HOLLYWOOD'S FASHION AUTHORITY

JULY

PHOTOPLAY

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Fiir

Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne Live

Women Without Men

Why Hollywood Bachelor Girls Fashions For Fun... Gay Star Clothes for Your Own Vacation

By Paul Hesse

J. Swope
Repeat performance by popular demand! Since their first appearance, this romantic Cutex trio has been playing continuously to admiring audiences!

Cutex OLD ROSE is a rich rose with that hint of blue so very flattering to your skin....CEDARWOOD is a lovely fresh mousy-rose that goes with everything....LAUREL is delicate and feminine—a special favorite with the men in your life!

Write your own success story this spring with fingertips in the world’s most popular and wearable nail tones—Cutex OLD ROSE, CEDARWOOD and LAUREL!
It hurts to find another's name where you hoped to see your own!

Helen could win happiness—if she'd learn that Mum each day guards charm!

Another wedding invitation! "So," thought Helen, "it will soon be over... they will soon be married." Some other girl—no more attractive, no prettier—had won the man that Helen loved.

Yes— it happens! And so often, when a girl is left with loneliness—she doesn't even know why. It's so easy to blame circumstances for such unhappiness... so hard to admit to yourself that you may have been to blame! Don't ever forget that usually it's the "small" things that break a man's illusions. A fault like underarm odor—a simple thing like forgetting Mum each day—can spoil even a pretty girl's charm!

Don't expect even a daily bath to keep you fresh all day. Bathing—however careful it may be—removes only past perspiration. Future odor must be prevented each day, if you want to be sure underarms are fresh. Mum after your bath prevents odor. Mum each and every day makes you certain you won't offend!

More women use Mum than any other deodorant. They find this pleasant cream so easy to use... so dependable—a "must" in guarding charm!

MUM SAVES TIME! You're all through in 30 seconds with Mum. Just a fingertipful under each arm keeps you fresh all day.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum won't harm even the most delicate fabric—the American Institute of Launderingsays so. Sleeve Seals tells you that. Use Mum even after you've dressed. And after underarm shaving Mum won't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES POPULARITY! Mum makes underarm odor impossible—not by attempting to prevent the perspiration—but by neutralizing the odor before it starts. Today—get Mum at your druggist's. Once you have the daily Mum habit... you need never worry that underarm odor can spoil your charm... can ruin your chances of winning romance!

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM—More women use Mum for this purpose than any other deodorant. Mum is safe—easy to use—makes you sure you won't offend.

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration.

JULY, 1940
It had to be told! Millions demanded that the fiery pages of this best-selling novel be dramatized on the screen. It is an unforgettable motion picture. Tensely it tells of youthful love...the courage of men and women whose brave heroism will never die...the excitement of world-shaking events just as they happened...in screaming headlines...and with power in finest performances by a cast as brilliant as the mighty story they tell...

The Mortal Storm
by Phyllis Bottome

Margaret Sullivan, James Stewart, Robert Young, Frank Morgan

Screen play by Claudine West and George Froeschel. Directed by Frank Borzage.

Starring:

Margaret Sullivan, James Stewart, Robert Young, Frank Morgan

with Robert Stack, Bonita Granville, Irene Rich, William T. Orr, Maria Ouspenskaya, Gene Reynolds

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production.
PHOTOPLAY
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

ERNEST V. HEYN
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ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Prophecies

USUALLY prophecies are popular at the beginning, not in the middle of the year. But since I've been immersed in Hollywood's sub strata, talking to producers, directors, stars, photographers, and publicity experts, I'd like to share some speculations that grow out of the information I've been fortunate enough to obtain. If any of these prophecies come true you can say, "He had inside information." If they don't, you can say, "He has wretched intuition."

So I prophesy that before the end of 1940:
Laraine Day will be a star of importance.
Public opinion toward Ann Sheridan will radically change; women will decide they like her. "Boom Town" will rival the box-office success of "San Francisco."
Three new names will become better known: William Orr, Leila Ernst, and Betty Brewer.
Joan Fontaine will join the "First Ten."
Joel McCrea will be bigger than ever. So will Paulette Goddard.
Many stars will realize the ever forming public sentiment about "more money than they deserve" and will take a new and more intelligent attitude toward their publicity.
Two famous series will be cancelled. The Western cycle will grow. The war will cause a new type of picture not yet produced. And Greta Garbo will be in headlines.
Other headlines: A feminine star's "successful" marriage will collapse. A great male star will die. A very famous producer will be faced by a jail sentence. A major company will fail.
Charles Chaplin's picture will suffer from bad timing in its release, but it will be a smash just the same.

VOL. LIV., No. 7, JULY, 1940

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 223 E. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. * Bernard Mark, President * Jesse T. Kennedy, Treasurer * Wesley F. Pope, Secretary * General Offices, 205 East 42d St., New York, N. Y. * Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chas. H. Macfadden, 152 East 42d St., New York, N. Y. * C. H. Macfadden, Advertising Manager * Charles H. Shattuck, Treasurer, Chicago Office * London Agent, Atlas Publishing and Distributing Company, Ltd., 18 Bride Loei, London, E. C. 4 * Postage paid in the United States and Canada: 25c. Tenancy Subscription $3.00 in the United States and Possessions, Canada, and New Zealand: $5.00. Postage paid in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain, and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. All other countries $5.00. Remittances should be made by check or postal, or express money order. CAUTION—Do not subscribe through person unknown to you. * While every precaution, photographs and drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made by this organization to return them found unavailing if accompanied by sufficient 1st class postage, and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any loss of such matter. * Copyright, 1940, by Macfadden Publications, Inc. Registered National de la Propiedad Intellectual. Title trademark registered at U. S. Patent Office. Printed in the United States of America.
**ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS—RKO-Radio**

It would be hard to improve, technically or artistically, on this exceptional motion picture from Robert Sherwood’s Pulitzer Prize-winning play. Raymond Massey is outstanding in the Lincolns of pre-presidential days, ably supported by Gene Lockhart as Stephen Douglas, Ruth Gordon as Mary Todd, Mary Howard as Ann Rutledge. (Apr.)

**ADVENTURE IN DIAMONDS—Paramount**

Superb jewel-thief story with South African mining background, in which the intriguing George Brent and John Lederer appeal to adventure, but which doesn’t offer much opportunity for the Mi-

lurds as the lady crook who gets straightened out. (Apr.)

**AND ONE WAS BEAUTIFUL—M-G-M**

Allan Dwan’s story stars Jean Muir as the plum-haired girl who plays boyish Robert Cummings—take a prison cell for a lockdown job she committed, but it’s pretty Lucile Day, her younger sister, who works for his release. If you liked the story, you’ll like the movie. (June)

**BAKER’S WIFE, THE—Marcel Pagnol**

She ran away with a handsome shepherd and the baker (Raimi) was so upset the villagers had to combine efforts to bring her back. It’s funny, but in true type it seems a real slice of Provincial village life. It’s French, with John Gielgud’s English subtitles. (Apr.)

**BEYOND TOMORROW—RKO-Radio**

Three lonely businessmen behind a boy and a girl. The men die but remain in the scene as ghosts. The boys is raised from the straight and narrow by actress Helen Vinson. It’s an exciting sermon under the guise of entertainment, with Richard Carlson, Jean Parker and others doing their best. (June)

**BILL OF DIVORCEMENT, A—RKO-Radio**

Maureen O’Hara plays the role that sent Katharine Hepburn zooming to stardom in the number film dealing with marriage in the state of Maine. It’s charming, with Carleton Young and Lowis B. conning Ray Barron, as the wife who plans to marry; and Herbert Marshall round out the principals. Well done, but not for the masses. (June)

**BISCUIT EATER, THE—Paramount**

An unexpected treat. This charming, sentimental story of the patient efforts of Blue Belly Lee to make a capable partner of the wayward young man of the West, Henry Fonda, and Gordon Harker, a little colored boy, are superb. (June)

**BLACK FRIDAY—Universal**

Pat Buttram in the role of a doctor who transplants the brains of a criminal into the cranium of his police-friend, Stanley Ridges, and you’ll have a treat of events that will keep you enthralled. Arne Naess provides the spot of beauty. (May)

**BLONDIE ON A BUDGET—Columbia**

Blonde has a yen for a fur coat, Parwood wants to join a club he can’t afford. You in a girl friend to make Blonder jealous and let Baby Dowdlove turn on his charm. There you have the latest effort of Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake, Rita Hayworth and Larry Simms. (May)

**BLUE BIRD, THE—20th Century-Fox**

Shirley Temple reveals her mutating art in a genuine characterization, as the feisty naughty Mastermick heroine who sets out on a search for the fabled bird of happiness. Little brother Johnny Russell accompanies her through a Technicolor dreamland which is, on the whole, conceived with imagination and taste. (Apr.)

**BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940—M-G-M**

It’s a dancing field day for Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell and George Murphy—and it makes the best screen musicals in some two years. Fred and George are a baseball team, until George gets a girl, and Astaire is the one who’s hit against the team. The plot begins. Frank Morgan provides much of the humor. (Apr.)

**BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN—Paramount**

Put Jack Benny on a dude ranch where he stages a framed holdup to impress his sweetheart. Allen Drew too in an honest-to-goodness robbery; add that valiant valet, Rooster, Phil Harris’ music and some snappy dance routines—and there you have entertainment that will have you cheering. (June)

**BULLET CODE—RKO-Radio**

George O’Brien is still palling around the sage brush and righting wrongs. Virginia Vale plays the girl whose ranch he saves from a gang of rustlers. There’s plenty of action. (May)

**CHUMP AT OXFORD, A—Reach-U.A.**

Shakespeare comedy within the sacred portals of dear old Oxford, with re-street cleaners Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy getting their English education the hard way. The humor is clever in spots, but there are some genuinely amusing bits.

**COURAGEOUS DR. CHRISTIAN, THE—RKO-Radio**

Second in the series, Jean Hersholt and a small army of mathematicians who try for better housing conditions and meets with civic opposition. He’s supported by Douglas Lovett, Robert Budget and Frank Morgan. (May)

**DARK COMMAND, THE—Republic**

That famous “Stagecoach” team, John Wayne and Claire Trevor, take a hand in shaping the destiny of Kansas in this film, which has Walker Edmonds as the ruthless paragon of the country and Wayne stepping in. This has the rich flavor of frontier life. (June)

**DR. CYCLOPS—Paramount**

A weird tale of a mad-scientist who finds a radium mine and makes people shrink to the size of rabbits. A fascinating novelty, with Albert Dekker doing a fine job in the title role. Thelma Ritter, Janet Logan and Charles Halton support. (May)

(Continued on page 9)

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**PICTURES REVIEWED IN SHADOW STAGE**

**THIS ISSUE**

**ALIAS THE DEACON—Universal**

**ANDY HARDY MEETS DEBUTANTE—M-G-M**

**CURTAIN CALL—RKO-Radio**

**DR. KILDARE’S STRANGE CASE—M-G-M**

**GRANDPA GOES TO TOWN—Republic**

**I WAS AN ADVENTURER—20th Century-Fox**

**IF I HAD MY WAY—Universal**

**JOHNNY APOLLO—20th Century-Fox**

**LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS, THE—Paramount**

**MY FAVORITE WIFE—RKO-Radio**

**ONE MILLION B.C.—Hal Roach-United Artists**

**OUR TOWN—Soh-Lesser-United Artists**

**SAFARI—Paramount**

**SAINT TAKES OVER, THE—RKO-Radio**

**SATURDAY’S CHILDREN—Warners**

**SON OF THE NAVY—Monogram**

**THOSE WERE THE DAYS—Paramount**

**TOMBOY—Monogram**

**TURNABOUT—Hal Roach-United Artists**

**20 MULE TEAM—M-G-M**

**TYPOHON—Paramount**

**WAY OF ALL FLESH, THE—Paramount**

**WOLF OF NEW YORK—Republic**

**WOMEN IN WAR—Republic**

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**INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED**

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**CONSULT THIS MOVIE SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION**
WATCH THAT STORK!!
HIS INTENTIONS are SHADY, HE PASSES UP WIFey
and GIVES HUBBY THE BABY!

1 "I can't understand it,"
Cried the stork with a shout,

2 "This amazing young couple
Did a complete TURNABOUT."

3 "They argued and fusséd,
And were bored with their life"

4 "Until they changed places
As husband and wife."

5 "Now SHE goes to the office,
HE breakfasts in bed,"

6 "And who's to get Baby?
Makes my face red!"

THORNE "TOPPER" SMITH'S MOST HILARIOUS NOVEL
"TURNABOUT"

Adolphe MENJOU * Carole LANDIS * John HUBBARD
William GARGAN * Verree TEASDALE * Mary ASTOR
Donald MEEK * Franklin PANGBORN * Joyce COMPTON

Screen Play by Mickell NOVAK
Berne GILER and John McCLAIN
Additional Dialogue by RIAN JAMES

Directed by HAL ROACH • Released thru United Artists

JULY, 1940
(Continued from page 4)

**DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE, THE—Columbia**

Another of those rags-to-riches, which has Ray Milland, a doctor, and Lorena Young, a novelist of a best seller glorifying the Spencer, thrown into a compromising situation through a "just married" sign on the wrong car. To avoid a scandal they pretend they are married. The picture's fun and worth the money. (Jnry)

**FIGHT FOR LIFE, THE—United Artists Film**

Inspired by Paul de Kruif's book of the same name, this De Luxe documentary film about the Chicago Maternity Center in the face of almost insurmountable odds is unusually refreshingly realistic, painlessly educational, but undeniably powerful and moving. (Jnry)

**FLORIAN—M-G-M**

A lavish production with sweep and color, but the story is curiously mixed up. It's about Florian, champion of the Lipizzans (Austrian animals bred for the Royal Horse), and his influence on the lives of people. Robert Young is his trainer who is in love with a Duchess, played by Helen Gilbert. June Allyson, one of our most promising actresses, makes her film debut and dances beautifully. "Florian" will enchant you. (Jnry)

**FORTY LITTLE MOTHERS—M-G-M**

Not the tramp Center red show, but there's plenty of them, what with Eddie cad as a sad-eyed-prof in a school with forty ingemies. He becomes a father by proxy when Rita Johnson abandons her baby. He hides it in his quarters, but complications ensue. Judith Anderson and youngsters Bonita Granville and Diana Lewis are excellent. (Jnry)

**FREE, BLONDE AND 21—20th Century-Fox**

Like "Hotel for Women," this has a woman's point of view. Nan Bally's进行 gets herself into a murder jam; Lynn baby Balian gets out on men and finds a millionaire and Anna Davis is woman-made. The story is a bit slow at times, but it's well photographed and has a good cast. Anna Helterman and Kitty Tanner make life interesting for the girls. (May)

**FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS—Paramount-British**

Once a successful stage play, now a movie of all-right entertainment. It's about a school in France where aspiring English diplomats study French. Enter Ellen Drew—who holds to the theory that all men were created to be her playthings. One of her pupils—Peter Lorre—has never done better work. You'll like this. (Jnry)

**GHOST COMES HOME, THE—M-G-M**

Frank Morgan's incomparable English and Billie Burke's expressiveness are key for comedy relief, but it's all too much in this story of a man who is naged by his wife into becoming an unpleasantly dominant person. Ann Rutherford and John Shelton are in the cast, too. (May)

**GRAPES OF WRATH, THE—20th Century-Fox**

Steinbeck's unforgettable Joa family lives and breathes with startling reality in the screen saga of migratory workers who find the Oklahoma Dust Bowl in a vain search for jobs among the orange groves. Fine acting of Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell and the entire cast is on a par with the uncompro mising novelist's quality of the novel itself. (Apr.)

**HALF A SINNER—Universal**

Schoolmarm Heather Angel goes on a glamour spree; finds adventure in the shape of a stolen car, a mysterious corpse and handsome John King. Constance Collier and Walter Catlett add comedy. (Ady)

**HE MARRIED HIS WIFE—20th Century-Fox**

Joel McCrea, Stanley Kelly, Mary Boland and Cesar Romero are gay as all get-out, but they can't do much to lift this out of the doldrums. Nancy divorced Joe because of his penchant for horse races, then many trouble sets in, and Mary, as a screwball material, adds to the confusion. (Apr.)

**HONEYMOON DEFERRED—Universal**

This murder mystery has Edward Lowe as an insurance-them investigator who resists to get married, disappears on his honeymoon to help a...
In all its glory, with the full fire of its deep-stirring story, this beloved best-seller sweeps to the summit of screen achievement! And never have its stars come to you so immeasurably magnificent, or brought you a drama that touches so close to your heart. You will, of course, see it!

Especially distinguished in the supporting cast of this new WARNER BROS. Success, are

JEFFREY LYNN
BARBARA O'NEILL
Virginia Weidler • Henry Daniell
Walter Hampden • George Coulouris
AN ANATOLE LITVAK PRODUCTION
Screen Play by Casey Robinson • Music by Max Steiner
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture
1. TRY THIS ON YOUR LOTHARIO!
Summer sirens! How about this pretty carry-over from the sentimental past? Wash into the challis roses of this parfum and shawl, and you'll bring any man to tears. Together they are sensational for sports. The shawl alone is tops for evening. Parfum, $8; shawl, $8.

2. WE KNOW A SECRET!
We know for a fact—and no fooling—that the way stars get such luster into their lips is by drawing the contours they crave with a Cinema Stable Lip Brush. Try it yourself. The lip active's in the barrel and it comes onto the brush at a slight twist of the cap. Clever? $1 complete. Retella, 36c.

3. TWENTIETH CENTURY CURVE CONTROL
Here it is, the answer to your summer prayer and every other maiden's prayer for a girdle that is a girdle, but lets you forget it! This Playtex (liquid latex) miracle seems to melt into your skin yet controls your curves completely. Five ounces of good grooming in pink, white, in blue, for the low sum of $2.

4. HOW'S YOUR CROWNING GLORY?
We want to do missionary work as we ride to our jobs each morning and look over the heads ahead of us on the bus. What most girls need is a girdle that is a girdle, but lets you forget it! This Playtex (liquid latex) miracle seems to melt into your skin yet controls your curves completely. Five ounces of good grooming in pink, white, in blue, for the low sum of $2.

5. HOWARD GREER AND HATS
Turn Hollywood's Howard Greer to making hats and you've got something—headliners, each and every one! Leighton's ten-gallon sombrero of "Take-U-Fell" in California's blood-curding colors with Guacho stripes ringing the folded crown. Pretty pastels, too, if you're the pastel-type. Around $5.

6. TO PERSIA FOR PERFUMES
To ancient Persia—exotic land—we went the perfumers, Chuvilier Garde, and for a passion note, "Fleur de Perse," then from it decorated an eau de cologne of pinky-purple color which they say, has spiritual significance in Persia. It sends spirits soaring. Why not let it uplift you, too? 4 ozs., $1.50.

7. THE "STOW-AWAY" ROBE
This "Stow-Away," like every other, adds a little of gay adventure, going with you on your travels everywhere. A good companion too, because it tucks itself up into its own pocket and takes just a speck of room in your bag. In wrinkle-resistant polka-dot rayon crepe, a wonderful buy at $5.

8. A LAZY SUSAN FOR YOUR TUB!
Where can you go native, if not in your own tub?—indulging yourself in all the sensuously satisfying ritual of hot soaps . . . scented creams . . . refreshing lotions . . . even a good book—all sitting pretty in their proper places in United Wire Goods' handy Vanity Rack. It fits all tubs and comes in your favorite bathroom colors. $2.

9. NEW!!! LINGERIE JEWELRY
First the fashion girls decreed lingerie colors and cuffs to perk up our sober black and navy dresses. Then they hit on something new, lazy-looking white costume jewelry—smarter and ever so much more practical. Smudges come off with a damp cloth, leaving you neat and smart and smiling! Necklace, $2; bracelet and earrings, $1 each.

10. NICE NEEDLEWORK!
We're here to lobby for America's new hobby—crocheting. Even we have wastefully taken hook in hand to prove that with single and double-crochet and chain stitch, we can turn out the cute little peacoats sweater you see here. You can make it, too. Write to us for free instructions. Your local store will carry the thread which costs only around 90c.

(For More Shopping News, See Page 71)
MY LITTLE CHICKADEE—Universal

Maureen O'Sullivan is a retro-glamorous sort as a New England girl who finds herself on the eastern tip of the mainland and devotes her time and energies with a certain young man. The result is pleasing but not original and the story is a bit anticlimactic. (4-P)

★ MY SON, MY SON!—Small-U.A.

Adapted from Howard Spring's best seller, this is a study of a devoted father who raises his son single-handedly and with all the love and care he can afford. The result is touching but not original. (3-P)

★ NORTHWEST PASSAGE—M-G-M

The first half of Robert Z. Leonard's book, the story of a group of lesbians who make a festival of the life of a boy, is the film of the year. But the second half is a disappointment and the story is not resolved. (3-P)

★ OUTSIDER, THE—Alliance

This is the story of a group of lesbians who make a festival of the life of a boy, and the result is touching but not original. (3-P)

★ PINOCCHIO—Disney-RKO

The story of a little boy who grows into a man, and the result is touching but not original. (3-P)

★ PRIMROSE FATE, THE—RKO-Radio

A story of a little boy who grows into a man, and the result is touching but not original. (3-P)

★ REBECCA—Selznick International-U.A.

The story of a little boy who grows into a man, and the result is touching but not original. (3-P)

★ ROAD TO SINGAPORE—Paramount

The story of a little boy who grows into a man, and the result is touching but not original. (3-P)

★ SEVENTEEN—Paramount

The story of a little boy who grows into a man, and the result is touching but not original. (3-P)

★ SOUTH OF THE BORDER—Republic

The story of a little boy who grows into a man, and the result is touching but not original. (3-P)

★ STAR DUST—20th Century-Fox

The story of a little boy who grows into a man, and the result is touching but not original. (3-P)

Crisp white carnations on the hollow-crowned high hat—and white over-the-knee cutout to reveal the dress fabric of the wide collar beneath—accent Lillian Gish's costume, dining with husband Fred at Ciro's

STARS LOOK DOWN, THE—M-G-M-British

A film about the life of a man who raises his son single-handedly and with all the love and care he can afford. The result is touching but not original. (3-P)

★ STARLINE CARGO—M-G-M

A film about the life of a man who raises his son single-handedly and with all the love and care he can afford. The result is touching but not original. (3-P)

★ SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON—RKO-Radio

A film about the life of a man who raises his son single-handedly and with all the love and care he can afford. The result is touching but not original. (3-P)

★ TILL WE MEET AGAIN—Warner

A film about the life of a man who raises his son single-handedly and with all the love and care he can afford. The result is touching but not original. (3-P)

★ TOO MANY BRIDES—Columbia

A film about the life of a man who raises his son single-handedly and with all the love and care he can afford. The result is touching but not original. (3-P)

★ VIRGINIA CITY—Warner

A film about the life of a man who raises his son single-handedly and with all the love and care he can afford. The result is touching but not original. (3-P)

VIVA DISCO KID—20th Century-Fox

A film about the life of a man who raises his son single-handedly and with all the love and care he can afford. The result is touching but not original. (3-P)

WOMEN WITHOUT NAMES—Paramount

A film about the life of a man who raises his son single-handedly and with all the love and care he can afford. The result is touching but not original. (3-P)

★ YOUNG TOM EDMISON—M-G-M

A biographical film about the life of a man who raises his son single-handedly and with all the love and care he can afford. The result is touching but not original. (3-P)

JANTZEN

Our new model in Swimsuits and Sun Clothes

Some things about a Jantzen that makes the men sit up and take notice. There's a lift in every line...a lift in every color...and magic in three wonderful miracle-making, figure-molding fabrics.

Water-Velva, “velvetly” lush in or out of water.

Sea-Ripple, sleek, sophisticated all-way stretch at its best, wonderful even for problem figures.

Velva-Lure, suave figure-control with a gardenia finish.

There's glamour...there's gaiety in every Jantzen and enough excitement for a lifetime. For illustrated style folder, men's or women's, address Dept. 332.

GLORIA BREWSTER, 20th Century-Fox player, wearing the Jantzen "Sea-Ripple" showing new model in Sun-Knit fabrics that truly "shrink"...$9.95 in U.S.A.

JANTZEN SWIM SUITS
PORTLAND, ORE.
VICTORIA, CANADA

JULY, 1940

9
Science was a lost cause when a microbe known as the movie bug bit this newest glamour boy whose hair won't stay down.

By John R. Franchey

Sitting there before the mirror, young William Holden, sophomore and worshipper at the shrine of pure science, finished removing his make-up and shrugged.

"The guy must have been wacky," he declared to one that he's a phony. "He's an actor!"

He went home to his textbooks and dismissed the matter from his mind until a quarter of two on the following day. Then, "just for the fun of it," he hopped into a cab and with a "Don't speak!" order to the driver was shuttled over to Paramount.

A willowy blonde was waiting for him with a smile. He's saved. They were supposed to do some scenes together from "The Bride Comes Home."

"The lady was wonderful," Mr. Holden remembers very gallantly, "and I was absolutely stinko."

How life threw Holden a curve and snatched him from the bosom of Science is screen history by now.

A fruitless year's search for the center-piece of Columbia's "Golden Boy" had left Director Reuben Mamoulian numb with frustration and on the verge of despair. It was a major role. He was lured into stepping in for the star.

Head bloody but unbowed, this same Mamoulian was in the projection room inspecting tests when he had the idea that might solve the relatively trifling problem of who would play Anna, G. B.'s sister, when suddenly he let out a whoop.

"Lights!" he yelled.

"Lights," echoed an assistant.

"Anything wrong?" one of his subalterns wanted to know.

"Wrong my eye!" exploded the hitherto disconsolate one. "The kid in that test is our 'Golden Boy.' He's not slick or even sure of himself. But he has everything else. Fetch him." So it was that the Holden boy became the Golden Boy.

Hollywood's glamour boy 1940 season, sport model, is a well-built, athletic Apollo who is as natural as rain and a delight to all reporters. He's no ad for a collar manufacturer, and he has no use for garters, it would seem. He lets his socks do just as they please. His eyes are blue; his complexion, bronze. His hair is curly and bally at regimentation.

He has a contempt for glitter and dash and while he is a modern knight, sans peur et sans reproche, he's much more at home in an odd jacket, a pair of slacks, and sports shoes. He labors under no delusion that he's a Beau Nash.

"I refuse to be a jelly bean," he warns you.

When he talks, he's apt to lower his head a trifle and the consensus of opinion is that he's shy, a rare commodity in young cinema comedians. He's a connoisseur of life, and who turns the tables on his interviewers. He quizzes them.

His sense of humor is tops and he can be Puckish. He was born in O'Fallon, Illinois, with two presidents of the United States listed among his kinsfolk—George Washington and Warren G. Harding. He was four when the family packed up and went west to Pasadena, California, where his father installed himself in a chemical laboratory.

Young Bill's first brush with the drama—a minor skirmish, at that—was at the age of eight when he parked cars for patrons of the Pasadena Playhouse. He acquired an early contempt for the stage—in fact, a contempt for all things which did not pertain to chemistry.

But he did love music. Before he was out of high school he had become a one-man band. He mastered the clarinet, piano, guitar, and drums. Then, too, he was a vocalist of sorts. He fired his mellow baritone in the church choir.

About himself he's inclined to say little. You have to pry it from him. He is interested, but he is not interested. He hates piousfooting. He admires candor, wishes it had greater currency. He has a flair for words.

He doesn't think he's good-looking. He reads everything he can get his hands on. He devour colonies, notably those of Windell, Bogs Baer and Boake Carter. His movie gods and goddesses are the Messrs. Muni, Menjou and Rainey, and Miss Davis (Bette).

Solitude he finds the great uplift. When's he in the right mood, he loves to get out ancient Gregorian chants (which he collects) and sing them. He is considered quite an expert, especially by his kid brothers, seventeen and fourteen, who think he's nifty and will defend their view against all comers. His family lives in a modest home in South Pasadena. Pomp and circumstance is anathema to all good Holdens.

Is he sorry he's not going to get a chance to save the world from the hordes of germs that beset him?

"Shucks, no. If you're really destined to be a scientist, nothing can shake you.

He grins. "I'm in pictures for the duration of the public interest. I love the work." That's Holden for you.
How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

Tie-up in "Turnabout"—John Hubbard and Carole Landis do a quick-change act for Roach's comedy

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 75.

1. He got his first big break in pictures as a cowboy:
   Robert Taylor  Adolphe Menjou  Errol Flynn
   2. She topped the Hollywood salary list for 1938:
      Joan Crawford  Cloudelette Colbert  Marsha Hunt
   3. Her first picture made Irene Dunne a star; it was:
      Show Boat  Roberta  Sweet Adeline
   4. Two of these actors came to the screen direct from radio:
      Ronald Reagan  Joel McCrea  Agnes Moorehead
   5. Her next picture will be based upon her own career:
      Lucille Ball  Shirley Temple  Susan Hersh
   6. The first speech recorded for talking pictures was made by:
      John Barrymore  Al Jolson  Will Hays
   7. The American Institute of Voice Teachers voted these two stars the winners of their annual "voice personality" awards for the finest screen voices:
      Loreta Young  Margaret Sullivan  Ronald Colman
   8. What actor did not appear on the New York stage this season?
      Paul Muni  Basil Rathbone  Laurence Olivier
   9. An "Oscar" in Hollywood means:
      A drive-in restaurant. The statuette presented to Academy Award winners. A bit player.

10. Virginia chewing is the ex-wife of:
    Walter Wanger  Randolph Scott  Lew Ayres  Cary Grant
11. Two of these stars play leading roles in different picture series:
    Joe Penner  George Sanders  Penny Singleton  Betty Field
12. Which is the newest of the following smart supper clubs?
    Victor Hugo  Ciro's  Clover Club  Florentine Room
13. He is one of the best polo players in Hollywood:
    Spencer Tracy  Tyrone Power  James Cagney  Fred MacMurray
14. This star manages her own cosmetic business:
    Joan Crawford  Madeleine Carroll  Constance Bennett  Betsy Field
15. Two of these actors own the popular Racquet Club in Palm Springs:
    Broderick Crawford  Warner William  Ralph Bellamy  Charles Farrell
16. Her real name is Frances Ethel Gumm:
    Key Francis  Judy Garland  Olivia de Havilland  Frances Farmer
17. This star's constant escort is an expert on health foods:
    Norma Shearer  Ann Sheridan  Greta Garbo  Rosalind Russell
18. Two of the following are expected fathers:
    John Payne  Johnny Weissmuller  Warner Oland
19. The initials in W. C. Fields' name stand for:
    Warren Chase  Warner Charles  Will Chester  William Claude
20. When Arleen Whelan was discovered for pictures, she was:
    Running an elevator  Selling in a candy shop  Manicuring in a beauty shop  "The Summer Sun has changed your skin—why not change the shade of your Face Powder?"

[FIND YOUR LUCKY SUMMER SHADE—AND GET IT IN MY GRIT-FREE POWDER!]

Slightly, subtly—the sun has deepened the tones of your skin. Don't risk spoiling these richer skin tones with a too light shade of powder. Change to a warmer, deeper shade—a shade that will harmonize with your skin tones as they are now!

Get Your Luckiest Shade in my GRIT-FREE Powder! You can't judge powder shades by the appearance of the powder in the box. To find the most flattering shade for the new, warmer tones of your complexion...try each shade of my powder on your own skin...at my expense!

Simply mail me the coupon, and there will promptly come to you ten thrilling new shades of my grit-free powder—brunette shades, rachels, rose tones. Try each shade on your own face. Find the one shade that is just right for you!

Try my famous "Bite Test"—see for yourself how fine and smooth my face powder is. Take a pinch of your present powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind them slowly upon the powder. If your powder contains grit, your teeth can instantly detect it. But how easily—how surely—Lady Esther Face Powder passes this very same test! Your teeth will find no grit.

Find your lucky shade of my grit-free powder, and wear it confidently. It will cling 8 hours— flattering your skin. You cannot find a finer, higher quality powder. So mail the coupon now!

*10 shades free!*

(You can even win a seven carat diamond!)  

**Lady Esther,**  
2118 West 61st Street, Chicago, Ill.  
Please send me free and postpaid my 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Face Powder.
HOPES AND HORRORS

THINGS I have dreamed, hoped—yes, even prayed for:
Katharine Hepburn making the life story of Amelia Earhart;
Joel McCrea with a military haircut;
"If Winter Comes" filmed again with Brian Aherne, Roz Russell and Madeleine Carroll;
A super close-up of Errol Flynn in Photoplay;
That Leslie Howard would take a bottle of Buck-U-Uppo.

Things I simply could not stand:
Warner Baxter in another Cisco Kid picture;
If they removed the cast listing from your magazine;
If Gary Cooper became more rugged (meaning more wooden-faced) or Carole Lombard more nasal;
If my Photoplay came late, or (appalling thought) didn't come at all!

JEWEL BURGESS,
Ottawa, Canada.

FOOLPROOF FILMS

To Lloyd Nolan and Jean Rogers (one of the prettiest of actresses, so say we), two large-size Oscars for a whale of a fine performance in "The Man Who Wouldn't Talk," exclamation point!

No, of course, "The Man Who Wouldn't Talk" couldn't get an Academy Award, nor its cast get any "Oscars," because it was not a best seller or a hit play. We all know by now that only actors of best-seller stuff—and by some of it I do mean "stuff"—are placed in a position for any real consideration. The play's the thing! Let the same cast from an Academy Award film do an unknown book or play and nothing happens.

Let a fine group of actors produce a swell film, well cast, amusing, with clever dialogue and lots of comedy and, if it isn't a best seller, it isn't eligible. I refer to "The Amazing Mr. Williams"—an all-around, 100% perfectly cast and played evening of film-fest, if there ever was one, and one of the best films of 1939. Guess it didn't dig down into the dirt—and I do mean dirt! The "finer films," it seems, must expose the dirt around the roots of civilization, so that we go away hanging our heads in shame and with a dark-brown taste in our mouths. And yet we go to the movies to be amused, entertained and carried away from everyday realities.

Awards should be made, not for the fine work a good player is capable of in a hit show, but for a convincing presentation of a part in a play which isn't a "natural" in itself, which hasn't everything to offer in plot appeal or apparel, where merit is recognized by the effort put forth by that actor to make the story into something real. Let us give our Oscars for fine action in stories not already recognized hits, blazoned across our vision in neon lights, done up in cellophane and handed to the players on a silver platter—a "sure thing" to begin with. Any jockey could win on Seabiscuit!

MRS. BRYAN HOWELL,
Pico, Cal.

WHO'S A-MUGGIN'?

MORE power to mugging, if Mickey Rooney is a mugger! I have read countless articles directed against Mickey's supposed mugging. Well, here's one that's for it.

I don't think that being funny is mugging and it's a bad error when the comic talent of Rooney is discouraged by too much criticism.
MARRIAGE INSURANCE

Why don't husbands and wives have leading roles together in pictures? For instance, let Annabella pinch-hit for Ty's leading lady and she might have more "Power." I'm sure she could have played Jane's part beautifully in "Daytime Wife."

Anyway, if asked, probably half the public would say Jeanette MacDonald was Nelson Eddy's wife and Clark Gable is Myrna Loy's husband. After all, it doesn't matter who plays the part; it's the part that's played.

Give the real Mr. and Mrs. a break! Then there might not be so many hit-and-miss marriages in Hollywood.

Mrs. Walter A. Brister, Bunkie, La.

PULSE-BEAVER

RICHARD DENNING, who is the most wonderful and handsome actor on the screen, has actually never been mentioned in this column, though he's better than Richard Greene and Clark Gable together. He is just about the only clean-cut young American man left. Why shouldn't he be starred in the same pictures that bring these other young actors fame? The first picture I saw him in was "Emergency Squad," which played second fiddle to "Strange Cargo." I can truthfully say I didn't enjoy "Strange Cargo" a bit, because all the time I was waiting for Richard Denning to come on again. In "Parole Fixer," he had a very small part—too small, for my money, and still he packed the house and kept them there. Show us more of Richard Denning.

DOROTHY PICKELS, Evansville, Ind.

TOO-PERSONAL NOTICES

Most offensive of the entertainment to come out of Hollywood is the idle chatter by the high-tensioned columnists. Doubtless there are some who gloat over the nasty little items dished out, but surely the majority of intelligent persons become disgusted with their continued but hopeless efforts to produce even one sentence of interest. That they flourish and increase by leaps and bounds is appalling and that many of their remarks are inspired by spite and jealousy is apparent.

Unless they are allowed to enter the homes, the confidences and the subconscious minds of the stars, the public is informed through hundreds of newspapers of such devastating tidbits as that So-and-So is wearing a girdle, this one has two wrinkles under her left eye and those two who just got married can't agree on furniture, so it's safe to assume that it won't last a month.

They are certainly overstepping themselves, knowing full well that any denials on the part of the malformed ones can only give them further material on which to elaborate. And, of course, it assures a subject which can be brought into the column from time to time, depending on the extent of the imagination or the ability to color fact.

Vertigo, gossip—an ugly occupation at best—becomes no fine art as presented by these writers.

ALTA P. GHIES,
Washington, D. C.

FOR PERFECT PARTIES

Pepsi-Cola makes every party perfect. It's the bigger drink with the finer flavor. 12-ounce bottle, 5¢—or in handy 6-bottle home cartons.

Join the swing to Pepsi-Cola today.
Bankers, industrialists, Diamond Jim Brady, smart men of the town lost their hearts to her! Every woman envied her, tried to be like her! Her beauty, her glamar brought the world to her feet! The nation echoed acclaim when she sang!

The story of Lillian Russell... magnificently produced by Darryl F. Zanuck... is one of the really great motion pictures!

**ALICE FAYE • DON AMECHE • HENRY FONDA**

as Lillian Russell

EDWARD ARNOLD • WARREN WILLIAM • LEO CARRILLO

as Diamond Jim Brady

as Edward Salomon

as Alexander Moore

as the Famous J. L.

Helen WESTLEY • Dorothy PETERSON • Ernest TRUEX • Nigel BRUCE • Claude ALLISTER

Lynn BARI • WEBER & FIELDS • Eddie FOY, Jr. • Una O'CONNOR • Joseph CATHHERN

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS • Associate Producer Gene Markey

Screen Play by William Anthony McGuire

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Hear again Lillian Russell's famous songs, including...

"After the Ball is Over"

"Roar, You Are My Prince"

"The Band Played On" ("Strawberry Blood")

"My Evening Star"

Two new hits you'll remember as long:

"Adored One" by Alfred Newman and Mack Gordon... "Blue Lover Bird" by Gus Kahn and Bronislau Kaper.
PAIR of very handsome young people flew West from Boston to San Francisco recently . . . their names were Mr. and Mrs. Tyrone Power . . . (if they had wanted to be very society about it they could, quite accurately, have signed their names Mr. and Mrs. Tyrone Power, III) . . . the Powers were flying west from Boston where they had just witnessed Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lunt in a new play entitled "There Shall Be No Night" . . . to go to San Francisco to see Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier (who aren't, of course, yet Mr. and Mrs. Olivier but who will be just as soon as it is legally possible) in an old and great play, "Romeo and Juliet" . . .

Even as this was taking place, a very little girl was born in Hollywood and named Daphne Fairbanks . . . and leaning over the cradle of Miss Daphne Fairbanks (whose father remarked with that loving originality peculiar to all in-fatuated fathers that while he didn't know much about babies he did know she was the most beautiful child he had ever seen) was that handsome young man who doesn't, but who could, call himself Douglas Fairbanks, II . . . just behind this father of Daphne's stood her very young step-grandfather, Mr. Jack Whiting, the musical comedy star, together with the baby's adoring grandmothers, the very social Mrs. Epling and the very charming Mrs. Beth Sully Fairbanks Whiting . . .

From which situation nothing would surprise me less or delight me more than to see in any-where from eight to ten years hence some the-

ater marquee reading "Twenty-First Century Television presents Daphne Fairbanks and Joel Dee McCrea in 'Stand Up and Grin'" . . .

For if two-months-old Daphne Fairbanks and five-going-on-six-year-old Joel McCrea stay true to what is happening in the film colony today . . . such a theater billing may very well be visible a few years from now . . . and very interesting too, for the movie business and us movie audiences if these progeny follow in the footsteps of their talented parents as examples of the delightful revolution that is now happening in Hollywood . . .

Because what is happening in the movie colony today is that every month brings new, enchanting names up before the theaters . . . we call them discoveries, yet rarely are they names that haven't background to them . . . a heritage of the theater in the blood that created them . . .

What charms me even more . . . and what I believe means the most for Hollywood in the future . . . is the way the generations are coming along . . . the way happy marriages with children are becoming a vogue . . . and the constant experimentation with acting for acting's sake that is going on behind the arc lights . . .

I know that the Powers think of themselves as just that . . . "the Powers" . . . and they are fascinated to go see "the Lunts" doing a play . . . because it here known that "the Powers" want to slip away from Hollywood for a little while while Ty's next option comes up and go and do a play, too . . . Ty and Annabella want to go out on the road just as Olivier and Leigh are now . . . and perhaps coming into New York for a profitable reign as "the Lunts" do yearly . . . in other words to make an institution of themselves . . . Don Ameche thinks very seriously about the future of the young Ameches . . . they may very well all become actors . . . just as all the Crosby boys may very well become crooners . . . and Gary Cooper makes plans for his daughter . . . Henry Fonda for his children . . . and Noah Berry, Jr., marries Maxine, the pretty daughter of Buck Jones . . . while Katherine and Irving Thalberg, with their heritage of beauty and brains, are growing up . . . and as this happens that
oldest crack about stardom... "five years is all you can survive"... becomes less and less true... after all, Lewis Stone and Mickey Rooney are the co-stars of the Hardy Family... the best producer in Hollywood is David Selznick, son of the pioneer Lewis J. Selznick... one of the most promising of the younger generation of writers is Budd Schulberg, son of producer B. P. Schulberg... and the whole lot of these generations whether actors, producers, writers are restless with ambition... rest less to do finer things to make movies steadily better... .

IT ISN'T necessary to be a star or a producer to get into this mood either... For instance, I went the other day to a demonstration that Douglas Shearer gave of how sound photographs... that may sound dull to you and before I went to it I thought I'd find it duller than dirt, too... but I give you my word it was one of the most awesome and beautiful sights I've ever looked at... there was sound without sound... it was the picture of sound... and it was so rhythmic... so beautifully reflected... so true... that you felt the presence of that Power greater than all of us... that Power which has planned this world always in terms of accuracy and beauty... of course, neither Mr. Shearer showing it nor the group of us who were looking at it... dared to express those emotions... you know how we moderns hate to reveal our true feelings... yet there was the record... of a scientific fact... not known to us as science... but merely to show what was being done with sound... and will continue to be done with sound... all merely to give you and me more pleasure...

Shortly before this event... I had gone out to Death Valley, California, to see the "20 Mule Team" Company working in those barren lands where so many of our more adventurous forefathers gave up their lives... but even more than the actors or the strangely beautiful scenery the stories of Joe Hunt fascinated me... Of course, you never heard of Joe Hunt... but he's typical of this amazing business... he's a so-called "production manager"... and there are a dozen others like him hidden away in every studio... the moment the story of a picture is finished and the cast is set... a man like this goes to work... if it is a period picture like "20 Mule Team" ("Young Tom Edison" was the picture Joe Hunt was on preceding this)... he finds out everything about the clothes, the costumes, the background of that period... for "20 Mule Team" Joe haunted Death Valley to get just the right location... when he learned Wally Beery had to work in the Bad Water out there... he had samples of the Bad Water analyzed to be sure there was nothing harmful in that strange inland lake (which appears in the midst of an otherwise dry land and never disappears even though the rainfall is only about an inch a year and the heat is prostrating)... .

It turned out that the water was composed of ninety-five percent epsom salt to five percent of water, so Wally was duly cautioned to drink none of it... Joe sees to it that the star had five completely duplicated outfits for every scene, so that there can never be any shooting delay due to wardrobe... he had to round up Indians, mules, bonax... everything that could possibly be needed... and with that set has to tell the studio as nearly as possible how many actual production days the picture will take... in other words, a production manager is a general trouble-shooter...

Now think of unsung experts going around watching not alone how sound sounds but if it is photographing well that morning... and other unsung experts worrying about the salt content of water... and then think of a story like this bobbing up... Walter Hampden, the veteran stage star, was cast as an Indian chief in De Mille's new production... "Northwest Mounted Police"... the only trouble was that the production is in Technicolor and Mr. Hampden has light-gray eyes... something somebody decided no Indian ever had, though how they knew that I'll never know... however, when you see "Northwest Mounted Police" you will see Mr. Hampden with dark-brown eyes and this is how it was achieved... .

The De Mille technicians went to experts... in this case the Better Vision Institute... and little buttons of glass were made to fit over the cornea... or "watch crystal"... of the Hampden gray eye... they were made of a plastic material to snugly fit the eyeball and colored with a distilled solution of ordinary caramel brown sugar... which gave the desired and most beautiful brown lustre to Mr. Hampden's eyes... it was wonderful for De Mille and Mr. Hampden but it makes me fear what our glamour girls may be up to next... what will we simple home girls do if the Hollywood belles get wise to this trick... new colored eyes at will, indeed!

But you do see, don't you, how all this ties together... the newly married... the newly born... the personalities and the technicians... and we, the all-important audience... all combining to make Hollywood the most exciting town on earth?
In the heart of the jungle... she found her heart's desire!

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Madeleine Carroll

"Safari"

Love... Adventure and Jungle Thrills

Lynne Overman as the canny Scot who doesn't give a "hoot" about women!

A Paramount Picture with

Tullio Carminati · Muriel Angelus
Lynne Overman · Billy Gilbert

Directed by Edward H. Griffith

Screen Play by Delmer Daves • Based on a Story by Paul Hervey Fox
Debut of an excitingly different series of “Living Stories,” giving you the significant details of the stars’ everydays. With intimate photographs by John Swope.

HOW
JOAN FONTAINE
AND
BRIAN AHERNE
LIVE

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Fine art of living: rare prints are background for this staircase scene of “Joanie” and her “Old Boy.”
Joan rarely sits properly in a chair when she talks. She props herself against the arm of the sofa. Or she sits on the floor beside your chair. Or she stands in the center of the room with her arms full of the books or records or Ping-pong bats she was about to put away and which she has forgotten completely.

Among the many things that are important to the Ahermes—which include acting, talking, sun baths in a canvas enclosure that’s been rigged up on the south side of the house, Joan’s pugs, intimate dinner parties, Ping-pong, golf, the new cabin plane Brian just bought in exchange for his open Waco, music, and the desert which they positively adore—there’s their garden.

This spring when they were away on a belated wedding trip they kept sending telegrams and cables—from New York, from Florida, from Nassau—suggesting that a new fertilizer be used in the soil, that a border of bricks be set in, that the flowering shrubs be transplanted to make a background for the perennials.

When Joan was a little girl her mother used to say, “Joanie, when will you stop dreaming and raising those cosmos flowers and face reality? When, Joanie?” Joan wasn’t strong. She couldn’t play as other children played. The garden in Saratoga, in northern California, where they lived, was her retreat.

Now it seems likely that Joan faced reality in her garden then just as she does today. Her life has shaped itself into such a satisfying pattern that it must have been well planned along the way.

“I feel,” Olivia says, “that Joan and Brian have every chance of remaining as happy as
Debut of an excitingly different series of "Living Stories," giving you the significant details of the stars' everydays. With intimate photographs by John Swope.

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AND
BRIAN AHERNE
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BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Fine art of living: rare prints are background for this staircase scene of "Joanie" and her "Old Boy."
Each as star.

Be

N AN avenue in Beverly

eue bordered with

a white Georgian house. It isn't espe-

cially imposing. It's gracious, rather, and it

promises home life and peace. The lawn is wide.

Daffodils grow along a little brick walk. It

reminds you of England. For men and women

put their mark on houses. And it's here Joan

and Brian Aherne live.

Joan Fontaine is "Mrs. Brian Aherne" to
everyone but her associates in the studios.

She wouldn't have it any other way. Neither would

Brian.

Years ago Brian said to me: "It's when peo-

ple forget the old laws that they come to un-

happiness. Women, for instance, never should

have any interest before their husbands. When

they do their husbands are wretched. And they

are, too!"

It was this past spring that Joan said to me:

"I was putting in the iris bulbs the other day

and thinking I'll have to watch out now that I've

had this success in 'Rebecca.' There'll be false

friends around. I saw them swarm about Livvie

(his sister, Olivia de Havilland) when she had

her first success. They feed your vanity, false

friends do, and slip into your life that way."

She spread her hands and there was no red

polish on her nails. She gave up red polish be-

fore she married. Brian abhors it.

"I'm so lucky to have Brian!"

Her words always seem to be dancing. "To

be thinking of the future in terms of our mar-

riage and our home and the children we hope

to be having soon. I need my career only for

the joy and satisfaction the work itself gives

me. I don't have to depend upon the offshoots

of it for my life!"
they are today—because they’re so alike. They even have the same reasons for liking people. So, of course, they have the same friends!”

Pictures of Joan’s and Brian’s friends stand on racks in the little bar. They’re the same pictures that stood on those racks when Joan came to that house as a bride. Not one picture has been added. Not one picture has been taken down.

Many of their friends are English—Reggie Gardiner and Heather Thatcher and David Niven, who’s a soldier of the King’s, now, and Basil and Ouida Rathbone and Nigel Bruce—which accounts for all the coins in the big glass bowl that stands on the bar. It has a slit in the top, this bowl, and on its face there’s a sign explaining that the coins deposited in it will be used to buy cigarettes and chocolate and other

comforts for the British soldiers on the new Front.

Life in the Aherne household runs smoothly. Tea appears. Fires burn. Ice is ready in a vacuum jug when Scotch and soda is poured. Cigarettes and matches and ash trays are convenient everywhere. Flowers disappear before they spill their petals and new ones come in from the garden or the little open flower stand round the corner.

"Miss Joan’s a born housekeeper, the effortless kind," says Alma, engaged originally by Joan to run the house she and Olivia used to share. "She keeps lists of maids who’ll come in and serve when there’s company, lists of electricians and plumbers and all the other workmen you always need in a hurry, and lists of special markets for special things.

Flying Aherne: Sunday schedule of home-town Saratoga. Sister Olivia de Havilland is a sworn witness to Joan’s domestic activities in the doll era

Maximum work, minimum play in the upstairs study [left], the "not for company" room of the house, where the walls are papered with a map of the airways of the United States, for the benefit of Brian, who is a licensed aeroplane pilot

of Joan’s and Brian’s friends stand

on racks in the little bar. They’re the same pictures that stood on those racks when Joan came to that house as a bride. Not one picture has been added. Not one picture has been taken down.

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Hiltonesque description of Laraine: "She has a Hepburn eagerness of profile combined with eyes her studio claims are 'deep green'—fortunately they aren't!"

LARAINÉ DAY was born in Utah, reached California eleven years ago, hasn't been away since . . . and oh, what a relief! For that excuses us from the long story about how she won the Prix de Something-or-other at the Paris Exposition, or how she ran off with all the diplomas at the Ecole Normale or the Hochschule or the Conservatoire at some place you can't spell, or how her father performed before the Czar and her great-aunt was a pupil of Leschetizky . . . not that I've anything against any of these boasts and accomplishments, mind you, but, goodness, after hearing them so often what a relief to meet a girl who says: "I was born in Utah, I came to California, I've never been anywhere else, and here I am."

Moreover, it is possible to spell Utah.

As a matter of fact, Laraine Day goes even further by knowing less about Utah—except for the fact that she is still a Mormon and her best beau is a Mormon missionary—than anyone I have ever met who was born there, and by having been nowhere in California beyond a hundred-mile range of Hollywood.

And she is nineteen. Life and the world are before her, both in time, space and the strong probability of success; she knows that and is excited about it, as who wouldn't be who had been given a leading female role in one of last year's best pictures and who, after that, had progressed immediately to the leading female role in a Hitchcock picture.

After all, why should a nineteen-year-old girl go any further than Hollywood and Hitchcock? There are many worse places and persons in the world today.

I wanted to meet Laraine because I liked her portrayal of an English stage actress in "My Son, My Son!" and because the book from which the pictures was made is the work of a friend of mine (Howard Spring) in England, and because I wrote a few lines of dialogue in "Foreign Correspondent" (the Hitchcock film in which Laraine is playing another English girl), and because I like meeting pretty girls of nineteen.

If these are not enough reasons for my having met Laraine Day, then—well, I once saw Utah from the distance of an aeroplane over the Grand Canyon.

We met after her morning's work at the Walter Wanger Studio, and I suggested lunch and she said yes and I said where and she said anywhere out of the studio, a drive-in if you like, but I thought the weather was too warm for a drive-in (she had her acting make-up on), so we went to Sardi's, which is air-conditioned, on Hollywood Boulevard, and the first thing she did (which charmed me into this Arlen-Sonnys-Baby-Snooks prose style) was to take a dainty little nugget of chewing gum out of her mouth and park it in an ash tray. I may add that I found both the gesture and the action wholly delightful and that a piece of gum that has been chewed by a pretty girl looks far nicer throughout lunch than an olive stone that has been rather inefficiently scraped by the artificial dentures of some Elderly Eminent Personage whose doctor has told him he mustn't have more than one dry Martini.

Laraine Day didn't have any cocktails at all. She had—if I remember correctly—a cup of coffee and a chicken sandwich.

We talked about dogs—which is a good way to (Continued on page 70)
A gay exposé of Hollywood's bachelor girls who combat single blessedness with a plan that's sound procedure for every woman facing a husbandless future

BY ROBERTA ORMISTON

"Good night—and thank you so much!" Olivia de Havilland told the friends who had brought her home from a party. She sounded calm, but her heart was swinging like a flying trapeze. She had noticed a familiar car parked down the block. That made it reasonable to suppose the gentleman-about-town who drove that car was in the neighborhood, too. It was exciting!

He was indeed in the neighborhood. He was, Olivia discovered, in her living room. The lights were low, a fire was burning, the radio was tuned to soft music, champagne cooled in a silver bucket and there were biscuits and caviar.

"Hello!" he said, getting up from a low chintz chair, coming towards her. "So glad to see you!"

Olivia coughed, an elegant little cough. "You were expecting me then?" she asked. She could play, too. While she played she learned he had borrowed a house key from her sister, Joan Fontaine, explaining that he wanted to arrange a little surprise. He really had gone to no end of trouble.

They danced. Olivia's favorite band was on the air and the way it harmonized singing the new songs was thrilling. Besides, the caviar was beluga, big as robins' eggs. And the champagne was pink, pink as the dawn.

They had a time. Then, quite suddenly, Mr. Champagne and Caviar found himself on the way out.

"You have the right technique but the wrong house," Olivia told him, smiling. "Sorry!"

Olivia admits that once upon a time—meaning all of a year ago—she would have been so frightened to find that man in her house, with the stage set as it was, that she would have had no fun out of the adventure. She knew about his intentions. She isn't nearly so Victorian as she looks sometimes. But she also knew about her intentions; and that made everything all right.
"It took a certain amount of experience—and some pain— " she said, "before I learned to live alone. The first thing I had to do was decide exactly how I felt about the men I knew. So I could establish my friendships along the lines I wished them to take and thus keep free of those emotional jams it's so easy to get into when you don't have the emotional security of marriage."

We were in Olivia's living room, having tea. Rain fell gently against the windows. Over by the fire stood the low chintz chair in which Mr. Champagne and Caviar had waited for Olivia to come home. There were American Beauties in a silver tankard and there were tulips and stock and snapdragons ... all white ... in a crystal bowl. The latter may sound simple, but none of the flowers was the kind a girl buys for herself.

"There may have been a time," Olivia says, "when girls couldn't have men for friends and rely on them for things like companionship and understanding unless there was an emotional quality between them. But that time has gone.

"The other evening, for instance, I asked a boy to come over and take me for a walk in the rain. When we got home I dried my hair before the fire. You don't even have to have company manners when you're with boys any more. It's wonderful.

"There always will be predatory men like Mr. Champagne and Caviar. And I'm in favor of them because they're exciting. But they're the exception, not the rule. Fortunately for girls like me who live alone you can call on most men for simple acts of friendship and only those men with whom you have an emotional friendship will even think of making personal advances."

Had Olivia lived in England long ago she would have had to wear green stockings. Green stockings were a stigma that told the world you remained a spinster and your younger sister was married. Today it's no disgrace if a younger sister is first to catch a gold, platinum or diamond ring on the marriage-go-round. But many girls still find this hard to take. Not Olivia, however. She thinks it's grand her sister, Joan, one year her junior, is married to Brian Aherne and divinely happy. Because, without a man she can call her own, Olivia's divinely happy, too.

You wouldn't expect to find women without men in Hollywood. Hollywood women are the loveliest, the cleverest, the most sought-after in the world. There are, however, many women in Hollywood who live alone. And they like it. They don't think years spent as a bachelor girl or a divorcee are anything to cry about. They find them something to rejoice over. They make them pay dividends that, in time, will lead to happy and successful marriage.

Sometimes the Hollywood girls remain single because they have responsibilities. Take Rosemary and Priscilla Lane. Romantic gossip about both of these girls is practically incessant. But those who know the Lanes never take this gossip seriously. They know Rosemary and Priscilla have two more years to go before they can even think about getting married. It will take them that long to make their mother independent.

Independence isn't anything Cora Lane asks of her daughters; it's something they have promised themselves to give her. They say, ardently, that their mother always has been such a swell person they wouldn't think of having her dependent on anyone but themselves—meaning, of course, on the men they might marry.

Rosemary and Priscilla face the next two years with equanimity, even with good cheer. Rosemary was spokesman during this particular interview, for Priscilla was away on a dude ranch, having a holiday financed out of her allowance of twenty-five dollars a week. No fooling!

"Priscilla and I have been in love before," Rosemary said, "and we'll undoubtedly be in

(Continued on page 70)
With the author—Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor, two of the many stars whose kindness has helped a courageous woman wage a thrilling fight

BED'S-EYE VIEW OF HOLLYWOOD

BY VIVIAN COSBY

They say it's all over the news; but somehow Hollywood remained uneventful until a pair of magic words, "You Hollywood is heartbroken," made us realize what we had not understood. Hollywood was doing its best to keep its star men safe.

Novel by novel, movie by movie, Hollywood was on a roll. It's heroes, its heroines, its villains—all kept running, bending, and jumping to keep the public happy. But one day a hero of the screen became a hero of the real world.

Joe E. Brown, one of Hollywood's merry men, was attacked by a group of Japanese soldiers. They tried to run him down, but Joe, quick as a flash, joined in the chase. Deciding he had done something wrong, Joe started running. Unfortunately though, he tripped and did a typical Joe E. Brown fall. Hopelessly he waited for whatever was going to happen. To his amazement, the pursuers only surrounded him and continued yelling. Luckily an American friend came to Joe's rescue with the information that the Japanese were calling Joe "Home-Run," which was the Japanese title for his picture, "Elmer the Great."

In the midst of Joe's story a sweet voice said, "Will you let me in on the joke?"

It was little redheaded Anne Shirley. Upon learning that we were verbally traveling around the world, she was terribly interested. She and her husband, John Payne, pick the places they would like to see from the newreels.

After Joe left, Anne and I settled down to some woman talk over a cup of tea. I think Anne is one of the happiest and most contented
Una Merkel was a willing subject for the camera she brought to her friend.

Did you know that Warren William is an inventor? He is—to the undying gratitude of Miss Cosby.

Cesar Romero had an enthusiastic audience when he discussed plans for the home he is building.

young women I have ever met. She never frets over losing a part, and is grateful for whatever success is hers.

THURSDAY: Two telephone calls and a telegram this morning. Barbara Stanwyck called to inquire if there was anything she could do. She certainly is a grand pal.

The other call was from Charlie Ruggles who chatted with me about my dog, Jock, who is living at his See-Are Kennels.

The telegram contained well wishes from Lily Pons.

It's strange how people's lives can intermingle and yet they may go for years without meeting. This is the case of Warren William and I, and I used to be neighbors in New York, and I used to be a 'Mind Reader.' To- repeatedly I hesitated in what I could help.

Hugh Herbert turned up with a platter of grapes, but in return Miss Cosby had to put on her thinking cap to help him out of a jam.
He is not symbolic of any era, or of any type, or of anything under the sun; because his kind usually lives only in fiction or in the more unlikely films. He is a little like a Debussy melody; you know how it makes you feel but you don't know what motivated Debussy when he wrote it. This account is Boyer's own, given to me in four days of conversation when he sat and, with honesty and deep curiosity, stared back into his forty years, examining and testing, wondering at some things he had done and being amused at others, searching for origins and causes and reasons.

It was the first time he had done that, starting at the beginning and showing himself no quarter. He reached into his memory and observed, first, the shy, almost neurotic brown-eyed little boy he had been so many years ago. . . .

Young Charles woke because of the strong sunlight in his face and let his healthy ten-year-old body bounce out of bed after its usual fashion, before he remembered. He stood quietly for a moment in the middle of the room, and then he walked with dignity to the window.

Men of ten did not hop about like children. (Continued on page 64)
From the family album of Louise Boyer comes this priceless pictorial record of a son who was to win fame in a city far from the little town of Figeac, France (right), where he was born. Above left, Charles at eight months. Above, at four years, with his parents (far left).

At the age of twelve (above and left) Charles was already feeling the growing pains of adventure, romance. School plays at College Champollion furnished an outlet for his energy. Far left, at seventeen, playing Metternich in "L'Aiglon"
Only one thing can happen when two women choose the same man, one with her heart, the other with her head

BY HAGAR WILDE

When they went back in, conversation seemed to have died a sudden and startling death. Alastair was standing alongside the window staring out at the sea as though he were trying to figure some way of outwitting it. Trying to smile, Ann said, "It's like having the brake go out on your car, isn't it?"

Randy lifted his nose from the glass. "On a mountain road."

Caroline was still lying on the bunk, but her eyes were open now. "Eight people drowned in a catastrophe off Molokai coast," she said. "One was drunk."

Randy halted a lifting motion midway and stared at her. "One blonde went down for the third time making smart cracks about the man who loved her better than anything in the world," he said. "She was a very clever woman. She thought."

"It's the first time you've told me," Caroline didn't move or look at him.

Randy completed the lifting motion and drank before he spoke. "It's the first time you've been quiet long enough." He added, "It's also the first time I've ever been in a marine volcanic eruption without something going put-put-put to keep me from feeling lonesome."

"Keep her nose right into them, Willi," Angus said.

"I am," said Willi.

Laurel stared straight ahead. "Isn't there a chance that it will calm down?"

"Not before morning," Angus said.

David sat on the bunk at Caroline's feet and made a place for Ann beside him. "If we drift ashore," he said to Angus, "where will we hit?"

"Matapu Point, I should think."

"Reef?"

"Oh, sure. But we might wash over nicely."

"Sure," David said.

Angus was silent.

David said, "Too bad to wreck a nice little craft like this."

"I'm not thinking about the boat." Angus got himself a glass and poured some whiskey into it. He drank it in one swallow and went over to the window to look out. Laurel looked up at him. Her voice was not hard, but it was not pleasant. It had a horrid kind of self-preservation and separateness in it. "If you'd been thinking about us before," she said, "you'd have had good luck, since we cheated before we came out."

He seemed to bear no resentment for the implication, but said only, "It was."

His fingers thumbed a sharp tattoo on the window frame. "Why don't you all lie down and get some rest? It's no good sitting around here worrying about where you're going to have breakfast."

"That's not what we're worrying about," Caroline said. "What do you think we are, halfway men?"

"I think you're a bunch of champion wise-crackers," said Angus fondly. "I hope you can keep it up all night."

"I hope the Humuhumunukunuku can keep us up all night," Caroline said. "There's room for two of us here, Randy."

"Can I bring my whiskey?" Randy said.

"Yes, and your morphine if you must," Caroline looked at him then and they smiled at each other.

Angus said to Alastair, "You take the first cabin and Miss Crane can take the second. David, you and Ann tuck into the other one. I'll take the wheel and let Willi get some rest."

He pulled a cushion from the wicker chair and threw it on the deck. "Here you are, Willi."

"I'm not going to stay in a cabin alone." Laurel looked at David.

David said, "You can stay with Ann."

Laurel said, "I want to be in the same cabin with you. I'll feel better if there's a man there."

"Couldn't the three of us...?"

Ann spoke up. "Of course."

Laurel lay, straight and tense, beside Ann. David, in the opposite bunk, had his arm over his eyes shielding them from the light. Sleep was out of the question. Suddenly Laurel struck her fist against the bulkhead. "Can't we talk about something? Do we have to lie here thinking about having our backs broken or...?"

She broke off, shivering.

"Are you afraid to say drowning?" Ann asked.

David said, "What do you want to talk about? Money?"

"David, don't joke." Laurel was close to hysteria.

"I'm not joking. Money's a fascinating subject. They say you can buy anything with money except love. It's a very old saw, but interesting." David took his arm away from his eyes. "Seriously," he said, "I've been giving the details some thought. What I thought was, we'll give Ann everything. I've pretty well messed up her life with my stupid behavior. I owe her something in return."

Ann rolled over on her side and faced him. "David, don't talk that..."

"You keep still," David said. "Laurel wants to talk." He went on, addressing Laurel, "We'll have each other. Laurel. We can start over."

Then there's that hundred and fifty thousand I gave you in cash and securities when we separated. We'll be able to manage even if I don't get a picture for a while. I'm free-lancing now, you know. The Tower contract is over."

Laurel said, "What do you mean, give everything to Ann?"

"Isn't it a good solution? Ann gets my property and my money, what there is of it, and you get... me."

Laurel sat up and looked from him to Ann. "But David... I don't think Ann would want you to start all..."

A wave hit them amidships and the Humuhumunukunuku wobbled for a moment which seemed endless in the trough. They could hear Willi shouting. "Keep her just this side of sixty!" and Angus yelling back, "What the hell do you think I'm doing, experimenting?"

After rolling recklessly from side to side she righted herself and went back to pitching up and down, groaning and shivering and wrenching at the seams, slapping down into the trough as though she were going into battle and each time she rose on the crest moaning as though it were her last.

David said, "How much is left of the hundred and fifty thousand? A hundred thousand?"
"Why do you harp on something so unimportant when we're apt to tip over any minute?" Laurel moaned.
"How much do you have left, Laurel?"
"You mean you want me to give it to you?"
"To me? No. But we might possibly need it, you and I," David said.
Laurel's voice was nervous. "Your salary..."
"Can't count on picture salaries without a contract," David said pleasantly.
Laurel was almost in tears. "I can't think about money now."
"You can remember how much you have left," David sat up and leaned forward grasping the edge of the bunk. "Can't you?"
Laurel was breathing a little faster. "None," she said finally. "There isn't any of it left."
"Oh," David said. He lay down again and put his arm over his eyes.
"Why?" Laurel said then.
"I just wondered," said David.
After that nobody spoke for a long time. Presently Ann whispered, "David?" and he didn't answer. She turned to look at Laurel, whose eyes were closed. She said, "Laurel, are you asleep?"
"No," Laurel said.
"I'm going above," Ann whispered. "I can't stand just lying here."
"All right."
Ann sat up. Then she leaned back and whispered, "I think you've been very foolish."
"I don't need your advice," Laurel said without opening her eyes.
"I haven't finished," Ann whispered. "I think you're very foolish to think that you can have David without a fight. Because now you can't I didn't fight because I didn't think I should try to fight love. But I can fight greed and cowardice and I'm going to, if we get ashore. You just try and patch this up, Lucrezia Borgia. Just try."
"If you're going, go," Laurel said. "Don't sit there hissing in my ear. I don't like it."
If Ann's back hadn't been turned and she hadn't been so busy trying to keep her feet she would have seen one of David's eyes open curiously as she pitched through the doorway and fell on one elbow. But nursing the elbow took all her attention and she wasn't aware of the eye or of the tender gleam in it. Rubbing the elbow, she clambered into the main cabin and fell down again immediately. Angus turned his attention to her briefly. "I would suggest," he said, "that if you have some place to go, you crawl."
"I was thinking of it," Ann said. "But I think, if I'm not in the way, I'll just sit here."
Caroline turned her head and said, "I'm sick, Ann, but I'm very happy."
"Randy's head was pillowed on her shoulder and he was sound asleep."
Ann said, politely, "I'm glad, Caroline."
"I thought you would be," Caroline said. She turned her head back again.
Ann said, "I'm not as unhappy as I was, Caroline."
"That's good," Caroline said.
"As far as I can make out," said Angus, wrestling with the wheel, "I have a boatload of very happy and optimistic people."
Alastair's voice, from the first cabin, was hollow. "No you haven't."
Then nobody spoke for a long time. Ann braced her back against the long table and the Huonwaldwackawack rolled and crunched and groaned and shivered and Angus sat grimly holding the wheel and perspiring. Caroline apparently went to sleep because her breathing grew deeper and more even. An hour and a half later by Ann's watch, Willi started up from what had seemed to be a deep and dreamless sleep. He went over to the wheel. "We're about in," he said.
Angus silently turned the wheel over to him and lurched through the cabin to the afterdeck. He stood there in the wind and the dark for a moment and then came back in. He said to Ann, "Go down and wake your husband and the others. Tell them there are life preservers under the bunks. You put one on, too." He woke Randy and Caroline and thrust two life preservers into Caroline's arms. As Randy struggled to his feet Caroline thrust a life belt at him. "We're dressing tonight, dear. The studs are all in. Put it on."
"Just what I've always wanted," Randy said, taking it, "a strait-jacket. Where are we?"
"I don't know," said Angus. "Off Malakaua somewhere, I believe."
Randy was struggling with the fastenings of Caroline's life belt. Caroline, quite white, said, "Well, it's been nice. The pretzels were wonderful. You must give me your recipe."
"Angus said, "I want to say I think you're swell, both of you."
Caroline shuddered. "Don't say swell. The word carries memories."
Below, David tied Ann into a life belt and took her face between his two hands, leaning down to kiss her on the mouth. "Stay close to me," he whispered. "And I don't mean just now, Ann. I mean always." He turned to help Laurel. She was holding her breath. Her eyes were big with fear. Clearly, she wasn't giving a damn right then about anybody but Laurel. She said, (Continued on page 69)
Big-business girl who works on a budget; coffee-drinking Rita Johnson

Scotchoam born in Mexico: Nigel "Willie" Bruce, synonym of a happy man

Self-supporting—by determined choice—since her English teens: Virginia Field

Round-Up of PACE

One-man band in the thespian parade, actor on and off stage: Claude Rains

Normal, overtalkative, life-is-wonderful seventeener: Bonita Granville

Beloved hypocrite, actor with a writer's talent and income: J. Carrol Naish
Jean Cagney: she markets with a paper bag and acts with the family flair

BY SARA HAMILTON

VILLAINS, heavies, heroines, leading ladies, character men and heroes! These are the trusty folk who form the perfect setting for the stars that rate top billing. And yet, the villain, the heavy, the leading lady and the character actor are so often the ones we remember the longest, because we grow to know and love them as old friends who never let us down with a mediocre performance.

