 Serving Spoons, 1 Butter Knife, 1 Sugar Spoon, and, alternate, a Pierced Pastry Server ($2.50 value) FREE.
AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A COLD OR SORE THROAT—LISTERINE, QUICK!

“That’s my method. I tilt my head well back so that the LISTERINE gargle reaches way back on throat surfaces.”

Correct, Madam. It is important to kill as many as possible of the infectious germs that accompany cold conditions. They are the types, many authorities say, which are largely responsible for soreness, inflammation, and other symptoms of a cold.

“So often my throat feels better in a very little while. And I am also sure that I have taken sensible action against a cold.”

An excellent precaution, Madam. Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of those troublesome “secondary invaders.” Often its action gives Nature needed help in controlling bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces in the early stages of a cold.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS!

The two drawings at right illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine. 15 minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

AT THE first sign of a cold or its frequent symptom, a sore throat, start gargling with full strength Listerine Antiseptic.

This prompt and pleasant precaution may spare you further trouble—and hasten relief.

Attacks “Secondary Invaders”

As Listerine Antiseptic enters the mouth, it kills countless surface bacteria. Then it reaches way back in the throat to kill millions more of the threatening “secondary invaders” on the membrane. These are the germs, many authorities claim, which complicate the original cold . . . give rise to painful and distressing symptoms . . . and may lead to more troublesome developments.

Reductions Ranging to 96.7%

You have only to look at the chart test data below to see how amazingly Listerine reduced germs on the mouth and throat surfaces.

Even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, tests actually showed bacterial reductions ranging to 96.7%.

Tests Showed Fewer Colds and Milder Colds

Now you can understand why so many thousands of people say that Listerine Antiseptic is a wonderful precaution against colds.

With such germ killing results in mind, you can realize too, why clinical work on colds during eight years of research showed these impressive results.

Those who gargled Listerine twice a day had fewer colds and milder colds than those who did not. Moreover, when Listerine users did catch cold, infections were less severe and of shorter duration than with those who did not gargle. Again, Listerine users had fewer sore throats.

Surely Listerine Antiseptic is worth using twice a day during the winter and early spring months when colds threaten every one. So we say: at the first symptom of trouble, Listerine—quick!—and often.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

S C R E E N L A N D 3
Good news, America! Nick and Nora are back in their newest, merriest, most amazing adventure—with Asta, and a brand-new member of the family! Wait 'til you meet him! It's the BEST from Mr. and Mrs. Thin Man!

Popular Bill Powell, Merry Myrna Loy re-united, and everybody’s happy!
HOW NELSON EDDY FACED CHRISTMAS EVE ALONE!

Here's a story about your favorite singing star never told before—a story incredible to those who know Nelson Eddy only as an aloof and dignified celebrity. Screen audiences who are right now applauding his splendid voice in the new musical romance, "Balalaika," will meet the man behind that voice when they read our exclusive feature in the next issue of The Smart Screen Magazine. As it is our editorial policy to present the stars of Hollywood as real people rather than publicity puppets we are proud to give you this timely story about Nelson Eddy. Also—

MICKEY ROONEY—GABLE'S ONLY RIVAL!

Don't believe it? Well, watch Rooney leap to the top in the next popularity poll; jostle around with the crowds rushing to see him in 'Ivies in Arms'—and then you'll realize the timeliness of our story about him in the next issue. We don't put the boy wonder on the head—but we do acknowledge his importance in the film world and we explain why he may be the screen's next great star.

FEAST OF FEATURES IN BIG HOLIDAY NUMBER—GET JANUARY SCREENLAND—ON SALE DECEMBER 6TH.

Paul C. Hunter, Publisher
NELSON EDDY tells a very funny story about what really happened one day while he was making retakes on “Balalaika.” The retakes were scenes from the whole picture, and the characters had to be sure that the clothes and props matched the previous shooting. Because Nelson, all through the picture, had been practicing feats of extraordinary magic, he unconsciously crowned his achievements on this particular day. The character man who played the Russian innkeeper was looking for the beard that he had worn in the previous scenes, and no one seemed sure that the one he made-up man had put on his was the identical one, and they knew the camera would show it up. Nelson made the suggestion that he thought that it was the right beard, but that it wasn’t parted as it should be, in the middle. Then, to show what he meant, he parted the beard, and out jumped a large, lively grasshopper. No one was more surprised than Eddy, although everyone present thought it was just some more of his magic. But it wasn’t a trick; the only explanation seemed to be that the beard had been used several years ago in the locust swarm while making “The Good Earth.” The grasshopper had lived in there comfortably ever since, including the time he was appearing, uncover, on the face of the innkeeper—all through the filming of the picture, “Balalaika.”

THE reason that Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor won’t give out any information about the young boy they’ve taken into their home, and announce whether they’ve adopted him or not, is because they have not legally made him their son, and they don’t intend to. However, he is about the luckiest young fellow in Hollywood. He calls the Pryors Uncle Roger and Aunt Ann, and he came to them in a most unusual way. His personality has won him many advantages for his comparatively few years. He first met Ann when he walked all the way from the outskirts of Dallas, Texas, to her hotel in the heart of the city, where she was visiting Roger, to thank her for the aid she had given his needy family. He was amazingly straightforward, sincere, and honest, and Ann found that he intended to walk all the way back home after delivering his message. Both Ann and Roger were charmed with him immediately. She sent permission from her mother to attempt to help him, and the large family, in some way. Ann has brought him out here and will help educate him. He is very musical and he’s getting piano lessons and every other conservative advantage both Roger and Ann can give him. He writes a long, glowing letter to his mother every week telling her what wonderful things he’s been doing. Ann and Roger know that their attempt to help him has made them happier than anything they have ever done.
He must take me to see these

"The Cat and the Canary" for laughs and thrills

"Disputed Passage" for a love kick

"Rulers of the Sea" for a romantic adventure

PARAMOUNT ADV.
EX-LAX MOVIES

"Mr. Wright found out he was wrong!"

MR. WRIGHT: Gee, Honey, this stuff is awful! Why do all laxatives taste so bad?

MRS. WRIGHT: All of them don't. Ex-Lax tastes like delicious chocolate.

Mr. Wright: Ex-Lax? That's all right for you and Junior, but I need something stronger.

Mrs. Wright: No, you don't! Ex-Lax is as effective as any bad-tasting cathartic.

Later.

Mr. Wright: I sure am glad I took your advice. It's Ex-Lax for me from now on.

Mrs. Wright: Yes, with Ex-Lax in the medicine chest we don't need any other laxative.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE

NOW RADIO!

Connects any radio to a phonograph

Patented Design

Radio-Capable

One Year Guarantee

Send money order to address with instructions and Trouble-Free June 14, 1934. Connects any phonograph or radio to any radio receiver. You make no installation. Money back if it does not work. Thousands sold.

RADIO TO RADIO...BEAUTIFUL PLASTIC CANDY

Patented Design. Order at any radio or drug store.

NOW RADIOLUX

BRAHMS MOVIES

The story of Edith Cavell, English World War nurse, who was executed by the German military in Brussels in 1915 for aiding the escape of Allied soldiers. Film suggests propaganda, but it is a beautiful tribute to a national heroine. Anna Neagle plays the tragic, glamourless Cavell with reverence, and her beauty brings charm to a depressing role. Zasu Pitts, Edna May Oliver, May Robson in cast.

RKO—Universal

This tale of a French capitalist who's sent to a tropic penal colony when his financial empire, built on fraud, collapses, has Basil Rathbone as the fascinating plunderer; Sigrid Gurie, the wife he coves in care of his trusted friend Victor McLaglen; and Robert Cummings, who gives a breezy performance as engineer with whom Sigrid falls in love. Unconvincing, but entertaining. Proves Gurie is one of screen's most glamorous girls.

Espionage Agent—Warners

Preparedness is the keynote of this film which preaches against alien spy activities in this country and the lack of laws to cope with the situation. Joel McCrea is excellent as the young diplomat who runs afoot of enemy agents interested in our national defense and industrial secrets, when he falls in love with Brenda Marshall, beautiful refugee and ex-spy. It's a timely thriller with an appealing love story woven in with the propaganda stuff.

Full Confession—RKO-Radio

A well-told melodrama, built around the inability of a priest to disclose information obtained in the confessional. It concerns a man who commits murder while trying to steal a fur coat for his sweetheart, Sally Eilers. The slow-witted, blustering Irishman, who recants a confession made to a priest, is a made-to-order role for Victor McLaglen. If you can forget his criminal movie past, Joseph Calleia is convincing as Father Loom.

Parents On Trial—Columbia

The problem of parental discipline and puppy love is dealt with and a solution offered in this film in which narrow-minded parents are blamed for miserable children. Jean Parker is the daughter whose stern father, Henry Kolker, makes life unbearable for her; Johnny Downs is also victim of a stern parent. Linda Terry's trusting mother is shown for contrast. Noah Beery Jr. is in cast. Teen-agers may not mind weak plot.
Get my FREE “Magic Fingertips”
AND DISCOVER YOUR
Lucky Nail Polish Shade!

sings Lady Esther

Amazing new way to try all
12 shades of Lady Esther
7-Day Cream Nail Polish
without buying a single bottle!

Once in a while a new idea comes along that’s so striking, so brilliant it almost amounts to a stroke of genius! And Lady Esther’s New Magic Fingertips is an idea like that!

For these Magic Fingertips, almost incredibly like the human nail, are made of celluloid and coated with a different shade of Lady Esther 7-Day Nail Polish—the actual polish itself!

How to Find Your Lucky Shade
You slip them on over your own fingernail . . . one at a time . . . holding the slender side tabs. Quickly you find the shade that’s loveliest on your hands, smartest with your costume colors. And my 12 Magic Fingertips are yours free! Just send me the coupon below.

Once you have found your lucky colors in Lady Esther’s 7-Day Polish, your nail polish problems are ended! For here is a cream nail polish of amazing superiority . . . a new kind of cream nail polish that actually triumphs over chipping, peeling and cracking for 7 long days. And all you need apply is one sparkling coat!

End All Polish Worries Now!
Why puzzle over color charts or polish in the bottles? Why guess about choosing the right shade of polish . . . that may look all wrong on your nails?

Send for Lady Esther’s 12 free Magic Fingertips now. Be among the first to discover this brilliant new way to find your luckiest, loveliest nail polish color!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)
LADY ESTHER,
7162 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me a complete set of your Magic Fingertips showing the 12 new shades of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

Lady Esther’s 7-DAY NAIL POLISH

The Man They Couldn’t Hang
Columbia

This weird tale has Boris Karloff, minus monstrous make-up, as a scientist who believes he can restore life after death with an artificial heart. A medical student volunteer for the experiment, but before Karloff can complete the test, he’s arrested and hung for the murder. A friend claims his body and brings him back to life. He then seeks revenge. It’s like a bad dream. Will you give you chills. Karloff good.
To Leslie Howard's lovely new screen heroine in "Intermezzo"—Ingrid Bergman—our highest award! No mere intermezzo, though, this girl—she's a whole symphony of sensitive emotion and rare appeal.

GREATEST screen discovery in several seasons is Swedish actress Ingrid Bergman, brought to Hollywood to appear opposite Leslie Howard in David O. Selznick's "Intermezzo—A Love Story," and immediately hailed as a hit. Very young, fresh, vibrant, she is reminiscent of Katharine Hepburn in her first film, "A Bill of Divorcement"; but Bergman is warmly sympathetic where Hepburn is brittle; wholly devoid of distressing mannerisms—yet as personally poignant as any glamor girl. Call her another Garbo, or a beautiful 1940 Hepburn, if you will; we call her—Ingrid the First, and urge you not to miss her.
Zorina
SHE'S HEAVENLY!

She's the girl who put romance into dance—direct from the role in 'I Married an Angel' that made her the toast of the stage.

IN WARNER BROS:
ENTERTAINMENT WHIRLWIND

ON YOUR TOES

On your toes... it's on the way with loud, long laughs provided by

EDDIE ALBERT

The sensation of 'Breaker Bay'—he's a super-sensation in this!

and ALAN HALE • FRANK MCHUGH

JAMES GLEASON • Directed by Ray Enright

Screen Play by Jerry Wald and Richard Moresky • Adaptation by S. H. Horvitz and Lawrence Riley • Based on the Musical Play by RICHARD RODGERS, LORENS HART and GEORGE ABBOTT • a First National Picture

LOUD LINGERING LAUGHS!

TO BE SPECIFIC IT'S TERRIFIC!

TWICE AS SPICY, TWICE AS FUNNY, TWICE AS GAY AS THE BROADWAY PLAY!
Famous for
Style, Quality, Value

One is proud to give or own a Keepsake because experts of international reputation select and personally approve every fine Keepsake diamond, the most famous jewelers' design exquisite settings to display them. With each Keepsake comes the Gold Bond Certificate of Quality and Registration, your assurance of true worth. Ask your jeweler to show you these new matched sets.

COMING BRIDES—SEND FOR BOOK

Keepsake Diamond Rings
A.H. Pond Co., Inc., 214 S. Warren St., Syracuse, N.Y.
Please send valuable book, "Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding."
Name ____________________________
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SONG POEMS WANTED
TO BE SET TO MUSIC
Free Examination. Send Your Poems To
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STOP STOCKING RUNS
with genuine
Run-R-Stop
Reg. U.S. Pat.
IN RED AND BLACK VANITY
Complete
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STOPS RUNS AND SNAGS
PERMANENT WILL NOT WASH OUT
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
as advertised therein
SEE THE NAME ON EVERY VANITY

INSIDE THE
STARS’ HOMES

Fun, good food, good cheer for Christmas! Your hostess, lovely Virginia Field

| FOUND Virginia Field sitting on the floor of her bungalow living room, looking like a little girl in her red dress with white dots, going through a huge box of Christmas decorations. The little-girl look was heightened by the excitement in her big blue eyes and the way her soft fair hair fell forward over her shoulders when she made graceful lunges at the dogs, who were trying to help her pull out lengths of red and green ribbon, silver cord, and bright trimming.

"I always do my own holiday decorating," she said, digging earnestly into the box to bring out a long white stocking jingling with golden bells. "I adore anything to do with Christmas! Last year I draped the whole ceiling in red and green and pasted charming cut-outs in a fringe just below. You know those little silhouettes of Christmas figures? That's what I mean. Then we had green boughs everywhere and silver stars and everything looked gloriously Christmas—holly, mistletoe, and the big tree in the window. No, Happy!" she made another lunge after the tiny French poodle, who was making off with a strip of tinsel, then rescued a red wreath from Sir Laureles, the spaniel, who flapped his brown ears sadly. "This year may be like last year. All my friends began coming in for Tom and Jerry before eleven in the morning, and we partied all day and had a marvelous time. I love Christmas with all one's friends about. But it's a time, too, to try to have some less fortunate people who might be alone in for a bit of holiday cheer. I shall do that."

Virginia's bungalow is in Beverly Hills, but it's a small one. She likes to have it cramped wth her friends, it seems so terribly exciting. A contrast to the big country home in England, where her family lives. She has in her only "Nannie," Irene Best, who helped bring her up and now acts as Virginia's companion and chaperone and directs all the household affairs for her.

"Do come and see my table!" cried Virginia, leaping up to lead the way. "We've set it for a buffett luncheon, such as I'll give Christmas day. See the little Santa driving his reindeers to the little house? This is the famous bird pie, always served in the Field family, the jacket potatoes, celery, salad and fruit. And square-crackers. It wouldn't be Christmas without them. I snap 'em all day long!" She picked up one of the gaily colored crackers and snapped it, pulling out a rosy cap and a small lead toy.

Jacket potatoes are our baked potatoes. The celery stood in a tall glass. "I never saw celery served on a flat dish before. I came to this country," observed my hostess. "Nannie will tell you how to make the bird pie. She made this, and it's wonderful. We serve it cold for buffet luncheon."

By
Betty Boone
BIRD PIE
1 pheasant
1 partridge
1 black cock
1/2 lb. veal
1/2 lb. lean pork
1/2 lb. lean ham
Large truffle
3/4 lb. chopped mushrooms

The "false meats" (veal, pork and ham) are all minced and the pheasant, partridge, and black cock are cut up in neat joints. You line a deep dish with the "false meats" and intersperse them also with the birds. They are all mixed together and moistened with good stock. Then you make either a puff pastry or a raised pie crust.

RAISED PIE CRUST
1 lb. flour
6 oz. Crisco
Gill of water (3/4 pint)
Salt to taste

Boil the water and the lard together. Add the flour and make into a stiff dough and let it cool before using. Cover the deep dish with the birds in it and brush the dough with egg yolk.
(Continued on page 92)

IF YOUR EYES ARE BROWN, LIKE MERLE OBERON'S, you'll find new complexion flattery in MARVELOUS MATCHED MAKEUP

Harmonizing Powder, Rouge, Lipstick, Keyed to the Color of Your Eyes!

What enchanting new loveliness it brings—this amazing new discovery by the makers of Marvelous! They studied girls and women of every age and coloring and found that eye color is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair—that the color of your eyes is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that are right for you!

So whether your eyes are brown, blue, hazel or gray—it's easy now to select cosmetics in correct color harmony to flatter your natural coloring. For the makers of Marvelous have created matching powder, rouge and lipstick, keyed to the color of your eyes!

You'll adore the smooth, suede-like finish which Marvelous Powder gives your skin...the soft, natural glow of your Marvelous Rouge...the lovely, long-lasting color of Marvelous Lipstick. You can buy each separately (harmonizing Mascara and Eye Shadow, too), but for perfect color harmony, use them together. At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each (65¢ in Canada).

Send for sample Makeup Kit—mail coupon today for generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick in the shades that are right for you!

Starring in Alexander Korda's "OVER THE MOON" in technicolor
Twentieth Century-Fox presents
Darryl F. Zanuck's
Production of

IN TECHNICOLOR!
... from the great novel of adventure and romance when America was young!

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK

When torch and tomahawk spread their terror... and frontier women fought beside their men... these two braved the wilderness together!

starring
CLAUDETTE COLBERT • HENRY FONDA

with EDNA MAY OLIVER • EDDIE COLLINS • JOHN CARRADINE • DORRIS BOWDON • JESSIE RALPH ARTHUR SHIELDS • ROBERT LOWERY • ROGER IMHOF

Directed by JOHN FORD
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti and Sonya Levien • Based upon the novel by Walter D. Edmonds

SCREENLAND
DEAR MR. DISNEY:

Thanks for Mickey Mouse. Thanks for Donald Duck. Thanks for Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, especially Dopey. And now, thanks most particularly for Pinocchio, who comes whistling along when we all need somebody just like him to cheer us up.

From the glimpses I’ve had of your new character creation, he’s the cutest of ’em all. A little pine puppet who becomes a real boy at the wave of the Blue Fairy’s magic wand, he gets himself involved in more adventures than Mickey Rooney, scrambles out of them with more charm than Tyrone Power, and remains through it all as guilelessly appealing as David Niven. I’m not being smarty when I say that at this time in a troubled world, when people most need innocent merriment and true entertainment, Pinocchio with his dauntless optimism, his quenchless courage, and his hope and faith and trust will make a lot of difference to the rest of us. He’ll be everybody’s boy friend or I miss my guess. To a screen robbed of David Niven and Charles Boyer, a screen glutted with stark realism and grim reminders of war, we will welcome your Pinocchio with open arms and hearts. Chaplin failed us by unaccountable delays in producing his new comedy. But you, Mr. Disney, are always right there when we need you. “Pinocchio,” your second full length feature, is the best Christmas present you could give us. Happy holidays to you, too.

Gratefully,

Delight Evans
Catching up with the gelatine gods and goddesses in their off-screen moments when they behave like human beings.

Alice Faye, complete with dignified new coiffure, loads of silver fox, orchids, and husband Tony Martin, comes to the opening of "Hollywood Cavalcade," in which she co-stars with Don Ameche. Alice got a rousing cheer from fellow stars in the audience and just plain fans. It was only a few days later that Alice's smile turned to tears when the Martins' new 15-room ranch house, first home they'd ever owned, burned to the ground.

Richard Greene, sporting long sideburns for his new film role in "Little Old New York," with Alice Faye, escorts beautiful Virginia Field, his one-and-only girl, to the premiere of "Cavalcade."

Sonja has a new boy friend, Alon Curtis. He's the handsome lad who scores in "Hollywood Cavalcade." Big roles await him. The little Henie girl's latest film is "Everything Happens at Night."
After the Gulf broadcast, stars of the radio show adjourned to Earl Carroll's restaurant for relaxation, and Ginger and Clark, above, obligingly wrote their famous names in cement on table tops.

Don Ameche, who plays a pioneer movie director in "Hollywood Cavalcade," talks it over with Stuart Erwin, who plays his cameraman in the picture, and the lovely Mrs. Erwin, remembered as June Collyer.
Stars above put on great radio show for sweet charity. Cary Grant, Mickey Rooney—don’t miss the face he’s making!—Ann Sothern, Judy Garland, and Ann’s husband, Roger Pryor, master of ceremonies, at Gulf broadcast by Screen Actors Guild.

If you can keep up with the Lana Turner romance rumors you’re a better sleuth than we are, and you win! The lovely Lana is shown above with Randy how-he-gets-around Scott—as they ringsided at Cocoanut Grove to watch Paul Draper dance.

At the Ice Follies, Mr. and Mrs. Fred MacMurray and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Milland made up a merry group. While Mrs. MacMurray is making Mrs. Milland giggle, something interesting is engaging Fred’s attention. See picture at far right for answer.

It can’t be possible, but it is: Jane Withers night-clubbing! Here’s Janie, growing up into a right pretty gal, enjoying her first grown-up evening with Joe Brown, son of Joe E., at the Cocoanut Grove. Mr. and Mrs. Withers were their chaperons.

And who’s this, who’s this, in the exotic turban and generally sophisticated get-up, with director George Cukor in picture above? None other than our little Olivia de Havilland, at the premiere of “Elizabeth and Essex” in which Livvie appears.
One of the prettiest youngsters in film-town is Helen Parrish, and for the first time social Hollywood is aware of her, as she steps out, above, with handsome Forrest Tucker. You’ll see the Parrish eyeful screen-feuding with Deanna Durbin in “First Love.”

Beset by malicious separation rumors, these two grand people, Jeanette and Gene Raymond, continue to laugh it off and have grand fun together—you can’t fake grins like theirs, above. The Raymonds enjoyed the Ice Follies with the rest of Hollywood.

After her hectic Clipper flight back to France to bring her young daughter to America, here’s Annabella safe and sound and reunited with Tyrone, and Mr. Power looks pleased about everything at “Essex” premiere. Mrs. Charles Feldman at left.

And here’s the explanation of Fred MacMurray’s avid interest. Ann Sheridan, beau’d as usual by Cesar Romero, meets the MacMurrays for the first time at the Ice Follies. As usual, the “Don’t Call Me The Oomph Girl” is the center of attraction.

Is she, is she not—Mrs. Cary Grant? Phyllis Brooks, squired as usual by Cary, attends picture premiere at Warners’ Beverly Hills Theatre with long and lanky Jimmy Stewart who for once—wonder of wonders!—has no beauteous lady on his own arm.
NORVELL predicted accurately for these stars born in the Sign of Sagittarius: Frances Dee’s marriage happiness; Dorothy Lamour’s divorce from Herbie Kay; Deanna Durbin’s great success; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.’s divorce from Joan Crawford, and his re-marriage. His latest predictions are: another marriage for Betty Grable; an operatic career for Deanna Durbin, and marriage by the time she’s twenty-one; continued success in career and marriage for Frances Dee; marriage for Dorothy Lamour in 1940; Grace Moore’s return to pictures; and continued success for Edward G. Robinson.

“Do the stars show happiness for me in love and marriage?” Dorothy Lamour was speaking, and her eyes mirrored the uncertainty and anxiety that come at some time to all women in love. I had set up her horoscope according to astrology and was interpreting its mystical symbology. The news I had to reveal was not very pleasant.

“Your chart shows that you were born in the Fire Sign of Sagittarius, and that afflictions in the house ruling marriage will bring a divorce within a period of six months,” I predicted. “There is nothing you can do to prevent this divorce. However,” I assured her, “it is also shown in your chart that you will marry again in the latter part of 1940 and that marriage will prove successful.” To date the first part of that strange prediction for Dorothy Lamour has come true. The rest will, I am sure, be fulfilled in 1940. From that time on, Dorothy Lamour became another astrology convert.

The Sign of Sagittarius includes all those born from November 23 to December 21, and it is true that they have had various afflictions in love and marriage for the past three years. The glamorous motion picture stars of Hollywood are just as subject to trials and tribulations as you and I. They too have their loves and heartaches, their joys and disappointments; and when doubt appears on the horizon of their lives, they turn to astrology for advice and guidance about their personal problems and the outcome of future events. Lately there have been many problems for those born in the Sign of Sagittarius.

Read what Norvell, noted astrologer to Hollywood stars, forecasts for YOU this month

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MY NAME IS ........................................
MY ADDRESS IS ...................................
CITY ............................................... STATE ...
MY BIRTHDATE IS .................................
and if YOUR birthdate comes at this time, you may learn something about the planetary indications for your Sign by studying the lives of the movie stars born in Sagittarius.

Can astrology help solve our problems? Yes, it can. The indications of future events are clearly shown by the movements of the stars, and every single hour of the day we absorb the planetary rays that cause us to do certain things that have a direct bearing on the future. Those NOT born in the Sign of Sagittarius can consult the section below dealing with their birthdates to see what is happening to them this month.

There are several distinctive qualities that most persons born in Sagittarius possess in common. They are generally artistic, creative, and talented in many fields. They make good musicians, singers, dancers, and actors, but their ruling Planet Jupiter also gives them business ability. They often rise to the top in any profession where they contact the public and use their personalities.

Some of the screen's brightest stars were born in this Sign. One of the most outstanding of these is Deanna Durbin, whose birthdate is December 4. She has inherited from her Sign her glorious voice and scintillating personality. There is a strange coincidence about the way Sagittarius people inherit musical ability. Three singing stars, Grace Moore, Dorothy Lamour, and Deanna Durbin, were born within a period of five days of each other, but in different years, of course, and each star attained fame through the medium of her voice! This proves conclusively that the planets' radiations DO have something to do with human destiny, and that people follow a certain pattern in life when born under the influence of certain stars.

What of Deanna's future? Will she continue to possess the lovely voice and beauty of face and figure she now has? Will her screen career continue? What of love and marriage for Deanna? She is just reaching the age when a young girl's fancy turns to love—how will she weather the matrimonial storm, if any? These are the questions that thousands of Deanna's fans are asking all over the country.

Deanna Durbin's ruling star is Jupiter, a planet located millions of miles from this earth. In her chart at time of birth, Jupiter released its full creative power and impressed upon Deanna's brain a maturity of intelligence and harmonious pattern that (Please turn to page 85)

Read about Norvell's amazing predictions. He will foretell for you just as he does for the screen stars.
If you want to consider George Raft in the light of the tough roles he plays, that's your privilege. But before you pass final judgment on our snoe-eyed, fleet-footed star, I'd like to paint a picture of the George Raft I know, one that will help clear up some of the misunderstandings that beset the real George Raft. Let's go back for a quick look at his childhood, spent in poverty ridden Hell's Kitchen in New York, some thirty years ago. Still smarting from the impact of his father's hand, Georgie winced. "Pop had no business licking me," he thought. "It ain't my fault I get into trouble. What can a guy do around here anyway?"

His eyes surveyed the dark, damp railroad flat in the crowded tenement where the Rafts, or Ranfts, as they were then called, lived. With eleven children and pop and mom crowded into a small flat, there wasn't any room for a growing boy to play. Outside the blistering sun beat down onto the narrow street teeming with people, and it literally roasted one's back. What if the landlord had caught him swimming in the water tank on the roof used to feed the tenants their supply of drinking water? There was no bathtub in the flat, was there? How was a guy to keep cool and clean? And certainly he had meant no harm by pulling the string on the factory door that upset a pail of water onto the boss. Why, the boys all played this prank upon anyone entering the factory! Life, he concluded, as he furtively swiped the vaseline jar from the medicine chest and emptied three quarters of it on his hair to slick it down, was mighty tough. Some day things would be different for George Raft. Some day George Raft would be a gentleman, would speak like one and wear fine clothes. Then life would be one round of pleasure.

Today, George Raft earns three times as much as the President of the United States. He wears fine clothes, lives in a dream house. He has servants and lackeys galore to wait on him. But he has discovered, to his surprise, that life is not one round of pleasure. Somehow, he must have missed the right fork in the road. Gradually, as he battled his way up to be an ace picture star, he has deliberately tried to cast off the unpleasant associations, the uncouth habits and manners of his youthful environment. I think there is no one in Hollywood today more eager to do the correct thing, to be a perfect gentleman. Gone are the padded shoulders, the pants extending almost to his armpits, the flashy shirts and shrieking ties he believed to be the height of fashion when he came to Hollywood. Gone are the furtive manner, the drooping eyelids and half-closed eyes that viewed the whole world with suspicion. Today, though a trace of Broadway remains in his speech, it is speech which Raft has definitely struggled to make smooth, polite, and grammatical. His clothes are those of a conservative gentleman, faultlessly tailored, with white shirts where yellow plaids and green stripes blazed before. And no longer does George Raft smell like a barber shop.

For years I've watched George Raft developing, changing, deliberately rebuilding his personality. To me, he is one of the most paradoxical and touching figures in Hollywood. Take the matter of his early acquaintances. You and I respected him when he first came to Hollywood, and spoke openly of being (Please turn to page 90)

Tough Guy? No—A Softie!

By Mary Jacobs
A Friendship that's Real!

Yes, it's rare to find rival actresses chummy in Hollywood. Virginia Bruce and Maureen O'Sullivan provide the shining exception

By Maud Cheatham

FRIENDSHIP—the real thing. I mean—blooms in unexpected places. The exciting background of Hollywood, with its excessive beauty, its exaggerated emotions, doesn't encourage that quality of loyalty and sincerity—yet, for ten years, Virginia Bruce and Maureen O'Sullivan have treasured one of the most beautiful friendships to be found anywhere.

They met during those first bewildering days when both were striving to gain a foothold in motion pictures—Virginia from Fargo, North Dakota, and Maureen from Ireland. Side by side they faced discouragements that came before they won film triumphs, and always, that is almost always, they could laugh together. Their sense of humor is a strong bond and the friendship is built on amusing incidents that reveal them as lively girls, very real and human behind their Hollywood make-up and their glamorous roles.

Virginia told me, "Never will I forget the first time I saw Maureen. It was at the preview of her début picture, 'Song of My Heart,' away back in the summer of 1929. I was desperately tired that night, after working hard all day at the studio, so, slumping down into my seat, I was feeling very indifferent to the whole thing. Suddenly, the image of a girl flashed before me, a girl so vital that I sat up straight, with my eyes glued to the screen. Every time she looked at me I had the feeling that I knew her. Yet I had no idea even as to her name. Somehow, I had missed hearing about the little colleen the company had brought over from Ireland to play with John McCormack. The warmth of that impression lingered with me and when we finally met, my excessive shyness with people I don't know melted completely before it. We never went through the preliminary stages of 'getting acquainted' but started right off on the intimate basis of friendship."

"It's been such fun! Maureen is a whirlwind of energy and gay exuberance—she must have a bit of gypsy blood in her veins for she loves the out-of-doors so extravagantly, and she excels in all sports. She's stimulating, but best of all she possesses a priceless sense of humor. Did you ever notice her contagious giggle? Even when I think of her I find myself smiling!"

Sitting in the nursery of Maureen's lovely hillside home, where she's enjoying her rôle of mother to little Michael Damien Farrow, she took up the story, "How well I remember my first glimpse of Virginia," she said, punctuating each word with her famous giggle. "It was at a party given for a bunch of us younger players and I was feeling very grand in a new pink frock. As I approached the hostess with all my dignity, I heard the kids behind me tittering and was so embarrassed I was about to turn and run, when a girl touched my shoulder, saying that someone had thought it funny to pin my skirt up in the back with a huge rose. She took out the pin, handed me the rose, and disappeared before I even learned her name. But then and there, I knew that some day we would be friends." "Within a few months we were both signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and placed in the studio's stock company," continued Maureen. "Part of the duties of these beginners is appearing in publicity stunts and it was the day we were sent to (Please turn to page 88)
HOLLYWOOD BEAUTIES

T HE Hollywood girls, it seems, are in for a tight squeeze. And—more's the pity—not by screen lovers Gable, Taylor or Power. But by, of all horrible things, a corset!

What with wars and threatened strikes and salary cuts life was hard enough, the Hollywood beauties complained, but at least life was comfortable. Now even comfort is shot to pieces. The fun (if you're a sadist and want to call it that) all started in Paris in the late summer when the dressmakers got together for their annual clambake and blandly announced that if Madame would be chic this Fall, and of course Madame would be chic, she would have to wear full-bosomed, tiny-waisted, and very, very hipped evening gowns. And there was only one way, alas, they said with a pretty pout and a gentle shrug, that Madame could get that required full bust, full hips, and wasp waist (they settled for nineteen inches, two up on Scarlett O'Hara) and that way was the corset. Not a girdle, mercy no, but that old-fashioned steel-ribbed gadget with back laces which used to make Edwardian ladies swoon, burst into tears, or rush out and bake a custard.

The corset was first foisted upon an innocent people by the salon of Monsieur Mainbocher (a little something he found in an old trunk in the attic, no doubt) and that's why you're very apt to hear it referred to as the Mainbocher corset. Couturier Mainbocher, in case you want to think about him pleasantly, or otherwise, when those bones are squeezing the daylight out of you, is a slim, blond young man who used to play piano for Cobina Wright, of the Cobina Wrights. He became the Paris Editor of Vogue, and later went into the dress-making business, where he immediately became a keen competitor of Schiaparelli, Molyneux, Balenciaga, and other biggies. He reached a delightful height in popularity when the Duchess of Windsor, she who was Wally Simpson, gave him the job of making her trousseau.

Mainbocher did not "re-discover" the corset; to be technical about it, we have the stylists of Hollywood, and all those historical pictures of the past year, to thank for that. But he gave it the Paris fillip it needed.

Well, when the Hollywood beauties learned that corsets were here in the flesh (literally) and not a moving picture, a shiver of alarm swept over the entire movie colony. As you know, movie stars are recognized as the smartest dressed women in the world, and to live up to that reputation they have to follow the dictates of fashion, no matter how silly. With a few whimpers, perhaps, but for the most part cheerily, they followed such whims as the bustle, the snood, the wimple, the hoop, and the hobble; but the corset—well, there was just something about Mr. Mainbocher's stays they couldn't stomach. An anti-corset rebellion broke out in Hollywood the likes of which you have never seen.

Most of the stars recalled only too well all the money they had spent getting those hips down, and they certainly didn't intend to build them up now! And a nineteen waist—why, they'd turn blue in the face. But just to make it more exciting a few of the stars said they thought the corset very alluring and womanly, and if the new dresses required one of course they'd wear one. The battle was on. It was fought mostly over dinner tables and there hadn't been so much excitement and indigestion in Hollywood since the casting of "GWTW."

Let curves be unconfined, or hip, hip, away? Read what the picture pets say on following pages if you want to keep up with the latest Hollywood figures!

BY ELIZABETH WILSON

Barbara Stanwyck, left, shows you what it's like to be laced into one of the new (?) corsets. She's paid to suffer, for it's a scene from her new film, Jean Blondell, opposite page, says: "For the new evening clothes it is important for you to have a new figure, I'm all for it!"
Joan Blondell leads glamor girls in most sensational fashion scrap of the season! To wear the new Paris corset, or stick to streamlines? That's the vital question!
DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR.: "Corsets? Certainly! Why not put them on the Nazis?"
MELVYN DOUGLAS: "I have nothing to say. They might try putting me in one!"

ORRY-KELLY, STYLIST (above): "When women see how beautiful their figures look they'll all be wearing them."

DOROTHY LAMOUR: "I would wear a corset on the screen if I had to, but since 90% of my movie wardrobe is made up of sarongs it's no problem for me."

JEANETTE MACDONALD: "I've worn corsets in so many costume pictures that this latest of fashion's dictates is not going to take my breath away!"
ALICE FAYE: "All right for great-grandmother but they don't go with rumble seats and swing music."
IRENE DUNNE: "I can't believe the corset vogue will last. Woman today want, first of all, to be comfortable."

JOAN CRAWFORD: "Not for me! Only lazy women who neglect their figures will wear them. They deserve the sentence of the corset."

Orry-Kelly, one of Hollywood's leading fashion designers, announced from his office at Warner Brothers that corsets were here to stay. Said Orry, "I have just attended the first Fall fashion show at Magnin's and everyone of the models were corseted. Their figures looked cleaner cut, and they all looked beautifully groomed. The Edwardian trend of fashions undoubtedly brought the corset back because these styles are all built around the waistline, which is trim and small. Naturally, everyone will complain about wearing corsets, just as
they do about any new style. And of course the first corsets are probably going to be extreme, as anything new always is. But later on they will become more sensible. When women see how beautiful their figures look, they'll all be wearing them."

Joan Blondell proved conclusively that Orry-Kelly knew what he was talking about. "I wouldn't be caught dead in one of those things!" said Miss Blondell with a pretty sneer when a saleswoman at Magnin's showed her one. But she was curious, like most women, tried it on, and was so pleased that she bought it at once. You'll see her in one of those new full-bosomed, tiny-waisted evening dresses any minute now. But then, Joan is one who looks gorgeous (Please turn to page 70)
Once a $4,000-a-week star, now a Hollywood "Has-Been"—but he won't stay licked!—and that's why Jack Mulhall's frank story told here is encouragement and inspiration to everyone who ever had to "take it on the chin." He took defeat with a grin, now he's winning through!

SURE I'm a fallen star, an ex-star, a Has-Been who won't take the past tense for an answer and pleased to meet each! Sure I once got $4,000 a week, for quite a good many weeks, and now, when or if, I get $40 a week, I'm Midas!

I want to say right now, though, that if anyone expects my story to be a sob-story they'd better put Screenland down and turn to the Elegy In A Churchyard or Lament For The Living or some such thing. Because this isn't going to be any squawk. It's going to be, as near as I can make it, a straight-from-the-Mulhall-shoulder account of how one ex-star got that way.

For let me tell you something, folks—I've got one possession now that is more valuable than all the cars and mansions and four-figure salary checks and servants crawling out from under the rugs I used to have. It's this: The ax can't fall on me now because—the ax has already fallen!

Sure, I once lived in a Beverly Hills mansion with swimming pool, tennis court, private projection machine, cook, second maid, butler, gardeners, chauffeur, valet and everything but a tonsil duster! And we now live, my wife and I, in a $70 a month flat with maid service thrown in. But when we pull down those shades at night we know that we're not going to be thrown out!

When I walked out of my Beverly Hills home (and if I hadn't walked out I'd have been thrown out!) Spencer Tracy walked in. He was going up and I was going down.

Sure, I got stripped of everything I owned in the world except the clothes on my back and the clothes in my wardrobe. Only reason they didn't take those is because they can't take a man's tools away from him and an actor's clothes are his tools. No more elegant sack suits at $175 a suit, or tails at $250. I haven't bought a suit of clothes for five years. If ever you see me in that old, double-breasted, still-good blue job, you can be sure that Mulhall's going on an interview or has just been to the funeral of a pal.

I once bought my wife a genuine Bolivian chinchilla
coat, valued at $35,000. It's gone the way of all good Bolivian chinchillas now. I don't know where it is. May be Lupe's got it. Who knows? My wife works extra now and thinks it's lovely work when she can get it. Her last job was three days work on "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." She wears $14.95 dresses now and looks like the millionaire movie star's wife she once was. We ride around in a Ford car where we used to ride around in three cars, NOT Fords. We don't do any Troc'-ing for our entertainment now. We don't give any big parties or go to any. We only see Dick Barthelmess, Ronnie Colman and other pals of the Gold Rush days occasionally nowadays. But don't get me wrong on this—it's not any fault or any wish of (Please turn to page 95)
HOW
Second
Love
SAVED
ANDREA
LEEDS

Movie star engaged to handsome socialite! Behind these headlines is the bitter-sweet story of a tragic first love, and the flowering of a perfect romance unique in hectic Hollywood

By
Ben Maddox
IT BEGAN when she thought she would never get over the heartbreak of her first love. She was to have been a bride last Valentine's Day. The first great climax to her life was approaching, as she had long planned. They had faced their obstacles like sensible young moderns, courageously and wisely, and had conquered them. Then, appallingly, death stepped in and completely stopped her personal life. At least, Andrea Leeds firmly believed this until she met Bob Howard for the third time. Then, to her bewilderment, she realized she no longer had to put up a brave front against the sympathy of her mother and father and her friends. The months of emptiness were over. The strange prophecy on her dressing-table was coming true! The handsome youth who had been the keystone to her hopes had written across his photograph, unaccountably: "You will find another Me—I will never find another You."

Today Andrea, to her own astonishment, has found someone. Today she is actually happy again, deliberately so. She is to have all she ever dreamed of, and there are no obstacles in the new love story she is living. I have never seen such a changed girl as Andrea. I have never known quite as dramatic a denouement in a decade of Hollywood reporting. For this Bob is not only young, the exact age of the Jack who is gone, but he is equally handsome. Six-foot-three, most impressively broad-shouldered, with eyes Andrea herself describes carefully as "marvelously gray," he is, literally, the identical sort of man Jack was. Only besides possessing the same qualities that first attracted Andrea, he is several not-to-be-disregarded steps further along.

As Mrs. Bob Howard, Andrea Leeds will assume an enviable social ranking in California. She will be the only movie star ever to marry into exclusive San Francisco society. It is Bob's father who owns Seabiscuit and Kayak II, the famous racehorses. But fortunately for Andrea, being reared in wealth has not spoiled Bob. He is well educated and familiar with the niceties, but he is definitely not a rich man's idle son. Their courtship was a decided problem, since she had to work almost constantly and he had to commute eight hundred miles each time he'd leave San Francisco to see her. But because of her career Bob has moved South, and he is now busily managing one of his dad's big automobile agencies in Los Angeles. You have only to be blinded by the $25,000 diamond engagement ring with which she surprised him to be fully aware of how lavishly he is spreading his devotion at her feet.

Andrea is still in a daze when she recalls the night he gave it to her. "It was a Monday night, the evening they held the premiere of 'The Real Glory,'" she told me. "On the Saturday night before Bob said he was returning to San Francisco in the morning. 'But have you forgotten about the premiere?' I asked. 'What'll I do about it then?' He answered of course he hadn't, but he had some business to attend to Monday morning in San Francisco and he'd fly back in plenty of time. At six Monday evening he phoned that he'd be right out. 'I won't be ready until eight-thirty because we're working until after seven and I have to dress,' I replied from the set.

"When he arrived for me he took me by Billy Seymour's, for Billy and Jane Wyman were double-dating with us." Although Seymour is a leading Hollywood jeweler Andrea had not been suspicious when he'd gone North with Bob on the sudden trip. "We hadn't seriously talked about marriage. It was in the back of our minds, but it was something for a year from now. We'd decided we didn't believe in long engagements. So to say I was surprised with the ring would be putting it mildly! Jane already had her corsage on; she and Billy went on playing backgammon as Bob handed me my box of flowers. 'I knew you'd be late so I had it sent here,' he remarked casually. I remember him leaning against the mantelpiece then. I thanked him, and opened the box. There was another one inside. Inside it was another one. Bob walked out into the kitchen. I went on and on unwrapping. In the tenth box was the ring. A gorgeous marquise diamond! I ran out into the kitchen to him, laughing and crying. 'Will you marry me?' he asked. All I could do was nod. And then we kissed, and—well, that's the way it was!"

They discussed an elopement. "Bob is so well-balanced. He's ready to settle down. He's had his fun as a bachelor and he wants a home. He met me, and I was the girl he could care about. He wanted to get married right away. 'This is it,' he said positively. I knew it, too. But we didn't elope because we'd had so grand a courtship, it had all been so very normal and sweet that we agreed on a church wedding. A marriage should start off with your families' and friends' good will, we think. "Bob and I didn't indulge in love at first glance. It shows you how Fate has things mapped out, our story. We're told we were introduced to each other two years ago, and neither of us can recall where! Soon after I went to Del Monte for a (Please turn to page 78)
Gay with gossip; brittle with business! Soft with love; phony with pretense! That's Hollywood at high noon

By Paul Karel

I've seen extra girls in Hollywood lunching on a cigarette and a small Coca-Cola. I've seen the biggest stars in the business infinitely bored with a slightly nibbled two-and-a-half-dollar luncheon. I've seen girls work and starve and struggle in hysterical determination. I've known Hollywood tragedies and sorrows long before they panted from every front page in the country. I've seen things here as they really are, both good and bad. There's a little of it wherever you go. You can't miss it. It's in the club house at Santa Anita. It's in the sables thrown over chairs at Earl Carroll's. It's in the thick air of Jerry's Joynt in Chinatown. It's in the disappointment in the faces of manicurists and chorus girls and waitresses at drive-ins. But strangely, the starkest drama and the phonyest pretense has always jammed itself into the most unlikely hour of the day.

Hollywood should by all token fall disgustingy flat in the exacting frankness of high noon. And yet I remember indelible moments when there were no orchids or moonlight or champagne; no jewels sparkling under crystal lights; no beautiful, sleek people in impeccable formal clothes, nothing of the accepted Hollywood night club background. I remember only the fantastic excitement and the mixed-up emotions that crowded those eventful Hollywood noon hours. I've seen the smartest places in town to take luncheon spring up overnight only because on the day before, two well-known actresses had a hair-pulling match there in plain view of every luncheer. A week later, to be smart, you have to drive twenty miles from Hollywood to eat sauerkraut cooked in champagne, in the rank air of a not overly clean shack on one of the side streets.

Hollywood is most fickle and unappreciative at high noon. It demands change and newness in great impatience. The Vendome, for a long time the smart and expensive place to lunch, doesn't exist any more. It went out like a light for no good reason. On the same spot now you can buy Chinese food for a pittance.

At high noon in every studio, at smart eating places and in startlingly lavish beauty salons, in impressive and plain dressing rooms, there exists an intense, unnatural unrest. The Hollywood noon hour isn't a short breathing spell, a release from responsibility. It's forever spec-
tacularly jammed with the unfinished, the unexpected, and the unusual. It bristles with business. It's sodden with gossip. It's soft with love. It's as unstable emotionally as the flightiest Billie Burke rôle and as involved as a Garbo shooting schedule. It's ten thousand headaches and double that ante in heartaches. I've come face to face with the height of unbelievably pathetic idolatry during the hurly-burly of lunch time. I've seen an extra girl try to bribe a studio policeman with her last hoarded ten dollars to smuggle her, during her free lunch hour, into the dressing room of a very handsome and a very great screen lover whom you all know very well. The girl just wanted to sit there, to touch the things he touched, tremulously, and to shed a few bitter, blinding tears perhaps. He had long ago forgotten he had ever met her, but she hadn't.

During both our racing seasons heads are buried in racing forms, and the lunch hour is one long ache of suspense. I've seen Irene Dunne up to her ears in relatives at the Victor Hugo one day and the next with the biggest business brains in the country deep in a discussion of the problems of social difference in her next picture. I've seen Bing Crosby fume and argue. Dixie has fixed it so he can't be served any dessert for lunch at any one of the Brown Derby restaurants. Upon being asked, during a busy lunch hour, I've seen Bob Taylor quickly spot a sample of wall paper he thought attractive. The walls of the Beverly Hills (Please turn to page 74)
she really like, this Greer who was Robert Donat's Mrs. Chips? You're in for a surprise when you meet her here.

By Gladys Hall

So this—below—is Mrs. Chips! You'd never recognize in gorgeous, red-haired Greer Garson the gentle lady who loved the professor—left below, scene from the memorable "Goodbye Mr. Chips." Top left, Greer in her new film, with Lew Ayres and Robert Taylor.

HAVE come a funny way, Greer Garson was saying, reflectively. "a jagged way. I've been upstairs, downstairs, knocking on doors. The pattern—is anything the matter?" she broke off to ask me with legitimate curiosity, since my eyes were bugging out of my head and my head was making a waggling, oh-no-oh-no motion.

"Yes," I said, "there is. You—" you take some getting used to. I didn't expect you to look like this. Someone," I added, in injured tone, "might have warned me." I meant it, too. I do not like being taken aback when in pursuit of duty. And when Miss Garson first walked into the living room of her home in Beverly Hills, graciously prepared to dispense tea and slivery cucumber sandwiches and some of the best talk to be heard in cinema circles, I was that surprised, I was speechless! All I could do was bug my eyes and waggle my head.

Now, I am not one given to dwelling on externals. Handsome is as handsome does, I always say. Surely (Please turn to page 71)
Adorable Durbin plays her first screen love scene in new film, "First Love." Lucky lad who plays it with her is Robert Stack, shown with her here. Deanna's first movie kiss will have the whole world watching!
The great outdoors still provides the best back-drop for the movies' most torrid moments. Dorothy "Sarong" Lamour and Robert Preston go native for Paramount's "Typhoon".

HOLLYWOOD STAGES ITS BEST LOVE SCEN
"Untamed" is the word for Ray Milland and Patricia Morison in their new romantic drama enacted against sunny California's most picturesquely rugged mountain scenery.
The uncanny cleverness of Mickey Rooney, the wholesome girlishness of talented Judy Garland are separate box-office sensations, as Mickey in “The Hardy Family” films, and Judy in “The Wizard of Oz,” have proved. Now that they are co-starred in “Babes in Arms” the audience stampede is on. Line forms at the right, folks!
IDA
LUPINO
She has the great chance every actress dreams about, playing opposite Ronald Colman in "The Light That Failed"
RONALD COLMAN
Screen's most distinguished actor gives his finest performance in the newest picturization of the Kipling drama.
DIETRICH TRIES AGAIN!
Marlene makes her movie comeback in "Destry Rides Again," a super-Western with Jimmy Stewart as her hero. Piquant combination!
"PRISONER" OF PICTURES

When will Warners "pardon" John Garfield and lift him out of the crime-picture cycle? "Years Without Days," his latest, is not the right answer.
She stepped from college to the screen. A hit in her very first film, "The Rains Came," Brenda Joyce is most promising of season's newcomers.
Whenever they need a good actor and a gallant personality for a picture they send for Lew. Now he's screen-squiring "Dancing Co-Ed" Lana Turner. But wouldn't it be wonderful if Metro would be inspired to team him again with Garbo? Remember Lew made his first movie hit in "The Kiss" with G. G.
MOVIES' “MONA LISA”

Just as mysterious and mocking as ever, Garbo smiles at you here, laughs for you in “Ninotchka,” the romantic comedy. It’s her first picture in two years.
DEHAVILLAND IN MODERN DRESS!

Lovely Olivia, after a long season in costume pictures: "Gone with the Wind," "Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex"—at last draws a sprightly modern rôle in "Raffles," new picturization of the perennial thriller, with David Niven, right, as the young and ingratiating amateur cracksman.
WHO HELPS MOST AT Christmas Time?

In the rush and excitement of Christmas Time, shopping and parties bring fatigue. Energy is what we need to carry on.

To replenish food-energy, remember Baby Ruth—the big 5¢ candy bar, so pure and delicious, so rich in Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE CANDY BAR THAT'S RICH IN Dextrose

THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda in "Drums along the Mohawk"
How the location trip for "Drums along the Mohawk" turned Glamor Girl Colbert into a pioneer woman—almost!

Claudette, on a bet, went to Utah. She thought that the climate would suit her. But when she got there, the camp was quite bare. Of aught but flies, dirt, and old pewter!

Ever since she became a great big Glamor Girl Claudette has had dozens of poems written about her by her fans, likening her to everything from magnolias to moon-glow, but the above "poem" (written, I believe, by Henry Fonda) is her favorite. When it appeared one morning in the Camp Drums Daily News at Camp Drums, Utah, there were those on the location who (Please turn to page 75)

As heroine of "Drums along the Mohawk" troupe Colbert "roughed it" on the location—see top picture; ate with the gang; shared the news with costar Henry Fonda and crew; danced with director John Ford—far left. Verdict: Colbert can take it!
PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX—Warner

HERE is the most you can buy for your movie money this month—this big, impressive romantic drama, rich with the pomp and circumstance of pageantry in Elizabeth's England, crammed with vivid color and glittering costumes and stunning sets—two hours of robust action, gaudy gestures and grandiloquent speeches—and a little stuffy at times. The one thing this lavish picture can't give you is the homey touch. Elizabeth was a great queen and a fascinating woman; Essex a turbulent soldier and a fascinating man; but their romance, if you can call it that, remains remote despite all the amorous scenes written into the script. Bette Davis' portrayal of Elizabeth will cause more discussion than any rôle she has played since "Of Human Bondage." Some will consider her magnificent, in a word. Others may think her St. Vitus-dance technique here passes the danger point. But whatever your reaction you won't want to miss it. Errol Flynn as Essex wins the handsomest man of the month contest in a walk—and what a walk, as he treads the red carpet to the throne, in his most becoming costume. His acting isn't as convincing as he looks, but you won't want to miss him, either. Donald Crisp as Bacon is most credible of the big cast. A gorgeous and gallant show.

INTERMEZZO—Selznick-United Artists

FOR the incurably romantic among you, I recommend "Intermezzo—A Love Story" as the most satisfactory film entertainment of the month. In its way as poignant as "Love Affair," it is beautifully written, acted, directed and felt by everyone concerned in its production. Can it be credited to Mr. Leslie Howard, I wonder? Surely it is no mere coincidence that "Intermezzo" and "Pygmalion," Mr. Howard's pictures both of them, should have such unerring taste, restraint, delicacy and imagination. "Intermezzo" plays on the old theme, the eternal triangle. But it plays so skillfully, so subtly, that you would never know the old piece. Mr. Howard is no ordinary philandering husband, but a world-famous violinist, a man of strength and integrity. Ingrid Bergman is no home-wrecker but a fine and gifted young girl pianist, drawn to him by their mutual love of beauty in music and in life. Edna Best is no ordinary wife, either, but a real woman—and so it goes throughout "Intermezzo," a lovely haunting melody, not a symphony, but a rare and unforgettable experience. Mr. Howard's performance is as always perfection. For Miss Bergman—see our Honor Page.

THE REAL GLORY—Goldwyn-United Artists

GARY COOPER'S best picture in a long time! He shakes himself out of his stellar lethargy and delivers one of his superb, old-time performances—believable, vigorous, immensely likeable. True, not even the leisurably Mr. C. could remain unmoved by the gory goings-on of Mr. Goldwyn's melodrama of Moro marauding in the Philippines in 1906—there is literally never an empty moment in the island community held by a doughty handful of U. S. Army officers trying to fight not only the Moro but treachery, superstition, plague, and just plain disaster. Gary plays the post's doctor waging a lone battle of enlightened medical methods against official obstinacy—complicated by the fact that his commanding officer and stubborn adversary is also father to lovely Andrea Leeds. But leave it to Mr. Cooper, and you may safely do so, for he overcomes every obstacle including licking a whole Moro tribe single-handed in the best screen fight of the season. It's Cooper's picture but David Niven and Broderick Crawford do their share to keep proceedings lively. Miss Leeds' heroine is a charming concoction which, though very sweet, never quite turns to sugar.
THE picture for zanies, of whom I am one, "Eternally Yours" picks up where the screwball-comedy cycle left off and goes right on from there, starting a whole new cycle for all I know. Perhaps if David Niven were not in it as chief zany—but he is; and he makes the picture, Loretta Young, and every woman in the audience. He's the new debonair prince-charming, and the way the man can charm and charm without ever going coy proves what a fine actor he really is. As The Great Arturo, magician extraordinary, he not only takes rabbits out of silk hats but even lifts Loretta right out of her conventional engagement to Broderick Crawford and spirits her into his magic act. And makes her like it. Not even materializing out of a goldfish bowl or discovering lipstick on her husband's collar changes Loretta's mind about David—until he starts walking out of airplanes at 5,000 feet, when she walks out on him. I told you it is crazy. But thanks to Mr. Niven's incredible charm and Loretta's equally incredible beauty you won't fidget while waiting for the happy ending. C. Aubrey Smith as Loretta's grandfather is adorable—sorry, sir, but there's no other word for you!

HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE—20th Century-Fox

AT LAST, the epic to glorify that old epic-maker, Hollywood herself! From sheer shyness, I suppose, she has always avoided self-gloration in a really big way; but now she more than makes up for it with "Hollywood Cavalcade," a colossal, gigantic, super-everything Technicolor production involving the motion picture's progress from Keystone slapstick to talkies. It's a big show, as it should be; it's lavish, spectacular, sentimental, lush and overcrowded, as it can't help being; but it is also grand fun, it can't miss. Just Hollywood! Against the background of the swiftly moving film industry, the personal, romance of one of the first great directors and one of the first star beauties is enacted by Don Ameche and Alice Faye. Fame and fortune leave her unspoiled; he turns temperamental and slips to obscurity, until she rescues him and the talkies are born to lift them both to greater heights. Miss Faye is gorgeous in Technicolor and dramatically poignant. Hilarious scenes hiking back to the custard-pie era will give Ma and Dad a nostalgic belly-laugh and may even make Junior snicker. Cheers for old-timers Chester Conklin and Ben Turpin, for J. Edward Bromberg's fine acting and Alan Curtis' profile, and for Alice Faye, pretty even with custard pie in her eye.

ETERNALLY YOURS—Wanger-United Artists

OF COURSE you won't be missing this! It's the one picture every woman will want to see at least once. A freak show, maybe; a hussy's holiday, a star's circus—and, naturally, always amusing. Clare Boothe's acid play is even better as a motion picture, thanks in part to inspired casting. The stellar competition for first honors, alone, makes "The Women" a grand show to watch. Chief contestants are Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford, and their respective fan factions. It may lead to hairpulling in the audience yet. Shearer has the fat sympathetic part of the nice woman whose husbandstrays to Crawford's sequined side. Siren Joan gives an unvarnished and uncompromising performance as the other woman. Rosalind Russell frankly caricatures her rich rôle of catty friend and consequently bites off most of the scenes she's in and chews them with relish in full view of the other cast members. Remember, there's not a man in the film, not even a shadow. Joan Fontaine is dewily refreshing as the sweet young matron, Paulette Goddard convincingly hard-shelled as a chorus girl, and Virginia Grey a vision of beauty in a too tiny rôle. Virginia Weidler as Shearer's daughter is the best actress of them all. Adrian's big fashion show, all in Technicolor, is something to see and swoon over.

RULERS OF THE SEA—Paramount

HERE'S a sea picture which makes you really feel the wind in your ears and taste the salt on your tongue. When Frank Lloyd makes a marine epic, it's real. Fortunately he stops short of giving his audiences mal de mer. But all the other sensations of seafaring are here. The first and the final scenes are terrific—the first, a tempestuous voyage under sail; the last, conquering the Atlantic in the first steamship. Plausible blend of fact and fiction, "Rulers of the Sea" gains greater crediblity by its fine casting. Will Fyffe, eminent Scottish actor, is a joy as the philosophical mechanic who dreams of steam engines and finally invents one which works. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the skeptical sailor converted to the crazy new idea by Fyffe, is excellent despite a tendency to slip from Scottish to Oxford accents and back again. Margaret Lockwood—a fortunate few of you may have seen her with Mr. Fyffe in the British film, "Old Bob"—is spirited and charming as Will's daughter. Here's a wholesome picture for the family, a must-see.

BECAUSE OF SO MANY FINE FILMS THIS MONTH YOU'LL FIND MORE "BEST PICTURES" REVIEWED ON PAGE 84.
HERE'S THE SECRETARY, JACQUES PARSONS

Is It Fun Being A Screen Star's Secretary?

The job of personal secretary to a glamorous movie star quite frequently adds up to a colossal pain in the neck. Ask the gal who's been one!

Incredible as it may seem to Mary Smith, pecking away on dunning letters to Mr. Thistlebottom or billing Mr. H. Terwill Beeman for 6 gross of double duty coat hangers, glamor in and of itself turns out to be pretty thin stuff when you get it in daily doses. And without the glamour element, the job either is routine or a nerve-wracking one of long and screwy hours, a million and one fantastic details to be remembered, and a boss who can switch from Lady Bountiful to Hell On Wheels without turning a finger-waved lock. Try that combination on a typewriter six days a week and find out how inviting a nice clean madhouse is by comparison.

Hollywood boasts one secretary to a star, however, who wouldn't trade jobs with Wally Windsor if Eddie were willing. She is Jacques Parsons and Ginger Rogers is her boss. Jacques (you pronounce it Jack) is about Ginger's own age, tall and slim, and as dark as Ginger is fair. In her young lifetime she has managed to get around a bit and to my way of thinking has had a lot of experiences that make her Hollywood sojourn dull and commonplace by comparison. That she thinks otherwise is, of course, her prerogative.

After being graduated from the University of Montana she took graduate work in French in the University of Grenoble in the French Alps. After that she traveled extensively, living in Czecho-Slovakia when there was such a country and puttering around French Somaliland in Africa. Her first job was teaching French in a swank private girls' school in Los Angeles and after that she held a succession of jobs in travel bureaus, bond houses, furniture marts and interior decoration shops. When the wanderlust bit her she landed in Shanghai where she began teaching in a Chinese girls' school. Later she joined the Shanghai Power Company as private secretary to the president and eventually moved on to Nanking where she was secretary to a scientific instrument firm. When the bombs began dropping a bit too close for comfort she closed up shop and came home.

After all that, she still says being secretary to Ginger is the most exciting, adventurous and satisfying job she's ever held! Obviously there must be a reason for a broad statement like that. Jacques explains it this way: "Even though I sound like the original president of the
original Ginger Rogers Fan Club, I must admit it is because of my boss, not the job," Jacques stated with a finality that dinned you to question her words: "Movies, in themselves, never had any particular appeal for me, even though I lived next door to them when teaching in Los Angeles. In fact, until I stepped foot in my office at RKO the first day, I'd never been on a movie lot—and until I met Ginger the night she hired me, I never had met anyone directly connected with a studio."

Jacques has a warm memory of that night. During her interview with Ginger she naturally called her Miss Rogers. After five minutes of it, Miss Rogers had had enough. "Look, we're just two gals," she said. "From here in you are Jacques and I'm Ginger. Forget that Miss Rogers stuff!"

Jacques knew little of Ginger that night other than that she was a topflight movie star and had a general reputation of being a thoroughly decent sort. She also had heard she was "reasonable" to work for, something of a rarity as I said. Now, after a year and a half of daily association with her, on good days and bad, under pressure and in leisure (if Ginger ever permits herself any leisure), she's had a fair chance to size up the Rogers' virtues and shortcomings.

"In all honesty I can say she is the fairest boss I've ever worked for, and that is no pun," Jacques said. "Ginger respects others and demands respect from them. She gets angry now and then, of course, and you know about it when she is angry, but by the same token, she is not a shouter or a desk-pounder. She tells you plainly what's wrong and why. She is friendly, but never encroaches on familiarity and will not tolerate it in others. She is a democratic girl, as genuinely at ease and pleasant to a carpenter in overalls as a Mrs. Richgilt in a formal drawing room. She possesses the knack of drawing the other fellow out to talk about himself and then listens with real interest and attention. She can be stubborn about things on occasion and like the gentleman from Missouri, she must 'be shown' when some new idea is not readily acceptable; but by no means does she flatly shut her mind against the new or the untried. Basically she likes nothing better than a challenge.

"She abominates people who 'yes' her and is first embarrassed and then annoyed at fawners. Inclined to be shy with strangers, she loves small groups of intimates about her day and night. Two (Please turn to page 94)
SCREENLAND

Glamor School

Edited by Anna Sheridan
"Oomph Girl" rebels! To live down her unwanted title, La Sheridan deliberately selects these clothes of quiet elegance.

Miss Sheridan wears, here, a coat dress especially designed for her by Howard Shoup. Of blue gray self-striped wool, it has an unusual double pocket set at one side to give a peg-top effect. The huge collar and muff are of silver fox; and her hat is a mass of coq feathers. On opposite page: putty-colored crepe fashions an afternoon dress with sunburst tucks radiating from waistline and softly folded bodice. Ann's tall-crowned hat has a smart cockade of electric blue coq feathers.
Covered shoulders. Jeweled girdle. Carnation-pink ostrich plume in her hair. These are the very important fashion highlights of Ann Sheridan's kelly-green, frosty-finished crepe dinner gown she's shown wearing here.
When you go to the Game, you don't want to be dressy but you do want to look your best! Like Barbara Stanwyck, above, in her favorite new fur jacket of "freak fox." Or Louise Campbell, far left, in her smartly practical sports coat of ocelot. Patricia Morrison prefers a cloth coat with mink sleeves, tie, and muff.
FOR
THE
GAME
Yes, there is one thing Mischa Auer takes very seriously: his hobby, amateur photography.

Auer, top center, takes self-portrait with Mrs. Auer by means of long cable shutter release. Top left, Mischa in his home "portrait studio." Above, his study of daisies; below, dancing chorus; below right, portrait of a friend.

CANDID

COMIC

By Ruth Tildesley

He meant to be a painter. Mischa Auer, up to the age of twelve, attended the Imperial Academy of Art in St. Petersburg, Russia, and dreamed of being a great artist. He was interested in working with oils rather than water colors, he liked color and he loved to try to catch blue shadows on snow, pastels in hanging icicles, the many greens in
a garden, the flesh tones in a face. At twelve he was suddenly transformed from the sheltered child artist in the academy to a wild boy refugee, hiding in Siberian wastes and descending on passersby with his gang to rob and steal for food to eat and clothes to wear. Even then, despite hunger and hardship, homelessness, fear and grief, Mischa cherished the dream of creating a masterpiece.

"But it seems I am better at making funny faces than I am at painting a pretty one," he observed, smiling his sad little smile. We were at his house in the Hollywood hills, where studio windows look out over the wide sweep of the city. Light from the windows fell on the pictures mounted on sheets of cardboard that covered the piano, the tables, the couch and unoccupied chairs. "I arranged them for you," he explained. "You might find something there. I am a fiend for the camera these days. Always when I look at something I see what I could do with it if I had my camera with me. I want to say, 'Would you mind moving over here where' (Please turn to page 80)
"Radiant" is the Word this Winter

If you have that radiant quality, you don't need much more. Here are ways of accenting what you have or acquiring what you have not. Happily, they are pleasant!

By Courtenay Marvin

Three examples of radiance! Above, Brenda Marshall. Her appeal is a combination of good looks, good taste in clothes, and good spirits. Center, Paulette Goddard, who has the spark of life, itself. Below, Linda Darnell, glowing with youth and beauty in face, figure, and smile. These girls have what it takes!

The girl with real radiance need ask little of life. It comes to her. For she has what it takes. This natural radiance, however, is a rare quality, so the best solution for many is to supplement nature with art, so far as appearance goes, and to pepper up their personality.

Fortunately, art was never more with us than at this season. For the smartest color accent to your lips is red, flamboyant red. In the last year, we have run the gamut in color of face accents from frankly purple to pastels, and once more we're at home with nature's own palette, red for lips and that faint flush of the cheeks more akin to red than to mauve or pink. There is something gloriously frank and natural about red lips again. No one cares much whether nature or you put them there; the point is, they're back.

The color of red is a step toward that radiance, precious above all qualities making for beauty. Red creates a lip and cheek tone that looks healthy, full of life and vitality. Pale beauty has its appeal of a limited kind; barbaric colors on the skin sometimes achieve an exotic charm; but for a good, every-day, garden variety of beauty, we say, "Red lips belong!" And I believe the men will give this sentiment hearty approval.

With the approach of cold winds, cheerless suns and snow in the air, it would be extra-nice if the suggestion of life and force that accompanies our radiant lips might also permeate our beings to add more zest to this pleasant business of living. To be, to feel, to look that part would, indeed, be something! Now, there are ways and means to escape limp days, to avoid that worn-out look and that general air of lowered energy that show in face, carriage and voice. I wonder how many realize that your voice may become (Please turn to page 93)
Luxury of hand in velvet-back gloves from Kayser’s Cable Collection, above. Velvet back is Nova-Wet processed; palm, a lightweight wool. Chic, yet cozy. Black, wine red and marine green. $1.50.

Inside the gay gift box opposite, are Larkwood Knee Free stockings. A welcome innovation in hosiery achieved through a Laster snood top. They stay up without gartering, or stretch from two to six inches when gartered. They bend and stretch with you, absorbing action strain, so Larkwood two-threads equal the life of the usual three-threads. Here is practical luxury for yourself, or for coveted Christmas gifts. Seven lovely tones; $1.15 each.

Munsingwear’s “outer layer of skin” is literally that — so light, so controlling, so much a part of you does its Laster and rayon power tissue fabric become. It works miracles with figures, lifting the bosom, snugly the waist, rounding the hips without benefit of bones or lacing. Net brassiere top with underpart knit into the garment to eliminate unnecessary seams. That detachable crotch is an important feature; it can be whipped out and laundered in a jiffy. In nude, and priced at $5.

From dusk on, wear velvet for its sumptuous beauty. Here, below, is an inspiration for all but very formal moments, Cinderella crush-resistant rayon velvet suavely cut to give you a full, high bosom, beautifully broad shoulders through brief, puffed sleeves, a nipped-in waist and graceful hips. The belt is gold kid with a little front bow. Carry out the gold theme in jewelry. Black, royal, wine. Junior misses’ sizes. About $20.
NOW they have something new again, and all you girls will be wanting to wear them soon. But they aren’t going to cut a dent into the sale of the Gene Autry sweat shirts, or autographed baseball bats—nothing like that, because they’ll cost a sight more. They are made by a Hollywood jeweler who has made his reputation by creating the smartest costume jewelry in town. This new creation is the pride of the firm. It is a clip of genuine ivory cameo, and the profile on the dark background is none other than Tyrone Power. The cameo accentuates Ty’s clear-cut handsome profile. He is in the character of his Major Soile role in “The Rains Came.” The likeness is very East Indian, and vaguely suggests Rudolph Valentino, but unmistakably is Tyrone, himself. The chiseled profile is topped by a voluminous turban. When I saw one of the first ones made, I wondered what Tyrone thought about the idea of having his likeness dangling from hundreds of women’s dress fronts.

What’s this? Hollywood in battling mood? New films show screen stars scraping, if only for Art. Our gossip gives you the real low-down on what they’re doing outside studio hours.

ANNABELLA refuses to talk much about her tragic departure from her family in France, who regarded it as their duty to stay in their country no matter what should happen to them. But these are some of the highlights of her recent trip to her mother’s home. When she returned to France to bring her daughter back with her, she could only get as far as the Spanish border before all trains were taken over for troop movements, and all private automobiles commandeered by the government. Civilians weren’t allowed to ride on trains, but she hooked a ride on an army transport train from the Spanish border to Bordeaux. That city was in complete darkness and she still had no way of reaching her family, who live twenty-five miles out of the city. There were no telephones in use, so she made her way to the highway leading to her home and started to walk. Then she turned hitch-hiker and got a ride on an army transport truck loaded with soldiers. While waiting the five or six days it took to make all arrangements to bring her daughter back with her, she helped her mother gather the fruit and vegetables from the garden, which is women’s work now, with the men in the army. When she started back, her mother managed to accompany her as far as the French border. They waved farewell to each other from opposite ends of an international bridge.
Dietrich isn't the only scrappy. Ruth Terry, who makes her debut in "Send Another Coffin," thought she could make Bernard Nedell take it, but he turns the tables on her, below.

It must be a Cagney tradition, or else Jean Cagney, Jimmy's sister, is being typed because of her famous brother's roles. Jimmy first attracted attention when he socked a number of his leading ladies. Now, Jean, in "Campus Wives," her very first picture, knocks down and out one of her leading men, Peter Hayes. When Jean first thought of a film career, Jimmy was opposed to it because he wanted his sister to complete her education, but now that she has finished college, Jimmy's encouraging Jean.
"Green Hell," the film which co-stars Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Bennett, above left, derives its title from the historically famed locale of the story, in the Amazon jungles. In this scene from "First Love," above right, Helen Parrish seems to be laying down the low to the star of the picture, Deanna Durbin, and it doesn't look as though Deanna is going to take it like a soldier either. This is Deanna's first grown-up role.

Mrs. Temple tells this one on Shirley, and glows quite noticeably while telling it because, now besides all of her daughter's other accomplishments, Shirley is beginning to show an inventive talent. While Shirley's youngest brother is in school, and she is alone, she is not allowed to go into the deep part of the swimming pool because she can't swim. One day not long ago Shirley asked her mother if she could go into the deep part of the pool if it were made very safe. The question was put in such a way that Mrs. Temple, unsuspectingly, supposed it would be all right. In no time at all, Shirley had rigged a clothes line across the pool with a pulley attachment to a rope around her waist, that made it possible for her to paddle back and forth in deep water and still be held up with her system of ropes and pulleys. However, the whole intricate arrangement was dismantled immediately upon discovery by Mrs. Temple, but not without ample praise.

"It's Andrea Leeds' turn now to tell the story of the strange workings of Hollywood, and to make clear again that the only thing about the place that is constant, is the inability to explain or understand it. About five years ago a girl named Antonette Lees had a contract with 20th Century-Fox. I think I'm safe in saying that you never heard of her, let alone remember her on the screen. Yet that girl played a few bit parts, but was so unsuited to the camera and so obviously had nothing to give that the Fox Studio bosses called her "unphotographic, without sufficient acting ability." The thing that is hard to understand is that the same studio, five years later, had to fight to get the same girl to star in a picture for them. What's more, they paid Sam Goldwyn a handsome sum for her services, And Andrea, on the set of "Swannee River," was never recognized as the girl who on the very same stage was proven inadequate only a few years ago.

Just how romantic the George Raft-Norma Shearer mutual interest goes no one can say, but, because they saw so much of each other in European movies, rumors insist it's l'amour. When they manage to arrive at the same places, here, during an evening the entire town is set to buzzing. Suddenly, all the world seems to have amplified every woman's interest in George's slick-as-a-seal appeal. The Warner Brothers have found that they have a lady hold on their hands. The picture, warned by countless scented, sentimental letters not to let George get killed in any more pictures, or else. His fan mail has jumped to astounding proportions. One woman wrote, "He has the eyes of a fiend with just enough of the devil in them." Another wrote, "Since he has lost that weight he's got more sex appeal than Valentino ever had." However, in "Invisible Stripes" he loses five jobs, one after the other, his only girl, and his life. The latest angle on his divorce is that his wife still says no.

No one could understand why it was that Charles Laughton and his wife made such a fuss about living in a certain apartment in a certain apartment house when they came back to Hollywood. Finally, everyone decided that it was just temperament, and Mr. Laughton was the type that had to be pampered, particularly since the "Hunchback" role was going to be so difficult. And it took a tremendous amount of "pampering" to please the Englishman and his wife, because the apartment they insisted on occupying was already rented to someone else. They were offered luxurious suites at the best hotels, they were shown apartments twice as large, and much more livable, they were shown houses all the way from the beach to Beverly Hills, and it was then that Laughton made the situation clear. "Elsa and I," he said, "will never live in a house again, while we are in Hollywood. We did the first time we were here together, and were never more lonesome. We are unhappy until we move into this apartment, and then people started to drop in." That's why the Laughtons insisted on the same apartment and none other. They held on until they got it, too. I never imagined that Charles Laughton was the kind of person that had to have people around, but he admits he enjoys company.

GREER GARSON is the girl who's going to try to make Bette Davis look like a piker when it comes to screen realism. Greer won't compromise on any point, she wants reality, and to heck with the hair comb and the false eyelashes. The mud puddle scene in "Remember?" is just one instance. You'll remember that bit of action for a long time. And there is a reason. When the scene was shot, it was shot in a mud puddle, and no fancy studio fakes. The director told Greer to flop into the mud when she was attempting to rescue Taylor who was already wallowing. She flopped, and like a brick. She had a lot of fun splashing Taylor, who being a little less realistic, gently splashed back. They were supposed to be having a lot of fun—and Greer was. However, under such circumstances, stars always manage to keep every hair in place and their make-up without a smudge. But not Miss Garson. Just before they were to go into a close-up, and because Bob's gentle splashing left her too clean, Greer reached down into the grime, rubbed her muddy hands across her face and said, "Okay, I'm ready."

The sameness of the climate is the only thing that Sonja Henie can't get used to about Southern California. Although it's nearly winter here just as everywhere else, it's not the kind of winter Sonja is used to, and she gets positively sick for some real ice and snow. Her nostalgia for frosty mornings and icy nights gets so bad sometimes that she can't sleep. She's tried a wide-open sleeping porch, and that helped some. Then she tried leaving the house altogether and sleeping under the stars, in the garden. Sonja's quirk got so bad that her mother never knew where on their extensive grounds Sonja was likely to spend the night, and she worried about her catching cold. Now, she has another genuine cause to worry because Sonja has found a new place to sleep that is really cold, and by every token she should come down with pneumonia. The Henies have a real cold storage vault in their Bel Air home in which to keep their furs and their many perishable Norwegian delicacies. That's where Mrs. Henie finds Sonja when the hankering for a chill gets too strong. Sonja, literally, is keeping that million dollar heart of hers in cold storage.

Although Charles Loughton and his wife, Elsa Lanchester, above left, will continue to appear independently of each other, they'll be teamed again in "The Admirable Crichton." At present, Loughton's acting lead in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Eddie Albert was happy to dance with Zorina in "On Your Toes," but what he liked best was chance to smugle up to la belle ballerina in this fashion, above right.

WAR jitters have hit Hollywood, with more than one of your favorite actors temporarily lost to our screen. Charles Boyer was one of the first to be called to his country's service and it is possible that he will be used in propaganda pictures for the French government, under the direction of Jean Renoir, David Niven, having completed "Raffles," for Sam Goldwyn, is all set to return to England and fight for his country at this writing, and Alan Mowbray has already offered his services. Laurence Olivier, Raymond Massey, Brian Aherne, Cary Grant, Charles Laughton, and Leslie Howard are some of the Hollywood motion picture stars who are ready to return to England as soon as they are called. Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Donald Crisp are reserve officers but have not yet been summoned to the colors. If they go Hollywood will miss them. George Brent, Victor McLaglen, Ray Milland, and Claude Rains are naturalized American citizens now.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND has just confessed that ever since sister Joan Fontaine's marriage to Brian Aherne the entire family has had the privilege, and the fun, of constantly calling her an old maid. The name will stick until Olivia marries, because the whole family has long had a pact governing their behavior in regard to Joan's and Olivia's marriages. The first of them to marry was, thereafter, to be referred to as The Model Wife, and as long as the other remained unmarried, she was to be called The Old Maid. For some reason it was just taken for granted that Olivia would marry first. Eloped or civil marriages don't count. A church wedding is the only means of making The Old Maid into Model Wife No. 2. Olivia is quite willing to match Joan's simple but impressive church wedding, if she had the right man to walk down the aisle with her. Incidentally, right now, Olivia thinks her new brother-in-law is the most wonderful man she knows.

Vincent Price, Ian Hunter, and Basil Rathbone colorfully and authentically costumed for their roles in "Tower of London," a film drama from some of history's bloodiest pages.
Hollywood Beauties in Corset War!

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in everything and anything she ever wears. Travis Banton, famous Hollywood stylist, has this to say in favor of the new corset, "For ten years women have been steadily regaining their lost feminine charm. The War of 1914 brought about a masculine influence in women's wear that lasted until the depression. The present war may nip the latest vogue in the bud. New styles are created to emphasize a woman's natural attractions—the full bosom, thin waist, and normal hips. Such a silhouette requires a firm foundation garment. New corsets are nothing like the old ones with a half block of laces and long, painful stays. They are more of a girdle, easily worn, and are not uncomfortable if properly adjusted. To return to wearing corsets is, indeed, a departure for women and girls, but most women have been wearing girdles for several years and the arrival of corsets is not going to be such a great shock as one, at first, might believe. New dresses will definitely give women more attraction and allure."

And Virginia Field proved conclusively that Travis Banton knew what he was talking about by appearing at the Trocadero the other night wearing a beautiful full-bosomed, hilly evening dress, with the new corsets under it, definitely. And everyone, even her smiling boy friend, Richard Greene, admitted that Virginia had never looked more attractive and alluring in her life.

But most of the sweethearts and husbands of the stars don't seem to be so pleased about the new fashion. Cesar Romero said he'd as soon dance with a ramrod as a girl wearing one of these contraptions. Victor McLaglen said he'd rather not think of them at all. Gene Raymond said, "Most men don't like artificiality in any form, so why make the form artificial? If a girl is suddenly obsessed with the idea of having a smaller waist than anyone else, she should diet and exercise. Isn't it just like a woman after all these years spent trying to free herself of corsets to start sponsoring them?"

Walter Wanger, handsome United Artists producer, and favorite escort of Joan Bennett, took a nice sunny view of the whole thing. "What a woman wears," said Mr. Wanger, "to make herself more feminine and stylish in her own eyes is none of a man's business."

Most bitter against the new corset trend is Binnie Barnes. Poor Binnie has been pinched and squeezed into them so many times in costume pictures that she feels, and we feel, that she is an authority on the subject. Said Binnie, "Lacing oneself into a confining corset is not logical for the modern woman. The idea behind it is to look feminine and appealing. It really isn't feminine in the terms of today. It can only result in making one look stiff and uncomfortable. Anything else would require more practice of the art than I think Miss 1939-40 would be willing to give. Most modern women are interested in outdoor activities; tennis is my favorite game. Can you imagine enjoying the freedom of clothes that fit the tennis picture, say during the afternoon, and then lacing into a straight-jacket for evening occasions? Personally, I couldn't bridge the gap either mentally or physically with such rapidity. Maybe women who do nothing but dress, and are more interested in being the elegante than anything else, won't mind being slightly miserable in order to achieve the new torso, but the average woman has little enough time as it is and she is looking for further avenues of freedom when it comes to clothes rather than further restrictions."

Naturally, the "athletic" girls are against anything that's uncomfortable or confining. And you can't blame them for that. Eleanor Powell, who dances better than any girl in Hollywood, said, "Any modern girl who'll permit herself to be laced into one of those antediluvian monstrosities should have her head exam-

WALTER WANGER: "I should imagine that modern girls would rebel against being harnessed up for the sake of a change in modes or some stylist's whim."

Binnie Barnes: "These things are likely to give you heart trouble—in more ways than one. You can't possibly breathe properly, and your best beau won't like it."

TRAVIS BANTON, STYLIST (center): "New styles are created to emphasize a woman's natural attractions—full bosom, thin waist, normal hips. Such silhouettes require firm foundation garments."

ALEXANDER HALL, DIRECTOR (above): "I don't like them. Steel always leaves me cold."

Virginia Bruce (top): "Only feminine type girls should wear them—they don't seem suited to athletic types. I would hate to think of corsets as a permanent fashion requirement."

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the fact that Hedy Lamarr is a good cook is of more lasting value than that her velvet skin send men to their death. At any rate, there was I, eyes bugging away, thinking, This is NOT Mrs. Chips! This tall, beautiful woman with Florentine red hair, white skin, green eyes, vivid mouth, wearing a frock of not very chosen Kelly green, a Roman-striped scarf casually flung about her throat—no, no, I hadn’t expected Mrs. Chips to look like this. I hadn’t been prepared for such fire and brilliance. I'd imagined Greer's hair would be golden-brown, her eyes blue or gray, and something sort of wifey about her personality. Charming she would be, I’d thought, gay and all that, but wifey and it was only after I’d managed to control my eyes and head that I took a closer look—see and just at that moment Greer pushed her fiery mane high on her head and I cried out, "Mrs. Chips". Not that there were those little tendrils which nestled at the nape of Mrs. Chips' neck, and then, as she talked, I perceived the sweet, controlled mouth, her eyes were all that quýous hue and I thought, it’s all right—and we settled back, Greer, her mother, and I, to those wisps of cucumber sandwiches and I rested comfortably in the conviction that Greer, even as Mrs. Chips, would share her cucumber sandwich with shy Mrs. Chips, would take such an one as Mr. Chips into her compassionate arms, giving him of her abundant life, loving him for the very qualities, seldom and nostalgic, which made him frustrate and unsuccessful. Yes, in all essentials Greer Carson and Mrs. Chips would be one and the same.

Also, as I discovered, Greer is an excellent business woman with the business woman's understanding of the other fellow's job. She knew that I had come for as much information about herself as I could dredge out of her and she didn't make it necessary for me to delve and dredge. As copiously as she poured tea and dispensed tea cakes she dispensed such facts as she thought would interest me.

Hi, Mrs. Chips!
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about her life; the "pattern," as she calls it, which has brought her to Hollywood. She didn't fein and fume with me, cloyingly pretending that I had no special interest in her but had really come to call on her Siamese cat which wandered lovingly about and would whisper to her as well, though they'll never be called that again, I dare-say; they'll never get their just due on account of how she has brains and breeding, and as being in charge of cats is an old custom of interviewers.

No, first confessing that "I am extremely garrulous," that even as a child she stopped strangers and told them tall tales just for the joy of talking, she got to the point and began by telling me that the name, Greer, is a contraction of McGregor, the Northern Irish clan. McGregor, she said, were so hunted and persecuted that they went around, sort of incog, calling themselves the Greers. Her mother's maiden name, therefore, is Scandinavian. And that one of her father's ancestors was among the Vikings who migrated to the Orkneys in Northern Scotland a century or so ago and called themselves Orkadians. Perhaps she should have changed her name to something more befitting a movie actress, "something like Yola Molanda Maloney," she said, eyes crinkling, for last year, she told us with pardonable pride, she had a total fan mail of five letters (before Mr. Chips,) of course, and four of them were addressed to Mr. Greer Garson, not to mention the advertising matter with which she is deluged, all having to do with shaving lotions and perfumed powder! But she never expected to be a movie actress, of all things.

The "pattern" of her life, Greer told me, amounted to very little. Very little, indeed. Except for the strange fact that neither by birth nor environment nor contacts nor association of ideas was there any explanation of the fact that she was born-knowing, as she only had to be an actress. For she was born in a little country village in County Down in the North of Ireland. Her father died before she was one year old, nor were there just the two of them, Greer and her mother. And of her mother Greer says, "I call her my 'prop' mother because she's so pen and pencil," the naturally—you'd swear she'd been hired to play the role! And so most of the first nine years of Greer's life were spent on that farm where was her mother's childhood home. And all of her first memories have to do with watching her one girl friend, the girl who drove the cows in at milking time, her mother, and the girl who milked into shining pails; of watching the butter being churned, of feeding ducks and geese and chickens—farmyard "lighting" scenes, and not a neighbor within sight, quietness in which to dream. All this far from the world of the theatre, very far from Hollywood, not to mention that on both sides, her forebears ran to academic pursuits, being parsons, doctors, "heads," elders of the kirk—but rebels among them too, come to think of it. Hence, there is explanation, not in fact but in fantasy, for the child on the Irish farm who knew that she wanted to be an actress even then there was no talk of the explanation of how she knew what an actress was. Significant is another of her earliest memories, how she ran away from home one day and how she and her grandmother found her in a nearby village, hobnobbing with some itinerant pierrots, one hand clasped in the hand of an especially beary-breasted pierrot, the other hand clutching a box of chocolates which she had won for her "performance" on the improvised hand-stand. She held rected a little piece. "The chocolate," recalls Greer, "had that white look which comes to chocolates in extreme old age," and how her grandmother had seized it. "Bouquet of chocolate and all!" and the pierrot still held her other hand, and how she sensed, even then, that she was standing at a crossroad between two ways of life, the "child-life of the pierrots, the salt, the respectable but narrow life represented by her grandmother and how she still felt an inexplicable but potent ache for the beery pierrots even though she relinquished that grinny hand and trotted home with her grandmother who called Heaven to witness that "no granddaughter of mine will ever kick her legs on the stage!" And Greer has, she told me, a paternal great-aunt who, actually in these words declared, "Rather than see her on the stage I would see her in prison." But Greer, "all is forgiven and they admit that 'times have changed'!" So there was the choice on the isolated farm, and far from footlights and greasepaint as any mortal could be, and yet all the child cared about there in the farmyard life of nature's unblushing facts of life, was make-believe. She sang before she could talk. She acted, she says, before she could behave. She gave little plays in the old barn. There's a sight I'd like to have seen! For the child was star, playwright, prompter, entrepreneur, and audience. In later years, whenever she was taken to see a play she'd be sick for days thereafter. Sick with excitement, sick with the longing to be on the other side of the footlights. "I must have been a pest of a child," Greer sighs, smiling at her mother, who replied flashingly, "There is no more just punishment!" Do you perceive that the two are kin in taste as well as blood.

At the age of nine, she said, she and her mother settled near London, where Greer won scholarships and studied also at the University of Grenoble in Southern France. Almost at once it became apparent that the academic chromosomes of the ancestral Greers and Garsons had come down to Greer. She achieved all kinds of scholastic honors and distinctions. And it was decided (by her family) that she should become a teacher in one of the English universities.

Greer knew that she had to earn her living. "We were poor," she told me, "not the kind of poor which would have compelled me to sell violets on street corners—nothing so dramatic as that! No, we had a tiny shanty with one cellar but very small is more like it! And we could have sunk into a nice, modest little life, but I wanted more than that!" Nor did she believe she would ever get to a stage door. So Greer went into trade! She got herself a job with a sort of combined library and information bureau, an international corporation of substance and tradition. She had a mahogany desk, buzzers, buttons and authority. In the pursuit of her duties as a dispenser of information she was called upon to find out "almost everything about almost anything," from authentic details of marriage customs in the 18th Century to how London disposes of its waste matter, and where. She ranged town and country, museums, reference files, palaces and slums for her facts. She rubbed elbows and passed the time of day with dusty bibliophiles, tycoons, paupers, Mayfair Princesses. These Charming People, the literate and the illiterate, the sane and the insane. She found out what makes people tick, all sorts of people. "I found out," she says, "that people on the whole are grand! And that experience is the only real training there is for an actress—the training school of life." For Greer doesn't believe that acting is learned only by taking acting lessons, reading plays, going to dramatic schools, though all those things help. She holds that "everything in life goes to make an actress and the more life, the better."

But all the while she was working at her job she was doing amateur theatricals evenings and keeping a weather eye open for a chink to appear in the sealed fortress of the theatre. This chink finally appeared in the seemingly offhand appearance of a young man of her acquaintance who, one day, brought his actress sister to Greer's office to call on her. Not entirely, mind you, so that Greer could experience the thrill she did experience of meeting a real flesh and blood actress, but so that the actress could have the awesome thrill of beholding one of London's most successful

Robert Taylor, Greer Garson, and Lew Ayres, romantic trio in "Remember?" story of modern courtship and marriage, consulting with Director Norman McLeod.

S C R E E N L A N D
business women behind her buttons and buzzers. But instantly Greer perceived that the chink was shrinking. And through this infinitesimal aperture marched our grim Greer—by telling the actress that she, too, longed to be an actress and how should she go about it? The young actress advised her to obtain an interview with the manager of Sir Bartrie Jackson’s Repertory Theatre. And to this young man went Greer. The young manager remarked, "There are one thousand experienced actresses on my waiting list."

"I know," smiled Greer, sympathetically, that starry, ah-my-dear smile of Greer’s, "but now there are one thousand and one."

Well, and now we are nearly come to the end of the beginning; for the young manager possessed a divine rod, perhaps, or perhaps his head merely jettied as mine did, at sight and sound of her. Whatever his reasons, there was Greer, on the stage, in a dink black wig and pencil marks on her nose, playing the part of Shirley Kaplan, the Jewess in "Street Scene" and after the first performance some patrons of the theatre told the manager, "She is the only one to play the role—such a racial type!"

So Greer stepped from security and a marvelous job into the "chancy heavens of the theatre," at 4 pounds a week, and then what? But almost immediately she was playing leads. She toured with the company, playing different parts, in different towns, to different audiences. She played, at the last, a native part, a "pneumonia part," clad in gray skirt and gold chills and contracted throat trouble. A spell in the hospital ended summarily her bright beginning on the stage, and it was then, while discussing the advisability of returning to the comparative security of the business world, that Mrs. Garson realized how deeply her daughter loved the theatre. It was then she threw her hat and heart into the ring. "I'd like to be an injured limb, or have a good eye, or roll a spine," she says, "as long as I could wear the gold chills."


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Derby are now done in the paper he picked. I’ve seen Warner Baxter sweep into Hollywood with general travel information. All the excitable, irritating odds and ends and all the big decisions fall into the noon hour. Everything is platitudinous in its tone of emotion.

There’s something about the semi-tropical Hollywood mid-day that is reality and drama in itself. It’s so definite, so truly made up, that it isn’t phony or affected. You can see all of Hollywood then as it actually is, over-publicized, gauche, eager for newness, worshipping betterment and high-tone charity. You can overhear the jealousies, its hates, its heartbreaks, and its happiness. You can see your favorites as you never thought you’d see them. You can get their essence in an epoch of eloquent and enthusiastic. Everything, undisguised, comes to the glittering surface at noon in Hollywood.

There is as much acting here, good and bad, during lunch time as you’ve ever seen on the screen. I’ve seen Paul Muni in the role of Beethoven these many months before he will appear as his genius in a film. I’ve seen him through an interesting hour-and-a-half luncheon, and over meager, cold vegetables with sour cream dressing heard Muni and his wife Bella discussed sonatas and cello passages. I heard him read lines for the right inflection. I saw the pain of Beethoven in Muni’s face as he strained to hear notes that were degrading to his ears. I’ve already seen Jumi as Beethoven.

And just recently I saw either half of a very young and a very pathetically, hopelessly in love couple spend a whole lunch hour in an unreal, sophisticated act for the benefit of all who cared to see. They sat on opposite sides of the Beverly Hills Luncheon room, and with the twentieth century, each with a brand new companion, and each one not knowing that the puzzle and the unappetites of their predicament was plainly visible in their faces. The striving for married happiness here proved too much, even for this young enthusiastic pair. I know they tried very sincerely.

I’ve seen acting here at lunch time that you wouldn’t tolerate on the screen. I’ve seen a quite unimportant young actress sweep into the Beverly Hills Luncheon room with all the flourish of a burlesque queen. In that same breath, with a voice reminiscent of an eagle protecting its young, I heard her demand a good-sized, exclusive luncheon, choose something impressive sounding on a plate to toy with (she didn’t dare eat lunch) and then defiantly and expectantly survey the room for the effect she had created.

Not long ago I heard a star that you’d all known and admired for years put on an actressy, dramatic, melodramatic sort of a scene on the screen for me. It gave me goose skin and a tingle up and down the spine. It was improbable, but it was thrilling. And it was typical Hollywood where nerves are as taut as piano strings. She made the possibility of her being poisoned imminent because her maid had forgotten to pack on their trip a prepared fish-luncheon. The maid had substituted from the studio commissary. The actress’ flow of words had all the thracry drama of an unprepared luncheon at a bungalow on Lido, there to spare her life. Her words clicked with the fury of a machine gun. This idol of the working girl was without a scrap of her vanished screen glamour at that moment but I’ve never seen her more genuine. She was magnificent. Really delicious food can be had at lunchen but it is of no importance. Everything is not acting and all things pretense and tory expectancy. Gossip is an integral part of the restless excitement of the midday here. Amusingly and viciously it is dribbled over the luncheons. Nearly every corned beef and cabbage or sole meuniere.

Everyone seems waiting for something brilliantly startling to happen. And yet there’s so much reality, too. I’ve seen Barbara Stanwyck spend her entire lunch hour planning a party for a club of undervalued girls that she founded, when that important business has been filled with pressing business decisions. I’ve seen Cary Grant dismiss an agent waiting for his endorsement of a nationally advertised product with a very instantaneous combline to make the talk to a young man who needed talking to by someone he’d listen to. The young fellow had run away from home to find easy money in Hollywood and his family didn’t know where he was.

I’ve seen Leslie Howard leave the set of “Gone With the Wind” and spend his entire lunch talking with making notes on “The Man Who Lost Himself.” He will write the production for the screen, direct and produce it as his next picture.

I’ve watched for charity’s sake, act as waitresses at the Assistance League dining room. And I saw some ill-bred tourists, not long ago, let Penny Singleton know that they were in a restaurant in getting stuck with them. They wanted Myrna Loy or Garbo, no less, to serve their table. Courtesy here at lunch time seems somehow intrinsically to the nicety of table manners. Beware of anyone who eats peas with his knife. The entire town is frankest at noon time. Most interviews are arranged for lunch. Stars become very confidential over food. But upon reading the story at a more subdued hour, all meaty, really important statements are promptly cut from their manuscripts. It’s sort of patronizing game of Indian giving and all writers learn to play it quickly, and to the particular advantage of the career in landscape with the noon day is staked in the desires, the criticism and the curiosity of millions of people who demand to know everyone of Hollywood’s fascinations.

All this and a four-figure weekly salaries here and the yachts, the horses, the homes, the imported motors and the ranches; all this, coupled with very irregular working hours, makes one forget the Saturday day the biggest business hour of the twenty-four. I’ve seen stars beleaguered with wild cat schemes by salesmen, business managers and relatives. I’ve been present during the supposed rest period of lunch time and watched the purchase of jewels and furs and amusements between lines of fich nignon or an avocational score at the selling of horses, real estate and crops of citrus fruit. Believe it or not, I’ve seen a salesman, in deep earnestness attempt to persuade a silly innocent that gold cannot be hoarded, to invest her money in pellets of platinum to keep conveniently in a safe deposit box.

The Vine Street Derby is the big business luncheon spot. Producers, directors and stars are almost automatically given convenient telephone connections in their offices, and chauffeured, with all the big New York bankers at the Vine Street Derby. When there is a financial shake-up in some studio and eastern banks have to be invaded, telephone lines there. They invariably are with the top-notch most popular girls of the screen who sparkle almost audibly. It’s good publicity and good business for every one concerned. The longer I live in Hollywood the more I am convinced that acting success here is one part glamour and the rest wholly good business ability.

There is no luncheon spot anywhere quite like the Vine Street Derby. The combination of brains and beauty here at high noon is positively Machiavellian. They have waiters rather than waitresses here, and these men know every feather and place the counterparts in the “blind spots.” The prominence of the caricatures of every screen player on the walls registers their up-to-the-minute importance or failing. You can see the beginnings, the endings, and the middle portions of a dozen different conversations here, each day at lunch time. Notes and drawings, telephone numbers and even songs written and left on the table linen are amazingly informative and amusing. It’s not unusual to see a chorus steppe lunching with a titled European and many is the unknown girl who, over lobster Newburg here, was assured that she would be signed to a contract, and the New York could do a thing about it.

Lately I’ve seen both Clark Gable and Carole Lombard at lunch at Ruby Foo’s (this is the old Vending) with decorator Tom Douglas and a few days later with Bill Haines at the Victor Hugo. They are deep in the business of buying advice and decorations for their ranch home. I can’t quite see streamlined, brittle Lombard on a ranch, even a very exceptional one. But they seem happy as larks.

The noon hour is the time for smart salesmen to pull their high-pressure tricks. Not long ago a young actress at Para mount left the lot at noon to buy some cough drops. She came back in her own brand new, just purchased limousine. No one was more surprised than she.

The showing off of wits and clothes and wealth is at a peak at lunch time. You can sense a little, then, of how the adulation

Hollywood at High Noon Continued from page 33
of millions of people can warp or enrich a personality. There are fashion-plate lunchers here, who appear only at noon time to be seen and to be. There are curiosity lunchers; all the hangers-on in every phase of the industry, along with the tourists and thrill hunters. They make it their sacred and unjustified duty to be present at the luncheon spot that will boast the most celebrities for the day. There are the jeweler displacers who for some reason are regarded with genuine envy. Paulette Goddard wore one of her many emeralds for the first time at a luncheon at the Turf Club, and I saw eyes turn green at her jewels in admiration. I saw a crowd of outdoor lunchers at a drive-in, just the other day, watch Sigrid Gurie in startled fascination. She matched on the back seat the mountain lion or a wild cat (I won't try to name it) nervously paced the back seat of her car. Sigrid was as cool and unconscious as a cucumber. Anywhere else that would have been downright silly. But here it is considered a part of the mad scheme.

At a studio commission yesterday I saw the president of a small Midwest fan club rendered absolutely immovable with excitement. She sat goggle-eyed in a purple print and a complete daze. The Ritz brothers trying to top their wit pounced on her and demanded autographs with all the overzealous eagerness of real hounds. The girl choked on her tuna-on-whole-wheat and nearly fainted dead away.

Besides all the other climaxes, mid-day is Hollywood's most genuine tryshing hour. There are tête-à-tête luncheons at unknown out-of-the-way places where there is less light. In the less light bulbs. Hideaway luncheon spots are in the vogue now. There are more demands for privacy. And yet the demands usually allow a loop-hole for favorable mention in at least one syndicated column. But that, too, you understand is good business. It doesn't take long for a new Hollywood personality to learn that.

Regardless, love has its most advantageous innings at high noon. Anyway, I've seen Cary Grant spend an entire lunch hour at his dressing room telephone talking to Phyllis Brooks who was working twenty miles away at another studio. Half his lunchtime consisted of conversations, talked to me and never missed a word over the wire. That's love I guess. I realized he didn't care what was happening over being in the same room a thousand yards.

All that mattered was that lifting infection from the receiver. Can you blame him? Sometimes the couples arrange for surprise birthday luncheons for each other on their respective sets. Everyone is democratically present, all the crew and cast. Everything is gay camaraderie. The principals hold their at their exalted rates during the entire hilarious hour of pranks and wit.

Even food combinations here are influenced by the rampant romance of high noon. Lowly sandwiches are given romantic names. You can get a Liebestraum (dream of love) sandwich at an open air eatery in the strip. (This is getting to be too much even for me.)

Couples that shouldn't be seen together regularly because of the gossip they are treated with more kindness at noon. "Lunching" sounds much less involved in print than "dining." But Hollywood can be as cruel as it is kind. There is no escaping the hurts or the heartaches of high noon. The biggest names ordered a sandwich while inconspicuous extra feels a little of the harsh reality of Hollywood's most eventful hour.

Projection rooms can be torture chambers at high noon. The mid-day hour when rushes and tests are shown can be the height of a nervous hell. This happened at the most impressive important studio in town. The wife of the studio president knows her man. In this test her youth and passion filled the room. The screen shimmered with her beauty, her stunning black gown revealed every part of her. Her lips were softer than honey. Any other woman in Hollywood would have given a year's salary to be in those glamour-ridden shoes. And yet that woman dressed with the utmost coldness. Her beautiful eyes showed the torture she was in. They were the eyes of the unhappiest woman in Hollywood. When you see her next, her beauty will take your breath away. Her figure will burn men's eyes. You won't be supposed to notice anything else. Her name will continue to go on the college boys and bank clerks with sly, knowing winks and insinuations as to her potent appeal. It's not exactly a situation that makes Hedycome to a complete marriage.

Yes, it was Hedy Lamarr, and that hour was the most dramatic in her career. Despite her sudden, unexpected marriage to Gene Markey Hedy will still have to sell her sex appeal rather than her acting to recoup the million dollars that was squandered on her picture that's now on the shelf. That's how much money in spite of all her studio's efforts for a complete change in her type of rôle and even her name, Hedy was just about where "Ecstasy" left her. Her new eventful high noon tangled even her new happiness in the meshes of her devastating femininity.

Hollywood has come to be the emotional wedge in everyday existence to millions of people all over the world. It has become their drama, their comedy. Seven days a week from dawn till dusk occasionally it flings itself to the remote corners of the world by radio, telegraph and cable. And at home it never lets down, either. It puts on a good program. It lives to the last, it sinks to the very core. It deals in loves and hates. It thrills. And, each day, it builds itself up to a seething new height of fascination at high noon. It

said, "Colbert's gonna be mad." It seems there is a suggestion that Colbert's new 'girlfriend,' a very young, very attractive, girl will knock him down or that when a luxurious loving Glamor Girl, used to comfortable, cool studios and silky dressing rooms, goes on a location and meets the simple life of her partner, she'll be jealous of the simple life of humor, if any, and becomes a combination of Catherine of Russia and a box constrictor.

Again, a morning later the following "adv." appeared in the Camp Drums Daily News:

**BIG SHOW TONIGHT**

See the latest in that kind of plumming! Claudette Colbert's trick folding bath will be on view for one night only.

**ADMISSION**

25ése With Colbert in Tent 15ése

"Whew," said the crew of "Drums along the Mohawk." "Colbert's gonna scream and yell when she sees that!" And Colbert did scream and yell—when she almost her head in City, forty miles away—but it wasn't from fury. Claudette has received some pretty good press notices since she's been in pictures, but with her father dead, however, she grabbed up as many copies of the Camp Drums Daily News as she could lay her hands on and mailed them to her family in Anchorage and Hollywood. And when she was named Campfire Chiefness she would have thought she had just received an Academy Award. No wonder the oldtimers were a little confused. "It just ain't natural," they said.

Well, I'm telling you, Director John Ford and the crew of "Drums along the Mohawk" reason to expect Colbert to be a Problem Child. Born in Paris, educated in New York, and "at home" the past six years in the most luxurious section of Los Angeles. Claudette is as lily-woody as a Flato diamond bracelet. She simply radiates chic and sophistication. The nearest she has ever gotten to the forest primeval was when she went to Arizona to do "Under Two Flags." The cast and the crew slept and ate and batted flies in Tent City, near the edge of the sand dunes, 110 degrees in the shade; but Claudette discovered that Yuma was only a half hour away so she put up at the San Carlos Hotel and bravely endured the hardships in the suite, with room service. When Wesley Ruggles took the "She Met Him in Paris" company to Idaho for the snow sequences, Claudette lived in the nearest hotel, the ranch Sun Valley Inn, which was up to its gables in sking Vanderbilts and Harrimans. When she wasn't working Claudette could enjoy the luxuries of the castle, which, as luxuries go, aren't bad. And the cuisine—oh, me, the cuisine she was bee-out-tiful. Imagine, frog legs, escargots, and baked, Alaska, all on the menu at the same night.

So when they broke it to Claudette that the "Drums along the Mohawk" company would have to spend several weeks in Utah, Claudette said it was too bad but there must be a rather nice hotel in Cedar City. She received quite a jolt when she heard that Edguy May Oliver, who plays an important part in the picture,
had definitely refused to go to Utah. Miss Oliver had even procured a contract which said that Miss Oliver didn't have to go to Utah, or any location she didn't like. Claudette didn't feel any happier about it when she ran into Carole Lombard at a party one night and Carole said, "I hear you're going to that awful location near Cedar City. My dear, you'll loathe it. There isn't even any plumbing. I made a picture there once and haven't spoken to the director or anyone in the cast since."

Good heavens, thought Claudette, what's wrong with Cedar City? Well, as a matter of fact, as she discovered later, there is really nothing wrong with Cedar City, except that it happens to be forty miles away from the location. The roads are narrow mountain roads, and bumpy. There would be no commuting between Cedar City and Camp Drums for Mr. Ford's comfort-loving star. Her "right into the heeds of her shoes when she saw what her "home" was to be for the next four weeks—a tent, with the sun beating down on it all day, and then the "lousy, icy winds fairly blasting her out of bed at night. "I've—I've never lived in a tent before," said Claudette sadly as a nostalgia for her exquisitely decorated bedroom with the specially made mattress swept over her—but no one seemed to care.

The tent was furnished with a grass mat, an army cot with six blankets (all of which she used at night with a fur coat and a sweater on top of them), a make-up table, a chair and an oil stove. "I have to have a bath," said Claudette meekly. And a prop man, with a tender heart, dashed over the mountains to Cedar City and returned with a folding rubber bathtub—which was quite the sensation of the entire camp, for which Claudette was later charged fifteen dollars.

There were no frog legs, escargots and bok choy on the big table in the mess tent that night—or any night. There were huge platters of ham, and eggs, and potatoes, and canned vegetables. The "chimichanga" was so heavy you had to pick it up (as a scientific experiment one of the boys threw a saucer against a pile of stone one day, without even nicking it), and you practically had to be a Ubangi to get your lips over a cup. The first night at dinner Claudette was very much the charming hostess. She produced a Natchitoches potato—and suddenly she discovered that when the dishes got back to her there wasn't anything left. She grabbed with the best of them. The third night she learned to spear a chop fifteen feet away.

That first night the crew gathered around a huge campfire and told stories about other locations but Claudette decided to read some magazines she had brought along (Claude prefers reading to being one of the best informed stars on current events) and so retired to her tent and prepared herself for a literary evening. She was just finding out what the G.I.O. said to the L.A.T.S.E. and the A.A.F. said to the A.A.A.A. when the light, none too strong at best, flickered and went completely out. "Hey," Claudette shouted to a couple of workmen passing by, "my light's out. Will you please fix it for me? I can't even see to undress." "Too bad, Miss Colbert," said the workmen. "Mr. Ford's orders. All lights must be out at eleven."

"Well," said Claudette, "Well." And for the first time since she gave up pigtails and dolls she went to bed without cold-creaming her face. She had hardly closed her eyes before it was five in the morning and the bugle was blaring and it was time to get up.

And then it was that the old-timer location folk had the surprise of their lives! The "great star," whom they had expected to be about as chummy as an iceberg, suddenly announced that she hadn't had so much fun in years, and why didn't they slip off when Director Ford wasn't looking and pass the bread, and then she wasn't acting! (She's not that good.) She really was having the time of her life. She sat around the campfire at night swapping jokes (she threw in a couple of whoopers which no one believed), she bent over double with laughter when a hairdresser and a man from the wardrobe did a cruel impersonation of her best love scene with Henry Fonda, and she got herself involved in a "Hearts" game with Henry, Director Ford, Ward Bond, and John Carradine that lasted off and on for days. And Claudette didn't say anything. "I have no card sense," she says. "You're telling us," snapped Mr. Ford, "stop dropping those hearts when you know he's going for them."

Boy, did she ever! She even pushed La Colbert around in that "Hearts" game. "And then they played a dirty trick on me," Claudette told me later. "All while I was losing they would tip me. All of a sudden I was losing a cent a point. Then I began winning the last few days, and I thought I had run myself up quite a neat little sum. And do you know, to those scoundrels then I had to give up playing for a cent a point! I gave all the money I had to the help here at the Camp, except of course, to receive fifteen dollars of change playing friends for my tips on the way home. They gave me two dollars and a few pennies. I have never been so embarrassed on a train in my life."

It started the night before when Claudette was in the recreation tent taking insults from the boys in a "Hearts" game. There was a sudden explosion in the tent and the whole thing went up! Miss Colbert blazed. She had never seen a new stove in the Camp tent before. She blamed it on the boys and simply demand a new stove in the morning. When she walked the next morning she was in black-face. Soot from the explosion had blackened the tent, top to bottom. And goodness gracious, was she mad! What she called (that stove, that tent, and that location! For hours she blackened the boilers, and mattresses, and the stove, and the boys, and she even brought out the folding rubber bathtub and said it was the finest they had ever seen. She was introduced as "Ole Mammie Colbert" that evening at the dinner table, and the Fonda Minstrel Show offered to make her "end man.""

"My face," said Claudette, "has startled me many a morning when I looked in my mirror, but I never was startled that badly before."

The last edition of the Camp Drums Daily News carried the following item:

A medical convention was held in Cedar City, and the most astounding event of the meet was a paper entitled, "Patients Who Have Died On Me," read by Dr. Claudette Colbert, local sawbones. From which I gathered that Claudette had been up to her old tricks again—practicing medicine without a degree. One of these fine days she's going to land in jail.
Patroness of Music

—But they
BOTH give their skin
the SAME FAMOUS
Simple Care!

At The Opera—Mrs. Hamilton is a
Wagnerian enthusiast. Frequently entertains
at her delightful Sutton Square home.

Begin Art Career—Katherryn Hernan first
started working as a fashion artist and designer
in home-town Dallas, Texas, department store.

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:
Katherryn, is there any
close tie-up between
fashion and complexion?

ANSWER:
"Oh, very close! I soon
realized that a good skin
peps up even an inexpensive
outfit. That's why
I'm so careful always to
use both Pond's Creams."

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:
You mean Pond's Cold
Cream and Pond's
Vanishing Cream? Does
each do a separate job
for your skin?

ANSWER:
"That's just the point.
It seems to me that
clarity is the first
requirement for a good
skin—and I've found that
Pond's Cold Cream is a
great cleanser. What's
more, I love the way
it softens my skin."

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:
Now then, what does
Vanishing Cream do for
your skin?

ANSWER:
"Well—when I'm out-
doors a lot, it protects
my skin from exposure
And I always use
Pond's Vanishing Cream
before make-up. It's a
marvelous powder base."

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Use these 2 Famous Beauty
Aids to DOUBLE your charm

BUY THIS
Pond's Cream
GET THIS FREE
Tie-Up

For a limited time only, choose a flattering
shade of Pond's Powder FREE (generous
box) with your regular purchase of a large
size jar of Pond's Cold Cream.
How Second Love Saved Andrea Leeds

Continued from page 31

I caught up with her on the set of "Swanee River" at 20th Century-Fox, where she was undergoing plenty of ribbing about her marriage. Andrea isn't the wisecracking type; but she has a sense of humor and her amiability had directed Sidney Lanfield teasing her continuously. But before he started the gags he made a gesture which indicates how she stands with her fellow-workers. The Tuesday afternoon after her memorable Monday night he led her to a far corner of the huge sound stage to presumably go over added lines with her. The crew sneaked around the opposite way and wheeled on a wedding cake the size of a table. It was decorated with a horseshoe. The entire company had cake and tea and toasted her.

She was accepting the gallies gallantly when she turned away from Don Ameche to talk to me. The hoop-skirt gown she was wearing prevented her from sitting down in any chair, so a prop boy popped up with a special stool each time she emerged from a "take."

"Each day," Andrea declared earnestly, when we'd ended the funsters, "I say to myself, I can never enjoy life more than this. Never! But the next day comes and I love Bob more. Ours wasn't one of those melodramatic courtships, you know. We aren't given to flying off the handle. That's why I don't think we'll ever have fights. Bob is conservative. He's quiet until you get to know him; I like that in a man. We liked one another's company so soon as we started going out together, but both of us imagined we were being careful because we're both, by nature, quiet. I have never been mad in my life. Not once. I've never seen Bob angry, and people who've known him for years say they never have. That self-discipline makes sense to me. Oh, I become nervous when I do something wrong, but it's always inside me, never apparent. I grow calmer and calmer on the surface!"

"But the fiery Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, your boss," I said, "is undoubtedly explosive. And you walked out on him and into Stanford, remember?"

"That was the one time they were going to give me glamor," she replied. "They fixed me up and tested me in a gold-diggerish role. I saw the test run off and I looked ridiculous. 'I won't look like that,' I announced. I just refused to argue about it." She was punished by being loaned, for a bit part; but the bit was in "Stage Door" and Andrea was so outstanding she was welcomed back and established as a Goldwyn heroine.