Year after year they impress themselves on our visual memories, always faithful to their roles and to us. Where stars may fail, they never do. So—to them—we offer a salute, first to a very heavy heavy—

Mr. Joseph Patrick Carroll Naish:

The dark curling hair, the soft dark eyes and swarthy skin are the last things you'd expect of an Irishman born and raised in Harlem, of all places. Yet they've enabled Naish (pronounced Nash) to play every type of role—a man, Hindu (who does the best he kin do), and well, everything but an Irishman, beggar. In his last three pictures, "Typhoon," "Golden Gloves" and "Queen of the Moh," Naish speaks three different lingo's that sound so authentic you begin to doubt the Irish story.

Born Joseph Patrick Carroll Naish and baptized in the rear of a Lexington Avenue saloon for want of a handy church, he streamlined his name to Carroll Naish when he became an actor and then decided the whole thing sounded too sissy for any good. So he stuck a "J." on the front to give it manliness.

He claims environment actually taught him the rudiments of acting, for the toughness of his Lexington Avenue neighborhood forced little Joey Naish to fight and later tour New England with the best of them, while inside his home he was a lambie from heaven.

Thus he became a hypocrite at a very tender age and still is, at an age not quite so tender; for on the screen Naish is either the last word in a louse de luxe or next door to it, while off screen he is having published the serial story of Rozna, the lizzard, he made up himself to amuse his beloved little daughter, Elaine.

The war interrupted any plans he may have had for further education after high school. In 1917 he was in France and either didn't pay any attention to the fact the war was over, or didn't care, for it was 1927 before Naish came home again to America. For ten years previous he had been an adventurer throughout the towns and cities of Europe and Asia, living by his wits, poker and luck.

An accident brought him to Hollywood. An oiler on route to Shanghai, with Naish as a member of the crew, met with an accident off the coast of San Pedro and, having heard of Hollywood, our roamer decided to investigate while the ship awaited repairs—Argh, dear old fellow. Joining the cast of "Shanghai Gesture," with Florence Reed in Los Angeles, he fell in love with actress Gladys Heaney, got himself married, landed a job in pictures and has been here ever since—a recognized top character actor by sheer knowledge and artistry, and not through make-up, is acclaimed the tops.

He's proud of his County Limerick forebears. Hollywood is proud of a good citizen, a gentle husband and father, and a great actor.

Bachelor Girl—In Hollywood

Rita Johnson, the girl with the laughing eyes, has finally come into her own as Mrs. Edison, Spencer Tracy's wife in, "Edison, The Man." Rita has waited a long, long time for that chance, but things always come the long, slow, tedious patient-waiting way for Rita. Only once did something happen to her suddenly out of the blue. That was when John Stahl asked her to read for him out at Universal; the next day there came a telegram from him saying, "typecasting." Since that, she has made more than a score of pictures, boom, one right after another. In fact, she was finishing "Congo Maisie," working with Gable, for "Four Little Mothers" and rehearsing for "Edison" all at the same time.

Rita's attempts to become an actress would have broken the spirit of a less determined young lady. Attending high school in Worcester, Mass., where she was born, she tried desperately—and futilely—to get just one little role in a class play. The play director kept explaining to her that she was a rather new blonde to be an actress. Her prize possession is a tele- gram of congratulations from the play director after she signed with M-G-M.

Although school she went to work in her mother's seamstress in order to get money for dra- matic lessons. Then, glory be, a stock company came to Worcester and Rita was promised a job in "New England." The company was Rosalind Russell, Lynne Overman and Madge Kennedy. Roz and Lynne were unknown to Hollywood then, and, vice versa, we may say. Anyway, Rita kept her subscriptions and in two weeks the stock company folded when someone ran off with all the money.

Back to the tearoom went Rita, this time to earn money to pay back the season ticket solders. "The stage seemed farther away than ever. But at last—a long hard at last—after her debts were paid, Rita joined a stock company in Milwaukee with Florence Reed and Conrad Nagel, and later toured New England with Louise Galloway, playing in town halls and schoolhouses. More stock company training, more disappointments, more days of getting down to the last red cent, and then a job on Broadway in a Theater Guild show and finally on Hollywood, where she failed completely in a test for Sam Goldwyn's picture, "Dead End." Why, just for us while you're here?" M-G-M insisted, so Rita made the test, finished at seven, and at eight was on the plane bound for New York. They wired her to come back; she did, and the picture flopped. A whole long year, packed with more waiting, rolled around before "A Letter of Introduction." She has no particular heart interest. Is modern, smart, keeps her skin smooth and clean with soap and water, likes to go dancing at the smart spots once in a while, writes to her family regularly, mother, brother, father, in Worcester, when they're good-looking clothes, keeps within a budget, has a part-time maid and drinks enti- rily too much coffee. In the studio commissary they just automatically bring coffee, cup after cup to her table. She'll get a run on food, ordering the same thing over and over. This month it's filet of sole. Last month it was chicken curry.

Her wedding scene to Spencer Tracy in "Edi- son" was barely over before Assistant Director Red Golden began screaming for her to change costume for the scene with their two children, "What a honeymoon that turned out to be," Rita sighed.

(Continued on page 73)
FREE as air is the Twentieth Century woman, no longer earthbound, but with all the sky for her playground. And typical of young moderns is Ginger Rogers, now legally free from Lew Ayres after four long years of separation. Like others of her generation—whether for sheer love of adventure, or for love itself—Ginger has taken to the air! More fortunate than most, however, she has for her almost inseparable companion one of the world's finest aviators, Howard Hughes. And what does a first-magnitude star wear, as partner of an internationally famous millionaire flyer, on a quick plane hop for lunch many, many miles away or a lazier trip through the wine-clear atmosphere above the California valleys? New as this cloud-life is, fashion has not had time to catch up and dictate wardrobe demands. Yet airplanes have progressed so far toward comfort and ease that flying femininity has already discarded the heavy wool and leather costumes of pioneer days, in favor of the practical slack suit. That's why noted portrait painter Neysa McMein pictures Ginger in grey gabardine, as loose and unconfining and light of weight as her new freedom, with a one-button cardigan jacket and a crimson ascot as vivid as the color of love itself! Imagination carries the printed page a step further and we see Ginger turn expectantly toward the incoming plane, her new emerald with its flashing baguette diamonds winking like a prophecy from her engagement finger—for this is Twentieth Century courtship, the modern prelude to marriage. Today, the poetic prophecy has come true and love has wings!

As Ginger Rogers takes flight from loneliness toward romance, Neysa McMein—one of our most famous women artists—offers her conception of Howard Hughes' fascinating new flying companion.
G stands for the Glitter of sequins on a smart summer robe . . . for Miss Goddard herself . . . for "The Ghost Breakers," Paramount picture with which she and Bob Hope follow up their "Cat and Canary" success . . . and "The Great Dictator," eagerly awaited Chaplin production in which she also appears. Whether or not Paulette is Mrs. Charlie in private life—a question long dying of its own weight—she's asserting her independence as one of the most promising new stars by making more and more films for other producers . . . and more and more rounds of Hollywood night spots with other escorts.
THERE is a queer pattern of inevitability in our lives that may appear at intervals like some colored thread in a design. Perhaps it crops out in one place only to disappear before it shows again in another. It has been like that for me in the case of a certain book which had been on my mind to write long before writing was to become my profession. That book finally appeared in print in October, 1938, and that same year was bought by Warner Brothers because it seemed peculiarly fitted to the qualities and personality of Bette Davis.

If you have read "All This, and Heaven Too" you will know why it has a rather unusual significance for me, for the novel is based upon actual fact that is stranger than fiction and it happens to tell the true story of a woman whose tragic and triumphant experiences have haunted me from childhood.

I shall not attempt to retell that story here—it is between covers for anyone to read and before long it will be brought to the screen for motion-picture audiences to see. I suppose the book will always be a special favorite of mine since the heroine, Henriette Desportes, whose French surname was later changed by marriage to Field, happened to be my great-aunt.
Out of scattered anecdotes and family myths; out of history books, worn and yellow newspapers and Paris police records this novel was pieced together and written. Now, nearly a hundred years later, in a medium undreamed of by those who actually lived the drama, it will be re-created again by artists of such fine and recognized ability as Bette Davis, Charles Boyer, Barbara O'Neil, Harry Davenport, Fritz Leiber, Jeffrey Lynn, Janet Beecher, Helen Westley, Walter Hampden, and many others.

I shall have more to say of them later, but first I must return to that strange pattern of circumstance that takes me back to a fall journey some years ago before a single word of "All This, and Heaven Too" was put on paper.

I was taking a train from a New England coast town to New York and the day was very warm and the cars overcrowded. I climbed aboard loaded down with a heavy suitcase and a large black dog box containing a pet Scottie who couldn't possibly be banished to the baggage car. Down one aisle after another I bumped my way, hunting in vain for an empty seat. But all were filled and it looked as if there would be no place for us anywhere. At last a handsome woman, blue-eyed and smiling, took pity on my plight, moved two bags to a rack and beckoned me over with my load. I sank down beside her gratefully, the dog box stowed under my feet, and after I had recovered my breath we fell into conversation. It seemed that the lady was going to New York to visit her daughter and her daughter was very fond of dogs. That was the reason she had been so sympathetic when she saw me struggling with the big box with its telltale wire ventilators at either end for a black nose to sniff through. It was pleasant to show the Scottie and talk about dogs to such a congenial seat mate and somehow the lady's daughter kept creeping more and more into our conversation. She was an actress, it seemed, and though she was very young she had already played a number of roles. Indeed she was just about to open on Broadway in a play with Richard Bennett. A play called "Solid South."

"What is your daughter's name?" I ventured when I heard this.

"Davis," the lady told me, "Bette Davis. You pronounce it Betty, not Bet."

I repeated the name and promised to remember and watch for it in the future. It was a promise that hasn't been at all difficult to keep!

IT SEEMS strange to recall that fall journey in the hot, crowded train and to think of all the varied parts that Bette Davis has created for us in the years since then: Mildred in "Of Human Bondage"; Gaby in "The Petrified Forest"; the Southern flirt of "Jezebel"; Louise of "The Sisters"; Carlota, the tragic Empress of Mexico; Elizabeth, the Queen of England; the high spirited Judith of "Dark Victory"; and the thwarted and bitter Charlotte of "The Old Maid," to mention a few of her outstanding characterizations. Certainly it never entered my head as I left that train at the Grand Central Station and said good-by to my traveling companion that someday I would write a book that would be bought for her daughter (who still loves dogs) to play the heroine's role.

Not all beginnings have been so pleasant or have continued to bring me such good fortune as that one did. But when I met Bette Davis last year I knew that I could entrust my heroine to her hands with perfect confidence. Whatever role she has undertaken bears the authentic mark of her own intelligence and integrity plus her uncanny power to project herself into the emotions of the characters she has portrayed.

(Continued on page 68)
5. Alas! Even this gem of purest ray serene is powerless to help Edward quench the fiery thirst which sears his body. 'Tis the last bitter pill for Mary's mother, and she dies. Stricken with remorse, he deserts poor Mary and their child.

9. Bitter Dregs. Having taken the helpless waifs under his wing, William enlists the aid of Frederick Healy, beloved Temperance leader, to save Edward. And they find him (in a barn) about to take the coward's way out—poison!
3. Let the wedding bells ring out! Yet Mary will rue the day she crossed the path of Silas Cribbs. As keeper of the skeletons in the Middleton family closet, the wily lawyer knows all too well the curse young Edward's heir to! Craftily, he leads him to the kitchen just before the ceremony and inveigles him into drinking a toast to his lovely intended—with Demon Rum.

4. Betrayed by a Breath. As her mother (Margaret Hamilton) bows her head in shame, his loyal bride enfolds him in the calm strength of her love: "Please do not raise your voice to me, Edward; if you have fallen, I will raise you up!"

7. Meanwhile, his angel daughter languishes with her mamma in a cold and comfortless garret. Will no one come to save them? Hark! A step. Horrors! It is Cribbs. At last he has Mary in his power.

8. To the rescue! It is honest William, the family friend (Buster Keaton). Virtue is triumphant, and he taunts the fallen fiend: "Be off, you vermin—before I play 'Yankee Doodle' on your breeches!"

Final Tableau (to the haunting strains of "Home, Sweet Home"): Safe in the bosom of his family, among his pious friends—for Edward is cured. All of which goes to show with what fond fidelity "The Villain Still Pursued Her" follows that hundred-year-old melodrama once known as "The Fallen Saved"!
1. $55,000 was paid for film rights to a story in which Philadelphia foibles will be revealed by this star—who reveals enough to make any plot exciting!

2. There are two excellent reasons (and you can see for yourself that they merit attention) why this little lady continues to tap out new figures for box-office records. Recognize them?

3. "Body by ———." Can you fill in the blank with the name of the most widely-publicized legs in all the decades of Hollywood history?

4. Not since Fritzi Scheff introduced "Kiss Me Again" has any girl been so closely identified with a song as this one, whose "Heart Belongs to Daddy"!

5. Any doubt of the popularity of this comedienne was speedily settled by a recent record-breaking personal appearance tour. The fans proved they'd like to see a lot more of her. Do you blame them?

6. Once there were two traveling salesmen who didn't use the name of this charmer in a funny story—oh, well, we don't believe it, either!
7. Remember that one about: "If you were going to be cast away on a desert island, what ten books would you take along?" Along came this Southern belle—and took the place of all TEN books in masculine imaginations.

8. One reason this star has set more styles than any other actress—her dress designers really have something to design for! Any doubt who she is?

9. She's now the dancing star of a Broadway hit—so Hollywood will have to postpone its college films until its favorite co-ed comes home.

10. This mother of two was co-starred, not so very long ago, in a film called "The Perfect Specimen"—which seems a fitting description. Any arguments?

11. We know now where they got that title with which they labeled this glamour girl. One look at this picture knocked the breath right out of us and we automatically said—
Banner year for the gifted namesake of the John Payne who wrote "Home, Sweet Home"! Past professional wrestler, future heir to a family fortune, he's now the 1940 star hope of 20th Century-Fox, where he heads the "Maryland" cast. As though that were not enough good luck, he and Anne Shirley expect their first-born this summer.
Myrna's back from Montana—from a visit with Mother to childhood scenes, back to husband Arthur Hornblow and their quiet home among a wilderness of flowers in Hidden Valley Lane, Cold Water Canyon. And back to work on a new Loy-Bill Powell picture—no "Thin Man" this time, but the romantic "I Love You Again." P. S. Her huge straw sombrero is the latest film craze for wear with dark summer cottons...
There's no doubt about it—if you're a Hollywood star with a private life or a past, sooner or later it will crop out in a picture. This month, for some reason, the studios are dipping into the pasts of our favorite stars and serving them up dripping with drama. Out at Warners in "The Life of Knute Rockne," for instance, Pat O'Brien is charging around on Notre Dame football fields, as he did in his college days. Clark Gable in "Boom Town," back in the Texas oil fields (Hollywood style) that gave him his start twenty years ago. And at Paramount, we discover, the entire cast of "I Want a Divorce," including Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, has told it, at one time or another, to the judge!

The picture of the month for us is "Boom Town," with Clark and Claudette Colbert, Spencer Tracy and Hedy Lamarr on one set. M-G-M's writers have made Gable a reckless, lucky "wild-catter," one Big John, who strikes it rich in a Texas oil-boom town. He takes an oil field from his pal, Spencer Tracy (Square John), with a flip of a coin and also Spence's girl, Claudette, with a wink of his big blue eyes. When he takes his millions to Manhattan for a spree, Hedy Lamarr takes Clark.

That's a pretty stingy way, we admit, to sum up a story that has Clark almost as excited as "Gone With the Wind" and every other of that big-time star quartet likewise pleased as punch—a neat trick in these temperamental times. A long-suffering part for Tracy, a sexy siren for Hedy, a virtuous Claudette and a virile Gable—what more could any one of them ask?

Clark is wearing that china grin when we find him down on the back lot at Metro. One reason, he says, is that "Boom Town" slips him back into rough-and-ready human clothes again. High-heeled boots, Stetson, corduroy coat and bandana—that's the Gable style we see, though later in the picture Clark gets to be a flashy Beau Brummel. "I've got more costume changes than Claudette and Hedy put together," he grins proudly.

"That," says Claudette, "is perfectly all right with Claudette—considering the snappy fashion ideas of the (Continued on page 72)
Virginia Bruce... takes a holiday after Warners' "Flight Angels." Her frock is the country casual requisite for a well-dressed vacation: snow-white jersey shirt-frock with striped-knit midriff, blazer and ascot. Virginia's costume is from Harry Cooper, Hollywood. Try wedge-heel ghillies this summer. You'll find them as comfortable as Virginia does.

Gwenn Walters
Fashion Editor
Associate Fashion Editors:
Frances Hughes, June Smith, Peggy Sweet
Prices quoted on these pages may vary in different sections of the country.
Pardon the pun, but be as literal as you like about its meaning. This is "your" summer, to be pert or pretty ... sophisticated or ingénue ... to wear coats short or long ... printed dresses or plain ... skirts siren-slim or frivolously full. When Fashion finally says, "It's up to YOU!" make the most of your new-found independence.
PENDENT

The new summer frock of navy Crown Twilled rayon shirred at the waist and slimmed by a hip pocket and a fluted collar, adding the flax and red belt ties as there is a bustle back of organdy and re-joices in beautiful. Perhaps this suits you, too.

Fun with a flare—a frock of transparent black silk marquisette, posed over a layer of white, and then over a black taffeta sheath. The perfect frock for twilight dining and dancing. The organdy frosting is a delightful feminine touch. So becoming to the blonde beauty of Phyllis Brooks, BKO star, that all other blondes will want to copy—and can.

This summer's shirtwaist dress makes a striking point of long full sleeves of grey and white stripes and of buttons from neck to hem—in Japanese or Celanese rayon jersey fabric. It suits the perky personality of June Storey, lead- ing lady for Gene Autry in Republic's "Gaucho Serenade" for $23.00.

Tom Kelly

George Sheer, Sanger's, Dallas, Adie Company, Spencer

If you have any dashing dude-ranch vacation plans be sure to copy this costume worn by little Anne Baxter, now appearing in M-G-M's "20 Mule Team": a blue denim flaring skirt and loose bush jacket; and a gay red bandana shirt that even a hardened cowboy would envy. Costume designed by Wanda; selected from Nobby Knit, Beverly Hills.

More of Anne Baxter (upper right), having herself a time in blue linen slacks and jacket from Louella Ballerino, and a blue and yellow plaid shirt that puts all the boys to shame. Note the jacket's big patch pockets and the sleeves that will push up casually or button tightly at the wrist. Anne chose her outfit from Nancy's, Hollywood.

Here at the right is vivid little Judy Garland of M-G-M's "Strike Up the Band." On sizzling summer days Judy whips around in a crisp white linen jacket-frock from Lanz of California, bordered in hoot-mon plaid. She wears her heart on her shoes and gloves—in bright red on navy, with an upside-down bowl of red felt for a hat.

YOUNG FUN
Feel dull and drab and depressed?
Feel like a bore—even to yourself?
Get a brand-new beauty philosophy!
Let your slogan be: "Do AND Dye"

HEADS are coming out from under cover! Oh, you'll be wearing silly hats and big hats and wispy turbans that are no hats at all, but there'll be plenty of times, during this pleasant outdoorsy weather, when your whole head of hair will be exposed in what we can only hope will be its full glory. If you succumb to the current fancy for ultrafeminine parasols, it will be exposed even more than usual for this time of year.

Coiffure styles are much simpler than in more formal seasons. They need careful design to be flattering, but it's true functional design that offers you the greatest comfort and convenience. The softer, looser waves necessary for the quick change from daytime sports to moonlight waltzes are easier to handle than the more elaborate hairdresses of springtime. Yet that means added emphasis on sheen and color. Particularly color!

If you haven't thought that question of color can make all the difference in the world just consider the case of Joan Bennett, who changed overnight from a little blonde ingénue into a sophisticated brunette. Actresses have always known how important the color of one's hair can be—not only for characterization, but for personality. As your horizons broaden and your experience deepen in significance, your outlook changes, your temperament takes on a different tinge. Unfortunately, nature takes little outward cognizance of these changes. The mousey little girl with drab tresses may turn into a flaming personality almost overnight, but does her hair turn Titian? The baby-faced blonde of school days may develop into a mature, sophisticated woman, but does her hair assume a raven hue?

We change our make-up as our personalities change. The flamboyant high-school girl softens her shades of rouge and lipstick as she settles down to a more serene life. The quiet little scholar learns to use cosmetics with a free but expert hand as she adapts herself to her first important job. They aren't actresses, but they are every bit as much aware that their make-up stamps their personalities and sets the keynote for their charm. Then why shouldn't they change the color of their hair as well?

After all, tints and rinses are cosmetics, too, and every woman (particularly at "breakheart age," when those first telltale gray hairs appear) should feel free to avail herself of the dramatic color range they offer.

(Continued on page 76)
PHOTOPLAY-McCALL PATTERNS

plus a few yards of smart fabrics and you are well on your way to owning this varied trio of frocks for summertime

3792—A WHITE BASIC frock designed as foil for your gayest accessories and jackets. You'll love its bloused back, surplice V-neckline and flaring skirt.

3806—A DARK SHEER destined to make you beautiful and keep you cool when you must be dressed up. The blouse and skirt fulness are gathered into a waist yoke.

3796—AND A PRINT, of course. The tricky apron front of this design is very new and the little ruffle edging to match the sleeve trim is very feminine indeed.

The symbol ( ) identifies these PHOTOPLAY-McCALL PATTERNS available at leading department stores throughout the country.
DOTTED SWISS DUET—a shirtwaist and skirt as quaint as your grandma’s daguerreotype. The bodice is tucked, the skirt billows out over a crisp taffeta petticoat, and there’s a trailing black velvet sash and bow. A sweet dress for bridesmaids or for graduation. You’ll borrow the blouse for summer suits, too. The shirtwaist, $3; the skirt, $7.95, at Marshall Field’s, Chicago.

THE ROSE MAIDEN—pert little rose-print organdie duet. The bodice—a blouse you’ll wear with other skirts—has a ruffled neck, velvet bows and cute puffed sleeves. The waltzing skirt has ruffled flounces and a rustling taffeta underskirt. The blouse, $4; the skirt, $10.95, at Marshall Field’s, Chicago.

Helen Parrish interviews Cynthia, famous wax mannequin who presides over the house and heart of Lester Gaba, renowned sculptor. In her demure white dotted Swiss, Helen makes Cynthia look like a hussy.

We photographed a radiant young Helen Parrish on her recent visit to New York. Helen was literally bubbling over like champagne, but what girl wouldn’t bubble on the day her best beau flew 3,000 miles to present her with his heart—to say nothing of a whopping engagement ring (an aquamarine, her favorite stone).

We were “shooting” Helen in the crisp summer “separates” you see here (shirtwaists and skirts to you), and it’s a wonder to us that she was able to keep her agile young mind on her work.

We took her to the penthouse apartment of Lester Gaba, famous soap sculptor and creator of Cynthia, the world’s most publicized wax mannequin. In no time at all Helen had turned this photographic sitting into a lesson in fine arts, for the state of California requires its minors to spend three hours a day in schooling. So Helen fairly badgered Lester Gaba with questions, till she learned more about art in that one morning than most of us can pick up in weeks. Needless to say, she convulsed her host when she thanked him, on leaving, for being her lesson for the day.

SUMMER DUETS
You guessed it! Miss Penny Wise, the little glamour girl who lives on a budget, is going on her vacation—a challenge to any purse, however fat or flat. But it didn’t faze Miss P. This little lass knows how to balance her budget. Hers is a simple sleight of hand. She buys two costumes altogether. The rest is teamwork. You start with a 6-part Luxable seersucker suit, “The Country Gentleman,” and a 2-part piqué evening dress, “The County Queen,” and then turn into a juggler. Conquests follow. Miss Penny Wise leads the way.
PARTS 7 & 8—"THE COUNTY QUEEN"—a white piqué evening dress and bolero that will stagger the stag line. For dancing, wear the seductive bra-top evening gown, outlined with Irish crochet for false modesty. For dinner, add the crochet-bordered bolero jacket. $10.95
GAIL PATRICK . . .
dressed, not for a role in a picture as you might well suppose from her cowgirl costume, but for the far more pleasant role of a girl at play in her own back yard. Gail, you see, has just finished her featured role in RKO's gay comedy-romance, "My Favorite Wife," and she's reveling in her new-found leisure and the chance to bask in the sun. Play the cowgirl yourself, why don't you, on your vacation? All you need is a fringed blue denim skirt, a white silk shirt, and a hobnail-studded cowboy belt—a Florence Gainer original from I. Magnin, L. A. You'll find Gail's Mexican sandals as comfortable as they are dashing.
Box Fifteen at the Ambassador Hotel tennis matches for British war relief: Mrs. Lewis Milestone, Paulette Goddard, Charles Chaplin (Junior AND Senior)

Floor space at Ciro's for dancing: Loretta Young with Tom Lewis, currently favored by Film Belle No. 1

Laugh with the stars by sunlight—
dance with them by moonlight—live
the Hollywood way with Cal York!

Cal York's
Gossip of Hollywood

C al has a soft spot in his heart as big as a watermelon when it comes to romance, so you can imagine our condition (at our time of life, too) when this story of our modern Dante and Beatrice—we mean, of course, Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier—reached our ears. The pair was performing nightly in "Romeo and Juliet" up San Francisco way, when Hollywood discovered it needed Olivier for one or two retakes on "Pride and Prejudice" and hastily communicated the fact to Mr. Olivier.

"Very well," he agreed, "I'll fly down on a Sunday, but only if you'll pay the flying expenses of Miss Leigh as well."

Studio officials were stumped.

"But Miss Leigh isn't in the picture," they phoned back, thinking to themselves that much balcony-climbing hath driven Romeo slightly batty.

Alas, poor Romeo knew it only too well, but the ultimatum still stood. He would not be separated from his beloved for the space of even
a few hours. It was either Romeo with Scarlett or Romeo not at all.

They paid Miss Leigh's way. Both ways.

Incidentally, we hear firsthand that Mr. Olivier's Romeo leaves something to be desired. On the other hand, we hear Vivien is a dream of a Juliet. With Miss Leigh in "Gone With the Wind" also outshining Mr. Olivier's historic ability as displayed in "Rebecca," we begin to wonder if love, even such as theirs, can take it.

Could you "took it" if you were in Olivier's place, Cal rises to ask.

**Her Heart Did Not Belong to Daddy**

**MARY MARTIN,** who recently became the bride of Richard Halliday, gave Hollywood its biggest jolt. Right when Mary was supposed to be in the throes of a romance with Frederic Drake of Harper's Bazaar, who had flown out to be with her, she threw all the columnists into a dither by calmly—well, no, not calmly—coping to Las Vegas, Nevada, and marrying Mr. Halliday, story editor of Paramount Studios where Mary is making her second picture, "Ghost Music," with Bing Crosby.

On the very day after her wedding, we talked to the girl who set Broadway on its ear with her "Heart Belongs to Daddy" song. "This," she said, her brown eyes shining, "is the happiest day of my life. Our elopement wasn't a surprise to our families, however, as we discussed it with my mother and telephoned Richard's mother in New York. Our mothers seemed happy about it and so, instead of waiting until I'd made several more pictures as we'd planned, we decided to marry right away. We left at two on Saturday afternoon and drove to Las Vegas." She threw back her head and laughed—"I studied my script all the way there!

"Yes," she went on, in answer to our question, "I have known Richard over a year and a half and I think we knew long ago there was no one else." That took care of Mr. Drake, we thought. This is Mary's second venture into matrimony and Richard's first. Her young son is now eight years old. All Hollywood, who knows the story of Mary's struggles to win fame, wishes her and her bridegroom the best.

'Scuse Photoplay's Red Face, Please

**WE** apologize, Mr. John Swope. Never in our wildest dreams did we imagine our little commitment would land you in such a dire predicament.

It all happened when we asked Mr. Swope to photograph the exterior of the Brian Aherne-Joan Fontaine home, which picture you see on page 18 of this issue. Mr. Swope, an amazingly fine photographer, consented. But, just as he had his camera set up, he was approached by an officer of...
the law who demanded to know what the—er—well, what was going on. Mr. Swope explained.

The next thing he knew, everything went black. He found himself being unlimbered by a Hollywood officer who explained that professional photographers are not permitted to shoot pictures on the street.

To think we should do this to such a fine gentleman and photographer covers us with shame. Again we say, 'Scuse it please, Mr. Swope.

In the Swim

ON THE night "The Biscuit Eater" was previewed in Westwood Village, the pets of various stars were displayed in the foyer of the theater. In the midst of the excitement, one of the publicity men in charge of the show noticed a little cocker spaniel sitting demurely on the floor at the end of the row of kennels.

Whereupon, thinking one of the "invited guests" had gotten loose, he put her into a kennel, where she preened herself as enjoyably as any other canine guest of the evening.

Afterward, when every other pet had been claimed, the little cocker was left alone. The publicity man took her home and it wasn't until four days later that through frantic advertising by Kay Griffith, he discovered that the dog belonged to her.

Seems Kay lives close to the Village theater and while she herself didn't attend the preview, the dog, whose name is "Dreamer," simply entered the dog show on her own.

Elderbloom Chorus

BELIEVE it or not, that chorus of old ladies which was such a bit in Anna Sheridan's new picture, "It All Came True," is made up of Long Beach, California, grandmothers. With one or two minor exceptions, not one of them was ever on the stage until a year or two ago! According to Mrs. Vivian Sproul, the chorus' manager, four of them who were neighbors and who liked to sing got together first as a quartet. Then their number sort of grew until they became a chorus, eventually named the "Elderbloom Chorus." They worked hard and their fame grew. They sang at church fairs and benefits and Chamber of Commerce luncheons and many other local doings—all free of charge. Then, as in the Cinderella story of many a movie queen, a talent scout saw them and they were booked at the Orpheum in Los Angeles and other theaters. "It All Came True" was their first movie, though.

Not one member is under fifty, but every one of them is as spry as a girl in her teens. They had an elegant time while they were working at Warners and according to Director Louis Seiler they were a lot easier to handle than certain cutie choruses he has worked with.

Snobbery or Jobbery?

NO other community, we're sure, adheres so strongly to the caste system as Hollywood. Call it snobbery or jobbery or what you may, it's here, and all this talk of "so kind to the extras" fails to offset the fact the star is not always so friendly with the feature player. We once heard of a star who wouldn't look directly at Walter Pidgeon at a party because—well, Walter, who had always had breeding, background and money, hadn't yet achieved stardom. A little conversation at Ciro's, overheard by Cal's prying ears, confirms our statement. On opposite sides of the room sat Garbo and Dietrich.

(Continued on page 66)
Appliqued white piqué enlivens the black sheer of Merle Oberon’s fashion-wise summer frock; husband Alexander Korda’s smile enlivens their table at Ciro’s

Roz Russell protects her hair with a snood but shuts her eyes against the sun (and the smiles of Ralph Morgan and John McClain) at the Midwick Country Club

Tongues out—in concentration, not contempt, Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney divide attentions between rival tennis aces at the Ambassador

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(Continued on page 68)
Saturdays' Children—Warners

YOU who are in love and have the barns out should avoid this anti-marriage propaganda film as you would the plague. It is by no means a cheerful portrait of the marital state; John Garfield, as the young husband tricked into proposing by Anne Shirley, interprets his character in terms of bewilderment and frustration. Claude Rains is cast as Anne's father, who is convinced of life's futility and attempts a melodramatic sacrifice to save his daughter's marriage. All Garfield wants to do is go to the Philippines and invent something, which doesn't make things any better. This is the picture both Jane Bryan and Olivia de Havilland turned down; perhaps you will understand why. Nevertheless, it does have a wealth of human quality.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

The ineffable Thorne Smith forte was a kind of rollicking hedonism; in "Turnabout," he evolved his series of escapists incidents from one notion: that a married couple, each envious of the other's role in life, might change places with each other. This, of course, created all situations in reverse and made for fine comedy. As screen fare all this is very slap-happy indeed. There is really not a great deal of solid meat. Alluring Carole Landis ('"One Million B.C."') plays the wife, John Hubbard the husband. They wake up one morning to find that change we mentioned has taken place; whereupon John minces off to the advertising agency he owns, talking in Carole's voice. Carole stays home and does exercises, climbs a flag pole to fix an aerial and receives the catty wives of John's business partners. The resulting complications are amusing enough. She almost ruins his business life and he does the same by her domestic affairs. Carole and John, in their respective roles, do excellent work—their mannerisms are perfect. An interesting technical point is the smoothness with which the change in voices is handled. Good production and direction are not so important here as the exact casting, which includes Mary Astor, Adolph Menjou, Bill Gargan, Verree Teasdale, Donald Meek and lots of other first-rate troopers. While "Turnabout" may not be expected to do as good business as Thorne Smith's "Topper," it provides novel entertainment. There is a slight straining for comedy, but, on the whole, seeing this film will give one plenty of laughs.

Turnabout—Hal Roach-United Artists

Here's a new, very corny version of the Saint—Robin Hood character, with Bob Burns starred. He operates a crooked card game at a carnival, is discovered and run out of town by the local police. At the next place people think he's a preacher—and, taking his cue, Bob pretends he is while he steals money from the Havens and gives it to the Have-nots. The running gags and dusty jokes are so hoary only Grandpa will remember them, so in a sense they are adequate to the film, which is simply straight hokum anyway. Because of vague direction, the performances get out of hand occasionally. Burns meanders along in an unexciting fashion; Peggy Moran and Dennis O'Keefe serve to provide romance; and Mischa Auer plays a barber.

Last month it was "Too Many Husbands" and now we have the natural evolution of the sequence—it's a man with two wives, instead of Jean Arthur with two legal mates. There is a startling similarity in story setup. It was Fred MacMurray, in "Too Many Husbands," who got shipwrecked, was pronounced dead and returned to find his wife married to Melvyn Douglas. This time Irene Dunne appears suddenly from a seven-years sojourn on a desert island to find Cary Grant, her spouse, married that day to Gail Patrick. Cary and Gail have just left on their honeymoon, so Irene follows them; she takes a suite at the same San Francisco hotel and then the fun starts. Cary has a dreadful time trying to tell his second wife what has happened and the whole thing is complicated by the fact that Irene and Cary have two children. Oh, yes, there's "Adam." It seems Irene wasn't alone on that island; there was a fellow mariner, and she called him "Adam," and he called her "Eve." In a word. She tries to make Cary think "Adam" is a simple little baldblat who wouldn't hurt a fly, but it turns out to be Randy Scott. You can imagine Cary's feelings. Well, the whole piece, a Leo McCarey-Garson Kanin effort, is superb, with every performer working at capacity talent and with ineffable touches of humor and everyday reality. The sophistication of the theme is evident and the producer lost no chance at slipping blue dialogue past the Hays Office. Granville Bates is a fine judge and the two children, Scotty Beckett and Mary Lou Harrington, are swell.

Last of the Deacon—Universal

The stunning Zorina is presented here in a slightly better light than in previous pictures. The improvement is discernible. Zorina often responds to direction well and, of course, does a beautiful ballet number, most exciting sequence in the film. The action is photographed against a background of pre-war resorts on the Continent and the story, while not very original, is a professionally turned-out tale having to do with glamorous jewel thieves. One is allowed to watch two of their successful efforts and then, during the third, the girl in the gang falls in love with the man she is supposed to rob. Zorina and Richard Greene—he's the intended victim—rush madly into matrimony and she's just relaxing into her new and honest way of life when up pops her past. Her old buddies think she might pay them a little something to insure their silence. That ballet scene we mentioned is brought into the picture as a device and is for sweet charity. It is the Black Swan dance, and worth the price of admission alone. Gregory Ratoff has directed with determination to make the best of his material and often rises above it; the production leaves nothing to be desired. Greene does not have to do much except look handsome, which he manages without effort; however, ugly little Peter Lorre does a magnificent acting job as the apologetic pickpocket. Among the large cast are Cora Witherspoon, Fritz Feld, Roger Imhof and Erich Von Stroheim. The latter gives an excellent portrayal, one fitting to mark his return to the Hollywood scene.

I was an Adventuress—20th Century-Fox

The Shadow Slate

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES
WOMEN IN WAR—Republic

WAR-TORN Paris, lovesick nurses looking for men, women in war, women at war . . . this is the setup which gives Wendy Barrie a chance to be charmingly insolent and to stand out like a bright light against the colorless cast. Elsie Janis, as a light-

legged feminine soldier of fortune, is in charge of a hospital. Into it pours a scrapping bevy of nurses. They're all naggings at Wendy who, without maliens, is alienating the affections of all the handsome young officials. One of the jilted girls, in a suicidal mood, manages to plop the whole chorus of magpies into heavy shellfire. Miss Janis braves the big guns—she has to, because she knows all along that Wendy is her daughter by one of her marriages a long time ago. Altogether it is a rather stupid picture.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

My Favorite Wife
Our Town
Andy Hardy Meets Debutante
Johnny Apollo

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Cary Grant in "My Favorite Wife"
Irene Dunne in "My Favorite Wife"
Mickey Rooney in "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante"
Judy Garland in "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante"
Tyrope Power in "Johnny Apollo"
Lyne Overman in "Safari"
Roy Seawright, for technical work in "One Million B.C."
Akin Tamiroff in "The Way of All Flesh"

★ ANDY HARD MEETS DEBUTANTE—M-G-M

METRO gives us above-average entertainment in this new adventure of Judge Hardy's average American family. The reason why this is not just a kids' picture, or just a family problem picture, is that Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland are three very talented people. The fun begins when Judge Hardy takes his family along on a business trip to New York. However, Mickey is as woebegone as only Mickey Rooney can be, because his school paper insists on his sending back photographic confirmation of his non-existent love affair with Diana Lewis, much publicised glamour girl of the big city. Judge Hardy suffers business setbacks and Mickey suffers, too, in his pursuit of young Mrs. Bill Powell. The Judge tries to instill some of his philosophic resignation into Mickey's troubled tasseled head, but it is Judy Garland, worshipfully tagging Mickey along all this time, who suddenly sets all the world at rights for him. And that takes some doing, since Mickey has got himself into trouble from hot-spot night clubs to fashionable drawing rooms. There is an infinitesimal change in Mickey's usual performance; he does not mug quite so monumentally as in previous Hardy films. But mugging or no mugging, he's still Mickey Rooney, one of the top favorites with audiences, sixteen or sixty, right across the nation. Judy Garland does marvelous work; and, of course, everyone will be interested in Diana Lewis, Bill Powell's wife. Altogether, this is one of the best "Hardys" to come along. You'll go home with a warm feeling in your heart after seeing it.

★ OUR TOWN—Sol Lesser—United Artists

LIKE an animated newspaper, this unusual film shows a series of events in the growth and development of a small town, Grover's Corners. Its story principally concerns two families who live in adjoining houses. The daughter in one, Martha Scott, and the son in the other, William Holden, eventually get married and start a home of their own. Frank Craven, drugstore owner, is the narrator of the tale. A mythical death scene, which occurs when Miss Scott is having her second baby and is believed to be dying, changes the tempo of the whole picture from one of rural serenity to one of dramatic tension. Fay Bainter, Beulah Bondi, Stuart Erwin all do good work, but the picture often is as slow as Mr. Erwin's drawl.

THE SAINT TAKES OVER—RKO

GEORGE SANDERS has given so many good performances as a revolting bad-man in pictures that his charming portrayal as The Saint makes him seem like two other guys. You've undoubtedly read many of the adventures of Leslie Charteris's modern Robin Hood; this is one of the best in the film series. In it The Saint comes to New York and finds his friend, Inspector Forsack, out of office because a gambling syndicate has framed him. Subsequently two of the meanies die miserably and it so happens that Inspector Forsack is right on the spot at the time of accident—whereupon everyone decides he is guilty. But not The Saint. Helping him plant the crimes where they belong is Paul Guilfoyle. Wendy Barrie plays the girl.
BABY

A personal version of Hollywood's newest success story—Gloria Jean's short and amazing route to stardom

BY DIXIE WILLSON

It has happened again in Hollywood. As unheralded as the first robin of springtime, twelve-year-old Gloria Jean, with delphinium-blue eyes and tumbled rusty curls, has, in twelve brief months, written her name in electric lights from Nome to Zanzibar!

Not so many months ago, she was just a little girl in a little house in Scranton, Pennsylvania, her Daddy a bustling young piano salesman, her weekly thrill a Saturday morning nickel to see Shirley Temple, Jane Withers and Judy Garland, whom she regarded as part of that same fairyland in which Cinderella rides in a golden coach and Rumpelstiltskin hides in a magic forest. Gloria's geographical description of Hollywood was briefly this: A beautiful Island with palm trees everywhere.

Since babyhood Gloria's been singing—in local entertainments, radio, now films

Her favorite uncle was Uncle Jack who, from her tiniest babyhood, taught her songs like "Loch Lomond" and "In the Gloaming." She told me all about it one early evening a few weeks ago, as from the flagstone patio of her present home in the Hollywood hills, we looked down upon the incredible jewel box of the lighted city.

"You see," she explained, "Uncle Jack lived in our house with our family. He was a very great bass and came from Wales and everything."

Under Uncle Jack's tutelage, she sang with an early love and understanding of true and simple melodies. But busy in school, busy at play, busy tending her baby sister, she regarded it as relatively unimportant that she could also sing.

She explained about the baby, whom I hadn't yet seen.

"Our baby is Bonnie," she said. "She's exactly like a lovely redheaded doll!"

"Is she named after one of Uncle Jack's songs?" I inquired.

"Named after a song?" Gloria repeated, puzzled for a moment.

Then she nodded with a quick smile of understanding.

"Oh yes, I know the song you mean," said little Miss 1940. "'My Bonnie flies over the ocean.'"

With news concerning Uncle Jack, Bonnie, her latest history test, and the cutting of her long curls disposed of, we came around finally to the story I had come to hear: her personal version of Hollywood's newest success story; her own: A story of how, in the prosaic, somewhat crowded little house in Scranton, Pennsylvania, Gloria Jean made up her mind to sing herself into stardom . . . and did!

It all began with one of those Saturday morning movies, a Saturday movie where she heard Deanna Durbin sing opera in a finished style which to Gloria, was entirely a new idea. Though Gloria herself had been busy since babyhood singing in local entertainments and for radio, she knew only that style of singing which she now describes as "the little girl way."

Going home from the theater, with Bonnie as her audience, Gloria tried one of her own songs with Deanna's interesting touch of sophistication. That evening she went into conference with Uncle Jack, told him she had discovered a different way of singing which she liked better than her own. She demonstrated.

Uncle Jack didn't quite know what had happened to her, but the more the young prima

(Continued on page 77)
Even if I’m “All In” at bedtime I never neglect my active-lather facial with Lux soap

Take Hollywood’s tip—try active-lather facials for 30 days

Have you found the right care for your skin? Lovely Claudette Colbert tells you how to take an active-lather facial with Lux Toilet Soap. Here’s a gentle, thorough care that will give your skin protection it needs to stay lovely. Lux Toilet Soap has active lather that removes dust, dirt and stale cosmetics thoroughly from the skin—does a perfect job. Try Hollywood’s active-lather facials for 30 days. You’ll find they really work.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
Man of Many Moments

(Continued from page 26)

The Mystery Of Things had lately assuaged him.

From the second-story window he could see the low and crooked roofs of the village, inefably, beautifully French provincial, in the dark night. He wound his head from side to side, saw the forested hills, and the hills closed as Féigec’s one river. Morning shivered everywhere in town and wood, and he could hear it and smell the promise of heat in the day. Charles pulled on his clothes and clasped them in his hands. Maman, seated still from the death two months ago of Boyer père but wearing her black with the dominant grace that characterized her, greeted him smiling.

“You’re happy today, Charles.”

He was. Indeed, he, Pierre and the others are coming to get me. We’re going to the woods.”

Maman Boyer’s face clouded instantly.

“No, Charles!” she said sharply.

“Remember. . .”

He remembered. The afternoon last year when with Pierre and Edouard he had tramped to the forest on the other side of Féigec, away from the river; his pockets stuffed with a hundred cigarette's, his heart rapid with adventure . . . and the spark that jumped to the dry brush, gleefully growing to smolder and flame; then, backing back, Pierre saw the catastrophic thread of smoke curling upward, and shouted . . .

WELL, they had tried hard. They had run back and beat at the blaze, coughing and working with fire, un- diminished, had forced them away. They’d played their wide-eyed, innocent game well, too, when the gendarme came and took them away.

None of the boys had seen the woodman, who had, however, seen them.

Papa knew the president of the tribunal well, fortunately. Nevertheless, “No, Charles!” Madame Boyer said now.

It was a familiar command. Negation was in his blood. He was the master of the river, in summer. “No,” she would say, always. “You cannot swim. You would drown all the very young, physical accomplishments, were not held in esteem by the Féigec citizen.

He could swim, fairly well. He had taught himself, as had the other boys, on forbidden afternoons. Not very many drowned, through the years. It was an adventurous club, anyway, dedicated to the awful punishment of imaginary thieves and the discovery of trouble—of every nature—to get into.

Edouard’s voice sounded outside in the court now, calling Charles. “Us men! Je viens!” Charles protested from the window, and hurried to the door.

“Don’t go! There are things to happen to you. Promised over his shoulder—and Madame Boyer smiled after him. He was a good boy, really, she thought; it was only the others who persuaded him into these escapades. She went casually about her work then, unworried. She evaded a little.

Early afternoon brought disillusionment. A neighbor carried the news: Charles had once been the chauffeur of an abandoned house, his playmates couldn’t get him out because the roof was high and the chimney wider at its middle than Charles at his; and the citizen was responding as it had for the forest fire. Charles, said the neighbor, was in no real danger but he was complaining bitterly, if in a muffled manner, from the depths. Would Madame like to come along, to fetch him home?

Madame would, Madame, with a glint in her eye that boded ill for Charles, went to get her cape. When she arrived at the abandoned house she found only a dispersing group of adults. Charles and the members of his Club were gone. He had feebly dusted at himself, they explained, had thanked them politely for the rescue; and then, before anyone could lay a hand on him, he had fled like a startled rabbit, with Pierre and Edouard in pursuit.

The three boys were, at the moment, strolling lazily through town on their way to Charles’ home. “I will sneak in and clean myself,” Charles said, “and perhaps Mother won’t find out.” He had the optimism of his years. “School opens again next week,” he added, sighing.

The French custom of separating boys and girls during youth was pursued by conventional Féigec to the extent of placing the academy for maidens on the other side of town and the segregation was begun at the age of seven. Precautions of such Cotton Mather-ish proportions had a strange effect on the boys. They manufactured mental romances, fantastic but real as only children’s inventions can be real, with jenilles filles whom they saw and loved from a distance: such was young Charles affair with the Jeanne of his letter.

“Tomorrow,” he boasted, “I will wait at the corner and slip a note to her as she passes with her mother. And when I am old I will be an actor in Paris and she will be impressed.”

“You can’t act,” Pierre said unbelievingly. “Anyway, you’ll have to run your family business. You will manufacture machinerie agricole and live with Jeanne in your mother’s house. You will have children . . .

This fantasy was dissolved with a wave of a sooty hand. “So Papa said. But now he is dead. Maman wants me to be a professor, because of my record at school. I’ll go to the Sorbonne. That’s in Paris.” The strange little boy looked thoughtfully at the sky. “I can do as I like in Paris. I’m going to be an actor.”

There was finality in his tone.

In Féigec time was static. The years passed, and he knew of their passing because of the top of his head each birthday measured higher than the other marks on his bedroom door; because he graduated in his reading from Dumas to Petronius Arbiter, from the Dickens translations to Flaubert, and thereby Found Out A Lot Of Things; because the laughing-eyed Jeanne grew, as twelve-year-old girls will, suddenly scrappy and unbeautiful, so that his notes and sighs went afterward to another who did not . . .

Jeanne, he heard through devousy channels, knew of the change; and although she had never spoken to him during his long courtship, wept and de- clined over the perfidy of man and particularly of Charles until at last her bewilder parents sent her to forget, with an aunt, in Paris. He remembers that, and the new girl’s name. Blanche. Blanche Something.

Yes, and they made him captain of his Association team—the French equivalent of soccer football—and he was fourteen that year, and Pierre moved away to the country. Life in Féigec weakened and disintegrated but the newly growing forest to safety. France declared war on Germany, and in Féigec changed a little—not much, at first, until they moved the base hospital there; and the school dropped its course in German. He knew German well enough anyway. It didn’t matter.

The interior thing mattered, really. He had worked it all out by then. You just had to have patience, was all. You worked hard at school, and you did what things you could, and you waited, and you kept your counsel. You said, “Oui, Maman,” and did as you pleased. The day would come, finally, when you’d be old enough and could escape to life, to the places where things happened. Something inside you made you want things no one else seemed to want, dream the dreams they couldn’t understand.

The fever of patriotism got into him and he had just taken his examinations for service when the Armistice came. Out of the great tragedy of his nation Charles emerged with one experience of lasting value: he met, and grew to know intimately, the great surgeon Mouchet. At the base hospital, Mouchet wanted a German medical student to translate for purposes of research. An aide explained that one Charles Boyer, a young man of eighteen, whose father had been head of his class in German.

“Fetch him,” Mouchet commanded; and Charles, puzzled at being singled out for honor but bursting with excitement, set to work. When one morning early he finished changing the unfamiliar medical terms of the first chapter into sibilant French, the surgeon took the manuscript and disappeared for a time. Shortly afterward he appeared at the door.

“Good work, my boy,” he praised. “Perhaps you could translate the entire treatise for me?” At Charles’ nod the great man hesitated and then said, “Come along. We’ll have breakfast together.” Later, over coffee he added, “It is a relief to find intelligence in this town. I have been bored. We may dine together.

Here was the first fine mental stimulus in the boy’s life; through the long evening glasses of his glasses, this older man sorted out the contents of Charles, mind, worked a brand of superior magic; all of his frustrations and emotions, showed him how to gather threads of thought and weave them into a constructive pattern of action.

So that when finally there was peace, Charles as was ready for the Sorbonne as Paris, there was no question as to what he would do, or how. He sat with his mother beside him in the wagon, lit on the express to Paris, remembering the year she had sold the factory, remembering the year she had sold the factory, remembering the year she had sold the factory, remembering the year she had sold the factory, remembering the year she had sold the factory, remembering the year she had sold the factory. Well, he would do that. But just now he must let the exultant sweep of gladness, of months, of years, come through him uncheckd by the memory of promises to be kept. Freedom, the freedom of the gayest city in the world, lay before him. He would live alone in Paris.

In Paris there were the famous restaurants, bursting with music and well-dressed people and sophisticated spectac- tacle, there were the casinos, there was the theater of Henri Bernstein and the incomparable Lucien Guity, there were the Folies Bergère and the artists’ quar- ter and the cathedrals and somehow all of experience, all of beauty, all of life waiting for him. Mouchet’s parting words echoed in the young man’s ears—“Don’t go there! Things happen to you. Make them happen. Investigate everything. Live every moment.”

“I will miss nothing, the boy thought now, the boy thought now, the boy thought now.

And he had it all, and he missed nothing; and his life began with such im- petuosity, as on with such manic speed that there was no time for rest or for remembering . . . not for twen- tieth-century life.

“Incredible” indeed were the years that made the dreamy lad from Féigec into the world-weary stage idol who fell victim to the tropes of the commercialized emotions and the stranger partnership—as frankly re- vealed in this blazing biography, in August Photoplay.

International

Deffy over Daphne! And why shouldn’t the Douglas Fairbanks Juniors be proud of their first-born as she smiles for her very first photograph?
Miss Beatrice Straight is warmly received by members of the American Ballet when she goes backstage during intermission.

QUESTION: Your complexion shows that Miss Straight—just how do you use your Pond's Creams?
ANSWER: "Every night, every morning and always before make-up, I cleanse my face with Pond's Cold Cream. These regular cleansings help keep my skin soft and supple, too. To smooth my skin for subtle, flattering make-up, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream. I adore Pond's Vanishing Cream—it's not a bit greasy... and so fragrant and fluffy!"

QUESTION: What do you do when sun and wind roughen and chap your skin?
ANSWER: "That's easy! Little roughnesses are smoothed away in a minute with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Just a light film of it and presto! My skin feels marvelous and has the ideal base for soft, faithful make-up."

Miss Betty Allen recently got a job teaching in an experimental school at New City, N.Y. Her work with her 9 tiny pupils includes outdoor play, painting, modeling, dancing and a smattering of the "3 R's." In some of her free time, Miss Allen writes children's stories.

This season, Society is welcoming Miss Straight to her native America, where she is currently appearing in theatrical productions.

Pretty, red-haired Miss Allen has many interests outside of school. She adores dancing, swimming and fishing—and seems to have the "advantage" at tennis!

Send for Trial Beauty Kit
Pond's, Dept. 15-CVG, Clinton, Conn.
Each special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 3 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quickly-melting cleansing cream), and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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“I wish I knew her,” Dietrich said. “I admire her so much. But you see, I can’t speak to her because she’s bigger than I (in star rating) and, therefore, I must wait until she gives the word.”

All of which should give you an idea.

**Cal Chats with “Johnny Apollo”:**

"COME on over to my dressing room, I’m going to try on my ‘ Brigham Young’ shirt," Ty Power greeted us out on the Fox lot.

When we commented on the green and blue plaid shirt he had on that moment, Tyrene, with a smile, explained it was a Portuguese fisherman’s shirt. He’d bought the cloth in Portugal when he and Annabel had flown from there in the Clipper and had the shirt made up. It’s something to covet, we promise you, and twice as eye-catchingly as the numbers Ty tried on under buckskin coats for his “Brigham” role.

We commented on his and Annabelle’s happiness and got these few choice morsels from Ty, who doesn’t talk much of his marriage.

We like to laugh, and to go places and talk and enjoy life," he said. "Why, we even let a pair of capable enough servants go because they went around in such a solemn, sour-faced gloom, it made us feel they were too unhappy with us."

Go places they do. “I’d rather rest than rust between pictures,” Ty said, “and I’d rather be away and want to get home than be home and want to get away. The house, the garden, everything seems so wonderful after you get back from a jaunt. Besides, once you’re away you get a new perspective on things; you begin to wonder what those little things were that worried you so much out there in Hollywood.”

We discovered that no actor exists with a better sense of values than Ty. "I believe," he told us between the blue shirt and the buckskin coat fittings, "that a comfortable amount of money spells freedom. More than that cancels the freedom, and the fun and joy of life are gone."

**The King—God Bless Him!**

We have been hobnobbing with royalty—meaning Florian of Austria, the magnificent white stallion who now grazes on the green slopes of Kentucky Park. Winfield Sheehan’s beautiful estate not many miles from Hollywood.

No ordinary horse, this . . . not even ordinary when you forget his fabulous training at the world-renowned Spanish Riding School in Vienna, where he learned such things as to set him far apart. He is royal, born to the purple. His ancestors helped to drive the Turks out of Austria four hundred years ago. They helped to halt Napoleon’s army at Leipzig. They have carried kings and queens on their proud backs for generations.

Still, we in America didn’t know so much about Florian and his kind until Winfield Sheehan put him in a picture, "Florian." Then we hailed a new screen star—for he is that.

Florian, with three other Lippizan horses, a stallion and two mares, was given in 1937 to Sheehan’s wife, Maria Jeritza, the famous Austrian singer, by the Austrian government under Schuschnigg regime—a thanks offering for gratis performances at the Vienna Opera House. You see, Austria was put in the line after the first World War and there was no gold to pay for the musle which is meat and drink to every Viennoise. Florian was then five years old and fully trained in the ballet taught (to horses, not to human beings) at the Spanish Riding School. He could Waltz; he could—but you saw his picture know what he can do.

Strange, though . . . when Florian (who is named after the cathedral belfs of Lippiza, the little medieval town of old Austria near Trieste on the Adriatic) was brought to America, Winfield Sheehan had no thought of using him in the movies. It was some time after that he read the book, "Florian," written by Felix Salten, and realized that he had his hero right in his own back yard! So then the picture was made and Hollywood acclaimed a new star.

Still, Florian’s career is already over. Sheehan says he has repaid his board and keep for the rest of his life and that this will be his first and last picture. In the future, he will spend his time at Kentucky Park, strangely like his native Lippiza, with his friends and "relatives." He already has two offspring—a filly, Martha, and a colt named Florian II, born to Sybil, one of the beautiful Lippizan mares given to Mrs. Sheehan along with Florian.

When we went to see Florian, we just stood at the fence enclosing the pasture where the Lippizans are kept and they came running to us. They’re friendly, the Lippizans. Even though you haven’t any carrots with you, they nuzzle you, whimpering softly. They’re so proud and beautiful they bring tears to your eyes. When they’re colts, they’re coal black. They turn grey and by the time they’re four years old, they’re snow white. Just before he came to this country, Florian won the gold cup for being the best horse at the all-European horse show in London. He is insured for $25,000.

According to the picture, “Florian,” that period of Austrian confusion after the close of the war saw the end of the Spanish Riding School at Vienna and the magnificent training of the Lippizans. But in reality, the school still exists in Vienna. How long this may continue, no one knows. But meanwhile—there is Florian, king of a new dynasty rooted in free American soil. Long live the king!

**Time Was**

**MAY ROBSON will never forget the first time she saw and heard a talking picture. It was when she was doing a stage play in New York and slipped into a movie theater for a quiet little snooze (as was often her custom) between matinee and evening performance.**

"Suddenly," she told us, "I wakened up sharply to see a girl and a dog on the screen. Imagine my amazement when the dog spoke up and said, ‘Well, Fido, it’s time to go to the post office.’ And the shock that followed when the girl answered, ‘Bow, wow!’ "I shook my head and thought to myself, ‘Those things will never last . . . But how times do change!’"

**On the Record**

To celebrate Universal’s “It’s a Date,” Decca has a new album collection (Decca Album 128) by Deanna Durbin, including the four songs from her new film musical plus a high light from "First Love" and "One Hundred Men and A Girl." The tunes are slightly highbrow but still box-office: "Ave Maria," "Allegretta" and the lighter touch of "Loch Lomond." "Love Is All" and company, Harry Owens’ steel guitars plunk in pleasant hula-hula fashion the two Hawaiian compositions from "It’s a Date," "It Happened in Calabria" and "Rhythm of the Islands" (Decca 3058).

Artie Shaw has returned to his clarinet, his baton and the record studios, with two musical souvenirs of his Mexican trip: "Frenesi" and "Adios, Mariquita Linda" (Vctor 26542), the first
real contribution to jazz-playing in years.

For sheer energy few equal goggle-
eyed Eddie Condon. To transfer that quality to a record is a real trick—but Eddie is full of tricks, as M-G-M’s "Forty Little Mothers" shows only too well. The picture has Eddie singing "Little Curly Hair in a High Chair" and so does Columbia Record 35428.

RKO’s "Irene" gets lots of attention from the wax-moguls this month. If you like the waltz style of Wayne King, get his saxophone interpretation of "Alice Blue Gown" and "Irene" (Victor 26332). Charlie Barnet plays a sax, too, swinging "Castle of Dreams" and "You’ve Got Me out on a Limb" (Bluebird 10644). In between is a doubleheader by Ozzie Nelson who sings "Alice Blue Gown" and "Angel in Dis-

guise," a representative from Warners “It All Came True” (Bluebird 10659). Lovely Anita Louise’s four harp solos: "Star Dust," "The Last Rose of Summer" and two other favorites: Royals 1859, 1860.

Benny Goodman, visiting the Cocoa-

nut Grove, has been pointing his clarin-
et at Hollywood’s great season. One of the results is a satirical venture titled "Gertie Goes to What Wind" (Columbia 35404). The uninhibited, swing-
easy Goodman sextet—aided by the sur-

per platoon of Count Basie—turns it into a top-ranking jazz record. The partner, "Till Tom Special," is almost as good.

Tommy Dorsey’s velvety trombone shows up beautifully in "This Is the Be-

ginning of the End" (Victor 26555), which is part of the mood music from the Power-Lamour "Johnny Apollo." On the reverse is a fine Dorsey arrange-

ment of "The Fable of the Rose." There’s a girl with a low-down sultry voice and a famed pair of legs who, in addition to everything else, is now a record-collector’s item. Marlene Diet-

rich, she succeeds in performing a diffi-

cult feat: putting glamour on a song. In an album of six selections, she does such things as "Falling in Love Again," the famous "Boys in the Backroom"—from "Desert Rites Again"—and four others (Decca Album 115).

My Son, My Son

TEN-YEAR-OLD Scotty Beckett, who played Louis Hayward as a child in "My Son, My Son" (and a remarkable Hayward miniature he was) has been lathered or mothered by half the great stars of Hollywood during his short but successful screen career. He was Ann Harding’s son in "Gallant Lady"; Spen-

cer Tracy’s in "Dante’s Inferno"; Made-

leine Carroll’s in "The Case of Mrs. Ames"; Charles Boyer’s in "Conquest"; Norma Shearer’s in "Marie Antoinette," Brian Aherne’s (for a while) in "My Son, My Son"; Irene Dunne’s in "My Favorite Wife." Yet the really important thing is the fact that he is official mascot for the University of Southern California’s baseball team. Scotty is a good friend of Sam Barry’s. Sam is coach of the baseball team. So Scotty goes to all the games and has a special uniform. He’ll tell you a lot about life at the camp and how to swim properly and what a fine baseball team U.S.C. has. He doesn’t say so much about his movie career. Just—"Most of my movie par-

ters cry over me an awful lot." That seems to tell the story.

Beauty Hint

I T’s quite annoying, but most Holly-

wood stars have to watch their wais-
tlines—the glamour boys as well as the girls. Not, however, Clark Gable. Where many of his rivals on the screen are already threatened with "bay-window trouble," Clark remains as abnormally flat as the proverbial pancake.

Try plewving, harrowing, gardening, riding and hunting—he suggests, suc-

cessfully. "They help." Help?

Cal’s Favorite of the Month:

I HE small child of a close family friend who had come to spend the week end with Director Cecil B. De Mille was proving fakly at bedtime prayers.

After his weekly radio broadcast, to which the child had been listening, De Mille arrived home to find the situation between child and nurse at a deadlock. "Oh come on," Cecil said coaxingly, "I’ll help you with your prayers," and, kneeling beside the child, the director called the scene and the dialogue went through on a first take. Except at the end when, to De Mille’s amazed sur-

prise, the child ad libbed, "This is Cecil B. De Mille saying good night to you from Hollywood."
After meeting Bette Davis and seeing her at work one feels that she is pos-
sessed of a real and enduring flame, one
which cannot be confused with a neon sub-
stitute.

Perhaps it was meant to be that I
should learn something of the art of mo-
tography by watching how
such artists as Miss Davis, Mr. Boyer
and Miss O’Neil achieve their character-
izations. These are so natural and ef-
fortless when we see the final results
that it is difficult to realize all the in-
flections that lie behind them. But to
see and hear scenes rehearsed and re-
peated, line by line, and gesture by
gesture, under the direction of a man like
Arthur Hopkins is a revelation to me.
The work of a writer seems almost
easy by comparison with the precision
and fine shadings which form the mosaic
of detail that goes to the creation of a
motion picture. I was impressed most of
all by the patience required for this me-
edium as I watched those three . . . Miss
Davis, Mr. Boyer and Miss O’Neil, as I
heard them going over and over their
lines, trying to find that only per-
ceptible difference of emphasis to bring
new meaning to some speech or scene.
This is what an actor can do, for an actor
that is truly prepared, can do with a shrug,
a lifted eyebrow, or a sudden significant
pause was more illuminating to me than anything I have
ever read on the art of acting. And
there is this difference which a writer
like myself is quick to notice and ad-
mission, that it is not enough for an actor
to project himself into the part he has
been chosen to portray. An actor or actress
who achieves success in any role must
also leave the stamp of his own personal-
ity upon it.

The character must also be charged
with his or her own vitality. Otherwise
it becomes merely a carbon copy of the
original and might as well have been
left between the covers of a book.

WHEN you were a child perhaps you
played with dolls, as I did, disdaining
the book of the doll by this or that
change of dress. But the doll’s face and
expression remained the same, the dif-
fERENCE of character being all in the
 clothes. In my experience of seeing the
characters I had created come to life in
a studio set, the effect was exactly the
opposite. I recognized the roles, or
rather the roles, but different faces had
been inserted. It did not matter to me
what a young lady had described her
brunette to be, or vice versa; that
expression of character being all in the
process of casting.

Other writers may have been less for-
tunate than I in this respect. Certainly
few have fared as well as I did in the
screen adaptation of a novel. Dire
warnings had been whispered in my ears
of a story that could happen to books when
they were reconstituted into final form for
“shooting.”

“You won’t know your book,” people
told me. “Be prepared to see it butchered
twice and twisted out of all recognition.”

So I tried to be prepared for the worst
which may be the reason why I was re-
warded with a happy surprise.

Knowing little or nothing of the pro-
blems that face an adapter of material to
the screen, I had had only vague ideas
of what changes would be needed. So
I was amazed to read Mr. Casey Rabin-
son’s script and find that in spite of the
necessity for compression and shifts in
time and space he had kept as closely
as possible to my original in spirit, in
characterization, in action, and in the
dialogue. Often I was surprised to see
how cleverly he had combined cer-
tain chapters; I marveled at his skill in
weaving certain seemingly unrelated
scenes together without a break being
apparent in the continuity.

I hardly missed certain bits that
had seemed essential to me in the writing,
and that must go to prove that writers
be read. I was kept at that and taking notes on the successful pruning
of their manuscripts.

It is, of course, a little strange to find
that certain characters that seemed nec-
essary to the story can be dispensed with
completely, while others can be
reshaped from minor ones into important
characters, more interwoven with the
plot than a writer ever expected them

To have old Pierre, for in-
stance, a loyal, amusing old servant in a
lodginghouse. I hadn’t realized what
possibilities there were in him until I

Those four children in the quaint, au-
thetic costumes of the period make
an appealing group, like miniature fig-
ures from French fashion plates of the
1840’s, when little girls wore bell-shaped skirts
and fitted basques and round hats
perched on braids or curls; when little
boys like Reynold wore pantaloons
and velvet jackets and tasseled boots
and ruffled nightgowns. Even the Paris
boys of another generation, an
old Noah’s Ark, a gaily painted merry-
go-round and a Victorian music box,
shape like a grand piano with ivory
keys fantastically inlaid on the top of
the rosewood case. I happen to collect old
music boxes and I know a real one when
I meet it. So it was all I could do not to
wind the key and hear it play then and
there. Beside me were the children’s
decks of antique waltz. I wanted to
sit at one and dip a quill pen in the old-

Margaret Canino, renamed Rita Hayworth (via movies)—and Mrs.
Edward Judson (via marriage to the oil mogul seen with her at Ciro’s)

Margaret Canino, renamed Rita Hayworth (via movies)—and Mrs.
Edward Judson (via marriage to the oil mogul seen with her at Ciro’s)
Hawaiian Honeycomb

(Continued from page 29)

"I can't swim very well."

There's no reason to think you'll have to swim," David said calmly. "'We'll probably just beach with a bump. Whatever happens, try to keep your head."

The Humuhumunukunukuapua'a scrabbled against her last protest as she came broadside of a rock. It dashed in her port side and the sea which had been following her relentlessly beat her savagely and without mercy against the jagged gray monster.

Floundering about in the water Ann could hear Laurel, quite close, screeching "David!" She saw the white, frightened face being carried past her and reached out for it. She got a handful of hair and hung on grimly. A wave lashed over her head, she lost Laurel, and under the wave somewhere she collided with a struggling, kicking something. They came up together. It was Angus. He gasped, "Don't try to swim. We're close in and you're clear of the rocks. Just let go." Then he was swept away and she was alone again in a howling sea.

She tried to call out to David but when she opened her mouth a wave filled it. She felt herself being tumbled over and over and over and there was nothing she could do against it. When she came up out of that her chest ached as though somebody had beaten it with iron rods. It was no good trying to make anybody hear a voice she didn't have. She couldn't even whisper. It was impossible even to think or to breathe. Water had never seemed solid to her before. Now it did. Just before she lost consciousness she was aware of being very tired and wishing that she hadn't given up the damned boat. And that was all for a long time.

FIRST she heard Caroline's voice, but she couldn't distinguish what she was saying. Then, as from a distance, Randy said, "Maybe if we turn her over on her stomach..." Ann could feel her nose being ground in the sand, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered except that there wasn't any water anywhere around. She tried to say, "Where's David? Is David all right?" But what actually came out of her mouth was, "Ow-w... rump," and that was lost in the sand. When they heard that they flopped her over quickly and Caroline said, "She made a noise. She's alive."

Randy, breathing hard, said, "That might have been a death rattle." He pumped energetically at Ann's arms until Ann said weakly, "Oh—don't-be-ah-ass. I-ache-all-over."

Caroline gave a hysterical whoop, "Death rattle my eye!" she said. "That's Ann!" Then she collapsed in a heap, crying. Randy sat down and then fell back suddenly as though he couldn't sit up any longer. Ann didn't even try to sit up. Lying flat, she turned her head. "Where is David?"

Nobody answered. Caroline couldn't because she was crying and Randy didn't because he didn't know. Ann said then, "Did you pull me in, Randy?"

"You washed in and knocked me flat the first time I stood up," Randy said tonelessly. "There's a hell of a stretch of beach here, but you picked the exact spot I was trying to stand in."

"Where's David?" Ann said again and then weakly started to cry. Randy said, "Don't do that. If we got ashore so did he. He'll turn up."

Finally, Willi loomed up in the dark and said, "You all right?"

Caroline said, "We're in the pink of condition, Mercury. Who won?"

"Mr. MacBride's down there," Willi gestured vaguely in the direction of San Francisco. "His leg's broken. He says will you please come if you're alive."

Ann said, "My husband? Where is my husband, Willi?"

"Which one is your husband?" Willi said to Ann, "the tall one or..."

Caroline got to her feet and took hold of his shoulders. "Look," she said, "Is the big, good-looking man with Mr. MacBride?"

"Yes," Willi said. And after a moment he added, "So is the little man."

But Ann was already running down the beach. Randy got up and said to Caroline, "Are you alive?"

"I believe so."

"Then," said Randy, "will you accompany me to Mr. MacBride so I can ask him what the message was in case we were dead?"

MacBride was propped up against a rock looking exhausted and David was lying beside him looking dead. Ann stumbled over Laurel, who was lying on her face moaning. MacBride said, "I think he's all right, Ann. He's had a nasty knock on the head. It's bleeding, but his pulse is steady."

Ann got David's head up in her arms and said, "Darling, can you hear me?"

Laurel stopped moaning long enough to raise her head and say, "I've been trying for a half-hour to make him speak to me."

"That's different," Ann said. "He'll speak to me. And from now on I'm the only one he will speak to. Get that straight."

"I'll never, never, never get on a boat again," Laurel resumed her moanings. Alastair, from the shadow of the rock, said, "Me, either."

"You two make an ideal couple," Angus said. His leg was hurt and it made him cross. "On the wedding invitation you could have No Boating Invitations Accepted. Once We Had an Accident. Then everybody would know right where he stood."

David's eyes opened a little and he said, "Ann?"

"Here—I'm right here, darling."

"That's right," David said. "If you hadn't been I wouldn't want to live."

He closed his eyes again.

Caroline and Randy helped each other into the family circle. "Randy," Caroline said, "has just asked me to marry him. What do you think, should I?"

"Tell a woman you love her and can't live without her," Randy said, "and she immediately twists it into a proposal."

Ann held David's head a little closer. "I think you should," she said.

"I was going to anyway," said Caroline. "If he can't live without me, I definitely have the advantage."

Ann said, "You definitely have, dear."

The End.
Women without Men

(Continued from page 2)

love again before two years run out. But we figure any love that can't wait two years for marriage isn't good enough for marriage.

In twenty-pence-a-week periods won't be fancy. Priscilla and I know that. But when they come along we hope we'll have pride enough to sit home and take a read a book and not go out with any-

one just for the sake of going out.

Haven't had much Howard and there's no one to marry.

Neither have Pat and Rosemary Lane. But Alice Faye has. For sev-

eral months the Alice had Tony Martin. Alice is a really a timid person. Under her Irish bluff she's Mrs. Caspar Milque-
toast. If there ever was a woman who seemed to need a man it's Alice. Yet, facing life alone as a divorcée, she says: "I know I'm going to be happy."

There at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby at cocktail time, Alice and I.

"When I married Tony," Alice said, "I didn't think all the age I said to do for our happiness. We weren't happy. Well, the least I can do now is plan just as carefully and hopefully for life together." 

"I'm excited," she specified, "about the new house I'm furnishing. I'm going very seriously about adopting a baby--in spite of the friends and rela-
tives who warn me I'll be sorry, that I don't know the responsibility a baby entails."

"I'm going to Honolulu--alone! It's so easy to meet people on shipboard. If I don't meet anyone I still can breathe the sea air and watch the sun set and the moon rise. And read. And have something other than a movie to think about.

Through the door open to the spring sunshine came a newsboy's cry. "Alice Faye Divorcing Tony Martin," he called. "Read all about it! Alice Faye Divorcing Tony Mar-tin!"

It was dramatic. And it was sad . . . without mentioning the newsboy or his cry, she went on quietly, "There will be advantages and disadvantages to life as a divorcée--I know that! But I also know it will be entirely up to me which out-
balances the other . . ."

Another man will come along, another man I'll love and with whom I'll believe I can be happy. If that happens, okay! But I'm certainly not going on and wait for any such man. I'm going to live as fully as I know how today, tomorrow, the days after tomorrow, the days ahead of life good enough even if I go on alone forever."

(Maybe I'm an utter fool, but I wanted to please her.)

ROZ RUSSELL doesn't understand girls who are unhappy about their years as bachelor girls. She thinks these years are as greatly to be desired as a post-
graduate course; that that's what they are, really, a postgraduate course in living.

"What do you miss by being a bachel-

or girl?" she asked. "Let's get that out of the way first. I'll tell you what you miss--I ought to say.

We're some trifling thing goes wrong you miss that marvelous Tn-wrapped-
in-cotton-bathing feeling. It's when living goes wrong with the elec-

tricity that I regret having said 'No!' I wouldn't put my hand in a fuse box for a million. Don't go near that box!"

But the in-bit candles! And tell the light company to get a man over here in a hurry!"

"You also miss a few parties. Because there do come times when a cafe, a play, or a roller-skating rink opens and no one asks you to go, even though you don't spare the hints for weeks in ad-

vance. Too bad!"

Roz really is a funny woman. Strange it took the free-lace producers so long to find this out.

Roz also is a gracious woman. She isn't the type who says she's better than her neighbors, so when Roz said to hang colored lights on her trees at Christmas time and to jump in when-

ever possible, I knew she meant it to be done. She's a great one for having hot biscuits and strawberry jam for tea even though only a couple of girls are dropping in. A man never has to tell her more than once which ciga-
rettes or cigars he smokes, whether he prefers Scotch or rye, whether he likes plain or charged water and if he takes ice.

She took a cigarette from a little sil-

ver box, put in a long-distance call for Palm Beach, where she was flying to join her sister, and began:

"What do you think when you're a bachelor girl? I know the answer to that, too; you're not married you go out with different men. Different men work at different jobs and, away from their work, they're interested in different things. So, knowing different men over any period of time, you're bound to come into contact with a variety of interests than you possibly could know if you marry young and settle down with one man.

The greater your interests the more stimulating and colorful you're going to be. The more stimulating and colorful you are the more likely you are to at-

tract a superior man. The more-

superior your husband is the richer ex-

istence you're going to have and the greater your chances are going to be for living happily forever after."

"Look," she said, "I'd die right now if I didn't think I was going to marry and have babies. That's what we wom-

en are here for. I'm not such an idiot I don't know the close friendship I keep to nor the happiness I'm going to be.

But not for anything would I have missed the variety of life I've known just because I didn't take some lead by the hand and rush him down to the marriage license bureau before the ink was dry on his school diploma."

Roz is typical of all the Hollywood women who are without men. Waiting to fall in love and marry, she doesn't mark time . . . she makes time!

Then there's Bette Davis, another Hollywood divorcée.

Those who come from New England, as Bette does, are supposed to be ice-

bound. Bette's about as icebound as a bonfire. She had plenty to say about the men's life when women's life.

We were in the Green Room at the Warner Studios and more than once Pat O'Brien, Charles Boyer and Anstole Litvak, also lunch-

ing there, turned in our direction.

There's something provocative about the rich cadences of that Davis voice off screen, too.

"IT'S good not to have a man any-

where in your life once in a while," she said. "I wouldn't want to go loveless for years. But now and again I'm for it.

When you're in love you can't look at a dandelion without wondering whether he likes dandelions and whether he would think it becoming fastened in your dress or in your hair. When you're in love you can't read a book without comparing every male in it with him and twisting the situations in it into some far fetched relationship the two of you. When you're in love you're astigmatic. You can see no fur-

ther than your love. You can't even read a tree freely that's worth it in itself, by way of wood or foliage or shade. No, you must turn it into a romantic story.

"Thank Providence, we do get time out from love now and then!" Bette's vehemence increased. Otherwise we

would never grow as individuals. 'No more beyond thine eyes . . .' That's very, very pretty! But it's also very, very limiting. The pity of it is that the less a woman sees beyond a man's eyes the less she's going to see of his eyes in time. He's going to get bored and go off. And you can't blame him!"

Bette had lunched on prime ribs of beef and mashed potatoes. For desert she had chocolate pudding and cream. That's a little calorie or two?

Love," she said, dipping her spoon into her pudding, "is glorious! Without it life would perish. Without it life might just as well perish. For a greater part of it is going to be boring and adventure would be gone. But when there isn't a man in your life it's non-

sense to mope. You'll make better time than the most of your freedom . . . your freedom of mind and vision and heart.

Smart girls--these Hollywood women without men. For, by the things they say and also by the things they do, they make it clear enough that it's terrible to be a woman without a man only if you think so!
Shopping for You and the Stars (Continued from page 8)

11. HOW'S YOUR "P. O. Q."

Boost about your "IQ." Intelligence quotient! If you want to, but heaven help the gal who has a high "P.O. Q." (perception quotient) As a matter of fact, heaven has helped—with Odo-Ro-No's flower-fresh, new and appetizing cream, done up in pretty new pink and white jars. It's good—and lasting, too! $1.50 a jar.

12. HAND IN GLOVE

You'll want to keep your hands in your gloves, too, when they're as gracious as this cocktail glove of Hansen's. Wear it with black or navy summer sheers. Its spiral shirring and impressive length-long will do you proud. Grandma wore lace, but this Honspun rayon net will last much longer. Around $2—in black, in navy, in white.

13. A BAG LIKE A BOAT

To inject a little drama into the summer scene, carry this big red bag-like-a-boat. A sporting gesture from the clever Jenny, who knows what it takes to pep up novelties. black, beiges, and browns. Swing it like a market-basket from the white sash-handle. In fine soft leathers with a cartridge pleated frame. Other colors, too. $5.

14. FANCY PANTS!

Vanity Fair's fancy panties not only look pretty, thanks to lace-edged ruffles of pebble-net, but they also do a quiet job of slimming bumps and bulges under summer clothes. It's the power net fabric that tucks up your torso, with hidden garters tucked under the ruffle for good measure. $3.95's the price. How do they do it?

15. UPHOLSTERED ACCESSORIES

Inspired by gay upholstery stripes on summer furniture covers, ladies of fashion are quilting their waists with vivid upholstery stripes and sporting big handbags to match. Try this dazzling dress in red, green, blue and white, with red leather tassel, tie and handles. Striking pickup for every summer dress you own. The bag, $3; the belt, $1.

16. MUSIC LOVERS' POCKET PIANO

Music lovers, attention! What do you want most for your home? A piano, of course! Yes—even if home is only a tiny apartment. That's not so remote a possibility as you think, either, for Colburn's wonderful little console piano, "New Embassy," is yours for only $140 in mahogany, $145 in walnut. How about a musical career?

DON'T LET JANGLED NERVES Wreck Your Life

Bernarr Macfadden's new book, More Power to Your Nervous System, contains definite practical help for those suffering from nervous disorders. Page after page of this remarkable book is devoted to actual case-histories taken from the files of various Macfadden health resorts. These case-histories give you the symptoms and the detailed treatments employed in these nerve cases. Here you get not theory—not experimentation—but the last word in modernized physical and mental hygiene for nervous sufferers.

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Seemingly afloat over Nob Hill, above blinking Chinatown and bridge-gossamers glittering across the Bay, the "Top Of The Mark" Cocktail Lounge is a bright star over San Francisco.

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We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 44)

ninetee—twenties"! She looks all right to have a long-skirted blue silk dress and a picture hat. However, Colbert assures us, for wardrobe inspiration she brought out a bunch of snippets of her own fan mail in her back in "Boon Town’s" period—and poor Adrian practically swooned. So they’ve cheated a little on Warner’s line.

There are lots of other things we’d like to see in "Boon Town." But you can’t have everything. So we look in on the private lives of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell on the "I Want a Divorce" set at Warner’s.

Dick and Joan are together again for the first time since their marriage and for the first time in a straight dramatic part... and it soon develops we’re in for a real picture page from the private lives of Mr. and Mrs. Powell.

It’s a bedroom set we visit. Dick and Joan are supposed to launch into one of those far-into-the-night battles between twin beds. As Dick and Joan rehearse the script spot they start giggling to one another and Director Murphy requests howcome. "We know a lot better fight than this," says Joan. "Our own.

"I didn’t know," protests Mr. Murphy gallantly, "you ever fought?

But Joan out with it. "We have some lovely fights—don’t we, Dick darling?" Dick nods. "Like the other night," continues Joan. "I ran across some old letters of Dick’s in a trunk. Well—pretty soon, I said, ‘You never say nice things like this to me more.’"

"Well,” Joan sighs, "pretty soon we were at it—until four in the morning!"

"Pilow flying," says Joan. "Tears," adds Joan. "A busted lamp—books on the floor—it was wonderful. How did it end?" We didn’t speak for hours. Then I said, ‘Hey, you big bum, I love you!’ It was all over in a few minutes.

‘That’s fine,” says Murphy. ‘Have you got it all?” he asks the script girl, who has been scribbling like mad. "Swell—that’s the way we’ll play it!" Which is just what they do.

The maternal problems of Anne Shirley are also intruding into her picture career, too, at RKO, we find, where Kane and Astaire are working furiously and racing the stork to finish "Anne of Windy Poplars" before that bird gets too close with the bundle. In private life she is Mrs. John Payne.

The plot of "Windy Poplars" takes Anne to Prince Edward Island, Canada, as a schoolteacher, opposed by the ruling family in a small town. Jimmy Ellison and Patric Knowles supply a pretty tangerine triangle as the whole idea is Anne versus the snobbish residents who try to get her job.

Luckily Anne’s clothes for the film are long and of indeterminate Victorian fashion, permitting her to work close up to the stork deadline, as Norma Shearer once did, so sensationally. A nurse is hovering around the set, too. Every minute Anne isn’t acting she plays down on a big chaise longue. Some Job.

But at 20th-Century-Fox, Shirley Temple is doing "The Young People," her first musical in two years. Shirley has seven tough dance numbers, sings ballads, and »reverts to the talents that gave her her start.

We won’t go into "The Young People"'s" hot-topped voodoo thing, with Shirley an orphaned waif befriended by a snappy pattering team. The point of this particular scene is that it calls for some tears.

Ordinarily Shirley’s a pretty good little emitter. But like all stars, Shirley has turned a little temperamental—at least when there’s an audience. This time it’s soda pop. After four attempts to cry have fizzled, Miss Temple turns to Allan Dwan and says, "You know, crying takes a lot of water in your system. I think if I had a bottle of pop I could do it."

Tyrone Power and his boss, Darryl! Zanuck have buried their feuding hatchet at TCF and Ty is just starting "Brooklyn Yoyo," the MetroGoldwyn-Mayer film. He doesn’t work for days, though, so "Elsa Maxwell’s Public Deb Number 1" draws our eagle eye.

This film is the starring debut of Brenda Joyce, Zanuck’s newest attempt to build up box-office from raw charm.

Cute Joyce debbly tricks, we learn, are: (1) knocking out Slapie Maxie Rosenblum, (2) getting spanked by George Murphy, and (3) kicking four cops in the shins. Personally, we’ve never known any débuts to carry on like that. bono’s never heard of it, makes people laugh Brenda into box-office

Seemingly afloat over Nob Hill, above blinking Chinatown and bridge-gossamers glittering across the Bay, the "Top Of The Mark" Cocktail Lounge is a bright star over San Francisco.

It is a favored location for keeping alive San Francisco’s hospitable tradition. No wonder living at the Mark brims to higher levels, Rates from $5 per day. Garage in building.

GEO. D. SMITH, General Manager
New York Office: Robert F. Warren, 11 West 42nd Street, Chicago Office: J. N. Mills, 1 South LaSalle Street; Los Angeles Office: Glen W. Fawcett, 210 West Sixth Street

HOLDING A PHOTO OF HER LATE HUSBAND, MRS. KNUTE ROCKNE OVER MAKES-UP FOR THE FILMING OF THE FOOTBALL COACH'S LIFE

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 44)

semmann and a wild-eyed, shaggy bit man.

The scene they’re lining up is Basser- mann’s assassination. The little man pretends to be a photographer—but when he goes to the rear of the mansion and goes root-a-foot- foot with a real gun. Nobody notices him—except our hero, Joel, and he charges the fellow through the crowd.


“Hey!” cries the assassin bit player. “What’s the matter? Did I run too fast?”

Joel looks in the direction of the shout and then down at the little man he’s still clutching by the collar. It’s an unidentified extra. “Good Lord!” cries McCrea, “I grabbed the wrong man!”

We think we’ve caught the wrong studio when we arrive next at Edward Snow’s for a study of change of climate from Holland to the Caribbean, "South of Pago Pago" set. It looks exactly like Paramount and Dottie Lamour is the heroine. But we recog- nize Frances Farmer—of all people—stretched out in a bower of paper hibis- cus while statuesque Jon Hall bends over her.

Frances Farmer, who told horrible Hollywood about her infant terrible days of a ballooned ego, is chastened now, she admits, and ready to talk sense. Furthermore, she has given her Viking mate, Leif Erikson, the shako and is playing the field. This is her first serious study in the art of the drama. Out at Warner’s Pat O’Brien is really Dick bringing Knute Rockne, the great Notre Dame gridiron wizard, to life in a picture you won’t be seeing until fall when football interest is at fever heat.

"The Life of Knute Rockne"—which has Lloyd Bacon as director and Jesse Hibbs, former All-American football player, as assistant director—gives Pat a part he’s been plugging for for years. In it he has a sensational make-up. Pat’s forehead is built up, his nose flat- tened. All that’s left of his own fea- tures is his chin.

Edward G. Robinson is having some painful scenes on the "Brother Orchid" set at Warners. "Brother Orchid" is the strange drama of an American gangster on the lam who takes refuge in a European mon- astery. There the good brothers teach him a thing or two about life. One of these is how to milk a cow.

"I’m no milkmaid; I’m an actor," barks Eddie. Hildegard the cow moos skeletically, but then maybe she hasn’t seen "Dr. Ehrlich’s Magic Bullet.

At Universal we encounter a more ro- mantic note in the movie motif of the month. “Private Affairs" is the picture which Nancy Kelly and Robert Cummings are doing there. To say, "How do you do?" and then start necking right away isn’t as easy as you’d think—and that’s what Nancy and Bob have to do.

When they first embraced they bump noses badly.

“Oh,” says Nancy. "I’m sorry!"

Bob Cummings laughs. "Be thank- ful," he says, "my name’s Bob instead of Irving and you aren’t on that honey- moon.”

"Why?" asks Nancy.

Because," grins Bob, as they line up for another scene. "You only get one honeymoon—but in pictures there’s always another take!"
It Never Rains But—

Claus Rains has been actor-struck since he was a boy. Even now he's an actor when he isn't acting; he loves nothing better than "stalking," as his wife calls it, about his forty-acre Pennsylvania farm. He loves the "stalking" business, has a keen sense of the ridiculous, a baby daughter called Jennifer and one very actorish forelock that hangs over his forehead like a third-affronty fringe.

As Mr. Lemp, the musician screenfather of the Lane sisters in "Four Daughters" and "Four Wives," Mr. Rains has very much come into his own. In a more recent role, in "Saturday's Children," Mr. Rains all but steals the scene and will have to step lively in his role of the Spanish ambassador in "The Sea Hawk," to top his past performances. Ten to one, he does it.

Born in London, England, Claude gave school the complete brush-off to become call boy at His Majesty's Theatre in London. Finally, there he was—stage manager for Sir Beecham. Beat that for a good job if you can.

It was inevitable he should become an actor. He'd wanted to long enough, he knew. And that his first appearance in "The Gods of the Mountains." The chance came to come to America, as general manager for Granville Barker, but once he was here he didn't stay general manager for any one. He grabbed a chance to turn actor again in "Androcles the Lion." But just when things looked rosy, the war broke and back home Rains for enlistment in the Scotch Highland Regiment.

He came out of it (1) gassed, (2) a caper, (3) determined to be an actor again if he had to kill someone. He didn't. We mean killed anyone, except audiences who loved him (well, liked him, anyway) in "Julius Caesar," "A Bill of Divorcement," "Doctor's Dilemma" and "A Man of Destiny," in which he played Napoleon. Thank heavens, he got that out of his system anyway.

The Hecht-MacArthur play, "Crime Without Passion," put the faceless Mr. Rains right on the movie map in Hollywood where it's been ever since through Walter Wanger's pictures.

About twice every year he decides to retire from the screen to his farm, but along about the tenth week when the "stalking" takes on Napoleonic strides, Mrs. Rains suggests he better go back to Hollywood—and like a shot, he's back.

Mr. Rains, who is five feet ten and a half inches tall, has a twinkle in both eyes that betrays his own good humor. He swears if those Lemp pictures keep up he'll be a one-man band all by himself. First he had to master the flute, then learn to play Schubert's "Serenade" on the piano for the second picture. It just couldn't be faked. He trebled last they made him a bass drummer in the next one.

Seventeen—In Hollywood

Bonita Granville is young, so very seventeen, and in Hollywood. Life to Bonita is work, study, play—pretty much the same routine as every other young girl's in ordinary walks of life. Bonita doesn't even live in the city, but out in a Valley house with all the small-town surroundings.

Seventeen, and already she's a veteran in the theatrical world, with fourteen years of work behind her, climax'd in her newest pictures, "Forty Little Mothers," with Eddie Cantor, and as a little peasant girl in "The Mortal Storm," both made under her spick-and-span new contract for M-G-M.

What's more, Bonita has just completed her first romantic lead, if you please, with William Holden in Paramount's "Those Were the Days," where Bonita grows from lovely girlhood to a good fifty-five years old.

Born February 2, 1923 in New York City, Bonita at the age of three joined the vaudeville act of her parents, Bernard and Rosina Granville. A few years before the death of her famous father, Bonita was playing bits and scratches on the screen. Finally—and incongruously—she was an established "star" on the screen, beginning with Sam Goldwyn's "These Three."

Beyond her years in a capacity for learning, Bonita, only five feet two and pretty as a picture, is the normal, over-talkative, life-is-wonderful young girl to be found anywhere. This is Bonita's first "unchaperoned" date year. Jackie Coogan is permitted to call and in his decorated roadster (fog lights, chromium doddads and all) he bears Bonita to that most sublime of dancing at the Cocoanut Grove.

She has always shared a room with her mother and would feel lost, she says, without her near. Bonita has no set allowance, but usually carries around a few dollars in case of emergency, like snake-bit or to buy a girl friend's lunch or a round of mails. She does a lot of her "return entertaining" at the Lakeside Golf Club, where the little actress is a member. Her salary goes into a trust fund to be held until Bonita is of age.

She devotes a certain number of hours each week to French and German, and has her own car now which she proudly drives around the Valley. But not in city traffic. A welfare worker keeps her companies her on all movie sets. The best-looking angora and tweed sweaters in town are made by Bonita's own hands between movie scenes. Her cooking achievements run mostly in the direction of fudge and scrapple.

Her hair, a golden crown, is a perfect frame for her blue eyes and lovely face. There's a breath-taking vivacousness, a young, breathless quality to her after that flows on so easily. She's seventeen and life, all of it, is before her—to live and to play-set. Lucky Bonita!

"Willie" to His Friends

The strangest of all things, or so it seems to us, is that Nigel Bruce, Scotch to the last hair of his Scottish eyebrows, should have been born in (of all places) Ensenada, Mexico. There isn't a single sombrely-train or feature in the world, rather handsomé and typically British sector. Not a one. It all happened because his father, Sir William, and his mother, Lady Bruce, were living in Mexico while Sir William was interested in a land-developing country. His brother, Sir Michael Bruce, who inherited the title, now lives in England.

His English schools are The Grange and Abington School which, like Mr. Chips' school, goes away back—back, in fact, to 1636. His father's title dates back to 1629, when a Bruce fought against Cromwell.

When Daphne du Maurier, author of "Rebecca," was a little girl, she swatched Bruce held her on his knee. Her father, Gerald du Maurier, actor and director, was his dearest friend.

For the second time in his life he plays Gilbert (of Gilbert and Sullivan) in "Lillian Russell." Once before he played him on the London stage, where he was known as one of England's best actors. The starring role in "Springtime," theatrical, brought him to New York stage and from there Jesse Lasky brought him to Hollywood in 1926. Then he came back across the "Becky Sharp" his family came with him and for five years now his wife, whom he calls "Bunny," a dark-eyed and young lady who wins silver trophies at tennis, and bronne Pauline, now seventeen, and blonde Jennifer, now fifteen, his two gracious daughters, have never been away from California.

On the walls of his Beverly Hills home are the pictures of his friends, the late Gerald du Maurier and Edgar Wallace, the very present Davey Nixon, deep in the war in England, Ronnie Colman, Basil Rathbone and C. Aubrey Smith. He credits C. Aubrey, his dearest friend, for getting him into the theatrical profession. After the war and after two and one-half years in a hospital, nursing the leg a German bullet tore almost asunder, he decided to take Smith's advice and try the stage. He clicked at once.

He admires Joan Crawford as a hard-working young actress and enjoyed working with her in "Susan and God." With a ten-dollar camera he has taken beautiful pictures of his wife, friends and daughters, all of which are mounted by Mr. Bruce in his innumerable scrapbooks carefully captioned in ink. "Bunny, 8701 feet in High Sierras," and another that somehow brings a chuckle, "Ronnie and the Duchess," and there is...
Colman, smiling at a very English duchess indeed.

His prize possession, next to his fifty pipes, is a small mug he purchased in La Jolla for fifty cents, on which is written: "In loving memory of John H. Old England." And on the bottom is stamped, "Made in Germany."

You should hear that Scotchman chuckle!

**Fast Field Work**

Blonde English Virginia Field (with no "s" on it, please) made a bet with her secretary before she ever went to London that she’d be in Hollywood. She was. It happened this way. She’d arrived in New York with her aunt, Aurilia Lee, the stage producer and director, to play a role in Helen Hayes’ play, “Victoria Regina.” While waiting for the play to go into production, Virginia obligingly aided a friend in making a movie test in New York. She herself turned out to be so good. Twentieth Century-Fox insisted she be released from her stage promise to come west.

It’s been five years from then till now, with Virginia playing the sister to Vivien Leigh in “Waterloo Bridge.” Today’s letter is a period of small things, of being stone broke and other disappointments, Virginia is still set in pictures, and soon embarks on an RKO picture with Louis Hayward, “Have It Your Own Way.”

Since she’s been fifteen, Virginia has been self-supporting. She left off school in Paris at fourteen to prepare for a stage career. Her first job was with the Max Reinhardt theater in Vienna, where she earned the magnificent sum of five shillings a week, but later on was better paid for her work with Leslie Howard on the London stage, in “This Side Idolatry.” Then came some good stock training in Sussex and Worthing, and finally a tour of Great Britain in “The Late Christopher Bean.” Between jobs she modeled at shops.

It was in “Lords of London” that Virginia got her first big chance and she’s been going good ever since.

A bachelor girl, she lives alone with a Danish maid who wouldn’t tell anyone Richard Greene’s telephone number for $500, or so she vows. Personally, we haven’t tried the bribe.

She doesn’t buy too many clothes, but believes in buying good things that last and let her friends get tired of seeing her in the same frocks if they chose to.

Oh, yes, and here’s a bit of a strange thing. She shaves herlet mixed up in her fruit salad.

**Beauty and Brains**

Jimmy Cagney has more than a mind and a great talent, it seems. He has, in addition, a very pretty sister with large blue eyes, Phi Beta Kappa pin and a “lifted” option at Paramount Studios. In short, Jean Cagney has proved her merit as an actress in “All Women Have Secrets,” “Goldfinger” and “Queen of the Mob,” the three pictures she has already had mount in her first year as an actress, which definitely sends her on the way and all on her own, remember.

When Jimmy was making cinematic history out here in Hollywood, Jean was trudging off to Hunter High School from Sunnyvile, Long Island, each day. At fourteen she had graduated from high school and at nineteen, her Phi Beta Kappa pin pinned to her bosom, she graduated from Hunter College. Jimmy, Bill and her two brother brothers along with their mother, sat in the balcony and looked down on a sea of black glowing hats and listened to Jean’s fancy time.

There was quite a session when the hubbub had died down, for Jean had set her mind on becoming a doctor, too, but her physician brothers finally persuaded her against it. Finally, during her annual summer visit to Hollywood to see Jimmy (she and her friends have made five trips through the Canal to visit Jim), Jean decided to stay right here to become an actress on her own.

The former president of Panama, Raoul Espinoza Arias, a family friend, presented Jean with a Spanish grammar for Christmas and now she dunks in its tenses and modes, teaching herself. She’s up to lesson seven now, where it really gets difficult.

Her greatest accomplishment, she feels, is in barking like a dog; she once earned a place as a Kiddie Masseur for imitating a dog’s bark.

She once played a tree in school because she had a green dress and always went in for school dances. She’s tiny, about five feet two, has brown hair and husky tones in her voice. She’s heart shaped and fancy free and intends to remain that way a long time.

“I have to make good at my job first,” she says.

**Bullfighter**

Young Johnny Hubbard went to Hollywood’s cupboard To get his poor self a role, But when he got there, All was rosy and fair.

With John headed starward— how droll! By Me

Some actors are quiet, sincere workmen who choose acting, not because it brought them an easy way to fame and fortune, but because they wanted it above all else. John Hubbard, the young featured player in “Turnabout,” the Hal Roach comedy, is a Phi Beta Kappa in the latter school. John wanted to act so badly he had finally to crash the bathroom where his father, a steel-mill superintendent, was taking a bath, to fight it out between them.

“I should help you to the easiest way to starvation?” the father shouted from the soap pad.

In the end, he consented to pay John’s tuition to the Goodman theater group in Chicago and give him six dollars a week for his room rent. The rest of the way John must travel alone. He traveled. After two years his dad came into Chicago from his home in Indiana Harbor, Indiana where John was born, to see his son in a Goodman play, “Dark Echo.” That settled it. Father Hubbard was on John’s side from that moment on, gladly footing the bill when Oliver Hinsdell, then a Paramount dramatic coach who had starred on photographs to show Paramount. It was summertime and John was out in his mother’s back yard building a fish pond in the little stream which flowed through their backyard. He worked in “The Bucanneer” and then went to M-G-M for “Dramatic School.” He was back home and married Lois, his childhood sweetheart, the girl he’d loved all through grade and high school.

After his marriage he came back to Hollywood and Hal Roach to play the bewildered young bookworm in “The Housekeeper’s Daughter,” opposite Joan Bennett. Next, he donned a prehis- toric bear for a caveman role in, “One Million B.C.” But by this time Mr. Roach was pretty sure John had something, so into Thorne Smith’s not-too-corny comedy, “Turnabout,” in which the hero becomes a mother, went Mr. Hubbard.

Level-headed, conservative John goes his own way. He plays tennis with the best of them, maintains his own little circle of friends from Chicago, lives modestly, and yearns to be a bullfighter—as if he hadn’t been one from the day he landed in Hollywood. His family back home thinks it’s all too wonderful—a little mixed up maybe—but wonderful.

Says FRANCES LANGFORD, the Texaco Star Theater, Wednesday nights, CBS Hollywood, where beauty is the breath of life itself, is going in a big way for this Modern Plastic hair curler for 4 important reasons exclusive to BLEND-O, BLEND-O Curlers....

1. PROTECT—having no rough edges or springs cannot possibly pull or cut your hair.

2. BLEND—Practically invisible when worn. 5 natural colors, black, brown, blonde, auburn, platinum.

3. IMPROVE APPEARANCE—Softer, natural-looking curls roll off easily, smoothly, need not be combed out.

4. FEEL BETTER—Light, plastic construction makes BLEND-O's infinitely more comfortable.

Try BLEND-O's and you'll always want them.

(Continued from page 25)
touched of his own, his eyes shone with excitement. I certainly was in sympathy with him, for a home of his own is a far cry from the time he was locked out of a New York hotel for not being able to pay the bill. A year ago his brother, who was the manager of another hotel heard of his plight and placed a suite at his disposal. Never fear this kindness and on a recent trip to New York stopped at the hotel, determined to spend a week in New York, perhaps, by way, the manager again insisted upon his being his guest.

True to his promise, Garson Kanin arranged for me to see some pictures. I saw "Love Affair" this evening and was completely enchanted with the new star, the young man who plays Charles Boyer's grandmother.

FRIDAY: Barbara Stanwyck, looking very smart in a soft outfit of old rose and grey, dropped in on her way to the fights at the American Legion Stadium.

Soon she was telling me amusing in- cidents about difficulties that have oc- curred in pictures she has made. One in particular that interested me hap- pened in the shooting scenes in "Annie Oakley." She tells me there was a lot of air and Barbara was supposed to hit them. She claims that if they had thrown them up, she couldn't have hit it. She told me how nervous she got, of course, for the director wouldn't have had a shot if she didn't hit it. A man stood be- hind her, out of camera range, and did the actual shooting.

SATURDAY: Andy and I arrived here in Tarzana last evening. It was an attrac- tive town, made famous by the famous char- acter Johnny Weissmuller prints in the movies.

Monday: Early this morning Eleanor of Hollywood arrived with an operator to supervise a permanent wave for me. It turned out that the color was not as bright as my hair appeared in the film. At the Holt, my neighbor, bears a gift of a large turkey which was gratefully re- ceived.

Andy's great problem for the day was how to cook the turkey.

One of the most beautiful women I have ever seen arrived to give us a hand. Dolores Del Rio stopped in on her way home from Hollywood. She said she couldn't leave Los Angeles without coming over to cook a Mexican dinner for Frances Marion this evening. At the mention of the word "cook," Andy raised a quick sim- plying my nerves in the mirror when a young man dressed in dungarees ap- peared in the doorway. It was The- Holm, my neighbor, bearing a gift of a large turkey which was gratefully re- ceived.

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There are few girls," observes Ginger Rogers, who has had to change the color of her hair for different phases of her career and, most recently, for her poignant role in "The Primrose Path," "who can afford to pass up the opportu-nity of keeping their hair clean and lustrous at all times, no matter how long it takes." And no girl likes a hair rinse after every shampoo. No matter how glorious the color of hair may have been before, so many factors—too much indoor work or increased outdoor activity—that dim the radiance or harrow the gleam.

"Simple homemade treatments aren't always enough, either to preserve the youthful sheen or to create a more suitable condition of condition and cleanliness. A vinegar rinse, for instance, darkens blonde hair in time and other household remedies may encourage oiliness or dryness. Isn't it much safer and more logical to use preparations specially designed to condition your hair and at the same time bring new life to the color?"

But nothing you can do to enhance the sheen or shadows of your hair can be truly effective without basic fragrant cleanliness, which means something more than the regular use of shampoos and the best rinses available.

We don't doubt for a moment that you wash and shampoo your hair at least every week or ten days. But we do wonder if you're doing all you can to keep it clean between shampoos, since nothing can replace vigorous use of your hairbrush daily.

Take a tip from Priscilla Lane about keeping your hair clean and clear. Like most screen actresses, she finds the daily shampoos required for work on the set have a tendency to dry the hair. So, during holiday periods or vacations, she lets her hair go for ten days between shampoos and keeps her hair clean by wrapping a piece of gauze around her brush before wielding it.

Even better results are available to everyone. If you shampoo between sittings. Like Anne Shirley, you can pinch your waves back into place, anchor them firmly and then put a net cap over them before stepping into the tub. The steam helps to set the curls and your hair will be dry by the time you finish dressing. Or if it's late at night and you're going to bed, you can leave the cap on all night for a chic coiffure next day.

To use under your net, you need an additional coating of hair helps. Bobby pins to keep large waves firmly in place. Enough curlers in different sizes to take care of every twist. The latter should be perforated to allow quick drying and should work so smoothly that they don't slip off the hair without unwinding. (The newest curlers have a little locking device, so that the pressure can be eased before withdrawing the change curl.)

You see, there's really no excuse to envy the stars their exquisite grooming. No longer can you all: "Well, I haven't got a studio hairdresser at my elbow all the time to keep my hair tidy!" Aside from added daily brushings, these little tips for greater hair beauty add no appreciable time to your regular beauty chores.

All they require is a little more use of the many products available—and a great deal more attention to what you're doing while you're dressing your hair.

begin a serious intimate discussion about the things that really matter in life. She has a brindled Scottie, I have a police dog; my dog bites, hers doesn't. Of course, she takes her dog for a walk, which means that she walks, too—and that, in Hollywood, is something worth mentioning. Laraine also bicycles, which is even more worth mentioning.

I asked her what time she usually got up in the morning (which seems to me an odd thing to ask a dog) and she said about six; she added, as a corollary, that she doesn't go to many parties because she has too much work for night clubs. Well, that's fine—a girl of nineteen who has to begin work at seven in the morning oughtn't to stay up late at night even at Hollywood night clubs, which are very harmless places.

Then, of course, we got to talking about acting and actors. She is very ambitious. She had some experience of stage acting before she was given a seven-year contract by Metro-Gold wyn-Mayer (who began to put her in the Doctor Kildare series). Her hobby is making home movies—not the sort of home movies you and I make—but real playlets, properly written before-hand and directed seriously. If you feel like this sort of thing after a hard day at the studio, then you're probably nineteen, ambitious and a real actor's actor. Laraine Johnson.

I didn't ask her who her favorite author was (and she didn't say "Oh, Mr. Hilton, do please tell me where you got the idea of "Long Island"?) I did ask who her favorite actress was and she said Helen Hayes, which section doesn't do anything. She also admired Elizabeth Bergner, but was surprised when I said Elizabeth was old enough to be her mother. Of course, her favorite director is Hitchcock, though she liked Charles Vidor also—he made her last picture. Naturally she adores Hitchcock. That perma-nent longing-mountain with the eye of the Avecent Mariner and the smile of the newborn babe is just Destiny in any screen actress's track. I take the liberty of so describing him because he takes similar liberties in describing others—his favorite welcome for Laraine when she arrives on the set in the morning being "Hello, you old dog" and for Joel McCrea, "Hello, you elongated slob."

Laraine is modest. She said she was very glad she didn't have to work with Albert Bassermann, the famous German refugee-actor who has a part in the Hitchcock picture because he is not six thousand in size. Now he would steal the scene from her as easily as he did from Eddie Robinson (in "Dr. Ebbets"), and it needs a Dr. Ebbets to steal a scene. She is also sensible. I asked her if she felt personally the emotions she had to portray and she said of course not, or she wouldn't be able to act them. This was another relief. If an actress comes up to me and says (it happened once, and I won't say who) "Mr. Hilton, I was so moved by that scene you wrote that I could hardly speak the lines and I didn't need the mental-squirting for the tears, they just ran naturally"—then I know that either the actress is lying, or a bad actress, or both. Natural thespians don't come into reading a scene, in thinking about it, in seeming it afterwards as a spectacular—but weeping is, after all, a lack of control and how can anyone act without the complete control over his or her voice and physicality?

So we went on talking about actors and acting and presently it was time for her to get back to the theatre, so, I drove her back and left her within sight of a sedate English drawing room (equipped with a sedate English butler) where she would dine on her long lines during the afternoon. One of these days, maybe, she will pass outside the hundred-mile-range picture, because she has six thousand miles of exploration, will enter some of those sedate drawing rooms. It all depends. And when she was being wheeled about in a pram in the town of Roosevelt, Utah, was hard at work writing a book in a fortress at Laramie.

Laraine belongs to the modern 1940 school of Hollywood screen actresses—she has worked on her work as seriously (and why not?) as if she were following the career of business girl, librarian, schoolteacher, or doctor. Her name and face may become known during the next few years to tens of millions (indeed I cannot think of any screen actress from whom this is more likely to happen), but she will still be a hard worker, will still remain a funda-mentally new and unselfconscious person. Hollywood's Senses Age is over—it was killed by higher intelligence and higher income tax.

I almost forgot to say that Laraine is exceedingly pretty. She has a Hepburn eagerness of profile combined with eyes that her studio claims are "deep green"—fortunately they aren't, but they're interesting even without the Technicolor. And also—which her studio doesn't mention—she has a fascinating and almost invisible scar on the end of her nose which I should like to have heard the history of—maybe it had something to do with Utah.
Baby Skylark

(Continued from page 62)

...diana illustrated, the more the family began to realize that indeed they had something here! And Gloria, for the first time, began dreaming of the phanto
tomacco interview. It was the first time she had had the chance to be interviewed, and she was elated. She had been given a chance to make a name for herself, and she was determined to make the most of it.

And so, for a few months, she was the talk of the town. She was seen everywhere, and everyone wanted to meet her. She was a sensation, and she was loved. She was the talk of the town, and she was the talk of the town.

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If your “delightful days” are hit-and-miss...if you walk on air one day, and fairly drag your feet the next...it may well be that faulty elimination is taking its toll.

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- Peppermint, which has a calming effect and can help to relieve gas and bloating.
- Aloe Vera, which provides vitamins, minerals, and amino acids that nourish the body and support overall health.
- Fennel, which helps to reduce inflammation and support digestive health.
- Slippery Elm, which acts as a lubricating agent and can soothe the digestive tract.
- Juniper Berries, which have a diuretic effect and can help to reduce water retention.

SWISS KRIS will give you quick relief from the dullness that comes with irregular habits. Order yours today and experience the difference for yourself!

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and dainty and utilitarian. For it’s here she sets her hair in its curls. Hairdressers, she says, make her look “very strange.”

The living room she also redecorated . . .

One morning, four days before Christmas and the first big party Joan and Brian gave, Miss Honeywell, Brian’s personal secretary, arrived at the house and went to Joan’s room at once, as usual, armed with pencil and pad. Tucked among the side of things, but this try morning there were several pages of notes and Joan laid aside a sketch she was working on to pour Miss Honeywell her customary cup of coffee.

“That decorato I was talking about last week, remember?” she asked, eyes shining. “I wonder if we possibly could get her over here this morning. I want to change the living room!”

At eleven o’clock the decorator and Joan were in conference. Joan explained, walking up and down, touching this, touching that, how she wanted the living room to have a little mirror, white and soft blue substituted for the heavy blues which then predominated. She had crystal sconces. She explained that a pair of rosewood chairs and a fine old secretary would remain. She sketched a picture of the room, that the curtains were to be hung and quickly she made another sketch of an Empire sort that was to be covered in red and to face the fireplace.

“You make my work very easy, Mrs. Aherne,” the decorator said.

“The house,” she answered. “Wait! This is Wednesday. By Sunday—by Christmas Eve—it must be finished! Don’t you do say?”

When it was agreed this could, by dint, be done the big double doors between the hall and the living room were closed. Workmen arrived and when Brian came home that afternoon tea was served upstairs in the study.

“Joan,” he said. “We told him, Miss Honeywell remembers, “that the living room was being decorated for the big party and she had already painted ropes of evergreen, that sort of thing. And he wasn’t disappointed. The doors were thrown open on Christmas Eve that room was as complete as it was charming. There were ropes of evergreen. There was a fire crack of River-place. And the little flames of the candles in the crystal sconces made shadows on the soft blue walls.”

Consequently, Brian wasn’t in the least disturbed by this change in the domestic scene. He says, with pride, “My wife has done wonders with this house. But I insist my room be left alone. Joan did buy an open commode to stand beside my bed. A lovely old piece it is, too. I never would have thought to add it. And the shelves, I must say, are mighty charming!”

It’s interesting and unusual, I think, that Miss Honeywell remains in the Aherne house. Personal secretaries so often find it better to resign when there’s a new wife.

This house always was a charming place but it has added to her admiration for Joan too sincere to be questioned. “But Mrs. Aherne brought a new charm. New life, too. I like to open the study door and hear the phonograph playing. Or hear Mrs. Aherne at the piano, singing. Or hear laughter and the click, click of ping-pong balls coming from the garden.

“And I’ll never forget the day she brought me her wedding dress and asked me to have it cleaned and put away. ‘It will be for my daughter,’ she said. And somehow I knew she meant me. I guess it’s always the simple things. This turns all women do that show their hearts, . . .”

This all traces back to a prediction Miss Honeywell made a decade and more ago. “Joanie,” she said, “will be really happy when she has a home of her own and—”

“Mother meant,” Olivia explains, “not only that Joan would find natural fulfillment in the things, but also that she would find her greater happiness she’d ever known because they would be her own.”

It was natural for Joan to want Olivia’s things, for they have the same tastes. This complicated life more than once. There was the time, when they were very young, that a book of fairy stories with Edmund Dulac illustrations was given to them jointly, but both wanted it for their own.

Finally, however, Joan decided she would rather have a little mirror of Olivia’s to look in when going to and from back. After weeks of palaver, a contract of exchange was written in pencil on blue-painted paper torn from a child’s bad. Olivia has the fairy stories still and the mirror and the contract are in Joan’s trunk in the Anheerette attic.

THE spark of life is inacalculable, sometimes surprisingly strong, sometimes surprisingly frail. When Joan was born in the International Settlement in Tokio, Japan, on October 22nd, 1917, she had to be wrapped in a blanket of cotton and carried in a pillow. The doctors called in consultation regarded her with grave eyes, took the child from us, my mother and I, and carried it to receive from successful English patent attorneys in residence in the Orient and went away. But when Joan returned to be two years old those same doctors, raising her eyebrows a bit, suggested a sea voyage might be beneficial.

So Joan and Olivia and their mother sailed across the Pacific and came to California, in particular to the little town of Hollywood, in the streets of Santa Clara county, fifty miles down the bay from San Francisco.

Physically Joan was frail. But in spirit she was strong. It was a bane to her to watch Olivia do everything first. . .

I WAS at dinner with Miss Fontaine last night,” Brian told Miss Honeywell one day at luncheon. “She’s a beautiful girl! Beautiful!” Ten minutes later he repeated himself. And before another ten minutes had passed he was saying the same thing a third time.

“Oh, Alma,” Joan said, “I’m so happy I can’t sleep! Oh, Alma! This is the real deal.”

“I would have been carrying up her tray in no time,” Alma says. “Fruit juice and poached eggs and toast and a little cheese for breakfast. And in the morning and it doesn’t take long to fix that. But she couldn’t wait!”

Thereby hangeth and, once it found her. For right after she was married she was asked to test for “Rebecca.” Miss Fontaine, Hollywood’s highest and fairest, David Selznick, however, who must carry a divining rod for new stars in his back pocket,
remembered Joan's test for Melanie and her work in "The Wamen" and felt only she could play it.

The more Joan thought about the second Mrs. de Winter the more completely she felt she understood her. As she said to Brian one evening: "When I was a little girl I stood beside those with whom she has been my friends, I knew the same quality of unhappiness the second Mrs. de Winter knew. I was fearful and timid. And I lived in constant horror of criticism."

"Joan," Brian says, "wouldn't have been as wonderfully good as she was in 'Rebecca'—I think—if she hadn't been married. My mother has been her home foremost in her life she was able to be objective about her work, she can try hard and live in our family. We get too anxious about things."

The study in the Ahern house—just across the hall from Joan's bedroom—is a room much used. During the day Miss Honeywell works there. In the evening Joan and Brian spend long hours there reading, or studying lines, or playing backgammon or Chinese checkers.

The walls of the study are papered with a map of the airways of the Southern California peninsula. It occupies part of the wall space behind Brian's desk and shows the short distance to a gondola flight, between Beverly Hills and the little town of Saratoga where Joan and Olivia grew up. In the gas-station attendants and storekeepers and chance pedestrians now refer to Mrs. Fontaine, who certainly wasn't on the level, as "Mother of the girls . . ."

The Aherns (Brian is a licensed pilot) fly wherever they want to. They fly up to Saratoga for little visits. They fly to Palm Springs for luncheons on Sundays. Other Sundays they play golf. Brian, an expert golfer, was very subtle last Christmas. Among other presents, he gave Joan a bag of clubs. Immediately she began taking lessons and she now handles those clubs with authority.


In Hollywood they met and fell in love and married, exactly as they might have done if they'd stayed at home in England where Joan's native land just as it's Brian's. Now the little girl who was ill and out of things—and who found the world and strong. And because she remembers the old laws and her husband can't, she even says that she has a career, he's happy and she's happy, too. So happy that she says over and over, "The days are too short!"

Which, in truth, seems to us to be a very happy ending.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 61)

SON OF THE NAVY—Monogram

HERE'S a pleasant, unimpressive little film, dealing with the adventures of Martin Spellman, orphan, and his dog, which is the latest of a new modern pop. Martin chooses James Dunn, bachelor gunnery mate on a battleship. Dunn naturally has to find a girl to share his troubles and to ease the way. The story is acceptable if lazy in spots and production is all right.

CURTAIN—RKO

ANY picture produced these days with the sole purpose of making the customers laugh deserves a big hand, no matter its intrinsic merit. Fortunately, this turned out as an excellent bit of entertainment. Barbara Rod is the small-town girl who sells her badly written play to a producer and insists to line in it may be changed. Resultant complications are sheer fun.

SAFARI—Paramount

In this version of Beauty-and-the-Beast it's a toos-up who will get big-game hunter Douglas Fairbanks Jr. first—Madeleine Carroll, Carlin's lovely lady-in-waiting. Madeleine Carroll, or the lion Doug and Tulio are stalking. There's some exquisite photography which manages to appear definitely authentic in back- ground and feeling. What it's short on is plot: Madeleine thinks it's about time Tulio married her and goes along on an African hunting trip to prove it; Doug thinks women are a nuisance on the trail and that Madeleine's a shall we say, sophisticated, besides; Tulio thinks that both Madeleine and Doug are up to no good and you can just see a tag along to do something nasty about it. All three are excellently cast and persuasive, but the big surprise is Lynn Over- man, unrecognizable in a watusis-mus- tached make-up. You'll find this an entertaining—if not instructive or thrilling—enjoying.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS—Paramount

The mad merriness of college life in the 1900's forms the theme of this fun-for-all-the-family picture. Dad will get your toes at the cardboard cutouts of the boys of the stuff collars and buttoned shoes; the rest of you will enjoy the girls, the flapper abandon with William Holden, Erna Strong and sundry other engaging juveniles go through the end and everything. Leo Carrillo and Marjorie Rambeau support.

WOLF OF NEW YORK—Republic

In case you're thinking in terms of Hollywood's new cityology, "Wolf" is this case does not mean a predatory man; it means a lawyer who works for crime rather than the side of law and order. Edmund Lowe has the title role and is at his capable best. The piece is ade- quate for a double-feature program.

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH—Paramount

PARAMOUNT's Paradox might be the subtitle for this modern version of the silent film which gave Emil Jannings and tear-drenched spectators—a such a field. Opening scenes (virtually the only point of merit) run to maudlin sentiment, while the latter three-fourths (overcast with the gloom of true tragedy) are authentic and consider- able suspenseful excitement. Akim Tamiroff assumes the Jannings role with less histrionic flair. It's a fine make-up for each phase of the immigrant banker's down- fall from respected citizen and loving father to blooey-eyed old bum. Gladys George is shingly lovely as the de- voted wife he leaves behind on that ill- fated journey. He estimates $100,000 worth of securities, while Berton Churchill and Muriel Angelus are convincing as the city swindlers who lead him like a lamb.

WALLY BARRYMORE still lurks about in his wheelchair, advising Lew and chuck- ling in a kindly fashion.

20 MULE TEAM—M-G-M

HERE's Wally Beeny again, roaring and cracking his whip in an expensive Western. Filmed against the beautiful desert and mountain scenery, it deals with the early days of the borax industry and shows Wally, toughest mule of them all, turning the tables by getting into furious trouble and having to shoot his way out of it. There's a chase at

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PHOTOPLAY PRESENTS AS ITS VIVID NEW MOVIE NOVEL COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

UNTAMED A BOOKLENGTH STORY OF THE MOVIE BASED ON A NOVEL BY Sinclair Lewis

THE THRILLING STORY OF ROMANCE IN THE ICE-BOUND NORTH, WHERE A DOCTOR REGAINS HIS PROFESSIONAL ETHICS—AND FORGETS THE ETHICS OF LOVE

He said, "If we could promise each other to be just friends..." She said, "I couldn't keep that kind of bargain." Screen interpreters of these Lewis characters: Ray Milland and Patricia Morison, starring in the Paramount production.
She looked like an innocent wild child, he thought. He was to dis-cover that she had a woman's heart.

TH the ante-room was disgustingly crowded, he noticed for the first time. It was crawling with nurses. And it was stuffingly hot. Nurses, nurses everywhere, cluttering up the place so you couldn't breathe, and not one of them with intelligence enough to carry out a simple order.

One of them held out a towel with some rubber gloves on it. He picked them up and started to put one on; it was slippery and too small; it stuck on his fingers and it stuck on his thumb; it was maddening.

He dashed both gloves to the floor and shouted: "Get me a decent pair of gloves! What's the matter with everybody tonight?" They only stood around gaping at him like a pack of fools. He was there, the only young doctor in New York, and nothing around him but stupidity! He lost his temper completely.

"Well, come on, come on! Do I have to find my own gloves?" He picked up a mask and began adjusting it across his mouth and nose. But the mask, like the gloves, was possessed of devils. The tape at the back of his head twined and slipped through his fingers and curled themselves into a knot that was as complicated as one of old Mc-Reynolds' lectures back in medical school. He ripped the mask off and flung it to the floor besides the gloves.

Somebody was standing in the door of the ante-room. After a few seconds of intense concentration he made out who it was—the Chief Surgeon and, behind him, the Head Nurse. He welcomed the correction of his authority.

"What is this, anyhow?" he screamed. "A cat-and-dog hospital? Rotten equipment—incompetence—arggghh! An emergency case waiting in there and I can't even find a decent pair of gloves!"

"You won't need them, Crawford," the Chief said. He came hastily into the room. "I'm taking over."

Bill ch 若 impatiently past him to the table where more gloves lay. "If you'll kindly get out of my way," he muttered. Then the Chief's statement sank into his fuddled brain. "You're—what did you say?"

The Chief had his coat off and was bending over the task of half-dressing his hands hurriedly. "Just what I said," he remarked, "You'd better go home, Crawford, and sleep it off."

"Go home! But I'm going to operate!"

"Operate?" said the Chief with undisguised contempt. "You couldn't sharpen a lead pencil at your desk."

Without wanting to, Bill obeyed.

They were quivering.

"You're sacked," the Chief said. "You've been skidding for months," he went on in the same icy manner. "And now you'd rather risk a patient's life than admit you're shot to pieces!... Too bad. Crawford. You might have done some important work."

Bill passed one hand across his forehead. It came away damp. "Important work?" he said. "Not in this pink-and-white heaven for dyspeptics!"

A nurse came into the room, carrying the beaker of brandy. Bill grabbed it away from her and tossed it down his throat. "That," he said, "is the only important work I'll ever do!" and quietly passed out.

When he came to, said the Chief, a hypodermic needle, and the homely worried face of Les Woodbury, in that order. The Chief was leaning over him, the hypodermic needle was being inserted into his upper arm and Les was jarring it in the background.

"That'll slow you up," the Chief said, straightening up. "You've been out of it for a year now; if you expect to carry on."

Bill looked around. He was in the bedroom of his own house. Yes, a house he got in through a marriage. He was living in the same old room, but somewhere in the back of his mind was an impression of confusion, of rushing traffic, of being carried didn't matter. He stopped bending. "Well—what's the matter?"

"We'll have to requisition it—" she offered timidly.

"Then go ahead and requisition it!" he snapped, amiably. In a second he added, "That's all."

The nurse looked doubtfully at another nurse who was standing silently by the sterilizers, then quietly turned and went into the room. Bill turned wistfully, suddenly realizing that he didn't notice a small instrument case on wheels standing beside him. His knee caught it and sent it spinning across the room, where it overturned noisily.

All Bill's careful restraint broke, like the twanging release of an overhead wire. He held Alvera close, kissing her again and again.

all, himself, and it wouldn't have made much sense to say goodbye anyway.

So instead of talking any more, he closed his eyes. Far away, in another world, he heard the Chief and Les Woodbury—old Les—talking. At least, they seemed to be talking.

"Serious?" The Chief's voice said this. "Of course it's serious! His whole nervous system has blown up in his face. And that's not the worst of it—the tragedy is a youngster like Crawford tossing a brilliant career into the gutter... will he listen to you?"

"Maybe that's been his trouble," Les said.

"Well, make him listen to this: As soon as he's strong enough he's got to get out of here... go away... get some air and some sun and some decent living..."

Bill stopped listening. Go away. It sounded good.

FOR hundreds of miles in all directions there was nothing but wilderness—wide stretches of tundra, swamp, jackpine, veined with rivers and dotted with dark lakes. He might travel miles without seeing a human being, hearing a human voice; or so he liked to think. Actually, he guessed, there were a few settlements—places like Lost Lake Landing, or Lac Qui Rêve or Mousehead. But the thought of loneliness was comforting. The thought of all the Canadian Northwest, rolling out on every side, with himself alone in the middle—that was pleasant.

He lay in the sun, letting his body soak up its heat like a sponge. Half asleep, he heard Joe Easter and Les Woodbury talking. Joe was their guide, a French Canadian who spoke a brand of English that would have baffled Noah Webster and whose tummy stuck out a matter of inches past the low-slung waistline of his blue jeans, but who knew his way around the woods better than Bill knew his around an operating theater.

"So," Joe was saying, "there's poor Pete Zappoose—his foot caught in a rock, like I say—and there is Mister Bear. His friends—he is so beeg I think he is a beeg bear."

"And then what?" Les' voice had an edge of excitement. "What'd you do?"

"So from across the valley I shoot!" Joe whipped his rifle to his shoulder, sighted along it to an imaginary target, eyes narrow and face grim.

"But I thought," Les queried innocently, "you said you were out of ammunition?"

Joe pounced.
"Sure! But Mister Grizzly he don't know about that—and Ker-plunk! Down he go!—Haw! Haw haw haw!"

Bill buckled, stretched luxuriously, and stood up. It was good, once more, to feel his muscles do his bidding, know that he could count on them to be steady. He lifted his rifle and an empty tomato can that lay beside Joe Easter and tossed the can down the slope toward the lake.

Then, for curiosity, he examined the remains of his gun. His weapon was at his shoulder and three shots broke the quiet of the afternoon. Twice the can leaped a startling distance, and once hit the chest of a small trees.

Joe said admiringly, "By golly, Bill—one day, maybe, you shoot almost as good as me."

"A two-miler!" said Bill, chauvinistically. "He couldn't have hit a tree with a fire hose."

Bill grinned, showing white teeth. "Bring on your bears, Joe," he said.

Les Woodbury snorted. "Bears! Seventeen days we've been on the trail and we haven't so much as seen one. There aren't any up in this country!"

Joe had risen and was turning in a half-circle, scanning the horizon. Abruptly, he snifffed.

"Today I think we find bear," he announced softly. "I can smell him. Skoukum!" he called.

From a squatting position on the ground twenty feet or so away, a fat Cree Indian turned expressionless eyes on the scene.

"A few words in Cree dialect and Skoukum nodded once and uttered a sourcorn, unintelligible monosyllabic, as if to indicate that he had smelled something, but quitted, without speaking.


Bill Leslie steadily picked up his gun and the four of them set out in the order Joe had directed.

For two hours they trudged through the hot afternoon. Weariness set in Bill's legs and arms and back—and a confirming kind of weariness.

"Whew!" he sighed when he and Joe sat down for a few moments about three o'clock. "I feel like an old man. But good!"

Joe whittled a hunee of chewing tobacco from the plug he carried in his pocket, tucked it into his cheek, and put the plug to Bill. Bill shied away hastily and reached for his pipe.

"No, thanks! I'm not that healthy yet!"

"You pretty healthy, though." Joe remarked. "Not like you was when I met you at Moosehead. You was sick fella then, Bill."

"A rotten sort of idiot, Joe. Idaho's delight!"

Bill was imperiously, reminiscent. "Yeah. Once I can git so far away, I guess a I'll get a gun!"

"Not so, Joe. By golly, Joe. He say, "I'll lay out thousands of nice, straight trails across this world an' you pick crooked one. Why do you do that, Joe?"

"I have nothing to say to Le Bosuer Joe," Bill went on. "I have no excuse. He make me feel like big feet."

"You sure crossed up my trails," Bill said. For a moment the vision of New York flashed before him—its humanity-paved streets, its luxury, its self-controlling joy.

"You will find the right trail, all right," Joe said softly. "I bet you my boots."

"I don't know, Joe. Better go easy on those boots. You might lose 'em."

"Doctor Bill—I bet those boots because I like you."

Bill looked quickly at his broad face, into the big, gentle eyes, and knew that he had just received an accolade, and more than that: a pledge of friendship. It was a sincere and generous expression of his affection for him and he awkwardly thrust out his hand.

"Shake on that," he said.

After they had shaken hands they put sentimentality to rout. With a great show of bustling hurry, Joe was away. What he was going to, Bill didn't know, and he was just a stone wall of grass.

They found the bear fifteen minutes later. In a dead-ended ravine they heard a rustling in the underbrush. Then there was a low, ominous growl. Joe's hands tightened on the smooth stock of his gun as he and Joe stood poised, frozen, each with one foot off the ground.

With no further warning the bear bore cover fifteen feet away. To Bill he seemed the biggest animal he had ever seen. Bulky, and the flash of evil porcupine eyes, were the only things to be seen before he whipped the gun to his shoulder and fired. The shot echoed dejectedly through the ravine, while the bear staggered. He had run into an invisible wall. He shook his head, then his stumpy legs buckled under him and he lurched crazily forward, toppling into the dry brush.

"By golly," Joe exclaimed. "by golly, Doctor Bill, you get him right through the heart! That's okay!"

Bill might have felt pleased if he had been time. But just then there was a deafening roar behind them. He whirled, to see another bear knock Joe spinning and continue the charge, straight toward Bill himself. There was no time to lift his rifle and take aim. The bear was towering above him, its forelegs outstretched as if for an embrace. A rifle spoke sharply, authoritatively, at the same moment that the bear fell upon Bill, blotted out consciousness in a smother of fur and acrid odor.

He woke to a confused impression of sunlight and green trees and pain and Joe Easter's solicitous face. Somehow, Joe had dragged him out from beneath the bear and propped him against a tree. The two dead bears lay inertly in a welter of dust and pine needles, red blood striping the shaggy brown of their coats in streaks.

"What happened?" Bill inquired weakly.

"I shot him from the ground," Joe explained. "By golly, Bill, I t'ink you're a goner for a minute!"

"I thought so, too," Bill said with a wry grin. He tried to move and a flash of pain shot up from his foot. Joe, watching intently, saw him wince.

"Something wrong?" he asked. "Wait—I see."

With infinite precaution Joe pulled Bill's boot and, when he could not, cut it away with his hunting knife, then peeled off the heavy woolen sock. The foot was screwed up, black. Bill made his own diagnosis. He indicated the arch and said, "Trouble's here, Joe—something broken down there."

Les Woodbury and Skoukum came crashing up the ravine, Woodbury crying, "What's the trouble?"

"Doctor Bill has been hit."

Then, for the first time, Les saw the bears. His mouth fell open. "Holy jeepers," he gasped, "what'd he do—kick 'em to death?"

Joe, busy cutting bark and fashioning a rude splint, took charge of affairs. "We take you back to camp for tonight—then tomorrow you have to go to my place, Les Lake Landings. I'll take you there in the canoe. My misery, she'll look after you good."

I'll be right all in camp," Bill demurred. "I don't want to spoil the trip for Les."

"You won't spoil it," Joe assured him. "Les stay here in camp with Skoukum and I'll get back here after tomorrow. But camp no place for you now?"

"Not at all. I'll just stay out, and maybe he'll be the trouble for Mrs. Easter. Can't I stay in a hotel or something?"

Joe stood up from his splint and chuckled.

You don't know my Alverna. She is an angel from heaven—kind and beautiful. She like to take care of you. I know your foot broke, it make her very happy."

Along the north shore of Lost Lake a narrow spit of land, like some animal's paw, thickly furred with hemlock and pine, reaches out into the rippling water. A patch of the wind-blower and the west wind is Lost Lake Landing—a few houses, a few people, dropped down into the midst of the wilderness.

As human habitations go, Lost Lake Landing is unexceptional. It has one street—a ribbon of dirt in summer, a spread of snow in winter and a welter of mud in spring. It has a Hudson's Bay Company trading post, a large sign of a Diana, stilet toad moults, rambling log cabin that belongs to Joe Easter, half a dozen smaller houses in varying states of repair and some Indian shacks since no one ever took the trouble to count them.

Once a week, more or less, a dyspeptic little steamer bobs its way up river from Moosehead and across the lake, to tie up at the Landing's primitive and weather-beaten wharf. When it steams away again it leaves behind it a steady trade for Angus McGavity to trade with the Indians for furs, some canned food and a fraction of a peaceful crowd to other visitors to Lost Lake Landing come seldom.

As Joe's canoe, propelled by its rakeety outboard motor, threaded the twilight branches, he could see the characteristic slender, tall, and forth between them, Bill saw the little settlement begin to sprout activity. A small boy who had apparently only been waiting for the wharf, leaned out, and the entire population of Lost Lake Landing—all seventeen whites and miscellaneous Indians—was there to greet Joe.

Joe leaped out, into the babble of excited welcome, and was immediately engulfed in the greeting embrace of a woman with features fine as a feather and broad and broad, who screamed "Joe darlin'!" until her cries were stopped by Joe's kiss. Bill, watching, smiled. The perfect wife for Joe—wife and mother, all rolled up into one bountiful beauty. But, best of all, she wasn't beauty in the eye of the beholder! Then Bill saw the girl. She came running down the path as fleetly as a deer, her brown legs flaming like golden columns. For just a second, as she ran, her face was hidden—she was almost a wild beauty as he hadn't known existed.

Then he threw her an old, worn, yellowed whistle and made her duck his cheek as a small panther, covered his rough face with kisses. And:

"Always Joe Easter."

Aghast, Bill watched the man, as big as one of the bears he hunted, crush the slight girl to him, kissing her again and again, and whispering with a sort of anger, "Joe—Joe— this is a crazy Canuck! You're breaking me in half!"

Joe dropped her suddenly, clapped a hand to his forehead, and exploded dramatically. "Fine fella, me—I almost forget! Here!" He turned to Bill, still lying in the canoe with his head dropped. "Get up on one of the thwarts and think it over, Bill, especially, he said, "Madame Joseph Jean Paul Delacroix Easter—I make you acquainted with Doctor Bill Crawford, my good friend. . . . My wife, Doc! What did she tell you? She is a peach, the hell?"

He jumped down to the path that ran along the wharf just above the water, and there stood, proudly, expertly, in his arms, then set him upright, supporting the knee of the injured leg on a convenient log.

In a moment someone appeared with a rough kitchen chair for Bill to sit in and in it he was carried along the wharf and up the street. Alverna
skipped alongside, puppyish in her high spirits, swinging her arms as she walked danc- ing ahead, then coming back to walk sedately like a little girl playing grownup.

The little room was snugly along the street until it reached Joe's cabin—a low building of logs which somehow seemed to combine an atmosphere of the woods with the warmth of a homey comfort. Along its front ran a railed veranda and inside was a big living room, furnished with heavy chairs and tables from Grand Rapids and fine rugs from the Orient. Alvy was evidently a good housekeeper: everything was scrupulously neat and clean, and the kitchen, glimpsed through a half-open door, was a marvel of shining linoleum and oilecloth.

Bill was propped up with pillows in one of the chairs, Alvy still standing beside the Lay's general practitioner, examined his foot. Dr. Billar might have been any age from fifty to seventy. Iron-gray hair, slight, well-worn, battered old hat and clothes that looked as if they had never known the touch of an iron hand care- lessly on his big, heavy body. His bag, when Bill glanced at it, was full of wonderful little instruments and bottles and boxes and bandages and half-filled paper bags, tossed together higgledy-piggledy, but his hands were sure and strong—the touch of a true surgeon—and Bill watched him with respect.

At last Dr. Billar sat back on his heels. "It's so swollen it's hard to say..." he began.

"How about Mr.-Kráy?" Bill suggested thoughtfully and Billar laughed up at him and at Alvy, standing beside the chair.

"That's a good one, Alvy, my dear, did you hear that?" This an X-Crón, miles away," Billar explained. "However, I'm sure there's no bones broken. Slowly and wearily he got up off the floor of the room in that he swung and Bill and efficiently opened a box of medical tape.

Abruptly, she bent her head and began taping his foot, while Bill kept a staring at the curves of his foot.

"That looks like a professional job," he remarked.

She glanced up with a pleased smile. "Just show- ing off. I learned it from Dr. Billar. He lets me help him sometimes—give the anesthetic—hold a clamp, maybe."

"Well," he said, impressed. Alvera Easter had not seemed as if she could manage who could remain un- moved at the sight of blood or pain. After a pause he observed, "I'd imagine Dr. Billar'd have a pretty mixed practice up here?"

"Mixed?" Alvy laughed. "You're no idea. Morning, noon and night he's on the run. If it isn't new babies, it's their little brothers and sisters with stomach-aches, and if it isn't them it's their parents with more new babies. In his spare time he's pulling teeth, doctoring somebody's horse or giving advice. Oh, he'll stand by a wagon or a horse and talk an operation of a horse."

"And you observed, "I'd imagine Dr. Billar'd have a pretty mixed practice up here?"