She did not ask Mr. Goldwyn's consent to her marriage. "Why should I?" He wished her happiness when he heard about it. She is not going to retire, as has been reported. "How could I? After all, my contract has three more years and I certainly owe Mr. Goldwyn that much loyalty. Bob has only asked that I don't work constantly. Three or four pictures a year will be all right with him, if I've time between. We're going to have three months for a leisurely honeymoon trip!"

Andrea hadn't time to flirt like a débutante for she was cast in one film right after another from the time of her first date with Bob. He discovered that she isn't one of those fantastic actresses, with retinues and temperaments. Three years ago her parents built a comfortable home and she lived with them. Sam Goldwyn didn't attempt to mold her in his traditional pattern; she wasn't given a mysterious build-up as Anna Sten was. Andrea's been allowed to develop as the natural person she is. No mention was made of this publicity, but she resided in her studio dressing room for more than two months of the time Bob was first rushing her. She'd retire there after their dates, to be on hand for work. She didn't have a maid, she made her own bed, did her own cooking there. Such sincere application, minus folderols, speaks loudly for the third.
Lady Esther says—

"Forsake all Heavy, Waxy Creams for 1 month and keep your Accent on Youth!"

Go ask youth—and a whole chorus will tell you to stop using heavy, "waxy" creams. In a blind test, young women under 25 voted overwhelmingly—over 2 to 1—for Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream!

Why let heavy creams defeat your loveliness? Why chance looking older than you really are? Give up those heavy, "waxy" creams that demand pulling of delicate facial muscles—and turn, with youth, to my more modern cream!

Modern life with its fast tempo is a challenge to your face cream. Indeed it calls for a completely different kind of cream from the heavy types popular ten years ago. Modern girls realize this, and have adopted my 4-Purpose Face Cream.

A softly glamorous complexion points the way to tender glances... to compliments and romance! Why deny yourself life's gayest moments? Why not look truly appealing? Give your skin "young skin care"—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—and see each day bring fun... more happiness. You can be so alluring when you're sure of charm!

Just one month will show you that Lady Esther Face Cream is a modern cream that keeps your Accent on Youth. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you make the test I suggest below and see if Lady Esther Face Cream isn't the one and only cream for you?

See the difference... make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW!

Today, there is a very easy way to discover whether you are using the right face cream. You simply compare your present cream with Lady Esther Face Cream.

First, cleanse your complexion with your present cream. Remove it with cleansing tissue, then look at it. Then do the same with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Now, wipe it off with fresh tissue and look at that.

Thousands of women have been amazed... yes, shocked then and there... to see dirt on their second tissue. For Lady Esther Cream removes pore-clogging dirt that many other creams fail to get out.

Renounce all heavy creams for just a month. You'll find Lady Esther Cream, unlike many old-fashioned creams, cleanses thoroughly without harsh pulling of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, as my expense. Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Start now to have a fresh, youthful-looking skin!
One of the most fashionable national sororities, the Kappa Alpha Thetas, pleaded Andrea quickly. She majored in philosophy and English literature. Today she reads several books a day, is the best-read movie actress in Hollywood. She intended to write. The college plays she was in were developed more. A Universal talent scout offered her a stock acting contract, but she declined it. She didn’t want to quit college in her junior year. When she graduated she made the rounds of newspaper and studio offices trying to secure some kind of a writing job. “I maneuvered a column in a highbrow weekly,” she reminisced. “It was all I could get.”

She handled Mexico, wrote reams about it. She earned $3.50 a week with her typewriter. She also wrote scads of originals for studio consumption, and didn’t sell a single scenario.

Everyone she met inquired why on earth she wanted to write when with her looks and college dramatic experience she’d probably make an excellent actress. Andrea was too down-to-earth to pay any attention to such complimentary chatter. One day she got her Goldwyn contract—because director Howard Hawks saw a 10-millimeter amateur drama in which she’d acted while in college. Quite straightforwardly, Andrea told Mr. Goldwyn she’d make a better actress than a better actress.

Some folks call her a softy for not fighting more spectacularly for prima donna privileges. Andrea merely listens. She didn’t try to be gold.” Andrea didn’t want to make her look ridiculous, even if he deemed it glamorous, as a screen gold-digger. She has, I’ve detected, learned the fine art of listening, and then of serenely saying, “What I want most” —this is a last-minute quote—“is to be above all else, the wife of Bob Howard!”

Candid Comic

Continued from page 63

the light is better?” when I come on a fine face, full of character.”

Misha didn’t give up his idea of painting even when, after desperate adventures, he reached the safety of New York to make his home with his grandfather Leo, solicitation teacher of Heifetz, Zimbalist, and Mischa Elman. “I wanted to paint, but there was always the necessity for eating,” he recalled, “so I took the closest job that would pay me a crust as an actor. From Broadway I progressed to Hollywood, where for a long time nobody seemed to be very pleased to have me. I mean as an actor. I shall never forget how kind they were to me as a man. Even the gas station man would say to me: ‘Pay me when you get a job. I know how it is.’ And then he’d add: ‘Why don’t you take this home now and later on you can settle for it?’ I had never thought there was so much kindness in the world! Actors are kind people, and generous, I always paid them, of course, but they were taking a chance.”

Eventually, as everyone knows, a parlor act he had used to amuse the guests of a sort was remembered by a director, who used it—and Misha—in “My Man Godfrey.” And Misha became a comic. Now, with a polka dot mustache, he thought everything.

“I didn’t have time to take lessons, or to do the work that I should have done as an artist, because I was all the time working before cameras,” he explained, “so I took up Photography. I didn't expect it to do more than help myself relax from picture work. I bought an inexpensive camera and began to practice, using my wife and my baby son, Tony. The boy showed his ap-
preciation of my new art by tossing the camera into the swimming pool! That encouraged me to go on and try to make good in his eyes. Now he is interested, too. He helps me make prints. We have a dark room in the basement here, where I do all my own developing as well as printing and enlarging. Come, see it!

Tony, now about six, followed us down the winding stair to the narrow room, one end of which is the dark room, the rest the "portrait gallery," where a complete assortment of lights, screens, and lenses would turn any other amateur cameraman green with envy.

"That's a Mortinson screen," Tony pointed out. He looked at me to see if I were suitably impressed. A Mortinson screen, I discovered, is an etching mask, which, used over a portrait or scene shot, gives the appearance of an old etching.

"We have movies, too," went on Tony, rolling down a screen, "And talks!

"This is a story about candid cameras, please," said Mischa.

"Anyway, show her the talking part," urged Tony.

Mischa brought out the turntable, on which he plays records suitable to action on the screen. There are boat whistles, train whistles, traffic bells, soft, blaring or gay music. The Auers have complete records of all trips and all celebrations. So famous are Mischa's portraits of sitters that he has turned the hobby into a charity. When he makes pictures of friends and acquaintances he charges them "whatever they care to pay" and turns the money over to the church where he and his family worship.

"I have a gadget for taking my own pic- ture," he observed, as we looked over the prints. "This one, with Rose Hobart and Vincent Price, walking in Central Park—I set the spring on the camera and ran and as we walked toward it, the shutter clicked and there we are! It is fun, for a joke, but I do not like my own picture. I was making some fashion shots that day, using the sky-scrapers that edge the park for a background. People watched us, as they will do, and when I made the self-portrait, they couldn't imagine what was wrong. Me rushing madly over to them and then all of us walking, with our teeth showing toward a tree!"

Children are Mischa's favorite subjects. Tony's is the usual child face seen in his shots, but while working in "Unexpected Father" the actor became intrigued with Baby Sandy and managed to snap several shots of her, which he considers among his best. "Children do not mind posing, if you make them think it's fun," he said. "Children are co-operative people. You have only to say: 'Will you help me, please? I wish to do so-and-so,' and they are most gracious. Of course, Sandy is not yet of an age to understand, but she is no trouble.

The only time Mischa ever lost his temper, according to Mrs. Auer, was the day they went out to Versailles, France, to get some pictures. After a twenty mile drive to the right spot, Mischa discovered he had loaded his pockets with film already exposed. "There are times when the camera makes me feel I am a temporary widow," she confessed. "We can hardly take a walk down the street without Mischa finding something he simply must photograph. We dash back for the camera, and try to get back for the picture while the light is still good. What we had meant to do, usually escapes us.

"Mischa is to enter prints this winter in a salon competition. He has covered both the World's Fair in New York and the Exposition in San Francisco, taken pictures from mountain tops, ocean liners, airplane and even from the back of a horse, but some of his finest shots have been made at social functions. Wearing white tie and tails, he wanders around among the guests, looking sad and gentle among famous folk at unexpected moments. He has taken his camera into theatres, where from the front row he has made amazing shots of ballet dancers, operatic burlesque queens. These go into the competition. Mischa will have an exhibit in an art gallery, just as he dreamed at twelve, judge for yourself if he should win a prize.
I'D LIKE TO LOOK LIKE THAT IN MY BATHING SUIT

S C R E E N L A N D

LIKE suitable new the pure you're this must gifty, special softness SCREENLAND new chain, package made for is present on Due Ramsdell. stays faithfully please, jar" the our very a made natural indulge in rich, those in you has cross-check face

SKINNY?

THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS.
QUICK THIS SIMPLE WAY

ARE you afraid you can never be naturally attractive in a bathing suit? Well, thousands of girls who once wore skinty, tired, nervous—almost ashamed to be seen on the beach—have gladly put on just like pounds they needed, gained normal health and pep and the natural good looks and popularity these bring—with these scientifically prepared, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets.

Science gives the answer You see, scientists have discovered that countless people today are thin, rundown, tired, jittery—often unable to eat and sleep properly—simply because they don't get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without enough of these two vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you get these essential missing ingredients in these marvelous little Ironized Yeast tablets. No wonder they have helped thousands of people who needed these substances to gain new naturally attractive pounds, new pep, popularity and success—often in just a few weeks!

Make this money-back test Get a pack of Ironized Yeast tablets from your drugstore today. It with this first package you don't eat better and feel better, with more energy, strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you results normally attractive pounds, new energy and life you've merely refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

But just one warning! Due to the amount of Ironized Yeast we have in a pack of this yeast tablets, a number of clever, inferior imitations have been sold. These substitutes do not give the same results. So always insist on the genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for "IT" stamped on each tablet.

Special offer! To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating little book on health, "Yours About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—or your money refunded. At all druggists, Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2612, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR

Let your local newspaper for exact time and station.

Yours for Loveliness

With Winter, come beauty problems. Come, also, fine aids to our rescue.

BEAUTY Is As Beauty Does" is the motto on this "Beauty Sampler" kit by Daggett & Ramsdell. As to the desire of the fine preparations therein, have no doubt. The Daggett & Ramsdell aids have long been famous. Within the sampler box, with its cross-stitch decoration of alphabet and flowers, are a cleansing cream, foundation cream, face powder, hand lotion and skin lotion in ample quantity for a very thorough trial. Here is an opportunity, at a price to please, to indulge your personal taste for fine beauty aids and to check from "Beauty Sampler" a list of names of those who also adore ways to beauty. "Beauty Sampler" has a gifty, feminine appearance!

HINDS Honey & Almond Cream has a new sister, Hinds Hand Cream. This is the result of many requests for "Hinds in a jar." So here it is, a fragrant new cream to keep busy hands soft and smooth. You will like the speed and ease with which you can apply it; you will like the thorough manner in which it prevents and corrects chapping, roughness, dryness, flaking and cracked skin. You will find the jar of this cream to get at in kitchen, bathroom, desk drawer or on your dressing-table. You will find it an indispensable help for hands that, though they toil, certainly must not show it! In chain, drug and department stores.

The youngest color in the world for lips, pure red, the fashion color of the moment, appears in a new creation, "Magnet Red" lipstick. It is a rich, clear, ringing tone that makes you look so alive and lippy-right. It stays on faithfully and retains its vivid life. It has just the right amount of degree of softness without being smeary. A grand, all-around tone if you have just one lipstick, too. In fact, this column is enthusiastic. "Magnet Red" comes in a double size Sub-Deb case, quite handsome looking.

FOR those who suffer the embarrassment and self-consciousness of a blushed skin, effective aid may be had with Lister's Skin-Cleaning Lotion and Ointment. This is a simple, combined treatment for the correction of an acne condition. So many people come to it, especially the young Corrective steps should be taken at once to prevent scars or a permanent condition. I believe that this treatment offers corrections and I will gladly send you particular requests. It must be ordered.

D'you want a bonus? Of course, you do. Then here is one for you in the form of face powder. For a limited time when you buy a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream for Cleansing, a very attractive box of Pond's Face Powder comes packaged with it. But you pay for the cream only. This cream happens to be ideal for cold weather use, for it smooths and softens as well as cleanses. It leaves your skin fresh and ready for make-up. Indeed, it's a nice all-around cream. You have a choice of four smart tones in powder that gives your skin a velour finish, is glare-proof, light in texture but adherent. A delightful bonus that you'll enjoy using. You will find this offer in your favorite stores.

This paragraph is dedicated to the blonde's ever-present problem of a suitable shampoo for this loveliest and most fragile tone of hair. Blondex is made especially for these blondes. It is an excellent, mild shampoo, safe for children. It washes hair lighter, gives it a glorious lustre and radiance by the thoroughness with which it removes oil and dust-film. It is a new

Blondex gives more beauty to blonde hair and helps you keep this natural charm.

82
Gloves by Julius Kayser & Co., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.
Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland, Ohio
J. L. Hudson, Detroit, Mich.
Emery, Bird, Thayer Dry Goods Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Stewart’s, Louisville, Ky.
Bamberger’s, Newark, N. J.
J. L. Brandeis & Sons, Omaha, Neb.
Rosenbaum’s, Pittsburgh, Pa.
The Emporium, San Francisco, Cal.

Frock by Junior Formal, Inc., 408 Seventh Avenue, New York City
Fleischman’s, Albany, N. Y.
Leon Frohsin, Atlanta, Ga.
Hutzler Bros., Baltimore, Md.
C. Crawford Hollidge, Boston, Mass.
Charles Stevens Co., Chicago, Ill.
H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Higbee Co., Cleveland, Ohio
Neiman Marcus, Dallas, Texas
Gano Downs, Denver, Col.
Blanche Le Baron, Grand Rapids, Mich.
G. Fox & Co., Hartford, Conn.
Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Coulter Dry Goods Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
Byck Bros., Louisville, Ky.
The Young Quinlan Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Lord & Taylor, New York City
Ungar, Inc., Portland, Ore.
Best’s Apparel, Seattle, Wash.

Foundette by Munsingwear, Inc., 200 Madison Avenue, New York City
George Marsh, Boston, Mass.
J. M. Adam, Buffalo, N. Y.
The Higbee Company, Cleveland, Ohio
Bullock’s, Los Angeles, Cal.
Burdines, Miami, Fla.
Best & Co., New York City
J. L. Brandeis & Sons, Omaha, Neb.
Meier & Frank, Portland, Ore.
Famous-Barr, St. Louis, Mo.
Hale Bros., San Francisco, Cal.
Palais Royal, Washington, D. C.

Frock by Larkwood Silk Novelty Mills, Inc., 385 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Regenstein’s, Atlanta, Ga.
Miller-Taylor Shoe Co., Columbus, Ga.
Montaldo’s, Columbus, Ohio
Columbia Dry Goods Co., Houston, Texas
Sterling Stores, Little Rock, Ark.
J. W. Robinson & Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
John Gerber Co., Memphis, Tenn.
The Young Quinlan Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Bishop’s, Inc., Norfolk, Va.
Nissen Shoe Store, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Bedell’s, Portland, Ore.
Hudson-Belk Co., Raleigh, N. C.
Julius Garfinkel & Co., Washington, D. C.

Let “Lysol” Help YOU Avoid It
For 50 years many doctors, nurses, clinics, and thousands of wives, have recognized in “Lysol” a simple, wholesome preparation for feminine hygiene which any woman can use with confidence. “Lysol” is a powerful germicide.”Lysol” solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs. Directions for the many important home uses of “Lysol” are given on each bottle. Buy “Lysol” at your drug store.

“An ideal couple” said all their friends when Jim and Vera were newlyweds, a few years ago. And “an ideal wife” thought Jim . . . But that was before they were married.

A lovely child the next year should have made their marriage still happier . . .

Plenty of money; in fact they seemed to have everything to make a marriage successful.

Yet they drifted apart . . . and their friends wondered why. So did Vera.

She was careless [or ignorant] about feminine hygiene.

*This ONE Neglect few husbands can forgive. If only she’d known about “Lysol”!

Lysol
Disinfectant

1889-1939, 50th Anniversary

What Every Woman Should Know
SEND COUPON FOR “LYSOL” BOOKLET
Send me free booklet “Lysol & Germs” which tells the many uses of “Lysol.”

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________

Screenland
"Eyes of Romance"
WITH THIS AMAZING
NEW WINX

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new improved WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem naturally longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter...sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does not stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting. WINX Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new Pink packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—today!

Money-Back Guarantee!
Amazing new WINX is guaranteed to be the finest you've ever used. If not more than satisfied, return your purchase to Ross Co., New York, and get your money back.

Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WINX Lipstick!
WINX LIPSTICK gives your lips glamour ... makes them appear youthful, moist... the appeal men cannot resist! Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying—and STAYS ON FOR HOURS. For a new thrill, wear the Raspberry WINX LIPSTICK with the harmonizing Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Fascinating!
Get WINX LIPSTICK, at 10¢ stores, today!

A WONDERFUL picture, to warm the heart of every American! Director Frank Capra has poured his patriotic soul into this timely and provocative comedy drama, has cast it to perfection, and has turned out the best entertainment as well as the finest movie message of the month. This is NOT a propaganda picture, but an American saga of a naive prairie lad of fine ideals and devotion to his country who, coming to Washington as junior senator, learns for the first time of the crooked political machine which appointed him and in a 23 hours' filibuster manages to smash it to smithereens. Much hilarity as well as heart-throbs as Mr. Smith upsets the national capitol by sticking to his old-fashioned ideals, and with the aid of a wise and pretty secretarial career-girl winning his battle. James Stewart couldn't be better as Mr. Smith, Jean Arthur is priceless as the pretty secretary, and Claude Rains, Thomas Mitchell and Edward Arnold perform flawlessly. Take the whole family!

THE RAINS CAME
20th Century Fox

YOU probably had a long, luxurious evening at home with Louis Bromfield's good, substantial novel about the life and love of the more colorful characters in a British colony in India. Now you can have another evening with the same novel, surprisingly enough brought to the screen intact, if anything enhanced by the Hollywood magic which turns on earthquakes and floods to order. It is still the human drama, however, which holds your attention. Most magnificently cast film of the month! Myrna Loy, Tyrone Power and George Brent are seen at their very best, and newcomer Brenda Joyce registers strongly with her fresh charm.

HONEYMOON IN BALI
Paramount

GAY, decorative, audacious, Edward Griffith's newest romantic comedy will charm you right out of the doldrums. It's smart, it's lively, it's daring in a well-mannered way. Madeleine Carroll plays a successful Manhattan career girl who has always been too rushed to bother about love but discovers, when Fred MacMurray saunters into her life, that she has been overlooking something—in fact, everything. Her capitulation to Fred's gallantries provides the frothy plot, with many side-glances at Miss Carroll's whipped-cream beauty—though Baby Carolyn Lee steals the show. This is no travelogue, more of a Cupid's catalogue.

Here are more Reviews of the Best Movies of the Month! You've Never Seen So Many Good Pictures as Hollywood is Turning Out Right Now! Have Fun at the Films!

D. E.

Mr. Smith goes to Washington
Columbia
began to express itself in melody before she could talk. It was inevitable that Deanna Durbin should become a singing star, for her sensitive nature is finely tuned to the harmony of the cosmos, and every fibre of her being responds to the muted symphonies of the heavenly spheres. Her singing voice will continue to be one of Deanna’s most valuable assets in the future. Her chart shows it will grow in scope and become operative in timbre. She will play not only in motion pictures, but radio and television will also claim her talents in the coming years. She will be as successful in television as she has already proved in films and radio. Then, when her voice blossoms with maturity, I predict the Metropolitan for Deanna, and great success in opera.

As for love and marriage, her chart shows clearly the youthful flowering of romance, but real serious love will not materialize until a later date. If Deanna followed the dictates of her sensitive nature, her chart shows, she would want to marry before she is twenty, but I am certain that parental and studio pressure would be brought to bear to keep her from marrying so early. It is safe, however, to predict that Deanna Durbin will be happily married by the time she has reached the age of twenty-six. Two children are shown in her chart, and they will both inherit her musical talent.

Generally speaking, when Sagittarius persons follow their own instincts in love and marriage they are quite happy, as witness the long-lasting marriages of Frances Dee, Edward G. Robinson, and Grace Moore—all Sagittarius-born. Frances Dee was born on November 26, and I have read her chart on numerous occasions. It clearly showed her marriage to Joel McCrea would be successful, for she has the intelligence to make the adjustments that are usually required in any marriage. I predict that Frances Dee will go on to even greater heights in her screen career, and that her marriage will be a lasting success.

As for Edward G. Robinson, who was born on December 12, he possesses the qualities of stability and sincerity so often found in Sagittarius persons. His marriage has been a pronounced success for almost twenty-five years, and will continue so. Edward G. Robinson will remain on the screen for several more years before retiring. His chart shows further success in radio, and in the more distant future, television.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born on December 9th, and his chart shows he inherited disturbances at the time of his birth, especially in the houses ruling romance and marriage, and his first marriage to Joan Crawford was doomed from the beginning. I recall the night, a number of years ago at Pickfair, when Joan and young Doug had just been married. They were both young and eager with the thrill of new love, and they implored me to predict if their marriage would be successful. I looked up their charts and felt guilty at having to shatter their new-found happiness, but I predicted their marriage would inevitably end in divorce. The passing years fulfilled that prediction, and Doug, Jr., has married again. Recently when I visited him at Universal Studios on the set of “Green Hell,” the first question he asked was, “What will the outcome of my marriage be? If you say you see a divorce in the future, I won’t believe the stars, for I’ve never been happier in my life.” I assured Doug that this marriage, according to all the charts, can last indefinitely and bring him great happiness. He will also attain greater success in his screen career, for maturity has brought a richness of personality that is most attractive.

The trend for Sagittarius persons in the coming months is successful. It is interesting to note the youngsters who are just making a bid for motion picture fame, who were born in Sagittarius. Their charts show that they stand a good chance of becoming our stars of tomorrow. They are: Betty Grable, who has already scored in several pictures; Ruth Hussey, who is real star material, and will bear watching; Robert Kent, who played the likeable drunk in “East Side of Heaven,” and Joan Woodbury, who has not yet had her really big chance.

As for YOUR future, if your birth Sign happens to be Sagittarius, you may begin to look for radical changes for the better in finances and business. You are aggressive and late to be in a rut. During the coming months you will have your wishes fulfilled, but you must be alert and take advantage of every opportunity.

Remember that marriage and Sagittarius-born make mistakes in love and marriage, and many times divorce is inevitable, but if you choose your sweetheart or marriage partner according to astrology you may avoid heartache and divorce in the future.

The compatible Signs for Sagittarius are: Aries—March 21 to April 20, Bette Davis; Joan Crawford; and Spencer Tracy are Aries types. Leo—July 23 to August 22, Robert Taylor and Myrna Loy are Leo. Another compatible Sign is Virgo—August 23 to September 22, Fred MacMurray and Greta Garbo are typical of this Sign.

Norvell Helps You in Your Quest for Romance
Continued from page 21

Honey
BEAUTY ADVISOR.

DON'T GO, HONEY—I WANT YOU TO SEE MY CHRISTMAS PRESENT FROM JIM.

GRAND! I'D LOVE TO KNOW WHAT IT IS!

GRAND! I'D LOVE TO KNOW WHAT IT IS!

IT'S A BEAUTY, SALLY! SUCH A RICH, DARK BOTTLE OF HAND LOTION, BUT SALLY!!

NOW HOW DO I LOOK, HONEY? MY HANDS FEEL AWFUL SOFT.

WHAT IS IT, HONEY—SOMETHING WRONG?

WHAT IS IT, HONEY—SOMETHING WRONG?

YOUR HANDS SO RED AND ROUGH—THEN GO WITH THE SOAP AT ALL, THEY BELONG IN THE KITCHEN SINK.

IT'S MY JOB TO KNOW WHAT HELPS SOFTEN UP CHAPPED HANDS FAST—AND THIS DOES, IT'S EXTRA-CREME, EXTRA-SOFTENING!

IMPROVES THE LOOKS OF YOUR HANDS!

WANT lovely hands? Then use Hinds Hand and Almond Cream—daily. It's extra-creamy, extra-softening to chapped, worked-up hands. Coaxes back the lovable softness that cold weather, housework, dishwashing, take from your hands. No wonder it's the favorite of women who pride themselves on their soft "Honeymaid Hands." Contains Vitamins A and D. At toilet goods counters. $1, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢... NEW! Hinds Hand Cream—fragrant, non-sticky, quick-softening! In jars, 10¢ and 39¢.

Wednesday Night's Fun Night with
BURNS AND ALLEN
Columbia Network—Coast to Coast
7:30-8:00 E. S. T. See newspaper radio column for exact time on your local station.

S C R E E N L A N D
YOUR FORTUNE FOR THIS MONTH

If you were born under one of the other Signs of the Zodiac, check the section below and see what the stars show for you under your birthdate as there are certain aspects of the planets that will bring many unusual and changing conditions for everyone.

March 21 to April 20—Aries

The activity of Mars has subsided somewhat, and you will feel more freedom in financial and business affairs. Venus brings you another romance in the coming weeks, that is if you are not already in this romantic situation. This month favors investments in real estate and stocks. Also good for changing residence, travel, or visiting friends, and relative promotion may come through the influence of a friend in business, and conditions should be good for investing in a business of your own. The stars warn against excesses in eating and drinking, and to watch the health on the 4th, 9th, and 21st.

April 21 to May 20—Taurus

This is a good month, romantically speaking, and there may be two members of the opposite sex who claim your affections at this time. Change, occasionally, and do not commit yourself too soon, for amazing things await you in the next two or three weeks. The financial problems may not yet be fully solved, but look toward independence and security. More money will come through normal channels than did last month. This month favors writing, music, dogs and artistic and literary efforts. Good for dealing with the public, selling, clerical and secretarial work. The best days are the 2nd, 4th, 6th, 9th, 13th, 16th, 19th, 22nd, 25th and 29th.

May 21 to June 20—Gemini

The heart interest should prove somewhat better this month than for you have been forced to make a decision in love lately, owing to the activity of Venus and Mercury. You may make up your mind to something and there is every likelihood that any marriage entered into at this time stands a very good chance of being successful. This month favors teaching. The public, newspaper reporting, and sales or promotion work. Seek business changes, and watch your money, for you may be tempted to extravagance.

June 21 to July 22—Cancer

There may be a problem connected with romance or the home this month, for the Moon, your ruling planet, comes under some adverse aspects. If married, and unhappy, you may choose this month to make a decision about a separation. If you cannot overcome the problem in any other way, the stars show that this month is excellent for such a change. Those who are single, but romantically inclined, will have ample opportunity to find romance at this time. Social activities are good. Doctors, lawyers, or other professional persons may enter your life, health of a relative may cause concern. Travel by land, avoid overdoing, and watch the health; the month will end on an active, optimistic note. Finances will be much better.

July 23 to August 22—Leo

An excellent month for all personal and business affairs. The settlement of a legacy or the payment of a debt may take place in the near future. The social side of your life will take up much of your time. Finances are steadier, and a change of position may be considered. Be cautious in romance, and avoid jealousy or quarrelling. Do not sign papers, or be come involved with the affairs of others, for Mars brings some danger of a secret enemy. Put off trips at present, for more important matters may engage your attention. Creative work is favored and music, painting, designing, and acting may bring rich rewards. Real estate deals also favored.

August 23 to September 22—Virgo

More peaceful vibrations prevail this month. Good for romantic changes, marriage, and the home. There may be one or more surprises in connection with work, in the coming weeks. You will be in a pleasant nature, however, and show profit coming from expected sources. Curb investments, and avoid signing contracts, settling estates, or disposing of real estate if possible, for at least this month. Pursue any artistic ambitions you may have, especially in a musical or acting capacity, for you could easily succeed in this field.

You are of a very romantic nature and easily hurt. Be prepared for a little disappointment in regard to the one you love. Watch the health on the 8th, 14th, and 28th. Relatives may impose on you this month, so avoid entanglements.

September 23 to October 22—Libra

You can begin to make big plans for your future, for this month sees your plans maturing. Jupiter and Saturn help you to secure a more stable career. Be courageous and aggressive this month, for the influence of some important man may bring you out of obscurity. Settle any debts you owe, and work to your own advantage. Do not make a decision regarding love or marriage yet, for something will happen to bring another romance into your life. Libra persons often make the same mistake as once, so be careful not to select the wrong person in love. This month favors selling property, disposing of obligations, making changes in business or residence; even moving to another city or state.

October 23 to November 22—Scorpio

Your ambitions may be somewhat curtailed this month, for you have more ideas than you can live up to. Do not be impatient for this month begins a more prosperous cycle for your business matters. Good month for dealing with large organizations, institutions, hospitals, schools, sales work, beauty parlors or secretarial work. You might become interested in going into a business of your own, and would be successful if you have the backing. Romance does not appear settled, so avoid being hasty, or overdoing; a marriage unless you are positive you are in love. Those already married may have some problems arise that threaten the continuance of the marriage. This month ends on a pleasant note, and assures you of better things to come.

November 23 to December 21—Sagittarius

To what we have already said about Sagittarius we may add that profit will come through some change that is being planned at the present time. This may bring you into contact with the public, and give you work that is of an executive nature. The stars also affect the artistic and musical side of your nature, even if this development is only a hobby. You could succeed in work in radio, the theatre, or motion pictures in any work where it is necessary to contact the public, such as beauty parlors, department stores, etc. Romance thrives this month, and the home is peaceful.

December 22 to January 19—Capricorn

Think twice before acting this month, especially in regard to business affairs, for there may be an obstacle in your life.
at the present time that causes you to make mistakes. This applies alike to business and romance. You come under the sensitive rays of the Moon at this time, and may be inclined to feel hurt over something that happens in romance or marriage. Overcome this and there is no reason why you should break off any existing romance or union. Finances and business conditions should be somewhat better, but the really big thing has not yet happened in your life. You should be making plans for financial freedom in the coming months, for there are surprises in store for you. The best days of the month are: 2nd, 6th, 8th, 12th, 13th, 15th, 20th, 22nd, and 27th.

**January 20 to February 18—Aquarius**

Any obstacles that arise in your life are only of a temporary nature. Your progress in finances may be slow, but you are coming out of the depressing pall that your stars have been under for the past few years. This month favors you in business, especially in any work connected with publishing, newspapers, stenography, stocks and bonds, insurance, and financial institutions. If you are alert, you can rise to great heights by the contacts you may make. Romantically you may be doubtful if you have met the right person, and want to make some change. This is advisable according to your ruling star, and new romance should flourish this month. Those who have marriage problems should try to settle them amicably rather than take sudden and radical action.

**February 19 to March 20—Pisces**

This month brings you new and interesting experiences in business. You come out of the clouds for a while, and can depend on a fairly good condition in regard to finances. If you recently made a change in business that is in keeping with your stars, you should remain where you are for at least another six months. The home prospers this month, and marriages of long standing are also favored. Those not married may be making extensive plans in romance, and if that romance is older than six months it may last; if not, then there is promise of a new love affair in the next two or three weeks. The health comes under good aspects. Travel, visit, and attend to social activities this month.

**YOUR ASTROLOGY CHART SENT FREE**

No matter when you were born, there is a birth path for you that may reveal vital facts about your life. Do not depend on chance when your future destiny is so vitally important! Your chart discusses such subjects as finances, love and health. It is impossible to give a complete and thorough astrology reading for each Sign of the Zodiac and, as there is a different reading for each Sign, you must consult the particular horoscope for your Sign.

---

**April Showers**

*the Perfume of Youth*

**MEN LOOK AND LINGER**

Popularity smiles on the woman who uses the perfume with a youthful fragrance. That is why April Showers is a favorite among charming women everywhere. Each product—the talc—the perfume—the face powder—the cologne—as well as the others assure the wearer of a lasting, captivating fragrance.
A Friendship that's Real!

Continued from page 23

a rodeo at a nearby town, to furnish thrills for the holiday crowds, that we discovered each other. No one took the trouble to introduce us but sitting side by side in the big car, Virginia and I clicked instantly. It began when we laughed at each other. We both looked very funny, tucked out in clothes from the studio wardrobe department, and we were, in a way, afraid of horses, in a dawdy riding habit that didn't fit, and her long hair was pulled straight back into a tight knot, and—and—her beauty shone through in all those obstacles. Any other girl would have looked a fright and I recall how this impressed me. It was during that awful, hot, dusty day that our friendship was cemented. I can still see Virginia, trying to smile as she handed out medals to the cowboys and keeping as far from the prancing horses as she could.

"We needed each other's encouragement as we floundered around in the stock company during the following months. Every day we'd try to think of some way to speed up our careers—we were so ambitious, yet getting nowhere. Then, one exciting day, Virginia confided she was going to marry the great screen star, John Gilbig, and I'm afraid I didn't believe her! Nothing before or since ever gave me such a thrill and to me, it is still the greatest Hollywood romance of all. They were married in August, 1932, and in her bridal gown Virginia wanted me to find a great love, too, and she and John took me about with them everywhere. I recall two especially festive blind dates they planned at the Coconut Grove for me to meet out of town friends of John's. It was all very nice, but I was already falling in love with my John, and, so, nothing hap
dened!"

The next excitement was the birth of the Gilbert baby, Susan Ann. Then came the divorce of John and Virginia, followed shortly by his death—and close at hand, sharing in these emotional climaxes, was Maureen. In the meantime, Maureen's own romance with the brilliant writer-director, John Farrow, was hitting a rocky road, with the wedding delayed again and again, because of a divorce in his past. Finally, every thing was straightened out and the marriage followed. Happily, it all Virginia was at her friend's side.

"With my own happiness established," Maureen continued, "my chief desire was to see Virginia happy. A personality such as hers can't be kept down. Slowly she became friends of the family. I adored her, tossed aside crushed illusions, and came back to the screen, lovelier and more poise than before. John and I insisted that she go about with us and we included her in all our fun. One night, I was queen-
ning around as a bride when I noticed Vir-
ginia looking very forlorn, and suddenly I decided to become a matchmaker. Look-
ing over the eligible young men I selected handsome Brian Aherne as the one I'd choose for her. Anyway, he looked a bit lonely, so I maneuvered a dance with him and began talking about Virginia, dropping a hint that she admired him. Then, I hunted up Virginia and told her Brian liked her very much, but she only laughed and wouldn't believe me. In fact, she bet $25 he wouldn't even ask her to dance that night. But he did! Come to think of it, she never paid me that $25. Remind me to dun her with interest, will you? Well, I thought I was pretty smart but somehow, the 'romance' didn't flourish and before I could decide on another Prince Charming, Virginia was married to an ordinary fellow. During the period before she married J. Walter Ruben, Virginia was the most popular girl in town, and significant of her popularity was the fact that every one of her admirers was dedicated friends.

"Something funny is always happening," Maureen went on. "The day we moved into my new home, two huge packages arrived all done up in pink cellophane and ribbons. In one was a cumin six-weeks-old calf, in the other a new-fangled milking stool, carrying Virginia's card. She used to go with us on our sail boat, even though she was too tender-hearted to fish. One day, after hours of bad luck, we suddenly ran into a school of fish and soon everyone in the party had all they wanted. We put them in a tin container at the rear of the boat, then spent the afternoon Lounging on the deck. Toward sundown, someone peeked into the container and let out a shriek; it was empty. When we cor-
ered Virginia, she confessed she thought it would be easier, if she tossed the little fish in a can all that beautiful afternoon, so she dumped them back into the ocean!"

"About the time she and Jack Ruben..."
began going together, a crowd of us went on a Sunday riding party. I was the only one in the bunch that knew of Virginia’s terrific fear of horses and when somebody shouted she was missing, I gallantly came to the rescue, saying she was a fast rider and probably had gone on ahead. When we reached the stables, there was Virginia dismounting from a horse—she had borrowed it from a stable boy when she saw us coming. Now, Jack is devoted to horses and he was disturbed to see that Virginia’s mount showed signs of very hard riding, so he took her aside and gave her a kindly lecture, then ordered the horse to be walked until he was cool. It was months after they were married before Jack learned the truth, and how we all teased him about it!

“T suppose I should find some fault,” said Maureen, “just one little slam, but honestly, I can’t think of anything to criticize. Virginia is a blend of the sophisticated and a very little girl, she’s femininity at the nth degree, yet she never stresses the one word that belongs to her—glamor!” Maureen’s new baby is another exciting bond between the two friends. It was Virginia who presented the dainty, handmade christening robe and everything that goes with it. Too, she was at the hospital to see little Michael. Damien initiated into the world for when only a day and a half old, he posed with his mother for his first picture.

“He was an exceptionally beautiful baby from the very first, and such a good trooper, it was amazing how like a veteran he acted,” Virginia told me. Adding, with a giggle as contagious as Maureen’s, “I’m positive I heard him whisper to the cameraman—Catch my best side, pal. Perhaps I’ll have a famous profile!”

“On the last day of her last picture before the baby came, ‘Tarzan Finds a Son,’ the cast presented Maureen with an adorable white lacquered chest to which every member of the company had contributed some cunning gift. It’s a veritable treasure box, with things little Michael will cherish all his life. Never was a baby more wanted—even his name has special interest. Michael is for Maureen’s uncle, and Damien for Father Damien, who sacrificed himself for the leper colony of Molokai.

Johnny Farrow has written a book on this famous man who will direct for the screen.

“Maureen should have children for she has so much quiet and real character with which to bless them. This baby is the first Farrow to be born out of England in eleven generations of his family, and every opportunity has been taken to have the baby insist he is an individual and is to be taught to guide his own life, be responsible to himself. She has some grand ideas for him.

“She’s meant so much to me,” said Virginia seriously. “I always wanted friends, but being reserved and shy I never invited confidences, and Maureen’s friendship is like the answer to prayer. Several years ago I cut out a magazine picture of her leaning against a mirror amid a profusion of roses, and had it framed for my dressing-room. I never leave without giving her a little salute, and I always feel she is wishing me good luck.

“Temperamentally, we’re very different,” continued Virginia, “yet amazingly alike in fundamental qualities, for we have the same ideals, the same hopes and dreams. There’s never a semblance of an argument for we both truly believe that friendship is built on faith and trust, and that nothing petty can enter in. We have a secret hunch,” she added, laughing, “that somewhere in the distant past we had the same ancestors. Maybe, centuries ago, they planned we should meet. Who knows?”

Chapping and Roughness threaten “Winter-Dry” Hands.

So unlovely! Get effective help against this—

GLAMOROUS, popular girls laugh at the drying effect on your hand skin of water, wind and cold. Thousands of them use Jergens Lotion. They know Jergens furnishes new beauty-giving moisture for your skin.

The first application feels so refreshing on parched, chapped hand skin! Steady use helps restore charming softness. Many doctors help smooth and soften harsh, roughened skin by applying 2 ingredients—both in Jergens Lotion. You help prevent ugly roughness and chapping by using Jergens faithfully. Never sticky. Such an easy way to have hands whose feminine softness beguiles “his” heart. Don’t delay! Start today to use Jergens Lotion. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00 for the economy size, at beauty counters.

LOVE’S PLEA... Help keep your hands soft for romance. Furnish beautifying moisture for dry, rough hand skin by using Jergens Lotion.

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S C R E E N L A N D
acquainted with lurid characters, when he insisted that "the big shots, the tough boys of the underworld, are the finest people in the world. They never go back on a pal." When he freely admitted he had been a taxi dancer paid to dance with unescorted women in restaurants; when he told reporters, "I don't care what you write about me as long as you spell my last name right. It's Raft." At that time, he was frankly what he was: a graduate of Hell's Kitchen who was putting up a tremendous battle to become a Somebody.

But today, when he looks hurt if anyone mentions his background, when he'd rather not discuss this subject or that, and he's repeatedly killed interviews in which he was afraid he didn't appear a Lord Chesterfield, you might be in danger of misunderstanding Georgie. Yet no one is more loyal to old friends than he. You rarely see him without Mack (Killer) Grey, who knew him when, and who acts as a combination bodyguard-valet-companion. That is one of the criticisms we direct against George—that he must have a buffer between himself and the public. The main reason George keeps Mack is because of their long friendship. A professional valet would be much cheaper and more useful. Frequently the two men argue, and George fires Mack, but he always takes him back. Grimming sheepishly, he says, "I suppose you think I'm a mean guy for firing you." When Mack was in the hospital it was George who visited him daily; when Mack was too sleepy to unpack Raft's trunk, George did it himself.

Did you know that whenever George visits Detroit his first stop is to see several of the boys he knew when, who are not exactly the type listed in the Blue Book, and that when they are in trouble, he never lets them down? You didn't know that, did you—because George Raft, being the peculiar combination he is, refuses to publicize this and would rather take a licking at the hands of the press and public than divulge his personal life. Nor do you know that whenever he comes to New York he stops at his old fight headquarters, where he is worshipped. He comes with full pockets and leaves with empty ones. And George Raft is big enough to forget and forgive. Witness what happened between him and Artie Kaufmann, when George paid New York a visit last winter.

Years ago, when George was starting his professional prize fighting career, he fought at the old Brown's Gym on Sixth Avenue, for $5 a bout. Now even in those days he was lousy about his appearance, and worried constantly about having his face messed up. Artie Kaufmann was one of the young fighters who took advantage of this trait. In fighting, he deliberately tried to upset George by mussing his hair or giving him a shiner, so that he, Artie, would win. Quite often it worked. While George was kidding around with his old friends, one down-and-out prize fighter who did not recognize, came up. Though it was a bitterly cold day, this man had no overcoat. Patiently George listened to Artie recall their old bouts at Brown's. The picture of himself as a youngster, harassed by the taunting Artie

Glorio Jeon, holding sister's hand and surrounded by her family in the theatre lobby, brought a Hollywood premiere to Scranton, her home town. It was a big day for that Pennsylvania town when "The Underpup," starring Glorio, was previewed there.
Kaufmann, came back clearly to George.

"How are you doing?" was all he asked.

"I haven't a quarter to my name."

Linking his arm through Artie's, George said, "Let's take a walk."

"What do you think he did?" Frank Williams, a childhood friend of both, asked me. "He walked Artie to a clothing store and bought him an overcoat for $65. Then as he grasped Artie's hand to say goodbye, he slipped $25 into his palm. He's always doing that; when he gives the boys money there's never any show about it. No one realizes what he is doing for he waits for an inconspicuous moment to slip you a bill. He's gone before you can thank him. It burns me up when people say he's always selfish and thinks of no one but himself. Say, as a kid he was the most unselfish boy in the gang. He even risked his life to help me."

On a hot summer day most of the kids in the neighborhood went swimming off the dock. George and a few of his pals stood watching them. "I must have gone out too far," Frank explained. "The current began pulling me downstream and fighting against it proved useless. When I screamed my other friends, numb with fright, did nothing. But George dove in and by superhuman effort dragged me ashore. After he disappeared and when I went to thank him for saving my life, he just looked annoyed and spoke gruffly to me."

"Then there was the time," Harry Faber, another childhood friend, told me, "when he took terrific chances to supply us with Christmas trees. When you live in Hell's Kitchen you're not overburdened with money, and when Christmas rolled around, our folks never had cash for trees. We kids would stand with our noses pressed against the windows where tall evergreens were on display, wishfully wishing we could afford one."

George noticed that the truck drivers and other men would take money for trees while they were in such a hurry that they sometimes took imperfect trees. Afterwards, when they discovered this, they dumped them off. Since he could run very quickly, George elected himself to follow the trucks and pick up the leftovers. This was very hazardous, as he was continually in danger of being caught. Not once was he ever satisfied when he got a tree for his own family," Harry Faber said. "Many an afternoon he spent dodging traffic, enduring the sneers of the drivers and chasing the trucks till he secured trees for all his friends."

Superficially, George has changed tremendously during the few years. The real pal, the generous boy he was when he started on the crazy road to success. According to Charles Brown, under whom George worked, the dynamite boy who got $2 an afternoon for dancing, Raft always put himself out to help others. When the mother of one of the bus boys died, George got the boy in touch with a charity that would defray the funeral expenses; though he needed the money badly, Raft gave more than any other employee.

On one surface, George Raft may seem a tough guy to deal with; at heart he is a soffie. Many people refuse to believe this and consequently the conduct has sometimes a hint of meditation. When a murderer was electrocuted, leaving her twelve-year-old son burdened with horrible memories, soffie George Raft, at that time of the year when he is usually out of town, immediately offered to bring the lad to Hollywood, buy him a new outfit and have him as his guest over Christmas. This offer wasn't meant to reach the press; yet, as things sometimes happen, the story leaked out. Instead of praising George, some know-it-alls sneered, "Just another publicity stunt for Raft." And George, who sometimes asks his friends the picture of that sensitive, bewildered lad haunted him so he couldn't sleep, was stunned. He did not press the matter.

What Hollywood fails to realize is that George is crazy about children. When he comes to New York he gathers all the urchins of his old neighborhood, takes them shopping for clothes, sets each boy with bags of groceries, and a few dollars. He missed all these things in his childhood, and he wants to make it easier for them. He's known specially from Hollywood to appear at an orphan's benefit, and when Jack Marron, who runs a club for the poor children at George's old church, St. Michael's, wrote him a letter, he appeared at a benefit, George wired from Hollywood, "Say no more. I'm on my way."

Perhaps you were startled when you read in the paper that George Raft, Jr., had married and brought his bride to Hollywood to meet his father, the film star. You may be among the many who never knew George had a son; when first he came to Hollywood, George denied he was married or a father. Subsequently when his son, then twelve, visited him he said the boy was his nephew, till a reporter divulged their true relationship.

"I would have loved to acknowledge my son, and my marriage," he said at the time, "but studio officials forbade it. They warned me I was being built up as a romantic figure and insisted that if I admitted I was married, or had a child, it would ruin my career."

Other stars have done the same thing. With them we have accepted it as good business; we have not censured them for neglecting to mention offspring.

Another reason people have derided George is because they feel he is very vain. A great deal of publicity was given a few years ago to his fight with a Hollywood man about town, who, upon seeing Killer Grey and George in a Ford, they said loudly, "There go two boys who just had to become beautiful." Of course, the reference was to the fact that Grey had just had his nose remodeled, and George, his ear decauliflowered. Yet even here there is a great deal to be said for George. Did you know that Raft first failed to make the grade in pictures because of his cauliflower ear, a remnant of his fighting days? And that laboriously he saved up money to have the operation performed, so he might earn a decent livelihood in films? Many of the stars have resorted to operations to make themselves more beautiful. Do we think any the less of them? When he was a boy, young Raft used to dream that some day he would take his mother, the only one who understood him, away from the squalor of the slums. That part of his childhood dream did come true. As soon as he made money he installed her in a beautiful apartment, with a housekeeper, a relative (he always gives relatives a break), and a chauffeur (another relative) at her command, and the old lady never expressed a wish that her son did not immediately fulfill. Till her death, two years ago, he wired her weekly red roses and white lilies, her favorites. Repeatedly he flew East to see her. Just before her fatal illness he had built a beautiful home for her in Hollywood, so she could be near him for the remainder of her life.

George Raft is a paradox, a very complex personality. Most of us hate to solve paradoxes; we prefer simple people whom we can understand without trouble, whose every action we can foretell. Usually when stars try to improve themselves, as witness John Garfield and Joan Crawford, they receive everyone's sympathy and respect. Why not give Raft the same break?"
Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

Virginia drifted back to the living room and sat in a deep brown arm chair. "I've been in America, for the past four Christmases," she said, thoughtfully, "and naturally I haven't celebrated the day quite as we did back home, you know. But, at home, this is the way the holidays would go. On the afternoon before Christmas, we always had a party for the neighborhood children. There were always presents—without exception—and presents were put on the tree, but other times we filled a barrel with straw and let the youngsters dig for their presents—not a grab bag, you understand, but a steadying beam. We'd name him and he is bought especially for him, but it's much merrier. After the children's party, the dogs had theirs. Yes, really! There are usually eight or ten dogs around the place, and sometimes we'd hide the bones or balls or whatever it is and let them search for them. Otherwise, their presents would be on the tree, tied with red ribbon.

"Christmas Eve we'd all go to church. Afterwards the carolers must come in for hot drinks, and hardly go to bed at all that night, because everyone must be up for early breakfast, when we open our presents. Christmas Day comes the buffet hunting. We're having it today. After it, at home, I always used to go on a hunt. At night we'd have a big Christmas dinner with games afterward. "Oh, you know, I can't tell you of a more picturesque dish to serve! We used to call them Christmas Tomatoes, but they are actually eggs in tomatoes. Nannie will tell you how to prepare them."

Eggs Baked in Tomatoes

Cut out the stem mark of large, ripe tomatoes and carefully scoop out most of the pulp—enough to allow an egg to be poured in. Sprinkle inside the tomato with salt and pepper, adding celery salt if desired. Fill with desired eggs and bake for 15 minutes in a moderate oven. Cut off tops and fill with bacon, remove the paper from the top of the tomatoes for the last 10 or 15 minutes of baking and put small bacon strips over the top.

Christmas pudding is a tradition in the Field family. "Naturally we wouldn't serve it until night," confided Virginia, "but Christmas wouldn't be a holiday without it. We always put the silver bits in it, and you should hear the shrieks when someone finds the thimble, or the button, which mean that the finders will become old maids and old bachelor, respectively. Some lucky one picks a silver bit, which means he will be wealthy, and another the tiny horse shoe for luck, and then there is the silver ring for the next to be married. More fun!"

Christmas pudding

1 lb. brown sugar
1 lb. brown suet
2 oz. flour
½ lb. raisins
½ lb. candied peel (mixed)
1 oz. grated nutmeg
1 oz. mixed spice (Burnnett's)
1 oz. ground cinnamon
Gill of milk
Wine (of rum or brandy)
1 lb. bread crumbs

Pinch of salt
4 eggs

Chop suet finely, prepare the fruit and shred the peel, and chop the lemon rind, and do the same. Add milk and stir in eggs one at a time. Add rum and lemon juice. When everything is well blended tie in a muslin cloth and boil for 4 hours or steam for 5 hours.

The dogs created a diversion by running off with a wreath that was about to be hung, and their mistress pursued them. Returning home, Virginia, having examined a framed proclamation hung on the wall above her head, declaring that "Edward the Eighth by the Grace of God King of England, Defender of the Faith, and Supreme Head of the Church of England, doth hereby bestow on Henry St. John Field, Esquire—" a long and impressive document meaning that Virginia Field had conceived of the appointment made by Edward in his brief reign—counselor at law. "And there is my father's picture in his white wig and black gown," she pointed out, "and here he is offstage, as we might call it." He is a handsome man, and his daughter is not disguising her pride in him.

If you don't wish to serve Christmas pudding for a holiday dinner, you can have a delectable dessert called black cherry cream pie. Of course in cherry season you can use fresh black cherries, but at holiday times get the canned variety. Nannie knows how to do it."

Miss Best advised straining the juice from the canned cherries and adding a little syrup if desired. Add 1½ tablespoons cornstarch dissolved in ¼ cup cold water. Boil until thick. Break cherries in halves, remove stones and pour the hot syrup over them. Stir and cool, then chill in refrigerator. Whip ½ pint cream and do not put pie together until the moment of serving, then fill your pastry shell with the whipped cream, and pipe one of the ice cream cherries in their syrup.

"Oh, wait a minute!" cried Virginia, looking up from a difficult decision between the Christmas wreath and a silver bell for the garden window, "I must tell you what we did with our tree last year! We took Rinso soap powder—you could use any soap powder—and made suis of it, beating them up with an egg beater. Then we frosted them all over the tree and dusted it with those silver dripping things and cut it beautiful.

Before the pie, we serve hot soup, turtle soup, it's delicious! And then we have the Russian salad, a most mouth-watering salad. We all breathe and jive. For Christmas we serve the finest hot house fruit, grapes, pears and peaches, because that's a real treat at Christmas-time. And nuts, of course. All kinds of nuts."

Clear Turtle Soup

1 lb. sun-dried turtle
1 small tuna fish
1½ lb. lean beef (neck)
1½ lb. lean veal
Whites and shells of 2 eggs
5 qts. good stock
1 teaspoon
2 carrots
1 turnip
1 large stalk celery
2 large stalks thyme, bayleaf, basil and marjoram
12 peppercorns, 2 cloves and 1 blade
2 slices of bread
2 tablespoons lemon juice

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Also rub Mentholatum vigorously on the chest and back to improve the local blood circulation, and thus gain extra help in eliminating cold discomforts. Rub it on the forehead and temples to allay headache and neuralgia due to colds.

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Soak the turtle for three days, changing the water frequently. Put stock turtle and a dessertspoon of salt into a pan and bring to a boil; then add prepared vegetables, herbs and the peppercorns. Cook gently for 8 or 9 hours. Strain and put the turtle aside. Mince the veal and beef and add them together with the eggs and beat until it boils. Summer for half an hour. Strain and return to the pan with the turtle, adding sherry and lemon juice.

**WATERCRESS AND GRAPE SALAD**

1 bundle watercress
1 orange
1 cup of grapes
2 oz. shelled pecan nuts

Cut the grapes in halves and remove seeds. Peel orange and divide in halves, then cut in slices. Wash watercress, removing long stems.

Now place the salad together as follows: Divide the watercress on four plates (or it can be divided on six). Over each plate of watercress place a few thin slices of orange; then scatter over each plate a quarter of the grapes, and over all sprinkle a few pecan nuts; then pour over each salad 1½ tablespoons of French dressing.

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This bit of loveliness is the same Ruth Terry you saw getting a bit rough in her film scenes on page 67.

"Radiant" is the Word this Winter

Continued from page 64

so tired, so sad, that it depresses even to listen?

There isn’t a screen star that doesn’t stress the importance of vitality. Stars purposely sleep for it, eat for it, live for it, in fact, knowing that it is a very important part of their stock in trade. In the rating of qualities that you must have to succeed in pictures, this vitality gets a very high mark. Needless to say, this goes equally strong for your social, business, or love life, readers!

To begin with, any girl who has many dates will do well to follow the plan of at least one night a week absolutely to her-

self. This means yours family, girl friends, or any form of diversion. A night when she forces herself to bed very early, perhaps having done some of those little personal chores, like a lovely home manicure, brushing her hair thoroughly and using one of those cleansing lotions to keep hair and scalp free of any unattractive film. This cleansing lotion is a great help when you have a cold, a real illness or when you simply haven’t got around to that shampoo. You must also want to give a little extra time to using one of those nice, light lubricating creams over your face and neck, using upward motions over your face, a light patting under the eyes, from inner corner to outer. When you have done these, or similar chores, and got yourself leisurely ready for bed—and doing this leisurely is a real luxury, as everyone knows—you might finish off with a glass of grapefruit juice. This juice seems to have a soothing, sedative-like quality, if you are a little wrong on the inside from too much night life, and it is also very, very good for your skin. Now into bed and off to sleep with this happy thought, "How pretty I’ll look tomorrow!" You truly will.

Getting up is the zero hour for many. Too many of us zigzag out of bed at the last minute, jump hurriedly into our clothes, eat practically no breakfast and away we go. Little wonder that many morning nerves are far more jangled than those after luncheon, and many do not even seem to come about until noon. If you could, by dint of courage and great self-control, manage to get up half an hour earlier than absolutely necessary, after the first three or four efforts, you’d be so pleased with yourself that you’d wonder why you never tried it before. Only these extra minutes can give you time for a smooth, perfect make-up, orderly, groomed hair, and clar-

of mind to decide what you’ll wear with what. Summed up, this half-hour-earlier rising means you start to work, school, or shopping with that wonderful knowledge of being turned out as well as it is possible for you to be. This knowledge gives poise, and is a priceless ingredient in meeting the situations of the day and triumphing over them, instead of letting them triumph over you.

Three radiant newer faces from Holly-

wood adorn these pages. Each has its special kind of radiance and deny that each seems to have an extra-special something. In Brenda Marshall’s direct eyes, you sense a subtle but sure glow. Here is an extremely style-conscious young lady, who offers some good ideas. She looks harem hems for daytime. Fine, say we, if you have a number of frocks. Her favorite daytime color is rich red—rich red moss green and brown and almond green alone. For evening she likes black with gold or silver jewelry. You can see is she a perfect type for brilliant red lipstick. "Generally speaking," adds Miss Brenda, "girls with tailored coiffures are the best subjects for 'mad' hats. That’s why I cling to my page boy. 'Mad' hats are my hobby.

She is convinced that no food has the vitality-building quality of milk and so keeps her weight up. —— mind you—when working hard by drinking glasses of half milk, half cream, between meals and choos-

ing only cream desserts at halftime. Claud-

ette Colbert is another who must build up, not down, and believes strongly in milk. Brenda Marshall is a cream—the cow kind—on her hands at night and weekly takes a body sponge bath in milk. She says she never adds make-up until she is into her frock. This is said to create a softer contrast or harmonize pleasingly. This is right for girls who aren’t sure, and here I suggest one of those rubber-like make-up capes as a practical way of keeping powder from sifting onto a dark frock. With close necl-
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Is It Fun Being A Star's Secretary

Continued from page 55

of her little idiosyncrasies amuse me: she always completely dresses herself before putting on her clothes, and she is never afraid to put a hot little pillow beside adjusting a hat at exactly the right angle for a good half hour only to snatch it off at the last and go bareheaded. She is extremely modest and of all achievements, and one of the frankest girls I know. That frankness, however, is not the caustic, cutting kind. She does not believe in telling you what's wrong. In fact, I have heard her deliberately hurt another. To me she is a unique combination of a sensitive artist and a canny business woman.

One other important quality in Ginger struck Jacques from her first day on the job and still impresses her most deeply. Perhaps it was because she was so green and at the new work that this quality of Ginger's stands out and shoulders above others. It is her great and understanding patience with those who serve her and her ruthless demanding impatience with herself!

"Her tolerance with others seems unending, but nothing short of perfection in her own activity is satisfactory," Jacques explained, and until she achieves as near perfection as is humanly possible, she drives herself like one possessed. Where she is kind to all with herself. That mania for perfection is reflected in many ways, in her dancing and dramatic work on the screen and in her cultivation of her voice, in sculpture, writing, and various sports. It is reflected in her insatiable thirst for learning and enriching her mind, born, I imagine, from a determination to be the best at whatever she does. That impetuous ambition she missed as a girl coupled with a vast curiosity about life and people.

Ginger's impatience with herself makes all the more remarkable her patience and consideration with others, Jacques felt. And Jacques admitted to having tested that patience more than once. "I'm more than tested. it's the breaking point." Jacques told her one day. "I'll have to give up all hope of being a secretary with her."

There was that day during her first week on the job, she recalled, when she found a note from the star's personal secretary. "I hope we'll shoot at 10," it read. "Check Louise for up-do and tell Clark portrait. Need 6 dz. glossy 37's in 425." Translated into plain English it meant for Jacques to tell the publicity unit man that Ginger would be ready for a photograph sitting at 10 o'clock; the hairdresser was to be prepared to do the Rogers curl up for the shot; the wardrobe woman needed a grown suitable for a head portrait only; and that six dozen pictures, four by five inches in size and finished in a glossy paper and of a certain pose, were needed in answering some fan mail.

Being a greenhorn in studio short-cuts to English, Jacques had no more idea what the message meant than if it had been written in Sanscrit. So she marched herself down to the set where Ginger was working, in a low voice she asked her questions.

"Shh!" Ginger cautioned.

Jacques figured it must be some important secret matter and so she repeated her question in a low voice.

"Shh!" Ginger motioned again.

Jacques was baffled completely and not until an exasperated director yelled "Cut!" did she realize that Ginger was transfixed by the unpardonable sin of talking during the filming of a scene. But—Ginger did not embarrass her by laughing nor trying to minimize the
Confessions of a Fallen Star

Continued from page 29

their's that we don't see more of them. I've heard a lot of bunk about "class" distinctions in England. I had a 1000 a week player who didn't "go" with a $500 a weeker and all that. Boloney! No, it's just that if you can't return champagne cocktail hospitality, if you can't return parties that make $500 look anemic, you can't accept them, either. So, instead of the Troc and parties at Pickfair or at the Ritzbournes, my wife and I take walks in the foothills, or go down to the beach, the public beach, that's what I mean, and play around. And when we walk in the hills or fool around on the beach, we say that the hills are our estate, as much as any land in the blimy acres and the sea is any man's—so what's the odds?

Well, before I pipe this one some longer, I guess the thing to do is to tell something about the Rise of Mulhall, being as a Rise usually precedes a Fall. What I mean is, it's all very well to say, "I got a high place and then I fell off it," but unless you tell how you got up there in the first place, it doesn't mean much. I'll begin by saying that I'm grateful I got kicked around plenty when I was a kid. I'm sure that to spoil a kid is to hand him grief on that silver spoon. Give a guy some callouses and when the knockout blows come his way they're more apt to right off his hide, without leaving scars.

I was born three miles from Hyde Park, up in New York State, not that the Roose-
When you have to quit.lolling around in limonasses, braun comes in harder than brain.

Then I heard the music of a hurdy-gurdy one Spring night and I remembered what I'd never realized about the hurdy-gurdy. Yeah, my first circus was what started me on the road to Hollywood. Why, sure, that's what I wanted—to be in the circus—so then I had to go to the racetrack and to the movies. I didn't think that it was a circus thing at all. That's why it's easier, no doubt, for those who are turned to that era to "fall" than it would be for a star who's never expected to strike gold. The stars are already risen in the past ten to fifteen years know that gold has been struck and they do expect to continue. A few of those were the days when the pay was $250.00 a week, with two or three dollars a day for expenses when we were away from home. Those were the days when our ambition was to get a check in the mail of $50.00 and we wondered how we could ever spend it! I've still got the first $100 check I ever got—cancelled, do I need to say!—framed and hanging on the parlour wall.

Yeah, we loved it, we all loved it. We still do. That's why we never "retire." That's why some of the big stars, who are in the business making up on them, never retire. They often announce that they are about to retire but they never do. They can't. It's got 'em. That's why the teams of professionals who have it all—take a "prestige" job in any other line. It's the old smell-of-the-grapeesaint brocade and it's as true as salt. It's more than that. It's the knowledge that we've grown up with the kid, we were brought up with him when he couldn't open his trap, we
were with him when he began to talk—we can't quit him now! Not even when he quits us.

Well, the next year I played an important part in "The House of Discord" with Lionel Barrymore, Blanche Sweet, and Antonio Moreno. I had a picture set up as a part of the pedestal in the parlor! They began to talk about me and write about me. The swell music of "Hollywood Is Calling" was in my ears. In those days we used to shuttle back and forth between Hollywood and New York. In 1914 I was in Hollywood. In 1914 the old Biograph went out of business, so I had the choice of going back to New York or staying in Hollywood. By that time, I was married. The heir-apparent was on his way, I hadn't any money. I decided I'd better stay in Hollywood. I hadn't any money, as I say, but I had packed all my highest hopes in my knapsack. I had visions of big dramatic scenes down on their knees begging for me. But I was down on the bottom again. Hollywood didn't see me as a dramatic sensation at all. Hollywood saw me as a great gift to stiffen that then was dying. The Biograph was the first. The days were really bidding for you, as they were saying for Wally, things happen. What happened was that salaries began to go up. The days of the Big Money arrived. And we can thank Wally Beery for the beginning of the big salaries. I played a heavy to Wally's juvenile, in a two-reefer for Selig, it was, forget the name of it. The breaks came hard and fast. "Within the Law" with Norma Talmadge; "The Goldfish" and "Dulcy" with Connie—and when you were with the Talmades, in those days, you were sitting right where fame and the money bags meet at the crossroads.

Boy, was the Mulhall star rising! I was getting $1,000 a week for doing a serial that cost $50. I was Pathé, writing pictures, but I was down at the rickety Fox. I signed a contract with First National to $250 a week, with a rising scale calling for as high as $500 a week. I was able to play beside Colleen Moore, Dorothy Mackaill, Billie Dove, all of them—all of them were making thousands of dollars a week, too—all of us had the look of official approval. In the glare of that it blinded us a little, you can't blame us too much for that. This was a Gold Rush town, a bonanza, and all we had to do was to sit under the government's umbrella, we dwelt in marble halls, with minions to do our bidding, and that we didn't end up in padded cells is the wonder of it. Sure, it was work, too, that's what we were doing for, the work we were born and raised to, most of us. Misfortune may get a man down but such fortune as that, so sudden, so without any precedent in the economic history of mankind was enough to send a man clean off his nut!

By this time I had married again. My first marriage was when I was about four years old. Later, I married Evelyn Wians, my present wife. She was headed for a brilliant career of her own when she married. She was Mrs. Jack Mulhall. And I'll say for her that she's been a wonderful sport. She didn't desert the sinking ship, not she! When she said she had rather lose that genuine Bolivian chinchilla than have me lose my sense of humor, she just about said it all! Well, so picture followed picture and contract failed. I had our Beverley Hills "mansion," with all the trimmings; now we had cars, chauffeurs, butlers, white ties every night. I bought a lot of real estate, sold it, bought more. I was living one of those idylls on Wilshire Boulevard worth over $300,000. I put $90,000 in it—cash. I invested in stocks, good stocks there were, too, at the New York Stock Exchange, and had not forgotten that it wasn't Mulhall making movies but Mulhall and a couple of hundred other guys. I never kept a book of my clippings. My clippings were in a big case in the Movie Star Class. We were "keeping up with the Joneses" to some extent. And when the Jonesesses happen to be named Moore, Mackaill, Moore, Mackaill, Powell and the such to some extent it is enough to bust the bank at Monte Carlo.

So I slid along the greased years in my career limousine. In 1923, at the expiration of my 1931 contract, I went to Europe...
with Mr. Hearst and his party. I was tired out, worked out, stale. I'd made picture after picture so fast I had to be shot in a rocket from one sound stage to another. I needed to get away. Besides, there'd be plenty of the same when I got back. I thought—so I went away. I didn't know that I would never come back. We motored through 14 different countries. We stayed at Mr. Hearst's castle in Wales. I saw everything I'd ever wanted to see. That trip is the highest spot in my life. I was sitting right top on the world. I was on the crest. I was a star. The Milky Way was my kitchen yard. Why, coming back from Europe I even won the ship's pool, $1380, that's how lucky I was.

I got back. I got back to Hollywood. I found a lot of new actors in town. Good actors from the New York stage. I came back to find that there was a New Face Deal on. I found out that they weren't paying Mulhall any $2500 a week when they could get one of the new actors for $250 a week. I came back expecting to sing out, chipper-like, "Here we are." Expecting them to sing back, "Mulhall's here, get Mulhall!" That's what they'd been saying, hadn't they, saying and paying for weeks and months and years? But they didn't say "Get Mulhall!" Instead they were saying, "Get O'Brien! Get Carney! Get Tracy!"

I thought, "This won't last. This is a phase." But it did last. It wasn't a phase. It's the kind of thing you can't explain very well because you don't quite understand it yourself. There isn't any pat explanation of what happened to me. I didn't get involved in any scandal and get cussed out. I didn't make a series of floppolas. I didn't grow fat or "age in the bottle." I just went away, in demand. I just came back and I wasn't in demand. I began to wonder whether I'd done a Rip Van Winkle and had been away for 180 years instead of seven or eight months! It was pretty grim. No calls came in. No offers of parts or contracts. No agents "bothered" me. They all patted me on the back, the producers, directors, photographers, interviewers and—went on about their business which had ceased, abruptly, to be mine. I began to say, "I got to get to work!" People would give me the laugh. "If I had your dough," they'd say, easily, "I'd never work again!"

But there was a depression on, don't forget about that. There was a world depression and there was the Mulhall depression. Add the two together and minus plus minus equals minus. I'd spread out too far. Too late, I realized this. I had too many real estate holdings, too much of everything. When the pay checks were coming in, it was all right, I'd been able to meet those mortgage interests and other indebtedness. Now I couldn't meet them, not even half way. Not with a depression on, plus that New Face Deal. If the depression hadn't lasted so long I might have saved my corner on Wilshire Boulevard, I didn't save it. And $90,000 went down the drain. I might have saved my stocks and other holdings. But I didn't. I couldn't. The depression did last. I didn't get any work.

I began to live in the thick of process servers and subpoenas. It got so that the process servers would have to go to get me. I'd ask them in for a cool libation. Once or twice they refused to serve me. They'd say, "Let someone else do it, old man, not me!" That's one grand lesson I've learned, thank God—that whether a man serves you with a process or a Napoleon brandy, asks you to sign your name to a gilt-edged contract or a court order, he'll be a pal if you're regular yourself.

I finally managed to get a part in a Mae West picture. I lasted four days. I was served with subpoenas every day. I was served with subpoenas every day. I was harangued and everyone in the studio was harasses along with me. The Big Boys said they couldn't have it any longer; it held up production, it wasted time, it disrupted things. I couldn't blame them for that. It did. I was let out.

I went into bankruptcy for $330,000. What else could I do? Then it was that I walked out of my Beverly Hills "mansion" as Spencer Tracy walked in. They stripped me of everything but my clothes. They took away my cars, my wife's jewelry, our furniture—from the New York galleries it was, too, most of it, beautiful stuff. I had some bad times, I won't deny that. At night sometimes, it was terrible. But I'd wake up in the morning again, and the sun would be shining, and I had to face it. Sure it was murder to see those things go. Not so much because of the things themselves or things but because they represented my youth.

I had to make a living. I had dependents. I couldn't be a star again, that was pretty obvious. Nor even a singing man.

All right, maybe I could be a spear carrier, and then and there I decided that if I did have to be a spear carrier, I'd be a cheerful spear carrier, extra work, if necessary. I'd take bit parts. I'd take anything I could get and glad to get it. If I couldn't get anything in the business, I'd be seeking ones on the side, up, thought I might try for a job as a greeter at some resort—you know, "Come on in, girls and boys," nice and hearty. That would be nice. I knew what was to be, I decided, I'd keep the brightness on my side. I wouldn't act frustrated and down in the mouth and defeated. By God, I wouldn't act defeated. I'd take anything, anything at all. Everyone had thought that my "pride" would stand in the way of taking bits. No, the only thing my pride stood in the way of was doing nothing. Work, however humble or hard, couldn't scare me. So I began to get bit parts. One of the first was with Deanna Durbin and "The 49ers." I was one of a bunch of musicians. I was the only one among them who couldn't tell a harmonica from a saxophone but I was giving it all I had, the hands dancing, eyes rolling, the works. And Leopold Stokowski called down, "There seems to be only one musician who gets the idea at all—that old fellow over there!" That old fellow was me!

I've done bits, small parts in dozens of pictures, from such pictures as 'The President's Lady,' 'Big Broadcast of 1935,' down to 'Ridin' the Range,' "Amateur Crook" and now, with Deanna again, in 'First Love.' Joe Pasternak and Hal B. Wallis have been swell to me. Everyone in the business has been swell. Sid Grauman spoke up for me. I got a contract with M-G-M, called me over there often, Ed Mannix, one of the very biggest of the Big Boys in the business, not only has spoken up for me, but has had me with him in M-G-M, called me over there often, Ed Mannix, one of the very biggest of the Big Boys in the business, not only has spoken up for me, but has had me with him in M-G-M, called me over there often. I have a contract at M-G-M. Not one of the Gold Rush days contracts, understand, but a weekly salary just the same.

I hope to get back again some day. Yes, I do. I feel that maybe I can work into character parts this way. Maybe, somehow, one day. That's my aim. I'm playing Deanna's chauffeur, a bit part, but more than that, really, because the character has a part in the movie.

Sure I'm a fallen star, an ex-star—who has learned that between your ears is your whole world; that peace of mind is more important than fame among men in the world; that it's better for your health to be poor than to be rich; that it isn't the big house that makes for happiness, it's the small one in which you take yourself that determines the attitude of other people; that if you've got a roof over your head, enough to eat, loyalty and smothered, that's a lucky spot and that when the ax has fallen, it can't fall again.
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DURBIN

Mickey Rooney Getting Swell-Headed?
Gene Autry's Advice to American Boys
Frankest Confession! by Jeanette MacDonald Herself

Read the Truth on Page 26

Screenland
January

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Does Eleanor Powell Really Like to Dance With Fred Astaire?

As you know, these two great tap-dancers are co-starred in "Broadway Melody of 1940." They had never danced together before. Fred's famous partner was always Ginger Rogers, while Miss Powell was always indisputed queen of her own dancing numbers. Then—they met, for the first time anywhere, on the set, and had to plan their intricate dances together. What happened? Did their temperaments clash, did they fight over their highly individual dance ideas? In the next issue you'll read the exclusive story of the Powell-Astaire combination, and every one who loves to dance—and who doesn't?—will enjoy this feature.

What Next for Hedy Lamarr?

She's feuding with her studio! She's adopting a baby! She's having a baby of her own! Here are the headlines you've been seeing about Hollywood's most exotic star. But what's the truth behind the headlines? That's what Screenland always wants to know—and what it finds out and passes along to you. Watch for the authentic story in the next issue giving you the latest low-down on a lovely lady. All the features for the February issue, in fact, are sure to please you.

Dance Right Up and Get February Screenland on Sale January 3rd.

Paul C. Hunter, Publisher

January, 1940

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Here's to Youth, personified by Betty Field and Jackie Cooper in "Seventeen"

THE screen has finally discovered that there is no theme so universally appealing as Youth — its freshness and its gaiety, its joys and its sensitive sorrows. So now Paramount gives us Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen" which co-stars Jackie Cooper and Betty Field whom you first applauded as a team in "What A Life." Pretty Betty and Jackie, as the big city girl and the love-stricken lad, enact the scenes of adolescent romance you see at left below with charm and conviction. In Betty Field, Paramount has a bright new star.
Adventures with the shipwrecked Gulliver among the tiny people of Lilliput land... 25,000 of them.

Laugh till your sides ache at the antics of Gabby, the town crier, the little fellow who discovered the giant Gulliver but couldn't find himself in the dark.

Meet King Little and his terrible tempered rival, King Bombo. Meet the charming Princess Glory and her brave lover, Prince David... hear them sing their love songs, "Forever" and "Faithful."

See the tiny Lilliputian horses drag the giant to King Little's castle. See Gulliver, single-handed, capture the entire Lilliputian battle fleet!

Thrill to those three spies, Sneak, Snoop, and Snitch. Meet Twinkletoes, the carrier pigeon... Meet them all... laugh with them... sing with them eight never-to-be-forgotten Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger songs: "Faithful Forever," "Bluebirds in the Moonlight," "I Hear a Dream," "It's a Hap-Hap-Happy Day," "All's Well," "We're All Together Now," "Faithful," "Forever."

"IT'S A HAP-HAP-HAPPY DAY"—Words and Music by Al. J. Neiburg and Sammy Timberg & Winston Sharples
AND A VERY MARY (MARTIN) NEW YEAR!

"I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOME ONE"

"A KISS IN THE DARK"

"KISS ME AGAIN" 

"THINE ALONE"

"SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE"

"GYPSY LOVE SONG"

· THE GREAT MARY ("My Heart Belongs to Daddy") MARTIN... as the singing sweetheart of Victor Herbert’s Broadway... Allan Jones, as the star who means it when he sings“Kiss Me Again” to Mary... The Great Victor Herbert’s most familiar melodies as the glorious background for a love story as romantic as yesterday, as real as today.

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A Paramount Picture with

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Lee Bowman • Judith Barrett • Susanna Foster • Produced and Directed by ANDREW L. STONE

Screen Play by Russell Crouse and Robert Lively • Based on a story by Robert Lively and Andrew L. Stone

SCREENLAND
Disputed Passage—Paramount
A forceful melodrama with Akim Tamiroff playing a great surgeon with a heart of stone who believes that there’s no room for sentiment where science is concerned. He tries to mold his protege, but John Howard, to his own likeness, but errs in coming between John and Dorothy Lamour. The scenes with Tamiroff and Howard are superb. Dorothy, who struggles with a Chinese accent, is not quite convincing as the China-born American girl.

On Dress Parade—Warner
The tough Dead End Kids, with one exception, are so well-behaved in their roles of young cadets, you’ll hardly know them in their latest film. Leo Gorcey, hoodlum of the New York slums who’s tricked into military school, is the exception. He does a swell job as the boy who rebels at the academy’s rigid regulations. It’s a story of regeneration under the colors and glorifies military training. Will appeal to young picturegoers.

On Your Toes—Warner
This tuneful musical comedy is about a Russian ballet troupe of which Zorina is the premier ballerina, and a former vaudeville hooper, Eddie Albert, who turns composer and then becomes the star. Zorina’s dance numbers are so enchanting you’ll wish she’d never stop dancing. As former hooper, Albert’s first-rate. Alan Hale, Frank McHugh, James Gleason supply laughs. Has a good jazz ballet number which is a satire on the Russian ballet.

22,000 Men a Year—20th Century-Fox
The government’s plan to train 22,000 college students yearly as a military aviation reserve is the theme of this film. It shows ground training and students making first solo flights. Randolph Scott, cast as pilot-instructor, has the only important role. Preston Foster, Margaret Lindsay, Maxie Rosenbloom are in cast. The flying scenes over and through a canyon, when Randy goes to the rescue of a student, are spectacular and thrilling.

Flying Deuces—RKO-Radio
Lovers of slapstick will go for this Laurel-Hardy comedy. They play two Americans who join the Foreign Legion so Oliver can forget Jean Parker. Their superior officer turns out to be Jean’s husband so they decide to desert and that’s where the fun begins. It’s all too silly, but it does have one or two screamingly funny episodes, especially one in which Stan converts a bed-spring into a harp and plays it in Harpo Marx style.

Lough It Off—Universal
This musical which has Constance Moore as a nightclub singer and Johnny Downs as an attorney who gives up his practice to lead a swing band, is about a group of old-time showgirls who must prove themselves self-supporting. The “dancing grandmothers” put on a show which, naturally, wows ‘em. Not much of a story, but watching the “girls” (Cecil Cunningham, Marjorie Rambeau, Hedda Hopper and Janet Beecher) train is great fun.

Mutiny in the Big House
Monogram
A powerful drama, based on the Colorado State Penitentiary prison break at Canon City in 1929, and the heroism of the prison chaplain in helping quell the riot. Its all male cast is headed by Charles Bickford, who departs from his usual “tough guy” roles and gives a fine performance as Father Joe, and Barton MacLane, riot leader. The film stresses the importance of intelligent handling of prisoners.

Jeepers Creepers—Republic
This tale of a hillbilly town which operates on a “love thy neighbor” policy has the Weaver Brothers and Elvyry (with their clapperboard musical instruments), Roy Rogers and Marie Wrixon. The peaceful community is thrown into a turmoil when coal is discovered and an unscrupulous coal magnate buys their land for unpaid taxes. Except for scenes in which such popular songs as Little Brown Jug are sung, it’s a slow-moving film.
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Thunder Afloat—M-G-M

This is a timely film because the story parallels current events. It takes place during the World War, off the Atlantic Coast, where subchasers war on enemy U-boats. Wallace Beery plays the rowdy tugboat skipper, who believes it's a personal war because the enemy sank his "Susan H." with gusto. His leads with Chester Morris, his commanding officer, are very amusing. Virginia Grey good as Beery's daughter.

Katia—Mayer-Burstyn

A fine film, based on the historical novel, which tells the tragic, touching story of Alexander II of Russia and hismorganatic wife. Danielle Darrieux plays Katia, for whose love the young Czar, John Loder, defies court tradition. The rôle of mischievous Katia, gives Danielle ample opportunity to display her charms and ability as a fine actress. It's her best performance since "Mayerling." Settings for court scenes are beautifully done.

Three Sons—RKO-Radio

Here's the newest version of the novel, "Sweepings," about the building of a great store after the Chicago fire, and a father's disappointment in his three sons. Edward Ellis ably enacts Pardway, the father, which is the rôle played by Lionel Barrymore in the earlier version. Other noteworthy performances by J. Edward Bromberg; Kent Taylor, Dick Hogan, Robert Stanton as the sons. Good family film.
Joan Blondell Powell advises good food and congenial guests for an informal party's success

By Betty Boone

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢

AS EVERYONE knows by now, the Dick Powells have taken the house Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders used to have. Before that, it belonged to Florence and King Vidor. But Joan and Dick have made it a new house. They've built a red brick wall around the front, with roses trained over it in the English fashion, and a little daisy figure at the gate, holding an iron hand for your horse's reins. Inside the wall, there's a brand new green lawn, thick with clover, and set with gaily colored seats. There's a croquet set and such flowers as would be a credit to a botanical garden. Only the eucalyptus trees are old. Because the driveway is narrow, Dick ordered a turn-table for cars outside the garage, and arranged a shelter for three extra cars at the side, with an ingenious use of fence, roof, and canvas curtains.

"Half the things in the house are Dick's and half are mine," said Joan after she had greeted me in the hall. "They don't match in the least, as Dick's are modern and mine are antique, and it takes time to blend them, but we're gradually getting there." She led the way down two steps to the living room. On the mantel above the whitewashed brick of the fireplace sits a black walnut clock of venerable age, ticking sonorously between two figures. "Those are mine, as you'd guess," she said, waving a hand toward

Dick Powell at the bar in the Blondell-Powell home prepares for his guests.
Left, across page, Joan arranges the ashtrays and glasses on the game table, one of the Powells’ most prized possessions. Sunken discs at the four corners of the table serve as glass coasters and the sunken ovals are for chips. The lamp is a converted old-fashioned oil-burner. At the right, the buffet table is personally prepared by Mrs. Dick Powell.

them, “Eddie Horton brought the figurines from England for me. Just feel how light they are, and they look so heavy. They are the molds for the Chelsea China figurines and are made of very light carved wood.”

The living room used to be a somber place, done in old Spanish style. Now it is light and gay. The walls are white, the draperies light, and the carpet—which is the same in halls and den—of light olive pebbleweave. Dick has cut out part of the walls between the den and the living room, filled in the lower halves with books, and left the upper spaces open. It’s not hard to pick out what is Joan’s and what is Dick’s—a small spinning-wheel by the fireplace and an old-fashioned settee are Joan’s, unmistakably; a dark blue love seat and a modern chiffon-covered chesterfield, as clearly Dick’s.

“I crocheted the circular rug for the hearth,” my hostess went on. “I took white yarn and dipped it myself in varied dyes—you know, a twist of it here and a squeeze there, so that it came out partly white, partly rose, blue, orchid, yellow and so on.”

Above the spinning-wheel are two crossed muskets. Beyond the chesterfield are two powder-horns, and the opposite wall are two midget revolvers. “Dick’s idea,” smiled Joan. “When he proposed putting his armory in the living room, I said ‘No!’ loudly and firmly. One day when I was out, he put them up and when I came home I had to admit that they add a certain peignancy to the decoration, so they stayed.

Let’s have tea in the den, shall we? We can watch Normie in the garden, then, and see Ellen up in her play-penthouse.”

We stepped through the doorless doorway to the den, where Dick’s piano is silhouetted against one glass wall filled with Joan’s collection of beautiful glass. Another glass wall, with French doors, reveals the paradise of a back garden, complete with brick terrace, green lawns, tennis courts, child’s play house and new-made barbecue pit.

“We had been in this house barely a week before we had our first party,” said Joan, settling herself before the tea tray. “There were twelve guests. We set food out on the bar over there and everyone helped himself. Then we ate wherever we pleased, living room, den, terraces, gardens, even on the stairs. By the way, did you notice that the stairs are padded? There’s not a corner in this house too sharp. My children aren’t going to crack up on their home grounds! To return to the party: We began with

(Please turn to page 72)
"I AM one of those women who, as the saying is 'missed the boat'... women who dream of a husband, a home, and children—and never get them.

There is never a morning as I start out for work but that I wish I could remain at home to look after a family. There is never a twilight but that my loneliness comes out of the dusk to sadden me as I open the door of my empty flat.

It wasn't always like this. Men used to find me attractive. Two wanted to marry me. Then some unexplainable change took place in me. I met new men of course, but somehow their interest was only momentary. I could not fathom the reason for their indifference then, nor can I now. To this day I do not know what is wrong with me I wish to heaven I did. It's no fun being thirty—and alone."

"Is anyone immune?"
An unusual case, you say? Nothing of the sort. Countless women and men are probably in exactly the same situation right now—and ignorant of the reason for it.

After all, nothing repels others and kills a romance so quickly as halitosis (bad breath). Sometimes it is due to systemic conditions, but usually and fortunately it is caused, say some authorities, by fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. And Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such food fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes.

"Why risk offending?"
The insidious thing about this offensive condition is that you yourself seldom realize when you have it. At this very moment you may be guilty. But why risk offending when it is so easy to take precautions by using Listerine Antiseptic?

You simply rinse the mouth or gargle with it every night and morning, and between times before social or business engagements. It freshens and invigorates the mouth and your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, more agreeable to others.

"It's my passport to popularity"
If you want people to like you, if you want to get along in business, use Listerine night and morning and between times when you want to be sure you're at your best. This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant may be the passport to popularity that you lack.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
DEAR MISS OOMPH:

Sorry. I know you’re sick of that word. When reporters met you at the station on your New York personal appearance tour and asked you, “Just what is it, anyway—this ‘Oomph’ you’re supposed to have?” you kept right on grinned as you answered, “I haven’t any idea—have you?” After all, you didn’t invent the word. Some bright publicity brain made it up and pinned it on you and you’ve had to wear it ever since. It’s hardly fair to blame you for it.

Your first trip East for the purpose of introducing Oomph personally to New York was a sensational success—for everybody but you. Six shows a day at the Broadway Strand for a girl who had never been on a stage before and who was running a temperature—sinus, not bad disposition; who could have been the toast of the town but didn’t have time for it because she had to work—and still you kept smiling. The entire Manhattan movie-going public came to see you with one chip on the shoulder: “Oomph, eh? Well, go ahead and show us!” Well, you showed them. With the jitterbugs stamping up and down the aisles and a highly professional and popular stage show surrounding you, with your throat feeling like Andy Devine’s sounds—still you showed ‘em. You wore a dazzling white gown, you sang three songs in a nice torchy voice, made a little speech about the Oomph sandwich—hamburger with onions—and bowed yourself off leaving your audience no longer in doubt as to the definition of Oomph. An Oomph Girl, they decided, was somebody very nice.

New York has heard better singers and seen plenty of girls, but what you got over was a breezy and likeable charm—and that honest and disarming grin. If Hollywood would give you a chance you could easily live down the heavy lurid title and play forthright honest rôles with sincerity. At least that’s New York’s verdict. The thing that impressed you most about your hectic-with-work sojourn in our city was the fact that a crowd of small boy fans clustering around the theatre all the time would yell at you as you came out, “Good luck, Clara Lou!” No elegant Oomph there, but you loved it. And that’s the nicest thing about you. You’d trade that Oomph title for the good old Texas name of Clara Lou any time.

Delight Evans

Charmingly candid pictures of Ann Sheridan as she was giving Broadway a load of Oomph on her recent personal appearance tour. Earl Ovard is her handsome partner.
Best off-guard photograph ever made of Irene Dunne! Above, Hollywood's most dignified beauty in one of the rare moments when she let a cameraman get close enough to watch her while she is stepping with husband Dr. Griffin.

Here Irene is dancing with Fred MacMurray. Fred's sideburns are for his new picture. The event: engagement party of producer-director Frank Lloyd's daughter, Alma, to Frank Gray, in the Palm Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Jump on the movie merry-go-round with demon camera reporter Len Weissman—he has all of the headache but none of the fun as he keeps up with the social pace set by your favorite screen stars.

Gene Raymond looks solemn. Irene Dunne looks intrigued as Fred MacMurray stops by their table. But the whole story behind this picture is: Fred asks his former co-star for the pleasure of the next dance.
Popular radio star, Kate Smith, in Hollywood for “Drums Along the Mohawk” broadcast, visits Cocoanut Grove and is greeted by Morton Downey and Stuart Erwin. Right: Sonja Henie enjoying a dance with handsome Alan Curtis.

Bobby Breen, boy singing star, about to bid his career goodbye for two years while he attends military school, gives a farewell party. Here’s Bobby clowning with Penny Singleton, better known as the movies’ “Blondie.”

Invitations to Bobby’s party read: “Come as your favorite comic-strip character.” So cute little Virginia Weidler is costumed as “Olive Oyl,” and our picture shows her gazing admiringly at her hero, “Pop-eye.”
Opening of Harold Lloyd's "Hobby-Horse Race" evenings also marked the first night of Morton Downey's singing engagement at the Cocoanut Grove. Downey received a rousing reception—Hollywood considers him one of the gang because he is married to Barbara Bennett, sister of Joan and Connie. Below, Downey howls at one of Jimmy's spills.

James Roosevelt, affectionately known as Jimmy in upper-bracket Hollywood, gives himself a ride in the Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel. The occasion: premiere of Harold Lloyd's "Hobby-Horse Race" which is now a regular Grove feature. Because Harold is one of Hollywood's most popular people, all of film colony's smart set turned out.

Judy Garland, all decked out in her first really sumptuous evening outfit of elaborate chiffon and sequins topped with ermine jacket, gamely gets on one of the "Hobby-Horses" aided by pretty girl jockey. Judy had her troubles with obstreperous steed but our gallant cameraman Len Weissman obligingly looked the other way so we'll never know whether little Miss Garland hung on or also took a spill.

Historic photograph! Not since the widely circulated pictures of the then Prince of Wales taking his spills while hunting has such a famous figure been camera-caught while going down in such undignified fashion. It's top producer Darryl Zanuck, folks, in picture above. Gilbert Roland, at right, is having better luck. A celebrated crowd on sidelines laughed.
There are two stories to the pleasant picture below. One is that Paramount, co-starring Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston in "Typhoon," thought it would be smart publicity to work up a romantic angle between the two. The other is that Dottie and Bob needed no suggestions from that department but are really having fun stepping out together.

Now, now, don't take this picture (below) too seriously! In this case we can assure you—as definitely as we ever can about Hollywood twosomes—that Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are not reconciling, but are simply preserving their genuine friendship by spending an evening together now and then. Here they are at the Cocoanut Grove. At left, a glimpse of Norman Foster's profile and Sally Blane.

Are you tired of reading captions like this? "Picture shows Cary Grant dancing and dining at popular night spot with Phyllis Brooks, soon to be Mrs. Grant." Don't blame us! Cary and Phyllis are one of Hollywood's most consistent twosomes and we wouldn't be surprised if she is soon to become Mrs. Grant; but they haven't set date so what can we do?

And here's still another story! Loretta Young and Jimmy Stewart have been seen together so frequently of late, with Loretta's eyes registering even more dreamily than usual, that we are inclined to place some substance to the stories that at last the elusive Jimmy's affections are permanently put. Once again, don't blame us if it doesn't come true.
How Nelson Eddy Faced Christmas Eve Alone

Revealing a surprising closed chapter in the life of Hollywood's supposedly most secretive star—in the spirit of "Peace on earth, good will toward men"

By Mary Jacobs
IT WAS Christmas Eve, and the city of brotherly love lay beneath its shimmering blanket of snow; the peal of the church bells echoed through the deserted streets. The spirit of Christmas pervaded the air; through the brightly lighted windows one could see families laughing as they hung gaily wrapped packages on the glittering trees. For one brief night in the year, unhappiness seemed to fade in the presence of the Prince of Peace.

To Nelson Eddy, winding up his concert tour, the night seemed forbidding and chilly, and dreadfully lonely. With his mother in Hollywood there was no family to greet him lovingly, no fireplace where he could sit and dream; no Christmas tree for him to dress. For proud as Philadelphia is of her illustrious son, Christmas night is one reserved for the family, and Mary a soul was at the station to greet him. Taxing to his hotel he pondered how to spend the evening. Of course there were dozens of people he called "friends" who had urged him to drop in whenever he was in town. His old music teacher, Edward Lippe; the wonderful-old lady who had been his patron when he first started his career; neighbors and business acquaintances.

Yet he hesitated. Tonight he felt was a night for family groups when an outsider, regardless of how much respected, was just that, an outsider, an intruder. Up and down his hotel room he paced. It was miserable spending Christmas Eve alone; surely somewhere in the city was another lonely soul! Years before, when he had been soloist at the Church of the Saviour, the organist, a quiet man, seemed always by himself. Perhaps they could spend this evening together. So Nelson Eddy, envied by millions, the young man who has the world at his feet, called up the organist and spent Christmas Eve rehearsing old Christmas tunes in the empty church loft. Till the early morning hours the rafters reverberated with his sonorous tones, even though there was no audience to hear them.

You never thought of Nelson Eddy as lonely, as sacrificing for fame many of the everyday things you and I take for granted, did you? Why, he makes so much money he can have everything his heart desires, you think. And he can. You're right. Now he is no longer lonely; now he has found peace and his heart's desire. But once upon a time...

"At the beginning," Nelson once told me, his blue (Please turn to page 81)
Watch Out, Bette Davis!

Will Hollywood history repeat in the case of Ida Lupino? Will her performance of Bessie in "The Light That Failed" equal Bette Davis' portrayal of Mildred in "Of Human Bondage"? You will be the judge!

By Elizabeth Wilson

Don't look now, but right behind you, there over your left shoulder, is another Bette Davis. And if there is anything Hollywood needs right now it is another Bette Davis. First of all, a little Grade-A Davis acting never does us any harm; and second of all, poor Bette herself has so many pictures lined up for her for the next few years that she could never do them all even if she was quintuplets which is too late now. Believe me, it's easier to find that needle tucked away in a haystack than it is to find a second Bette Davis. It's the luck of the Irish—but Hollywood's found her!

Heavy on the drums and horns. Give her your extra special fanfare. Toot-toot-toot and boom-boom-boom. The curtain rises. And in walks—Ida Lupino. "Ah nuts," you say, "we've seen her before. She's cute as a kitten all right, and pretty too. Yeah, a clever little ingenue. But—she's no Bette Davis."

You're right—you're wrong. As a matter of fact, you have seen Ida Lupino on the screen for seven years. Seven years ago Paramount was carrying on one of those mad-helter skelter searches for an Alice to play the lead in "Alice in Wonderland." (Paramount always was queer for searches. A restless studio, they always seemed to be looking for something. Remember the search for Beauty which gave us Ann Sheridan, and the search for the Panther Woman which have us Gail Patrick?) Potential Alices arrived on every plane, train, and covered wagon. Everyone had been tested for the part from Peggy Fears to Baby Leroy. (When it came to testing, Alice was the Scarlett O'Hara of her day.) In the midst of all the confusion Ida Lupino, accompanied by her attractive young mother, got off a plane in Glendale and casually announced that she had been signed by a Paramount talent scout in England to play Alice. Ida was fifteen, on the plumpish side, with bleached hair, beaded lashes, and clothes much too sophisticated for her extreme youth. The studio, folk took one look, shook their head, and said, "No Alice in Wonderland for this baby." But they gave her a contract, at a small salary, and told her to stick around. She did, and had one silly, stupid picture after another tossed to her.

Now it doubtless seems a far cry from a frustrated
Here Comes Ida Lupino!

Alice in Wonderland to First Lady of the Screen Bette Davis. But there’s a connection, believe me. Bette Davis was not handed an Academy Award the day she arrived in Hollywood in 1930 on a Universal contract. No one swooned over her first pictures. The public didn’t line up at the ticket windows. The press didn’t drool over their typewriters when writing reviews of Bette Davis pictures. In fact quite a lot of Bette Davis pictures had been released over the country before anyone swooned, drooled, or even noticed her. Bette was an ingénue in those days. She, too, had badly bleached hair. Universal told her she had no sex appeal, and definitely no acting ability, and dropped her. Warner Brothers, half-heartedly, signed her. George Arliss liked her, and anything to please George Arliss. But the change in studio didn’t particularly change her luck. Bette kept on being just a second-rate actress, ignored by the press and the fans.

Bette had ever been able to sink her teeth in. She gave it the works. The picture was released and the swooning started.

There’s an old bromide going around that history never repeats. But Hollywood history, of course, is extra special, and anyway, you can’t even count on the earth in Hollywood, so why bother counting on a bromide? All of us who have seen the unreleased “The Light That Failed” or even the stills from “The Light That Failed” are fully convinced that history is going to repeat itself. Another bad woman, it seems, is just about to make another great actress. What Mildred did for Bette Davis, Bessie is going to do for Ida Lupino.

Bessie, in case you’ve forgotten your Kipling, is the little model in “The Light That Failed” who poses for the Melancholia, painted by Kipling’s war-correspondent-artist, Dick Heldar, who goes blind with the last strokes of his brush. Bessie, dirty, unkempt, and with no more morals than a flea, is one up on Mildred. And if you hated Mildred for what she did to Leslie Howard, wait until you see what Bessie does to that poor Ronnie Colman. Bessie—Ida Lupino—feels—was well worth waiting seven years for.

As soon as it got bruited about—and it was Ronnie Colman himself who started the bruiting—that Ida was a cinch to be a second Bette Davis I could (Please turn to page 66)
BE SINCERE! In the long run, sincerity gets you a lot farther than high pressure. Sometimes a fellow sells a future employer a bill of goods which he can't deliver. Then he's in the soup.

DON'T BE TOO QUICK WITH WISECRACKS! You'd be surprised how many times people have wisecracked themselves right out of jobs. People who are quickest to be wise guys often have nothing else to offer.

DON'T THINK IT'S SMART TO GET DRUNK! A sociable drink at the right time with the right people may be all right, but it's disgusting to see young people drink. Nine times out of ten when young people get into trouble, it's because they've been drinking too much.

NEVER ENTER AN ILLEGITIMATE BUSINESS! No matter how much money you coin, you'll lose your peace of mind in the long run.

DON'T BRAG! A conceited fellow usually finds out a few years later that he doesn't mean as much to the world as he thought he did.

"BOYS, be sincere! Don't misrepresent yourselves. Don't brag. Don't be too quick with the wisecracks. Never discourage anybody. It's just as easy to give people a pat on the back as a slap in the face. And if you're discouraged and thinking of quittin'—don't. Just keep pluggin' along. Remember that the most important thing in the world is peace of mind. You can have all the money and fame in the world, but if you haven't peace of mind, you haven't anythin'. If you've got peace of mind and can sleep soundly at night, then you've got the most important thing in the world."

Boys, that's the straight goods from Gene Autry himself, the man who conquered the screen with the help of nothing but a guitar, a voice, and a horse. At least, that's all the movie moguls thought he had. They knew that his records sold better than Bing Crosby's, so they figured he had a voice. They knew that Colonel Johnson himself, originator of the famous rodeos that pack New York's Madison Square Garden
every year, had said of Champion, "That’s my kind of a horse," so they knew he had a horse. And they knew that he had a guitar because he was always taking the thing out of its case and playing it.

The big shots of the movie racket didn’t discover what Gene had; you did. A number of them thought it was ridiculous to put a guy who played and sang the guitar into a wild, roaring Western. One man threatened to quit his job if horse operas were going to turn into musical affairs and cowboys into crooners. Timidly, tentatively, the producers put Gene into a small spot in a Ken Maynard Western. And they would have kept on putting Gene into small spots in other Westerns if it hadn’t been for the clamor you—his fans—made, if it hadn’t been for the thousands of letters his studio received, demanding more and more and more of Autry (pronounced Aw-tree). You got more of Autry in a serial called “The Phantom Empire” and in dozens of Westerns which have followed that. Today Gene is in demand for pictures, on the radio, and for personal appearances. When he went to England recently with his horse Champion, he was a sensation. You did all that for Gene by discovering him. He’s never known how to pay you back. But now he’s doing it the best he can by giving you the lessons he’s learned as the result of thirty-two years of living.

When you meet Gene Autry, you are aware of the fact that there is nothing gaudy, nothing tricky about him. Sandy hair; honest boyish blue eyes in a wide open naive countenance, and a cowboy suit consisting of a white shirt, light blue trousers, a ten-gallon hat and real cowboy boots—these are the things you notice first. For some reason, you get the impression that he’s tall—maybe it’s because you expect a singing son of the saddle to be tall. Checking up, you discover he’s really of medium height, but there is something about the man that gives the impression of towering strength.

There are plenty of actors who destroy all your illusions the first time you meet them. For instance, there used to be one famous comedian who never smiled off the screen; and there’s a leading glamor girl whose language is so shocking that if any magazine attempted to reproduce it, it would be banned from the stands. But off the screen, Gene Autry is—Gene Autry. He never appears in public except in his cowboy duds, declaring that if he did, he fears it would destroy the illusions of his fans.

“I reckon,” Gene told me, “many people don’t recognize how important sincerity is to them. So that’s what I want to talk about first in giving advice to American boys. My small town background (I was born in Tioga, Texas) has been a great help to me in this. Sometimes people who are brought up in a big city adopt a shell of hardness and insincerity as a protection. Sometimes I wonder what they’re protectin’ themselves against? Often they may be protectin’ themselves against the very people who might like to help them. In the long run, sincerity gets you a lot farther than high pressure. People don’t like to listen to a bag of wind. And even if you should succeed in sellin’ someone a bill of goods, you’ll be in the soup if you can’t deliver what you’ve promised.

“When you go out to look for a job, don’t misrepresent yourself. I guess Lincoln’s little line about that is as good as any. ‘You can fool some (Please turn to page 74)
THE long arm of the movies reached down to Dallas and plucked out a dark-eyed child named Monetta Roy, who was still going to high school. Fishing in nearer waters, it drew up Betty Leabo, just as she had completed two years at UCLA. They are now Brenda Joyce, and Linda Darnell, two young hopefuls of Twentieth Century-Fox.

Linda was sixteen on October 16th. With her, the traditional movie need has been reversed. Her years have been added to, instead of subtracted from. Nevertheless, she's just sixteen. Brenda will be nineteen next February. The former is a luscious brunette beauty, "a doe-eyed honey," as one appreciative journalist named her. Brenda's a darling of another kind. Under a mop of fair hair, her face is serene, her hazel eyes laugh. She has a sunny, trustful quality that suggests Shirley Temple grown up.

Both girls represent the newer Hollywood. They're modest and level-headed. Ten years ago affectations would have been thrust upon them. Now they're allowed to be themselves. They would blush to refer to "my public," and it slays them to be called glamour girls. They're staggered by what's happened to them—also frankly overjoyed. But they've followed the one-minute careers of other movie finds, so they're laying no bets.

They both live in small houses near the studio, Brenda with her mother; Linda with her mother, two sisters and a brother. Undeen sells insurance. Monte and Calvin are ten and nine respectively. A
Maids from SCHOOL

Second little girl is Linda Darnell, who jumped from high school into "Hotel for Women." Now she's Tyrone's movie heroine

married brother and sister are still in Dallas and expect to stay there. So does Mr. Roy. Brenda owns a '36 Chevy, which she thinks she'll probably keep till it falls apart. Linda didn't own a car at all until after the success of "Hotel for Women." Then she bought a Pontiac. "But I'm not going to do anything else till that's all paid for," she says firmly.

Their backgrounds are similar in that neither family had much money. There the resemblance ends. Brenda is an only child. Linda is fourth of the six children of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Roy. Brenda lived a rather solitary, though not a lonely, childhood. Her parents separated, and when she was five, Mrs. Leabo took her to California to live. All the relatives were left behind in Kansas City, but her mother's companionship made

up for other lacks. "Mother's very young," says her daughter. "It's sort of silly to say she grew up with me, because she's not that young. But we did things together, the way sisters and girl friends do. I never had any secrets from her—well, just one. I'd sneak books into bed. She didn't like me to read so much, because I was quite nearsighted. So I'd throw something over the light to keep it dim, and that way she never knew how late I read."

Linda's father is a postal clerk. She tumbled about with the other children of a large household. Her mother, having dreamed of the stage, vowed that if ever a talented child were born to her, she should be an actress. Linda was elected. She took singing and dancing lessons. She appeared in school plays and on civic programs. Her father didn't like it. Neither did his kinfolk, who were numerous and articulate. "They thought I was a black sheep," says Linda, "because I wanted to be an actress. The only one I hated going against was Dad. He's so (Please turn to page 76)
IVE that kid an inch and he'll take a mile; give him a scene and he'll walk off with the whole show; invite him to a party and he'll eclipse the guest of honor; let him drop into a night club, a football game, or a political rally and he'll be the featured attraction. Why, it wouldn't be safe to invite him to a wedding for he might walk off with the bride. That's Hollywood's opinion of Mickey Rooney!

At the same time, and in the same breath, Hollywood admits that Mickey Rooney is not only a number-one player but Clark Gable's closest rival! He's a runt with a shock of yellow hair and a profile like a comic cartoon, but his current popularity will probably put his name on top of the list when the box-office poll is taken this year.

Mickey made the "Judge Hardy" series into Andy Hardy pictures. He received co-starring honors with the screen's twice-Academy Award winner, Spencer Tracy, in "Boys Town"; out-mugged Wallace Beery in "Stablemates" and caricatured Barrymore, Gable, and Jolson in "Babes In Arms." Looking for new worlds to conquer, he made a personal appearance on Broadway last August—and despite heat waves that were sweltering the city, Mickey Rooney broke box-office records. His two weeks' engagement lengthened into four and he'd still be there if picture commitments hadn't returned him to Hollywood.

Such success is enough to make any young man's head swim—so if Mickey's has swelled several sizes it isn't unnatural. For Mickey's been a cock-sure, wisecracking youngster from the time he made his theatrical début on a Brooklyn burlesque stage at the age of eleven months lisping a three-word joke. Show business is, like Darwin's theory, survival of the fittest. And Mickey has seen to it that he was among the fit—working and planning from the time he was a youngster to stay in pictures so he and Mom could have the necessities of life. For Mickey's parents went their separate ways when he was only an infant, and Mickey has been the breadwinner in his home ever since he was school age.

Screen stardom wasn't enough for Master Mickey, it seems, for his versatility knows no limit. Like George M. Cohan, he's an actor, a singer, a dancer, a songwriter, a musician and at the same time an all-around athletic American boy. His every venture has been touched with success, from the time he organized his own band and played engagements all over Southern California until increased screen activities interfered. His professional football team won, it seemed, whenever they played. And there were kids on opposing teams who were glad when Mickey's popularity arose anew and he was kept busy by the studios. But music must have some outlet. This year Mickey wrote Oceans Apart. Judy Garland introduced it and it's a song-hit of the season.

With Gable, Taylor, and Power marrying this year, Mickey suddenly finds himself (now he's eighteen) elevated into the ranks of the glamor-boy bachelor stars—right up there with Jimmy Stewart. Needless to say Mickey has his pick of the screen beauties. In fact, he has his pick of the girls everywhere he goes. Even though he frequently chooses taller maidens to escort, they think it is a lark to go with Mickey. In New York he dated Brenda Frazier. He took her to the Stork Club and when queried by (Continued on page 68)
SCRENLAND ignores "No Trespassing" sign and takes you to the hideaway of Carole and Clark Gable, Andy Devine "and Company." Come along!

By Anita Kilore

If you should happen to be in your car, at a point about thirty miles northeast of Hollywood, and if you should turn off the main road to the south and follow a cow track for some two or three hundred yards inland toward a heavily wooded section, you would undoubtedly come face to face with a large "No Trespassing" sign. The sign is a firm one. "No trespassing or you will be prosecuted by law," and below it are the large bold-faced words: "The Hardrock Land Company."

Well, there's nothing unusual in that, you say, but that's because you don't know the story behind that sign. Suppose we tell you that The Hardrock Land Company consists of the following: Clark Gable, Carole Lombard Gable, Andy Devine, Phil Harris, and Lum and Abner. Ah! We've got something there! That's right; we have a story.

While everybody else in Hollywood is approaching the Gables with the hopeless hope of getting a story on their little grey home in the west, and "How My Husband Looks Before Breakfast" by Carole Gable, we'll just skip all that nonsense and tell you a far more au-

Want to catch 'em off-guard? Then don't miss this swell story, all about Clark and "Mrs. Goldilocks" Gable (left), so christened by Tad Devine, shown below with papa Andy as they prepare to tear apart the big holiday turkey.
The Gables, above, enjoying their ranch home. Those Siamese cats belong to Carole, but Clark likes 'em as much as she does. See Gable's boots?

authentic, and exclusive, story of how the Gables and Andy and the others happened to get all mixed up in this land business. It's not their little gray home in the west, but it is their little hide-out shack in the woods, and that makes it even closer to their hearts, and to ours—because this is a part of their life which very few people know about.

It all started months ago when Andy Devine, Lum and Abner, Clark and Carole, and Phil Harris kind of struck up a close friendship over hunting and fishing. Sunday mornings, or whenever they had a free dawn, they'd get up at the crack of it, and rig up duck blinds in a marsh some forty miles from town. If the boys got up at five then it's a sure thing that Carole was up at four, because when they arrived at the appointed meeting place she always (Please turn to page 70)
Marlene Dietrich had checked in at Universal to play in "Destry Rides Again," a glorified Western. I sat in her dressing room with her and the astrology chart of her life was spread out before us. The interpretation of that chart meant a great deal to Miss Dietrich at that particular moment, for the entire motion picture industry was asking the question, "Can Marlene Dietrich stage a successful comeback?"

I realized that a great deal depended on an honest interpretation of the chart and consulted my calculations carefully. "According to the evidence found in your horoscope," I told Miss Dietrich, "you were born in the Sign of Capricorn, ruled by the Planet Saturn. Your birthdate, December 22, reveals that fortunate planetary aspects ruled the heavens at the time of your birth and helped elevate you to a very enviable position on the screen. However, during the past two years afflictions of Saturn have brought about professional difficulties that are just now being overcome."

Miss Dietrich was most attentive; she paused as she applied her make-up. "What about the future?" she asked. "Tell me everything you find in my chart!"

"The future is very bright for you," I continued, "and the picture you are now making will mark the turning point in your career. From now on you will be given more suitable stories, better publicity; your career will be handled differently. In common with most persons born between December 22 and January 19, in the Sign of Capricorn, you will go on to greater success than ever in the coming three years.

As for Marlene Dietrich's future in regard to her present marriage, I pointed out in her horoscope the difficulties that exist which might doom that marriage in the next twelve months. Her marriage has been marked by long periods of separation from her husband, and these are apt to develop into a permanent rift. Another marriage is clearly indicated within a period of three years for Marlene Dietrich.

If your birthdate happens to come in the Sign of Capricorn, you too come under the influence of the Planet Saturn. This may incline you to a strange and unusual destiny, marked by conflict, romantic confusion, and early disappointments. However, Saturn can also elevate you in its exalted phases, and bring you rich rewards that compensate for your early struggles. It will be recalled that Miss Dietrich had many obstacles to overcome before making a success in Hollywood, but because she possessed the perseverance and determination that generally characterizes Capricorn persons, she rose to fame on the screen.

Strangely enough, several Capricorn screen stars have recently staged more or less successful come-backs. They
are Ann Sothern, Lew Ayres and Ray Milland. I have read Miss Sothern’s chart over a period of several years, and warned her some time ago that a lull might arise in her career, owing to the afflictions of a Saturn. I also read in her chart that in 1939 the afflictions would subside temporarily and her career would begin anew. You no doubt remember the picture that gave audiences a glimpse of a new and more exciting Ann Sothern—it was “Maisie,” and once again Ann Sothern is on the way up. The turning point in her career, as it is in the lives of so many Capricorn persons, was a change of type or personality. That is an important clue for you to remember, if Capricorn happens to be your birth Sign. If you feel that life is cheating you, that you are tired of living the same old routine, do not hesitate a moment in changing your environment, your personality, and even your friends. Sometimes a new romance will bring that fresh glow into your life which all Capricorn people seem to require.

The two other stars born in Capricorn whose careers badly needed this revitalizing change of personality were Ray Milland and Lew Ayres. Both have shown occasional inspirational flashes and then their careers have lapsed into obscurity again. It was about seven years ago that I first met Ray Milland when he was under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and I predicted that he would remain under Saturn’s cloud for some time, but that it would eventually lift. Now Ray has come out from under the cloud and his chart shows the sky is the limit. As for Lew Ayres, he will go on to greater success in 1940 in his career. His “Dr. Kildare” series has once again shown that Capricorn can overcome all adversities, and it is doubtful if Lew’s career will ever again lapse into mediocrity. I cannot say as much for his marriage to Ginger Rogers. His chart shows that there is little chance of a reconciliation for him and Ginger and that a permanent separation would be sealed by a divorce in 1940. Another marriage is noted for Lew within a period of three years.

Speaking of come-backs, especially for those born in the Sign of Capricorn, what of the brilliant, meteoric career of Luise Rainer? Is she finished on the screen, or will Saturn elevate her again in the future? Miss Rainer’s chart shows that she will be back on the screen in 1940 and once again win the hearts of the fans. She will be handled more expertly in her new career. As for her marriage to Clifford Odets, it will always be one of those on-again-off-again romances, that even the heavenly stars have a hard time keeping track of. They are not compatible, and according to all the laws of the universe and the planets they should not be together, but seemingly they have defied cosmic laws in their marriage.

Loretta Young, another star born in Capricorn, has known setbacks due to ill health in the past, but her chart shows no danger to career in the future. She will have fortunate aspects of the planets (Please turn to page 78)
My Frankest Confession

By Marlene Dietrich
"I am not afraid of anything!

"I consider money important, because without financial security I was always afraid. I know what it is to finagle furiously with bills, but I have never borrowed one cent from either an individual or from a bank. I never opened a charge account until recently, when I no longer needed to budget myself. I am not extravagant. I never felt poor, as a child. Until I was thirteen I had an allowance of ten cents a week from my family. I found it quite satisfactory. At that age I was raised to twenty-five cents a week, which was sufficient. At fourteen I was self-supporting, as a dancer and understudy in the stage revue at the Capitol Theatre on Broadway. Everything above modest living expenses went into the bank. I paid cash, so I would see my money going out and usually reconsider and spend less. I can't forget the axiom, 'Wifful waste brings woeful want.' A big pay-check has changed me only in removing my horror of being stranded.

"I have two obsessions—my husband and my career. Everything else in my life is secondary. I am riled quickest by reading untrue statements about myself and my marriage.

"I have a feeling of permanence about our home in Hollywood. Still, if Gene and I left pictures we might not call it headquarters. It would be hard for me to live in and not be of the movie colony. I am most myself in my own house, with Gene and a few close friends.

"I do not believe a husband should be even somewhat jealous, and I think it takes two to make love last. I want children of my own some day. But right now I have everything I want. I have my marriage and my career running as I'd dreamed they could. I have my health, my youth, my looks, and my friends.