"Mixed?" Alvy laughed. "You're no idea. Morning, noon and night he's on the run. If it isn't new babies, it's their little brothers and sisters with stomach-aches, and if it isn't them it's their parents with more new babies. In his spare time he's pulling teeth, doctoring somebody's horse or giving advice. Oh, he'll stand by a wagon or a horse and talk an operation of a horse."

When she returned, Bill had still not recovered from the shock of this news delivered so matter-of- fact. "What in the world did you do that for?"

"Oh—oh—hungry," Alvy said, still without embarras- sment. "You see, I'd spent most of my life in a convent—they called it that, but it was really an orphanage. When I got out, I didn't know much —and what I did know was mostly what to not do. Bill showed me the ropes of the office. I was doing fine until a new boss came in and said he was going to take a personal interest in my future. Right away he started to keep his promise, so I hit him with a desk lamp."

Bill chuckled and said, "Good work!"

"Maybe," Alvy commented, looking a little face. "I was still under the impression of being thirty days for assault and battery."

She shrugged her slim shoulders. "And that was the end of all Bill's help—"

"And so you—er—met Joe?"

"Yes—and I married him," she said. "Figured he was lucky to get the chance. And of course I was, too."

"But you didn't know the kind of place you were getting into—that was it?"

Alvy shook her head and smiled. "That was the one thing I forgot to ask him: where were we going to live. When I did, it was too late...so here I am.

It was at this moment that the young man who was slinging the peas into the big iron triangle hung from the roof and did a thorough job of beating it with an iron bar attached to it by a cord. Lunch, it seemed, was ready.

But the fact that Joe's establishment was not successful—certainly no one wore the clothes he did and moved with his air of weari- ness could have been the reason—must be exactly what he seemed: a back country doctor, in abilities as well as in fact, and no more.

It was served at an old oak table in the way. But for the first time in his life, he wondered.

With an expert twist of her fingers, Alvy tucked the end of the bandage under, then stretched it and began to set the big golden-leaf table for lunch, spreading a blue and white checked cloth on it, trotting back and forth between kitchen and living room with a cheerful hubbub, evidently Alvy wasn't the cook.

Bill lit his pipe and lay back in his chair, his foot propped up on one another before him, and looked out the window at the open Vermont vista of lake, mountains, sky, all in different shades of blue. It was a scene that mesmerized all doubts and worries. Joe had a certain and contented restive supreme. He sighed and murmured, "Wondrous—isn't it?" not knowing or car- ing if Alvy heard him out.

She spoke from behind him, while the clatter of dishes and silver abruptly ceased. "You think so?" she asked.

Then, as Alvy finished cutting the bread, she promised Mister Woodbury I be back in two days.

Alvy, her scissors poised in the air, cried dis- appointments. "Oh, Joe! The scissors slowly descended; she bent her head.

Abruptly, the smile left Joe's face. He said seri- ously, "Guides in this country do not leave a hunter on the track. I'll be back, and we'll go on now. I'll get quick, Angel, I have long ways to go."

Watching, Bill saw Alvera's eyelids come slowly down to veil her eyes in submissively, saw her nod her head once, as if acknowledging an order it was not hers to question.

In an incredibly short Joe was standing on the porch, all ready.

"Joe, I'll go with you to the porch.

"You spoke hurriedly and she clung to him as to something safe, looking as though she'd burst into tears. "Joe—I wish you didn't have to go."

He patted her smooth cheek with awkward tend- erness.

"Do not mind about me. You got to take care of my good friend here!"

"I'm going with you, too, with you," she repeated.

"No. You stay here with the doctor," he said.

"All right, Mickey—come on with that gun!"

They embraced and she started off, dusty street alone and Alvera stood in the doorway watch- ing them. For a long time she stood there, un- moving, her head turned away. Bill stared at her so long, so earnestly, that it became only a slighte of grace and beauty against the brilliance of the northern sky—a cameo, a vignette, cut out of air and sunlight.

ONE day melted into the next in Lost Lake Land- ing. Joe's father had no chance to see you and the hours passed in solitude and sunlight. In the mornings Bill sat on the porch or in the little room with the tough little flowers of the north. Sometimes he dozed; occasionally, after the third day, he rose to hobble a few steps with the aid of a hammock chair. Alvy's world was busy in the mornings, but after lunch she would join him, her hands busy with darning or crocheting, and they would talk. She loved to hear him tell about New York. She was not critical, and she absorbed everything he said on the subject as readily as the parched ground of a desert absorbs rain... Perhaps Smokey listened, too, and perhaps not, but he was always there, sitting on the steps, his sightless eyes fixed upon the dead man's white bit of bone that was always in his hands. For endless hours, day after day, Smokey carved these pieces of bone with a tiny, sharp knife; carved them into flutes that he played in the evenings, or into strange angular figures, full of unexpectedly ex- quisite detail; detail, Bill sometimes thought, that would never have occurred to anyone who could see.

There came one evening, when Bill had been there a little more than a week, when a V of wild geese was flapping over the Landing toward the south and a fire had to be kindled in the fire- place. Imperceptibly, a chill crept into the air, which was so severe that it was a shock that in another day it would be September.

"They're goin' south early this year," Smokey had said. He thought the winter'd be mild. "I'll be before we know it. Gee can't tell."

A fog in the fireplace split and fell apart with a crackling shower of sparks that lit Alvy's brooding profile in a second picturesque glimmer. For long minutes they had been sitting, Alvy and Bill, one on each side of the fire, saying nothing, listening to the plinking and thud of the battle of pans and dishes as Maggie and Mickey cleaned up the kitchen. At first their silence had been pleasant, because it held a sensation of intimacy; but then, as each grew aware of this feeling, constraint crept in, until Bill was searching his brain wildly for some remark with which to break it. As usual in such cases, the only observations he could think of were incredibly stupid and he was saved only by the
**Bill** was beginning to see how the armed forces lay. Between Olcott and Smith, Dillon: a united front against **Bill**. The two men: conscientiously and uncomfortably near. Miss Olcott is just about to drop her guard and scratch, in her small way, in **Bill**’s defense. He felt grateful for Miss Olcott. Emboldened by the successful foray against Sarah, the little woman now leaned forward and sniffed appreciatively in the direction of a handkerchief. He drooped, releasing the last of his lips:

"Oooh, nice," she said. "Black Orchid!"

Gratefully, **Alvy** said, "Yes. Joe sent to Edmonton for it. My birthday—"

Mrs. Smith betrayed that she was, after all, still a woman. "Well?" she marvelled, sniffing in her turn. "Swell, Sarah."

Sarah McGavity pulled her head back and away from the proffered handkerchief as if it had been a particularly noxious reptile. "No, thank you! I don't hold with such folderol!"

Bert Smith took a timid hand in the discussion. "Come, come, Sarah—a spot o' perfume's all right. It's part of every woman's upbringing," **Bill** said and thereby precipitated a disaster.

"Not," Sarah said positively, "a decent woman's. It ain't!"

**Alvy** spoke. Her voice was venomously quiet. "Mrs. McGavity," she asked, "are you trying to say that I'm a despicable person?"

"Let them wear the cap as fits!" Sarah answered, the scarify feathers on her hat quivering with right and left polemics. "Sarah McGavity, you're a filthy-minded, wicked woman!"

**Alvy** was still sitting beside the table with the tea things. She hadn't moved.

"Hof!" **Sarah** said, and tossed her head. "Wicked, am I? Yes, Miss! How? I'll throw stones! Or—" She broke off and eyed **Alvy** craftily. "Or was it a stone, Mrs. Easter?"

At last **Alvy** stood up. "No, she answered. "It wasn't a stone, her—"

Sarah standing now, her mouth open, fascinated by the appallingly, murderous anger in **Alvy**'s face.

"Now get out!" **Alvy** snapped in a voice like the lash of a whip. She whirled, to face the rest of them. "All of you—get out!"

As if by some sort of appointed by Heaven to run Lost Lake Landing.

A FEW minutes later the guests arrived. They did not come singly or in pairs, like all the other guests Miss Olcott had ever known. They descended all at once from a building where they had been at some other spot and marched there in a body.

And Sarah McGevity did come, despite **Alvy**'s hope that she would not. She was the only one.

There was then, her husband, with a face and manner that went perfectly with his name and one other woman. She was slim and sleek as he walked; Mr. and Mrs. Bert Smith; and three other women, Mrs. Olcott, Miss Rhine and Mrs. Dillon. Mrs. Dillon, was never mentioned and evidently did not exist.

They all seemed pleasant enough. **Bill** thought, as everyone found seats around the fire. Mrs. Smith and Miss Rhine were built along the general pattern of Mrs. McGevity; Mrs. Dillon was plump and coquettish and Miss Olcott—she seemed to be the Landing's schoolteacher—was like a brown chipmunk, full of the same bright glances, nervous movements and inquiring cocked ear. **Bill** thought that this was the view from behind thickened spectacles with a sort of apologetic joviality, and every one of them seemed unaffectedly glad to meet him.

Then, gradually, as the ladies sipped their tea and nibbled their cake and the men slipped into their hot coats, the old dying smile began to have one—said started to drip into the conversation.

Determined to do his bit to make the party a success, **Bill** overheard the old dying smile of you—coming over to call on me like this."

"Don't mention it, Doctor," Mrs. Smith hastened to say, "I got it as far as the telephone before I had time to thank you—coming over to tell me like this."

"Not," Sarah McGevity said with a little giggle, "that **Bill** ain't good company—eh, Doctor?"

Silence, more ear-splitting than any other thing.

"Good cake," Bill said, so desperately loudly that

Miss Olcott jumped and emitted a tiny shriek. "Good cup o' tea, too," Miss Olcott said. "Oooh, Mrs. Bert Smith, one's going to be all right!"

She signaled with his eyes to the women standing near the door and they led him through the door where **Bill** looked around the combined office and surgery. The humming gasoline lamp near the crude wooden desk contained a small, tattered, caged, bare boards and old-fashioned equipment. A sterilizing cabinet stood on an oil stove; against one wall a huge, top desk, stuffed with papers and ledgers. Opposite, on the other side of the room, were a sad-looking instrument case and a tall, top-heavy medicine chest. And that was all.

**Bill** drew his shoulders back and gazed at the walls with these few, inadequate, obsolete tools!

**Dr. BILLAR** seemed unaware of their shortcomings. He had scrubbed his hands and donned rubber gloves and now he stood beside his patient. But he seemed unready, only distracted by the big, white body that was sagging and his eyes stared out, bloodshot, sunken. The heavy lids drooped, slowly, as if they were falling and evading something, his face drooped, up, with a deep sigh, and watched **Bill**'s hands exploring **Mrs.**'s abdomen.

"Do you think you, boy?" he asked after a moment.

"Acute appendicitis," **Bill** told him. "Whether it is or not is going to take some figuring out."


"Good," **Bill** said. "Let's get you to bed now."

The patient was under no, but still **Bill** lay down. He stood beside the operating table, a monumental figure of a man. His eyes, while his patient was being done and after he had raised his hand it was quivering. "Shaky, eh?" he said in a faint grated voice.

"I've got out his two bands, steadying himself against the operating table in the absence of his cane.

They were firm, unmoving. **Bill** looked at them. He raised his own trembling hand, placed the scalpel in **Bill**'s "I've got out his two bands, steadying himself against the operating table in the absence of his cane.

**Bill** was a sensation. It had almost forgotten—

"Hello, how are you?" the driver asked, when he bent over quiet, living flesh and fought with his hands against the greatest Adversary of all. It was a sensation that had happened before he left New York, not since the early days of his practice. Something had dulled it, some- thing had taken away that fine ecstasy, but now, and back, he seemed ready to begin work. His whole face had worked, intently and efficient, but inside he was running, dancing, shouting for joy. He had been in the dark, but the operation. Like a boy, he grinned, sewing up the wound. "Just a few more stitches ... my own special ..."

"A bit of suturing, then the driver and **Bill** turned the needle, turned to face **Alvy**. "How do you like my sewing?"

**Bill** looked at him and shook his head wordlessly. He was crying.

**Bill** left her and went into Dr. **Billar**'s parlor, feeling a little embarrassed but still quiet. Everyone was there, waiting—and as he entered their faces all swivelled toward him, like spectators at a tennis game.
"Sim's doing fine," Bill announced. "He's going to be all right. Will you get him to bed?" he added to McGavity and Smith and would have followed them into the operating room if Mrs. Jarvis had not stopped him. She tried to speak, but words would not come; instead, she clasped his hand and kissed it.

"Oh, wait," Bill mumbled, blushing but happy.

"It was Dr. Billar. He's the one—"

He broke off, perfunctorily of duty at his elbow.

"Bill," she whispered, "come quickly. There's something wrong...

He followed her into the office, passing Angus and Bert as they wheeled out the unconscious Jarvis. Dr. Billar was still asleep in the big chair before his desk.

But he was not asleep. He was dead.

The hushed group in the doorway watched while Bill administered adrenalin, listened intently for the least sound of the old, faithful heart; then shook his head. And at that sight, a short breath of sorrow like that puff of wind that brings an any-leaf fluttering to the ground.

"No use," Bill said. "It was his heart. He must have known... must have known over there, at the table.

"Oh, why didn't he tell us?" Alvy sobbed.

Then we'd have lost Sim," Bill told her soberly "He knew that, too."

She began to cry, pitifully, childishly, letting the tears streak their way down her face.

"It was this awful country—these people—that's what killed him! It was too much for him! Thaws and blizzards, heat and dust and miles of lonely trails! He should have quit when he wanted to—years ago. But they wouldn't let him. And now..."

She let her tears have their way with her. Gasping and weak, she clung to Bill. "And now he's dead... they killed him—the best friend I ever had!"

Bill, swallowing hard against the lump in his own throat, looked down at the bowed, sleek head. His arms tightened around her. Those people—McGavitys and the Smiths and all the rest—they were watching. Well, let them watch! He felt his eyes grow wet with—no, not love, it was only affection! Only affection for a little, sweet, tempestuous girl who was desolate because her friend was dead!

SMOKEY had been right. It was going to be an early winter. Before the middle of September, towering banks of clouds rose above the horizon and swept swiftly overhead until they covered the sky. The surface of the lake turned dull. Dry, crackling grass grew down to the north and almost overnight the leaves of the aspen yellowed and relaxed their grip on the stems which all summer had kept them alive. Late in the afternoon of the second day after the clouds first appeared, a few aimless, light spirits of snow whirled down, lightly powdering fences and walls.

Smoked nodded his head. "Just like I told ye," he said. "It's come' in early this year. Last time was in 1937—snow from October till May. Snowed in months on end. Bitter cold."

"Oh, it's only September," Bill said cheerfully. "It's just a flurry—clear up after a while."

Smoke's ain't seen these flurries we have up here," he said, and turned again to his carving.

In the absence of a regular doctor, Bill had taken over every practical responsibility, kept regular office hours for anyone who wanted to see him. Meanwhile, the call had gone out, through Angus McGavity and the Hudson's Bay Company, for medical help.

"Good o' ye," the dour Scotsman told Bill, "it'll fill in like this. Ye needna, ye know."

"It's a minor McGavity," Bill said. "It's good to keep my hand in. I've been getting a little rusty."

"Oh, aye," Angus said, unbelievingly.

Not that there was much opportunity for Park Avenue's favorite surgeon to keep his hand in. One day a call to Three Rivers for a woman with a twisted ankle meant keeping regular office hours for anyone who wanted to see him. Meanwhile, the call had gone out, through Angus McGavity and the Hudson's Bay Company, for medical help.

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"Oh, aye," Angus said, unbelievingly.

Clutching Bill's coat, swinging from it with all her weight, Alvernia cried, "No, no! You're not going! I won't let you!"

district man from Moosehead come in?"

"Aye," Angus paused. "In weather he could get here," he added significantly. "But what about these scattered families—trappers and so forth—what'd they do in winter? I mean, if someone got desperately sick?"

This time the gloom of Angus' answer was uncomfortably genuine. "They'd die, mon—they'd die," he said simply.

"Oh, Bill," slapped the cork out of a bottle and handed it to Angus. "Here you are. Gargle once every two hours—and keep her out of drafts."

"Aye." Angus accepted the bottle, produced a battered coin purse from his pocket, extracted from it some silver and, without making any inquiries, laid twenty cents on top of the desk. It was understood that twenty cents was what Angus considered a fair price for a bottle of gargle.

Later he told as gaze was the same, pulling the door behind him against the wind. With a grin at Alvy, Bill put the coins into the Red Cross offer box, where the eighty-five cents previously collected already lay.

"Cigarette?" he asked Alvy.

He lit one himself, flipped the match into the glowing apron of the potbellied iron stove, wandered over to the window and looked out upon a vista of lightly falling snow. Dr. Billar's old sign, outside, creaked dismally in the wind.

"Wonder how Joe and Les are getting along," he said. "O'course—getting back here soon, they'll be snowing in."

"They'll be all right," Alvy said quietly, "Joe knows this country. He won't let himself be caught by any snow."

"Yeah. Great, you're right."

He perched on the edge of the operating table and smoked for a few minutes in silence, watching her.

"I'll be going back soon, Alvy," he said at last. "As soon as Les comes back, I guess."

Her long lashes swept up, and down again, but in that brief instant he had seen that poignance that it staggered him.

He stood up and threw his cigarette violently after the cat. He was going to miss you."

In the gathering darkness he could see only the luminous glow of her cheek, for she did not look up. Lowered, she said, "I'm going to miss you, too, L—"

Heavy boots stamped on the porch, urgently. Their heads jerked around and a second later, the door was flung open, to admit a young, towheaded giant—bundled up in a mackinaw, unshaven, haggard, with flakes of snow dusting his cap and shoulders.

"Where's Doc Billar?" he demanded. Dr. Billar is dead, Nels," Alvy whispered. All the life seemed to drain out of the huge young man. He sank down in the nearest chair and ran his hand vaguely over his face.

"That's too bad," he said in a flat voice. "Yeah—it sure is bad... bad for all of us."

He raised his voice furtively. "Alvy—what am I goin' to do?"

"Is it bad?"

He nodded. "Her time's come. I been up all night—scared stiff, 'Bout sump I got an Indian woman to set with her. But I dunno—it's Jeen's first—she don't seem to be in as well as I was. Alvy," he said pathetically, "I'm sure scared."

With a little laugh, Bill stepped across to the surgical cabinet, tossed the bars into a bag. Over his shoulder he called, "Come on, Nels—let's go."

Nels got to his feet, goggle at this man he had never seen before.

"Is—he a doctor?" he asked Alvy dubiously. "Aye," said Alvy faintly. "Yes, Nels... he's a doctor."

Immediately, she became the efficient nurse, chief of all the events of Bill's bag, helping him into his mackinaw. Nels went out the door while she adjusted Bill's heavy woolen mufler and collar. She hesitated, then said with a rush, "Don't try to make it back alone, Bill."

"I won't," she leaned lighty forward, her hands on his shoulders, and kissed him on the lips—no more than the merest touch, the shadow of a kiss."

"That's for Jeen's sake, Nels."

Bill did not answer. He turned abruptly, almost as if he were angry, and went out of the office, slamming the door behind him. At the window, Alvy watched him get into the backboard beside Nels, watched them drive away through the thin haze of snow.

Darker sifted down upon the north woods. Kerosene lamps shed their yellow light through windows, gasoline lamps their white. The lake became a lost lake in fact as well as in name: in the cold, snow-dappled night it was nothing but a vast area of deeper darkness, restlessly murmurous. The snow clustered in thicker patches, filled footprints and wheel ruts in the road, gathered in tiny drifts to the lee of posts and trees, whirlied around corners and plastered the glass of the walls and the lower division of windows. All the time Alvernia and Maggie and Mickey and Smokey ate their dinners and afterwards, while they cleaned up the dishes, whispered and snickered and said variously that it seemed to be part of the atmosphere.

Miles away, in the ravine where Les Woodbury and Mrs. Jarvis picked up the track of the Fort McPherson hunters with a new camp, they knew that the snow had fallen. It fell through the long hours of the night, clung to the white walls of the tay, pyramidal tents, drifted through the crevices of the snow-laden banks, covered the ground and froze the sleeping bags and blankets. Turning over carefully, to keep warm air in and cold air out, Joe Easter made a decision. They would hit for home in the morning.

ALVERNIA waltzed with a start. The chimies of the fire burned, the popping still hung on the air.
One . . . two . . . three.

With an abrupt, determined movement, she tossed the bedclothes aside and, shivering, got up and put on her, and set out toward the door. Smokey was asleep, and she let the lamp to his bed and, carrying it, went into the living room, across it and into the hall off which Bill's room opened.

The door was open. She stood there, looking inside. It was empty.

She shut the door, then stopped. A new sound. The scraping of a chair against the floor, from the room next to Bill's.

By the light of the lamp, that came from a window, she could make out a faintly silhouetted form, as she came on the threshold. An indeterminate murrmur answered her and she opened the door.

The lamp in her hand lit the tiny cubbyhole. Huddled near a small oil stove, fully dressed, Smokey was working at one of his interminable pieces of carving.

"Hey! Alvy!" she gasped. "What are you doing? It's the middle of the night—nearly morning!"

"Night or day—it's all one to me," Smokey replied. He raised his head and seemed to peer at her inquiringly into his half-closed eyes. "For that matter—what're you doin'?"

"I'm worried," she confessed. "The doctor hasn't come."

Smokey's voice was querulous. "He's a grown man, ain't he? Anyhow, what you frettin' fer?"

"He ain't, you know,--he's quite a kid!

"Saw. The shivering

I'm--I'm worried," she interrupted irritably. "Alvy, yer makin' a ninny of me. Now get back to bed, fer ye ketch the mericles."

She stood in the doorway hesitantly, as if she wanted to give the privacy of the room to the other. But Smokey returned to his carving, paying no further attention to her, and after a minute she closed the door and went back into the hall.

Another log on the fire brought the flame up to brightness and chased the cold a little way back toward the kitchen. Alvy cleared the robe more tightly about her, tucked her feet under her and sat staring into the flames. Again the breath of the snow hit her face. By the snow and the storm and the variables of life. The trails will be hidden. I'm afraid he'll--"

Alvy stopped laughing, although her mouth kept its curves of amusement. But added to them now was tenderness.

"Bill! You certainly are a one to go around impressing people.

"Oh!" he said his head deprecatingly. But they're amusing people, Alvy. I don't know," he said solemnly. "I don't know . . . something about the cancer of the stars. They looked at me they made me feel like I was . . . well, as if it's . . ."

"You're told off to join the American power. Alvy."

"I know what you mean. Dr. Bill used to say the same thing. He said sometimes they made him feel as if he was God."

"That's in him. Bill! You said that's in him."

"That's exactly. He crossed to the bed and picked up the blanket-wraped parcel. Look at this!"

Feeling on the whole, she had shown her an ancient flint-lock rifle, its stock inlaid with silver in an intricate and beautiful pattern. The whole barrel was extremely fine, for oil, rubbed and enthul and wood shine.

"When I left, Nela gave it to me—probably the only thing of value she had—yet he made me take it. Of course, it doesn't belong to me."

"Maybe."

"No! the gun. and seeing there to be made out. He bent his head. He added, in a muffled voice, "I—don't care over it."

"Silence he rewrapped the rifle and stood it in a corner of the room. Hands thrust deeply into his pockets, he returned to the stove, to stand there, to put one foot on the other, and stare at it."

"He sat quietly, watching him.

"Alvy," he said at last, "I'm going to apply for the job here."

A quick, indrawn breath lifted Alvy's bosom. "I thought it all out poorly carefully," he went on, "driving the nails of it."

"No!" the girl said sharply. "You mustn't! You've got to go back to New York—you've got your career to think of, not this silly thing.

"My career?" he said wryly. "It was never worth one tenth of what it could be up here. I know what I'm giving up, Alvy—and I know what I'm getting."

"Oh, no, no. I don't care."

"That's what my friends will say. Maybe I am . . . it doesn't seem to make a lot of sense, Alvy," he said. "I thought if . . . I feel as if at last I've found myself . . ."

"Conversely, she clutched his arm, in a panic of urgency. "Alvy, you don't know what it would be like, really . . . you . . ."

She ran down. She gave up. She couldn't. She knew. She mustn't. She couldn't know. Can't you see me? I love you!

Her arms went around his neck, strong little arms pulling him close to his, his fingers in her hair. All his careful restraint broke, like the wrangling release of an overtake wire. He held her close, kissing her again and with passion that it seemed could never be soothed.

Alvy was trembling when she pushed Bill away.

"No, Bill . . . no you now you know you must go back!"

"Yes," she said. "Yes, of course."

For a while he sat in her arms, but not passionately now. Staring bleakly at the wall, he stroked her hair, let his lips linger against its perfume, until a gently disengaged herself.

"Good-bye, Bill."

"Good-by, Alvy dear."

He watched her go out of the room, close the door quietly behind her. Then he sat down again, looking ahead of him at the dying, cooling fire.

The storm was growing wilder, tearing and warning at the sturdy house until the timbers creaked, but he had shut it out. By the time the first timid, dull light crept in the window he rose and silently left the house.

At the Hudson's Bay Company store Bobby Jackfish, Andy's young half-breed, had already unlocked the door and built up a fire. His flat, moonlike face showed no surprise when Bill told him where the Moonodge wasser stop at Eastern.

"You goin' 'way?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Aye."

He nodded his head. "You stay today, you stay all winter. Trails go under soon."

And, Bill thought on his way back to the Easter hough, that his wife was probably right. He had died and the snow and the settled to make a day of it. It was falling straight, in big, pregnant flakes, and the wind was one was enough to close in your ear. Maggie was moving around in the kitchen when he returned and by the time he had packed she was looking about and freshest and ready to go.

"I'm going away this morning, Maggie—back to New York," he said as he ate. "Will you tell Mr. Woodbury and Joe that I got a call and had to go back? An emergency call? Tell Joe that I'll write to him from New York."

"Maggie made no reply. She knew good and well that she hadn't any answer. He had just stepped up to find her gaze fixed on him, filled with pity."

"Will you tell him that, Maggie?"

"I'll tell him, she said halfheartedly, 'for all your good meals. . . ."

"Said he was Maggie broke in. 'Would you want I should call her?'"

"Oh no, Maggie. No. Just tell her I said good-by."

In a curbed, Victorian horror of a bell, Sarah McCarthy was lying. He whirled and retreated into the kitchen and as she went away Bill saw a corner of her apron by upon, as if it was all.

The driver, Jim Tait, nodded briefly and let him stone his own luggage in the back. Bill got in beside the road and the rushing of its runners slipping soundlessly over the snow. It had gone only a few feet when Angus McCarthy curried up, and saw a scrawnier towel and waving one bony arm in the air. Bill added the snow after the cutter until Jim pulled it to a stop and then drew alongside, panting and shaking his head.

"Doctor—Sarah's verris sick."

"Her throat."

"Her throat burnt up wi' fever, too. Under the stress of excitement, Angus' Scots accent had broadened perceptibly. 'She's bad—eye, men, she's bad!'"

"In a moment's time while Sarah McCarthy was lying. Someone had pushed her eyes back into her head with a sooty thumb and her skin, like dirty, rose-veined wax, was dry and ugly over her lantern jaw and high, bumpy cheekbones. She eyes Bill distrustfully while he examined her

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Again, cranking the handle until his eyes popped from his head and little bear—it was a small bear—had shot through the great tooth of the big bear. He turned fearfully to Bill, his artificial leg creasing loudly in the silence. "Somethin's happened, man, to the messenger from Moosehead. The don't send him in last night that he wouldn't go an' leave Sarah—she's sick—she's dependin' on the doctor," Mrs. Smith murmured.

"An' you heard her, didn't she?"

"An' you heard her she loved him! Scream it right out in our naked faces!"

"It, d'y' see," Angus said, "that she did. That she did . . ." The lines of his face deepened and his mouth set in a straight, uncompromising line.

His back was like a triumph. She and Mrs. Dillon and Miss Rhine began to nod their heads, up and down, and up, and down, babbling up and down.

Mrs. Smith blinked stupidly behind his glasses. Angus stared at them all, his face grim.

The air is all around you; you move through it without thought or effort, it is so impalpable, so near to being nothing at all. A flake of snow—that, too, is nothing. It lights on your hand and in a moment it is gone: a feathery atom vanquished by a mere touch. And cold—why, looked at scientifically, it is the absence of heat. The body itself can nullify cold; it can be its own furnace and all it needs is plenty of closely woven coverings to keep its warmth from being dissipated.

But these things—air and snow and cold—can work together to kill.

Bill had not gone a quarter of a mile from Lost Lake where the small white bear was seen to be pacing his body of a horse. While she watched, Bill came out, bundled up to the eyes, and went down the steps. One hand went to his throat. She cried something unintelligible and the next minute, without hat or coat, she had run from the house.

"Who was you going?" The wind tore the breath out of her.

The car from the clinic's staked somewhere along the trail. I've got to go and find it—get the medicine.

Clutching his coat, swinging from it with all her weight, she cried:

"No! No! Let somebody else go!"

With a jerk, Bill tore himself from her grasp and in one bound was in the saddle. Alvy pawed at the stirrup leathers, managed to get the fingers of one hand around them just as the horse lunged forward. She was pulled off her feet. The cold had taken hold of her hand, she was thrown, it started away. She stumbled and fell into a welter of snow. From where she lay, almost blinded, she saw Bill and the horse disappear.

Still on the ground, Alvy looked dully up at the people on the porch—Bert Smith, Angus, Mrs. Dillon, Miss Smith, Miss Rhine, Miss Colt. Their white, fixed faces were all turned toward her, as if accusingly, in long, unwinning stars.

Slowly she got to her feet, took a few deliberate steps toward them.

"Go on! Say it!" Her pale lips were drawn back over her teeth, her eyes blazed. Murmuring, the ground pealed beneath her feet.

"Why don't you say what you're thinking? Why don't you say, 'She loves him!' Go on—say it! Say it! Because it's true—I do love him."

She flung the words at them like a challenge and stood there, panting, shivering with cold and anger. But when no one spoke, when they remained as if struck dumb by an avalanche of cold, she turned and ran back through the snow toward her own cottage.

Peering out of the McGivney windows, only a few minutes later, they saw her astride Joe Easter's horse, whipping and spurring him until his hoofs sent up miniature streaks of snow. He reared up thunder of hoofs then she was gone, engulfed in the same white whirlwind that had taken Bill Crawford.

Mrs. Bert Smith turned and looked at the others.

"Well!" she said on a long falling note. Yet she did not sound displeased, exactly.

"She, she's gone after him!" Mrs. Dillon said.

Right-tipped, Mrs. Smith inquired, "After him? Sure she ain't gone with him?"

It took them a moment to absorb the meaning of that. Then Angus McGivney snapped, "Ridiculous!" and "Woman—ye'd daft!"
Maggie said quickly, ""Twas the medicine for Sary McGaverty—she's been took down. The two of them went for it."" Suddenly, her face puckered and she began to blink helplessly. ""Oh, Joe, and it's myself that's been fair sick with the worry of it! Joe—ye go to get after em—ye go to get!"" 

Joe swung on Skookum and barked a few words in Cree. The Indian rider turned, and Maggie—get plenty of wraps—grab—hot coffee! They'll need it! Less, Skookum's hitching up dogs—mebbe you help it, Adie, hey? I just gave her out."

While Maggie hurried into the kitchen and Less outside, Joe turned to Smokey.

""How long they been gone?"

""A good four hours. More'n that, mebbe."

The door opening behind them brought a gust of wind into the room that whirled sparks and ashes out of the fire, over the floor. Angus McGaverty and Mrs. Smith stood there, looking into the room. Angus behind the woman, as if reluctant to enter.

Joe drew them in, roaring commiserations at Angus, Smokey, and Sarah's illness. Stunly, Angus said, ""Aye, she's sick—she's very sick."

And then there was a thick, uncomfortable silence.

""Go on—tell him, Angus!"" Mrs. Smith said at last, venomously. ""Go on! It's your Christian, bounden duty!"

Angus shuffled his feet. ""Ah,"" he said, ""Joe's my good friend, an' what's on my mind is nae so easy to say—"

If Joe had not had the foresight weeks before to pack snowshoes, Less and he would never have made it back to Lost Lake Landing.

Mrs. Smith shouldered past him and stood up to Joe defiantly. ""He wants to tell ye, ""she declared, ""that Alvy an' the doctor've run off together!"

Joe's face did not change its expression. His gaze went slowly from Mrs. Smith to Angus, then to Smokey, sitting woodenly, like some ancient idol, beside the fire. Finally he managed a tight, little smile.

""You make joke, hey?"" he whispered.

Angus answered. ""Nae,"" he said grimly, ""I wouldn'd make that kind of a joke."

Again Joe looked longest at Smokey.

""Alvy an' my friend,"" he said slowly. ""No! No. I do not believe that. It is like Maggie says—they go for medicine."

""Ash! So much wool in yer eye!"" Mrs. Smith snorted disgustedly. ""I'll tell ye straight—two of us can't very long—em—I seen 'em! An' Sarah seen Alvy in the doctor's room till all hours o' the night! Ask her if ye don't believe me!"

""The devil ye can't!"" Joe snapped at Angus.

It was Maggie, charging at them from the kitchen door, her face as red as her work-worn hands. ""Quiet, Maggie!"" she said gently, ""Is it true, what she says?"" he asked Angus. ""Is it?"

Angus ran his tongue over dry, cracked lips. ""As right as my hand,"" he said, at last.

Joe leaped at Angus then, pinning him back against the wall with one huge hand against his throat.

""Now you say it is a lie!"" he shouted. ""Before I kill you!"

Maggie stood up, and stepped, stumbling a little, between Joe and the factor. ""Easy, Joe, take it easy,"" she said mildly.
Hand in hand, Alvy clung to him as she slipped and fell in the drifts, they went up a short, gentle slope. They stopped. Set in a grove of wind-torched pines, the Rickard place was before them. A black shell, gutted by fire. One wall gone entirely, the roof sagging under an accumulation of snow. Only the chimney, like an admonitory finger. For the rest—empty. Deserted. Alvy gave a dry, despairing sob. "Oh, Bill—I didn't know!"

"Never mind—it's shelter."

With the last remnants of their strength, they crouched together by the hole and fell across the threshold. To lie there was good—free of effort, the waving of the wind dying out in their ears, the false warmth of forlornness creeping into their veins.

But Alvy was pulling at him, tugging his arm, shaking him; and, suddenly frightened, he scrambled up, to skitter across a short expanse of bare, charred floor and through a sagging door, half off its hinges, into another room, where there were blackened stumps of charred sticks of wood hanging around the cold, gaping maw of a fireplace.

It was better here, there was no doubt of that. Still bitterly cold, a huge chill was gone, the roof, but they had four walls about them and they managed to wedge the door into place. "A fire!" Alvy croaked. "Gather wood!"

In spite of their heavy mitten's hands had long since lost all sense of feeling. They moved painfully around in the half-light, picking up charred sticks of furniture in both hands, carrying them one by one to the fireplace. When they had a sufficient pile of fuel Bill began, with infinite care, to lay the foundations of a fire—a handful of dry moss first, since they had no paper, then tiniest splinters, piled up against each other over it.

"All right," Alvy whispered. "Now a match."

Bill thrust wooden fingers into one of his pockets, but he felt as though he was traveling through the mitten, impatiently, he stripped it off.

"Quick!" Alvy urged him. "Your hand'll freeze!" Bill groped in his pocket again—then, more anxiously, in another.

" Haven't you got any?"

"I—don't know."

Eyes wide with fear, they stared at each other for an instant before Bill continued his search. At last he exhaled his breath in a long sigh of relief. "Here they are," he muttered. He slipped his hand once more into its mitten and beat it vigorously against his leg, oblivious of the pain. The blood forced its way through the chilled veins.

"Here, let me," Alvy said. Taking off her mitten, she put her hand into his breast pocket and pulled out a pair of matches. She knelt awkwardly between her fingers. "There."

He seized the clip and fumbled it open. Inside were just two slender splinters of cardboard, pink-tipped, frail.

Bill bit his lips. "Want to light it?" he asked.

"No."

He took off both mitten's, beat and rubbed his hands together, bent down before the fireplace. The match ignited at the first strike against its abrasive and he cradled the feeble flame in the cup of his hands for a few seconds before he held it to a shred of the moss. The tiny bit of flame flared up—flicked toward him. He brought it up to Bill's face. Neither Bill nor Alvy moved, leaning over the dead hearth like two frozen figures. Finally Alvy said hoarsely, "Men are no good with matches. Let me."

With her mitten off, she struck the last match. Both hands against the vapor and hissing dust that crept across the room and she held it under the little pyre. They waited, not breathing. The flame died, turned hissing and crackled like an ashen rod of smoke rose from the mose, the blaze leaped up.

With shivering hands they added more splinters, watched the fire grow and spread, until at last they could tell the wind where to blow. He answered their tears in her eyes with a wan grin.

Outside, a gust of wind swept down upon the ruined cabin. Inside, the people had always hurled themselves against the inescapably fastened door. The hinges gave way, the door flew inward, the room and the wind rushed triumphantly after it, swirling snow and cold with it, blotting out and scattering the fire with one scorching puff.

Bill and Alvy looked blankly at the disaster. With a little moan, Alvy slumped forward. He caught her and for a while they lay there inertly. In another instant, however, the wind, pressing on her, drove her off, and she started for a corner, shaking his head, before he went back to the sled and took out his rifle.

This had been a good horse, he remembered. Once Alvy and Alvy had gone riding together, he, on a horse he had borrowed from McGavity, she on this one that now lay so still.

Fury and pity fought together in him. Fury at his own spitefulness, at the thought that she couldn't help herself. She liked fun and companionship and she was Thoughtless, but she was good. Bill, yet... The Hands of God have saved the, the friend he had trusted, the friend he had loved—and now nothing was left of that trust and love but the silent tears of whispered..."

The muscles of his great arms pulled and knotted as his hands clenched, clubbed into fists. He plowed the snow and was about to crack the whip over the quivering backs of his dogs, when he stopped, halted by some woodsman's instinct he could not lay hold of in his mind. Hesitant, he felt himself being pulled toward the left, down a slope, and he took out his powerful electric torch and played it in that direction. Those irregular dimples in the white surface, dimly seen—they might be the tracks of two people, all but drifted over, or they might be nothing at all.

Bill stood up, turned toward them. If they were tracks, they led, roughly, toward the old Rickard place, burned and abandoned since July, but a few of them were still faint. And their life he might not have gone far, either, with only one horse, or perhaps not even that. He could look, anyway.

A FEW minutes later he was standing in the empty doorway of the cabin, the circle of light from his flashlight wobbling in the gusting wind. Bill and Alvy. His face expressionless, Joe looked at them a moment and as he looked he clicked back the safety catch of his rifle before he laid it and the flash side. He went to Alvy first. When he lifted her head and shook her, her eyes fluttered open. For a while she seemed to know him; then, slowly, consciousness and recognition returned and he put her aside, to yank Bill upright.

Joe reached him, watched Bill's sagging head and closed eyelids.

"He's dead," she said apathetically. Joe made a hideous examination. "No—but blizzard almost make pretty good job!"

In one movement he heaved Bill to his feet and slammed him against the wall of the cabin as if he had been a sawed-off dummy. Shaking him brutally, he shouted, "Hey—wake up! This is Joe—you hear? Joe!" With one hand he propped Bill up against the window while the other hand viciously across the mouth and cheeks, again and again, so that his head rocked from side to side.

Behind her Alvy was looking into the empty, cold, gray eyes of a woman, which had been, she remembered. She nodded indifferently. To her the question had no significance.

He started forward, his face alight, as if to take her in his arms. But he checked himself and merely clapped his rifle and broke it at the
breach. Quickly extracting the shell, he wedged its steel nose into the breech and with one tremendous convolution of his body snapped the shell open. The kick was violent. The bullet was snorting and racing, the broken door up again, and more securely this time, removing the outer garments from Bill and Alvy and chafing their legs and arms with his hands. But still they squirmed away and good the pain of leaving death behind.

All this activity gave him a chance to be the old, hearty Joe, to crack little jokes in the excess of his relief and happiness. And yet—there was one little pricking fear in the back of his mind; it went thunderstruck. Something not quite right—something in the atmosphere, or in the attitude of the two still bodies when he looked on them lying. He tried to ignore it; he spoke in a loud voice, and laughed, and pretended to think getting lost was a very great joke on Bill and Alvy. But all the time.

"Feeling good now, hey?" he asked when Bill and Alvy came near. Joe had made a fire with the powder left on the hearth, and lay there smoking and staring at the fire, and in the pain of leaving death behind.

"Good enough to start back," Bill said, and Joe turned to him.

"How 'bout you, Angel?"

"Any time.

Joe flung them both a quick, searching look. What was it—what had warned him? A glance? An intimation in Alvy's voice? Whatever the message, it was as intangible as the feel in the air when a storm is coming. Joe got up and opened the blanket roll and put away food. Bill helped him and Alvy stood up, fastening his coat.

Joe paused a moment in the doorway. "My friend," he said directly to Bill, "back home I believe a very stupid lie. No! His instinct told him—like a dog. The sled had foreward, the three muffled-up figures slogging along beside it. After a few seconds Bill glanced back. The cabin was gone, erased by the mighty slanting arrows of the snow.

They went along well enough for a while, with only running for minutes. They struck the first ruined gate and turned to the right, the sled side-swiped the gatepost with a terrific impact and through the door. Joe lunged forward, hung the dogs back into a snarling, snappling tangle of animals and harness. Yelling and barking and snarling and tearing with his whip and in a few minutes, with Bill's help, got the dogs back into line and the harness once more straining like a team.

Plunge through drifts, keep putting one foot ahead of the other, hold your head down, narrow your eyes to avoid as much as you can the cutting, flying snow. Bill was lost tracking of time. It was only for hours they had been battling their way through storm and blizzard—or for, for an eternity? Tree after tree after tree, all alike, stretching away to the horizon and beyond, never-ending, walling in a path that led nowhere.

Beside him, Joe was speaking, he was conscious always of Alvy; and he wondered what thoughts she carried with her. Was she, too, thinking that they had lived to its end in nothingness, in a life that could only be empty because they must not live it together?

He stumbled at his head to clear it of fancifuls. For a moment he thought he might understand everything—why he had wanted to stay in London; why he had gone to New York; why he was to go back to New York and resume his practice there. But now it was gone. No matter. No matter.

"He brought his head to clear it of fancifuls. For a moment he thought he might understand everything—why he had wanted to stay in London; why he had gone to New York; why he was to go back to New York and resume his practice there. But now it was gone. No matter. No matter.

"It's Mickey!" Joe exclaimed. "Skookum says he take sick with throat! And Sarah—she's dead already!"

Skookum was unlashing another pair of snowshoes from his back, holding them out to Bill.

"You go with Skookum," Joe ordered. "Make better time!"

Bill nodded, slipped his feet into the leather thongs of the big webbed contrivances, like clumsy tennis rackets, and after a moment of fumbling succeeded in getting into them. Joe watched as he turned to the sled to get the haversack. His body stiffened in horror. The sack was gone. Only the one he had thrown over the back crosspiece of the sled, remained.

Joe was beside him, fingering the torn ends of the thick skin. He was looking at the broken cheek, "It must be yes! It tear off when we hit that gate!"

The three of them—Bill, Joe, Alvy—stood by the sled, believing the worst. The other three had gone out. They were rife feeling of helplessness. At last, in a dull voice, Bill said, "You take Alvy—I'm going back."

Bill shrugged his head decisively. "They need you, at Lost Lake Landing. I want you, thirsty for that.

Joe turned to Alvy. "He threw herself upon him, trying with all her little strength to push him away from the sled. "No, Joe—no you! Let Skookum go.

Joe bent his head, and one huge mitten hand touched her cheek softly. "Dogs not run for that Indian," he said gently. "You go back with Bill, Alvy."

"You'll do waste time—maybe others sick, too."

He cracked the whip and the sled began to move in fits and starts, turning back, the snow flying everywhere. For a few steps Alvy tried to keep pace with him, calling shrilly, "Joe! Joe! Come back!"

But he seemed to make no sign, and now, and she couldn't keep up; while she still held her arms out to him, he disappeared.

Joe's body turned around and she came without resistance.

They did not make very good time, after all, because of the Angela, the sled, and the great breadth of the tracks between the three of them. Bill gave his to Alvy and thus they managed to get along; nevertheless, although it was still pitch-dark, it was near morning when they should have come to the cabin.

Mickey was on the couch in Alvy's living room, with Maggie sitting beside him, holding his hand, and with Woodbury in the kitchen. Maggie jumped up, crying with relief, when Bill and Alvy entered.

Bill was little enough he could do for the boy. He sent Woodbury to the doctor's office for adenalin and a hypodermic needle and made an injection, and finally, Mickey's heart began to beat; he understood Mickey's heart, but after that he could only wait.

"Will he be all right, doctor?" Maggie asked pitifully. "The boy was a small one.

He answered evasively. "Youngsters have amazing vitality."

"They are up. The interior of his head felt dry and woolly and his face burned as if with acid from the wind and cold. Weariness lay leadenly in his body. He was to the left of the bed, not to be a part of the living world, but to move about disembodied and remote. He realized with a feeling of amazement that he had not slept for forty-eight hours; yet he thought he would never be able to sleep again. When he went to the window it was as if it drifted there. Outside he could see nothing except that infernal, molding bachelour- ness of the snow, a dance that had been going on for centuries and would continue for centuries more. He heard Alvy, low-voiced, say, "Bill, isn't there anything we can do?"

"Only wait," he answered. "It's up to Joe now.

He thought she had gone, so silent she was, until she said:

"Bill—you remember what you said to Joe, about me going away? I'm not going, but with Joe. I'm going alone. For good."

He turned suddenly, and opened his mouth to speak, but she held up her hand. "No, wait. I've thought about it and I know. You're going to stay here, because you're not healthy enough. This girl—this girl—may make you old—but it's your place. I know that now."

His brow wrinkled in his effort to comprehend. "But what about Joe?"

"That's why I'm going," she said. "I couldn't go on pretending to him. He wouldn't want me to. I knew that."

She put hand on his Great Lake Landing, and she asked timidly, "You still won't, you won't?"

"I—no, but she was right, of course. "If that's the way you want it," she said.

"Yes, Bill. That's the way I want it."

She went softly back to stand beside Mickey's couch.

Thin, watery light crept into the room. It had
Aly and Woodbury moved together toward the door and flung it open. Down the trail was nothing but the driving storm. They looked at each other, then at Woodbury, and in silence.

"Come in," Woodbury said. "You'll freeze."

But as they turned Maggie pushed past them and stood there, head thrust forward, body rigid, searching the trail with her bloodshot,_tired eyes. She screamed, pointing.

"Look! Look! There he is! There's Joe!"

At first they thought it was a mirage; her weary brain had conjured up; then, as the vails of snow parted, they saw him. Aly had a glimpse of the dark sled and its straining dogs. Faltering, slowly, out and revealed again, it came toward the house until they could see the buckling tongues of the dogs, see Joe sitting erect on the sled.

Aly shook off Woodbury's restraining hand and ran down to the gate to meet it as the dogs drew it up and stopped.

"Joe! Joe, did you get the—"

She screamed and covered her face with her hands. Woodbury ran after her and took her in his arms, looking past her at the man in the sled—the man who sat stiffly upright, his eyes wide open, staring, his face a solid mask of ice.

Beside him, lashed to the sled, was the Red Cross haverock.

Woodbury led Aly back to Maggie, then returned and quickly undid the straps of the haversack. Before he took it into the house he stood by the sled a few seconds, feeling the cold sting his body, not looking quietly at the frozen icy figure. Then he ran up the walk and into the house with the haversack.

For a little while Joe was left alone, to the wind and the snow, before Skookum came out and unhooked the dogs and led them around back to their pen. A realist, he attended first to those who were still living. Ordinarily, the dogs would have snarled at him, but now they plodded after him, heads down, dejected.

The storm blew itself out while Mickey recovered. On the way back he was able to sit up the sled as clear as the water of Lost Lake and the sunlight came down through the cold to strike a silver blaze from every rounded, blue-white surface. The snow was crisp and powdery underneath the runners of the backboard sleigh drawn up in front of Joe Easter's cabin and the air stung in one's nostrils with a pleasant tingle.

Les Woodbury was taking Aly back to New York with him. It had been decided quite easily. She welcomed the thought of remaining in the north throughout the winter seemed the only thing that could stir her from the apathy into which Joe's death had lamed her. "I trained him from her face and widened her eyes with terror. She seemed to think that the winter lay in wait for her, to take her as it had taken her husband. Always before her there hung the picture of Joe's face, staring, ice and snow rimming its beard and eye-

Joe had left the house and some insouciance, enough to take care of her in New York even if the letters Bill had written to several of his doctor friends had not been forwarded to her. And besides, Bill would live in the house, here in Lost Lake Landing, and pay her rent. She wanted to marry in instead.

"Take good care of her, Les," he told Woodbury.

"Maybe in New York she can get this—this awful thing off her mind," Aly suggested.

Woodbury eyed him. "Then what?" he inquired meaningly.

Bill waved his glance. "Well," he said thoughtfully, "I'll . . ."

"Sure you won't change your mind and come along?"

There was no indecision in Bill's voice when he answered, "No, Les. If you'll just send up the things I need—and hurry, because there's no telling when or if another storm may and maybe then the roads would be closed for good, so we couldn't get them in. And—oh, yes, cancel the lease on my office, won't you?"

"Sure. Any messages?"

Bill smiled a little. Who was there in New York for him to send any message to—who, until Aly got there?

"No, thanks."

"There wasn't much for Aly to take with her—only what you would go into one small bag that could be tossed into the back of the backboard. Other things she needed she could buy in New York.

The narrowwheeled sleigh, in front of Maggie and Woodbury, Aly looked strange to him, in her fur coat, standing beside the backboard, as if she had already gone part of the distance; that would soon separate them. She held out her hand hesitantly.

"Good-bye, Bill."

He tried to take into his mind every detail of that face looking up into his, so he could keep it with him through every minute of the long months that were coming—the delicate curve from cheek to point of chin, the spacing of eyes and eyebrows, the coloring, the texture of her skin—all the things that somehow combined to make the beauty and the loveliness that was Aly.

Then she had turned, she was in the sleigh, he was tucking a robe above her feet, and she Less her letter, inquiet and brief, told him little. She was busy, she had a job, she had been to the theater with Les Woodbury, she liked to walk along Fifth Avenue and look in the windows, she sent her love to him.

Of course, he could return to New York. But he knew that he would not. Certainly not for a while, perhaps never; salvation, in the gratitude of a mother when her child was brought back from death, in the trust of a man whom her love was able even in the dark and dumb confidence of Indians to whom medicine was magic. Back in New York life was slick and shiny, here it was as hard as the bark of some tree, but it was real: it sprang tough and vital out of the earth, nourished by the rains and winds of nature.

No—he shook his head in an involuntary gesture of negation—he wouldn't go back, couldn't go back. Not even for Aly. Perhaps most of all not for Aly, because he had come to see Aly in New York. They might meet as strangers and rather than that should happen he would keep her forever in his heart, protected there from all harm.

The months went past and winter slowly relaxed its grip on the north. The air was murrurous with the sound of running water and the ground was analyzed to a foot or two of weathered ice,排除 patches in the shadows of the forests, these then, too, were gone and it was summer.

Summer—and Aly. He knew then that he had believed all along that she would and disappointment lodged itself in a hard lump somewhere in the region of his heart. Through the long days of sunshine, hands that lingered until eleven o'clock at night, he went about the business of being the Landing's doctor; but now he did not tire himself out in an hour's sleep. Nerving hope was dead; at least he could rest.

Toward the end of summer Les Woodbury wrote that he would be out for a shooting trip. Maybe Bill would like to go with him? Not a word about Aly.

But, of course, Aly never came at all, it would not be so near the end of summer.

He wrote back to Woodbury that he'd be delighted to take a few days off and look for bear. Les unexpectedly peeked his head into the office late one afternoon a few minutes after Bill had performed the major operation of extracting a dime from the throat of young Toby O'Keeffe, aged two.

Mrs. O'Keeffe and Timmy had left and Bill was resting from his labors with a cigarette at the desk. He closed his eyes, and didn't expect to see you until next week! You old son-of-a-gun!" and they plummeted each other jovially on the back. Then Bill, sat staring at the question he couldn't hold back any longer:

"How is she, Les—how's Aly?"

Oh, yes, he'd thought he had forgotten her; he'd thought he had made up his mind she would never return; he'd thought all sorts of foolish things. But none of them prevented him from watching Les Woodbury, waiting for the answer, and none of them prevented him from turning cold with apprehension when it came.

"Oh, her," Les said uncomfortably. "Why didn't she write? Didn't she tell you?"

"Tell me what?"

"Why didn't she get married. Some fella—some fella she met. She left New York same day I did."

Bill turned away, dazzled, and stubbed out his cigarette with a dour face. Married . . .

Behind him he heard Woodbury say, "She sent you a message, though." He turned, and Woodbury continued, "She said, 'Say hello to Bill for me'!"

Bill turned away, dazzled, and stubbed out his cigarette with a dour face. Married . . .

In the sitting room—despite his face, his voice, and his language—Bill's face did not go cold immediately, but a chill came over him and he turned to his book and lighted his pipe. After that, he saw to it that he got enough exercise to make him drowse as so often. He tried to wonder if Aly would ever return. She hated this country, hated its loneliness and the apparent narrowness of its life; she loved the city, with its crowds and gaiety and infinite variety. Did she love him? He didn't know. Perhaps she had only thought she loved him; perhaps now she knew better. 

WESTMORE SAYS:

For a Lovelier Face "Under the Sun"

WESTMORE FOUNDATION CREAM
(in four flattering shades to match your skin tones)

1. Helps protect your skin from sun and wind
2. Lasts through work or play
3. Stays on through a swim

WESTMORE POWDER TO MATCH

Under this Summer's Sun, look your loveliest—all day long—with the alluring make-up we created for Hollywood stars. Be protected, too—against sun and wind! Start with Westmore Foundation Cream, in choice of four glowing tones. Get that enviable velvety-smooth finish with Westmore Powder. At your drug or department store with other Westmore cosmetics to complete an alluring make-up...each 50c. Smaller sizes at variety stores.

Don't spoil your looks by wrong make-up. "Westmore's Make-up Guide" shows your make-up pattern—just as it's used for the star of your face type. Only 25c. If not at store near you, use this coupon:

House of Westmore, Inc.,
720 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.
Please send me "Westmore's Make-up Guide", for which I enclose 25c.

Name ________________________
Street ________________________
City ________________________
State ________________________
YOU MAY BE as familiar with the phrase “It's Toasted” as you are with your own name. But do you know how “Toasting” gives you a better cigarette?

First, it uses higher heat treatments to take out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco...making Luckies easy on your throat.

Second, it uses the concentrated sunshine of ultra-violet rays to add extra mellowness to the fine tobaccos in Luckies.

No other cigarette gives you the Cream of the finest crops on record—plus the throat protection of “It's Toasted.”

Try Luckies for a week. You'll see why with independent tobacco experts—buyers, warehousemen, auctioneers—WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1!

HAVE YOU TRIED A LUCKY LATELY?
WHY BOB MONTGOMERY WEN

Hollywood's Fashion Authority

DETTIE DAVIS
By Paul Hoase

WHY BOB MONTGOMERY WEN

HOW DEANNA DURBIN REALLY LIVES  First Photos of

BE A FASHION STAR!  Smart Midseason Clothes You Can Buy.
The End of the Chapter

The papers were signed... the decree granted... it was the end of the chapter for Jim and Marion. And so her wedding ring, in accordance with the Reno tradition, went spinning into the black little river below, as if to wipe out forever the whole sorry business of Jim's charges and her counter-charges. Incompleteness... what a harmless-sounding word to separate two people. As she watched the ring disappear, some of Jim's accusations kept creeping back into her troubled mind... that the suit Marion was quick-tempered and unreasonable... that the suit Marion did willfully, and intentionally, humiliate the plaintiff before friends and business associates... that on numerous occasions the defendant Marion's breath was objectionable and offensive to a high degree. Her breath! Why, she hadn't even thought about that when they were married. It didn't seem possible that such a commonplace could be so important a factor. Yet, come to think of it, the breath was one of the really intimate things of life.

Take Care, Mr. and Mrs. If you ever came face to face with a real case of halitosis (bad breath), you can readily understand why it would be almost impossible to "live with." Even the law has been petitioned to recognize this condition in a bill for divorce filed in Cook County, Illinois.

If you're happily married and want to protect your happiness, don't neglect your breath. Keep it fresher, sweeter, and purer with Listerine Antiseptic, notable for its antiseptic and deodorizing effect.

Anyone May Offend. Some cases of halitosis are due to systemic conditions. But usually and fortunately, it is due, say a number of authorities, to the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Excessive smoking is also a contributing factor.

Before Meeting Others. Why not take the delightful precaution that so many fastidious people rely on? Why not get in the habit of using Listerine morning and night and between times before business and social engagements? This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant first freshens and invigorates the entire mouth, quickly halts fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Almost immediately the breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

This pleasant precaution takes only a minute or two, and you are more than repaid by the sense of security and well being it gives you when you are out to appear at your best. Put Listerine on your shopping list right now. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Don't let halitosis end the chapter for you... try LISTERINE
1. TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!
How’d you like to pay your usual 25c or 50c for a box of Woodbury’s fine and utterly germ-free face powder, only to find a present on top! No—this isn’t Christmas, but it is the time of year when Woodbury plants a bottle of Jergens’ “Bateek” perfume, free, into the lid of all its powder boxes. So get going.

2. CARNIVAL SPIRIT
Inspired by the Circus, Lentheric launched a madcap perfume, “Confetti.” Then, inspired by the perfume and the circus, Lisanda, specialists in fine and rare jewelry, juggled balm and sequins into confetti jewelry—sparking sequins and crystal bails full of real cornell. Perfume, 25c; necklace, 50c; bracelet, 51c; earrings, $1.

3. TOP OF THE SUMMER TO YOU!
Here’s the topper that tops them all! A hat that combines the virtues of visor, babushka and snood in one. Born in answer to the summer prayers of rumble-seat riders, tennis players and beach-combers—it keeps off the sun, covers unruly spikes and makes you look cute and pert. Washable, too. In polka-dot rayon crepe, $1; in white pique, $1.25.

4. FOLLOW ME, LADS!
You sound your invitation in no uncertain terms when you escort yourself with Varva’s persuasive “Dusk Rose” fragrance. To make certain that each and every one of you gets to know it “toute-suite,” the company has contrived a companion set of “Dusk Rose” Talc and Eau de Toilette, for the trifling sum of $1. Fine for gifts. How many, please?

5. THANK YOU, BOYS!
Luxite thanks you for everything—the shantung stripes and the he-man shorts from which they “copped” these simply perfect summer “undies” for gals. The lightest tricot you ever wore next to your skin, cool and fetching in baby pink or baby blue and white stripes. Luxable, too, of course. The shorts, $1; the bra, 75c.

6. SUMMER EDITION: “PIF PAF PUF”
Gals are going gaga over “Tôle-kättikipes”—new summer editions of Lucien Lelong’s pettie “Pit Paf Puffs,” handy, pint-size cosmetic kits with lipstick, powder, rouge and a puff—harmless make-up for any costume color you can mention. Lamask Day, of Walter Wanger’s “Foreign Correspondent” and “My Son, My Son,” finds her kit very handy. Why don’t you try one too? $1.50.

7. WALKING ON AIR
Have you heard about “Flamek”—Pak Mode’s airy-lazy playing shoes? Good old winged Mercury himself could have felt no freeer nor been more buoyant than you’ll be sporting this cute but comfy mooshash-shoe, “La Playa.” Glove-sof cupskies on a two-tone wedge for easy-moving. Carmine colours—red, blue, yellow and white, $4.35.

8. “MIGHTY LAK A ROSE”
You may not be able to grow a garden, but you can certainly smell as sweet! You owe it all to Shulton’s “Emily Americas” for following their tarry “Old Spice” fragrance with something sweet and new for summer—was youis “Friendship’s Garden”—in a hohball bottle that might have been one of your sodalized granddad’s dearest treasures. 4 oz., 91c.

9. REVOLUTION IN BED-MAKING!
Imagine a sheet that fits your mattress like a glove, with nary a wrinkle to disturb the fullest sleeper! It’s Pacific Mills’ new “No-Tuck” sheet with—you’d never guess it—corner pockets! Just slip the mattress into the pockets. The rest is sleep, sweet sleep! Twin and double sizes, Sanitized, and only around $1.50 a sheet. You’ll love ‘em.

10. BRING ON THE ICE!
Take your weekend hostess Chose’s Antarctic Ice Bowl and you’re certain of her hearty “Thank you. Come again!” You never serve such choice simplicity of line, with handy matching tongs and a colourful plastic handle. Chrome or copper, as you please—and no reason why the bowl won’t do for pretzels, chips or popcorn, too. $3.

11. A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME . . .
You know the velvety smoothness—the petal-smoothness ... the irresistible fragrance of dusty roses! Well—they’re all collected for you in Pond’s new “Dusk Rose” face powder—an exotic glowing shade that suits the summer sun-ton of blondes to perfection and makes brunettes more beguiling than ever! 55c a box—and mighty well worth it!

(For More Shopping News, See Page 69)
One of the most famous novels...

One of the most famous plays...

You’ll fall in love all over again with the romantic heroine of ‘Goodbye Mr. Chips’

The dashing star of “Rebecca” handsomer than ever in an exciting new role!

And now, it will be one of the most famous pictures ever filmed!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Presents

Pride and Prejudice

Starring Greer GARSON - Laurence OLIVIER

with MARY BOLAND - EDNA MAY OLIVER - MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
ANN RUTHERFORD - FRIEDA INESCORT - Screen Play by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin - Directed by Robert Z. Leonard - Produced by Hunt Stromberg
Escape

The greatest panic in its history has hit Hollywood. This time it is thoroughly justified, if panic ever is, but it is the time for action, not for fear.

No business in America has been so hard hit by the war as the motion picture. As Ruth Waterbury points out so searchingly in her story, "Hollywood White Book," the movies are the last cash business left in America. This is an advantage in times of prosperity but can be a great disadvantage in times of uncertainty. Movie attendance has been cut down. Foreign revenue has been reduced to a thin trickle.

It is obvious that the whole structure of the industry must change. It has been geared to the production of twice as many pictures as the public really wants to see. I have yet to find a person who really likes the double feature—and still no one has the courage to eliminate it.

It must now, of course, be eliminated.

So must some of the fantastic salaries, which were based on an entirely different profit-and-loss picture than can prevail today.

If Messrs. Zanuck, Mayer, Cohn, Freeman, Warner, Blumberg, et al., would get together tomorrow and decide on a simple, sensible, economic course of action, the motion-picture world need not collapse.

Above all, the industry must avoid raising theater prices. In the long run this will only further reduce that cash revenue upon which it depends.

I know that if the movies will organize to discontinue the double feature, making only those pictures which can be sold to the public on their own and not as a premium, hundreds of thousands of former picture-goers will return happily to spend their nickels and dimes in what is still the greatest entertainment medium in the world.

Although millions of people hang over their radios to hear the news, the motion-picture theater is more than ever the one place where a harassed public can go for escape.

It is time for the industry to take full advantage of this fact.

Ernest Heyn
CARNATIONS VS. ONIONS

I WOULD like to toss a bouquet of, not orchids, but of his favorite, white carnations: —
— to a fellow who deserves a lot more credit than he is getting.
— to a fellow who got to the top in two years, not by staging temperamental blowups to get
his way, but by taking parts assigned to him and turning them into masterpieces of acting.
— to a fellow who, in face of overwhelming opposi-
tion, had the courage to stand by his own
convictions and marry a girl whom he genu-
ineously loved.
— to a fellow who, after that marriage, which
was "sure to ruin his career," dropped from
number one to an abnormally low position in
the list of money-makers.
Yes, I mean Tyrone Power. I think he de-
serves a great deal of credit, instead of, as Col
York suggests, in May Gossip, "onions to Ty
Power for increasing his head size."
Mickey Rooney may have a larger "fan" fol-
lowing, but I’ll bet my bottom dollar that
through his honest and sincere attitude toward
his work Ty Power has won the admiration
and loyalty of a great many more real people
and true friends than any other star in Hollywood.

Penny Averill,
Phoenix, Arizona

TWISTED MONSTROSITIES?

WHEN RKO-Radio announced that “Swiss
Family Robinson” was going to be made into a
picture, I waited for it eagerly, for, like most
people, I had read the book not once, but more
than ten times. I hoped now to see the char-
acters I grew to know so well come to life. As
a teacher I had even read the book to my classes.
But after the children saw the picture they all
said, “Why it’s nothing like the book” and, after
seeing it myself, I agreed with them.
Why should any producer take such an all-
time best seller and try to improve on it? All
that is left of the picture is a twisted monstros-
ity, with the whole theme of the play changed.
It is no longer the fanciful adventures which
enchanted children but an adult problem of the
complexities of life.
Why must any producer twist and contort
such universal favorites merely for a bit of sen-
sationalism and, even then, why must the funda-
mental theme and feeling of it be destroyed? I,
for one, am getting tired of going to pictures
made from enjoyable books, only to see my
well-beloved characters act as they never would
have in the book.

Bernard Heuser,
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

. . . OR “GOLD MINES”?

IN common with a tremendous number of peo-
ple, I love books and the sad days of my
life have been when I went to see my favor-
ite books screened. Hollywood couldn’t be-
lieve that an author knew his business; they had
to add glamour, change the characters, mutilate
the plot and in other ways make the play as
different from the book as possible.

(Continued on page 71)
New Screen Triumph Wins
Praise from Hollywood Stars . . .

THE AUTHOR OF
"GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS" SAYS:

"'Tom Brown's School Days' was the first, and
still is one of the richest, of all stories of school-
boy life. I am delighted to see Tom and Doctor
Arnold, the 'Mr. Chips' of Rugby, brought to
warm-hearted, youth-loving America. We salute
the film version of this completely delightful
entertainment for old and young alike."

James Hill

GENE TOWNE PRESENTS
The greatest schoolboy thriller of all time . . . read and loved by over 50,000,000 people

"Tom brown's School Days" with
Sir Cedric Hardwicke · Freddie Bartholomew · Jimmy Lydon
Josephine Hutchinson · Billy Halop · Polly Moran · Hughie Green
Ernest Cossart · Alec Craig · Gale Storm

Produced by GENE TOWNE and GRAHAM BAKER · Directed by ROBERT STEVENSON
Adaptation and Screen Play by Walter Ferris & Frank Cavett and Gene Towe & Graham Baker
Additional Dialogue by Robert Stevenson · Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures

"Exciting! Thrilling! This
famous classic is at last
brought to the screen in
a way that will make you
catch your breath. I loved
every minute of it."

AUGUST, 1940
A case where a blonde finds something besides big game in the jungle: Paramount's "Safari," with Madeleine Carroll, Doug Fairbanks, Tullio Carminati and Muriel Angelus.

ALIAS THE DEACON—Universal
Presenting Robin Burns as a modern Robin Hood: Bob plays a cunning grifter who's mistaken for a prospector and makes the most of it; Norah Ames is the town siren; Peggy Moran and Donnie Dunagan provide romance. Corny, but fairly amusing in spots. (July)

AND ONE WAS BEAUTIFUL—M-G-M
Alice Duer Miller's story casts Jean Male as the glamour girl who bet-shadows Robert Cummings; a police raid puts a maiden daughter job she committed, but it's pretty Louise Day, her younger sister, who works for his release. If you liked the story, you'll like the move. (July)

† ANDY HARDY MEETS DEBUTANTE—M-G-M
However, Mickey Rooney gets into plenty of trouble trying to track down deb Diana Lewis in Manhattan, after boasting about his non-existent "alibi." Judy Garland is marvelous as the adoring girl with hopes hit out and Lewis Stone and Mickey are better than ever, if possible. Heart-warming stuff, as only the Roones can do it. (July)

BEYOND TOMORROW—RKO Radio
Three lovely fastswimmers bet a boy and a girl. The men die but remain in the scene as ghosts. The boy is hUSED from the straight and narrow by actress Helen Vinson. It's an entertaining sermon under the guise of entertainment, with Richard Carlson, Joan Fontaine and others doing their best. (July)

† BILL OF DIVORCED, A—RKO Radio
Maureen O'Hara plays the role that sent Katharine Hepburn evening to stardom in the number film dealing with hereditary insanity. Adele Jergens, as the nervous wife who escapes from the controlling Ray Milland, as the wife who plans to remarry and Herbert Marshall round out the principals. Well done, but not for the masses. (July)

‡ BISTORY EATER, THE—Paramount
An unexpected treat, this charming, sentimental story of the sudden efforts of little Billy Lee to make a tangible point of the rent of a little, merry, dog, and Cordell Hickman, a little colored boy, are superb. (July)

BLACK FRIDAY—Universal
Put Bud Yorkin in the role of a doctor who transplants the brain of a criminal into the body of his professor-friend, Stanley Robinson, and you virtually have the popularity that will keep you entertained. Anne Nagel provides the spot of beauty. (July)

BNDIE ON A BUDGET—Columbia
Blonde has a yen for a far east. Porevo wants to join a club he can't afford. Tore in a girl friend to make Blondie jealous and let Betty Hutton turn on his charm. There's the latest effort of Peggy Shannon, Arthur Lake, Rita Hayworth and Larry Simms. (July)

† BUCK RENNY RIDES AGAIN—Paramount
Put Jack Breen on a dude ranch where he stages a framed holdup to impress his sweetheart, Elise Dray; then in an honest-to-goodness robbery; add that valid valet, Rochester, Philip Morris' music and some zappy dude routines—and there you have entertainment that will have you cheering. (July)

BULLET CODE—RKO Radio
George O'Brien is still gallowing on the sage brush and righting wrongs. Virginia Vale plays the girl whose ranch he saves from a gang of rustlers. There's plenty of action. (July)

† COURAGEOUS DR. CHRISTIAN, THE—RKO Radio
Second in the series. Jean Harlow is a small-town philanthropist who over the better counsel of friends and meets with civic opposition. He's supported by Dorothy Lovett, Robert Alda, Tom Neal and others. (July)

CURTAIN CALL—RKO Radio
Small-town girl Barbara stanwyck leaves John Archer flat when she strictly Gordon's play is purchased by a Broadway producer for the sole purpose of featuring actress Helen Vinson, Alan Dinehart and Donald MacBride; are something to see in their antics. (July)

† DARK COMMAND, THE—Republic
That famous "Empire" team, John Wayne and Claire Trevor, take a band in chasing the destiny of Kansas in this film, which has Walter Pidgeon as the ruthless cattle dealer who terrorizes the country until Wayne steps in. This has the rich flavor of frontier life. (July)

DR. CYCLOPS—Paramount
A weird tale of a mad scientist who feeds a radium mine and makes people drink to the top of radium. A fascinating novelty, with Albert Dekker doing a fine job in the title role. Thomas Coret, Janice Logan and Charles Halton support. (May)

DR. KILDARE'S STRANGE CASE—M-G-M
This time, Lew Ayres tours with the recently popularized insulin solution treatment for mental cases, thus saving the reputation of a fellow medical man from a false charge and putting an end to the effects of the government's interfering. (July)

† DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE, THE—Columbia
Another of those devices setups, which has Ray Milland, a doctor, and Lorelly Vona, a novelist of a best seller dialoguing the scenario, thrown into a compromising situation through a "just married" whom whom they are married. The picture's fun and worth the money. (July)

† DOUBLE ALibi—Universal
Wayne Morris, number one suspect, poses as a crime reporter in order to hunt down a murderer. Against his orders, Margaret Lindsay teams up with Morris and snoops, too. The story moves swiftly and you'll have fun directing the plot. (July)

FARMER'S DAUGHTER, THE—Paramount
A splendid Martha Rowe, but still amusing, gets caught up in the crusade when a Broadway producer throws his big-digging girl friend to a homesteader to sort her out of town. You're plenty of laughs from Martha, Charlie Ruggles and Bert Greif Michael. (July)

FLORIAN—M-G-M
A lavish production with sweep and color, but the story is curiously mixed up. It's about Florian, champion of the Lippizzan (Andanian gymnastics troup for the Royal House), and his influence on the lives of people. Robert Young is the trainer who is in love with a beautiful, played by Helen Gehrke. Irene Brown, the ballet dancer, makes her American debut and dances beautifully. "Florian" will astound you. (July)

PICTURES REVIEWED IN SHADOW STAGE

ALBRIGHT FAMILY IN LIFE WITH HENRY, THE—Paramount
ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO—Warners
BRODER ORCHID—Warners
CHARLIE CHAN'S MURDER CRUISE—20th Century-Fox
EARTHBOUND—20th Century-Fox
EDISON, THE MAN—M-G-M
FLIGHT ANGELS—Warners
FOUR SONS—20th Century-Fox
GHOST BREAKERS, THE—Paramount
I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY—Universal
LA CONGA NIGHTS—Universal
LILLIAN RUSELL—20th Century-Fox
LUCKY CISCO KID—20th Century-Fox
PHANTOM RAIDERS—M-G-M
REFUGEE, THE—Republic
SANDY IS A LADY—Universal
SKI PATROL—Universal
SOUTH TO KARANGA—Universal
SUSAN AND GOD—M-G-M
TORRID ZONE—Warners
UNTAMED—Paramount
WATERLOO BRIDGE—M-G-M
YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE—RKO Radio
YOU'RE NOT SO TOUCHY—Universal

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

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Four Sons—20th Century-Fox 75
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I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby—Universal 74
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Lillian Russell—20th Century-Fox 74
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Phantom Raiders—M-G-M 61
Refugee, The—Republic 61
Sandy Is A Lady—Universal 74
Ski Patrol—Universal 75
South To Karanga—Universal 75
Susan And God—M-G-M 61
Torrid Zone—Warners 75
Untamed—Paramount 61
Waterloo Bridge—M-G-M 61
You Can't Fool Your Wife—RKO Radio 74
You're Not So Tough—Universal 75
A Wad of Money

DOESN'T MAKE YOU RICH

A sure way to fatten your pocket-book is to save money in bunches. But folded bills buy just as much... and are less bulky!

Elementary? Certainly! And for just that same reason Kotex sanitary napkins are less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded filler. Kotex is made in soft folds!

 Naturally this folded center makes Kotex less bulky... less opt to chafe.

Snap your fingers at worry! For safety’s sake, an improved non-type of moisture-resistant material is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad...

And that's not all! Kotex has flat, forming ends that never show... never make ugly bulges... the way napkins with thick, stubby ends so often do!

Keep your clothes closer to your body! Kotex Padlets are thinner and are less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded filler. Kotex is made in soft folds!

Feel its new softness.

Prove its new safety.

Compare its new, flatter ends.

"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

AUGUST, 1940
Some Girls look Older in Summer—and GRIT in Face Powder is one of the Reasons!

By Lady Esther

Day by Day the summer sun is changing the tones of your skin! You should look younger in summer, yet it is tragically true that many girls look older. The reason may be an out-of-season powder shade—or a face powder that is wrong in texture—a powder that contains GRIT.

Don't let grit in your face powder spoil your loveliness!

Yes, grit in powder can give your skin a grainy, "powdery" look—often mistaken for an aged look. So beware of gritty face powder! Impartial laboratory tests show GRIT even in many powders that cost $1.00, $2.00, $3.00.

Are you using the WRONG SHADE for Summer?

Thousands of women unknowingly wear a powder shade that was all right for March, perhaps—but is all wrong for July! For the summer sun has subtly changed your skin tones—and you need a new shade that will glorify your skin as it is today.

So Lady Esther says: Mail me the coupon and I will send you ten glorious shades of my grit-free powder. Try them all—every one. That is the way—and the only way to discover which is the most glamorous shade for you this summer! Perhaps it will be Champagne Rachel, perhaps Peach Rachel, perhaps Rose Brune-ette. But find—on your own skin—the one right shade for you.

Make your famous "Bite Test!" Put a pinch of your present powder between your teeth—and grind slowly. Don't be surprised if your teeth find grit! Now make the same test with Lady Esther Powder. Your teeth will detect no grit!

But you'll detect no grit in Lady Esther Face Powder. It dries smoothly 4 long hours. Put it on at 8—and at midnight it will still flatter you, never giving you a "powdery" look that makes you seem older!

10 shades free!

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7118 West 66th 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.

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CITY
STATE
If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.
HIS middle name is Francis. To tell people what he looks like is hardly necessary. To tell them what he is off the screen may be more important.

Jimmy Cagney's sense of humor is as hard as the roles he plays in films. He claims never to have seen a whale with wings. He does not drink.

Abstemious always, he is shrewd, proud and cynical. The person who helped him to become one of the most unusual entertainers in the nation is his mother.

A Norwegian girl, she married an Irishman in a careless moment. Without being sentimental, and there is little of that in the Cagney clan, I have always felt that such women as Jimmy's mother have had more to do with the destiny of America than any of its statesmen.

Jimmy's father ran a gin mill. The actor was born, the second of five children, in a district known to the police as "the guerrilla jungle."

Psychologists and others who flounder in the bogs of the mind have often wondered why so gentle and cultivated a young man as Cagney is able to play such hard-boiled roles. The answer is so simple it might even be explained by a scenario writer. The early years wrote with heavy strokes on the sensitive parchment of his soul.

Widowed early, Mrs. Cagney gathered her brood close and taught them that though good fortune might be accidental—the love of family was eternal.

The children scattered during the day to any honorable task found. The mother guarded the home, and by her example inculcated in her offspring the feeling that whether or not the referee was looking—one always had to keep punching—above the belt.

After being graduated from public school, Jimmy worked here and there and was eventually an office boy with the New York Sun.

Hearing of more pay at another job, he then became a bundle wrapper in a large store—at one dollar and a half more each week. It seems a small sum now for which to shift positions, but at the time he was the only Cagney working.

His next job was that of custodian in the Webster Branch of the New York Public Library.

The pay was not so magnificent as the title. A custodian is a boy who seems to endlessly move books from one shelf to another.

His mother, knowing much by intuition, encouraged him to make the change.

His quick hard mind became imbued with booklore.

To make matters more difficult, Jimmy next decided to become an artist and entered Columbia. His mother did not complain, though an aspiring artist was the last thing the family needed, even though at this time another brother was working.

When nothing material came of his ambition in art, he recalled that he knew a man who knew a man who knew a chorus boy.
Such boys were needed for a musical in production called “Pitter Patter.”

Jimmy was on hand at the tryout. “I didn’t know the Highland fling from a Sailor’s hornpipe and I couldn’t even sing ‘Sweet Adeline’—but I needed that job.” Fifty applicants were assembled. “I watched the fellow’s feet next to me and did what he did.”

There are those in the world who have flashes. Else how would the dancing instructor have yelled to a red-headed Norwegian-Irish boy who could neither dance nor sing—“The short fellow—step out.” He was a chorus boy for thirty-two weeks. By this time Jimmy was eighteen—and he knew every dance step in the book.

When it all ended the great unconscious master of Yiddish dialect through environment opened in Philadelphia playing a Yiddish boy in a vaudeville sketch. “Was I low! From the Great White Way to the hinterland. I was starting at the top and working my way down.”

Then came the seven lean years. “I always seemed to open in Philadelphia.” Two dozen sizable towns were within a radius of two hundred miles. “I played them all—a thousand times. It was the Cagney circuit.”

When he earned forty dollars a week, twenty went to his mother. Stocky, with a face of granite on which the rains of life had beaten, he was definitely not the juvenile type, and was either too individual or too untrained for character roles. “I was not ugly enough to play freaks. Just warm enough never to get hot.” Then he added with whimsy, “Just a small-time hoofer—with hope—and nerve.”

But destiny was weaving the frayed ends of the net for him. It was at the other end. Orphan, road-kid, bruise, was banging with knuckle-cracked hands at the gates of Opportunity.

I had published “Beggars of Life,” after thirteen years of hunger and labor. While I was picking up and dropping a living as a small-time writer in Hollywood, the book made its way slowly.

Two years passed. Then something happened. Kenneth MacGowan, now a producer at 20th Century-Fox, and able dramatist Eugene O’Neill, listened to Maxwell Anderson. He had a dramatic outline of “Beggars of Life” called “Outside Looking In.” The book, being autobiographical, had two dominant characters in it—both were redheaded.

Kenneth MacGowan sent to a casting office for “redheads of all sizes.” They came. Charles Bickford was selected to try out for Oklahoma Red, the yegg, at once. A fellow with vivid red curls was selected ahead of Cagney, to play Little Red.

“Just that.” Jimmy was the last in the group to walk away. MacGowan glanced at the fellow selected. His red toupee was awry. MacGowan turned his eyes.

“Come here, you—what’s your name?” he asked.

“Cagney—James F. Cagney,” he snapped the answer.

“This play’s about tramps—ever know any?”

“Been a hoofer seven years.” MacGowan studied the defiant youth. “You think you’ll do,” he said. “Come back for a tryout tomorrow morning.”


Cagney was ahead of time next morning. The stage was a jungle for hobos. Cagney walked on. The script containing his part was rolled in his hand. He had learned the lines since the day before. Sharp as a March wind in Dakota, he cracked them.

I noted the perfect timing and the nonchalant manner of the lad who was superior to his rags. It was something new for me—to watch someone play a role I had lived. The road with its hardships and glamour came to life again as he played the scene with Charles Bickford. I shivered in memory.

“There’ll be no further testing,” said MacGowan.

When it was all over, I said to Jimmy, “You made it almost too real—how come?”

“Well,” he grinned. “I just thought of the Cagney Circuit—those ten-cent vaudeville houses and fifty-cent hotels—and I knew if I didn’t make good I’d have to open again in Philadelphia.”

Eugene O’Neill nodded. George Jean Nathan smiled. “He’s your man, Jim,” he said. “He’ll be heard from for a long time.”

The elite of the city crowded the theater for months.

The nation became hobo-conscious. Jimmy Cagney and Jimmy Tully became known.

That was more than a dozen years ago. His next opening was not in Philadelphia but in Hollywood.

To my friendship has been added deep respect for the son of the Norwegian mother and the Irish father.

Traveling the hard way, his art is so unconscious that only the discriminating realize that he is one of the few great artists on the screen. As a timer—doing the right thing at the precise second—there is only one to stand with him. His name is Charles Spencer Chaplin.

His work in “The Fighting 69th” indicated that he is just beginning. He’s forging ahead in “Torrid Zone.” It is the spirit of the strong daughter of Norway—his mother.

It has made two of her sons doctors, one an advertising expert, another a great actor, and the younger daughter, Jean Cagney, now under contract to Paramount Pictures, a graduate of Columbia.

Only recently we talked of luck as a factor in life.

“Suppose, Jimmy,” I said, “that MacGowan hadn’t noticed that that fellow’s toupee was on crooked.”

“Well,” he said, “I’d have been ready for the next break.”

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Taste the grand flavor of Pepsi-Cola. Not sweet—not sour—it’s just right. It makes a meal or a snack taste better. And there’s plenty in the big 12-ounce bottle. A nickel buys it.

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**AUGUST, 1940**

11
Flaming silks flashing against blue sky and green turf! Men born with a zest for danger and the right to worship beautiful women! Headstrong young love! Fierce family pride! Romance! Beauty! Courage! Again a great picture has captured a great tradition!

Greater than "Kentucky"

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S Production of
MARYLAND

IN TECHNICOLOR!

Walter Brennan • Fay Bainter • Brenda
"Kentucky's" great star
Joyce • John Payne • Charlie Ruggles
Marjorie Weaver • Hattie McDaniel
of "Gone With The Wind" fame

Directed by HENRY KING
Associate Producer Gene Markey • Original Screen Play by Ethel Hill and Jack Andrews
A 20th Century-Fox Picture
There has never been any little girl who has been more carefully guarded or more wisely reared than this wonder-infant . . . compared to the complexities of raising a daughter like Shirley the task of guiding the royal princesses of England is a snap . . . after all their Highnesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose did nothing save be born to the right parents . . . but little Miss Temple has made herself and her parents millionaires by her own talent . . . she has been out in the world, pitching, since she was five . . . she has been out there shaking hands with everyone from President and Mrs. Roosevelt to Joe Pasternak of the Fried Egg Bugle and treating Joe with the same grace and tact with which she treated the Roosevelts . . .

She has managed to keep her baby head in an atmosphere that has tumbled many an adult one . . . she has learned to dance and to sing and to act, better than all her competitors . . . who after all have been numerous and striving and talented, too . . . at the same time that she was learning her letters and the multiplication table . . . she knows what it is to make "super-specials," "fashion stills," "home art" and "publicity shots," at the very same time that she is learning fractions . . . in other words Shirley is complex and subtle, industrious and shrewd all at once . . . so how on earth can she regard the life of the average twelve-year-old in its magnificent simplicity as anything but a pretty dull and one-sided affair compared to the teeming life she has known? . . .

Even allowing for all this, however, I do hope that the whispers which are now going around Hollywood are not true . . . whispers that say that Shirley may go to Universal under the clever directing hand of Joe Pasternak . . . whispers that also say her parents are considering offers from three other studios for her . . .

For while I believe Shirley is now too sophisticated . . . for all the actual lovely charm and sweetness that she possesses . . . to go back to any average child's life that a youngster of her age would normally be living . . . nevertheless I do think she needs a period of retirement . . . let's say three or four years . . . let's say a retirement that would bring her back at sixteen or seventeen . . . when she has had time to digest the stupendous character of her success . . .

I think she has now earned a retirement in which she may learn how great she has been.
Fact about fiction: The "Dr. Christian" series, interpreted by Jean Hersholt, pays enough bills at RKO to cover the cost of a disastrous "Vigil in the Night"

More handwriting on the wall: Bill Boyd's "Hopalong Cassidy" is the homespun series that saves Paramount headaches over the lost receipts on "Dr. Cyclops"

... learn how great she has been in order that she may grow up in four or five years to toward her mature greatness... Shirley needs a chance to let her natural mischievousness have full swing... to be a baddie once in a while just for the sheer devilment of it... to get out and rough it up, like any kid, and not to have to stop and think of the effect of her simplest actions upon the people watching her... in other words... to relax and yet know herself for the big shot she so truly and naturally is... It's a big order, I know... but if this can be managed... and I'll not put anything past that mother wisdom of Mrs. Temple's... then I prophesy that in five odd years from now we will be seeing the cleverest young comedienne who has ever decorated the screen... and thus, and for this reason... PHOTOPLAY does not say "Good-by, Shirley"... instead we say, "God bless you, Shirley, 'til we meet again."

PRASE be and glory be but at last they have found the right role for Robert Taylor down at M-G-M... as Roy Cronin in "Waterloo Bridge" (though the picture itself, in my opinion, creaks in its aged joints)... Bob crashes through with a handsomeness, a charm and a warmth that not only equal that first charm he displayed in "Society Doctor" and "Magnificent Obsession," but far surpass it... in face of the lovely opposition of Vivien Leigh as the girl Myra... in face of Vivien's having the fat role and he being a mere leading man, Bob comes back with a warmth, a humor and an intelligence that are truly exciting to witness... his performance is a triumph and it is so good to see him being purely romantic again... I do trust that Metro will now quit their 'dirtying up' process on him... turning him, by script, into a prize fighter or a stumblesbum or whatever, in the dopy notion that such setups would make him seem very male to his women followers... when all that did was to make the majority of us merely think he needed a bath... that's one of the troubles with all the producers being men... they only know vaguely what women audiences want... but after this triumphal personal performance I am quite positive we will be wanting Mr. Taylor again... but lots...

Rejoicings, too, over an exquisite new actress come to the screen... Martha Scott in "Our Town"... a girl not conventionally beautiful at all, but with the most expressive eyes ever seen... a girl who would never become a mere glamour girl in a thousand years... but who plays the most touching love scene this year as revealed with a radiance and a devyness that ring your heart... go welcome her for I guarantee that you will delight in her.

While I'm handing out my acting bouquets this month... let me give a large one... not of roses or orchids or such sissy flowers... but of something spilley and spidy to Granville Bates for his irascible old judge in that riotous romp, "My Favorite Wife"... when you can steal a picture from such shrewd technicians as Irene Dunne and Cary Grant... and that's what Mr. Bates does... believe me, kiddies, it stays stolen... kudos also to Garson Kanin, the boy wonder, for his sly, saucy direction of this one... he's got away with murder here and well he knows it... a bow, too, to the musical score of this, the first film background that actually conveys an actor's emotions.

HANDWRITING On The Wall But Who Reads It Department: Do you know that "Maisy" is turning out to be one of the most money-making young persons that M-G-M has ever discovered... just "Maisy" first and then "Congo Maisy" and "Gold Rush Maisy" now to come?... do you realize that "Blondie" is Columbia's little gold mine?... are you aware that "Dr. Christian" pays enough bills at RKO to cover much of the cost of a disastrous "Vigil in the Night"... and at Paramount that it's "Hopalong Cassidy" that will probably mop up some of the tears the bookkeepers will shed over "Dr. Cyclops" gate receipts?... "Dr. Kildare" keeps on re-proving what a fine prescription for box-office stimulus he has... but isn't it odd, since all these films make so much money and so many steady, repeating customers for the movie theaters, that they are all made on "B" budgets and that their stars aren't treated with all that flattering devotion and toadying around that are lavished on many an "A" star who doesn't bring back half so much bacon... and isn't it stranger still when these series pictures are put on an "A" budget, like the Hardy Family, or Mr. and Mrs. Nick Charles' adventures in the Thin Man atmosphere, or even the adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Tarsan... and thereupon make millions... doesn't it seem positively crazy not to put the best writers on these characters which obviously charm us... and the best directors and the best players?...

As funny as the Hardys were in their original low-cost picture, they are certainly five times funnier in their opulent budget state of today... when I think of Carole Lombard, Charles Laughton and Director Garson Kanin all being lavished on "The Kakeake of that creepy old "They Knew What They Wanted"... well, jeepers, it looks as though the producers didn't love us plain cash customers... and about all I can say is to go to the movie theaters when those aching "A's" come around... not to see the movie... but just to get the free dishes, so there!
If you're a ghost then I want to be haunted!

The two stars of "The Cat and the Canary" find love and laughter in a haunted house!

BOB HOPE

PAULETTE GODDARD

"THE GHOST BREAKERS"

A Paramount Picture with

RICHARD CARLSON • PAUL LUKAS
ANTHONY QUINN • WILLIE BEST

Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL • Screen Play by Walter DeLeon
Based on a Play by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard

PAULETTE SETS BOB'S HEART A-DANCING WITH SOME VERY UN-GHOSTLIKE ROMANCING!

AUGUST, 1940
Significant: Elsa Maxwell, society's pet, now hobnobs as a permanent Hollywood resident with Dietrich, only a fre lance, and with film magnate Harry Joe Brown.

Entree for mere star Claudette Colbert in the new order is Edith Mayer Goetz, wife of Fox's vice-president, daughter of Louis B. Mayer, M-G-M head.

Fortunes such as these people possess is the factor that has broken the chill between Hollywoodians and America's aristocracy. Left to right: the Darryl Zanucks, the David Selznicks and William Goetz.
NE night about three months ago Greta Garbo, who started her business life as a lather girl in a Swedish barber shop, rushed out of Ciro's in the company of Mrs. Harrison Williams, who is frequently called the best dressed woman in the world and who is the wife of the multimillionaire New York Wall Street.

For months before that Liz Whitney, who was born an Altemus and who is the recently divorced wife of the very social, very rich John Hay (Jock) Whitney, had been seen hobnobbing with everyone from singing cowboys to movie magazine writers.

This month Tucky French Astor, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, stood up at the christening of Daphne Fairbanks, daughter of Douglas Fairbanks, 2nd, the son of Douglas Fairbanks, 1st, whose real name was Ulman.

Look at those events superficially and you may not realize the social significance they have, yet actually they are more indicative of what is truly going on in Hollywood than any amount of headlines that read "European Film Trade Wiped Out" or "Is Lana Turner Divorcing Artie Shaw?"

These separate items are all paragraphs that are steadily developing into what may be called Hollywood's White Book, or the hidden, unwrite-

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Inaugurator of the new order was socially ambitious Fred Astraie who made it possible for David Selznick to bring Jack Whitney (right) to Hollywood.
talented individual producer (Selznick) in Hollywood today. Another example of this powerful intermarriage on the M-G-M lot is the wedding of Director Mervyn LeRoy to Doris Warners, the daughter of Harry M. Warner. Take the power of M-G-M, Selznick International, 20th Century-Fox and Warners and you have most of the pictures and most of the profits that are being made today.

This powerful business combination naturally influences the social side of the Hollywood revolution. Due to their concentrated wealth, these relations of the associates of these four studios are the pivotal personalities in Hollywood's society.

The whole social revolution was given primary impetus by David Selznick, who turned the first trick by bringing in Jock Whitney of the Whitney-Vanderbilt tribes as his business backer and partner. However, he did not perform this coup d'etat on his own. He accomplished it through the influence of Freddie Astaire.

When you are talking of social aspirations, Freddie Astaire deserves a paragraph all to himself. Born, to his own intense annoyance, a mere Fred Austerlitz of Omaha, Nebraska, Fred has used his dancing feet, his real charm and his ready wit to carry himself up into the social ranks. His sister Adele carried herself even further, getting into the peerage as the wife of Lord Charles Cavendish. Freddie is the only actor who is a member of the fiercely exclusive Racquet Club of New York and he was one of the ushers at Jock Whitney's wedding to Liz Altemus, she who is now chummy as can be with any number of Hollywoodians. Freddie married into society, too, when he wed the former Mrs. Eliahiet Nott Potter. But as far as the Hollywood White Book is concerned, Freddie's greatest contribution to that list was bringing Jock Whitney and David Selznick together.

I can't actually attest to the fact that Fred Astaire really introduced Whitney to Selznick, though that is the accepted Hollywood belief, but there can be no doubt that knowing Fred did turn Jock's thoughts Hollywoodward and that, through knowing Jock, David Selznick was able to pole vault straight into the most high-browed of New York circles just as through Selznick, Jock Whitney pole vaulted into filmdom's inner ring—along with his wife Mary Elizabeth Altemus Whitney, otherwise Liz (on whom Jock has just settled, the reports have it, as a diz). Liz may move $3,000,000 a year, which makes her one of the richest divorcées in the world.

How do the original Hollywood stars figure in the new plan? Well, the Whitney bridge also gave a closer big-time social entree to the three stars who are most frequently in the Selznick parties—Chadelle Colbert, Joan Bennett and her husband, Walter Wanger, and Loreta Young, and also the one director, Ernst Lubitsch and his wife, Vivian Gaye (who was once an agent).

The likewise Colbert you will also find in the Zanuck crowd, through the Goetzers, as Edith Mayer Goetz is her closest friend, but you won't find Loreta Young there, because of a feud with Zanuck brought about by Myron Selznick, who hasn't of Hollywood of his brother's social ambitions but who actually earns more money.

The fact that the Misses Colbert, Young and Bennett are in this first crowd of Hollywood is another example of White Book data. Joan Bennett's activities during her own earning capacity plus that of her producer husband's. As for Miss Colbert, she is a very high-bracket star, having earned the largest salary of any movie girl for the last two years, according to the income tax returns.

The Gary Cooper belongs to the first crowd of Hollywood, too—due to their money and to the fact that Gary's wife is a socialite, the for-
WHEN Dr. Valkonen, in Robert Sherwood’s enlightening play, “There Shall Be No Night,” is told that he must not go to war in the medical corps because it “isn’t suitable work for a winner of the Nobel prize,” the doctor answers with great sadness: “It is not suitable work for any member of the human race. But someone must do it.”

That is the sort of offhand but characteristic reply Robert Montgomery would give you if you were to say, “You, who have everything to live for—a wife and two grand young children—a career—and a future more pleasant and successful even than your pleasant and successful past—why should you enlist as an ambulance driver in the American Field Service? To leave all hope behind, perhaps to die upon a foreign field—why?”

“Someone must do it!”

Actually, thirty-six-year-old Montgomery doesn’t like to answer such questions. In Hollywood, where he was known as the rather suspect champion of the underdog, he was asked by a well-known writer, who has a superior talent for getting the boys and girls to talk about things that are too intimate even for us film magazines to publish, to tell her about how he had managed to get the commissary workers’ salaries raised.

They sat chatting amiably while Montgomery ate his usual chicken salad and toasted rye bread.

The conversation was urbane, charming, satisfying.

Only when she had left did the writer realize that, contrary to her usual indomitable spirit, she had allowed herself to be sold on “Zuleika Dobson” as an example of English wit and a sketch by Max Beerbohm as an example of superb satiric art!

The commissary workers and their increased salaries—somehow these had been adroitly side-stepped.

That is like Montgomery.

He much prefers hiding behind a sort of ribald wit. Told by a friend that she couldn’t stay long in Hollywood because she’d brought only a couple of old bags, Bob asked characteristically, “Anybody I know?”

He has always been desperately afraid of revealing that at heart he is a very earnest young man. He is a camouflage crusader, a wisecracking Rupert Brooke whose own poetry sticks in his throat and makes him blush.

As president, in 1937, of the Screen Actors’ Guild, he was aware that his championing of the oppressed was suspect. He had too much—and yet he had told them to a friend, “The world can’t afford to be so complacent and so selfish. There’ll be a day of reckoning.” and added ominously—for much of his conversations his charm is his half self-conscious grimness—"it will come if through no other cause than through the unrest of our own conscience!

And today it has been simplified to: “Someone must do it.”

The radio reported him as explaining, “I am a great admirer of President Roosevelt. All I am trying to do is to carry out his good-neighbor policy!”

Very charming—but Bob’s habit, I suspect, of keeping his tongue very much in his cheek! Yes, he always talked against his own awareness of what people thought of him. He was laughed at—and he knew it; they said he was a show-off, and he knew it.

They said it was his way of expressing his actor-exhibitionist impulses, these fine frenzies for the underdog, these earnest battles for the welfare of the underprivileged. Yes, they laughed. And yet—

It is known that his boss, far more important in the Hollywood scheme of things, both from a financial and executive standpoint, was always distinctly uneasy when threatened by a visit from Crusader Montgomery.

Having planned to star Bob opposite Katie Hephburn in “The Philadelphia Story” after he finished “Busman’s Holiday” in London, Louis B. Mayer could not be pleased from a business standpoint that his star is not coming back.

But he is glad, from a humanitarian standpoint and—well, why not face it?—from a personal standpoint because it means he will not have to meet face to face the stormy petrel, of whom, he admits, he is scared to death!

In June, 1939, Montgomery was sent to England to make “The Earl of Chicago.” He leased a house in Buckingham, near Denham, where he was to make the picture. It was a lovely brick Georgian house, and just the opportunity his English blood craved to become part of the

(Continued on page 66)
The pool. Says Mrs. Durbin, "We never dreamed of anything like this."


Above: Universal's gift, a Hammond organ. Left: Talent in tune: "I can't do much more than play an accompaniment for my scales," says Deanna. "I've no time for any lessons but singing lessons. One day, though, I'll learn to play—I hope, I hope, I hope!"
HOW DEANNA DURBIN

Lives

Photoplay, by invitation, knocks over the "No Visitors" sign on the stars' private homes, to take you, in unprecedented fashion, into their intimate lives. Second in an unparalleled series—

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

(With intimate photographs by John Swope)

In the hills behind Hollywood there's a residential community known as Laughlin Park. It's old and exclusive and conservative. And it's quiet, too, except for the birds. Vine-covered walls and flowering shrubs screen the big houses. You seldom see anyone about . . . a delivery boy, perhaps, a child walking with a nurse, or a gardener raking the gravel at the entrance to a driveway.

One house in this park, fashioned after the houses in Spain, stands flush with the road, like a wall. It looks a little forbidding with its beige stucco back turned on those who pass. But if it were possible to climb the hills and come upon it from the other side you'd find the sun shining on terraced gardens, a lily pond where goldfish flash, gushing waterfalls and a swimming pool blue as the sky. And you'd probably hear a girl singing . . .

For this is where James and Ada Durbin live with their daughter, Deanna.

This house with its quiet surroundings and its formal furnishings is more a background for a mature, conservative couple than a young, top-flight movie star—it's not a case of Deanna's mother and father's living with her but of her living with them.

In the studios Deanna's completely on her own. The Durbins haven't the faintest notion what's best for her there and they don't interfere. However, at home she's a daughter who is subject to parental authority and watched with loving care so she won't rush off without her breakfast . . . find the wrong people exciting . . . read in a bad light . . . or forget to telephone immediately she reaches the studios now that she's driving herself in a gray LaSalle roadster.

Deanna's new contract with Universal gives her $195,000 a year. Her commercial interests, including the clothes and accessories which carry her name, yield another fortune. Fifteen thousand dollars a year is allotted to run the house. The remainder, minus approximately forty-five percent which pays government taxes and agents' fees, is divided equally between Deanna and her parents. Only she doesn't get her share. It's accumulating for her in nice safe investments like United States bonds and annuities. Unless the world goes into a complete tailspin she'll be a very wealthy woman.

Deanna's success has changed the Durbins' mode of living. But it hasn't changed their standards of living. They're endearing proof that human beings can move from a little house on the south side of town to a big house on the hill and remain simple kindly folks.

As Mrs. Durbin herself points out: "We never dreamed of anything like this. The Durbins and my family, the Reads, were shopkeepers and mechanics. And when we came to Hollywood Daddy went into the real-estate business. There were no singers or theatrical people among us."

Now they've a cook and a combination chauffeur, gardener and houseman. But Mrs. Durbin likes to bake, so she bakes. She specializes in the little mine pastries she learned to make when she was a bride and the little chocolate cookies decorated with half cherries or chopped nuts which always have been favorites with Edith and Deanna. And Mr. Durbin likes to putter, so he putters. You find him, coatless, looking for a blown fuse, setting net traps along the pergola wall, or adjusting a screen door so it will close tight and bugs—Deanna hates them—can't get in.

Deanna also remains true to her original type. She wears simple
THE simple pleasures she knew before she went into pictures she remembers well. With due respect to the glittering prerequisites of stardom—which she thoroughly enjoys—she still votes the vacation when she, her mother and father, her aunt and uncle, and her cousin, Jean Read, camped out in Yellowstone Park as the best time in her life. The Durbin cook explains: "Miss Deanna's more like a girl getting ahead in business than a movie star. I never send trays up to her room. She comes downstairs and has her tea—and what little breakfast she'll eat besides that—in the dining room.

"She helps around the house, too. When I'm off either she gets dinner or she clears it away. When she gets dinner she wants to do it all herself, so her mother tells me. And I'm the one who knows how neat she leaves the kitchen when she clears away. You don't come back from your day off and find dishes waiting for you in this house!"

It's not in Deanna's make-up to be a glamour girl. Nothing that word implies, in its superficial sense, interests her. She has to think twice to remember names like Barbara Hutton and Brenda Frazier. But Helen Hayes, President and Mrs. Roosevelt, Noel Coward and the late George Gershwin are familiar to her tongue and they make her eyes shine.

Explaining why these five are her favorite public characters she says: "They contribute something to life. I like them first for that. I don't think I have proper understanding of people who don't do anything because I've never lived a life of ease and I never want to.

"It's men and women who accomplish things who give me a thrill. In fact, the most wonderful part of success, to me, has been meeting great people, listening to them, studying them and working with them sometimes."

The Durbin living room is comfortably formal. The sofas and chairs are deep and squashy. Little tables hold cigarettes and ash trays for those who smoke (Deanna doesn't). Lamps have been placed to provide the best chairs with a good reading light and French windows open on a level with the garden. It's a large room—fortunately! For now it must hold a grand piano, a Hammond organ and a harp. The organ and the harp were recent Christmas presents to Deanna from Universal.

"I don't play the piano, the organ, or the harp," Deanna says, "although I have calluses on my fingers from the harp strings since I taught myself to strike chords.

"I've no time for any lessons but singing lessons. One day, though, I'll learn to play them all—I hope, I hope, I hope!"

"I did have piano lessons years ago—first from my sister Edith, and then from a regular teacher. But I can't do much more than play an accompaniment for my scales."

There's also a curio cabinet in the living room, filled with Deanna's treasures. There's the small-sizèd Oscar she was awarded for the best junior performance on the screen in 1938. There's Pinocchio. He's an elephant. He used to stand on the piano at Maestro de Segurola's where Deanna admired him daily while she was having her singing lesson. "I cannot give him to you," de Segurola told her. "That would not bring you luck . . . I cannot give him to you . . . " Deanna understood. She took Pinocchio. There also are amusingly beautiful wood carvings in that cabinet. Each has the name of a different Durbin picture stamped on its base. Joe Pasternak, her producer at Universal, gave her these carvings, one by one, as different films were completed.

The Durbin dining room is furnished in mahogany and the walls are covered with blue brocade. A beautiful silver tea service stands on the long sideboard; it's important in this household with English roots. Love birds sing in a cage near the window.
THE Sirocco is the only thing that dominates dominator Errol Flynn. He bought her because "A boat is a perfect retreat." He sails her because selling is a reflex action with him. "I have her loaded down with brass and pretty things and showerbaths and gadgets," he says. One of the gadgets being a radio telephone with which he can contact anyone, anywhere—if and when he wishes. He's as colorful as the law allows. He's off across the Pacific, down to the South Seas, to hunt gold, to shoot game fish at the drop of an anchor. The headlines call him a "swashbuckler." He doesn't care because he never reads them. All he does care about is his wife "Damita" (he doesn't call her "Lili"), the feel of brine in his face and the radio-telephone trick. Up until now the Sirocco has taken him into pretty deep waters. Up until now, he's always brought her safely in.
Maman still beamed proudly on him, especially now, after the black-coated doctors of the Sorbonne had bestowed his license upon him; and he was no longer an undergraduate, but a man ready for his career.

So now he could speak his mind, and did, with no reticence. "I still want to be an actor," he said; and thereupon got himself enrolled in the Conservatoire du Drame.

A year went by uneventfully until one day young M. Boyer was called hurriedly to the office. It seemed that M. Gemier, the theatrical director, had readyed a play, "Les Jardins de Murcie"; opening night curtain was in twelve hours; and the leading man was ill. M. Boyer understood that the Conservatoire was not accustomed to lend its students professionally, but M. Gemier had heard of the remarkable memory of M. Boyer and was insisting, "... Did M. Boyer feel that in twelve hours he could learn those lines and give a performance which would not disgrace the Conservatoire? Opportunity was tapping at his door, saying: "Here is the impossible to do—do it, and you are made."

"Merci," murmured Charles. He learned the role in its entirety within the twelve hours and went on that night, haggard but assured.

The curtain came down again and stayed down, this time, although the applause still poured in waves from the enthusiastic house. M. Gemier rushed from the wings and embraced Charles with Gallic exuberance.
flair for mystery. Fascinating. Female Paris discovered him, it would be better to say. The city loved him, gave him things, stared at him. He stared back. He saw a magnificent city, chic and desirable and nervous. He had conquered it already, climbed on top of it: now he must explore it—and someday he must conquer himself, when there was need for it. People told you that. "Know thyself, be thine own master," they said.

Well, when there was something to conquer ... he must create a personality before he could master it. He wanted to do this, and to be a great actor. Just those two things. The first would take money, the second passionate vitality and hard work. But the second would take care of the first. He thought, there will never come a time when I will not care enough about my work to do it automatically, without forcing myself, without grumbling.

But he was wrong. He lived too hard. The strange history of those Paris years in his life has many facets, and some are brilliant, some tarnished, some mottled and full of curious colors.

*Charles* tossed the damp towel aside, climbed into a robe and went out on his private terrace to breakfast in the warm afternoon sunlight. Along the street below people strolled past on their way to the sidewalk cafes and bars for apéritifs. Charles reflected that it was symbolic of what his life had become, this breakfasting while other people prepared for dinner; he worked while they played, played while they slept, slept while they struggled in offices and shops. He was used to living this way, having done it since Gemier first put him under contract, four years before.

Four years ... a claxon sounded below and he looked over the railing. Madame C—', whose salon was the most amusing in Paris, had stopped her very small, very expensive motor at the curb and was smiling up at him. She held out three chubby fingers of a hand covered with emeralds. Charles nodded and smiled vaguely. Madame C—— drove on, her yellow wig waltzing in the breeze. At three o'clock tomorrow morning, thought Charles, I shall be asleep; Estelle will have two new dresses and be furious. .....

He wondered if he were going a little stale. Four years ago at this time he had been an eager youngster; the theater had been his life. He had been poor, and Lucien Guitry had been his idol, and the only thing in the world worth doing had been to approach in some measure the incomparable genius of Guitry, the way Guitry was able to act, look the way Guitry looked. Now it was different. The fine clear purpose had been lost somewhere in the maze of those four years, in the confusion of many performances and many parties and more money and adulation and excitement than he had ever believed existed. All I need is to take up the violin and freehand drawing and I'll be a dilettante, he thought disgustedly.

His man came to the windows leading to the terrace. "M'sieur Henri Bernstein to see you, sir." Charles jerked erect in his chair. Bernstein, Guitry's producer—the greatest playwright, the greatest director the French theater had ever known, here? Charles stuck his head (Continued on page 62)
I
in...
explained, he was almost impatient for her to cease singing, so that he could watch her act. He feels that Durbin can do anything and that even her spectacular success up to date is a mere scratching of the surface of what she will do in the future.

We talked about portrait painting, both ancient and modern, about Shakespeare and George Kaufman, and then there was a knock on the dressing-room door and the assistant director outside saying the set was waiting. Instantly we were galvanized into that frantic action those words produce in any studio and a moment later I stood alone in the hot sunshine and knew that while I had had some of the best talk I'd ever heard, all I knew about Walter Pidgeon himself I could write on a fingernail.

Still that didn't worry me greatly. I thought there must be a dozen people around M-G-M who could tell me the details of his life. So I went around to ask them. But what I found out is that while Walter Pidgeon has been in and around Hollywood since pre-1929, he is the star nobody knows a thing about.

That got me really interested. For when a man of such charm and intelligence and handsomeness can be around this nosey village and yet be an essential mystery, then it must be because he himself is very deliberately elusive. After all, there is a reason for all things, even in Hollywood.

So I set myself to discovering the real story behind Walter Pidgeon. It took a lot of questioning and sleuthing, but finally I found it, or rather her. Walter calls her "Little Pidge" and when you know of her, I believe you will understand that warmth and tenderness that lie behind the carefully superficial exterior of Walter Pidgeon, the warmth and tenderness that make him more than a comedian and a leading man.

(Continued on page 68)
The old—and new—faithfuls of Hollywood. You're sure to know their faces; you may know their names; but ten to one you don't know this news about them

BY SARA HAMILTON

Great Scott!

ARTHAR SCOTT, the young actress who has scored such a tremendous hit in the picture, "Our Town," is the girl Hollywood wouldn't have at any price. "You simply are not photogenic," they once told her flatly.

So Martha, who had scored in the stage play, "Our Town," for two years, went back to Broadway to radio work and a new stage play. Two weeks later Mr. Sol Lesser telephoned her to come back. Mr. Lesser, it seems, had seen Martha's test for Melanie in "Gone With the Wind."

It just happened when Mr. Lesser phoned that Martha's play was a flop, so she was free to come, and did, and saw, and conquered. But better still, down in Williamsburg, Virginia, "the Howards of Virginia" troupe (formerly "Tree of Liberty") were awaiting a leading lady, a post left vacant by the illness of Joan Fontaine.

"I have the test here of a younger unknown to Hollywood," Producer-Director Frank Lloyd said to star Cary Grant. "We might look at it."

"Well," said Cary, when the test had been run off, "what are we waiting for?"

To think that Cary approved her, sight unseen, is the biggest thrill of Martha Scott's life.

There could have been no better choice for a heroine of a small-town play than Martha. In the tiny village of Jamesport, Missouri, Martha grew up among people whose troubles and joys were her troubles and joys. After eight years in the village one-room schoolhouse, Martha went away to Kansas City to attend high school.

"The girls weren't very kind," she says, "for with my long curls and country clothes, I guess I did look odd."

But Ida Lilly, one of the instructors, recognized the qualities behind Martha's small-town appearance and advanced her the magnificent sum of $1500 to study at the University of Michigan for the teaching profession.

Six months of teaching taught Martha herself a lesson. She wanted not to teach but to act, so she traveled to Chicago in search of stage work. She found jobs in a department store and candy shop, but no stage work. And then she heard that a winter's stock company was being organized in Detroit. Boarding a bus, Martha headed there. They gave her walk-on and bit parts and paid her ten dollars a week, but she learned and worked and studied.

Thomas Wood Stevens, head of the company at Ann Arbor, liked Martha's work. When he and Iden Payne organized a Shakespeare Memorial Theater in Chicago, Miss Scott was given a job. She toured two years with the company, reciting Shakespeare by the yard. Then one day in San Diego, when Martha had saved $150, she left the troupe and headed for Broadway for bigger things. Instead, she found a bit on a radio show with another young strug-
She's the For concerned. A rival loving course: Graduate boards blond in nature, Lucille with brown Ball, New York who and of the better hall from SETTERS bedroom music-things "bad-bill-name is is that has talented.

In Spain They Say "Si, Si":

When we tell you Rita Hayworth was born Margarita Carmen Casino, you know most of the story right off. For olive-skinned, dark-eyed, dark-haired Rita, daughter of the famous Spanish dancer, Eduardo Casino, has all the allure of old Spain, plus the soft-spoken voice of her English mother and the outstanding chic of the American woman. "Tis this beauteous bundle of international allure, then, who creates such havoc in her role in "Susan and God" and is about to create more playing opposite Brian Aherne in the remake of the French picture, "Gribouille," which will undoubtedly be given a name that sounds less like a fish soup.

At fourteen, while still a student at Alexander Hamilton High School in Los Angeles, Rita became the dancing partner of her renowned father. With him she traveled over Europe and America, stealing hearts as her castanets clicked. One engagement took the father and daughter team just south of the border to Cali- mente in Mexico; there Producer Winnie Sheehan saw her and immediately put in his bid for pictures. She created little stir in movies and soon left Fox for Columbia where for three long years she worked, studying diction and dramatics. Finally she began to impress with her work in the small pictures that came her way, among them "Blondie on a Budget" and "Music in My Heart." Now with "Susan and God" Rita has arrived.

To break completely with the past, when her movie career began, she gave away all her bright dancing costumes and took the name of her English mother, changing the "Haworth" to "Hayworth" for pictures. It was a wrench to part with the famous "Casino," but Rita feared the Spanish name would mean Spanish typing (yellow shawls and a rose clenched in the teeth) so she fearlessly took her stand.

She could be French as far as clothes smartness is concerned. Recently, a rival studio named her the best-dressed young girl in pictures. Fashion designers term her "America's ideal tall girl," Rita being another of those five-foot-fivers.

"I buy just the things I need for one season," Rita confided, "and then I discard everything at the end of a season and begin fresh next season. And if it's only three or four outfits, I buy good things."

On October 17, 1918, Rita was born in Washington, D.C. Her childhood was spent traveling with her parents (her mother did not dance) and preparing herself for the dancing stage. She doesn't think it odd so much preparation should have gone into a career that remains dubious. Moreover, she prefers it this way.

When just eighteen she married Edward Judson, handsome, thirtyish and retired through the courtesy of certain oil wells. There could be no happier couple, for Judson worries much more over Rita's career than she does.

In the midst of bedlam over new tests (we happened to be caught in the midst of it), Rita remained calm, quiet, softly spoken.

A blond with brown eyes and a music-loving nature, one of the best "bad-dies" in the business: Lloyd Nolan

White-collar businessman type who owns his own home and has just one extravagance: young Jimmy Ellison

A Britisher with no reserve, he yells and jumps at cricket games—the seventy-six-year-old C. Aubrey Smith

Graduate of a New York hall bedroom course: Lucille Ball, who went from bill-boards to bigger and better things

SPACE SETTERS

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"I have a quick temper," she admitted honestly, "but I never display it in public. I save that for home and they understand," she lighted up, marijuana in hand.

Her dark hair with the odd high lights grows closely about her forehead. She wears no makeup but lip rouge and polish to match on her long nails. She owns an affectionate black cat and a thick brow. With sports clothes she wears no stockings. Her education was completed with private tutors and in studio classrooms.

She's shy. But we'll bet she could tear apart with her own slim hands the many would-be wits that call her "Rio Rita."

**Little Girl Having Fun:**

On the list of genuine people in Hollywood, let's place the name of Lucille Bell. Let's write the name of her as I-am-or-leave-me wholesomeness, and for her splendid work in "You Can't Fool Your Wife" and "Have It Your Own Way."

Up in the portrait gallery of RKO Studios, not so long ago, we came upon Lucille having the time of her life in a hula skirt, the one she wears in "Have It Your Own Way." With bare legs flying, she evoked us of something so much as a little girl whirling around in her first plaited skirt. That's exactly what Lucille is doing. Whirling around in the fanciful skirt of Hollywood, being herself, keeping her head on.

There was a day, some few years ago (seven, to be exact) when Lucille smiled from every billboard poster. In fact, it was because she was a famous poster girl that Hollywood claimed her now, for Sam Goldwyn brought out all the beauteous poster girls he could find for his picture "Roman Scandal." Lucille was to remain six weeks. She's been here ever since, except for the two months she spent in a Broadway show.

Behind her is a long and rocky road mile-posted with perseverance and dotted with dogged determination. To make it tougher, starvation had a way of springing out at her and crying Boo! But Lucille yelled "Boo!" right back as she climbed the five flights to her New York hall bedroom to take stock of herself. The business of forsaking her job of modeling for the precarious business of show acting, with its five weeks of rehearsals without pay, was getting her exactly nowhere. So, after due deliberation on a very empty stomach, Lucille decided it was a far, far better thing to become a goodwill ambassador than to be an actress out of funds, out of luck and out of work.

In no time, Lucille was that tall (five foot six and a half inch) model who created envy in the too-ample bosoms of dowager customers at an exclusive gown shop. Lucille knew how to swish a gown right off her back into a cozy little nestling place in some customer's Park Avenue cupboard.

Born in Butte, Montana (where her father was an electrical engineer) under Hollywood's favorite sign of Leo, Lucille moved with her family to Jamestown, New York, where she was a tiny tot.

After her graduation from high school, her mother, who was an excellent pianist, had high hopes of Lucille's becoming a musician. But the drame on this by her father off, she went to New York to enroll in John Murray Anderson's Dramatic School.

It took Hollywood, finally, to fulfill her cherished ambitions. Under contract to RKO, Lucille has acted in at least a half hundred pictures, scoring nobly in "Stage Door" among others.

Her hairline runs close to her temples, she wears her strong nails long and red, she's the only girl we know who prefers lynx to mink.

"I can wear mink when I'm old," she says. Her business manager allows her ten dollars a week allowance which she hoards like mad for a new hat or two. Loves the purple of the California hills at sun-going-down time and is especially fond of hamburgers and onions. She had read all the "Bobsey Twins" books before she even started to school and now thinks Christopher Morley objectionable because he's just too damned sure of his women.

And, oh yes, she need only change the "B" of her name to "H" when she gets ready to say "yes," for director Al Hall is her best beau.

**Lloyd Nolan—Goes Native:**

Behold a native son! Born in San Francisco on a cool August day, young Nolan, the fascinating "baddy" of "Johnny Apollo" spent all his early life in the Bay region. He attended Santa Clara Preparatory School for five years and then entered Stanford University. One year and lo, Mr. Nolan's name led all the rest on the flunked-out list. That meant he must remain out a year before re-entering. Lloyd spent that year sailing around the world on a tramp steamer, came back to Stanford and flunked out again. But he didn't mind much. A summer of touring the vaudeville houses with another Stanford pal had developed in Lloyd he'd be an actor. He joined the Pasadena Community Playhouse to make good his decision. Next he joined Edward Everett Horton in a tour of the West in "The Queen's Husband." Then he felt the urge of Broadway.

Strange, but Broadway didn't feel the same urge somehow. Until one fine day the street went down for the count of nine and there was Nolan.

When the depression hit the hardest, Nolan worked the longest with Lunt and Fontanne in "Reunion in Vienna" and then finally hit the stage of "One Sunday Afternoon." We saw Nolan in that 1932-1933-1943 hit and so did Paramount, who brought him out to loaf on salary for a year.

Then gradually he worked into movies, began wearing sport coats and slacks and open shirts, took to golf and ruthless but still likeable gangster roles.

Free-lancing offered him more advantages, with "The Man Who Wouldn't Talk" definitely establishing him as an actor not to be sneezed at. He proved his worth again in "Johnny Apollo" for Twentieth Century-Fox followed by "Gangs of Chicago" for Republic and "Pier 13" for Twentieth.

Night clubs and the usual social whirl are out of his sphere. He's a quiet kind of guy who likes to listen to records or spend his evenings with his friends, the type that enjoys a good dinner. In fact, there isn't a single swaggering, racketeering, bold bad-man trait about the man who plays these roles so well. He's even a blonde with brown eyes for Pete's sake.

He married an actress during his New York days. The arrival of their first baby in the fall of this year has actor Nolan all agog. He's even buying the kind of house he's always loathed, a cute one with all the gadgets, because he thinks the baby may like it.

**Businessman Hero:**

In every town, city and community there are dozens of Jimmy Ellisons; stalwart young Americans who have made good in their chosen fields. Being of Hollywood renders Jimmy not one whit different from those other young businessmen, though his work, play-acting, may lend a bit more variety to his career. After all, it's not every young man who can become a singing cowboy in the Hopalong Cassidy series, a young romanticist in "Vivacious Lady"; and more recently a "hass" in "Anne of Windy Poplars"; and "You Can't Fool Your Wife," his last picture with Lucille Ball.

When Jimmy was six months old his family left Guthrie Centre, a dot on the curvature of the earth, to Montana. When his father died a few years later, Mrs. Ellison moved her family to Los Angeles to be near her old boy who was in camp near San Diego during the first world war. Jimmy became student body president of Polytechnic High School, thoroughly trouncing the school bully, and then looked for work as a photographer. Those school days hadn't been all clover, for Jimmy worked as towel boy at the Y.M.C.A. every day from three to nine p.m. at the high school and in the summer walked the horses over at the Midwick Country Club.

An older brother was story editor at Warner Brothers so Jimmy joined that studio as a reader. He was a good one, too, and first recommended "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" to his bosses. But, after a good long talk with his oldest brother, Jimmy decided to learn acting.

He enrolled for a year in the night-school drama class of Hollywood High. He worked two years at night at the Pasadena Community Theater and was signed by the Laura Hope Company of "As Husbands Go." M-G-M saw him and signed him and another lad by the name of Bob Taylor for stock. Together they labored over their work. Finally Jimmy was given the picture, "The Winning Ticket," which was a loser; his friend Taylor was put into "Society Doctor," which was a winner. So Jimmy knew his path would be the slow one and harder and on a sure one.

It was Cecil De Mille and his puttees who took him out of the Hopalong series for "The Plainsman." It's been nice going ever since.

The time this fall when the home-bound lady saw Gertrude Durkin, his wife to be, was she in the kitchen of her apartment making jelly and peanut butter sandwiches. He fell in love instantly with Gertrude and the sandwiches and was married the next day. He's always been likeable.

Jimmy and Gertrude own their little home, have a wonderful colored cook who kindred's bosses things and people and carpenters but makes the best fried chicken in existence. Their boat, the "Trudy," short for Gertrude, a forty-foot cruiser, is their only extravagance.

The Ellisons, happy, contented, average good-looking young people, love the boys and hope Durk, their baby boy, grows to it, too.

(Continued on page 70)
Six days a week she'll talk your ear off about her husband. We caught her on the seventh: An Ida Lupino scoop

BY MARIAN RHEA

She was describing how she wanted the old fireplace in their living room torn out and what kind of new one she wanted in its place and how she wanted knotty-pine paneling above and shelves underneath—all of it with gestures, darn descriptive gestures, too. When she dwelt upon the tearing out of the bricks, you practically saw 'em come. When she put the new ones in, you looked for her trowel—or whatever it is you lay bricks with. When she came to the knotty-pine question (and that's not a pun) she curved thumb and finger so convincingly, you practically saw every knot. And she was in such raptures about the whole thing that you glowed, too. Not that the present fireplace didn't look all right to us. It was just that her enthusiasm was infectious. But definitely!

Ida Lupino is like that, we guess...

In this Hollywood of the "decorous forties," whose glamour girls work very hard at being not glamorous at all, but oh, so boringly ordinary (or so it seems to us), it's refreshing to come across a celebrity (and a real one since "The Light That Failed") who doesn't insist she's as commonplace as Mrs. Joe Drukes, but who puts on a show, off the screen as well as on.

On this day Ida tore the fireplace out (or almost) we had been invited up to hers and husband Louis Hayward's house on the saved-off top of the highest hill in Mandeville Canyon (near Santa Monica) for tea. Well, we had tea, to say nothing of some elegant cake. But we also had a lot of excitement.

First, as we say, Ida, attired in a fetching housecoat and mules, which, as she pointed out apologetically, weren't mates (but were extremely effective just the same) went into the matter of the new fireplace with a man who was going to do the job.

"This fireplace we have," she explained in preface, "has no character!"

Well, as we say, we thought it looked pretty good, but, of course, a fireplace or anything or anyone else would have to have a lot of character to compete with Miss Ida Lupino. She fairly exudes character, all of it colorful, also positive. So anyway, it was settled that there would be the new fireplace. Settled with gestures, as we say. The cost was also settled.

"Between sixty and seventy-five dollars," the man estimated.

"Say, sixty," Ida remarked. The gesture she used here was one of dismissal—not of the man; he stayed for tea—but of the matter of cost. He kind of stuttered around after that, trying to open up the subject, but he never got a chance, someway. Sixty it remained until, with slightly bewildered mask, he left.

In the middle of our tea, another man came with three large books of wallpaper samples and we all discussed new paper for the living room and hall. One of the first samples he showed us was green, but Ida gave a shrirk of distaste.

"Take it away! My dear man, have you ever noticed how women look, especially blondes, in a green room? No? Well, they look as though they had liver trouble! My husband would divorce me in a fortnight!"

So we forgot green and concentrated on soft

(Continued on page 64)
IT'S NOT WHAT YOU WILL DO IN HOLLYWOOD; IT'S WHAT YOU WON'T DO THAT MATTERS. AN ILLUMINATING PROGRAM AS ORIGINAL AS ITS FAMOUS ORIGINATOR

BY JAMES HILTON

MY dear young lady:

Yes, of course, I remember you. (On the train, wasn't it, between Chicago and Kansas City, and we took a stroll up and down the platform at Davenport, Iowa?) You see, I'm rather good at remembering people who are rather good at being remembered—and I mean that as a compliment. But let's get down to business. You ask my advice, and it all boils down to this—Should you come to Hollywood?—and my first answer must be another question—What do you want to come for?

If you have a hundred dollars to spend on a holiday, over and above the return fare, then the answer's simple. Jump on the next train, bus or plane. There are few places in the world today that can offer more than Southern California and nowhere in Southern California makes a better center than Hollywood. I can't help it if this sounds like a Chamber of Commerce testimonial; it just happens to be true. Hollywood can give you sea, mountains, desert, cities, any kind of luxury you can afford, any degree of simple life you prefer, and the whole thing dished up with sunny days, cool nights, (bring a coat) and a few extra specialties of its own; such as concerts in the Bowl, food at drive-in restaurants and film previews at which, without being particularly lucky, you're almost bound to see some illustrious face that you recognize. By all means, therefore, make the trip if your finances will allow it. There's the Grand Canyon on the way, and the San Francisco Fair if you can fit it in on the way back, and the entire expedition should turn out to be something you'll remember all your life.

But is it possible, my dear young lady, that you had rather more in mind than just this? Maybe what I said just now, about seeing the San Francisco Fair on your way back, gave you a bit of a jolt? You're not sure you intend to go back? You don't quite say so outright, but from what you mention about your success in the High School Dramatic Society and about your deep interest in plays and films, I've an idea you're half-thinking of a career in the movies. Am I right? And you haven't got a hundred dollars, but just enough for a one-way bus ticket plus a few dollars that you think will keep you till you can find a job. You're young; you're ambitious, you know you're pretty (I know it, too) and you don't see how you can fail. After all, if nobody had ever left a home town, Bob Taylor would be a doctor in Nebraska and Garbo would still be dressing hairs, or whatever it is that hairdressers do in Sweden. You're quite right; the fellow who wants to buy a lottery ticket can always point to the winners of past lotteries. But if he asks my advice as to whether he should mortgage his home to buy a thousand lottery tickets, then prudence (that middle-aged virtue—for since Mrs. Jessel is old enough to be Mrs. Jessel, then I'm certainly old enough to be your father) compels me to say—PLEASE, for your own sake, DON'T.

You see, my dear, Hollywood for a holiday and Hollywood for a career are two entirely different places. As a visitor you'll have a wonderful time. You can hire a car on Sunset Boulevard and have a guide point out to you the home of your favorite star; and if that star's in his front garden he'll probably wave to you; and one of the studios even invites you to travel in a bus through its "streets" and outdoor sets. After all, you're a very important person in Hollywood, as a member of the public, for it's the public's dimes and quarters that have made the film industry what it is, so Hollywood naturally feels it owes you some hospitality. But there's one thing it doesn't feel it owes you, my dear, and that is a JOB.

And now I'm going to be rather brutally frank. Hollywood is full of pretty girls. Hollywood is full of clever girls. Hollywood is full of ambitious girls. So if you're only pretty, clever and
Sidelights on a profile Hollywood has reason to remember: Once upon a time, movie moguls let Mary Martin sing for them—anonymously—behind the camera, but wouldn't let her appear before it. "Your nose," they explained. But they all ran after her when she made a hit on Broadway—then discovered that she photographed like Claudette Colbert! Mary recently capped her conquest of Hollywood by marrying Richard Halliday, story editor for Paramount, the studio currently co-starring her with Bing Crosby in "Rhythm on the River."

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOCLEAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST.
One for the money: the English Richard Greene, who has been drumming up the romance trade in Fox's "War An Adventures." A guy who's been busy getting famous, he's professionally proud of his theatrical heritage, privately pleased with Virginia Field, his regular Saturday night date.
Two for the show: a quiet, dark-eyed young woman with an oddly chiseled face—Claudette Colbert, esthetic member of M-G-M's "Boom Town" company. Nimble-worded, nimble-witted, she presides calmly over Dr. Pressman's white house in Beverly Hills, makes a gay livelihood by turning her left profile, the best, to the camera and letting her eyebrows do the rest.
Husky men all, who don’t need the help of outdated shoulder padding! Dick Greene, Ralph Bellamy and Dennis Green simply add to the effect with sprawling plaids which—like Pat O’Brien’s cable stripes—have not been worn by well-dressed men for at least two years.

Bing Crosby may not be interested in setting men’s styles, but he is too typical of Hollywood’s “jazz” modes in this mix-up of stripes and violently patterned tie, topped off with a broad shiny feather hatband.

There’s more latitude in sportswear, but Bob Taylor goes too far, at the prize fights with wife Barbara Stanwyck and the Jack Bennys. That small-patterned wool was high fashion once (some four or five years ago), but it now can be found in low-price “ready-mades,” practically never in finely tailored suits.

You’ll see only narrow shoulders and close-fitting, high-armhole sleeves on such society leaders as Charles A. Munn (right). Note the perfect tailoring which distributes coat weight evenly from the entire shoulder. On opposite page—today’s plaid, as worn by tomorrow’s style-setters. Seen at the Palm Beach Country Club, Social Registerite Milton Holden wears the small overcheck which has replaced the bold plaids; Mr. Holden wore some years ago—long before Hollywood took them up!
Notwithstanding Carole Lombard Gable's admiring glances, H Clark's huge pockets are characteristic of the exaggeration in his single-breasted suit. "Why," asks Mr. Starbuck, "should the best physique on the screen be padded to the point of absurdity?"

Though one of Cinema City's best dancers (as Norma Shearer knows), George Raft doesn't cut the figure he should in "peg-top" trousers and too-long jacket—with buttons much too low—which take at least three inches off his height.

Annabelle appears not to notice that husband Ty Power's "pseudo-English" suit is a perfect example of the exaggerated shoulders, lapels, trousers that are NOT being worn this season.

WHO SAID

WELL DRESSED

Hollywood women set American styles, but as for the men—a noted authority on masculine fashions cries out in anguish at the clothes those Hollywood males shouldn't (and DO) wear!

Before the man in your life buys next fall's topcoat or this summer's sport jacket, don't let him see any picture of his favorite masculine star! Because if he copies Hollywood he's likely to be at least a year behind the current fashion.

Thus boldly does John Starbuck—for more than thirty years one of the foremost forecasters and interpreters of fashions for the men's apparel trade—speak his mind about the clothing blunders the males of Cinema City seem to him so fond of committing. While Hollywood influence has the most marked effect on feminine fashions, starting many trends, the male section of the star population is sadly lacking in style savoir-faire, he declares.

Instead of starting fashion trends, the Hollywood male is the last to get them. "Long experience has proven," says Mr. Starbuck, "that styles for men originate in England, are brought back to this country and then are first really spotlighted by undergraduates of the so-called 'Big Three' universities. From these campuses the styles pass on to national popularity and—eventually—Hollywood."

In case you think Mr. Starbuck is talking through his silk topper, he has selected several of Hymie Fink's newest candid portraits for these pages and pointed out the latest style errors made by stars.

"For instance," he says, "now that everyone else has taken up big bold plaids or small check tweeds, the style-setters are wearing small overchecks, with vertical stripe of one color and horizontal stripe of another.

"The wide-shouldered jacket is doomed. Today, the men the nation will follow in style are wearing only very narrow-shouldered jackets, with no trace of padding."

Hollywood men, take note!
Not transcontinental telephone romances for Jackie Cooper—not on an allowance of $15 a week! Hyman Fink's never-fail camera catches Jack spending the first nickel, to date Bonita Granville for a typical "young fry" film society outing.


2. Hey, Jack, those child-star days are over! But he's proud enough to be in the almost-adult class because he and Bonita are still under 18. Skating for two—80c.

5. More exercise—bowling, of course, since that's the favorite sport of Cinema City's "young fry" society these days—and, as Jack points out; "It costs me only four bits!"

6. Hungry? Who wouldn't be! Steak dinners for two in a streamlined diner, $1.70; a side order of French-fried onions, 25c; tip, 25c.

Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville prove that teenster dates in "our town" of Hollywood are much like those in anybody's town—and not much harder on the budget!
Serves Jackie right for trying to teach Bonita fancy tricks! "Never mind," she sympathizes, tactfully, "it was my fault. Come on — I'll buy you a drink!"

Fink's camera caught Bonita accepting Jack's invitation for four o'clock — but don't ask Hymie for details of the conversation! He was racing from phone booth to Granville home — and they were still talking it over when he got there.

Movies next, of course, as in anyone's home town. Only this is a preview, so Jack gets his reserved seats free, by courtesy of the profession, and treats Hymie to a ticket instead (for which Fink hereby tenders thanks). That adds 65c to the date budget, although Jack has saved that much, buying one ticket.

Hollywood youth is as perennially hungry as young folks anywhere, so it's another snack after the show: One coffee and one hot chocolate, served with cookies — 20c (and add a penny for California's sales tax).

Now, up the Granville walk to say goodnight at the door. And what a grand time they had for a total of $4.41 (including the phone call) — which wouldn't even buy two steaks for their older confreres at spots where the autograph-seekers gather!
Rarely posed in modern dress these days: Laurence Olivier ... on screen, a Jane Austen hero opposite Greer Garson in M-G-M's "Pride and Prejudice" ... on stage, a Shakespearean lover opposite Vivien Leigh in his own production of "Romeo and Juliet." That the latter was something less than a success with the critics will undoubtedly be more than compensated by the impending marriage of its co-stars.
It's "Arizona" for Arthur. After that Columbia assignment, Jean will star in "The Devil and Miss Jones" for a new RKO production unit just formed by the Norman Krasna who wrote the scenario—and the Frank Ross who is her husband.
Typical of the membership of this noteworthy Hollywood organization: Mrs. Alice Cooper, a member of the board—and the mother of that not-unknown motion-picture actor, Gary Cooper.

Wouldn't you know Mrs. Lela Rogers— noting for her knack of furthering young careers (notably, her daughter Ginger's) — would be a busy vice-president of this group to help other families?

Firsthand knowledge of Andy Hardy problems—and the job of guiding son Mickey Rooney's career— has made Mrs. Nell Pank a logical member of the M.P.M.I. board.

It's more than a title. It's the name of an actual organization—and it means everything those four words can imply. Motion Picture Mothers, Incorporated is just that: A federation of Hollywood women (a number of them pictured on these pages) whose sons and daughters have made motion pictures their career.

Only yesterday they were babies—just little boys and girls who depended upon Mother for everything. Today they are successful men and women in pictures and Mother, who has devoted half her life to caring for them, suddenly finds her hands very empty and her heart very full.

At least, that's the way I felt when my son Tom grew up. Other motion picture mothers, I knew, must feel the same as I did. Helen Mack's mother, Anita Louise's Widow of an actor and mother of one, Mrs. Tyrone Power is highly eligible for the M.P.M.I. office she holds.

Brand-new grandmother (by courtesy of Anne Shirley Payne) in the federation of mamas: Mrs. Mimi Shirley

By their smiles ye shall know them—as mother and son: Mrs. C. J. Romero and Cesar, the "Cisco Kid" himself!
mother (Mrs. Whitehead) and I often talked about it. Most of us had known struggle and hardship when we were bending every effort to help our children to the top. How nice it would have been had some unseen hand held out courage and comfort to us! We three decided to be that helping hand to the present generation.

Of course, we weren't entirely unselfish. Most of us were quite lonely and desirous of meeting other mothers who had things in common with us. We wanted to form new friendships and fill in useless hours with something interesting and, at the same time, worth while. In other words, we didn't want to be put on the shelf—we wanted

(Continued on page 64)
Leaping from location to location makes this month a movie marathon

BY BARBARA HAYES

The day we go calling, the company is working far out of Big Bear, which is a mere dot of a town, anyhow, in an open field wherein two gigantic pines stand sentinel. The covered wagons are drawn up under these trees. Actually, it's supposed to be Ogden, Utah, along about 1846. The wagons have parked for the night and in the scene which we watch Mary Astor has come to tell Dean Jagger that he'll have to do some burying during the night. Linda Darnell's mother having died, whereupon Dean goes to get Ty to help him. That's all there is to the scene, but it takes a whole hour to shoot, and what with the sun getting white very early in such a high altitude, once the scene is captured to Director Henry Hathaway's satisfaction, work is called off and we go home planning on next day's trip to Sonora to see "The Return of Frank James" and Henry Fonda.

TYrone is in this one, too, in the smallest bit he's ever played. The picture opens on the scene that was in "Jesse James," the scene of John Carradine's coming in and firing the bullet into Jesse's back and killing him.

In "The Return of Frank James" Ty falls flat on that beautiful face of his and from there on Hank Fonda takes over, bent upon hunting down John Carradine and killing him.

The day we land in Sonora is Hank's birthday, though nobody knew it till Marjorie Wennison turns up with a birthday cake for him. Marjorie Wennison is practically Movie Fan Number One. She's a married woman now, in her middle twenties, but ever since she was a kid of fourteen she's been meeting all the movie stars who come to Sonora, which adds up to a lot of movie stars, Sonora being one of the favorite location spots.

Hank, who isn't, off screen, that rather solemn owl he seems on, is very pleased with Marjorie's cake. So's the company. They gather round as Henry goes into the big cutting act. They're all still chewing as we leave because we have decided to try Twentieth's home lot in an attempt to catch a scene in "I Married A Nazi."