"I am very conventional. I have an acute sense of morals. I always think of the consequences. I am not daring or impulsive. I am not a show-off. But, instinctively, I am an actress. I feel how an effect should be gained. I have never been my real self on the screen, save when I have been singing or doing something kiddingly.

"I would like to change my height. I am five feet five and I've always wanted to be five feet one. I think petiteness is a special appeal,

"I bite my fingernails when nervous. I am emotionally well-balanced. I am religious.

"I am not concerned about what I wear. I dress as well as I can so I won't be disappointing, but I am much more interested in having attractive surroundings. I take pride in my modesty. (Please turn to page 80)
NO HEROINE of Grimm's Fairy Tales had a more sordid, more unhappy early life than Virginia Grey. And that is what probably gives this blonde, blue-eyed girl, scarcely out of her teens, the look of a slightly bewildered angel. Her father, Ray Grey, was a director in the old, old days of silent pictures. Knowing all the ins and outs of the business, the heartaches and disappointments connected with it, he said he never wanted to see any other member of his family even remotely connected with pictures. He died when Virginia was eight. His death was sudden and when his affairs were wound up his family was left practically penniless.

The problem of living raised its head. Mrs. Grey turned to the only business of which she knew anything—the movies. She became a cutter at the old Universal studio. One day Virginia, aged (Please turn to page 67)

By S. R. Mook
Page Ginger Rogers! Her old partner Fred Astaire has a new dancin' date, Eleanor Powell—and he seems to like it. So does she, so will we when we see them in "Broadway Melody of 1940."
Many gallant foxes gave their all that the gorgeous 1940 girls should be clothed in beauty this luxurious season. Patricia Morison poses in bulky coat, muff, and “topknot” of red fox.
Muriel Angelus, statuesque stage beauty who makes her first screen appearance with Ronald Colman and Ida Lupino in "The Light That Failed," chooses cross fox for her "topknot" and that huge muff.
In and Out of Character
Paul Munj, Jane Bryan

as themselves (large portraits) and as the characters they portray in James Hilton's "We Are Not Alone." See Jane, right, her real loveliness well disguised, and, with Muni in a scene from the film, opposite page. This is Muni's last movie for some time, as he's now starring on Broadway in Maxwell Anderson's "Key Largo.

Hart Six
The Latest in Lovelies

BRENDA MARSHALL

MARY MARTIN

KATHRYN ADAIR
Cream of current pulchritude crop, these girls not only enliven the Hollywood scene with their beauty, but will bring fresh excitement to neighborhood screens. P. S. And they can act, too.

Mary Healy, right, and Dorris Bowdon, top left, contribute their charms to 20th Century-Fox films. Frances Robinson, top right, brings regal beauty to Universal's "Tower of London," starring Basil Rathbone and Boris Karloff. Now, on page opposite, you've met Brenda Marshall, discovery of Espionage Agent," and Kathryn Adams who made such a hit in Ginger Rogers' picture, "Fifth Avenue Girl." Mary Martin is the charmer from Broadway who makes her screen bow in "The Great Victor Herbert."
You've heard "Sunrise Serenade" and "Moonlight Serenade"—now we give you our very own version, with Helen Gilbert, here, serenaded by Cesar Romero, over there. Not that Helen, the musical beauty who played the cello in a studio orchestra before somebody discovered she could act—and now look at her in "Dr. Kildare's Secret"—and Cesar, who's the new Cisco Kid, have ever even met, as far as we know, but we think it's a good idea, and they make a handsome pair.
"THE CISCO KID
AND THE LADY"

And here's the new "Cisco Kid" himself! Cesar Romero has inherited Warner Baxter's old part and so now Hollywood's dancin'-est man-about-town has his chance to charm all the lovely ladies of the motion picture audience in a really romantic rôle.
Old Daniel Boone started something! Claire Trevor spent two months in coonskin hats and leather suits for her early American role in "Allegheny Uprising"—and when the film was finished she adapted old Dan’s fashion ideas to 1940 chapeau styles. It's a good story, anyway—and a right purty pitcher.
"Mr. Anne Shirley"—Otherwise John Payne

Better smile when you call him that. He's in love with his wife but he wants to be known for his own acting talents and we don't blame him. John recently walked out of a studio contract to freelance—object, better parts. Result: he was hired back at more money for a rôle he wanted to play.
Great Moments from BIG Pictures

CHARLES LAUGHTON in
"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

The Victor Hugo classic comes to the screen in a thrilling new version, with Laughton in the title role, his grotesque makeup challenging veteran movie-goers' memories of Lon Chaney in the same part, and William Dieterle's dramatic direction of many superb scenes against the magnificent background of 15th Century Paris, lavishly reproduced in the RKO Radio studios. See lower opposite page for more pictures.
RAYMOND MASSEY in “Abe Lincoln in Illinois”

Robert Sherwood’s Pulitzer Prize play of the Great Emancipator has been filmed with Raymond Massey in the role he created on the stage. Here we show Massey as he delivers the longest line of dialogue ever recited by an actor, 832 words, in the screen version of the Lincoln-Douglas debate, which is one of the stirring moments from the play.
Introducing Gulliver and the Lilliputians

You've met Snow White and the Dwarfs. Now meet Gulliver and the Lilliputians in the screen's second full-length technicolor feature cartoon, "Gulliver's Travels".

In bringing "Gulliver's Travels" to the animated cartoon screen for Paramount, Max Fleischer has retained the fulness of Swift's satire upon the smallness of man and the foolishness of war. After his boat capsizes, Lemuel Gulliver, adventurous sailor, swims to the shore of a strange land, inhabited by a race of tiny people. Exhausted, he falls asleep and is discovered by the town crier who, believing him to be a giant, warns the Lilliputians. Above, the little men rushing to overpower the man-mountain. Above right, the frightened but curious Lilliputians come to gaze at the colossal. Right, close-up showing how they've pinioned the sleeping Giant. Top, Gulliver, who's now their friend, whittles a Lilliputian life-size boat for them.
In cartoon form, Jonathan Swift's immortal classic is treated as a musical with humor, catchy tunes, and romantic ballads, and the singing voices of Lanny Ross and Jessica Dragonette will be heard in the roles of Prince David and Princess Glory.

Hundreds of miniature derricks, blocks and tackle, are used to bind Gulliver, top. Left, the huge figure is hoisted onto a hundred-wheeled truck; above, scores of tiny horses draw the human cargo to the palace grounds. Below, with Gulliver's help, Prince David sees Princess Glory.
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Shirley Temple in “The Blue Bird”
Lana Looks Ahead

WHEN Lana Turner first ran across the screen in that memorable scene in Mervyn LeRoy's "They Won't Forget," she made a splash of Hollywood history. She became the world's "Sweater Girl." It wasn't important that nobody had ever heard of her before, that she appeared in only a few fleeting flashes in the early portion of the picture or that she received scant billing. She very definitely had something to offer, an electrifying presence, that many a star would give an arm to possess. Hard-boiled Hollywood took one look, a GOOD look, and to a man proclaimed here was Hollywood's new sensation.

This was the girl, then, a vital, exciting and very much alive young person with copper-hued hair falling over her white forehead, who said gravely: "This is not my life! I have other plans." She stated, simply and surprisingly, "When I am twenty-one, I will retire from the screen. Perhaps sooner, Then I will do what I've always wanted to do, all my life."

Other girls have come forth with reckless, daring statements ere this: but never has anybody had the sheer effrontery, all things considered—remember, Lana potentially ranks as one of our most lustrous stars—to make

so positive an assertion, so startling a prediction. "Of course," she hastened to explain, "I love acting, the excitement of the studios. But it isn't what I really want, it doesn't appeal to me like it does to so many other girls. What I want more than anything else in this life—and for which I intend to abandon pictures without a moment's hesitation when the time comes—is to be a fashion designer, own my own smart shop and create my own styles. I've promised someone I'd do this, leave the screen—and I've promised myself. I may have broken promises to others in the past, but myself, never! Nor do I ever intend to."

To understand her fully, let's skim back to the little city of Wallace, Idaho, where Lana was born some nineteen years ago and spent her childhood. Almost as long as she can remember, she drew beautiful ladies and clothed them with designs of her own creation. Her mother had been a fashion model, and as Lana grew she instilled in the little girl a love for sketching fashions and a con- (Please turn to page 71)

Of all things! Lana Turner, not content with capturing collegian hearts, is plotting a new career by the time she's 21!

By Whitney Williams
Hollywood has discovered the fountain of youth and is lapping it up in great, big gulps, with the result that the family can now go to the movies in a body without blushing. "Babes in Arms" is the biggest Family Show of the season, a clean and wholesome musical comedy with Mickey Rooney impersonating everybody from F.D.R. to Lionel Barrymore and Judy Garland leading a parade of other youngsters in the greatest display of juvenile talent in captivity. "Babes in Arms" tells the sprightly story of a theatrical community in which the young folks, scions of once-prosperous vaudeville families, take things in their own gifted hands and save the day and the old homesteads by staging a brilliant show of their own. Mickey is the ring-leader as you'd imagine, not because he's the biggest but because he can write, direct, compose and stage the show and also impersonate Clark Gable with such uncanny accuracy. The boy's a wonder. In her quiet way Judy Garland is just as expert as a trouper and with more charm, or maybe not quite so much—anyway, she's restful; and together they make a marvelous team. We expect to be getting lots of female fan mail about Douglas McPhail, who with his stalwart good looks and excellent voice might be called a young Nelson Eddy—only then we'd get more letters from Eddy fans.

YOU won't be disappointed in Deanna's first grown-up picture. It is just as gay and fresh and charming as her early little-girl films, with an added depth and sympathy to warm your heart. The only audience not to enjoy it thoroughly would be one made up entirely of school teachers—who are rather unaccountably set up in this picture's plot as examples of the thwarted womanhood which Deanna mercifully escapes by preferring Robert Stack to an academic career. Youngsters will adore this above all other Durbin numbers, for Robert Stack, Deanna's "first lover," is a personable and engaging lad, first in all probability of an endless chain of handsome fellows who will capture Deanna's film fancies after a suitable interlude of guileless chase and lovely song. Here the heroine plays with customary charm the poor little relative in a wealthy uncle's household, accepting snubs so sweetly that eventually she wins not only their hearts but the social catch of the season, the afore-mentioned Mr. Stack. As usual in a Joe Pasternak production, all the characters, from Eugene Pallette as the uncle who finally asserts himself in his selfish family, to Charles Coleman as the long-suffering butler, are real people you're sorry to leave when the picture ends. Helen Parrish is once more the beautiful little "menace." Lewis Howard, a newcomer, excellent as her brother.

An exciting novel—a rousing record of real American—becomes an exciting motion picture. Every good American should go to see it—if not out of a smug sense of duty then frankly for good entertainment's sake—for this is a thrilling screen show with spirit and gusto and splendid performances. True, there are dull moments here and there, but even marauding Indians must take time out to rest up for the next skirmish. Aside from these few slow sequences, John Ford has directed "Drums" with sweep and skill and that absence of Hollywood trickery which makes him the best of the outdoor-drama megaphoners. The saga of the stalwart farmers of the Mohawk Valley fighting for their rights against the invasion of Tory and Indian, striving to preserve their family unity and keep up their spirits against tremendous odds has been faithfully translated from Walter Edmonds' best-selling book—seems that Zanuck is one of the few Hollywood producers to possess the important secret of bringing a big book to the screen intact—remember he gave us "The Rains Came." Real surprise of this picture, to me, was the complete conviction of Claudette Colbert's performance as a pioneer woman. She's fine—and so is Henry Fonda as the courageous young husband. Edna Mae Oliver has one of her saltiest roles and she plays it, as usual, superbly.
FOR THRILLS:
"Drums Along the Mohawk"

FOR FUN-WITH-MUSIC:
"Babes in Arms"
"First Love"

NOVELTIES:
Garbo laughing in "Ninotchka"
Colbert serious (as a pioneer woman) in "Drums"
Durbin getting her first kiss in "First Love"

GOOD WORK:
Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Douglas McPhail in "Babes in Arms"
Betty Field, Jackie Cooper in "Seventeen"
Melvyn Douglas in "Ninotchka"
Helen Parrish in "First Love"

THE ROARING TWENTIES—Warner

IF YOUR appetite for gangster melodrama hasn't been satisfied even at this late date—personally, I'm full of turkey—then you'd better hurry right out to see "The Roaring Twenties." Here is the gangster melodrama to end all g.m.'s, I hope. It has all the guaranteed ingredients: the prohibition era for a background, Jimmy Cagney and Humphrey Bogart as rival public enemies, night club scenes with floor shows, rum-running, assorted killings—and then, while you're in a weakened condition from all the shooting, comes the gruesome finish which is to prove that crime doesn't and never did and never will pay—except at the box-office. Cagney is excellent, as usual, as the ex-service man who can't get a decent job and turns to bootlegging in which he becomes a big little shot and prospers until his love for Priscilla Lane leads him to attempt the impossible—crashing the big time of crime. If you think dewy-eyed Priscilla Lane is out of place in these sordid surroundings you are in agreement with the author, who whisked her away to be the bride of upright Jeffry Lynn. It is Gladys George who gives the outstanding performance of the picture, next to Cagney's. She makes her familiar role of woman-with-the-heart-of-gold who befriends Cagney to the very last, a poignant and believable character. Frank McHugh is fine as always.

SEVENTEEN—Paramount

THE adorable gaucheries of 'teen-agers as recorded by Booth Tarkington provide ample entertainment in this brisk new film account of the immortal Willie Baxter, his life, his woes, his loves. Jackie Cooper plays Tarkington's most famous juvenile character just as he should be played—naturally enough, for Jackie himself is just seventeen, and should know—with awkward solemnity and a complete lack of humor—in other words, he is Willie, and even when you're laughing at him you're all for him, through his struggles to pay for a new car, his troubles with his sappy little sister, and his Great Romance with the cute and flirtatious Lola. Jackie is more appealing than funny as he portrays the exquisite tortures of a boy in the throes of his first romantic crush—but there is hilarity enough in the reactions of his family, especially the snoopy little sister who nevertheless helps to save the day in Willie's direst hour of need. Betty Field plays a small-town heartbreaker with clever malice though a little too much sophistication. However, her performance is just brittle enough to make Jackie's all the more touching by comparison. Otto Kruger and Ann Shoemaker are absolutely right as the understanding if bewildered parents. Norma Gene Nelson as the little imp of the Baxter household is convincingly obnoxious—clever actress!

NINOTCHKA—M-G-M

GARBO giggles and you'll laugh right along with her at "Ninotchka." She not only giggles, she guffaws, she practically has hysterics at Melvyn Douglas taking a comedy fall—in fact, Mr. Douglas is the only person who doesn't seem to be enjoying himself quite as wholeheartedly as other members of the cast; but then he takes the fall. He also takes care of most of the heavy work, what with slaving so hard to make Garbo laugh, trying to make her fall in love with him, and then catching up with her after she says "I tank I gone home"—yes, she really utters these historic words you've been hearing about so long; and now let them slip into oblivion, for no one can possibly say them with the same inflection as G.G. herself. "Ninotchka" is not only brand new Garbo, complete with sense of humor and retaining all the famous charm; it is vintage Lubitsch—sly, sophisticated continental comedy at its frothiest. As a gloomy Soviet envoy sent on a delicate mission to Paris, Garbo gradually unbends into a gay and frisky creature under Melvyn's benign guidance, and with the help of three jolly gentlemen who are also reformed comrades. You won't want to miss "Ninotchka" for it is filled with surprises. Until you have seen Garbo getting high and giggly on champagne you haven't really been to pictures, Ina Claire's chic also adorns the cast.

SCREENLAND 53
Co-starring with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Green Hell," released through Universal

This year, a coat-with-fur is a "must" in the wardrobe of every smart woman, and here is Joan's favorite even above all her grand, all-fur collection. Leopard front contrasts with back and sleeves of black wool. Note high neck line, tiny waist and flared skirt. The belt is black suede as are Joan's accessories. Her tiny high hat is of leopard and trimmed with black lacquer quills. From I. Magnin Co., Los Angeles.
She knows the secret of combining true chic with effortless grace! Let lovely Joan Bennett be your guide to glamor.

One of Hollywood's really great designers, Bernard Newman, created this beautiful white evening gown for Miss Bennett. The draped bodice crosses high at the neck with one side draping at the shoulder into a long flowing scarf which can also be worn over the head as Joan is wearing it in close-up above. The wide girdle designed in a formal flower motif is of gold leaf and exquisitely embroidered with gold sequins and beads.
Joan Bennett

- Black and Purple for Evening
- The One-Sleeve Jacket
- Bright Red with Beaver
- The Military Note

Black and purple make an effective color combination with Joan's current brunette coiffure. Above, her favorite formal gown of black crepe with triple cording of purple outlining the bodice. There's high fashion news in Miss Bennett's one-sleeve purple jacket. It was designed by Bernard Newman.

Bright red wool fashions the wrap-around coat with full sleeves and soft gathered top, at right. An ascot of beaver ties at the throat and beaver pockets strike a military note. The sash of self material ties the waist in snugly. Joan's hat is beaver with felt bow. Her accessories are black suede.
SPONSORS:

- The ever-wearable Dirndl
- The "Apron-Front" Frock
- The Hat with High Round Crown
- All-Black Accessories

The "Apron-front" of Miss Bennett's frock, above, is the high style note. Hand-embroidered flowers in black yarn trim this imported sheer black wool with above-elbow sleeves, fitted waist with apron front over a skirt which has the new back fullness. Her hat of black felt has a high round crown.

The dirndl is still popular and Joan poses in her pet dirndl dress, left, combining black and mustard sheer wool. The skirt has all-around unpressed pleats. Off-the-face hats are also still high in her favor and very becoming. Joan's gloves and shoes are black suede and she carries a black antelope bag.
Let Beauty Reign for Christmas!

The Start! After shopping, comes wrapping. This takes an artistic eye, patience, sharp scissors, paste, yards and yards of gay paper, ribbon or string, and cards, stickers and tags. Seriously, Laraine Day begins her labor of love by carefully folding and wrapping in tissue some gossamer lingerie. Laraine urges care to further enhance the charm and sentiment of your gift.

Woodbury. Beauty lives in these coordinated make-up accents. Here is a neat, big box of that famous powder, compact rouge and lipstick to carry that radiant Christmas countenance on into the months to come. The products are fine, the box is blue in holiday spirit, and you can make some feminine hearts very happy and some faces prettier with this gift at a price of $1.50.

Djer-Kiss. Fragrance in three forms. Toilet water for after-bath and daytime use; extract for high moments and powder sachet for underthings and accessories. How better to say Merry Christmas? The sweeping sweetness of Djer-Kiss is world known, and it is the heart and soul of all that is feminine. In a gift box, these thrilling three sell for $3. See the soap and sachets, too.

D’Orsay. "All three for me!" A gasp of breath and sparkling eyes, when a "quilted" cover is lifted to reveal the Bouquet d’Orsay Triolette. Three generous bottles of appealing fragrance for daywear in a choice of La Dandy, Trophée, Duo, Constance, Gardenia, or Chypre for $1.95. These are all stirring scents and they make an impression on masculine hearts!

La Cross. The Carpet-Bagger, quaint carry-all for "Scarlett O’Hara" polish, containing two new shades. Very complete with polish remover, cuticle remover, file, emery board, cuticle stick and nail white pencil. Diminutive copy of an Early American carpet-bag in sprigged carpet-bag fabric, with an inside removable, folding frame. $3.50. This is precious and looks different.

Daggett & Ramsdell. For beneath her Christmas tree, whether she be sixteen or sixty—Sonata Cologne with a very efficient atomizer. The bottle is full size in a new, baroque design, encased in a transparent cover, adorned with stars and ribbon. There is a lift to this refreshing Cologne, and this package looks like a gift. Sure-to-please thought for all. Priced at $1.50.

DeVilbiss. Stars for her dressing-table. A sparkle of crystal, like icicles in the sun, to further dramatize that most precious perfume, to make every drop do double duty and to prevent perfume spots on fragile fabrics. Scintillating gift solutions from DeVilbiss, famous for fine atomizers. Exquisite shapes, etched in flower designs, mechanically perfected. About $2 each.

Marvelous. Matched to the color of her eyes to facilitate perfect color harmony, choice are these five reasons for lovelier faces by Marvelous. Face powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara and eye shadow—all the "tricks" for glamor and a masterpiece in tone harmony. Compliments to fastidious taste, and nestling in satin in a beautiful gift box. Ever-welcome thought! Priced at $3.
Volupté. "Sophisticase" is, indeed, a carry-all for late afternoon and evening. Very elegant, in beautiful enamels, it is about the size of a flat-fifty case of cigarettes. Glass enclosed compartment for cigarettes, moiré cases for comb, change, lipstick and perfume, plus generous powder container and full size mirror, $7.50. Other unusual Volupté compact beauties from $1 and up.

Cheramy. Springtime in December with April Showers. For here are little thoughts that make it always Spring. The small picture shows a vial of perfume at $1.00. The square is dusting powder for $.85, and the tall box is talcum powder for $.55. Each is enclosed in a transparent sheath, gaily decorated. Give one or all, or see the other sweet April Showers combination gift boxes.

Bourjois. Here is one of those ever-welcome Evening in Paris gift sets—exquisitely done in deep blue and silver. This set consists of talcum, eau de Cologne, perfume and atomizer and loose powder compact. $4. All her little heart desires for sweetness; for smartness, and sophistication! Only one of many shapes, sizes, combinations and prices, to delight all tastes.

Rubinstein. Recipients of these bath beauties will want to bathe and bathe and bathe. One of the season's most appealing scents, Apple Blossoms, is embodied in the cologne, body powder, bath oil and fine complexion and bath soap. The packages are individually beautiful, and are gathered in a box duly decorated for the season at $3.50. There are many other Rubinstein charmers.

Dorothy Gray. A three-dimensional angel with silver wings smiles her approval of the bath set pictured. This contains dusting powder, toilet water and bath cubes in satiny, pastel wrappers. This beauty spells Christmas as plainly as the word, itself, and is something to cherish. It is for the true lovers of beauty! In Jasmine or Golden Orchid the set is $5, and very handsome.

Kurlash. Purset is a way to eyes that shine, and this compact, complete eye beauty routine is the girls' delight. It contains Kurlash for curling lashes; Kurlene, eyelash conditioner cream; Twissors, with scissors handles; mascara; eye beauty pencil and unbreakable mirror. In a leatherette kit with pocket for cleansing tissues. Unusual and welcome, this bunch of beauty. $2.95.

Lentheric. Christmas Party perfume trio is aptly named, for it looks like a party. A golden cone is topped by crimson plumes, ribbon and star, and inside are three petit flacons each of Tweed, Miracle and A Bientot, or Tweed, Miracle and Shanghai, as you prefer. Here is a Christmas perfume wardrobe that couldn't be merrier or more varied in fragrant mood. All for $3.95!

The Finish! Patience is rewarded, and Laraine happily exhibits her gift, a symphony in blue. To facilitate wrapping, use just enough paper to cover neatly. Paste on bands of cellophane or paper ribbon. Make rosettes or bows separately and attach by tiny cord. Make your card message happy and sincere. Then survey your handiwork and rest. It's going to be a Wonderful Day!

Answers to the question—what to give! Subtle self-reminders of what you want. All in better drug and department stores.

By Courtenay Marvin
Early American Old Spice trinket box, to be coveted for the box, alone. The fragrant contents are a cake of toilet soap, pillow sachet, talcum and toilet water. A gift that is sweet and spicy, colorful and quiet, and all for $1. Also, see the Bottin Box, a unique soap chest.

The large size of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, at $1, is all done up for Christmas. Busy hands will be grateful for this fine cream.

For girls with curls, the Nestle Hair Kit makes a thoughtful "little" gift. It contains essentials for a lovely coiffure—Colorinse that rinses, tints and glorifies hair, a curl comb and Nestle Curling Lotion. In holiday box at $2.50.

If you include Houbigant's Fougera Royale on your list for men, you will be sure to please. Shown, are Fougera Royale Hair Lotion and After-Shaving Lotion, in gift boxes, of $2.85 each. One or both please Him.

In a flowered Pond's Beauty Box are collected the very skin aids that any woman will welcome now. This gift box, for only $3.50, holds cold cream, vanishing cream, Danya (cream lotion), face powder and Pond's tissues. Just what she needs for cold-weather beauty care!

Triumvirate of perfume luxuries by Richard Hudnut, gaily packaged for Christmas. Included are perfume, toilet water and sachet in Three Flowers, Yanky Clover, that unforgettable Violet Scent and Tenfold Carnation. A complete perfume thrill for any lovely lady, $3.

Worthy of the wrist of the fairest is this Alvin watch, "Elizabeth" model. Seventeen jewel movement. Beauty, quality and fine workmanship. Smart two-toned pink dial. $24.75.

One of the neatest tricks of the season is the Revlon Purse Pouch, at $1.60. The gaily striped bag holds Revlon Cream Nail Enamel and the very new Revlon Lipstick to match. Thus, nails and lips may carry the same touch of color, as they should. Girls will certainly prize this!

For those who would travel, go, or for stay-at-homes, why not give a Kodak? Illustrated, is the smartly styled Kodak Bantam f/4.5. It gets shots in either black-and-white or full-color. This fine camera is $22.50, and the field case, shown, $4.25. Kodaks range in price from $4.25 up, and there is one for every need, taste and budget. They will delight the youngsters as well as the oldsters.

PERFUME FOR YOU!
Your Christmas gift! A petit vial of fine perfume, as feminine as a frill, compelling, unforgettable. January bulletin of beauty, fashion and gift ideas tells you how to get your bottle. Send a three cent stamp to Courtenay Marvin, Screenland Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

En Route beauty kit by Coty, a cozy and complete affair, with basic care and make-up aids. It contains liquifying cream, night cream, foundation lotion, "Air-Spun" powder, rouge, lipstick and tissues. This kit is very easy to pack and comes in lovely colors for $2.95.

For those who would travel, go, or for stay-at-homes, why not give a Kodak? Illustrated, is the smartly styled Kodak Bantam f/4.5. It gets shots in either black-and-white or full-color. This fine camera is $22.50, and the field case, shown, $4.25. Kodaks range in price from $4.25 up, and there is one for every need, taste and budget. They will delight the youngsters as well as the oldsters.

One dollar buys some beautiful gifts in Eaton's fine letter papers. Pictured, is a box of pen-smooth vellum finish in regulation size, with two tones of paper to the box, bordered in delicate color. Stationery always makes a good gift, and is a subtle inducement to write more letters. An angel, adorned with shining sequins, further gladdens this Christmas box. Also, see Eaton's paper for men.
Christmas morning, and many mornings to come, may be made happy, gay and oh so comfortable by the smoothly tailored Barbizon pajamas opposite. This two-piece affair is known as "Mitzi-at-Ease," is of silk and rayon Satin Seraphina in rich color combinations, with symphony blue and fuchsia big favorites. They're young, they're smart; cut and finished with a fine detail that makes them really elegant. About $6. That slip, the focus of admiration from our model, is a Barbizon. These slips are famous for their perfect fit and long wear. A No. 1 gifts.

Below, are masterpieces in costume jewelry by Nat Levy-Urie Mondle Corp. The new bib necklace and bracelets are designed by Charlotte of Paris, of fine gold-plated chain hung with red and green stones combined with simulated pearls. Typical examples of the fine modern jewelry that makes a costume and for day or evening wear. The necklace is $5, the bracelet, $3. Other exquisite pieces by this house range from $1 upwards in price.

Screenland's Glamor Guides

By Marina

Another Norse influence that goes to our heads, and inspired by our gay skating star, Sonja Henie, are the spirited parka hoods bearing her name as identification. For Winter sports, for "roughing it," for campus and for school, these hoods make the wearer as pretty as a picture. They come in a variety of styles, of knitted soft, brushed wool, in colors as gay as a rainbow. They're cunning and cute and comfortable. These hoods range in price from $1 upwards. The style shown, flirtatious and off-face, is $1.50. Any girl who pokes her pretty face outdoors will love a parka hood.

Use this page to help you plan your Christmas giving. For lounging, for social moments, for sports, here are gift ideas, dear to feminine hearts. For where to buy, see Store Directory on Page 77.
THERE never was a gayer, more touching, and more fictitious departure from Hollywood than David Niven's, just when he became a star after years of struggle. There wasn't a suggestion of dramatics about it yet everyone can't help being moved by his loss. David's repartee during his last weeks here never was wittier, or never more caustic. He kept everyone believing, yet no one missed seeing the uselessness of the move. "Maybe I'll go into the air force and drop Goldwyn pamphlets over Germany," he quipped. "You know it wouldn't be such a risk since Goldwyn has ordered Hitler to shoot around me!" He opined he wouldn't play in pictures in England, "only a Hitler crime short!" On one of his last radio broadcasts he pulled a gun that had the managers of the station frowning, but they forgave him. During the last seconds of banter, and when he thought he was off the air, knowing it was probably his last broadcast, he turned to Irene Dunne asking, "Did you get your check yet, darling, or do you ask for those things here? I don't mean to walk out of the place without mine!" To those listening very closely it all came over the air, and was very funny.

CHARLIE RUGGLES always knew that no matter what kind of business you went into you were bound to run into trouble of some kind. So he weighed the pros and cons of going into the dog kennel business, and raising thoroughbred canines. It seemed pleasant and harmless. His business jumped to the largest in Hollywood in no time, and now one contingency that he never thought about is putting him in a desperate spot. With litters of all breeds of his pups appearing with increasing regularity he is at a complete loss to find high sounding names intrinsic enough to give each pup a truly impressive, thoroughbred moniker to start life out with. He's exhausted lists of names of Indian tribes, of American W. P. A. and other projects, and even of Pullman cars, getting such combinations as Fish of Paoamauquody, etc. He's still begging for help.

TO GET a bow from Royalty is an honor that movie personalities seldom get. When they do, their stock in Hollywood goes sky-rocketing. No one knows who put a bug in King Gustave of Sweden's ear and made him request a print of "Intermezzo" to show at a royal family fete in honor of Ingrid Bergman, the new Swedish whiz. More than a month ago, with the picture barely finished, the Swedish Society in New York, by command of King Gustave, put in a request for a print of the new picture. The private, royal block out in the palace at Stockholm, to present Ingrid to the Swedish court is an honor never before accorded any movie actress. (Even Garbo never got it.) Coming after her first and only American picture is another outstanding honor for Ingrid Bergman. Can that girl act!

YOUVE heard all sorts of stories on why Irene Dunne has got, and held onto, her envious spot in the picture business. She seems to have more good breaks than the other girls somehow. Here is one of the unknown reasons why Irene never appears in a weak picture and always has a top-notch leading man and a whopper cast. Confidentially, she has a clause in her contract that no other feminine star has. She, unconditionally, gets half of any actor's contract that the studio decides to team her with, if that young actor hasn't as big a name as hers, or if in her estimation, he really isn't of star caliber. In that canny way Miss Dunne sees to it that her name and reputation can never be used just to build up one of a studio's lesser known personalities.

HOLLYWOOD romances and even marriages can hardly help go wrong when things like this keep happening here every day. Tyrone and Annabella walked into a preview the other night, or rather tried to, but were stopped by photographers. "Hold it, just a couple of pictures! Just one moment, will you stand here please?" Quicker than a flash Tyrone was separated from Annabella's side, and before he knew it he was being photographed practically in the arms of a very luscious young player on his own lot who was trying to get into the preview too. Tyrone was completely bewildered by what was going on, and Annabella obligingly allowed herself to be pushed out of the picture and spotlight, and beamed at Tyrone reassuringly while the bulbs popped.

OH WHAT a chance Charlie McCarthy missed the other night to put his guardian and best friend, Edgar Bergen, on a spot! Bergen placed himself in a pitifully compromising position and actually stuck his neck out, but he was saved by Charlie's new, early-to-bed regime. This propitious moment occurred when Edgar was lured to place his head in a portable guillotine at a party at the Vic tor Hugo. Edgar in mock distress called on everyone present for help, and then plaintively begged Charlie's aid until he remembered what a position it would be for Charlie to demand a raise in that weekly allowance that bothers him so much. But Charlie was at home sound asleep in his traveling case, and ignorant of the whole of a chance he missed to up his 75c weekly stipend.

WARNER BROTHERS' new ultimatum allows no glamour girl on that lot to wear slacks. The drive was started after Brenda Marshall, their newest girl, made such a tremendous hit. Brenda was informed that she had to give up her liking for slacks because she was destined to become their next big bet in the sex appeal niche, and no fatal woman was to wear such things. All the big bosses got together and agreed that pants had as yet done nothing for the feminine figure. Orry Kelly, studio stylist, was ordered to make Brenda Marshall the screen jet set in slacks. Brenda was promised everything on a silver platter if she would play the game to the letter. Ann Sheridan, on the same lot, still wears pants in defiance of the order whenever she feels like it, and no one seems to care. Is that a sign that Brenda is one up on Ann, or vice versa?

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THERE’LL be no cutting down on expenses for "Arizona" as far as the Apache Indians in the cast are concerned. The picture will be made on a revised budget with no Technicolor, but the tribe of once-blood-thirsty natives have become Hollywood-wise in a big way, and are holding out against those movie moguls for exactly what they want. Contrary to their supposed liking for firewater, their arrangement before they will go to work, is that the studio provide each one with a quart of milk, instead of whiskey, each day. They demand a doctor on the set at all times and plenty of snake bite toxin handy. They won’t ride any horse bareback unless it is nice and fat and well unhobbled. They won’t strip to a breechclout unless they have plenty of sunburn lotion rationed out each day. Imagine a redskin afraid of sunburn! That’s our rip-snorting Apache of 1939. The same report comes out about Indians in "Northwest Passage." They refused to look like billiard balls to their girl friends by having their heads shaved to make scalping more easily realistic. Each one preferred to undergo a complicated and very tedious make-up job every day of shooting.

HOPE that Osa Massen won’t carry her gag of pulling Hollywood’s leg too far, if that’s what she’s doing. Immediately after her startling impression in "Honeymoon in Bali," Osa hinted rather broadly that she really didn’t care at all about being an actress, and heaven forbid that she would ever become a glamorous girl. A very few months back before she was thrilled with being under contract to 20th Century-Fox, where she never got as far as the screen. At Paramount she has refused to be coached in dramatic lessons. She has refused to wear clothes that point up her appeal, and she let it be known that, to her, it was much more thrilling to be a film cutter than an actress. That’s what she was when she was found in Copenhagen. She cut and edited her own test for the screen. Osa says that besides being a film cutter she prefers to be just the wife of Alan Hersholt (Jean’s son.) May-be she’s sincere about this actress stuff. I hope she’s not just playing hard to get, because there are hundreds and hundreds of beautiful and talented girls who might beat her to the draw by snipping at her chance.

IT’S no secret that all the girls in town, it is hardest for Sonja Henie to keep her weight down. She’s trying a brand new scheme now of spinach broth. . . . Marlene Dietrich, on the other hand, just started on a gaining regime that includes servings of rich dark-brown, sugary beer . . . . Lana Turner’s passion for flaming red has spread itself to the drapers and rugs in every room of her house . . . . Gail has been given the things honor of being the best female whisker in town. She can hit every note perfectly when she accompanies an old recording of "The Whistler and His Dog." Tsk, tsk, what next?

DURING the making of "The Fighting 69th" out at Warner Brothers, both George Brent and Pat O’Brien were unaccountably very solicitous about Jimmy Cagney’s health. Each morning they never failed to ask him how he was, how he had slept, and if he didn’t feel tired, Jimmy thought their concern was only friendly interest until their questions became too pointed. And besides, at the end of a day’s work of standing and marching under a full pack, as a war time private, he found he was pretty tired. Cagney didn’t catch on to their dirty trick until weeks of hard shooting were over. Then by mistake he picked up another soldier’s pack instead of his own and found it a featherweight compared to the one he was used to. In fact, he found it 25 pounds lighter. O’Brien and Brent had larded Jimmy with lead weights. When Cagney gets his revenge, he will, I promise his gag will be a honey, and I promise, too, that you’ll hear about it.

TONY MARTIN tells a prize story on himself that he thoroughly enjoys telling. He was returning from a trip into the mountains and his car broke down in the wilds miles from anywhere of any kind. There were no telephones and he knew he’d have to walk to the first garage. However, when he stopped at the nearest farm the owner insisted he could fix the car. He did fix it expertly, and refused to take any pay for his time and effort. Tony was so grateful that he told the farmer that if there was any way he could repay him, the man should name it. "Well," he said, "maybe there is something you could do for me. You’re from Hollywood, and maybe you could get me a picture of the girl I think is the prettiest kid they’ve got down there. I think she beats all in looks and boy can she sing! Do you suppose you could ever get me a signed photograph of Alice Faye?"
ONE cold, fall night not long ago an auto court manager in a small California mountain town rented a bearded man and his wife a cabin for one night. The manager didn't pay much attention to the man, or the beard, because every male in town was growing one for the annual Fiesta. But, he couldn't get over how pretty the blonde girl was, and he was almost sure he had seen her before.

The next morning word was buzzed about the town that Clark Gable and Carole Lombard had spent the night there, and left behind a humping coat with Clark's name in it. There were immediate suggestions that the coat be put on exhibition at the town hall so everyone could see it. The manager was offered up to one dollar for a small snip of the material by the more ardent Gable admirers. When Clark and Carole appeared a few days later, the coat was still intact, however, and the manager was the proudest man in town.

YOU hear a lot about how the meticulous Muni struggles and studies to get the right effects for months before each picture starts. You've heard of Garbo having to act behind a screen on occasions to sustain a mood she has worked up. But I swear you never heard this one about Fred Astaire. He goes them all one better and disciplines himself before, after, and in the middle of each picture. On regular occasions Mr. Astaire clothes himself, alone, in his luxurious projection room and runs off, for his own edification, every one of his dance sequences ever done on movie film. He sits there in the darkness, and as a means of teaching himself by a very graphic method, he shows over and over again every step that he thinks not well done, and kites himself mentally for each mistake. It goes on for hours sometimes. That's what I call suffering for your art.

I SAW May Robson, the liveliest girl in pictures, crown all of her earlier movie antics in a scene in a new picture that took real courage and sincere ability. The setting was a swimming pool in Holmby Hills. Hundreds of extras were having a field day acting like bored society at a garden party. May, who hasn't been spending her recent years in swimming pools, had to ride an inflated rubber duck in the middle of that huge pool, and no faking. With the aid of ladders and planks she was floated into ten feet of water, and then was on her own. The extras stood aghast. She splashed and yelled like a kid and the scene was repeated over and over again with May hanging to the bobbing float for her life. She was finally rescued with a ladder, but not without a couple of complete dunkings. When she was hauled, panting, over the side to safety, the extras in sincere admiration broke into applause. That, I might add, doesn't happen often on a movie set.

In this scene from "Rebecca," MAX DE winter [Laurence Olivier], Master of Manderley, returns to Manderley with his new bride, Joan Fontaine, where he hopes to regain some of his lost happiness.

The Lane sisters and the Westmore brothers may have a wedding in their families soon—because it sure looks like love for Rosemary and Buddy. Above, they're pictured at a Hollywood opening.
Marlene Dietrich and Mae West didn’t get in each other’s hair over at Universal as everyone predicted they would when they each made a picture there. Neither one of them attempted to reign as queen of the lot because Deanna Durbin has that title cinched right now, and for some time to come. However, the girls didn’t exactly throw themselves in each other’s arms either. There was still that feminine urge to outdo each other. Mae got the head by sponsoring a bowling team to get the good will of the boys in her crew, but Marlene soon was at the head of a team of her own, and besides was giving prizes for highest scores and furnishing the bowling balls. Mae topped that by buying her team special shoes to play in. Then Dietrich gifted her boys with new shoes and slacks. Mae topped by adding sweaters. Dietrich threw in a case of champagne, and that’s where it stands now. The real fireworks will come when the two teams actually play each other for a championship.

You can smile if you like at the campaign to make Bobby, pardon me, Bob Brezsny into a he-man, but here is a story no one can smile at. Ever since he’s been in pictures his most ardent fan has been a young fellow who lives in San Francisco, who Bobby has carried on a correspondence with for years. Recently, on a personal appearance tour, Bob met him for the first time. He found him to be a sixteen-year-old boy with a heart ailment when he was a small child, has never been able to utter a word. The Brezny saw to it that he was brought to the attention of eminent throat specialists who pronounced him incurable. But Bobby didn’t stop there. He thought of the idea of taking the boy to his own vocal teacher. The boy started from scratch on the correct technique of learning to use his vocal cords, and is now beginning to make himself audible for the first time in his life.

Everyone, here, in the know, has heard for years all about Garbo’s anemia. All the silent Swede’s elusive airs and cold stares were blamed on her deficient blood stream. Lately, in increasing numbers, people have been telling me, “Oh, I’ve just seen Garbo.” It seemed a gag until I saw her myself in a fancy, new health restaurant in Beverly Hills eating an unbelievable combination of vegetables. “Doc” Hauser was there with her carefully selecting her food. If Dr. Gaylord Hauser (famous dietician) is the fellow who is destined to bring her out of herself with spinach and carrot juice, I hope he makes it permanent, because whether you want to believe it or not, some-thing has happened to Garbo.

Jane Darwell, contrary to the tragedy of her rôle in “The Grapes Of Wrath” kept that entire company thoroughly amused all through the shooting of the picture. Jane is essentially a comediene, and that, in an actress, will always cut. The day I visited the set of the picture, she was busy stirring and cooking a vicious looking stew over an open fire. She had been bending over that hot, smoky outdoor fire and that rank stew for days and she was thoroughly tired of it, but her sense of humor never left her. When John Ford, the director, yelled that the next shot would show her full figure and wanted to know what made her legs look so funny, they really looked like stovepipes, Jane did her best clowning. “If you really must know,” she said, one foot on a chair a la Marlene, and unraveling great sheets of heavy white paper from her legs, “I’m sick of scouring my shin on the fire, I’ve got on my asbestos stockings, Dietrich and I must protect our legs.” By the way, it was Virginia Gilmore, not Marlene, who took first place in a recent “most beautiful legs” poll.

George Raft was faced with a problem which finally right-about-faced and partially solved an even bigger problem that comes to each and every one of us at Christmas time. When George was a tough little boy knocking around Hell’s Kitchen in New York, he made the acquaintance of a very gentle, little old woman who had a great influence on him. She taught him many things and often found it necessary to suggest that he wash his face and hands and try to look like a gentleman. George has never forgotten all that she so sincerely tried to do for him. He learned, recently, that she wasn’t in very favorable financial straits, so, as she was knitting for a living, he made arrangements to buy all the socks she could knit. He didn’t think about what he was going to do with them, because he doesn’t wear wool socks. Christmas came along to fix it. If you’re a pal of George’s, you’re getting hand-knit socks from him.
hardly wait to savor a tea invitation out of her. Although she hasn’t a trace of her British accent, except when she puts it on, Ida’s tea, mannishness, and sympathies are quite British. She and Louis Hayward celebrated their first year of happily married life recently by buying them a first home in California. It’s a beautiful home, small and comfortable, high in the Brentwood hills with a perfectly wonderful view of all things, Catalina—they don’t even have to wait for a clear day. Ida met me at the door with a broom in hand. Not that she is domestic, she’s not in the least, but she is a very volatile, dynamic sort of person, and talks with anything that happens to be convenient, Ida can’t even say “Isn’t it a lovely day” without throwing in a couple of dramatic gestures. And after an interview dull, placid movie stars who are just about as responsive as a bale of hay I must say it’s great fun to find an Ida Lupino. When it comes to being pushy, Ida’s a shot in the arm. (So’s Bette.)

The Hayward living room isn’t formal in the Hollywood manner, and it isn’t reserved for guests, special guests, Gay and chintzy, with cut flowers on every table (Ida has a mania for cut flowers) the living room is where the Haywards live. They laugh in it, they pace in it, and they argue in it. They fight the wars of Europe in it (that’s what Ida was doing with the broom) and they fight their own private wars in it. You see, the Haywards are different from most Hollywood screen couples. They do not set up impractical rules for being happy though married. They are happy as they go. They do not subscribe to anything as ordinary as leaving their professional problems at the studio before returning home at night. Other Hollywood couples may refrain from talking shop at home—but not the Haywards. Ida and Louis drag their problems right along home from the studio with them—all of them, and some that don’t even belong to them. And they tell them out, scream them out, or pace them out, right there in the living room. They act over the place, and they love it. When the discussions really get hot and heavy it sounds like a pair of radio loudspeakers at my palm. The company drops in Ida will say with great dignity, “My husband, poor dear, is a ham.”

Ida has no neutral ground where her vivacity is concerned. She is either the most effervescent person at a party, or else she retreats to a corner like a little mouse. She either arrives in a whirlwind of excitement or fairly shouting at the top of her lungs. “Oh, I’m so happy, I have had the most heavenly day, etc., etc.” Or else she will give you a casual “Oh, hello.” It’s a hundred to one chance that when she arrives in her mousey mood that she had just won a terrific argument with Louis or somebody and is restoring her energy for the next important moment.

She explains the amazing Lupinos thusly: “Some of them were Dukes and things like that. But the whole family did something that upset the Borgias and were banished from Italy over four hundred years ago. Her magnificent character has made her a gypsy and wandered around Europe for several centuries. Eventually they settled down in England. The Lupinos even then were entertainers. Some were mandrills, some were clowns, and some were just rogues. Every so often the Lupinos were rounded up and hung from their thumbs as an example of what Englishmen ought not to be.”

That she inherits her amazing psychic ability from the gypsy strain in her long line of vagabond ancestors is not to be questioned when she really glances at my palm, as if it was written there in black and white. I have paid professional fortune tellers and astrologers five bucks for readings that weren’t one half as good as Ida’s casual glance at my palm. People who want to give up acting, God forbid, she can make scads of money in the fortune-telling business. Another dismaying little psychic trick of hers is to say, “Have a drink and tell you when you greet her in the hall what your menu is going to be, all the way from soup to nuts. When she did this at the Alfon Janes one night, Irene, taken completely aback, rushed in the kitchen to investigate. “It’s positively weird,” she said later. “Ida told me everything I was serving. And I didn’t even know myself.”

She may look mighty frail (she weighs a hundred pounds) but when Ida makes up her mind about something not even Atlas with the world on his shoulders can move her. She felt that way about changing the color of her hair last year. A bleached blonde ever since coming to Hollywood, Ida one day rebelled. “I wanted to stop looking like a dizzy—er, daffy—well, a daffodil. Besides, I should be a brunette—it’s my natural coloring. I believe there’s nothing so conducive to success as being yourself. And believe me, I shelved a lot of nasty little complexes along with the blonde locks. The most troublesome was self-consciousness. I’m sure it always haunts one as a result of artificiality. Most of my friends disapproved of the dark hair, practically stopped speaking to me. The comment at the studio reminded me of the importance of high-lights, and pictorial effects, and assured me that I was completely out of my mind. But I was sure I was right.” And weirdly enough, it was after she had changed the color of her hair back to its natural brown that she was summoned to the studio to take a test for Bessie.

Ida honestly thinks that she has a “funny face” and anyone who tries to pay her a beauty compliment gets argued down. She is eliminated from consideration since those Alice in Wonderland days, and now is recognized as one of the best dressed of the young stars, though the great and expensive couturiers of Hollywood know her by name.

Her sportswear she buys in the boys department of a local department store. When she finds a dress shop that specializes in the size of her figure, she simply goes to the shop and buys out the shop. Her entire wardrobe is fashioned in blacks, whites, grays, and blues. She hates to drive an automobile (the Haywards have got a car, but we swank in a chauffeur yet) so she usually hitch-hikes a ride from one of the neighbors. She’s about as athletic as a centurion with rheumatism, but as a sportsman I watch Louis play tennis by the hour. Like most Hollywood stars she adores flowers, but unlike most Hollywood stars she isn’t particular. One of her pets is a cat which has blue eyes. It is such a nuisance that she shuts him up in a bureau drawer when company comes.

Bessie has been a dream character of hers since she was a little girl and I used to know she’d be an actress when she grew up. The Lupinos started acting when they were barely out of their cradle back in England. They were little more than seven Ida was memorizing Shakespeare. But it was Kipling’s “The Light That Failed” that made a deep impression on her when she was thirteen. She had a mind about losing Alice at all because the studio promised her Bessie, all of seven years ago. They were planning to make her into a Tiny Tot (the way Cary Grant and I was simply hysterical with joy. It was like a dream come true. But it was considered too sad, and postponed.

The amazing thing, of course, is that after promising it to Ida seven years ago, and consistently postponing it for seven years, when they actually did get down to it, they were to do it for Ida Lupino! Ida had been dropped from the studio several years, had been flat on her back for a year with infantile paralysis, and had been in a different hospital.

Things like that just don’t happen for nothing. What these “bad women” can do for Hollywood ingenuity is amazing, I hope that Bette and Ida never forget Mildred and Bessie in all their prayers.

Watch Out Bette Davis!
Here Comes Ida Lupino!

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"Little Eva" Grows Up

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nine was visiting her on the lot. A director saw the tot and asked Mrs. Grey to let her make a test for the part of Little Eva in the new version of "Tom's Cabin." Virginia got the part. "Betty Jane Heitzel was practically set for it until that director saw me," Virginia muses today. "The idea was, apparently, that I should look like the lead role because she had been in a number of pictures and I had never done any acting. But they wanted someone more aemic looking and so the test was given me out of pure instinct by casting it." She added, "That is how I landed the role." When the picture was finished and the company returned to Hollywood, Virginia was given a contract and remained with Universal for two months. She made her first appearance in the small parts with Conrad Nagel and Renee Adoree in "The Michigan Kid" and "The Symphony" with Jean Hersholt. Then Warner Bros. took her and put her into pictures with Louise Fazenda—"Home Town Princess" and "The Queen of Main Street." These were followed by "Dark Streets" with Dorothy Mackaill, "Men of Steel," and "The Millionaire" with Joan Bennett and Spencer Tracy (in which latter she played Joan's sister).

It was during the shooting of "The Michigan Kid" that Romance laid its heavy hand upon her. There were several children in the cast, among them a boy who still plays occasionally with Virginia in the pictures, young Jack, although that isn't his name. After they were through shooting for the day, the kids used to gather on a lot not far from the camera trucks. Jack lingered after the others had gone. Time passed and Mrs. Grey grew vaguely uneasy. "I'll find her," Jack volunteered. He soon came upon Virginia. "Your mother wants you," he told her. "Thanks," said Virginia, starting toward home. Jack walked alongside. Presently his arm found its way across the shoulders of the twelve-year-old girl. "You know—the old big brother—palsy-walsy stuff," Virginia scoffs. As they walked along his arms tightened suddenly and he bent and kissed her. There are still faint marks of her nails on his face. "And I still can't stand the sight of him," she says vehemently.

Her mother passed on and Virginia and her sisters went to live with her grandparents. Her mother had always let her collect her own salary checks. It gave the girl a feeling of importance. Her grandparents had different ideas and taught her that a lot of foolishness. To them, Virginia was still a little girl and should be treated like one. But even in those days Virginia had a determination to work for nothing (what was what she felt she was doing if she couldn't collect her salary herself) she wouldn't work—and she didn't. Her grandmother accused her of having no definite ideas. No work, no spending money. When "the grinding pinch of poverty"—as Virginia laughingly phrases it—became acute (and it was quite acute), she and her grandparents found themselves in a sorry state of affairs. After formal education was out of funds and not living conditions, she became a dancing instructor at the Meiglin School for Kiddies—at $3 a week. Tiring of that, she got a job with the Tiller Girls. The Tiller Girls were originally imported from England for a Broadway musical comedy. Those girls had worked together for years. Their movements were synchronized so that an onlooker might have thought they breathed as one. Mrs. Metzger, in charge of the American group, was one of the original troupe from London. She determined the new group should be no less perfect than the original. With that end in view, she drove them with a relentless zealousness. For three months, every day including Sundays, they rehearsed from 9:30 A.M. until 10:00 P.M. Finally they opened at the Chinese Theatre as part of the prologue for "Gold Diggers of 1933." The routines that had seemed passable to Mrs. Metzger in rehearsal seemed impossible in public. She called more rehearsals—one before the first matinee even. They rehearsed between shows—and after the last show. Then they moved to the United Artists Theatre in downtown Los Angeles for a week. The routine was the same, except that now they played four shows a day, rehearsing between each. After the last show at night they were dragged the eight miles back to Hollywood to rehearse again at the Chinese. The stage was better. They rehearsed until 2:00 A.M. After that week they returned to the Chinese for another engagement—this time in the prologue for "Dinner at Eight," followed by another engagement in the prologue for "House of Rothschild." What a life for a girl of sixteen!

A talent scout for Warner Brothers saw her in the last prologue and signed her to a stock contract that kept her busy for a year, although she did nothing—nor was she given an opportunity to do anything—noteworthy. Then they let her go, she picked her up and gave her a stock contract. By this time she had had so much experience there was little she could learn from their school and she soon stopped playing bits. Her first break came when she played the feminine lead opposite George Murphy in "Violets in Spring"—a musical short. Sol Lesser saw her in the play and had her signed for the lead opposite Richard Arlen in "Secret Valley." A small role with Wallace Beery in "Old Hutches" followed. After she was elected for an important part in "Rosalie," starring Nelson Eddy and Eleanor Powell, "Test Pilot" with Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy and Living Barrmore came next, "Sleeping Angel" with Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart, "Rich Man, Poor Girl" with Lew Ayres. Since then at Universal had been watching her work and she was offered the lead opposite Joel McCrea in "You Take a Fling." They tried to buy her contract but she refused to sell.

Back at the Warner lot, "Dramatic School" with Luise Rainer, "Idiot's Delight" with Gable and Norma Shearer (in which she played one of the Gable Glamor Girls—the one who doesn't look Gable and doesn't sing) and "Broadway Serenade" with Jeanette MacDonald and Lew Ayres, in which she met the chorus girl who was always wanting to show off but who didn't blame her)—these led up to "Thunder Afoot" with Wallace Beery and Chester Morris. In this picture she had her first leading role in an "A" picture since "Little Tom's Cabin." In one scene she was supposed to sit on Beery's lap and stroke his hair as they rehearsed, Virginia smiled. "This isn't the first time I've sat on your lap, you know," she teased.

"Was I asleep?" he asked incredulously.

"I don't remember," she replied.

"I think I was about three," she explained. "You were a big star even then.

A person who hasn't experienced the kind of professional childhood Virginia had cannot imagine what the lot of hell is like. "I don't regret it," she said, "nothing I've ever gone through. Every thing is girt that comes to the mill and if they can't teach it to you, you teach them to do it. They teach you tolerance and forbearance—and how to take the bitter with the sweet. It is this tolerance and forbearance that endears her today. Although she can't learn to take the bitter with the sweet that has given her such a winsome smile.

Like any Cossack but doesn't remember where or when she learned it, Virginia dances well enough to do exhibition dancing if she put her mind to it but "my singing will never cause Pans any worry," she says. The idea of rehearsing with The Tiller Girls has given her a distaste for night life. She is seldom seen at any of the Hollywood night spots. She shops and swims plenty but doesn't care for tennis or golf, although she recently received a new set of golf clubs as a present, the donor hoping to wake some enthusiasm in her for the game. She is a few women who wear clothes better than she—but she cares little for them. When she isn't working she goes in mostly for sporty clothes. I have never seen her wear a hat.

Once, shortly before she started work on "Thunder," I asked her what kind of parts she would like to play. "Any kind," she blazed passionately, "except the silly, simpering, ga-ga girls I've been playing. I don't simper and I don't think I'm a ga-ga girl. Why should I have my training going on the screen when they nauseate me? I wasn't cut out to be a comedienne.

She's right. She has a grand sense of humor and the thought that she make a living in her early life have left her mark on her. She knows life isn't all beer and skittles and she's capable of portraying its simmering side.

There is talk on the M-G-M lot of remaking "Dancing Daughters" (in which Joan Crawford soared to stardom) and giving it a more pretentious production than is customary, of course. It has been mentioned for the leading role. She acted out a couple of the scenes for me and if they ever get around to producing that picture with Virginia they will be cheering for a new star. And even if they never produce it, it's only a question of time until you will all be cheering for her anyhow. That girl has what it takes!
All stars have stand-ins and Baby Santos. This doll is used as her stand-in while Sandy rests and the cameraman adjusts studio lights.

Is Mickey Getting Swell-Headed?

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the reporters, said in "man-to-man" fashion (the way he talks to Judge Hardy in the movies): "Now, fellows, please don't come out with any romance rumors concerning my date with Miss Proper, a fine girl. I like her very much, we had a date, and that's all there is to it."

Mickey might well be called the "Boy Wonder of Hollywood," I asked him how he felt about being a "boy wonder" (that was when we first met a year ago on Spencer Tracy's introduction) and Mickey's indignation was such that he actually stretched a couple of inches, making his five feet two, five feet four, for the moment. "No one had better fasten that 'sissy title' on me!" he said. (Attention Judy Garland, that's one way for getting even with Mickey for putting lard in your cold cream jar.)

I was bidding the "Boys Town" company goodbye at the train when Mickey Rooney burst around the corner, breathless. "Gee," he gasped to Spencer Tracy. "Thought sure I was going to miss the train. Spent too much time telling Mom goodbye."

Then Mr. Tracy introduced Mickey, who to my astonishment was as polite and smooth as Franchot Tone. His manners were positively elegant. He called Spence Mr. Tracy, and me Miss Mann! Suddenly he wasn't a breathless boy, who'd been running for a block, but a polished young gentleman. He courteously inquired as to our health, remarked on the weather, and then tried to return the conversation to Tracy. I was amazed. What, no wise-cracking? no fresh-kid salutes such as "Hi-ya, Spence"—"Glad to meet you kid!"

"Mr. Rooney," I said, "I understand you're to receive equal billing with Mr. Tracy in "Boys Town'?"

"Well," admitted Mickey, actually he seemed abashed, "I wouldn't exactly call it that. We don't know yet—that depends how close I can measure up to Mr. Tracy's fine acting. He's the best actor in pictures. You see, I'm still sorta second rate." "Second rate nothing," objected Spencer Tracy, "Mickey's a great actor. I'd be lucky if he doesn't steal the entire picture, even though we are co-starring." When the opportunity presented itself, I drew Mickey aside, if he had any particular star, outside of Tracy, that he'd always wanted to make a picture with. There was no hesitation, "Yes, I'd like to play with that fellow," he answered. And so it wasn't surprising when a few months later he was cast with Beery in "Stablamites." I visited the set one day unexpectedly, and the cameraman in charge of the aerial shots was none other than Mickey Rooney. He was still the polite, poised Mickey. He placed a chair for me, was solicitous of my comfort. He talked with the air of a grown-up man who's had years of experience and does not weigh his words or express his opinion lightly. What an actor, I thought.

So when this call came for lunch and Wallace Beery came over and invited me to lunch with him, I was amused when he growled, "Well, that Mickey Rooney is sure one fine actor."

"Why, Mr. Beery," I said, "I think he's about as polite a little gentleman as I've ever seen!"

"Well, I think he's a young brat," said Wally. Then as though he'd been too severe, "But he's a great actor."

"I suppose," continued Wally, who's hearted under that roughness, "that I shouldn't have made that remark. But that kid kept me from going fishing this afternoon. He had to go and gettemamental—walked off the set, because he couldn't have his way in playing a scene, and held up production for two hours. Now we got to work after lunch."

"But didn't he," I said. "Sure, he came back," chuckled Wally. "His eyes were red, though. For once he didn't act so cocky. He'd been crying. He's got to learn how to go his own way all of the time in this picture business."

Later I talked with the director of the picture—a friend who told him if Mickey was difficult to handle, it was because he'd been inflated, if he thought he knew more about pictures than anyone else on the set, if he had an inflated ego, if that was why he'd walked out on the picture, held up production? Well, the truth of the matter was, I learned, that Mickey has for years, consciously or not, been copying Beery manners. He has a way of brushing his hair off his forehead and fiddling with his voice, a way of drawing his words and wiping his nose with the back of his arm, so you'd swear he was giving an impersonation of Beery himself. That's a bit too much for the veteran Wally, who is a noted scene-stalker himself—and Mickey had to be reprimanded. He must play Beery and not some Beery picture! And so, because he is a very young boy, and underneath that grown-up sophistication, that cock-sure veneer, that brassy bravado, is a tender, sensitive nature, he'd run off the set humiliated at being called down before the entire company for aping Beery. But first, Mickey's a trooper. He'd come back. But from then on there was no love lost between Beery and Mickey. (In "Huckleberry Finn" Mickey, in several of the scenes, was so typically Beery a couple of the fans wrote in about it.) I recalled that first meeting with Mickey, when he had confided he one day wanted to play with Beery. He had even mentioned a character actor like Beery, possibly his successor?

Clarence Gable understands Mickey Rooney best. One afternoon Gable took me around to see his new sports roadster painted a beautiful green, parked on the studio lot. To his amazement there by it stood a car identical in make, color, model and design. "Well," said Gable, "That Mickey Rooney's done it again! That's the second time Mickey has duplicated my car."

"Isn't he a sort of fresh kid when you really know him?" I asked. "Some folks say Mickey is a cock sure, self-important smart-aleck. Probably he buys cars like yours just to show off, and to show he can afford just as good a car any day."

"Anyone that says Mickey is a smart-aleck has the kid all wrong," returned Clark. "He's a natural-born showman, and as full of pep and ambition as any kid that I've ever met. But I've never seen him make a smart remark out of turn. People that say he doesn't know him. Mickey may kid around with boys and girls his own age, but when he's around adults, he's respectful. I've always admired the way he calls Lewis Stone, Mr. Stone, even though they work together so closely in the Judge Hardy series and are such good friends. Why, Stone thinks the world of that boy—as much as of an own son.

Bobbie Quillon, who makes his début as the youngest member of "Swiss Family Robinson," thinks Sandy's bat- threaded stand-in doll is very, very funny.
After hearing these opinions from Tracy, Beery, and Gable, all diversified, and since Mickey is now the young actor of the day, and my business being what it is, to find out the truth about actors—made myself a date with Mickey one evening. Now, Mickey, I want to ask you some questions point blank—and I warn you they'll be as tough as any I've ever asked Gable. I don't want Mickey to go thinking I ask the damnest ones. I began. Now if I've been eighteen too, Mickey would probably have answered, "Nuts"—but it was relying on his respect for his elders, being several years his junior.

"Why, sure, go ahead, Miss Mann," he replied quite seriously. "Go ahead. It's your business to know, and mine to answer your right ahead."

"Well," I began, "I want to know 'Mann to man' (with a second 'n' on the first 'Mann') and 'Mann to man' has come to me. I want to know if you think the world is yours for the asking. I want to know if you're very self-confident—swell-headed, some folks call it—about your fame and success?"

"My," Mickey gulped. "You do ask questions?" Then he settled himself more comfortably on the prop furniture at the studio, where we were talking, and began:

'I've read where I'm supposed to be 'swell-headed' as you say. But honestly I don't think I am. You know I've been in pictures too long to be exactly kid any more. I've had my ups and downs in this business. When I was a kid and doing small folk roles, I was interrupted through when my voice changed—and so I began making plans of how I'd stay in. But I was out of work for a while. It's a case of being lucky enough to get good stories and the right roles. Well, I've had a lot of luck and I'm doing all right.

"You know it's been quite a problem for me since I've been in pictures serious. Everywhere I go kids yell, 'Hello, Andy! I'm Andy. Half of the time I think I am Andy. Naturally I yell 'Hello' right back at them. Since I was a kid, I was always anxious to get up and do anything. Like tell a joke or dance or sing or give an impersonation, so folks would know what I could do. You gotta have 'em know you can deliver to get big parts. You gotta show yourself to their attention. So any time anyone asked me to do some tricks I'd say 'sure'—because I never knew but what a director or producer might be in the crowd and spot me.

"When my name really got up in lights I wanted to be a 'right guy' like Gable, Gable's not tough, but everyone says he's swell. He told me to co-operate in every way I could when I was out in public and I'd find the publicity co-operating with me. So when I'd play benefits or charities, I'd never turn them down. When I'd walk into the Coconut Grove, and Rudy Vallee'd ask me to play the drums in his band, I'd say 'sure.' When I'd go to partner parties and folks would ask me to do partner tricks I'd say 'sure.'"

I interrupted long enough to tell Mickey I'd seen him do an impromptu jitterbug dance one night at Grace Hayes' lodge—and that everyone had thought he was a good sport to do it. Besides it was the best I'd ever seen. Mickey grinned, "Well, that's the way it is. I'd always do what folks asked me. Then the next thing I heard was that I was a show-off. How do you suppose that made me feel? Well, not very good. I decided I'd just retire into my shell. And I did, temporarily. Then went around but that I had gone south and become too important to mix and be one with everyone—that I'd Gone Hollywood with a bang!"

"I tried being as unnoticeable as possible when I was out—then one night at the Troc, when they asked me to sing, a woman at the next table said, 'Mickey wants to be coaxed—he's big time now.' Well, that got me! I got to talking to Gable again. It's a big problem to know how to handle success after you get it. Bigger than I'd thought. And he said, 'Mickey, you just be your natural self. Don't let anything or anybody change you.' And that's just the way I intend to be.

"I like fun, and is it my fault that everywhere I go someone drags me over to a piano or asks me to do a swing step or something? First thing I know I'm doing a hot number, then I hear I'm showing off again. Like at Judy Garland's birthday party. They kept insisting that I do impersonations, and parlor tricks—and when I was in the midst of pulling a rabbit out of a hat, a new fellow, that doesn't belong to our crowd, but who's sweet on Judy, yawned and said, 'Who's this—Mickey's or Judy's?' Well, what do you think of that—here I was giving request performances! But Spencer Tracy says, "You got to take the bad with the good in show business—and isn't it the truth! So I just ignore such remarks."

"Is it true, Mickey, that you and Judy are in love?" I asked.

"Well, Judy's a swell girl—but she's just like a sister. All that stuff you read is just so much publicity we actors have to go through. I don't have any special girl—I'm too young. I've promised Mom I wouldn't get serious with any girls or get married until I'm 21—and I never break a promise to Mom."

"Mickey," I continued, "where other boys your age are just beginning, you'll have amassed a fortune and made your career. What will you do—become a bachelor playboy?"

"Nope," said Mickey thoughtfully, "I don't think so. I want to last in pictures, and then want to be a producer-director. I've been in this business all my life. I know it pretty well. Some day I want to make pictures. You can't be a playboy and accomplish big things."

"Do you ever think about marrying and making a home and having a family?"

"I suggested, hastily adding, "I know you're too young now, but perhaps you've thought of it?"

"Well, at the present time, I'm very happy at home with Mom. My stand-in, who is just my age, lives with us. We're like brothers. You know I just purchased a ranch out in San Fernando Valley this year. We have horses and livestock. And Mom, she's swell. I can have the crowd out any time. On my birthday, which was September 23rd, Mom built me a 'rumpus house.' It has an indoor badminton court, a gymnasium, and space for ping-pong. Best of all it has a dance floor and music room. So you see I won't be thinking about any other home for a long time."

"Is it true, Mickey, that your studio gave you a bonus for staying out of New York nightlife?" I pressed.

"I read about it in a gossip column, but they didn't," he replied. "I had five shows a day, every day. I'd get to the theatre at eleven each morning and finish at eleven each night. There were so many people around the stage door that it was useless to try getting in and out. So I just stayed in most of the time. I look at Mom and Judy and Mrs. Garland out a couple of times—and then I had a date with Miss Frazier. But that was all about it.

"Mickey," I continued, "do you think girls want to go with you for your company, or your money, or the fact that you're a movie star?"

"Well, that reminds me of my experience on Broadway. It taught me a lesson," replied Mickey. "A beautiful chorus girl called me up and suggested that I see her show and we have dinner. She was so beautiful—and so I did. First thing she began talking about star sapphires and diamond bracelets—so I guessed it wasn't me she was interested in, but in my salary. I never went to see her again. I stay clear of that kind. But out here in my own crowd I go out with some very swell girls, from fine families. We have lots of swimming parties and things at each other's homes."

I asked Mickey what greatest happiness his career had given him—and he said it was being able to do things for his Mom. And the tone he said it in wasn't that of any swell-head.

In closing, I asked which was his real inspiration, Tracy, Beery, or Gable? And Mickey said, "I'm trying to stick to Rooney!"

In our "Mann to man" talk, straight from the shoulder—take it from me, Mickey's a mighty level-headed kid for all of his success. He's a show-off, yes, because he's a natural-born actor, imitator, and a real down-home—but Mickey's head isn't swelled. It's a good one and he's using it.

Pricilla, Lola and Rosemary Lane and Gale Page play mothers as well as wives in "Four Wives," sequel to "Four Daughters." Above, on the set, the girls lend a hand in the feeding of the infants who bring the third generation of the Lane family to the screen, while Claude Rains and May Robson, of the first generation, look on.

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Mrs. Goldilocks and the Bears

Continued from page 29

had a basket of sandwiches with her, and a began a cup of coffee, all of which she had prepared herself. If she were anyone but Carole you might figure that that's why they let her come along—because she could be a helper later, after they're hungry. Most women are a darn nuisance on any kind of a man's expedition like that, and are not to be tolerated on any but that one food-circumstance. They can be tolerated on dozens scores. In the first place, if she falls, she picks herself up. In the second place, she willingly takes her turn at bird-dogging, a-putting up the guards for the shooting there in the duck blinds.

Third, she doesn't complain about mosquitos, and in fact wears her face so full of oil and grease protection, she can scarcely tell who she is anyway. We can't think of all twelve of the scores right now, but anyway she is not only to be tolerated on a hunting spree, she is even to be commended.

But even with such harmony, the group was not too happy about its morning expeditions. The bugaboos was this thing they called Keep Out signs, or a farmer with a cross-patch disposition—one of those unpleasant fellows who says, "If I don't like your property, I'll put a sign on it." And the worst of it is that you have to eat your sandwiches just sitting on the running board of a car, when you haven't had a chance to wash your hands. But nobody seemed to know exactly what to do about it, until suddenly one day Andy Devine had an idea. He waited to spring it until they were all gathered one Sunday afternoon at his house in the valley, within a stone's throw of the Gables'.

They hadn't gathered formally, or anything like that. At noon Clark and Carole just naturally showed up. Carole had a couple of brown paper sacks under her arm, and she headed right for the kitchen where she thought she ought to be preparing food for the afternoon's excursion as it was maid's day out. Dogie is Andy's wife, and although her real name is Dorothy, Andy has always called her Dogie since the first year of their marriage—because Dorothy, like the dogie calves, was motherless, and had no mother to run to, like other wives have, when the first-year-of-marriage problems come.

"I've got junk here, so don't get alarmed," Carole announced as she dumped her bundles on the kitchen table. "I'm going to be chief cook and bottle washer and you just run in and sit down. I have one helper here anyway," and she smiled down at little Tad Devine, four-going-five, who was standing there, gazing up at her with his eyes crinkled a bit, as though he were facing the brightness of the sun. "Hyah, Tad—what are you looking at me like that for?"

"I just thought of a new name for you," he said shyly. "From now on, I'm going to call you Goldilocks." "Her, Goldilocks to you!" Carole called out gaily, since this was shortly after her marriage. "Now come on, Tad, where are the onions and the frying pan, and we'll get busy!"

When Mrs. Devine appraised Andy and Clark, in the living room, of the new name just then bestowed on Carole, they agreed that it was a good one. "So," said Andy, "Goldilocks and the bears. That reminds me: there are really five bears in this group. Why don't we call the rest of the gang, and later we can have a game of pitch? Besides, I have something to take up with all you fellows."

Before the hour had passed, the gang had increased. Lum and Abner arrived, and so did Phil Harris.

"Well," drawled Andy, after the smoke of the hamburgers had cleared away, "I've been thinking about this hunting problem of ours, and why isn't it the best thing for us just to buy some property of our own somewhere?"

"You mean so we can put up No Trespassing signs of our own?" Mrs. Goldilocks shrugged her shoulders. "That would be something! Keep out, and this means you!" signed 'Carole Gable'! Say, I'd like that!"

"Well, wouldn't be the only name on the sign, if we all owned it. So stop hogging!" Gable put in, in a genial effort to pipe her down.

"Hey, I'm serious, fellows," Andy went on. (It's indicative that Carole is always addressed as part of the "fellows" too.) "I'm so serious that I got a real estate agent to dig up a property or two. Now if we have a tract of land about thirty miles from here. A hundred and eighty acres, and if we incorporate and buy it together, it won't cost us very much."'

"You mean we're going to incorporate?" shrieked Carole again. "Wow! 'Carole Gable and Company,' Inc. That sounds marvelous. Who's going to be president? I nominate Clark Gable."

"Now, wait a minute!" Clark said. "We ought to pick a name for the company which would look good on the freight cars and trucks, in case we ever raise anything on that land, or get into the lumber business, or something. You know, we've got to look ahead." (Practical Gable.)

"Well, fellows, I really am serious," Andy said again. "Here are pictures of the property, facts and figures on it, now all we have to decide is do we want it or not."

Well, to put a long and talkative afternoon into a paragraph or two, they decided they did want it, and they also amazingly enough decided on a name under which they should incorporate: The Hardrock Land Company. This was after Clark had decided to make Abner president, and for some reason or other the others have for a long time called Abner "Hardrock"—nobody knows why. They incorporated before it was strong enough to be a nickname, also the company took that name too.

They had discussed several others: The Stars Outlet Company had seemed a humorous possibility, but they also wondered if it was because it might sound as though they really took themselves seriously as stars, and people might think they were looking for publicity, and the name was too plain and simple, so The Hardrock Land Company it became.

The company elections were as follows: Abner, president; Devine, first vice-president; Harris, second vice-president; Lum, third vice-president—and chairman of the board. Goldilocks Gable, treasurer (and cook).

Then, is the reason you see so many notes in the columns today, about the Andy Devines, Clark and Carole, and the others being so frequently together. Since the issuing of the first notice of the Hardrock company it has been rumored that they have struck oil on the property, but like most rumors this is an exaggeration. It is true that these innocents have been quite busy on the property, any place near an oil venture, but shortly after they bought, a big oil company struck oil on neighboring property, making oil on their land probably worthless. The day after The Hardrock Land Company was taken out of escrow the owners were offered three times what they paid for it—and, as a matter of fact, they were elated because she was anxious to have something to be treasurer of besides just a hunk of deeds and papers. But she was voted down on the first try, and her anxiety as a hunting and fishing retreat still seems more valuable to them.

One of the nice notes about the property is that there is a two-story cabin which is Carrie's particular pride and joy because she took it as it was, which wasn't much, and made it what it is today, with the aid of thirty-sharps and sixty yards of bright chintz. And she has a scarred index-finger to show that she did the sewing and the fixing herself. Gay chintz, gleaming oil lamps, big wooly rugs, the warmed-up picture. Goldilocks has also seen to it that there is a big chair, just right, neither too soft nor too hard, for each of the bears when they come in with hunting boots and hunting clothes and will try to keep peace between them.

It's not a very glamorous picture of Clark and Carole, and their friends, but it's true one, and deliciously amusing. There is no particular story of how Clark and Andy became friends except that like attracts like, and they are alike, physically
Looking very lovely in a formal gown. Judy Garland dances with Clark Liddell at a gathering of film folk in the Palm Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Lana Looks Ahead

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sciousness of clothes. Due to her experience, the mother was able to change the appearance of her daughter's dresses to the extent that Lana always seemed to be wearing new clothes. Lana absorbed, as a consequence, much of her mother's technique and with a natural flair for designing began to plan her own clothing at an exceptionally early age. When, some years later, the family moved to San Francisco, Lana studied the models in the smartest shops. Her mother saw to that. Since the family ex- changer wasn't particularly limited, neither was Lana's wardrobe, with the result that much thought entered into the selection and study of clothes. She was reared with the subject of clothing and how the best effects might be gained uppermost in her mind. Is it any wonder, then, that all Lana's life she has looked forward to a career as fashion designer?

That is what she was aiming for; when a newspaperman discovered her one fine morning across the street from the Holly- wood High School—mother and daughter had removed to the film capital following the death of the father, leaving the fogs of San Francisco for Mrs. Turner's health—straightway arranged for her to meet William Demarest, the agent. Demarest, in turn, arranged for a screen test—Mervyn LeRoy was casting for the role of Mary Clay, the school girl whose murder provoked the events of "They Won't Forget"— and through his efforts brought the little Turner to the director's attention. Result—LeRoy awarded her a contract, as well as the role of Mary Clay.

"Naturally, I was so happy I thought I'd burst," Lana confides, "but even with the studio contract I didn't give up my thoughts of someday turning to fashion designing. It made me all the more determined, since then I was able to observe how the fashion designers at the studio worked. I've worked it all out and you don't need to leave the studio, at the end of the day! I leave every thing even remotely pertaining to pictures at the studio. I'm a non-professional, I don't talk pictures and most of my friends have nothing to do with pictures, so I can easily and truly forget all about them once I'm away from the studio. Back in the studio, I'm ALL pictures!" I try to learn as much as I can, and do everything that may benefit me, help me to become a better actress. I lead two separate and distinct lives, and try not to allow them to overlap.

My plan is this: I intend to work as hard as I can, in the attainment of a goal. That goal is, a great part in a great picture. When that day arrives that I have realized that part, that is the day I am through with pictures.

"I am still young: there's plenty of time for that part before I'm twenty-one. After all, I'm not yet twenty. I'm confident that by the time I do reach twenty-one—or before—I will have had my great chance. But even if that big part does not come my way, I still will leave the screen and carry out my original intention.

"Now calling the situation over in her mind, "I'm not afraid that acting by then will be so deeply imbedded in me that I won't want to leave. I think by this time, after nearly two years in the studios, I would have felt the spell, and been affected by it, were that to happen. I simply am not attracted by pictures. But, for the sake of argument, suppose I was. I still would go through with my plans, and leave the screen once and for all, because of my promise, my double-promise—to someone, and myself.

"Yes, that 'some one' is a man. He means a lot to me, and I have sworn to him that by the time I am twenty-one I will be through with pictures. And that promise to myself I always hold. I won't sacrifice my word to myself, and I never will. That promise alone would cause me to drop out.

And I'll tell you why— I think the most important thing in life is in keeping perfect faith with myself."

There you have the pattern for the next year or two of Lana Turner's life. She is sincere, and there can be no question about her sincerity—in her determination to put into effect her lifelong ambition, though that undoubtedly will mean renouncing a career that has bright promise. And one cannot but doubt—that she is the logical successor to the place left vacant by Jean Harlow. She is endowed with the same luscious qualities that made Jean a star and proved her in her little-sister rôle in "Rich Man, Poor Girl"—and there is much about her suggesting the blonde star. Already, plans are being drafted, not to conduct her into one of the most glamorous stars of the screen. Which would lead one to believe that Lana's "great part in a great picture" is more or less of a certainty, and that day not so far distant. She hopes, in- cidentally, that it will be "a Bette Davis part." Bette is her idol, at whose shrine she worships.

One thing more: Why did Lana elect twenty-one as the age at which she most certainly would be finished with the screen? "It's a matter of time." she explains. "I find the high time I was going into business for myself and settling down to serious endeavor. If I am ever to do anything in my chosen field, I must be well into it by the time I have reached the age of twenty-one."

SCREENLAND 71
Inside the Stars' Homes

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bowl of gumbo and rice. Let me see—it’s called Chix Gumbo Creole. Let me tell you how to make it—everyone at house is mad about it!"

**CHIX GUMBO CREOLE**

2 1/2 cups okra
2 large onions
2 cloves garlic, chopped
1 green pepper, chopped
2 tablespoons flour
1 small can Heinz tomatoes
1/2 lb. shrimp
1 slice ham
1 lb. veal
2 1/2 lb. fryer
1 pint oysters
2 quarts water
2 bay leaves
2 sprigs parsley
2 teaspoons salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
Dash of cayenne pepper
1 teaspoon thyme

Fry okra slowly in fat; when soft, add onion, garlic, green pepper; add tomatoes; let simmer 20 minutes. Add chicken which has been diced and fried, also veal, ham (diced), shrimp and simmer 40 minutes with the water. Then oysters with the juice—simmer 10 minutes and serve with rice.

"Then we had an enormous plate of cheese and crackers, a huge bowl of green salad, pickled onions and:

"I simply adore desserts and so did my guests, so we had two and ate both. One was pineapple ice-cream cake—that’s not unusual—and the other was chocolate ice-cream roll, a perfectly huge long thing on the biggest platter you ever saw! That’s a recipe of the house, as they say. Do try it, it’s delicious!"

**CHOCOLATE ROLL**

5 egg yolks
1 cup powdered sugar
3 tablespoons cocoa (Baker’s)
5 egg whites
Whipped cream
Thin chocolate sauce

Beat yolks two minutes; add sugar and beat thoroughly. Add cocoa, fold in stiffly beaten whites. Spread on well greased paper, which has been placed in dripping pan, 12 x 8” and bake ten minutes in a 350° oven. Turn out on cloth which has been sprinkled with powdered sugar, trim edges and roll. When cool, unroll and fill with whipped cream or vanilla ice-cream, cover with chocolate sauce and serve.

Cheese cake arrived with the tea, the most delicately light cheese cake I’ve ever eaten. Another “recipe of the house,” sometimes served at Joan’s informal affairs.

**CHEESE CAKE**

4 egg yolks
1 cup sour cream
1 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon baking powder (Calumet)
1 tablespoon Swissdow cake flour (diced), Honeymaid Graham crackers
5 1/2 slices Philadelphia cream cheese
1/2 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons melted butter

Beat yolk; add sugar and flour and beat thoroughly. Add cheese and baking powder and beat until smooth. Add sour cream and salt. Line tart pan with graham cracker crumbs which have been mixed with melted butter. Pour in cheese mixture, bake in (350°) oven 45-50 minutes. Cut fire and let pan stay in the oven till cool.

Normie came in, wearing a fireman’s uniform, was duly admired, and dashed upstairs to change into a baseball suit. His mother sighed and shook her head. "Normie has a clothes complex. He changes his clothes six times a day, if you can believe it!" At first, I tried to argue with him, until the doctor advised letting him alone. He says it’s just a phase—if he wasn’t changing his raiment, he might be biting his fingertips until nothing else. This doesn’t really hurt anyone, since he does it all himself. And he’s so neat, he puts everything away down to the last sock!

"For Normie’s birthday party, I’m planning one that won’t be a ‘movie kid’ affair. I’d like the youngsters to enjoy themselves. I took Normie to some little fellow’s party, not so long ago, and I give you my word they had everything there but a strip-tease artist for the poor babies—A whole circus, greased pigs, a merry-go-round, magicians, card tricks, guitar players wandering around playing hot music, entirely over the children’s heads. I thought it was all done so that the nurses would go home and tell the man’s and papa’s that it was the finest show yet given.

"Normie’s isn’t going to be like that. People always give children creamed chicken, so I’m going to have creamed whipped beef on mashed potatoes, with carrots, peas, and tiny onions all boiled together, a tomato mold salad that looks pretty, apple sauce and biscuits, ice-cream and the birthday cake. I have the cutest boxes of candy for each child, with an Hungarian doll on top, besides the little gifts for each one. There’ll be eight of them. I’ve warned my nurse to corner all the nurses and take them away where they can’t watch their charges, and the children will be turned out on the grand flat piece of grass back of the house. There will be a few toys, but mostly I want them to plan their own games, unsupervised. See if they can have some real fun for once! It’s my opinion that nurses cause all the rumpus at parties. Kids have to sock each other now and then. But nurses fly at them: ‘Apologize, darling!’ ‘Don’t do that, sweet-heart!’ ‘You mustn’t!’ ‘You can’t—Oh, if I were a movie person’s kid, I’d go crazy!’ She shook back her hair and laughed at herself. ‘Why do I get so excited?’ she mocked. ‘What we should be talking of is the informal way of entertaining. I know a grand hot dish that makes a hit at my parties—beef steak and kidney pie. It’s marvellous."

**BEER STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE**

(with corn meal topping and horse radish sauce)

2 lbs. choice round steak
12 lamb kidneys
1 large onion
Few bay leaves
4 tablespoons flour
1 pint boiling water
2 cups corn meal
4 cups boiling water
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder (Calumet)

Cut meat in large cubes, salt, pepper and flour, fry in 2 tablespoons olive oil. Add onion, then boiling water; let simmer 20 minutes. Place in casserole with cornmeal topping. Serve with horse radish sauce.

"Of course, if you don’t want to go to the trouble of anything like that, you can serve scrambled eggs. Dick loves to fix them. Especially his own famous scrambled eggs supreme. We often have them."

**SCRAMBLED EGGS SUPREME**

6 eggs (slightly beaten)
1/4 cup cream
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon paperika
1/4 teaspoon white pepper
6 slices thin toast
1 cup chopped beef (creamed)

Combine eggs, cream, salt, paprika, pepper in top of double boiler. Place over boiling water, stir constantly. When mixture "jiggles" read and pile lightly in center of warm platter, place triangular pieces of toast around eggs and serve a spoonful of creamed chip beef on each piece of toast—a large sprig of parsley between each piece of toast. Sprinkle eggs with paprika.

"Another dish that seems to hit the spot when you have guests who enjoy fussing around while you cook, is a waffle dish. Dick and I have a favorite way of making them. Let me tell you about it."

**VERDICT WAFFLES**

1 cube butter
1 cup sugar
4 yolks and 4 whipped whites
1/4 cup cream
1/2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder (Calumet)
1/2 teaspoon salt

Cream butter, add sugar, cream thoroughly, add beaten egg yolks. Sift flour, salt and baking powder twice. Alternate flour and cream mixture. Fold in the whipped whites and bake in a hot iron.

"The idea in informal parties is to have things arranged so that you aren’t all tied up worrying about food, dishes, how you look, what people think, and so on. Just have lots of good food, a congenial crowd, and don’t seem to be making an effort. I am sure you understand just what I mean!"
Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., popular in Delaware society, sponsors Wilmington's spectacular charity ball—the Society Follies.

Delaware Society Favorite

Mrs. du Pont arrives by private plane at the airport near her New Castle home, looking fresh and unwearied after a quick shopping trip to New York.

But both follow the same famous Skin Care

**QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:**
Southern women are famous for their complexions. Mrs. du Pont. Do you have any particular method of skin care?

**ANSWER:**
"Yes, I don't believe in taking chances with my complexion—I always use Pond's 2 Creams. Pond's Cold Cream is perfect for cleansing my skin—keeping it soft and supple at the same time. And for powder base and protection against weather, Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal!"

**QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:**
Do you feel that using 2 cream helps keep your make-up fresh looking longer?

**ANSWER:**
"I'm sure it does! That's why, before powder, I always cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream and smooth it with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This gives my skin a finish that makes—up so well it looks fresh for literally hours!"

**QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:**
When a girl works all day, Bette, is it hard for her to find time to take good care of her skin?

**ANSWER:**
"Not if she follows my system. It's quick, thorough—and economical! I just use the 2 Pond's Creams. First Pond's Cold Cream to get my skin really clean—give it the clear, 'glowy' look that I like. And then I never fail to smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder foundation—it seems to make-up so much more attractive!"

**QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:**
When you're outdoors for hours at a time, don't you worry about sun and wind roughening your skin?

**ANSWER:**
"No—why should I? Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths away little skin roughnesses in only one application. I usually spread on a light film of Vanishing Cream before I go outdoors. Too. Just for protection."

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

Pond's, Dept. TSCV-A, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quickness-melting cleansing cream) and five different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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City __________________________

State __________________________

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Miss Bette Miller helped found the Kansas City chapter of Railway Business Women. The club's winter dance is a gala function.

Off to work. After graduation from high school, Bette got a secretarial job in the Gulf, Mobile and Northern Railroad freight office.

Bette and her companion share the local enthusiasm for bicycling. So popular is this sport in Kansas City that traffic regulations became necessary!
Gene Autry's Advice to American Boys
Continued from page 23

The man who's always poppin' off with smart remarks and always kiddin' someone else isn't so smart. Often when people think a fellow's smarter than they're afraid to trust him. The guy who's quiet is the guy to put your money on, for he's usin' his head for somethin' besides braggin' and wisecrackin'.

"If you're sincere, people will go out of their way to help you. At least, that's the way things have always worked out for me. When I was a youngster I became interested in telegraphy, and one day I went up to Sapulpa, headquarters for one of the lines on the Frisco Railroad, and asked for a job as a telegrapher. 'Well, son,' said the manager, 'you'll have to take an examination.' Now I might have pretended to know a lot of things I didn't know, but the examination would have showed me up, anyway. So I said, 'Sure. I'll be glad to take one, but I reckon I don't know an awful lot yet. I was figurin' on kinda learnin' things as I went along.' I think the manager must have liked the fact that I was sincere, anyway, because after the examination he said to me, 'You're a pretty poor telegrapher, boy. But we all have to begin somewhere, so I'll give you a chance.' That man encouraged me a lot. And now I make it a rule always to encourage people.

"In the long run, people who receive a little encouragement go a lot farther than people who don't. If everyone went around saying to everyone else, 'Aw, you ought to quit what you're doin'; you're not any good at it,' the morale of everybody would be killed, and not one person in a million would amount to anything. You can't al-

ways tell, the first time you meet someone, how much talent he really has. If he's encouraged, he may develop whatever talent he has; if he's discouraged, he'll never take the trouble to show his pluggin'. Now, for instance, recently I met a youngster in Sacramento who sang for me and wanted to know if he could get into radio. I didn't think he was the greatest singer I've ever heard, but he wasn't half bad, so I told him, 'Keep right on pluggin'.' It's just as easy to say that to a fellow as to tell him, 'You ought to get into somethin' else.' And that put on the back you give the other fellow may make all the difference in his life, I know, because it did in mine. If half a dozen people hadn't encouraged me, I'd still be a telegrapher, or I'd be a second-rate baseball player with some minor league down in Podunk, glad to be drawin' down $18 a month.

"Maybe you've heard this story, but I think it bears repeating. I was workin' as a telegrapher in Chelsea, Oklahoma, when one day in came a guy with a kind face, and I encouraged him. I'm glad I did, for he had a lot of talent. He's a big star now.

"Why don't you start singin' somethin' with your voice?' After that he handed me the message he was sendin' and it was signed Will Rogers.

"Well, I'd heard plenty about Will Rogers, but I'd never thought to see him in person, and to have a man as big as he tell me that I had somethin'. I guess the reason I hadn't recognized him was that the only light in the room was that of a kerosene lamp, and anyway I wasn't expectin' anybody like him to walk in. When a man as big as he encouraged you, then you really fight. You work twice as hard to get ahead. That's why, though I had very little money, I got a pass to go to New York (bein' a railroad man, I got my fare free) and I lit out for that city. I'll never forget the first mornin' I arrived in New York. I went to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad—got off at Jersey City and came across on the ferry. When I saw the mass of buildings loomin' ahead, I thought, 'If I ever get into that city, I wonder if I'll ever get out.' The biggest town I'd ever been to before that time had 100,000 people in it. Believe me, I was a typical country boy. Every place I went I wanted to see the manager, but usually I couldn't get past his secretary. It was three or four months before I got in anyplace. All the time I was livin' in a cheap hotel, and though I wasn't exactly starvin', you can bet your life I wasn't eatin' any thick stuff. But luck had a way to cheer me—it never killed that, it would have been just too bad. When I did finally get a break, it was because I was simple and a song. Maybe some song or other was just plain dumb, but then some people are so smart they kinda outsmart themselves.

"One day I walked into the office of the Victor Recordin' Company, and when I said I wanted to see the manager, the girl at the switchboard asked me what I did. When I told her I sang and played the guitar, she asked, 'What kind of songs do you sing?' I said, 'Hillbilly songs. Cowboy stuff.' 'Why don't you recite me?' she asked. If I'd been a big fellow that was cultured or bright or a man that had known anything, I'd have figgered she was kiddin' me and I wouldn't have sung anything. But not being a bit educated, I just sat down and played the guitar and sang. Just then two men came into the reception room, Johnny Marvin and a guy who's the official of the Victor Recordin' Company—Nat Shilkret. And they heard me singin' and playin'. The funny part of it was I was singin', Jeannie, I Dreamed a Dream. Time was they said I couldn't have written. Of course, I was too dumb to know he'd written it. So I sang this song and played it for the man who wrote it. That was just plain dumb luck.

"As the result of that "dumb luck" Gene was offered a test with a band which was being recorded the next day because he had a pretty good electrical or radio experience, his test turned out only fair.

"If Nat Shilkret of the Victor Recordin' Company had said to me, 'Listen, boy, you're wastin' your time singin', I'd have been pretty discouraged. But I guess he knew the value of encouragement, for he told me, 'I think we've got a little song you might try.' So I was down to New York to learn that the place to begin is on a small local station.

"Just out I found out the next bit of advice I'd like to pass on to American boys, Don't figger on settin' a big city on fire right away. The time to try is when you've made good there, you can pass on to a bigger town.' Often boys who want to get ahead in radio write me and tell me they want to get a job on a local radio station, even if they have to work for a while without pay. American boys are mighty lucky in one respect. In England and in most of the very few countries in the world they're all owned by the government. But in the United States every little town has its local station, and pretty nearly anywhere you can find talent.

"Afterwards, if he can prove that he has been doin' well, he can go on to a bigger station. However, I never encouraged anybody to go to Holly-

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wood is to make good somewhere else, and let Hollywood find you.”

Following Nat Shilkret’s advice, Gene went down to station KVOO in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and sang there for about a year. It was through his cowboy songs on this local station that Art Satherley of the American Record Corporation learned of Gene Autry’s existence. And Mr. Satherley was shrewd enough to realize that Gene’s voice had a certain note of sincerity which would make it well worth recording. This time, when Gene went to New York, he was ready for his big break, since the year he had spent on the radio had prepared him for it. This time it wasn’t necessary for any executive to tell Gene, “You need more experience.”

“You’ve got to be prepared for your breaks when they come,” Gene told me. “Many times people try to jump for a job before they’re prepared for it, just like I did the first time I came to New York. That’s one reason why I advise boys to get all the education they can while they can get it. I guess most boys—especially young boys—think it’s sissy to take music lessons and dancing lessons and lessons in dramatics—but it isn’t. All those things help to give you courage and confidence in yourself.”

Before signing up with the American Record Corporation, Gene asked permission to talk to the people at the Victor Company, since he felt his whole future might be at stake. At that time the Victor Company was by far the larger company, and he was tempted to sign with it—since the American Record Corporation was, comparatively speaking, a new firm. However, he discovered that the Victor Company already had a cowboy singer. Realizing that if he signed up with it, he’d have to play second fiddle to an already established star, Gene threw in his lot with the American Record Corporation.

“Boys often have the idea that they’d like to work with a big company,” Gene told me. “However, I think every boy ought to consider the possibilities of a small company, which may have an extremely brilliant future. Sometimes you are in a much better position to go far with a small company than with a large one, where you may be only a small cog in the wheel. Because the American Record Corporation was small and new, it concentrated on me in a way a larger company would not have done. Later, when I went to Republic Pictures, the same thing happened. Because it was a young, enterprise company, it gave me every break. If I had been signed up instead by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer or Paramount, I believe I would have been lost in the shuffle.”

“After that,” said Gene, “I just went up pluggin’ along, and I found out the two final lessons I’d like to pass on to American boys. One is—don’t ever go high hat. I’ve learned that when a person goes high hat because of a little success and doesn’t recognize his old friends, the next thing you know, you’re going to find that person down at the bottom of the ladder again. And the final lesson I learned is—never sacrifice your peace of mind for anything. Before you go into any business, be sure it’s legitimate. Lots of times people think a certain racket looks easy and they’ll make a lot of money in it—but if they go in for that racket, they’re bound to get thinkin’ about what they’ve done sooner or later; then they’ll get so jittery and nervous they won’t be able to sleep or rest and they won’t be able to enjoy life any more.”

“I saw a fine example of that recently in a picture James Cagney made called ‘The Roarin’ Twenties.” It’s the story of a boy who came back to this country after the war and couldn’t get a job. Finally he got one drivin’ a taxi, and so long as that was all he did, he had peace of mind and was happy. But one day a woman gave him a package of whiskey to deliver, and later on that boy got to sellin’ whiskey—it was during Prohibition days and he was breakin’ the law. From the moment he started breakin’ the law, he lost his peace of mind, and then everthin’ went wrong. Listen, boys, I wouldn’t give you the wrong dope. Fame and money are swell things to have, but the most important thing in the world is peace of mind. Why, I’ve got a brother Dudley, nineteen years old, workin’ in a warehouse department. He makes twenty-five dollars a week and he’s happy. Why? Because he’s never done anythin’ to destroy his peace of mind.

“Of course I believe in young people havin’ fun and good times. But don’t think you have to set around in a night club every night in order to have a swell time. And don’t think it’s smart to get drunk. A sociable drink at the right time with the right people may be all right, but it’s disgustin’ to see young people drunk. Nine times out of ten when young people get into trouble, it’s because they’ve drunk too much and reached the point where liquor handles them. Don’t start drinkin’ young or smokin’ young. It does somethin’ to your health.”

“Keep busy! If a person’s mind is occupied, he hasn’t time to set around drinkin’. Avoid anythin’ which might destroy your peace of mind—whether it’s liquor, particularly more of it than you know how to handle—or a job which isn’t strictly legitimate, or anythin’ else which will make it hard for you to sleep nights. Don’t sacrifice the most important thing in life for somethin’ far less important.”

That’s Gene Autry’s advice to American boys. There are sophisticated people who may be amused at the simplicity and sincerity of what Gene says. But, boys, what Gene says is straight from the heart.

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HINT TO PARTY-GIVERS

Expecting a crowd tonight? Then stock up with Pepsi-Cola. Everybody likes its better flavor. And the 6-bottle Home Carton is a real bargain. Each big, big bottle holds 12 full ounces.

**PEPSI AND PETE** . . . THE PEPSI-COLA COPS

"I MAKE SURE YOU GET A BIG, BIG BOTTLE - 12 FULL OUNCES"

**BUY THE CARTON**

FILLS YOUR GLASS TWICE

SCREENLAND 75
sweet. He'd drive me down to rehearsals in the middle of winter, when it was colder than anything, and wait for me there. We'd be having hot drinks and sandwiches inside, but I could never coax him in. He's not that way. I cried and cried in the car with blankets and go to sleep and never once complain. Which I think was pretty swell for a man who detested the whole idea. I understand how he felt.

The way he was brought up, he was taught that show people were vulgar and cheap. He didn't realize that times have changed. Then so often he'd say, 'It's such a good life, honey. I don't want you to do it.' You can see it wasn't easy to go against a person like that. But I had to.

She took me to the Pan-American Exposition. There was a great to-do in the papers about hostesses. The leading photographer was choosing girls and he wanted to have land Barclay to be judged. I thought I'd like to do that. We were talking about it one evening, and Dad broke out with one of those 'no-daughter-of-mine' speeches. It made me a little unhappy, and it made mother a little mad, and she said we'd show him. So I had my picture taken, and I sent mother a copy made just after that. He finally sort of got used to it. Bless his heart," said Linda, with the indulgence of a fond mother for a beloved and wayward son.

Indeed, Mr. Roy would have had a job on his hands to stop two women determined to let no grass grow under their feet. By the time he was to retire in 1966, Linda had called on six talent scouts. The procedure was always the same. "How old are you?" "Well—I'm fourteen. Sorry, too young." Come back in three or four years." When she was fifteen, Twentieth Century's scout, came to town, Linda said: "Let's skip it, mother. They won't touch you till you're seventeen or eighty." "Oh, come on," urged mother. "You'll take a chance." Mr. Kahn agreed to send her photographs to the coast.

Cut to six weeks later. A February afternoon instead of doing her homework when a Western Union messenger appeared. "Hm," she thought, "Bill can't take me tonight." Bill was working his way through school and had recently been obliged to break a couple of movie dates.

The wire read: "How would you like to go to Hollywood to make screen test. If satisfied could you arrange to leave Friday night." Linda gave it a double-take and yelled for her mother, who arrived pell-mell to save her child from heaven knew what peril. After having had two or three fits in the dining room, they dashed outdoors. It was Dad's day off. He was cleaning the car in the driveway. A couple of minutes later, Linda, with the wire at him. "Look, pop, we're going to Hollywood." The kids started a war dance. Dad, who never lets himself get excited, looked yellow blank over. He didn't crack a muscle. At last he said, "Well—we'll think about it." "Think about it, nothing," retorted Mom. "We're going."

Linda's wardrobe consisted mostly of calico dresses. The other candidates, boarding train at El Paso, wore silver fox and orchids. The little girl from Dallas didn't look thrilled after all. She still stood in store. Pictures were taken at the Los Angeles terminal. They were rushed to the studio to meet—"I'll give you three guesses—Owen Power! Sure enough! Can you imagine?"

For three weeks she made silent tests. For six weeks she toiled with a dramatic coach, trying simultaneously to acquire a stage presence and get rid of a Texas drawl. The verdict was shattering, if familiar. "Too young. We'll bring you out again when you're seventeen." She cried and cried in Mr. Kahn's office. Her mother cried too. She thinks it's funny now, but she didn't then. "Why can't you make me older?" she wailed. You make lots of people younger."

On the train going home, though, she started getting mad. A fighting light glimmered under the tear-swollen lids. She turned to her mother: "I'll sign out here for another studio some day, and I'll just show them. You wait and see." Meanwhile Brenda had been steering a less successful course. She had always wanted to go on the stage, though it wasn't her mother who planted the seed. She didn't know what to do. As far back as she can remember, she just wanted to. Her goal was the legitimate theatre. "Nearly everybody would like to be in the movies," she says, "but I was being very sensible. I knew they were practically impossible to break into, I never dreamed it could happen to me."

She had an endowment policy for her education—in order to take her through two years of college or one year at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. She talked it over with her mother, and again decided to do the sensible thing. One year at the Playhouse might get her nowhere. Two years at college was bound to give her some scholastic and cultural training. She could take dramatic courses. More important still, she could during that period live the normal life of a girl of her age.

She had fun at college, she joined a sorority, she made friends, she met a boy named Owen Ward whom she hopes to marry some day. She worked hard too, and when the time was up, she felt that it couldn't have been long enough. And when she came out, that was long enough. Her best chance for employment, she figured out, lay in the field of commercial photography. She looked up some names in the legitimate theatre, and found she'd been right. There was plenty of work for her. In a year she'd have enough money to go to New York. Then she'd try out for summer stock.

Fate intervened in the shape of an agent who met her at the home of friends, and pressed on to her to a couple of the studios. Skeptical as usual, she said: "Why not? I'll be a lark, anyway." Having read the opportunities given young players like Arleen Whelan and Merle Oberon the year before, she suggested going there. The same Ivan Kahn who had brought Linda up from Dallas interviewed Brenda, and took her to see from Mosco. When she returned, a new studio. She read for him, and he told her he thought she was all right. "Doesn't mean a thing," she assured herself. "But now—that's his try to let you down easy." And by the time two phoneless weeks had passed, she was sure she'd been right.

Then Mr. Schreiber called. "I've been wondering why you haven't come in."

"Nobody asked me to."

"Well, come along. I'll take you to see Mr. Schreiber, our casting director."

Brenda insists that Mr. Schreiber was feeling great that day. He liked her photographs and ordered a test. She studied with Mr. Moore for three or four days and when she showed him on the day of the test, he gave a laugh and said: "That's the woman who was in Kansas City, a wire full of whoopee and I got all the kids out of the house to celebrate." Brenda's first test was a crying jag. She could take just so much with equanimity. There was more to follow. One day Mr. Zanuck sent for her. "I'm pretty sure you're one of the best to test you for it." The test happened to be a crying scene, and Brenda couldn't stop crying. She buried her face in her handkerchief, when it was not long she piled it all up, and turned it to shreds. Finally they had to send for Owen, who took her by the arm, walked her round for blocks and blocks, and talked her into doing it. Then Mr. Selznick called.

We left Linda drying her tears and setting her lips in resolution. The chance to make good that resolution came with Jesse Lautz's "The Gangster." It was held in Dallas on a day when Linda had two final exams to take. The tryouts started at nine. Tired and nervous, she didn't reach the auditorium till four thirty. It had been a long time since she was neck-and-neck between her mother and a girl who had had it all her own way before Linda arrived. The other girl lost.

In Hollywood again, she didn't decide whether or not to be mad at Fox. A sweet disposition, plus the practical feeling that two strings are better than one, sent her to see Mr. Schreiber. He was not disposed to note how she'd grown. He was interested to hear that she had a six-weeks Gateway contract. He told her to get in touch with him. So it was that, when half of his expiration she phoned, and was given a stock contract. Her god out of the machine was Gregory Ratoff. One glance at her led to another. He is the man to whom she said: "I want to test this girl for my picture."

"She hasn't had much experience."

"Experience, bah! You know Ratoff."

He didn't feel quite so good when the test was made, being heard to mutter, "A thousand dollars and for what?" In the projection room he liked better.

"Linda Ward," he volunteered. "To tell the truth, I never blew up or screamed, just walked off the set. I felt sorry for him, I tried awkwardly hard to learn. And sure enough, after the
So, the half might catch she be principal first wives says new I first L. a be good-looking let nice. Brandeis, find It sight. Just was time wouldn't likes Evenings she November, loudest. songs. That's counseled. Sure to, ness they luck. bother Old nuisances, ter marrying, him stand. "because movie. Her She's "Drums" Her There's one previewed. 'Who keeps it. "Save he glad he知道 his all years to in mournfully, he's not gone! "When people runs them. They don't kiss them. They don't swim, they don't study. They keep and go to counters. When people ask silly questions, like how does it feel to kiss George Brent, the gang spreads them. They come over and help her hang curtains, as they always did. They drop in without phoning. She wants it never to be any different.

Her next appearance will be in "Little Old New York" with Alice Faye. She and Owen have gone into the marriage vs. career question, and decided not to let it bother then. They have the notion that lots of lovers sit around and get to be nuisances, and if Brenda enjoys acting better than bridge, and the audiences continue to enjoy her, then "it doesn't make me any different, and it's me Owen's marrying, not the career," says Brenda. There's just one thing she can't understand. "When I was first time dragging him out here to have a picture taken. And I don't see why he objects," she smiled, "because he is such a good-looking boy."
for several years to come and will find happiness in work and marriage. Her emotional nature should be controlled in the latter part of 1939 or the first part of 1940.

Marriage also beckons to two other charming Capricorn stars: Anita Louise, whose chart shows she is compatible to first, Budy Adler, may march to the altar within a period of six months; and Cary Grant's marriage has been linked romantically with Phyllis Brook's, two stars who could find happiness together in marriage. Both Anita Louise's and Cary Grant's careers end in the future, for their charts are well aspected.

Another famous star born in the Sign of Capricorn, on January 13, is Kay Francis. Following an early marriage to the afflicted Saturn, Miss Francis' career seemed at an end, and matrimony beckoned; however, she has once again rallied under the new setting sun of Mars. The plump, rosy-faced star is once more asserting herself. Kay Francis will continue on the screen for several more years, and even though she has been married, her career is once more coming into view.

This is seemingly a sad commentary on the ability of Capricorn persons to find happiness in love and marriage, but when you consider that you can usually realize that it is only because they are too often ruled by their heads instead of their hearts. Capricorn is a Sign that does not merge with any other easily. They are physically attractive and they are often tempted to find love outside the marriage bounds. If you are planning marriage with a Capricorn, keep your marriage in mind all the way to the altar, or the chase will be merry and pleasant, but be prepared to practice that second fiddle number, for you may need it!

As you can see, we have a fairly good composite picture of the qualities most Capricorn persons possess. If this is YOUR Sign you should profit by the mistakes of others and preserve the following warnings. Be sure you are in the right type of work. If you are not, you should not hesitate in changing at once. Study your personality carefully and correct any weaknesses or personality defects. Many Capricorn persons possess harsh qualities about the personality that often make them appear strong and secure, and therefore a most desirable "willful" in the choice of a sweetheart, for you are apt to be too idealistic and demand too much from the one you love. Be more than careful to make the right choice in marriage, only if you choose someone who can help you in your personal and mental and physical planes as yourself. How can you do this? Astrology offers you the key. Certain Signs are more compatible than others. For example, those born in the Sign of Capricorn. They are: Taurus, April 21 to May 20, (Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, and Gary Cooper types.) Virgo, August 23 to September 22, (Martha Raye, Fredric March and Garbo are Virgo-born.) Cancer, June 21 to July 22, (Irene Dunne, Richard Dix, and Barbara Stanwyck are Cancer types.) In many cases, the Sign of Pisces, February 19 to March 20, is compatible, (Joan Bennett, Louis Hayward, Francho Tone and John Garfield are typical.)

Remember this important point—if you were born in Capricorn, you have much in common with the famous screen stars we have been discussing. You may never aspire to screen fame, but it is almost certain that success will eventually seek you out in your chosen field. Capricorn people have a way of working up to the top, no matter what profession you decide to go into. In the past few years it has been uphill work, owing to afflictions to your Sign, but things should be much easier for you now, so take advantage of those born in the Sign of Capricorn, and attain your life's ambitions.

What type of work are Capricorn persons best fitted for? The women of this Sign are usually active in the business world, or as teachers, nurses, managing or owning rest homes, beauty shops, or restaurants. They are also frequently found in secretarial work, as office managers, and bookkeepers and accountants. The men born in this Sign are good salesmen, promoters, real estate brokers, doctors, lawyers, and hotel managers or operators. Capricorn is a talented Sign and generally brings its subjects a fortune at some period of life.

If you were born in a Sign other than Capricorn and are doubtful as to the outcome of the next month, you can get some help from your own birthdate. Gary Grant was married to Virginia Cherrill about the end of his new career. John Garfield, whose March birthday is in conjunction with the Sun and the Moon, married Joan Bennett. There are other examples of marry in the same month. The month of your birth is ruled by the Sun and Moon, and this is your time. Gary Grant was married to Virginia Cherrill about the end of his new career. John Garfield, whose March birthday is in conjunction with the Sun and the Moon, married Joan Bennett. There are other examples of marry in the same month. The month of your birth is ruled by the Sun and Moon, and this is your time. Gary Grant was married to Virginia Cherrill about the end of his new career. John Garfield, whose March birthday is in conjunction with the Sun and the Moon, married Joan Bennett. There are other examples of marry in the same month. The month of your birth is ruled by the Sun and Moon, and this is your time.
not make sudden changes without giving them serious thought. Some deal may be pending that means a great deal to your future. Money from more than one source may come to you. Be cautious in romance or marriage, for some temporary or distant place may exist to break off a long-standing love affair. You may be taking the wrong steps, so think twice. The health should be watched at this time because high-strung nervous conditions and the health may suffer. Concentrate on being calm and peaceful, attend to routine affairs, conserve your energies and try to profit from this month's planetary influences. The 4th, 5th, 8th, 12th, 17th, 22nd, 23rd, 29th are good for general activities and financial matters.

Libra—September 23 to October 22

This month begins under the promising vibrations of Venus and Jupiter and promises relief from the disturbances that have followed you for some time. If you have been unhappy in romance or marriage, you need not indulge in regretting conditions in your life, for someone who is compatible to you may completely alter your life. Make changes in your life at this time, seek a new position. If you are not satisfied with the one you have. Finances should be somewhat better. Invest in home furnishings, real estate, stocks, or merchandise, or enter business or match out for disturbances in the home and avoid the complications of relatives at this time. A good month to follow artistic, musical, or literary pursuits, and during the last two weeks of the month. The 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 9th, 13th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd and 29th are good days for social and personal affairs.

Scorpio—October 23 to November 22

The romantic interest in your life may be threatened at present through a quarrel or through interference of another party. Do not be hasty in making such a change for the stars incline you to a serious love affair and planning new marriage. A good month for new business ventures, ideas for promoting your own welfare, and for dealing with hospitals, schools, public institutions. Write important letters, seek business contacts on the 3rd, 5th, 12th, 18th, 22nd, 23rd and 30th. Watch the health on the 13th, 18th, 26th, and avoid over indulgence in drink and eating. A fairly good cycle has set in for your general welfare. Be alert to chances for progressing in your business affairs, but to your money and avoid risky speculation or Gambling ventures this month.

Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21

The first week of this month holds warnings regarding business affairs. Do not make a sudden change, or let yourself become annoyed at conditions that may exist around you. After the 15th you may be in a more favorable position to seek a change or make contacts with other organizations. A new romance may seek you out and, if you are agreeable, it can turn out successfully. A good month for engagements, or marriage. Short trips are favored, avoid water travel this month. The health is under better aspects and Mars gives you strength and courage. Be suspicious of dangerous lines to an elderly female relative. The 4th, 6th, 7th, 14th, 20th, and 25th are red letter days with outstanding events scheduled. The second half of the month is good for routine matters.

Capricorn—December 22 to January 19

To what we have already said about Capricorn-born it may be well to add that Saturn and Jupiter are sending beneficent forces during the next four weeks and your entire life will reflect the improved conditions you have long waited for. Your romantic life may be due to change immediately, and you will have to force an issue. If you attract someone who seems sincere and is compatible being willing to go halfway. Money may be delayed, or may come from unexpected or unusual sources this month. Real estate may prove a burden; dispose of anything that does not pay good returns. A cleaning-up process is noted in your life this month; changes in work, or residence, and friends are shown. The 2nd, 5th, 6th, 9th, 13th, 14th, 22nd, 25th, 29th are good days; the others are good for routine and business affairs.

Aquarius—January 20 to February 18

Progress is shown for those born in this Sign who are creative and artistic. Musical work, acting, dancing, singing, or writing is favored. Business affairs are somewhat improved. A new interest may arise in business that can lead you to financial independence if handled correctly. Your finances may show steady improvement this month, and you should be coming out from under the dark cloud that has hovered over you for several years. Romantically you may experience strange and unusual events at this time. You may be undecided about the romance in your life at the present time and want to make a change. If a suitable opportunity presents itself it might be wise to seek another person that have been under rather disturbing vibrations in the past months. Remember that many persons born in this Sign are inclined to two marriages, and if you choose the right person before marrying, Health problems may arise; watch the diet; rest, relax, and do not worry. Travel may occupy your attention for the coming four weeks.

Pisces—February 19 to March 20

A change in residence is possible at this time. You are getting out of a distressing cycle of routine house. The imagination is aroused, and inspiration may come through a romantic union that holds many desirable elements. You are happy in a business of your own or in creative or professional work where you do not need to take orders from others. Work toward that goal this month. Dispose of property that no longer serves your purpose or in securities that are listed on the exchange. Avoid fraudulent promoters, for Neptune inclines you to some risks this month. This cycle you are now in represents stability and security, Save your money, and do not permit others to lean on you too much. Romance may be better at this time; decisions may have to be reached to whether you continue with someone who loves you. Do nothing hastily. The month ends on a favorable note, travel, visit friends or relatives, but beware the health. It is with hospitals, banking institutions, schools, and large corporations.

The stars are the hands of the clock of the universe and, as they revolve in their orbits, tides rise and fall, seasons change, and human destinies are altered for good or ill. Perhaps the preceding experiences in the past months; you may even now be standing on the threshold of new and revolutionary changes, wondering which path to take into the future. It is Norvell's belief that astrology points out the milestones of life—that it reveals the pattern for living a full life of financial freedom, romantic opportunities, contentment, if only we can interpret the message of the stars. Find out Your life pattern according to the star ruling your destiny.

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SCREENLAND

NEEDED!
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SCREENLAND

My Frankest Confession

Continued from page 33

"I do not regret missing college. I never wanted to go to one. I enjoyed grammar school, but I hated high school when for entered. I was working as a dance and school was a nuisance. The only things I learned in school were how to write and read! I was mildly conscious of English and French. I got a 22 in Alge- sine but I never learned enough to go through all this again if I don't! She passed me on my promise not to tell anyone my low grade. I didn't mix in high school, never went to parties, or smoking. I was too busy with my budding career, which was more fascinating. I hope it will continue indefinitely. When I am no longer popular in pictures I can go tour the world in concert. Gene and I have discussed doing a Broadway drama together, but the idea of going back on the stage isn't serious yet. Life is good enough through my show ing and my concerts will give me my share of audience reaction. I love it, and them.

"I have fits of depression when I have to do something I don't like. I get over these blues by doing what strikes me as terribly wrong. I rush out on a brief buying spree, with all the nerve of a drunken sailor. I feel it is a sin to be decadent. But doing something naughtily makes me fancy I'm getting even somehow, so I go buy what I'll probably never use."

"I tried to live with a rolle off-screen only once, when I made 'The Merry Widow.' I went strong on sophistication then. It was soon such a bother. I am sophisticated now, and like to be thought so, but I don't care for trimmings that take up your time. I bought a few jewels during that experiment because people told me that I should, that the jewels I'd select would be a fitting re- lection of me. When I wear jewels once in a while, for I am honestly indifferent to them. And I think it is unsuitable to flaunt jewelry in these days. My wedding band is in plain platinum, just like my mother's. She has influenced me more than anyone else.

"I do not sing or entertain when I go to parties, though I mix well. Never take a drink. If you do not care why try smoking? Smoking will harm my voice, for it obviously won't do me any good. I am an able conversationalist. I prefer to talk about places and things. I don't try to toy a morsel of gossip as keenly as anyone, but I never repeat what I am told because I know the damage that could do. I am not curious about Hollywood people and their personal affairs. I am eager to meet intellectual people at a party, because I can learn something from them. But they are too much of a strain for a steady diet, so I choose plain folks for friends. The first thing I notice in a man is his grooming. If he has a familiar air I am repelled. I dislike women who are patronizing. The only time I get self-conscious any more is at a party where there are people I don't like, I know absolutely nothing about the intricacies of international politics, and don't want to be formed of them.

"I have been an habitual worrier, and this has been my chief fault. I have stewed and fretted and the my be harvested more advantageously. None of the things I feared happened. I have never actually faced despair. My outstanding disappointment, professionally, is that while I was a hot shot on Broadway I was never in a hit show.

"I have a secret burning ambition to make everyone like also like me. I never worried about old age or death, but I have had a fear of being friendless in years to come. I used to have my feelings hurt contin- ually, I was an awful cry-baby, too, when I was a small child. I am still very sensitive to what is said to me. I am dis- turbed by criticism. I rate an inferiority complex as a form of ego.

"I have made some tricks played on me, but I am not bitter. I forgive, even if my remarkable memory keeps me from forgetting. I have trained myself to con- cern only outwardly and have sought to be philosophical about disappointments.

"My faith in people has been betrayed, so that now I completely trust only a few. If I live through this I will never trust anyone but myself, and I will be philosophically dis- appointed. If I don't, they can't hurt me. I am grateful to Director Widmark, who is the only mother I am frighten- ing me abruptly. 'You can't let them upset you! You'll get lines in your face and you won't photograph well. If you allow them to make you miserable you're deliberately ruining your own career' From then on I have been above their manipulations.

"I almost never have done what I want to. Because, always, I listened to both sides and then followed someone's advice. It wasn't invariably right.

"I now consult, but I rarely take advice except on business investments. I freed myself of giving in to the decisions of others when I really expressed myself fully for the first time last spring. I believed a concert tour might be helpful. In the next ten days I was talking the idea of attending Hollywood to meet audiences, and it was all I hoped.

"I know that I have no flash when I walk into a room, but I am easily, and do, adapt myself to whomever I am with. I am no longer awed by any person or place. I credit that to experience.

"I am a fighter, but at last I have nothing left to fight for. I am only the old lady I always wished for peace and security. My temper was never alarming, because vanity stopped my anger.

"I am not at all sorry I went to work at fourteen. I am not a fatalist. I have never been lucky, in the sense of falling into things. I have worked hard for what I aimed at.

"Early in life I learned not to trust other girls where men are concerned. I am not tactful enough. I am incessantly talking myself out of my own fear. I should have been more diplomatic on many occasions. I am embarrassingly frank with my own opinions, although it is not diffi- cult for me to feel angry. People do not take me into their confidence hastily, for I don't take them quickly into mine.

"I have educated myself from observa- tion and from continuous experience. I do not read much. I do not ask for inspirational books, but whenever I pick up a magazine and notice an article on how to take care of myself, I read it. I can't laugh at jokes based on the misfortunes of others.

"I am adult about everything but my dogs. We speak a language of our own, and to drop of that I hurry them in and out.

"I seldom get gratitude and thanks, but I still expect it. I always keep the time I am not feeling well or courteous. I have only average energy. I try to conserve my strength by lying down frequently during working hours. Classical music is the only
kind that effects me emotionally. I am sentimental, but never gullible.

"I am not impressed with psychologists, psycho-

critics, or any sort of fortune-teller. I have never

learned anything true about my future from them.

"I have no home scars. I grew up in a

happy atmosphere. I have enjoyed life

largely because of that. Many a time

I was sent from the table for giggling. You

only have to read the Bible and you can un-
derstand vagueness. But I don't think any-

one can be profitably ruthless. Co-operation

pays more. People repay in kind.

"We are, to try out against someone else I don't rise to

the situation and shine brilliantly. I fizzle,

I am my best when I have prepared care-

fully and well. I spent much time

in having been touched by death but once.

My greatest regret is that my father did

not live to see my success. I have never been

close to tragedy.

"I have not taken up any new sport re-

cently. I feel I must be excellent at any

sport I attempt. Riding relaxes me most.

It takes me away from the reality of my life.

"I do not have to be the leader. I have

never been lonely since I have had a

career. I wish I had lived in any age but

this present one. The days when courts were

truly courts. The past seems more

romantic to me.

"I have a thorough mind. I insist upon

sticking to a subject until I have proved my

viewpoint is clear. I am completely en-

gaged in whatever I am doing, yet every-

one around me doesn't have to bend to

my will. Success has changed me in only

one way. I am more discriminating in my

entertainment for now I realize that others are going

through what I did. I pay great attention
to details and I want others to. I think we

are all being surrounded by the current cap-

tions, but that each of us is responsible for what he

accomplishes. I maintain there is a sound

cause for whatever happens, and that there is

the power within us to bring us happi-

ness—even though many of us don't use it.

"I think my life has been extraordinarily

full. Hollywood has not altered me because

I have had the privilege of being my own

or my work. It wasn't Utopia before I

came here. It loomed as just another part

for me. I am quite at ease in a movie studio.

"I am not a strong believer in any over-

whelming ambition. I am living as I want

to live, after a lot of preliminaries. I only

want tomorrows to be as satisfying as my
todays!"

How Nelson Eddy Faced Christmas Eve Alone

Continued from page 19

eyes a trifle strained, "there was no time

for boy and girl affection. I had to work

to get somewhere. I just couldn't afford to

take time for romance as other young

men could."

He went out with girls occasionally.

for make no mistake, our Nelson was no

hermit. But they had to be just pals. There

was the little pianist at station WLIT in

Philadelphia, where Nelson began his radio

career. Later, Nelson and Nelson, thankful of her aid, took

her to dinner and occasionally to a concert.

But there was no word of romance in their

conversation, for Nelson didn't dare think

of love. Put yourself in his place. If you

were borrowing money to get established

as a singer, and you knew the friend who

lent you that money had none too much,

what the faith you were, the motivating

factor of her life, would you feel you had

the right to spend your time, or that money,
on girls? On anything but your voice?'

Nelson didn't. And it was many years later,

when every penny had been repaid, that he

felt free to spend his time as he pleased.

Always a stickler for accuracy, a heritage

of his English ancestry, Nelson can stand

the falsehoods Hollywood publicity men

broadcast about him. I've seen him livid

with anger at reading he's fallen off a cliff,

or some other absurdity. He's seen him

brokenhearted because a writer who he

felt was a friend, after enjoying his

hospitality, wrote pure fiction about him.

And he's seen the interviewers show off

his shell, and refuses interviews and audi-
nences alike. And no wonder such misconceptions

have sprung up concerning his character.

Nelson says there are many people I know

who know Nelson Eddy intimately and have

known him for years. I'd like to paint a

picture of his Nelson you don't and
ean't know. There's Sheila Tara, the dra-

gact, who sat in your living room with

Nelson since they both sang together with

the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company, over

a dozen years ago. The quality, I admire

Nelson's voice. He's too much of a clever-

ness as a psychologist. Just before he left

for Hollywood he was soloist at the church

of 58th and Chestnut Sts., in Philadelphia. When

he came back the first thing that he was

into pictures, the choir he thought might

become uptight." Realizing this, Nelson

set about to restore the friendly feeling

that had always existed between them.

"Gee, boys," he said one night, "I don't

know whether I can make it. I don't know

what voice I'm in. Stand back of me, fol-

low me, I'm not ready.

Who could resist such an appeal? "We're

with you, Nelse," they chortled, their

cheeks swelling. "We'll do our best." And

that was the spirit. Nelson went to the

the fact that when Nelson sang on holidays he required

a police escort to get into the church.

When he left, Sheila Tara added, "his

successor, or if that's a word, had the holier-

than-thou attitude. Accustomed to the free-

dom of working with Eddy, the choir tried
to get chummy with the new soloist.

"If you get nervous, we'll cover up for you."

Instead of being grateful, he got angry.

"I never get nervous," he said stiffly.

When I first met him, "I hope he

cracks on his high notes."

Which he did. For instead of trying to
help him the kids went their own way, and

it doesn't long before people don't know

this," Sheila told me, "because at the time

I was singing in the church across the

street. Another thing I admire about Nelse

is his keeping touch. Do you know the first

thing he did in a recent trip home? He went
directly to Presser's, the music store where

they permitted him to browse around and try out

music, in the days when he was both poor and

unknown. There he held a regular reception,
gave them his autographed photo for their front
deck, and hobnobbed with the sales people,

talking about his forthcoming record and

acting like the simple, friendly soul he is.

Always, Nelson has had a strong sense

of gratitude and loyalty. Years ago when he

was at work on the Pennsylvania Railroad

by day and studying voice at night, his first
teacher was a Mrs. Abbott. So great was her faith in his

voice that she offered to pay from her own

lesions she carried along. The years

passed. Nelson went to more advanced

teachers and became famous, while Mrs.

Abbott became too old to teach. Sickness

ate up her savings, and lonely and penniless

she lived in a small flat on Wallace St.
In just one minute it will be 1940 and Judy Garland will tiptoe out of the house to join the crowd and help ring out the old year and welcome in the New Year.

"Whether or not Nelson knew of her plight, I don't know," Sheila confessed, "but the very first check he got from M-G-M for $1,000, he endorsed over to her, with a nice; thanks for what she had done for him." It was this thousand dollars that provided her with medicine and little luxuries for the ensuing year, till she died. You'll never hear of that from Nelson, who thinks no one knows a thing about it.

"Recently," a business associate said, "Nelson had eight bids for radio series, and he could have commanded almost any price. One of the competing firms was a comparatively small one, the company that had launched him on the air years before. Realizing they could not afford to pay very much, he named a low figure and gave them weeks to reach a decision, weeks that jeopardized his other offers. "To all our plesa that he close one of the other deals Nelson was adamant. "They gave me my chance, now it's only fair I give them theirs," he insisted.

"I think," Jean Hight, today an assistant director at CBS, who directed station WLIT in Philadelphia back in 1926 when Nelson started singing there, told me, "that the reason Nelson got ahead is because he's so darn obliging and willing to go out of his way to help the other fellow. A dozen years ago his voice was no better than that of fifty other young singers who haunted the studio; yet he got more engagements than they.

Every Saturday afternoon Hight scheduled an hour dance program, using a well known popular singer to dress it up. When the guest singer did not arrive for one program, Hight, very much worried, was phoning for a substitute when in walked Nelson Eddy. At the time he was strictly an operatic singer; to sing popular ballads his teachers felt, was beneath his station. Noticing Ernest Nistrom, Hight seemed, Nelson inquired the trouble. "Let me sing," Nelson said.

"I can't pay you for it," Hight answered. (At the time Nelson was getting $25 a performance.)

"I don't want pay; I would just like to help you."  

"But you don't know how to sing popular music," said Hight, "you're an opera singer."

"Then I'll chant the words," Nelson countered.

"Well about your reputation as a classical artist?" Nelson just shrugged. "It wouldn't kill it," he laughed. And sing he did.

For his success gone to Nelson's head, and given him the superior attitude so many stars affect. He doesn't feel he's above the laws of courtesy. Coming home on his last concert tour, a young woman who had known him years before recognized him. Immediately, he left his comfortable seat, and, perching on the arm of her chair for two hours, did his best to make her train ride entertaining. And though he was dead tired, it wasn't till he had escorted her to her hotel and seen that she was comfortably settled, that he went home to rest.

It was his willingness to help a friend that got him into an awful jam in Philadelphia, a few years ago. One of his girl friends, anxious to perfect her the role in the opera "Othello," asked Nelson to rehearse with her. Now the climax of this opera is very powerful, with Othello murdering his wife, Desdemona, whom he believes has betrayed him. Their rehearsal sounded like a mighty realistic imitation of a murder, but engrossed in their practice, they thought nothing of it. As the young lady left the elevator she noticed policemen milling in the usually quiet lobby, and crowds of excited people. Curious, she asked the trouble, to be told, "Somebody's being murdered in Nelson Eddy's apartment."

Up to Nelson's apartment the police went, demanding entrance. Dumbfounded, Eddy watched them search every nook and corner. Very evidently they didn't believe his story of a mere opera rehearsal; they knew nothing of Desdemona or the screams of a girl, and where was her body? Finally Eddy convinced them and sheepishly, they withdrew. The next day the Philadelphia Mail carried the story, and for a long time afterwards wherever Nelson went he was teased about his murderous propensities.

But Nelson knows how to take it. "I've been disliking it out for so many years, I should know how," he says. As you may know, he is a great practical joker and tease. Once when he and I ordered dinner on a train the waiter brought their lamb chops too rare for his friend's taste. So the young man asked him to have them recooked. When the waiter brought the chops back, they were done before.

And when the young man protested, the waiter paid no attention, merely exchanged glances with Nelson. The angrier Nelson's friend became, the more indifferent the waiter seemed. For Nelson had taken him aside and told him his friend was a mental case, and he was taking him to an institution.

And a young singer with whom he went on tour recently, told me, "I had the time of my life on that trip. Nelson was always playing pranks on me. We brought five and ten cent gifts wrapped in beautiful, fancy packages. There was never anything malicious about his jokes. Since I have been raised in southern California, I had never seen snow or experienced cold weather. When we got to New York, I constantly complained about my ears, so Nelson searched around till he located a pair of ear muff which he presented with a grand gesture. Yet how he did rib me about my delicate ears! And I remember one night when I was terribly ill, he gave the whole thing up and went home. Suddenly I heard his booming voice down the hall, singing "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life." With his usual raillery, there stood Nelson, holding a mysterious looking package."  

"I have a gift for you, milady," he said. An arched box which contained a huge quantity of popcorn that they sat down and munched. "By the time he had done acting crazy to cheer me up, my blisters were gone."

No story concerning Nelson is complete without including a few of his faults, for like you and me, he has his share. For one thing, he frequently uses his temper. Once at a rehearsal in Los Angeles, Nelson's contract specifies that he is to select his own songs, became very indignant because his sponsor had written a song into the program without consulting him. He stormed, "I don't care what you put in. I'm not singing that song. It's not the type for my voice."

Sometimes he loses patience with people who can't keep up with him. There was the singer with whom he was rehearsing a duet, who was frankly mediocre. "If you hold that note long," she demurred, "I can't make it."

"You'd better do something else then," came Nelson's cryptic comment. "I can't mold my work to suit you." Yet at the concert the next night, he was heard to have his fellow artist's voice show off to best advantage in this number.

In some things, as witness his treatment of the press, Nelson is unchangeable. Sometimes after OK-ing material for publication, I understand he has changed his mind, which works a hardship on both the writer and paper involved. And though Nelson is punctilious to a fault in other business matters there have been times when he hasn't been any too prompt for agreements.

Back in Philadelphia, in the days when Nelson needed the money and jobs, he was sometimes late for rehearsal. "I remember once when he was late for rehearsal," Hight told me, "explaining to the rest of us that the street car service was terrible and he was caught in a snow drift for thirty minutes. Having heard it before, it was a plony story, but Nelson is so likeable, we forgave him anyway."
WINE, WOMEN AND SONG
FILL THE SCREEN AS M-G-M THRILLS
THE WORLD WITH ITS GAY, DASHING, MUSICAL TRIUMPH!

Behold the beauty of exotic song-bird Ilona Massey as she hears throbbing love-lyrics from impassioned Nelson Eddy! (His greatest role since "Naughty Marietta".)

Balalaika

starring
NELSON EDDY
ILONA MASSEY

with
CHARLIE FRANK LIONEL
RUGGLES MORGAN ATWILL
C. AUBREY JOYCE DALIES
SMITH COMPTON FRANTZ

Screen Play by Leon Gordon, Charles Bennett and Jacques Deval
Based upon the Play "Balalaika"
Book and Lyrics by Eric Maschwitz
Music by George Posford and Bernard Grin
Directed by Reinhold Schunzel
Produced by Lawrence Weingarten

AN M-G-M PICTURE
Watch the change to Chesterfield
says DONNA DAE
CHESTERFIELD'S JANUARY GIRL
starring with
FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS

FORECASTING MORE SMOKING PLEASURE FOR 1940

Chesterfield

Change to Chesterfields and you'll get
what you want...real mildness and better taste.
You can't buy a better cigarette.
Her "Teddy Bear" Coat caught his Eye— but her Lovely Smile captured his Heart!

Your smile is your prize possession—it's yours alone!
Help guard it with Ipana and Massage.

The right kind of sports coat will do things for a girl—but where are her charms if her smile is tragic, if her coat says "Stop" but her smile says "Go!"

For even the allure of a smart swagger coat is shattered if her teeth are dull and her gums are dingy. How pitiful the girl who spends time and thought on her clothes, and ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Avoid this tragic error yourself! For your smile is yours—lose it and one of your most appealing charms is gone.

Never neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"
If your tooth brush "shows pink"—see your dentist. It may not mean anything serious. Often his opinion will be that your gums are lazy—that too many soft, creamy foods have denied them the vigorous exercise they need. He may suggest, as so many dentists do, "more work for your gums—the helpful stimulation of Ipana with massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to aid gums as well as clean teeth. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. The pleasant, exclusive tang of Ipana and massage tells you circulation is quickening in the gums, arousing stimulation, helping to make gums stronger, firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Use Ipana with massage to help make your smile as attractive and lovely as it can be.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
WHY
DID CHARLES BOYER
COME BACK TO
AMERICA?

WHY
DOES JOHN GARFIELD
THREATEN TO LEAVE
HOLLYWOOD?

WHY
IS A ONCE-GREAT STAR
NOW A FORGOTTEN
WOMAN?

READ MARCH SCREENLAND FOR
THE ANSWERS TO ALL THESE QUES-
TIONS AND MANY MORE! REMEM-
BER—MARCH ISSUE ON SALE FEB-
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Paul C. Hunter, Publisher
Nineteen-forty brings

DAVID O. SELZNICK'S production of MARGARET MITCHELL'S
Story of the Old South

GONE WITH THE WIND
in TECHNICOLOR starring
CLARK GABLE
as Rhett Butler

LESLIE HOWARD • OLIVIA De HAVILLAND
and presenting
VIVIEN LEIGH
as Scarlett O'Hara

A SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
Directed by VICTOR FLEMING
Screen Play by SIDNEY HOWARD • Music by Max Steiner
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Release

SCREENLAND
From Hollywood

Keep up with the latest gossip about stars and their pictures

IF THERE ever was a cause for the constantly rumored rivalry between Dorothy Lamour and Patricia Morison, Paramount has just lately fed the feud by throwing a very potent bomb of competition between these two. After all the comparison of their oomph and temperature-raising abilities, jungle-minded Paramount is at last giving a specific cause for hot comparison. Patricia Morison is going to play in a typical Lamour, jungle epic called "Moon Over Burma." What a damning dish of comparison that will evoke—both of their personalities in the same natural tropical environment. And what's more, there's a clincher, Robert Preston will be Patricia's romantic team-mate. The studio has just announced that after the first of the year they will establish the team of Preston and Morison in a series of love dramas. It seems to me that the thing for Dorothy to do is to go back to her sarong.

JIMMY CAGNEY has taken up guitar playing and is teaching himself to pick out his own tunes. His ambition is to get to play "My Heart At Thy Sweet Voice." . . . Another Hollywood sport headache, among those who can take it, is a wallowing sit-downer called Tom-Ice. It's nothing more than a tempest on an island. P. S. Don't try it . . . Searching investigation proves that Garbo, of all things, really does wear striped men's shorts for underwear.

THE guests at the fashionable Sunset Plaza apartments still don't realize what a well-known young man it was who stepped momentarily into their lives the other morning, in a very intimate capacity. It was John Payne, who was pinch-hitting as a go-between for the doctor and dentist, and all the other ever-present calls of daily life. John and Anne Shirley stepped into the apartment building just as the young man at the telephone board was suddenly taken ill. John stepped to the board and took over. He earned his way through Columbia doing the same thing. He "Yes" madamed and "No" madamed so expertly and meaningfully, that each woman who used her phone that morning became quite impressed with the new male voice at the switchboard. When one woman wanted to know where he studied voice, and if he was free evenings, John thought it was time to quit, and so did his wife, Anne.

The picture everyone's talking about: "The Grapes of Wrath," from John Steinbeck's sensational novel of the Dust Bowl refugees, is ready for the screens. Here are first stills from this powerful production. Above, Jane Darwell as Ma Joad, with Henry Fonda as Tom Joad and Russell Simpson as Pa. At right, Ma gives Pa a roadside haircut while he relaxes.

MICKEY ROONEY is without question a lady-killer besides being able to pick out sensational feminine appeal. But once in a while he is still miffed by the fact that he is really just a very cocky, precocious kid. Mickey and his director were going over his script in the M-G-M canteen for some time, and were deep in the futures of the technique of acting, when a very beautiful girl came into the room and ordered a luscious double-chocolate sundae. Mickey couldn't take his eyes off the girl and the director's pointers on the script were all missing fire. Finally, he coaxed Mickey with, "Come on, Rooney, I'll admit that she's a beauty, but we've got a lot of work to do here," Mickey sighed dreamily, "Beautiful is right. Four scoops of eggnog ice cream, oodles of chocolate fudge sauce, and look at that whipped cream. I've got to have it. Chocolate sundae just like that, right now."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, as you can guess, is never very far from ever-watchful eyes. Besides the scrutiny of those who guard her constantly, she can't help but rivet the attention of everyone in her presence, and she has had the cardinal virtue of readiness on the set drummed into her. So one day during the shooting of her last picture, when the signal was given, and Shirley was nowhere to be found for a take, there was momentary panic. She was safe, as you can guess, but was just out performing another one of her girl scout deeds. Shirley had begged for, and been granted, the daily prerogative of announcing the lunch hour over a loud speaker. That day, everyone on the set knew she had kiddingly given the signal before she was told, but she was the only one who thought about the sound-man stationed outside. She caught him before he went to lunch, but was locked out by the red light. She knew better than to open a door with the light burning, so they found her meekly waiting between the huge stage doors, locked out of her own set.

A FILM siren—you would never guess whom—has become very soulful about "Golden Boy" Bill Holden. She repeatedly traveled all the way to Pasadena during the holidays to hear him sing Christmas carols in a church choir . . . Wally Beery insists that it costs him $35,000 a year just to remain unmarried but emphatically says it's worth every dollar of it.

WHEN the huge, new—most modern studios in the world are completed by Paramount at their new location, George Brent will be the only actor who will benefit from the real estate end of the deal. Business-wise Brent has bought, in advance, some of the most valuable intersecting lots near the new studio site, and he will use the location as a setting for his brand new business venture. These studio units will form the nucleus of a chain of super-service stations and colossal open-faced markets which he intends to build. If you already know the impressive grandeur of the present gas and food emporiums of Southern California, you'll know that George Brent's plans to top them must be colossal even by Hollywood standards.

(Continued on page 12)
BAD GIRL—GOOD GUY—GREAT PICTURE!!

"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"

Only Mitchell ("Man About Town") Leisen could direct a scene like this.

"All you women are alike—anything to upset a guy."

"REMEMBER THE NIGHT"

"Know why you've looked at me the way you have, danced with me the way you have, kissed me the way you have? . . . because you're in love with me."

"That's no way for a good guy to talk to a bad girl."

Only Barbara ("Union Pacific") Stanwyck and Fred ("Honeymoon in Bali") MacMurray could bring you such a love story!

Barbara Stanwyck • Fred MacMurray in "REMEMBER THE NIGHT"

Slick as "Honeymoon in Bali" . . . Explosive as "Midnight" . . . Romantic as "Love Affair"

with BEULAH BONDI

Elizabeth Patterson • Sterling Holloway • Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN

Original Screen Play by Preston Sturges

Of Course, IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE!!

SCREENLAND 7
Romance

Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

Day Time Wife—20th Century-Fox
Let us be gay! This comedy about a wife who becomes a secretary in order to find out what the lures of long distance service are. If you're tired of war news and tragedies, this is just the picture for you. Perhaps you've never been in love with someone so beautiful as the author of this picture. If you want to forget that Linda Darnell as the wife is so alluring you'll find it hard to believe that any husband could stay.

Four Wives—Warners
Well, well, well, here they are again—the "fourth wife"—but this time two of them are wives, one is a widow, and one is trying to win a husband. This begins with "Four Daughters" left off, and has all the same characters, including John Garfield, who comes back as a memory. "Four Wives" is not quite as poignantly as "Four Daughters," but it's better. And you'll be grateful for one new note—Eddie Albert as the amusing physician.

That's Right—You're Wrong—SKO-Radio
A hilarious comedy, tailor-made to fit the likeable personality of Kay Kyser, radio star famous for his College of Musical Knowledge. Kay Kyser plays Kay Kyser, in a plot about a radio star who is brought to Hollywood by shrewd producer Dellmore (Adolph Menjou). The highlights of the picture are the screen test, with Kay as a great love, and the filming of a "College of Musical Knowledge" broadcast. Kay has his radio troupe with him.

The Big Guy—Universal
Two prison escapes (count 'em, two), more shooting than you can count, a love story, a courtroom trial and an automobile accident combine to give this story more action than you usually find in half a dozen plots. You'd call it hokum if it weren't for the super-performance delivered by Jackie Cooper as the boy innocently involved in a prison getaway, and by Victor McLaglen as the warden who yields to temptation. Superb acting.

The Housekeeper's Daughter—United Artists
When this is good, it's very, very good, and when it's bad, it's horrid. Fortunately, most of the picture is good. This is a story about a crazy, mad, rollicking comedy about all things—a murderer who goes around putting poison into people's coffee. Doesn't sound much like a comedy, does it? Yet you'll find yourself roaring with laughter. Joan Bennett in the title role hasn't much to do, but looks beautiful. George E. Stone almost steals the picture as Benny.

You'll Always Be Constipated Unless

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely every day into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure gentle yet thorough bowel movements but also stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT at 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.
Meet Doctor Christian—RKO-Radio

In the very same rôle he has played on the air, Jean Hersholt delivers his usual competent performance. It isn't his fault that the rôle is reminiscent of "Country Doctor" and therefore not as enthralling as if it were a completely new departure for "Doctor" Hersholt. Jean plays a skilled surgeon who settles down in a small town for humanitarian reasons. You'll like Patsy Lee Parsons as a brat.

Mill on the Floss—Standard

Geraldine Fitzgerald plays Maggie Tulliver in this filming of George Eliot's classic story about Maggie's ill-fated love for Stephen Guest (Griffith Jones). You won't be able to believe it's really Geraldine you're seeing. She has given some excellent performances on the screen, but this isn't one of them. The acting of the other members of the cast will remind you of amateur night at your local school.

Cowboys From Texas—Republic

There's dirty work afoot again, but the Three Mesquites (Robert Livingston, Raymon Hatton and Duncan Renaldo) are there to foil it. Livingston pretends to join the villains in order to discover their leader, who's fomenting trouble between cowboys and homesteaders. There's plenty of bang, bang, bang stuff. Though the Masked Rider's mask wouldn't fool a baby, this is an exciting, action-filled Western.

Don't label yourself all winter long—

Underarms always perspire—even in Winter!

To avoid offending, make a daily habit of MUM!

No matter how cold it is outdoors, it's summer under your arms. For underarms can, and do, perspire all year round. In winter as in summer, you need Mum!

Don't be deceived because you see no visible moisture. Chances of offending others ... of being tagged as "unattractive"—are often actually worse in winter, for then indoor living and warmer clothes make penetrating odors cling.

So don't label yourself ... don't rely on a bath alone to guard your charm. A bath takes care of past perspiration, but Mum prevents future odor.

More women use Mum than any other deodorant... in summer and in winter, too. You'll find Mum...

So Quick! In 30 seconds you're through, yet you're completely protected.

So Safe! Mum holds the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. And Mum never irritates your skin.

So Sure! You can rely on the protection of a daily dab of Mum. And Mum doesn't stop perspiration itself (one reason why thousands of men have the Mum habit, too!) Get Mum at your druggist's today.

Woolens are a trap for odor! Play safe

Mum

Takes the odor out of perspiration

Important to You...

Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.
She’s the find of the new season! Mary Martin, “My Heart Belongs To Daddy” Girl from Broadway, makes big Hollywood hit in her very first picture, “The Great Victor Herbert”.

The piquancy of Jean Arthur, the charm of Claudette Colbert, and a very special warmth and womanliness all her own—we give you Mary Martin, the screen’s new sweetheart.

Screenland Honor Page

Our Heart Belongs to Mary Martin

Musical comedy soubrette becomes cinema sensation! Mary Martin brings to the screen not only youth, verve, a voice, and great charm, but surprisingly poignant dramatic appeal. In these scenes from Paramount’s “The Great Victor Herbert,” she is shown, top left, with Walter Connolly as Victor Herbert; top right, with hero Allan Jones.
THE 'Four Daughters' are now the

"FOUR WIVES"

(It's a Four Belle Picture)

with CLAUDE RAINS

Jeffrey Lynn • Eddie Albert

MAY ROBSON • FRANK McHUGH
DICK FORAN • HENRY O'NEILL

Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein and Maurice Hanline • Suggested by the Book, "Sister Act," by Fannie Hurst
Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

Produced by WARNER BROS.
And Now Showing
BRENDA JOYCE (20th Century-Fox Star) gets a WESTMORE make-up!

This wonderful foundation cream is the "star" of the Westmore cosmetics line. Used by Hollywood stars for both screen and street wear, because it is one essential part of perfect make-up. It's lasting, water-proof, covers up tired shadows. Gives you a lovely, lively look in day or evening light. In four youthful glowing tones, with powder to match. At drug, department, and variety stores. 25¢, 50¢ sizes.

GET PERRI WESTMORE'S MAKE-UP GUIDE! Hat measuring wheel to show you your face type. Tells how to make up each type for greatest glamour. If not on sale near you send 25¢ to House of Westmore, Inc., Dept. F-2, 730 Fifth Ave., New York City.

ANN SHERIDAN is far more proud of her accomplished hand at frying chicken than she is of her screen success, only she's found that it's practically impossible in Hollywood for a whole group of one's friends to do justice to one's cooking at the same time. Someone always has to work and spoil the party. So Ann, after trying in vain to get Jane Bryan, Anne Shirley and John Payne and Cesar Romero and a lot of her other special friends together, solved the jinks by throwing a brand new kind of Hollywood entertainment. She invited all her friends to an ice-skating party at six o'clock in the morning with a guarantee that everyone would get to work on time. Then, after all her guests assembled, with ice-skating appetites, they had what Ann considers a real chance to get a load of her special Texas smothered chicken. There's one way to get your guests to eat your cooking!

GARY COOPER is still tops as Hollywood's most pretentious tinkerer. He's never grown up beyond the stage of taking alarm clocks apart. His latest experiment was a stab at building a steam-driven model launch, about five feet long. I don't know what anyone would do with a thing like that after they had it, but Gary fell to with a vengeance, and did all the work himself. He drew the plans, he shaped a sleek, graceful hull of the choicest mahogany. The decks, of course, were teak. He actually built a steam boiler that would drive a piston—it was fired with a blow-torch. Everything was built to scale. Altogether, Gary spent about six months of exacting work on the experiment, and then, upon the launching, the thing sank like a stone. Now Gary's going to build a model submarine.

I've often wondered how stars, who in leaner days used to lend their faces and figures as models for advertisers, feel about those pictures still being used. Now I know. Richard Greene is in the doldrums over just such a case. Right now, in Wartora England, his is the most prominently displayed face in poster ads in the British Isles, and not in any connection with motion pictures. Dimples and all, his portrait rides around on the front of big buses that lumber through traffic in large English cities. The picture was taken years ago when he was making the rounds of the theatrical offices, and when modeling money was very, very welcome. The photograph is used in an advertisement for a popular hair lotion. All of Greene's efforts so far to buy up the privilege of using his picture have failed. His curly locks continue to sell the hair slicken in England.

A NUMBER of people in Hollywood want the exclusive credit for originating the idea of having invitations to parties recorded on phonograph records. I hope they don't succeed in pinning it on any one individual, because he may be sorry he started it. The thing is becoming a headache. All sorts of gags have started arriving by way of phonograph records. This year's holiday greetings and invitations were very novel that way, with singing, music, stanzas and poetry. You had to play all the darn things to find out where you were hidden and at what time. If you didn't own a phonograph it was just too bad. For the personal touch, they are now sending recorded birth and wedding announcements, and soon the plumber's bill may arrive on a phonograph record to the tune of "Have You Any Money?"
OVER at RKO they had a pretty vexing time of it trying to find out precisely what a 15th-century trumpet blast sounded like. Those yard-long trumpets in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" had to sound out at amazingly frequent intervals, and no one knew what kind of a toot they actually should make. The oldest authentic blast that the music department could find didn't sound at all fifteenth-century—at least not to present-day sound technicians. So they got Hollywood's foremost trumpeter to audition a select group of toots for a select group of studio ears. After a dozen or so slightly different blasts the experts decided that number four sounded right. Then the trumpeter couldn't remember what number four was. He had manufactured them all on the spot, spontaneously. The sounds you'll eventually hear, were made up at a second audition.

IT COULDN'T happen only in Hollywood:

Even Hollywood sprouts nowadays know how involved with responsibilities the movie business has become. Bob Breen gave a little party for 20 valuable young film names, and took out liability insurance so no one could sue and collect if they were hurt at his party... Nancy Kelly was knocked out cold by a flimsy, wispy gown in a scene for "He Married His Wife." In a rage, she was supposed to fling the dress about her boudoir. She wore a heavy-weighted skirt that was supposed to make her a camera dream, clowned her on the head and Nancy bit the dust... Bill Powell, for the first time in his career, had a really impressive wardrobe in "Another Thin Man." So far he's asked 50 or more people and not one had noticed any change in his haberdashery. They thought he went through the picture in the same suit.

YOU ought to know all about the livid streak of nature lover that surges through Jane Bryan before you accept her house guest invitation. If you don't you'll be in for a series of amazing surprises at Jane's housekeeping and her strange pets. If you can be nonchalant about finding a snake in your bed you'll be able to take the whole screwy set-up. But Jane hasn't been able to find a cook or a maid who could get used to her menagerie. Jane's fond of frogs, snakes, cats and dogs, and has a pet turtle. She raised a crocodile until it got too large for the bathtub. Jane's last colored cook left her flat when, as she put it, she found the clothesline full of empty snakes. It was Jane's collection of snake skins out for an airing.

One of the first scenes from "Little Old New York." No wonder Fred MacMurray is enjoying his mug of beer. Who wouldn't, in his place? Alice Faye is such a pretty bar-maid!

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AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
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Something different! Una Merkel serves New England breakfasts in Hollywood. Try out all her delicious recipes

By
Betty Boone

"THIS house," said Una Merkel, welcoming me into her newly acquired white-painted-brick English dwelling, "is one that somebody might have dreamed. It's so odd that it seems nobody would ever think of building it, but it has so many grand points about it! If you just sat around wishing for them, you couldn't have wished anything nicer. When you look at it outside, it's a beautiful place, set in a pretty garden, but inside, parts of it might have come from 'Alice in Wonderland.' There's this living room—isn't it tremendous? I thought we might use it for a rollerderby some day! It's twice the size of our old living room and that wasn't small. Another odd thing: this living room has fifteen archways in it, with all sorts of alcoves. It's ideal for either large or small groups, you see. A big party has plenty of space to spill into, and a small one can choose a location which is very cozy and comfortable.

The archways lead to hallways, to a bamboo bar, to a library, a coffee room, the inset fireplace, a small writing room, a powder room, and outside to patios. The room has a light and cheerful air, as if it were used to people having fun in it. My hostess, as usual, bubbled over with laughter and excitement. "I'm having a breakfast in New England style," she confided, "and isn't this just the place for one? We'll serve fruit juices in the bar, while the guests are gathering from whatever they have been doing with their morning—going to church, or riding or sleeping late. It's a noon breakfast, of course. Considering the menu, I should take a nice long hike to get up an appetite! Mother has a house guest, Mrs. May Snow from Connecticut, and she's been working me up about New England dishes until I couldn't resist serving them. They eat the heartiest food you ever heard of, so what Holly-

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wood dieters will say to me when they next get on the scales, I wouldn’t dare to im

gue!”

We inspected the bar, an alcove furnished in bamboo with colorful leather cushions, leis decorating the hanging glass shelves, bowls of hibiscus adding a Hawaiian note.

“After breakfast, we’ll serve coffee in the coffee room. In winter, if I’m entertain-
ing, I usually have plenty of hot coffee at hand for those who crave it. Who drinks half a cup a day, if that! Sometimes, we serve coffee with a flavor of hot chocolate in it—ever try it? There’s something so festive about the smell of coffee that it adds to any party.

The coffee room is gay with flowered chintz. Its windows look out onto patios, bright with poinsettias. “See, there’s my special pot of English holly,” Una pointed out a tub with a flourishing young holly tree in it. “The gardener who took care of our other house gave it to me when I acted as godmother to his little girl. She’s named for me, and is she the adorable thing? When we moved over here I couldn’t leave the holly tree. But it seems not to mind transplanting.”

New England food, as Una remarked, is very hearty. “We’re having codfish balls, because May Snow has the most delicious recipe ever. And hot sausages with maple apple rings and scrambled eggs—it makes a pretty dish, and it’s marvelous. Oh yes, and mince pie! May says she always serves pie with breakfast. Usually apple pie, but her mother served hot mince, so we will. New England people never have toast, did you know that? They have Johnny cake, that’s something like pancakes, spoon bread muffins, and nearly always buckwheat cakes. We may have Boston baked beans. She has such a glorious recipe for them. And she recommends fried fish, if you can get it fresh. I think we’ll pass that one up, though. By the way, they pour cream over their pie—the apple pie or blueberry pie. I hardly believe they pour it over the mince!”

LITTLE PIG SAUSAGES WITH MAPLE RINGS

Broil little pig sausages until well done. Arrange on platter with apple rings, sliced (but not peeled) and baked in maple syrup to cover around a heaped mound of scrambled eggs. (Log Cabin Maple Syrup)

BOSTON BAKED BEANS

Soak beans overnight. Pour off water in morning and parboil until tender, or until skins burst, drain and season, as follows, for a quart of beans:

1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup molasses (Brer Rabbit)
tea spoon dry mustard (R. T. French Co.)
1/2 teaspoons salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
Place one pound of salt pork on top of seasoned beans and bake slowly overnight, or for 12 hours. This is strictly New England.

JOHNNY CAKE

1 cup milk
1 cup cornmeal
1/2 cup sugar
1 egg well beaten
pinch salt
1/2 tablespoon soda (Arm and Hammer)
1 tablespoon cream of tartar
1 tablespoon molasses (Duff’s Molasses)
1 tablespoon butter, melted
Sift dry ingredients together in a bowl. Add other ingredients and beat thoroughly. Pour into a shallow greased baking pan and bake in a hot oven (375 deg. F.) for 30 minutes.

Grease with Crisco, not with butter.

CODFISH BALLS (Boston Belles)

3 medium-sized potatoes
1 cup dried codfish
1 egg, well beaten
1/2 cup milk
Soak codfish for about an hour in cold water. Peel and quarter potatoes. Drain codfish and add to potatoes and cover with fresh water (cold). Bring to a boil and cool until tender. Drain and mash. Add beaten egg to the milk and mix with the fish mixture, drop by tablespoons into deep, hot shortening (Crisco) at 375 deg. F., and cook until brown.

Drain in brown paper to remove excess fat.

MINCE MEAT PIE

This recipe makes a small quantity, but can be increased as you wish. Use your own pie-crust recipe, but do not use criss-cross pastry top for mince pie.

1 large chopped meat (cold roast or brined meat)
2 cups chopped apples
1/2 cup suet
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 tablespoon ground all spice (Burnett’s)
1/2 tablespoon ground cinnamon (Burnett’s)
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup raisins
1/2 cup currants
2 cups cider
1/2 pound of citron
Candied orange peel, ground

An archway from the coffee room leads to the small library, which is lined with books. “The books belong to the doctor who leases us the house,” explained Una. “He thought I might like to browse among them, he said. And believe me, I browsed at once, and what do you think I found? A diary written (Continued on Page 74)
THRILLINGLY ON THE SCREEN! Those stirring days of minstrels and river boats...when a great and stormy love put America's joys and sorrows to music and gave us the songs we took to our hearts forever!

The Story of Stephen C. Foster, the Great American Troubadour

with

DON AMECE • ANDREA LEEDS • AL JOLSON

and

FELIX BRESSART • CHICK CHANDLER
RUSSELL HICKS • GEORGE REED
and HALL JOHNSON CHOIR

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD • Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by John Taintor Foote and Philip Dunne

DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

"Gentlemen, be seated!"
Dear Sweet Sixteen:

Just to let you know that we at SCREENLAND have organized a new club for you—Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Linda Darnell, we're calling it. Our Head Office Boy started it all. He burst into my office the other morning with fire in his eye. "We gotta do something!" he shouted, and waved a paper at me. "Did you read what this fellow says here? Says SHE's spoiled! Says SHE was mean to her hairdresser and has forgotten the people from her old home town. Well, I don't believe it! DO YOU?" he bellowed at me.

I thought SHE was at least Greta Garbo or Carole Lombard or one of the six big Glamor Girls. No. It turns out that SHE is You. And for a little sixteen-year-old who's only been in pictures a few months you have certainly been doing all right. Just in two released pictures so far—"Hotel for Women" and "Day-time Wife"—and already you have our Office Boy, who has seen 'em come and go and doesn't give a hoot, grovelling at your feet and wanting to go right out and beat up a Broadway columnist. Nice going, Miss Linda.

I persuaded him to settle for an autographed picture—and you'd better not keep him waiting very long for it if you know what's good for you—so the columnist is still alive and kicking people. But I just want to add that the office boy is not alone in his resentment of unfair play. Why don't these columnists pick on someone their own size, anyway? All right, so they let Garbo have it, and Hepburn; well, these gals can take it. But when they turn on a youngster like you, new to the picture game, and make unfounded and unproved assertions of disloyalty, haughtiness, bad temper, and general brattiness, then I think it's time somebody's nose was punched, and hard. You've proved to screen audiences that you have beauty and intelligence and poise and humor which would be rare in a woman of thirty, and miraculous in an authentic sixteen-year-old. You've held your own with such polished troupers as Tyrone Power, Ann Sothern, John Halliday; you're the mainstay of your mother and family; you've submitted gracefully and smilingly to innumerable portrait sittings and new make-ups and costumes—and you're still a school-girl. I mean, literally, a school teacher appointed by the Board of Education comes to hear your lessons at the studio while you're working. Imagine going from a love scene in Tyrone Power's arms to a nasty little problem in algebra! I wonder if you can still smile like that.

Delight Evans
The latest, most colorful stories about the stars told in picture form by SCREENLAND'S ace camera reporter, Len Weissman

Hollywood's hottest current romance? George Raft is dancing these days (but not with tears in his eyes) with Norma Shearer. The columnists say it's love. George won't talk.

Linda Darnell (above) Zanuck's latest glamor girl discovery, is gay because her career is going so well. Jack Shaw because he's dancing with her. Left, the final chapter on the romance of Richard Greene and Virginia Field hasn't been written yet.

Above, are Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston in love? The answer's in their faces. Has Mickey Rooney gone high-hat? No. See how friendly he is with John Payne and Anne Shirley, below.
At the opening of the Alfred Lunt-Lynn Fontanne play were Joan Crawford (top) with John Emery, Tallulah Bankhead's husband, and Irene Dunne and husband Dr. Griffin (above). Garbo laughed, and now Dietrich laughs! She attended the preview of "Destry" with the Goldwyns (below right). The bashful guy is co-star Jimmy Stewart, that's all.
Is this Edgar Bergen's first serious romance? The man who said he would never marry because Charlie McCarthy wouldn't like it, is shown here with Fay MacKenzie.

The guy who makes you merry, Jack (Buck) Benny, makes merry himself, with Mary Livingston, his wife. See them tapping the Congo drum at the Biltmore Bowl.

Also present at the Lunt-Fontanne opening were Mrs. Jack Warner and Norma Shearer (top)—that's George Raft behind her—and Allan Jones and wife Irene Hervey.
Fred and Eleanor look very gay in these stills from "Broadway Melody of 1940," yet Hollywood insisted they were feuding. At upper left, the spectacular set where "Broadway Melody" was filmed.

And other secrets, too! Eleanor breaks down and answers all your questions about herself and her dancing partner, Fred.

Dance Secrets

By Gladys Hall
WHEN Hollywood learned that Eleanor Powell and Fred Astaire were going to be teamed together in "Broadway Melody of 1940," the town began to buzz with excitement and speculation. When he and Ginger Rogers were teamed together, there had long been rumors of a feud. And yet the Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire situation hasn't been half as tense as the Eleanor Powell-Astaire set-up. For in the Rogers-Astaire team, Fred was the more famous dancer. But Eleanor was just as well known for her own style of dancing as Fred for his. And she was a queen on her lot, just as he had been king of his former lot.

The gossip mongers waited with glee for news of a feud that would make all former feuds in Hollywood seem like Sunday school picnics. Everyone wondered: Would there be temperamental clashes? Would they fight bitterly over their individual dance routines? Would Fred be arrogant and overbearing and try to dictate to Eleanor, and would Eleanor retaliate by reminding him that she'd been with M-G-M for years? As the picture went into production, the rumors grew hotter. Columnists, both in newspapers and on the air, hinted that (Continued on page 70)
GOES TO TOWN

Why has Paul Muni, after seven years, deserted Hollywood for Broadway? You'll find the answer to this question, and many others about the mysterious Muni, in this exclusive story

By Ida Zeitlin

BY THE time this sees print, the curtain will have risen in New York on a play by Maxwell Anderson called "Key Largo," an Anderson play is always an event. "Key Largo" is doubly an event because it brings Paul Muni, after seven years in Hollywood, back to the stage. As the curtain rises, Muni will be somewhere backstage in a cold sweat. Mrs. Muni will be sitting alone in an aisle seat—alone by choice, in an aisle seat so that she can escape unblocked by knees, should her nerves demand it. The third member of the household will be snoozing or stalking butterflies three thousand miles away. For the sun will still be shining in California, and Simon the Airedale is a lucky dog, blissfully ignorant of what his beloved family is going through.

By all this hangs a tale. Muni's contract with Warners' gives him time off to do a play, if and when he finds one. For seven years, ever since he performed "Counselor-at-Law" for the last time, he and his wife have been reading plays—hopefully, desperately, steadily. Sometimes the play has been good and the part unsuitable. Sometimes the part has been an actors' holiday, and the play not right. He was once importuned to take on the rôle of a boy of nineteen. "Do you realize," said his wife, "that Mr. Muni is a man of forty?" "But his spirit is young," protested the author, to which the practical Bella replied that his spirit couldn't play the part.

Bella Muni is a member of the famous Thomashefsky family, which is to the Yiddish stage what the Barrymores are to the English. She gave up her own career to devote herself to her husband. The career she dropped promised to be brilliant. It could hardly have been more so than the one she followed, and for which she was qualified by a rare endowment of humor, warmth, and good sense. She is Muni's friend and adviser, his balance wheel in depression, a shock absorber between his high-strung nerves and the world. She scolds, heartens, laughs at and loves him. He takes no step without consulting her, and her approval of his work is the first he seeks. Theirs has been cited as proof that Hollywood marriages can be successful. This is a fallacy, for their marriage has nothing to do with Hollywood, and the snags that trip up the typical movie pair don't exist for them.

Muni dislikes crowds and gregariousness generally. Several years ago they were living tranquilly in a ranchhouse they had bought in the valley, convenient to the
Muni suddenly decided he had to have a shack at the beach—a little place for week-ends, a hideaway when he felt the urge for seclusion coming on. One day an agent showed him a house on top of a Palos Verdes hill. By no stretch—or shrinkage—of the imagination could it have been called a shack. That didn't stop him. He was entranced by its inaccessibility, by the serenity of the hills and the endless vista of skies. So they bought the place, rented the ranch-house and took possession of their eyrie. Bella was content, because her husband seemed to find peace there. Simon loved it. There were extensive lawns to prance over, and a hundred inviting smells for his nose to explore.

There are few things essential to Muni's happiness, none of them externals. He had craved the Palos Verdes hilltop. He gave it up easily after two years' residence had convinced him that the house was too big, too formal, and too far from the studio. All he really wanted, anyway, was that shack at the beach. Why tie yourself down to any house? They'd sell this one, they'd sell the ranch-house too, they'd throw everything into storage, they'd be free as the wind. Meantime, his hopes had been stirred by a letter from an eminent playwright. "Dear Mr. Muni, would you consider doing a play? If so, I have one in mind I'd like to write for you." That was last December. Muni said that he'd be only too happy to consider it, but that the script must be in his hands by the middle of June, since he was obliged to give the studio final notice of his plans (Please turn to page 72)
Hedy Lamarr looking over the predictions in the astrology chart which Norvell, pictured with Hedy, prepared for her.

A 1940 HOFFSCOPE Free!
TO SCREENLAND READERS

Your astrology chart for 1940 sent Free! Through the science of astrology, Norvell makes some startling predictions for the screen stars and for you. Want to know what the heavenly stars predict for you? Then fill in the coupon below and Norvell will send you a brief astrology reading. Mail coupon to NORVELL, Box 989, Dept. F, Hollywood, California.

Please send me NORVELL'S 1940 Horoscope. I enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.
MY NAME IS ........................................
MY ADDRESS IS ......................................
CITY ....................................................
MY BIRTHDATE IS ....................................

WILL Hedy Lamarr divorce Gene Markey in 1940?
Is Shirley Temple through in pictures?
Will Deanna Durbin marry Vaughn Paul?
Will Bob and Babs and Clark and Carole remain happily wed?

New and thrilling events are scheduled on the Hollywood scene for 1940. Loves, heartaches, separations and divorces; fame for some, oblivion for others, thus do the heavenly stars predict for the glamorous screen stars.

The planets are able to reveal the answers to these and many other interesting questions, so let's draw aside the veil of the future and see what surprises 1940 holds for Hollywood and for YOU!

Romance will flourish in Hollywood during 1940; not that Cupid has been asleep in the past year or two, but the love planet, Venus, will be especially active at this time, and some of the screen's sturdiest bachelor boys and girls will give up and take vows for better or for worse.

Joan Crawford will lead the way with another marriage in 1940. Joan was born in the fire Sign of Aries, and has been pretty hard hit twice when she married men not born in the right signs. This next marriage will be
the last for beautiful Joan, and although she won't retire in 1940, she will devote more time to the finding of personal happiness.

Jimmy Stewart will be kayoed by Cupid in 1940—much to his and everyone else's surprise! Jimmy has broken several hearts in the past, but his resistance is wearing down, so don't be startled when news of another romance and an engagement are announced some time in 1940.

It has been rumored that Norma Shearer is seriously interested in George Raft. Is there anything to that rumor, astrologically speaking? What does Norma's chart show for 1940? Norma Shearer was born in the fire Sign of Leo, and for several years that sign has been under a heavy cloud. 1940 holds more happiness for Leo-born than they have known for some time. However, it also holds a warning that they must beware of love and marriage lest they act hastily. George Raft was born in the air Sign of Libra, which, unfortunately, is not the most compatible for Leo. If these two charming people marry each other and defy the stars, I fear for the outcome of that marriage. In this case Norma Shearer should let her head rule her heart. Marriage is shown for her, in any event, some time during the year 1940.

The Lane sisters have marched triumphantly on, a triple threat to all the eligible boys in Hollywood, and have remained singularly aloof and unfettered. The indications in their charts, singly and collectively, are that love and marriage are in the offing. Of the three, however, Priscilla's chart shows she will be the most likely to wed in 1940. Rosemary and Lola are apt to wait for twelve to eighteen months before they finally marry. Marriage will not end this determined triumvirate, however; they will continue to entertain screen audiences, all three of them, with their adopted screen sister, Gale Page, in other epics expressed in digits of four. Their careers will continue indefinitely, and probably in 1980 we will limp down to the theatre to see them in something called "Four Grandmothers."

One of the screen's greatest stars, once divorced, may decide to marry again in 1940, according to her chart. She is Bette Davis, and although her name may be linked with that of George Brent, the stars warn them against a union. Brent was born in the water Sign of Pisces, and Bette in the fire Sign of Aries; these two signs attract each other because they are (Continued on page 88)
Dietrich has 'em guessing again! Has she turned into a Pollyanna, or is she still an Eve? Our story about her big come-back tells you all.

They're calling her "a New Dietrich" in "Destry Rides Again." Left, a portrait of the supposedly "New" Marlene. Left, bottom of page, with screen lover Jimmy Stewart; right, Una Merkel just after the girls staged their big scrap for the cameras. Opposite page, "New" or "Old," she's still lovely Legs Dietrich!
Derelict?

By

Elizabeth Wilson

T WAS bound to happen. Every time a movie star in
Hollywood changes her hair-do, her make-up, her
manners, or something, we promptly have a New So-
and-So. So when Marlene Dietrich, after a two-year
absence, changed her studio recently I braced myself
for a deluge of New Dietrichs.

Maybe it's Wishful Thinking, or maybe it's the Easiest
Way. I don't know. But anyway, when a Glamor Girl
starts a picture at a studio where she has never worked
before, and a fresh batch of press agents are turned
loose on her, the newspaper columns are quickly filled
with all kind of stuff and nonsense about how she has
changed—and always for the better, of course. (What
must she have been!) When "Destry Rides Again" got
into production over on the Universal lot I began to
read endless paragraphs in all the columns about the
New Dietrich, and I must say that the more I read about
the New Dietrich the bigger nostalgia I had for the Old
Dietrich. The New Dietrich, it seemed, was a regular
paragon of virtue, sort of a potpourri of Pollyanna, Elsie
Dinsmore, Lady Bountiful, and all the people I par-
ticularly disliked and distrusted, and hoped never to
meet again. After days and days of reading about "Good
Deeds" Dietrich in the morning and night editions, I
began to long fervently for the old Paramount Dietrich
—"Feathers" Dietrich, "Legs" Dietrich, "Narcissus"
Dietrich, we used to call her. (That was before she was
sainted by Universal.) Well, Universal can have its
Pollyanna the Glad Girl, I growled, but I'll stick to Mar-
lene the Mirror Girl. She was fun.

I was afraid to meet the New Dietrich, I'm allergic to
saccharine, but I have me curiosity, so when the Uni-
versal press agents insisted that I come out ("You'll
never know it's Dietrich," they said) and get a gander at
Marlene-the-New, I took a little something to settle my
estomac, and slung a big basket over my arm just in case
Marlene started tossing trinkets around à la her publicity.
It was the day that Una Merkel and Marlene were
doing the famous fight sequence in "Destry." When I
saw the preview of the picture later the audience fairly
shrieked their heads off as Una and Marlene tore into
each other like a couple of hellions, and believe me, it
was plenty exciting right there on the set. While they
were waiting to go into their brawl Director George
Marshall brought over two hefty dames and said that
they would double for them and do all the fighting, ex-
cept the close-ups Marlene and Una exchanged glances.
Said Marlene, "Una and I will do our own fighting.
What do you think we are? Sissies?" And boy, they did.

At the end of the "take" where they roll off the table
on top of each other with a loud kerplunk, I noticed that
both girls rose painfully from the floor and said, simul-
taneously, with great concern, "Oh, I do hope I didn't
hurt you," Bruises and scratches were looked over, and
Marlene ran for the iodine with which she daubed Una
up good. "You are so frail," she said. "I worry about you.
"See," said the press agent, fairly dancing with glee.
"See, how Dietrich has changed! Imagine a star worry-
ing about the other fellow's bruises. She's so kind and
considerate of everyone. And see how she can take it. No
grueling, no complaining. No time out to cry over skinned
elbows. She's a new person entirely. I tell you she's not
a Glamor Queen any more. Why, she's swell."

Marlene retired to her dressing room to dry out her
hair—wait until you see Jimmy Stewart dump a pail of
water on her head—and I stopped for a chat with Una
who, and I don't have to tell you that, is one of the best
actresses in Hollywood. She too was full of the wonders
of Marlene, except that Una is not concerned with
whether it's a New Dietrich or an Old Dietrich, on ac-
count it is the first time she has ever met any Dietrich.
"Her real charm," said Una, "is her complete sophis-
tication. She has Eve written all over her. Some one
should make a picture called the Garden of Eden and let
Marlene play the part of Eve. The only trouble is that
she'd be too clever to eat the apple."

For years writers have been trying to solve the secret
of Dietrich's charm, and I think that Una has hit the
nail right on the bean. Marlene's charm is the charm of
an Eve. A charm which all women desire but few
possess. There isn't a feminine wile that Dietrich doesn't
know. Not a trick that she has missed. There's a lot of
honesty and goodness there, oh heck, yes—but there is
also a lot of naughtiness. She's (Please turn to page 73)
FRANKLY, it was a great surprise—and a most happy one. More astonishing, it hit me bang in the eye. For there, standing in the open doorway of his Tower Road house with a welcoming smile, was the Thin Man, brown as his sweater and, if you please, grown more rather than less.

Just how I had expected to find William Powell looking would be hard to say. But surely he would bear some mark of the deep grief and suffering he had borne for a year and a half, first heart sick, then body sick. There was none. None except, perhaps, for a faintly new light in his eyes, seeming to reflect at thoughtful moments the beauty and the sorrow of life.

What struck me most of all was that here was a man who could stand the gaff. Yes, he could take it—indeed, had taken far more than his fair share of it. That was all to the good of his strength of character. Weakness, it could plainly be seen, was no part of him. Another actor might have been tempted to play the interesting invalid. Not Bill Powell. Another actor might have dramatized himself in a wheel chair. Not Bill Powell. Another actor might have seen himself forsaken by the fateful gods. Not Bill Powell. This man Powell was up and doing with both feet, smiling the same old smile at those fates who had knocked him off them, asking you what you would have to drink and having one himself. 

Another thing: it was late in the afternoon, with the nightly California chill already creeping into the air. Yet no sooner had we crossed his threshold than the ever solicitous host inquired, "Would you like to sit here or outside?" With the choice left to him, we went straight through to the patio. There, in merely sweater and slacks, his man neither suggesting nor bringing a rug to spread over him, William Powell, restored Hollywood idol, dispelled any possible notion as to his being a sensitive convalescent.

"No," he grinned, "I don't seem to be that kind of plant, but more like a hardy perennial. Anyway, hospitalization developed me into a series player. My first appearance in the operating theater was so well received that I took two encore. They called me back again and again with such flattering enthusiasm that there was no resisting it. In the cordial circumstances, it was only natural, perhaps, to feel I had made a distinct hit. Although a few of my essentially personal lines were cut out, there was every assurance I would never miss them."

With due allowance for his visceral sense of humor, Mr. Powell certainly appeared to be all there, in fact, slightly to exceed his original Thin Man specifications.

He nodded. "I'm a few pounds up. When 'The Thin Man' was done the first time, I weighed 160 pounds. It was made so fast, in sixteen days, that I may have lost an ounce or two in the process. That early speed was explained by the fact we were doing what now is called a B picture, though I liked it immensely and thoroughly believed it would turn out to be far more than was expected. This time we were not striving for a record, and so 'Another Thin Man' took (Please turn to page 76)."
When I was an old man—"

This is the way Walter Brennan, in reminiscence mood, might well begin his personal anecdote. It would not baffle back to a screen youth—

he's never had any. Fantastically, his tale would be adorned with a long white beard and seem remotely King Learish. Such being the strange case, the bemused listener could only stare incredulously at his clean-shaven, boyish face and his dark hair without a trace of gray in it, and wonder whether this old world of ours was playing a new trick.

Let me put it up to you. Just suppose you were going to meet the Walter Brennan you had known on the screen, what would you expect to find? A gaffer—

amiable, keen, and with all his wits about him, yes—yet a gaffer still. Even though he had managed to keep his hair on, the chances were he hadn't teeth enough to go round and that his eyes were on the blink. Like as not,

he'd be sprightly to all appearances, but as he
creaked out of his cushioned chair you'd
notice a touch of rheumatism. It's too
bad to see so good an actor on
his last legs.

Save your sympathy, for that's where he'd

that notorious thief, Time, if not that it takes a Brennan
to catch a Brennan.

"I've been an old man all my life," he was saying, "so
now that I'm playing a young man I feel a bit twisted."

No wonder. For without benefit of grease-paint—bright
daylight betrayed no wrinkles to cover—this
extraordinary actor was living his life backwards.

"That's about the size of it," he grinned in such lively
agreement that he seemed ready to turn a handspring.

"Next thing I know I'll be joining the Boy Scouts. For
the first time in my hoary career I can look at the
calendar on the wall and give it the laugh. All along I've
thought of Methuselah as my pal. That began soon after
graduating from Rindge Tech in Cambridge. I was then
supposed to go to M. I. T. (Massachusetts Institute of
Technology), but instead I got on a freight train, If I'd
get off at Lynn and gone home, I might have thrown ap-
proaching old age off the track. But it got me the mo-
ment I got out of a box-car. You see, I joined a few
'turkeys,' and in all those shows played old men. They
started right in hanging whiskers on me. As a result,
my sense of characterization suggested a bad case of
lumbago. You've seen that poor old guy on patent med-
cine bottles? Well, that was me all over. Even as a Holly-
wood extra I usually tottered around with one hand on
the small of my back. Whenever a mob scene needed a
pathetic touch, the director would sing out, 'Where's that
kidney actor?'"

How long ago had that been? "Fifteen years. I
got into pictures over the back fence. For
ten years I was at Universal, and dur-
ing that time prided myself on
knowing every janitor on
the lot. This influential
circle (Please
turn to p.
78)

fool you, just as he fooled me. An Irish leprechaun
might have been up to some rejuvenating deviltry here,
but by all the powers I found myself face to face with
a gay young dog of 25! There he was, not wearing a
year more, if you please, for "A Call on
the President." As the gallant postman who made a specialty of carrying
love letters, he would in time jump to 38, 49, 55, and
finally 63. But now at long last he was realizing his aim
in pictures—Walter in search of his youth. Though
actually 45—anyway, just turning it—he didn't look a
day older than one score five, proving nothing against

Walter Brennan is
usually seen as an
old man, but in his
new film, "A Call on
the President," he
has a chance at last
to appear as himself
—right. The catch is
the boy grows
older—see scene
above—and before
the picture finishes
Walter ends up in
his customary char-
acter—an old man!
THOSE DEADLY RIVALS, Charlie and Mortimer, fight it out in "Charlie McCarthy, Detective," with pretty Constance Moore, the heroine, rooting first for Mort and then for Charlie, driving 'em both crazy —see our center picture. Bergen is too busy to listen to McCarthy's complaints—see top close-up —so the Terrific Termite succumbs to the blandishments of Anne Gwynne, his beautiful nurse. Ah, me!

CHARLIE McCARTHY, the Whispering Pine, rules the air waves. But now a cross-eyed hayseed named Mortimer Snerd is getting gobs of fan mail and sneaking up on Charlie's Crosley and movie box office rating.

Is this three-foot hunk of papier-mâché really a coming picture star? I went to Bergen to find out. "First," said Bergen, "I think you should meet Mortimer. I really ought to warn you about him, he's not very bright." Bergen took out a key and unlocked a closet holding Charlie McCarthy's wardrobe, twenty suits ranging from a Foreign Legionnaire's get-up to a baseball outfit. McCarthy wasn't there, but Snerd was sitting on the floor with a white hood on his head. He looked happy enough, but Bergen apologized.

"But you don't mind sitting on the floor, do you, Mortimer?"
"Huh?"
"I say you don't mind sitting on the floor."
"Who?"
"You."

"Thought you meant him. Nope, floor's all right. Can't fall off the floor." This set Snerd to laughing wildly. When Mortimer laughs it sounds like the gurglings of a thirsty sink.

But Bergen was stern. "Mortimer, this is Mr. Riley."
"Yuh?" He looked me over. "What do I care?"
"I want you to say how do you do."
"Who to?"
"Mr. Riley here."
"Never met him."
"Mortimer," said Bergen exasperated, "how can you be so ignorant?"

This is a very tough question. Mortimer can't think any faster than a punch-drunk turtle, but he gets there.

"It ain't easy," he replied.
"This gentleman would like to ask you some questions."
"Uh-unh. Not me."
"Oh, come now, Mortimer, why not?"
"Can't. Don't know nothin' either."
With a good deal of confusion we got around to Mortimer's birth, which turned out to be a little irregular. He started as a noise in Bergen's larynx, whence Charlie McCarthy had already been mowing 'em down for fourteen years. "I had the voice and I knew I wanted a rural character," says Bergen. That was three and a half years ago back in a Chicago night-club. With nothing but a voice to work from Bergen set out to design his new stooge. For six months he littered tablecloths with his sketches before he got what he wanted.

Snerd is it. Bergen took his design to Virginia Austen in Los Angeles and together they molded Snerd. Molded, not whittled, because unlike that termite flophouse, McCarthy, Snerd is papier-mâché. All that is stupid and all that is weak have gone into Mortimer's map. His forehead retreats idiotically; his chin would disgrace a rabbit; his eyes are blue, round, and crossed; his blond hair looks like an unmade bed and seems to have hay in it; worst of all are Mortimer's teeth, two bare bones—

is just a simple farm boy."

"Iowa," said Snerd in his gloopy voice.

"Yes, Mortimer comes from a dairy farm five miles north of Keokuk."

"That's in Iowa too," Snerd added.

All reports to the contrary, Snerd was not conceived to take Charlie McCarthy's place should that mighty fourflusher hit the skids. McCarthy, according to Bergen, is not something the public took up at a whimsical moment. McCarthy will last as long as he is fed sprightly material. Wit is always palatable. But Snerd is not witty, he's just ungodly dumb; he gets laughs because his brain works in slow motion when it works at all. His vocabulary, too, is small. Thus, his comedy is limited. No, Bergen didn't have big plans for Snerd. "I merely wanted an encore number for the supper clubs I was playing at the time. I needed a variation," Bergen explains, "you know, as an antidote to an evening of Charlie's wise-cracking." (Please turn to page 95)
OVERNIGHT, he has become the potential No. 1 man of pictures—a threat to every established star. With a single picture, “Golden Boy,” to his credit, Bill Holden seems to be headed for a place among the Clark Gables, the Tyrone Powers, and the Robert Taylors. The critics shouted about him. About his looks; his acting; his naturalness; and the fact that he is so utterly likeable. The great steam-roller of ballyhoo has started. A typical press agent blurb says, “Yesterday he was a college student, with a college student’s interest in athletics, in school dramatics, in school dances. He dressed like a college boy, and thought like one and felt like one. And today he is a star. The implications of that are dazzling.”

The one person who is completely unconvinced by the ballyhoo is William Holden. “I’m not a star yet,” he protested. “I can’t see this business of calling a person a star when he’s had just one picture released. If I’m lucky enough to have good parts in my next two or three pictures, then people might say, ‘Well, he’s a star potentially!’ And ten years from now if I’m still in pictures and a fine character actor, then that might be something to shout about!”

Bill didn’t look like a star, but like any twenty-one-year-old boy who has just gotten out of bed. His blue and white striped shirt hung loosely over tan trousers; his light brown hair was slightly mussed; he was wearing carpet slippers. When I walked in on him, he was leaning out of the (Please turn to page 96)

Here’s the very latest on that new Holden Boy

By Sylvia Conrad
What this weary world needs is more mirth, and Hollywood rushes to the rescue. Mae West and W. C. Fields, above, do their share in their co-starring film, “My Little Chickadee.” Now turn our pages for more fun!
Help yourself to happiness with Jack Benny, doubling from radio in new picture, "Buck Benny Rides Again"—and with Lamour and Hope, who share honors in "Road To Singapore"
They Smile As They Sing!

Nelson Eddy serenades Jeanette MacDonald in "New Moon" and Jeanette sings right back at him.
She'll giggle for the studio cameras, and gladly—but it isn't often she'll give in and let a still photographer catch her off-guard. That's what makes this new informal picture of Myrna Loy and her dog practically a collector's item. Better save it.
And speaking of rare pictures—see this of Margaret Sullavan, who has to be coaxed to pose, with photographic results which usually prove her reluctance. But this time, having completed her “come-back” picture after a year’s absence from the screen during which she presented her husband, Leland Hayward, with a beautiful baby daughter, her second, Maggie’s in the mood to make this enchanting study.
Let's Love!

Calling all Cupids! Hollywood's so big-hearted, there are plenty of jobs for the little bow-and-arrow boys.

Margaret Sullivan and James Stewart are love and laugh together again in "The Shop Around the Corner."

There's "Music in My Heart," sings Tony Martin as he makes lavish love to pretty Rita Hayworth in their new Columbia film.
SIGHS JOAN TO CLARK:

"You wouldn't be so hard to like if you went at things in a nicer way!"

GABLE-CRAWFORD SCREEN REUNION!

In "Strange Cargo," Clark and Joan meet and romance for their eighth picture as a team. In the new film, she plays a café entertainer, he an escaped convict, in this story of a Guiana penal colony.
YOUNG LOVE IN SWING-TIME

America's favorite young sweethearts, Andy (Mickey Rooney) Hardy and Polly (Ann Rutherford) Benedict, pursue their pictorial romance in the latest of the popular "Hardy Family" series.
By popular demand—new portrait of the gallant Southerner as he appears in his latest rootin' tootin' rôle, that of a Confederate officer in Warners' all-star cast for "Virginia City"
Sonja
Gives the Lie to Gossips

Help scotch unfurlating rumors that swirl about this great little skater and good sport by reading the real facts in our authentic story

By Dora Albert

Is it true what they say about Sonja? Does she the most ruthless, grasping business woman in Hollywood? Does she get hold of every penny she can and then hang on to it? Was she broken-hearted when Tyrone Power married Annabella? Is it true that she and Tyrone parted enemies, after a bitter quarrel? Is it true that she carried the torch for Tyrone for many months and is still carrying it? Has Sonja Henie definite plans for marriage? Has she made up her mind that she is going to marry an American?

All these things have been said about Sonja Henie. For the past few months this pretty bubbling dimpling blonde has been the target of every columnist and sensational writer in Hollywood. The climax of all this unfavorable publicity came a few months ago when a sensational writer asked, "Is Sonja Henie money mad?" and proceeded to say that she must be, that no girl who earns as much as Sonja does could be anything but money mad.

You may have wondered why the press seems to have turned against Sonja Henie. There was a time when there was a perfect honeymoon of love and kisses between Sonja and the newspaper columnists, as she never had a blonde honey as important as Sonja. She showed such willingness to cooperate with the newspaper reporters. Other stars turned a cold shoulder to the press boys, but Sonja could always be reached for an interview. When a newspaper man needed a special feature story, Sonja was even willing to go out on the ice rinks and give the big profile skating lessons. When other stars had temperamental tantrums, Sonja simply shook her blonde curls and said, "Why should I be temperamental? What good does temperament do anybody?"

So what's all the shooting about now? Why are the gossips picking on Sonja? Has she changed so much? I decided to see Sonja herself, in order to get my answers. So far, she is the one person whom the gossips have not consulted, as they spread their conflicting stories about Sonja. "Why," I asked Sonja, "do you think there has been so much criticism about money?"

We were sitting in the commissary at Twentieth Century Fox, with the sunshine pouring in through the windows, making bright golden patterns against the rugs, the tables, and the walls with their gay, modernistic mural. At a nearby table sat a youngster in Tyrolean costume, with blonde hair and (Please turn to page 84)
REMEMBER THE NIGHT—Paramount

HERE'S a holiday movie number that will leave you with just the right glow. You'll remember the picture as one of the most heartwarmingly human you've ever seen, and although it is all about what happens to a young attorney and a girl crook at the Christmas season, I think it will be just as good when it is re-issued some distant Fourth of July. I'll be there. The old, old theme of regeneration serves once more, but with a difference—due to Mitchell Leisen's superbly sympathetic direction, Preston Sturges' poetic handling of the corny plot, and the best performances in many months by co-stars Fred MacMurray and Barbara Stanwyck. Golly, are they good! You believe in them every minute, from the time they first face each other on opposite sides of a court room, through a zany series of adventures which bring the lady jewel thief to an old-fashioned Indiana Christmas on Fred's mother's farm—to the bitter-sweet ending. Stanwyck will surprise those of you who've forgotten how good she can be with her beautifully sensitive playing—never once a false note or gesture. MacMurray's acting matches hers, while Beulah Bondi and Elizabeth Patterson are joys as the two heavenly Hoosiers. It took one (1) fine director, (1) fine writer, and two (2) fine stars to make this one (1) grand picture. Doesn't that prove anything at all to top-heavy Hollywood?

ANOTHER THIN MAN—M-G-M

AND that's just what it is—another "Thin Man" film. If you expect something new, novel, different, you'll be disappointed—but if, like this reviewer, you are so darned glad to see William Powell back on the screen you would cheer him in a scene, there will be no complaints. So stop whining, even if, in this latest of the Dashiell Hammett-W. S. Van Dyke series you can spot the guilty party in practically the first reel, leaving no suspense except whether Asta or the new baby is cuter in the close-ups. The blessed event predicted in the previous "Thin Man" mystery has taken place a year before this picture begins, so we find Mr. Powell a proud papa and Myrna Loy a very pretty but apparently rather bored mama. (Aside to Miss Loy: not that I blame you for being just a little bored by this time with your Mrs. Nick Charles rôle, but the cash customers do expect some animation now and then, so won't you try, please, and wrinkle your pretty nose occasionally, as you used to?) Domestic bliss, however, hasn't dulled Nick's interest in crime, and he's soon in the thick of a juicy murder which eventually he solves with the usual aid of Asta, the Missus, and even a bit of help from Junior. It all has its moments, especially when the matchlessly adroit Mr. Powell is weaving his sleek and sophisticated spell. Lively Muriel Hutchinson is best of the cast.

DESTROY RIDES AGAIN—Universal

THE best Western you've ever seen or can ever hope to see. It has everything a Western should have—hard riding, fast shootin', bar-room brawls, a soft-voiced but lion-hearted deputy sheriff, and Marlene Dietrich—and does she give the Old West a new zest! The only thing I can think of that this super-Western may lack is Gene Autry and Champion—and there's an idea I gladly pass along to producer Pasternak, who, judging by the brilliance of this gay, bad, mad screen show, has more ideas than he can use now. But aside from missing Gene and his guitar the most rahid Western fans will have no complaints when they see Jimmy Stewart as Destry cleaning up the tough old frontier town, or refereeing a feminine free-for-all between Dietrich and Una Merkiel; or when they hear Marlene as a dance-hall hostess singing low-down ballads in that strange, husky voice of hers; or when they howl at Mischa Auer or Charles Winninger or Billy Gilbert or Allen Jenkins, four of the movies' funniest fellows who add to the gorgeous confusion with their characteristic comedy. It's a spontaneous, prodigal, and provocative entertainment, bringing Dietrich back literally with a bang, giving Stewart another chance to show what a superlative actor he is, and proving once more that Pasternak is the calmest producer in Hollywood. Off-stage shouts of "More!"
THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT

IT'S a "musical," yes; but it is also a love story, a drama, and a celebration—enough entertainment to please the most exacting cinema shopper, and all for the price of one admission. The celebration is—first, for the beloved American composer, Victor Herbert, reviving his most popular melodies and memories of his own brilliant career as he is enacted here by Walter Connolly; second, for the discovery of Mary Martin—consult our Honor Page for further details; and third, for Allan Jones, who in this picture finally comes into his own alter a long wait which reflects no credit on Hollywood casting. The story is not an account of Herbert's own life but presents him as the generous sponsor of two young singers, Jones, reigning matinée idol, and Mary, talented small-town girl whom Jones marries and who eventually becomes the greater stage favorite, to the ruination of their happiness together. Through it all is woven the best of Victor Herbert's lilting tunes, charmingly sung by Mr. Jones and Miss Martin, while their gracious acting talents work wonders with the machine-made plot. In her later scenes as mother of a future prima donna Mary Martin is particularly poignant and impressive—a surprisingly fine performance for a newcomer to screen technique, Bravo, Mary! Bravo, Allan Jones! And biggest bravof all—Victor Herbert.

WE ARE NOT ALONE—Warner

AFTER his cinema flight into the stratosphere of important historical impersonation, First Actor Paul Muni comes down to earth in this fine and moving film based on James Hilton's novel. Muni proves that he can present as powerful a portrait of one of the millions as of one of the few. Here is no Zola, Pasteur, or Juarez, but here is indeed a small town English doctor, insignificant in the annals of medical science but important because of what happens to him and the way it happens and what it does to him. In less sensitive hands than Hilton's and Muni's, "We Are Not Alone" might emerge as merely a drab drama culminating in a sordid murder trial. But as the author has written it—and he helped with the adaptation, by the way—and as the great actor has played it, aided by Flora Robson and Jane Bryan—it becomes a gripping tragedy with poignant implications. All the ingredients of the customary cheap triangle: the domineering wife, the sympathetic-starved husband, and the understanding intruder—in this case, a little Viennese girl, ex-dancer now a waif, who is befriended by the doctor and brought into his household to be governess to his little son—but the "romance" is subordinated to the tragedy in which the two unworllyy and tender souls find themselves on trial for the wife's murder. Jane Bryan gives an exquisite performance as the girl.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED—Paramount

COLMAN and Kipling—now, there's a combination to interest Conservative Picture-goer—you know, the one who keeps muttering "Bosh, fiddle, and poppycock, not to say Bah!" at all these wacky comedies and whimsical young-love films flooding the screen. It's a combination to interest practically everybody, as a matter of fact—for I can't imagine anyone failing to cheer Ronald Colman, and this is excellent Colman; and it's not for me to say any the less of Mr. Kipling's works—and this is said to be the best Kipling, automatically making "The Light That Failed" a Must-Must on your movie list. Kipling's story should be read, I suppose, before you see the picture; otherwise the leading character of the artist frustrated in both love and career, despite Colman's noblest efforts, remains shadowy and unmotivated. Somewhere in the screen translation or in William Wellman's direction, somehow the spiritual values are lost, and the final scenes which should have concluded the picture in a blaze of glory are meaningless except as examples of Hollywood's photographic genius. Technically notable, "The Light That Failed" emerges as a conscientious but uninspired photoplay. Ida Lupino is vividly impressive as an artist's model, Muriel Angelus is decorative as the self-centered woman artist who helps wreck the hero's life, Walter Huston fine as usual.

AT THE CIRCUS—M-G-M

I DON'T know what we'd do without the Marx Bros. I don't know what we'll do with them, either, if they don't get themselves better screen material. I can say that—now. But put me in the theatre where the Bros. are on the screen and I am not so detached. One glance from Groucho, one leer from Harpo and one scale from Chico and I am at their mercy, and glad to be there. I don't know why they must write a "young romance" into their comedies when all we really want to see is Groucho chasing Margaret Dumont around her boudoir or all three of the boys working their wiles on a midget—but just when we're really working up to a good laugh the picture goes into slow motion while Kenny Baker, a nice tenor anywhere else, sings drippy songs to Florence Rice—a nice girl and a good actress but not for the Marx Bros. If the great zanies would cut up their annual feature picture into short subjects they would have something and might even take the place of Benchley, or the horse and buggy. Meanwhile, don't miss "At the Circus," folks, for its few outrageously funny scenes: Groucho's song and dance number of "Lydia, the Tattooed Lady," the brothers' session with one of the dear little people, Harpo's jam session with chocolate-colored singer—good, too—and the dinner for the 400—Groucho counts 'em and the gang's all there.
You're Going Places!

Screenland Glamor School
If you’re among the lucky Winter vacationettes, you’ll find helpful clothes hints here, for fun and sun

Edited by

Suppose you’re starting out in your smart new car. You’ll take to suede—see Nancy smiling, top facing page, as she sets forth in green suede ensemble; or tweeds—see Nancy’s dull blue and rust plaid-jacketed tweed suit with monochrome skirt, top. And if you are heading South, Far West, Hawaii, you’ll want a dressed-up white silk jersey frock with matching turban, as worn by Nancy far left opposite page. If it’s a dude ranch you’re bound for, consider the very trim and slim "trous" and plaid shirt, boots, sombrero, left.

For that wonderful mid-Winter cruise, you need a good top coat, and at left on this page Nancy Kelly models her new one for you, proving the importance of plaids in the Hollywood fashion picture. Soft shades of brown and beige tweed with immensely flattering tuxedo collar of natural lynx—over a simple frock of sheer beige wool. Above, white chiffon for a special tropical evening—in "He Married His Wife," Nancy wears just the gown to make other girls envious and men dreamy-eyed. Designed by Gwen Wakeling.
How about hunter's pink and black for a refreshing color combination? At right, Brenda Marshall models her suit of rough-surfaced wool, with jacket of pink, pockets bound in black, and high, shallow collar faced with black. Her "Scotchy" hat is of black grosgrain ribbon. Black accessories. Below, beautiful gown of ice-blue satin brocade with flower motif, styled with low V-neckline, very wide corsetlet waistband, and side hoops.
To bridge the gap between dated wintry fashions and the first definitely springy things, Brenda selected the smart outfit at right: flared black taffeta skirt topped with cutaway-front jacket closed with brilliant buttons. Her accessories are black suede, her jacket mink. Below, a two-piece black dress for cocktail time, with bodice embroidered in glittering sequins. Her wrap is a natural lynx jacket, dramatic with black.

"If you're a working girl like me, you'll be a stay-at-home looking forward to Spring! So here are a few style suggestions for us!"

Brenda Marshall
ALL God's chillun got feuds. In Hollywood they have, anyway. Somebody is always feuding with somebody over something. Sam Goldwyn and Edgar Selwyn are feuding over Walter Brennan's whiskers. And Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper are feuding over newspaper scoops. And so it goes. But it is only when a movie star feuds with her studio that Hollywood takes notice—and sides. That's big time. So when Hedy Lamarr and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio kissed (perhaps not too fervently) and made up recently, one of our better feuds came to an abrupt end, leaving us completely without chit-chat for the cocktail hour. (But there'll be another feud along soon. There always is.) Friends of Metro claimed a complete victory for Metro. Friends of Hedy Lamarr claimed a complete victory for Hedy Lamarr. My opinion is that they both won.

You can say what you please but it is my contention that a movie star doesn't begin to "rate" in Hollywood until she, or he, has had a good hot name-calling feud with her studio. It inevitably results in much better parts, in much better pictures, which is all that matters anyway. Regardez, Bette Davis, Myrna Loy, Jimmy Cagney, Jean Arthur, John Garfield, Robert Taylor, Jeanette MacDonald. They all said, "The hell I will," and the studios said, "The hell you won't." So what? So all right. Look at them now! There's only one trick to it and it is done with tickets and not with mirrors: Is the star big enough for box office to make the studio sit up and say uncle? Maybe you shouldn't count your chickens before they're hatched (Lombard does), but if you are a smart movie star you'll count your fans before you feud.

The latest Hollywood feud, as you know, concerned the beautiful, the glamorous, and the so desirable Hedy Lamarr and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Hedy pouted and Metro pouted right back at her. (Hedy's pouting with those long dark lashes and sultry lips was much prettier than Metro's pouting, or am I just a pushover for beauty?) The feud was over money. Hedy, as we all know by now, was brought to Hollywood from Europe by Louis B. Mayer, following her great success in "Ecstasy," and after a year of twiddling her thumbs at the Metro studio she was loaned out to Walter Wanger to appear opposite Charles Boyer in "Algers." Hedy was sensational. She was immediately acclaimed the most promising, and certainly the most glamorous, of the new Hollywood personalities. Her original contract called for $750 weekly on a forty-week basis. That was pro-rated so that she was paid on a fifty-two week basis. Hedy said she was worth more money than that. Metro said she wasn't. Hedy said all right then I won't work. Metro said all right, then, don't. And the feud was on.

As usual in small towns (and Hollywood is a small town, we might as well face it) people took sides, and dragged the Lamarr-Metro feud right into their dining rooms along with the filet mignon, medium done. Not since the Shearer-Raft romance had there been so much commotion under the candelabras. Those in favor of Hedy said that it was a shame, a disgrace, and an outrage that Metro paid Hedy less than six hundred a week. They pointed to the fact that the other stars on the Metro lot, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell, Bob Taylor, Bob Montgomery, Myrna Loy, Bill Powell, Fred Astaire, etc., all made big four-figure weekly salaries, some of them ten times what Hedy made. And Hedy, young, fresh, beautiful, and alluring, they screamed, was certainly better box office than any of those babes who have been around a long time. As for her acting ability, of course she could act, didn't her "Elizabeth of Austria" have Vienna on its ear?—but Metro hadn't given her an opportunity with "I Take This Woman" which made the top shelf, or "Lady of the Tropics."

You can well imagine what those in favor of Metro said—the exact opposite, of course, with emphasis on the points that "Lady of the Tropics" did poor business, that Hedy couldn't act, and that Hedy's demand for $5000 a week was absolutely absurd. And right now, let it be said with all (Please turn to page 80)
Lamarr?

Her past has been storm-tossed. Her present, with film feud settled, seems serene. What does the future hold for this beauty?

By Liza
Jeanette MacDonald is one Hollywood movie star who would rather take pictures than pose for them. Result: fine collection of intimate poses of husband Gene Raymond and the rest of the family, but none of Jeanette Here are her favorite pictures: above, family dinner party; exterior of their home. Left and below, Gene and Black Knight. Bottom, Irene Dunne. Opposite page, Gene in a quiz game.

"HE MacRaymond has everything!"—That's a catch phrase used by Jeanette MacDonald's friends whenever that starry young person has a piece of good—or bad—luck. When I found her one of the deep couches in her living room, almost entirely surrounded by albums, loose pictures, rolls of film, and half a dozen containers of negatives and prints, I chanted it, too.

Jeanette shook her head. "Except some really good pictures!" she finished. "You know I'm the Impatient Photographer, incarnate, and I'm afraid that's the way my prints usually look. Delight has such gorgeous things in her magazine, she will be disappointed with mine."

She brushed some of the negatives from her lap and took up the little camera. A great idea dawned. "There's some film left in here! Suppose we make some new stuff for SCREENLAND," she suggested. "I'll make some pictures of you, Ruth. Oh, I know—come out and climb up on the grape arbor! Only today, Gene was saying that the only place we hadn't been photographed was up on the grape arbor, hanging by our knees."

The idea began to lack attraction for me. But it developed that I wasn't to hang by my knees. I was merely to sit on the top of the trellis—after transferring myself from a stepladder—and try not to look as scared as I felt, while my hostess clicked the shutter. From the arbor, we visited the garden, where I had to hold a rake, a weeder, a pair of clippers, and a spading fork in various positions among the flowers and shrubs, while Jeanette earnestly eyed my image in the finder and clicked and clicked. In the thick of it, a low clear whistle sounded. Jeanette whistled back, eagerly, and presently Gene Raymond joined us. Their signal can be heard anywhere on the Raymond grounds or in the house, which, Jeanette says, is convenient because they can find each other in a second.

Gene watched the last picture, took the camera, examined it, and laughed. "Little Mrs. Wanger again!" he teased. "That film is the one we were fooling with last
Sunday and somebody let the light in. It’s no good."
Jeanette laughed, too. “I told you I’m impatient,” she reminded me. “That Wanger gag is one they use to confound me when I prove it. You see, one night a group of us went to a preview that had been talked of for ages. As the credits flashed on the screen, I was always one thought ahead. I’d say: ‘I thought So-and-so was in this’—and So-and-so’s name would appear on the screen; then ‘I thought Whoozis directed this’—and up came Whoozis’ name; finally, I said: ‘I thought Wanger produced this’—and there was Wanger’s name. They began calling me ‘little Mrs. Wanger’ that night, and they keep it up whenever I’m impatient—which is practically always.”

“This is the house of heckling,” grinned Gene, escorting us back to the laden couch. “Anybody who comes here must get used to heckling—but do we have fun? Look, dear, these shots of the house aren’t bad.”

“The first pictures I ever made—with Gene fixing the camera and placing me so I couldn’t go wrong,” confessed Jeanette. “The house couldn’t suddenly move or walk out of focus or anything, either. But the kind of pictures I really enjoy taking have people in them, and usually they are people doing something. I’m rather pleased with some of the stuff I have of Gene. These with the horses—Black Knight was the first gift I gave him after we were married, and White Lady, my horse, was his gift to me. I’m usually in such a hurry to grab a picture that I can’t wait to fool around the way Gene does. I’ll admit his results are better. But the time I tried to make some pictures of guests at a party, I followed his process—I moved the candles back and forth, changed the seating arrangement, worried my guests into looking this way or that, until Blossom, my sister, having dodged a set of candles for (Please turn to page 98)“Mrs. MacRaymond” has all the qualifications of a good candid camera-woman—except patience. Read Jeanette’s own hilarious account of how she gets her pictures—sometimes!
WE DEFINITELY want people to like us. When we protest we don't give a hoot whether they do or not we're only fooling ourselves. If you're not likeable all you have to do is forget a lot of nonsense it has taken you years to generate in yourself—a lot of nonsense that springs from false pride and defensiveness; from a stupid fear that you may appear more eager in someone's direction than they are in yours.

Friendliness begets friendliness. In charming proof of this I offer Shirley Temple. Shirley has a genius for friendliness. I'll long remember a story about her first trip to Hawaii. A band of natives came to serenade her. They stood in a stiff little group, children in front, before the house she and her parents occupied. Everyone was uncomfortable and self-conscious.

Most little girls would have found those golden Hawaiians with their abbreviated bright clothes and their native ways a little strange and terrifying. But not Shirley! She reached out to them. She made them forget their strangeness. She made them laugh. She put them at ease. She decked herself with the leis they presented her. She clowned a little as she put necklaces of flowers about her mother and her dad. Then she stepped forward and gave a lei to a tiny brown fellow who stood, unadorned, in the front row. Like them she must fasten flowers in her hair. Then she called to them in their native phrases, laughing as she fumbled a little with their words. And when they played a gay tune on their Had Shirley held off from those Hawaiians there great delight.

Had Shirley held off from those Hawaiians there would, of course, have been a stiffness all round. They would have been self-conscious. And her little party would have grown increasingly uncomfortable too. She saved the day by her instinctive realization that the Hawaiians were just like her underneath, even though their exterior and manners were very different indeed. It's a lesson in being likeable we learn from Shirley:

More and more you hear "Alice Faye? She's swell!" Now it used to be that only the few who were close to Alice ever said that. Because it used to be that only the few who were close to her were allowed to know her. With brusqueness for her armor Alice protected herself against everyone not tested and tried. And undoubtedly although her brusqueness spared her some animosity, it also cheated her out of much warmth and friendship. It was, as it almost always is, something in Alice that made her wary of people. And that "something" was an inferiority complex—as it is likely to be at least nine times out of ten.

Now Alice admits that she used to be sure of herself only as a singer; not as an actress. This naturally made her dubious regarding the things people thought and said about her. And not only as an actress either. Generally! For once fear is allowed to strike down roots it spreads. Then Alice's father died under circumstances unbefitting the parent of a rich movie star. The press, unaware that Alice's mother and father were separated, that her mother was with her, and that neither of them knew of Mr. Faye's predicament, went to town with their criticism. This was more than Alice, nursing a general resentment anyway, could stand. Immediately she assumed that the press disliked her and were her sworn enemies. It never occurred to her—and she's a smart girl usually—that there must be many men and
Then take a leaf out of the charm book of your favorite actress.

Don't be a dud... SHINE!

She encourages others to express themselves—Phyllis Brooks

Women on magazines and newspapers with whom she would be congenial, whom she would enjoy as friends.

In those days it wasn't easy to interview Alice. First of all, it was almost impossible to get an appointment. Once an appointment was made it was likely to be changed half a dozen times. And if you finally did get to her it availed you little or nothing. She was pleasant enough on the surface but she didn't really cooperate or talk. It was only when an interview was almost over and she had relaxed a little because of some chance remark or look that you realized she could thaw and be quite human. And there were many put out by this "Get-a-story-if-you-can" attitude who wrote stories that didn't help Alice at all, but hurt her. (Please turn to page 92)

She accepts people for what they are—Miriam Hopkins
Courage, a Heart—and Brains!

By Courtenay Marvin

This is a time of the year when a great many of us face ourselves frankly and don't exactly like what we see. The beginning of another year, the fact that many seem to bog down a little in mid-Winter, and the temptation of the love seat or cozy chair against the biting elements outside, undoubtedly contribute to this session of self-analysis. This mulling over oneself usually concentrates on appearance, personality, and success. If you do some constructive thinking, you'll get somewhere. If you hug the comfort of your chaise-longue and merely day-dream, you won't. Now, indeed, is the time for courage, a heart—and brains. Perhaps this will remind you of Judy Garland in "The Wizard of Oz," with her three strange companions, off for the Emerald City—seeking what they wanted, and finding.

It takes courage for a girl to change herself. Sometimes this means physical work, like removing an inch or two of hip, or it may mean stamina, like denying yourself your favorite foods because they do not mean beauty for you. It takes courage, too, to buck the opinion of friends when you decide to let your butter-colored hair return to its natural brown, because that's you. Alice Faye and Ida Lupino both know this experience—very well! Both looked in the mirror, made up their minds, and became themselves again, to their good fortune.

As to you, if you feel low about your looks, do something. Just what is the problem. So here are some starters. How is your hair? You probably know it needs more brushing at this season and probably a little night massage. But maybe you don't know that its beauty could be increased a hundred per cent with a beauty brightening rinse with your next shampoo. Your beauty salon can give you this or you can do it at home—very successfully. You might sit down before your dressing-table and try your hair this way and that. You might sleek it up high from the sides to discover you have beautiful ears. And then you might indulge in some earrings, not forgetting that pat of your most precious perfume behind the ears. You might discover that you look very elegant and alluring with a high front bang. If you wear your hair high in front, real or artificial flowers here for evening are very dramatic. Carole Lombard has a Winter-party coiffure that is very nice. Her hair is all swept to the top of her head in flat ringlets. At the center forehead, allowing about three inches of hair to show, she wears a cluster of violets to match a purple crépe frock, amethyst necklace, and earrings. If you are very young, you might sweep that top hair (Please turn to page 94)
Casual Spring, all-occasion classic, impeccably tailored by George Hess. Of Woold Top, a fabric of woven rayon and wool, with new softly flared skirt, exquisitely detailed with delf, feminine touches and heightened by a superb fit. In new dusty tones for a flower-like freshness under Winter coats—copen, light rose, aqua, caramel, as well as navy or white. About $15. This very wearable frock is a registered George Hess original.

For the business girl who works on her feet and for walkers, Dr. Scholl scientifically designs special shoes. Left, is a dashing, youthful spectator in softie-calf. It feels like kid and helps keep your feet beautiful and very fit. Smart stitching and perforations. This shoe may be had in black kid or brown bucke. $6.75.

To sleek down curves, to reef in a waistline, try Carter's Figleaf pantie girdle of sturdy, satiny peach lace. Front and back panels of vertical Lastex and rayon satin, run-resistant Millatuck crotch, In-viz-a-Grip front garters—all destined to give you a better Spring figure. Price, $5.

At right, is Dr. Scholl's version of a T-Strap model, in dressier mood. Here are graceful lines, support where needed and the softness of a kid glove over sensitive areas. Accented with stitching and punch-work. Feet on the ground, yet a sensation of walking on air aptly describes the joy of comfort to be experienced in Dr. Scholl's shoes. All have that costly look. The T-Strap model is black at $6.75.
YOUR guess about the authenticity of the Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston romance is as good as anyone's, because neither one of them will commit themselves in so many words. However, if you follow the undercover machinations of their appearances about Hollywood, you can't help but see the truth about the torches they carry. To throw us off the scent they both appear with other people, Dottie with a number of men-about-town, and Bob with a "Pasadena socialism." It has been hinted said girl is really a close relative of his. When Bob appears at an opening with his mother and Dorothy with a friend, their seats are always that close together, and the looks between them burn. At a recent party, Dorothy radiant arrived with Wynn Rochambeau, but I can vouch for it, she left with Robert Preston.

EVERY movie actor is grateful to any of his fans, even the humblest, and he is flattered by anyone's interest in his career. But when a celebrated personage seems intrigued by an actor it is doubly flattering. Adolphe Menjou tells the story of how puzzled, pleased, and awed he was, when, appearing in London one time, he was informed at his hotel that the celebrated George Bernard Shaw was waiting in the lobby to see him. For a moment he thought it was a gag, because he had never met the famous author, and so suggested that they send the gentleman up to his room if he cared to see him. To his amazement in walked Shaw, who tersely announced that he was doing something very unusual for him, and hurriedly made it clear that he, himself, didn't care to meet Menjou, but it was Mrs. Shaw who insisted that Menjou come to lunch. Shaw thought it only proper at least to have met him before asking him to lunch.

ERRUEL FLYNN has done it again. This time there is no secret about his plunge, and he doesn't care who knows it. He'll take any and all kidding. Flynn is off on another wild gold chase. It's the original, fabulous treasure of Captain Kidd that has him all excited again. He has already made two stabs at the selfsame treasure in entirely different spots in the Caribbean, and I might add, dropped a neat sum into each fantastic forage. This new clue places Captain Kidd's booty on a bleak island off the coast of Nova Scotia. That old pirate did get around! And how Flynn loves to follow the wildest stories about him, and play pirate. This time he will sink his money into some water-soaked diggings on that Northern island where Canadian treasure hunters have found traces of old Spanish gold. As a gag, I think I'll show Flynn my beautifully faked buried-treasure map. It puts that same treasure in the Pacific, in a much more pleasant climate and much nearer Hollywood.

THIS is a tip to all those schools which are trying to get Lana Turner to be present at their spring formals. Harvard, Yale, and Dartmouth are among the Eastern schools bidding for Lana's high-powered presence at their proms. It's too bad all those anxious boys are so far away. They'll be a little sore when they hear this, and it will give them an idea of how original they'd have to be if they got Lana for their entertainment. The local U. C. L. A. chapter of Phi Kappa Psi doesn't let any grass grow under their feet. Lana has already been their guest of honor at their annual ball, and those boys know how to throw a ball. They're probably in the very midst of their most pretentious Hollywood musical. When they presented Lana with a platinum link bracelet which bore a fraternity charm, and which made her, forever, the No. 1 Phi Psi sweetheart. Lana's still a little awed by the grandeur of it all and a little dizzy remembering all that dancing at U. C. L. A.
MY, MY what a thrill it was for those visitors from the frozen East who are thawing out at the El Mirador in the desert. One dazzling, sunny dawnning the entire hotel was roused by sounds of clashing steel out on the velvety green lawn. There, in excellent view of everyone, was an honest-to-goodness duel going on. The Eastern matrons immediately recognized the dashing Gilbert Roland, who was swapping swatches with an equally handsome Indian brave. Their blades flashed in the early morning sun, it was like a scene out of Sabatini. That is, until Joe Penner, of all people, popped out of a bush, and from behind a portable screen took on both the duelers for a side-splitting finish.

As you know, Sonja Henie's leading men are all supposed to be able to skate—but not too well. An amusing side-light on Sonja is that she usually picks leading men who can't skate at all. To watch her rag her man after she's got him out on the ice for the first time, is reminiscent of a spider playing tag with a fly. Robert Cummings, Sonja's new leading man, took an awful beating the day I watched Sonja having her fun. She ran circles, figure-eights, and squares around poor Cummings, who had a terrible time staying on his feet. After a half hour I was sure that Bob wouldn't care to contact a chair for weeks. But with a knowing wink, after all the shenanigans were over, he pulled a couple of squares of thick padding out of his pants. He hadn't been able to use a pillow because it would show, but the next best helped—tremendously.

They are telling the story of how terribly embarrassed Francis Lederer is because on his tour with the great Katharine Cornell it was Lederer who got a most tremendous play from the fans, all his movie fans. Miss Cornell has never evidenced any interest in the movies, or set much store by them, but she certainly got a gander on what it's like to be popularized by them. During her tour with "No Time for Comedy" it wasn't at all unusual to have a police guard in mid-western cities to keep the females from crashing their way right into Mr. Lederer's dressing room. They crawled through windows and hid for hours in darkened theaters to hear the bouncing Czech. They unexpectedly pounced at him from behind old scenery and out of dark corners. They usually got around to asking about Miss Cornell but it was Edgar Fox they wanted to see. The conscientious Mr. Lederer spent most of his time profusely apologizing to Miss Cornell and trying to laugh away those flattering but embarrassing attentions to him. However, Miss Cornell didn't mind.

Over at Paramount they've pulled so many terrifically pointed jokes on Andy Devine because of his ever-increasing girth that Andy was finally forced to do something about reducing. Everyone on the lot from office boy to producers kept making cracks about his size. Jack Benny had signs put up on all stage doors that were 15 or more feet wide that read "Reserved Exclusively for Use by Dimples Devine." The wardrobe department sent a polite note telling Devine that he needn't come in for fittings because they would be able to fit his clothes on a rain barrel they had just acquired. Something had to be done! Andy Devine took to reducing all right, but now he's the envy of Jack Benny and all his ribbers, and Andy only grins. He's arranged to get a daily morning work-out by joining the rehearsal of the Abbott dancers, a group of young swell-lookers who do very esthetic dancing with veils and things. And immediately everyone forgot about Andy Devine's weight.

Joan Bennett's gardener is the most chagrined man I know right now. He lives a constant, Edgar Kennedy slow burn, and no one can help him, poor guy! It's all because of some very fancy garden pots that sit on the top of the high wall around Joan's back yard. Almost every day one or more of them are unexplainably broken. The man can't stand the aspersions on his clumsiness much longer. But Joan is never upset by the breakage or the expense. The gardener thinks she is being very kind to him, but the truth is that Joan is covering up her own weakness. The whole answer lies in her recent stab at archery. She simply won't confess that the only targets she has been able to hit are those beautiful blue pots.

Marlene Dietrich gave herself a new car for Christmas because her cars are in the war. They were commandeered by the French government when they remained abroad after Marlene's last visit. Some army big shot is due for a jolt and a lot of kidding when he finds that complete built-in vanity and make-up compartment staring at him every day.

At the moment Dolores Del Rio is a laughing about an ancient but restful villa near Mexico City and feeling just like she did in the old days when she was the topnotch movie star. The war and the stepped-up movie interest in Mexican and South American trade has pushed Dolores right into another come-back that she vowed she would never make—unless she got the right picture. Her tremendous popularity in Latin America makes her a natural again. All of us may as well get used to an avalanche of pictures dreamed up for the much needed South American trade. When Dolores slipped down south of the border, alone, right after she finished "Arouse and Beware" all of Hollywood in a Greek chorus chanted "divorce." Dolores mixed the rumors once again by announcing that Cedric Gibbons would join her, at her recently acquired villa, in his first real visit to the Mexico from which Dolores came.
Carole Lombard couldn't imagine why people kept staring at her in such a surprised and amused way as she whizzed along Ventura Boulevard in her open car. Maybe it was because she was in fur's up to her ears, or maybe it was her bright red wool Christmas mittens that caught their eye. But it was cold driving an open car, even in California, and Carole was dressed for comfort. She knew that for some reason she was getting much more than her usual share of attention. It got embarrassing and finally annoying when people began shouting things at her. When they began pointing and doubling over with laughter, Carole knew something was wrong—but what? She found out when she got to the studio. She found a hen nestled down in the folds of the canvas top of her car, clutching on for dear life and very ruffled by the wind. That ranch hen picked the wrong roost.

Ann Sothern has always gone for things Mexican in a big way. None of her friends could ever understand her passion for the border towns and resorts. Even when the big hotels faded in popularity with the movie crowd, Ann always spent her free moments at the same sleepy little village on the Mexican coast. She learned to speak Spanish expressively for the purpose of making real friends at her favorite vacation spot. She spent a lot of time and sincere effort trying to help her new, less fortunate acquaintances. Soon, everyone in the quaint old place got to know Ann Sothern, motion picture actress, and just last week the entire town reciprocated in a warm and touching gesture. They have decided two choice ocean front acres of land to her, and now Ann will build a permanent vacation home there.

IT was a great thrill for the tiny coast town of Pismo Beach to have a big movie location move right into their midst. The entire town was agog because Joan Crawford was reported really to have arrived in her limousine, in true movie star fashion. Every youngster in the village was out for an autograph. The Crawford name was magic until the youngsters found out that the guy driving an old station wagon looked like Clark Gable. When they found out that it was Gable, and he fixed up an immediate game of softball to entertain the mob, because the weather got too foggy to work glamour queen Crawford was lost in the shuffle. No one minded being put out on first base, because King Gable was playing that position.

Ralph Meeker has been spending a few days working on the location of "The Big Star," which stars Bette Davis and Robert Taylor. He is in the house across the street from the set. The movie, a romantic drama, is being shot under the studio's own top-secret code name, "Alcatraz," which is the name of the island in San Francisco Bay. The picture is being made for Columbia Pictures, and is in the hands of the company's top executive, Harry Cohn. The story is about a gangster who is sent to the Alcatraz Penitentiary, and his escape from the prison. The film is directed by Howard Hawks, who is known for his direction of such films as "Red River" and "Rio Bravo.

The seasonal trek to Palms Springs is on again and the town's talk is mostly about the lure of the desert. In comparing tours Ginger Rogers and Dolores del Rio come out way on top. Week-ends, now, mean a dark-bespectacled bicycle binge. Everyone rides bicycles at the desert resorts, even before breakfast. A smart innovation at the Desert Inn is a bicycle breakfast. You bicycle into the desert and down for your food cooked in the open. The amusement spots are gayer than ever this year, with more atmosphere. The Racquet Club is completely done over, the red-canopied dining room has a very sophisticated floor show, and the high spot of an evening there is Ralph Bellamy's impromptu master-of-ceremonies stunt at the microphone. He's a Bellamy you never saw in the movies.
OUR glamor girls have a terrible time trying to keep track of their little bottles like diamond-studded cigarette cases and sapphires as big as hen's eggs. They're always being tragically misplaced, but, luckily, rarely lost. A typical scene came at the latest showing of a flock of new exciting jewelry at the Somerest House. The sight of all the sparklers together was eye-opening, but, to me, they looked as old as all the detectives' faces, who filled the room to the point of suffocation. All the girls were pointing at the trinkets they expected to get (I felt awkwardly sorry for every man in the room) when, abruptly, light in the middle of things, Virginia Bruce, with a little squeal, announced that her sables had suddenly disappeared. Pretty soon the detectives were wailing out of the sides of their mouths, looking under tablecloths and getting generally tough. Then, with a giggie and a tame apology, Virginia happened to remember she had left the darned things in her car after all. The machine wasn't locked, but there sat the fur piece waiting for her.

The line-up of "The Day-Time Wife," Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell played a complicated game of give and take, and in the end Linda won out by a few points. It doesn't seem possible that Tyrone is a veteran at picture-making but he knew how to put Linda at ease by placing the blame on himself after she was a nervous wreck from repeatedly fumbling her lines. Tyrone kiddingly demanded as a reward, a very professional-looking charcoal drawing that Linda had done of him. But Tyrone wasn't content with that alone. He pointed out that Linda owed him more. For his posing, Tyrone demanded, also, a photograph of Linda, which he held up on her charcoal until it was duly autographed by Tyrone himself. Then she turned Indian giver and took it back because it was autographed by Tyrone himself. Then she turnedIndian giver and took it back because it was autographed by Tyrone himself. Then she turned Indian giver and took it back because it was autographed by Tyrone himself. Then she turned Indian giver and took it back because it was autographed by Tyrone himself. Then she turned Indian giver and took it back because it was autographed by Tyrone himself. Then she turned Indian giver and took it back because it was autographed by Tyrone himself. Then she turned Indian giver and took it back because it was autographed by Tyrone himself. Then she turned Indian giver and took it back because it was autographed by Tyrone himself. Then she turned...

Are These Beauties Battling?

BELIEVE it or not the remodeling going on at the Bob Hope's new home is a consequence of a Christmas present that Bob received which was so large he couldn't get it in the house. The recreation room in the Hope's beautiful lodgings was made to accommodate only an average-sized piano. A very dear friend, generous but unthinking, gave Bob an exceedingly valuable, but much oversized piano for Christmas. Not only did the whole room have to be made larger to give the instrument room, but so did the doors to get it in, and out again should Bob decide to move. However, the most poignant irony lies in the fact that no one in the house can play the piano.

PHYLLIS BROOKS' brother isn't com- plaining a bit. He gets all the surplus of the over-supplied wardrobe that Cary Grant can't hope to wear himself. The two are ex- actly the same size. . . . Anita Louise's going-to-bed costume never varies. She always wears long-sleeved, pink cotton nightg- ues. . . . Gale Page demands a personal palm print as well as your signature in her guest book. It's for future ponders of her guest's fate from the telltale lines in their hands. . . . Those smart and different sports clothes of Ida Lupino's come from kids' shops. She's so tiny she can wear...
Fred and Eleanor were war-ring; they even knew him, didn't you did? And when I said between them was turning Eleanor into a nervous wreck. Perhaps you heard or read those rumors. If you did, you'll be interested in here and I had to beg facts. I've known Eleanor for a long time and I've always known her to be very frank. Eleanor wanted to talk about Fred Astaire. If there were a feud between them, she would admit even that.

She began by saying, "The first question everyone asks me is, 'How do you like dancing with Fred Astaire?' Well, it's a shame I can't tell him and the world how I really feel about him, but if I go overboard, they'll say that I'm in love with him! So I'll just take off by saying that if anyone had told me five years ago that I would ever dance with Fred Astaire, I would have thought him the victim of a brain-storm! Why, I remember a night when I was dancing at Billy Rose's Casino de Paris in New York and was told that Fred Astaire had booked a ringside table. It was really very funny. I was so nervous; this was such a major event in my life, that all the waiters decided to help me, and when I did my number not one of them was to be seen on the floor—they were all back-stage or spotted around the house applauding their heads off. I've told Fred about it since. I said to him, 'You must have thought that I was a sensation!'"

"I had always dreamed meeting Fred. I didn't want our meeting to be a casual 'how-do.' I wanted him to remember the meeting when or if it ever happened. I'd had several opportunities to meet him and always ducked them all. I was at the races one day, last year, and Al Jolson said to me, 'There's Fred Astaire over there, you know.' I don't know how to explain it but I said that I didn't. Al almost broke down in a Mummy song, he thought it was so ridiculous. He was all for introducing us right then and there, and I had to beg him not to. I explained that I wanted our meeting to be at a piano or some place where we could really sit and talk shop.

"When I heard that Fred was free-lancing I thought, 'It just wouldn't be my luck to have him come to M-G-M.' When I heard he was coming to M-G-M and that, if all went well, we were to be teamed in "Broadway Melody of 1940," I walked around for days with all ten fingers crossed! Then, one day, Mr. Mervyn LeRoy said to me, "Eleanor, I want you to meet Fred at luncheon here in the executive bungalow tomorrow!" Well, I got there twenty minutes early. I was shaking like seven aspen leaves. He was an almost mythical person to me, you see. You fans should know how I felt. I am an Astaire fan, the most rabid of them all! I felt, too, that I was really coming up against Someone who Really Knows! When I got there, Mr. LeRoy suggested that I hide behind the door. Pretty soon, Fred came in—he was ten minutes early—and he went straight over to Mr. LeRoy and said, "Where is she? Where is she? and his voice sounded as aspeny as I felt. We finally sat down to luncheon—Mr. LeRoy, Jack Cummings, the producer of "Broadway Melody," and Norman Taurog, our director. The Big Moment of the luncheon came when Mr. Cummings suggested that we both stand, back to back—our height had something to do with our suitability as partners, you see. I knew that if I were much taller than Fred, it wouldn't be so good. As I got to my feet, I was muttering to myself, 'Please, Lord, make me smaller!' and then I heard Mr. Taurog shout, "Hooray, he's two inches taller!"

"After the luncheon was over, I thought, desperately, that I must find something to talk to Fred about, something that would break the ice. I had found out that he is very keen about Benny Goodman's records, and so I suggested to him that we go over to the practice hall and play some of the records, which I had, providentially, brought with me. I put the records on and we played them and played them. At that meeting I learned how thin-skinned and sensitive Fred is. Meaning to be funny, and complimentary at the same time, I said to him, "You know, Mr. Astaire, I'm really disappointed that you signed for this picture!" Well, you never saw such a long face as he pulled then. I almost expected him to stick out his lower lip and cry! And then I said, "You see, I thought I might have things to look forward to on the screen, but after this—what is there?" And then he smiled, he was still shy, but he smiled.