It's late afternoon when we get there and also the day when all shooting is being held up because of Lloyd Nolan coming into the picture to replace Richard Greene, who is very ill with flu. We're in luck, however, for we run (Continued on page 72)
PAULETTE GODDARD . . . winds up the summer on the gold standard, wearing a slim-skirted, open-midriff dinner gown of gold-studded heavy white crepe designed especially by Edith Head for Paulette's role in Paramount's "The Ghost Breakers." The new sheath-skirt wears a waistband of golden discs which march in glittering rows to the hem and surround the little molding-bodice. Paulette's bag matches perfectly, and her chiffon handkerchief, too, is studded with winking golden discs. A sleek outfit for the equally sleek star of "North West Mounted Police" and "The Dictator"
Yes, even hard-working young Hollywood takes occasional time out for a picnic. Shows you how to dress the part, too—props, stock and barrel! The gal? She's none other than Jean Cagney, Jimmie's talented young sister, already started on a film career of her own and next appearing in Paramount's "Rhythm on the River." Her picnic pal is William Henry, the young romantic lead in Paramount's "The Way of All Flesh."

WATER BABIES — Jean (top) in Saucony's white piqué ballerina bathing suit that has a body-molding shirred latex bodice, flaring dancer's skirt and brief jersey panties attached beneath. Ballerina bathing suit, $4.95
The Plymouth Shops, New York, New Rochelle, Hempstead

Jean has the fun, Bill the work, but Bill also has some nice compensates — i.e., the view (at the right, above) of Jean's smart knee-length clan plaid pleated gingham skirt and tuck-in shirt. The skirt, $6.95; shirt, $3.95
Peck & Peck, New York, Chicago and Minneapolis

"COME AND GET IT" says Jean (direct right), wearing a Joan Kenley play dress that buttons gaily from square neck to hem and boasts—for good measure and picnics—a red and white peppermint-striped piqué apron with giant pockets. What if the pickles do spill? Jean's white piqué dress will come out from under as crisp as celery. $3.98
Oppenheim Collins, New York; W. C. Stripling, Fort Worth, Texas
THE DUTCH EAST INDIES inspired the moonlight bathing dress with surplice bodice and daringly slit skirt which, together, make a devastatingly lovely swathed summer evening gown of Cor- meo's red and green flowered rayon crepe. Should someone whisper, "Moonlight swim?" Joan could shed her skirt and be perfectly dressed for a spur-of-the-moment dip in red sharkskin lastex tights and flowered halter-bodice.

"GARCON" is Brigance's own name for the boyish daytime suit in which Joan toasts herself in her own back yard before taking the plunge, guarded by Stinky, her faithful little dachshund. The brightest of red spun rayon jumper-bras—new with Brigance—tops willow-slim bathing trunks of red and white striped sharkskin lastex, making the most of the famous Crawford figure.

Could it have been with Joan Crawford's lovely figure in mind that the talented young Brigance, originator of America's moonlight bathing dresses, did the two swim suits you see here, modeled especially for PHOTOPLAY readers by Miss Crawford, who is at present starring in M-G-M'S film version of "Susan and God"?
TWO FOR TRAVEL

Pretty Iris Meredith, now appearing in Columbia's "The Return of Wild Bill," knows how to travel light and like it. You would, too, in either of Rolanda's double-time ensembles. "Double-Time" because they can come to town and stay for dinner, perfect for either purpose, perfectly priced for every purse.

FULL DAY AHEAD—but it holds no terrors for little Iris, who is ready for come what may. Discretely dressed for the train in a bolero-jacket with shiny satin revers and rhinestone decoration (top), she is just as perfectly dressed when she doffs the jacket for dinner, looking very festive indeed in her smart crystal-buttoned black satin blouse atop a slightly flaring skirt. Under $20

TAXI, PLEASE! And Iris is off in "Top Flight"—a wool, rayon* and acetate oxford cloth suit with a satin-bound jacket that is kindness itself to her curves. The dress beneath has a tucked black satin blouse-top and new slimmer skirt to see Iris through her dinner and dancing date in style. Added attractions—jet buttons and a mammoth rhinestone decoration. Under $23

Rolanda selections available at leading stores throughout the country. Miss Meredith's hats and luggage from Broadway Hollywood, Hollywood.
As if made to order for the luscious Sheridan chassis comes side-saddle drapery—at its brilliant best in "Chamonese," a new Celanese rayon and silk crepe, of unusual beauty and supple handling. Alternating rhythms carry the bodice-drapery to one side; the waistline to the other—both marked by giant jeweled feather clips. Ann stars in Warners' "They Drive by Night"
Now's the time to run up a dress so sheer that you'll look cool and crisp even while others wilt. If you're very smart, you'll choose a brown sheer—fashionable forerunner for fall. Let Photoplay-McCall's pattern feature guide your course between seasons.

The symbol © identifies these PHOTOPLAY-MCALL PATTERNS available at leading department stores throughout the country.

No. 3816—To the loveliest lady of the evening—a brown organza dinner dress with airy sleeves, heart-shaped buttoned bodice and a swirling six-yard skirt. Wear it over a rustling taffeta slip.

No. 3836—Hollywood says keep cool in brown cable net or chiffon with the help of a low square neck, short sleeves, a shirt-frock bodice and a skirt with easy front-fullness.

No. 3819—Entrancingly new—convincingly cool—brown and white plaid chiffon frock with midway sleeves, yoked-bodice, flaring skirt. Wear it with a brown taffeta slip.
Anne Gwynne, who supports Deanna Durbin in Universal's "Spring Parade," is keeping cool in dark "sheers" that have two points to their credit. First, they're brown, a color that's headed for headlines; secondly, they're spirited sheers that not only challenge the heat but take you smartly into fall as well.

**NIP AND TUCK**—a brown halter with bands and bows to nip your waist to nothing and tucks by the dozen to slim you from shoulder to hem. Wear the bodice as high or as low as proves becoming; add white hat and gloves for summer, dark ones for the fall.

**CRACKER-CRISP**—a tucked brown triple sheer that wears its frosty lingerie collar and cuffs all summer long, then sheds them, come fall, for jewelry. Tucked bodice and flaring skirt are born flatterers; a matching slip banishes lingerie problems completely.

$10.95. Franklin Simon's, New York.
Enchanting little Leila Ernst plunges headfirst into fall in hats so new they were whipped before our camera before the final stitch was taken—look for Leila with the Aldrich Family in Paramount's new “Life with Henry” and — take our word for it — you'll want to keep on looking at her. Next, look at the shoes, gloves, bags and jewels on this page and you will know just how heads, hands and feet will look this fall.

1 Giant Knox beret in felt, shirred, draped and inset with grosgrain ribbon. Set it back on your pompadour. Around $10

2 New! Fringed dress-mitts of bright red doeskin, side-panelled for the third dimension by Louis Meyers. Around $2

3 Victor Silson's “Key to Your Heart” in leather on a braid ed chain. The key really locks the bracelet. $1. Necklace, $2

4 “Whipstitch” — Paramount's box-toe moccasin step-in with red whipstitched bow & vamp, smart squared heel. Around $7

5 Alice May's new velvet face-framing bonnet with the squared-off brim, sprouting jeweled peas-in-a-pod. Around $12.50


7 A bow on your Jenny bag, too — satin on suede, with curving top and satin bracelet-handle to pull the Talon. Around $5

8 Merry Hull’s “Finger Free” hankie-glove, new in broadcloth with contrasting wall and colorful piping. Around $2

9 Flash! Brown pearls for fall. Marvella’s 3-strand twist, combining gold, topaz, and burnt topaz pearls with topaz clasp. $3

10 “Senorita!”—Knox’s new velvet sailor, as Spanish as Carmencita, dripping a seductive circular veil over the eyes. Around $15

11 Silson’s Persian-inspired “Turn-about” jewelry—gold on one side; silver on the other. Necklace, $4; bracelet, $3

12 “Floradora”—Aris’ suede zipper-glove clings comfortably over suit-sleeves or crushes at the wrist. 4-button-length, $5

13 Carry Jenny's soft, elongated pouch this fall, in suede, with corded, shirred top and bracelet Talon-puller. Around $5

14 Rhythm Step's wedge-heel suede oxford tipped and collared in lizard. Look for slender backs in the new wedges. Around $7.50
IT'S a lot of fun being young and gay, especially if you're wise enough to avoid the complexion mistakes that too many young girls make. Either they feel that, being so young and because their skins may be clear and soft, their complexions need no care at all; or they overdo the whole thing and give their skins treatment that should be reserved for an older woman. Either mistake is just as bad as the other. Or they're troubled with skins that are rough and blemished, so desperately they try one treatment after another to restore the natural clearness that is one of youth's greatest attractions.

How you care for your skin today is the foundation for tomorrow's complexion; therefore, it's vitally important to you to treat your skin properly so that it will remain lovely all your life. Hollywood's young stars realize this and their beauty routines are the ones that every young girl should follow.

Cleanliness is the one-word rule for youth. Soap and water, cleansing creams, are ideal for young skins and should be used thoroughly at the very least twice a day, preferably more often.

You've all watched Judy Garland grow up to be the charming, attractive young lady of seventeen that she is now. Judy's skin has remained soft and smooth through all the adolescent years and she has every intention of keeping it that way. She knows that the better care she takes of her skin now, the more dividends it will return her in future years.

We cornered Judy on the set of "Strike Up the Band" and asked her what she did for her skin, what was her complexion cocktail to keep it smooth and glowing.

"The only routine I use in caring for my skin," said Judy, "is good old scrubbing. Of course, when I remove my make-up after I've been working I use a pretty heavy cream; and after I've creamed my face well come the soap and water. Soap and water are my stand-bys."

"I have never used a real mask on my face because I don't think a young girl needs it, (Continued on page 71)
1 PRESTO CHANGO!—a camisole-dress of snowy Celanese rayon jersey with a backwards apron thatwhips off before you can say "Jack Robinson," to become a flowing evening cape. Red drawstrings add extra excitement. Under $20

2 A PARAGON of loveliness dines at Victor Hugo’s Paragon Room, proving that you can be completely casual yet completely correct in a white sheer crepe shirtwaist dress with an important-looking gold kid monogram and belt. Under $20

3 STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN—says Ellen’s seductive chiffon frock that alternates panels of midnight blue and white, from a wafer-thin waist that meets up with a hypnotically low bra-bodice. Under $20
Penny Wise lassies with an urge to be belle of the ball can hitch their wagon to the little starlet, Ellen Drew. Ellen and Robert Paige played hooky from work on their Paramount pictures—Ellen from "Texas" and Bob from "Dancing on a Dime"—just to pose for Photoplay at the famous Beverly Hills Victor Hugo restaurant.

The purpose? To set Miss Penny Wise a good example, for any dress she buys between seasons is sure to be a problem child! It must be cool...serene...summery...yet it must hint of festive things to come this fall. Here's a sextette that will take the midseason fashion hurdle easily, yet every one of them is under $20!

4 IT'S BABY PINK CHIFFON that gifts us—a barred-neck frock with pintuck shirt and a mile-wide skirt. Under $15. Cymbidium orchids by Haflester of Hollywood.

8 ALL-TIMER—a marquisette gown over taffeta, that sheds its ingenuous organdy collar and flowers, come fall, to become a seductive black dress with a peekaboo top that's a perfect foil for sparkling jewels. Under $13
Ann Sothern adopts her own picture costume, designed by Howard Shoup for her to wear in Warners' "Brother Orchid," as her first fall travel-ensemble—and there is an idea for you, too! The plaid wool frock, you'll find, leads a purposeful life of its own and, as the leaves begin to fall, the plaid-lined woolen topper becomes your favorite between-seasons coat to wear all day long over everything. A beanie in matching plaid sits pertly atop Ann's curls. For other Sothern talent, see M-G-M's "Gold Rush Maisie"
If you happen to be in Hollywood and hear an actor discuss politics, intelligently, avidly and actively—it’s Melvyn Douglas, who has switched suddenly from pink to red, white and blue as his favorite color scheme.

If you hear an actor converse in tones so low and gentle one must reach out to hear—it’s Jimmy Cagney.

If you behold a tall, animated figure in a Mexican sombrero-style hat who never stops talking one single second of time—it’s Roz Russell.

If you hear an actor say to George Brent—"For heaven’s sakes, Brent, turn those fried eggs eyes in some other direction"—it’s Pat O’Brien, who resents George’s wide, round orbs.

If you glimpse an actor carefully emptying everyone’s ash tray, straightening pictures and carrying empty glasses out of sight like a tidy housewife—it’s George Raft.

If you hear an actor storm into a front office to square an extra who has accidentally cut his lip during a movie scene, thereby costing the company thousands of dollars in delay—it’s Clark Gable.

If you see an actor sit silently through all arguments and even reach out a restraining hand to keep a friend silent, too—it’s Cary Cooper.

If an actress primp five solid minutes over one wave in her hair before every scene, driving a cast wild—it’s Loretta Young.

If you see an actress wave frantically out of the rear of her limousine lest some friend thinks she hasn’t noticed—it’s Joan Crawford.

If an actress stands up in a lighted theater to adjust lipstick and make-up—it’s Dietrich.

Exit—One Tomboy

Miss Jane Withers has been promoted from small budget pictures to “A” majors by Twentieth Century-Fox studios, all of which means bigger and better taffy pulls up in Janey’s new playroom.

"You ought to see it," Jane told us, out on the set of "The Girl From Avenue A." "I’ve got a new sound-proof dance floor, a new dressing room with lots of new perfume bottles (fare-well to doll clothes) and a little kitchen where we have the grandest taffy pulls!"

By "we," Janey means her "Gay Teen" club that meets for weekly jitterbug sessions (but not too jitterbug, Jane explains). The club includes Jane’s stand-in, several friends not in pictures, young actor Joe Brown, Jr. (not the comedian’s son), George Ernest of the Jones Family and other teen-age oldsters. Jane herself is fourteen.

The way of the Withers family up the ladder of fame has been a quiet, non-demanding one. They took what they got gratefully and willingly.

The first role Jan played was in "Bright Eyes." She got it by walking straight into Director David Butler’s office and selling herself.

"I stood outside and waited," Mrs. Withers told us. "When Mr. Butler said he’d think it over,
Jane leaped right into her imitations and won that part all on her own. Aware that conditions have been, shall we say, strained, between the Temple and Withers families since the release of that picture, we boldly asked Mrs. Withers about the so-called feud. “Well, Mrs. Temple hasn’t seen much of Jane and me since ‘Bright Eyes,’ but please believe me, there is only gratitude in my heart toward them for allowing Jane to have that chance in their picture. Only gratitude,” she repeated. For one year after that picture, Jane earned $150 a week. Against the advice of friends and agent, Mrs. Withers refused to ask for more until Jane had made six pictures in that year. “Then I felt she knew the business and was entitled to more money,” she explained. “They gave it to her without a moment’s hesitation.” Now, after six patient years, stardom looms ahead for Janey. Gone are the legion of pets, the donkey, goat, dogs and all the others. The dolls are half hidden away. Her first long dinner dresses, dancing, boys fill her mind these days when pictures and stardom give her time.
From the Hollywood baseball park, Charlie Chaplin tips his own sombrero to the girls

So, good-bye to tomboy Jane. And hello to a very perky and pretty new star.

Kissing—What Young Hollywood Says About It

SPEAKING of Jane Withers reminds us of the writer who asked fourteen-year-old Jane her opinion of kissing.

Jane’s eyes flew wide open. “Kissing a boy? Why, I’ve got two years to go yet,” Jane said, horrified.

Which is setting a definite age limit on the old game of osculation.

Then one day, the subject came up during an interview with Mickey Rooney.

“I think kissing a girl good night is okay. I think young people know the rules of the game pretty well,” said Monsieur Rooney. All of which made Cal feel older than Chamberlain’s umbrella, hoisted, and more rebuked than a small kid in school.

“I believe,” said Bonita Granville, in answer to our query, “a boy may be hurt or angry at the moment if a girl refuses to kiss him on the first date, but I believe he’ll respect her a lot more for it. However, I’m not a prude about kissing,” she added.

“It’s okay if a girl and fellow are friends. It’s usually a friendly gesture among the kids of our crowd,” Jackie Cooper explained.

“Oh, boy, lead me to it,” was all Cal could get out of the Dead Enders, which stopped the inquiring on the spot.

Cal York’s Mailbox

It isn’t often Cal discusses his fan mail (or maybe we should say pan-mail, in some instances) but after the chasistement from Victor Carlock of Hollywood for not having mentioned his favorite, Frances Dee, in a long time, and the hair-raising opinion of Miss Ruth Adams of Providence, Rhode Island, concerning Mr. Tyrone Power, we feel entitled to print a kindly letter from a lovely young actress, Miss Phyllis Brooks of Hollywood. She writes:

“Dear Mr. York:

I want to thank you for the paragraph about Cary and me in June Photoplay. To my knowledge it is the first kind and sympathetic word written about our upset.

It was naturally an extremely difficult experience, as it would be for anyone, but unlike anyone, we had the added hurt and trial of uninformed, partial and sarcastic comment.

I am truly grateful for your impartial understanding words. Thank you so very much.

Phyllis Brooks.”

Cal wishes he’d had the nerve to speak up about Phyllis’ letter that day at lunch with Cary. Only, somehow, we feel it’s between only the two of them. But, doggone it—

Cary, Martha, Frank and Cal

“Come to lunch,” the telephone message said, so Cal, anxious for a closer peek at Martha Scott, the new star of “Our Town,” and a chat with Cary Grant and director-producer Frank Lloyd, set forth in our best bib and tucker. We looked dapper, we had to admit, until suddenly it occurred to us “The Howards of Virginia” troupe was working in an independent studio minus a dining room. Our spirits, to say nothing of our tummy, fell. When people say lunch, we want lunch.

“Haven’t seen you in years,” Cary prevaricated, the minute we stepped inside the stage door. Miss Scott, a brown-eyed lovely, came to greet us next, at which point Mr. Lloyd obligingly called “Lunch.”

In a tiny garden behind the office building was spread the coolest picnic table we’ve seen since our Sunday School days. At the head of the table under an acacia tree sat Mr. Lloyd, like a real head of the family. We found ourselves between Cary and Martha.

Suddenly there came a bellow from Cary. “Now just because you made such a hit last night at the preview of ‘Our Town,’ Miss Martha Scott, don’t you think you can have all the meat at your end of the table. Maybe you never heard of ‘Topper,’ eh? Or ‘The Awful Truth’—or ‘My Favorite Wife.’ They should entitle me to at least one slice of ham!”

Along about the hot curried shrimp course (and we were worried about food!), Cary had us all convulsed with his story of what happened after his last preview, “My Favorite Wife.”

“After all my other previews, I’ve gone on somewhere to a party with friends and all evening I kept thinking, ‘Wonder who’s calling me up now. I’l bet my phone is ringing with messages from my friends.’ ‘Dad’ get so worked up about the compliments I was missing, darned if I could enjoy the evening.

“I went straight home after ‘My Favorite Wife’ and sat down by the phone. ‘Now the calls will pour in,’ I thought. And do you
It’s into the brig for Rudy Vallee at the Pirate’s Den, even though he is one of the new night club’s backers. The incipient yowl isn’t intended for fellow-prisoner Dottie Lamour—guests have to scream before being set free.

Candid close-up of two big guys from Paramount who prove that an actor can play rough-and-ready characters—and win the ladies, too: Fred MacMurray, Gary Cooper.

know,” he howled, “not a darned soul phoned to say I was good or bad or the picture was swell or anything.”

Mr. Lloyd then told us of a certain actor in Hollywood who, discouraged and broke, had set out one evening in his boat for the sunset and just kept going. He never returned.

“Can’t think of a better way of going,” Cary said, “than into a sunset. I live at the beach, you know, and every night, as regular as clockwork, I go gone inside with the beauty of every sunset.”

Just a new and rather wonderful slant on one Mr. Cary Grant, friends. And, oh yes, Miss Scott is all we’d hoped for. She’s great and, incidentally, so was the lunch.

The Rocky Road to Romance:

THE wheels of progress in the form of a snappy roadster have been interfering lately with Jimmy Stewart’s steady courtship of Olivia de Havilland. Moreover, Cal’s homely face (oh well, we can’t have everything) is covered with blushes to think how we, in one instance, almost wrecked Jimmy’s romance—to say nothing of Jimmy’s car and Jimmy’s girl.

It happened in the Biltmore Garage in Los Angeles after a theater performance. Waiting patiently for his car with lovely Olivia on his arm (we’d be patient, too) Jimmy failed to notice us until he was in the car and starting down the incline.

Suddenly spying us, he waved frantically. The car took a quick zoom to the left, spectators gasped, Olivia squealed. But Jimmy, instantly on the alert, took command of the wheel and Olivia, and they were off, leaving Cal to the mercy of mutterings and dark looks from the spectators for almost wrecking this devoted twosome.

But you can’t blame the second fracas on Cal. It happened when Mr. Stewart— Goes-To-de Havilland’s parked car on the hill before Olivia’s house. As Jimmy stood in the doorway gazing at his lovely date, there was a sudden grinding noise, a smash, a bang. And there was the car halfway down the hill doing unkindly and ungentlemally things to a Ford parked in its path.

Yep, there seems to be some kind of a mechanized fright around Jimmy’s romance these days, but he isn’t letting it get him down. This still remains the best boy-meets-girl story in all Hollywood.

On the Record

TIMED to coincide with 20th Century-Fox’s “Lillian Russell” is an album collection of tear-jerking, heart-rending, laugh-lined songs of the 19th Century. Called the “Naughty 90’s,” the album has Beatrice Kay—a gal whose voice comes right from her hustle—and four records that Diamond Jim Brady and Lillian herself would have loved. There are such lovely things as “My Mother Was a Lady” and “Don’t Go in the Lion’s Cage Tonight”—all done with the authentic spirit of the picture (Columbia Album C-14).

There can’t be any other singer quite so buoyant as Dixie Crosby’s husband Bing. Rushing from Paramount to Universal, he has now provided his public with five new melodies from “If I Had My Way.” The Bing himself offers all of them—including the “Pessimistic Character,” “Meet the Sun Halfway” and the title song—in his own inimitable baritone (Decca 2448, 3162-3). But, more—tronombonist bataeers Tommy Dorsey (Victor) and Glen Miller (Bluebird) both perform “I Haven’t Time To Be a Millionaire” and “April Played the Fiddle.” Take your pick—you can’t lose.

Quite a charmer is young Judy Garland. Latest evidence is a new disc in her best M-G-M style. First she does “Wearing of the Green” and then follows up with “Friendship.” Southerner Johnny Mercer pitches in and helps out on that last with very satisfactory results (Decca 3165).

Also traceable to Judy are two bright numbers from her new co-starrer with Mickey Rooney—“Andy Hardy Meets Deboutante.” It is the piano and conducting of Walter Gross and the singing of Bea Wain that make that picture’s “I’m Nobody’s Baby” and “Buds Won’t Bud” very, very top-notch filmusical material (Victor 26603).

A very nice double feature turns up in the (Continued on page 67)
REAL as your own personal problems is this moving drama of a pair of refugees: Charles Coburn, an escaped Viennese surgeon, and Sigrid Gurie, his daughter. They arrive in a small dust-bowl town to face the many hardships caused by the great dust storms and the illness prevalent in the community. John Wayne, as the leader of the town, tries repeatedly by government methods to save the land against the ravages of the dust, but at last the settlers are forced to give up and head for Oregon and workable soil. The long trek is reminiscent of "Grapes of Wrath," but whereas that picture depressed you with its misery, this one gives you a message of hope and unending American courage.

What might have been the "Citadel" of the Northwest becomes the most pleasant kind of warm-weather entertainment, thanks to plenty of romance and lavish Technicolor scenes of forest and snow. Ray Milland is most convincing as a society doctor who goes to the great open spaces to be made a man of by the French-Canadian guide Akim Tamiroff. The photogenic Patricia Morison, however, has little opportunity in the hackneyed role of the waif who married Akim out of gratitude but can't help succumbing to the handsome stranger from the big city. Comes the blizzard, lifting the entire story to heights of suspense—and guaranteed to produce shivers in the coldest "dog days."

As a contrast to her farewell to glamour in "Strange Cargo" Joan Crawford here looks more stunning than you have ever seen her. The role of Susan, a society matron having an attack of religion, was one Joan wanted and asked for; and she plays it brilliantly. Thus, the most important thing about this picture is that it points a great star back to the high road from which she has lately wavered. After this fact, it's to be recorded that the film is hit entertainment, beautifully staged and wearing the George Cukor directorial touch. Susan is an emotionally unstable and insincere woman whose husband, Fredric March, has become a rum pot (you can't blame him) and whose daughter, through her neglect, is a lovely little tramp. Back from Europe comes Susan to Long Island; she's all full of a new religious cult she has discovered in England, a cult suspiciously reminiscent of the Oxford Movement in design. There is a house party with any number of smart women and attractive men, all of whom are two-timing their husbands or wives, as the case may be. Susan puts the kibosh on these pleasant extramarital games by adjuring everybody to confess. Then Fredric turns up, persuades her to open the big house and try a summer as a wife and mother, for a change. Very slowly Susan discovers how sad her daughter is, sets vigorously about fixing the situation and in the process discovers what's wrong with herself. Here the film changes pace, from glittering comedy to deep drama. March is awfully good, with very seldom moments of overacting. Rita Quigley, as the child, offers a superb performance. All the cast—Bruce Cabot, Ruth Hussey, Rita Hayworth, particularly—is in great form.
over the railing. Below at the curb, where Madame C—had stopped her little motor, crouched a familiar great car.

"I'll see him on the terrace. Bring cocktails," he snapped. "Hurry!"

Bernstein managed the difficult feat of filling the open terrace with his personality, as lesser men would an interior. When he chose, he could be direct; and he came to his point at once.

"Guilty and I see through. I need a new star. In my opinion you are the best actor in Paris. I offer you a five-year contract." Just like that. Triumph, the far goal reached, in four short sentences.

When he got his breath again Charles called the servant—quickly, before Bernstein should regain his sanitarium—and commanded, "Bring pen and ink." And as before he added, "Hurry!"

It was the Paris of 1924, when ladies wore green hair and purple hair and artificial silver wigs... and Charles Boyer was ineffably of that Paris, particularly of the theater belonging to that Paris. There were other stars, but they stood for other things; Charles was the romantic, the gallant, the subtle, the emotional, the mateine Paris.

He had not thought much of leaving France. He had not thought much for men who had invited him to join them; on the contrary, his eyes were bright and he whistled a new tune from a Chevalier revue as he left the darkened theater.

Supper, Mimi, Mumm see and a small but cheerful fire awaited him at home. "After the show," he thought, "I'll see you in if you get there first."

Mimi was standing with her back to the fire when Charles arrived. She welcomed him in the particular manner he enjoyed.

"Ah," said Charles finally, sinking into a chair, "it has been a hard week. Henri had been as bad that man, but I wish I could break his neck every other Thursday. But now—I have a little time, eh? Just the two of us. No theater, no nagging director... ."

Fredi coughed behind him. "Msz Bernstein," said the servant, and prefixed a phone. Charles' face muscles sagged. He grinned weakly at Mimi, took the instrument and finally said, "No. It's funny—I've an engagement, I'm tired... Well, it can't be so important it won't keep until tomorrow...

In the end he gave up, as people always do when they argued with Henri.

"I'll be back as soon as I can, but I'll be free painlessly apologetic."

Fredi caught up her face, and the supper will be served. "Said I do understand. You are first an actor."

"Lunch at the Crillon and then into the concert—a most incomparable!" And he flung.

Bernstein pacing up and office at home. "Thank you here!" he said. "I tell you—the inspiration left the theater. It will be play, change all the nig... I was a fool not to fore...

... alarm was infectious, the excitement was irritation. "Yes, 'yes', what have you!... the second-best curtain,..."

"Instead of saying just stand there, looking slowly, you turn and go saying—"All right, this is all stand? Nothing!"

All he wanted, Charles next day over the phone.

"Malignous. To Henri, I say 'Good-by' in the eye more important than fifty fifty beautiful women. And in the least why? Yes, I've had break... once and be there in two hours."

"Knotting his tie Fredi as Bernstein's secretary you were awake, sir. He has called a rehearsal company for this play that you be at the one than fifteen. It's in the second set.

Charles stood looking his fingers motionless and four-in-hand. Suddenly, going out to his desk, song, the papers in one and found his copy of and signed with Henri. For fifteen minutes, reading and rereading. At last, muttering savagely, he snatched the telephone and dialed Mimi's number. They finally managed to dine together and go dancing three days later, after endless rehearsals of that second act and after Henri had at last decided that perhaps, in the final analysis, Charles had better say "Good-by" before his exit.

Twice, while Charles and Mimi were dancing, a busboy dodged onto the floor, tapped his shoulder and asked him to come to the telephone. "Lavender, to know when Charles, shoving frances notes into the boy's hand, "that I left here over an hour ago. For an undisclosed destination."

Back at the table he said, "There is nothing I can do. Bernstein is sincere... that feels an actor is a property." Mimi managed a little laugh.

"It is a four-year contract," he said simply.

"Said I nodded. There could be no thought of marriage during that period, at least. Mimi knew this. She did what she had to do, being a woman in love. She stayed—until, as

They all go to Ciro's—including May Robson, who took in the new night spot with Franklin Pangborn

He needed that vacation. His nerves were strained and he sustained himself through the last months with the vision of sun and sand and fishing.

He rang an agent. "If you've a tour on," he said, "I'm free. Make it good, then... ."

The agent chuckled. "Just the thing. The company touches Cannes, Monte Carlo, all the casino spas."

May, left as he hung up, I can recoup. Then he shook his head. Better to skip the casinos, with the least light but some sleep come back to Paris refreshed in some measure, anyway... .

At the first town he strolled into a casino just for a look. He emerged five hours later, his week's income having changed hands. Determinedly he sought out the company manager. "Don't pay me," he begged, "until the train leaves at each stop. No matter if I change my mind. Understood?"

"Bien," said the manager, and held out his hand. Sardonically he added. "It is left. This is the end of our friendship... ."

It was, too, for Charles denounced him angrily, the manager remained throughout the tour. But Charles borrowed right and left from the other members of the company and soon again a desirable figure would appear at the tables and until the dawn light bathed its way through the smoke-filled rooms to rest unkindly on haggard faces, Charles Boyer would stand fascinated—and low.

But his loss must be counted in other terms than francs: in the end he forgot the precepts of the early Paris period, forgot what his work meant. Each morning, leaving a group of croupiers cheerfully counting the money they had taken from him, he fell into bed for a few hours and then went unwillingly to the theater, and, night after night as he threw the remainder of his energy into maintaining the standards of his performance, he caught glimpses of his audiences, and hated them.

Slowly the conviction grew that these people were keeping him from the gaming tables, where life was, where excitement lived. Were it not for the audences, he could... But no.

Fascinate. Sometimes he stared into mirrors and looked, with cold, even amused detachment, at what Charles Boyer had become. It was the same face, controlled, urban; but with something in the eyes he did not like.

After a moment or two he always shrugged and turned away. It was not difficult to play the roles assigned him—he had long since discovered Bernstein was writing the same neurotic characters around his (Boyter's) own personality which had evolved, even throwing in whole scenes from his private experience, rejected in confidence. It didn't matter. If life became a Bernstein play, at least it was vital and tense and set to dramatic overtones, even if the harmonies were in minor.

When the end came, finally, it was like the last chord in Ravel's Bolero, and as inevitable.

A crashing discord, followed by a silence of despair—until a stranger—than Wardrobe— wpływ the road that led at last to Hollywood and an enduring happiness, as described in September Photoplay!
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9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
to go right on being useful.

An invitation to tea brought twenty mothers. Before the pot was empty, we had become "Motion Picture Mothers, Inc." as excited as kids planning a picnic and simply bursting with schemes to make money for our treasury.

That was on June 14, 1939. Today, we have more than a hundred members and we have accomplished much of the way of feeding, clothing and sheltering people.

We have secured jobs for many and have started two former stars toward the top of the ladder again.

By keeping our ears open, we hear of many families in distress. Our first act is to stock the cupboards (with luxuries, as well as essentials), to set up a light, gas, water and telephone bills—what picture person can exist without a telephone? We pay rent and buy clothing and pay the doctor.

We do not label anything we do so that those we aid do not know where the help is coming from. Even in the case of a job, we arrange for the studio to "send" for the person because anyone can get a lot happier than one who is "spoken for.

We keep our treasury filled in many ways. Every month we have a luncheon for members only, which must not cost more than fifty cents but for which we collect fifty cents from those that gives us at least fifty dollars a month. Once a month we hold a dollar tea which is attended by all members, their families and friends.

Everything for this tea is donated, so all money collected is clear. Every year, they hold a tea at the Waldorf Astoria.

We, as an organization, are only a year old. We haven't begun to do the things we intend to do, not only from a financial and charitable standpoint, but from a moral standpoint, as well. For one thing, we want to be the moral support back of professional youngsters who, because of some childish mistake, have ruined their chances for a bright future. We want to be strong enough to pick them up where they fell, dust them off, wipe away their tears and send them right back into the field of competition.

Also we want to inspire mothers who work so hard to lead useful lives of their own after they have finished living the lives of their children. We want to teach them to use that telephone to bring happiness to others—instead of just sitting beside it hoping it will bring happiness to themselves.

The Lady Has Character

(Continued from page 31)

grays and pale rose tints which Ida pointed out, are always flattering, even when you’re positively dragged, my dear! I like that one," she would say, Hector. "I'm sure we were green and the session closed with her so torn between twenty-five or fifty possible selections that the plumpest man if he left the sample books there for "Mr. Hayward" to look at when he came home that night.

AFTER the fireplace man and the paper man had gone, she told me how the postponements of the projects came about.

They're consolation for the rustic swimming pool and the new playroom we didn't build. We bought the lot and drew it up and then the first of the year rolled around. We began to think about our income tax and all of a sudden it was as if we were up the idea. But last night we were sitting here before this fireplace—this characterless fireplace—and I said, "Let's build a new one," and Louis said, "All right, and let's repaper this room, too." And so, Ida concluded, we fixed the fireplace right at it before we changed our minds.

It seems they do change their minds, the young ones, at least, who may have them up ditto. Adropos is Ida's story of how they happened to buy their home in the first place.

"When Louis and I were married," she said, "we rented a ducky little cottage in Beverly Hills—rented it so fast we didn't realize until after we had moved in that it had no dining room. So Louis said to me, "The next time we get a house, it's got to have a nice dining room," and I said, "It certainly has."

"Of course, we had no intention of buying a house, ever. But we happened to go by a real-estate office where an old friend of Louis' worked. So we thought we'd stop and pass the time of day with him. He happened to be a little bit at it. He then told us, 'I've just the house for you two.'"

"Oh, no," said Ida.

"Well, why don't you just drive up and look at this one?" he suggested.

"So he took us up here and we walked around the place. This was a whole lot of land—well, we looked it over and Louis said to me, 'Certainly, 'Not bad,' and it and I told him, also cautiously, 'Not at all bad.' So Louis' friend, being such a good salesman and having discovered that they were two suckers with no sales resistance, said, 'Why not buy it?' We did buy it, lock, stock and barrel.

"So that was how it happened. All evening we were pretty excited about it. We might have been around the table to look at it again. As we were going up the steps, a terrible thought struck us. Louis asked me "Let's notice the dining room?" I asked Louis."

"Why, no. . . . did you?"

"I'd decided beforehand I was trying to find the dining room. But of course we never did, because there wasn't any."

She laughed. "Wouldn't you know we bought a place that was so out of the country we're kind of glad, because we fixed up the playroom into a sort of quaint old English dining room."

In the flesh, certainly, Ida is as pretty as a picture—wide-set eyes, blue as gentians, brown hair worn very plainly, with a stray curl forever falling down over her forehead; a nose which was made to be described as retroussé, an art calendar mouth . . . but after all, it isn't Ida's looks that really count. It's her personality.

To our mind, she and Louis Hayward live the kind of life you'd sort of expect them to. They have no major breaks for each other isn't the good as they have been since Louis made "The Duke of West Point" and Ida 'The Light That Failed.' This was when they were broke and Ida was sick and they thought they'd never be able to make any of their dreams come true. But they stuck together and now they have something strong and real to go on. When she is not working, Ida says she enjoys her time sitting out in the garden (for which she has a real talent) or doing things to the house. I asked her if she meant things like tearing out the fireplace and she said yes.

Ida also plays with the dog, named Edward. "He's not so much of a dachshund," hours on end, she said. He is a small, rather nondescript wirehair, and the name, she said, is sort of bolster of up his dignity and self-respect. As for the Haywards' stepping out . . . well, a mutual friend of ours, admired them a number one night and he's still in something of a daze over his reception. Louis was pacing the living room impeccably attired as to the upper half of him, even to his top hat, but sans his trousers.

"She's done it again," he announced darkly, upon our friend's arrival.

By "she" I meant Ida, of course. Seems she's quite fanatical about sending things to her home and only one of them had dispatched the dining trousers thither. "The coat was clean, but he'd spilled gravy on the trousers," Ida explained in defense. There was no time for the cleaning establishment to return them before the next day's shooting. And this was as far as she would drop by and pick them up.

"But can I help it if I forgot?" she inquired. "I'm not even wearing gardiner trousers, a good friend will fit him all right. Reggie's are probably better looking pants than his, anyway." And before the gardiner could rush in with the Gardiner loan and things brightened up for Louis.

Ida, meanwhile, was having troubles of her own. Just as the trousers arrived, she spilled paint on her dress.

"You would leave it in the bedroom where I'd get into it," she assured Louis.

He defended himself. "I was only telling you this so you wouldn't whirly to see if it was pine."

Yes, I guess they finally got off to the green room.

Perhaps all that is a bit of natural, since Ida is the daughter of a British theatrical family whose members were famous for themselves, thus contriving an exciting but not very stable pattern of life for children of the clan. Her father is Stanley Lupino, a still famous British stage and screen star, and her mother is Connie Garland, an actress and good one. At the age of fourteen, Ida, adult beyond her years, was demanding that she be allowed to go on the stage. Her father agreed on the condition that she support herself. Which she did, and creditably, too, until she was brought to this country in 1933 to play Alice in "Alice in Wonderland."

But, as she says, she would have made a lot more as good an actress, Vic McLaglen—as Hollywood's astute producers promptly realized when they saw her screen test. However, that is another story. Actually, if Ida wasn't recognized. They were—and she began to work regularly until, at last, for a while, the Lupino future looked rosy. Then things began to break badly for Ida. She suddenly—and inexplicably—had trouble getting good screen roles. On top of that, she became seriously ill as a result of neglected tonsils and appendix. Those waiting, sad months that followed.

"If I drowned Louis—oh, I say," she says. And you gather that he was all that kept her from giving up entirely. However, you can't keep a Lupino down forever, it developed, and finally she got well, got a job and got married.

Louis also managed to get married. I asked Ida if she had won the wedding, and she said, "Heaven, I don't remember! I guess I could find out if I wrote to him." And I decided to try, and I added, grinning, "but I couldn't tell you otherwise because I lost the license right afterward."

We stayed at Idas a long time, that day, while she told us things about herself—with promptings, we might add. She loves to talk, all right, but she doesn't go on about herself unless you prod her. More often it is about Louis.

She told me how she got her swell role in "The Light That Failed." "I just walked in and told Bill Wellman (the director) that I was the girl for it. There isn't any doubt about it. I said, 'I can just be kind of a little haywire and all of a sudden I'm the girl. But it's only a rush, after all, because the Gardiner again, which role, of course, led to Warners' casting her in their latest, "Mrs. Miniver Night."

However, career isn't everything to Miss Ida Lupino, believe it or not. She may be slightly "addled" (in a most engaging sort of way), but there is one matter upon which she knows exactly where she stands. That matter has to do with her husband.

"Career—poof," she told me. "I wouldn't give two cents for mine if it took me away from Louis. I mean it. Fame and money aren't everything—or fans running after you—those aren't the things a woman wants most. She wants even of her own house to be safe and to have under her around love and cherish and protect her—" she broke off, grinning. "I married a damn fool of a charmer, don't I? But, just the same I feel sorry for 'career women' who have nothing else."

"As for me," she was saying, "I wouldn't give a husband, and I am going to keep him." Which makes the picture we have been trying to paint of Ida Lupino, gay and lovely and a bit of an "odd duck" into one that is gay, yes; and lovely, yes, definitely. But crazy? Well, may—be, only like a fox. . . .

NEXT MONTH: HOW THE PLAINES' LITTLE GUMA SISTER BECAME SPARKLING LADY GARLAND—BY DIXIE WILLSON

PHOTOPLAY

64
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(Not Good in Canada)
First picture from the front: Bob reports for action near Beausais landed gentry. Thirty servants were necessary to run the works—six gardeners and four grooms included. With tongue again in cheek, he did all the proper things. He ate raspberries and cream on the Members’ Terrace of the House of Commons, which is like going to the Colony in New York for shad roe. He joined a cricket team and when on his first venture game was called for tea, he was still at bat with sixteen runs! At Peebles he did his first grouse shooting. Meanwhile, with long-haired intellectuals he watched the war clouds gather.

At a charity bazaar at the Claridge, Bob and his wife, Betty, were asked to sell war veterans’ handkerchiefs and neckties. Queen Elizabeth, coming in on a tour of inspection, noticed them and, once in the anteroom where Her Majesty was to have tea with the sponsor, she sent word to have the Montgomerys join her. For an hour and a half they talked, about the pictures Her Majesty had taken on her Canadian tour and while in America. Then she spent a guinea on four handkerchiefs and two neckties at the Montgomerys’ booth.

AND while the young Mayfair crowd watched him, the Red Cross Fairbanks, Jr., before him—and the Duke and Duchess of Kent were raving about the charming young man—and the charming young man was being “measured for guns” for the August grouse hunting and assuring friends that he was seriously thinking of giving up his home in Hollywood and settling down and producing pictures in England, it happened!

Immediately the children, Elizabeth, aged seven, and Bob, junior, aged four, were shipped off to America. There was great disappointment among the Montgomerys because the child-free couldn’t be accommodated on the Athenia!

And then, when that boat was torpedoed, there were those nine wretched days of torture while Bob and Betty wondered if the same fate would befall the boat that followed the Athenia.

War had impinged itself on Bob’s life in other ways. In their little Marlowe home, thirteen British children were billeted after the evacuation of London. And then Bob volunteered as orderly in a hospital in nearby Norfield, a fireman, runner of that later ambulance duty!

An ambulance and its maintenance cost $2,500. The driver pays his own way, although the American Field Service feeds him. In the last war, thirty-one ambulance sections served with sixty-six French divisions and carried from the front-line trenches to the first dressing stations more than half a million wounded.

That is to be part of the destiny of the playboy actor who once said, “I am cursed by a cocktail shaker. That is the wrong kind of pictures for a man to make who wants to do something in life!”

Somehow there are both dignity and irony in the simple explanation of why Bob Montgomery joined the ambulance corps. “Somebody must do it!”

When I wrote Mr. Sherwood for permission to use those words from his great play for this story, he telephoned me and said, “I’d like to say something about Bob Montgomery.”

THE next day he sent me these words: “Bob Montgomery joined the American Ambulance Corps in France at the time when news came that eight American ambulance drivers were ‘missing—believed dead.’

“Orders were going through (since reported countermanded) to paint out the Red Cross emblem on the tops of all ambulances because they made such good targets for machine guns and dive bombers.

“Why did he do it?”

“He had a good job, an exceptionally happy home—exceptional for Hollywood or anywhere else.”

“The explanation was, ‘I reached the limit of my endurance standing idly by without doing something’.

”Bob Montgomery wasn’t standing idly by. He was a star in the greatest medium of entertainment in the world. Entertainment of vital importance to the morale of all free peoples.

“Bob is known to his friends as a pronounced pacifist, a hater of all patriotic bluster which has impelled men to fight and die. Like most Americans, Bob believed passionately that this country should keep out of war.

“And here he is plunging himself into the thick of the most fearful battle in the history of the world.

“Why?”

“The answer, in my opinion, is simply this: Bob Montgomery is a typical American. He has the healthy skepticism which caused Americans to coin those two devastating expressions, ‘Oh, yeah!’ and ‘So what!’ But he has also the indomitable idealism, the devotion to the basic principles of freedom and justice, which enabled this country to be discovered and settled, which drove the embattled farmers into action at Concord and Lexington, which inspired both sides at Gettysburg, which sent the covered wagons rolling over the plains and mountains.

“Whatever or not Bob’s decision was inspired by typically American theories, there’s no doubt that he showed typically American courage in carrying out his self-imposed job in France until that nation sought peace.

“Whatever private conviction or personal code inspired him in following the dictates of his conscience, those who saw him in action during that period speak of his indomitable quality under fire.

“Movie-goers in general might have found it hard to identify their ideal after days of gruelling work without sleep. Hollywood, however, could not have failed to recognize—even behind that haggard look—their stormy petrel, the star who has never lacked the courage of his convictions or the will to act upon them.

“What he will do now, upon his return to the United States, can not even be conjectured. One thing is certain: It will again be typical of the most independent, most outspoken personality in Hollywood.
form of a new Al Donahue record. Al has taken "Stardust"'s "Secrets in the Moonlight" and combined it with Johnny Appleseed's "This Is the Beginning of the End." (Vocational 5417). Its a profitable partnership.

Metro's "Forty Little Mothers" nurtured one of those baby songs which will stay around for a long time. You probably remember "Little Curly Hair in a High Chair." And if you don't, either Jimmy Dorsey (Decca 31560) or Fats Waller (Bluebird 16068) will help bring it back to life. Jimmy's glitzy features his swinging saxophone. Fats does the job with his unique voice and piano. In both cases, Little Curly Hair gets a good permanent.

Love, Freshly Baked:

SINCE the day Linda Darnell set foot in Hollywood, Jackie Cooper, one year older than the wavy-haired Cal-Roy-fox-love, has never been the same. Something seems the matter with Jackie's hair: what with its rapid double takes and sudden somersaults, although he's never met the beautiful cause of it.

Recently Jackie was called to Twen-
tith (the studio home of the object of his affection) for the picture, "The Return of Frank James." Whereupon, he took to slinking around corners and creeping past open doors, with a look of utter despair on his manly counte-
nance. The point was he hadn't been allowed to cut his hair, with the result that he looks like nothing so much as a chrysanthemum in full bloom.

"It would ruin me for her to see me like this," Jackie complains.

But there's no reason to keep that laid-about-town, Bob Stack, from seeing Judy Garland's every possible moment and for Cal's money, the here's the cutest romance in town, Bob, whose tastes usually run to debutantes from New York, can be congratulated on claiming the time and affections of Judy, one of Hollywood's debutantes of talent.

It's love, plain old-fashioned good-for-whats-aye-love between that rapidly rising young star, William Holden, and Warner Brothers' starlet, Brenda Marshall. From his Tucson location where he's making "Arizona," Bill makes telephone calls to keep the girl of his heart. Hollywood says it won't be long now.

This Is Too-Bad Department

FRIENDS of Bing Crosby's are con-
vinced over the genial actor's hoity-
tottyness of late. They wish Bing would come back to earth. His indifference to some of his friends and acquaint-
ances is causing more and more com-
ment in Hollywood.

For instance, Bing, along with Rudy Vallee, Tony Martin, Ken Murray, Bob Hope, Jimmie Fidler and one or two other lads, pooled their funds to back a new Hollywood cafe called "The Pirate's Den." Anxious to get proper pub-
licity for the opening the boys asked Bing to pose for pictures with them. He was too busy. "All right, then, we'll come to you," they said. After Bing's weekly broadcast Rudy and Tony and others gathered at the radio station waiting.

"Sorry, lads," Bing announced to his equally famous and busy friends at the conclusion of the program and walked off leaving them flat. Nor did he appear at the press party for the oc-

casion. But Bill Fields did and even submitted to pictures of a hanging gag to help out Rudy and the boys. There was only one final touch to hanging, however. They couldn't get the rope over Bill's nose.

Embracing Moments of the Month

ARTIE SHAW, husband of Lana Turner, was entering a local night club when he accidentally bumped a customer. "Sorry," said Shaw and then stopped. The bumpee was Lana's former boy friend, Greg Bauter. From that moment they gazed at each other and suddenly Greg reached out his hand. Artie ex-
tended his, as Greg offered congratulations. The room breathed more easily. Seated at La Conga was Norma Swans, with escort George Raft, Nor-
ma's chair crowded the one behind her; turning, Norma gazed squarely into the eyes of Virginia Pine, George's ex-girl friend. Then slowly Norma's eyes crept upward. Each girl was wearing the same identical hat! The room is still holding its breath....

Dorothy Lamour and an escort were seated at a table at Grace Hayes Lodge. ushered to the next table was Bob Preston, Dottie's recent hemat.

The entertainment became a black-
out while every eye centered on the trio.
Bob sat down with Dottie and her friend.
The room grew hysterical.

What Price Sentiment

REMEMBER all those gay doings Cal reported from the famed Trogadero cafe in Hollywood.

Well, like a passe move star, it's no more. For some unknown reason, as so often happens among notables and places in Hollywood, it has become on-
lone a memory. At the auction sale, not one single bidder put up a bid for the beautiful spot along Sunset Strip that houses so many memories. The coach that Garbo once sat upon went for a mere $6. There's the corner divan, someone said in almost hushed tones, "that was always reserved for Doug, Jr., and Crawford." It went for a mere pitance.

Just another Hollywood memory, the Troe still stands in its place like an actor "keeping up a front." A said, sort of heart-tugging spectacle, a monument to a public's passing fancy.

On the Western Front

ALICE FAYE had come to love Tony Martin devotedly before that final crash, Hollywood says, and hasn't got over it. Some even hint the divorce was Tony's idea, not Alice's. But now the two are seen everywhere together and Holly-
wood wagers that divorce decree will never become final....

Bob Taflinger, Warner Brothers' handsome publicity head who tried to Hollywood with Bette Davis, surprised Hollywood with his wired messages from the resort reading, "All This and Davis, Too." What more can he continued to amaze the village with his courtship of the star after their return. "There's nothing like a lovely heart caught on the rebound," Hollywood says, so Bette, lonely since her divorce by Harmon Nelson, may succumb to the ache of a hoofing one day. So be prepared — we always say.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON OPPOSITE PAGE

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WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

If you made 80 or more—congratulations! You're a full-fledged menace to men. If you rated 60 to 80, you have possibilities—get to work and build your rating up. And if your total is under 60— you can't afford to wait another minute! Begin right now to give your skin the care that will spell SUCCESS.

Build up your score!

POND'S, Div. of JAPOL, Clinton, Conn.

Please send me—quickly—so I can begin at once to build up my "lovely menace" rating—a Pond's Beauty Kit containing a generous 8 treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream, special tubes of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Liquidating Cream (pump-easing cream), and 7 shades of Pond's Face Powders. I enclose 10¢ for postage and parking.

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August, 1940

67
**You have a date at DEL MONTE California**

Overnight from Los Angeles and three hours south of San Francisco's new World's Fair, Del Monte is a favorite playground of the Hollywood stars.

They come to Del Monte for the same reason you may wish to come—to rest and play in the enchanting beauty of California's Monterey Peninsula.

Nowhere else can you golf on such famous courses as Pebble Beach, ride through forests of pine and cypress, swim in the magnificent Roman Pools, explore the famous 17-Mile Drive.

**HOTEL DEL MONTE**

on the Monterey Peninsula California

**Design for Serenity**

(Continued from page 22)

for all his slick look, the secret things that give to him those qualities of which stars and dreams are made.

The story of Little Pidge begins several years after Walter had left the village of St. John, New Brunswick, where he was born and where his father, Caleb Pidgeon, was the owner of a small wholesale mercantile store that was prospering throughout Canada.

It even begins after Walter had deserted college during his freshman year, and, very much under age and very much the patriotic liar, flibbed his way into the Canadian Field Artillery during the final months of the World War for any score.

It begins, in fact, several years after he had come to the United States hunting for work as an actor, after his first flash of talent and attractiveness had got him a job with Elsie Janis for a tour or two. Like many another would-be actor, he had had to desert the theater in favor of a regular job and regular meals and it was during that dreary period that he met a girl who wasn't a professional or marvelously beautiful, but who seemed quite the most beautiful girl in the world to him, with whom he fell deeply and eternally in love.

His first love. They wed almost at once and they swore that their love would last till death did them part. Which turned out to be true, too, for death did get them out of it sooner than two years later. Death parted them on the night that Walter's daughter, Edna, was born. He nicknamed Edna "Little Pidge" and from that day on it was Big Pidge and Little Pidge against the world.

Not except for Little Pidge, Big Pidge would have been an adventurer. He loves travel and an unconventional existence. But little Pidge's father always did the safe thing. Left alone, he would never have entered pictures, for he then preferred, as he still prefers, the stage. But he decided to make several records along about 1929 (he played opposite Corinne Griffith in a couple of them), but he was superstitious and before his first performance his fortune, then, was comedy, because he was young and tall and very handsome. He always played heavies and because he loomed up over the shorter leading men of those days he got nowhere, so he returned to Broadway again and took out his love of adventure by reading the biographies of men of daring and his love of travel by reading travel books, and watched Little Pidge ceasing to be a baby and becoming a small person and wondering if he would really be both mother and father to her.

It was 1931 before he fell in love again and, with him, to fall in love was to marry. As in the beginning, he chose quietness and charm and domesticity in a woman. Big Pidge and Little Pidge were accustomed to the erratic hours and income of the theater, to the gay nonsense of actors, to being, most of the time, out of sight of each other. Ruth was facing the problem of trying to domesticate them. She knew that she was actually Walter wanted and what Little Pidge needed and, in his heart of hearts, Walter knew it, too.

He knew perfectly well that she was an ideal wife in every sense and a perfect mother for Little Pidge. Ruth took a simple but lovely home for them in Beverly Hills. Then the Pidgeons still are, not two but three against the world, having small bridge parties, simple evening with more exciting entertainment than the whole of the symphony records on the phonograph or Walter's giving a recital on the piano which he plays reasonably well, or proving his fine voice (which he has not been permitted to use on the screen for years now, though he knows perfectly why) in song.

Because of Ruth and Little Pidge, getting steadily taller and more like him, and the excellent salary he is saving for both of them, Walter has been serene about the miscasting he has consistently got at Metro. Neither has a Nick Carter native to him. Serenely, on the few occasions that his opinion was asked, he pointed out to everyone there that he was, chiefly, a romantic light comedian, but until "It's A Date" he wasn't able to prove it and now he is too charming to say "I told you so." He is now calmly working on another Nick Carter. He really likes Nick because children like that detective.

But you see how all this totals up into his not going to night clubs, or bothering to make a host of bright, demurely fermented polishes. He has his work, and two lives giving loves in his life. Now that he is at long last in right roles, he must be inevitably led to real stardom.

**Advice to a Young Lady Headed West**

(Continued from page 32)

ambitious you have exactly the same chance as thousands of others. If you ask to see even the humbliest studio employee during business hours (a writer, it's said, gets past his secretary without an appointment or a letter of introduction; and if, after much examining, "homing" that happens, the casting director at a cocktail party and tell him you were Miss America last year at your home-town Carnival, he'll just be very polite and change the subject. Even if you make violent love to him (which would be a tactical mistake, for it would show you to have very old-fashioned ideas) the odds are that he'll merely remain polite, perhaps he'll also take you across the room to meet his wife.

**HOTEL DEL MONTE**

on the Monterey Peninsula California

**Golf beside the sea**

Nowhere else can you golf on such famous courses as Pebble Beach, ride through forests of pine and cypress, swim in the magnificent Roman Pools, explore the famous 17-Mile Drive.

**In the famous Bali Room**

When you come to California to see Los Angeles and the San Francisco World's Fair, don't miss Del Monte. It's a free side trip on rail tickets.

For information or for reservations, address Carl S. Stanley, Manager, Hotel Del Monte, Del Monte, California.

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For information or for reservations, address Carl S. Stanley, Manager, Hotel Del Monte, Del Monte, California.
12. "SUGAR 'N SPICE . . ."

..., that's only part of what smart little gals are wearing this season! Smart little girls are adding allure with the rollicking red of Elizabeth Arden's new "Candy Cane" lipstick. Wait till you see the attention you get when you produce the candy-striped case out of your bag. $1.50 does it.

13. HOT OR SWEET

Take a stand, ladies. Will you be fringie and pretty and sweet this summer, or vivaciously beading? Then get Hudnut's new Delphina make-ups—"Peppermint Pink." Rouge, lipstick and face-powder in a peppermint-stick box if you wanna be sweet; "Red Flame" in an ice-cream box if you wanna be hot! $1.95 for either kit.

14. ADMIRATION'S "MYSTERY TWIST"

We're speaking—out of a movie-thriller, but of the distinguishing characteristics of a movie studio's (Universal's) official stockist—"Admiration," by Cooper, Wells. This same mysterious twist is used in the weaving of oriental rugs to make for longer wear, greater strength and more elasticity. What more could you want in stockings for $1.15?

15. FOR THE FASTIDIOUS

Necessite fans will be glad to hear that their favorite anti-perspirant and deodorant cream—which-to use—has always seemed superfluous, now even improved on itself! That's progress, isn't it? You'll like the pretty pink subtly mentholated cream and the little wooden paddle that comes with it, 1 oz., 50c.

16. MEET THE "COSMEGENICS" KIT

How'd you like to play movie-star and have on hand four make-up foundations: two shades of rouge; three lipsticks; four eyeshadows and two mascaras—to say nothing of lipbrush, mascara brush and eye-brow pencil! All in Hampden's "Cosme- genetics" kit, $2. Write for the 5c sample.

17. RIB ROW RAINBOW

Going "Rib Row," their own super stocking one better, Propper-McCallum got an idea and lacquered the rib into rows of gaily blended stripes. They look very qail worn with open shoes. Call for "Cathina"—the stripes, you know—in Sundown, the color that goes with everything, $1.65.

18. PURSE PICKPOCKET

Here's one Pickpocket, Peggy Sage's, that is welcome to pursue. A gayy little striped or polka-dot quilted zipper-kit—the brain-child of Brigitte—to tote along with you on your travels. Inside sit the wherewithal for perfect mails: lubricant oil, emery boards, cotton and your favorite shade of Peggy Sage polish. Yours for $1 complete.

---

For HAIRFREE summer loveliness...

use IMRA,

odorless, painless cosmetic depilatory!

This summer, be your loveliest, most feminine self in revealing play clothes. Use IMRA to solve the hair-on-legs-and-arms problem! This amazing, new, cosmetic depletor clears unwanted hair swiftly, surely, sweetly. It's odorless... and painless, too!

IMRA is a new type of formula eliminating disagreeable chemical odor. It's a pure, snow-white cream, scented with a light perfume.

It goes on easily, stays on briefly, washes off quickly. It feels cool, nice on the skin. There's no offensive odor to bother you or haunt the room. Skin is left free of unwanted hair... feminine! There's no stubble to bristle through sheer hose.

Ask for IMRA at fine drug and department stores.

Three generous sizes, 65c, $1.00 and $1.25. Or send in the coupon for generous trial tube.

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Good beauty shops now feature a splendid professional IMRA treatment!

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Please send me the generous trial tube of IMRA. I enclose 25c to cover cost of packing, postage, etc.

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**
Round-Up of Pace Setters

(Continued from page 30)

Age Before Beauty:

Hollywood loves this story of C. Aubrey Smith. He was discussing a fellow cricketer against whom he had once played a match.

"And how long ago was that?" he was asked.

"Thirty years ago," he said.

To most Hollywood actors thirty-eight years ago is a lifetime. To C. Aubrey with his seventy-six years behind him, it's merely the halfway station on his road of life. With his performances in "Five Came Back," "Rebecca," "A Bill of Divorcement," "Waterloo Bridge" and now with Gloria Jean in her new picture "A Little Bit of Heaven," it looks as though "Hollywood's beloved friend" is only getting his wind.

High up on a Hollywood mountain top he built his home, with its sloping gardens and bowls green. On a desk in his den is the picture of his daughter, now married to a British Navy officer, and to that picture his eyes wander lovingly. Straight as a ramrod, all six feet two of him, he's somehow caught and held in his heart the spirit of youth that will never die.

"You should see him at cricket games," his wife tut-tuts, "jumping and yelling on the side lines, my word, like an Indian."

You should see him play, too.

Bock in 1899 he threw his dignified British father into a turmoil by declaring he no longer wanted his place on the London Stock Exchange, that he wanted instead, to go on the stage.

"Think of your sisters," the father pleaded. But C. Aubrey's sisters were also thinking of the stage and bravely cheered him on. He began touring with Ethel Terry in England, finally landed good parts on the London stage and in 1915 he made his first movie. He's been making them on and off ever since, finally giving up the stage to settle in Hollywood.

His blue eyes are keen but kindly, his pipes ripe and mature. Oh, yes, the C. is for Charles. He married it to a mere C. because he thought Aubrey a fancier name to accompany plain old Smith.

Except for his loud sport jackets, that name is the only fancy thing about him.

Heart Girl

They call her "the hoax" girl in Hollywood. But Doris Davenport claims the only way to beat Hollywood is to fool it, and she should know. She fooled both it and Sam Goldwyn and, as a result, got Gary Cooper as a leading man.

It all happened because Doris wasn't getting anywhere with her picture career. She began when she was sixteen, as a Goldwyn beauty in Eddie Cantor's picture, "Kid Millions." "And I only got in by the skin of my teeth," she says. Cantor noticed her unusual speaking voice and gave her a small part in the picture, but after that nothing much happened until along came a stock contract with M-G-M and, even then, nothing happened except that for two years Doris played extra parts.

"My inferiority complex grew and grew and grew," Doris says. So, she thought things over, finally made her decision; she'd chuck it all, forget it, go to New York and begin over.

She did. She changed her name to Doris Jordan and when stage jobs were scarce, she became a commercial photographer's model. And then came great Scarlett quest, and someone from Selznick's saw Doris' picture, and with a half-day's notice she was on her way back home to test for the role. Only they thought, of course, she was a brand-new discovery and she didn't dare let on. Hollywood has a peculiar way of not liking people who have become a part of it too long and Doris knew it. To her horror, the whole crew assembled at Selznick's to make her test were workmen who had known her from M-G-M. But, carefully manipulating the head cameraman into a corner, she explained her hoax. Pretending to glance over her make-up, the cameraman whispered back not to worry, he'd slip word to the boys. Occasionally during the test an electrician would slip a wire, or a friendly eye would twinkle at her, but never once did one of them let on.

Of course Vivien Leigh got Scarlett, but Goldwyn liked Doris' test, sent for her, signed her to play opposite Gary Cooper in "The Westerner," and then found out that here was the kid from "Kid Millions" and no New York discovery at all.

All he said was, "Well, I thought she was good then, and I still think so." Doris, relieved of her secret, took back her own name of Davenport. She's already realized her greatest ambition — to play opposite Cooper.

Her current role is a down-to-earth, regular, forthright person, in "It's Davenport." No hooby, no glamour business, no falditorial. She's been married to a commercial photographer, Richard Randolph, for two years, and intends staying married to him. She knows his love is worth all the fame in the world. They live in a small cottage near the studio and each is engrossed in his own work.

She kept company with John four years before she married him.

Her eyes are blue, her hair ash blonde, she says "Jeepers" in that delightful voice of hers, rides well, falls down the wardrobe steps the first day she reported for work and went limping off to fame.

She was born in Moline, Illinois, but her parents later brought her to Hollywood, the town Doris took for a ride.
Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

Well, the result was that when I heard that "Gone With the Wind" was to be screened I vowed that no Holly-wood producer would spoil that book for me. Then again, I realized that they hadn't spoilt it, that faithfully they had followed the author's own vivid pictures. It remains for me to do this. I judge. "Of Mice and Men" was another fine book, unmutuated, and "Grapes of Wrath" another. Since this true-to-the-author conception is proving a box-office success, surely to heaven producers will realize they've stumbled on a gold mine. Now we'll have a chance to see the real Jane Eyre and the real Rochester—and I could name a dozen other books which are loved by millions and which would prove a profitable venture to produce.

Here's hoping they do.

Shirley Selwyn, Ottawa, Canada.

THE ALL-AMERICAN. "DR. CHRISTIAN"

As a movie-goer I would like to put in my "two cents." I am writing this letter because I think that when anyone sees something which has an idea which should let the world know about it. Well, I saw "The Courageous Dr. Christian" the other night and thought it was superb. I think it is strange that the "Christian" pictures should not get more public ac-
claim through the press. They are typ-
ical of American life.

Hersholt is marvelous; Tom Neal is great; Bobby Larsen is good; Vera Lewis is fine; Bobette Berndy is per-
fect. Whoever found these two children is a man of great intuition. My son and daughter (who are small and who have always bemoaned the fact that "Terence" Wifers are "too big for us") sat through the picture twice and want to see it again. It is a pity you don't give our favorite films, "The Christian" pictures, more comment.

M. BERNE, Los Angeles, Calif.

COMES THE REVOLUTION

I BELIEVE that in the blending of music with the photoplay lie the poten-
tialities for a great new art—for the greatest, indeed, of all the arts. I can't go to stage play, an opera, a bal-
et, without marveling, "How limited these are!" To a movie fan accustomed to the magic of the camera that can go anywhere and do anything, accustomed to scene structure that is as ever-changing, as rhythmic as and flowing as music itself, the older arts seem stiff and wooden.

Nothing else, except dancing, is so closely linked with music as is the photo-
play; nothing else blends so perfectly with it. For years, with steadily in-
creasing skillfulness, movie-makers have been using music to glorify and enrich the story-telling of the camera. Why not try it the other way around sometimes? To begin with something in something easy, how about Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony with a "movie" accompaniment? Picture it—the quiet walk through the woods, a little stream, flowers blooming, trees budding, birds singing, young lambs frisking . . . And then, the storm. Why, Hollywood just couldn't miss.

It wouldn't go as much as "Gone With the Wind"! It wouldn't cost as much to make, either! And if really successful, there'd be a steady world-wide, year-after-year market for such a work.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever, you know, not just for a few months while it is new and hot. How about it, Holly-
wood?

KATHLEEN THAYER, Glen Ridge, N. J.

NO, NO, THREE TIMES NO!

I HAVE just read that James Stewart is going to play the part of Gaylord in "No Time for Comedy." Why? Gaylord is a nice sort of fellow. He drinks a little too much and though he writes drawing-room comedies for his wife, Linda, who is an actress, the "other woman" makes him believe he should write great social dramas.

Laraine Day, who followed the role last April with Katharine Cornell, would do a fine job. Or Francis Led-
er, who did such a fine job when Miss Cornell took the play on tour. But Jimmy Stewart no, no, no.

Let Jimmy make some more "Sir. Smiths" and forget sophisticated draw-

Francis X. Bushman, Seattle, Washington.

Complexion Cocktails for Youth

(Continued from page 55)

but about once a month in order to stimulate my skin I'll apply beaten egg white to my face and let it remain there for about ten minutes before washing it off with water.

Judy has the right idea about being too young to use a heavy, tight mask on her skin. The complexion of young girls is elastic and they have to go about with any necessity for a mask.

LINDA DARNELL, too, believes that soap and water is a necessary part of her beauty routine. However, she varies it by using cleansing cream oc-

casionally. After thoroughly cleansing her skin with the cream, she switches cold water over her face instead of using an astrigent.

Linda's make-up consists chiefly of lipstick, a touch of mascara on her lashes and a light brushing of powder. As you can see, Linda also believes that complete naturalness in make-up is the ideal for the young girl.

You've seen Deanna Durbin, too, practically grown up before your very eyes. Deanna knows that soft, child-

like skin of hers through her regular soap-and-water cleansing morning and night, with soap and rinsing it repeatedly to be sure that all the soap is removed.

After washing dry, though, after I've washed it at night, I'll smooth on a light cream and leave it on all night to soften and help maintain the next morning I go over my face with warm water to remove any traces of the cream and then splash cold wa-

ter on it to close the pores.

"One of my make-up standbys is a little brush to get all the powder out of my brows. I also have a little comb to ar-

range them into shape. I don't think any girl can be well groomed if she has a trace of powder in her brows.

Here's a wonderful little complexion brush to scrub her face when she washes it with soap. This way she's sure that her skin is stimulated as well as perfectly clean. Helen washes her face thoroughly night and morning. If it's convenient for her to do so during the day, she'll scrub off all her make-

up and start in all over again instead of just powdery her old make-

up.

"I use a light cream, too, when my skin is dry, to take away that tight, drawn feeling and to lubricate my skin. I don't like a heavy, greasy preparation because I think very few young girls really need a heavy lubri-
cating cream. A light cream is better for me, at any rate.

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cating cream. A light cream is better for me, at any rate.

"I use a light cream too, when I've been out in the sun quite a while. I'll rest my eyes by placing an eye pack over them and lying down.

Little Ann Rutherford, who's so young and pretty, uses soap to clean her skin, and keep it fresh and clear. She also has a little complexion brush with which to scrub her face and uses it both night and morning. For clean-ups during the day, Ann has little saturated cleansing pads of cotton.

After using cream on her skin when she feels she needs it, she applies a light astrigent if she's going to put on a fresh make-up. If she's just going to bed or staying at home, Ann omits the astrigent. She uses it only to remove all traces of cream before adding make-

up to her skin.

Laraine Day uses cleansing cream to remove her screen make-up. Other-

wise, too, she, too, uses soap and water. If Laraine's skin feels dry she smooths in a night cream for a few days or until her skin feels smooth and elastic once more.

Her astrigent is cold water and Laraine says she has never used a mask. If her eyes are tired, or have been ex-
posed to bright lights, she rests them by the use of eye drops.