"I tried another tack. I said, "We're in an awful spot, you and I. You know, they're going to say that we quarrel; they'll work up a feud between us. They'll say that I make up all the routines or that you work out all the routines, that there's jealousy. I am in a worse spot than you are, if possible, because I have to try to overshadow a predecessor and you don't!" We agreed that we'd pay no attention to anything anyone said or printed.

"Well, it was really very funny," laughed Eleanor, "the way we hedged about actually getting up and taking the first step. The first day we met after that initial introduction we had the sheet music of "Begin the Beguine" with us. We sat side by side looked at it, each waiting for the other..."
to make the first move. Finally I said, 'It's three o'clock already—do you—or—want to
start work this afternoon?'

'No,' said Fred, with alacrity, 'I think—er—tomorrow.' 'What time?' I asked.
'What time do you say?' countered Fred. 'Any time you say,' I insisted. And then
began an Alphonse and Gaston routine in which I insisted that he name the time
and he insisted that I name the time, and I had visions of this going on forever, and I
finally blurted out, Ten o'clock in the morning, how's that with you?' and he
said, 'If it's all right with you, it's fine
with me.'

Then he said, 'Do you mind if I have
my piano player? 'Not at all,' I told him. I
thought, 'He's on a strange lot, everything
is strange to him, and if a familiar
face will make him feel at home, that's
time with me.'

"If you have the maternal instinct, even
a smidgen of it, you just go overboard
about Fred," Eleanor explained. "He's got
the same quality that Chaplin has. I think
you just sort of feel sorry for him, without
any reason. And he's so kind—do you
know that, before we started this picture,
he said to George Murphy (also a dancer,
remember, and also in the cast of 'Broad-
way Melody'), 'If my being in this picture
is going to hurt you, George, I'd rather not
do it. I'd get another picture!' George said
he'd do nothing of the sort, that he had
always wanted to see Fred and me toget-
her, that he was so happy we finally
were together—and you can believe me,
this is not little Ellie being pleasant for
publicity purposes. I wouldn't dare to
tell anything about Fred that wasn't precisely
so. And while on this subject, if there had
been even the slightest little feeling be-
tween us, I'd say so—I'm frank enough,
as you well know!

"Well, the next morning we began again.
Again we had the sheet music of Begin
the Beguine with us. I said, 'Well, here
we are—we've been dodging this long
enough!' Fred said, 'Let's hear the music
first.' Now, we'd both heard the Beguine
until it came out of our ears, but anything
to get us on our feet, so we heard it again,
and still we sat, side by side, like two
awkward kids on Amateur Night!

"Finally I thought, 'Well, one of us has
got to get up!' I said, 'I know an old
routine Jack Donohoe taught me.' I thought,
'This will get me on my feet,' so I started
to tap, and Fred suddenly said, 'How would
it be if you put a heel-tap on that middle
step, like this?' And then he was on his feet,
and I said, 'Fine—look, you jam around
over there and I'll jam around over here,
and when one of us sees a step we like,
we'll sing out.' Well, we started tap danc-
ing, and he'd say, 'That one right there, oh,
I love it,' and I wouldn't know which one
he meant but pretty soon it didn't matter,
we were just doing it.

"From that time on, I want to tell you,
there never have been two people who hit
a chord like we did! Why, we could turn
our backs to each other and we'd both do
the same rhythm. When I danced back to
back with Fred, I felt like I was up
against my own back! We aren't two
dancers; we're one dancer. Our inner body
rhythms were so attuned you'd think we'd
been working together for years. We work
alike, Fred and I. Either of us knows
where the camera is half the time, either.
That day when I asked him if I could call
him Fred, he said, 'I should say so; this
"Mr. Astaire, Mr. Astaire" is driving me
crazy.' But you see, you don't call Mr.
Astaire Fred, not until the barriers dis-
solve, not until he asks you to. Fred is
very gentlemanly, very straight, very
distant or—very near. So we became
like two set designers," smiled Ellie. "One
designer likes blue, you know; the other
likes pink; they combine them and get a
pinkish-blue, a blend.

Mr. Astaire, I fancy, expected a co-
worker when he knew that he was to dance
with Eleanor. But he also wondered a little.
She was, because she wanted to be, because
"You can't help wanting to do things for
Fred." She'd run and get a towel for him
when he was tapping and she wasn't. And
his gratitude, not to say amazement, was
something special to see! He'd say, 'You
know how to get a man that towel?' In every possible way, she
was considerate of him. Eleanor's sets have
always been Open House on the lot; the
more visitors the merrier for Ellie! But
Fred doesn't like visitors, since they make
him nervous, and so Eleanor gave orders
to have the sound stage doors locked. She'd
order his luncheon for him. She'd consult
with him, saying, "Chicken pot pie?"; he'd
agree. He'd say, 'Coffee,' and she'd say,
'No, certified milk; better for you!'

They actually became chummy, Ellie
and Fred, so chummy that when she did a
step he especially fancied he'd run across
to her and hug her and exclaim, "Oh, Ellie,
that was wonderful!" When they were
working out a routine together and had
been working for seven hours straight,
he'd say to him, "Honey, do you want to
try this again?"

One day Eleanor came upon Fred walk-
ing around the set trying to talk without
moving his tongue. Now, Ellie, as she goes
about her business, has a childish habit of
humming to herself, or she'll imitate people
doing Grand Opera, and when she heard
Fred doing the tongue-tied talk, she ex-
claimed, "Good gosh, he's as nuts as I am!"
“Dancing keeps you young, you know,” explained Eleanor. “You’ve got to be light of heart to be a dancer. Think of Marilyn Miller. She was in The Road to Havana, you know, she died, Pavlov, Mistinguett, never looking half their age, never feeling it, never having time to feel time passing.

And now we are coming to me, to the reason why married, and time is one of them. Not long ago, for instance, a very grand, very eligible man came to town. Billy Seymour, who has been my good friend—He was the one I had Wood, who takes me to previews when I want to go and is always on tap when I’m not taking, told me he wanted me to meet this eligible man. He was the one I reported to have said, ‘If I could meet Eleanor Powell, I’d lose my mind!’ Well, we were in the middle of ‘Broadway Melody’ then, I was rehearsing seven hours a day. When I’d get through, my hair would be falling down my back, I’d be tired, all in. Besides the seven hours a day we were rehearsing, I had, and have, vocal lessons every morning. I have my dramatic lessons from Phyllis Laughton, all this before my seven hours with Fred. At the end of the day I’d have the bath, an hour’s massage and dinner. Then I’d go to bed at ten, with my script, going over my lines for the next day. And that was that, and that has been that, right along.

And I didn’t meet the young man—and perhaps it’s just as well I didn’t. He might not have lost his mind if he’d met what was so obviously a tramp, but he certainly wouldn’t have lost his heart, either!

‘I’m driving Mother crazy’,” laughed Ellie, a little sadly. “She wants me to get married. She wants to see me happy, and settled in life. She doesn’t think that I am very happy. She says to me, practically every day, ‘If you don’t anywhere, how are you going to meet anyone?’ She has something there, of course. But the thing is, I haven’t something there, not much of anything at the day’s end.

‘I know men like Fred Astaire and George Murphy and I don’t seem to make single men measure up to them. I think, if I could only meet someone who would some day say about me, as Fred and George do about their wives, ‘My wife, this, and my wife, that.’

‘A girl came on the set one day, a stunner in a red gown and with coal black hair. Instantly George said, ‘Julie has a red gown and you should see her in it!’ Fred’s wife was bitten by a dog while she was on the golf course one morning and he was so upset he couldn’t even eat! Fred always shares his life with the newspaper.

‘I’ve been in love once,’ Ellie told me, then, ‘just once in my life, really in love. No, not with Abe Lyman, that engagement was mostly publicity. But with someone I don’t know, no, not with Robert Taylor. I did go out with him occasionally, but that was long ago, long before he went with Barbara Stanwyck, even before he went with his wife, that.

‘But I hope to find love again,’ Ellie was continuing, her voice muted. ‘If I could meet that Someone, I’d give up my career, right here and now. I’d make another picture. If I could only meet someone,’ she laughed a little, ‘who would sweep me off my feet, who would send me a rose every day. That’s what I want.

‘Let’s be married tonight, now, this very hour!’—and then be solid afterwards!

‘For I would have to find that combination. I do too much thinking, too much analyzing, you know. I would have to be a storm, and he would have to be an older man, a man in his middle thirties, preferably. I like older men. I’m not much attracted to younger men. I work too hard to feel ‘sympatia’ with the hey-hey, happy-go-lucky boy type. And I’m very

thodical. Everything with me has been routines, so that a storm is needed to carry me away, but there would have to be a safe and sound harborage after the storm.”

“I’m looking for an American man with Continental manners, and when I find him, when I have time to find him, he’ll be the answer to ‘Whom will I marry?’” said Ellie.

She added just one thing, as she walked down the garden path with me, “Everyone thinks I’m so frivolous—It’s too bad they can’t know—being a tap dancer, you know, labels you as a light person. If you are a ballerina, people say, ‘Oh, ah, she’s lived.’ Sometimes it’s more poignant,” said Ellie, ending on a smiling sigh, “if they think to say, ‘Oh, ah, she hasn’t lived.’”

READING MY NEW PLAY? MAXWELL ANDERSON. The next few minutes were a study in accelerated action, with Bella waving the wire at Muni, and Muni leaping to the phone, for Anderson was in Hollywood.

Two days later they both remember it was Tuesday—Mrs. Anderson brought the play over. In an effort to hide the excitement he considered childish, Muni said, “I’ll let you know on Thursday. I haven’t had a chance to react to it by then.”

Knowing full well he was going to pounce on it the moment she left, Bella did persuade him to eat his dinner first, after which he rehearsed the last study until closed the door. A moment later he poked his nose out, “Maybe we’ll be going to New York,” he grumbled. She said, “I only hope.” A New York trip was hard for her.

“Now wait a minute! There’s still a fifty-fifty chance, I’m going to read the last act.”

The clock ticked off another forty-five minutes. Then Muni was standing in the doorway, eyes aglow in his quiet face. “That fellow sure can write,” he was saying lightly.

It was then Bella felt with a surge of excitement that their seven-year-quest had come to an end. “Want to read it?” asked Muni. “The choice is yours, and I’ll give you my report, with only the occasional thump of Simon’s tail to punctuate the silence. Then Muni came in. “I’ve read two acts,” he said softly. “It’s beautifully written, but I don’t think I can do the part.”

His wise wife smiled. “So we’re not going to New York. Never mind, I’ll take a couple of weeks off instead by myself.”

“Now wait a minute! There’s still a fifty-fifty chance. I’m going to read the last act.”

She got up early, and as she finished the script, heard Muni singing for breakfast. She was in the room on the heels of his tray, slamming the tray down on the desk. “You’re going to do this, isn’t it the last thing you do?” Above the rim of his coffee-cup, his face was like a happy child’s. “You like it that much? You’re not kidding me? You think I can do it?”

Ordinarily, he takes a long time to accept a goal of well-nigh impossible perfection which he sets himself makes him more conscious of where he falls short of that goal than of where he approaches it. This time, however, Bella’s choice was almost enough.

“All right, all right! Got anything important to do? Mind if I read it to you?”

When he’d reached the end of the second act, he closed his eyes and met, with only the occasional thump of Simon’s tail to punctuate the silence. Then Muni came back. There was a moment’s silence. Then he walked to the phone and called Anderson’s number. “I’d like to do your play,” he said.

The Andsunders came over at four next day and stayed till midnight. Muni read them the play. He was nervous before starting. He had been casting for men like Maxwell Anderson and Guthrie McClintic, the producer, and for their achievement in the theatre. He tends to lose sight, in his own work, of his comparables. When he finished reading and Anderson tried to express his pleasure, Muni flushed and shivered with the lot of convincing that made graceful responses.

“There’s one thing that worries me,” he interposed hastily. “You know, I’m no juvenile, you know, I’m a young man. I don’t want to be one of those actors who forgets he’s growing older.”

Anderson grinned. “I’d intended making the guy about twenty, anyway.” I’ve seen him without make-up, I think I’ll cut him down to twenty-eight.”

As a director of the Playwrights’ Pro—

Muni Goes to Town

Continued from page 25

not later than July 1st. “We Are Not Alone” was scheduled after “Juezar.” He’d decided on it, both because he admired Hilton’s work and felt it would be a good idea to make a non-epic for a change. It was also a relief to go into a part that required no make-up. Only a mustache, which he grew, and an English accent in which Flora Robson coached him. “Beethoven” was to follow the Hilton story—provided he didn’t find a play.

The script arrived in May, and disappointed him. “We’re doing ‘Beethoven,'” he told Bella. They had planned a trip to Honolulu before starting “We Are Not Alone.” On the eve of their departure, a producer sent Muni two acts of another play, which so impressed him that he all but abandoned “Beethoven.” Prudence bade him wait till he’d read the third act, which was just as well, for, having read it, he sighed, “We’re still doing ‘Beethoven.’”

Bella’s first job on their return from Honolulu was to rent a house, her second to go over the mail. “Nothing important,” said Muni’s secretary, handing her a batch of letters and bills and ads. Down at the bottom of the pile, she came on a wire. “WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN

She wears a pretty smile, dons a lovely gown, does a mean rumba—Virginia Field in “Cisco Kid and the Lady,” with “Kid” Cesar Romero.
Saint or Devil? Continued from page 29

enter, some day and sent to Bellevue for observation, Muni stopped traffic at Broadway and 42nd one afternoon by impersonating a hick who couldn't extricate himself from the jam. There must have been something appealing about him. While horns hooted and drivers swore, the harried cop took him by the arm, planted him on the sidewalk, and commanded him to "Stand there, Hi, till I find yuh nurse girl." Airedales are Bella's hazard. No dog of theirs, smiles at them, holds conversations with them. Though their owners may raise descending eyebrows in the best New York manner, the dogs themselves don't seem to mind.

As this is written, the Munis are in New York with "Key Largo." The glowing reports of play and performance indicate that they will spend at least part of the winter in New York. Still, New York is an interlude. Mr. Muni goes to town, but Mr. Muni will be in thick upper room kitchenette and bath—no frills, no servants' quarters, no chance of its ever turning into an epic. He's going to furnish it himself, with hangings from no one. That's what he says now, anyway. It's to be his kingdom, and he its unconditional monarch. Even Bella will come out only by invitation. And she'll have to cook.

ducing Guild. Anderson is empowered to draw up contracts. On a sheet of paper supplied by Bella, he and Muni drew up a binding agreement, which the essentials were in three lines. The rest of the day was given to discussing and planning. When the door closed behind their guests, he hurried to his wife. "So I'm engaged, hm?"

"So I'm going to New York, hm?" Bella retorted.

He put "Key Largo" out of his mind, as one puts a Christmas package on a shelf, to devote himself to "We Are Not Alone." As you've heard before, he's obsessed by the part and has the patience and self-control for the inevitable period of stress and strain. In this case, it began the evening he saw "Mr. Chips." She had literally to drag him to the theatre, which he did. I rushed for the purpose of informing the studio that he couldn't undertake Dr. Nemo-one. "It would be sheer arrogance," he stormed, "for me to play an Englishman in a Hilton story after that perfect performance of Donat's."

She argued with him for hours and prevailed upon him only by pointing out that it was too late to withdraw. Not till the picture is finished, does she relax. For though he continues to mutter, "I should have done that scene this way-plans she has the final unanswerable word, "It's in the can now, darling. What are you going to do about it?" Once, standing beside her chair, he said, "You've got something in your hair." "Mhm. This one's from 'Zola,' this one's from 'Paster,'" she told him, "and this one's from 'Jaurez.'" Her husband wasn't impressed.

While the picture was shooting, Muni spent many nights at the studio that gave up the rented house. Bella stayed with her brother and sister-in-law. The house liked the house anyway. Indeed, so annoyed did he become by the restrictions placed on his roving spirit that he ran away. Muni was hurt, bewildered, and indignant. "If that's all he cares about us, let him stay away, I won't let him in, if he does come back." Four days later a dirty, dishevelled Simon, his conscience apparently quite clear, bounded into the arms of his master, who all but wept with relief.

So now they were homeless. The Palos Verdes houses was sold. The ranch-house had been put on the market. Bella looked the other way when it turned over to the agent. She had always loved the ranch-house. She had left it off a necessary check-up visit to the place, till she could put it off no longer. When she got there, her heart turned over. She was less even lovelier than she remembered. Three years earlier she'd had a pergola built, with grapevines trained over it. The Easterer in her had hawked after Concord grapes, and here they hung in thick purple clusters. Three years earlier she'd planted some almond trees outside her bedroom. They'd been sticks when she left. Now they were tall green beauties, shadoned in from the window. That night she said to her husband: "Would you consider moving back to the ranch-house?"

He couldn't see it wasn't a casual question. "You don't want to give it up? All right. You can have the ranch-house, if I can have my shack at the beach."

Not fair, he told her. She could build it before he left. But he could and did make exhaustive plans. On seven and a half acres of beach property, this shack of his dreams will go up. A 400-square room kitchenette and bath—no frills, no servants' quarters, no chance of its ever turning into an epic. He's going to furnish it himself, with hangings from no one. That's what he says now, anyway. It's to be his kingdom, and he its unconditional monarch. Even Bella will come out only by invitation. And she'll have to cook.

If this gives the impression that there are times when Muni enjoys solitude, it's a correct impression. There are also times when he doesn't. He's no brooding hermit. Though he hates crowds and is shy of strangers, he can be as companionable as the next. While you don't catch him loafing at the Coconut Grove, he's an expert dancer, and, to the tune of Benny Rubin's cornet, will do a soft-shoe specialty on his own hearthstone that would make Jaurez whistle. He's been known to give vent to his spirits by leaning out of his car and gravely shaking the hand of a lady, whose arm is out for a left turn.

"That's Hollywood," says Bella, "where everyone's crazy and we can get away with murder." In New York, she's afraid they'll be picked up, singly or in an extra smart Eve, that one, with more subtle sophistication in her finger-tips than most stars have in their entire anatomy. No women men go to Hollywood, says Muni.

My press agent friend was back. "See that girl over there?" he said. "That's her daughter Maria. She's shot up something for the last few weeks and can't try to conceal her, but has her, on the set with her nearly every day. See that whistle the missus' doing? That's Marlene. Dietrich gave it to him. He called her one day and she didn't answer, and he said, 'In the future, Miss Dietrich, I'll whistle to say, 'All right, you Marlene, 'whistle.' And the next day she presented him with an expensive whistle, all monogrammed, from the best jewelers. And that fellow over there has a cigarette case she gave him that's a knock-out. He had to watch her words when she was doing her song recordings and so she had an impression of her mouth made in the inside of the case. The hairdressers are crazy about her and the waitresses in the commissary—she eats right in there with everybody, none of this I-want-to-be-alone-in-bedroom room stuff about Marlene—practically shave and push each other down to wait on her. I'm telling you, she's a Dietrich!"

And I'm telling you, my friends, that the press agent is full of soap. There isn't a New Dietrich. It's the same Old Dietrich, for which heaven has been sold. Indeed, it didn't change a bit. I admit that at first I was a little skeptical. Marlene hasn't made a picture in Hollywood in over two years—not since she reviewed about the studio business. And it is reported that she used to get $150,000 for a picture, and that she made "Destry Rides Again" for $75,000. (If I know Marlene, and I think I do, she would have made that picture for nothing, so enchanted was she with the part of Frenchie, the dance hall dame.) A drop in the exchange, and a drop in the box office, is nothing more than a drop in the bucket to a Glamor Girl. It has a very chastening effect. Yes, I admit, I was a bit wary at first.

She matched Marlene on a one scratch and pull and bite on the spot a set day that I have spent an afternoon with Marlene at her bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel, and take great pleasure in announcing, and definitely, that Marlene hasn't changed. She hasn't any wings, or any halo. Why all this hoopla about the New Dietrich she doesn't know. She'll tell you that she's just like she always was, a little good, and a little bad.

Marlene always was the "easiest touch" in the world. I've known her off and on for some seven years now, and with the possible exception of Joan Crawford she has paid more hospital bills and handed out more groceries, rent checks, and dinner coats than any star in Hollywood. (She'll die a pauper, her friends have said for years.) And I suppose with the exception of Stanwyck, who has donated more watches, cigarette cases, bill folders, and bracelets to the people who work with her than any star in Hollywood. She's a big heart, this Marlene, and the presents to people who can't afford expensive presents. She adores sending flowers to people to whom an Orchid is an Event. But she gets mad when you write about it. "I don't want to be known as Good Deeds Dietrich," she'll complain.
Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 15

by a minister who lived in California back in 1870! He made notes for his sermons and put down what he got for each one, $2 one Sunday, $1.50 the next. I checked up for a month and he made $17.50, including weddings, christenings, funerals and services. I felt as if I had stepped back into the history of California.

Another archway leads to the white marble fireplace, with its ornate iron or metal screen. "Mother was simply enchanted with that mantel," cried Una. "She says this is the first time she has ever found a place to put two of her most cherished possessions, those two Dresden vases, given her for her wedding—her wedding, not mine. They look lovely there with the Dresden clock. Over in that archway, you can see her decorated French desk. I tell you, no architect ever designed this house, he dreamed it one hectic night!

"We've just moved in, you know, and this house has been a parade of moving men, men bringing in new furniture, men coming to connect pipes, turn on gas, fix lamps and so on. Yesterday, a man came bringing two large moving boxes. He'd been here so often that we felt we knew each other very well. He began: 'Look, I'm no salesman, but a friend of mine said you might like some andirons for your fireplace. I'll start a fire they have to be moved.' "In that case," I murmured, 'I'd better ask you to take them back. That's what I was going to do, lady,' he replied, and off he went.

"It's been a madhouse moving in. Everyone worked so hard that I felt so sorry for my dear piano that I told the mover that I had cases of root beer and pots of hot coffee all the time, so whatever they wanted they could get. They came so often that I got to know them and before they came in I could say to Katie, my cook: 'He'll want coffee,'—or 'He'll want beer.'

Mother went to a wedding in the middle of it. I didn't talk to her about managing it—and she came home with a piece of wedding cake for me to dream on. Next morning Katie greeted me with: 'Don't eat today, Mrs. Dietrich. You dream about it or it won't come true.' I told her I dreamed that a little newsboy came marching upstairs to where I was lying in bed, sat on the floor, and put a root beer and cakes for him. Stop right there," said Katie. 'That's no dream. I do it all the time.'

One of the ideal things about Una's new home is that upstairs the house can be shut off into three suites: one for her mother, complete with dressing-room and bath in blue and silver; one for her father, done in light wood and equipped with desk, bookcases and deep chairs; and a large one for Una and Ronnie Burla, her husband, the singer, which includes a dressing-room, a sitting-room, furniture in white and gold, blue walls, two bathrooms and dressing-room.

There's a deck upstairs with a pull-out bed, painted in the colors of her favorite flowers, overlooking the garden. "Once, they tell me, director Sidney Franklin lived up here and cured himself of arthritis with sunbaths, relates the young lady, and it's the perfect place for sunbathing. Look at the magnolia, the crepe myrtle and the sycamore below us. That's our largest patio with tiled floor and awning, large enough for our living room. The garage has room for several cars, but it closes with a roll-up awning. A break for Ronnie, I tell him—he never shut a garage door in his life!"
QUESTION TO MISS BIDDLE:
Miss Biddle, does a girl looking forward to her thrilling debut year take any special care of her complexion?

ANSWER: "Oh, a good, regular beauty routine is terribly important! I use both Pond's Creams every day of my life—Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse and soften my skin night and morning, and freshen it during the day. It's all wrong to put new make-up on top of old, so I always give my skin a good Pond's cleansing before fresh make-up."

QUESTION: Doesn't an afternoon of skiing make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

ANSWER: "No, it really doesn't. You see, I spread a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream over my skin before going outside—for protection. When I come in, I use Vanishing Cream again. It smooths little roughnesses right away—gives my skin a soft finish that takes powder divinely!"

QUESTION TO MISS BOARMAN:
What does a good complexion mean to a high-school girl, Miss Boarman?

ANSWER: "It means plenty! No inferiority complex—and loads more fun! And it's so easy to help keep your skin in good condition! Pond's 2 Creams seem to be all I need—Pond's Cold Cream to make my skin clean and fresh looking, and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

QUESTION: Miss Boarman, your make-up looks as fresh as if you were just starting out for a dance, instead of just going home! How do you do it?

ANSWER: "I have a system! Before even touching a powder puff, I cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream. After that, I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for make-up foundation. Then comes powder. It goes on like velvet and clings for ages!"

SEND FOR POND'S
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POND'S, Dept. 78-CYB, Clinton, Conn.

With the last strains of "Home Sweet Home" at the DeMolay "Formal," Phyllis and her date hurry to be "first comers," best served" at Pat's Cabin.
He's Living for Today

Continued from page 30

thirty-five days to make. Because of my recent illness we worked six instead of eight hours a day. But I could have done eight on my head. 'Stop me, Bill,' said Van Dyke. 'I've got had too fast for you.' 'Don't think of slowing down on my account,' he advised Hollywood's speediest director. It felt good to be working again, especially with my old gang. We knew another's way, and they're all exceedingly expert. With everybody evincing the utmost concern for my delicate condition I couldn't have come back to more considerate surroundings. To add to the happy conditions, it was most gratifying to be with Myrna Loy in our eighth picture.

"By this time," it was assumed, "you must feel fairly well acquainted with her." And most pleasantly, he glowingly emphasized, "Myrna Loy has that AAA rating in my particular Bradstreet's—as far as I know, in everybody's Bradstreet's. One thing that I hoped for in the hospital was to get there. Various contingencies set me to thinking there.

"You found it a good place to think?" "I found it," supplemented the clever Powell, "a place to think of a good many things.

"What did you think of?" "What did you think of, Charlie?" he countered, "you have to think of caviar again. (Champagne was left high and extra dry.) In short, I was a complete flop. Playboys, I found, were born, not made. Congenitally, it just wasn't in me. I would go on as ever in salons and casinos, but not with me as any part of it. That was definitely out."

As to whether he always had taken this Spartan view of the matter, Mr. Powell reluctantly admitted: "N-no, not exactly. From your usual dogged pursuit of it, I suspect you want the truth. Sure you wouldn't rather have another drink? Sorry. Since, then, you must have the truth, here it is: At one time it was my ambition to be a retired millionaire movie star in residence on the Riviera and living exclusively on champagne and caviar. I went over there and put in three or four months rehearsing my self-appointed role. I never want to go there again. (Champagne was left high and extra dry.) In short, I was a complete flop. Playboys, I found, were born, not made. Congenitally, it just wasn't in me. I would go on as ever in salons and casinos, but not with me as any part of it. That was definitely out."

Suiting action to the word, the reformer Sybarite smuffed out his cigarette, then recalled: "But once I seemed to be working altogether too hard. However, by some chance, I happened to have a day off between pictures. Accordingly, a hummable holiday was planned. Not that this was my own hymn idea. Credit for it, granting it deserved any credit, must go to my young son. Strangely, the boy wanted me to take him to one of my pictures, and rashly I consented. Of course I realized I'd be running the risk of having some observant patron of the cinema recognize my introspective and unfeeling remark, 'All that Bill Powell does when he's not working is chase around and look at himself on the screen.' But even with that disturbing thought in mind, I girded up my cheaters, the good old dark glasses, and prepared to forthwith. Better look first, dad,' advised my prudent offspring, 'and see if you're in anything.' Frowning down this aspersion, I nevertheless consulted the movie ads in a morning paper. In anything? To my horror, I seemed to be in everything. There was William Powell in 'The Last of Mrs. Cheyney,' this Powell person in 'After the Thin Man,' W. P. in 'Belles of the City,' that Powell guy in 'My Man Godfrey,' W. Powell in 'Evelyn Prentice,' Wm. Powell in 'The ex-Mrs. Bradford,' Powell W. in 'The Great Ziegfeld,' and the ubiquitous Powell in a reissue of 'One Way Passage.' I dropped the paper and stared into vacuity. What's the matter, dear? I inquired my young hopeful. 'Look,' I muttered, dragging up the paper. 'Why, he's brightened, we could go every weekday and two on the sly. What can we?' 'We could,' I darkly agreed, 'but we won't.' Instead, I took him out to San Fernando Valley and tried to teach him driving a car.

'Suddenly I realized an actor may do more work than is good for him. In my case, at least, there was the danger that amateurishness would get the better of me. We are a rather contemptible public, without showing the ventriloquist. But he's really like a double exposure where you see the same image twice. Anyway, that's how I see myself. The second view comes at night. I give my best performances in bed. No sooner is the light out than I lie there staring at that fellow who has been working in the studio all day, watching him in all the scenes he played. Lousy! Then I play them all over again in the way they should have been done. Fine! I'm like the fellow who gives nameless good answers to bright questions, then goes home and thinks of the brilliant repartee which would have dazzled his hearers if he'd only been smart enough to think of it at the moment.

"Meanwhile, it must be remembered that in this business you can't last forever. I have been in pictures since 1922. For ten years before that, I was a good amateur and I did not start as a child actor. In point of service, Lionel Barrymore and I are Metro's oldest actors. My first picture was with a real star, Sherlock Holmes. Somehow, I seem to run in the family. My dressing-room is just across from Lionel's, so I'm still with the Barrymores. For one reason I am glad to be near Lionel. At Christmas, as well as other times, there is always a floral wreath from him for Jean Harlow's birthday. For another, I am closer to someone who doesn't forget. To him, Jean was just a little girl for whom he had high regard, and now so when Christmas time comes around he still sends flowers to that little girl!"

There in that chair across the patio was another man who would never forget. In the memory-haunted hush which fell upon his shoulders, was the meaning of that faint new light first noticed in his eyes. It meant something more than the vague gleam which had lighted him back to his old life when he found it too close, meant more to him than even life itself.

He raised his eyes. "You know Charlie, this thing, this business, 'Look well to this day ...' I'm doing just that to this day. We wonder, most of us, what's ahead. This is only natural and right, perhaps, what's ahead? You'd rather see it in perspective to me. This is warming to the heart. I would have to be cold indeed not to appreciate the friendly feeling of pictures going to the home. To others it may not mean more than this to me when this friendship meant more than I can say. For this reason alone, if no other, I would be glad to be back."

Many happy returns, Bill!"
Try this ACTIVE lather facial for 30 days

The active lather of Lux soap gives thorough care. Pat it gently into your skin.

Next rinse with warm water, then a dash of cool. Active lather leaves skin really clean.

Then dry the face by patting lightly. Remember men adore a lovely complexion!

Women everywhere find this bed-time Beauty Care really works!

Everywhere clever women are following the screen stars’ lead—are enthusiastic about active-lather complexion care. Hollywood’s Lux Toilet Soap facials take just a few moments—yet they give your skin protection it needs. Active lather leaves skin fresh and glowing, really clean. Try active-lather facials regularly for 30 days—at any time during the day, always at bedtime. Prove what this care the screen stars use can do for your skin.

Use cosmetics all you like, but don’t risk Cosmetic Skin.

It’s foolish to risk Cosmetic Skin: dullness, enlarged pores, little blemishes that spoil good looks. Because Lux Toilet Soap has active lather, it removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt thoroughly. Give your skin the protection of perfect cleansing. Use Hollywood’s beauty care regularly!

9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Screenland 77
actually made it possible for me to sleep there whenever the fancy struck me—that is, when digging up the old room rent was a physical impossibility. Later on, after I’d married, another and greater difficulty confronted me. I took the form of a $2.80 water bill. That’s a lot of money when you haven’t got it. When the man came around to collect it and threatened to turn off the water, we seemed to be in for a long dry spell. It didn’t do any good telling him that a certain studio was going to fire John Barrymore and give me his job. That odd left the collector absolutely cold. So by way of something hot I told him a story of the desert. It was the tale of a poor devil left to die of thirst by a heartless wretch who forever after was haunted by a thermos bottle that kept gurgling, ‘I hope you choke!’ just as a story it wasn’t worth much, but as a moral it proved to be worth exactly $2.80.”

And this was the same actor who today draws a salary that would choke a water buffalo. This is the same actor who has won two out of three Academy Awards, and who is the best supporting performance of the year. Yet now he turned back fondly to those bad old days when his rewards were so slender he could keep his still stream-lined figure without guarding it against the danger of too nourishing food.

“I’ve never had so much fun as I had in those days,” recalled the grateful Brennan. “In 1921 I made a lot of dough in real estate out here. It was after I went broke that I bustled into pictures. I got more fun than money out of them. Gary Cooper and I were extras together. Clark Gable was an extra at that time, but we never happened to be in the same ensemble, so I didn’t meet him. Gary didn’t talk much. He was very quiet and easy-going, just as he is today. Cooper’s peculiar, deep-down—you’ve got to get under his hide to reach the real guy. It’s the same with his work. Nobody can do what he does. Whatever he does is like himself. He has such a strong and likeable personality that it stands by itself. I don’t believe he ever studied his lines. And he seemed to think you wasn’t doing anything. But it comes out on the screen. It’s thinking that does it.

That’s the secret of his acting—it’s all in the brain. I realized this when I was with Cooper and Anna Sten in ‘The Wedding Night,’ then in ‘The Cowboy and the Lady.’ I’m to be with him saved in the next picture, ‘The Outlaw.’ After our extra days Gary went ahead so fast that you couldn’t see me for his dust. I was still at Universal when he struck his gait. The only sign of speed I showed at that time was when occasionally working as a stunt man, I’d run autos off piers and fall off horses. My week-ends were spent in hospitals. I got so used to them that they seemed like home. Even today when I see Gary he tells me with, ‘Hello, Cripple!’ Cooper’s a swell guy—hasn’t changed.”

As the remarkable change in his own fortunes, the young-old man passed it off with: “If I’m as long coming down as I was going up, I’m set for the rest of my life. But finally getting a break didn’t surprise me, not even one bit. I only wondered that it took me so long.” There was no vestige of conceit in this, only ever-youthful confidence in things turning out all right—and perhaps the luck of the Irish.

“When told that only one in a thousand got a break in pictures, I said, ‘S-hii, I’m that guy.’ How’d I feel about my Academy Awards? Oh, those things just happen, that’s all. But I’ll never forget how puffed up I was over my first fan letter. Charlie Murray wrote it after seeing me do a bit in ‘Barbary Coast.’ He read, ‘I enjoyed your antics very much.’ It was harder for me to go into a picture and do a bit than it is now getting a long part. But whatever I get to do I’m always startled a bit, become a little self-conscious. If people don’t notice it, that’s only because they don’t know what my stomach’s doing. I was deploring this weakness of mine one day when Lewis Stone said, ‘Walter, when you quit being nervous, you’d better have a nervousness to work on. You won’t have to work any more.’ Lew confessed he’d never gotten over being scared stiff. Stone’s so fine an actor that he ought to know what he’s talking about, though nobody would ever suspect him of being nervous. With him, I suppose, acting’s in the blood.”
Lady Esther says

"You can’t expect to win
NEW LUCK
if you wear an Old Shade of Powder!"

Is the powder shade that flattered you once... spoiling your charm today? Find the one shade of my powder that's lucky for you now!

How many months have passed since you checked up on your face powder? Can you be sure that right now you're not wearing a shade of face powder that is robbing you of your charm, perhaps ruining your chance for popularity?

The shade you wore as little as four months ago can be all wrong for your skin as it is today. For your skin tones change with the seasons—and the one right shade will flatter you, but the wrong shade can make you look older—years older.

That's why I make my powder in ten lovely and lucky shades. This year my new Rachels are particularly flattering.

It's really important to find your lucky, most flattering face powder shade!

And in every one of my 10 shades you will see not the dead grey of a coarse, dull powder... but only the opalescent film that lets your own true beauty come shining through.

Find your lucky shade. Send for all ten of my shades which I am glad to send you free. Perhaps my new Champagne Rachel will be your lucky one—perhaps Brunette—or Natural. Compare all ten—don't skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one right shade for you.

Make the "Bite Test". When you receive my ten shades, make the "Bite Test," too. Put a pinch of the face powder you are now using between your teeth and grind your teeth slowly upon it. If there's the slightest particle of grit in the powder, this test will reveal it.

Next, make exactly the same test with Lady Esther Face Powder. And you will find not the tiniest trace of grit. Now you'll understand why Lady Esther Face Powder never gives you that flaky, "powdered" look and why it clings so perfectly for four full hours.

So write today for my glorious new powder shades. Find the one that transforms you into a lovelier, luckier you!

Men's eyes will tell you when you've found your Lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder!

Lady Esther,
7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (52)

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

Name__________________________
Address________________________

City__________________________State________________________
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
fear, to Hedy, that she did not demand $5000 a week, and hasn’t any idea how
that bit of misinformation crept into all the
columns. And she didn’t say she was a
better actress than Helen Hayes, either.
How do I know? She told me herself.
Also, indignation. “Why do people want
to print such lies about me?” she said. She
isn’t the first one to say that.

When I heard that she and Metro had
had a little hatchet-burying out in Culver
City I called at once to express great plea-
ture that there would be more Lamarr pic-
tures forthcoming.

“It’s so beautiful,” said Hedy over the
phone. “Oh, I love it so.”

“The new contract!” I shouted. “Did
you get a raise?”

“Contract?” said Hedy with a sniff.

“I’m talking about my adopted son. He’s
more beautiful than a million contracts.
I’ve wanted a son for seven years, and
now I have one. His name is James. I am
so happy; I have never been so happy be-
fore. Would you like to come up and see
him?”

Would I? I’ll say. When I am not being
a pushover for beauty, I am a pushover
for babies. And besides I just couldn’t
imagine myself with Hedy, whose name has
become synonymous with sex appeal, mys-
tery, charm, and enchantment, with a baby.
Hedy, who always has a fragrance about
her, has the perfume of perfumes, with a baby
in her arms smelling of talcum powder,
milk, and cod liver oil—no, I couldn’t
imagine. I knew that Hedy had been talk-
ing about adopting a baby for several
months—but talking about adopting babies
is one of the pet pastimes of the movie
great so I thought little or nothing about it,
but Hedy adopted little Jimmy.

Young James Markay, age seven months,
is quite the handsome baby I have ever
seen, with big blue eyes and long thick
dark lashes that put even Hedy’s to shame.
And what a disposition! Never cries.
Never sulks. Just laughs all the time. And
wiggles. He was completely fascinated by a
clip I wore, and when I said, “James, if
you pull the petal off that, I’ll pop you
one,” he threw back his head and gurgled—
and then pulled off the petal. Hedy defi-
nitely is going to be the type of mother
who thinks everything her son does is sim-
ply wonderful. And Gene Markay, I fear,
is going to be just as bad. Gene, in a
mad dash home from the studio to see
his son before he went to sleep, barely took
time out to kiss Hedy in great disgust, “James
didn’t even wake up until seven. Must he
sleep so late in the mornings?”

When she isn’t raving about James, Hedy
is raving about her new home. “It’s the
smallest house I ever had,” she says,
“but it is the only one I ever loved.” And
I don’t blame her for being proud of the
nursery, or the baby, or the pretty man-
ers with me. The first morning after
James’ arrival, Hedy told me, Gene, who
hates early hours, got up at five o’clock
and peeked in the nursery. Later he re-
ported to Hedy, in great disgust, “James
didn’t even wake up until seven. Must he
sleep so late in the mornings?”

When she isn’t raving about James, Hedy
is raving about her nursery. “It’s the
smallest house I ever had,” she says,
“but it is the only one I ever loved.” And
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How much more you can get in a suitcase if things are folded nicely than if they’re wadded up and tossed in! And this same principle makes a Kotex* sanitary napkin less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers...

Kotex has a soft, carefully folded center (with more material where you need it ... less in the non-effective portions of the pad). So naturally — it’s less bulky! Less apt to chafe, too ... for Kotex is entirely sheathed in cotton before it’s wrapped in gauze!

Why be self-conscious! With Kotex your secret is safe! Pressed ends (patented by Kotex) never make embarrassing, tell-tale outlines ... the way napkins with thick, stubby ends so often do!

And — for complete peace of mind — remember this. Between the soft folds of Kotex there’s a moisture-resistant panel! A special safeguard ... newly developed by the Kotex Laboratories!

Kotex® comes in 3 sizes, too! Super — Regular — Junior. Kotex is the only disposable sanitary napkin that offers you a choice of 3 different sizes! (So you may vary the size pad according to each day’s needs!)

All 3 sizes have soft, folded centers ... flat, tapered ends ... and moisture-resistant, “safety panels”. All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

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Yours for Loveliness

Destined to encourage more high moments, more admiration and more beauty

AT LAST, here is what we have been waiting for—Cinema Sable fountain lip-brush! Born in Hollywood was the art of perfectly shaped lips by the use of brush and concentrated color. Now both combine in Cinema Sable. The brush is easy to use. It makes shaping exact, and color feeds into it from the body of the container. It draws a sharp, clear line and permits real color control. Very lastling is the color, too, because of its concentrated cream form. Sizes for every purse, colors for every whim, and refills for all. You are going to like this brush method, and you are going to have lovelier, more appealing lips when you use it. A real innovation in modern make-up methods. The price is about what you pay for a good lipstick.

BATHE in a blanket of fragrant foam. Make a luxurious ritual out of the prosaic bath by adding My Royal Lady Bath Foam to your tub. If softens the hardest water, perfumes your tub divinely and makes you tingle with exhilaration. My Royal Lady Bath Foam has the added virtue of making your soap lather even more profusely. Bath water drains away without sediment or the usual tub ring. The Foam is a grand “cocktail” when you’re tired and need a lift for a big evening. The Foam comes in ten odours, including pine, and is for sale in drug and department stores. One bottle goes a long, long way. This is a good casual gift thought, too, for everyone loves bath accessories.

FOR you drifting off to Southern vacations or to you whom personal appearances are extra-important, what better than a liquid powder? There’s Raydence, for instance, a good skin lotion, powder base and powder all in one. When you use Raydence, nothing seems to disturb the smooth, velour finish of your complexion. Simply smooth on the lotion and let it dry. It lasts for hours. An effective means if you long for a shade lighter or deeper skin tone, too. Write me if you can’t find it.

TO GIRLS who must often beautify from their bags, here is a timely tip—Camille Mascara. In a small dusty pink and black plastic container are a little brush and a tube of fine cream mascara. It always stays moist (no water needed), spreads smoothly and leaves your lashes looking like Nature’s, very best handwork. Thus you can instantly tip your lashes with beauty, wherever you are. Camille Mascara comes in black, brown and blue, and is but a song in many of the chain stores.

FOAMING, refreshing and effective! That’s Cue, a new type of colloidal dental liquid. It cleans your teeth, it sweetens your mouth and makes it feel young and fresh. Cue is a deep, ruby red and goes on your brush neatly, with nothing to spill. Social security rule #1 is sparkling teeth, and a sweet, sweet mouth. Cue is one answer. It is inexpensive and for sale everywhere. Next to Cue, is the Pro-phy-loc-tic travel toothbrush kit. The brush unscrews, slips into the case handle, and stays clean and out of the way. For travelers and fastidious girls who know that brushing is a good idea before leaving the office for a date. Fine bristles in a colored container. Good little going-away gift idea, too.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It’s good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢

EX-LAX MOVIES

Yours for Loveliness

The Taming of Tommy the Terrible

TOMMY: I won’t! I won’t take that awful medicine! I can’t get it down!

MOTHER: All right, young man, I think I know something that you will like!

TOMMY: Mummy! Gee whiz, Mom, that’s a cinch to take. It tastes just like swell chocolate.

MOTHER: Yes, its name is Ex-Lax and it’s not only good—it’s good for you!

LATER

TOMMY: Whoopee! That Ex-Lax made me feel fine . . . You’ll never have to force me to take that!

MOTHER: Right! From now on, Dad and I are going to use Ex-Lax, too!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It’s good for every member of the family.

EX-LAX
DON'T COVER UP A POOR COMPLEXION

Let the Famous Medicated Cream That's Aided Thousands...Help Clear Up Your Complexion

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SCREENLAND'S
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Sonja Gives the Lie to Gossips!

Continued from page 51

dimples, whom, at first glance, I took to be Shirley Temple. I took another look and realized she was merely Shirley's double.

Sonja was wearing gray sandals, a silk dress of rich color half-way between brick and burgundy with a diamond pin fastened at the neckline, and a hat of the same color, which came from Daché, one of the most exclusive milliners in New York. Score one for Sonja. Girls who are trying to hang on to all the money they make don't wear hats from Daché.

"It is such a funny thing," said Sonja. "Whenever I come back from a tour, reporters ask me, 'How much money have you made?' They all want figures all the time! But I never mention any figures; I just say, 'I do not know.' But they print them anyway, even if they have to make them up. I suppose people go to Madison Square Garden or some other place where I skate and they see that the place is full, so they say to themselves, 'Sonja Henie must make millions of dollars.' They forget that a large troupe travels with me, and that I must pay their salaries out of the money I make."

It's been said that before starting her recent tour, Sonja had a guarantee of two million dollars. It's also been said that her movie earnings are about $250,000 a year. But no one knows these things. When Sonja is asked such questions, she gracefully evades them. So it must be remembered that all figures about Sonja's earnings are just so much guesswork.

It's also been said that Sonja is insured for two million dollars. I asked her about that. She looked at me reproachfully. "Now you do not believe everything you read, do you?" she asked me, then chuckling, "Surely as a writer you know that lots of those things are made up!"

"But some things have to be true."

"Yes, I guess so, but that is very, very much exaggerated."

"They say your legs alone are insured for $100,000. Is that true?"

Sonja smiled. She glanced down at those precious legs, which have made her one of the most popular stars in pictures. "For more than that," she said, caught off her guard for a moment. "For a couple of hundred thousand."

Though I have known Sonja for three years, that is the only time I have ever heard her mention any figures pertaining to money. Like other reporters, I, too, have been guilty of asking her how much she made on a tour, and she has always answered with a smile and a helpless shrug of her shoulders.

Sonja sighed, "That was not nice, that article," she said, "saying I was money-mad. But I did not answer the article, because I think when you deny such things people think maybe there is something to it. When things are written about me that are not true, I do not complain about them, because I do not think complaints do any good. Once when I was in Palm Springs, a photographer for a national magazine asked if he could take some pictures of me playing tennis. When you take such pictures, if you do not hold the camera at the right distance, you can make the person very fat. They ran a picture of me in which I looked terrible. I told the magazine that I did not like the picture, so what do you think they did? The next month they ran
the very same picture over again, saying, "SONJA HENIE DOES NOT LIKE THIS PICTURE, WE THINK IT IS CUTE!" Sonja smiled. She looked more amused than indignant.

We talked of a publicity woman who had lost her job because rumor had it, an unfavorable article had appeared about one of the players at her studio. "That was so sad," Sonja said, "and it made me feel terrible. She has always been so wonderful to me, yet there was nothing I could do. People think that a star can do anything, but that is not true. However, she is an excellent publicity woman, and could get a job at any studio in Hollywood.

"Of course, the publicity department is not to blame when a bad article appears about a player; they do not send it out. That is why I did not complain about this article that was so bad about me. Why should I hurt someone who is not to blame?"

"It said," I reminded Sonja, "that you don't have a swimming pool. Why don't you have one?"

"But I do have one!" said Sonja. "I have a swimming pool and a tennis court—a nice one. Not that it is important whether I have one or not. It would not be so dreadful if I didn't have a swimming pool. Sometimes they criticize a star because she has one; sometimes, because she hasn't! You can't possibly please everyone, so if I didn't want one, I wouldn't get it. They say I do not tip—and that is true in a way. I, myself, never tip, but someone in my party always tips for me, and they tip three times as much as anyone else does!"

Of course, Sonja always refunds the amount of the tip in private. When she is with her brother, Leif, he takes care of the tips for her. Probably when her father was alive, he took care of them. There are dozens of situations in which it is awkward for a woman to do the tipping herself, so what is so dreadful about it if Sonja has an arrangement with other members of her party to take care of the tips? There are thousands of women, who when they are with male escorts leave all the tipping to the men.

"All this talk about Sonja's marvellous business sense has been very much exaggerated," a man who knows her very well once told me. "A press agent struggling for an angle hit upon that one, and it has proved a boomerang. As a matter of fact, there are girls right on Sonja's own lot who are much better business women than Sonja, but they have managed to dodge publicity on that subject. Certainly Sonja has never demanded or received more money than she was worth at the box-office—from the very beginning her company has made a fortune out of her pictures. Her agent, of course, gets as much money for her as he can—but is there any big box-office star whose agent doesn't?"

There have been stars who have tried to check Uncle Sam out of his share of their income, but certainly that can't be said of Sonja. Last year, the Treasury returned $5,570 to Sonja, for she had overpaid that much on her income tax.

Though Sonja isn't extravagant and obviously realizes the value of money, she is often more thoughtful in trying to save other people money than she is in trying to save her own. You may have heard the story of how she fitted a diamond bracelet on the hand of Marguerite Royce, her wardrobe girl, "to get the effect," and when Marguerite admired the bracelet, said, "I want you to have it!" and bought it for her. On the other hand, in the early days of the Tyrone Power-Sonja Henie romance (long before Tyrone met and married Annabella) when Sonja was on tour, she was very much upset when Tyrone kept sending orchids to every town in which she gave a skating exhibition. Since Tyrone had only recently started in pictures, Sonja knew he couldn't afford it, so one day she stopped writing him. Frantically he tried to find out what was wrong and to what town Sonja had gone. When he finally located her, she confessed she had deliberately tried to keep him from

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A Shampoo isn't enough

Are Sonja Henie and Alan Curtis in the groove? In other words, are they romancing? That's what all Hollywood is wondering. Sonja has certainly put on her gayest smile as well as her brightest jewelry for Alan, who is shown here with her in the "Grove."

knowing her address, because she didn't want him to continue sending her such expensive flowers.

"Having criticized me for not spending enough," chuckled Sonja, "now they are criticizing me for spending too much! One newspaper said that I spent $20,000 to go to Rio de Janeiro and that I took two maids with me. Like so many things that have been written about me, that is all imaginary. Because I liked them very much, I invited my hairdresser and a skater in my troupe to go to South America with me. But I didn't invite the hairdresser because I wanted her to dress my hair; there are plenty of hairdressers on the Normandie. I invited her because I have known her for a long time and she is my friend."

Sonja decided on that trip to South America very impulsively, half an hour before the boat sailed. So often she has wanted to take trips and has been unable to because she never had a chance. She started at the time when some liner was sailing for distant ports she would have liked to visit. "So when I was in Miami, and heard the liner was sailing for Nassau and South America, I thought, 'This is my chance. Now I have some time free, I can sail.' First, I thought that perhaps we would go to Nassau. But when we got to Nassau (there was a party of eight of us, including my mother and brother), we decided to go on to South America. And I am so glad we went!" said Sonja, bubbling over with snerly good nature. "We arrived in Rio de Janeiro, in time to see their carnival, and I have never seen anything so gay, so mad, so wild! Everyone is Rio danced and danced; the carnival started early in the morning and went on all night. All the streets were blazing with color and lights, and everyone seemed wild with joy. You would think that they would drink a lot during the carnival, but they didn't drink much—only beer and champagne. I saw only the first day of the carnival, but they say it goes on like that for four days, never stopping. I wonder that they can keep it up."

It is strange that Sonja should be amazed at the ability of the natives of Rio to keep up their carnival for four days, for she herself is the greatest little blonde dynamo of energy I have ever met. Once when Cesar Romero and Sonja Henie were reported to be madly in love, I asked Cesar about Sonja and he said, "She's wonderful! She's adorable! She's never depressed, or moody, or unhappy. But Sonja and I are definitely not serious about each other. The truth is that she wears me out! The girl is absolutely tireless. She loves to dance and she never feels like stopping. We went out to dance one night, and danced for what seemed like hours. I was ready to drop, but Sonja looked as fresh as when the evening started. Finally I had to leave her, and find my way outside the ballroom, where there was a couch on which I instantly collapsed."

Sonja looked Slimmer. I've never seen her look so slim or so well. Often when a girl reduces, her face gets thin, too. But Sonja's face was as round as ever. "The crowds in South America are very polite," she said. "They form a ring round you, but don't press you the way American crowds sometimes do. When you want to pass, they make way for you, and they don't try to grab any souvenirs."

"No ermine tails," I asked.

"No ermine tails," said Sonja.

She was referring to the time when she was mobbed by a crowd of souvenir hunters in Washington, D. C. When the crowd noticed that she was wearing a beautiful ermine coat with tails, they crowded round her, and eight souvenir hunters walked away with as many ermine tails.

Though she is embarrassed by the rumors that she was broken-hearted when Tyrone married Annabella, Sonja would make no comment on such stories, feeling that they are too ridiculous to deserve a denial from her.

When the tale that Sonja was broken-hearted by her break-up with Tyrone first began, she told me, "All the stories about my being broken-hearted are very silly. But I will not deny them, because if I do someone else will answer what I say, and all this talk will go on indefinitely."

I noticed that Sonja was wearing a huge diamond ring on the correct finger of the left hand. If ever I saw an engagement ring, that looked like one, so I asked her about it.

"Everyone thinks because I am wearing a ring, it means I am engaged," she said, dimpling. "But I am not. If a girl wants to wear a ring, must she be engaged?"
"But it's on the second finger of your left hand," I said, "just where engagement rings are worn. Who gave it to you?"

"My mother," said Sonja. But she didn't look as if she were telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

"Are you in love with someone?" I asked the age-old question.

"No," said Sonja, and then her honesty coming to the front, "and even if I were, I wouldn't tell you!"

My guess is that Sonja Henie has found a new Prince charming. But whether he's American or Norwegian, she wouldn't say. Once Sonja was quoted as saying, "I like American men, and when I get married, I'll marry an American. I like them practically for their spirit of independence and adventure. I like American men for their honesty and pride. There is little conceit or deceit about them. They do not put on a false front or pretend to have more of the physical comforts of life than they actually have. When I get married, I'm going to be very disappointed, if my husband isn't a member of four luncheon clubs and a past president of the Elks or some such organization. I'll insist that he cut the lawn every week and I expect him to insist that he have one night a week to play poker with the boys at the office. He doesn't have to know a lot about opera but he does have to know about the best golf balls and courses. In short, I want to marry an American!"

Of course, Sonja probably never said all that. Most likely someone asked her, "Do you like American men?" and she no doubt said, "I do." An imaginative publicity agent probably made up the rest of the quote. But anyway, I put the question to her. "When you marry, will you marry an American, Sonja?"

She looked faintly disturbed. "Why do you ask me such questions?" she said, "I might tell you 'Yes, I will,' and then someone else would come along whom I loved and I would marry him, regardless of whether he was American or not. I wouldn't lie to you. Anyway, I am not thinking of getting married for a long time; I am happy as I am. Don't I look happy?" She turned a radiant face to me. She did look very happy. But then who ever heard of happiness keeping a woman from marrying?

The picture Shirley Temple's fans have been waiting for! If you've been disappointed in Shirley's recent pictures, don't miss "The Blue Bird," with Johnny Russell as her brother.
opposites, but such a marriage would be likely to end in unhappiness. My advice is against it, but if Cupid holds sway in this instance, the combination will show that “the stars incline but do not compel.” Bette must watch her health in 1940, her chart shows. Overwork, nervous exhaustion, and worry might cause heart or neuralgic disturbances. Miss Davis will, without doubt, win another Academy Award, (which is no surprise to anyone!). Her career will go on and on, we hope, and she will become as legendary as that of Bernhardt.

Of the hundreds of horoscopes I have examined, another outstanding star who is shown seriously to consider marriage in 1940 is Dorothy Lamour. Her name has been linked with that of Robert Preston, and an examination of their charts shows that they could marry and find happiness together. Dorothy will continue her screen career, as will Robert Preston, and each will be successful in the years to come.

What about Deanna Durbin? Will she marry Vaughn Paul in 1940? The chart advises Deanna against marriage in 1940, although it does show that she will be married by the time she reaches the age of 21. Although Vaughn Paul is fairly compatible to Deanna in many ways, youthful misunderstandings that might spell defeat in the future would arise in such an early union. Deanna should wait a little longer, and concentrate on her career, then when marriage seeks her out she will be better prepared to marry.

Divorces and rumors of divorces—Hollywood always has more than its share. It seems that the high-pressure living that film work demands, makes it difficult for movie couples to live together as happily as couples in other professions. Let’s examine some of the film marriages and see what chances they have to survive.

The march to the altar of Hedy Lamarr, Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, Clark Gable and Carole Lombard surprised everyone in 1939. Similarly, the move from Reno to the film capital? The stars point out some dangers in marriage, but if the warnings are taken seriously enough, some of these Hollywood marriages are not likely to end in divorce. Let’s see what the planets reveal.

Hedy Lamarr lived up to my prediction that she would become one of the best known actresses in 1939. Her career stands every chance of surviving one or more bad pictures in the future, for Hedy’s Sign is Scorpio, the same as that of Sarah Bernhardt. Hedy will go far in her career, but in romance and marriage an astrological jinx follows her. One divorce has already taken place in her life. I predicted her second marriage, to George Raft, in 1939. They may marry in 1940, but a love affair in 1940 with the Markey, eighteen months before it occurred, and now it is my sad duty to predict the possible ending of that marriage before the end of 1940. Rumors may spring up in the year. This all is not well between them, but another and bigger storm will batter the world and might tend to keep the Markeys together a little longer in defiance of their chart’s advice.

Will Hedy Lamarr have a baby this year? Her chart clearly indicates that she will have two children in the future. The running of the Hollywood Cellars will also demand some sort of a child for the Markey menage in the very near future. Will this affect Hollywood’s No. 1 glamour girl? I do not feel it will, but such a child might help keep this couple together longer than the astrological portents indicate.

Here’s hoping.

Of all the people who deserve happiness in Hollywood, Barbara Stanwyck is most noteworthy. Her entire career has been a struggle; her marriage to Frank Fay ended unhappily, and now in marriage to Robert Taylor, Barbara seems to have found the end of the rainbow. Can that marriage survive the negative Hollywood influences, the gossip mongers, and cynical columnists? What do Bob’s and Babs’ charts reveal about their marriage? In the first place, Barbara Stanwyck was born in the Sign of Cancer, 1940 continues the a close look at two signs that no competent astrologer would advise to marry; but I have closely examined both their charts and find other circumstances that give them common interests, strong minds, and high characters; they can make a success of this marriage if they ignore the opinions of other people. It may mean that Babs will have to sacrifice a very promising career and spend more time at home, being a good housewife, but I predict that she will do even this if necessary. She can and will make Bob a good wife, and the possibility of a youngster (adopted or otherwise) is shown strongly in their charts.

Louis Hayward is a name that will bear watching in the future, for after his brilliant performance in “The Man in the Iron Mask,” Hollywood has become Hayward conscious. Louis is married to charming Ida Lupino. Will that marriage last? His chart shows that difficulties will arise in 1940 that may lead this young couple to divorce. Another marriage is shown for them both.

For Tyrone Power and Annabella? The time? Not until 1941. Their charts show afflictions that are difficult to overcome. In this case the principal reason for separating will be due to the fact that the husband will be more prominent than the wife, and it will tend to create discord. Tyrone should have waited two years before marrying, he would have made a more mature and wiser decision.

Of the several marriages which occurred in 1939, one that stands out as having the chance to succeed is that of Carole Lombard and Clark Gable. They have both been through the disillusioning experience of broken romance and marriage in the past; they are mature and intelligent, they are both expert and hard workers, and what’s more, they’re very much in love. To top this indispensable formula to a happy marriage, for the Gables, spring this: Clark was born in the Air Sign of Aquarius, and Carole in the compatible air Sign of Libra, 1940 will see them both blazing new trails on the screen.

All in all, there is much spice for Hollywood’s gay couples, however, for the stars over Hollywood seem intent on mischief in more than one horoscope. Take the case of John Barrymore, for instance. We have watched the flowering of this sturdy perennial from a handsome, romantic juvenile, to a somewhat mature Lotthario who still seems to feel his way emotionally. He had weathered three matrimonial storms before his marriage to Elaine Barrie, and his chart shows that he comes under baleful aspects again 1940 when a complete divorce may sever the ties between John and Elaine, Barrymore may march bravely to the altar again. We admire his indomitable Aquarian spirit. However, 1940 holds warnings in health for John Barrymore.

Vivien Leigh brings the divorce roster to a fitting close. Born in Scorpio, Miss Leigh’s chart long ago showed her English husband, There is a strong possibility she will marry Laurence Olivier, for their charts are most attracted to each other. Vivien’s is definitely assured after “Gone With the Wind.”

Hollywood has concentrated on divorces so long we are apt to forget the happily married couples. Let’s examine a few of their charts and see how many stand a chance of continuing to be happy. It was somewhat of a shock to the film colony when Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson split, but their marriage seems supremely happy. Their charts showed a divorce, however, and in a syndicated article over two years ago, I predicted that Ruby and Al might be divorcing. Other married couples will be more fortunate, however (Irene Dunne will continue happily married. Claudette Colbert can overcome difficulties in her marriage; Claudette and Gary Cooper must be cautious in the next two years, but if they overcome the hidden shoals, they will see their silver wedding anniversary together). The possibilities for success in career and marriage, Myrion Loo and Arthur Hornblow, Jn., have little to worry about in marriage. Wayne Morris and Claudette Colbert are another pair. Edward G. Robinson and Mrs. Robinson will go on forever. The James Cagney and Pat O’Brien’s are shown by their charts to be among the happiest of Hollywood marriages. Bing Crosby and Dixie are another pair. Edward G. Robinson and Mrs. Robinson will go on forever. The James Cagney and Pat O’Brien’s are shown by their charts to be among the happiest of Hollywood marriages. Bing Crosby and Dixie are another pair. Edward G. Robinson and Mrs. Robinson will go on forever. The James Cagney and Pat O’Brien’s are shown by their charts to be among the happiest of Hollywood marriages. Bing Crosby and Dixie are another pair. Edward G. Robinson and Mrs. Robinson will go on forever. The James Cagney and Pat O’Brien’s are shown by their charts to be among the happiest of Hollywood marriages. Bing Crosby and Dixie are another pair. Edward G. Robinson and Mrs. Robinson will go on forever. The James Cagney and Pat O’Brien’s are shown by their charts to be among the happiest of Hollywood marriages. Bing Crosby and Dixie are another pair. Edward G. Robinson and Mrs. Robinson will go on forever. The James Cagney and Pat O’Brien’s are shown by their charts to be among the happiest of Hollywood marriages. Bing Crosby and Dixie are another pair.
first appearance in "Golden Boy" definitely proved he has ability. His chart shows that
Holding will continue indefinitely on the screen and will gradually change his type
of role to a slightly more menacing kind. Marriage is not shown for at least two
more years.

Ingrid Bergman, the bright star of "Inter-
mezzo," heads a long list of the girls who
will flicker brightly on the screen in 1940.
Her chart shows she will become out-
standingly successful in the future and can
go on in her career for years to come.
Brenda Joyce is another coming star. She
made a brilliant debut in "The Rains Came,
" and she will be well on the way to
the top in 1940. Marriage may seek her out
by 1941. Maureen O'Hara, introduced to
American audiences by Charles Laughton
in "Jamaica Inn," is a well-expected chart
for a great career. She has the dramatic
temper of a Bette Davis, and great beauty.
Her career will be very brilliant, although
she may return to London to make more
pictures at the end of the war.

Tim Holt, who is comparatively a new-
comer, has experienced a rise in stock since
his appearance in "Stage Coach." Now
Tim threatens to become even more fa-
amous than his father, Jack Holt. Robert
Stack, who made his screen debut with
Deanna Durbin in "First Love," is another
newcomer who will be heard watching.
His chart shows he is star material. Jane
Bryan, who hasn't yet revealed the great talents
Bette Davis and Noel Coward see in her,
will become an important star in 1940. Her
chart is well-aspected and she will continue
for years. Robert Preston, who has already
appeared in several pictures with success
need not worry about his future. 1940 will see
him more firmly established than ever before.
Patricia Morison is another young-
ster who is on the way to fame and fortune.
She will one day be as famous as our Joan
Crawfords, Norma Shearer, Alice Faye.

This year interest will be sharply divided
as to just who should receive the Academy
Award for the best performance in 1939.
Although it is difficult to make a specific
prediction on that score, I have chosen
those stars that are the best-aspected at
the time the award is given, and these stars
stand an excellent chance of winning out-
standing attention. Maria Ouspenskaya,
for her supporting role in "The Rains Came,
" and "Love Affair." Tom Mitchell, for his
character work in "Stage Coach," Miriam
Hopkins, for her co-starring role in "The Old
Man!" Clark Gable for the part of
Rhett Butler, and, of course, Bette Davis
for "Dark Victory." If "Mr. Smith Goes to
Washington" does not bring some kind of
an award to Jimmy Stewart, it will not be
the fault of his ruling star, for his chart
brings him into greater prominence than
ever this year.

A special word should be included here
about the juvenile crop that springs up in
Hollywood overnight. No sooner do we
have our bifocals focused on their cherubic
little faces than they do a fade-out and
come back into focus with their hair up,
admiring their first engagement ring, or
wearing long pants and majoring in eco-
nomats at dear old alma mater. We hope
this current crop stays with us longer than
the practically grown-up Deanna Durbins,
Bonita Granvilles, Freddie Bartholomew,
and Jackie Coopers.

First, of course, is the deservedly popu-
lar Mickey Rooney. With his chart so
well-aspected, and the Sun in the successful
Sign of Libra, Mickey is one juvenile who
will not retire at top very apex of his
career because of buck teeth or gangling
legs and knock knees. His chart reveals
that Mickey will go right on into maturity
and even old age, if he chooses, on the
screen. Nothing can stop his great success.
THOUSANDS
REJOICE AS THEIR
SKINNY BODIES
FILL OUT

SKINNY GIRLS
HAVE NO ATTRACTION
FOR MOST MEN

Amazing Gains of 10 to 25 lbs. in a Few Weeks Reported by Men and Women Everywhere

Many thin, rundown, nervous men and women who had tried several other tonics without apparent results—those who barely look at food, sleep poorly and were always tired and jittery—report gains of 10 to 20 pounds in a few weeks, wonderful new pep, fine appetite, sound sleep, steady nerves through simply taking these amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets.

The reason is simple. Scientists have discovered that great numbers of people are skinny, puny, tired and nervous only because they don’t get enough Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without these two vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

But now you get these exact missing substances in these scientifically made, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. So it’s easy to see how, with their aid, so many almost hopeless people have easily put on the naturally attractive pounds they so long wished for—have gained new strength, new pep, new friends and new joy in life.

Try them on money-back test Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don’t eat better and feel better, with much more strength and pep—if you’re not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh, new energy and life you have wished for—the price of this first package will be promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Only be sure you eat genuine Ironized Yeast, and not some cheap inferior substance. Look for the initials AY on each tablet. That assures the genuine.

Special offer! To start thousands holding up their health right away, we are making this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, eat one on the spot and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating little booklet on how to make your body healthy—"How to Keep Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—on your money before returning your coupons. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 262, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY’S GOOD WILL HOUR. See your local newspaper for exact time and station.

MANY thin, rundown, nervous men and women who had tried several other tonics without apparent results—those who barely look at food, sleep poorly and were always tired and jittery—report gains of 10 to 20 pounds in a few weeks, wonderful new pep, fine appetite, sound sleep, steady nerves through simply taking these amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets.

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But now you get these exact missing substances in these scientifically made, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. So it’s easy to see how, with their aid, so many almost hopeless people have easily put on the naturally attractive pounds they so long wished for—have gained new strength, new pep, new friends and new joy in life.

Then, that darling of the box office, who has done much to nurture America’s maternal complex, Shirley Temple, will continue for years to come in pictures, and even television. Shirley has emerged from adolescence into startlingly beautiful womanhood, and will continue with what has already been a most illustrious career. Even today her driving ambition will not keep her off the screen very long. Baby Sandy, who has just begun her career, is one of the most promising of the very young. Shirley is a true girl about town and ability will keep her going through the creeping and walking stages, at least. Gloria Jean will take over Deanna’s mantle in singing roles, and although she may not sparkle brighter than Deanna, she will make quite a mark for herself in the next few years. Little Virginia Weidler, who stole the show in “The Women,” will grow into a truly great star. Terry Kilburn winds up our long list of juveniles, and if you saw this child in “Goodbye Mr. Chips,” you will be pleasantly surprised at the girl who is retiring for various and sundry reasons.

1940 is going to be a very exciting and happy year for Hollywood, and as the planets swing through space and affect the destinies of the mortals, it will bring you news from the cosmos as it is revealed from month to month.

WHAT THE STARS PREDICT FOR YOU

The New Year opens with different planetary indications for every sign of the Zodiac, so examine the section below dealing with your birth sign and see what this month of 1940 holds for you.

Aries—March 21 to April 20

The year opens under good aspects for business and finances. Be alert for chances to progress at your work and develop your talents, for the Sun gives you progressive vibrations all year, and brings you into prominence in whatever you undertake. Your love life and marriage, as some disturbances may arise, owing to Mars’ affections. Invest in stocks and real estate; sign leases or other legal papers. Go into business for yourself, or in partnership. Insurance, sales work, the automobile trade, and banking corporations are favored this month. Begin saving toward financial independence.

Taurus—April 21 to May 20

1940 promises you relief from financial problems, but you must help yourself. One of your close friends or a member of your family life who will give you a chance to make a business change; one of these persons may be a man who is an executive in an office. You may change the nature of your work, or move into another location. Jupiter brings you success in a long-delayed venture. Your mind is inclined to be artistic and creative. You will have the opportunity to show your talents in music, art, literature, dancing, acting and singing. Romance is favored this month, with changes noted in the affections. If married, you will have a happy home, and you must beware lest you face a break in marriage.

Gemini—May 21 to June 20

Romantic problems may baffle you this month. You may have to choose between two people. Not a good month to make a choice for marriage or for other vital matters. Attend to business, routine affairs, and watch the pocketbook. The home is favored, and there will be a change in residence—these are all indicated as possible this month. Watch the health on the 3rd, 8th, 17th and 22nd. Be cautious about hi-rise places and stairs in the last two weeks of the month. Problems are being rapidly solved; avoid scattering your energies and concentrate on one course.

Cancer—June 21 to July 22

Avoid water travel this month, if possible. Attend to your personal affairs and avoid bringing too many strange people who might disrupt your life. Mysterious messages by telephone or letter are shown, which are of importance in regard to business matters. The Moon sends you some confused vibrations that cloud the mind. Wait until after the 15th before making drastic steps in love or marriage. Watch the diet and health. This month favors teaching, nursing, public institutions, homes, secretarial workers, and those connected with beauty parlors, restaurants, drug stores, or real estate.

Leo—July 23 to August 22

Long delayed plans may mature; interior improvements and a new house, decorating, or buying furnishings; social activities should be pronounced. Romance beckons, and if free to follow, do so. Remember, this sign has two romances and two marriages; avoid being flippant, and be sure your heart is in good hands before committing yourself. Children are favored this month; the 22nd will bring you news about an elderly person may arise. Money comes more easily this month, and business is in a transitory state. Some one in your family may be interested in selling or leasing property. This is a good time for such ventures.

Virgo—August 23 to September 22

The mental Planet Mercury, your ruler, brings you active rays this month. Your mind will be more concentrated on success; disappointments of the past may disappear suddenly. Those who have some concerns may engage the interest. A proposition in business should be seriously considered. Do not invest money in gold or oil stocks or common stock of favors. Favorable plans are shown in regard to your place of business; promotion or raise in salary favored. The home is under some affliction; quarrels and misunderstandings. Money does not break off a romance without thinking it over seriously first. Watch the diet and health, avoid extremes, and see a doctor if necessary. This sign favors the 2nd, 5th, 10th, 14th, 18th, 22nd and 28th.

Libra—September 23 to October 22

Straighten out financial problems this month; avoid debts. Favorable selling dealing with superiors, banking, real estate and stock investments. Lighten the load at this time and avoid giving way to another person’s obligations. The social activities should be pronounced, and you may meet one or two persons who are very attracted to you romantically. Choose wisely, and make no sudden decisions about marriage plans. Those married un Happily and on the verge of divorce, may come into complete fulfillment of romantic aspirations. Venus helps you, Saturn retards your plans, but in general, aspects are good and things should thrive at this time.

Scorpio—October 23 to November 22

Your sign is favored this month. Sun and Mars bring relief from past burdens. Put money away, and avoid extravagances.
Inventive or creative ideas are numerous now. This month favors writing, advertising, publications, radio work, naming important letters, or approaching executives to sell an idea. Romance brings some confusion, as a sense of loyalty may keep you going when you should seek a change in the love life. Good month for health, but avoid accidents.

Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21
This gifted sign is under better aspects in 1940, so snap out of the depressed mood you have been in. You are assured of a happy ending to your love life, even if it may have been rather miserable in the past. Choose wisely the next time and marry only when you are sure you are in love. The Signs of Aries, Leo and Virgo are best for marriage. Money may come from unexpected sources; real estate sales are favored, and any work where you can contact the public. The home has been under afflictions, but it clears up this month. Approach superiors, seek changes in business. For Jupiter helps you now and Saturn ceases its persecution of you and your interests.

Capricorn—December 22 to January 19
Your luck should change about the 21st of this month, so hold your breath and hope! You have labored under a pall for some years and may have wondered what was wrong with you or your stars. Saturn is at fault, but now he turns a kinder face. Money matters improve, business picks up for you and you may even know happiness in romance once more. If you have loved and lost, look for relief this month and, in fact, all during 1940. Favors the home, relatives, new jobs, new romance, and investing money in safe and substantial things, such as real estate, insurance, mort-
gages, etc. The health may cause concern in the first week of this month, but improves as the month goes on.

Aquarius—January 20 to February 18
As usual, this sign forges to the front in your personal affairs. Your love life becomes more settled, and decisions may be reached that vitally affect your future destiny. Make plans to marry and settle down this year, if you are still among the unattached. Choose someone born in Gemini, Libra, Virgo, or even Taurus, and your chances of happiness are good. Money comes through usual business affairs, although new ventures may succeed also. Just have more confidence in yourself, and this month will bring you greater peace.

Pisces—February 19 to March 20
Do not worry about pending business plans, for they are under considerable favor from the stars. Take active steps to promote your financial independence, go into business for yourself, or seek a new position. If you choose, Neptune favors you in social life, and brings favorable attention in love and marriage. One disappointment in love should be over by this time, and the way clear for a happy love affair. This month favors deals or relationships with doctors, lawyers, nurses, dentists and other professional persons. Also favors drugs, cosmetics, and travel by land or sea. Word from one long absent may brighten the atmosphere after the 15th. The best days are 2nd, 5th, 9th, 14th, 18th, 24th and 27th.

LOVELY MARY MARTIN, FRESHMAN AT SARAH LAWRENCE COLLEGE, SAYS:

For devastating glamour...
get that modern natural look!

It's easy when you use this face powder you choose by the color of your eyes!

It's the modern trend in makeup—
the appealing natural charm of gay young "collegiennes!"

And Hudnut brings it to you in Marvelous Face Powder, the powder you choose by the color of your eyes!

Eye color, you see, is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair. It is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that match and glorify the beauty of your own skin tones...give you that modern natural look that men prefer!

So, whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, you'll find the shade that does the most for you in Richard Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder, the pure, fine-textured powder keyed to the color of your eyes!

See how smoothly it goes on...how it agrees with even the most sensitive skin! And how it lasts—ends powder-puff dabbing for hours and hours! For complete color harmony, use harmonizing Richard Hudnut Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each, 65¢ in Canada.

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

Please send me tryout Makeup Kit containing generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick.
I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.
My eyes are: Brown X Blue X Hazel X Gray X
Be sure to check color of your eyes!

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________ City ____________________________

SCREENLAND
Now things are different. Because Alice has reason to be more sure of herself in all ways, she has shed many of her distrusts and defenses. Consequently it's infinitely easier to like her—far, far easier. While she, warmed by the knowledge that she is liked, is far happier.

Don't let an antagonistic attitude, born of an inferiority complex, erect barriers which people must hurdle before they can get to you.

Miriam Hopkins is rated as especially likeable by her own people in Hollywood and in New York. And since it is only with these groups that Miriam wishes to be likeable—being far too intense an individual to bother with ordinary types of people who have not yet been won over to her side—she is clear enough that Miriam has a very definite quality of attraction. Actually the secret of Miriam's charm is her refusal to expect too much. Whenever some one knows you is criticized Miriam invariably will say: "So what! I never expected her to be kind or considerate. She's amusing and she's stimulating. You can't have everything."

Miriam admits, frankly, that it wasn't always thus. Not so long ago, like most of us who have been successful, she expected that everyone who were her friends, to measure up in every way. And when they didn't do this she was disillusioned and depressed—she felt she had been let down. And, she says, "worst yet, I would bring about a rift between myself and the person who had let me down because in a dozen little intangible ways I would let him know things weren't the same between us. I would act a trifle cool or a trifle hurt or a trifle independent. And usually, having behaved in what was a perfectly normal manner for me, I would have no idea what it was all about."

"After I had lost the friendship of several people I really admired and whom I wanted to keep in my life I began to get sense. I began to realize that you are attracted to different people for different reasons and you mustn't expect all the same charms and virtues. In other words, if someone is kind and considerate let that be enough. And if someone else is witty and amusing don't expect him to be kind or considerate. You must offer what he needs at the minute you are in trouble. For if you do this you'll frequently be disappointed and in time you'll grow distrustful and bitter and you'll think you want the old days back again."

That Hopkins girl has brains under her corn-silk hair. We do well to remember what she says, to remember to:

Accept different people for what they are. Make sure we don't ask people who are different to be attracted to us because they were stimulating to play the Good Samaritan—not their natural role at all—in odd moments.

Then there's Phyllis Brooks, Phyllis who picked off Cary Grant while at least two dozen beautiful glamour girls stood by wearily, wondering why their best technique had failed them so miserably. For there are times when being likeable not only insures your popularity but also contributes to the success of your love life too.

When Phyllis was growing up her mother gave her a beautiful present. She taught her to be an expert at the art of, "watch the boys and girls and the ladies and gentlemen who are popular and tell me what quality you think they have in common."

Phyllis watched for a long time. Then she told her mother the one thing she thought all popular people had in common, different though they might be in other ways. She told her mother that around them seem important, a knack of drawing people out.

"Exactly!" said Mrs. Brooks, well pleased. "Exactly, Phyllis. When you help others to be at ease and to be successful socially they like you. And when people like you, you're popular. And when you're popular your life is good and you are happy. So! Go on from there!"

Phyllis went on from there, and very successfully too. And all the while she continued to observe and work out the mode of others and the results of their attitude. Not so long ago Noel Coward, of all people, who was Cary Grant's house guest, was the object of Phyllis' observation. "Now," she says, "could have the center of the stage every minute. And he would enjoy the center of the stage every minute for he has fine enthusiasm and an instinctive showmanship. But he's too smart, too clever, too understanding, to monopolize all attention or even the major portion of it. He performs just enough to make you feel his personality. They all seek all kinds of other to discover what they think about things and how they feel."

She laughed. "When I knew I was to meet Phyllis Brooks, I was an audience, to sit back and listen, and to be entertained. Instead I was surprised to find myself talking, appearing smarter than I usually am—being at my ease and offering things."

Encourage others to express their ideas, to tell their funny stories, even to do their card tricks, if they do card tricks. For when you draw people out, when you help them give a good performance they feel warmly towards you.
name shouted: "Una! It's Una Merkel!"

Ask why and again there will be enthusiastic accord. They won't tell you Una is especially dynamic or colorful. They won't go into rhapsodies over the parties she gives. They won't come forth with any sensational reasons at all. But with a sincerity that will convince you they'll say: "Una's likeable because she really is interested in people. If Una's stand-in has a date she sees to it that the girl gets away in time to bathe and dress and relax. If the studio makes an appointment for Una that isn't convenient she'll break her fool neck to keep it rather than inconvenience the person with whom that appointment was made. And none of this, with Una, is a Nice Nellie act. It's friendliness, all wool and a yard wide!"

Wherever you live, whoever you are, be sure of this: those around you may be lonely. Often they're afraid, too, afraid of all kinds of things. Offer them consideration and understanding and interest and you'll find they will draw close to you.

Be considerate. You'll get warmth from people in exact proportion to the understanding you show for their well-being. And you'll get resentment from people in exact proportion to the indifference you show, even though you try to hide this indifference with superficial enthusiasm.

It's Una who rates first in a general vote for being likeable. But were just the members of the press to cast ballots Bette Davis would get this honor. For when the famous Elsa Maxwell was an honored guest at the Women's Press Club she demanded to know whom the members of this club liked least among the stars and whom they liked most—AND WHY! The consensus was impressive. Again and again the same names rang out. The star liked least of all shall, out of kindness, be nameless. The star liked best was Bette Davis. And let me make it very clear that Bette makes no effort to "buy" the press. She doesn't wine and dine writers. She doesn't make them handsome presents upon every possible occasion. And the liking and respect the press holds for her is not based on her undisputed artistry. Bette rates high with the Fourth Estate because she's a square-shooter.

When Bette is impulsive in the things she says during an interview she stands by them. She doesn't ask the writer to strike any indiscreet remark she made off the record. And several times when almost everyone in Hollywood was up in arms over a critical story that reached print, Bette's attitude was different—and fairer.

"If that is the kind of story that sells magazines and it is true," she declared crisply, "the editor was only being efficient in printing it. It's ourselves we should criticize—not the magazine—for giving them the material for such a story. After all, if we're important enough to warrant the reams of praise that are constantly printed about us, we have to expect to be targets for criticism too."

Bette never tries to fool people or to put anything over on them. This spares her the resentment people naturally feel for those who believe them stupid enough to be dealt with in this insulting manner. So then, what do we learn from Bette who gets a gold star from the most hard-boiled group in her town for being likeable? We learn we should:

Try to grasp the other fellow's point of view regarding the things he is doing as well as the things we are doing—so we will respect his rights and avoid hurting his pride.
Look Sweet and Neat

at breakfast in
Bob Pin & Ribbon
Coiffure . . .
double-breasted,
puff-sleeved
hothouse.

Almost Everybody Asks for DE LONG

WANTED

ORIGINAL SONG POEMS
any subject. Will
write the words for a
fair price. Advertise
your piano for im-
mediate sale. In-
spiring.

RICHARD BRADY, 29 Words Building, Chicago, ill.

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, wintry winds make you choice as if each gust for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease in so slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co., for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address Frontier Asthma Co., 2121-F. Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara Street, Buffalo, New York.

For Your Class or Club

Pan, rings and bracelets. Over 200 designs. Find out about them.
Write today for our attractive, free catalog.
Dept. W METAL ARTS CO., Rochester, N. Y.

.. AND I USED TO BE SUCH A SAUSAGE IN THIS DRESS

Look at the Fat I've Lost!

Now you can slim down gracefully and permanently with
strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat
sensibly and take 4 Marmola Tablets a day, according
to the directions.

Marmola Tablets have been sold to the public for more
than thirty years. More than twenty million boxes
have been distributed during that period.

Marmola is not intended as a cure-all for all
ailments. This advertisement is intended only for
fat persons who are normal and healthy otherwise
and whose fatness is caused by a reduction in the
secretion from the thyroid gland (hypo-thyroid-
ism) with consequent abnormal metabolism rates.
No other representation is made as to this
formula or these conditions and ac-
cording to the dosage as recommended.

We do not make any diagnoses as that is
the function of your physician, who must be con-
sulted for that purpose. The formula is Included in each
package. Start with Marmola today and win
the slender lovely figure that is rightfully yours.

Courage, a Heart—and Brains

Continued from page 64

Consider, piece by piece, the rest of your:
head, neck, face, shoulders, arms. Right now
you'll feel better about your feet if you toss
off your shoes, arch them slowly and
rotate them slowly several times from the
ankle. You might also check up on these
points: are your legs perfectly groomed
for those shoes? Are your toes pedicured as
carefully as your fingertips? Are your
black shoes brushed to a freshness and are
the heel lifts in perfect condition?

It's not time for Spring yet, but brighten
up the remainder of your Winter ward-
robe. Maybe a bright wool jacket to wear
over the black crépe, a dazzling new color
in a tiny hat to wear with the black coat, or
maybe a lovely new belt to make a new
frock out of an old one. Or you might fin-
A pastel wool frock just the thing. What-
ever you do now, do it with color in mind,
and do it because you like the color. As
lovely Miss Patrick once said to me, "I
wear red because it makes me happy." A
definite taste for a definite reason.

If your courage is working now, take
heart. Indeed, do something with your
head. And I don't mean to post it on your
sleeve. However, you will find that respon-
siveness is one of the greatest charms any
girl may possess. And responsiveness means
kindred feeling, a response to the invita-
tion. So many people show this quality
long, long after you've thought you knew
them, and it is always a pleasant surprise.
Don't hide your light too far from sight.
At least, go half the way in meeting an-
other. The natural ability to do this gives
you a surer reputation for charm than any
one thing I know. Emotion, pure and sim-
ple, when controlled, is that gift, individual
in every person. When uncontrolled—well,
you know all about that. It's emotion that
makes your eyes as beautiful as the stretch-
ning of the lips. It's emotion and feeling
that give you the ability to excel in and
add something beyond to your own special
forte in life. You can feel this when Deanna
Durbin sings, when Ginger Rogers dances,
and when Victor McLauglen gets good
and mad on the screen. You have a heart, so
use it in the right place. Don't be too brittle.
And brains, too. These we scatter over
a multitude of things, and have a very good

Olivia de Havilland's kid sister makes good! Joan Fontaine plays Laurence Olivier's
bride in the film made from the best seller, "Rebecca." This is the rôle which all the
Will Mortimer Supplant Charlie McCarthy?
Continued from page 33

Antidote is right. Snerd and McCarthy have nothing in common but the breath in Bergen's throat. Their personalities are as different as the human race allows. Snerd's I.Q. is sub-zero—he don't know from nothin' and admits it. What McCarthy doesn't know he claims he does. Snerd is a plow-jockey still damp behind the ears; Charlie is a cosmopolite. Women terrify Snerd, but not since Cassavette have we had a wolf like Charlie. So it goes. Charlie would swindle a worm from a famished robin, but Mortimer—no, he's too ignorant.

A lot of people ask why Mortimer hasn't appeared on the air more often.

"What do you think about going on the radio, Mortimer?" Bergen asked.

"Uh-uhn. Nope."

"Why do you say that, Mortimer? You know Charlie does."

"Yeah, but Charlie's smart."

"But Mortimer," said Bergen, "there are a lot of people on radio that aren't as smart as Charlie."

"No difference," said Snerd. "Can't."

"Why not?"

"Ain't got nothin' to say."

Nevertheless, Bergen thinks that after the release of his new picture Mortimer will want to bounce back, but Bergen isn't sure Snerd will click as keenly as McCarthy.

Mortimer's charm is much more visual than Charlie's. McCarthy really has to be seen to be funny.

All of which gets around to saying that Snerd is best fitted for motion pictures. As a matter of fact, that's been evident for some time. Mortimer first appeared in "Letter of Introduction" in a very small role and made quite a stir. Then came "Mutual Mischief" and after they'd counted the votes on that they found Snerd was a hit. Somehow Mortimer's goodnatured rustic stupidity had touched the public's calloused heart.

And if you don't believe that you ought to take a peek at the letters that poured in asking what had become of Mortimer at the end of the picture. You remember that final fadeout—Snerd gurgling contentedly in the basket of a runaway balloon—well, a good many people got to worrying about him. Had he just gone off the cliff blindly? To allay all such frettions I cross my heart and hope to die if Snerd is not sitting safely and happily on the floor of his own mortal abode."

Advertising is used sparingly," Bergen insists, "for he gets monotonous. He must be given in small doses. Another thing, neither Charlie nor Mortimer is an integral part of the plot in the picture. They are just there to be funny."

And there's a technical hurdle to be jumped. It is Mortimer's face. The angles, bumps, bulges, gullies and all make it difficult to photograph. They have to use "soft" photography on him and shoot him from certain angles only.

All this sounds a mite discouraging, but Bergen is a smart showman. He knows Mortimer can be, and, for that matter, a powerful box office persuader; he knows that Snerd has cut himself a three-foot niche in the public mind and that the public cannot be stood up. Bergen is simply going to make sure he doesn't give the theatregoers too large a dose of Mortimer. We have Bergen's own word that we're going to see more of the rustic gopher puss.
living room window, watching the flight of a paper airplane he had fashioned. To understand how Bill Holden can remain level-headed in the midst of all the ballyhoo, you have to get a picture of the family in which he was brought up. In these days, when a half dozen "tips" have swept the land like evil winds from Europe, it is good to know that there are throughout our country, simple American homes like Bill Holden's. No hatred and intolerance were preached in that home. It was—and is—a stronghold of Americanism. For Bill is descended on his mother's side from Martha Bell, mother of George Washington, and his grandfather was a cousin of President Harding's.

He was born William Franklin Beedle, Jr., in O'Fallon, Illinois, twenty-one years ago, but his family moved to California when he was four years old. His father is a chemist, and there was a time when Bill thought he would become one, too. He has two younger brothers, Bob, who is seventeen, and is wild about chemistry, and Dick, who is fourteen, and who ever since Bill was chosen for the part of "Golden Boy," is determined to become an actor some day, too. Bill lived exactly the sort of boyhood which any boy might live who was brought up in a wholesome American family, ruled by love instead of the iron hand of discipline. It was a boyhood of hunting and camping and going to the beach. And a boyhood, too, of dabbling around with musical instruments. At nine Bill took a few piano lessons; a year later he was learning to play the clarinet, and at twelve he studied the violin for nine months.

"I gave it up because I didn't care much for the violin," he said. "However, when I was chosen later for the part of "Golden Boy," it took lessons every day. It was the same way with boxing. I never boxed until I was chosen for this rôle, and then I took two hours of boxing lessons every day for two months."

Bill's greatest thrill as a youngster came at the age of twelve when his uncle took him for a ride in a plane, and they flew over Mount Wilson. Six years later came the next big thrill—he bought a motorcycle. Suspecting that his father might disapprove, he kept it in a friend's garage, saying nothing about it at home. When his father learned about it, he said, "Bill, you've got to get rid of that motorcycle. It's dangerous for you to drive it."

"Dad, didn't you have a motorcycle when you were a boy?"

"Yes, that's true."

"And don't you remember what a thrill it was?"

Dad's face relaxed into a smile, and it was obvious that Mr. Beedle, Sr., was recalling the joys of motorcycling. "Yes, it was a great thrill," he admitted, "but I lived in the country, where there was practically no traffic. In the city, it's very risky."

Bill's voice became very cajoling. If he had been taking lessons from Dale Carnegie, he couldn't have been more persuasive. "It isn't really more dangerous in the city, Dad. When you used your 'cycle on country roads, you had to have great skill, for those country roads were pretty bumpy and full of mud puddles. It took just as much judgment to ride a motorcycle in the sand and mud and dirt of a country road as it does to dodge traffic."

"Maybe you're right, Bill. All right, you can keep the motorcycle, but if you're ever careless enough to have an accident, you'll have to get rid of it."

When, a year later, he had his first accident, his father insisted that he sell the motorcycle. "If I can prove to you that the accident wasn't my fault, may I keep the 'cycle?" Bill asked. His father agreed. "The driver of the car made a left-hand turn without signalling, as he was supposed to," Bill explained. He kept the motorcycle.

All the members of the family like to kid each other, playing mild, pleasant jokes on one another. There was the time when Bill's mother was all set for a trip to the Yosemite with her husband. They had been looking forward to it for a long time. Half
Married or single? Single or married? Hollywood can't decide. Whichever it is right, Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard still dine together. Why, he was frowning, the smiling? Your guess on that angle of their mystery romance is as good as ours.

an hour before they were scheduled to start the phone rang. "I'm sorry," Bill's father said, "but I can't get the time off. I have to see some people in Los Angeles on business. We'll have to postpone our vacation." Heartbroken, Mrs. Beedle unpacked their gifts, only to be confronted a half hour later by her husband, who said, "Well, are you all set to go, dear?" And she had to repack the trunk!

"At Christmas time," Bill told me, "I'd say, 'Here's your present, mother,' and 'Here's yours, Bob.' Dad, I'm awfully sorry, but I had no time to shop around for you.' Sorry, Dick, I didn't have time to get you anything either." Dick and Dad knew he was kidding, of course. No member of the Beedle family would think of overlooking Christmas. But they knew, too, that they had to wait until the triumphant moment when he dragged out their gifts from their hiding place. Then they'd pretend to be very astonished that he had, after all, found time to shop for those gifts.

One Christmas when Mr. Beedle unpacked the gifts, he picked up a package containing a bottle of whiskey. He seemed surprised. And no wonder! For that wasn't at all the type of gift the Beedles gave one another. And they all knew that he didn't drink. He asked them all if they'd given it to him and each one of them denied it. Breaking the seal on the bottle, he said, "Well, it looks good, and there's no sense in wasting it." Whereupon he put the bottle to his lips, and began to drink its contents. Aghast, they all stared at him. Why, he had already consumed half of the liquor in it.

"Mother put her hand to her head. None of us could understand it. Since dad was not a drinking man, I expected him to keel over in a dead faint. Suddenly, he began to laugh. Dad had steamed the seal off the bottle, had filled it with water, then replaced the seal so that it looked as if it hadn't been touched. We thought he was drinking whiskey, when he was drinking nothing but water! It surely gave us a great scare!"

Since the family lived in Pasadena, Bill attended the South Pasadena Junior College, where he joined the glee club, never dreaming that this was to change his whole life. While they were rehearsing for a concert, Robert Ben Alley, the author of "Manya," which was to be presented at the college, said to him, "I like your voice. Would you mind recording some vocal parts for 'Manya'?

"Not at all," said Bill, "I'll be glad to." The following year, the dramatic club at the college decided to present "Manya" again, and Robert Ben Alley gave Bill the part of Pierre Curie. So, a man of seventy. This time "Manya" was presented at the Playbox, which is connected with the Pasadena Community Playhouse. Though Bill had only a bit to play, Paramount's talent scout singled him out for an audition.

"It was one of the worst ordeals I've ever been through. The audition room was all black on one side, and a spotlight shone in my face.

"Give me a line from some play you've been in," Arthur Jacobson, talent director of the studio, said to me. "I've been in only one play," I confessed. "All right, give me a line from that.

"So I screwed up my face to look like that of an old man, and spoke a line in an old whiney voice.

"Stop," said Mr. Jacobson. "You don't have to give us any of that stuff. If we wanted a character actor, we'd get Paul Muni. We want you to be yourself. Tell me about some experience you've had." So Bill began to tell him about a hunting trip he'd once taken. After he had spoken a few sentences, came Mr. Jacobson's voice, Stop. That's enough. We'll shoot a screen test in a couple of days.

Two days later, they shot a test of Bill and two girls. Of the three, only Bill was signed.

The day he signed his contract, he called up his home. "Well, mother, I didn't get the contract." The voice that came over the phone was low and sympathetic. "Don't feel badly about it, Bill. If you'd been trained for the stage, that would be different. But you can't really expect the movie companies to give a boy without any stage experience a contract."

At dinner that night, Bill sat in the dining room of his home in Pasadena with his mother, and his two brothers. There was none of the gay atmosphere that usually prevailed at the dinner table. Each of them talked of everything but the movies, the subject that was uppermost in their minds. For they knew how bitterly disappointed Bill must be. Strangely enough, Bill actually seemed cheerful. Finally he
to the preview of “Golden Boy,” he was so completely unknown not a soul recognized him. But as he walked out of the theatre, crowds began to surround him, to pull at his clothes, and thrust autograph books at him. One old woman said in a shrill voice, “Did you get a big thrill out of kissing Barbara Stanwyck?” That first taste of fame’s heady splendors frightened him. He was amazed to have people asking him to sign autographs, as though his autograph could possibly be of any value.

He’s very simple, very natural and very honest. There isn’t any One Girl in his life. “I’ve never had much time for girls. I’ve been too busy,” he says. “About once in six months I’ve taken a girl sailing or to a show or something like that.” Asked if he’d ever been in love, he said, abashed, “No, not really love. I’ve had what you might call adolescent attractions.”

His favorite book is Lin Yutang’s “Importance of Being Earnest” and he often pick up the book, read excerpts from it, and laugh at my head off,” he said, “It’s the philosophy of a suppressed race. Not having much of this world’s goods, he has learned to love simple things and to get their pleasure out of those things that are free to all—the earth and the sun and the sky.”

His favorite actors are Tracy and Paul Muni. Although press agents hail him as a future Clark Gable, he himself hasn’t the slightest desire to become a matinee idol. He was glad that his role in “Invisible Stripes” for which Warners have borrowed him, was not too big. “I don’t feel that I can carry any picture,” he told me. “From now on, I hope to be cast in small supporting roles. Look at John Garfield. After appearing in ‘Four Daughters,’ ‘They Made Me a Criminal,’ and ‘Blackwell’s Island,’ he played a supporting role in ‘Daughters Courageous.’ It wasn’t a big part—it was only his fine acting that made it stand out. If a part like that is the right kind of role to build up John Garfield, then certainly I can hope for nothing better than a chance to be featured in a similar role. I didn’t become a star overnight, and I don’t want to become a star until I’ve learned how to act.”

It looks as if he will be given every chance to learn. Bill Holden is now playing in a comedy, “At Good Old Siwash,” for Paramount. In it he’ll have an opportunity to express the comic urge that seems to run in his family.

Jeanette, the Impatient Photographer

Continued from page 61

Jeanette got soul. She’s Murial (Legs) Angelus, Paramount’s new pet leading and the Broadway stage. As Maudie in Keeling’s “The Light That Failed,” she just can’t fail to make a hit.

ten minutes, mildly inquired whether I wanted her with or without eyelashes that evening. And wonder if my own click-click wouldn’t have been just as good.

“Let me offer these candid pictures of the Hargreaves and Irene Dunne,” said Gene, extending the print. “I like your pictures of her, too. The others are examples of really candid art.”

“I have a romantic soul,” smiled Jeanette. “I love to see my friends in a cute setup like that. Those were made at our latest Sunday breakfast. We have friends in for waffles every so often, and I make the waffles on three irons. I have to be backling! No matter how quickly I do it, they all complain. After breakfast we usually play our cartoon game, where you choose sides and the other side draws what ever word is given them on slips of paper, the other side guessing what has been drawn. You’ve probably played it. I think I got some good informals last time.”

“The rule of this house,” observed Gene, ruffling through the prints, “is that no one who tells a story shall be permitted to get into the print. I don’t want to spoil it, because everyone heaves the story teller and few, if any, finish.”

Jeanette caught the candid camera hobby from her husbend. She’s a little bird since he was a little boy. “Partly it was because Gene’s albums are such a joy to us as a record of all our good times together,” she said, “and besides I like doing what we love doing the same things. I doubt if I will ever be as good at it as Gene is, but good or not, it’s fun. Gene has a home movie outfit too, but I know, I remember when we were on our honeymoon I thought I’d like to see what I could do with that outfit.”

“We were on a boat, and I had Gene running up and down hatchways, coming in and out of doors, and so on. But I didn’t stand there and grind the little jigger as you might think. I’d get something different—(like you up on the arbor)—something after the manner of our ace camera artists. I held the camera way up on top and moved. When we showed the film on the screen, believe it or not, Gene was coming in upside down, walking on his head or sort of disappearing into the heavens.

“I can walk upstairs on my hands. I should have tried it then and saved the picture,” put in Gene.

“Oh, the scenery, too! You should have seen that!” laughed Jeanette. “I had a gorgeous view from my hotel window. I wanted to immortalize it, so I picked up the camera, started grinding and moved from one side to the other, so as to take in the entire view. When it came on the screen, it simply whooshed right by like a comet!”

“So now I leave the movie outfit to Gene,” finished my hostess. “Speaking of albums—are we?”...Gene is having such fun for my album of concert numbers. Did you know he played my accompaniment for that record? It’s the song he wrote for me, Let Me Always Sing.”

“Since Gene began devoting most of his time to composing music, he has been very happy and has taken pictures...I’ve been a happier person, too. We both found ourselves through our hobbies.”

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EYE BEAUTY AIDS
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Mr. Walker: 'They're scientific ways of improving soil and plant food... that have helped farmers grow finer tobacco in recent years.'

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Q. "You say that Luckies buy the 'Cream of the Crop'?"
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CONFESSIONS OF AN EX-MOVIE QUEEN

WHY CHARLES BOYER CAME BACK

Scene LAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

March

ALICE FAYE

ENCER TRACY'S HOME LIFE—WITH NEW, EXCLUSIVE PICTURES His Boss Tells On 2 Smart Girls: Deanna Durbin, Helen Parrish
A Doctor Tells
THE INTIMATE SECRETS
OF A PRIVATE NURSE

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THE WORLD-FAMOUS AUTHOR OF “THE CITADEL”
Bares the Heartache and Despair of Women the World Calls Callous in a story even more searching and absorbing than his first great success—made trebly vivid and exciting by three brilliant stars.

CAROLE LOMBARD
BRIAN AHERNE
ANNE SHIRLEY

“VIGIL IN THE NIGHT”
From the Brilliant New Novel by A. J. CRONIN

With JULIEN MITCHELL · ROBERT COOTE
BRENDA FORBES · PETER CUSHING
Produced and Directed by GEORGE STEVENS
PANDRO S. BERTMAN In Charge of Production
Screen Play by Fred Guiol · P. J. Wolfson · Rowland Leigh
RKO RADIO PICTURE
Her Pinafore Frock said "Linger"
but her Lovely Smile added "For Keeps"!

Your smile is your own priceless "exclusive"—
Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!

A DRESS straight out of Vogue or a hat from Harper's glamorous pages can give a girl the proper start. But there's nothing like a lovely smile to complete the journey—straight into a man's heart.

For not even a "sixth sense" in style can win for the girl who lets her smile become dull and lifeless...who doesn't take proper care of her teeth and gums...who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Take a leaf out of her book—and profit from it! For your smile is you—lose it and you lose one of your most appealing charms!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"
If your tooth brush shows a tinge of "pink"—see your dentist! It may mean nothing serious—but find out. Very likely, his verdict will be that your gums need exercise—need the chewing that soft foods deny them. Like many dentists, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to help the gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that wonderful tang, exclusive with Ipana and massage. It is pleasant proof of circulation awakening in the gum tissues—stimulating gums—helping to make them firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana today. See what Ipana and massage can do to add more lustre, more charm to your smile!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
FRED ASTAIRE
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Exciting Fiction Story
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in Next Issue!

High adventure in exotic lands, with a beautiful woman the prize—"Safari" is one of the truly important pictures of the new screen season, and in the next, the April issue of The Smart Screen Magazine, we offer you the complete story of the film—a thrilling novelette which you will want to read before you see the colorful movie.

DON'T MISS THE APRIL ISSUE, ON SALE MARCH 1st

Paul C. Hunter, Publisher

March, 1940

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Hot
From Hollywood

The latest news fresh from Hollywood, where new things are happening every minute.

LINDA DARNELL has faced her first real sacrifice for her career and she didn't care for the experience. As soon as she gets a vacation of any length of time, she's heeding herself to South America to see her high school sweetheart, Jaime Jorba, There had been elaborate plans for Jaime to come to see her in Hollywood recently. The reunion was to be quite an event, Jaime got all the way to Texas by way of Mexico, and then felt too ill to travel farther. As much as Linda wanted to fly to Texas her work wouldn't let her. She never got a glimpse of her romantic interest because she was kept in Hollywood until after her visiting permit in this country had expired. Linda is really heartbroken and she vows she will do the traveling for the next planned reunion.

JOAN CRAWFORD always solves any mystery in which she's involved. Her curiosity forces her to. But there is one mystery Joan has never been able to fathom. Who is Marla? For at least five years, on her birthday, and on Christmas, she has received a gift from this unknown friend. She always gets a communication of some kind from this mysterious person before she leaves on a trip wishing her well on her journey, and welcoming her back home when she returns. The gift Joan received for her last birthday was hand-made by her admirer, and was in petit point. No matter what the gift, it is always the same. The letters and packages are simply postmarked "Hollywood." After all this show of admiration Joan has never been able to find out who her friend is. Do you know?

ALL during the last six months, ever since the Werner Jansens moved to Hollywood, there have been rumors that we would again see Ann Harding on the screen. But that is as problematical to real insiders as the return of Mary Pickford. Ann has submersed herself to her husband's position as a conductor and composer. She is completely the wife and mother now. Her only advent into the public eye, here, has been in helping interest all of Hollywood in her husband's recent all Sibelius benefit concert for Finnish relief. She impressed people in Hollywood very much that the rumors are again hot. Now, Ann is supposed to play the lead opposite Basil Rathbone in a picture called "Destiny" for Paramount. I hope that it is true.

JOHN PAYNE has the most unusual sideline business of any actor in Hollywood. He owns a bridge club that teaches you in 12 easy lessons not to trump your partner's ace. . . . Anita Louise, on a personal appearance tour with her harp, will let no one touch it but herself. They say it's a sight to see her wrestling with that couple hundred pounds of gilt and strings.

WHAT will Hollywood think of next just for a string of laughs? This time it was a corset show at the Somerseth House. The corsets, of course, held the center of attention but to present them in truly enviable style the showing had a world famous master of ceremonies, an equally well known producer, and a cast of models that only Hollywood could turn out. The laugh fest was Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch's birthday, but the turn of genius that made it a wow was having Louis Bromfield, as master of ceremonies, tell the history of each garment, describe its fabric and its ability to do what a corset should. His inimitable discourse on the gay '90 numbers had everyone rolling on the floor, including Kay Francis who added priceless anecdotes on how those steel and whalebone armor-plates had to be laced. I wonder how Kay happens to know so much about corsets.
ONLY RUDYARD KIPLING COULD WRITE SUCH A ROMANCE... ONLY RONALD COLMAN COULD PLAY SUCH A ROLE!

"Laugh, you little fool, laugh... for I'm giving you something you've never had before... A soul... on canvas!"

To those who believe in romance, Paramount dedicates this glorious film re-creation of Kipling's never-to-be-forgotten story of Dick Heldar, artist, adventurer, gentleman unafraid. For this is romance, the romance of far places, Abu-Hamed, Khartoum, Port Said, London, and of the men who fought for glory beneath the desert sun... but more than that... the romance of that strange wilderness which is the heart of man.

Ronald Colman
in RUDYARD KIPLING'S
"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"

A Paramount Picture with
WALTER HUSTON
Ida Lupino • Muriel Angelus • Dudley Digges
Produced and Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN
Screen Play by Robert Carson
Based on the Novel by Rudyard Kipling
"Gone With the Wind" is the great picture of its time, as "Birth of a Nation" was great in its day. It runs for 3 hours and 45 minutes. It has an all-star cast and thousands of extras. It is all in brilliant Technicolor, with some scenes of breathtaking beauty. It's always stirring and often thrilling. But you can't describe this Selznick epic. You must see it in order to believe it.

Three-star pictures are rare. In "Gone With the Wind" three performances are such absolute perfection in portrayal that all three must be given our award. Vivien Leigh reincarnates Margaret Mitchell's headstrong heroine. Gable lends enormous gusto to his rôle of Rhett. Olivia de Havilland contributes the tender notes of poignant beauty and self-sacrifice as kind-hearted Melanie.

To the Stars of "GONE WITH THE WIND"

First, to Vivien Leigh, vivid Scarlett O'Hara to the life.

Second, to Clark Gable, dynamic perfection as Rhett Butler.

Third, to Olivia de Havilland, lovely as the gentle Melanie.
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Read about the 3 sizes - Regular, Super, Junior.

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Remember? — M-G-M

What a difference the right role makes! Although “Remember?” is an amusing picture, it certainly doesn’t give Greer Garson a chance to display quite as much charm as she revealed in “Goodbye, Mr. Chips.” In this one, she’s a light comedienne, and Robert Taylor also has a comedy role as the man who falls in love with his best friend’s fiancée. But guess who steals the picture? Billie Burke, as one of those charming, dim-wit matrons.

Everything Happens at Night — 20th Century-Fox

This has everything—gaiety, charm, clever dialogue, beautiful photography, and something that no Sonja Henie picture has had in a long time—a real plot. Ray Milland and Robert Cummings give excellent performances as rival newspaper men who go to Switzerland in pursuit of the same story. Sonja skis with wonder- ful ease; but for the first time she does more acting than skating, and is great.

Charlie McCarthy, Detective — Universal

Without Charlie McCarthy, this would be a routine murder and mystery story about a crooked publisher who is allied with a gangster. But why talk of what it would be without? Charlie? With Charlie, as the “slap-happy sleuth,” it’s a riot of song, laughter, and mad situations.

Nick Carter, Master Detective — M-G-M

Your pappy and maybe you, yourself, used to read those thrilling Nick Carter detective stories. But you never read this one, in which the famous detective is brought up-to-date by smooth, ingratiating Walter Pidgeon, who is called in by the head of an airplane factory to find out how secret plans are being stolen out of the factory. Rita Johnson is passable as the heroine, but we put our money on Donald Meek as the bee man.

Thou Shalt Not Kill — Republic

You’ve seen pictures built around this idea, and you’ll see ‘em again. What’s a clergyman to do when a murderer confesses a crime for which an innocent man has been condemned? This time melodrama is piled on melodrama until the plot collapses. Charles Bickford struggles to make his role convincing, but gets little assistance from the rest of the cast. Owen Davis, Jr., as the hero, and Paul Guilfoyle over-act. Not good.
One Day Soon
they’ll all be saying

"Let’s go see
THE FIGHTING 69TH"

Let’s see ‘THE FIGHTING 69TH’! Because if ever a movie *moved*
this is the one! There’ve been exciting films before—but not
*this* kind of excitement! You’ve *laughed* loudly and long in
the theatre before, but never louder nor longer than this time.
And there will be a *tear* too... but the kind of tears that
bring *cheers* when it’s over!

Let’s see ‘THE FIGHTING 69TH’ and see grand screen stars like
JIMMY ☆ CAGNEY and PAT ☆ O’BRIEN and GEORGE ☆ BRENT give
to their parts from their hearts; for of all the roles they’ve
portrayed, of these they’ll be *proudest* ever!

Let’s see ‘THE FIGHTING 69TH’ because ‘The Fighting 69th’
brings you history’s heroes —the story of their glory,
which, once seen, no girl can help but cherish.

*James Cagney* • *Pat O’Brien* • *George Brent*
in ‘THE FIGHTING 69TH’

With
JEFFREY LYNN • ALAN HALE • FRANK McHugh
DENNIS MORGAN • DICK FORAN
WILLIAM LUNDIGAN • GUINN "BIG BOY" WILLIAMS
HENRY O’NEILL • JOHN LITEL

Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Original Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine, Fred Niblo, Jr.,
and Dean Franklin • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

A new Warner Bros. success
"Eyes of Romance"

WITH THIS AMAZING

NEW Winx

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new Improved Winx Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem naturally longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter—sparkling "like stars!"

New Winx does not stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

Winx Mascara (Cake or Cream), Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow in the new Pink packages are Good Housekeeping approved.

Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—today!

**STOP Scratching**

Relieve Itch Fast or Money Back

For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rushes and other externally caused skin troubles, use world-famous, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D.D. D. Prescription Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops intense itching. If trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.

FREE CATALOG—PINS and RINGS

Class pins, club pins, rings and emblems. First quality. Reasonable prices from 25¢ up. Write today for our attractive, free catalog.

Depl. IV, Metal Arts Co., Inc., Rochester, N. Y.

Sidewalks of London—Paramount

This is distinguished by two superb performances, by Charles Laughton as a street entertainer, and by Vivien Leigh, who starts off as a petty thief, is helped by Laughton and goes on to fame and fortune in the theater. Though at times, because of the heavy British accents, you may not understand every word, still these two performances are so fine that if you miss it you will cheat yourself.

The Secret of Dr. Kildare—M-G-M

Lionel Barrymore definitely dominates this newest of the Dr. Kildare series, giving his best performance since "Ah Wilderness!" As the wise, inviolate old doctor who has given his life to the service of humanity and whose advice will actually help you, he overshadows Lew Ayres as Dr. Kildare. The story's about a neurotic girl whose case Dr. Kildare solves. An inspiring, very helpful picture.

The Cisco Kid and the Lady—20th Century-Fox

Swingin' in the very saddle where Warner Baxter once rode, singin' as he swings, and makin' love as he sings is "Kid" Cesar Romero. A dashin', handsome Kid he makes, too—although with a slightly Latin flavor. This time the Kid not only has his usual exciting adventures, but even takes over the care of a baby. Virginia Field is excellent as the lady who isn't quite a lady. The baby steals scenes.

Days of Jesse James—Republic

Judged on its own merits, this is fairly good entertainment. However, movie fans who saw Tyrone Power in "Jesse James" may be disappointed in it. Donald Barry gives a rather uninspired performance as Jesse James. Roy Rogers is an engaging hero. The plot? Roy discovers that Jesse did not really pull a certain bank robbery blamed on him, and sets out to find who did. Okay for all Western fans.

Barricade—20th Century-Fox

Can you imagine Alice Faye as a woman who commits a murder under du provocation, who runs away to the American consulate in China, and pretends to be a Russian? In such a role, it's no wonder that Miss Faye fails to give her usual convincing performance. Warner Baxter is pretty smooth as the newspaper correspondent, and Charles Winninger very likeable as the "forgotten" American consul.

Money to Burn—Republic

Contest fans will find this newest of the "Higgins Family" series amusing. Movie fans who don't care about contests will find the picture silly in spots, gay in others, fair entertainment in general. As the contest-crazy housewife who tries to get her husband to quit his job so she can win a contest, Lucille Gleason handles her scenes with the right touch. Harry Davenport good as Grandpa.
HEN you’ve got the sniffles, a chill, and your throat feels irritated, it’s a sign that germs are probably at work in mouth and throat.

Sometimes they can be killed in sufficient numbers or kept under control so that Nature can halt the infection... throw off the cold.

If you have any symptoms of trouble, start gargling with full strength Listerine Antiseptic and keep it up. Countless people say it’s a wonderful first aid and 8 years of scientific research back them up. Tests during this period actually showed fewer and milder colds for Listerine Antiseptic users... fewer sore throats, too.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the secondary invaders—germs that many authorities say help to complicate a cold and make it so troublesome.

Actual tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. Up to 80% one hour later.

In view of this evidence, don’t you think it is a wise precaution to use Listerine Antiseptic systematically during fall, winter, and spring months when colds are a constant menace to the health of the entire family?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

The two drawings at left illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.
ANNE SHERIDAN, starring in the current Warner Bros. picture, "YEARS WITHOUT DAYS."

WESTMORE FOUNDATION CREAM—created by Hollywood's master make-up man, the Westmore! Creates the effect of smooth, velvety, alluring complexion. In four glowing, natural-looking tones, with powder to blend. Now in a store near you—large size 50c.

READ Perc Westmore's Make-Up Guide—Tells exactly how to make up to enhance the beauty of your type... has measuring wheel to show you your face type. At your drug or variety store or send 25c to House of Westmore, Inc., Dept. F-3, 730 Fifth Ave., New York.

Four generations of women all over the world have eases periodic pain by taking 1 to 4 teaspoonsful of Doctor Siegert's Angustura bitters (aromatic) in a little water, hot or cold. It gives gentle, soothing relief—it is not habit-forming and it is pleasant to take. You can get a bottle of Angustura at your druggist.

...AND I USED TO BE SUCH A SAUSAGE IN THIS DRESS

Look at the Fat I've Lost!

Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Marmola Tablets a day, according to the directions. Marmola Tablets have been sold to the public for more than thirty years. More than twenty million boxes have been distributed during that period.

Marmola is not intended as a cure-all for all ailments. This advertisement is intended only for fat persons who are normal and healthy otherwise and whose fatness is caused by a reduction in the secretion from the thyroid gland (hypo-thyroidism) with accompanying subnormal metabolic rates. No other representation is made as to this treatment except under these conditions and according to the dosage as recommended.

We do not make any diagnosis as to the function of your physician, who must be consulted for that purpose. The formula is included in every package. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure that is rightfully yours.

IF EVER you go to call on Virginia Bruce, you'll find her white frame-and-brick Colonial farmhouse nestled against a green hillside on the Pacific Palisades. There's a gorgeous view of the ocean from her bricked front porch. Outside the white iron gates you'll discover a telephone in its weather-proof box; approved by the voice at the other end of the wire, you'll enter, drive along a winding road, past the fenced-in green paddock, past the white stables, and so to a curved drive to the house. In the center of the drive is a young live oak tree with gay flowers encircling its trunk. Three friendly dogs will rush to greet you. Pike, the great Dane, will give you a lordly welcome; Beauty, the St. Bernard, is a bit soppier, and tiny Copper, the cocker-spaniel, will enthusiastically lick your shoes.

The J. Walter Rubens—Virginia, you know, is Mrs. Ruben in private life—have two beautiful front doors into their hospitable hall; one from the courtyard and one from the bricked porch. Beyond either door is the feeling of spaciousness and light. The day I called, my hostess greeted me in a scarlet afteroon gown exactly matching lipstick and fingernails. Her pale gold hair was smooth and shining, brushed down to end in soft curls. Her beauty, as it always does, temporarily took my breath away.

"Do come and see my table!" she urged, presently. " Entirely informal—we never give formal dinners—informality is much
more fun. We decorated the dining room around that painting over the mantel—bought it down in New Orleans."

She indicated an oil painting of a woman in black lace with a mulberry cushion at her feet. "She's not an ancestor, I'm afraid. Someone said she looks like a cook because she's so plump, but when we sent her to be reframed and cleaned, they found the picture had been ripped through with a sword, so no doubt once she hung in one of the old Southern plantations and a Yankee tried to destroy her!"

The dining room rug is mulberry, "I thought I was getting prune," explained Virginia, "but it's certainly mulberry. The violet drapes at the window were my own idea and I'm rather proud of them." The walls are papered in gray-and-white stripe. The furniture is early American and was made in Williamsburg, Virginia.

The table was set with Bavarian china, a different design to each place, ruby glass and silver candelabra, and a centerpiece of red roses and blue delphinium. "I prefer red roses and blue iris and I like them wider and longer, but you get the idea. We usually have very intimate little dinners—four guests, or, if I'm feeling very brave, six! Tonight there'll be six of us. But last week I actually invited twelve. I worn' a lot, but everything went off well. We haven't a projection room, as so many do out here, and we have no unique fashion of entertaining guests, but we managed to have a good time. Margaret Sullivan and her husband, Leland Hayward, Jean Arthur and Frank Ross, her husband—I should say it the other way around, for Screenland readers know the wives best—were all here. We played Musical Ghost—ever try it? Frank Ross played the chorus or sometimes merely refrains from songs, and if you couldn't guess what he was playing you were a ghost and could heckle the others until just one was left, and he was the winner."

"I served Borcht first, Mac, my Japanese cook, makes the most marvelous soups you ever tasted—never uses canned vegetables, always fresh ones. Other cooks may open cans, but not Mac. I'm sure he'll let you have his recipe."

He did let me have it. Here it is, as Mac gave it to me. (Continued on page 89)

**No Job for Nancy but a big Job for Mum**

**Why risk underarm odor—when Mum every day so surely guards your charm?**

She tries so hard—goes everywhere—but somehow for Nancy it's a brief "no opening now!" For business is business. And it never helps to have a girl around who neglects to use Mum!

**Constant personal daintiness is a business asset... as much in demand as cheerfulness, ability, and speed. Why does any girl risk it? Why don't all girls play safe with Mum—every single day?**

For it's a gamble to depend on a bath alone to keep you fresh and sweet. A bath merely removes perspiration that is past... but Mum prevents odor—keeps you fresh and sweet for the hours to come.

More business girls prefer Mum to any other deodorant. Mum is—

**QUICK!** A daily pat under this arm, under that, and through the longest working day you know you're fresh!

**HARMLESS!** Apply Mum after dressing... fabrics are safe. Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any dress. Safe for skin, too.

**LASTING!** Hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps underarms sweet. And Mum does not stop perspiration. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be wise in business... be sure of charm! Make a habit of Mum every day.

**WHY MUM IS FIRST CHOICE WITH BUSINESS GIRLS**

She's one of the beauties of Hollywood, but Virginia (Mrs. J. Walter Ruben in real life) hates swank and entourage on a small but perfect scale. Facing page, she loves to greet her guests at the door, serves after-dinner coffee informally; above, she selects records for a musical evening.

**Mum**

Takes the odor out of perspiration.

**Important to You—**

Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napping because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.

---

**Screenland**

15
Memorable Scenes
from “Gone With the Wind”

ATLANTA BESIEGED

Big scene shows the civilian population fleeing down Peachtree Street as General Sherman bombards the city. Vivien Leigh as Scarlett O'Hara is seen running in midst of the motley crowd.

GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice
To Feel "Tip-Top" In Morning!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely every day into your intestines—constipation with its head-aches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Olive Tablets being purely vegetable, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

Here's Amazing Relief For Acid Indigestion

YES—TUMS bring amazing quick relief from indigestaion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. TUMS are guaranteed to contain no acid. Are not laxative. Contain no harmful drugs. Over 2 billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Get TUMS today. Only 10¢ for 12 TUMS at all drugstores. You never know when or where
Each shade is on a "Magic Fingertip" which you can try on right over your own nail! Find your lucky shade!

No longer need you wonder about which shade of nail polish you should wear—which shade is loveliest on your hands! For now you can try on all the newest shades—right at home—before buying a single bottle of polish!

It's all done with my Magic Fingertips!

I’ll gladly send you free a set of my 12 Magic Fingertips. Each is shaped like the human nail—made of celluloid—and coated with a different shade of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. You simply hold each Magic Fingertip over your nail—and instantly you see which shade gives your hands enchanting loveliness—goes smartest with your costume colors.

Choose your lucky shade, then ask for it in Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish at your favorite store. You’ll be thrilled with this rich, cream polish that gives your nails flattering beauty for 7 long days!

Send for your 12 Magic Fingertips!

Let your own eyes reveal the one nail polish shade that gives your hands enchanting grace and beauty! Clip the coupon now.

12 shades FREE!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)
LADY ESTHER, 7162 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your Magic Fingertips showing all 12 different shades of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. (53)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.
Twentieth Century-Fox presents
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production of

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

A spirited belle of the brawling waterfront; headlong in love with handsome Robert Fulton, fighting the whole town to win his heart and share his glory... in those boisterous, romantic days when little old New York was new and life was really living!

FAYE · MACMURRAY · GREENE

BRENDA JOYCE

ANDY DEVINE

HENRY STEPHENSON

FRITZ FELD

Directed by HENRY KING
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Screen Play by Harry Tugend
Story by John Balderston
Based upon play by Rida Johnson Young

Spectacular entertainment from the producer and director of "In Old Chicago", "Alexander's Ragtime Band", "Stanley and Livingstone", "Jesse James"!

18 SCREENLAND
Dear Mr. Tone:

What's the matter with you, anyway?

Yes, I really do want to know.

I, and some other people who might be called "The Ex-Fans of Franchot Tone."

Ever since I gave you the Honor Page for your first fine film performance, way back there in 1933, in "Today We Live," I've been for you. Up till now. When you left Hollywood to try the stage again I was not surprised. The screen roles that were being handed to you were enough to drive you back to Broadway. Too, I believed I understood that you are not the personality-type actor, but a real one; and therefore, despite the fact that you married the exhibitionistic Joan Crawford, you didn't actually relish being bopped in the eye by flash photographers' bulbs every time you dined out. Even sympathized when, back in New York, you seemed determined to make the worst possible impression upon the autograph hounds who lie in wait at stage doors and hotel entrances for film celebrities. After all, I told myself, weren't you, at least, sincere in your sensitive reserve? Who could blame you?

Well, as a matter of fact, a lot of people could—and have. The following is the digest of a letter to me:

"Do us a favor. Please write an open letter to Franchot Tone and tell him off—plenty. He needs it—and how. This is what it is all about: he is in New York City now. He goes to all the opening nights. At Paul Muni's opening he was asked to give some children autographs; his reply was, is this a circus? I don't give autographs, it is a bad habit to get into, if you need them write the studio. He has been at several openings since where the fans stand around to see the stars; when he comes along they hiss him."

Now, these are strong words. They are not mine. What I'm asking you, are they true? Perhaps those fans caught you off-guard, in the wrong mood, or with a cold in the head. It might happen to anybody. On the other hand, it does seem that for one so averse to publicity you have not been too consistent—your friendly dinners with your former wife when she visits New York are your business, and hers—and should be; but somehow the photographers always catch up with you and presto!—your private life belongs to your public. You can't blame your public, then, for believing it has certain rights to your good will and your courtesy. Granted that your fans do not always have the most exquisite manners or perfect approach—then maybe it's up to you to set them a good example. How about it?

Delight Evans
The scoop picture of the month! We give you William Powell and his new bride, Diana Lewis, the girl he married after a brief courtship. Hollywood hadn't dreamed the romance was that serious. Diana is Bill's third wife.

Hop aboard SCREENLAND Special, right smack into the heart of Hollywood. See the doings and the wooings; the social festivities and the friendships, caught by the man who always gets his picture, our Len Weissman.

HOLLYWOOD WHIRL

Off-guard, Bette Davis likes children; made friends with child entertainer at Basil Rathbone Charity party.

Was it the teddy bear Author Louis Bromfield carried or his witty conversation that made Bette seek him out?
Of course, "What a Man" Gable, the one and only Butlers, attended "What a Premiere," with his wondrous Carole Lombard, positively glittering in gold, with a matching wrap of gold, and gold shoes.

Dan Ameche and Bing Crosby are that they owe a great deal to rel and proper that they were among participated in a Salvation Army bi.
Their Boss Tells On

HEY were rehearsing the scene in “First Love” where the family is about to start for the party. The players had been given their lines just a few minutes earlier. Helen Parrish hesitated, turned to Henry Koster, the director—Bobbie to his friends, among whom he numbers all the young people in his casts.

“Say, Bobbie, am I awfully mean to Deanna here?”

“Yes, you are, Helen.”

“Do you really want me to tell her she can’t go to the party?”

“Go on—a little punishing is good for her.”

“Well—am I going to be punished for it?”

“Of course. Your father will spank you later in the picture.”

“Is that right.”

“Of course.”

“Helen,” laughed Koster, “that Helen is movie-star material. She has to be punished, then the audience has to understand, little. Helen is young—fifteen than Deanna. Her brother brings her to the party in the morning and calls for her at night. She would have broken dolls if you gave them to her; she would have cried if she wasn’t warned. In many ways she still resembles her mother. But in this way—what the audience sees in her films—she knows by her instinct in many ways she never come into Deanna’s head.”

Helen was all but two of the Durbin films. It was Universal that he would have done without him, Joe Breen. Universal hates to think. Except that her beauty in the Durbin pictures has been promised. Throughout the picture they are coaxes out of them—as witness the grave eyes of Deanna in some still more evident as he talks to her. The two he knows best. He knew also of what might be bad for the heroine. He was testing a new picture, and asked for a new torn picture, and asked for a...”

“Why don’t you take Helen Parrish here,” he asked, “Why don’t you take her no, Barbara had made a good picture, and so was good for her, so was good for her, so was good for her. Why don’t you take Helen Parrish, or (Please turn to page 93)
A real scoop! Henry Koster, director who bosses their working hours, gives you a different and colorful slant on Deanna (heroine) and Helen (menace) in this unusual story.

2 Smart Girls!

She's the "bad" little girl who makes Deanna's life miserable—on the screen: Helen Parrish. She's the lovely star who could queen it over Helen—but, of course, she doesn't: Deanna Durbin.
I can't see my name in lights any more, but I can see the lights on these hills. Sunlight and moonlight and starlight. Dawnlight and twilight. Lights that don't go out.

Once I was Queen of Sheba; now I play "bit" and "line" parts in Garbo's "Conquest," in "Pilgrimage" and other pictures ... once I was front-page news and my name revolved in lights over the Coliseum in London, over theatre marquees in New York, Paris, Hollywood, Berlin, Cairo ... once I was swathed in sumptuous furs and peacock feathers, bathed in adulation, gilded with international fame ... and from that mess of broken stardom the only thing I miss, the only thing I could wish to salvage is the ability to give beautiful parties, the ability to give ... I enjoyed the rôle of Lady Bountiful better than any rôle I ever played on the screen.

I have died, not one death, but more than one. Little, separate deaths. My vanity has died. My intolerance has died. My contempts. My pride, my false pride, has died. But my courage and my hope have not died. My sense of humor has not died. And I have been born again. And let me tell you that no physical suffering can equal the mental suffering of this new birth of mine. For out of the ashes, and what cold ashes they are, of the vanity of the Make-Believe woman, a real woman was born. An honest woman, anyway, honest with herself.

And they can't hurt me any more—I've been hurt by experts! Nobody can hurt me any more, nobody ... My mother used to say to me, when I was a child and someone had broken my doll, or my heart, "Elizabeth, always be greater than your circumstances." Well, a great many "dolls" of mine have been broken since then, a great many
heartbreaks went over the old dam before I could say, meaning it, “Nobody can hurt me any more, nobody and nothing.” I can say it now. And the ability to say it is, I think, being “greater than your circumstances.” Or maybe it’s just being unconscious!

Whatever it may be, I am well content. And I am going to try to tell you how I came to contentment at last. I am going to try to take you with me along the road I’ve travelled, a road which was hard going at times, laid with the old, red velvet carpet at other times. But always a road. And roads, bless them, always go on.

Here, in her own burning words, an undefeated fallen star tells her gallant story. To those of you who remember Betty Blythe as the gorgeous "Queen of Sheba" of silent picture days, this will prove a poignant human document. To all, a challenge to courage.

Once, she was as great as Garbo, as talked-about as Hedy Lamarr, as acclaimed as Crawford. Today, she "can’t see her name in lights any more." But Betty Blythe—shown at left in her spectacular costume when she was the star of "The Queen of Sheba"—faces a new life undefeated and unafraid. Read her magnificent true story, told here for the first time, in Betty’s own words.
I don't want to be a star again! I was never happy when I was a star. Excited, yes. Feverish, yes—yes. Not happy. Yet, perversely, when my star began to fade, when I would go on sets and see these youngsters wearing the star-dusted garments I once wore, it seemed to me as though I couldn't stand it. I went through green hells. All of them. Well, I've been through all that now, all that cruel jealousy. Now I can go on sets and feel glad that these kids are getting what I once had. Yes, I "fell" and I am happy. I fell and I am very much alive. Now I want to be just my age, which is neither young nor old, but ripe and ready and oh, so willing! I want not to dye my hair, not to do slim-Jim exercises, not to be surrounded by all those gum-chewing maids. I want to be what I am. And I am ready for what I hope will be the best, the most fruitful acting years of my life. And if the years don't "fruit"—well, the trees and berry-bushes will.

So, how did I become the Queen of Sheba? And how and why was I dethroned? Listen, my children, and you will hear. I was born right in Los Angeles, my real name, Elizabeth Blythe Slaughter. My father, an attorney, died when I was two, leaving my mother with three daughters and very little else. We were the Intellectual Poor. We had no rug on the dining room floor. But we had a set of Shakespeare. We never had any bananas, which I loved, because they were too expensive—but we subscribed to the Atlantic Monthly. The only theatrical strain in the family was the strain I brought on the family!

I went to public school, then Polytechnic High, then to U.S.C. When I was twelve I knew that I wanted to be a singer and, most of all, I knew that I wanted, painfully wanted, to be beautiful. The wanting was painful because I was so awkward I was the joke of the school. My legs began up under my chin. I was built like an ironing board. They called me "Slats" in school and I was miserable. The result of all this suffering as
head gardener if he would give me some peacock feathers. He did. He practically plucked the birds nude for my adorning. I did the *Vanity Song* at the Pantages, was billed as “The Peacock Princess,” and was I grand! And did I get delusions of grandeur right then and there. Pantages then sent me on a coast tour for eleven weeks. Headlining on the bill with us was Jackie Coogan’s father and it was he who handed my mother the telegram telling us that my sister Abigail was dying in the German Hospital in Los Angeles. We took the morning train down. Abigail passed away and we found that, lacking respect for our business judgment, having “managed” all of our small affairs herself, she had given the power of attorney, our house and what little cash there was into the hands of a man she knew. We couldn’t pay off the small mortgage (Please turn to page 70)
T THAT lean hired hand at the table over there in the corner Henry Fonda? Honestly, I didn’t know him from a hitch-hiker who’d worn himself down to the bone with steady road work. Told as much, he pulled a slow smile and eased out the clipped remark: “It’s the haircut. First one I’ve had in almost a year. Look.” He screwed his head around and showed the back of his neck. Straight across it the barber had drawn a line with all the severe exactness of a county surveyor. “Farmer haircut. Just the thing for ‘Grapes of Wrath.’”

Saying which, and nothing more, Henry—no, Hank—Fonda went back to his noonday chore of getting outside a bowl of crackers and milk. Nothing could have been more typical of his simplicity than his simple lunch. But as “copy” it wasn’t exactly filling. Somehow, clams came to mind. Of course, I’d heard that Fonda had shut up like one, so far as interviewers were concerned, three years ago. And, after all, three years was a pretty long time for a relentlessly hunted Hollywood quarry to elude the pack, to be a fugitive from the scribe gang.

“I’m sure nobody cared very much, if at all,” he opined, breaking his silence and a cracker at the same time, “and, anyway, I just felt I wasn’t any good at that sort of thing.”

No sour grapes of wrath there. What then? Answer was found in that hick-barbered head bent over crackers and milk. The man was shy—that was it. In the race for publicity he could beat all other Hollywood actors running backwards. Not for him the sweet uses of advertisement. A little anecdote came to mind. Once a hearty gentleman had assured him with benignant pomposity, “It gratified me beyond words, my dear Mr. Fonda, to hear that your forebears were among the earliest settlers of our great country. I trust my information is correct?” “You’ve got it straight enough,” was the casual reply. “The first Fonda came over on the Mayflower. But don’t give it away—too many passengers took the same boat.”

Like his “Young Mr. Lincoln,” young Mr. Fonda measured up, more by split rail than standard rule, to expectations. All the looked-for characteristics were there—in his spare though durable frame, his sensitive yet strong face, his steely eyes sharpened by intelligence, his low-pitched voice never...
“WISH I had a dollar for every time I’ve been called ‘Ma.’ I’d be a rich woman today!” was Jane Darwell’s response when I told her that she had always reminded me somehow of the mother of a friend of mine. “Most of the letters I get say the same thing,” she went on. “It must seem odd, since I have no children of my own, but I’ve always had a warm spot for young people and all helpless things. I just want to pick them up in my arms and ‘mother’ them. I never could bear to see any one or any thing suffer.”

It’s this quality which has made Jane Darwell so perfect a choice for the rôle of Ma Joad in “Grapes of Wrath.” “Way back last spring,” she told me, “a friend of mine who had read the book came straight to me with it. She was positive that Ma Joad was just the part for me. Sure enough, the more I read the more I was convinced she was right. There was something about that plucky, migrant woman fleeing the Dust Bowl with her little family that made me feel that I must play the part or die trying. It seemed like I’d never wanted any other rôle so much. And when I learned that 20th Century-Fox had bought the book and was actually going to produce it, I sat right down and wrote Darryl F. Zanuck, ‘I am Ma Joad.’” And that was exactly what Zanuck, John Ford, the director, and the others in the projection room said later when they saw Jane’s test, “She is Ma Joad.”

Jane enjoyed every minute of the filming of the picture. She was so eager that others see Ma as she did that she put all she had into the part.

“Didn’t you get awfully tired?” I asked, thinking of the difficulties of the rôle.

“Not while I was working. We were all so much in the spirit of the thing that I simply forgot myself altogether. But when it was over I was tired in every bone—really exhausted.”

About her own rôle, Jane had very definite ideas. “To me Ma Joad is the mother, the primitive mother of the family who feels herself alone responsible for keeping that family together through poverty and sickness and crime, for these folk, young and foolish and foolhardy, old and bitter and cantankerous, are, after all, her own, her own to fight for and hold fast to, her own no matter what might happen to them.” (Please turn to page 97)
TEN or eleven years ago when Spencer Tracy first arrived in Hollywood we became fast friends. The friendship has continued uninterruptedly ever since. His first Hollywood home was more or less of an estate. Suddenly he moved, giving no explanation beyond the fact that he "didn't like the house." The new house was a degree less impressive than the first one but it was imposing even for a Hollywood home. I remember one day we were sitting in the living room. He glanced around the luxuriously appointed room, out the windows at the rolling, well-kept lawns, at the two cars standing in the garage, and a frown puckered his face.

"All this," he announced, waving his hand to take in the whole picture, "is very bad for an actor. Things like this tend to soften you. An actor's life should be one of hardship. You can guess what affluence would be like and give a fairly good portrayal of a millionaire. But you can't guess what hunger is like—or a $2 a week room—or not having any room. An actor should never get too far away from things like that. We're moving."

They moved into a ranch house in San Fernando.

Only for his writer friend, Dick Maack, would Tracy break his long-established rule against publicity for his home and family. On this page, exclusive pictures of the Tracys' living room, pleasant patio, swimming pool and tennis court.
For the first time, Spencer Tracy opens the door of his home to permit us to photograph, and write about, his cherished private life. It's a scoop—not to be missed!

By S. R. Mook

Valley that Gary Cooper had occupied before his marriage. But even that was too luxurious to fit in with Spence's ideas, and presently they bought a ranch of their own farther out in the valley.

So far as I know I am the only writer who has ever been invited into that home and I'm sure these are the first pictures that have ever been taken of the interior. Well do I remember the morning Spence routed me out of bed to tell me he had bought the place and to ask me to drive out with him to see it. The house had been built by a man and his wife but they had found it too large for their needs and sold it to Spence. It nestles in a grove of orange trees. A long driveway leads up to the house from the street.

"Yah," I jeered when we were alone. "This is plain. This'll keep you hard. This isn't luxurious. Oh, no!"

"Spence eyed me disgustedly. "Do you always have to have pictures drawn for you before you can understand anything? Look! The house couldn't be plainer or simpler. It's the grounds that make it look pretentious. Why, if it weren't for the grounds—if this house were sitting in a small lot—any stock player making $100 a week could own it. It's so small and so plainly furnished that we will only have to keep a cook and a houseboy."

Well, I'd heard stars rave on before so I said nothing and waited to see. They've lived there almost five years now and they still have only the cook and houseboy and a field hand who tends to the orange grove, the chickens and horses.

One comes directly from the porch into the living room. There is no entry hall. This is a very large room, the most impressive room in the place, and yet, even here the keynote is really one of simplicity and informality.

The interior of the Spencer Tracy home has never before been photographed. Mrs. Tracy graciously permitted us to give you these exclusive pictures. Top, Mrs. Tracy's bedroom; next, Spencer's room; right, their son's bedroom. Below, two views of the house itself. In our story you'll find detailed descriptions of all the rooms and their complete furnishings.
"I'm afraid," Mrs. Tracy smiled when the photographer and I arrived, "you're going to have trouble finding anything to photograph. You see, we wanted a house that would be a home—a place that would be comfortable to live in rather than one that would look well in pictures but which would be depressingly formal. We have hardly any really good pieces, as a matter of fact."

The sideboard was an old pine dresser with a marble top. The marble was taken off and a new top built for it from old pine. The dining table and chairs were built to order to conform to the Tracy ideas of a rancher's furniture. The little mahogany tilt-top table was Mrs. Tracy's great-grandmother's, as well as the chairs on either side. With the exception of the group just mentioned and the sideboard, all the furniture in this room is maple.

Leaving the living room one comes to a long hall. At one end is Spencer's room and at the other Mrs. Tracy's. Spencer's room is severely plain. I have never met anyone who so despised chi-chi, and there is not one piece of furniture in the entire room that is not utilitarian. The chair at the extreme left of the picture is his "easy" chair and to the left of this is a door leading to the bath and dressing room. To the left of this door is a small rock maple chest of drawers. The desk is cluttered with papers—letters he means to answer himself, scripts (both of plays and pictures) that have been sent him to read, and notes that he makes at the studio, stuffs into his pockets and saves religiously. The two waste baskets were sent him by an old lady eighty years old who had made them herself. With them came a bill for $16. On one basket is an old print of Stanley and on the other one of Livingstone.

The globe is Spencer's pride and joy. If he's going on location and can find the place to which he's going on this globe there's never a doubt about his doing the picture. The ship's model is a reproduction in miniature of a boat he once owned—briefly. The first time Spencer took the boat out alone he had some difficulty in getting it through the drawbridge at Wilmington harbor. Traffic stalled for an hour while the hapless Spencer tried vainly to maneuver the boat through the narrow opening. Finally an irate motorist leaned over the side of the bridge and called down to Spencer: "Maybe if you laid it over on its side you could get it through!" Spencer sold the boat, but he keeps the miniature as a reminder of "Tracy's Folly." (Please turn to page 76)
What a team! Jane Withers and Gene Autry are co-starred in a Western film, "Shooting High," sure to appeal to all young people under and over twelve.
The king of hearts, Tyrone Power, secnd only to Mickey Rooney at the box-office first in the affections of Annabella, and in the hearts of many of his countrymen and especially, women. To keep him in Darryl Zanuck has given him one of his most starkly dramatic roles of his career in "Dance With the Devil," with Dorothy Lamour, who was loaned for role, as co-starring.
The queen of dreams, Ellen Drew. She's the million dollar girl Paramount found in a Hollywood candy store, but she doesn't want to be known as the "candy store Cinderella." Says that she went through plenty before she got her first big chance in "If I Were King" with Ronald Colman. Now she's proving her success in that was no fluke by her acting in "Geronimo," adventure film.
BRUNETTE BEAUTY: MERLE OBERON

Her new film: "We Shall Meet Again"
to Burn!

BLONDE BEAUTY: MADELEINE CARROLL

Her next picture: "Safari"
For a long time Robert Young's fans have been asking: Why is the boy given mostly B pictures? But that shadow you see is really M-G-M's promise of a fine, unusual part for Bob in "Florian."
And the shadows on this page promise a rôle for Robert Montgomery that will be even more unusual than the part he played in "Night Must Fall." In "The Earl of Chicago" Bob plays a Chicago gangster who inherits an English title as Earl of Gorley.
This is no way to act when we want you to pose pretty for our cameraman! Well, leave it to Hollywood beauties to be wacky but wonderful. The giggling girl above is Virginia Gilmore, Dietrich's protégée—and she's embarrassed because she's been called owner of world's prettiest legs when all this time Marlene was supposed to own 'em. You figure it out. The roller-skating cutie at left is Peggy Moran, a great believer in preparedness—and incidentally a grand new picture bet in "Oh, Johnny, How You Can Love," with Tom Brown as the "Johnny" who certainly could.
Remember June Knight, above? We don't see how you could ever forget her. She's making a movie come-back in the role of Babe, a night-club entertainer, in "The House Across the Bay," which co-stars Joan Bennett and George Raft. June really can swing a mean song, in case you're interested in this phase of her art. The gay coleen who is rushing the swim-suit season at left is Ruth Terry, who became a screen star in her first important role, opposite Pat O'Brien in "Slightly Honorable." Believe it or not, besides looking like that, eighteen-year-old Ruth can sing, too.
She's all smiles these days, is Joan Fontaine. As the kind-hearted second Mrs. de Winter in "Rebecca," she courts for Laurence Olivier. She smiles to herself, because she won the rôle. In private life, her smiles are all for husband Brian Aherne.
As Max de Winter in "Rebecca," Laurence Olivier has to be solemn. His rôle calls for it. But apart from that, Laurence has reason to smile these days. "Wuthering Heights" led him to the heights.
That's what Ann Sothern calls herself. She proved so popular in "Maisie" that Metro is starring her in a sequel, "Congo Maisie," in which the colorful character is stranded in Africa—but not for long—not Maisie!
He laughs even when he loses! Dozens of times you've watched Walter Pidgeon on the screen playing the gallant lover who never quite wins the fair lady. Now for a change he wins Joan Bennett from George Raft in "House Across the Bay."
Two Stoop-signals demonstrated by Alice Faye in "Little Old New York," the trusting look with Fred MacMurray, the worshiping look with Richard Greene.
In love scenes, whether real or on the screen, Stop-and-Go signals are even more important than traffic signals in a busy spot. On this page our lovers demonstrate the Go-signals; on the opposite page they show us the Stop-signals.

In her love scene with Bing Crosby in "Road To Singapore," below right, Judith Barrett gives you Go-signal One, the side-wise glance; right, a Go-signal that got by the Hays office. When lips meet like this in a lover's kiss, it's a very advanced signal—Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston in "Typhoon." Opposite page, a good Stop-signal is being maternal, as Joan Bennett is toward George Raft in "House Across the Bay," top right; laughter is another safeguard, Pat O'Brien and Ruth Terry discover in this scene from their film, "Slightly Honorable," bottom, far left.

When a woman's head is tilted at the angle of Madeleine Carroll's, it's a Go-signal to a wise, sophisticated lover like Tullio Carminati in "Safari."
Those dames stampeding in the foyer
Just want a gander at Charles Boyer.
Old Chinese Proverb

Why
BOYER CAME BACK
By
Elizabeth Wilson

It ALL depends on whether you are a man or a woman. If you are a woman it probably seems ages, grim, dreary ages since handsome Charles Boyer, cinema heart throb number one, sailed for a vacation in France and shortly afterwards became a private in the French Army. If you’re a man, and not the least susceptible to those famous "bedroom eyes," it probably seems only yesterday.

It wasn't yesterday. And it wasn't ages. It was just about four months. Which isn't a very long time. News stories were just beginning to pour into Hollywood from Europe. They were played up prominently in the newspapers: Charles Boyer had been called to the colors; Charles Boyer was a private in the French Army; Charles Boyer's regiment had been sent to the front. And before you could say Maginot Line here were Charles Boyer and his beautiful wife, Pat Paterson, back in Hollywood.

Just to confuse things completely Hollywood's leading trade paper came out one morning with a long and lachrymose story to the effect that poor Charles Boyer would have to spend Christmas in the trenches. And the very same morning the "Los Angeles Examiner" carried on its front page a dispatch from Europe that the Boyers were in Lisbon, Portugal, waiting to embark on the next Clipper for the United States—and Hollywood. His fans didn't know whether to knit socks or clap hands.

Well, I don't have to tell you that there are a lot of nasty-minded, disgruntled people in this world. They just can't bear to see anyone popular and successful. And that was all these disgruntlers—plus a whole flock of husbands with teensy weensy pig eyes—needed to know. They immediately started to pick on Charles Boyer. Why did he come back? Was that private in the French Army business just a publicity stunt? Did he take a run out powder? Had France sent him back to Hollywood as a propagandist? Christmas in the trenches, hooey.

There was plenty of grapevine gossip about the popular and attractive Charles Boyer. His reputation was shredded better than a veal (Please turn to page 78)
GONE WITH THE WIND—Selznick-M-G-M

THE picture to see, talk about, fight over, and go back to see again! You’ve read and heard so much about it already that a review, as such, is an anti-climax. Suppose we play Questions and Answers with this one. You ask me, I’ll answer.

Q. Is it really all they say it is?
A. Yes, and then some!
Q. Is 3 hours and 45 minutes too long?
A. The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.
Q. Was Vivien Leigh the right choice for Scarlett O’Hara?
A. I say yes; others yes, physically; no, histrionically.
Q. Are the big scenes of the book just as dramatic in the film?
A. Yes, every one.
Q. What does the book gain, if anything, in screen translation?
A. Gorgeous pictures in Technicolor, superbly photographed.
Q. What are the best supporting performances?
A. Olivia de Havilland’s as Melanie, Hattie McDaniel’s as Mammy.
Q. Is Clark Gable really as good as all that as Rhett Butler?
A. Yes, yes, YES!

GULLIVER’S TRAVELS—Paramount

NOW here’s a movie to fascinate the family! With the producers at their wits’ ends trying to satisfy at once the same time the critics’ demand for adult films and the Legion of Decency’s requirements, a show like “Gulliver’s Travels” seems to be the answer to everybody’s prayer. Don’t blame Hollywood if in its frantic efforts to supply any and every kind of entertainment it frequently seems to be trying its best to split the American family—Junior going one way to catch a Cagney before mother catches up with him and Sis torn between Ty Power and Rhett Gable, while pa just stays home and sulks—too bad there aren’t more pictures to attract ‘em all, in a body. Well, there’s one anyway. Max Fleischer has made a lavish full-length cartoon, all in color, of the Jonathan Swift classic, with lively tunes and plenty of slapstick and a curious new character named Gabby who may, just may, supplant last year’s Dopey in your fond recollections. There I go, bringing up the Disney question! I told myself nothing would make me bring it up; that “Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs” was one thing and Fleisher’s “Gulliver’s Travels” quite another—well, that just about tells it; but there is enough gaiety, and much fun, as well as swell singing—that’s Lanny Ross you’re hearing as Prince David and Jessica Dragonette as Princess Glory.

BALALAIKA—M-G-M

YOU may go to see and hear Nelson Eddy, but you’ll remain to cheer Ilona Massey, latest and loveliest Hollywood Cinderella. She is a, to coin a word, honey. She’s a foreign charmer of a strictly new and modern school—clean-cut and direct, in a very handsome way, where Garbo is distant and aloof; warmly beautiful where Marlene takes a lot of coaxing; golden-voiced without the grand manner—yes, la Massey is with us to stay. Right here I want to take time out to toss a few bouquets in the direction of Mr. Eddy—who is, after all, star of the picture. The fact that he gallantly shares his spotlight with this pretty newcomer is the nicest thing I know about him; and his reward is that his performance here seems less glacial and more human than ever before. As Prince Peter, captain of those wild Cossacks in pre-World War Russia, who poses as a student to meet and win the lovely lady knee-deep in revolutionaries, the blond baritone acts and sings with arresting vigor, stripping through the pretentious plot with amiable gusto, giving the Toreador song from “Carmen,” a good going-over, and generally behaving with admirable taste and modesty. Miss Massey is a vision to behold in gorgeous costumes, a treat to hear as she warbles tinkly tunes, and even gives an indication that she’s a good actress, if that ever comes up.
THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME—RKO-Radio

VICTOR HUGO'S classic becomes a magnificent motion picture which every adult movie-goer should by all means see. Due to Dieterle's superb direction and the splendor of the setting the spectator is swept straight back into the darkly dramatic days of the 15th century when Louis XI was king and superstition and terror ran, as the saying goes, rampant. Also running rampant is Quasimodo, the hunchback bell-ringer of Notre Dame Cathedral—swinging from bell to bell in his tower, protecting the gypsy maid Esmeralda from the wicked Frollo, finally hurling stones and dropping molten metal upon the populace—it's all in the picture, retold with tremendous power and persuasion, enacted by a cast of consummate artistry. Of course, it is Charles Laughton's masterpiece—you'd expect it to be. His make-up as the Hunchback is so horrific it will revolt you—until his masterly mummerly hypnotizes you into acceptance of poor Quasimodo as a human being—and your revulsion turns, as he intended, to intense pity. Laughton's scene on the pillory, if you can bear to watch it, will impress you as few other single screen scenes ever have—it is great acting shining through, somehow, the hideous mask. Lovely Maureen O'Hara is enchanting as Esmeralda; Sid Cedric Hardwicke, Edmond O'Brien excellent. "The Hunchback" will haunt your dreams.

OF MICE AND MEN—Hal Roach-United Artists

NOT for the squeamish, not for the youngsters, not for the frivolous; but for those who can take it, here's the finest drama of the season. I think it's a great picture. You had better know what you are getting yourself into, though, if you haven't read John Steinbeck's book or seen the play. It's about—lonely people: George and his huge childlike pal, Lennie, itinerant ranch workers, who dream of one day owning their own little house with a couple of acres of land, and cow, and chickens, and rabbits; Mac, a frustrated wife; Candy, crippled ranch hand whose only friend is his old dog—you may not know these people but you must be neatly aware that they, or others like them, exist somewhere. Author Steinbeck isn't un-easy about them; he knows them, loves and pities them; and he presents their case in his curious, half-gentle half-savage story. "Of Mice and Men" has been so masterfully directed by Lewis Milestone, so superbly photographed by Norbert Brodine, so perfectly acted that I don't see how it can fail to move you deeply. It is tragic and it is beautiful. Burgess Meredith is almost heart-breakingly good as George. Lon Chaney, Jr., plays a worthy son of an illustrious father as Lennie. Betty Field, whom you saw in "Seventeen," will amaze you with her shrewdly bitter portrayal of Mac. Roman Bohnen and Charles Bickford, fine.

HIS GIRL FRIDAY—Columbia

THIS one will leave you breathless—from laughter and from the sheer physical effort of keeping up with its rapid-fire action and dialogue. It's a racy, robust comedy melodrama with never a dull moment—Howard Hawks has seen to that with his vigorous direction of the Charles MacArthur-Ben Hecht newspaper play—for here, folks, is your trusty old friend, "The Front Page," in 1940 dress, with demon reporter Hildy Johnson turned into a sprightly young woman, and the managing editor, Walter Burns, magically youthful and handsome in the person of Cary Grant. If you think the changes make for artificiality in a virile plot you'll learn different; they merely make things more interesting, for since when did a dash of sex appeal ever interfere with getting out a good newspaper? Surprise of the picture, for me, is Rosalind Russell. Now, if you're already a R. R. addict you'll now me down for this—but not even her performance in "The Women" convinced me the comely Miss Russell is star stuff. It took her brilliant acting as the new Hildy—a tough part to play, what with keeping the character at once a good newsgirlman and a very charming female—to show me once and for all that here's a real star, and a dazzling one. Cary Grant is—Cary Grant again, which seems highly satisfactory to most fans. Ralph Bellamy is good, too.

SWANEE RIVER—20th Century-Fox

IF YOU love the songs of Stephen Foster you will not want to miss "Swanee River." You'll have a good cry when Don Ameche sings "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair, and Al Jolson croons "Old Folks at Home"; you'll warm to "Oh, Susanna" and "De Campin' Races" and other beloved tunes; and you may, if you're a true Foster fan, come away feeling as I did, a little baffled—wondering whether it wouldn't have been better to wait a while longer to make this picture—until some singer came along who could breathe more life into the role of the composer than Don Ameche ever could, or whether, after all, any "Swanee River" is better than none. I'll settle for this and hope for happier casting next time. For the music alone, for some of the lovely Southern scenes, for the enthusiasm which Al Jolson brings to his minstrel role, for the tenderness with which Andrea Leeds enacts the part of Foster's wife—this film is a treat. For the mechanical manipulation of the facts of Foster's life, for the puzzling absence of any apparent understanding of the composer's character and genius, for Mr. Ameche's failure, for me, to penetrate the possibilities of his role—this is a keen disappointment. But the strains of the lovely music will linger, fortunately, long after the memory of the last unconvincing close-up. It's all in Technicolor.
If you want plenty of dances, just don this dress of white sharkskin. On the opposite page, a close-up of the jacket. Its gold braid and gold buttons will make you stand out, so the stag line can't miss you.

For wear at Southern resorts, Brenda Joyce selects a coral-colored cotton crepe skirt with a high waistline, shirred and tied at the front, and a white cotton blouse which can be worn with lots of other outfits.
Dashing clothes for a Southern resort; good for next Summer, too! Wear these for a place in the sun.

Edited by Brenda Joyce
You can have fun in the sun if you wear this play suit of navy blue jersey modelled by Brenda Joyce. The shorts are worn with a halter bra. Want a trick for adjusting those difficult halters? Just use white rings at the shoulders. Opposite page, a tied jacket of scarlet jersey can be worn over the play suit.
If you're as smart as Brenda, you can make two outfits out of one. Stripes have
a place in the sun this year, so Brenda selected a tailored play suit of sage
green percale striped in white (small picture left). The wrap-around skirt of
white cotton twill turns it into another outfit (small picture opposite page).
REVIEW of your FUTURE!

Inorvell, noted Hollywood astrologer, you to your own life’s true goal

THERE were such interesting disclosures in the stars for all Pisces-born, that I am more than pleased to pass on the good news to those of you born in this fascinating sign. First of all, the glamor and beauty that Pisces gives its subjects fit them for any of the creative arts. They can take their places with equal ease in music, acting, writing, or art, or they can adapt themselves to the business world, if they so choose. They are studious, determined, and able to overcome all obstacles.

Loveliest of the screen ladies born under this magnificent sign is Madeleine Carroll. Fate, you will admit, overlooked nothing in endowing Miss Carroll. Not only has she the talent to go far in her screen career, but her beauty is almost unparalleled, even in Hollywood. She possesses a rare spiritual and mental charm, which is typical of this sign.

If you saw Miss Carroll in “Honeymoon In Bali,” you recognized a new and even greater actress than you have known in the past. The director of the picture was E. H. Griffith. He recently told me that Miss Carroll is the most sensitive and highly tuned of all the players with whom he has worked. She brings more to a rôle than is written in it, Mr. Griffith believes. This did not surprise me, for I know that Pisces people require patient and careful handling to bring out the delicate qualities they possess. Miss Carroll, unfortunately, has not yet found the supreme happiness in love and marriage which is the goal of most Pisces persons, since her first marriage ended unhappily, but I predict that she will marry happily before the end of 1941.

The stars were certainly well aspected when John Garfield was born. Not only was the Sun in the lucky Sign of Pisces, but the other planets were so well aspected that they reflected the great success he has already known. In keeping with this sign, even more brilliant things await Garfield in 1940. There have been temporary
disturbances with his studio regarding choice of story, but these differences are bound to be ironed out, for Garfield is too valuable a player for Hollywood to lose. His stars bequeathed him the courage to overcome his early environment, and even though his chart showed afflictions during the first fifteen years of his life, the aspects suddenly changed and brought him success and happiness. Even though Garfield has been continuously cast as an under-dog on the screen, he himself is far from such. His nature is sympathetic and kind, and he is well-liked. He is the Paul Muni of the younger gen-

eration and will only need maturity to give his gifts full scope. His marriage and home life will be happy, because he has overcome the disturbing qualities that sometimes keep Pisces persons from finding marriage happiness.

If you were born in this sign, but like Garfield in his early life, are experiencing reverses of fortune and financial disturbances, remember that your stars endow you with the mentality and qualities of true greatness that will some day be recognized by the world. This sign is characterized by an indomitable will, the ability to pick a goal, and go toward it unswervingly. According to the calculations of the ancients, this sign commemorates the birth of Christianity, and Pisces subjects are always interested in helping humanity.

You may experience certain reverses as you go through life, but remember that all great persons have had to overcome trials and tribulations; it makes for truly fine living. You may not choose the stage or screen, like John Garfield, or other stars born in the Sign of Pisces, but you have musical and acting ability if you wish to study and develop those latent talents. This sign is fortunately very versatile. The women in this sign excel as teachers, secretaries, nurses, beauticians, and salesladies. The men take their places in radio, aviation, horticulture, designing, law, and medicine.

Before the Hedy Lamarr squabble with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was amicably adjusted, the rumor spread that the studio was grooming another foreign star to take Hedy’s place as Hollywood’s newest glamour girl. As if to confirm this fact, I was called in to set up a chart for Hollywood’s latest importation, Irina Baronova, famous ballerina late of the Ballet Russe. Would Miss Baronova add any lustre to M-G-M’s glittering galaxy of stars? That was the question (Please turn to page 84)
Four years ago, a jinx began to pursue Allan Jones. Because Nelson Eddy became a star first, Allan couldn’t get anywhere in pictures. If you ever have to face bad luck, this will show you how you, too, can conquer it!

Have you ever had the feeling that a jinx was pursuing you, so that no matter what you did, it went wrong? In Hollywood, players often seem to be pursued by a jinx for long periods of time. For instance, Claudette Colbert was submerged for years in inferior roles because of the “clothes horse” jinx. Every time a part came along that called for a girl to wear silver foxes, Claudette had to arise and shine. And then there is the case of Allan Jones and the Nelson Eddy jinx. If Allan had been at one studio and Nelson Eddy at another, I doubt if Allan would have suffered from that jinx. But because they were both at M-G-M, and because both men were excellent singers, a strange situation arose.

Definitely, Allan suffered for four years from the Nelson Eddy jinx. Today, having fully conquered it, he can afford to laugh at what happened. Today, he is under contract to Paramount—and his contract, which permits him to make outside pictures as well, is the envy of the picture business. Today, with the critics’ plaudits for his acting in “The Great Victor Herbert” ringing in his ears, he doesn’t have to worry about Nelson Eddy or anyone else. But four years ago the story was entirely different. Four years ago, Allan was one of the most bewildered young men in the movie business.

“Metro was holding me on the bench, using me as a sort of reserve football player,” said Allan slowly. Then he smiled, and shrugging his shoulders, he said, “Not that I blame them. Had I been in their place, I would have done the same thing. You see, Nelson Eddy had succeeded first as a singer, and had established his box-office value. Naturally, the best singing roles went to him. Metro couldn’t cast me in the right parts, and at the same time they hated to let me go to another studio, where I might be in possible competition with Nelson Eddy.”

Allan sat in a chair in his living room, facing me. But here was the curious, odd thing. Actually the back of the chair was turned to me. Allan sat in that chair with his legs fastened against the back of it, like a man who sat astride of the world, like a man who has conquered the world, as indeed he has. For Allan spent not only four years in the movies waiting for success; but even before that, there was a long pull, a pull which started when he was eight years old. At that time, although he was the son of a coal miner in Scranton, Pa., and everything about his background made it seem inevitable that he would spend all the years of his life working in the pitch darkness and gloomy surroundings of the coal mines, he first began to sing in St. Luke’s Episcopal Church—and that was the beginning of the destiny which sees him on top today. That story has been told, but the one which hasn’t been told is his fight to get somewhere in the movies.

The story begins rightly about five years ago, in March 1934, when he was appearing in Boston in “Annina,” a musical show with Maria Jeritza, the opera singer; and Al Altman, M-G-M’s talent scout, saw him and saw something in his personality which might make him a great star if he were properly cast. Naturally, when Mr. Altman invited him to take a movie test in New York, Allan was elated, and he was still more pleased, when just as soon as his test arrived on the Coast, Mr. Mayer, the guiding genius of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer...
Studios, called New York long distance with orders to sign Allan to a contract.

But there was one stumbling block in the way. Allan was under contract to the Shuberts, for whom he had made "Annina," and under the terms of the contract, he was bound to them for two years. Metro had great plans for him and wanted him to come out to the Coast immediately, but how could he, until he had shaken off the shackles of his Shubert contract?

When he asked the Shuberts under what conditions they would release him, they agreed to do it if he would pay them $50,000. To Allan, this seemed too high a price to pay, and so he and the Shuberts haggled around for months, unable to reach any agreement. And while this was going on in New York, events had taken a strange turn in Hollywood. For right on the Metro lot was a talented singer who had been waiting a year and a half for a good rôle in pictures. He was blond and blue-eyed, was terrifically appealing to women, and needed only the right rôle to put him across. But no one knew whether he could act or not. At that time, he had just been briefly glimpsed in "Broadway to Hollywood" and in "Dancing Lady" with... (Please turn to page 91)
"THE MOST awful thing has happened!" said Virginia Weidler, arriving at the studio for her interview. "I'm a camera fiend without a camera!"

"Temporarily only," added Mrs. Weidler, with a twinkle.

Virginia refused to be consoled. "I had the nicest camera," she rattled on. "I bought it myself out of my allowance and I've taken all sorts of pictures with it, and my brothers have taken snapshots of me, and we have a whole album of stuff. I've had it more than a year. Then my brother George borrowed the camera to take to school, for pictures of his schoolmates, and somehow it got lost. And now we will have to get another."

Mickey Rooney takes it lying down when Virginia shoots him in character as "Young Tom Edison" on location, top; so Virginia shoots him again, left. Above, the house trailer at Palm Springs, built by her big brothers, and photographed by Virginia herself.

The little star can't make up her mind what kind of camera to buy. "I borrowed a Leica from Mr. Fred Bjerring, the still camera-man on our picture, 'Young Tom Edison,' in order to take some pictures of Mickey Rooney, so he could shoot me doing it. He showed me exactly how to manage the thing, but do you know they have thirty-six pictures on a roll of film, and mine are right at the beginning, so for a long time I won't know if my stuff is good! I don't believe I have the patience to own a Leica, anyway. And besides they run into money, don't they? My allowance isn't so big that I don't have to think of that.

"Our family has an old European camera, a Goertz, big and black, like a box. It still takes good pictures, but it's awkward for me to handle. The one I had was an Eastman, that you could set for time or instant. There's
a funny story about it: I always loaded my own camera and took the film out and arranged about where to stand and the light and all. Well, the first day we moved into our new house out on the ranch—we have two and a half acres, and when we moved in we had lots of animals—that day I bought three rolls of film and ran around taking pictures. I shot people coming in and going out and dogs and horses and goats, and the house and the yard and everything. At noon I had used all three rolls and I ran down to the drugstore to get them developed and printed. The man said: 'Tomorrow at four,' and I thought I'd never be able to wait. At four—oh, way before then!—I was waiting. Not one single picture came out! I had the thing set for time instead of instant. Oh, I was so disappointed!

Mrs. Weidler observed that they used to have a wonderful camera, a Zeiss, that took the most amazing pictures. "It was a valuable camera; the depression came and we had to let it go, because eating was more important than pictures. I wish we had it back again.

"If we had, I probably wouldn't be allowed to use it!" said Virginia, philosophically. "I think I'd better get an inexpensive one, so that nobody will worry very much about what I do with it.

"Here's a picture I took of my dogs. I had the most terrible time getting them all up on the chairs, like Clyde Beatty with his lions and tigers. As soon as I got one in a chair, the others got down. Even here, Princess has her back turned. The dogs are Cubby, Moose, Weasel, Rex and Princess. Cubby was one of only five Bouvier des Flandres dogs in this country. One day she got out of the place and was never seen again. Our ranch is all fenced in and we can't see how she did it. Someone must have picked her up, for we hunted all over and nobody could find her. If I saw her any place, in any country, I could identify her. I know exactly how she looked. And she was a pet!

"Moose belonged to Cecilia Parker and she gave her to me. Cecilia used to call her Flanagan, but we call her Moose. She looks like a moose. This one is Weasel, this is Rex, and this big one is Princess. We had two other dogs, Spot and Husky, but (Please turn to page 88)
Six Men Talk About Women

To these gentlemen, we say, "Thanks for your brickbats, and thanks for your bouquets." They are helpful guides to much greater appeal!

By Courtenay Marvin

For a long time, we've listened to this complaint: "American women dress and make-up to win the approval of other women, not the approval of men." That, we are told, is our great feminine weakness, as opposed to the much flaunted allure of our Continental sisters, who concentrate to the point of art on pleasing the men. That they succeed, we cannot deny. There are thousands of girls, good-looking, likeable, well-dressed, who never made a dent in a stag line. There are others who might pass in a crowd—a very large crowd—who are the recipients of adoration and adulation from the males. And for what, we may frankly ask.

To get a little beneath the surface of this great human enigma, your beauty editor cornered six gentlemen—nice, average gentlemen, not casting directors or producers—and X-rayed them on the small points of womanly allure. Here are their whims, their why's and wherefore's, just as they came from their firm lips. No mincing or preening-up of their notions has taken place. They're straight from the wide, open spaces of the masculine mind.

Mr. A. says:
"Women talk too much. They rattle along aimlessly without a point to what they say. I admire grace of body and movement above facial beauty. I see plenty of good figures, but poor posture. Many women slump together, especially when they sit. A man can't tell whether they're tall or short, heavy or slim. They run together when they let themselves go." Mr. A., who has a bit of the real artist in his soul, cites Zorina as his idea of the feminine figure divine, and on that I think we will give Mr. A. a great big hand. For beauty of figure and movement, Zorina is an inspiring example for all. Mr. A. further adds: "I do not think women pay enough attention to co-ordinating their costumes. I do not think they are ensemble-minded."

To reach Mr. A.'s ideals, I should say that we might: Control our flow of talk, though freedom of speech and the press seem especial feminine prerogatives. Some good exercise and body control would help our figures, and a little more painstaking attention to color in costume and make-up is always in order. No better idea in make-up than the co-ordinated sets that assemble every phase of make-up in correct harmony to your coloring.

Mr. B.'s ideal requirements are: "Sad eyes and a merry heart." He thinks that Brenda Marshall, Hedy Lamarr, and Vivien Leigh have what he has in mind. There's good sense to his reasoning, too, because he feels that the possessor of sad eyes has lived and suffered, and through these experiences becomes a more reasonable and tolerant person, and that a merry heart is a gallant approach to living, an evidence of making the best of things. I might add that Mr. B. married a girl with sad eyes and a merry heart. He abhors seeing girls smoke on the street and thinks that beauty and intelligence are the perfect combination.

I can't give you any tips on attaining sad eyes, but to work for a merrier heart, a lighter, happier disposition, is very worth while. And smoking is certainly not for the hurrying female pedestrian wending her way through traffic. It's dangerous; it's plain ugly and in very poor taste.

Mr. C. is a gentleman who is always conscious of the color of a girl's eyes. And that is something, because most men certainly are not, so don't be hurt if your own husband isn't sure whether yours are hazel, blue, or grey. Mr. C. is fascinated by deep (Please turn to page 82)
Screenland's
Glamor
Guides

By Marina

A new fad in order now. A true charmer and a tonic for Spring is this Judy 'n Jill beauty of casual glamour. Of Everest Sportello, "fast to sun—fast to washing," in flannel-like texture of spun rayon and acetate. A cocktail for early Spring under that stark coat; the piece de resistance of a wardrobe, Southword bound, and a bit of all-around daytime chic. In blue, rose, grey or gold; in sizes 9 to 17, and conveniently priced at $13.95.

Walk-Over's "Evette." An open-toed step-in with a V throatline and stitched vamp. Shown in black patent leather with elasticized faille, or in blue colf or white suede combinations. In medium or high heel, and priced at about $6.95.

Real-Form pontie girdle, with double-ply Milonase crutch and removable garters. Designed, like all Real-Form "Girdles of Grace," to nip in waist, flatten diaphragm, round out hips—to mould and control with freedom. About $2.50.

Under your Spring suit—this "Scarlett O'Hara" sweater. A Tish-U-Knit, designed by Leon, of soft, sleek and moth-proofed Shetland-Blend. It's feminine and dainty, and a real "Gone With the Wind" accent. In lovely colors. About $1.95.
GARBO, the last person you’d think would care, is goofy over hats. Her tenderness toward that streamlined stove-pipe in “Ninotchka” is typical of her very real feeling for head gear. Her collection of bonnets would put many another star’s string of latest models in the shade—that is, if she ever actually wore any of them. That’s where she returns to type. No one ever sees her hats. Somewhere in her house there must be a closet behind a closet filled with stunning, unworn topknots. It is a fact that Garbo has a standing order with a very expensive milliner here for six new hats for every season change. She spends days in this shop patiently fitting all her new chapeaux, and lately (after years of warming up to a friendship) she goes right into the back room to watch every twist and turn of felt and straw. That goes too. She’s become interested enough to try her own hand at it. All this fascination shouldn’t seem too unlikely if you remember that Garbo really appeared on the screen for the first time as a hat model back in Stockholm.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN’S newest picture “The Dictator” still occasions the greatest interest of any picture being made in Hollywood, yet no writer for the press actually knows any intimate details of the production. Scribes aren’t welcome at the Chaplin studio during a production. We know that Chaplin plays a dual role, that of a dictator and that of an unimportant resident of a crowded ghetto, but intimate anecdotes about Charlie and the actual shooting are impossible to gather. However, I’ve learned that the Chaplin touch is still there and that his pantomime is as commanding and believable as ever. His art is almost hypnotic. When he appeared on the set with the sympathetic little fellow from the ghetto, everyone was friendly and called him Charlie. Then a most magnificent change came over him. He appeared one day as the dictator in a brilliant uniform with boots and spurs. He wore a dazzling array of medals and carried a sleek, evil sword. His orders were crisp, his manner military, the very atmosphere rocked off his power. His men quietly addressed him as “Mr. Chaplin.”

RIGHT now, Eleanor Powell is the most envied person among all the music-minded in Hollywood. All those glamorous girls who gushed their appreciation of Brahms and Bach all over Arturo Toscanini when he was here on a vacation, didn’t impress the eminent conductor one mite, but Eleanor Powell did. His gesture in appreciation of her ability is, I think, the most gracious and touching tribute that has ever been paid a Hollywood performer. The entire studio was awed when this foremost music interpreter of the age came to visit the lot. He saw all the magic and met all the big shots and then Eleanor welcomed him to her set by making her feet talk a welcome. She will never equal that performance again. She seemed inspired and pulled steps out of the air, spontaneously. While His Excellency passed, she never said a word but with his eyes brimming tears, in complete understanding of the rhythms her feet had beat out, he approached her, kissed her gently on both cheeks, and fled.

JAMES HILTON is without a doubt the most movie-struck author ever to hit Hollywood. He is also the most pleased (maybe I should say the only author ever pleased with what movie magic has done to his stories.) There are tales going around that make Mr. Hilton the most unusual writer ever to set up shop here. His most enlightening reaction to Hollywood came after he saw “Mr. Chips” on the screen the first time. (He’s seen it many times since.) When the lights came up after a private preview of the picture Hilton, with tears in his eyes, sat speechless, over-swept with the beauty of his own creation coming at him from the screen. On good authority it comes to light that his plans for play writing have been shunted. His commitment to have a play on Broadway right now is way behind schedule because he can’t tear himself away from his googie-eyed interest in everything that goes on in the sound stages and in the projection rooms. Authors are not supposed to let Hollywood fascinate them and ruin their unfettered creative urges, but James Hilton was so pleased with his Warner picture “We Are Not Alone” that he signed a contract to write only for them.

TYRONE POWER’S first Hollywood contract was a stock ticket with the old Universal Studios. He was just a youngster then but he went through the studio routine of giving the publicity department any and all information regarding his previous life and experiences. It was put down in black and white, just as every other newcomer’s dreams are recorded, banking on the possibility that he might turn out to be a find. Among the endless questionnaires that he filled out I’ve just recently seen one which asked his opinion on marriage. In those days Tyrone wanted to marry a woman who was “sophisticated, honest, and above all, a good sport.” Checking up, it seems that Tyrone knew what he wanted even then, and Annabella was undoubtedly destined for him.

WHEN Irene Dunne feels low she gets her biggest lift and inspiration from playing over an old set of Tetrazzini recordings. She bought them with precious money she skimmed to save when she first started studying voice . . . Did you know that Joan Crawford is an honoray but full-fledged, California State Fire Marshal and also a Los Angeles Battalion Fire Chief? In “Magic Bullets” you will see the only aiglehorn ever to play a featured role in a motion picture. His name is Curly and this will kill you, he had a stand-in throughout the picture because the lights were too hot for him . . . One of the less strenuous things Zorina does to keep that figure is to toss a cup of rice about the room once every day and then pick up each kernel.
ATTENTION, Marlene Dietrich! You left that jewel-studded cigarette case that you've been missing on a table at the Beverly Wilshire. They're holding it but they don't know it belongs to you... Bela Lugosi has just finished the most unusual assignment of his career, and it makes "Dracula" pale and uninteresting. He has just recorded his impersonation of a volcano in eruption for Walt Disney's "Fantasia."

A VERY unusual pact of mutual assistance between Jack Benny and Rochester sprang into being quite unexpectedly the other night. Jack was taking a terrific beating in a bowling spree at the Recreation Center. He had taken the combined challenge of Andy Devine, Phil Harris and Don Wilson and was rolling a losing game against that bunch for quite a sizeable bet. Mary Livingston's cheering for the opposition wasn't helping Jack's morale any. During a lull in the pin-tipping, Rochester rushed into the place wild-eyed, looking for "Boss" Benny. After a moment's whispered conference Rochester joined Jack in his game and between them they brought the triple threat down to an unbeatable defeat. Then they both made a beeline for the foyer of the building. There, it was Jack's turn to help Rochester by convincing a waiting salesman that his gullible friend did not want to buy an airplane. Rochester can't resist a salesman. But now with Jack's help he'll probably be able to curtail his list of interests in fighters, oil wells, gold mines and fox farms he couldn't resist.

What a struggle Wayne is having! Peter thinks it's very strange that Wayne isn't more completely master of the situation.

Grimly determined to learn how to become a father, Wayne marches onward and upward. His glad zippers were invented.

See how elated Wayne is now that he's solved the problem? From that moment he was ready for fatherhood.

You want to know what's new in Hollywood? Don't miss this month's inside slants by our sleuth

By Weston East

THIS is actually the kind of a guy Henry Fonda is. Not long ago he was going down the street in Beverly Hills and passed a well known men's tailoring establishment. He stopped to look into the window and something apparently fascinated him. He contemplated that window with a puzzled frown for ten minutes, and for another ten minutes tried to make up his mind to go into the shop. Finally he did. A salesman rushed up to him. Hank pointed at the display and said, "That suit of clothes in the window..." "Yes, Mr. Fonda," the clerk beamed, "would you like to try it on?" "Oh no," Hank answered. "That's not it, and I don't want to be telling you how to run your business, but I know you can show that suit to better advantage if you put it on the opposite side of the window with a lighter background." Hank apologetically confessed that he had once been a window trimmer and that he couldn't help noticing little things like that.

To see Shirley Temple stepping off a mean rumba would be thoroughly fantastic to most of her grown up fans, but that's just what Shirley is learning to do right now down at Palm Springs. And none other than that handy man about town, Jackie Cooper, is teaching her. I don't mean that Shirley is out night-clubbing. She is much too young to go out dancing even with her parents. So far, her dancing partners have been limited to her brothers and her French teacher—whenever Shirley can ditch an irregular verb and talk her teacher into showing her a few steps. You can imagine then what a thrill it is for Shirley when her mother allows the tall Mr. Cooper to give her a whirl each evening during the dinner hour at the Desert Inn. Jackie makes those dinner hour dances an event for Shirley.
Lucille Fairbanks' most prized possession, her gift of her famous uncle's old battered make-up kit, has become deep in sentimental value since his death. It was presented to Douglas Fairbanks by a grateful crew on completion of "The Three Musketeers" in 1921. Doug gave it to Lucille when she was about to start a role that would make the Fairbanks' name more of a tradition in motion pictures. Inscribed on a brass tag attached to the kit is the inscription, "To Doug, the king of Hollywood."

A LOT OF people around Hollywood are placing a very weighty implication on the fact that Warner Brothers have gone to the trouble and expense of importing a dialogue director all the way from New York for the insinuating purpose of keeping an ear glued to Ann Sheridan's dialogue delivery in her new picture. They say it's the crisis for Ann. She has been handed that cruel and frightening Hollywood ultimatum of act-or-get-off-the-lot. Her studio has given her everything else in the build-up—all she has to do now is to act. Her friends and boosters are hoping that the title of the picture foretells a happy prophecy for her. Ann's appeal has always been reckoned by millions of volts. She has only to prove it in "It All Came True." There are those who say that Ann won't be living at Warner's any more if she doesn't come through.

WHENEVER Sonja Henie is not being seen about Hollywood with a handsome new swain the rumors begin all over again that Vic Orsatti, her agent, is positively her real heart. They point out that his recent flights across the country to Sonja while she was out on her tour meant more than just business. They also point out that Sonja's telephone calls to her dapper agent are getting more and more frequent and longer in duration. But I've found that with Sonja it is still just business. It isn't love that is putting a point to her avid conversations with her agent. And he is past thinking they might ever get to coo love stuff over the telephone. In fact, it's plain that Sonja's other attributes are overshadowed by her ability to talk turkey. When she calls it is strictly commercial. Her question to her agent these days is not, "How're you doing, dear?" but "How am I doing—in Boston, Baltimore and Battle Creek?" There is also talk of a fabulous skating tour of all of South America for Sonja in the offing.

Mickey Rooney does as much acting around Hollywood as he does before the cameras. He'll go into his impersonations with the slightest encouragement. Any spot in Hollywood is assured a hilarious evening when Mickey, chosen by exhibitors as box-office bet No. 1, is there. Now that his studio salary has been boosted to $8,000 a week there is talk about M-G-M putting the muzzle on Mickey to keep their expensive talent to themselves. They'll have a hard time stifling their enfant terrible. His newest impersonation is one of Charles Laughton playing the Hunchback. It's a wow. Mickey has also whipped up a routine of Lon Chaney, Jr., playing Lenio in "Of Mice and Men," and he gave all the soda-sippers at his favorite corner drugstore on Sunset first crack at his advent into drama free of charge. The coca-cola fiends not only got Mickey's expensive talent free but he had to throw in a treat for everyone present. They'll never muzzle Rooney.

Who said extra's never got anywhere? Here's one gal, Doris Davenport, above, who flew from a job as extra and photographer's model right into the waiting arms of Garry Cooper in "The Westerner." Yep, she's his new leading lady. Right, in poignant scene from "Northwest Passage." Spencer Tracy as Majors Rosent proved friendship for wounded Langdon Towne (Robert Young).

Love and Friendship

Bill Henry's role in "The Way Of All Flesh" has been, in one respect, the most extraordinary he has ever played. He was rehearsed and coached by a servant of his who, strangely, is an authority on the role. When Bill first received the script for the picture he took it home and because his wife wasn't there, asked the servant to hear him run through some lines. Without the script and without a moment's hesitation the fellow, most remarkably, knew the situations in the drama and was even able to prompt Bill, who was thunderstruck. "Why, how can you know this so well?" Bill asked. "If you please, Mr. Henry," the fellow said, "I happened to be working for Barry Norton when he played this role with Emil Jannings over ten years ago. I rehearsed him in it, and I have a bit of a good memory, thank you."

The woman who actually made Lillian Russell's corsets is in Hollywood supervising the making of the waist pinchers that Alice Faye will wear when she plays that glamorous gal on the screen. The stays will not be made of gold as the original ones were.
Science and War

This is the latest in ego-inflating tributes that all stars continue to get from their fans. Ann Sheridan just received a mold that turns out miniature aspic or desserts shaped in her exact likeness. Lana Turner is very annoyed. She wishes Hollywood night club managers would be more original. She has won numerous impromptu dance contests in local night spots and every prize turned out to be a bottle of champagne. She doesn't like the stuff.

It looks as though someone, somewhere is going to have to give in and consent to a little arbitration or we are going to have a dose of film fare that is decidedly on the same idea with a slightly reverse twist. It all happened accidentally, of course, but no one seems willing to concede that the other had the idea first. At Columbia, they are making a movie called "Too Many Husbands." In this one Jean Arthur has two husbands, both Melvyn Douglas and Fred MacMurray. RKO, not to be outdone, won't retract any of their picture called "My Favorite Wife," in which Cary Grant has a duo of wives, Irene Dunne and Gail Patrick.

The local glamour boys and girls, and a goodly crowd of wintering vacationers, got an unexpected thrill and a tremendous kick out of a recent evening at one of Hollywood's more colorful night spots. The atmosphere of the Little Hungary Restaurant was thick with sad fiddles and lilting czardas. The cash customers were getting their money's worth with a vengeance when Hedy Lamarr, with Gene Markey, dropped in for one of her frequent visits. Both Adrian and Janet Gaynor were there. If anyone had then and there pooled the jewels that Hedy and Janet wore and divided them into small equal portions, there would have been enough to give it a gilded glitter to every girl in the new Earl Carroll line-up. Hedy warmed to her audience before the night was out, and sang Hungarian songs with the gypsy orchestra. She's my idea of what a real gypsy should look like. Boy, if they could only get her on the screen like that! She'd make a greater hit than she did in "Algiers."

RINA BARONOVA is giving Hollywood a dose of glamour far more genuine than it's ever had before. The premiere danseuse from the Ballet Russe is as continental as the Ritz Bar in Paris. Irina in fluffy ballet tulle is dangerously upsetting to any male, and she became doubly so in Hollywood when men found she had a devoted husband. Her name by marriage is as unpronounceable as a Finnish army captain's. The telegrams and long distance telephone calls between her husband, who is in the East, and Baronova, smoldering for the camera on an M-G-M sound stage, sound like a jumbled order from the delicatessen. Though they are apart, they are constantly concerned with each other's health and happiness. Each urges the other to keep up strength with good food. When Irina lavishes guttural, deep accented nonsense on her pet Pekinese the men present pant with envy. Her pet name for her husband and her dog is "Katia." Baronova in "Floridian" will make every American male look twice.

Workers' is not afraid to cost its players in unusual roles. Did you recognize Edward G. Robinson behind that beard, left, as the great German scientist, Dr. Paul Ehrlich, who discovered a cure for a devastating disease? His life is portrayed in "Magic Bullets." Real bullets fly in "The Fighting 69th," in which James Cagney plays a member of that Regiment (above).

By the way, what has become of Charles Martin, who, for a time, was Joan Crawford's constant escort in Hollywood? In our November issue we mentioned having been told that it was Charles Martin who originated, produced, and directed the radio "March of Time" for its first 2 1/2 years. But now we've learned that our information about Mr. Martin's connection with the "March of Time" radio program was wrong. From the "March of Time" people themselves, we discovered that Charles Martin had no connection with the "March of Time" until September 1935, when he was put on the payroll for about nine months as a junior script writer. At no time did he have any part in producing, editing or directing the program. The "March of Time" radio show was originated and originally edited by Roy E. Larsen, who also was the originator of the "March of Time" motion picture, and who is now president of Time, Inc. Incorporated. From its beginning in 1931, the "March of Time" radio program has been directed by members of the staff of the Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn advertising agency. The directors are Arthur Pryor, Jr., Homer Fickett and William Spier. Sorry, "March of Time," we made that mistake. We're wearing sackcloth and ashes. All we can say is our information came from a usually reliable source.
Confessions of an Ex-Movie Queen
Continued from page 29

on the house, we had barely enough cash to buy Abigail, so that man moved into our house and there we were! We took furnished rooms, my mother and I and faced the world without money, without experience, two Babes in the Woods as ever were. There were studios in those days, of course. Gertrude was the King, Mary Pickford was working, Mabel Normand, others. But I didn’t know anything about studios.

Someone told me that Oliver Morosco five toward paying off my mother’s funeral expenses, I lived on the remaining $15.00. My salary was raised to $35.00 when the character woman in our show went nuts and I was given her part.

The show closed and the girls had their choice, they could be sent back home or to New York. I got myself shipped to New York. I bought myself an elegantly tailored gray suit, a purple hat with a long flowing chiffon veil. I saw myself as a Tragedy Queen; in the theatre they called me “Desdemona,” “Bernhardt,” “The Cockeyed Princess.” Still people were gazing at me, making fun of me, and they didn’t know it, sharpening my ambition to reach a place in the sun where I would laugh last and longest.

Well, in New York I swept up and down those casting office stairs looking for a job. I heard that they were casting for the stage play, “Experience,” and I went teetering across the opera-sized stage of the Century Theatre, on my cheap shoes, purple veil fluttering. The director let me read the part of Slander. Funny, I thought, that I should get Slander when that’s all I had got. Conrad Nagel played Youth and we went on a tour, which was Purgatory for me. All those Broadway babies in the cast were living in the best hotels, I stayed in very cheap dumps, still sending money home. And when those hussies all fell heels over in love with Youth and found that he and I were going to church together on Sundays—well, no girl on the stage was ever so tortured as I! They stole my clothes, they tried to shock me by talking obscenely in front of me, and succeded.

But when one of them said something about the way my mother had brought me up, I sure ploughed into her!

I had another bean at this point. He was fifty, I was twenty-one. I thought he was Methuselah. If I’d named him Nemesis I’d have been nearer the truth. For he gave me a Christmas present, a set of terrible furs, an old goat thing. Well, did I strut! Then, leaving Denver one freezing morning, I got on the train and suddenly realized I’d left my goat in the hotel. With five minutes before the train left, I sprinted out of that train, down those ice-glazed station steps, slipped, fell—broke both my ankles. And I was crippled. Crippled for

was casting a show called “So Long, Letty.” I said that was “nice.” My informant informed me that it might be nicer if I should go down there and get myself a job. I said, “Down where?” (You can see how bright I was!) I was given the address and a map of the city and down I went. For two solid weeks I sat in Mr. Morosco’s outer, oh, very “outer” office. One day he glanced at me, stopped, asked me if I had pretty legs. I said I didn’t know, I hadn’t looked at them. I looked at them then, and so did he, and he gave me a job in the chorus. I was one of the six Big Girls. When the cast was dismissed for lunch I’d stay in the theatre watching the principals, Charlotte Greenwood and Walter Catlett, working. I was, I told myself passionately, “learning how to act.” Every night my mother went to the theatre with me. Also my current beau. His name was Leon and I called him my "Prayer Rug." He let me wipe my feet on him and was so soft and sloppy. We played Los Angeles for eleven weeks and then went up to San Francisco. One week later I got a wire. It read, badly, coldly, “Manna died last night.” That was one of my deaths, too.

Now I was, literally, alone in the world. I hadn’t planned to be an actress but I had that job in the chorus and, Blythe the Barnacle, I clung to it. I went on to Chicago with the show. I was earning $25.00 a week; five of it went for vocal lessons,
life, the doctors said. The show carried me along with it to Wichita, Kansas, and then, after three days, sailed out of town and left me stranded there, a bellboy to care for me. I had $100.00 saved and got back to Chicago on a stretcher. In Chicago, I borrowed some money from an uncle of mine and, without medical aid, I nursed myself for six months. My great faith in God cured me, saved me from being a cripple. For I was finally able to walk again, on crutches. When I returned to New York, I went on a cane, limping, but on my feet. This was a hard time, more were to come. A lame gal in a purple veil wasn't exactly in demand. A Shakespearean actress, of the vintage of Maxine Elliott days, was my first hope of work. He wanted me to be his Ophelia. He looked like Death Taking a Holiday when he came to rehearse me. And when nothing was said about money and it became obvious that O-see-you was the part he wanted to play, I told him I wouldn't go into the show.

Once again I started to trudge up and down those stairs. And then, one day, a girl named Virginia Sprague asked me to ride out to the old Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn with her. She had worked in some pictures with Earle Williams and wanted to pick up some stills. I said, "I'll go with you but you'll have to pay my fare." Little did I dream, that day, that she was paying my fare to the Milky Way, to my place among the stars!

I was, at that point, on the thin edge of suicide. I had even bought a little rubberized bag into which I intended to put my letter, addressed "GOODBYE, WORLD!" when I jumped into the river, there at the end of 83rd. Well, I thought, the river will wait and maybe the chance to see Earle Williams won't. I had been to the movies occasionally, between trains, and Earle Williams was my idol. I actually approached what was to be my career as a fun.

Virginia left me parked in the outer office and Earle Williams did come in and I thought I would fall apart. And he looked at me. And I don't know whether it was my emptyummy or my beating heart but the room began to do cart-wheels around me and when it righted itself again, Earle was still staring at me, and with him was another man. And this is the conversation that signalled the eventual rising of the Brythe star: "Do you want something? Looking for work?"

"Good heavens," I said, "I'd scrub floors!"

"Ever worked in pictures? Would you be interested in a picture job?"

"Yes," I whispered the lie to the first question. "YES!" I shouted to the second question.

Earle Williams took one arm; the other man, a director, he was, took the other arm and I was propelled into the office of A. E. Smith, President of Vitagraph. I suppose I primped and pranced and did a peacock. By this time I knew that I was good-looking. I knew that men always gave me the eye. And so, when A. E. explained that they were making a picture called "His Own People," wanted a young woman to play the regal part of the Lady Marion and did I think I could play it; I threw the last tatter of my purple veil over one shoulder with one regal swip and swallow and I answered in ringing accents, "Mr. Smith, I could play this part better than anyone in this world could play it!" When Virginia Sprague picked me up where she had left me, one hour later, I had a contract for the picture in my hands, a contract calling for $60.00 a week, Earle Williams for my screen lover and Harry Morey playing the heavy! Well, that was my first picture, and I must have made a hit in it because directors began to ask for me. Frequently I worked in three pictures at a time. Then I made "Over the Top" with Guy Empey, got a five dollar raise, rented a house in Brooklyn, bought my first grand piano, and I was LAUNCHED!

It was at the old Vitagraph that I met Paul Scardon, who was to be my first and only husband. Paul, an ace director, directed me in 13 pictures, made me a leading lady, taught me how to act. Then Rex Beach engaged me to play the heavy in "The Silver Horde," which was made in Hollywood. I made "Moushe O'Mine" for Fred Niblo, in which I got Ramon Novarro his first day's work, as a dancer, in pictures. I free-lanced in Hollywood then, I worked for Christy Cabanne. I made a lot of the James Oliver Curwood stories.
The people who know her well say that Tyrone Power was lucky to win a girl like Annabella. See how she keeps herself in the background like any good film star's wife when husband Ty Power (right) poses to chat with Fred MacMurray at a party.

For one, "Nomads of the North," Lewis Stone, Lon Chaney and I went on location with the company to Big Bear. The men built their own cabins. Lew Stone and Lon built a special bunk in my cabin for me, even a little dressing table. I remember how our cowl chewed up Marph, the animal trainer at Universal, and how Lon took over the training of the bear while I undertook to read bedtime stories to half a dozen malamutes. I did the cooking for all of the men. I'd put ham hocks on to simmer in the morning and they'd be ready when we struck off work at nights. Lon would make the coffee, we'd all buckle in and do the dishes. Now, when I see the deluxe commission wagons arriving on locations, a corps of waiters, linen and silver hot plates and all, I have to laugh—but the laugh is nostalgic for those dear, dead days when we all pitched in and worked together and not "each in his own corner!"

I was making $300 a week at this time. I was beginning, just beginning, to feel the wild and heavy oats of opulence. Then one day, Mr. Goldwyn came to Hollywood, by this time, and was directing for Sam Goldwyn. When we were married, I was making "Occasionally Yours," with Lew Cody. Paul was directing "Milestones" for Goldwyn. We were married at the Church of the Angels in Flintridge; 100 people were there, Paul's whole cast, Lew Stone, Mary Alden, Lew Cody, of course. Just before I went to the church Lew sent over a whole case of champagne, and when I walked up the aisle I was simply at one with the angels.

I remember meeting the late Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., at this time. I told him, "I want to be a star, a great star!" To this he answered, "That isn't hard, the hard thing is to stay there when you get there!" And do I realize that now?

And then I began to want everything I saw. I bought my first car, a Buick, and had it all upholstered in horrible-elegant peacock-patterned cretonne. We were living at the Hollywood Hotel then, Paul and I. Those were the days when Elmore Oyen was living there, too, Masterlind and his wife, Rex Ingram, Bert Lytell, the late "Uncle Carl" Laemmle. Uncle Carl called me off the dance floor one night and offered me a seven-year contract with Uni-

versal. I turned it down. I was getting $350 a week now and more work than I could do. But as I wanted and got everything I saw, the $350 didn't go very far. I wrote checks as God sends down snowflakes. Terrific checks that came bouncing back to Betty marked "Not Sufficient Funds!" Nonsense, I thought, what do they mean. Those were the days when the stars were doing those silly symphonies, the days when we were reeling in our cinematic, clowish courses like slaphappy harlequins in the Hollywood Heavens. I wanted to own property. I bought an acre, paid $12,500 for it, sold it a year later for $21,500. I was Missus Midas. I bought gowns, furs, hats, perfumes galore—always wanted to smell magnificent. I had a French gover-

ness for Paul's little daughter. I bought lots of jewelry. I bought beautiful, rare books. My passion was Oriental rugs and the rugs, of course, brought in the chandeliers, including the chandeliers. Life wasn't real. I wasn't real. In a dream world, I was a dream, walking.

I had married about a month when Herb Howe, then my publicity representa-

tive, told me to go over to the Fox studio. They were going to make "The Queen of Sheba." In a terrible little white sports suit, made by Mrs. W. K. Howard, and the perennial purple hat—I bought everything and everything I bought by way of clothes was wrong!—I trotted over to talk to J. Gordon Edwards, who was to direct "Sheba." Mr. Edwards seemed to take a fancy to me but Mr. Fox, it seemed, was insisting on a big name for the part and he would have to go to New York and confer with Mr. Fox. He went to New York and they tested everybody in the world, even Nance O'Neill and Geraldine Farrar. Mr. Edwards kept insisting, "The woman who should play this part is in California." Mr. Fox finally consented to look at some of my films, old Vitagraph pictures, mostly and said, "Well, for my money she's a holy sight, but go back to California and make a three-day test of her." Meantime, I was praying for the part. For five or six months I prayed for that part. I'd go up to what are now the green lawns of Pickfair, with my Bible, sit under those trees and pray.

Mr. Edwards sent for me to make the three-day test. There were 136 gowns ready for Sheba and I was told to choose one and put it on. I chose one with a peacock pattern! I stepped out of my funny dress, into the robes of Sheba, and was transformed. I looked at myself in the full-length mirror and, for the first time in my life, I seemed to see a body! I'd seen it before, of course. I'd fed it, bathed it, taken it for walks but I had never before really seen it as something I could call mine. To the stage. It was so grand to step out onto that great stage, up to the thrones of Solomon and Sheba (Fritz Leiber played Solomon) to be the center of all attention, to realize that I had practically arrived. I was too young to know that when you arrive you must also, one day, Depart. I Gordon Edwards took me in one scene, just one, and then they brought me my contract and I signed it. $500 a week for the Queen of Sheba! Make way for the Queen of Sheba!... what a great future you have, my dear!" And then there was the Public, cheering, calling, applauding. There was my box, crowded, Joe Schenck, the Talmadges, Richard Barham, Reba Allen. I was enough of an Actress to see a Future, wherein I might give all the beauty I felt I had to give, wherein I might get all of the things I wanted, the flatteries I needed to heal my special wounds.

In the morning there came the Press: Louella Parsons, Harrietie Underhill, the Daily News, the Flamingo, the critics, reviewers, magazine writers. Robert Sherwood gave me a superb review. Everyone in New York began to photograph me in hats, in shoes in panties, in fur, Steichen, Russell Ball, Nickolas Murray. At seven o'clock one night I was a struggling young actress. By nine o'clock the morning of the day before the opening phone calls that came in and stood erect under the orchids that strangled me. In a period of 12 hours my life had turned over and the Golden Age was in.

But the Golden Age had its worries, too. How to keep up this big, swell front? How "manage," imagine this, on $500 a week, or less. More than $2000. What was a star, in those days, without an eminence coat? Now, how I'd love to be able to sell it, the last of my glories, off some farm. I can't sell it, the last of my glories, off some farm. But I can't sell the thing! I bought more gowns, all awful, more shoes, hats, perfumes, cards, Oriental rugs, wrote out more checks for more things.

And then came Tragedy. Then came the beginning of what I would call "the End," if I believed in "Ends," which I don't, but only in Beginnings. Still, keep cars that might meet the eyes of the curious. I was to make "The Last Days of Pompeii" in Italy, with Mr. Edwards again directing. He had sailed for Italy, I was arriving. He had talked to Mr. Fox about my contract. Before I signed it I would, said, like to show it to my attorney. Fool that I was, I took it to Mr. Fox and he showed it to him and he wrote "corrections" on the thing. He asked for a copy of the contract. He pointed out that the start date had been specified in the contract, which meant that I might sit around for seven years, idle (they would have been the best seven years of my life).
He sent the contract back to Fox in a cold, legal envelope. And then Mr. Fox wouldn't talk to me, wouldn't talk to my attorney. During this interval, Mr. Hearst sent one of his emissaries to me, offered me a five-year contract starting at $1000 a week. There was the contract spread out on the table, the fountain pen in front of me, and I said, poor, dumb me, I said, "I shook hands with Mr. Fox in his office when he gave me the contract. Of course, he signed it yet, but." "A bird in the hand, Miss Blythe," said Mr. Hearst's envoy. "But I've given my word," I insisted. "I can't do it. I was breaking the backbone of my career if I'd only known it. I spent the next week phoning Mr. Fox's office. I was always told "in a committment." Later, Mr. Fox's secretary called, "Miss Blythe, this is Mr. Fox's secretary speaking. You will not sail for Italy on November 19th. Mr. Fox is not interested in you.

I had lost both contracts! I had done the biggest thing since "Birth of a Nation." I could see nothing else big in the business for me. I died.

But the old spirit came back. The old spirit always comes back. I went back to the Coast and made a lot of pictures, several in Berlin. But I was still a cripple, still a cripple. Every day I looked with interest, with hope, "perhaps," some Frances Marion stories, others. Then I got the European bug. I wanted to get away. Never again, I thought hopefully. But right again, was never again would I strike the Big. Beautiful Thing over here. Just at this time, Herbert Wilcox bought the rights to "Chu" in Berlin. The whole sum was $83,000. He asked me to play the part of Desert Flower. And so, once again, I lived as a Queen. When I got off the Olympic, he had sent his yacht to meet me. There was champagne all around my dressing room and potted plants everywhere. I made my "Chu" in Berlin. The whole cast were very good. "Chu" was a success. I went to Berlin. From there we went to Vienna and I made "Southern Love," also for Mr. Wilcox. I lived at the Palace of the Hapsburgs, Schönbrunn. My salary, then, was $1500 a week. I began to save my small fortune. And to spend many fortunes, not small. I had two personal maids, and they had everything material that shops and mines and caterers and vintners and the silkworkers could dis-"

All the usual stay-at-homes stepped out this month. Even Jean Arthur, who usually loses première, attended the première of Hal Roach's "Of Mice and Men," with her husband, Frank Ross Jr., and actually seemed to enjoy it.

The London Coliseum offered me a two-weeks' engagement then. The Coliseum had never had a movie actress in the flesh, either, and I stayed at the Coliseum for six weeks, playing to capacity, which is 3000 people, twice a day... and over the Coliseum my name revolved, in brilliant lights... in England, even today, my name is still in lights whenever I am in any picture, however minor the role I play... Scupper Fiddle, that is England to me, and I worship them for it... Then I toured the provinces with my own company of vaudeville artists. I made gallons of money. I reached the half million mark, the place where I had, always, some $700,000 as a reserve fund. I did a picture for the French Government... "Jacob's Well," it was called... they paid me $500 a week and the picture took me to Egypt, Constantinople, Italy, the Holy Land. And even in those countries, Sheba was known, the docks were jammed with people, fan mail followed me in drays.

For then I came back home again. I bought another house in Beverly Hills. Irving Thalberg sent for me, offered me $1000 for a day's work. I turned it down. One day's work after all the success abroad, the international fame. Alas for me, how my purple, beautiful, arch-checkered pride went vanishing after a fall!

For I had come back, a stranger to a strange land. The boys I had known as "number boys" were sitting in swivel
This picture shows three very good reasons why Betty Field was able to make such a hit in the role of Max, the rancher's seductive wife in "Of Mice and Men." One reason is her lovely face, the other two? Can't you see for yourself? In movies, slang, they're known as "Dietrichs" after the movie siren who hasn't such a bad pair of them herself.

... and featured, one who had been a world-famous person—and I didn't have a nickel to get to my audition. It was too far to walk. Clara Ray and I were living together at a woman's hotel. Charles and Clara had just lost their money, too. I had two pennies. I had to get to that audition. If I can be a prima donna for Shubert, I thought, Hollywood will think I'm still Something. I took the two pennies, went into the street, stole three pennies from a newsstand and swiped on down the subway steps. At Shubert's, they told me I'd be fine if I'd lose a little weight. I charged some reducing pills at a drugstore near my hotel. I took them every day for 26 hours and my heart went back on me. All the way back, I turned black, couldn't speak a word and, of course, lost the part.

I sold all of my beautiful clothes, most of my beautiful furs, the chinchilla coat I'd bought in Germany, so that I could live. I pawned all of my jewels. And finally I got a stock engagement in Rochester, played there for six months. Oh, did they crucify me! I wasn't the Star any more. I learned lines all night long. I earned $15 a week and $20 in tips. I paid $5 a week to go home. Paul, meanwhile, had taken the little money that was left after the crash and had bought a ranch in California. I thought I'd just go and look at the ranch. I still had very small luggage, the Santa Fe stopped at Fontana, by special order, to let me off. I was still, in my mind, the Queen of Sheba. I got off at the little country station. I'd driven through the country in smart motors, many times, in many countries. But I'd never seen a pig. I didn't even know that chickens don't lay eggs. I'd left my husband a well-dressed, cosmopolitan gentleman, a member of the Masker's Club. I found him in overalls, a beard, wearing an old straw hat. He'd been tillling the soil, making himself a new profession, a more gallant gentleman than he had ever been before. But I didn't realize that, not yet. I believed that the porter lifting down my labelled luggage would not know that this farmer belonged to me. I found the house small and not at all with possibilities. The garden was sweet but it was still play-acting with me. It was the Third Act. The first summer it was very gay. I had lot of guests to dinner. Prince Bernhard Mohammed Ali, the Reverend Jardine, who married the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Carey More, the Australian songwriter, Captain Gerald Child of the S.S. Langley and others. It was all too, too amusing. Then the cold winter winds began to blow. Our citrus crop was ruined. And there wasn't any money, I was polishing eggs instead of pearls. My neighbors didn't speak to me, or if they did know, didn't care. I was so lonely. For audiences, in place of my brilliant, diademed, white-gloved audiences I had the bony back of my negroes, long gray fingers of the rain, winds blowing. The wind blew the roof of our house off one day. I saw Paul break, and cry. I was ready for suicide. And then one of my neighbors tapped on our door. A woman, smelling of hay and sweet flour and babies. She taught me how to cook. She helped me clean my dishes, and good in everything. And then the actress ceased to act and became a woman. And, from hating the "common people" as I had, got to realize, in my own self, knew something far grander than I had ever known, knew how to love their neighbors as themselves, as I didn't.

I began to realize that I created beauty wherever I was. I painted the whole inside of our house myself, attired in a perfectly gorgeous French negligee, at first, and then I wore the French overall. I made it all white, inside and out, blue floors, cool and beautiful and exquisite. I even painted our bathroom that Sheba might one day do I could polish eggs instead of pearls and like it. I was proud of my good, brown eggs. I raised 300 turkeys one Thanksgiving and weighed them by the pound of chicken itself, and picked 10 acres of citrus fruits. I cooked, I washed our farm clothes, I scrubbed and found that my hands were good for something more than making pie, nicely taking care of sick babies, knew something far grander than I had ever known, knew how to love their neighbors as themselves, as I didn't.

... and the letting down of wrong responsibility.

And then, my lesson learned, I turned my eyes toward Hollywood again. Not to work, but to work. I had never had to work for less than $75 character work which I, having at last long given birth to character, might hope to pick a few parts in. "Genberg!" my first talkie, in "Brown of Culver," "Pharmacite," "Camille," "Conquest," and many others. I have been blessed in that I never had a bad part. I have never had to work for less than $75 a day, seldom for less than $100 a day. I, who once rejected $1000 a day! How, then, I thought, can a poor person, I'll play them and be proud; as I am proud of those who do. Paul is working again, too, acting again, his first love. And I don't regret anything! I've had a full, glorious life. I've had the greatest and the least. I've had a career, a very successful one for a woman; it's made me a fortune, it's taken all the chaff, it's made me many friends, and that's enough. I want, now, to be just what I am. I'm an actress by profession and I hope I'll always be an actress. Beyond measure to be a good character actress, when the chance comes along. If my chance doesn't come again, I can take it in my stride. I still go down steps, brush my eggs, and look at the hills, the everlasting hills, at the lights, moonlight and starlight and twilight, lights that don't go out!
Miss Elizabeth Stuyvesant Fish, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish of Washington, D.C., is a popular debutante. Here, she and some of her deb friends primp between dances.

BUT BOTH HELP KEEP THEIR SKIN FRESH AND YOUNG LOOKING WITH POND'S

QUESTION TO MISS FISH:
Miss Fish, when do you believe a girl should begin guarding her complexion with regular care?
ANSWER: "The younger the better! I think if you want a nice skin when you're older, you have to take care of it when you're young. That's why I began using Pond's 2 Creams when I reached my teens. Every girl wants a lovely complexion! Using both Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream every day helps to keep mine clear."

QUESTION TO MISS FISH:
Would you describe what each Pond's Cream does for your skin, Miss Fish?
ANSWER: "Yes, of course. Every morning and evening I use Pond's Cold Cream to freshen up my face. These regular cleansings help keep my skin looking soft and healthy. Pond's Vanishing Cream serves an entirely different purpose. I use it before powdering to give my skin a soft finish that holds powder smoothly for hours."

QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:
In your opinion, Miss Holden, what things help most in a career girl's success?
ANSWER: "Interest in her job, willingness to work and a good appearance! But nothing cheats your looks like a dull, drab skin, so you can bet I'm always sure to use Pond's Cold Cream to keep my skin really clean and soft. I can count on it to remove every trace of dirt and make-up."

QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:
Doesn't the wind off Lake Erie make your skin rough and difficult to powder?
ANSWER: "Well, Cleveland is mighty breezy, but little skin roughnesses don't worry me a bit. I just use another Pond's Cream to help smooth them away... by that I mean Pond's Vanishing Cream. And besides smoothing and protecting my skin, it's perfect for powder base and overnight cream because it's absolutely non-greasy!"

Washington's smart young people take an active interest in national affairs. Miss Fish shows out-town guests some of the y's historic landmarks.

A Sunday ride in an open car is fun—but chilly! When her young man suggests stopping for "franks" and hot coffee, Miss Holden thinks it's a fine idea.

Miss Holden entertains. The rugs are rolled back, she takes her turn at changing the records, and it's "on with the dance" to the tune of the latest swing!
Going to the other end of the hall we come to Mrs. Tracy’s room—also done in maple. There is little here in the way of excess furniture or frippery. Her taste in clothes and furniture is almost as simple as Spence’s, although when she is dressed for a formal occasion she could give some of our glamor girls a few pointers they might well heed.

Johnny, the fourteen-year-old son, has the nicest room in the house. Both Johnny’s and Susie’s rooms have been added since they bought the place. This room has exposure on four sides so if there is sun, son gets it. If ever a boy took after his father, Johnny does. He loves sports of all kinds—tennis, polo, horseback riding, and swimming. He is particularly adept at swimming and polo. In his “spare time” he edits a valley magazine. Some of the sketches (and they are surprisingly good, too, for he has never had a drawing lesson in his life) are done by the owner and managing editor. The covers are contributed by a friend in Pasadena. Some of the editorials are contributed by another friend back in New Jersey.

Susie, aged eight, shares the rest of the family’s aversion to feminine frpperies. A beautiful little girl, she behoves ribbons and ruffles and is never so happy as when dressed in dungarees with her hair in a tightly braided pigtail. Her mother vows the only doll Susie has ever cared for is the rag doll on the bed and the only reason she likes that is because it’s a boy.

The kitchen is in keeping with the rest of the house. Instead of being done in white, it’s orange. A coat of orange shellac has been applied over the natural finish of the wood, giving it a hard, glossy surface, easily cleaned. The trim is bright red.

Going from the living room to the rear one passes through a screened porch. Here are a barbecue grill and easy chairs. Dinner is frequently served out here in summer as, if there is a breeze blowing, it blows through here.

The swimming pool and tennis court have also been added since the Tracys took possession of the place. Not only can Spencer get his exercise but the children have a great deal of fun here. Since they live so very far out in the valley, the ocean and public tennis courts and swimming pools are almost inaccessible, save on rare occasions, so not only the Tracy children but all the neighboring children enjoy the pool and court.

The guest house was originally the room of the son of the people who built the house. It had two built-in bunks, one above the other, like those in a ship’s cabin. But the bunks were not only uncomfortable but hard to make up as well so they have been ripped out and replaced with twin beds.

When they moved in, Spencer had an idea he would take this house for his own, but the central heating system does not extend here. There is a fireplace in the room but that is all. In winter it grew chilly and Spence finally, rather sheepishly, moved back into the big house.

They keep about six or seven horses out here—most of them race horses out on pasture until the racing season opens. And here again the amazing candor of the Tracys is apparent. If you gave them a third degree I very much doubt you’d ever get a movie star to admit a horse he owned was anything short of another Man-O’-War. The Tracys will tell you frankly that these horses are not good enough for Santa Anita but that they’re all right for the lesser tracks around here. “At least,” they qualify hopefully, “we think they are.”

The smaller horse in the picture is a yearling which they have entered in the breeders’ sale.

“What a shame to sell her!” I exasperated.

“No,” Louise smiled patiently. “We’ve had our fun with her while she was growing up. Race horses are an expensive proposition. We’d better get our money out of her if we can. We’ll probably sell the other racers, too, when we can, and only keep the polo ponies.”

It is on this pasture, too, that White Sox holds sway. White Sox was the first horse Spencer ever owned. It was on White Sox he learned to play polo, and White Sox is a good teacher. I have ridden since I was six and flatter myself I’m a pretty good rider. One day when Spencer had just bought his second horse he invited me down to the Riviera Polo Club to play stick-and-ball. You get on a horse, take a mallet, put a ball on the ground and gallop around hitting the ball. I had never had a polo mallet in my hand before but I was willing to try anything once—and so was White Sox. Spence was learning to ride and play polo all at the same time. I could ride circles around him but he could play circles around me. I made the same mistake all beginners make—I tried to hit the ball with the end of the mallet instead of the side. Once I missed and hit White Sox on the nose. He stopped as suddenly as a car with hydraulic brakes. Like “the daring young man on the flying trapeze,” I “lew through the air with the greatest of ease.” I have always maintained that horses are the most intelligent of all animals but I have also maintained that their countenances are the most immobile. White Sox refused this. If ever I saw any expression on a horse’s face it was the look of rage and reproof mirrored on an equine puss, White Sox registered them. And Spence shook with laughter for a good quarter of an hour. To this day he swears the slight tilt to one of White Sox’s front teeth is due to that blow I gave him. Me? I cut him off with, “That’s how lies get out”—but he sticks to his story.

The last picture? When I first knew Spence he had one Irish setter called Pat. Pat was the bravest of the brave—at a safe distance. Let a stranger come into the yard and Pat would growl as ferociously as any lion—and bark his head off. But the closer the stranger (it could have been a ham) came to him the farther Pat retreated. Time passed. Spence bought Pat a wife. And presently a litter graced the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pat. Well, these puppies (I don’t think Mrs. Pat is a faithful wife because one of the puppies walks sideways like a crab) kept getting in our way while we were taking pictures and I shut them promiscuously into one of the kennels. It turned out the kennel was Pat’s instead of the puppies. Pat was rather nonplussed by the whole thing but he sat himself down to see what would happen and there he sat until the puppies were released from his kennel and he could take possession again.

And that was about the time Mrs. Tracy said, “That’s all there is—there isn’t any more. Are we going to see you soon again or are you going to go on ignoring us?”
Paris APPROVES THE COLORS

Paris openings forecast the big news in feminine fashion... Cutex nail shades forecast the big news in fingertip chic!

In Paris new Cutex nail tones are checked against the latest color news:

Wear Cutex and your nails are as glamorous as your Paris-inspired frocks!

America PERFECTS THE WEAR

CUTEX gives you tops in style and wear in the new Cutex Salon Polish!

The new Cutex GADABOUT is a gay, dashing red-rose red. The new Cutex CEDARWOOD is a young, mauvy pink. Both are perfect foils for the new colors featured at the Midseason openings.

GUARANTEED TO WEAR LONGER

Try Cutex GADABOUT and CEDARWOOD— at our risk! If they don't wear better than any polish you've ever worn, simply return the bottle to us. We will cheerfully refund your original purchase price. (Offer good for 1940 only.) See all the smart Cutex shades today— at any toilet-goods counter.

Northam Warren, 191 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

NEW CUTEX Salon Polish

HIJINKS—True red-red.
GADABOUT—A gay rosy red.
OLD ROSE—Rich, flatening rose.
CEDARWOOD—Light—soft, mauvy rose.
CAMEO—Fragile mauve-tinted rambling pink.
HEATHER—Grape-rose.
Why Boyer Came Back

Continued from page 5!

cutlet. But the women folk, the dyed-in-the-wool Boyer fans, didn’t even bother to listen. The Great Lover was back. Why he had come back, they didn’t care. It was sufficient that he was back. Once more they could go to the movies and read all sorts of things in those dark, tragic eyes. Once more they could thrill to the romance of that voice. Once more they could weep over that sad smile. The adoration of Boyer took up right where it left off.

But with a lot of people that question still rankled. The disgruntled had not carped in vain. Why did Charles Boyer come back? They wanted to like Mr. Boyer. He was indeed a great actor. They recalled his Napoleon in “Conquest,” his psychiatrist in “Private Worlds,” his monk in “The Garden of Allah”—and more recently his romantic leads opposite Irene Dunne in “Love Affair” and “When Tomorrow Comes.” Yes, a great actor. But why did Charles Boyer come back? Was there something mysterious about it?

No! Charles Boyer’s return to Hollywood is just about as mysterious as Baby Sandy’s spinach. He didn’t run out on France, he didn’t join the French Army for publicity, and he didn’t return to Hollywood as a propagandist. So just relax, and find somebody else to gossip about. (You might try Cary Grant; he’s pretty popular and successful right now.) He came back because his regiment was demobilized and he was instructed by the French Government to resume his occupation. His occupation, in case you’re a dope, is acting. From Charles Boyer himself I have the following statement:

"In the first rush of mobilization I was called up with all other Frenchmen of my age class and took my place in my regiment on the first day of the war. After an intensive training period, during which time I served as a private in the ranks, all those in my section—several thousand—were temporarily released from army service by the French government on November 11th on the grounds we were no longer needed at this time. At the time of our demobilization we were instructed to resume our occupations and to hold our places until such time as France may need us again. When that time comes I shall be ready to return to my station, as I did on the first day of the war."

"Since I have been instructed to return to my career as an actor, and since that lies in Hollywood, I have returned to America to resume work before the cameras. However, I shall be able to stay here only for the time being, and it is for the government of France to say. Reports I am here for propaganda work are entirely unfounded. I am an actor, not a propagandist.

And that’s why Charles Boyer came back. And if you can make anything mysterious or shaddy out of it you’re pretty good. Well, better luck next time, pig eyes.

The day Charles arrived in Hollywood he was greeted by Tyrone and Annabella (he was best man at their wedding, remember?) several thousand stampeding fans, and a pile of scripts. His first stop was at the Ronnie Colman home where he had left his favorite dog, a dachshund named Pounce. When he and Pat bought on vacation. The little hound recognized him at once and was ecstatic with joy. Pounce is fully convinced that Charles Boyer came back because Pounce bundled the Boyers off to their home in Brentwood, (the Boyer home had been leased in their absence) where Charles had to pay a special visit to "the pet" Charles" who had a good scrupling in honor of the occasion.

The "little Charles" is a n-a-k-e-d statue which stands in the Power garden and which was given to him as a wedding present by an elderly fan because she adored Charles Boyer and they were friends of Charles’s. You can be certain that the humor of many ribbing, Tyrone, who never misses a chance to tease, has seen to that.

Naturally, every studio in town has a script for Boyer. Every agency has a radio program. He’s about the hottest of the movie stars at the moment. Millions of worshippers women, who fairly swoon at the sight of him, have seen to that, not to mention all the guys who think him a grand actor, even if he has got bedroom eyes. But Charles has said that he wants to relax from the grim job of soldiering for several weeks before he takes up the more pleasant job of acting. He also wants to practice up on his English. Being with all those soldiers and talking French all the time was sort of hard on his English accent. And those French soldiers, boy, did they rib him plenty! Worse than Ty Power, who plays Napoleon on the screen in "Conquest" and they insisted upon calling him Napoleon. Not as much as he was just a private it was always good for a hearty laugh.

Charles isn’t as light-hearted as he was when he left Hollywood several months ago on that muddy anticipated vacation in France. He is more dignified and thoughtful. The smile is even sadder.

"I am glad I had the army experience," he said. "I always tried to keep my sense of balance. Hollywood sometimes is very confusing. If there were any phony stains on my mind caused by being a star, a short time in the army wiped them away. I would not like to admit part of it," he continued. "And I would refuse a role, no matter how good, in a war picture. I would like to do something dignified—or light. But not silly, please."

Since his army year becomes forty-one in January he believes he will not be recalled for six months, or longer. But when he is called, naturally, he will leave at once. But let us all pray that Marlene Dietrich’s lunch is right: that the war will be over by the spring.

"I was always in love," Charles told me one afternoon before he left on that last eventful vacation in France. "From my earliest recollection I was in love with one small Mademoiselle or another. In Figueres (his home-town), as in all small French towns, boys and girls do not go to school together. Therefore, from the beginning, girls were more of a mystery to me than they are to American schoolboys. They were forbidden fruit. We did not meet them as competitors in the classrooms. We had no rough and tumble play with them on the school playgrounds. We were segregated. Consequently, I was greatly intrigued with these mystical creatures. They were created, I thought, solely to be fallen in love with. And I always managed to make friends with the brother of some especially enchanting little Mam’selle, and then he was pressed into service as a go-between—delivery notes for me, small sticky packages of sweets, and other tokens of affection. I spent all my allowance on these ruffled enchantresses. I may be said to have ‘sown my wild oats’ around the age of six!

"But it was a state of being in love, more than anything else. For today the faces of all those little girls are blurred to me—they have become a composite, lovely, but without individuality."

Having ‘sown his wild oats’ at the age of six, Charles Boyer insists that during his busy years on the stage in France there was a complete lack of any real romance. And then he came to Hollywood. "And I met Pat. Love at first sight happened to me."

We might as well face it, girls. If it isn’t Carole, it’s Annabella. If it isn’t Annabella it’s Pat. There’s always a woman.
Lady Esther asks

"Is GRIT in your face powder robbing you of your loveliness?"

Unpopularity doesn't just happen! And no one thing takes away from your charm as much as a face powder that won't cling smoothly — that gives you a "powdery look" because it contains grit! Why not find out about your powder?

Right in your own teeth you have a testing laboratory! Grind your teeth slowly over a pinch of your present powder (be sure they are even) and your teeth will detect for you the slightest possible trace of grit! But...

What an amazing difference in Lady Esther Face Powder! This superfine powder is free from all suspicion of coarseness or grit! When you smooth it on your face, your skin takes on a luminous, satiny look ... a new loveliness!

When you make your entrance at a party, how wonderful to make it confidently! You can — if you use Lady Esther Face Powder! For no longer need you be a slave to your powder puff. Put on Lady Esther Face Powder at 8 o'clock...

And at midnight — after the gayest evening ... your skin will still look exquisitely lovely! So today, send for samples of all ten shades of my face powder, at my expense. See for yourself that this superfine powder contains not a single trace of grit ... goes on smoothly. And you can find your lucky shade, too ... the one shade of Lady Esther Face Powder that will flatter you most ... that will make you look years younger than you really are!

Try the famous Lady Esther "Bite-Test"

Test your Face Powder! Place a pinch of your powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind them slowly upon the powder. Don't be shocked if your teeth find grit!

Now, brush away every trace of this powder and the grit it might contain, and repeat the test with Lady Esther Face Powder. Your teeth will quickly tell you that my face powder contains no trace of coarseness or grit! You'll find it never gives you a harsh, flaky, "powdery" look ... but makes your skin look satiny-smooth ... flatters your beauty.

Find your Lucky Shade, too! For the wrong shade of face powder can make you look older. So send today for all ten thrilling new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, at my expense. Try them all ... don't skip even one. For the powder shade you never thought you could wear may be the one right shade for your skin — luckiest for you!

10 shades FREE!

(You can test this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, 7162 West 63rd Street, Chicago, Ill.

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

NAME__________________________

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If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

SCREENLAND

79
EX-LAX MOVIES
A Skeptic is Converted

ANN: I dread taking this awful-tasting medicine. It always leaves me weak as a kitten.
RUTH: You're just plain foolish to take a cathartic like that. Try my stand-by... Ex-Lax.

ANN: Why, this tastes just like fine chocolate! But will it really work?
RUTH: Yes, indeed! Ex-Lax is thorough and effective—yet it doesn't upset you.

LATER
ANN: Thanks to you and Ex-Lax, I feel wonderful this morning.
RUTH: I knew you would! In our family we all use Ex-Lax!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢

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10¢ and 25¢

Yours for Loveliness

Spring accents for good grooming. Men also admitted!

WOULD you like to see the beauty of your finished make-up heightened about fifty per cent? Would you like to see that Hollywood look, divinely smooth, glowing and soft, where hitherto your skin effect has been only passably good? Then try the very new Miner's Patti-Pac Cake Make-Up. It evens the tone of your skin, gives an effect of delicate, fine quality and blessedly conceals little blemishes. By the time you've added rouge and powder, you understand the make-up technique for Hollywood skin beauty. Patti-Pac is easy to apply. Make-up will remain fresh and lovely for hours. It comes in three popular skin tones, and truly offers a beauty thrill. At ten-cent counters.

New Miner's Patti-Pac Cake Make-up for your lovelier face foremost.

THE perfumed deodorant is an advance step in body grooming, because the one preparation eliminates evidence of a normal function—perspiration—and adds an appealing freshness and fragrance. Preeminent among perfumed deodorants stands L'Orle Parfum L'Odorante, exquisite fragrance that assures body daintiness. Among the forty-four lovely scents are sixteen representing typically masculine freshness, as Boots and Saddle, illustrated. Stars, both male and female, find that this preparation is a means to more poise and self-confidence. Not expensive and in the better drug, department stores and beauty salons.

DAYTIME skirts remain short. Stockings must be beautiful. And still they run—unexpectedly, to our embarrassment. A little stocking-saver at ten-cent counters will rescue many a pair and your poise, as well. It's called Run-R-Stop. It comes in a little compact container, just right for bags. So when you feel the tingle of a beginning run, out with your Run-R-Stop, apply a drop at both ends of the run, and the day is saved. The liquid will not stiffen stockings, doesn't show, and is truly a find.

If THERE bottle opposite looks familiar, that's probably because you used with delight the first edition in this "perfume of the stars" series, Francisca Gual. Now you must know Joan Blondell, as spirited, as vitally fresh and lovely as Joan, herself. It seems attuned to Spring, a new hat, a new love! For it's an invitation with a promise, a mysterious, though light, and ever-haunting scent. An extra-well-made perfume that costs but a trifle. And if you like adventure, investigate through your five-and-ten-cent store the Joan Blondell contest for a trip to Hollywood. The winner may be you! Good luck! For here is a perfume with possibilities—appeal certainly and perhaps adventure also.

EVERY-DAY skin blemishes! I think there is no greater source of unhappiness to men, women and youngsters. For no one can be attractive with bumps. Your solution may be Aknasol Colloidal Sulphur Lotion, which is praised to the skies for its surface skin clearing qualities. Simply apply at night and morning over a well cleansed skin. For the girls, it forms a good powder base; for men, a good after-shave lotion. It's pleasant to use, and is suggested with confidence. We think it's exceptionally good. C. M.

Aknasol comes to us rescue—efficiently—for every-day skin blemishes.
Fashions featured on Page 65 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.

Frock by Harwitz & Dubevman, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York City
L. L. Berger, Buffalo, N. Y.
Telford's, Charleston, W. Va.
Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati, O.
Chaseoff's, Kansas City, Mo.
The Fashion, Madison, Wis.
Cain & Sloan, Nashville, Tenn.
The Gray Shop, Oakland, Cal.
John A. Brown, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Meier & Frank, Portland, Ore.
Frank Murphy, St. Paul, Minn.
Fleish & Co., Syracuse, N. Y.
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.
Livingston's, Youngstown, O.

Flowers by Goddard & Hayes, Inc.
60 West 36th Street, New York City
Win. Filene Sons, Boston, Mass.
Frederick Loeser, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago, Ill.
Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland, O.
Daniels & Fisher, Denver, Colo.
J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit, Mich.
G. Fox Co., Hartford, Conn.
Miller Paine, Lincoln, Neb.
J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
B. Altman & Co., New York City
Miller Rhoades, Richmond, Va.

Shoes by Geo. E. Keith Company
Brockton, Mass.
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Cincinnati, O.
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Harrisburg, Pa.
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Indianapolis, Ind.
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Los Angeles, Cal.
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Madison, Wis.
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Memphis, Tenn.
Walk-Over Shoe Store, Milwaukee, Wis.
Walk-Over Shoe Store, N. Y.
Sanger Bros., Dallas, Texas
S. L. Bird, Detroit, Mich.
Gochaux's, New Orleans, La.
Peyton's, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Pantie Girdle by Real-Farm Girdle Co.
358 Fifth Avenue, New York City
M. O'Neill Co., Akron, O.
W. M. Whitney & Co., Albany, N. Y.
Rich's, Inc., Atlanta, Ga.
The Glove Shop, Berkeley, Cal.
Boston Store, Chicago, Ill.
Titch & Geogtting Co., Dallas, Texas
Wolf & Dessauer Co., Port Wayn, Ind.
Bullock's, Los Angeles, Cal.
Gimbels Bros., Milwaukee, Wis.
L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J.
Stern Bros., New York, N. Y.
Langston Co., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Sweater by Olympic Knitwear, Inc.
1372 Broadway, New York City
Win. Filene Sons, Boston, Mass.
Carson, Pirie and Scott, Chicago, Ill.
May Company, Cleveland, O.
Crowley Milner Co., Detroit, Mich.
Byrd's, Houston, Texas
Fifth Street Store, Los Angeles, Cal.
Boston Store, Milwaukee, Wis.
L. Bamberger Co., Newark, N. J.
Saks, 34th St., New York City
Lit Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.
Stix, Baer and Fuller, St. Louis, Mo.
The White House, San Francisco, Cal.