HERE are six smart girls, typical of the younger set in Hollywood. All of them young, all pretty and all determined to preserve their clear, lovely skins. Their complexion cocktails are soap and water and a soft cream to keep their skins lubricated and ward off oiliness.

We can give you youthful readers no better advice than to follow the beauty routines of these young stars.

There are so many good soaps—and creams, too—the market that are ideal for young skins. Remember that if your skin is blotched or blemished only utter cleanliness can clear it up. Keep it clean by thorough washing both morning and night and as often during the day as possible.

Photoplay Magazine is pleased to make available to its readers the services of its experts. If you wish any informa-

tion regarding beauty products for young girls, write to the Beauty Editor, Photoplay, 522 W. 44th St., New York City.
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We Cover the Studios
(Continued from page 44)

into Joan Bennett, one of the white women in Hollywood and a fine companion, and she takes us over to Travis Besserman and asks him why he is going. Knowing that "I Married a Nazi" will be released in late August, Travis planned Joan's wardrobe for that difficult role of a tragic summer clothes are worn out but winter ones are really advanced and seem an enchanting compromise he designed Joan a print dress in a light silk which has a black ground and big fat daisies with yellow centers—and a wool top—white and blue petals, all on the same daisy, but very smart, we must admit. Travis is making Joan's skirts all sixteen and one-half inches from the floor, which he thinks is plenty short for the average leg, and is going in for softly shirred skirts, trim waistlines fitted at the natural waist and those touches of handwork which he particularly favors. For instance, with Joan, he has picked up the exact shade of the blue petals in a matching light wool of which he has made a slim, tailored coat which has gone over the dress. (The fall touch.) On the lapels of the coat, he's had the print of the dress applied. It's very effective.

Personally we get so consumed with envy at the sight of Joan in all this glory that we must have made any day next when we're on the Metro lot—on the "Escape" set looking at Mr. Robert Taylor with his new mustache—do we feel at all cheered up.

Now you will doubtless remember that the armor facade was a bit of all right at all times, but what this mustard does—wow, it's wonderful. There is, too, the most attractive seriousness about Bob these days, though the serious mood he is in may have had something to do with the very serious scenery he is playing.

Perhaps you recall Ethel Vance's poignant and exciting novel from which this film is being made. Director Mervyn LeRoy tells us the script follows it faithfully. It's the timeliest of subjects in today's world. There is an appealingly glamorous woman's being caught up in the dread power of the Nazis and of her son's attempt to free her. No wonder the one is being placed and the other making her return to the talking screen; Bob Taylor is the son; and Norma Shearer is the mysterious Countess Bob meets and who helps him save his mother.

The scene we come in on is a scene between Bob and that amazing German actor, the seventy-five-year-old Albert Bassermann. Part of the real-life drama on the set is that Bassermann (who is not Jewish, incidentally) is playing the role of one of those same Nazi officials who condemned him to exile.

The two men sit facing one another in a small, fuzzy German room. Bassermann sits on a couch, ashawl draped around his knees. Bob's wearing a topcoat. He is very tense as he starts pleading with the old man.

"Countess Bassermann," he says addressing nothing: "Your mother has been...arrested?"

"I don't know," says Bob. "I can't find out anything. I don't know where to start."

(He digs into his pocket for a letter, fumbles.)


Next time he gets the letter out of his pocket satisfactorily and hands it to Bassermann who barely glances at it. "Bassermann glides on: 'Is our mother...is she an American citizen?'"

Bob: "Well no, sir. I am, and my sister—were we born in America—but my mother—well she always talked about taking out citizenship papers but she kept putting it off just the way she did everything."

Bassermann: "In other words she is still a citizen of this country and subject to our laws."

The scene fades out there, on those sinister words.

It is also little too real, so we slip away to Bill Powell's "I Love You Again" set to see if we can garner a few laughs from William, the Smoothie.

We do on sight of him, for there is the elegant Mr. Powell, clad in a Boy Scout uniform, tenderfooting it through his routine.

Bill, according to the script, is a victim of amnesia. While under its spell, he's a goody-goody in a small town. So we wish, merely stopping by for a hello on the "Slightly Tempted" set where Johnny Downs, Peggy Moran and Hugh Herbert are working, very PT over the hills to see "Dance, Girls, Dance," the only picture RKO has this month.

This film has a large ring of a troupe of cheap little dancing girls who get stranded in a small town, one of them (Maureen O'Hara) who meets her first gentleman (Louis Hayward) and of how love would have found a way except that he is married.

We see that there are a dozen of them, but Maureen, Lucille Ball and Mary Carlisle are the only important ones) going up to a dance in a tawdry night club. Dorothy Arzner, the director, informs us that they are supposed to be had downstage. The kiddies certainly live up to orders. They're awful—but they are mighty pretty at that.

In fact, they are prettier than anything we see at Paramount. There we have tough luck. There's nobody on the "Texas Terror" who doesn't wear heavies, made up as bad men. There's nobody on the "Rangers of Fortune" set except Pat Morison's and Fred MacMurray's stand-ins, who do not look in the "Rhythm on the River" set except Osa- teen Levey, who is full of information, Pat doesn't fake it. So we we get around the corner to Columbia and look at Rita Hayworth fighting for her life in a picture now called "Gribouille."

She is a lovely sight and sooths us, but we suddenly realize it's still the elements you can't count on that make this picture good and our job so wonderful. For after having waited around for Rita in one of those courtroom scenes (yes, another trial, this story being all about a poor but honest and falsely accused girl and a simple peasant, Brian Aherne, who saves her over to the "Blondie Has Servant Trouble" set to see Penny Singleton. Penny's there all right and so are Larry Semon and little and little. But they are just sitting, and the reason is Daisy.

The canine is still down at Metro and Mervyn Le Roy gets back to "Green Mansions."

But Blondie and Dagwood and Baby Dumpling are worried for fear such a neglect may have affected Daisy's head.

"Perhaps it proves a woman's place is always in the home," says Penny.

That gives us an idea. We know it is this woman's place, so we hurry away toward it. See you next month, folks.
How Deanna Durbin Lives

(Continued from page 22)

The hall, which connects the living room and the dining room, opens on the pergola with its white iron table and its white iron chairs covered in bright blue canvas.

Little current of family life lap around Deanna. There are the phonograph records of her latest recordings to be wrapped and addressed for mailing to friends in every corner of the world. The guest room needs decorating and there's much talk before it's decided to do it in yellow with soft accents of green. She and her father go shopping for a thoroughbred dog—and come home with Tippy, of uncertain ancestry, who cost one dollar and a quarter. He ate the peanuts they offered and convinced them he was their dog, that there was no nonsense about him. When Sunday comes they all pile into the car and drive over to Pasadena for supper with Edith Durbin, Hecksman and her niece- husband Clarence.

Deanna lives a quietly ordered life in a quietly ordered house in a quietly ordered community. It's just what she needs, for her heavy schedule keeps her pushing off the world. There is personal performance which her fierce young pride requires her to give, at all times and under all circumstances, takes a toll.

Charles Previn, musical director at Universal, will tell you: "Deanna has a mule-like nature. She figures in a way I never came across it in an artist before—or in anyone so young. If she has an appointment with you for ten o'clock she'll be there at ten o'clock. You'd better be there, too, for when the time comes for her to go to her next appointment she'll go.'"

On either side of the French window at the end of the Durbin living room there are glass-enclosed bookshelves. The books which are in those shelves are, in a sense, the milestones of Deanna's life. There's an "Oz" book so worn it's title is barely distinguishable.

That, Deanna says, "was the only 'Oz' book I owned. But I read all of them. I borrowed the others from my brother- and sister-in-law, who was only a neighbor in those days."

Mrs. Durbin, looking at those books, smiles at the memory. And that's quilted with a preciousness which her children will remember when their children were young.

"I can remember Edna will be eighteen next December," she says. (Deanna's real name is Edna Mae.) "It seems only yesterday she wasn't much more than a baby, always playing Edith to play hide-and-seek and to imagine.

There are other books, thumbed and worn, on those shelves. There's "Tish Marches On," "Little Women," "Camp-Fire Girls' Week-end Party," "Winnie the Pooh.

Deanna loved "Winnie the Pooh." She does still. "Pooh" characters supply nicknames for some of her friends. A Columbia Broadcasting sound man who used to work on her radio program began making love to her, "Dearest Pooh.

Edith bought that "Pooh" book for Deanna when she was about twelve. She used to read it aloud to her neighborhood gatherings then. The bright threads of her destiny were drawing together to a climax. As Deanna lived in her neighborhood, Deanna in her neighborhood that Jack Sherrill, an agent, heard of her. He took her to see a play of her childhood. Deanna had worn them the night before, dancing with Vaughn Paul at Circo's. But on the floor, in a semicircle, stood the Seven Dwarfs—recently arranged. In quaint costumes, white dwarf in a quaint dress for her age. Many of the experiences of adolescence have passed her by. Like her mother, she has learned to be a welded world, she has gone from her home to her schoolteacher, then to her director, on to Andre in Paris for her voice lesson, and home to her parents again.

On the other hand, Deanna gives even the offshoots of her career careful consideration.

Her agent, Mitchell Hamilton, says: "More than once she's refused courteously but firmly—to pose in a dress she didn't like. When we first worked together I thought she carried her hands at an extreme and believed this was going to cost us a lot of money. But it hasn't. I might almost say it's worked the other way."

Deanna's more interested in sports nowadays. "Paris as I'm growing older, she didn't have to be so serious and intense as she was before."

Bedlington and horseback riding she adores. Her bowling, she admits, is very bad. But she has fun. She likes to swim and college football is her passion.

She likes U.C.L.A. and U.S.C. Her sister and her brother-in-law went to U.C.L.A. in her sister's time. When the two play together she cheers—"U.C.L.A. That's only fair," she explains. "Two against one..."

BERNARD BROWN, in charge of sound on Deanna's pictures, who calls her "Little Dickens," talks of her and Vaughn Paul with affection. "Their romance began," he says, "when they were on the screen and making a big play for him and Deanna thought it looked like a lot of fun so she got in on it, too. And she won."

"Call it first love, call it anything you please, I'm in favor of it. 'Little Dickens' loves to dance. And Vaughn knows how to get a girl around a spot and make her laugh. And, like her, he goes for zany humor or sophisticated humor."

"Besides, it would be downright strange if she'd keep right on being satin to go places with 'I'm lonely and a cop. She's growing up...""

She is indeed. She knows herself. "All last year," she says, "I was disturbed, disillusioned, unhappy. I still am, occasionally. But now when I feel that mood coming on I take myself in hand. I ask myself, sternly, if I'm afraid to grow up and be mature and face reality. And I tell myself every age has its compensations."

That's true. Among the compensations of the late teens there is first love. So, as Bernard Brown suggests, it might just that Vaughn Paul should have come into Deanna's life... and that she should exchange her chocolate tenants for a woman's dream of a husband and a home and a family... and that she should be sent out to a green acre in Bel-Air that he has long owned and sit on the grass and consider U.S.C. in that house built. She really were going to build one there, to command the prettiest view and which it should be of brick or stone or shingles..."

DIET FOR BEAUTY WITH MADELEINE CARROLL IN SEPTEMBER PHOTOPLAY!

AUGUST, 1940
EDISON, THE MAN—M.G.M

WARNER BROTHERS really started the ball rolling in the movie picture field when they were successful because Warners were smart enough to eulogize foreigners like Pastore and Dr. Ehrlich. We’d heard them, didn’t we? but we didn’t hear the stories behind them. Now, take Thomas Edison. Lives there an American who might be so low he couldn’t tell you Edison finally invented a workable electric light? Yet this entire film is built around that particular triumph; there can, be, by the nature of the subject, no suspense; surely there is little romance, since Edison met a girl, asked her to marry him and she did, exhibiting praiseworthy but unexciting patience thereafter while he invented. Spencer Tracy plays Thomas Alva, the Man. While it is debatable whether Mr. Tracy’s homely farm-hand appeal gives him the recognition to female audiences, certainly his acting ability is unquestioned. So far as Edison could be dramatic Tracy is. Only Edison was passive invention, not a romantic. A man can revolutionize the world, mechanically speaking, but still be dull as a picture. That is what this film gets. It is a fabulous piece of informative, educational celluloid; it should be part of every college curriculum; but, unless you’re in a mood for education, it is not amusing. Lynne Ovman provides some comedy; Rita Johnson plays the wife. Unfortunately the heroines are cast as technical assistants to Edison.

FLIGHT ANGELS—Warners

YOU’VE heard so much about the new Stars, the “Hollywood Hunks,” that this film, which pictures them, should interest you. While it’s not exceptional entertainment—story faults are numerous—it nonetheless has several good moments, fine photography and some pleasing performances. Dennis Morgan and Wayne Morris design a new-type actress; but, unless you’re in the mood for education, it is not amusing. Lynne Ovman provides some comedy; Rita Johnson plays the wife. Unfortunately the heroines are cast as technical assistants to Edison.

CHARLIE CHAN'S MURDER CRUISE—20th Century-Fox

The ubiquitous Charlie Chan, with his stilted little Confucius Say quotations and his shrewd eye for the guy—which-done-it, as they say in Hollywood, has never been the same since the end of the Warner Oland portrayal. No use trying to kid ourselves. Sidney Toler is doing one fine job, but he isn’t Chan. This installment isn’t even up to the usual story standard. Too much film for too little action, if you want the analysis. Another of those Scotland Yard mysteries that are so popular these days, this time, and gets strangled right on the premises. It all evolves from there and if you’re gullible you’ll suspect everybody in the cast including Marjorie Weaver (from what heights you have fallen, my pretty maid!). Lillian Bond, Don Bedell, Raymond Hatton are an incredible number of other people.

THE SHADOW STAGE

(Continued from page 61)

of a young married couple, Lucille Ball and James Ellison, who have had too much interference from Mother-in-law. The characters have the stinking one note as a result of entertaining an important customer of his firm and that starts the trouble. The rest of the picture is very wondrous and quite amusing.

* THE ARLICH FAMILY IN LIFE WITH HENRY—Paramount

WE’VE a bunch that no average American family ever passed so much trouble and action into one lifetime as any of the current Family Pictures does into one episode. The Arlich Family is the latest to join the ranks. Jackie Cooper (who has grown up all around his mouth), as prankster Henry Aldrich of stage and radio fame, starts the ball rolling when frustrated in his proposed plan to have a vacation in Alaska. Moray Watson calls a Sylvanus Satter-witte, is looking for a boy of Jackie’s gumption and devilment to take along to Alaska with him. But everyone, in- cluding Jackie’s father, Fred Niblo, thinks it’s a gyp scheme. Nevertheless; Jackie starts earning the hundred dol- lars he finds that he needs to take along with him. In his inimitable way he almost tears Centerville’s bundry to shreds, sends the town on fire, and loses for his father an expected mushroom-can- ning concession. The whole picture is a laugh of both men produced only by Eddie Bracken in the role of Dizzy, Henry’s best friend.

* I CAN’T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY—Universal

WHAT with that title (which the mar- quees will probably translate as “Noth- ing But Love Baby”) and the general switch in character types, you won’t know quite where you are when you’ve seen this. But one thing’s sure: You’ll have had a good laugh. It’s a perfectly silly story and it’s about the people, but the quality of humor, though strained at times, does not waver. Broderick Crawford plays the lugubrious under- world character who writes songs, hop- ing thus to find a long-lost sweetheart. He makes in the meantime a tuneful team, forms a team and uses the mob to force his songs into the Hit Parade. Broder- ick’s ma, tough old Jessie Ralph, whose aspirations for her son were that he should become Public Enemy No. 1, sets out to change the situation; and so does Peggy Moran, Downey girl friend. It all gets confused at this point, but you won’t care. There are a good many funny set pieces and the pace is gene- rally hilarious. It’s nice relief from the somber tone of most releases and the newspapers.

* LILLIAN RUSSELL—20th Century-Fox

IT’S a very difficult thing to explain that a picture is a good picture, with gorgeous production and fine work on the stage, but that, with all this, it is a little dull. Expensive Hollywood epics—especially the biographical films lately—have had a habit of being longer than necessary and heavier than their saddest moments. Alice Faye is, of course, the glamorous Lillian Rus- sell, but to change color a number of times, gave her gild bicycles; and Edward Arnold is there, as Diamond Jim Brady, and doesn’t get a moment. The picture starts just before New York decided to lavish its all on Lillian and in the in- tervening time a number of hitches were spread against her too. Still, it all happened forty to fifty years ago and what was nostalgia in the twenties is ancient history, now.

* WATERLOO BRIDGE—M.G.M

HERE’S a tearful story about the last war, interesting because it is Vivien Leigh’s first film since the incompara- ble “Wuthering Heights” and because it presents Robert Taylor in a swell role—with a mustache, too. The piece begins in the present day, with Taylor as fifty years previous along Water- loo Bridge as he starts off to fight the current mess; and then the entire story is a flash back by his wife. In this recollective tale he’s a young officer who meets Vivien when she’s a ballet dancer. They fall in love and are all ready to be married when he is called suddenly to the front. She mistakenly thinks he’s dead and, having lost her job, becomes a prostitute. He returns. For a while she thinks she can go Through With It, but there’s so darn much honor in his family it all seems too much. Cast as Vivien’s best friend, the not-so-haughty Kitty, is beau- tiful Vivien Westwood. She is also an au- thentic actress. Everybody is fine and “Waterloo Bridge” earns PHOTOPLAY’s official rating as a fine handsomely filmed picture. It paints such a dismal picture of what happens when a nation resists to war, by the way, that it can well be classed as propaganda—probably unintentional. Luella Watson and Marie Ouspenakaya are in it, too.

* SANDY IS A LADY—Universal

THE important thing about this does not happen to be the war. Baby Sandy, the milkman’s daughter, but the Little

PHOTOPLAY
Tornadoes, Kenneth Brown and Billy Lenhart, who were so all-fired good in "The Underpurs." To get down to cases, and what there is of the story, Sandy's pappy has invited the boss home to dinner and Sam goes off for Sandy, the old gentleman's favorite clama. This gives Baby Sandy a chance to wander away and get into mischief. She does there-by changing everybody's life. It's slap-stick and it has Billy Gilbert, Mischa Auer, Eugene Pallette, etc.

TORRID ZONE—Walters

"TORRID ZONE" is just fun, with torchy Annie Sheridan carrying some sort of a torch for Jimmy Cagney, who's got it for the dame—plenty of lusty dialogue. It all goes on in a Central American banana planta-tion, heat and everything. In other words, there was a torrid woman, who met a torrid man, they had a torrid love affair; and except for two perfectly t-torrid villains (Pat O'Brien, plantation manager, and a revolutionary) the setup's a cinch. Besides, the villains are amusing and rather gay. This could have been an awful picture, except the cast kidded it throughout. What makes it what it is—certainly not good but, not bad either.

LA CONGA NIGHTS—Universal

THIS may sound like something lan-guid, and it is. But it's only Hugh Herbert. He's one of a group of penniless people—including Dennis O'Keefe, Constance Moreau, Eddie Quillan and others—who work very hard to save their boardinghouse landlord from eviction. That's all about there is to it, except that Hugh dresses up in six different costumes.

LUCKY CISCO KID—20th Century-Fox

Mr. ZANUCK's organizing is pour-ing these Cisco Kid movies out like the Ford does his automobiles. The series has been successful since Cesar Romero replaced Alphonse Baxter, but that popularity may be slightly braked by the current installment. It's not up to snuff. There's a widow with a mortgaged ranch and some dustasts who are try-ing to cheat her—but then along comes the Kid and you just bet those crooks get what they deserve.

PHANTOM RAIDER—M-G-M

DOWN in Panama there are—at least, in this picture—a group of pirates who blow up anything wireless, then collect insurance on cargoes that weren't there. This is a clever and successful business until the Nemesis of all out-laws, the insolvent Nick Carter, appears on the scene. Walter Pidgeon, as always, is perfect as the detective and Donald Meek terribly funny as Barthol-omeau.

SKI PATROL—Universal

HERE's another in the anti-aggressor group, depicting the horrors of Russia's war on Finland. A few expert mem-bers of the ski patrol put up a heroic struggle to protect an important fort from the enemy; America's active irri-tation with Russia for its bullying of our pet, debatable Siberia, is brought home in the film's point of view. Philip Dorn, Luis Deste, Edward Norris and several others work hard at their assignments.

YOU'RE NOT SO TOUGH—Universal

THROUGH the years those Dead End Kids have been reforming in picture after picture, this one being no excep-tion. The idea is that an Italian woman who owns a fruit farm lost her baby son fifteen years ago and still hopes to find him. Billy Halop plays a thug, who pretends he's the son so he can get his hands on the old gentleman's money. Then the boy is taken away, the baby is returned from the Fruit Growers Association and immediately over to the sweet-ness-and-light side.

BROTHER ORCHID—Walters

WHEN this used to be a magazine story it was a serious and somehow memo- rable drama. Now, it's a color picture, and important-er. But Walters have given it a kid-ding approach. Edward G. Robinson is the mobster who quits and goes to Eu- rope for a cure. When he comes back Humphrey Bogart has taken his place and sends Robinson out on a ride; but the old boy escapes and hides in a monastery, where he becomes Brother Orchid. Devoted to Robinson is Jocko, a character who is, devoted to her. Allen Jenkins and Donald Crisp offer strong support and the end, which is a fine one, is a farce. This picture is as good as any that's been made this year, the whole, you should get a lot of laughs out of the picture.

FOUR SONS—20th Century-Fox

ALL the more shocking because it does not rant or rail, "Four Sons" is a simply constructed story of the years before and after the war, in complete incorporation into the German Reich. You are introduced to the characters, an uninvolved family living in a hill village, in Czechoslovakia, in 1914 when all is peace and quiet. Then one of the boys develops pro-Nazi sympathies; naturally the family is ridiced in the family. When, belatedly, the Czechs mobilize before Munich, one of the sons deserts and another joins. Eventually, brother shoots brother, gets himself killed by a Storm Trooper; a third is slaughtered in Poland and the mother, with her remaining son, starts for America. The picture is slow in the beginning but is full of poignant scenes. Eugene Loc- tonovitch makes her American film debut as the mother and is superb, Don Peers is the boy and one of the sons, Curtis the pro-Nazi brother, and Mary Beth Hughes the girl he marries. George Ernest and Robert Louis are cast as the others. This is one of the first really well-done propaganda films.

SOUTH TO KARANGA—Universal

CHARLES BICKFORD once more bee-thes his way through Africa to subdue the natives in the end. The first official trip of the new train between Stanfield and the Karanga Copper Mine was to have been made in the holiday mood, until the white bosses of the Karanga Mine wire that they would pre- fer a load of machine guns instead of picnickers. The story is paper thin, but the plot is weak and at times even confusing.

EARTHBOUND—20th Century-Fox

THIS is a confusing fantasy of a man's realiza-tion of the death, of his com-plete selfishness during his life. Warner Baxter is the "Earthbound" ghost who has been haunting, in the presence of his suspected murder. You see, though happily married and in love with his wife, Andrew Lee, Baxter has been having an affair with Wil- coxon's wife, Lynn Bari. She jilts War- ner when he tries to break it off. Baxter's plan then is to make her admit the murder so he can find rest. You don't really care who's to blame for what.

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PHOTOPLAY
A sprightly episode in the tumultuous life of Maisie, that soft-hearted, hard-headed blonde, in which she sets out to find gold and ends up by discovering something far more precious.
It was the yellow gold of the earth that Maisie Ravier longed for, but she learned that the purest gold is found in the hearts of men and women.

Maisie clung to the steering wheel with a vague sense of desperation. She was so tired now that everything she did was intermingled with the mechanics of dulled thought and futil speculation.

The battered and decrepit old roadster wheezed and barked. Maisie heard the rattle of greaseless wheels and raw metal, watched fearfully while steam hissed out of the radiator. Occasionally the rough road sent her suitcase in the seat beside her bouncing upward like a rubber ball.

The sun was going down. That Maisie Ravier should be in the middle of an Arizona desert—Maisie Ravier of Brooklyn! Maisie Ravier of Flatbush! Maisie Ravier of wherever there were lights and color and music and—people. Lots of people.

There wasn’t a human being within twenty miles, Maisie guessed. The last sign she had seen had said Truxton, 100 miles. That was cheerful news, with the purple dusk of the evening settling down over the distant tablelands. And now the dusk wasn’t purple any longer. It was pitch-black, pricked here and there with the pinpoints of distant stars. No help from them!

But she had to get to Truxton. After Slade had fired her from the Silver Moon Cafe in Phoenix it had become an immediate necessity to find another job—and maybe the one in Truxton was it. If she got that far. She was half a day late already.

She pushed her wide-brimmed red hat farther back on her blonde curls, wiggled in the seat so that her skirt was hitched even higher above her knees, and pursed her red lips grimly.

Just about then the car gasped, produced a passable imitation of a death rattle somewhere in its innards, gave a loud and disgusted backfire, and stopped. It was hardly a surprise to Maisie, but she moaned nevertheless.

A desperate tramp on the starter failed to produce results. Maisie moaned again, fumbled with the door, which was secured by a piece of string, and finally got out into the road. Charms rattled on her gold bracelet as she raised the rusty hood and peered inexpertly at the motor. A tentative hand went out, and withdrew a second later as she emitted a startled yip. Cars burned! She tried again, and this time she touched a wire which set the horn going and killed the car’s one headlight.

Maisie muttered some words no lady should say and went around to the front of the car. A tumbleweed came bouncing down the dusty road and hit the back of her legs, scouring the breath out of her. A coyote howled, somewhere not any too far off. Maisie thought it was a lion and put her hands over her ears, although she knew that would do no good if the worst came to the worst.

She pivoted on one high heel and took in the country. Descolation. Rocks and bushes, whispering dully in the breeze. Darkness.

She stopped. Something was down the road a way—a cluster of houses, all dark. Not a light in any of them. But where there are houses, Maisie reasoned, there must be people. People are what houses are for. She began to run along the road, slipping and stumbling in the thick dust.

It seemed an eternity until she came to the first house—a shack, really. With both fists she pounded on the rough wood of the door. She was scared and she didn’t care who knew it; that lion was howling louder than ever now. Under her assault the door quivered, shook and finally fell in. Maisie stumbled after it, and stopped short.

Inside there was nothing. The roof was half gone, the floor was rotted and sunken, drifted over with sand. An irritated family of pack rats squeaked at her and ran away with a great scratching of tiny feet. Maisie screamed and ran away, too.

This time she stopped long enough to look around her. Down both sides of a wide street the dead houses were lined up. Dead, every one of them.

Maisie had heard of ghost towns. Now for the first time she knew why they were called that. Blank windows stared at her. A door creaked as it swung in the breeze.

Maisie’s breath rapped in her throat. She half-turned, to go back to the car—and stopped. Up ahead, past the end of the row of ghost houses, there was another one—with a light.

A minute before she could run to get the car and the battery was gone. She didn’t even think about being tired and breathless.

The light came from a ranch house which was surrounded by a plank fence and stood back some distance from the ghost-town road. A barn loomed in the darkness. Maisie ran through the gate and up the wooden steps. She had to knock only once before the door was jerked open.

A young man was looking at her. Maisie saw even in that first instant—she always saw such things, and always in the first instant—that he was good-looking, with a skin deeply tanned by the sun, curly hair and eyes that she rather thought might be a bright blue. Just now they were alert and suspicious, and even hostile.

Undisguised, she said all in a rush: “Gee, mister, am I glad to see you! My car died on me, back over there. It would have to lay down twenty miles from nowhere, with nothing on both sides. Then, when I was trying to get the damn thing started, a lion began howling. Honest, my hair raised right up on my head! I haven’t been so scared as that since—well, never, I guess. There’s nobody in there other houses, only rats. When I saw your light—boy, what a relief!”

The man didn’t smile. He said, “What do you want?”

And then Maisie noticed something else. He had a shotgun tucked under his arm and it was pointing at her.

“Say,” she said, “point that gun a little more to the south, will you? I was hoping I’d find someone to give me a hand with the car.”

His eyes traveled past her into the darkness. “You alone?”

“Well, sure—”

To Maisie’s relief, he lowered the gun and brought his attention back to her.

“Could you help me, she asked.

“Well—I’m no mechanic.”

“What I know about a car you could put in your eye and not feel it,” Maisie said bitterly. “How about a shot?”

“Say,” she said, “point that gun a little more to the south, will you? I was hoping I’d find someone to give me a hand with the car.”

He reached up inside the door and produced an unlit kerosene lantern. “Where is it?”

“Right down the road,” she said eagerly.

“All right.” He snapped the chimney up, struck a match and expertly lit the lantern. “Come on.”

A few minutes later, standing over the open hood of the car, he announced, “Maisie, cylinder head’s cracked, oil feed’s clogged, couple of plugs are dead. And the battery’s run down.”

“Okay,” Maisie said in consternation. “And I paid twenty-five good dollars for it!”

Turning away from the car, he said indifferently, “Well, you got what you paid for.”

The light from the lantern bathed Maisie in a golden glow, outlining the subtle curves of her body, under the rather tight dress, against the darkness.

“Gee, what am I goin’ to do?” she wailed. “I absolutely got to get to Truxton. I have a job waitin’ for me—stayin’ at the Paradise Cafe.”

“The Hula Paradise Cafe,” he said, as if he knew it well and didn’t think much of it. His eyes were still on her, speculatively.

“Gee. Between the streets,” Maisie confided, “I guess it’s not a real first-class joint. But these days it’s any port in a storm.” She flashed him her most ingratiating smile. “Be a sport and drive me there, won’t you?”

“I can’t!”
Bill set down the mitace. "Well—such as it is, it's your room," he said.
Maisie glanced around at the straight chair, the makeshift washstand, the iron bedstead with its bare mattress. "Gee, don't apologize for it. It sure looks fine to me.
"I'll make up the bed.
"You don't need to wait on me.
"That's all right.
He went out. Maisie took off her hat and ran her fingers through her blonde hair, fluffing it up with an instinctive and instinctive motion. Then she heard a mumble of low voices from the other room.
"You been eatin' loco weed? That rasy grass will be the bloodhound's.
"Shut up," Bill Anders said.
Maisie crept closer to the open door.
"What's the matter with you, anyhow?
"Nothing's the matter with me up there!"
A chair scraped. "Well," the bloodhound observed, "if you want to know what I'm gonna do, I'll go out and bunk in the barn.
"That's a swell idea. Get started.
"And if you take my advice, Bill Anders, you'll follow me!"

WHEN he came back into the bedroom he was carrying fresh sheets and a pillowcase, which he tossed on the bed, as he straightened up. "You're blonde. It wasn't a question; it was a surprised assertion. "You had your hat on before I didn't see—"
"No blondes around here?" Maisie asked.
"Nobody around here."
Maisie flapped a hand to the direction of the living room. "The two of you live alone—you and Jolly Bill?
"Fred? Yes—he's my hired man. Fred Gubbins."
"Don't tell me you went out and hired him!" Maisie exclaimed. "I thought he must have been left here in a will."
Bill chuckled and reached out to spread a sheet. She seized the other edge of it and together they began to make the bed.
"You know?"
"I know," he said, "it's funny. When you're a kid, you wish for things like ermine coats and diamonds, and all that like. But when you've been over the jumps like I have, you can sure appreciate clean sheets or a nice plate of ham and eggs. I guess," she added slyly, "it's the same with men as with girls, isn't it?"
She looked up—and then she dropped her edge of the sheet. He hadn't been working at all. He was standing there watching her as she bent over the bed. Her lips thinned ever so slightly and she leaned over to tuck in his side of the covers.
"That's fine," she said, "a girl can't do without a man.
"Thanks a lot. Well, I guess I'll go to bed now—I'm pretty tired.
"You'll need another blanket?"
"Oh, no. Thall'll do fine. But plenty of us don't want you to be cold." He turned and made for the door. "I'll be right back."
Maisie stood beside the bed, looking after him speculatively. She heard the tramp of his boots going across the living room and into the kitchen. Then she heard the faint click of a bottle and glasses. At that she sighed and nodded her head.
When Bill came back he was carrying a blanket and a tray which held a bottle and two glasses, and he was wearing an unconventionally innocent smile.
"Thought we might have a little nightcap," he said.
"Thanks," Maisie said. "I suppose." But long ago, if I skipped alcohol I skipped a lot of headaches aspirin won't cure."
"Well, you don't have any, I hope?"
"It's your house, mister. But have it outside, will you? I'm all in."

Bill set down the tray on the washstand and poured himself a healthy sort of drink. "Aw, don't be that way, Maisie. This is a celebration! I haven't had any company in quite a while. As a matter of fact, I haven't even got company. Maisie, I get on okay without the rest of the human race, but—well, tonight's different. He came toward her, carrying the drink, and sat down on the edge of the bed. "Come on—sit down. Tomorrow you'll be on your way to the Hula Heaven and I'll be back playing two-handed rumble.
Maisie shrugged her shoulders and sat down beside him. After a second she smiled. "I see what you mean.
"Got a coin—"
"You bet," he said with alacrity, and produced one. Their eyes met over the flame as he lit it for her.
Her lids dropped a little, provocatively.
"What do you do, Maisie?" he asked softly. "Are you working?
"I've been askin' myself the same question," she admitted, "but that's how I'm gettin' by right now."
"I'll let you know a good time, I guess.
"Make bets like that without studying the form and you'll wind up broke."
"Body's a little right, he said, "I've been studying the form, all right."
Maisie laughed—a little, throatily laugh. "Well, for a guy who met me at the door with a gun, you sure got honed up fast!"
"That gun wasn't meant for you."
"Now, don't tell me I surprised you on the way to a wedding!"
"Nope," he said with a grin. "It was for what I expected to find on my doorstep—some old desert rat gave it to me in his way of making an impression. Now he's out here, I'd have met you down the road with a bunch of flowers."
"You're cute, Bill... Say, do something for me?"
I thought all I wanted was to go bye-bye right away, but if we're going to talk a while, like you said, I'd love a cup of coffee. How're chances?"
"Sure."
He got up, setting his glass on the floor, and rumpled her hair lightly with his hand. "There's some coffee on the stove.
"I never saw such a place," Maisie marveled. "Everything a girl could want, ready, waiting and picked out!"
They both laughed and he started out. In one hop Maisie was after him. She slammed the door so fast she nearly caught his heel in it.
He banged on the door. "Hey!" he called.
Maisie giggled. "I'm sorry, Bill. I changed my mind about the coffee. Save me a cup for breakfast?"
"Why, for two cents I'd—" he lapsed into inarticulate fury.
In the darkness, Maisie shook her head. "No, you wouldn't, Bill. You're mad right now, and I guess you have a right to. No one likes to have something dropped on them. But honest, I had to do it! When Heaven forgets to protect the working girl, she has to do the best she can on her own. No hard feelings!"
There was a crash as something hit the locked door, then silence. Maisie smiled ruefully as she began to undress.

Perhaps Maisie's conscience should have bothered her, but it didn't. She slept perfectly, and woke to the sound of hammering. Her car had been pushed up the road to the side of the house, and the hammering came from under it. While she watched through the window, Bill Anders crawled out. He was freezing, there was grease on his hands, and he looked like a big smudge on his forehead, and he was certainly hauling.
Maisie giggled, and washed and dressed quickly. She flung out of the bedroom and into the kitchen. It was freezing, but what else? The cupboard had lost most of its paint, there were no curtains at the dirty windows, and the ancient stove and drainpipe were cracked and broken. Maisie soon had it cheerful with the sizzle of frying eggs and bacon and the bubble of boiling coffee.
Fred Gubbins came in after a while, carrying a pail of milk, but when he saw her he set it down and beat a hasty retreat. A few minutes later the sizzling screen door slammed behind Bill.
He looked at her coldly, then at the table set for three with its thick, utilitarian crockery, then back at her again. "What the devil do you think you're doing now?" he inquired.
"It's all ready, Bill—breakfast for all three of us," Maisie said sullenly. "I told you I wouldn't last night!"
"Well, of all the—we had breakfast three hours ago."
"Oh, gosh, Bill—I'm sorry—"
"Why didn't you come out and ask?" he said, his face pale with fury. "Questions are a whole lot cheaper than groceries!"
A timid spirit of defiance stirred in Maisie. "You were fixing the car for me, so I thought I'd get breakfast while I was at it!"
"I fixed the car to get you out of here, that's all!" he interrupted.
"Maybe you'd feel better if I paid for it," Maisie snapped. "I only got six dollars, but—"
"Sixty dollars wouldn't pay for the trouble of getting the wreck to go!"
Maisie forgot entirely the little glow of affection that had been kindled in her when she saw him
fixing the car. “It may not be much of a car,” she flashed, “but it’s got a better disposition than you’ll ever know.”

“My disposition will improve a lot as soon as you get into that heap and out of my sight!”

“And that’ll be just as quick as I can swallow some of those thirty-keng eggs—unless you think your chickens will object?” he threw her a murderous look and stamped out of the room.

Maisy sat down at the table. “Big baby!” she muttered. She’d never heard of the saying about a hen that laid an egg that was as heavy as a woman’s horn—though if she had, she’d have changed woman “to” man—and said, “How true!”

She gulped down two eggs, a generous helping of bacon—and a cup—anger never impaired Maisie’s appetite—left the dishes as they were, tossed her belongings into her suitcase and was out to the car while her temperature was still at a boiling point. Fred and Bill were standing beside it.

“Well, well!” she said between clenched teeth. A gang of friends down at the station to see me off!”

“Turn on the ignition,” Bill said curtly, and put it in high. Keep your foot on the clutch and don’t let that car pull up speed.

Forgetting her fury momentarily in puzzlement, Maisie asked, “But how can it pick up speed if I don’t start the engine?”

Bill took a grip on himself. “The battery’s dead—like I told you last night. We’ve got to push.”

“Oh.” Meekly, she did as she was told. Bill and Fred applied their shoulders to the back of the car.

“Take off the brake, Birdbrain!”

“Ain’t no sense in putting any tear into a car!” Maisie elbowed a silent prayer for patience, and said, “Okay, Frostbite.”

The car began to move forward, gathered momentum. “Let it go.” Bill called, and Maisie took her foot off the clutch. The car made a series of diminishing hops, and died.

“I just did what you said!” Maisie cried defensively.

“Step on the clutch again, Bill ordered. “Do you think it’ll go?”

“Sure. Ain’t a dare devil I think—about you or your car. Only get this straight. When I finish pushing you this time, I’ve finished with you both—for good.”

Leaning forward, gripping the wheel with both hands, Maisie Don’t, ‘Willy’s talkin’ to Truxt before I’d ever expose myself to you again!”

Behind him she caught sight of Gubbins, listening avidly to the quarrel. “And,” she added, raising her voice, “that goes double for your pal, JoJo the Dog-faced Boy!”

They pushed harder this time; the car was going faster when Bill called to let the clutch in. The motor started, whirred, carried the car about fifty feet, and dropped it into my life.

“Start walking!” Bill said. He and Gubbins turned their backs and swaggered away.

Maisie poured open and hopped into the road. Rage and a strong desire to burst into tears fought for uppermost place in her emotions. Rage won out. Head high, suitcase dragging from one hand, she started up the road to Truxton’s.

When she plopped into Truxton, about nine o’clock in the evening of the third day after she’d left Bill Anders’ farm, Maisie saw a long street, lined on both sides with one and two-story buildings. It looked almost like Camino, except that it was newer and livelier.

She stopped in front of the Hula Paradise Cafe. It was crossed with the neon-light period of architecture. Brascowhite stepped out to the sidewalk when the bamboo doors swung open to release a drunk. Maisie walked in with more assurance than she’d felt.

“Evenin’, honey,” she said to the hat-check girl, who wore a cellophone grass skirt and a crepe-paper lei around her neck. “Where’ll I find the manager? I’m the specialty singer he hired last week.”

“That’s he—the manager—in’ the speech,” the girl answered.

Maisie turned and saw a fat man on the platform in front of the five-piece band. “And now, ladies and gentlemen, we have your favorite artist here tonight—Charming Miss Dora Devine!”

A voluptuous blonde with an appliquéd smile made a brisk entrance from a curtained door next to the stage. She acknowledged a wave of spatter of applause. The cellophone industry was grateful to the person who had designed her costume, too. The band struck up a number faintly Polynesian, and she launched into a hip-swaying routine.

The proprietor had caught sight of Maisie, and now he advanced, smiling gold-toothed “Good evening. You like to have special booth, Miss?”

“Thanks,” Maisie said brightly, “I’m not a cus- tomer, the sight of the place hired through the agency in Phoenix. And am I pleased to meet you, Mr.”

He drew back, frowning a little and ignoring her professed surprise. “Hey! I send telegram about you three days ago!”

“Oh, I know I’m a little late, but I had a terrible time making it to you—saw you?”

“You too late! I gotta other entertainer.” He pointed proudly at Miss Dora Devine, who contrary, and the posture and put two extra volts into her dance.

“Hey?”

“Yes. I like her fine, too. Too bad, lady.”

His bland insouciance touched off Maisie’s smoldering tempers.

“Too bad!” she exploded. “It’s worse than that, mister! I spent twenty-five bucks on a car to get here, and then that broke down and I had to hitch it. I haven’t even had a decent dinner since I started out. You don’t know what I been through to get here—and then you say it’s too bad!”

“Sorry. You go somewhere else.” His was evidently a one-track mind.

“Look—couldn’t you use another act? I got a swell routine. I’d even be willing to take a cut in salary!”

“Nore. Business ain’t good.”

“You can’t. I’ve got a payroll just long enough to pay my fare back to Phoenix? I’m almost flat broke! Please, mister, have a heart!”

“Aww,” he said disgustedly, “you can have a meal. Tell ’em in the kitchen to give you the forty-cent dinner. Then you go.”

Maisie raked him with a look. Thanks very much,” she said, “but I’m fuzzy about where I eat.” She picked up her suitcase and sailed out of the Hula Paradise Cafe.

Out in the street she was sorry, but it was too late. She wandered along—her arms were so numb, she hardly knew any more—looking for a place to eat. Finally she found it: “Harry’s Place, a lunch-counter beanyer with one customer inside, and a sign on the window which said “Come In—Drivers.”

When Maisie entered and seated herself on a high stool, Harry—if that was the unhappy-looking man behind the counter—hardly looked at her. He was too busy talking to the customer who was hunched over a plate of ham and eggs.

“Yeah,” he said, “you fellas can quit your jobs and your trucks and anything else you got holding you back—and hike out with the rest to make a lot o’ money quick! But look at me—nailed down behind this counter, I don’t have a chance!”

A woman’s voice came irritably from behind the kitchen partition. “You’ll be nailed down in a space absolutely filled up by three or four years, if you don’t stop. You’re blattin’ about that infernal gold rush.”

Her towered headed appeared in the square aperture in the wall as she saw him. “For the land o’ Goshen, watch out on that customer!”

Harry raised his eyebrows expressively at the other men and sadly held out a menu card to Maisie, who ignored it.

“Got any chili beans?” she asked.

“Sure—gallons of ’em.” He turned his head and bawled into the next room. “Filling a glass of water for her, he observed bitterly. ‘I s’pose you’re on your way there, too?’

“Me?” Maisie asked. “On my way where?”

“Why, to the gold fields—like everybody else but me”

Maisie took a big drink of water, then asked, “What gold fields?”

“Mean to say you ain’t heard about Morrison’s big strike?”

“Never heard of him,” Maisie, said. “What’d he strike-out?”

“He struck gold!” Harry said in a tone which indicated he had not done him a personal injury by striking it. “Right here in our own back yard, you might say—only a hundred miles from here. And you mean to say you ain’t heard?”

The woman threw a burst of beans through the aperture. “Ready with the chill!” and I’m warnin’ you, Harry. You got to have to listen to no more about that gold rush!”

Then why don’t you pull down the gate? There ain’t no rush on customers!”

Furiously, she yanked down the wooden door to close the opening. “Should of thought of that sooner,” Harry murmured. He turned again to Maisie, grateful for a new and ignorant audience. “Place between here and Phoenix, on the old road. They had a gold boom down there about twenty-five years ago, see, with a town and all. That died out, but then this fella Morrison was prospectin’ around there the other day and struck it rich, and when the word got out—well, the papers say people’s pourin’ into that ole ghost town like ants—

Maisy looked up, startled, her spoon arrested in mid-air.

“Say! You mean Camino?”

“That’s the place,” Harry nodded.

“We’ll, such as it is, it’s your room,” Bill said. “Don’t apologize for it.”

Maisie replied, “It looks fine to me.” there wasn’t anybody there then. Just a couple of screwy guys on a ranch.

Maisie was thinking so hard that she forgot to eat. “Listen!” she burst out, “with all those people, they’d have to have night spots, wouldn’t they?”

“Night spots? Why, they’d have plenty of them—c’fars, bars, dance halls!” Harry said largely.

“Ain’t you seen any movies? In them gold towns everybody got plenty of money—and they don’t know how they spend it so long as they have a good time!”

“I thought I’d never want to see that place again,” Maisie said with a shake of her head. “But I’m changin’ my ideas fast! I sure like to land one of those jobs, singin’ in a cafe.”

“You a singer? Why, they’ve got plenty of ’em—c’fars, bars, dance halls!” Harry said loudly.

“What kind of a singer?”

The customer sitting next to her gave her an admiring glance. “If I had a cafe up there, ‘d hire you without hearin’ a note, lady! I bet you’re a first-rate singer.”

Maisie winked at him. “Say, you’d make a first-rate base.”

He guffawed and planked down a fifty-cent piece on the counter in front of Harry. “Quickier I get there and stake my claim, quicker I’ll have the price to come in and hear you warble a number! So long, Harry.”

“So long.” Harry’s voice was wistful.
Huh?"

"Yep. I'm allergic to beer trucks!"

Gus didn't understand the words, but he'd heard that one of voice often enough to know exactly what it meant.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Was that by chance a crack?"

"Not by chance," said Maisie demurely. "What's the bad news, Harry?"

"Twenty cents."

She fished two dimes from her purse and put them down on the counter. As she got off the stool and turned to leave, she said, "And if you take my advice, Harry, you'll get the exterminators in quick. This is the first time I ever saw a termite big enough to drive a truck." She beamed at them both. "Good night, all."

She walked out and behind her the hearty bellow of the first good laugh Harry had had since gold was discovered in Camino.

The little girl looked up and down the street. To her right was the business section of Truxton—the Hula Paradise, a few other lighted saloons and cafes and some darkened stores. To her left was a filling station, and beyond that the desert. A car came whizzing down the street, headed in the direction of Camino. Maisie twiddled her hitchhiking thumb expression, then stopped off the curb to be in the car's line of vision. Simultaneously a ratatatrap jalopy, loaded to the guards, lumbered out of the filling station, turned the corner, and came between her and the car. She was trying to signal. Maisie leaned around, trying to make herself visible, but the outside car skimmed past without stopping. She looked disgustedly at the broken-down car that had intervened—and as she looked a piping voice came from it.

"Hey! That's Maisie! That's the lady I tellin' you about—back up, Pop!"

The car came to a wheezy halt, then began to back up, every bell, gong and bit of rusty metal creaking in protest. Jubie was leaning out the side.

"What's the matter, Maisie?" she called. "Something goin', pop?"

Maisie shrugged her shoulders and grinned ruefully. "Yeah—guess I failed to tell you it broke down at the gold town. I'm just startin' out after it."

Jubie hopped up and down excitedly. She turned to the policeman beside her in the back seat, bounced from there to hang over the front seat and talk to the meek-looking man at the wheel. "Say, if you need a ride, you can come with us! Can't see, Mom?"

The man said courteously, "We're headed for the gold rush, too. Be glad to give you a lift, ma'am."

"We're Jubie's folks, Miss Maisie," the woman said. "She told us how nice you was to her in the lunchroom. We'd be mighty pleased if you'd care to join in with us."

Maisie looked at the car and its occupants. Besides Jubie and her parents there were a big-eyed boy of about six in front with his father—a baby in the woman's lap and a yellow mongrel dog. The running boards were piled with boxes and suitcases and rolls of bedding up to the level of the hood, and every inch of space in the tonneau seemed to be taken up. Maisie looked, too, at the father and mother. They were tired, most of all. They sat in their places in a kind of patient weariness, asking nothing of the present, knowing nothing of the future, and yet there was a meek strength in their faces.

"Well . . . thanks," Maisie said, "but you're already one passenger."

"Naw, we ain't!" Jubie declared. "Look all the room back here, Maisie! Squidge down, Queenie! With one more of us in there, the other she tried to wedge the dog into a smaller space. Queenie showed her good will by licking Jubie's face and wagging her tail."

Her mother said gently, "A young lady like you never knows what kind of strangers might be offerin' rides this time o' night."

"Remembering Gus and his "Classy Book," Maisie agreed. "There's a lot in what you say, and it's certainly sweet of you—but honest, I don't see the necessity."

"Always room for one more," the man said, and Jubie jumped out. She grabbed Maisie's hand. "Would that room in the middle, Maisie? cubby hole sleep there on that pile of blankets, can't she, Mom? Please say you'll come, Maisie!"

It had been a long time since anyone had begged Maisie for her company—from unfashionable motives, that is. "Well, thanks," she stammered. "I'd like to a lot—if you're positive another passenger won't put you out—"

"Not a mite," the woman told her. "We're glad to have you."

Jubie grabbed the suitcase from Maisie and with both hands lugged it into the front seat of the car, stowing it beneath the uplifted feet of the boy. And then Maisie was in the back, wedged in between the woman and Jubie, with Queenie, the dog, romping over her lap and making frantic efforts to lick her face.

"All set, Bert," the woman said at last, when the dog had been quieted down; and the car moved shakily forward.

"That's Harold up there," Jubie announced, "and the lady Gladys and the other Queenie."

"And I'm Sarah Davis," the woman said with a quiet dignity. "That's Bert, my husband, drivin' the car."

"Pleased to meet you all," Maisie said, feeling that some formality was expected of her.

Harold, who thus far had watched proceedings with some sudden interest, said, "You said we was gonna eat!" he said reproachfully.

Sarah looked down at the baby, just finishing its bottle. "Well, I told your horses, son."

"But I'm hungry, Mom!"

"Stop pesterin' Mom, Harold!" Jubie rebuked him fiercely and clucked her tongue against her teeth in imitation of a harassed mother. "Don't you never think of nothin' but your stomach?"

"Well, I wanna eat a damn good meal, Mom! You'll get it now," Sarah said placidly. "Gladys is all through. She put down the bottle and turned to the man. "Would you mind holdin' her a minute, Miss Maisie?"

It was a strange sensation, holding this warm bundle of infancy in her arms—so strange that it was some minutes before Maisie realized that she liked it very much. "Hello, there, Snooks," she said awkwardly. The baby regarded her stentily, then narrowed her eyes and waved a fist in the air.

Meanwhile, Sarah had produced a box somewhere in the turmoil on the floor of the car. From it she took a small hunk of cheese and a knife with which to slice it. In a minute she had put a slab of cheese between the halves of a large, flat, home-made soda biscuit. She held it out to Maisie.

"Would you care for a bite of dinner?" she asked quickly.

Maisie stared at the offering. "Dinner?" she caught herself quickly. "Oh—no, thanks. I just had a big dinner back there in the beanery. I couldn't eat another bite."

In the dim light reflected from the headlights she saw the fleeting expression of relief in Sarah's face. "Then here, Harold," she said, and passed the sandwich up to the boy. He grabbed it and began to eat. Maisie watched Sarah prepare two more and hand them to Bert and Jubie, then wrap up the remaining cheese and content herself with an apple. "Now, I'm simply starved," she announced. "I ain't very hungry tonight," she said. "Guess I'm kinda worried up about gettin' so near to the gold town."

Maisie swallowed. A lump seemed to be forming in her throat.

Sarah put away the food box, handed around a canister of water which hung on the side of the car, and turned back to Maisie. "Here—I'll take Gladys..."
Jubie's festivity was instantly restored and augmented. "Honest!

"How do you fellows go from there?"

"Well, our horse state's Arkansas," Bert said, and Jubie supplemented: "That's where our farm is. Harold and me had the cuttie I'll ole donkey there, didn't we, Harold?"

Maisie said, "You sure musta made good time to get all the way from Arkansas since the gold strike—"

"Oh," Bert said, "we ain't been there in more'n a year—not since we lost the farm. 'Course, we was only tennin', anyways. It ain't really belonged to us for five years.

Softly, Sarah said, "There was all the drought and dust. Then the bank wouldn't loan us any more money and we had to get off.

"Gee, that's too bad. . . ."

HAROLD turned square around in his seat so he could face Maisie, and declared proudly, "We been in five states, follester the crops around! Me and Jubie got settin' off we kin pick almost as much in a day together as we used to in a week."

"Course we ain't migratory workers, like they call us, no more, now," Jubie explained. "We're prospectors.

"Don't all this kind of cut in on your school work?" Maisie asked, and was immediately ashamed of her thoughtlessness.

"They don't go to school," Sarah said. "We ain't in any one place more'n two-three weeks, sometimes only a couple days. It kinda irks me, them not having to grow up, but don't seem they's nothing we kin do about it."

Jubie waved his hands expansively. "If we git us a lot of grub and a decent place to git some sleep in, we'll make a couple inquiries about where they's gold."

"Say!" Maisie exclaimed, her eyes lighting on the sign on the store, "There's a grocery store! I'd like to get some things I need."

With Jubie in tow, she walked up the rickety steps. Inside there was a counter consisting of boards laid over sawhorses. The open shelves had been hastily reinforced and haphazardly stacked with canned goods. More merchandise stood in broken-open cases on the floor. The storekeeper, a middle-aged, hard-featured man, was standing in his shirt sleeves, checks counter, chewing on a match. He gave them a suspicious look.

"First of all," Maisie said happily, "gimme five or six shocked peas."

He didn't remove the match. "It's all the same," he said. "Quarter a can.

"Two big, Erickson's ears."

"This ain't no neighborhood chain store, lady. I got to trick everything. It's no easy job, neither."

"Yeah," Maisie said scornfully. "You look overworked."

"Nobody's askin' you to buy," he said indifferently, "to blink back. I got five bucks to blow on groceries and I want a nice, big sackful for my money. The milk, pork and beans, corned beef, half a dozen oranges. . . .

"No patty degrass?"

"Are your eggs fresh, too?" Maisie inquired with a steady look. "I'll take some if they are."

She managed to get two sacks of groceries for her five dollars, a small one for her and a big one for Jubie, and they returned to the car in high spirits.

"Then, go to hell to breakfast!"

Sarah quickly explored the sacks. "Why, they're enough here for four days!" she exclaimed. "Melk, pork and beans."

"Pork and beans!" Harold was incredulous.

"A whole can for you alone, Harold," Maisie told him.

They all climbed back into the car, Jubie gurgling, "She give five dollars and twenty-five cents fer it, too!"

"Judgin' from the prices they're askin'—and gettin'—around here, I ought to make that five bucks back easy with half a dozen songs," Maisie said confidently.

Bert started the car up. "Remember," Sarah reminded him, "we wants stop close to some water."

"Let's—let's eat him out!"

The main street was crowded on both sides with tents and cars wherever there was any room between two houses, but a block or two down from the store Bert noticed an empty space and stopped the car, nodding in satisfaction back at Sarah.

"Pile out, everybody!" Maisie said gaily.

They opened the doors a peremptory voice called:

"Just a minute, folks!" A man's intonation might have been own twin to that of the storekeeper was lounging in the doorway of a tent set up next to the empty space. "Alin' in a tent here?" he drawled.

"Yep," Bert said.

The man spat down into the dust at his feet. "Cost you five to claim a tent," Maisie flared up. "Say, what's the big idea? This ground doesn't belong to you!"

"I got it claimed and staked out, lady. That's as good as owning it."

Maisie tossed her head. "Drive on, Mr. Davis. There's other places."

The man grinned evilly. "No place anyways near water. Here it's five dollars. Or you can go up the road pretty near two miles."

But said slowly, "You'll have to run far to carry water. How much cash we got left, Sarah?"

There was a moment's heavy silence. Sarah said, "A dollar and seventy-five."

"Okay, mister," Maisie said at last. "I guess this place'll have to.

The man walked over to the car and held out his hand. "Five dollars, then—in advance."

Maisie smiled disarmingly. "Never mind about that. I'll give you an extra buck for watchin' a few days."

"Oh, no, sister," he said quickly. "You stay here, you gotta pay sour."

"But I'm a job in town. You'll get your dough all right!"

The man's mouth twisted strangely, as if he were trying to break down a wagon, if we're tryin' to do what?"

Maisie misunderstood the smothered laugh. "Singin', mister—singin'!" she said in crisp and unfriendly tones.

"Where? In the middle of the street?"

"I'm not in competition with the Salvation Army, I do my work in cafes and cabarets. Catch on?

"Ain't no such here."

"Well, then—in a bar—or dance hall—or whatever they got in the way of night spots."

The man slumped lower in his stance against the front pole of the tent. "Sister . . . nobody in this town's got any money! You don't see no limousines or limousine drivers, do you? If folks wasn't so hard up, they wouldn't be here lookin' fer gold! Well, I found some, but until the assayers show up, I got to save cash. So, you see."

Maisie set her lips in a hard, determined line. "Try someplace else, near here," she told Bert. "They can't be like him."

Maisie and the Davises went all down the street, then back again. Anywhere within even halfway connection of the store. The supply of water was expensive—five, six dollars. Most of the men they talked to said they had struck gold and started from the nearest place the story was the same: There was no cash, and wouldn't be until the government assayer had arrived and evaluated their ore.

Halfway through their fruitless quest Maisie knew what she was going to have to do. She didn't want to go again empty handed, to the existence of Bill Anders and his ranch. But at last she cased to the end of the settlement and saw a gate with a sign that read: PRIVATE PROPERTY KEEP OUT;
"You're doing back here!" he asked ungraciously.

Maisie had come up smiling, but now the smile faded. She was in no mood to put up with Bill's grouchy manner. "But why now? Where was there to be work? It's time, she said, "I just want to get my car, that's all!"

"I didn't think you had it in your pocket," Maisie said with asperity. "I just want to know where it is. In the trunk?"

"I said I haven't it!"

"Well, where is it then?"

"How should I know? I haven't got time to stand around here—"

Maisie put her hands on her hips and said, "Now, Bill, I've told you a dozen times—and you only know who could of and who's a got a place to keep it outta sight is you?"

Are you crazy? What would I want with that pile of junk?"

Jubie's and Bert's heads swivelled from side to side, like spectators at a tennis match, following the argument.

"You said you didn't have a car," Maisie reminded him. "Maybe it looked like a good chance to pick one up didn't have to spoil your plans, but I got a few myself!"

Bill threw down the ramp with which he had been filing the handsome rig right! he said in a rage.

"Take a look around the ranch if you won't believe me! Look in the barn!"

He started out with long strides and Maisie and the others ran after him. The barn doors were drawn almost together. He seized one in each hand and with a powerful jerk heaved it open. The shoulders threw them apart—and stood there, staring open-mouthed and thunderstruck at the weird contraption inside.

Fred Gubbins was standing on a mule to something that was not a car, or a wagon, but partook of the characteristics of both. It seemed to be a buckboard, as high as its shoulders threw them apart—and stood there, staring open-mouthed and thunderstruck at the weird contraption inside.

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Bill shouted out as he saw it. "Hey! Hey! All of the nerve!"

"What the devil have you been up to?" Bill demanded haughtily of Gubbins, whose bloodhound face became more lugubrious than usual.

"Well, I—we needed a car—" he mumbled.

"So you remedied that all right!" Maisie snapped. She whirled on Bill. "I knew you had it, but I thought it'd at least be in one piece!"

"I didn't know anything about it, I tell you!" He turned back to Gubbins. "Where's the engine?"

Sheepishly, Gubbins replied. "Out back o' the barn. It warn't no good!"

"What do you mean, no good?" Maisie stormed.

"Mr. Davis here was gonna fix it up so I could get back to Phoenix. Five dollars!"

Bill Anders was looking in disgust at Gubbins. Maisie began to believe his story that he hadn't known anything about what was being done to the car, but she wouldn't be surprised if he had made a good deal. She crossed to Bill—"you pay!"

Bill whipped a wallet from his pocket. "Here, I'll give you five bucks and that's more than you could have raised on it before!"

Maisie grabbed the five dollars he held out, but she didn't stop talking. "'Fve nothin'! You'll pay ten or I'll call the constable!"

"What cop?" he sneered, but he fished out another five. "Here—it's worth it to get rid of you."

"Don't worry. I'll woke down the front of her dress. I won't be around. Hard-shelled crabs give me pimolanes."

Bill started back toward the horse-shoeing shed. Halfway there he stopped suddenly, staring down into the field where the Davis encampment was in plain view. "You're a liar, Maisie! Who're those imbeciles parked over there?"

"I dunno, boss," Gubbins said, anxious to make amends for the mule. "They're a-lot of em."

Maisie sailed up to them. "Those ain't imbeciles. They're our friends."

The mule's jaw worked and he swallowed hard, as if someone were torturing him and he was determined not to cry out. "Well," he said in a strained voice, "tell 'em to be quiet! Right now!"

"Listen, Mr. Big-mouth," Maisie said, "just because you got it in for me, next time you best to punch the onion is no reason to take out your spite on these folks." There was just the barest trace of plaintive note in her shrill voice. "Don't think that bothering me! Get 'em off! This is private property."

Bill backed slowly away from all private property around this neck of the woods. They're chargin' five bucks a week to camp any place near water, and the Davies haven't paid a cent."

His body still tense, Bill said, "I'm not running a camp for a bunch of gold-crazy tourists—"

His voice faltered. The corroborative note was gone now. "Gold-crazy! Just because they're snatchin' at a chance to make half a decent livin' for themselves. Some of them could have fit you out fine."

"Yeah—and I've seen that big gun of yours, too! Go ahead and get it. Just try to put us off! I'll be waitin' there to meet you! Come on, folks."

"Boy!" Jubie said, on the way back to the car. 

"You sure told him off, Maisie!"

Bert was no less admiring. "Yessir! Stood right up to him, no bit a scared."

Maisie, still burning, morticed. "Scared of him? Just let him try to wave that gun under my nose and put us off. We're stayin' right where we are!"

"We?" Jubie echoed joyfully. "You stayin' too, Maisie?"

Maisie's swift steps faltered. Some of the light of battle faded from her face. "Well—" she said. "I haven't..."

"Why don't you stay and me go on and a-claim it?" Bert suggested. "Or you and me could go partn'ers if you want."

"Yes, but..." Maisie stopped stock-still, thinking. "We got a swell tent and plenty o' beddin', ain't we, Fol?" Jubie offered.

"Sure, we could rig things up easy! Don't need no equipment but a pickaxe and I got a spare. You oughta save them good clothes o' yours, but—"

"Better not risk it, girl! Can't you go without them?" Maisie gnawed on her underlip in deep thought.

"Yeah," she murmured. "And we could use that dinnit hams we got for grub."

"You want to make your fortune, don't you?"

"Jubie urged.

Maisie smiled down at her upturned face. "You bet I do," she said. "You bet I do..." Abruptly she shrugged and held out her hand to Bert. "Put it there, pardners! The pleasure of all my life!"

After a minute she began to laugh. "And to think I took a swing at a fresh guy once for darin' to call me a gold-digger!"

LAUGHING, they marched the rest of the way to the camp and told a pleased Sarah of Maisie's de-

cision. "Well, better start right now," Sarah ordered. "Quietly now, take us out to the pickaxe and get the richer. You run along, Bert—the kids and I'll ransack the tent up." There was a slight delay while Maisie was out-fitted in a khaki shirt, an old pair of Bert's dungarees and a pair of work shoes many sizes too big for her; then she and Bert set out into the dessert past the Anders ranch.

"You know how to hunt for gold?" Maisie asked as they trudged along. The pickaxe was heavy as she swung it by her side.

"All you do is break up rocks and look at the pieces to see if they're gold in 'em," Bert told her. "It's easy!"

It didn't sound easy to Maisie, but she said nothing.

After fifteen minutes of walking Bert set down his pickaxe. "Here's a likely-looking spot," he said, and began to roll up his sleeves.

It looked like any other. Maisie: a hillock of sand and boulders, sparsely covered with dry-looking brush. She climbed up on it and gazed around. The ground was alive with people—little groups of two or three scattered here and there, bending over, digging in the ground.

"'Well, here goes," Bert said. "But I'm sure he lifted his pickaxe and brought it down in a mighty sweep.

Maisie tried to follow his example. The imple-
ment was too heavy. The sun burned into the skin of her back, right through the heavy khaki of the shirt. She felt sweat and prickles as the pickaxe got heavier and heavier. It didn't look as if there was any gold in the rocks she was laborously breaking up.
He had the hand of a mule skinner! How are you doing under the hot sun, the day seems endless. And, under such circumstances, everyday sees a repetition of the day before, only worse. Maisie, hands, head, and start to grow all over again. The skin of her face got to feeling dry and leathery. The oversized shirt chafed her hands and they developed blisters, too.

At the end of the day all she wanted to do was fall into bed—a few blankets spread on the hard ground and stay there. But it was hard to sleep. The feverish activity of the day, the hopes of gold, fought with the weariness of her body, established a garrison in her mind and wouldn’t let her give in to slumber.

They all slept in the tent. It was cramped quarters. Less than half of the Daltons seemed to mind and Maisie couldn’t admit even to herself that she did. A flimsy blanket was strung up along the middle to divide the tent into two sections—one for Harold and Bert, the other for Maisie, Sarah, Jubie, and the baby. Queenie slept where she could, without regard to sex.

One night Maisie heard Sarah praying. The hoarse whisper came through the darkness.

“Please, dear Lord—if only You’d help us to find the gold—oh, please—if it ain’t too much. Amen.”

She knew then that Sarah’s day-long cheerfulness was only a poor, curt, now, freed for a few precious hours from the demands placed upon her by the others, she could let her real fear and weariness express themselves. Maisie stuffed a corner of the worn blanket into her mouth to keep from sobbing out loud. She thought with sudden fury of Bill Anders, sleeping snugly in his ranch house, unaware even that courage and devotion like Sarah’s existed. She hadn’t seen Bill, except at a distance, since the day of her arrival. The children went up to the house for water and they said if Anders saw them he could never speak.

It was the next day, the fifth of their search, that God rewarded Sarah’s prayer.

Maisie, utterly spent, was sitting with her back against a rough ledge of rock into which she had been nailing with her pickaxe. To Bert’s query, “Find anything?” she had been able to give nothing but a weak shake of the head in answer. “Wonder if we ought to move on somewhere else?” Bert worried.

She thought if something was repulsive to Maisie. “It’s early,” she said. “We got plenty of time.”

Bert said softly, “Yeah... time! The Breechers is down to their last sack o’ cornmeal and he can’t git no credit at the store, even on his claim.”

The old fighting spirit flickered faintly in Maisie. “Listen;” she said, “I’d like to have a dime for every dollar I’ve got on credit! It’s a wonder I haven’t dry, when Bert and Maisie came into sight, yelling unintelligibly. Sarah dropped the clothes back into the pail and stood there, transfixed, waiting. Even when she heard her the she could hardly believe it. She just took a few aimless steps in one direction, then a few in another, then whispered and said, “I’ll—i’ll Gladys,” and went into the tent.

It was a good thing, Bert told Maisie later that day, that they’d found the gold when they did. The talk among the miners was that the assayer was bound to turn up the next day. Somebody who’d just come in from Phoenix said he was on his way. And once he saw the assayer’s claim was on the assayer had to come from the claims that had already been staked, and departed again, he might not be back for weeks.

They all went to bed and fell into the same delightful dreams that come to children the night before Christmas. It was warm and stuffy; sleep didn’t come easily. And yet Maisie was too tired to think of anything—no dreams, plans flitted vaguely through her mind; she dozed off for a moment and then started to wakefulness as the tent flap slapped against the canvass. Somewhere there was a basso-profoundo roll of thunder. The tent ropes creaked at their restraining stakes. Maisie tried to be real and half aware, dimly aware that something was wrong and yet reluctant to wake up enough to face it.

Then, as if it had sluiced out of a huge bucket, the rain came. The water drove through the canvas as if it had been mosquito netting, waking everyone at once. For a few moments the tent was a churning, wildly waving arms and legs, a bale of sleepy grunts and outcries. A moment later the wind added its measure of destruction, trying on all the windows and doors and outwards in one imperious rush. One corner of the tent jerked loose and flapped wildly out into the night. Bert divded to grab it, and another corner was lost in its moorings; and then the whole flimsy structure took wings, leaving Maisie and the Davises shivering, clenching rags of clothing about them, unconscious of the driving rain.

“Make for the car!” Bert shouted, but Maisie yelled immediately afterwards:

“No! The car’s no good! We’re goin’ up to the house!

—He—he mightn’t take us in.”

“Run for the house!” Maisie said violently. She threw one arm around Jubie, grabbed up some clothes and blankets in the other, made sure that Sarah had the baby, and headed a draggled procession up the field to where Bill Anderson’s house loomed dark and silent.

They clambered up on the porch like a stampede and Maisie assaulted the door with both fists. “Hey! Open up! Let us in!”

“I reckon they’ll be sound asleep, Bert said.”

“They won’t be for long! Hey! Wake up in there!”

Without warning, the door was jerked open. Bill stood there, looking out at them with sleepy eyes. His hair was mussed and he wore some cotton pajamas. His mouth fell open, but before he could say a word Maisie had pushed past into the house and was clutching her little brood after her. Not until she had banged the door after them did Bill find his voice.

“Say, what is this?

“What does it look like to you?” Maisie was preoccupied and crisp. “Our tent blew away—”

“Reach for the sky!”

Maisie whirled to see Fred Gubbins standing in a bedroom door, dressed in an old-fashioned nightgown, pointing a pistol at her. Harold screamed; Sarah caught her breath and held the baby closer to her breast.

“What’re you tryin’ to do, you big baboon, scare the wits outta these kids?” Maisie demanded. “Put that gun down and get busy—rassle up some towels and get some water for these kids.”