...at winter sports who bundles up in clothes as thick as a mattress! Those who know wear outfits that aren't hampering...choose clothes expertly designed to protect, without being bulky!

For the same reason, girls who know choose Kotex sanitary napkins. Made in soft, smooth folds (with more material where needed...less in the non-effective portions of the pad), the New Kotex is naturally less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers. Less apt to chafe, too...for Kotex is entirely sheathed in cotton, before it's wrapped in gauze!

To guard pearls and pins—some smart person designed the modern safety clasp...

And to guard your peace of mind, the makers of Kotex now put a moisture-resistant panel between the soft folds of every Kotex pad! Then...to eliminate tell-tale bulges...Kotex gives you tapered, pressed ends! Think!...No thick, stubby ends to make embarrassing outlines! Kotex ends are invisible (and patented)!

Kotex comes in 3 sizes, too! Super—Regular—Junior. Kotex is the only disposable sanitary napkin that offers you a choice of 3 different sizes! (So you may vary the size pad according to each day's needs!)...All 3 sizes have soft, folded centers...flat, tapered ends...and moisture-resistant "safe'y panels." All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

FEEL ITS NEW SOFTNESS
PROVE ITS NEW SAFETY
COMPARE ITS NEW, FLATTER ENDS


"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"
brown eyes. “I like eyes to look like two deep cups of coffee, so that you can’t see the bottom,” he says. “I guess it’s the mystery of these eyes I like. You can look and look, but never get to the answer to the riddle.” Mr. C. insists that to be attractive, a woman must have a neat, well-put-together appearance. He always notices shoes, and is bitter about wrinkled stockings or crooked back seams. He thinks a woman should use all the make-up that makes her lovelier, but not to the point of looking bizarre and attracting too much attention.

We can’t all have velvety brown eyes, but there is some beauty in all eyes that can be further enhanced by good make-up. Instead of using eye make-up mechanically, it is well worth while to study your eyes and decide upon very individual coloring. For that well-put-together appearance, you may rely upon the proper foundation or girdle, providing your figure is in fairly good shape. There is nothing like a light foundation of some sort to give you that really finished figure look. No matter how beautiful your figure, don’t think you can clothe it well without some under-restraint. You simply can’t.

Mr. D. is torn in his allegiance to beauty. He was a great admirer of Marlene Dietrich for many years. It was her exotic quality. He says she knows the art of masculine appeal. But when Bette Davis loomed high in stardom, he switched. “I don’t think Miss Davis is beautiful,” says he, “but she has a force and vitality in her face like a strong magnet. I like the direct look in her eyes, the force of her small, severe mouth. I feel that every word she says is important. I like, too, the fact that so small a person is so strong in spirit.”

With Mr. D., you can see that personality makes a stronger appeal than physical beauty. We, too, believe that eyes that look straight at you, fearless and frank, have charm and attraction. We think, too, that a mouth like Bette’s is expressive and interesting, but a beauty tip for girls with this type of mouth is to make the upper lip a little fuller than natural and more curved. For this purpose, you will find those new fountain lip brushes just the thing. In fact, they’re just the thing for any lips, because they give that definite, clear, Hollywood line.

Mr. E. is a young man, still looking around. His heart is still his own, and so he says, with conviction, “I like all types of girls.” We need more men like you, Mr. E. “I like girls best who wear heels, have pretty hands and not too red nails. I like girls to make up their minds when I ask for a date. I want a definite yes or no. I like a girl to be ready when I call for her, so I don’t have to sit and talk to her father a long time. When I take her home, I like her to be brief in breaking away—well, not too brief. I like girls in bright colors, and I like some powder and lipstick. I like them to use perfume, but I don’t like funny eyebrows.” Funny eyebrows, as defined by Mr. E., mean exotic lines that dart upward like a swallow’s wings.

It would seem reasonably easy to please Mr. E., and his鼻子 are all well taken. He, also, dislikes to see girls smoking on the street. Priscilla Lane ranks high in Mr. E.’s mind; in fact, she’d do perfectly. You feel, though, that a very regular sort, and not break dates or keep a chap waiting too long.

Mr. F. has conservative tastes, but he sparkles at the mention of Claudette Colbert. He thinks it’s her eyes, because eyes impress him more than any other point in a face. He, too, likes direct eyes, enough make-up and, of course, a perfectly strong outfit, but does not go for very red nails. “I like a girl to look natural,” he says. “I like simplicity in dress and manner. I don’t like fancy clothes. Perfume is agreeable to me if it is light; too much suggests that the person is careless—at least, she’s careless enough to use too much. If the general effect of a girl’s outfit was pleasing, I don’t think I’d know whether it was new or old, black or white, but I’d notice instantly if she had a run in her stockings, if a wrinkle showed through a too-light dress or if it needed pressing. Maybe my tastes are just neat and tidy. You see, I’ve never had much time or opportunity to think about such things.”

For a gentleman who hasn’t, you’ve done very well, Mr. F. It seems to me that our critics are not too severe; that their viewpoint simmered down amount to good taste. It seems to me, too, that since men, in many cases, are our protectors and providers, that it would be nice of us to consult them now and then about our new clothes, hair-dos and whatnots, whether or not we have the slightest intention of falling in line with their tastes. We probably haven’t, but we can be angels and ask them what they think.

A NEW POWDER FOR SPRING
New make-up seems as necessary as a new hat or a new perfume for Spring. And so a lovely box of powder, by a famous maker, is our gift-of-the-month. The March bulletin of beauty, fashion, and good times tells you how to get your gift, and how to present your loveliest face for Spring. Send a three-cent stamp for the bulletin to Courtenay Marvin, Seventeen Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.
You've often read those little messages in the "Personal Notice" columns which tell of once-happy marriages that have "gone on the rocks". It's a sad fact that a woman can be above reproach as a homemaker—and still be guilty of the one neglect that may kill a husband's love. More women ought to use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene. "Lysol" is cleansing, deodorizing, germicidal. Using it regularly for intimate personal hygiene will give you a sense of immaculate cleanliness that adds greatly to your charm.

If you are in doubt about feminine hygiene—ask your doctor about "Lysol". Probably no other product is so widely known and used by women for this purpose. Today (and for more than 50 years) "Lysol" enjoys the confidence of hospitals, clinics, doctors, nurses. Here are 6 good reasons for using "Lysol" for feminine hygiene.

6 Special Features of "LYSOL"

1. Non-Caustic... "Lysol", in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali. 2. Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3. Spreading... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension; virtually search out germs. 4. Economy... Small bottle of "Lysol" makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. Costs about 34¢ an application. 5. Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use. 6. Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.

Domestic tragedies may often be caused by ONE NEGLECT that destroys Romance "LYSOL" helps avoid this

---

Personal

Jim: What is the trouble? I've tried to be a perfect wife and mother. Where have I fallen down? At least be fair enough to talk things over. Your silence is cruel. Please phone. Love. Margaret

To Jim—With Tears

---

PASTE THIS COUPON ON A PENNY POSTCARD:

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Dept. S-403, Bloomfield, N.J., U.S.A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name ____________________________

Street __________________________

City ____________________________

Copyright, 1940, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
on the lips of every studio employee from Louis the prop boy to Louis the Mayer. After setting up Miss Baranova’s horoscope, I discovered that she was born in the water Sign of Pisces, which includes everyone whose birthday comes between February 19 and March 20 of any year. It is very interesting to recall that the late Jean Harlow was born in this sign, and that she was given her first big chance at the same studio. Will Baranova have a great career or will she be just another forgotten importation in another year?

It is interesting to trace Miss Baranova’s career. She began early as a ballet dancer, and met with such sensational success that she was soon elevated to one of the greatest honors possible of attainment in the field of the ballet. She has made première danseuse of the Ballet Russe. It was in that capacity that the eagle eye of M-G-M spotted her, and as a result, she is making her film début in “Florian,” with Robert Young and Helen Gilbert.

Will American film audiences acclaim her as enthusiastically as lovers of the ballet have on two continents? This is a question all of the film audience is asking. According to her horoscope, Miss Baranova will prove a great success in this picture and many more to come. She may not be absolutely inspired, but her work will be of such an inspired quality that it cannot help but win her a permanent niche in the hearts of film goers. She is here to stay, that is, if Hollywood can succeed in permanently luring her away from her beloved ballet.

1940 holds great surprises for Miss Baranova. Will you, dear reader, for YOU if Pisces is your birth sign. These changes are not only in regard to the finances, but also in connection with travel, and the home. There is a possibility of change of residence, and happier conditions in the personal life. Although it is somewhat difficult for Pisces persons to mix career and marriage, in the case of Miss Baranova, I feel she will be able to do so easily, for she represents the highly intelligent type in this sign who can be happy in marriage even when a career takes up so much time.

This piscatorial sign also produced Louis Hayward, who made such a hit in “The Man In the Iron Mask,” Mr. Hayward is truly coming into his own in a cycle of successes that awaits most persons born in Pisces. Currently cast in “My Son, My Son!” he will win a somewhat delayed acclaim by the fans, Hayward’s wife, Ida Lupino, born in the Sign of Aquarius. This sign is astrologically incompatible with that of Pisces, so I cannot honestly guarantee the permanence of this union. However, all of those in Hollywood who love this vivacious couple hope that their happiness may last.

Among the newcomers, Patricia Morison is the most representative of Pisces. Although she was reared in the midst of luxury, and never dreamed of becoming an actress, she, too, experienced a financial setback. (This seems to be the destiny at one time or another of the children of Pisces.) When her father lost all his money in the stock crash, she decided not to let it become a stumbling block to her ambitions. It was the impetus that caused her to fulfill the ultimate destiny shown by her horoscope. Stordy is in a position for this beautiful young Pisces lady.

As a rule, early romance and marriage claim most persons born in Pisces. Take the case of Joan Bennett, who was married very early in life. That marriage was doomed from the start, owing to incompatibility, but those of you born in this sign may experience the heartaches that sometimes come to Pisces persons. You can learn a lesson by studying the lives of the movie stars born in Pisces who have experienced unhappiness in love and marriage. These include the late Jean Harlow, who attracted great unhappiness in love; George Brent, who has known more than one episode of unhappiness in love and marriage. As for Miss Bennett, she will find happiness eventually. It is only a question of time before she knows her own mind in regard to romance. Her chart shows that 1940 is an excellent year in which to find the culmination of her romantic dreams in a lasting marriage.

We saw the disastrous results of a marriage between signs that are not compatible in the case of Francot Tone and Joan Crawford. Francot Tone is a Pisces, and although he is characterized by his mental qualities, she was confused with emotional fulfillment. That they have remained friends proves what I have always said about these two signs, Pisces and Aries. Their attraction to each other is so great as to be almost irresistible, but the close relationship of marriage brings up problems that are not easily solved by such diametrically opposed natures. It is a strange thing how fire and water signs attract each other. You will do well to study the compatible signs for this sign and use it as a guide in choosing friends in the future.

The compatible signs in friendship, business, romance and marriage for the Sign of Pisces are: Cancer, June 21 to July 22; Scorpio, October 23 to November 22; Taurus, April 21 to May 20; Virgo, August 23 to September 22; and Capricorn, December 22 to January 19.

If Pisces is your birth sign, you may well wonder when conditions will begin to improve for you. There have been afflictions during the past year or two that have brought you more than your share of burdens. You now come into a cycle of prosperity, and your stars will shower you with better fortune. This applies particularly to business affairs and the home. More money should come to you through business contacts, investments, real estate deals, sales of leases and contracts are favored in the coming months. As for romance, those of you who are still single may face a choice between two persons who are interested in you. 1940 will bring marriage to many born in Pisces.

Those of you not born in Pisces have various aspects of the planets to contend with that bring you varying degrees of good fortune. Study the section below dealing with YOUR particular birth sign, and see what the stars predict for you this month.

**Aries—March 21 to April 20**

Take aggressive action in business and romance this month. You will find opportunities for artistic expression. If you are interested in art, music, acting, etc., make the most of the productive vibrations from Venus at this time. Money comes from two sources; debts should be paid, obligations for the future should be avoided. Social vibrations come from Jupiter and Venus, bringing one or more new friends into your life. Romance is favored. Make
You can relax and smile now, Joan Bennett, Norvell (shown here with you) says that 1940 is an excellent year for you to seek a happy, lasting marriage.

HINDS is the MOST SOOTHING Lotion—My Hands and Face Feel Smoother—Already: 75¢

WANT THRILL-SOFT HANDS?

No matter how tough the weather or how hard you work, you can have the soft hands that thrill a man. Use Hind's Honey and Almond Cream to ease away chapping—help tone down redness. It's extra-creamy, extra-soothing. Coaxes back the softness that cold weather and indoor heat take away! A grand powder base, too—not sticky. Contains Vitamins A and D, $1, 50¢, and 10¢—TRY HINDS Hand Cream, NEW! Quick-softening, fragrant, not sticky, in jars, 10¢ and 30¢.

Chapping * Dryness
Rough skin, elbows, arms
Weathered skin
Hangnails * Calloused heels
Powder base * Body rub
After-shaving lotion

HINDS FOR HANDS

Wednesday Night's Fun Night with BURNS AND ALLEN
GRACE SAYS: "I USE HINDS, TOO!"
Columbia Network—Coast to Coast
7:30-8:00 E. S. T. See newspaper radio columns for exact time on your local station.

Taurus—April 21 to May 20
You are going through a transition this month; Uranus brings strange forces into your life. Some doubt and confusion may arise in personal affairs. Avoid taking chances, be cautious in finances; watch out for secret enemies, and be careful of what you say or write. Jupiter brings money from a venture of long standing. Invitations, writing, music, acting, are favored. Relatives may impose upon you. Avoid quarrels with friends, and superiors in business. On the 3rd, 7th, and 12th, ask favors, seek promotion or raise in salary. The home comes under better aspects after the 15th. Romance continues as it is; an old love may appear on the scene, but do not make a decision regarding it. Those married come under some influence of Mars that may cause disturbances. Avoid separation and talk things over. The following days are positive and favor all progressive action: 2nd, 3rd, 7th, 8th, 10th, 15th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 26th, 27th and 28th. The other days are neutral; remain calm, watch the health, avoid excitement, and watch finances.

Gemini—May 21 to June 20
Mercury favors business this month, especially work where you use the head and hands. Push all personal affairs, and be aggressive. Do not worry, and avoid assuming new debts. You are in for a cycle of prosperity, and if you are temporarily depressed, it will pass. Real estate ventures are favored; stocks, and other speculative matters come under fairly good aspects. Important messages will come through letters, telegrams or telephone calls. The home is under better aspects than formerly. Love thrives, and even though you may consider a change in romance, you stand a better chance of finding happiness than before. Good month for engagements, marriages, and buying a home. Not good for hasty action in separating, or seeking a divorce. Favorable days are: 1st, 3rd, 5th, 8th, 12th, 14th, 18th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th. Watch the health, avoid accidents on the 2nd, 7th, 13th and 28th.

Cancer—June 21 to July 22
This sign is under steady vibrations at this time. You have the strength of Saturn giving you courage. Attack your problems with energy and confidence. Seek help of

No radical decisions or changes in love or marriage, but wait until somewhat better vibrations prevail. Travel, visit relatives, engage in business where you deal with the public. Do not sign important papers without consulting an attorney. On the 4th and 5th, avoid controversy, and involvements with others. The favorable days are 1st, 3rd, 7th, 10th, 13th, 14th, 18th, 21st, 22nd, 24th and 28th. The other days are somewhat negative, good only for routine affairs. Avoid danger, and watch the health.
DASHING COLOR without fear of PARCHING

"The brighter the better..." is fashion's latest color advice on lips. Coty "Sub-Deb" responds with ringing new shades—bright, clear, rich, red! And you get these high-style Coty colors without fear of Lipstick Parching! To help you avoid chapping and roughness, "Sub-Deb" contains a special softening ingredient—designed to protect your lips!

THRILLING RANGE OF 9 SHADES!
Ask especially to see the very new "Magnet Red"...a vital red red, full of dash and style.

Sub-Deb

SIGNS

STYLES!

MAGNET RED

$1.00

LIGHT
Bright
Medium

$0.50

COTY

superiors in business; ask for promotion.
Deal with public organizations and large corporations. Sign contracts, leases, or other legal papers. Adverse publicity should be avoided. New friends will come into your life; a new romance may end unhappily, so be cautious about becoming involved with one who might prove fickle or jealous. The home prosper; change of residence may take place. Marriages this month are favorable. Neptune brings news from abroad, possible travel on or near water. Do not sell or buy real estate, but conserve your money and wait for better aspects. The favorable days are: 2nd, 4th, 7th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 17th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 27th and 28th.

Leo—July 23 to August 22

This brilliant sign has good aspects this month for financial affairs. You should tackle any and all business problems with utmost confidence. Dare to promote yourself and your interests, for someone you will meet will become vitally interested in helping you in the completion of some project. Social events are excellent at this time; enjoy yourself, attend dances, parties, bridge games, etc., and meet people. Be cautious in regard to romance, for there is a tendency to hasty action. Watch your tongue, and say nothing you will regret later. Two persons may claim your affections. The Sun gives you popularity this month, and you will be able to find romantic happiness, if you have not already done so. Those who are married may have some disquieting experience, but it is not of a serious nature, and can be easily overcome. Favorable days are: 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 10th, 15th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 25th, 27th and 28th. The other days favor general business routine.

Virgo—August 23 to September 22

You can make this month favorable if you are alert, aggressive and avoid being too critical and too particular. Situations may arise that do not suit you, but you must overlook them. A trip may engage your attention. Money may be delayed and cause annoyance. Avoid assuming debts and burdening yourself. Inventions, gold mines, oil wells, and other speculative ventures should be entered with caution, you may suffer losses. Aim to be constructive, work up your health, and be within your means. Gradual improvement will follow. Favorable days: 1st, 4th, 5th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 22nd and 24th to 27th.

Libra—September 23 to October 22

You may have one or two romantic problems to contend with this month. Avoid seeking out another romance until you make up your mind one way or another about a present love affair. It would seem wiser to break off at present, for Venus brings a new romance into your life and it might complicate matters if you hold on to the old love. No decisions should be made regarding engagements or marriage. The coming weeks hold changing conditions in all departments of your life. If business conditions do not please you, attempt to change them. A man brings you advancement in business. Curb extravagant habits this month; avoid long trips, unless absolutely necessary. Social affairs are favored, and a new friend may come into your life who will mean much to you in the future. Sign legal papers, deal in real estate, merchandise, insurance, stocks, etc. Avoid adverse publicity, and watch the diet and health. The vibrations from Uranus bring unconventional vibrations, so avoid entering alliances. Favorable days: 1st, 2nd, 5th, 8th, 12th, 14th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 28th.

Scorpio—October 23 to November 22

You face better vibrations for health this month. Mars brings you aggressiveness, courage, and vitality to fight against any disturbances that may arise. There are apt to be disquieting experiences in regard to the love life. Avoid quarrels and do not try to dominate the loved one; for this causes trouble. Romance is favored, although there should be no radical changes, or decisions made regarding the breaking off of an old romance. Wait until you come under more peaceful vibrations.

By the time you read this, Jeanette MacDonald, shown here with husband Gene Raymond, will be on another concert tour. Though this is only her second tour, she is already considered the fourth most popular concert star in America. Nice going, Jeanette!

Money matters are extremely important this month. Attempt important deals, promote your welfare, seek advancement and help from executives. Advertising, writing, publicity, these are all favored. Avoid dark places late at night, or over-indulgence in food and drink on the 1st, 4th, 8th, 15th and 21st. Favorable days: 2nd, 5th, 6th, 9th, 12th, 13th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 27th, 28th.

Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21

Your sign favors business affairs this month. Jupiter brings you favorable vibrations for a change in position, or advancement in your present one. Debts should be paid and extravagances avoided. Venus brings social affairs, a tendency to over-exertion; watch the health, avoid confusion, hot temper and excitement. A secret enemy might cause gossip and concern. A man who has been quite prominent in the past might come back into your life. Relatives are warned against indiscretions, assuming obligations, and to watch the health. All musical, artistic, and creative efforts are encouraged this month.

By 1937, astrology had become a popular topic in the magazine. This page includes advice for each zodiac sign, including tips on romance, business, and health.
Study, improve yourself, and learn control. Romance may cause some concern, but do not worry if you break off an old attachment. Marriage relationship is apt to be under a strain, but avoid making decisions about separations, divorces, etc. Favorable days: 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 14th, 15th, 18th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 25th, 26th and 28th. Other days neutral.

Capricorn—December 22 to January 19
Better vibrations exist this month than last. You should be coming out of your financial tailspin. Saturn gives you some aid now, so that you need not worry about obstacles that present themselves. Other persons will prove helpful this month. Seek advancement or raise in salary. Continue in old established places if there is a possibility of improving yourself. Working conditions improve. Those without jobs are favored by Jupiter. You may consider changing residence. Love affairs of long standing only are favored. Otherwise there are apt to be rapid changes. Engagements and marriage come under better aspects this month. Favorable days: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 27th. Other days are neutral and favor routine action.

Aquarius—January 20 to February 18
You face many vital decisions and changes in business affairs this month. You have been through distressing experiences in the past year or more. Now the Sun smiles on you and brings you prospects of a better future. Inventive, musical, literary, and artistic matters are especially favored. A good time to promote a job, or interest in some independent project you contemplate. Travel, visit relatives or friends in other cities or states. Uranus brings you sudden and unexpected changes, mostly for the better, so be alert, progressive and aggressive. You have been sitting back too long waiting for fortune, instead of going out and courting fortune. Social contacts are good, and through influence of a powerful person in public work, you may come into a very interesting position. Avoid conflict in the home, especially if married, for Mars brings a tendency to disturbances. Those unhappily married may seek a separation or divorce. Those single have good vibrations for continuing an existing romance or making a change. The health should be watched until the 15th of the month. Favorable days: 2nd, 4th, 5th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 13th, 16th, 17th, 19th, 22nd, 23rd, 26th and 28th.

Pisces—February 19 to March 20
Your sign is under agreeable aspects of Neptune, Venus and Jupiter this month. This favors your personal affairs, brings interesting conditions in romance, and promises you some relief from the distressing conditions you have no doubt known in business and finances. Although new love is favored above the old, what we have already said about Pisces people must be remembered. They have a tendency to romantic disturbances; and should avoid making hasty decisions about marriage. The same applies to divorce; if unhappily married, try to alter the situation and overcome the difficulties before going through with a divorce. Your home thrives this month. Good for children, moving into new locations, and social events. Favorable days: 1st, 2nd, 4th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 15th, 18th, 21st, 23rd, 25th and 27th. Other days favor only routine affairs. There are other interesting revelations from the Stars for each sign of the Zodiac, and if you want to know more about yourself, your character, your romantic and marriage possibilities, be sure to consult your own individual horoscope for 1940.

"SOFT HANDS make LOVE more wonderful,"

says June Lang

L O V E L Y

It's so Easy, now,
to help Prevent disappointing Rough, Chapped Hands

Most girls' hands need extra help these days to keep them adorably soft and smooth. Your hand skin so easily loses its natural beautifying moisture!

Thousands of lovely girls turn to Jergens Lotion! Jergens quickly supplements the depleted natural moisture. Helps prevent unsightly rough, chapped hands.

You apply to your skin 2

JERGENS LOTION

FOR ADORABLE, SOFT HANDS

New! For smooth, kissable complexion—Jergens all-purpose Face Cream. Its Vitamin Blend helps against unattractive dry skin. Try it! 50c, 25c, 10c.

"JUNE LANG and ROBERT KENT—two popular Hollywood stars! Her soft hands are beguiling—as yours can be, if you use Jergens Lotion.

FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE
(Paste coupon on a penny postcard, if you wish)

See at our expense—how Jergens Lotion helps you have adorable, soft hands. Mail this coupon today to: The Andrew Jergens Co., 3943 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

Name
Street
City State

SCREENLAND 87
A Kid With a Camera
Continued from page 63

they wouldn't stay in their chairs that day. Spot was just a mongrel, but Husky is a police dog. He's not really our dog, but he thinks he is. The people who own him buy him a collar and a license, but he runs off and comes to us.

"A few weeks ago we had to get rid of some of the animals—there were such a lot of them and they took so much time. So now we have just Rex and Mouse—and Husky when he comes over. Princess was so big and such a bother to take care of. She looks like Buck, the dog used in 'Call of the Wild.'"

The little star handed me a picture of a young man and two dogs. "That's my brother-in-law with Rex and Princess. He was always taking pictures of me, so I got even by taking this one of him. He was really awfully serious as a picture-taker. He had his own dark room and everything in the old house, but he hasn't fixed up his new one yet."

She paused to select another print or two. "These are the horses we had. I love riding horseback, and I wish I still had a horse. But Babe loved to buck and my mother was always expecting me to break a leg. Dobbin isn't a bucking horse, but she side-steps and they say that's dangerous, too. In 'Out West With the Hardys,' they gave me a few lessons in riding—I went twice a week for ever so long, but it was mostly to learn to rope. I love that.

"This picture of Babe is good—she's light against dark, like they tell you. The drugstore man gave me a book about how to take good pictures of day that I was all broken up about my three rolls of film, and that's one hint it gave. This one I took of Dobbin and Sylvia, my sister, is pretty horrible. She has sort of red hair. Mother calls it blonde, and it looks black here. But it may be the film. You must buy a certain kind, the book says.

"This is our car, with George on the side. He always wears a white snow hat when we go for a drive. I can drive, but my mother won't let me. I always start the car and bring it around, though. I could drive on the ranch if there were any place to drive, but if I went out the police might stop me, if Mother didn't."

"I wish I had a car of my own—I'd like a Bantam or a Baby Austin or one of those racing cars they rent out on tracks to kids. Some of those cars will go at 35 miles an hour, for little kids five and six years old. Oh well. Mother, I wouldn't go but five or ten miles an hour, if I had one. My mother always expects me to break a leg! Do you know, I only got a bicycle a year ago, after I'd pestered mother ever since I was three that I wanted a bike, but she wouldn't let me have one—thought I'd break a leg! Even now I can only ride it around the ranch, and it's so sandy to make good riding."

"My ride on Sundays," her mother reminded her.

"I know. Mother and I get up at five o'clock every Sunday and go out on our bicycles for a real run," admitted the little star.

"There's no traffic then, and I'm at hand to watch over her," said Mrs. Weidler. "But once a week is so little time," objected her daughter. "I want to ride every day!"

Her restless glance was caught by a bag of marbles lying on a desk nearby. "Do you care?" she murmured to the owner of the desk, and smiled across the floor with the marbles. "I used to be able to shoot a swell score. Look, I've forgotten the knack. You have to hold your fingers this way. Oh, I've missed again. See if you can do it."

We all tried. Virginia's mother did better than the rest of us, which seemed to discredit the practice of selling marbles.

"I've got a picture of our goats in that bunch," said Virginia, when marbles were not so absorbing. "Audrey and Nancy, their names are. We've been without them because my niece was just born and had to drink goat's milk. She liked it, so I thought I'd drink it, but after the first it got so it tasted like goat's hair—know what I mean?"

"If we get through talking here, we are going shopping. I want to go to the sports sections, where they have ski things and stuff for winter. Here in California we can go up into the snow, if I can get off for a day, and have any sports stuff. I wish I had skis or a sled. Or anyway, ice skates. My mother doesn't let me to have ice skates; she thinks I'll —"

"Break a leg," finished her mother, amiably. "You can go ice skating when one of us is with you. It's cold again."

"Why break ice skates when you can rent them?" grinned Virginia. "That's just it. If I had a pair, I could go twice or three times a day."

"If we get through talking here, we are going shopping. I want to go to the sports sections, where they have ski things and stuff for winter. Here in California we can go up into the snow, if I can get off for a day, and have any sports stuff. I wish I had skis or a sled. Or anyway, ice skates. My mother doesn't let me to have ice skates; she thinks I'll —"

"Break a leg," finished her mother, amiably. "You can go ice skating when one of us is with you. It's cold again."

"So why buy ice skates when you can rent them?" grimmned Virginia. "That's just it. If I had a pair, I could go twice or three times a day."

He looks a bit like Clark Gable, doesn't he? He's John Carroll, because of his love scenes with Ann Sothern in "Congo Moishe," he is being hailed as the next big star.

SCREENLAND
If you can set a
derner table the
way Virginia
Bruce does, you'll
be made socie
ty, and how!
Yes, the dinner
table at the right
is perfectly set.
See how charm
ingly simple it is?

"Then we had Japanese fried shrimp,
Everyone who tastes it is mad about it."

JAPANESE FRIED SHRIMP
Use either fresh or canned shrimps
—fresh are better. After shelling them,
leave on the little tuft at their top. Roll
them in flour, then in slightly beaten
egg and then in flour again, but lightly.
Fry in deep fat (Wesson oil) and be
sure to fry at precisely 375° F. Supply
individual dishes at each plate, in which
you pour some soya bean sauce which
has been heated with a little lemon juice.
The technique of eating is to seize the
shrimp by its little tuft, dip it into the
sauce and pop it into your mouth. The
hotter they are eaten, the better.

"After that, we had chicken. Southern
fried chicken, and some with Spanish
sauce. Mac always serves it like that, both
on the same wide platter, so guests can
choose. Mashed potatoes—of course they be-
long with chicken—and carrots and asparagus.
Mac always manages to get one
vegetable that is out of season; he loves
to do that."

SPANISH SAUCE
1 tablespoon minced lean raw ham
1 tablespoon chopped celery
1 tablespoon chopped carrot
2 tablespoons Crisco
2 tablespoons flour
1/2 cup stock
1/2 cup tomato juice
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
Melt the fat; add the ham and vege-
tables and cook until they are brown.

Make a sauce of this mixture and the
flour, salt, pepper and liquid.

"Mac always makes his salads in a mold.
This time it was cucumber and pineapple;
tonight it's to be avocado and grapefruit."

CUCUMBER AND PINEAPPLE
SALAD MOLD
2 tablespoons Knox's gelatine
1 cucumber cut fine
2 slices pineapple (Dole) cut small
Salt and pepper
2 stalks of celery cut fine
1 onion chopped very fine
Few springs of parsley
Color with green vegetable coloring
Dissolve gelatine in cold water and
then add a cup of boiling water. Add

CHAPPED HANDS ARE CUT HANDS

THEY HEAL QUICKER
WITH THIS SOOTHING-
MEDICATED CREAM—
BECOME SOFTER,
WHITER, LOVELIER
ALMOST OVERNIGHT!

MAKE This Convincing Test! Apply snow-white, greaseless,
Medicated Noxzema on one hand before retiring. So soothing!
Feel the smearing and soreness disappear. In the morning
compare your two hands. See how much smoother, whiter, less
irritated your Noxzema treated hand looks.

SPECIAL: For a limited time you can get a generous 25¢ trial jar of
Noxzema for only 19¢. Get a jar today!

25¢ TRIAL
JAR
ONLY
19¢
AT ALL DRUG
AND
DEPARTMENT
STORES

Famous Medicated Cream Marvelous for
Chapped Hands—Grand for Complexions, too

* Nurses first discovered how wonderful
Noxzema was for red, rough Chapped
Hands. And Nurses were the first to find
what an effective Beauty Aid Noxzema is for
Poor Complexions. Today over 5,000,000
jars are used yearly by women all over the
world!

See for Yourself
If your skin is coarse or rough—if externally
caused blemishes mar its natural beauty—
if you long for a clearer, softer skin—try
this dainty, Medicated Beauty
Cream. Let Noxzema work
Night and Day for your com-
plexion. It helps reduce en-
larged pores with its mild
stringents... softens and soothes rough
irritated skin... aids quicker healing of so
many impractically blemishes. Use Noxzema
as a dainty Night Cream and as a day-long
protective Powder Base. See if it can't help
improve your complexion. Get a special
15¢ trial jar today!
Make Your Eyes Whisper "Romance"* 

Every smart girl con possess that wide-eyed, limpid loveliness that adds so much to charm. The secret is KURLASH, the dainty eyeshadow. It curls back lashes from your eyes in a half-minute jiffy — minus heat, cosmetics or process. Makes eyes appear brighter, larger, lovelier. $1.00

KURLASH, the scientific oil-base cream, keeps company with Kurlash! Stroked on lashes and brows, to enhance their dark luxuriant beauty. $5.00

The Only Complete Eye-Beauty Line

The Kurlash Company, INC.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Note: Use Kurlash everytime you go out, anywhere, in the day, for unbelievably wonderful results. Kurlash comes in various tones to fit your color. Ask your drug dealer for your free sample container. 

THE AWFUL PRICE YOU PAY FOR BEING NERVOUS

Read These Important Facts!

Quivering nerves can make you old, haggard and cranky — can make your life a nightmare of jealousy, self pity and "the blues."

Often such nervousness is due to female functional disorders. So take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetal Compound to help calm unstrung nerves and lessen functional "irregularities." For over 60 years Pinkham's has helped thousands of grandmothers, mothers and daughters "in time of need.

Pinkham's Compound positively contains no opiates or habit forming ingredients — it is made from nature's own wholesome roots and herbs each with its own special work to do. Try it!

Pinkham's Compound comes in liquid or handy tablett form (similar formula).

Brion Ahern must do some splendid acting to keep up the pace set by his wife, Joon Fontaine, and he does in "My Son, My Son!" with Josephine Hutchinson.
How Allan Jones Licked the Nelson Eddy Jinx!

Continued from page 61

Joan Crawford and Fred Astaire. In those brief, tiny bits which flashed so quickly on and off the screen, Nelson Eddy had had no opportunity to prove himself as an actor.

If Allan Jones had been able to go to Hollywood the moment Mr. Mayer gave orders for Eddy to join Harlow and Powell, what might have happened. So inescapable is Fate and so dependent are actors on good roles that Allan Jones might have become M-G-M’s cinch cold matter in the Big Race, and Nelson Eddy might have been forced to seek success at another studio.

By the time Allan freed himself from his contract, Nelson Eddy was appearing opposite Jeanette MacDonald in “Naughty Marietta,” and that picture made him a star overnight. Because of his good voice, Nelson became one of M-G-M’s most valuable box-office stars. All of us movie fans grew lyrical about the Eddy-MacDonald team; we demanded more and more of it, in pictures, and M-G-M could naturally give us what we wanted. But what about Allan? It was a cinch we weren’t demanding him because we had already heard of him, even though he had been singing in concerts and operettas for years.

“When I arrived on the Coast,” Allan told me, “Metro stuck me immediately in ‘Reckless’ with Jean Harlow and Bill Powell. I was supposed to have a good part and to sing three songs, but it all dwindled down to my standing up in front of a piano and singing one song while Jean Harlow danced. The camera flashed once or twice to me to establish the fact that I was singing the song; but it all was over before I could even blink (or close your eyes for a few seconds, you didn’t know I was in the picture."

Then I sat around for some time, and finally Metro sent me out on the road with the Marx Brothers in their comedy, ‘A Night at the Opera,’ which was to be made into a picture later on. Perhaps the idea of sending it out on the road was to find out how audiences liked it.

“At any rate, there were executives at Metro who probably didn’t think I was good enough for the picture, for they heard that Allan had been taking someone else for the part. Being an exceedingly shrewd person, he knew that there was an excellent way to hand them that back. He called up the studio and told the executives that I refused to do the picture because I felt the part wasn’t good enough for me.

“That did it. ‘You mean Allan Jones is complaining about the rôle?’ they blustered. ‘You tell him to report to work right away.’

“So Allan Jones did ‘A Night at the Opera,’ the picture in which, as one critic cleverly put it, the Marx Brothers made ‘a monkey house out of the opera house’ and ‘a monkey out of opera.’ It was a mad, idiotic comedy—the best picture the Marx Brothers ever did, possibly because it was the maddest—and in it Allan Jones sang lovely songs and gave the most scored what seemed a great hit. One reviewer said of him, ‘In Allan Jones you’ll find a newcomer already soaring toward a lustrious career. There was a thrill to watch him unfold his wings of song. Appearance, personality and voice provide him with a passport to picture fame.’

“At that moment, Allan Jones looked a cinch for future stardom, and there didn’t seem to be a reason in the world why he shouldn’t become as great a star in his way as Nelson Eddy—no reason in the world except that Nelson Eddy had got there first.

Over at the Universal Studio, they were having a great deal of difficulty finding an actor to play the rôle of the dancing, hand-some, romantic opera star. For Allan Jones had not only had to be a romantic figure, with a great deal of fire and personality, but he had to be able to sing as well. The rôle was offered to those parts—like the rôle of Scarlett O’Hara in ‘Gone With the Wind’ or the rôle of the prize fighter in ‘Golden Boy’—which require an elaborate search before the right man can be found. The Hollywood story is that Carl Laemmle and James Whale, the director, had tested 32 people for the rôle of Allan Jones, and that finally Allan Jones was chosen as the right person for the part, and that finally Carl Laemmle, worn out by all the futile discussion and endless testing, went to see ‘A Night at the Opera’ in order to relax, and there was Allan Jones, singing Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald.

Naturally, Nelson was given the best breaks, for the public was demanding him, and not Allan Jones. Allan had nothing to do with the parts or the couple of operatic sequences. ‘I appeared before a firing squad in the execution scene from ‘Tosca’ and in the death scene in ‘Romeo and Juliet,” he told me, “and I was killed off in both those sequences.’

Allan chuckled, but as a matter of fact, he was gradually, slowly, but none the less accurately, being killed off. For nine months after his triumph as Ravenel in ‘Showboat,’ he was kept idle—and there is no surer way of killing a player than that. ‘All this time,” Allan said, “I was being paid a handsome salary; but that didn’t satisfy me, I wanted a chance to act. Finally the executives told me they were putting me into another Marx Brothers picture, ‘A Day At the Races.’ This time I really didn’t want to appear in another Marx Brothers picture; I didn’t feel it would get me anywhere."

‘Metro had promised me ‘Firefly,’ a picture in which I would be co-starred with Jeanette MacDonald. Now I was told that if I didn’t make the part in the picture ‘Firefly,’ they wouldn’t give me ‘Firefly.’ So I got out of the Marx Brothers picture, and got ‘Firefly,’ my first big rôle at Metro, co-starring Jeanette MacDonald and myself. (That was the picture in which Allan sang the famous ‘Donkey Serenade.’) The picture made a lot of money, and I thought, ‘Now, this is the picture I always wanted to do.’ I was being paid a tremendous salary; but that didn’t satisfy me, I wanted a chance to act. I expected a grand picture next.”

But the old Nelson Eddy Jinx was still pesky about ‘Firefly’ and Allan Jones was successful, nevertheless the Eddy-MacDonald team had so captured the imagination of the public that ardent Nelson Eddy fans refused to believe Allan Jones as an interloper when he appeared opposite Jeanette. It made no difference that Allan was
charming, good looking and an excellent singer; we didn’t really want him teamed opposite Jeanette any more than in the old days, movie fans wanted anyone but Charles Farrell to play with little Janet Gaynor.

So once again Metro faced the same problem of finding roles for both Nelson Eddy, a top-box-office star, and Allan Jones, who still had to prove himself-top. And their problem was just too much for everyone.

“Instead of the grand story I hoped for,” Allan went on, “Metro handed me an awful script called ‘Everybody Sing!’ in which I was to play an Italian chef. I told the studio that the picture would do no good for me or for them, that I couldn’t possibly be convincing in a role like that. They turned me very angry, and said that I had to make the picture—or else. I was appearing on the air at the time with Metro’s permission, and I had to turn them off. I suspended myself. They cut off all my sources of income, and so I was compelled to make ‘Everybody Sing!’ with Judy Garland. It turned out, of course, a disaster for Judy Garland and gave Fannie Brice a chance to do her stuff, but which was very bad for me.

“During the four years I was at Metro, again and again I went to the executives and begged for my release. Each time they had refused me. Again and again, I had pointed out that they could save themselves money by getting rid of me—that in the roles in which I was appearing I couldn’t possibly be worth the fantastic salary which they were paying me, a salary, I might say, of four figures, ran into six figures. I wanted to earn that salary, and I begged for the chance to do so. Since it was only natural that they should put Nelson Eddy into the best singing roles available, I asked for a chance to make a straight dramatic picture—but apparently they didn’t believe there was anyone good enough for me to get away with that.

“Finally, at the end of four years, when musical comedies were believed to be on the wane, so that I couldn’t do a long fair picture, I was given to competition with Nelson Eddy, they dropped me, when my option came up. Even then I would have been kept on, I heard, if I hadn’t been willing to go on working for my salary. But what I wanted just then, more than anything else in the world, was the chance to play the kind of roles into which I could say my piece.”

Sometimes an actor is taken for granted at his home studio, particularly if four years pass, during which he plays few important parts and thus never gets to be an outstanding box-office attraction. In such a case, of course, it’s the most natural thing in the world for him to seek an outlet for his talents at that in which he can do it. And Paramount, the old Nelson Eddy jinx could no longer pursue Allan Jones—and at Paramount there were people, important people, who were beginning to believe in Allan Jones and in his destiny.

“And so,” he told me chuckling, “they gave me a dramatic role—the very thing I’d been longing for at Metro without success—in ‘Honeymoon In Bali’ as Madeleine Carroll’s unsuccessful suitor. Oh, sure, I sang an aria or so, but I practically threw away the important thing which was that Paramount gave me a chance to act. When I had pleaded with Metro for a dramatic test to show what I could do—when I tried in vain to salvage the money they’d invested in me by putting me into straight dramatic roles, they said, ‘You can’t act. It’s impossible.’ But over at Paramount, first crack-out of the box, they gave me the second lead in ‘Honeymoon In Bali.’”

“So, they go on happily, ‘came The Great Victor Herbert,’ Although everybody in the business had been saying that musicals were all washed up again, Paramount put Mary Martin and myself into a musical.”

He didn’t add, “And it’s cleaning up.”

“But that’s the truth. All over the country, wherever it has played, ‘The Great Victor Herbert’ has drawn people into the theatres.

I said, “But what can we tell all the people all over the country who’ve struggled as you have for success, but who haven’t been helped in things were looking desperate, what kept you going?”

Allan Jones’ blue eyes were thoughtful; then suddenly they shone as though a lamp had been switched on them. “Deep in my heart,” he said, “I always felt that something good would happen to me. I never lost sight of that. And today, I believe that when times are the hardest, it’s for a real purpose, to prepare one for better things.”

Do you realize,” he said confidingly, “that millions of people do their best for you? Why, they endowed me with a grand scholarship. By paying me a fine salary and putting me in only an occasional picture for four years, they switched my earnings power. During all that time, I was taking dramatic lessons and voice lessons, and constantly improving myself. My four years at Metro gave me a new way of work. I used to try too hard; now I know that I can do a better job with a more relaxed attitude. If I had been more successful at once, that naturalness would have been lost. Now perhaps I can last a little bit longer in pictures—all the more because my work at Metro didn’t use me up much.”

“Eddy had discovered,” he went on, “that faith has a lot to do with getting good breaks—your faith in yourself; other people’s faith in you. At Metro there were people who didn’t believe in me, but they were no good roles, but who helped me by telling me that they believed that some day I would get a break. My wife, Irene, Herbert, and I were the only ones who have it handed to me for nothing. And she believed that somehow, somewhere I would get my break.

“Did you ever think of quitting pictures when the going got very bad?” I asked.

His eyes flashed.

“Never,” he said. “After all, I was bound and determined that I was not going to be kept out of pictures. That was what I fought for; that was what I kept on fighting for.”

“When my work at Metro was going very well, I might have given in for a hobby. Robert Young and I bought a Riding Academy at Bel Air, where we trained horses, boarded horses and bought and sold them principally with making a lot of money out of the Riding Academy, but we have succeeded in meeting expenses and keeping a lot of people employed who might otherwise be out of jobs.”

Because Allan Jones has always been like that, thousands of people today are glad that Nelson Eddy was rewarded. But Allan himself realizes that the reason his courage was rewarded was because he had faith.

“Instead,” I said, “I think you’re right. I remember reading somewhere, ‘There’s no such thing as a lucky pessimist.’

“That’s it. That’s it, exactly,” he said, his eyes shining. “If you want to be lucky, you have to stop being a pessimist.”
some quality in the girls themselves, there has never been any hint of rivalry between Helen and Deanna. One or the other may be given an extra fifteen minutes for lunch, depending on the heaviness of their day's schedule. Otherwise, no distinction is made between them. Or for that matter, between the principals and other children on the set. Davis and Hoykins may feud, Shearer and Crawford wind up in each other's hair. Durbin and Parrish are close friends. Helen goes home to dinner with Deanna as often as not, which is all the more noteworthy, since Deanna shares her intimacy with few.

"Yet they are so different," says Koster, "that it would be impossible to find two girls more different. On the set, you will see Helen doing some nonsense, she can't keep still for two minutes, she is full of those animal spirits that have to come out. Deanna is quiet. She knits or she reads or she talks with somebody, you don't hear her, you don't know she is there. When we made 'First Love,' Helen had discovered some new dance—booms-a-daisy or I don't know what—they hit their hips, they hit their hands—have you ever seen that insane dance? I saw it all day long. The minute they stopped working—Helen and Bob Stack and Lewis Howard—they went in a corner and did booms-a-daisy, but with so much concentration as if somebody would pay them a dollar each boom, Deanna? She watched them and smiled and shook her head, as if she didn't understand how people could be so young."

"Then with work, Helen is first on the set, and last to leave. She is ambitious, Deanna not. She will work hard always, because she has that here—inside—which drives her. Deanna doesn't want fame or glory or money. She likes to sing and to have fun on the set. But I think she wouldn't mind a bit if she made no more pictures. Tell Helen she is through, she would think her life is over. She is so eager, she will go straight to the top. Not as romantic lead, She is naturally a heavy. At twenty-two she will be one of our best character actresses. I am sure of it.

"Deanna is successful by talent and personality—" (and by Koster and Pasternak, which he neglected to mention). "Helen will be successful by those, but also by what she will do for herself, which Deanna never could. She dreams of her name in lights over the marquee, but it is charming, for she babbles openly as a child. She gets all excited when something is printed about her, shows it to everybody, pastes it in a book. If she knew I was here, talking about her now, she wouldn't sleep all night for pleasure. Once she came to me with big eyes, terribly serious. 'You know, Bobbie, very little has been written about me. Does that mean I have to go out and get myself some scandal?'

"But Deanna—if you told her she would never have another interview—then maybe she would do booms-a-daisy—but all by herself in her own room. And this is not because she is temperamental. The smile faded from his kindly eyes, and his cheerful round face turned grim. 'Excuse me, there is one thing which makes me mad—when they write in the papers that Deanna is temperamental. I never read more nonsense. She has her own ideas. Naturally. What is she, a dumbbell? But she has them for reasons. Give her better reasons, she will take your ideas. Why she doesn't like interviews is because she is shy, she is sensitive, she has that dignity of the child, that when you find it in children, you must touch it gently, or better, don't touch it at all. Yes, she is eighteen now, but she had it always."

"Let me tell you what happens. I say, 'Look, Deanna, you must talk to these people.' She says, 'All right, I will.' She cannot be gay and easy with them, as Helen could be, because first, she is more reserved, and second, she is more afraid. But she answers questions. She always answers questions unless either they do damage to somebody else, or she gets embarrassed.

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Robert Stack kissed Deanna Durbin on the screen, but escorted Helen Parrish, her co-worker, to a preview. She's a coquettier, her director says.

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Robert Stack kissed Deanna Durbin on the screen, but escorted Helen Parrish, her co-worker, to a preview. She's a coquettier, her director says.
"Grapes of Wrath" Makes 'Em Great!  
(Henry Fonda)

Continued from page 30

Going off half-cocked, his twisted smile working out of a dry sense of humor, his plain manner carrying its own conviction of sincerity. Seeing was believing him.

The phrase now was picked thoughtfully in the saucer. "An actor, I believe, should stick to acting. That's his business, and very few actors know how to do anything else. I believe we can make this a public wall. Let them keep to acting on the screen or the stage. It wants them to be acting all the time. This is the way it is seen and expected—too often wrong.

If actors don't do what is expected of them, if they lead normal lives like other human beings—and that's all I confess to doing—the public thinks them abnormal because of the very fact they are normal. So to prove they're not abnormal some actors never stop acting when talking and according are accepted as normal.

In his confessions of a human being, it was apparent that the discerning Fonda viewed these phenomena with tolerant good nature. Yet to the wary suggestion that actors, as a rule, might talk too much for their own good, he made the discreet correction: "Not as a rule, perhaps. But some have been used to and suffered disastrously from the way they have been made to appear in print. A notable example is Katharine Hepburn. All she wanted was to be left alone to act. But she was not allowed to do the one thing she wanted to do. I think it was bad publicity that put Katharine Hepburn off the screen—and it's a crime to think of it. It's the sort of thing a person who has been completely misrepresented by his publicity. As bashful, as shy as I am—

and here was Fonda confirming conjecture—"She's made not only brashly assertive but actually bumptious—poor retiring Jimmy, of all people! John Garfield has had pretty much the same sort of experience, with things put in his mouth that any person who knows him at all knows perfectly well he never would say. There may be actors who believe that any publicity is better than none at all, but for my part I can't say it.

It seemed not improbable Fonda had held this strong opinion from the moment he agreed to act in the part of himself. "Because I don't think of being an actor," he quietly protested, again with that twining smile. "If I had, it would only have been to think I'd be bloody awful. Acting was thrust upon me. At the University of Minnesota I studied journalism. But once out of college at twenty, I took the first job I could get because I had to. It just happened to be in a little theater in Omaha. What I discovered there was not acting, but the theater. I chased 'props,' painted scenery, swept out, did anything to make myself useful. It never occurred to me to be an actor until they suddenly put me into 'Merton of the Movies.' They probably thought I was just sorry enough to be Merton. But the part, as I saw it, had nothing to do with me. I still feel that way about any part. No matter what it may be, it never shows itself in its own image. I don't think of myself in dramatic terms. I don't like to act strictly along emotional lines. For there are times when people do not live in a great crisis, they appear physically to be dead to them. After all, it's the character that the audience sees, not what's going on inside the actor, so all I think about is what the public will think of the way I'm doing the thing—and I always think the worst.

There's one other thing, besides the necessity of making them sad, that he dislikes about directing children. "One thing that kills me," he says. "The children grow up.

Screenland  
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With that frank analysis of his acting 
Hank gave the low-down on Henry Fonda. 
There was no doubting his honesty, so un-
blushingly a part of him as to seem almost 
diminutive in Hollywood, whose trade-mark 
is ostentation and whose signature is the 
dollar-mark. There was further proof of 
his modesty when he was asked whether he 
would be the star of "Grapes of Wrath.

"I hope not," he hastened to say, "Anyway,
'Grapes of Wrath' is not a star pic-
ture. It's a picture of people as a whole, a 
definite and significant class, not of any one 
personal. Tom Joad is of no more 
importance, even less perhaps, than the 
others. But playing him is a swell chance 
for me not to do all the things I've always 
wanted to get out of doing—not to be an 
actor. This time I don't feel I am one, and 
that's a great relief. It's an easy part for 
me, because it's real. Another good thing 
about it is that for the first time I'm using 
no make-up. We're all doing without it. 
Make-up's only used in other pictures to 
make you look prettier—and I'm no pretty 
boy. There's not a single movie face—that 
is, the made-up kind—in the whole picture. 
Seeing that Joad family together, you'll see 
they don't look like movie actors. In fact, 
they soon became so real to us that we 
forgot our own names and just called one 
other Pa and Ma, and so on. So far as that 
goes, we've had with us for weeks a 
family of real Okies from a Hoover camp 
—the King family, father, mother, daughter 
and four sons. Altogether, it's a real ex-
perience for me, not acting, but living.

This brought up the question as to 
whether Fonda had ever slept in a ditch. 
"No, I'm bailed, but I've slept on park 
benches. The first time I did it was in 
Chicago. I'd gone there with George Billings 
and $27 from Omaha to play Secretary 
John Hay in an Abraham Lincoln sketch 
Billings and I had written for vaudeville 
houses. When we got there we found our 
billing had been postponed for two weeks. 
Leaving around town, I came to a jewelry 
store where an auction, something I never 
expected, was being held. I went into 
and they 'took' me. The auctioneer had put 
up a wrist-watch. But what caught my eye 
was a big diamond ring flashing on his fin-
ger. Bids were so low that he got terribly 
mad, or made out he was, and said he 
would put in the ring with the watch. That 
was where I got busy. I wanted that 
diamond ring, and got it—for $25. As the 
clerk at the back of the store started to 
wrap up my purchases he said he'd sell 
me a really good watch for $5 more. I told him 
that all I was interested in was the dia-
mond ring. He just laughed. That made me 
a bit suspicious. Opening the package in 
my hotel room, I found that my diamond 
was just paste. That discovery moved me 
so strongly that I threw both the ring and 
the watch out of the window. Then for 
two weeks I lived in the open air and on 
orange juice."

What Fonda had lived on during a later 
park-bench interlude in New York came 
out with: "Rice! A five-cent bag of it 
would last for more than a week. After 
a walk-on job in the Theater Guild pro-
duction of 'The Game of Love and Death' 
I was out of work. Then I went to a flor-
ist's shop—Goldfarb's, at Third Avenue 
and Fifty-seventh street—advertising for a 
young man needed during Easter week. 
There were fifty other young men ahead of 
me, and the thing looked hopeless. But 
there I gave the best performance of my 
life. First I told Mr. Goldfarb I had been 
associated with the stage only to find it a 
precious means of livelihood. Then I 
went into my big scene with the line that 
I had studied floriculture at Columbia, 
lived flowers with a consuming passion, 
and wanted, more than anything else in the 
world, to learn the florist business. Over-
whelmed, Goldfarb deeply regretted he 
would be unable to pay me anything like 
the fabulous salary I no doubt had been 
flaunting in the theater, but apologetically 
added he would be glad to give me $30 a 
week. I nearly fell on my face, then sneaked 
around reading the names of plants on tags, 
not knowing a few.

Even with that windfall, Fonda remained 
interested in the theatre. "But as a young 
fellow I wasn't interested in a part unless 
it had guts in it, and I'm the same with me 
now that I'm thirty-four. Lincoln, it goes 
without saying, is the biggest part that has 
come my way, A Lincoln picture was sug-
gusted to me several years ago, but I felt I couldn’t do it, wasn’t up to it. That same feeling persisted when Young Mr. Lincoln was put forward toward me, for I was afraid to play a character known to everybody. Finally the writer of the scenario came to the house, and as he read there was a break in his voice. His confession of emotion was so unexpected that I asked if anything in ‘Grapes of Wrath’ had made him cry. ‘One scene,’ he admitted. ‘It was just a scene I was in. It got me when I saw it in the rushes. I watched them to the point where Pa goes into a little restaurant to buy a loaf of bread. John Ford did that to me. It was his simple human method getting in his work. He always has both feet on the ground as a directoror, and he was absolutely impossible for me to play Lincoln. It was none of my own doing, simply the feeling. If Ford thinks I can do it, I’ll try.’ Now ‘Grapes of Wrath’ is being made into a motion picture—vivid, exciting, for his keen eyes are observing and making the picture and, as he reads them, I can feel his strong hand making me专业. After her death, when she was only thirteen, he sent her East to various exclusive finishing schools. It was at Dana Hall in Brookline, the last public school she had her first taste of the stage, for she appeared in many of the school productions, usually as a boy. Then came a period of travel abroad where, incidentally, she made use of this new advantage to go on with her study of voice and dramatics with top figures in one European capital or another. At this time Jane had not seriously considered a career of her own, although she had always had a strong dramatic streak.

“As a child they would take me out and put me in the position of a horse—be loved horses and kept a stable of thoroughbreds. I used to sit up there as they were led about and imagine myself a horseback rider in the circus. I could walk and throw kisses at an imaginary audience by the hour. In fact, it was the only way they could keep me quiet. I was just as restless as a young colt, and I used to use myself as a pioneer woman going through untold hardships. For some reason, I was always tragic. Never did I imagine anything but tragedy. It was always heartbreakingly sad. I used to play ‘visiting’ with my mother and I would have the longest, most tragic tales to tell of my children, my husband, my servants. I can see my mother now, putting her hand up to her face to keep me from seeing the smile which she couldn’t keep back. It was all very serious to me, and I was quite serious if anyone laughed.” Again Jane chuckled. “I’m certainly not tragic now. I’ve lived too long not to take life as it comes.”

But, school days completed, only daughter of her father, Jane found life pleasant, too pleasant, perhaps, for doing anything serious on her own. Then, happening in, one day, a small company performance of ‘Sherlock Holmes’ while visiting a brother in Chicago, what she had been nursing so long in the back of her mind came suddenly to the fore and then and there she decided that she would go on the stage.

She always acts on impulse. “If I try to think I just get set on it and so she marched backstage and talked the manager into giving her a part in his next production. ‘I think I got it because of my enthusiasm and tenacity. I had one in five days,’ is her way of putting it, but I am sure that the manager sensed the latent ability in the inexperienced young girl before him. At any rate, when they began to talk salary, she got the $18 he first offered to the $40 which she thought might pay for the inconvenience of having to be there every night. She played second leads for the rest of the season, incidentally bringing her salary up to $85 a week. It was at this

The article answering the question in everyone’s mind, “Why does John Garfield threaten to leave Hollywood?” announced for this issue will appear next month.
time that she adopted the name of Jane Darwell. My family was sooppressed by my going on the stage that I felt I couldn't use my own name. An Englishwoman, a friend of mine who had been married for many years, suggested that I take her maiden name, Jane Darwell—and Jane Darwell it has been ever since. My family and old personal friends still know me as Pat or Patti, but I'm so used to Jane Darwell that whenever I'm called Miss Woodard I hardly recognize it.

The Chicago season over, Jane somehow managed to get the theatre out of her system and gave herself a few more years of fun and travel. It was a good bit later, after her father's death and while visiting out in Los Angeles that she decided to see what she might do in the movies. The first day she was signed for a part, that of a Filipino woman, and at once began riding half-tamed horses and hanging over gullies and doing other dangerous things while people crowded about the open sets, curious to see what mad thing these "movie people" would do next.

Incidentally, horses have a temper. "Once in that first picture I was trying to mount a horse which kept shying away from my advances. To make matters worse, I was wearing a long, clinging skirt, but when the director called out, 'What's the matter over there? Can't you ride him?' and the crowd laughed, I gritted my teeth, pulled up that confounded skirt and landed square on the horse's back. Still angry, I dug my heels into the horse's side and off we went, leaving the Indians and cowboys way behind."

While all this was going on she ran into the former director of the Chicago Stock Company, who was now directing pictures for Lasky, and he induced her to sign a contract with him. Thus her career began in earnest. The year was 1914 and her first picture under Lasky was "Brewster's Millions," a peculiarly prophetic title in her case, for, when I came to ask her how many roles she had played in her long career in both silent and talking pictures, she replied, "Oh, I lost count long ago, somewhere around 400, I should imagine." She went on to tell me more of the old Hollywood. "There was only a store or two here and there on the Boulevard then.

Non Grey, whom you'll see next in "The Invisible Man Returns," proves that checks can have sex appeal. Over a pink and blue checked gingham play suit she wears a pink terry cloth hooded robe, lined with the same type of checked gingham.

In fact, Hollywood was just a village cluster of Vine and Cahuenga. Most of the players had come out from Broadway and were all old friends together and just a bit ashamed of being in pictures. There were no dressing rooms when it's to apply his or her own. I remember I had spread out on so thick the Filipina woman that only my teeth and the whites of my eyes showed at all. The local folks, fed up with informality which vanished when tall buildings began sprouting along the streets and the players scattered into the hills and beyond.

Her time was not devoted solely to films. For, until 1930, she shuttled back and forth between stage and screen, thoroughly enjoying both and creating a series of characterizations indelitably her own. In 1920 she returned to Hollywood to play the Widow Douglas for Paramount in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." Although she was signed to win deserved exclusivity in pictures, it was really not until her appearance, some time later, as the head nurse, Sailor, in "The White Parade" that she came to win deserved acclaim as a great character actress and she has been in constant demand by the studios ever since, appearing most recently in "The Rains Came" and "Untamed," besides her latest role in "Grapes of Wrath."

Jane, who is as full of life as ever, loves to surround herself with growing things and she lives on a little two-acre ranch out in the San Fernando Valley. In addition to twelve dogs, she has cats, chickens, ducks, turkeys. With her and an older brother live their two young grand-nieces, Mary and Daphne Ogden, and upon them she lavishes much of that powerful mother complex which glows through all her roles on the screen. "Mary is eighteen and takes art lessons. She's really quite good." Pride lent a warmth all its own to Jane's words as she spoke of the nieces. "Daphne will soon be seventeen and she wants to be an actress—like Aunt Pat. My agent is going to see what he can do, although nobody knows whether the child has any real talent." Jane takes a personal interest in the education of these two nieces and even likes to help them with their lessons whenever she can. "Daphne and I worked over her Latin last night—she had a test this morning—and she told me she thinks she did quite well."

It might have been any mother speaking. "But this pampering isn't all one-sided, not for a minute. When she was even now as though I were a child. He insists that I have a car and chauffeur to drive me about the studio lot and allows no one to disturb me."

The conversation veered to the house itself, that little house which is constantly expanding, a wing here, a wing there. She showed me everything. She told me of the new stairs that were just going up, "winding directly up from the dining room into the room above," and of her eagerness to see what progress had been made during the day.

Full of enthusiasm of all sorts, Jane loves life, the fight of life, and has no complaints on any score. "I don't attempt to reason things out," she confided to me. "I'm no thinker, but I do believe firmly in that simplest of all philosophies, that what you give you get back. It seems to me somehow that the truest thing hard and aren't satisfied to be themselves and accept life as it comes. I've always trusted to my impulses and they've seldom let me down."

What Jane didn't add is that she is one of those fortunate persons to whom life is always clear. Forthright and definite, she does what she knows how to go about getting it. Worry and self-mistrust are alien to her make-up. She prefers to do well whatever she does and, knowing her luck, she can't attempt anything outside them. For example, she has found extemporaneous speaking difficult—although she doesn't mind reading from a script. "But when it's just another part she's playing—and so usually manages to avoid all public appearances. "I have been caught, though, at a few, and found that the things I said were just the foolish ones everybody does say under the circumstances."

Having inherited her father's love for good horse-flesh, she follows the races at Santa Anita, but seldom places a bet, "unless possibly two dollars on some sure thing." She loves motorizing, too, and is a concert attendant at both prize-fights and the opera.

Although she weighs 165 pounds, she has never been particularly concerned over dieting and she-large as she is in all the delicious, fattening things she loves, because she can always work off whatever extra pounds she bring. And then, simply by giving up desserts between meals, she manages to stay about the same weight all the time. She's not one of your Hollywood fie-abeds. Whether busy at the studio or not, she Creeps up seven o'clock, p.m., with a morn- ing puttering about at one thing or another. The days are all too short for the things she wants to do and many a younger star might envy her energy.

Jane Darwell has had a long career in pictures, all the way up from 1914, and during that time she has made a very definite distinction for herself, one that no other can fill, for no other possesses that same combination of warm sympathy and shrewd practicality. Now, as Ma Joad, at the climax of her career, a very fine thing has happened to Jane, one that everybody will agree is her due. In the State House at Jefferson City, Missouri, her native state, there is a beautiful small gallery of famous sons and daughters is the richer for the company of this simple, intelligent middle-aged woman who has become one of Hollywood's most dependable actresses and has won the devotion of a large and loyal audience she has never let down.
The most beautiful fingernails in the world!—have them yourself, tint them with Dura-Gloss! Discover this new and better nail polish, made on a new principle! See how smoothly the color "flows on" your nails—see its jewel-lustre, longer-lasting brilliance! Yet do you pay a fancy price for it?—No, Dura-Gloss costs only ten cents, at cosmetic counters everywhere! Now you can afford six bottles—a different shade for every costume—for what you often paid for one bottle! Buy Dura-Gloss, today!

FINGERNAIL CAP
The new way to buy nail polish!—look for the life-like, life-sized "fingernail" bottle cap, coated with the actual polish. Only Dura-Gloss gives you this new sure way to get exactly the shade you want! Look for the "fingernail" bottle cap—exclusively Dura-Gloss!

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Three of the country's smartest fashion models
SUSANN SHAW
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Chesterfield Girls for March

Smart Girls

YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER CIGARETTE

When you ask for Chesterfields the dealer will say with a smile...They Satisfy. You will find that Chesterfields smoke cooler, taste better and are definitely milder...for Chesterfields have the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.
WILL LEAP YEAR GET JIMMY STEWART?

THRILLING FICTION STORY OF "SAFARI" COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE
LISTEN, BOYS! CLARK GABLE'S TELLING YOU—SEE PAGE 26
— and don’t forget your
PASSPORT to POPULARITY

What difference does it make how attractive, how well-dressed, how witty you are, if you’ve got a case of halitosis (bad breath)? It’s the one thing people will not pardon ... a fault that stamps you a walking nuisance ... and a condition that you yourself may not detect. Often it’s due to fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth and there’s a remedy for this condition.

The soundest bit of advice any girl or man can receive is to rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic before any social or business engagement. Almost immediately your breath becomes sweeter, purer, more agreeable. It may be just what you need for your passport to popularity and success.

Strikes at Major Cause
Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth, said by some authorities to be the major cause of breath odors, and then overcomes the odors it causes. It takes only a few seconds to do this and it’s such a delightful and pleasant precaution. Your entire mouth feels healthier, fresher, cleaner.

Anyone may have this offensive condition at some time or other without realizing it and therefore unwittingly offend. Don’t take this unnecessary chance. Use Listerine Antiseptic before all social and business engagements at which you wish to be at your best.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Before Business and Social Engagements ... use Listerine Antiseptic for Halitosis (Bad Breath)
A New Easter Bonnet can Halt a man but a Winning Smile can Hold him!

Her chic little bonnet of smart silken braid wears a striking veil, a red, red rose.

Your smile is yours alone...far too precious to risk!
Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!

THE EYE- CatchING smartness of a new Easter bonnet—how quickly it captures a man's glance! But once his attention is halted, it takes a bright and winning smile to hold him.

For no girl can make a lasting impression with a dull and dingy smile. Don't let yourself in for this tragic mistake. Never neglect your teeth and gums. Never dismiss lightly that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"
If your tooth brush "shows pink"—see your dentist at once! It may not indicate anything serious, but let him decide. Often, he will tell you your gums have grown tender, flabby from lack of exercise. And the fault frequently lies with our modern soft foods. His verdict may simply be "more work for those weakened gums"—and, like many dentists, he may suggest the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that delightful tang, exclusive with Ipana and massage, as circulation awakens in the gums—stimulates them—helps make gums firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a smile you can be proud of!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
SCREENLAND
The Smart Screen Magazine

S C R E E N L A N D

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

A MESSAGE
FOR YOU
FROM
MRS.
CLARK GABLE!

"STOP THESE VICIOUS RUMORS ABOUT ME!"

Mrs. Clark Gable (Carole Lombard) is up in arms. She has asked this magazine to open its pages to enable her to deny once and for all the vicious and unwarranted rumors which have been circulated about her. To Elizabeth Wilson she has stated her case and the result is a feature for the next, the May issue, in which Carole Gable will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth regarding these reports which have caused concern to admirers of Mr. and Mrs. Gable. Don't miss this!

ALSO—

"TORRID ZONE"

Complete Fiction Story
Of The Forthcoming Film
Starring Ann Sheridan,
James Cagney, Pat O'Brien.

Watch for the May issue of Screenland on sale April 3rd

PAUL C. HUNTER, Publisher

April, 1940

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Madeleine Carroll Cover Portrait by Eugene Robert Richee
A MAN AND A WOMAN fleeing nameless terror... through angry seas and the tropics' dangers... yearning for the peace they had never known, the happiness they could find only in each other's arms... You'll remember this star-crowded Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture as one of the great emotional experiences of the year!

CLARK GABLE • JOAN CRAWFORD

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Dramatic Triumph

STRANGE CARGO

with IAN HUNTER
PETER LORRE • PAUL LUKAS
ALBERT DEKKER • J. EDWARD BROMBERG
EDUARDO CIANNELLI

A FRANK BORZAGE Production

Screen Play by Lawrence Hazard • Directed by Frank Borzage
Based on the Book "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep" by Richard Sale
Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz
A VISIT to a Hedy Lamarr set is an intriguing experience because Hedy never fails to thoroughly amaze new acquaintances with her unlooked for behavior. Lately, visitors have been noticing Hedy and her voice coach Phyllis Laughton enact an impressive ritual of drawing straws each time Hedy had a few moments free from the camera. Then they would compare their draws and hurry away to Hedy's dressing room to stay cloistered until Hedy was again needed. It took a curious visitor to ferret out the reasons for their strange coneyaves. The secret turned out to be, of all things, baby culture. The two girls were so enthusiastic about their offsprings (Hedy's son is adopted) that they had to find a method whereby each one of them got a chance to talk while the other listened.

TO garble a phrase, oh, how sweet are the uses of inconsistency—at least in this particular case of Bill Holden, who is a ringer for doing the right thing. Bill arrived on the Paramount lot on an unsuspected free day and no sooner had he passed the reception desk than the wardrobe department wanted him, the still department had to have a couple of shots then and there, the publicity department started to arrange an interview lunch date for him. His entire day was being snatched from him without as much as by your leave. Bill put his foot down. His pal in the publicity department was his only sympathizer. "That's right, Bill, you enjoy your day off. I'll pick the winning beauty from that couple hundred sorority girls' photographs and—" You'll do what?" Bill shouted. "Why didn't you say that was what you wanted? Now that I think about it, the other stuff can wait. I really feel it'll take a whole day to do justice to this job." (Please turn to page 10)

CLARK GABLE can vouch for the fact that Vivien Leigh would, on all conditions, win the title of Hollywood's foremost woman prize-fighter. Gable knows what he's talking about. Miss Leigh may be diminutive but there is T.N.T. in her left hook of no uncertain power. Clark found out that, as Scarlett, dynamic Miss Leigh just couldn't pull her punches, nor did she choose to. "The first time I connected with a left to the jaw from Scarlett," Clark explains, "she nearly knocked me flat." That scene was done over and over again until Clark was slap-happy. Finally Director Fleming asked Miss L. to go a little easy and take the blows. "But that wouldn't be realism or fair to film fans," she countered quickly. Her next wallop was a near knockout blow, but game he-man Clark Gable never let on until now that it was about all he could have taken. At last the screen has found a vis-à-vis for Victor McLaglen.

NOW that the honeymoon is over and Hollywood has recovered from the initial shock of Bill Powell's surprise marriage, all his friends are responding in true actor fashion. Nothing brings out as devastating a delineation of what Hollywood is really like, than a real inside-the-industry marriage. The town takes infinite and prankish pains not to allow a justified pair to forget that they are fair play for very pointed jibes. Bill Powell is still taking a merciless ribbing now and then and Diana Lewis are trying quietly to be just Mr. and Mrs. William Powell. Their difference in age caused many a witticism. Bill's grown son, a few years younger than his new wife, has suddenly found himself with a very attractive stepmother. The gag to top all this Bill's present from his best friend, Dick Barthelness. Dick gave him, first, a snappy, streamlined high-chair. Then, as a clincher, a deluxe, over-comfortable wheel chair.

Don't believe it if you hear that Maureen O'Hara and Robert Stack are real romancers. Just a friendly date after they met for the first time at a radio broadcast. Bob's heart belongs to Cabina Wright, Jr.
Oh, the "Road to Singapore"
Is a picture you'll adore...
If it's laughter you are after
You'll be rolling on the floor...

Join us somewhere East of Suez
On our tuneful tropic tour...
And you'll lose those winter bluez
As your heart thrills to Lamour...

Bing and Bob

Just a couple of hitch hikers
on the "Road to Singapore"

Paramount presents

"ROAD TO SINGAPORE"

BING CROSBY - DOROTHY LAMOUR - BOB HOPE

with Charles Coburn - Judith Barrett - Anthony Quinn - Jerry Colonna

Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER • Screen Play by Dan Hartman and Frank Butler • Based on a Story by Harry Harvey
Our award to Raymond Massey for his reverent portrayal of The Great Emancipator in film, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois"

Massey perfectly realizes the greatness and the glory of the man Lincoln from the vigor and humor of young manhood, below, to the grandeur of spirit which led him to the White House—right, delivering his farewell speech to the citizens of Springfield.

Most impressive characterization of a beloved national figure in the screen's history is Massey's mighty Lincoln

Robert Sherwood's fine play, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," emerges as an even finer film, with Raymond Massey re-enacting the role he created on Broadway. Close-ups on this page reveal the dramatic power with which Massey endows his portrayal.

SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE
Here is glorious Ginger's first big comedy-drama since "Stage Door," made by the same producer-director, famous Gregory La Cava!

The story of a girl who didn't know a thing about men—and a mother who knew too much. But one little osculation in a motorcycle rumble seat turns her from a tomboy into a glamour girl, and starts her on a manhunt that makes males quail! Look behind the fun, though, and you'll find gripping human heartache that will give you tears to laugh through.
IN EVERY circle, there are women who lead and women who follow. That is how Tampax has spread so rapidly, from friend to friend, throughout the nation, until over 225,000,000 have been sold.

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is worn internally, thus solving many problems of monthly sanitary protection. It does away with chafing, wrinkling and "showing." Of course Tampax is invisible, and the wearer does not even feel it. Made of pure surgical cotton, it comes to you hygienically sealed. By a patented method, your hands do not touch the Tampax! It is dainty beyond comparison.

Tampax lets you dance without care and travel with a light heart. It cannot come apart and is easily disposed of. No belts, pins or odor. Now sold in three sizes: Super, Regular and Junior. At drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Large economy package (4 months’ supply) saves up to 25%.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

( ) Regular ( ) Super ( ) Junior

Name

Address

City State

Cue for feud! Now that those singing sweethearts, Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, are reunited in “New Moon,” their respective fan clubs will resume their arguments over which star has the most close-ups.

YOU’D never dub Irene Dunne the merciless heartbreaker, playing men’s hearts one against the other until a dozen swains were distraught with love for her. Yet she is, when piqued! This is more than that, or at least fancied herself a heartless siren. At that galling age she wangled, without shame, a small heart inscribed with a line of his poetry, and presented it to a young man acquaintance. She affixed the tokens, ranging from solid tin to silver plate, on a bracelet. She played her role of music with tremendous adolescent relish.

With dainty delight, and to the chagrin of the boy present at the moment, she pitted the aridor and wounded the pride of her men by a constant recitation of the score of other men’s names that dangled from her wrist. Irene still has the bracelet and some day I’m sure her adopted daughter will bear first hand all about her famous mother’s conquests.”

THIS year’s Santa Anita season was undoubtedly the gayest, most colorful, and most star-studded in the track’s history. The racing event was stuffed with more new styles and jewels than ever before. But the golden girls of the screen showed they could pick them too—and not because they thought the jockey was “cute.” Andrea Leeds, since she married into the Howard’s thoroughbred string has become horse-flesh-wise with a vengeance. Norma Shearer was a constant picker of lucky nags. Paulette Goddard’s post mortem on her tough break is the most pathetic miss of the season. Paulette got her last minute lunch on a long shot, made a dash for the window to place her bet. A couple camera boys begged for a picture, and Paulette, a pol of every picture snapper, graciously mugger for shot after shot. Just as the last bulb flashed the betting window banged in her face. Paulette rushed back to her box to see Airflame her nag come in paying odds that would make you weep. Paulette can’t help dreaming about what it would have been like if she had been able to make the window in time and place that hundred dollar note on Airflame’s nose.

IN “The Man from Dakota” you’ll see Dolores Del Rio, more beautiful than ever, back on the screen with Wallace Beery. Also on the screen you’ll see a shot that the crew shot because they thought the man’s name was most a calamity to Beery. You’ll see Wally and Dolores and John Howard as Yankees fleeing the enemy to get to safety behind the Union line. They are struggling and struggling and splashing down a river bed in their flight. Wally is leading the way and as he advances he suddenly steps into a hole and disappers. It isn’t an accident. It’s all in the script. Upon his reappearance the scene is supposed to end. But in stead of coming spouting to the surface Wally rises stunned, his hand clapped over his mouth. I’ve lost my teeth,” he shouts, and the scene is ruined. Everything stops until the bridge work is found.

THERE was a great commotion the other morning on Pico Boulevard near the Fox Studio. Somehow, between the quick change of lights and the hurry of morning traffic, a sleek, black, powerful roadster driven by a slender, darkly handsome young man got into a tangle with another machine driven by a quick tempered offensive young buck. Words popped back and forth, and before you could think, the two hot-blooded young men leaped from their cars and with eyes flashing, stood bristling before each other like fighting cocks. A crowd knotted around them quickly. The dark, slender young fellow pointed out that he could hardly be blamed for the accident but in any case he would pay for the damage done, if any. The extent of the ravage was about fifty cents worth of scratched paint. He explained his name was Tyrone Power and told where he could be reached. It was reminiscent of the chirality of dueling days. The other fellow sidled back to his car. Just then someone in the crowd shouted, “Why didn’t you hit him, Ty, he asked for it?” Tyrone flashed an amused grin, his roadster purred, and he slicked down the boulevard. Tyrone knows that to their public, movie actors must always act like gentlemen and be above getting into street brawls.
THEY tell me that in the silent days of Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri and even in Norma Shearer's and Jean Crawford's time, there were orchestras on movie sets to play soulful or gay "mood" music to spur actors on to greater despair or more lifting frivolity. That was a Hollywood I didn't know anything about. The only music I'd ever heard on a set was canned music of a playback or a phonograph, so you can imagine how surprised I was, recently, to bump into a number of real musicians once more playing off-screen music to bolster big-time stars before they gave themselves wholly to the camera. The music quits when the camera starts; in the old days it went right on through the whole scene. Richard Dix, believe it or not, is the actor that demands real music whenever possible. Lately, Carole Lombard has found that "mood music" that suits her emotionally can really help give her acting a lift. Violins, of course, always play the soul music, other instruments lighter things. Crawford will use real music on the set of "Susan and God." I think we actually might be in for a spot of something intriguing.

I hope that all you Janet Gaynor fans aren't sitting back and taking all you hear about Miss G. for granted. Now that the word about the addition to the Adrian family has gotten around don't imagine that your freckled-faced little goddess is just sitting at home and sewing on little garments. Janet hasn't affirmed or denied any rumors, yet never before has Janet been gayer. When Adrian and his wife entertain you at their Valley Spring Lane home you're entertained in unforgettable style. Their last soiree ran the gamut from a psychoanalysis demonstration to a Jitterbug contest with a prize of a very beautiful piece of genuine Lalique glass. Since their marriage, Janet and Adrian have studied magic together (everyone's doing it), and their hocus-pocus act had everyone wide-eyed. Eggs and handkerchiefs appeared and disappeared with the greatest of ease. In case you're wondering, I can assure you that these two are as happy as larks.

And so they were married! Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan as they looked after their wedding at the Wee Kirk O'Heather Church in Los Angeles. After a brief honeymoon at Palm Springs, the newlyweds returned to Warners to appear together in "An Angel from Texas."
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Stand before a mirror in an
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your THYNMOLD and see for yourself how
the ugly bumps and bulging waist and hips
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Thynmold is made of pure Para rubber, interlined and perforated for comfort. The unique
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Not only will your figure appear more slender, but you'll actually be able to wear smaller
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(More reviews on page 91)

SCREENLAND


Why risk frowns when you could have kisses?

Win—and hold—his love with lasting charm!
Keep safe from underarm odor—each day use Mum!

"AND HE fell in love with her for life!" A story-book ending? Not at all! Lasting love comes in real life too . . . when you're lovely to be near always . . . when you're wise enough to let gentle Mum guard your charm each day! Frowns—or kisses ... just which you get depends on you!

So don't take chances. For where is the girl who can dare risk underarm odor—and expect to get away with it?

Don't expect even a daily bath to prevent underarm odor! A bath removes only perspiration that is past. To avoid odor to come . . . more women use Mum than any other deodorant. Mum is so dependable—keeps underarms fresh all day!

SAVES TIME! Takes 30 seconds. And you can use Mum right after you're dressed.

SAVES CLOTHES! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum won't harm fabrics. And it does not harm your skin.

SAVES ROMANCE! Without attempting to prevent perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. (Men like this pleasant cream, too.) Get Mum at your druggist's today. Use it for underarms, for hot, tender feet. Mum is always safe and sure . . . use Mum every day!

CONVENIENT! SAFE! MUM GUARDS POPULARITY

Avoid Embarrassment...
Because Mum is so safe . . . and so dependable . . . more women use it for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Try Mum this way, too!

TO HERSELF: IT'S THE TAYLORS! DANK HEAVENS! I USED MUM TO KEEP ME FRESH ALL DAY!

Mum TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
Fun and food! Come along to Ellen Drew’s home for a pot-luck dinner

By Betty Boone

E LLEN DREW lives in a white "farmhouse-type" home in what all Hollywood calls the "Valley." Her house is on a wide flower-bordered street where all the houses are new and spotlessly white, built by different designs but all with colorful shutters and gay gardens.

"It's just the house for pot-luck dinners," said my hostess, greeting me in informal costume of slacks and blouse, a scarlet handkerchief tying up her curls. "On Thursday, cook's night out, most of our friends know that if they drop in for a meal they'll have to take what comes. Some of them make a point of coming on Thursdays because they love to cook or think themselves masters of salad dressings or have some fancy dish, and you'd be surprised how many thwarted cooks there are in California! I don't cook. I like mixing a salad or fusing around a house, but I'm not a born concocter of food and I admit it. On the other hand, Cary, my cook, is marvelous! I used to dread to see Thursday come around because she wouldn't be here with a perfect meal when Fred and I got home—" (Fred Wallace is the lucky man to whom Ellen is married)—"but now it's fun. The only
Ellen Drew treasures the painting of herself, reproduced here, because it is the work of her friend, Margaret Pereira. Notable is the fact, encouraging to budding young artists, that Miss Pereira has never taken an art lesson in her life.

of one cup Hormel's sausage, a finely minced onion, half cup finely chopped mushrooms, half cup bread crumbs, salt-spoon pepper, half teaspoon salt, tablespoon chutney syrup, and teaspoon chopped chives.

Place the peppers in a well-buttered baking dish, after stuffing them and tying on the covers, and pour around them enough good brown gravy to half fill the dish. Bake 30 minutes and serve. This mixture will fill 4 large peppers.

FRENCH LETTUCE SALAD

Break large head of lettuce into small pieces, mix with 6 tender leaves of mustard and 6 branches watercress. Make a dressing with 6 tablespoons olive oil, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon Heinz tarragon vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, and ¼ teaspoon paprika.

Mix dressing and salad lightly and serve on lettuce covered plates garnished with slices of boiled beets and hard boiled eggs.

QUICK BUCKWHEAT BISCUITS

One cup buckwheat flour, 2 tablespoons salt, 1 tablespoon butter, ½ cup milk, 2 teaspoons Calumet baking powder.

Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together, cut in the butter, add the milk and drop by tablespoons into greased muffin cups. Bake in a hot oven about 20 minutes.

"A lot depends, of course, on what

(Continued on page 80)
We predict that for many years to come, you will remember THE BLUE BIRD as the most beautiful picture ever made and the most human story ever told.

Maurice MAETERLINCK'S

THE

BLUE BIRD

in TECHNICOLOR

with

Shirley Temple • Spring Byington • Nigel Bruce • Gale Sondergaard • Eddie Collins • Sybil Jason • Jessie Ralph • Helen Ericson • Johnny Russell • Laura Hope Crewe • Russell Hicks • Cecilia Loftus • Al Shean • Gene Reynolds

Directed by Walter Lang • Associate Producer Gene Markey
Screen Play by Ernest Pascal • Additional Dialogue by Walter Bullock

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck
In Charge of Production

Now at popular prices. Watch for it at your favorite theatre.
DEAR MISS WEST:

Welcome back to this changing world of motion pictures. In your two-year absence, since your last picture, "Every Day’s A Holiday," in 1938, Hollywood has grown up faster than Freddie Bartholomew. Producers have actually taken to reading the front-pages of their daily newspapers instead of flipping back to the movie section, and as a result have been making pictures reflecting World Conditions. Garbo has turned comedienne, Shirley Temple has played a brat, Gene Autry plans to co-star in a Western with Mrs. Jock Whitney—yes, the movies have changed—except in one particular. Sex is as highly regarded as ever. Which is where you come in.

At the psychological moment you make your return to the screen with W. C. Fields in "My Little Chickadee," and in this solemn season of "The Grapes of Wrath" you are as welcome as a breath of Springtime—or maybe I should say a whiff of rich, ripe Summer. Your first close-up in your new picture brings chuckles from your audience even before you utter a word. It’s the public’s tribute to a fine, old-fashioned girl. What a comfort to know that while some movie actresses we could mention have become sophisticated chain-smokers and conga dancers and cocktail drinkers and heaven knows what-all, tossing off bon mots with subtle insinuations, you, our Mae, remain your same sweet, simple self. The hallowed conventions are still sacred in your pictures—no drinking at bars or necking in public for you—and when you toss off a bon mot there’s never any doubt of your intentions. Not even the fascinating Mr. Fields himself is permitted any liberties. Let your stately regard for the niceties be an object lesson to brash heroines like Myrna Loy who think nothing of sitting at bars till all hours with Bob Taylor, or having hangovers with William Powell; or like Scarlett O’Hara who had to shoot a guy down to get his gold. You never have to go to all that trouble. Movie audiences are now conditioned to watching wenches at work on the screen, so even the censors must admit that an honest, big-hearted gal like you is safe to have around, and so much more fun, too. We haven’t had such a good time, with so many hearty laughs, for two years. Believe it or not, we were waiting for Mae West.

Delight Evans
Right: Portrait of a Bustle! Claudette Colbert, one of the gorgeous and famed "cigarette girls" at the ball, gives Nigel Bruce, noted Watson to Basil Rathbone's Sherlock Holmes, a friendly smack for his generosity in contributing to the cause. That's Mrs. Bruce beaming her approval across the table.

"Who'll buy my cigarettes?" chants Annabella Power to table including Rosalind Russell. Smokes sold by film beauties brought anywhere from a buck to a fip a pack! Below, Pat Paterson Boyer grins with compatriot Charles Laughton.

Hollywood celebrities check their troubles and temperaments and turn out their best smiles and styles for sweet charity—see our camera report of biggest social event, the Franco-British Ball

All exclusive Hollywood Whirl photographs by Len Weissman
Ronald Colman, left, calls Claudette’s attention to our cameraman’s tricks, but Colbert, who’s always a good sport, doesn’t mind Weissman’s lens, bustle or no bustle. Below, the British Ronnie, France’s Charles Boyer and Colbert, and England’s Merle Oberon chat over the costly cigarette trays.

The French Annabella and likewise M. Boyer are table partners at the Franco-British Ball. For charity, the great Charles gladly poses without the hat which he’s usually wearing in candid photographs. Mrs. Boyer, center, across the table.

Interesting twosome: Myrna Loy and Adolphe Menjou. But don’t try to make something of it, folks!
Here are the Arthur Hornblow, Juniors, enjoying the sun at the palatial Arrowhead Springs Hotel, new picturesque and luxurious vacation haunt of the Hollywood great. Myrna Loy Hornblow looks just as luscious in sports slacks as in evening togs—no wonder she's the whole world's favorite film wife.

For the Stokowski concert the Gene Raymonds step out, Jeanette in ermine, Gene in top hat. Directly above, Hedy and Gene Markey at a cocktail party.

And here's the ex-Mrs. Gene Markey, Joan Bennett, with her new husband, Walter Wanger, the producer—who gave Hedy Lamarr her big chance in 'Algiers'.
Scoop picture of the month: Bob Burns out with the Missus, doin’ the town. Harriet Burns is seldom photographed because she’s too busy at home with their two babies to play a part in the colony’s social life. Judging from “Robin’s” expression the floor show is something to write home to his uncles about.

Marlene Dietrich and her most constant “daily double,” monocled Erich Maria Remarque, author of “All Quiet on the Western Front,” turn out for Stokowski.

Rudy Vallee dances with pretty Margaret Roach, daughter of producer Hal, at Ambassador’s Coconut Grove, and gets a great big smile from Deanna Durbin, too.
No wonder Jimmy looks worried! What young man wouldn't, with such beauties in his life as Olivia de Havilland, top—and tops in the Stewart heart, those days; and—harking back—Rosalind Russell, above; Eleanor Powell, Sanja Henie, Marlene Dietrich, Virginia Bruce, and, at left, Loretta Young.
Hollywood’s most eligible bachelor has dodged the glamorous girls—so far. When will one of them catch up with him?

By Elizabeth Wilson

THE hottest young man (well, please, don’t be rude) in Hollywood today, and tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, is the heart-whole, fancy-free Mr. Jimmy Stewart. Ever since “Mr. Smith,” “Destry,” and “The Shop Around the Corner,” every movie producer wants Jimmy for his next picture. Every Hollywood hostess wants Jimmy for her next party. And every glamorous girl wants Jimmy for her next husband. He’s big potatoes, that guy.

Now when a glamorous girl decides to do a little plain and fancy snaring it’s mighty hard for a mere male to resist. What with beauty, fame, fascination and wealth to back her up she usually gets her man quicker than the Northwest Mounted can say Jack Robinson. Just look at all the eligible Hollywood bachelors who were grabbed off last year—Tyrone Power, Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Nelson Eddy, Brian Aherne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and more recently William Powell—and wonder how in the world such a popular and attractive young man as Jimmy Stewart ever managed to escape! Confidently, the glamorous women wonder, too. One of them confessed that she even resorted to moonlight, pink champagne, and a Strauss waltz, than which there is nothing more potent, but Jimmy only said, “Don’t you think we had better go inside? It’s getting damp. These California nights, you know.”

When it comes to popping the all-important question Jimmy does as neat an off-to-Buffalo as has ever been seen in these parts. But he does it with such a casual, wholesome, schoolboyish charm (Jimmy off the screen is just the same as Jimmy on the screen) that Miss Movie Star doesn’t realize that she has been done out of a proposal until weeks later. If he had lived in Dickens’ time he would have been called the Artful Dodger.

Well, 1937, 1938, and 1939 were just years, as years go. But 1940 is something else again. 1940 is Leap Year. This year it is perfectly proper (and you know we wouldn’t do anything that wasn’t perfectly proper in Hollywood, worse luck) for the girls to do the proposing. They can have a swing at popping the question. And if you think the girls aren’t going to take advantage of Leap Year, you’re crazy. There’ll be more passes going on than in a Notre Dame football game. Poor Mr. Stewart.

In a vain effort to find a loophole for Jimmy, I did a bit of delving into this Leap Year business and dug up the following in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

“Leap Year (otherwise bissextile): The name given to the year containing 366 days. The astronomers of Julius Caesar, 46 B.C., settled the solar year at 365 days, 6 hours. These hours at the end of four years made a day which was added to the fourth year. The English name for the bissextile year is an allusion to a result of this interposition; for after February 29 a date ‘leaps over’ a day of the week."

“Of the custom for women to woo during Leap Year no satisfactory explanation has ever been offered. In 1288 a law was enacted in Scotland that: ‘It is statute and ordain that during the reyn of hir mayden ladys of bothe high and lowe estait shall ha be liberte to bespeke ye man she likes, albeit he refutes to taik hir to be his lawful wyte, he shall be mulcted in ye sun ane pundie or less, as his estait may be; except a wif o gif he can make it appear that he is betrothit ane other woman he then shall be free.’ A few years later a like law was passed in France, and in the 15th century the custom was legalized in Genoa and Florence.”

If it’s been going on since 1288 there’s no hope of stopping it now. Poor, poor Mr. Stewart.

Well, really, I wouldn’t give a plugged nickel for Jimmy’s chances of remaining a bachelor. Somebody’s bound to get him this year. I wonder who? Well, gather around, and let’s look ‘em over. Ever since he came to Hollywood in 1935 (remember (Please turn to page 82)
A STRAINING team, its driver dragging at the reins and lurching afoot through the whirling dust, was hauling a heavy, jolting cart over a rut-scarred road. Now, there was nothing in this simple scene of "Strange Cargo," so far as I could see, to attract any particular attention. Yet Clark Gable, sitting on the side-lines of the outdoors set, watched it steadily. Then I noticed that, though looking at what was going on, he seemed to be seeing beyond it, peering at something that really wasn't there, gazing at a picture framed in the years.

Of course, you'd never in the world get Clark Gable to own up to anything so sentimental as a fond reverie in broad daylight. Still, the nostalgic light in his eyes gave him dead away. When I wondered (out loud) whether he saw anything of his country kid self in that workaday scene, he jerked his head around as if caught in the act and, with a defensive smile, brought out: "Well, you know I was raised on a farm in Pennsylvania and worked on one in Ohio till I was seventeen. And it really was work—from four in the morning till dark. I milked the cows, fed the hogs, followed a plow, husked lots of corn, and loaded hay, did all the things that had to be done. But things are done differently now. Tractors do all the work. I never realized how farming in general had changed till I tried to buy a one-horse moving machine for that little twenty-acre place of mine in the Valley. I couldn't get one on the Coast. In Los Angeles, San Francisco and other cities they didn't carry such a thing, so I had to send all the way to Indiana for it. This is the day of tractors, and as I said..."

And as I suspected, the adroit Gable was diffidently covering up in the soil of his avocation, dodging behind new-fangled mechanical contraptions, taking any turn he could find to throw me off the sentimental track. What I wanted to know about was that boy back on the farm and how he had got to be the biggest man in motion pictures.

Clark lunged into his "Strange Cargo," At left, a scene with his co-star, Joan Crawford. Gable is a man's man—and a woman's man, too, as we don't have to tell his devoted femme following. His advice, in our story, is of real value to every man, woman, and child—he's the one Hollywood star they'll all listen to! Below, in character for his rough rôle in "Strange Cargo."
Clark Gable’s Telling You

Man’s man of the movies breaks down and, for the first time, gives straight-from-the-heart advice to American boyhood, based on his own experiences of life and work

By Charles Darnton
"SAFARI"

Love and Adventure in Darkest Africa
Starring
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr.,
and MADELEINE CARROLL

COMPLETE FICTIONIZATION
BY
ELIZABETH B. PETERSEN
LINDA held the huge bath towel around her slim, naked body with one hand and the phone in the other trying to avoid Fay’s quizzical glance as she whispered “Charles,” in that special way.

“But I’m not dressed,” she glanced down at her bare legs, listening to the man’s urgent voice. It promised so much, that voice, it always promised so much, except the one thing she wanted to hear. “No, dear,” the playful warning came, whispered so many times that it held just the right degree of ardor and withdrawal, “Fay’s here.”

She laughed in the quick way she knew he liked. Then, “Mmmmmmm, so do I,” she said. She didn’t look at Fay as she put the phone down and crossed the cabin floor to the porthole, leaning her head against it so that the warm wind and the sun blew through her hair, making its bright gold more of a miracle than ever. Back of her, back of the porthole and the yacht and the water, lay that first glimpse of Africa, the Baron Charles de Courland’s Africa. His voice was possessive even when he spoke of continents.

“Charles,” she looked at her, “You didn’t mean a word of it,” she said. “Not a single, solitary word.”


“That’s what I want it to say,” Linda shrugged. “You don’t love his nibs, Linda,” Fay went on. “You may be kidding him, you may be even kidding yourself. But you can’t fool me.”

“I’ll be happy with him,” Linda was almost defiant now. “And I’ll make him happy too!”

Fay picked up a cigarette. “And what about Bill Jeffrey?” she asked. She knew the question would hurt, but she had to ask it. Somehow she had to reach that girl who had loved the young aviator and who had crashed when he had crashed. The Linda who had been poor and hadn’t minded it. The Linda who would have snapped her fingers at the lux-

Cast and Credits of “Safari” on next page.

The weird beat of the tom toms, the uncanny prophecies of a native chief, the beautiful Linda (Madeleine Carroll) and the two men who love her, Baron de Courland (Tullio Carminati) and Jim (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.), through exotic jungle days and breathless African nights Jim leads them on safari, and they feel the thrill of tropic romance.
Madeleine Carroll plays Linda. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., enacts Jim. Tullio Carminati is seen as the Baron Charles de Courland.

Directed by Edward H. Griffith, "Safari" is based on a story by Paul Hervey Fox. Screenplay by Delmar Daves. Copyright 1940 by Paramount Pictures, Inc.

ury she was reaching for so eagerly now, who wouldn't have given a second thought to the Baron's wealth, to his jewels and his yacht and the great town house in Paris and the castle in the chateau country. "Bill's dead," Linda said. But her eyes looked the way they did that day he had sailed off to Spain, fighting for a cause he had believed in, the way they had looked that day she had held the copper box holding his ashes in her hand. "Bill was turmoil and tempest, Charles is peace and security. He's got an office and a home, not an airplane. And I'm done with action."

Her voice took on a hardness foreign to it. "I've earned peace and security, and I'll make Charles a good wife to get it."

"If and when he asks you!" Fay said flatly. "Which he won't. A man asks a woman to marry him only because if he doesn't he's afraid someone else will beat him to it. And there won't be anybody else as long as you wear that big sign on your chest, 'no poaching, private property, signed Charles de Courland.' You should have stayed home, made him at least wonder. I suppose you'll even go on this filthy safari with him—if he asks you."

Linda laughed. "If it means that I get Charles, even the jungle! Why not?"

She dressed in the dinner gown he had selected the day she had promised to come on this trip with him. The heavy white silk clung to her body, outlining the curve of her slim hips, the length of her legs, the tender swell of her breasts. And the gold embroidery on the short jacket pointed the truer gold of her hair as the sapphires dotting her diamond bracelet accented the deeper blue of her eyes.

Even knowing her beauty, Charles couldn't help that quick intake of breath as he saw her lying on the rounded couch following the curve
of the yacht's stern. He sat down beside her and Linda leaned her head against his shoulders.

"How quickly it got dark!" she said.

"This is Africa, there is no twilight here."

"I think I like your darkest Africa," she mused. "It's beautiful at night, warm, gentle -"

"You will like it in the daytime, too." The man smiled and his eyes darkened. "It's primitive. Midday in the jungle there's not a sound. The world seems hardly to have begun."

When he talked like this, fascinating her with the witchery of words and the caress in his voice, she wondered why she did not love him. It should be so easy to love Charles. Not because of his power, not for his wealth, but for the man himself. He was handsome in his dark, sardonic way and he knew ways of pleasing and of courtship. And yet ... "Sometimes it rains," the soft voice went on. "Then comes the quiet of the dripping forest. Everything is green. And against the green the hibiscus reaches out with red lips, as rich and red as yours."

His lips moved slowly over her face, touching first her eyelids, then her mouth. For a moment she was breathless, shaken with the practised expertness of that kiss.

"It's been a year, and you still like to kiss me," she whispered.

"Immensely." The man straightened. "Come with me on safari, Linda. I would miss you terribly if you did not come."

Suddenly his words made her wonder. Her eyes speculated as she looked at him. "You've never had a chance to miss me, have you, Charles?" she asked. "Maybe that's a good idea. I'll not go. You see, I want to be missed!"

Assurance rushed over Linda. For the first time since she had known him Charles was unable to mask his emotions. He looked baffled and disappointed.

She still felt that power when they went ashore for dinner. Her evening gown looked as out of place in the cheap restaurant that was the small coast town's only boast of a night club, as Fay's sophisticated dinner dress and Charles' faultless white mess jacket, but she was glad she had worn it when she saw the young man in the shiny dress suit leaning against the bar, his arm flung carelessly around the old Scotchman in the frayed kilts. He was tall and straight and young and there was something about him, maybe the clear gray of his eyes, maybe the set of his jaw, the hardness of his cheekbones, that made her think of another man and another Linda.

"I wonder if he can read?" she whispered to Fay as the Baron arranged for a table.

"Read?" Fay looked at her bewildered. "Now what would he ..."

"The poaching signs," Linda said as she walked over to the chair the Baron was holding for her.

She couldn't help that rising (Please turn to page 76)
How a pampered beauty was awakened to grim reality, so that now she understands your problems, and ours! Revealed here in Merle Oberon's own frank, uncompromising words

As Told To Liza

Why I Changed My Manner of Living

By Merle Oberon
I never knew a person with such a really great understanding of humanity. Some day, I said, it will do her in. And when I met Merle, a few months ago, after her return from Europe, I knew I was right. She had changed. And she had changed her manner of living. No more of this living, gaily and recklessly, for the moment. Perhaps it was because she had married Alexander Korda, England's great producer, and a brilliant man. Perhaps it was something else too. But let Merle tell you.

HOPE it isn’t because I am silly and self-centered—I like to think that it is because I am very feminine—but I have been accused, and by my best friends too, the wretches, of being a thoroughly extravagant person. “Merle, that one,” I’ve heard them say, “she’s bought herself another fur coat. She needs it just about as much as she needs an igloo.” But I must say I never let their chatter bother me. I loved being extravagant. I loved buying things. I loved possessions. I could afford them. So why not?

You see, there was a time in my life, when I was rather a shy and sensitive little girl in India, that my mother and I were too poor that we couldn’t afford to buy anything. Not even the essentials of life. Much less those pretty little trinkets, the satin slippers with amazing high heels, the lovely dresses with gay colored sashes, and those precious compacts, with sections for powder and rouge, that I gazed at so wistfully in the shop windows of Calcutta. All the other little English girls at my school, daughters of British army officers stationed in India, had big allowances, and every day they flaunted some extra special “treat” in my face that I would have given my soul for. With typical childish cruelty they never failed to rub it in that I was a poor relation living on the bounty of my relatives. What an awful lot of dreadful little snobs they were! And I tried to snub them right back. But the day I heard them refer to me as “shabby gentility” it nearly broke my spirit. If there was anything I hated it was shabby gentility. I could have clouted them.

My father, an officer in the military service of the British Crown, died of pneumonia three months before I was born on the Island of Tasmania. He left my mother a small inheritance which she was persuaded to invest in a business which failed shortly after, leaving us practically penniless. My uncle, also an army officer, and my aunt invited us to live with them, and except for two years when mother and I visited my god-mother at Bombay, we lived with my aunt and uncle, first in Tasmania and then in Calcutta, up until the time I was seventeen. Now I certainly do not wish to appear ungrateful. My aunt and uncle, far from being well off themselves, were most kind and generous to us. They had to deprive themselves of many a luxury so that I might go to a private school, and that my mother might pour tea with the other army wives. They were really so sweet and so considerate. But nevertheless what we accepted was pure unadulterated charity, as those little brats in my class would never let me forget.

I loved Mummy dearly. There was just the two of us, and we were very close. I knew she worried constantly over that bad investment that had made poor relatives out of us. I could see the pain in her eyes because I didn’t have all the (Please turn to page 84).
MY TELEPHONE rang late one night. It was John Garfield. “Come on over,” he said. “I want to talk.” And talk he did—most of the night. “People out here in Hollywood think I’m crazy,” he vouchsafed. “Maybe I am, but I don’t think so. I think it’s only that I don’t fit into the scheme of things. I didn’t want to come out here in the first place. I said ‘no’ to the talent scouts and offers of tests for four years before they talked me into it.

“I’ve been out here two years now and I wish I had never come. With one exception every one of the pictures I’ve been in has been a hit—but it isn’t enough. They’ve all been cut to a pattern—except ‘Juarez,’ and I hadn’t much to do in that. It seems to me since I’m here I have spent practically my whole time wrangling with the studio—and yet, if I work in pictures, I’d never want to work for any other studio. I told you a year ago I’d never scrap for money—only for parts. I was only on my second picture at the time. I’ve thought of that conversation many times since then and wondered if that would be how it would really pan out. As I went from one picture to another, hating all of them, it seemed to me if I had to work in pictures I should be getting some of that big dough for doing it. But almost every row I’ve had with the studio has been over parts

GARFIELD BREAKS LOOSE!

No longer handcuffed by Hollywood, dynamic actor returns to stage. Read his real reasons here, in exclusive interview

By S. R. Mook

and only once has the matter of money entered into it.

“When I came out here I had a clause in my contract stipulating I could go back to the stage any time I pleased, providing I gave them sixty days’ notice. I took less money than I could have got in order to have that clause in my contract. But when I started to avail myself of that clause—when I gave them the sixty days’ notice—like a fool I let them talk me into signing a new contract. I waived that clause and let them insert another stating I could go back to the stage every other year for five years and both years the last two years. There were several reasons why I signed the new contract. In the first place, after I served notice I couldn’t find a good play. It was late in the season and there weren’t many plays going into production then. None of those that were in work fitted me—or, rather, I didn’t fit them. Then the baby was only a few months old and it seemed selfish to subject her to the rigors of a New York winter when she could just as well have the benefit of this mild California climate her first year. Lastly, they offered me almost twice as much money as before. So I signed.

“But no sooner had I signed than I wished I hadn’t. I could have told them I wouldn’t go back to the stage just then and still kept my freedom. But I sold it for a mess of pottage—or a pot of gold—or whatever you want to call it. Anyhow, this year I’m privileged to do a play and, boy, I’m going to do it! People are always coming out here and talking about longing to get back to the stage—but they never go, and after the first year or two you hear them mention the theater less and less frequently. Well, here’s one whom Hollywood isn’t going to get!

“Maybe it sounds pedantic or sophomoric, but I came out here with ideals and I’m still clinging to them and fighting for them. I said a while ago that being in hit pictures wasn’t enough. The pictures have been successes but none of them have been important pictures. I don’t want parts that you just walk through, flip a few wiserack, act tough and let it go at that. I went into the theater because I wanted to act—wanted a chance to express myself. In almost every (Please turn to page 96)
Salute to Spring!

Hollywood, always ahead of the rest of the world in fashions and fancies, rushes the swimming pool season with Ilona Massey, the beauty of "Balalaika," the first to dive in.
Those of you who are curious about the new Mrs. Powell will be interested in watching for her in the forthcoming Eddie Cantor picture, "Forty Little Mothers." The former Diana Lewis comes of a theatrical family. Her only previous important picture job was with Frank McHugh in a film called "The Girl Said No." But this girl said Yes—as what girl wouldn’t with the handsome Bill Powell doing the proposing?

It could only happen in Hollywood—the swimming pool romance of William Powell and Diana Lewis! Bill had never met the 21-year-old actress until he found her "borrowing" his pool as a setting for publicity pictures. Such a decoration, he decided, must be made permanent, so after three weeks' courtship Diana became his bride, and the pool and the luxuriously furnished home now belong to the little intruder, who has succeeded Carole Lombard as the third Mrs. Bill Powell.
Oh, Ann Sheridan! How can you be so calm, cool, and collected? We admire your beauty but we wish you'd live up to your billing and be a real star. Maybe your new film, "It All Came True," will turn out to mean just what it says.
Close harmony by Hope and Crosby, who are buddies in real life and on the screen. They're upsetting Dorothy Lamour's dignity in their latest comedy, "Road to Singapore," and what their serenades might do to thaw Miss Sheridan's statuesque poise on opposite page is a question for the Will Hays office.
Robert Preston has lost his shirt but won stardom! This young whirlwind co-stars with languorous Lamour in "Typhoon," big Technicolor thriller
Tropical temptress Dottie Lamour would like to say so-long sarong, but must please her public—so she's the lure in Paramount's latest melodrama.

Storm Warning!
WATCH OUT FOR "TYPHOON"
That divinely Silly Season that poets talk about is upon us—as if you didn't know it!

The theme is the same old Love—but in "The Primrose Path" you'll be seeing a "New" Ginger Rogers, with darkened tresses replacing her former Titian locks; that Hedy Lamarr influence again! Top left, a realistic love scene between Ginger and her leading man, Joel McCrea, against a background of down-to-earth docks and the good old reliable ocean. This film marks a decided dramatic departure, as well as a changed coiffure, for the star. There's little glamor, but loads of atmosphere in her strong new vehicle. At left, another love story—this one light and gay and frothy, a new version of the trusty musical show, "Irene," with Anna Neagle starring, and Ray Milland opposite.
What more ideal setting for young lovers than the "campus" of a summer dramatic school? "The straw-hat theater" has become an important part of American life, and Deanna Durbin's producers take notice of the fact in offering their star in "It's a Date." Top, screen conception of a "rehearsal" of young thespians. The close-up above shows Deanna with Lewis Howard, the brilliant young actor whose first film role, as the selfish scion in "First Love," brought him to prominence and the coveted part opposite the singing girl. Right, tender scene between Brian Aherne and Laraine Day from "My Son, My Son!" Edward Small's lavish picturization of Howard Spring's best-seller.
Together again! Cary Grant and Irene Dunne, who scored such a hit as a team in “The Awful Truth,” are reunited in “My Favorite Wife,” a sprightly new comedy
Richard Greene, the debs' and the dishwashers' delight, is so popular that Hollywood producers yell for him—and put him in two pictures at once! On this page, Dick pretends to resist the wiles of fair Vera Zorina in "I Was An Adventuress." Now see the facing page.
The selfsame Mr. Greene, all done up in sideburns and frills for "Little Old New York," goes gallant as he bends over Brenda Joyce's pretty hand in the 1940 picturization of the famous play. Veteran movie-goers may remember the first film version, starring Marion Davies.
Rival of Melvyn Douglas for the screen affections of Jean Arthur in "Too Many Husbands": Fred MacMurray, who obviously is convinced that he is not the one-too-many in this case.

WHO THREE'S A
Newest version of Hollywood's infernal triangle: Fred MacMurray, Jean Arthur, Melvyn Douglas

In this corner, Mr. Douglas, fresh from his amorous fencing with Garbo in "Ninotchka," is just as certain that he is first in the fickle heroine's heart. Who wins? You'll have to see for yourself.

SAYS CROWD?
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
From "The Dark Command"

Remember John Wayne and Claire Trevor in "Stagecoach"? You'll see them together again in Republic's thrilling new Western, "The Dark Command."
HARDLY anyone noticed the slim young man in cowboy clothes who sat, shoulders hunched, slouched in the last row of the neighborhood theater on the outskirts of Hollywood, one wintry day in 1934. The young cowboy was a disappointed fellow, desolately so. He had had his chance at movie fame, in fact he just had finished his first movie role in a serial, and he was so disgusted with the result that he was sure it was his last. He was afraid, yes, afraid with the fear of failure. This was his last day in California, and he hoped he never again would have to face such disgust in himself. Earlier that day he had sat in a projection room and agonizedly watched himself try to hit a new low in screen acting. Heck, he should have known that radio was his field and should have stuck to it!

Now as he sat leaden-hearted in the darkened theater he watched unfold on the screen a Shirley Temple picture. In the Temple film was Dorothy Christie, who had played the leading lady in "The Phantom Empire," the serial which he had just finished. She had suggested to her "leading man" that he try to catch this picture, "Bright Eyes," because "the youngster I play the mother of in the picture is great. She'll be a sensation, just watch and see. She steals the picture."

So Gene Autry, the radio star who had come unwillingly to Hollywood, and who had branded himself the world's worst screen personality that day after seeing his first picture, stopped in to see "Bright Eyes." He had come across the theater as he walked the streets of Film Town, deep in the philosophic misery failure engenders. And there on the screen he watched a little girl named Jane Withers blast her personality winningly into the audience. He watched this youngster, an unknown like himself, battling to take full advantage of her opportunity.

Autry gazed around him, at the audience enthralled by a new screen personality, not good-looking, but different, new, individual. He recalled the story Miss Christie had told him, of the struggles, the courage and perseverance of mother and child to win a place in Hollywood, of playing charity benefits while awaiting THE chance. He could just feel the enthralling emotion of watching a star being born, there in the darkened-theater.

Gene clenched his hands. A little kid could do it, wasn't doing it right before his eyes. It required courage, it required talent, it required the (Please turn to page 97)
Reviews of the best Pictures

by Delight Evans

ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS—RKO-Radio

NOT just another movie—but a rich, satisfying, deeply moving emotional experience for every American man, woman, and child. You will be hearing more about John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" than about Robert Sherwood's "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," but do not let all the ballyhoo blind you to the greatness of the latter film. Where Steinbeck is realism, Sherwood is poetry, expressed in the nobility of a great man's message. Where "Grapes" is pure vigorous cinema, "Abe" is a slow-moving, literal translation of the stage play. But both have their place, at the top of your must-see list.

It is Raymond Massey's performance of the Great Emancipator rather than Sherwood's own cinema treatment of his play or John Cromwell's sympathetic but uninspired direction, which makes this picture great. One of the two or three great portrayals of our time, Massey's Lincoln is human, tender, understandable, yet always the man of tragic destiny. We trace his career from the log cabin in the Illinois wilderness to the train which will take him from Springfield to Washington to be President of the United States. The final scene of his farewell speech is so affecting it is perhaps irreverent to note that the hymn sung by the citizens is an enormous plug for "The Grapes of Wrath," Ruth Gordon's Mary Todd is a bitter and brilliant portrait. Truly a triumph!

THE BLUE BIRD—20th Century-Fox

FINE entertainment for every member of the family, with the possible exception of that smarty-pants older brother or uncle who thinks Maurice Maeterlinck "dates" and that Shirley Temple does, too—and will try to sneer you out of the whole thing. But don't let yourself be intimidated; go right ahead and see "The Blue Bird" and it may even make you a better boy or girl. I wouldn't know so much about that, but I do think it is well worth your time and admission money.

It's a big and brilliant show, all in dazzling color, directed with taste and enacted with intelligence. Children will love it even when they don't understand the fantasy—they'll squeal with terror along with Mytyl (Shirley) and her little brother, Tytyl (Johnny Russell) when the kids are caught in a spectacular forest fire; they'll love the merry-go-round, the pony, and the dolls in Mr. Luxley's lavish house; they may nap a bit during the glimpse into the Future with the unborn babies frisking about—but for the most part "The Blue Bird" will be one gorgeous treat. Of course you know or guess that Shirley's search for the blue bird of happiness begins, and ends, at home; and her weird adventures duly teach her to appreciate Mummy and Daddy. Meet a mean Miss Temple whom you'll like very much. Every big and little girl in the audience will want to adopt Johnny.

DR. ERLICH'S MAGIC BULLET—Warner's

A TRULY fine picture, with Edward G. Robinson giving the best performance of his distinguished career in the thoughtful rather than robust rôle of a great scientist, Dr. Erlich. Those who seek sensationalism will not find it in this film, for it is a dignified treatment of a delicate theme which in less restrained hands might have been grimly sordid. As directed by William Dieterle and portrayed by Robinson and a splendid cast, it is a powerful presentation of the life and work of the Berlin doctor whose enlightened spirit and unremitting battle against disease made him one with Pasteur and other great men who have helped alleviate mankind's suffering.

Erlich's concentration on laboratory research in defiance of routine rules, his self-sacrifices of worldly gain and health, his discovery of "606" after heartbreaking effort, his eventual triumphs over intolerance and disease—all this is fascinating and even exciting material which is fully realized by the inspired direction and the flawless interpretation by star and supporting players. Ruth Gordon gives a touching performance as Dr. Erlich's devoted wife. Otto Kruger is excellent as the great doctor's best friend. But it is Mr. Robinson, with fine sensitivity, perfect restraint, and tender imagination, who makes "Magic Bullet" the notable picture it is. May he never play another gangster!
WANT to be lifted right out of the doldrums into a fresher, brighter, more beautiful world? Then go to "Pinocchio," Walt Disney's second full-length animated cartoon masterpiece. Meet the appealing little wooden puppet, Pinocchio himself, who becomes by degrees a real little boy; Jiminy Cricket, his "conscience," and Disney's most energetic cartoon character since Mickey Mouse; Geppetto, the lovable old toy-maker who creates not only Pinocchio but the most enchanting collection of music boxes and clocks you've ever seen; Cleo, the flirtatious gold-fish; and—most adorable of all—Figaro, the captivating kitten. You will take all these to your hearts as you have the earlier Disney delights; but you will find more wonders in this, his newest picture, than ever before, even in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." The technical strides accomplished by Disney and his miracle-workers will astonish you. For sheer beauty and magic, most of the scenes leave you breathless, notably the undersea paintings. There is joyous charm, real pathos, tender humor, sly sophistication; there is terrific excitement, too, when Pinocchio's adventures lead him to Pleasure Island and finally into a thrilling battle with Monstro, the whale. You'll be talking "Pinocchio," whistling its tunes, and marveling at its amazing pictorial effects.

**PINOCCHIO—RKO-Radio**

**THE GRAPES OF WRATH—20th Century-Fox**

MOST-DISCUSSED movie of its day just as John Steinbeck's novel is most-discussed book, "The Grapes of Wrath" marks Hollywood's coming-of-age. The movie capital is justified in pointing with pride to this picture—for the fidelity with which it has been produced, for Zanuck's daring in producing it at all. When he purchased picture rights to the book, there was talk that he had no intention of filming it. When he went ahead, there was still more talk that even with John Ford directing the result would be a compromise. Sour grapes! There have been no concessions to so-called "popular" taste in the cinematic version of the Joad Family epic, yet crowds are standing in line to see it. Let's have no more nonsense about moronic movie fans. The plight of the under-privileged is symbolized by the dust-bowl people does not make for glamour or "amusement," but audiences are spell-bound by the truth and tenderness and—yes—the beauty of this picture. Dynamically directed by Ford, magnificently photographed by Gregg Toland, the perfectly cast players seem to live the story of the Joads, with Jane Darwell as the heroic Ma and Henry Fonda as Tom perhaps the most poignant performers, though Charley Grapewin, Russell Simpson and John Carradine are realistic as Grampa, Pa and Curly, and Dorris Bowdon is a sympathetic Rosasharn.

**MY LITTLE CHICKADEE—Universal**

JUST for good, clean fun—and not too clean, either— "My Little Chickadee" is one of the "important" pictures currently on view. Among all these "significant" films, it bursts forth with abandon and one object: namely, to provide belly laughs and plenty of them. It succeeds—to the complete satisfaction, I hope, of everybody, except a few assorted blue-noses probably jealous of W. C. Fields, who prefers another color. Anyway, it's a Fields day for Bill, and a big time for the girl of the golden West, as they pursue adventure, amorous and otherwise, in a Western frontier town of the 80's. Mae plays Flower Belle, big city gal who captivates a masked bandit, the crooked boss of Greasewood City, the upright young editor of the City Gazette—and Cathbert J. Twillie, that great lover and card-sharp, W. C. Fields. With all his personality, Twillie can get no closer to his inamorata than the keyhole to her door, despite the fact that he has bestowed his heart and hand upon her. When I tell you that the high spot of the picture is a case of mistaken identity involving a goat, you'll understand why I can't tell you any more about the plot. It's enough that in West is back, Fields is at his best, and all's right with the world—as long as we're watching these two. The other actors don't matter—although Joseph Calleia strives valiantly to be a really sinister bad man.

**THE FIGHTING 69TH—Warner**

AS AN antidote to "The Blue Bird" there's "The Fighting 69th," which that mythical smarty-pants uncle of yours who couldn't be dragged to a Shirley Temple picture will probably consider the Best Picture of the Month. It's a good, strong melodrama, all right, with nary a woman to be seen even in the dreams of the all-male cast. Based on the war record of New York's crack regiment in the world war, the story takes the soldiers from Camp Mills to No Man's Land, with all too graphic scenes under fire in the front line trenches. Considered technically, these war scenes are among the most spectacular ever filmed. It is in the dramatic department that "The Fighting 69th" fails to impress as it might have done—due chiefly to the fact that James Cagney in the most outstanding role plays as ornery a character as a screen writer has ever devised. That Cagney plays the part as written—a thoroughly despicable coward who causes the death of many of his comrades—is a tribute to the actor's artistic integrity; but his regeneration through the efforts of the 69th's chaplain, Father Duffy, (Pat O'Brien) is accomplished too late to win sympathy even from the most soft-hearted in the audience. It's O'Brien's best acting job in a long time. Jeffry Lynn has a few memorable moments as the poet, Kilmer. George Brent is a stolid "Wild Bill" Donovan.
What's new, from head to toe, for You to wear this Spring? Let lovely Anita Louise tell you as she models the latest in frocks and frills, hats and shoes.
When Anita Louise selects clothes and accessories she proves her right to the title of Best-Dressed Ingenue. Opposite page, she wears an evening gown of French blue faille with yards of material in the tremendous skirt, over an old-fashioned blue taffeta hoop. Large picture above, the 1940 version of the shirtwaist frock in lavendar silk. With this sports dress is worn a nun's cap of deep lavendar jersey. Inset, luncheon ensemble of brown print on white background. Gowns designed by Hattie Carnegie.
The shoes above are adapted to all daytime wear. Top, splendid for spectator sports. Right, proving it's possible to be smartly as well as practically shod. Shoes by JOLENE.

For Spring travel, Anita suggests the travelling suit, above, of blue and white monatone silk print dress topped by a navy blue wool coat. Her pill-box hat of blue felt has a tulle snood. This suit, and the evening gown on opposite page, are exclusive with Hattie Carnegie.
Very, very new! Emphasis on the 1914 hobble-skirt effect with low hip drape, this evening gown of green and purple print on white background. The jacket of matching print is decorated with vertical stripes of sequins in colors matching the print, and features the new long jacket length.
ONE of the most likely youngsters to come to the screen in many a day is William Holden, who did such a splendid job in “Golden Boy.” His luck is no accident, however, for Bill was born in the fire Sign of Aries, which includes everyone born between March 21 and April 20 of any year. This is one of the most successful signs in the Zodiac. It ruled over the great stars of the past including Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, and Ruth Roland. During the past year or two, Aries has once again risen on the horizon, and is bringing financial success and artistic acclaim to those born under its stimulating vibrations.

As a general rule, those born in this intellectual sign struggle for many years before finally winning recognition. It should be remembered that Holden had already been struggling for some time in Hollywood before he was given his first big chance in “Golden Boy.” Now he has won well-deserved recognition and should go on to even greater heights in his future screen work.

If YOU were born in the fire Sign of Aries, you have creative and musical ability. You should seriously consider studying music, art, or singing and dancing, even if it is only for your own amusement. If you are interested in a screen, stage or radio career, your sign assures you that you can readily attract a great measure of success in the next three years.

The one pitfall that most Aries persons must beware of is making an error of judgment in romance or marriage. This sign is over-emotional, impulsive, and given to outbursts of temperament. It often causes its subjects to be undecided as to what course to pursue in love or marriage. It is vitally important that the love life be happy; otherwise those born in this creative sign are despondent and unhappy.

A very good example of this is the case of Joan Crawford, who was born in the Sign of Aries. Miss Crawford has made every effort to find happiness in

Joan Crawford's chart shows she'll be very much in love in 1940, and Norvell foretells marriage for Joan the latter part of the year.
Norvell, who makes interesting and enlightening predictions for the screen stars, points out your future destiny, too

Norvell says Bill Holden's luck is no accident, for Bill, below, was born in the Sign of Aries. Spencer Tracy, also born in this successful sign, will continue to be a great star. Spence's shown, left below, with Norvell, as he looks in "Northwest Passage."

love and marriage, only to find bitter disillusionment and unhappiness. She has created a new personality, built a brilliant mind, a cultured background and a career that is the envy of every star in Hollywood, but still her ruling planets have doomed her to an unfortunate romantic life. Will this beautiful and talented star be able to find love happiness this year, or is she jinxed by some malefic planet in her horoscope? According to Miss Crawford's birthdate, she will be very much in love during the first half of 1940 and she is inclined to a marriage some time in the latter part of 1940. She has already met the man and marriage is not far off. Will Joan Crawford find happiness in this marriage? Yes, she should be supremely happy, for I feel Joan has at last gained the mental balance and poise necessary to the attainment of happiness in any situation.

Aries-born persons can learn very valuable lessons by studying the lives of the film-great born in the same sign. In this way, mistakes may be avoided and a happier life plan may be worked out. A very wonderful example of the great heights to which Aries can rise is the amazing career of Bette Davis. Early in her career a famous producer called her "that skinny little hen," and said Bette Davis had no sex appeal. Had the producer known astrology, he would have realized that at the time of her birth Bette received special dispensations from the stars that enabled her career in fiery letters for all to see in the heavens. Born with the Sun in Aries, and other conditions right in her horoscope, Miss Davis could not be kept by anything from coming into the cycle of complete and outstanding fame she has so far attained.

According to her horoscope, Bette Davis will marry again. The time? It is not far distant, for the romantic vibrations of Venus are bringing that important event very close in her life. It should be no surprise to anyone to see Bette marrying in 1940 a man with whom she is very much in love. It could be a prominent actor or director. Her chart shows that Bette will be happy in this marriage, and devote more time to a home life than she has in the past. Although there are warnings in health for this charming star, she should be able to overcome such influences and go on to good health in the future.

All Aries persons do not divorce, however. When they marry persons born in signs compatible with their own, they can find supreme happiness in marriage. A very good example of an Aries star who has been happily married for many years is Spencer Tracy. Although Spencer has had all the usual complications that come to most actors in Hollywood who are so busy with careers, he has kept his head above water. He is one of the most simple, direct, and honest persons in the entire movie industry. He is industrious and spends hours on end to develop himself further in his profession. Not only has his career been typical of his sign, but he has been strong enough to overcome the influences of his sign and make his marriage a happy and successful one. He will continue being a great star as long as he chooses, and there is no danger for Spencer in the future of anything disrupting his home life.

A word should be included here about talented children born in March or April in the Sign of Aries. Such children develop artistic talents early in life and should be trained in music or acting. A very talented youngster who has outgrown child roles is Freddie Bartholomew. Freddie was born in Aries, and his early talents were typical of the average Aries youngster. If your child comes in this section of the Zodiac and shows creative talent, do not suppress it, but help him or her develop it fully. Such a child should become outstandingly successful in life.

John Howard, who made such a great success in "Lost Horizon," was also born in (Please turn to page 70)
"The first thing we should show you is the baby!" cried Wayne Morris, before I was halfway up his front steps.

"But the nurse won't let us," put in Bubbles (Mrs. Wayne), laughing indulgently. "Does that woman have us terrified? He's sleeping, the lamb, and it's as much as life's worth to interfere."

"He's the world's most beautiful baby, absolutely individual—you should see his chest!" said the proud father.

"He's just like any other baby, but we love him," contradicted the baby's mother.

Wayne closed his hand before her eyes so that she dodged backward, when he caught and kissed her. "His name is Bert deWayne Morris III, same as his father..."
and grandfather, and he's the impetuous kind. He barged into the world weeks ahead of time, so his New York grandma couldn't get here and had to telephone five times the first day in her agitation.

"Jane Wyman and Ronnie Reagan sent six telegrams congratulating practically everybody," giggled Bubbles. "Jane is the baby's godmother and almost more excited than we are."

"The Sr. Erwins sent a musical cradle filled with baby roses and on top of it was a small pair of white boxing gloves marked 'Kid Galahad II,'" went on Wayne.

"Wayne has been making pictures of him ever since we got home, but you have to worry about light in his eyes, so it's not easy," contributed Bubbles. "We haven't a nursery yet. When the baby was born he hadn't a single thing to his name. I'm superstitious. I've known girls to get all ready for a baby and then something happened. So Grandma Morris had to scramble to the shops and send stuff out for approval, and the baby's living in a guest room, temporarily."

I had gone out to talk about candid camera pictures, and I mentioned my object, hopefully. "Oh yes, Wayne gave me a camera for my birthday, and he uses it himself; that's how we discovered a camera fiend in the family. He buys me gadgets for my camera—a thing to tell how strong the light is, and a set of colored shades you put on when you are looking for clouds or working on the water—"

"Those are filters, gal, filters!" broke in Wayne. "It's all very scientific. According to the picture, you select your colored filter. It's a piece of colored glass or gelatin to be placed over the camera lens—"

"And no matter which color you use, the pictures are all alike," teased Bubbles.

"A dark, yellow filter brightens greens and cuts down the haze in a distant landscape. A red filter makes a blue sky almost black. A medium yellow darkens blue," recited Wayne. "An orange filter—"

"They are all mine, but I never get the chance to look at them—"

Wayne's eyes danced. "Darling, I have a surprise for you!"

"So have I for you. So has the baby, no doubt, for both of us."

"Mine is wonderful. You'll love it," he insisted.

"I don't like the way you say that. What is it?"

"Some of the boys are coming in for poker tonight!"

"Lovely! Then I'll have the baby to myself."

"The nurse won't let you have him long. You can play with your camera," he offered, winningly.

"Wayne is the sort of photographer who comes along and snaps you whether you want him to or not," confided Bubbles, "he has one of me asleep, and one (Please turn to page 90)"

Facing page, the candid Morrises: Bubbles, Wayne, and Bert deWayne Morris III. Close-ups of the young mother and father by Wayne himself. On this page: top, decorative study of Bubbles; her artistic hand; machine at Warners Studio; night picture of Wayne's library; and, below, Dennis Morgan and Lya Lys in studio commissary—all photographed by Wayne.
Bergman Is Back!

First great foreign star since Garbo who was made by the fans and not by advance ballyhoo, lovely Ingrid returns from Sweden to play "Joan of Arc" in Hollywood

By Dora Albert

YOU made her a star! You, and you, and you created her. You're responsible.

That's why Bergman is back! If you had not liked her, Ingrid would probably have gone back to Sweden—and stayed there. Today everyone who saw this girl as the accompanist who first gave in to and then gave up Leslie Howard in "Intermezzo," is talking about her. She is the first great foreign star since Garbo who was made by the fans and not by advance ballyhoo.

"SHE GAGGED THE PRESS DEPARTMENT," the headlines in a national picture magazine ran. When I asked Ingrid Bergman if that was true, she nodded. "I did not want to have a lot of publicity sent out about me before I made a picture, and then maybe I would be a big disappointment to people. I was afraid American movie-goers might not like me, and in that case, a lot of publicity about me would be very foolish. I was very glad David Selznick agreed with me that there should be no publicity unless people liked the picture."

Now that Ingrid is a success, she talked! To myself, as Screenland's representative, she gave one of her few magazine interviews. She is such a sensation that after five months spent in Sweden, she has been rushed back to America to play "Joan of Arc." There is no doubt in my mind after meeting Ingrid that she will be exactly right for the rôle. For she is as simple and natural a person as the famous Maid of France was. When I met Ingrid she was wearing a little sports dress consisting of a white blouse with tiny red and blue stripes and a black skirt. She had on very little make-up. There was nothing artificial about her good looks. She has a piquant nose, very honest-looking eyes which the publicity department says are hazel but which looked like dark blue to me. She says they're usually bluish. Some people swear her eyes are gray. It must be that they change in different lights, when she wears different clothes. Her hair, which photographs dark, is actually blonde—not that horrible golden tint which most actresses have to effect because
it photographs well, but a slightly dusky blonde.
You never saw anyone so honestly surprised about her own success—this in spite of the fact that she was one of Sweden's biggest motion picture stars for six years. "I'm so surprised I'm a success in an American picture, "Intermezzo,\" she told me. "I'm just gasping. It seems like a dream. It's a good dream! I was afraid of coming to Hollywood. After all, so many big foreign actresses have come to Hollywood, and then they have gone back home again. Often they have had to stay home, because their first Amer-

You acclaimed her opposite Leslie Howard in "Intermezzo," below. So Ingrid Bergman forsakes her native Sweden for more Hollywood films. Facing page, Ingrid arrives—and gets a gift pup from an admirer.

ican pictures were failures. People don't trust you if you have a failure for your first picture."

I couldn't help thinking how right she was. Remember Anna Sten, and the terrific furore that was raised over her a few years ago? Remember how for months we kept hearing about this wonderful siren who was known as Samuel Goldwyn's "million dollar gamble'? There was no detail of her-life in Russia which we didn't hear about. Tons of publicity were printed about her. After all, hadn't one of the biggest and wisest producers in Hollywood decided that she was going to be a success? We decided otherwise. She came out in an epic called "Nana" which bored the living daylight out of us. In it she postured and posed, wept and suffered, and appeared in 50,000 close-ups. The public didn't like her. She made more pictures. Still we didn't like her much. The Goldwyn theme song soon became "Anna doesn't live here any more."

Sigrid Gurie was handed to us on a Norwegian plat-ter. As everyone knows by now, although she had actually spent many years in Norway she was born in Brooklyn. The personality she revealed in "Adventures of Marco Polo" was as phony as the legend of her birth in Norway. She gave a good performance in "Algiers," but so far, Sigrid is no box-office honey. And even the astute Zanuck failed when he tried to create a new star out of a French pout and an alliterative name—Simone Simon.

Naturally, Ingrid Bergman did not mention the names of any of these foreign motion picture stars who had failed. But just as naturally, she knew all about them. "I hesitated a long time before coming to Hollywood. For about the past four years, agents from the different motion picture companies have approached me to make an American picture. They offer contracts to everyone a little above medium. But I was getting good parts; I was afraid if I came to Hollywood and got one bad part it might spoil everything."

About three years ago Ingrid appeared in a Swedish picture called "Intermezzo," playing the same role she was later to play in America. The man who played opposite her was Gosta Ekman, who is known as the Swedish Charles Boyer. Seeing her in this Swedish picture, American producer David Selznick, of "Gone With the Wind" fame, became interested; sent Katherine Brown, his story editor and right-hand woman, to try to persuade Ingrid to sign up. Right from the start Ingrid and Katherine liked each other. One of the reasons Ingrid decided to come to America was because she believed that it would be easier to work with Miss Brown and the producer she represented than with any other Americans who had offered her picture contracts. For it is always easier for a foreign beauty to work with people she knows, likes, and trusts. Then, at least, when she comes to a strange land, she does not feel entirely friendless.

Besides, as she explained, "I heard Leslie Howard was going to be in the American 'Intermezzo.' I was glad. I knew no picture with Leslie Howard in it would be bad. So I came to America."

It wasn't so easy to leave (Please turn to page 92)
DESPITE the fact that Myrna Loy and Rosalind Russell might have become bitter enemies, they are, instead, the best of friends. At the time Roz came to Hollywood it was made very plain that M-G-M signed her to discipline Myrna. Naturally, the girls should have been at each other's throats constantly and the gossips tried to make us believe they were. But Roz has too keen a sense of humor, and Myrna is too genuine a person to feud with anyone. They entertain each other and even discuss their roles. Roz kids Myrna by telling her that every script she is given to read is full of notes in Myrna's handwriting to prove that Myrna had first crack at it. Myrna reminds Roz that in the days of Siren Loy that couldn't have happened because she rarely saw a script, she just did what she was told. Secondly, Roz wouldn't have any competition then because no one, according to Myrna, could have been as historically awful as she; yet audiences seemed to love it.

CHARLES BOYER values the special French imported toupee that he wears in "All This and Heaven Too" so much, that he has a special guard to keep an eye on it at all times. . . . It's been teased about that Bob Hope may have to call off his contract with Paramount because he can't spare them any time from his heavy booking of free benefits. . . . The latest come-on angle to drum up capacity business for shops about Hollywood is to place this sign in a conspicuous place in their parking lots. "This space reserved for Miss Greta Garbo's car." . . . That portrait you'll see of Tyrone's supposed mother in a scene in "Dance With the Devil" is none other than Ty's real mother, Patia Power. He insisted on her picture rather than a make-believe mother.

IRENE DUNNE was being so elegant on the set of "His Favorite Wife." Her calm, cool eyes smiled benignly but aloof. Everyone on the set from prop men to extras felt a little of her extraordinary ability to appear untouchable by everyday existence. Cary Grant thinks Irene is tops but he gets a fiendish delight in shattering the illusion of her grandeur. He waits until the dignified, middle-aged tourists on the set go into a trance over Irene's aplomb, then he walks up, slaps her on the back and in a loud voice asks, "Well, Irene, old gal, how's your itch today? It doesn't seem to be bothering you so much right now? Have you been putting on the bear grease and sulphur ointment I told you about?" Irene just has to howl.

If it's gay or giddy, poignant or picturesque—then it happened in Hollywood! And you can read all about it here, as our news sleuth catches up with the glamor girls and boys in and out of the studios.
HERE'S one for the book. It seems incredible, yet Ida Lupino swears it is true. She has a roughly drawn sketch to prove that her grandmother, the mother of the famous Stanley Lupino, Ida's father, had an uncanny power to see into the future. Ida feels that in herself she has some of her grandmother's psychic power. Many times she has divined things that later have actually happened. In her grandmother's case the outstanding fact that Ida can prove with the drawing is that this woman foresaw the present day need for gas masks and, what's more, designed one that is curiously like the millions being manufactured in England today. Ida considers her grandmother's prognostication and sketch priceless.

YOU'VE heard for years about Crawford's plans for a crack at the stage. In a weak moment Joan has, at last, signed herself away in writing to an irrevocable contract to appear on the boards. She is going to do a walk-on role in a one-act play that she wrote herself. Joan got herself into the situation because she perpetrated a rather shrewd bribe. Small Joan LeSueur had to have her tonsils removed and balled at the ordeal. So her famous aunt and benefactress wrote her a little note assuring Joan, Jr., that if she went through the ordeal Joan, herself, would write a little play and act in it with her in the now famous Crawford little theater, Joan, Jr., snapped her up at her written word. Aunt Joan had to write the play and now Joan, Jr.'s friends at her dramatic school are all angling for a role.

GEORGE RAFT is, without question, the most impeccably dressed "convict" on the screen. His penitentiary uniforms are always tailored in triplicate so he can skin into fresh outfits at regular intervals. Canny Garbo swung a money-making proposition out of selling her famous old limousine to the studio transportation department for a prop. She got a better deal than if she had turned it in on a new car... John Payne bet a newsboy that he could sell as many papers as the boy could. Now John's friends are getting free papers. The lost bet made John buy the boys' entire supply for two weeks. The diamond bracelet that new husband, Walter Wanger, gave Joan Bennett has the town's eyes bugging. The bauble is a cluster of alternate golden and brown diamonds set, simply, against a cord of brown silk... In Bill Powell's new design for living there still remains a pathetic remembrance of the past. Bill tucks Schnapps, Jean Harlow's dachshund, into an especially made dog bed each night.
MARGARET SULLAVAN is as canny as she is stubborn. She will admit, on questioning, to being slightly more "firm" in her decisions than the average woman. Miss S. has tenacity that is beautiful to behold, and wise to stay away from. Maggie was determined to get her daughter a beautiful white pony for her birthday. The horse was up for sale at an auction and Maggie was outbid repeatedly. That didn't stomp horse-fancier Sullavan. She found out which stables had bought the horse and started a little private dickering. The horse was sold again, not to Maggie, and sent to the northern part of the state. Maggie started her maneuvers all over again, and finally met with success, and now that white pony is tethered in the green pasture Miss Sullavan could find for him. He belongs to her little girl, Brooke Hayward.

THERE are many amusing stories of how and why our movie favorites happened to become actors. Many stars, of course, are in Hollywood today because of their determination since childhood to become great thespians, and to make a lot of money and be famous. It isn't the case with Bill Gargan. He went on the stage for the unique reason of proving that his brother, not himself, could be a success. The Gargan family thought the stage the height of nonsense as a career, but the youngest son lived only to perform behind the footlights. Bill recognized his fierce determination and gave up his job as a garage mechanizer to help him succeed. He intended to prove his point and quit. His brother needed an accomplished dancing partner to get a job a notch higher than being a hoofer in the chorus. Bill stepped in where he should have feared to tread and answered the purpose. But, today, it is he who is the success, and it is his brother who has never fully realized his ambition.

Mickey Rooney doesn't care who knows it—he collects perfumes. The more exotic the scent the better—for his collection. . . . Another unusual quick for a Hollywood headliner is the fact that Gene Autry's horse, when out on personal appearances, has his hoofs manicured daily—with lacquer. . . . Hedy Lamarr really started something by wearing that one diamond clip the size of a marble in the part of her hair. All the girls are doing it now but they're not limiting themselves to diamonds.

THERE is a young, sleek dance-hall Romeo somewhere in Los Angeles whose temperature is probably back to normal now, but who certainly will be a long time remembering his short-lived dance romance with a gal who certainly deserved all the compliments he strung her way. It was Thursday night at an amusement beach dancing casino and the hot swing band had the teen-aged enthusiast as taut as a piano string. He had been eyeing a tall girl whom he thought should be able to dance well. Finally he sauntered over and asked her to dance. She accepted after a few mumbled words to her companion. They got out on the floor and went to town in great style. "Say, you're not a bad dancer," the youth said. "I could teach you a few of my tricks and then I bet you and I could win the dance contest they have here in a couple of weeks. Let's have another dance together and talk it over." They danced. The youngster went right on praising the girl. Finally he announced that he knew they would be a cliche if they entered. "What's your name?" he asked. The girl answered, "Eleanor Powell." The boy stopped dead in his tracks, blushed to his ears, slammed a muffled, "I beg your pardon," and fled. Now Eleanor wants him to know that she thought he was a pretty good dancer himself.

Well, the town can expect some more of those shenanigans that get to popping when Jimmy Swope and his closest pal, Johnny Swope, the camera fiend, get together. Johnny is here snapping pictures again and he's putting up with Jimmy in his rambling home in Beverly Hills. Johnny's last visit garnered him some of the most unusual photographs ever to come out of Hollywood. These days you can't help but bump into Johnny in the most unlikely places. You're liable to find him under your table at a night club, or have him pop out at you from behind your newspaper in the morning. Jimmy is always on hand, too, getting the subject in the right pose for Johnny to snap. These two have probably had their faces slapped more times for trying to get "interesting" shots than any other duo of photographers extant, but it doesn't seem to dampen their spirits. The last time I saw Johnny Swope he was lying flat on his back on the stage of the Earl Carroll Theater trying to snap "interesting" pictures of the chorus rehearsal. Too bad, Jimmy couldn't be there that day, he had to work.

At a recent preview some of the less fortunate girls were being very catty about Fay Wray because she arrived with Cary Grant. The new combination put everyone on the qui vive. There was a lot of tch-tching among those two pulling a hilarious gag to attract attention. Nothing was farther from the truth. Their predicament was laugh provoking, but quite necessarily so. Leaving the theater they were mobbed and couldn't get to the car of friends who brought them, so a young high school couple came to their aid and offered the vacant back seat of their jollop which was parked near-by. They were accepted gratefully. The kids picked them up at the curb and Cary and Fay joined and jerked to an amazing take-off from that swank affair. The ancient machine rattled and wobbled along with the whooping hilarity of the preview crowd. Once out of the jam, Cary gave the kids his most genuine thanks and appreciation. "Don't thank us—you couldn't," they chortled. "This has been the red-letter day of our lives. You'll never know what a thrill this has been. We'll never forget it."

In 1905 the "younger generation" looked like this—at least according to the forthcoming film called "At Good Old Swosh," with William Holden and Bonita Granville.
Bette Davis felt that there was something familiar in the voice from the bungalow next to hers at La Quinta when she was at the desert. Miss Davis didn’t know whom it belonged to, but a number of times during the day a woman’s rich voice would boom out from next door and ask Bette to send the two dachshunds, who had squirmed into her patio, back to their home if they were annoying her. Bette couldn’t see who she was talking to but she assured her that the visiting dachshunds were getting along famously with her own two Scotties. Each time the concerned voice hailed Bette she assured its owner that the whole Davis family loved dogs and everything was just fine. After three days, at a dinner party, Bette learned that the voice of the mysterious neighbor belonged to Katharine Cornell who was in the desert for a short vacation. Upon their meeting Miss Cornell confessed that she knew Bette lived next door to her but she admitted she was too shy to make herself known—not wishing to intrude on Miss Davis’ privacy. Bette pooh-poohed all that sort of reticence and soon the two girls were comparing acting notes and ripping apart the role that Bette will soon do on the screen, and which Miss Cornell did so magnificently on the stage in “No Time for Comedy.”

You can forget all those rumors about George Brent marrying Bette Davis, or for that matter, anyone else. He has made it plain that when his present contract with Warners has run its course, sometime next year, he will shake the dust of Hollywood from his feet—at least long enough for an extended vacation. Marriage is conspicuously absent from his plans. Not long ago he very quietly sold his hide-away house in the desert. And, more recently, he has rid himself of his large home in Coldwater Canyon and now he is living in a small bachelor apartment. When I say small, I mean only room enough for himself and his dog. He will never own a large home in Hollywood again, which automatically means he will never marry a Hollywood actress. George will start doing the travelling he’s always hankered for by taking a South American trip after he finishes “We Shall Meet Again.”

Travelling about the country somewhere there is a big surprise trying to catch up with a young man by the name of Richard Whorf. This young fellow is at present touring with the Lyme Fontanne and Alfred Lunt stage company. The surprise that soon will reach him is a “note” from Tyrone Power. Ty would like to be present when his friend gets it. A short time ago Whorf visited Tyrone on his set and they posed for a picture together. Although the picture was shot on a negative four by five inches, Whorf asked Tyrone if he would have it enlarged so that he could hang the evidence of their meeting in his den at home. Ty said he would. After Whorf left, Tyrone had the picture enlarged to five by seven feet, glued to a heavy piece of wall board, packed in a heavy wooden crate and shipped to his friend. The box will eventually catch him at some theater where his company stops to play.

Vera Zorina’s and her husband George Balanchine’s lives aren’t just one long beautiful dance sequence. Not by a long shot. They both, grudgingly, have to take time out to squeeze the necessity of everyday living into their schedules. Although, just between you and me, I’ve heard confidentially that life with the Balanchines is, under any condition, a beautifully esthetic experience. Their art isn’t turned only at a moment’s notice. They live with it all the time. I’ve been told that a dancer’s whims are startling yet beautiful to behold. Zorina is very apt to spring from the deep comfort of her chaise longue, execute a neat but tricky pas de deux routine, leap the dining room table, freeze into a chin-on-shoulder stance only to announce it is time for her shower. The Balanchines live in Mary Pickford’s home in the Outlook district, and their absorbing amours at the moment is teaching Hollywood about art and the dance.

Mickey Rooney plays young Tom Edison and Virginia Weidler his devoted sister Tannie, in M-G-M’s faithful film interpretation of the great inventor as a boy. “Young Tom Edison” is the picture which will probably establish young Rooney as an authentic character actor rather than a brush kid. It will be followed by “Edison the Man,” with Spencer Tracy as the logical choice for the adult rôle.

The technicolor experts and set designers at RKO had the most complicated task of their careers—all because of one little fancy dress. It really could be called the most costly gown in the history of motion pictures because before all the studio color experts got together and agreed on all points the cost of presenting Anna Neagle’s Alice-blue gown in “Irene” had run up an amazing expense for RKO. That hand-me-down gown that Irene wore has become so vividly pictured in the public mind that its presentation had to be a triumph. You’ll see the sequence on the screen in color. You’ll see Hollywood’s foremost color expert’s version of Alice-blue, and the most unusual color photography ever seen. The blue gown will dominate the scene. The only other stand-out color in the entire setting, so expensive to make, will be the flame of Anna Neagle’s red hair. Every other trace of color has been scientifically subdued.
Spring Lines

A slim waist, rounded hips, a sculptured bosom, are figure ideals

By Courtenay Marvin

BEGIN this story with a regret—a regret that it cannot be long enough to outline a figure perfection routine for all types. For figure types vary as does the human skin or coloring. There are, however, certain basic rules that apply to all. And in pursuit of figure perfection, I list in what I consider the order of importance:

1. Diet
2. Exercise
3. Posture
4. Correct foundation garment

For weeks now, I have been seeing dozens of new girdles, foundations and brassieres. They are all designed to smooth out your figure, to give you a slim but not tiny waist, and many carry that waistline high and unbroken over the diaphragm. They gently round your hips. The brassieres are designed to give you a high, firm, rounded bosom. These are normal lines and beautiful ones, and it seems that with a little help from you regarding your person, they are not impossible of attainment, and so, I hope, here are some simple ideas to start you on the right track toward a Springtime, 1940, figure.

Fortunately, American women are out of the habit of drastic reducing. The toll in health, nerves and appearance proved too great. Hollywood found this to be true, too, and only last October, I wrote in this magazine a story of what strenuous reducing did to Ida Lupino. She went down, all right, in every respect, and the long, hard climb was regaining some of what she had lost. That included weight, health, nerves and her own self-confidence. That Ida has succeeded, you will soon realize when you see her in “The Light That Failed.” Controlled eating habits are what we should strive for. This means a balanced, normal diet, and often it must include things we may not care for, like spinach and apples and lettuce, and it must eliminate, to some extent at least, cream pies and rich sauces and plenty of gravy. Vitamins are a popular subject today, and there are few who do not have a pretty good conception of what food they need and what they don’t. There are helpful vitamin supplements for those low in energy and general well-being, though these are not to be regarded as substitutes for food, but supplements—to enable you to get more value from that food. So, regardless of your present weight, I still urge sufficient food.

For the over-weight, starches and fats in excess can well be eliminated. Yet, it is (Please turn to page 93)
Leap Year lures in favor of fashion! A sleek, young figure, hats to flatter and a bag and gloves for finish. See Store Directory, Page 87

Lovable Brassiere of silk satin and imported lace. Stitched whirlpools cup and lift the bosom; wide separation delineates the figure, and satin Lastex is inserted to permit easy breathing. Shoulder straps have elastic bottom tabs. Tea rose, at $3.95.

"Badminton," felt spectator sports casual, designed by Elizabeth Hawes for Brewster. Medium-sized brim, down-wooped in front; rounded, side-crushed crown; grosgrain ribbon band and five sprightly feathers. An all-around good companion, in more than twenty pastel shades and about $5.00.

Fresh, white Kaycrepe gloves by Kayser, designed by Natascha, with long, denderizing tucks up back in zig-zag stitching. Kaycrepe is a brand new rayon fabric, with a rich, dull finish. Gloves, $1.50.

A provocative conceit of a hat is this wreath of daisies by Herman Plaut, and a crisp greasing to Spring. Perky black taffeta bow is pinned on back elastic. This "gayer moment" hat is about $3.95.

If it's red, it's smart this Spring, and this bag is red, though it also comes in black. It's a Leading Lady creation, and tops for $1. Patent leather, polished metal frame and fine lining are details. A shape that's convenient to hug or swing by the handle. Here is your red accent for the red, white and blue vogue of Spring, 1940.
the Sign of Aries. To date, Howard hasn't had the opportunity to fulfill his brilliant sign, but his chart shows that in 1940 he will make an outstanding picture that will establish him in the ranks of the screen's greatest stars.

Another Aries star is Wendy Barrie, who has not been given the real big chance of her career as yet. When Miss Barrie once has a role worthy of her great dramatic talents, she will soar to great heights of popularity. That chance is shown in her chart as coming in 1940.

Those born in Aries can readily see by examining these stars' lives that big things lie ahead of Aries persons. If this is your sign, do not be satisfied with the trivial things of life. Do not sit back and be content to remain in a mediocre position in life. What others have attained in life you, too, can attain. Set a high goal for yourself, and the 'amazing mental powers given you by your stars will help elevate you to an enviable position in the future.

There are many other screen stars who were born in this sign, but I will give brief predictions for only a few more of them. Sonja Henie was born on April 8. Although her name has been linked romantically with several young leading men, her chart shows Miss Henie will consider marriage toward the latter part of 1940 or during the first two months of 1941. That marriage can be happy if she chooses the right sign. Wallace Beery, born April 1, has better conditions in business, but must watch his health in 1940. Melvyn Douglas has happiness in marriage shown in his chart, and his career will continue successfully. Binnie Barnes, born March 25, will have a successful second marriage within one year's time, and may go back to England to make pictures at the end of the war. Walter Connolly, born April 8, will have good conditions in 1940, with one important role in a picture that may win acclaim for him before the end of the year.

It might be interesting for those born in the fire Sign of Aries to examine the signs that are most compatible in love, friendship and marriage. Many times an unhappy union can be avoided by knowing the signs that are or are not compatible.

The best signs for romance and marriage are: Leo, July 23 to August 22; Sagittarius, November 23 to December 21st; and in some instances Libra, September 23 to October 22; and Scorpio, October 23 to November 22. Robert Taylor and Andrea Leeds are Leo; Deanna Durbin and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., are Sagittarius; Janet Gaynor and Linda Darnell are Libra; Hedy Lamarr and Dick Powell are Scorpio.

Those of you whose birthdates do not come in the Sign of Aries have varying fortunes for the coming months. To find out exactly what to expect from the stars during this month (March 1940), examine the section below dealing with your birthdate and find out what the planets predict for you.

Aries—March 21 to April 20

To what we have already said about Aries, we may add that caution should be used in finances. Watch your pocketbook, for you are apt to be extravagant this month and spend money carelessly. Also avoid breaking off a romance that may exist at present in favor of a new one. Those planning marriage at this time should carefully consider every angle, for finances might cause distress on the part of the loved one. The health should be protected on the 2nd, 7th, 15th and 22nd. The other days this month favor seeking employment, asking for a raise in salary, and work connected with offices, restaurants, women's wear, beauty parlors and creative activities.

Taurus—April 21 to May 20

Finances may cause concern at this time, but the Planet Jupiter promises relief around the 15th of the month. Be active in regard to business affairs. This month especially favors acting, singing, music, and dancing. The first two weeks of this month favor new work, or a change of vocation. You may have one or more opportunities to improve your business standing. It is wise to consider going to another city or state to live, for Uranus tends to transplant you to another environment at this time. Venus brings one or more romances; you may be called upon to make a decision, and an opportunity to become engaged should exist during the last two weeks of this month. A good month for home activities, entertaining friends, attending social functions, the theater, musical affairs, and out-

Governor Herbert H. Lehman of New York, Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien are pictured on the dais at the Waldorf-Astoria at the dinner for the cast of "The Fighting 69th," of which Jim and Pat are the stars. The dinner was tendered by the officers of the 165th Infantry, the old 69th of the New York National Guard.

Norvell Points Out Your Future Destiny

Continued from page 59

The stars who attended the dinner were besieged for autographs by members of the regiment. Here's Edward G. Robinson autographing programs and what looks like a napkin. Will Hays, next to Robinson, is also signing the boys' programs.
An Ardent Horsewoman,
Nancy often rides along the road which winds through long-leaf pines, magnolias and Spanish bayonets on the picturesque Southern estate.

In Hall of the spacious Calhoun mansion, "Tryggersson," on lovely old Pace's Ferry Road, Nancy and friends prepare to leave for the première.

Miss Nancy Calhoun, charming debutante daughter of Mrs. Andrew Calhoun, smiles from the porch of Tara Hall, which was restored for the plantation scene at Atlanta's "Gone With the Wind" Ball.

We interviewed Miss Calhoun...

QUESTION: So many Georgia girls have "peaches-and-cream" complexions, Miss Calhoun. How do they do it? It's easy to see you have the answer!

ANSWER: "Well, really, I'd say Pond's 2 Creams are the answer—at least for me! Morning and evening I cleanse my skin carefully with Pond's Cold Cream to make sure every trace of make-up is removed, and before putting on fresh powder, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream."

QUESTION: Do these two Creams do anything else for your skin?

ANSWER: "Yes, much more. You see, besides cleansing, regular use of the Cold Cream softens my skin and brings a warm glow, and the Vanishing Cream helps protect it against weather—smoothes little roughnesses right away, too!"

We talked with Susan Medlock...

QUESTION: Isn't it a tough beauty assignment to hurry straight from a newspaper office looking fresh enough to "cover" a society party?

ANSWER: "No, because I always keep jars of the 2 Pond's Creams right in my desk—ready to freshen up my complexion in a jiffy. Pond's Cold Cream is just perfect for a thorough, easy cleansing. It leaves my skin feeling so sweet and clean—and soft! Then, before make-up, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream."

QUESTION: Do you mean you get a quicker and better effect with your make-up when you use both Pond's Creams?

ANSWER: "My, yes, and I'll tell you why: Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens my skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream is a different kind of cream—it's a non-greasy powder base that takes make-up smoothly—keeps it mighty nice for hours."

Send for Trial Beauty Kit
POND'S, Dept. 78-GVD, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 2 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquidizing Cream (quick-melting cleansing cream), and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose to cover postage and packing.

Name: ____________________________ State: ____________________________
Street: ____________________________
City: ____________________________
The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock, no strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢

The end of the month will bring harmony in marriage and romance. Favorable days are: 1st, 3rd, 6th, 7th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 18th, 21st, 22nd, 24th and 28th. The other days are neutral and favor routine matters.

Gemini—May 21 to June 20
Varying vibrations dominate this month. Business is favored on the 11th, 12th and 30th, but the health must be watched during the balance of the month. Money may come from two unexpected sources. Avoid selling or buying real estate. The home may have dissonance in it at this time. Quarrels should be avoided, and the temper should be controlled. The month favors sales work, teaching, nursing, clerical and secretarial work. Also good for meeting the public, handling money, and for restaurants, tea rooms and ladies’ wear shops. Romance is favored during the second and third weeks of this month. Be careful to avoid being jealous, and do not let your heart rule your head, for you are apt to make a mistake you will later regret. Social affairs are under favorable aspects of Venus. Jupiter attends the home and brings more peaceful vibrations the last week of the month. A good time for engagements, courtships, marriages, but not favorable for separations or divorces. Children come under excellent vibrations at this time. The favorable days this month are 1st, 3rd, 5th, 6th, 13th, 16th, 18th, 22nd, 24th and 27th.

Cancer—June 21 to July 22
This month begins under somewhat adverse vibrations, but they can be overcome by a positive mental attitude. Attend to normal business affairs, but do not begin new ventures or make radical changes. Play safe rather than take chances at this time. Do not burden yourself financially and avoid debts. The month favors romance, and a new heart interest is likely under these vibrations. Meet members of the opposite sex and attend social functions. One or more prominent persons might seek you out. A good month to change your place of residence or move to another city or state. Relatives may cause some concern. Quarrels should be avoided in the home. Those married may feel a strain, and irritability might cause you to say or do something you regret. Be calm and poised; watch the health and diet; avoid vehicles on the 4th, 9th and 25th. The favorable days are: 1st, 2nd, 6th, 8th, 11th, 13th, 16th, 18th, 19th, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 29th and 30th.

Leo—July 23 to August 22
The first two weeks of this month favor general business affairs and finances. You may get back some money owed you. A friend may help you attain a better position. Public work is favored at this time. The entertainment world attracts you and it is possible that you will have dealings with radio stations, motion pictures, or the theater. If you are interested in a musical or acting career, this month is favored, for your sign rules entertainment. Activities connected with travel should be avoided, for you profit from your present environment. In the third week of this month the health of a relative may cause mental distress, but it will prove to be less serious than you first thought. Your romantic life should be watched closely at this time, for temptations might exist to give up someone you love dearly. Do not act in haste but wait until better planetary conditions attend you before making a change. Health is generally favored for your sign this month. The favorable days are: 2nd, 5th, 7th, 10th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 18th, 20th, 23rd, 24th, 26th, 28th and 29th.

Virgo—August 23 to September 22
Favorable conditions should exist in your business affairs. A good month for you to seek employment, ask favors of superiors, or a raise in salary. It favors work connected with offices, motion pictures, or the doctors’ offices and hospitals, schools or public institutions. It also is favorable for branching out into an independent business venture such as a dress or millinery shop, beauty parlor, etc. Avoid arguments with the one you love this month, curb your tongue and temper and be a little more patient than you normally are. It is unwise to break off a romantic attachment at this time, for Venus and Mars are apt to cause confusion and bring unhappiness in love. If you are married, the home comes under some disturbances, and arguments should be avoided. Do not be jealous of the loved one, for your suspicions are, no doubt, groundless. A good month for redecorating and refurnishing the home, for moving to another location, or changing internal affairs in the home. The diet should be carefully watched as nervousness might cause mild forms of dyspepsia or other stomach trouble. Favorable days are: 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 11th, 14th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 29th.

Libra—September 23 to October 22
Favorable vibrations from Venus dominate the first half of this month. You will be inclined to overdo socially. Avoid nervous strain and get sufficient rest. New and interesting personalities may come into your life, especially friends connected with the theater or literary world. The vibrations favor creative and musical interests, enter-
“Have you ever wished for a
BRAND NEW SKIN?
Well, you’re going to get one!” says Lady Esther

Just beneath your present skin lies a Lovelier You! Help reveal your new beauty to the world with my 4-Purpose Face Cream!

Every second that you live and breathe, a new skin—a new-born skin—is coming to life upon your face, your arms, your whole body!

Will it be more glamorous, asks Lady Esther? Will it flatter you—be soft and lovely—make you look more youthful?

Yes, says Lady Esther, that new-born skin can bring you a new-born beauty—if—

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you to free your skin from those tiny, invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin will be revealed in all its glory!

For these almost invisible flakes of old, worn-out skin can be the thieves that steal your beauty. They leave little bumps you can feel with your fingertips—keep your powder from going on smoothly—they can make your complexion look drab and dull!

Let my 4-Purpose Cream lift that veil! Gently and soothingly it washes away each tiny flake—cleanses the very apertures of your pores—loosens embedded impurities—leaves your complexion softer—lovelier—more glamorous!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

All the better if he’s a specialist on the skin. If you have a vitamin deficiency—follow his advice. He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and push anything like vitamins or hormones into your skin with your face cream!

Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn’t absolutely true—that her cream clears away the dirt, impurities, worn-out skin, and accumulated grime concealing your new, young skin about to be born!

Then, try my face cream at my expense. Use it faithfully for thirty days. See what a perfect base it makes for your powder. See how it does help reveal your glamorous new skin—how it does help keep your Accent on Youth!

Please Accept Lady Esther’s 10-Day Sample FREE!

The Miracle of Reborn Skin
Your skin is constantly wearing out—drying up—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—always crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (44)
Lady Esther, 7162 West 69th St., Chicago, III.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream: also ten shades of Face Powder, free and postpaid.

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
How to have EYES MEN ADORE

There I was—spending another Saturday night reading a magazine! I saw the words "Eyes Like Stars—try WINX."

I bought some WINX Mascara and found it gorgeously easy to put on. My lashes looked naturally longer and darker...

"Why didn't I notice those big, beautiful eyes before?" said Bob the next time we met. "How about a date for dancing?"

Get the new WINX Mascara, also Eyebrow Pencil, Eye Shadow, and Lipstick in harmonizing colors! Good Housekeeping Approved! In the new Pink package—at 10¢ stores today!

Change to WINX THE FINER QUALITY Mascara

WANTED

RICHARD BROS., 29 Words Building, Cincinnati, O.

Ordinary songs poems, any subject. You can send for the media consideration. Don't delay—send your poems and songs now. Goodness pays the extra cost, we pay monetary! Consistently paid Money Back

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There was no transcription from the scan of the page.
She was a Jewel of a Wife... with just one flaw

She was guilty of the "ONE NEGLECT" that mars many marriages... "LYSOL" helps avoid this

Everyone admitted that Mary was beautiful, charming... a perfect housekeeper, cook, and mother. Why should her marriage have turned out badly?

She had failed in just one thing. One neglect had robbed her of the daintiness her husband loved. Do YOU use "Lysol" for intimate cleanliness?

Even the most tolerant husband finds it difficult to forget or forgive a wife's carelessness about feminine hygiene. More women should follow the "Lysol" method. "Lysol" is used by thousands of doctors, nurses, clinics, hospitals. Probably no other preparation has been so widely used by generations of women for feminine hygiene. "Lysol" is preferred because...

6 Special Features of "LYSOL"
1. Non-Caustic... "Lysol", in proper dilution, is gentle, efficient; contains no free caustic alkali.
2. Effectiveness... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions; effective in the presence of organic matter (dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. Spreading... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension; virtually search out germs.
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5. Odor... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.
6. Stability... "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, or how often it might be left uncorked.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Address

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It cleaning house gets wearisome try Flavor-Town's delicious gum


Beech-Nut Gum

One of America's Good habits
couldn't understand what he was saying.
Jock repeated the warning. "He said you'd pass through the valley of the shadow of death," he looked soberly at Jim. "But you'd come out of the shadow unscathed!"

The drums outside weren't beating any harder than Linda's heart now. She felt the terror that was to deepen as the safari made its slow progress. Native boys running ahead beating down the brush for the caravan to pass through. Two white men and a girl followed by a train of elephants by native porters shooting their weird song as they made their slow advance and followed by other sounds too, the shrill calls of bright plumaged birds, the distant roars of lions, the occasional laugh of a hyena. Then after days of the hard trek through the jungle came the first sight of the compound. Lord Courland lifted Linda down from the elephant she was riding and two native boys carried her to the clearing.

"This is my permanent camp," Jim grinned back at the smiling black faces welcoming him. "and here are my camp boys. Left to right, Dopey, Sleepy, Bashful, Doc, Sneezy, Happy and Grumpy, and the cook."

"I choose Happy," Linda smiled at the beaming black boy bowing before her.

"All right, Happy is your boy," Jim's smile approved her choice. "Your cottage is there. Sleepy will be your boy, Baron, and the next door is yours. This one is mine. If there's anything you need."

It was incredible how much they did need and how much they came to depend on Jim. He was like a magician conjuring wonders out of the jungle. Under his direction lavish food was spread before them. Exotic wild flowers graced their table. They couldn't even take a bath without him for the collapsible tubs that had seemed so practical in theory proved too collapsible in practise. A shower constructed by Jim out of bamboo shoots and water buckets seemed more luxurious here in the jungle than even the tile bath with its facets of real gold had been on the yacht. So it was natural that Linda should turn to Jim, and at first his name on her lips, her eyes seeking him was a spontaneous thing without thought of guile. It was only when she saw de Courland's eyes blaze in quick jealousy that she thought she might be able to use Jim in other ways too.

But she gave no hint of anything but eagerness to see the jungle from the skies that day she asked Jim if she could go along with him as he was leaving on a search for game in his plane. She had brought her moving picture camera and she was like a child leaning over in her seat behind the cockpit taking shots of the wilderness, of the herd of elephants stampeding below them, of the leopard...
from the sky, rain that crashed like a giant waterfall, and with it came the quick dark of the African night.

Jim turned to her. "You wanted to make him jealous, didn't you? Well, he'll be twice as jealous when we don't show up until morning."

"But we said we'd be back for dinner," Linda faltered. "Charles will—"

"I'm not thinking about Charles. I'm thinking about my plane. She's all the chinchilla I've got."

"Jim." Linda was trembling now, her voice husky. "I got us into this, I'm terribly sorry."

"It's all right." The man's voice was strained. "If you love the guy, I don't blame you."

Linda's tears came then, smarting behind her eyelids and tangling in her voice as she spoke. "That's what makes me feel so dreadful," she said. "If I loved him, I wouldn't be here, would I?"

They waited tensely through the night and then with the dawn the rain stopped and they soared to the skies again. De Courland was waiting for them as they swooped over the compound but Jim ignored him as he turned to Wemba who was running towards him, his face distorted in agony. It was about Happy, the boy explained, his eyes lifted to Jim as if he expected he could perform a miracle. The Baron had taken him hunting the day before and sent him into the brush after a wounded leopard. And the boy had not returned.

Jim left and when he came back he carried the small black body in his arms and behind him came two natives with the leopard. "Happy finished your job, Baron," he said. "There's your leopard. I hope it's worth it to you.

Linda ran over to him as she staked away. "He's dead!" Her voice came appallingly, "I can't tell you how bitterly sorry I am."

"It wouldn't have happened if I'd been here," Jim said roughly. "I wouldn't have allowed the Baron to send one of my boys to certain death."

And he looked at her as if he hated her as the death drums began and the chants for the peace of the boy's soul swelled with the tom toms.

Louder and louder they came, the drums and the harsh mourning voices, accusing her, tearing at her so that when the Baron suddenly decided to leave on a lion hunt she begged him to allow her to go too.

Jim checked her gun and gave it to her without a word. Only the drums sounded as they started off, closing in on them, even drowning out the shot from de Courland's gun as he aimed at the lion Jim had sighted. He missed, and the wounded animal turned a fantastic somersault before he vanished in the brush.

"What are your orders?" De Courland turned mockingly to Jim. "Shall I go in after him?"

"That's my job," Jim said bitterly, Linda called to him but he did not heed her. He plunged into the brush and as Linda waited the world stopped and began again only when he came back, his arm bleeding from the gash in his shoulder. "The boys will bring in the lion," he said shortly as he stalked away.

Linda couldn't help hearing the furious argument in the Baron's cabin. "You wanted me to come out like Happy did!" Jim was saying. "Wouldn't it have been easier to take a shot at me when my back was turned? We're not hunting any more, Baron de Courland and we will be leaving this place in the morning."
Glorious, New

Louis Philippe Compact Rouge

Soft-Pressed to give you the soft Loveliness that men adore

A spotty, hard spot of rouge makes you look hard. A man's opt to think you have a hard, cold nature, so he passes you by.

Soft-pressed rouge gives you a soft, natural radiance that's bewitching; it seems to promise that you have the soft, warm nature a man can't resist!

A Man May Judge Your Nature by the Kind of Rouge YOU Wear...

You owe it to yourself to try this exciting, soft-pressed rouge that makes you seem so utterly lovable. It's the new Louis Philippe dry rouge with the creamy texture. Soft-pressed by a special process, it is soft, rich and velvety all through.

And that's why it spreads on your cheek so smoothly and evenly, blending to a soft feather edge that's utterly natural. You can scarcely detect where the color ends!

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Louis Philippe

 Gives you Night-Time Glamour in the Cruel Light of Day

Screenland 79
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Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 17

happens to be in your ice-box when the guests drop in," she went on. "Sometimes Fred brings in a steak, just a plain round steak about half an inch thick, and we have what he calls 'steak wrap-arounds.'"

STEAK WRAP-AROUNDS

1½ pounds round steak
6 slices Hormel bacon
3 dill pickles
Salt
Pepper
Flour
2 tablespoons Spry shortening
½ cup Heinz tomato ketchup
½ cup water
1 teaspoon Tastetone Worcestershire sauce

Cut steak into six rectangular pieces. Lay slice of bacon on each piece, then half a dill pickle. Roll up and fasten with toothpick. Roll in seasoned flour and brown in hot vegetable shortening in frying pan. Place in casserole. Make sauce of the ketchup, water and Tastetone sauce and pour over meat. Cover and cook at 350 deg. F., about 1 hour.

For a light Spring supper that's different, try dandelion salad. Ever taste it? You must have crisp young dandelion plants, if it's to be good. Serve Crax Butter Wafers and Cheese Thins with this.

DANDELION SALAD

Cut dandelion in inch pieces. To 1 pint, add 3 hard boiled eggs sliced, 4 medium-sized potatoes boiled with skins on (remove skins while still warm), 3 young green onions, cut very fine; cut 8 slices Hormel bacon in small pieces and fry till brown. There should be a good half cup or more. ½ cup warm vinegar, salt and pepper to taste. Combine all ingredients, mix well and serve.

"At our house, we're crazy about Roquefort dressing, so Cary keeps a big jar of it on hand in the ice-box; then if we want to scramble a meal together we can cut up lettuce and pour out some dressing and have a delicious salad. Cary always keeps a garlic and an onion in the jar, which gives the salad just enough flavor.

ROQUEFORT DRESSING

Break 1 cube (½-lb.) Roquefort cheese into ¼ cup olive oil and 2 tablespoons wine vinegar. Mix thoroughly with fork until dissolved. Serve with lettuce and cess salad.

When Ellen was in England, making "French Without Tears," the food she missed most was salad. "I love English and English people," she assured me. "But they simply don't know what salad means. Ask for it and you get one slice of tomato on a lettuce leaf, or maybe merely a lettuce leaf by itself. The whole time I was there I struggled along on meat and potatoes, mostly boiled, and mustard greens."

The one dish I enjoyed the most, and serve at home often, is a dessert, ice-

The film "Little Orvie" brings John Sheffield, kid star of stage and screen, and Ann Todd, whom you saw in "Intermezzo," together on the screen, but "puppy love" is what brings the two seven-year-old youngsters together after working hours.

80

SCREENLAND
"So Lovable!"

whispers this perfume of you

How enchanting, to discover for yourself a new perfume that brings out the most lovable you! This "fragrance of romance" intensifies your femininity...It whispers of mystery and caprice and glamor. Make it yours—your own special invitation to romance!

cream with half a pear on it, topped with chocolate sauce. Another ice-cream dessert you can serve if you want to be fancy is this one: Lay a slice of ice-cream on a plate, cover with thin sugar wafers, cover the wafers with whipped cream and top that with firm ripe berries, sprinkled with powdered sugar. This is marvelous with red raspberries, but you can use strawberries, too.

Among the group who attend pot-luck dinners at the Wallaces are Robert Page (seen with Ellen in "Women Without Names," Virginia Dale, the Artie Jacobsons, and Bill and Margaret Pereira.

"Margaret painted my portrait, this one in my living room," Ellen showed it, proudly. "It was only her third portrait, and she has never had a lesson in her life. Fred paints, too, as a hobby. He did the three Oriental sketches in the rumpus room, first time he ever tried water colors. I must show you the rumpus room. We bought the house already built and had to take it more or less as was, but we built the rumpus room ourselves. It was a narrow space of no possible use, but we moved back the wall looking out on the garden and added a lot of floor space."

The room is floored in deep blue congooleum, with woven rag rugs scattered about. There are a comfortable couch and chairs, an open fireplace of white brick where the Oriental sketches are displayed, a red-topped white bar and low coffee table, especially designed for Ellen, and a whole wall of windows to admit sunshine. "We keep a fire burning here, even on summer evenings, because it looks so cheerful," she confided.

When all the contemplated changes are made in the house, the color scheme will be blue. "People tell me I'll get tired of it, but blue is my favorite color," Ellen observed. "You see, the halls and living room are already in blue, and so is one bedroom, and we like them. Our own bedroom furnishings are blue and burgundy, but unfortunately the wall-paper in there is gray with a touch of peach. I loathe peach and I'm having it done over in cream with little bunches of blue flowers. My portrait, in the blue gown, was made right here in the living room, when I sit on the couch it's like looking in a mirror.

By this time Ellen was curled up on the chintz-covered sofa where the portrait had been painted, her restless fingers playing with the "remote control" box that turns the radio from station to station or makes it loud or soft at will. "We take magic for granted in 1940," she remarked, after she had switched programs on and off for a few moments, "but somehow I'll never get used to it. In a way, it seemed like magic to find myself in England playing the role that all England cared about as much as this country cares about Scarlett O'Hara. The play had run for nearly four years and practically everybody had seen it and loved it. It had played in the provinces as well as in London. Diana was terribly important to them, and I could see them looking at me and thinking: 'How will you play Diana?' But they were awfully nice to me. Anthony Asquith, the director, was marvelous. I was used to the hurry and rush over here; I understand that everyone is busy any I don't mind, really, but it was flattering to have one's director come over and bow and say: 'Ellen, if you please, are you ready? Thank you!' instead of: 'Hey, get in the scene, you!'"

Ellen was born Terry Ray. She was even under contract to Paramount for two years by that name. "Then the producer decided to change my name," related Ellen. "It was St. Patrick's Day, and I'm Irish; so am I. 'Why not call her Erin for Ireland?' he suggested, 'and Drew, that's a good old stage name.' I was Erin Drew for two weeks, and then somebody said: 'Nobody knows whether Erin is a boy, a girl or a dog.' So they made it Ellen. I was glad of the change, because Terry sounds like a singer or a dancer, while Ellen is a good name for a dramatic actress, which I hope I shall be some day.

The Wallaces have a badminton court, which can be lighted at night, back of their walled-in garden.

"When we have guests during dry weather, we entertain them out there," said Ellen. "Then perhaps we come back to the rumpus room for a light supper, or, if it's warm enough, we serve cookies and sandwiches on the court. Which reminds me, there's a new kind of sandwich we've tried on them, called Fairmont Sandwich. Perhaps Screenland readers would like to know about that."

FAIRMONT SANDWICHES

Work a small cream cheese until smooth, using a wooden spoon, and season with salt. Chop green and red peppers separately and wring in cheese cloth to remove some of the moisture. Mix one-half the cheese with some of the red pepper, the other half with the green pepper. Spread 4 thin slices of white bread sparingly with butter, on the lower slice spread the green pepper mixture, cover with another slice of bread, on top of that spread a layer of the red pepper mixture, cover with another slice of bread, then more green pepper and the fourth slice of bread.

Fold in cheese cloth and press under a weight, then cut in thin slices downward. This is no sandwich to serve impromptu, but is pretty and unusual. And we suggest Kraft Philadelphia cream cheese.
when he played Jeanette MacDonald's no-good brother in "Rose Marie." Jimmy has had more girl friends than any other ten actors bunched together. The Hollywood gals have always liked Jimmy; they like his slow, hesitant way of speaking; they like his complete lack of conceit; they like the way he dances, the way he puts his hands in his pockets, and the dry witty way he tells a story. They particularly like him because he isn't like an actor.

One of the first girls to go around with Jimmy in the old days before he started cupping off acting awards was beautiful Virginia Bruce. Virginia had divorced John Gilbert and hadn't met Walter Ruben and she and Jimmy made a very handsome couple when they went night-clubbing at the Trocadero. But Cesar Romero sort of cut in there and Jimmy was next seen escorting Ginger Rogers, who had finally called off her marriage with Lew Ayres, to the better night spots. Ginger was never one for night clubs though and she gradually drifted into her little hermitage, and Jimmy and Loretta Young discovered each other. In 1936 Jimmy played the lead opposite Eleanor Powell in "Born to Dance" and so pleased was Jimmy with the imitation that Eleanor did of him in that picture that he started dating Eleanor and the Powell-Stewart romance was on.

Early in 1937 Jimmy did a revival of "Seventh Heaven" with Simone Simon, and maybe it was to improve his French or something, but anyway Jimmy and Simone were seen together at previews, parties and night clubs. Then Simone discovered Gene Markey and Jimmy rediscovered Loretta Young. In the winter of 1937 there had been sort of a "fruit-basket-turn-over" and the much-publicized romance of Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie had dissolved into thin air. Tyrone became the constant escort of Janet Gaynor who had just made a sensational come-back in "A Star Is Born." Jimmy called up Sonja and he and the skating girl did the Troc and the Clover Club and the Coconut Grove until Sonja had to go on her tour.

Early in 1938 Jimmy, who had become a camera fiend by then (it was radio and airplanes when he was a kid), was at Arrowhead with his pal John Swope taking pictures of the magnificent scenery when he ran into Rosalind Russell who was vacationing there, and the Russell-Stewart romance got under way under the lofty pines and was going pretty strong when Roz had to leave for England to co-star with Robert Donat in "The Citadel." Jimmy and Loretta re-discovered each other.

At the very gala party Mr. Mayer gave at the Trocadero in honor of Norma Shearer following the brilliant premiere of "Marie Antoinette" Jimmy gathered up courage to ask "the first lady of the screen" for a dance, which turned out so well that she invited him to dinner, and for months after that wherever you saw Norma Shearer you saw Jimmy Stewart. Why the romance, which had everyone in
Hollywood speculating plenty, suddenly came to an end nobody knows—except, of course, Miss Shearer and Mr. Stewart. Anyway, Jimmy definitely gave up glamour girls for a while. And the Tropicadero. And parties. After a bit of snooping on the part of various columnists it was discovered that Jimmy was smitten with one of the Earl Carroll girls. And a little beauty she was, too.

Loretta Young had a romantic upset about that time, and was feeling pretty low and depressed, so Jimmy started calling her up again, and again the lovely Loretta and the gangling Jimmy took a whirl at the night club. But Robert Riskin kept cutting in on Loretta, and anyway Jimmy had to go out to Universal to co-star with Marlene Dietrich in her come-back picture, "Destry Rides Again." "Well," everybody said, "Jimmy and Marlene will simply hate each other. He's not her type at all. And vice versa." But imagine everyone's surprise when Jimmy and Marlene suddenly appeared at the Beverly Wilshire one evening, danced every dance and returned the next evening, and the next, and the next. That, indeed, caused considerable talk, and they do say that Marlene was very broken up when Jimmy ceased calling and suddenly left for a vacation in New York, all by his lonesome.

But he wasn't all by his lonesome long. "Come With the Wind" had just opened in Atlanta and the cast of the picture who had attended the history-making Southern opening then flew on to New York for the more prosaic Broadway première. Olivia Melanie deHavilland was among those flitting from opening to opening. With practically the entire male population of New York ready to give their eye-teeth for the opportunity of escorting Olivia to the première, pretty Miss Melanie chose Jimmy Stewart. From the theater they went to the Jock Whitney party, and from there they went to breakfast in a Harlem night spot, where they fairly talked their heads off and decided they hadn't met anyone so much fun in years as each other. Jimmy, of course, was all for showing Olivia New York and they had a wonderful time taking in plays and night clubs. When they returned to Hollywood for the Los Angeles opening of "GWTW" they continued to have dates. One week-end recently it was announced over the air that Olivia and Jimmy were in Yuma getting married, but when the frantic reporters ran them down Olivia was in her home, and Jimmy was in his.

Jimmy, when cornered, will admit that he is perfectly willing to get married, that he hasn't a thing in the world against marriage, but that he would like to fall in love first. He has the home, he says, everything but the girl. (And the town full of them.) If he's feeling a bit reckless he will even go so far as to say that he is definitely in the mood for matrimony. But don't take Jimmy too seriously. Any guy who in a few years time has "romanced" with so many beautiful, fascinating women as Virginia Bruce, Ginger Rogers, Loretta Young, Simone Simon, Eleanor Powell, Sonja Henie, Rosalind Russell, Norma Shearer, Marlene Dietrich and Olivia deHavilland and never popped the question—well, he doesn't look to me like the eager to wed type.

He probably feels that there is safety in numbers. That he can go around with whatever girl is congenial—so long as she is congenial. And why get married anyway when he's being lionized and having so much fun?

But Caesar (not Romero, the other one) had his Ideas of March, and Jimmy Stewart will certainly have his Leap Year.

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FASHION DICTATES
NEW GLAMOUR FOR YOUR EYES

It's a "must" in the Fashion outlook—and it's here to stay. Glamour that gives your eyes new importance with every costume you wear. All it takes is smart harmony in eye make-up. And that's easy with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Simply choose your Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow in harmonizing shades... and notice the thrilling difference. It's fascinating to step up your beauty and style so naturally with Maybelline—the eye make-up that's smart because it's always in good taste.

THE EYES OF FASHION

BY

Maybelline

Costumes of yellow, chartreuse, rust, brown, green, or any of the deep "Woodland" colors call for Maybelline black or brown shades of Mascara with matching eyebrow pencil. The harmonizing shades of Maybelline Eye Shadow are Brown and Green.

With blue, white, black, fuschia, all the purplish colors, wear Maybelline black or blue shade of Mascara and black eyebrow pencil, lightly applied. And to harmonize, Maybelline Eye Shadow in shades of Blue, Gray, Blue-Gray or Violet.

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Maybelline Solid-Form Mascara in stunning gold-colored vanity, 75c.

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silly little frills and playthings of the other little girls. But I believed it was being, and I called it “shabby gentility” that really made me make up my mind. “Some day,” I screamed at the empty walls of my little bedroom, “some day I shall have the most beautiful home in the world, with a new dress every day. I shall have diamonds and furs and servants to call me Madame and a car as long as a city block. I shall smash everyone. I shall have a home of my own. I shall have everything I’ve ever wanted. I’ll never be called shabby gentility again!” I cried all night.

India made me crave possessions. England gave me possessions. And something far more important than possessions: When I was seventeen my uncle was given army leave, and decided to spend it in France and England, and along I went. I was simply hysterical with joy. It was my chance to become an actress! Without anyone knowing it, and certainly not my mother, I had been planning for my future for a long time. I had devoured every word and every picture in the cinema magazines from England and America, I had heard enough of that “unusual” face and thought I might get by with it. As for acting—well, I had danced in the chorus of several amateur shows put on by the Calcutta Amateur Theatre Society, and I thought I was rather good.

I’ll spare you the details of my job-hunting in London. Suffice to say, my uncle, poor dear, couldn’t cope with my determination to remain, so he left me with twenty pounds and my return steamer ticket, which I immediately cashed in, haunted the agencies for months, I just about gave up death. But gradually I began to get better breaks. A dancing job at the Café de Paris, and a small part in a two-reeler called “Alf’s Button.” One day I was lunching in the studio greenhouse and wearing a green dress—a fortune-teller had told me that green was my lucky color—when Alexander Korda, England’s most famous producer, saw me across the room and asked someone, “Who is the girl in green? She has an unusual face. Is there anything back of it?”

He arranged for me to have a screen test which resulted in my getting parts in “The Broken Melody” and “Wedding Rehearsal” and “Men of Tomorrow.” Then came the wonderful part of Anne Boleyn in the big British film which resulted in my winning all important success of that picture, both in Europe and America, I was established as a screen star. I sent for Mummy immediately and lavished luxuries on her that I hadn’t even dared to dream of in the old days. And I rushed out and bought myself a diamond ring and a mink coat! The more pictures I had, the more it seemed as though I was famous both in England and in Hollywood), the more money I had to spend—and spending money was something I found very easy to do. My expenses in London were enormous.

So I bought the sweetest one I could find in London, and furnished it exquisitely, even if I do say so myself. I lived only for myself. I was happy. I thought I had it all. But I am certain they would have understood had they known that lonely, sensitive little girl in India.

After a year’s engagement, my “boss” and I were married last July in very romantic surroundings, and I was as thrilled as if I were a schoolgirl, and twice as giddy. I know. We were married in the Mairie in Vieux Antibes, right next to a market place where they were selling fruit and flowers. It was all so romantic, and quite a change from this part of Antibes, and very old. My wedding dress was not what I would have chosen it to be, but I had no time to get one made. I had to choose this whole world was busy, just for my convenience and happiness. After the ceremony, performed by the Mayor of Grasse, and what a day, we went back to the hotel, drank each other’s health with a glass of champagne, and then went down to the beach—or the rocks I should say, as there is no real beach. I announced that I expected with a shiver... the rest of my life with my husband on these rocks of Vieux Antibes—but a cable from the studios in London soon put an end to our dreams.

What a change Mr. Korda and I found in our beloved London! War was inevitable, they said. They were digging trenches right in front of my own house. I was told to have a false bottom for a gas mask immediately. Any minute the distant cannons might roar. Any minute London might be bombed from the air. I suddenly lost all interest in being gay and social and buying a new wardrobe.

War was declared. Mr. Korda immediately started production on a propaganda piece called “The Lion Has Wings,” in which I played a part. A little something I was to do called “Manon Lescaut” was called off entirely. We were in no mood for love.

It is still too close for me to talk fluently about the things I saw, and experienced, those first weeks of the war. There were the tanks that passed around my heart and throat so tightly that I could hardly breathe. I saw babies in gas masks. I saw the children evacuated from London. I saw their mothers and fathers kiss them goodbye at railroad stations and fight magnificently to hold back their tears. I saw old women who had lost their sons in the last war now to give up their grandsons to this war. I saw my friends drop their brilliant careers overnight, don the uniform of the private, and leap to the Front.

I shall never forget the horror of blackouts. The shrill sirens that sent chills of terror down my spine. The long frightening wait under the shells, the clear-faces on one side of me and a poor little crippled boy on the other. I shall never forget the moment that we heard over the air that the Athenas had been sunk, with hundreds of women and children drowned. I shall never forget the stark tragedy in Vivian Lubitch’s face during those tense hours before she heard her baby had been saved.

The English, as you know, are great ones to “carry on.” And we were all busy trying to keep our chins up. Life will go on just as usual, we all said, and tried to be so terribly cheery about it. But I knew that life for me would never be the same. I suddenly realized the seriousness of the situation. I did feel as if we were fighting for nothing. I knew the National Party had been swept from power. But I held so important, the possessions I had attached so much value to, didn’t matter at all now. Diamonds, furs, servants to call me Madame, a car a city block long, and other luxuries I once longed for sounded silly with a world full of suffering people.
Along with the rest of London I became deeply interested in war work. I wanted to help people less fortunate than myself. I contributed to charities both in money and time. I threw myself into Red Cross work, and will have you know that I am not so bad when it comes to rolling bandages.

Though it nearly broke my heart to leave Mr. Korda, I returned to Hollywood in the early winter, to fulfill my picture commitments. This time I came without a staff. There was none of that movie star fanfare that delighted my soul so much in my previous trips to America. I wanted to do everything as quietly as possible. I rented a small house in the most peaceful part of Bel-Air, a charming, quiet home with flowers and colorful chintzes, a home that reminds me of England. I used to think I could live in Hollywood without a swimming pool. I find that I can live without one very well indeed. I find that I can live without a lot of things that once seemed so important.

In December Mr. Korda made a reservation on the Yankee Clipper and a few days later had joined me in Hollywood. I met him at the Glendale Airport, and there a most unfortunate thing occurred, but it taught me a good lesson. I know better now, and I'll never fake with the Press again. Mr. Korda and I were so stupidly happy to see each other that when he got off the plane I fairly threw myself into his arms and we both stifled him with kisses. The reporter chose just that moment to step up to us and ask, "Is it true about those divorce rumors?" And of course I, delirious with happiness, had to be flip in my answer. I said, "Yes, isn't it obviously so?" and planted another great big kiss on my husband's cheek. Poor Mr. Korda, trying to enter the spirit of things, said, "We look as if we were going to get a divorce right away, don't we?" And that was all we thought of that—until the evening papers.

There it was, spread all over the front page, Miss Oberon admits that she is getting a divorce right away. I was sick. Mr. Korda was furious. We both denied it, of course, but the papers all over the country, and in England, too, were so busy printing divorce rumors that they had no time for the de rigueur juicy thing at humor. I had certainly had dire results. I won't try to be funny again.

And, please, I want to state it here and now, Mr. Korda and I are not planning a divorce. We are counting the days until his business connections in England will permit him to produce pictures entirely in Hollywood. When he returned to London, and right at Christmas time, too, which made it very sad for me, he did not want me to go with him as he thought it safer for me here. Since then production has started on my Warner Brothers picture, "We Shall Meet Again," and by the time that is finished he expects to be back in Hollywood.

It is my sincere hope that both of us can live in Hollywood, and make our pictures here. But if this is impossible, at the end of my present motion picture commitments I shall join Mr. Korda in England. He is my one possession I can't do without.

LEN WELSHMAN

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Springtime greetings in arresting fragrance and little aids for that "beauty wardrobe"

BECAUSE soft, groomed and gentle hands have a strong appeal; because the hands that slip from the new white, powder blue and dusty pink gloves of Spring should be as lovely as those gloves, and because it is so easy to have them, we introduce with pleasure the new Cutex Hand Cream. Sketched is the purse tube, at a pitance. A jar comes at slightly more. An exceptionally dainty and effective cream, greaseless, rich and white. After application, it does not show nor can you feel it. Drug and department stores.

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86
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TRY IT TODAY!
Clark and Joan are co-starred again and that always makes the Gable-Crawford fans happy. In "Strange Cargo," a story of nine desperadoes who escape a South American penitentiary, Clark plays a convict and Joan has a role of a cynical café entertainer.

Listen, Boys! Clark Gable’s Telling You
Continued from page 26

Clark would say if that boy Gable he’d been thinking about a moment before now stood there in front of him and asked his advice.

"I'd say," he gravely considered, "Boy, follow your own bent. And that goes for all boys. Giving them a little rope isn’t going to hurt them. They’re pretty sharp, and if they’re headed the wrong way they’ll soon realize their mistake. It’s better, in my opinion, to let them find out for themselves that they’re taking a wrong angle than it is to force them into a direction which may bring them up against a stone wall. The average boy has something in him that nobody but he himself knows, and it’s only fair to let him try it out, to do the things he likes doing and get a lot of doing. It certainly did in my case. After twelve years of knocking around on the stage because it was the thing I liked best of all, I found myself in a blank...

But, first, I’ll tell you why I took a boy’s education, and scientifically. "Mr. Gable, just telephoned to ask what kind of fruit you could eat. He’s getting a basket for you! Evidently she expected to see Clark Gable himself walk in with it on his arm. That, of course, was all nonsense, as he was working day and night in ‘Gone With the Wind.’ Nevertheless all the nurses on that floor who were off duty at 4 o’clock stayed on till 6 in the hope of getting a close-up peek at their idol. That gorgeous basket, heaped with the fruits of many lands, was a week’s sensation, drawing a continuous audience of capped and starched admirers. Then one day a written card had been delivered to the nurse’s station, and it was strangled. Could it be that the famed autograph had unexpectedly come into a lifetime of tender nursing? Meanwhile there was further proof, if any were needed, that Clark Gable now was a stranger nowhere. That one-time boy on the farm had grown to be the Universal Man. "But, brooz as I was," the now far from penniless actor was saying, “I didn’t realize how fortunate I’d been in another respect. Those years had brought me something invaluable—training. That’s something the beginner nowadays would find difficult, if not impossible, to get. I got mine in stock companies. But I venture to say there are not more than four or five such companies in the whole country today. Where, then, is a younger going to learn the profession? If he has asked that question when I sang he would have said that as a stock company a half-mile down the road. He could have begun learning the business there through hard work and study. As I did for five or six dollars a week. That often meant sitting up till three in the morning concentrating on a part, pounding into my thumping head the thing I was to do the next day. I was mind, for that was the right way to go about it. Look at those who have done the same thing, Lewis Stone—there’s an actor. And John—oh, they’ve been at it all their lives. They’re what I call actors, not these punks who play one little sesse on a movie set and then stand around for the rest of the day doing noth-
ing. This isn't their fault, of course, it's just the prevailing condition. And that's as true of the stage as it is of the screen. What's the result? Amateurs can't entertain New York sophisticates. They've got to have training. It would be tough for me to tell a boy today to be an actor. If I did, he'd stop me with one question, 'Where am I going to get the training?' I know if I were in his place and someone advised acting as the work for me I'd not consider it."

Coming from a high authority, this statement was as amazing as the frankness of the man making it. What, then, would Clark Gable advise as essential to a boy today?

"Ambition," was his unhesitating reply. "That's what any boy must have to get him anywhere. It must come first of all, urging him on against all odds. I know only too well how hard it is to find employment these days. But instead of discouraging him, this state of affairs should put a young fellow on his mettle. I'm sure that's what it will do for a kid who has the right sort of stuff in him. This takes guts, but I believe the typical American boy has got what it takes. But ambition alone isn't enough. With it a boy must have an objective. Let him look over the field, see what it is he wants there, then go after it tooth and nail. This will mean time and effort, but the result will pay him for everything he has done. I've already spoken of scientific farming as one great opportunity for him. There are others. Aviation offers untold possibilities, for in this field so far the surface has barely been scratched. What's more, aviation is something that boys generally get all steamed up about because of the thrill it gives them. I believe, too, that politics, with the world changing as it's doing every day now, opens up new roads stretching to future usefulness for boys interested in statesmanship and diplomacy. There's no lack of incentive in any number of directions. All that's needed is an objective. And once a boy achieves it, he may go on to other objectives. It's an endless chain leading to further and further achievement."

He was speaking with all the sincerity that is Clark Gable. He was speaking, too, I felt, out of that boy who still is part of him. Over a rough road marked by mileposts of hardship he had come a long way, and now he could look back on it and see it shining with his own brilliant achievement.

"Oh," and a protesting smile twisted slowly across his sunburned face, "getting started in pictures is just luck. It's simply that I happen to be one of the lucky ones. Even so, we've all got to have help, plenty of it. Help must come from everybody working in a picture. Nobody is big enough to get along without it. If you don't get it you're sunk. Have I found women helpful?" His inveterate honesty took time out. "Any girl, if she's good, can be a help to you. But unless she's good, she'll throw the whole thing off. It's the same with me. I've wrecked my share of pictures. With Jean Harlow, at the beginning, it was a case of the blind leading the blind. In the first scene of 'The Secret Six' we kept getting in each other's way. Both of us lacked experience in that picture. But in our next one, 'Red Dust,' Jean had learned a lot, and I a little. We had fun. Since she has gone I've never found a girl who could do the type of picture we did together. Jean could get away with things as no one else could do. As she did them, they were never vulgar, always funny. Hers was a remarkable, a purely individual, talent. Jean Harlow has never been replaced." That very day my morning newspaper had told me that Clark Gable and his wife, Carole Lombard, were to be co-starred. "That news to me," remarked the faintly surprised head of the house. "We were in one picture, 'No Man of Her Own,' in '33. That was fine then. But we don't know whether it would work out the same way again. We've discussed it many a time at home and decided we don't want to mix our personal and our public lives. So you can say, if you care to, as coming from me, that we'll never be in another picture together."

There was more news when I asked this all-American actor whether, as Rhet Butler, he had played a Southerner for the first time. "Come to think of it," he reflected, "‘Rhett is my first Southerner part. But I don't know whether I've played this one or not. (Our talk took place just before the press preview of 'Gone With the Wind' which was to leave no doubt of that fact.) Anyway, he's all right and was fun to play. You can't laugh a guy like Butler off. It was a fat part and as interesting an American character as I've ever had. I've never played one of an earlier period on the screen, though I did 'Cimmaron' on the air, and I'd like to get my teeth into a pioneer character. Not that I haven't had a crack at lots of good parts, possibly a good deal better than I deserved. But there are times when I say, 'Maybe it's all no good.' Sometimes I wonder whether I wouldn't be better off if I'd stayed back there on the farm. If I hadn't pulled away from it, I might have been happier mentally, had more peace of mind."

When it was suggested he must find at least a grain of comfort in being the most successful actor in the world, Clark Gable cocked a quizzical eye and grinned: "You wouldn't fool a country boy, would you?"
Brother Rat’s Camera Baby

Continued from page 61

squatting at the sun, and all sorts of impossible ones that I shall tear up one of these days. He even took a picture of himself, clicking the shutter with his toe and making the most awful face! Bring out your pictures, darling. Ruth is just dying to see what an orange filter will do."

Wayne produced some rolls of Leica film and piles of snaps. "See that picture on the piano? That’s Bubbles, and I took it. I think it’s the best picture she ever had, because it looks exactly the way she looks, not some exalted idea, all posed up the way photographers usually do pictures. A cameraman was taking pictures of the two of us together, and when he got through I asked him if I could use his camera and I took that."

"The cameraman didn’t like it," put in Bubbles. "Oh, he said brunettes should have white backgrounds, but I didn’t care," grinned Wayne. "It’s a swell picture and looks alive. See my saxophone?" He indicated an instrument in an adjacent chair, I couldn’t have helped seeing it. I asked him if he played it or just tried to. "I just try," he admitted, "but I sure have fun. I tell Bubbles that lots of husbands do worse things—they play poker and they have blondes, and all I do is play my sax."

Bubbles looked up from her critical inspection of prints. "I don’t mind poker. In fact, I was under the impression you were having a poker party here tonight, or am I wrong? And a blonde probably wouldn’t be as noisy. But let it go."

"Well, a man must have his hobbies. I have Bubbles’ camera and my sax. Anyway, Bubbles writes. Nobody ever sees what she writes, but she keeps on, and some day she’ll be famous. She even has a room to write in."

"I wonder if you went in it, I’d take her picture." Wayne clicked an imaginary shutter in her direction.

"Listen: When we bought this house, we fixed it over. We knocked out a lot of partitions and rearranged the rooms. When we were finished, there was a tiny little room left over, about as big as a closet—maybe a little bigger," explained Bubbles. "My eye stopped on the telephone in the corner. This is writing room. No telephone to bother you, no distractions, only room for a desk and a chair and maybe a concertina to concentrate on, and a film."

At first I couldn’t see it. I thought we had such a lot of rooms, why should I crowd off to myself like that? But soon I got the idea of splendid isolation and I went down and bought myself a desk, big enough for my type Writer and two chairs, a lamp, a phone and an old file. I haven’t a thing to put in the file, but I liked the idea. Before my stuff came home. Wayne said: ‘You know, I have a piece of antique furniture. It’s an old desk I used to do my homework on.‘"

"We’ll have to find room for it, darling," said I.

"I already found room for it," he replied, ‘It’s in your writing room! So now the desk is in my writing room and I'm not."

"It’s a nice desk," contended Wayne.

"After all, I didn’t do any homework. Period!" grinned Wayne.

Bubbles snapped her fingers at him and blew him a relenting kiss. ‘I bet you didn’t. You probably wrote for your old girls on it. Do you know, when I first met Wayne, he had his rooms simply papered with girls’ pictures?"

"Yeah! Was Who’s that? ‘Who’s this? Who’s the other one?—My cousin.“ Wayne asked the question in falsetto, gave the answer in deep base."

"I never saw so many cousins," marveled Bubbles, "and they wrote such things on their pictures. ‘To my darling Wayne,’ ‘To my adored darling,’—such things inscriptions from cousins. My cousins all hate me. I couldn’t understand this. But now he hasn’t any of their pictures. They have disappeared. Isn’t that ducky? She beamed at him.

"It’s kind of you, Marcus. But actually, I have got one picture left. A girl from Pasadena, good friend of mine and of Bubbles, too."

"Oh, she’s all right. I like her," conceded young Marcus.

"Here are some pictures I took around the lot. See this? It’s a motor on a truck. The fan belt was whizzing around and I wanted a picture of it. When I got over to it I was dead. This is Dennis Morgan and Lya Lys in the commissary. He flipped his menu up in her face, the camera hog! Next stunt shows a close-up of me, but I couldn’t be Bubbles’ hand. Neat, huh? And here’s a monkey feeding his face from a bottle."

"We? Just finished ‘Brother Rat and a Baby.’ Lots of fun. Don’t know when I enjoyed a picture more. Good dialogue, too. What I hate is a picture where they give you lines you can’t say. ‘Oh no, where the police go there go I.‘ Try saying that in a casual manner! Bubbles had hysterics in the theater when she heard me saying it. I had to carry her out."

"Wayne, darling, you’re being interviewed. Sit up and tell Ruth the story of your life. He’s the only actor in Hollywood except Joe McCrea who was born in Los Angeles. He’s a native son. Very handsome, too, wouldn’t you say? And such good taste in wives!” Bubbles giggled.

"She cooks. This one here on the couch cooks, Wouldn’t think it, would you? One night she got a whole dinner by herself," boasted Wayne. "I ate it. Wonderful! I must snap her up at the Halpern barber’s."

"The baby is the best subject for your camera, if you can circumvent his nurse,” retorted Bubbles. "When he was one day old, cameramen came to the hospital to take his picture. His eyes were closed and they fussed and fumed, but just as the picture was shot, he opened them."

"I guess the little fellow knows just when to open his eyes!” cried Wayne.
CLAUDE TREVOR and JOHN WAYNE in a scene from Republic's "The Dark Command". Your hands, too, can be enchantingly soft if you use Jergens Lotion.

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Bergman Is Back!
Continued from page 63
for America. It meant leaving her husband, Peter Aron, a professor in a medical school. It meant leaving her only baby daughter, named Pia, her name being made up of the initials of her father’s name combined with the initial “I” for Ingrid. But she was sure I knew she wouldn’t miss me. Now she is bigger. (She is twenty-two months old.) If she stayed in Sweden I should miss her very much and she might miss me. So I was allowed to take her with me on my second trip to America. My husband had to suffer this time.

When she left Sweden, all her friends said to her, “They change everything in Hollywood. After you make a picture there, you will be so changed, maybe we will have difficulty recognizing you.”

But Mr. Selznick was determined not to change her. Wily, astute, he realized that the quality that had made her a great star in Sweden was her unreality. So he didn’t spoil that quality by making her wear her hair in Medusa ringlets, with every hair glittering with artificiality; he didn’t change her mouth; he didn’t ask make-up artists to turn her into another Hollywood glamour girl. He just let her be. When, after completing “Intermezzo,” she went back to Sweden for about five months (where she made a Swedish picture called “A Night In June,” from a Swedish novel), her friends crowded around her. They looked at the New Bergman and gasped. They gasped because the New Bergman was the very same Bergman they’d known before. “But you look absolutely the same!” they said.

She is rather astonished at finding herself back in Hollywood again. “It seems like a dream,” she said again. “Only a short time ago I was in Sweden explaining to Americans how I am in America talking about Sweden. It would not be so good to come back again if I had made a bad picture. During all the time I was making ‘Intermezzo’ people kept dropping hints that they thought the picture would be good. But it was hard for me to make because of my bad English. (It isn’t bad English she uses; it’s excellent English, except for an occasional idiom, and a slight and fascinating foreign accent.)

“I had hoped ‘Intermezzo’ would be easy to make because I knew the story. But when I made the Swedish picture, ‘A Night In June,’ I saw it was not so. When you know the language, you can think only of how the characters feel. Otherwise you sometimes have to think of what you say rather than how you feel. I have to learn much English.”

Ingrid had taken piano lessons as a girl, but she needed to take a great many more to prepare her for her role. “I’ll never forget all the lessons I took. I have no nails left. I felt my wood came dripping through my fingers.”

She worked incessantly on “Intermezzo” almost from the day she arrived in Hollywood fill the day from Sweden. One hour before her train left she made a scene for the picture.

“Just before I left, they put me in a chair, and played three records on a recording machine. Those records contained voices of everyone from the little boy with the mail to Selznick telling me they were making me a star. One hour before I came back, I played them over and over again when I was home in Sweden. They were the most—she tried hard to find the right word—‘how would you put it? touching present I have ever received.’

Still she didn’t know she actually was a success in her first American picture. The records gave her an inkling of how the people at the studio felt about her personally. But she was waiting for what the public would say. She knew their verdict—our verdict—was the one that really mattered.

“Intermezzo” was shown in America. The critics woke from their stupor and shunted things like “Ingrid Bergman, a rare beauty born as uncommon as a century plant in bloom.”

Probably no one expected “Intermezzo” to make money. As a million wise men in Hollywood could have told the producer, not one person in fifty even knows what an Ingrid Bergman is. Hollywood.”

Marjorie Reynolds’ thoughts have turned to sun and sand, and she has just the figure for this two-piece satin swim suit which she has selected. It has Lastex shorts and halter-type top.

Katherine Brown sent Ingrid a wire telling her she was a success with the American public. David Selznick called her on the long-distance phone. Then Miss Brown started sending the newspaper raves about Ingrid’s work to her in
Spring Lines
Continued from page 68

interesting to note that every reliable reduc-
ing diet still includes some of each. Alcohol is very fat-producing for many types. And one cocktail a day is sufficient to send you on your way, if you are the type. With a little careful observation, you will soon discover what in the food line sends you up or down. Then you can be the type.

Though exercise is most helpful in reduc-
ing, it should not be considered in this re-
spect, alone. If you are building up, ex-
ercise is just as important, and if you are one of those divinely fortunate girls—a perfect size—then exercise is important to keep you that way. Exercise can make you lide and graceful, regardless of your size; it can keep you mentally and physically alert; it can make you move as if you were alive, not as if movement were an

only child. An only child must have some companionship, I had no theater. It was brother, sister, mother—everything to me. Always the theater was what I wanted. But it takes years and years to get big and acquire the power to get the biggest parts! I thought it an idea to go into movies to make yourself a name.

For eleven years she attended the Lyceum, Swedish girls' school. Later, she attended the Royal Dramatic Theater School for a short time, was then discovered by a talent scout and signed to a small part in a Swedish picture. Within a few years, she made eleven Swedish pictures. She was a star in nine of them. She loved both the theater and the movies, and would still like to find time for both. "It needs an actress for both and that is what I should like to be—an actress about three years ago, she met her husband through mutual friends. He is a blond, like Ingrid, and like Ingrid, his hair photographs don't rope. Nothing extraordinary about the romance. "We didn't meet in any unusual way. It just was. It was all.

She hopes that her husband will be able to join her in America for at least a few months. Whenever she has the oppor-
tunity, between pictures, she will join her in Sweden, if European conditions permit. She does not believe that it is hard to make a success of both a career and a marriage. She has even a long-distance marriage, if you know where you live it—and Ingrid's heart is with her husband and her baby.

"She knows how to win friends and influence people. She just does it by being herself. She is charmingly simple and simply charming. Talking of Sweden, she said to me, "All the people there have light hair—as light as mine or even lighter. "Then she looked at me and a smile played over her gentle mouth. She said, "There are no people there with hair as dark as yours. You would be very popular in Sweden."

She has never met Greta Garbo. Ingrid has never said it in many words, "I tank I go home," but when "Intermezzo" was finished, she went home. "I can understand very well how Garbo felt if not that, Sweden is such a wonderful country. People like it, too. When you say you are from Sweden, they smile in a friendly way."

Of course, because Ingrid Bergman is from Sweden. And who could help smiling at her in a friendly way?

Greta Garbo 

HER FUTURE IS AS BRIGHT IN AMERICA AS IT IS IN SWEDEN, WHERE SHE WAS BORN AND MOVED TO AT AN EARLY AGE.

INNOVATIVE COMPOUND CURES CORNS, CALLUSES, BUNIONS...}
For an 'A' in Charm
Try a Peg-pocketed Jumper Dress, Plaid Blouse, and Neat Beribboned Page-boy Bob fastened with...

Charm tends a dancing well becomes little their certain these difference still your another moods by Even dry. Lengthen' Re-

"Little your slight, corrective, no exercise ideal their ivory BEACON the neat, detail us love all your"

Try your body's attention. These are used successfully for analytical Hillcrest don't complain of all ccess. DAY move

Illustrated Mahler positively in waste out. For a day. "You'd waste nagging some-

and with some- 

from the bladder. Or, you can also a day. (If waste out.) • Send

Illustrated and for Home" Send for free book, "Make Money from Unwanted Photos."

Brenda Joyce, who is in "Little Old New York," is all set for a week-end cruise. She's wearing stacks of ivory linen, navy and white striped silk blouse, and navy and white linen shoes.

Posture is more important in figure beauty than most think. You can be perfectly proportioned, but slouch and sag and look like nothing. Or, you can be only reasonably well put together, and you can stand and sit and move so that you create the illusion of a gorgeous figure. There are fortunate girls who can put on a $3.98 dress, and by the same token, the more smartness than a $39.75 model on a careles wearer. With slim waists now much to the front, there is an unusually unserved line that I have discovered is most important. That is the length of your body from shoulders to waist. If you can slim down or lengthen this line, you will do much toward a good waistline. Reaching up exercises will do this, and also give you a litheness and grace of body. Recently Lucille Ball told me that her favorite method of relaxing and shaking herself off is dancing around by herself. Since most of us love to dance, here is some figure homework that is fun. Turn on your radio or put on your favorite record. Lift your arms and clasp your hands above your head. Then dance around, and let the family laugh, if they want. It's all good fun. You will find that those lifted arms cause a body stretching, and the more caving and wriggling you do, the better it is for you. Though bad form on any dance floor, in this case it definitely means good form. People hear in these pages, is doing the same thing in another way. She is letting an exercise machine help out in a tiger stretch. It is the pulling and pushing that develops grace and beauty. Games like tennis, badminton and ping-pong are wonderful for you.

No matter how perfect your body, I believe everyone needs a foundation—this to smooth the way for your clothes, if nothing more, though the design of modern foundation garments literally works a miracle. But don't just go out and buy haphazardly. Consult your salesgirl. These girls are highly trained in knowing figures, whether you purchase a $2 foundation or a $15 foundation. When necessary, have the garment fitted to your figure. This means more beauty, more comfort and support. When bones are used today, I might add that they are so light, so slight, and usually perform a real mission, such as giving non-roll tops to girdles, redistributing your tummy, so that it does not bulge and make your garment easier to wear and more comfortable. In fact, designers have thought out every comfortable "escape" from figure problems within the limits of these garments. The same is very true of brassieres. And in the case of every problem bosom, it will repay you well to choose your bras carefully and have them fitted when necessary. In most shops, there is no extra charge for this, and it often means the difference between satisfaction and dissatisfaction. Take care of these garments. They are all made to wash and wash frequently with mild soap flakes, and the admonition of one large manufacturer is, "Wash them as you would your baby." In other words, don't put them in hot water; don't wring out, and don't hang on radiators to dry.

That suit there is here, I am reminded that the normal and slim girls are taking more and more to the pantie-girtle. It is certainly a neat, compact, and comfortable little affair, and every wardrobe might well include one, even if worn for special occasions. Some are quite inexpensive.

The day of the "campus girl" look in figures is gone. Even growing girls' mothers should no longer excite their off-springs' front and rear extreme developments, but should take some sound steps to keep this growth controlled. How many girls in their teens have gone through misery because of ungainly figures? A sensible, controlled diet, and a sensible, especially limbering exercises, good general health, and perhaps a little boneless girtle are helpful ways of getting over this painful growth period.

Recently, we offered through our bulletin a figure beauty book, especially for the over-weight. It picks up in detail the figure troubles that are off. A limited number are still available to readers. If you will send me your name and address, this book will be sent to you.
YOUR movie menu has included heaping helpings of history, science, and economics. Now we suggest you top it all off with this handsome dish of dessert—its not too heavy, not too sweet, and unmistakably home-made. "Little Old New York" is sugar-coated but never cloying as it unravels the story of Robert Fulton and his steamboat in the Manhattan of 1807 or thereabout. As in "Rulers of the Sea" the inventor encounters stiff opposition from hidebound shipbuilders who fear that his new-fangled contraption will wreck their business; but, not to your surprise or ours, young Fulton overcomes every obstacle and, with the aid of stalwart Fred MacMurray, finally launches a steamboat which works, to the gratification not only of these hardworking young heroes but of their respective sweethearts: Alice Faye, in a refreshingly pert rôle, and Brenda Joyce, acting with convincing charm, as the lady second only to the steamboat in Fulton's affections. Richard Greene is highly personable as the inventor, but until they begin giving medals for good looks that Academy Award is still safe with Spencer Tracy and Jimmy Stewart.

For unpretentious charm, gentle humor, and endearing performances, this delightful "little picture," directed by the old maestro of the magic touch, Mr. Lubitsch, wins our vote. To be honest about it, for sheer enjoyment it tops several of the month's more formidable movies. It never pretends to an importance it does not possess; it just sneaks up on you quietly with its homely appeal and warms your wholehearted sympathy for its everyday characters toiling in the highly unglamorous setting of a small Viennese shop. Margaret Sullavan, all shimmering charm, returns to the screen as an engagingly naive and romantic shop girl, James Stewart plays a clerk of independence, spirit, and romantic imagination as only he can play a young-man-in-love—we're tired of saying "his best performance so far" so we'll skip it, remembering "Mr. Smith," but he couldn't be better. Frank Morgan is mercifully released from imbecilic rôles to endow the part of the shop-keeper with dignity and pathos. About time Hollywood remembered that Mr. Morgan is one of America's finest actors. Felix Bressart, one of Garbo's "comrades" in "Ninotchka," makes a secondary rôle of primary importance.

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Use MENTHOLATUM

**Link them together in your mind!**

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**SCREENLAND**
Garfield Breaks Loose!

Continued from page 34

picture I’ve either been behind bars or else played the type person who should have been. I’m tired of being a criminal. There are other things in life, another side of it. They tell me they can’t find the kind of parts I want. M.G.M. finds them for Spencer Tracy. Warners find them for Muni and Robinson. I found them a swell play, ‘Jimmy Get Your Gun,’ but they tell me it wouldn’t be box office. How do they know? They could be wrong as well as me. Why don’t they do it and show me I’m wrong—that I’m incapable of picking parts? If I’m wrong I’ll be the first to admit it.”

I interrupted. “After all, you’re just asking them to buy a play, have it adapted, put into production and spend a total of a quarter to half a million dollars to prove to you you’re wrong. That’s asking a lot, isn’t it?”

“No!” he exploded. “It’s rarely that a picture doesn’t make back production costs so it’s almost a cinch they wouldn’t actually lose anything. Then, they must figure I’m a good bet or they wouldn’t fight so to keep me here. Well, if I’m a good bet and they convince me I’m wrong, I’ll do what they want in the future and they’ll make back anything they might lose on that one picture on the next one they make with me. If they want to keep me out here so much that’s the only way they can do it. We’ve lived simply since we’re in Hollywood and we have saved enough to last us five or five years the way we used to live. We can go back to that if we have to.

“I walked out on them when they wanted me to do ‘Annie Get Your Gun’ because I thought it was a rotten script and a rotten part. So they suspended me. Then they wanted me for one tiny scene in ‘Four Wives.’ I refused to do it, even though they promised not to bill me in the picture. They said they would cut in a sequence from ‘Four Daughters’ and then I discovered that when I made ‘Four Daughters’ I only had a one-picture contract with them and they couldn’t use that sequence without my consent. I asked for permission to do three radio shows and they hit the ceiling. So I laughed and said, ‘Okay, boys, no radio, no sequence for ‘Four Wives.’ They tried to have me in that sequence or they wouldn’t have any picture so they had to give in and let me do the radio shows. That gave me another tidy nest egg.

“But to prove to them I wasn’t trying to be ornery I told them I was willing to work whenever they could find me a decent part. They sent me a couple of other scripts I didn’t like so I turned them down. I was getting the reputation around town of being seven kinds of a so-and-so, so I finally agreed to do this picture I’m working on—‘Bad Boy.’” He paused and grinned. “Remember that song in The Mikado? Something about ‘And make the punishment fit the crime?’ I think Warners try to make their titles fit their actors. Once after Jimmy Cagney had been battling them for eight months they called his picture ‘Hard To Handle,’ I think my rebellion inspired the title on this one.”

“About your play,” I reminded him.

“Oh, yes. It’s called ‘Heavenly Express.’ It’s a fantasy—the type play I’ve always wanted to do. The contracts are all signed and nothing is going to stop me. If it’s a flop I’ll have to eat humble pie but at least I’ll have convinced myself.”

“Just what kind of parts do you want to do?” I interrupted once more.

“I don’t know,” he answered frankly, “I only know this: if you walk down the street you don’t run into one guy in a thousand who looks like Robert Taylor or Clark Gable or — he paused and grinned again — ‘I guess I’d better not leave Warners Brothers out of this—or Errol Flynn. Most of the fellows you pass are ordinary, run-of-the-mill clowns like you and me, but because they aren’t Arrow collar men don’t mean they’re all criminals. Those guys are living their lives. They have problems the same as the Handsome Harry’s. It’s their problems I’m interested in and want to portray.”

He lapsed into a moody silence for a while. “Confound it!” he burst out, “I wish I could get myself interested in a hobby— golf or tennis—or building a house. Look
New York was treated to a first-hand look at real glamour when Hedy Lamarr arrived in town to attend a premiere, interested in doing worthwhile work but he must have found something. I can't find anything. I'm not interested in golf or a house. So long as I have a place to flop at night that's all that matters. The theater must be in my blood. My wife's too, I guess, because she's just as eager as I am for me to do stage plays. We dream them, talk them, live them.

"Maybe in ten years this so-called youth-ful enthusiasm will have burned itself out and I'll be content to settle down and do as I'm told without arguing. But not now. Life to me, seems too important to let someone else run it for you when all they're interested in is making money out of you. I'm more interested in doing worthwhile things and, as long as I have breath in me I'm going to fight to do them. You'll probably laugh at me but years ago I read something I've never forgotten. It was this:

"Ideals are like stars. You will not succeed in touching them with your hands but—like the scaring man upon the waste of waters—you choose them as your guides and, following them, you reach your destiny."

"Perhaps I've chosen the wrong ideals—the wrong stars—by which to steer but if I have I'll find it out and, at least, I'll have the satisfaction of knowing the mistakes I've made have been my own. And when I do find out I'll take my medicine like a man—no whining. But until that time comes I'm going back to Broadway to find out whether I'm an actor or just a personality."

Pals!
Continued from page 51

backbone to overcome a first failure. He stood up and waved his ten-gallon hat toward the screen. "Thanks, Miss Withers," he breathed, "thanks for the compliment." Out of the theater he strode, ambition flaming anew, licid high, cowboy boots clicking defiantly.

Today, five years later, Gene Autry is the world's most popular cowboy entertainer. Today, Gene Autry gets more fan mail than any other movie star in the world. Today Gene Autry holds the distinction of having drawn more people to a parade in Dublin than even the president of Ireland himself. And today Gene Autry still remembers the inspiration a little girl named Jane Withers injected in him with an underdog performance of a brat in "Bright Eyes."

"That's why," he says, "I'm so happy that my first picture on a major lot is with Jane Withers." Gene and Jane are co-starred in "Shooting High" now in production on the Fox lot.

"I've never told this story before," Gene confided to me in his dressing room on the lot as he prepared for the day's shooting. "But I feel now's the time. I owe a lot to Jane, and I've penciled some day to meet her, hoped that when I did she'd be the swell kid I imagined her to be. Now that we've met," his sunny, wind-blown face turned to one of boyish gladness to state she's all I hoped and more."

The rise of Autry to cinematic fame is a startling one in Hollywood. Even today Hollywood itself knows little of the singing cowboy. In fact, nine out of ten columnists and stars have never seen Gene on the screen, because Autry pictures don't rate Hollywood film muckmucks," Autry draws, "I hope they never do. I'm sure no potatoes as an actor. I just get before them cameras and act natural. Maybe folks might be disappointed but... But folks haven't been disappointed in Gene. His wholesome films have thrilled and thoroughly entertained millions. And Hollywood, outside of its studio, has been the last town to recognize it.

Gene had been a popular cowboy crooner on Station KVOO in Tulsa when he wrote a song called "Daddy of Mine." The Sears Roebuck people sold recordings of this number and were astonished at the success it met. The commercial success of Gene for its radio program, later Gene joined the National Barn Dance program on WLS out of Chicago. At the time Gene reached the height of his radio success as master of ceremonies on that program, little Republic Studio reached out for him. The studio wanted a clean-cut singing cowboy for a series of westerns. It was the booming moments of the Legion of Decency movement in films, and the wise executives decided that wholesome westerns would be the big money-makers.

Gene was brought to Hollywood and cast in "The Phantom Empire." He recalls those days with a sad shake of his head. "Brother, those were the dark days. Each new round of shooting brought my spirits to new lows. How I wished for a microphone to grow right up in front of me and thank my assistant director and lights would dissolve and disappear. I didn't even know the score then. And then some cruel official took me into the studio when the song was finished and let me look at myself. I figured he was gettin' even with me for his disappointment in me and wastin' money on me. Mister, I was terrible!"

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Unless

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Pinkham's Compound is the best known and one of the most effective "woman's" tonics you can buy. Try it. Note: Pinkham's Compound comes in liquid or handy to carry tablet form (similar formulas).
Doris Bowdon, Rosasharn in "The Grapes of Wrath," and Joel de la Fuente, the script writer on the film, were married recently at the home of the Charles MacArthur (Helen Hayes). Ten-year-old Mary MacArthur acted as the flower girl.

Since he had been brought out and signed for only one picture, Gene left town quickly after his view of himself. "I thought I might as well get out before they rode me out on a rail. Luckily, I stopped off to see the picture, 'Bright Eyes,' and that was the turning point. It fired new ambition in me. It bridged into the lesson to be natural, to be myself, not to try and imitate actors already on the screen. I determined that I'd be back."

And Gene did come back. Only this time, he was himself on the screen. The studio had signed Gene Autry to a series of westerns this time, and he let them have Autry on the screen. Encouraged by the mild success of the first Autry westerns, the studio signed Gene for another series. And the popularity of Autry leaped and zoomed. In two years the gent from Llano, Texas, was shooting high. Theaters demanded more Autry pictures. They could show Autry pictures on week-ends and draw bigger crowds than by showing featured pictures. They'd bill Autry and work in a major studio feature on the same bill. But the public didn't care as long as Gene was there. They'd come just to hear his songs, saving the girl, and quietly but forcefully slamming down a bunch of villains, not by mayhem, but by clever tactics.

Early this year three major studios contacted Gene, and wanted to know if he'd be interested in a contract with them. Gene said no, politely, he didn't. He was loyal to the studio which gave him his chance, but he told these other studios he had a clause in his contract allowing him an outside picture a year and he'd consider offers for a picture.

He considered the offers and then Darryl Zanuck called him to Fox one day. "Gene," said Zanuck after the formalities of introduction and after he had managed to tear his eyes from the bright red suit, brilliant cowboy boots, and flashy cowboy shirt the singing saddle hero wore, "Gene, we want you to make a picture with us, to co-star with Jane Withers." That was a great moment for me," Gene smiled. "You know, Fate kinda throws the things you want your way if you just wait and play the game while you're waiting. Here I'd been hopin' to some day tell what Jane had unconsciously done for me, and now they wanted me to play in a picture with her. Mr. Zanuck, I said slowly, lookin' at my hat, 'I reckon I'd kinda like that,' and we shook hands on it."

"Funny thing," Gene laughs, when I was leavin' the office, Mr. Zanuck said to me, 'Gene, I've had a couple of requests, and—well, how about a few autographed pictures of yourself? and all the while he was sayin' that he had his eyes glued to my outfit. I played it straight and answered, 'Mr. Zanuck, I'd be glad to,—I had my hand on the door now—and if you're interested I can give you the name of my tailor, too,' and I closed the door gently behind me."

That's the start behind the warm relationship of Jane Withers and the Autry, the heretofore untold tale of a little girl unknowingly providing the inspiration which led to the success of Public Cowboy Number One. On the set they're like two pals. The first day Gene reported to the stage, Jane took him around and introduced him to everyone on the set. "Gene's my pal," she told them, and they accepted Gene right off.

"She's a swell kid, so natural, so unspoiled by her success, and what a sense of humor," Gene relates. "We're playin' one scene where Jane's horse runs away, and I'm supposed to ride after her and catch up with her just as she falls off. We'd been running up flat old dime, and run up to where she's fallen on the ground. I started to speak my line, when she whispers to me: 'Gene, it hurts when you say that.' That just took the wind out of me; we're just out laughing and we had to do it over again. The next take, she says with a dead pan, just as I finished my line: 'Gene, it doesn't hurt, but it still aches!' She's got a lot of courage, too. We posed for stills one day. We're both supposed to ride up to the top of a hill, over rough ground, gappin', and the photographer snaps us as we reach the crest. Champ was rarin' that day and he took off like mad, but Jane stuck real close. We went over the top of that hill like a shot, right up, thigh deep, and what a beauty of a still they took. I looked over and there's Mrs. Withers, face white, lips clenched. The way her daughter had come a-racin' had been.

"'Jane,' she whispered, 'the horses aren't supposed to fly!'"

"I also found out from Mrs. Withers. Gene continued, "about the time Jane went to riding school. Mrs. Withers figured Jane was just learnin' how to ride. One day she suddenly decided to pay a visit to the ridin' academy. She found Jane learnin' circuit ridin'. At that moment she was practicin' the trick of slidin' off the back of a horse, holdin' on to its tail, and then pullin' herself back up on the saddle again. Jane's circuit ridin' stopped right then and there, as Mrs. Withers' heart almost did when she saw the stunts."

Jane had captured the heart of Champion, Gene's horse, too. According to Gene, Champion is a most temperamental screen star. (He is a star, too; he gets billing after the screen and Gene's contract calls for Champ to get at least one close-up in every picture.) Champ usually gets jealous when too much attention is paid to anyone else, especially Jane. But not with Jane. Champ spoiled her more than anyone else, and didn't care a hung how much attention Jane got as long as Jane contributed a little affection Champ's way.

"This picture with Jane is a milestone for me," Gene declares, "'Makin' it with a little girl who helped me plenty in the sad moments when there was no plan to show and you have to fight and show some get-up to get anywhere. And I'm thankful to bless her with the name of Jane.'"

As proud of Gene as he is of her is Jane. "The kids in the neighborhood used to treat me as Jane Withers, who plays in the movies," Jane's dark blue eyes sparkled as a rich talent for a moment pointed me out as the girl who's playing with Gene Autry!"

Her first meeting with Gene when they both knew they had scored in the same picture is still vividly imprinted on the youngster's mind. "He was wearing a royal blue cowboy suit," Jane said, her eyesavad, "in the old days, before kids could read from memory lines in her mind, "he had a red western handkerchief-tie, red boots with high heels, and a white ten gallon hat. He was even wearing a white Indian designed Navajo jacket. I love bright colors and Gene looked like a rainbow wrapped around a smile. He's so real the other kids were just as likely to put it on, but Gene's so kind and sincere, almost bashful, you don't object to his fancy clothes. And do I go for those cowboy hats! Jane exclaimed. "I didn't get a Navajo jacket so long Gene asked me if I wanted one just like it. I just nodded."

And on the set Jane wears almost constantly a Navajo jacket and a white ten gallon hat which arrived three days after Gene spoke to her.

The "Shooting High" company's always kidding Gene about the time he offered to show Jane some of his own tricks. Jane said she'd be delighted and cared for, serious attention to Gene as he explained how to grab the rope for twirling. Jane picked up a handkerchief, bit it, then turned to Gene and asked "Like this?" and went into a routine of hoops, twirls, and jumps through that left Gene startin'. He looked quizzically at Jane, then asked solemnly, "Miss Withers, how much do you charge per lesson?" Gene didn't know that Jane had learned lariat tricks for roles in "Wild and Woolly" and "Arizona Wildcat."

The youngster's admiration for Gene was enhanced tremendously when she presented him with a set of pipes in return for his present of the Navajo jacket and the cowboy hat.

"Gene just thanked me and remarked how it had come at the right time," Jane spoke her dark brown hair at the memory, "Then a week later I found out he didn't smoke, he never does, you know, because of his loyalty to his fans. They might smoke, too, if they saw Gene smoking on the screen or off the screen. And he didn't even say a word to me about it, thinking I might be disappointed. You know that I found out also? He keeps the present and he's still got it at home even though he doesn't use it. He's keeping it because it's from me. Boy, he's a swell fellow!"

Gene and Jane sing two songs together in "Shooting High," called Little Shanty of Dreams and Wanderers."
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