“Go on, Fred—put the gun away—” Bill told him.

Fred slowly lowered the weapon but still stood there, looking semiawake.

“Get busy!” Maisie commanded. “Before I grab your gun and decorate that chemise of yours with polka dots!”

“Now just a minute!” Bill snarled. “You can’t come busting into a man’s house like this—”

Maisie literally jumped at him, a small blonde fury. “My word, I thought you would hardly form the words that boiled up to them. “You—a man!” Standin’ there makin’ speeches when we—and this little baby are half-drowned and no place
else to go! I can think of lots of names to call you but a man isn't one of them!"

Surprisingly, Sarah said in a level, dangerous tone, "I'll have to stand to a man in my hull life, exceptin' Bert once, and he's my own husband—but you send these kids back into the rain, Maisie! I'll answer for myself!"

Bill drew a deep breath. His lips pressed down upon each other until his mouth was a thin line. "Gee, Maisie! Get some towels."

The tense group broke up into immediate activity. Maisie hustled Sarah and the children into a bedroom and superintended getting them undressed and rubbed with towels. Then she carried the baby into the kitchen, where she found Bill smoking a cigarette. "Here!" she said. "If you're gonna stand around like a floorwalker—be one! I got things to do!" And she put Gladys into his arms before he had time to protest.

At last Harold and Jubie were in bed, with the baby between them. In the same room a pelican had been made on the floor for Sarah and Bert. Maisie, in the kitchen with Bill, found time to rub her damp hair with a towel. Wet clothes were hung on the bars of chairs here and near the stove in the living room.

All her anger had drained out of Maisie like water out of a tub, leaving nothing but an empty feeling.

"They asked me to tell you thanks for 'em," she said timidly.

Bill didn't answer; he raised the lid of the stove and tossed his cigarette butt inside, then replaced the lid carefully.

Maisie said, "Now that I'll turn in, too, as soon as the coast is clear. Where's the phantom?"

"In bed," he said.

Maisie thrived in one long tooth-rattling spasm and Bill glanced at her sharply. He reached out and found a lemon, cut it in half.

"Say," Maisie said hopefully, "I could use a hot lemonade—without the slice, I mean. Any chances?"

He didn't look up. "What d'you think I'm doing now?" he growled. "Better get those wet clothes off. There's a bathrobe in on the couch. You can sleep there. I'll bring this in to you when it's ready."

"Gee—thanks!" She was so unused to expressing any pleasant emotion to this man that she sounded awkward even to herself.

"Go on! Make it snappy!"

It took her only a minute to shuck off her dank clothes and wrap herself in the bathrobe, smelling faintly of tobacco, which he had tossed over the foot of the couch. "All set?" she called and sat down, tucking her bare feet up under the robe.

Bill came in from the kitchen, carrying a steaming glass wrapped in a towel.

"Drink it while it's hot," he ordered indifferently. Maisie took it from him, laughing shakily. "Gosh, what is this—old home week?" She lifted it to her lips.

A familiar odor drifted up from it, and she stopped. "I'm sorry," she said absently. "Me and liquor don't mix. I never touch it."

Bill took a menacing step forward. "Listen! You can have all the moral pangs you want to, afterward—but you're going to drink that now! I'm not going to have the joint turned into a hospital—that's all I care about. Go on!" he commanded as she paused. "Get started!"

"Well... if you're sure it isn't strong..."

"Don't ask me, Maisie! Until I see it swallowed!" His voice sounded ferocious, but somehow Maisie knew he wasn't really angry. She took a sip, without真的'sinking it down.

"Long as you're gonna watch the operation," she suggested, "why don't you take a ringside seat?"

He hesitated before he picked out a spot on the far end of the room. "I feel like I could have been motioned with his head for her to drink some more, so she took two more sips, bigger ones this time. The liquid seemed to run directly into her veins, warmly and yet drowsily.

She sighed luxuriously. "Gee, I feel almost human!" For a minute she studied him over the rim of the glass, then added conversationally, "Why don't you see to that?"

His head jerked up and he gave her a swift, angry glance. But when he saw that she was smiling the anger died away and he said only, "Finish that drink."

"Don't care if I do," Maisie said blithely and took a long gulp. "Now you look so nice when you smile. Somebody told me once it only takes thirteen muscles to smile and fifty-nine or something, to frown. Why don't you try coastin' along on thirteen for a change? The rest might do you an awful lot of good."

Bill moved uneasily and stretched out his hand for the glass. Maisie paid no attention to either movement, but tugged at his sleeve to emphasize her point, which seemed just then to be terribly important.

"This, Bill?—why let the past keep eatin' on you, now you've turned your back on it? If you could just—just—loosen up a little—he's nice to people. Instead ofarkin' at 'em—they'd be a lot nicer to you."

He shook her hand roughly off his arm.

"Do you think I care what they think, or not?" he demanded. "I bought this godforsaken ranch just because I wanted to get away from 'em all—all 'em. And now they're swarming all over the place like locusts, and squawking because I won't let 'em camp around my well! I've seen enough of people, and they've seen all of—"

"There's me," Maisie interrupted in disgust, "makin' loud noises again!" A roll of thunder sounded over the house, and she giggled. "You got some scene—sh—help me—I got the word, but I can't get it past my front teeth!"

Bill, once more refined behind the wall he had built around himself, held his hand out for their glass again. "Don't try," he said tersely. "Finished."

Maisie squinted down into the glass. "All finish," she said regretfully. "But aren't we gonna talk some more?"

"We are not!"

Maisie accepted that as a voice from on high and snuggled down against the back of the couch. "I feel like I can imagine whether they're nice or not!"

"Why don't you go to sleep, then?"

When he came back from taking the glass into the kitchen, she had fallen into a curious sort of dazed, preoccupied silence. For a moment he stood looking down at her flushed, piquant face, at her tumbled blonde hair. Then he saw the uncannily round eyes. No one was watching him, so he went to the cupboard and got a blanket and spread it over her. His feet stum-

bled over her damp clothes on the floor; frowning he pulled them up around her over a chair with its back to the stove. He blew out the lamp and tugged into his own bedroom.

By the time Maisie woke up the morning sun had already sucked much of the water left by the rain down through the earth. Here and there a patch of wet adobe, sticky and slippery, glinted in the sun. The air was fresh and sharp.

The Davises were up early, but not early enough to see Bill before he left the house. They went down to their camp and repaired some of the storm's destruction, and Sarah soon was at home again. Bert and Harold set up the tent again, while Jubie and Maisie hung up blankets and clothes to dry.

They had just finished breakfast when Bill came in.

"Hello, Mr. Anders," Bert said. "'Foin morra,' ain't it?"

"Yeah."

"Sure are obliged in what you done last night. Hope you didn't put you to any trouble.

"It couldn't be helped," Bill said and looked around at the party, absently scuffing the toe of his boot on the wet earth.

"The way we was before you come, Mrs. Davie..."

Maisie set down her enamelware coffee cup. Smiling and confident, she said, "How are you, Bill? That lemonade you gave me sure had a lot of humor. I slept like a baby. Better. Did you have a good night's rest?"

"I'm looking forward to that tonight," he said, but though the words were in the usual Anders vein, they didn't have the usual spirit behind them.

Bert had been looking around at the field. Yesterday it had been dry and hard, this morning, after the night of rain, it was faintly green. "Wonderful how a good rain brings everything up, Mrs. Davie," he said in a low voice. "I got Number one soil here, too. Pitty you can't irrigate the whole piece. Ain't nothin' wouldn't grow here."

He sat down and dug his fingers lovingly into the dirt.

"I could irrigate, all right," Bill said shortly. "I've got enough water."

"Plenty."

Bert was profoundly shocked and his face showed it in a divided way. "I don't say it can't be breathed. Why, ain't you done it, then?"

"Suits me the way it is."

Bert showed his teeth to say something more, caught sight of Sarah's warning eye, and subsided.

Bill said, "I was just down to the store. Fellow I was behind him to tell you the Sawyer's here."
The effect of his news was galvanic. Bert and Maisie both jumped up; Harold and Jubie began to dance in glee; and Sarah stopped clearing up the dishes.

"Bert! Get our ore!" Maisie ordered. "We got to hustle down there with it!"

"We're goin'," Bert grumbled, digging frantically inside the newly erected tent.

"Get ready to congratulate us, Bill Boy!" Maisie sang out, until she was still there, glibly watching the activity.

He frowned, started to say something, then changed his mind and said something else instead.

"I’ll be back in a minute!"

There was already a crowd in front of the Spot Cash General Store when the Davises got there. A ragged-looking man, each carrying a bucket or sack full of ore, formed the crowd’s backbone; for the rest it was made up of wives gossipping and children playing and dogs yapping excitedly.

Bert and Maisie both stepped into the line, while Sarah stood to one side with a sharp eye on the children with their money. She was making some interesting new acquaintances.

The line moved forward slowly but steadily and no one in the cheerful, chattering crowd grew impatient. Everything was all right; they’d all struck gold and staked out their claims, the assayer was here at last and pretty soon he’d tell them how much money they’d make.

"I can feel those minks snapin’ and snarlin’ around my neck right now!" Maisie laughed.

"You shouldn’t feel like that, Maisie," Bert said with quiet happiness. "I ain’t no miner—I’m a farmer. So just as soon’s I find out how much my claim’s worth I’m gonna sell it and take the money and buy a big place in California. Jist a place with a house on it and a few acres o’ good dirt, where we can live and grow enough to eat. Then the kids can grow up and I won’t have to work so hard any more—well, a little bit of a place is all I want."

"Now, Maisie, brother," the man ahead of them in the line said. He was a tall, shabby individual with the barest minimum of flesh on his bones. "Most of us fellows here’re figurin’ on doin’ that very thing.

"We’re gonna hit them on as they edged nearer to the counter, Bert; I could see into the store, where a man stood behind the counter, sacks of ore stacked up on each side of him. The storekeeper stood by as an assistant.

"Keep movin’! Keep movin’!" the storekeeper called importantly.

A man laughed. "Keep movin’! Gimme some room and I’ll run!"

A wave of laughter—tense, high-pitched—ran down the line at this sally. Nerves were strung so tightly that any kind of joke aroused merri- ment.

"Name, please?" Maisie heard the assayer ask.

"William T. Beggs," the man replied.

The assayer scribbled on a slip of paper, mumbling, "William T. Higg’s, attached the paper to a sack of ore, and shouted, "Next!"

"Pay here," the storekeeper said. "Three dollars. I’m collectin’ fer them."

"Gee," Bert said, suddenly dismayed. "I didn’t know we’d haveta pay to git our ore assayed. I thought all along the guv’mint sent this feller down to do it free.

"That’s the way in front turned around. "No—you’re thinkin’ about that feller from the state minin’ department. He’s down here to look over the Morri- son claim. That’s fair, all right. But you gotta pay this feller."

"Never mind," Maisie comforted Bert, reaching into her dress for some money and shaking out three gold dollars. "This’ll be the best three dollars we ever spent!"

Bert was still worried. "It don’t seem right you puttin’ out so much money for something we’re goin’ to own. I sure wish I could pay my half."

"Listen—you will!" Maisie assured him. "I’ll be after you with a summons to collect that one-fifty, soon as we make a strike.

"When you sell your claim," the man ahead promised them, "you won’t have no small change in your pocket."

Another minute, and Maisie and Bert between them were hollering their ore onto the counter, watching to see that the assayer put both their names, spelled correctly, on the label.

"And be careful not to get our stuff mixed up with anybody else’s!" Maisie warned him.

His glance appreciated her lighted heart. "I get paid to be careful, lady . . . Next!"

...And now, Maisie said as they went back out into the sunshine, "all we gotta do is—wait."

The news that they had staked the hardest claim they had ever had. The assayer sent out word that he couldn’t hope to get through all the ore until mid- afternoon, so they curtly told him to leave to open space in front of the store. Hour after hour they sat or stood there, the patient people with the rough hands and the shabby clothes—watching, waiting for the glow of the assayer’s furnace as it flamed through the glass of the store windows. Harold and Jubie played for a while, then came back to stand restlessly beside their parents. About noon Harold raised the question of eating, but no one paid much attention to him.

Maisie traced at the nail of her left index finger until it was worn down, then began on the one next to it. She’d never thought, in the long hot hours of swinging the pickaxe in the desert, that the time would come when just sitting, idly, would be an intolerable torture.

At first the crowd of people had passed the time by talking about what they’d do with their money, once their claims had been evaluated and sold. But after a while everything had been said on that sub- ject; the talk was all fell silent, searching the glow in the store windows with big, steady eyes.

The sun was casting long shadows toward the west when the sound of horses’ hooves came sharply from the direction of Bill Anders’ ranch. Here came two horsemen, one a stranger, a young man in whipcord breeches and a khaki shirt. A canvas bag was slung across his saddle. They dismounted quickly, the stranger picked the bag out of the saddle, and they began to push their way through the crowd toward the door.

"Hi, Bill!" Maisie said.

He glanced at her briefly, "Hello," he said, and went on up the steps. The stranger opened the door and from inside the storekeeper was heard to shout, "Hey, Bill, what are you doin’ over here?"

"That’s the nearest in the crowd heard the young man answer quietly, "I’m Spence, from the State Department of Mines, and Bill and I been on in and closed the door behind them.

An immediate buzz of speculation broke out among the watchers. Someone said crossly, "How does anyone git in?"

"They all know Bill by sight and none of them liked him particularly; Maisie and the Davises were the only ones who had been allowed to camp on his property.

Maisie said slyly, "Oh, he probably wants to ask the government guys he can be postmaster of the new town here.

If he’d been a feller up, he could be mayor for all o’em!"

In another moment the door opened again and Bill emerged, calling, "Okay, Thanks," over his shoulder. His face a preoccupied mask, he walked down into the crowd and toward his horse.

"What about it, Bill?" Maisie asked. "How much longer is the young feller goin’ to take?"

But he didn’t answer, or even seem to hear her. He mounted his horse and galloped away. And then there was another long period of waiting—at least, it seemed long, although it was probably no more than ten minutes before Spence and the assayer emerged from their tent.

The assayer had a long piece of paper in his hand; he was talk- ing earnestly in a low voice to the young geologist, who listened with a keen interest.

First a murmur, then a yell of delight came from the crowd. People moved up, close, until they were all standing packed against each other, the last steps, look- ing eagerly up at the two men. But in spite of the crowding, there was no ill nature: men got pokéd in the ribs by sharp elbows, and only laughed.

The geologist, Spence, raised his voice. "Quick, every man to his tent before Mr. Groves reads the list of the assayed values of the ore he’s examined so far."

There was another wave of cheer from the crowd. "Go right ahead—explain ‘s much y’uve a mind to!"

The stranger, rather somber face looked out over them. "They sent me out here from the Arizona Department of Mines to complete a survey we have been making ever since this gold rush started."

He’d been precious vague, and Maisie sang out, "Oughta staked yourself out a claim while you was at it."

The crowd acknowledged this with an appreciative murmur, but Spence and the assayer exchanged worried glances.

Nothing, felt in herself the beginnings of apprehension. Something—she didn’t know what, but something—was very wrong. No one had ever heard a man worse at the business than those two men on the porch.

But what could it be? Didn’t the gold they’d found belong to them? Was the government going to take it away from them? Or were the assayer and the geologist just being cold and official about the whole business? Her uneasiness abated some- what, that was it, of course that was it.

Spence went on: "We know how twenty-five years ago a couple of men struck a rich vein of gold here, and overnight this place became a town, full of prospectors and their families, telling themselves that now all their troubles were past because they’d found gold. Well—they had, in a way. And so have you."

A feeble cheer started from one fringe of the crowd, and then it died out, for Spence had begun to talk. Something about Spence’s tone had struck others besides Maisie by this time. Glancing sidewise, she saw a change in their faces—a lessening of eagerness, a faint cloud of dismay.

"The big strike was a failure. The vein was a freak. The ore the prospectors brought in was mighty poor in gold and mighty hard to dig out. In a couple of weeks, this was just a ghost town, full of empty shacks and coyotes."

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ALL around her Maisie saw men shaking their heads and grumbling because of the lonesomely blank faces. This thing couldn’t be right! There must be a mistake somewhere! They’d seen the gold—seen it with their own eyes. And yet, after all, they had hiked out of the unyielding ground. It had been yellow and bright and soft to the point of a probing penknife.

"How do we know he ain’t lyin’?" someone said—a low, tense growl.

"He wouldn’t have taken our—his word!"

"And he’s your brother?"

"Ezra Ford, twenty to twenty-five dollars. Joseph Ward, ten to twenty dollars. William H. Tigg, twenty to twenty-five dollars. The boy was BIG. The others were gen’lmen. They’re in with all this! And Ezra Ford, damn his soul, twenty to twenty-five dollars. Bert Davis and Maisie Ravier—fifteen to twenty dollars.

While Maisie was telling Bert what she’d been through, someone went on, Maisie and Bert and Sarah Davis stood perfectly still, not thinking, not feeling; just letting the knowledge seep through their bodies, softening and weakening them until they felt like putty. The children, to whom the cause of dry figures meant nothing, looked anxiously from one growing-up to another, knowing that there had been a tear before—afternoon light. Sarah, in her haste, had left the breakfast dishes half picked up; a fruit-crate bench lay on its side where it had been there when they had heard the news of the assayer’s arrival.

They went about the task of picking things up without whispering fearfully. Not one word was said about some gold. They accepted the disappointment as they had accepted so many disappointments before: as a marred face, a life cut short, a lighthearted exodus that morning—had it only been that morning? The camp looked dingy and forlorn, sterner than the mocking light. Maisie, who had been reasonable the day before, turned against herself to the silent circle. There was suspicion in their eyes, but there was the beginning of a new hope, too. It took all manner of people to make a circle. Maisie thought. Just a word would do it.

"Go right ahead," Elmo Beecher said eagerly. "Tell the men. They’re as good as anywheres like. The man’s tone was neither sad nor cheerful; it was resigned, filled with acceptance.

BILLY shouldered his way through the ring of people into the cleared space in the middle. He stopped momentarily, and said, "Listen! Before you people make definite plans, I’ve got a proposition I’d like to put up to you."

"Why should we? Why are we expecting anything? I thought this land here was still open for homesteading. They told me it."

"I was one of the men relaxed as the faint flame of hope that had been kindled in them died."

"Sure," Beecher said, "we know that. But you gotta prove up your claim inside two years."

"Oh, this deadbeat solution!" Elmo Beecher said sarcastically.

"They’re farmers! Plain ordinary dirt farmers—people who work with the land! Put their work into it and get a living out of it. But they lost their farms!" Sarah Davis waved both fists into her eyes and stumbled blindly along the road, sobbing gently.

"They wanted to be gold miners!" Maisie interrupted him.

"No."

"They’re farmers! They’re farmers!" Elmo Beecher retorted.

"What they’re farmers! Plain ordinary dirt farmers—people who work with the land! Put their work into it and get a living out of it. But they lost their farms!" Sarah Davis waved both fists into her eyes and stumbled blindly along the road, sobbing gently.

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At last a man near Maisie said: "What guarantee we got that when your work's done, you'll get paid?"

Bill looked at him stealthily. "Only my word," he said.

The man shook his head. "Mighty flimsy guarantee to stake all that work on!"

"S'posin' somethin' was to happen to you," another man said. "Or changed your mind after your work's done? Where'd we be then?"

Elmo Beecher said regretfully, "Sounds like the Garden of Eden 'thout no snakes—but it's shore chances!"

Maisie had been watching Bill Anders. She had seen his mouth lose the boyish curve of enthusiasm that had been there when he spoke of watering the whole valley and making it bloom. Once more it had become thin, tight, uncompromising. His eyes had held the keen, unworldly keenness. Now—

"You people don't trust anybody, do you? I see I had a bad idea. Forget it!"

He turned to start full force through the group.

Bert stepped quickly in front of him.

"I don't mistrust you, Mr. Anders. I'll put in with you!"

Bill didn't stop. "No—no," he said. "I made a bad guess. Forget it!"

"Bill!" Maisie cried suddenly. "Don't you say that!"

She ran into the center of the ring, writhed around, her eyes blazing.

"Wait a minute! Everybody!" Bill halted, half turned, still poised to walk away. "You can't say no to him!" Maisie pleaded. "It cost him plenty to invite the lot of you to be neighbors and partners of his. He had to come out of a shell—a shell with barnacles on it! He'd gone on livin' all right by the way he was. He still can. But what about you? Here's your chance to have homes again—farms and raise your kids decent. You can't turn it down! I never knew there were people livin' the way you've had to live, until I met the Davises. I know what the matter—you think it's too good to be true! You've taken such a beatin' today—and for the last five years, too—you figure there's a catch to everything. Well, there's no catch to this! It's a straight offer from a straight guy. Oh—can't you see—having a chance for life?"

She stopped, tears in her eyes, and waited. For a moment nothing happened. Then Elmo Beecher stepped forward and took his place beside Bert Davis.

"Yer right?" he said vehemently. "I'll put in with you, Mr. Anders—your word's good enough bond for me!"

"Same here, Anders!" another man called, and then suddenly the tide had turned and they were all crowding up to shake Bill's hand and assure him of their belief in him, their willingness to do as he said. In the background Maisie saw the women, crying, laughing. Bill's mouth had once more become the lines of a boy's mouth; as he shook hand after hand he kept smiling and repeating over and over, "No—forget it."

But in spite of his protestations, Maisie knew that never in all his life he had been quite so happy and pleased.

Jubie was the one that remembered Maisie. She came running up, her puckish little face aglow. "Now you'll never go away!" she exclaimed rapturously. "Now we'll have a regular house with rooms and a roof, and the best room of all'll be for you!"

Maisie looked down and smoothed the child's straight brown hair with her hand.

"No, honey," she said slowly. "Not for me."

"Yes, it will, Maisie! We're not goin' pickin' now. We're goin' to stay here a farm! You heard Pop and Mr. Anders say so.
"

"I know, sweetie," Maisie said. "But I got to be pushin' on—get me a job! I'm pullin' out for Phoenix in the mornin', some way or other."

After a second of wide-eyed disbelief, Jubie clutched around her waist, bursting into tears.

"No, Maisie! You can't—I don't want you to go away!"

Tears burned in Maisie's own eyes, but she said huskily, "I's sorry, sweetie, but I guess I... I gotta go. . . ."

Slowly, still talking eagerly, the group of people broke back, turned back to the corner they had so nearly dismantled. Bill and Maisie and the Davises strolled back toward the ranch, Bert and Sarah in front. It was night now, but not the dark night that had been when Maisie first came to Camino. A full moon rode overhead and its light shed silver-glitter over the tumbledown shacks, the field where the Davises' tent was pitched, the house where Fred Gubbins played a lonely game of solitaire by the yellow light of an oil lamp.

"You'll be stayin' too—Maisie!" Entreaty was in Bill's voice and it was the hardest thing Maisie had ever done to answer:

"No, Bill, not me. All I know about groceries is that they taste good and cost plenty—coxon't 'em to sprout is outa my line."

He stopped, forcing her to stop, too. In the silence they heard the steps of the Davises receding along the road. His face was very close to hers and the moonlight threw its planes and angles into sharp, strong relief.

"You ought to stay, Maisie. Why, you don't even know if you can get a job."

"Noope. But then again, I never have known, Bill," she said. "I know how you feel, but it's only because your heart is full right now and you've bargained. And you're thankful, too, maybe, because I am able to do somethin' for you that needed doin'. But that's all. And—I know, even if you don't, that I don't belong in a place like this. I got my limi- data and I know what they are. It just wouldn't work out. So—"

He had been holding her hands; now he dropped them. "I suppose—yes, I suppose you're right."

"I know I'm right, honey. Right now, there's nothin' I like better than to stay here with all of you. But I'm no farmerette. I wouldn't fit, any more'n I'd fit in a Park Avenue apartment."

Maisie said, her head averted, wouldn't be long before we were all sorry I'd stayed."

"—I'd never be sorry."

Maisie smiled wisely. "Yes you would, Bill. You'd be sorry, too."

They walked on, came opposite the camp, and stopped again. Suddenly Maisie knew if she stayed with Bill another minute she'd stay with him for good. Frightened, she gave his hand a quick squeeze, then turned and ran to the Davises' tent.

Bert and Sarah were sitting at the table, talking.

From within the tent came the sleepy murmur of Harold and Jubie. Bert looked up.

"Can't you stay too, Maisie? he asked wistfully.

"We'd like to have you, if you're willin' to live with us."

Maisie shook her head. It was going to be easier to say good-by to the Davises than to Bill—but even that, it wasn't going to be any too easy.

"No, I'll be pushin' along in the mornin'," she said, giving a bright smile. "I'll get back to Phoenix somehow."

"Bert and me is thinkin'," Sarah said gently. "If you won't stay here, we'd like for you to take the car. We'd just be needin' it, now that we're settlin' down fer good."

You'd have thought from the expression of Sarah's face, Maisie said to herself, that she was just an-
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**One of America's GOOD habits**
Riot Red and Rumpus
Take the Town!

NEWEST SHADES
BY
CUTEX

The liveliest, most flattering nail polish pair in many a moon! RIOT RED, so clear and bright itself, is right in the spirit of the clear, vivid trend in fashion colors—greens, gold, reds, royal blue and turquoise . . . A bright accent with brown, black and coverts. RUMPUS—the gayest, loveliest blue-red to date—marvelous with the new amethysts, wines, evergreen greens, blue of every hue . . . with conga brown and somber neutrals. Get Riot Red or Rumpus today and take the town!

Other popular Cutex shades: Old Rose, Cedarwood, Laurel, Clover, Cameo and Tulip. Guaranteed to wear longer . . . or your money back! Simply return the bottle to us (with at least three-fourths of its contents) during 1940.
"I'M FROM MISSOURI
and Listerine certainly showed me!"

says Mrs. Madge Purdy Van Cott, Jersey City, N. J.

"I've been Co-ed, Trained Nurse, Mother . . .
I know how Listerine fights infectious dandruff."

Listerine, In Actual Clinical Tests, Beneficial
In 76% of Infectious Dandruff Cases

If you are plagued by dandruff, so often caused
by germs . . . if, in spite of everything you’ve tried,
those distressing flakes and scales are still in evi-
dence . . . don’t waste any more time—start today
with the famous Listerine Antiseptic Treatment. It
is so simple . . . so easy . . . you can treat yourself
right in your own home!

Simple, Delightful Home Treatment
Just douse the scalp, morning and night, with full
strength Listerine Antiseptic—the same Listerine
which has been famed for more than 50 years as
an antiseptic mouth wash and gargle. Then mas-
sage scalp and hair vigorously and persistently.
You’ll be delighted with the cooling, soothing,
tingling sensation. And, think of it! . . . this won-
derfully invigorating treatment is precisely the same
as that which, within 30 days, brought about com-
plete disappearance of or marked improvement in
the symptoms of dandruff to 76% of the men and
women who used it in clinical tests!

Start Your Treatment Now
So, if you’ve been fighting a losing battle against
dandruff, don’t give up hope. Above all, don’t
neglect what may be a real infection. Start right now
with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. It’s the treat-
ment which has proved so useful against infectious
dandruff in a substantial majority of clinical test
cases. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri,
IMAGINE!
They’re all in one picture and it’s a sensation!

CLARK GABLE
SPENCER TRACY
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
HEDY LAMARR
in
BOOM TOWN

Screen Play by John Lee Mahin • Based on a Story by James Edward Grant • Directed by JACK CONWAY • Produced by Sam Zimbalist • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

Code for American Girls
Don't let war ruin our morals! A daring message from a dauntless star

Categorically Speaking:
George—as seen by Ann Sheridan

Ann—as seen by George Brent

How Cary Grant Lives

Is Melvyn Douglas a Communist?

This outspoken star's own answer

Insure Your Wardrobe

Now to achieve Hollywood security for your own acres

I Want a Divorce

Beginning the original dramatic novel on which the new Blondell-Powell After is based

Round-Up of Familiar Faces

Keeping the records straight on eight colorful record-breakers

A Garland for Judy

Heart-warming history of a "Junior" champion

How Madeleine Carroll Reduced

A streamline safari to the figure of your dreams

Photoplay's First Fall Fashions

Round-the-clock wardrobes dedicated to the young in heart

Keeping Up the Pace

Hollywood's favorite formulas for that tired feeling!

Femmes Fatales

Who are the movie girls who slay the men—and why?

Man of Many Moments

The life and times of Charles Boyer

The Camera Speaks:

What They're Wearing

Star styles snapped in action at popular movie playgrounds

Together

Co-starring Allan Jones and Irene Hervey in the bonds of matrimony

"Lucky Partners"

Dealing a new pair of ace: Ginger Rogers and Ronald Colman

NEWS, VIEWS AND REVIEWS

Boos and Bouquets

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

The Great Adventure

Frances Hughes

How Well Do You Know Hollywood?

Close Ups and Long Shots

College Entrance Credits (PHOTOPLAY-McCall Patterns)

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

The Shadow Stage

We Cover the Studio

Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

VOL. LV., No. 9, SEPTEMBER, 1940


Printed in the United States of America.

Someday I think I'll write a piece called "The Inside Story of an Inside Story." Behind-the-scenes developments in getting stories for a magazine like this are sometimes as interesting as the stories themselves. Luck plays an important part. But also—

As I have told you before, intuition—"hunch"—is sometimes as important as anything else. Take for instance the ever-vexing problem of Hollywood romances. Which are false, the pipe dream of some ambitious press agent? Which are serious and may at any moment end at the altar? I must know—and don't think for a minute that I'm always right.

For example, what about Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton? The gossip columns have linked them frequently. "Cary Grant's Society Romance." It has a nice sound to it. But the real truth is (and even now my fingers are crossed) that this is one of those casual friendships, convenient for both from the standpoint of social activities and premieres but meaningless from Cupid's corner.

And of course—George Brent and Ann Sheridan, that must be a fake! Aren't they both at the same studio and aren't they to be seen in a picture together? But wait. The truth is that Ann and George are very much interested in each other. I don't know that it will end in marriage, but you can bet that this romance is pretty important in both their young lives.

Bette Davis and Bob Taplinger? He is in charge of publicity at her studio! That sounds funny, and Bette, who has always been frank with me, says there's no story. But I do know that that trip to Hawaii had overtones of a love duet.

One Sunday Olivia de Havilland and I lounged at Palos Verdes and I drove her to the flying field where she was to meet Jimmy Stewart. We were delayed in traffic, and if you could have seen the concern in her eyes!—Would we be late?—Would Jimmy be hurt?—Would he perhaps leave the field?—you would have seen how important this association is to her. When we arrived at the field we found him packing—but because HE was late and was afraid Livvie had arrived and left! I begin to hear those wedding bells!

Yes, it's a tricky business to dope out these Hollywood romances. Friendship, hunch, luck—all yes, especially luck.

Ernest V. Heyn
THREE GOOD REASONS FOR INSOMNIA

W e are ten Detroit Debbies who adore Walter Pidgeon and are glad to see him appreciated—at long last. We'd like to see Preston Foster get the same sort of break. He has just as much talent and "oomph" and—if one troubles to examine him closely—he's even handsomer. In our opinion, he makes Robert Taylor look plain.

We also have wake nights over Ralph Bellamy—only he's so silly lately. Why does he act like a big dunce?

And where is Warner Baxter? Others may come and go but Warner—! Well! He can have us any time!

TEN DEBBIES,
Detroit, Mich.

SUNBURNED-NOSE VIEW OF GARFIELD

YESTERDAY morning I had breakfast with John Garfield at the Biltmore Hotel in Oklahoma City where he was stopping on his way back to California from New York.

I was visiting a girl friend of mine for a convention and we were to breakfast at 7 a.m. Who should be sitting in the dining room but John Garfield and a friend. We asked them to sign our convention programs. Mr. Garfield was most gracious, introduced us to his friend and asked us to join them for breakfast. May I say for the benefit of his many fans he is even handsomer than he is on the screen (sunburned nose and all).

We had only fifteen minutes before joining our party, but in that time Mr. Garfield asked us many questions.

Of course, after he left, I thought of a million things to ask him, but, after all, who could think of anything while sitting at the table with John Garfield?

I've never written any letter like this before, but Mr. Garfield impressed me so favorably that I would like to tell his public what a really swell person he is.

BETTY J. SPIVEY,
Marlow, Okla.

SHORT BUT NOT TOO SWEET

PHOTOPLAY being my favorite magazine, I would like to take this opportunity to toss a few bouquets and emit a couple of loud "Boos!"

Boo to: Joan Fontaine for her fine performance in "Rebecca"; Vivien Leigh for proving more than a threat to Bette Davis (did you see her in "Waterloo Bridge"); Laurence Olivier for being the most interesting young actor on the screen today; David Selznick for sticking so closely to "Gone With the Wind" and "Rebecca."

Boo to (Guess who?):

PHOTOPLAY—for their weak-kneed movie critic. Example: "Broadway Serenade" (Quote): Here again the MacDonald has a hit, etc. (Unquote). The film laid an egg, was panned from coast to coast. Will PHOTOPLAY come back with an explanation in a short time? No doubt. They always do when they make a mistake in judgment.

A Great Big Boo to:

Clark Gable. When I sent him a fan letter a short time ago, what did he do? He sent it back to me with the stamp "Not accepted; return to sender." Who does he think he is? Garbo?

Hope PHOTOPLAY doesn't mind my taking a crack at it, for, even so, I still buy it every month and that's what counts, isn't it?

JANE E. DONAHUE,
Hartford, Conn.

AUSTRALIAN SHADOW

T HIS is the first time I have ever written to any screen magazine, but as all film books have been prohibited in Australia, you will admit this constitutes a good reason for my doing so. I do not profess to understand how or why this has happened, but you can realize what a blow it will be to the thousands of readers of these magazines.

Perhaps the American citizen does not realize how lucky he is to have the most talked-about city in the world at his elbow with no restrictions to mar the pleasure he must get from reading about this place called Hollywood. Even the word itself is magic. It turns one's thoughts to the favorites who have reigned for years, those whose reign is over, and the rulers of tomorrow.

This is what we in Australia are giving up till some time in the future, perhaps, when war restrictions are over and all international feelings are at peace.

B. FARRELL,
Sydney, Australia.

STRAIGHT FROM A KANSAS SHOULDER

S o they've got Dorothy Lamour back in her sarong! Poor, poor girl. The first time I saw Dotty I thought, "What a beautiful girl!" Then she turned on that "I'd die for my call" look and to finish me off she let that voice seep out. And her kisses— if they must show off her body why don't they put her in a play suit and let her swat a tennis ball around? And if she must kiss— make it brief.

I think the gal may have something there if it had a chance to come out.

For a better, but not so sweet D.,

LANNY GYND,
Parsion, Kansas.

TRIBUTE TO MRS. GABLE

M aybe it is because I am on the screwy side myself that I go for pictures of that type, but there is no actor or actress in movies that made me laugh as did the "Queen of the Madcaps"— the one and only fast-talking Carole Lombard. Just recently I saw Carole's latest triumph.

(Continued on page 80)
The Bride Is Dizzy.... The Bridegroom's Busy

So Ronald's Pinch-Hitting On Their Honeymoon

It's sensational—it's screwy—it's a scream—this story of a substitute bridegroom and the part-time bride he won on a sweepstake ticket. Not since "My Favorite Wife" have there been such laughs for sale at the movies. Come on... have fun!

Ronald Colman • Ginger Rogers

"LUCKY PARTNERS"

With SPRING BYINGTON • JACK CARSON • Cecilia Loftus • Billy Gilbert • Hugh O'Connell
HARRY EDINGTON, Executive Producer • Produced by GEORGE HAIGHT • Directed by LEWIS MILESTONE • RKO Radio Picture
Screen Play by Allan Scott • Adapted from the story "Bonne Chance" by Sacha Guitry

SEPTEMBER, 1940
★ ALDRICH FAMILY IN LIFE WITH HENRY, THE—Paramount

Newspaperman Henry, the family man, is being aggressively urged by adolescent pranksters to earn travel money. Jackie Cooper is the troublemaker, Eddie Bracken his "rightful" friend, and Fred Niblo the father who suffers most from ensuing complications. (Aug 31)

ALIAS THE DEACON—Universal

Presenting Robin Burns as a modern Robin Hood. Bob plays a current villain who's willing for a price and makes the most of his role. -Cary, C. (Aug 31)

★ ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO— Warners

Superb is the word for the portrayal of Rachel Field's best-selling novel. And why not, since it has the Paris of a century ago as its basic setting, a locale murder as its climax, Rosita Davis as the little governess in love with her employer, Carlos Boyer as the up-and-coming doctor, and Barbara O'Neill as his jealous, masochistic wife. Morbid but fascinating. (Aug 31)

★ AND ONE WAS BEAUTIFUL—M-G-M

After Days Miller shows Jean Muir as the glamorous girl who lets playboy Robert Cummings take a farewell trip for a manslaughter job she committed, but it's pretty Loretta Young, her younger sister, who works for his release. If you liked the story, you'll like the movie. (Aug 31)

★ ANDY HARDY MEETS DEBUTANTE—M-G-M

However, Mickey Rooney gets into plenty of trouble trying to track down Deloris Lewis in Manhattan, after bungling about their nonexistent "affair." Judy Garland is marvelous as the adoring girl who helps him out and Lewis Stone and Mickey are better than ever, if possible. Heart-warming stuff, as only the Hardys can do it. (Aug 31)

BEYOND TOMORROW—RKO Radio

Three lovely businesswomen befoul a boy and a girl. The men die but remain in the same clothes. The boy is haunted and the two by a giant who plans to remarry, and they take the course back and the other out. (Aug 31)

★ BILL OF DIVORCEMENT, A—RKO Radio

Maurine O'Hara plays the role that sent Katherine Hepburn zooming to stardom in the silent film dealing with terminal inanity. -Adolphe Menjou, as the neurotic father who escapes from the institutions. For Bumby, as the wise guy who plans to remarry and they take the course back and the other out. (Aug 31)

★ BISCUIT EATER, THE—Paramount

An unspecified stew, this charming, sentimental story of the plight of a rafter and his trusty hound. It's been given a mechanized look, with mammoth scene changes filling the bill. Millionaire Ernst Loring and his wife, played by Joan Leslie, are here to stay. (Aug 31)

★ BROTHER ORCHID— Warners

The serious story of the gardener who entered a monastery turns into amusing comedy on celluloid. Edward G. Robinson is the star, who, after completing the routine, only to find that his home is haunted by a ghost who demands a reincarnation. -Jean, C. (Aug 31)

FLIGHT ANGELS—Warners

Fine photography and pleasing performances make this rather ordinary story about a team of aviators and their capable entertainers. Dennis Morgan and Wayne Morris are airplane inventors; Virginia Bruce and Jane Withers are the girls in the case. (Aug 31)

FOUR SONS—20th Century-Fox

A realistic portraiture of four boys growing up, with their parents. -Rex, J. (Aug 31)

★ FUGITIVE, THE—An English production released by Universal

Out West With the Peppers—Columbia

POP ALWAYS PAYS—RKO Radio

PRIDE AND PREDJUICE—M-G-M

PRIVATE AFFAIRS—Universal

QUEEN OF THE MOS—Paramount

SEA HAWK, THE—Warners

STREET OF MEMORIES—20th Century-Fox

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS—RKO Radio

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

★ BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN—Paramount

Put Jack Benny on a dude ranch where he shares a frame holdup to improve his reputation. Bing Crosby has a dog and a horse to lend him some evasion, and Dick Powell who suffers from being a "horrible" brute. (Aug 31)

CHARLIE CHAN'S MURDER CRUISE—20th Century-Fox

There's just not enough action in the story's adventure of the Chinese detective impersonated by Sidney Toler, even though the Scotland Yard detective is stranded right in Chan's case. Marjorie Weaver and Lionel Atwill are among those involved in the nutty-exciting proceedings. (Aug 31)

COURAGEOUS DR. CHRISTIAN, THE—RKO Radio

Second in the series, Jean Hersholt is a small-town philanthropist who tries for better housing conditions and meets with civic opposition. He's supported by Dorothy Lovett, Robert Baldwin, Tom Neal and others. (Aug 31)

CURTAIN CALL—RKO Radio

Small-town girl Barbara Read leaves John Archer flat when she strictly Grade-2 play is purchased by a Broadway producer for the sake of including actress Helen Vinson. Alan Mowbray and Donald MacBride are something to see in their act. (Aug 31)

★ DARK COMMAND, THE—Republic

This famous "weepie" team, John Wayne and Claire Trevor, take a hand in shipping the story of Kansas in this film, which has Walter Pidgeon as the ruthless gardener who threatens the country until Wayne steps in. This has the rich flavor of frontier life. (Aug 31)

★ DR. KILDARE'S STRANGE CASE—M-G-M

This time, Lew Ayres tops with the recently published insulin shock treatment for mental cases, thus saving the reputation of a fellow medical and maintaining his own actions in the affairs of best girl Louise Day and mentor Lionel Barrymore. (Aug 31)

★ DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE, THE—Columbia

Another of those strange stories, which has Ray Milland, a doctor, and Loretta Young, a novelist of a best seller who plays the housekeeper with a proposal thrown into a compromising situation through a "just married." Cox ends up, and they are married. The picture's fun and worth the money. (Aug 31)

★ DOUBLE ALIBI—Universal

Wayne Morris, number one suspect, poses as a crime reporter in order to bust down a crookery. Against City Editor William Gargan's orders, Margaret Lindsay teams up with Morris and snoops too. The story moves easily and you'll have fun dissecting the plot. (Aug 31)

★ EARTHBOUND—20th Century-Fox

A confusing fantasy presents Warner Baxter as a ghost who haunts his wife, Andrea Leeds and all the rest of the cast trying to prove he was murdered by Lynne Bari instead of Henry Wilcoxon —not that anyone cares before the picture's over. (Aug 31)

★ EDISON, THE MAN—M-G-M

Spencer Tracy gives a magnificent performance as the great inventor, but conclude for scientific trial and tribulations don't. It's not a thing that comes across the screen, but is not particularly entertaining. (Aug 31)

FLIGHT ANGELS—Warners

FOUR SONS—20th Century-Fox

★ FOUR SONS—20th Century-Fox

Renee Levesque makes a fascinating American film debut as a Czech-Croatian mother whose boys follow diverging paths when they grow up. -Frederick March, with badgering and disastrous results, Don Ameche is the boys' father, but Alan Curtis turns pretty. George Stevens and Robert Lewis are the remaining pair. Sappy, wholesome propaganda. (Aug 31)

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS—Paramount-British

One of a successful stage play, now a movie of all-time entertainment. It's about a school in France where aspiring English students talk French. -John, S. (Aug 31)

★ GHOSTS BREAKERS, THE—Paramount

Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard ensure their "Cat and Canary" success with a wacky story of a girl who inherits a haunted castle in Cumbria, which has been turned into a hospice for the mentally ill when her fiancé goes missing. (Aug 31)

GRANDPA GOES TO TOWN— Republic

More trouble for the Baxter Family—Diana, Lacie, and Russell Gleason, in private life, when they innocently start a lake and golf club. -Howard Stem, who writes as Greene, is the author. (Aug 31)
THIS
IS THE MATCHLESS ADVENTURE
THAT
SETS A NEW EXCITEMENT-PEAK
FOR THE SCREEN!

ERROL
FLYNN
in the thrill-swept story of 'The
Robin Hood of the Seas'

The Sea Hawk

A New WARNER BROS. Success
With More than a Thousand Players, including
BRENDA MARSHALL
CLAUDE RAINS
DONALD CRISP • FLORA ROBSON
ALAN HALE
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ
Screen Play by Howard Koch and Seton I. Miller
Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Your theatre manager will tell you gladly the date of this engagement •
If you think you have to stay the way nature made you, you're not in the 1940s know about the newest innovation in the beauty business

MOST women are die-hards about beauty. They feel that it is something you are—fortunately born with or—unfortunately—born without. They sigh hopelessly for the poise and assurance their screen sisters possess. They may even go home and try to copy a hair style or an eye make-up used by a star, decide such innovations are not for them and go on envying the film favorites the beauty and charm which are natural to them.

But beauty is no accident. The great adventure of gaining new loveliness can be yours. For if you don't believe that many of Hollywood's glamour girls started out with the same handicaps you are now facing, look at the portraits on this page and be convinced. These girls had the courage to experiment and to change even what they thought were their best features when necessary, a procedure which you yourself can follow.

Mary Astor, for instance, took such pride in her beautiful long auburn hair that she refused to cut it. “Eventually,” she says, “for the role of a modern sophisticate, I compromised and wore the first short wig ever to be used in pictures. I found it so comfortable and so much more fun that I finally did cut my hair.”

Another advocate of experimentation is Norma Shearer, who advises, “Learn by trial and error to find out for yourself what your true type is. If you're petite and naive it's absurd to try to be languorous and exotic. Stick to your own type and then accent that type by clothes and make-up to make the most of your own personality.”

Joan Crawford is one of the most startling examples of what persistence can do for you. When she first came to Hollywood her eyebrows were badly shaped, her hairdress and make-up concealed rather than emphasized the really beautiful bone structure of her face. She transformed herself into the exquisite creature she is today through her own unceasing efforts, a routine which is also endorsed by Claudette Colbert, who says, “Continual effort to improve yourself is the only way you'll succeed in making the most of yourself. You must grow and develop within yourself to maintain beauty and to avoid remaining static in your appearance and your personality.”

Complete naturalness, in make-up as well as in always being yourself, is Carole Lombard's rule for beauty. “Artificiality in make-up and personality is a sure way to failure on the screen as well as in other undertakings,” she warns. “You must learn to draw attention to the good points you have and minimize any bad ones,” she adds.

And there you have the cardinal beauty secrets of five beautiful women. Study your type and stick to it. Experiment to find the best method of accenting that type and to bring out your best points. Be natural at all times—in your make-up, your dress and your personality. And be persistent!

“That's all very well for Hollywood stars,” you say. “They have the benefit of the best cosmeticians and make-up experts in the world. But somehow when I try to experiment with my face or my hair or my clothes, the result seems to be all wrong. If I only had some expert to advise me, personally, as these girls have!”

(Continued on page 87)
To know your fashion P's and Q's is to choose U. S. Government Alaska SealSkin for your winter fur coat. It embodies the advance style mood to perfection — is kind to your figure, flattering to your face, and so fair to your purse! Enjoy its quality heritage — its highlight glow — its fluid softness—in the ravishing new “MATARA” brown or the famous rich “SAFARI” brown. And, of course, there’s always the classic black . . . . . From coast to coast, wherever fine furs are sold.

FOUKE FUR COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo. - U. S. Gov’t Agents for the Processing and Sale of Alaska Sealkins

SEPTEMBER, 1940
6. A LINE A DAY
Eaton's "Line-a-Day" keeps gloom away from mothers of college girls—making them happy with their weekly diary of daughter's daily doings. Dutiful daughters love this letter paper too, because writing the weekly letter home isn't so much of a chore when you fill it in just one paragraph a day. White cover printed in red or blue or brown. 47¢ a box at R. H. Macy, New York.

7. COLLEGE REQUIREMENTS
Leese's little red capeskin scratch bag to tote pen and pencil, lipstick, handkerchief, keys and trinkets—Talon-fastened and slung from a knotted-handle. $1.95. Another required subject—the red leather belt to wear with sweaters, cinched with a giant heart on which you engrave your beau's initials and your own. $1.00. Both at Franklin Simon's, R. 1.

8. HANG YOUR HEART ON YOUR HAND
Your beau's heart, too! Danjels it beside your own from a little silver chain, sentimentally engraved with both your names. The cutest picker-upper of the season—and it costs a mere $1.50. Already this fall is sweeping the campuses of the country. Sakowitz Brothers, Houston, Texas.

9. SOMETHING NEW! "TWILL" SHAMPOO
Here's a new one—"Twill"... For all a famous laboratory griddle—a fragrant shampoo jelly that looks like magic in hard water and washes your hair as clean as a baby's. A companion concoction, "Twill Hair Conditioner," begins where the shampoo leaves off, ruling waves well between washings. $125 the set at Franklin Simon's, New York.

10. SHORT CUT TO THE ENGLISH COMPLEXION
Try the new creams and lotions made by Englishwoman Gladys Royton. Reared in a tradition of peaches-and-cream complexes, she has kept her preparations pure and delicate, made to impart a porcelain beauty. Try the Acacia Cleanser, $1; the sparkling Clover Wine Astringent, $1.25; and the Pink Violet or Porcelain Foundation, $1. Flower colors and pretty packages. Gladys Royton, New York.

11. YOUR HAND, MADAME!
Wear it anywhere you please this season—anything goes that's really handy! Clip two pairs of hands to your ears. They'll look as if they were holding your knees between them. Pin another pair of hands to your neckline to dramatize your simplest dress of your own. Robert designs, from R. H. Macy. Earrings, $1.63. Other hands 94¢ each.

(For More Shopping News, See Page 92)
More Women prefer Mum— Saves Time...Clothes...Charm!

Mum is the first choice with nurses. Quick to use, on duty or off. Safe, sure, dependable!

Leading favorite with business girls, gentle Mum won't harm fabrics or irritate skin.

Wives—all girls in love—make Mum a daily habit. Mum guards charm—popularity!

Mum every day—and after every bath— guards against Underarm Odor!

Today, when there are so many deodorants—how significant to every girl that more women choose Mum! In homes, in offices, in hospitals, in schools...Mum is used by millions of women who want to make sure they guard their charm!

For noways, it isn’t enough to be pretty and smart. A girl must be datable, too—from any taint of underarm odor—nice to be around at any minute of the day or evening.

That’s why smart women depend— not on a bath alone—but on a bath plus Mum. For you shouldn’t expect your bath to give you lasting charm! A bath may remove past perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor.

Mum is a daily habit, not only with women, but with thousands of active, successful men. Mum has the things everyone wants in a deodorant...speed, safety, dependability!

QUICK! A touch under each arm—and you’re through. Mum takes only 30 seconds—can be used even after you’re dressed.

SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. So safe it can be used even after underarm shaving!

SURE! If you want to be popular—get this pleasant cream at your druggist’s today. Long after your bath has ceased to be effective, Mum will go right on guarding your charm!

* * *

MUM FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—
More women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is safe, gentle...guards against unpleasantness.
"Jesse James was shot in the back! If the law won't take care of his murderers, I will—or my name's not Frank James!"

THE SPECTACULAR CLIMAX TO THE DARLING EXPLOITS OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS OUTLAWS!

THE RETURN OF FRANK JAMES

featuring

HENRY FONDA • GENE TIERNEY
JACKIE COOPER • HENRY HULL

with

John Carradine • J. Edward Bromberg
Donald Meek • Eddie Collins
George Barbier

Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Directed by Fritz Lang
Original Screen Play by Sam Hellman
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

MORE EXCITING AND COLORFUL THAN THE UNFORGETTABLE "JESSE JAMES"!
CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

The criticism that used to be most frequently leveled at Hollywood... that due to its being in California it was shut away... by the fact of its glorious climate, the height of the Rockies and its distance from great cities... from the reactions of the rest of the world... is proving itself to be completely untrue in these dark days for the whole world.

Never has the fact that movies are an international business... involving not only cities of all nations... but the commerce of all nations... been so apparent as in this tragic summer...

The business of Hollywood is to provide laughter and escape from the harshness of life... yet Hollywood itself does not know how to escape... Hollywood itself doesn't know whether it can even save its own trade... let alone relieve a little of the heartbeat for the rest of the world...

It has so many problems peculiar only to this wild, mad business... nearly all the trade in the Far East is gone... nearly every bit of trade in Europe... shall English production be dropped altogether... shall the big companies write off their books the hundreds of thousands of dollars now tied up in England... the earnings on American pictures...? The fate of many a star hangs in the balance... is Garbo worth her salary if her earning power is gauged merely by what she takes in America... is Sonia Henie... is Marlene Dietrich...

Will the public want themes that are close to the headlines?... Warners thought they had a winner when all the publicity about Fifth Column activity came out and re-released "Confessions of a Nazi Spy"... Republic thought it could score by rushing out a film called "Women at War"... Twentieth Century-Fox put out the delicate, sensitive and most timely "Four Sons"... and these three extremely varied films all met exactly the same reception... failure... yet to confuse the issue, "The Mortal Storm," which is even more anti-Nazi than "Four Sons," is going very well...

Stars and feature players who have lived in America for years but are foreign-born... actors and actresses who love this country fiercely yet who have, through sheer laziness and procrastination, put off getting their citizenship papers, wonder whether to get them now... whether that will look as though they were running away from their duty to their homeland...

The producers huddle and wonder if the industry should act as one unit on all charity drives and war benefits... for always in troubled times actors are the first to be called upon to give their services... should the world know that "Hollywood" stands for help to the suffering and the homeless... or should the individuals of the colony continue to do individually the deeds they feel they must do?...

There are as many confused troubled answers as there are confused troubled questions being asked. ...

Yet in all the confusion, these immediate things are being done... Ronald Colman, Nigel Bruce, C. Aubrey Smith, Herbert Marshall, Alastair Methy and Basil Rathbone, all of whom were in the last war, are banding together and sending a complete ambulance to the British Red Cross every week... Ronnie, the genuinely shy, is also about to embark on a personal-appearance tour and every dollar he earns from it will be turned over to the same British Red Cross...

Claudette Colbert has already equipped and given two complete ambulances to the French... and now that the unhappy country of her birth has surrendered, she is giving vast sums to homes for refugees plus a thousand dollars a week for wool to be knit into socks and sweaters for her compatriots... she, herself, is rapidly qualifying for graduate nursing... and every day she meets with another group of stars, Annabella, Kay Francis, Virginia Bruce among them... and works at rolling bandages...

Sylvia Fairbanks, who had been in retirement since the death of Douglas Fairbanks, now works hours upon end for war charities. Hollywood pours out its money day by day... from every side... the ambulance that Bob Montgomery drove was given by the Metro...
London producer, Ben Goetz, while the Twentieth Century-Fox producer, Darryl Zanuck, sent a second to replace it, if need be, and Jimmy Cagney, a third... Day and night the charity drives grow... Mrs. Jack Warner and Constance Bennett are head of a committee which is raising money to equip a children's hospital in the south of France... Charles Boyer, who enlisted the first day of the war and then was mysteriously released and sent back to this country by the French, for reasons which he is not permitted to explain, though it is my own idea that he was probably more valuable to France turning in his terrific movie earnings than he was as a soldier in the line, for all that the latter service is more directly heroic... is going out on a personal-appearance tour like Ronnie Colman's and will give over all his earnings, too... Jeanette MacDonald, as American as griddle cakes, is giving hundreds of dollars every week and will continue to do so for the duration of the war... to buy dried milk for children in the war zones... Madeleine Carroll gives free wool to anyone who will knit it for the English or French... her French home she has already turned into a hospital... There isn't a single star in town, regardless of nationality, who isn't playing benefits plus buying books of Red Cross tickets... which cost $50 a book... and most of them have bought dozens... Tyrone Power, for instance, has been buying them five at a time... Myrna Loy and Bill Powell, earning $10,000 for a Lux Theater broadcast, never took their checks... neither did Ida Lupino when she did a Woodbury Playhouse skit... all three stars had their wages from such sources sent direct to war relief... Howard Hughes, the flier, whom Hollywood regards as one of its own because he used to be a producer and will soon be marrying Ginger Rogers, gave $25,000 all in one check to Irene Rich for the Red Cross... Gracie Allen is giving over all the earnings of her book, "How To Become President"... I could go on with this list indefinitely and name almost every top name in the industry... and even with these contributions, no star thinks of stopping... they expect to keep right on giving as long as need exists... These are the generous things that Hollywood and its people are doing with their time and money... but when it comes to its talents, its imagination, and its power... I feel that Hollywood has still another duty to perform... another purpose that it uniquely can accomplish... Technically this country is neutral... but there is small doubt in any of our minds where our sympathies lie... yet no matter how bitter most of our emotions may be regarding Hitler... we must realize that he sold the German people a plan... a scheme... that they believed in as an ideal... they were willing to give their youth... their lives... their homes... they have trampled down defenseless nations, sacked glorious cities... they have done anything and everything to make this dream come true... Well, we, too, have a dream... the American dream... a dream in complete contrast to this destructive one... the American dream is the most beautiful dream the world has ever known or ever will know... a dream of peace and prosperity... a dream of freedom to live in our own lives and express our own thoughts and to worship God in our own way without fear or comment... let us sell... recall... this American dream to ourselves once more... and bring the light of it to the depressed peoples ravaged by this other brutal dream.

The people of Hollywood and the films Hollywood can create are the greatest force of salesmen on earth... Hollywood can sell this dream to the world... not necessarily in terms of sermons or lectures... but in terms of stories... in romances and color and laughter... for our weary hearts need some succor to help us through these grim days... and we need to be reminded in terms that are easy for us to grasp... be reminded of the facts that the dictators are trying to make their submissive subjects forget... the power of love to conquer death... the power of truth to conquer lies... the power of good to conquer evil... and that love and truth and goodness are expressed through the daily deeds and the daily lives of simple men and women...

Let Hollywood continue to give of its wealth for charity even as it re-creates this dream... selling it to us and the world in such glory that it will, please God, never die... That is what Hollywood can do now... for it is horror and tragedy and bitter truth that since there are many of us who haven't much to give save shoulders to carry guns... the fact that Hollywood and its stars have more to give is both their blessing and their clear and stern responsibility...
PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

THE SHOW IMMENSE...

Captain Crosby and his Colossal Crew
of Comely Ladies and Comic Lads in a
Streamlined Musical Entertainment featuring
Seven (count 'em, folks) Hit Tunes to make September
a Month you'll Remember!

"RHYTHM ON THE RIVER"

BING CROSBY • MARY MARTIN • BASIL RATHBONE

with
Oscar Levant • Lillian Cornell • Oscar Shaw • Charley Grapewin
Jean Cagney • William Frawley • John Scott Trotter

Directed by Victor Schertzinger • Screen Play by Dwight Taylor • Based
on a story by Billy Wilder and Jacques Thory • A Paramount Picture

SEPTEMBER, 1940
Cool, comfortable and chic—but that's not half the story of these little miracles of figure dressing. They stretch to fit like a glove—because they're knitted of fine rayon and "Laton" yarns. They pack like nothing at all. They wash like hankies. The material is lovely to look at, wonderful to wear, suave against the skin. "Laton," you know, is the new elastic yarn women are crazy to get in underwear, hosiery, slips and what not. It's a finer, softer, more luxurious elastic yarn than any you have ever known. "Lastikins," "Slendikins" and other Blue Swan Undies, made with "Laton" yarn, come in styles for every taste and sizes for every figure. Buy them at your favorite store. Enjoy the minimum of undie with the maximum of comfort.

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"Laton" is an elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Company, makers of "Lastex" yarn, Rockefeller Center, New York City

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

PHOTOPLAY
N every period of national emergency or world chaos women have demonstrated their ability to take and handle a full share of the responsibilities of life. I believe they will do so again in this, the most terrible "trial by fire" the world has ever known.

As always, it will be their first duty and perhaps their most difficult one, to hold intact the home as an institution. I'm quite sure we do not want American home life regimented as it has been in some other countries and the defense of our present system is, in the final analysis, in the hands of the women.

In troubled times it is no easy task to "keep the home fires burning" and that is the most important thing they can do. Love, which is certainly older than war, and more important to life, too, will go on, of course. But it will be the women who cherish it and protect it across the years it may take to rebuild a stable world.

We women have a tendency to become self-centered during long years of comparative prosperity and freedom from national and international worry and complications. The length of skirts or the color of lipstick may become of great importance to a large number of us. Times like the present put an end to such foolishness, or should. We adopt sounder values and put our individual and collective houses in order.

I think girls and young women should be reminded that the world is not coming to an end, that the values that really count in the long run will not be fundamentally changed. I have little patience with convention for convention's sake, but until a better code is generally accepted, the conventional values are a good guide post to the young.

If the war or threat of war shakes the young women of this country into a fuller realization of the blessings they enjoy here, if it produces a generation of wives and mothers who are more anxious to rear families, to share the burdens of life and, if necessary, to help defend their homes and institutions, then the results will not be all bad.

It is difficult to excuse war, but it is more difficult to excuse a complete letdown of values because of war either here or elsewhere. I think that sounds like a Sunday-school lecture. Let's get down to brass tacks.

Girls of today should believe in love—I doubt if that can be prevented.

They should believe in men or at least in one man as soon as they are old enough to know their own minds.

They should not be fearful of bringing children into the world, as upset as it is.

They should not view the future through glasses that are  
(Continued on page 82)
GEORGE AS SEEN BY ANN SHERIDAN

For sophisticates only: A modern sign-language interview in which two noted hand-holders speak up for Howard Sharpe

BEFORE you begin, just remember that we're playing games and this is a brand-new type of interview! Remember when you used to play "Categories"? Comparing your friends with all the most paradoxical objects, animate and inanimate, you could think of that they reminded you of? Well, that's just what Ann Sheridan does to George Brent in the following frank summing-up:

What Kind of Drink Would George Brent Be?
Irish whiskey, of course, on a rainy night.

What Kind of Animal?
A cross between a Morgan and an Arabian jumper, wearing a streamlined Moroccan leather saddle and a curb rein. Here would be a horse with temperament, kept very glossy and possessed of the most expensive equipment. You'd get along fine, you and the horse, unless he was having a fit of melancholy. Then there'd be no use expecting him to be good. But you'd be smart to leave him in his stall, to gloom among the oats.

Food?
A steak, with English mustard.

Book, or Books?
Well, George would be any good history of the Irish revolution, but specially bound in something like red alligator. He's an extremely limited, private edition of a Rabelais romance, printed and finished in the most perfect taste imaginable. He's Grayson's anthology called "Stories For Men," with a touch of Antoine de Saint Exupéry's "Wind, Sand and Stars."

Car?
A closed black limousine.

Magazine?
The Readers Digest, in a cover tailored by Watson.

Song, or Music?
First you imagine a Dublin pub, with a lot of good fellows in it singing folk songs and lusty barracks ditties. Suddenly someone turns on a radio—and Toscanini is conducting a Tchaikovsky concert. The men in the pub sing louder, banging their glasses on the bar, and whoever turned on the radio kicks the volume higher, and so on—until the voice of the men give out and Arturo triumphantly presides, the winnah.

Game, or Sport?
Any of those fast, clean-cut sports—tennis, polo, golf. High-low poker, an all-night game, with men in shirt sleeves and bowls (Continued on page 85)
ANN SHERIDAN is a Texas rodeo in full dress, a flaming scarlet roadster streamlined for speed and built to last, roaring 110 miles an hour through traffic, with its horns playing a rumba. As it goes by, many men, mostly collegians, pause, stare and say, "Hey! Didya see that?"

She is tamales and caviar; milk; lobster Newburg in a crockery dish, and chile con carne; and she is dried venison with sauce Colbert—all served on a redwood stump in the midst of a forest primeval.

She is a lioness, sleek, tawny, cheerful until aroused by too many things at once, then displaying a dish of a temper, well-controlled—the claws unglow, swipe once or twice through the air and again are sheathed in velvet. There is a menacing silence. Eventually: purring.

Ann is Outdoor Life, the pages of Require you turn to first, and all the movie magazines. She has a cover by a candid camera fired who discovers, upon development, that he has a print rivaling the best of Jerome Zerbe, Paul Hesse and George Hurrell. She is a magazine crowded with cartoons by George Price, Peter Arno and Hoff. The editorial is a yell against injustice, double features, English saddles and girdles. The book has a circulation of most of male America.

So far as art is concerned, she is that Petty drawing, with the telephone; a Toulouse Lautrec portrait of a Western girl for a James Oliver Curwood book illustration.

The book shall she represents is a collection, a symposium, as edited by Elinor Glyn, Death Valley Scotty and any college editor.

She is a cottage with a Sid Grauman facade.

Now then, what kind of street? Well, did you ever walk down the main drag of a small Western town? Nothing fancy about it—smooth dirt road, board sidewalks, every kind of vintage car parked at the curb, every kind of store and house lining it, an honest street. So you take it and pave it, cement the sidewalks, tear down all the saloons and real estate offices and the small institutions, replacing them with agents' saloons and Maisons de permanent wave.

Then you gallop it down on a pinto, yelling "Yippee!

You can't disguise that essential character.

ANN SHERIDAN is fun. She is pinocchio and poker, tug-of-war, skin-the-cat—and that game you play where the freckled brat in the pigtails accepts the invitation of Mr. Peck's boy to smoke a filched cigar behind the barn.

She is Let's Play House as Gable and Lombard play it, and the Junior Prom.

She's Macy's window, dressed by PHOTOPLAY.

As for music ... let's say the New World Symphony, not as written but with interpolations: phrases from cowboy chanteys, a bar arioso from the Hit Parade toppers, Cole Porter influenced by Edgar Guest, the finales of all the Beethoven things, and "Begin the Beguine."

The jewel category is a cinch. And so is the bird.

She's Ann Sheridan (a bird of a gal, if there ever was one) in a gilded cage, gold paint courtesy of Warner Brothers. And she's a diamond, in anything but the rough.

Getting down to cases, any categorical analysis of Ann must include these following sincere comments:

(Continued on page 85)
HOLLYWOOD At Home

If a man's castle is his life—past, present and future—you will find a famous life revealed on these pages!

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

Happy hermitage, with the seaward outlook so indispensable to Cary—interrupted only by an expanse of sand and passing bathers. Indoors, you will probably find the host at backgammon—his opponent, in this case, being author Steele himself.
HE happy married man dies in good style
at home, surrounded by his weeping wife
and children. The old bachelor don’t
die at all—he sort of rots away, like a polly-
woog’s tail.”—Artemus Ward in “The Draft in
Baldenville.”

Claustrophobia has driven Cary Grant to the
sea. Not into it or out on it, but to its sud-faced
fringe. He has finally found what he’d always
wanted—an unbounded front yard that would
solace the wish to escape which forms the very
core of his character.

Cary, one of the few surviving (and I do
mean surviving) members of an imaginary
Hollywood bachelor club, cannot stand being
shut in. So he recently bought a two-storied,
twelve-roomed stucco house on the exclusive
beach at Santa Monica. He got as close to the
sea as possible; the only interruption to his
horizon is an occasional distant ship which, in-
stead of obstructing, seems rather to pause in
the middle of a framing window the better to
create a picture. Cary says: “I like the ocean
because no one can build a house in front of
me or plant a high hedge or put up a billboard.
Although I must qualify that last—all summer
long, on Saturdays and Sundays, a big greasy
motorboat keeps chugging up and down with a
huge banner on it and a loud-speaker ramming
out the virtues of a two-bit dance hall in Ven-
ce. But I guess you can’t have everything.”

Cary bought his house from Norma Tal-
madge. It was the house which formed the
southern boundary of Hollywood’s beach so-
iety in the nostalgic talkless era. It was
bounded on the north by the hotel des artistes
known as Marion Davies’. When I walked
through the house I noted that Norma’s touches
were still in evidence, decidedly feminine
touches destined eventually to be obliterated
by the masculine bachelorhood of its present
owner. There were three spare bedrooms, now
called guest rooms, done in a variety of French
periods; luxurious and gay and unmusaeable;
gold and blue and royal red.

But this is supposed to be about Cary Grant.
So, let’s at him.

When at home Cary does his living not in the
living room but in what he chooses to call the
bar, which is more living room than bar. It is
two thirds the width of the house, faced solidly
with windows looking out over the pool, the
beach and, still beyond, the ocean.

At one end is the bar proper, a small, half-
circle affair, while the rest of the room is taken
up with down-cushioned chairs from which
rising becomes a problem. Radio and victrola,
old English prints, a long coffee table (made
according to specifications so that when un-
folded it reveals backgammon layout) maga-
zine racks, a ship’s model, a floor paved with
irregular slate—these conspire to make a room
to live in no matter what the mood.

The living room itself, so formal in its French
gilt and burgundy, is rarely used. It is a room
in which dinner jackets and low-bottomed
gowns should be worn; where a sleek hostess
should preside. (Cary ventured a try at the
hostess idea several years ago when he married
Virginia Cherrill, but it didn’t take. Maybe it
was claustrophobia. I don’t know. And Cary
won’t speak of it.)

Four features stand out in the living room;
a grand piano, an oil painting of a horse by Ben
Marshall, famous English painter, which hangs
over the mantelpiece, a round table which again
unfolds into a backgammon layout, and two
great six-foot mirrors in heavy gilt frames fixed
against the wall on either side of the fireplace.
The carpet is the color of burgundy.

That grand piano standing by a window over-
looking the sea is a favorite retreat of Cary’s.
The only musical instrument he can play, it is
a hangover from his comic-opera days. Aside
from backgammon, which amounts almost to a
mania, Cary likes best to sit at the piano and
fingrail familiar tunes. When he tries of that
he’ll start improvising Jazz melodies of his own.
Cary sings, too, in a highly agreeable baritone. I’ve often pondered the irony of the motion-picture business which does not avail itself of such versatility.

Cary Grant was born in Bristol, England, thirty-six years ago and he’s been in the United States for nineteen years. He is thoroughly English for many generations back and if you’ve wondered about his black hair and dark coloring lay it to a Spanish lady who married an early Grant in the days when Philip of Spain was pounding at England’s doors.

Cary’s household was arranged by his secretary, Frank Horn, the result of a promise made many years ago when Cary’s days were spent in hotels and his future was dubious. In 1932 when Cary was a leading man with the St. Louis Municipal Opera Company he first met Horn, a fellow actor. They became instant friends and when they daydreamed in the confines of a hotel room Cary would say, “Someday, Frank, I’m going to Hollywood. And if I click I’ll have you with me.”

That day came. He remembered his promise and sent for Frank Horn, who has been with him ever since. Horn supervises the duties of the married couple who serve as butler-cook-and-maid and a chauffeur who navigates the Buck limousine. The garden being mostly sand there is no gardener. Horn himself drives a Ford convertible which is used for shopping and sundry household errands. He is allowed four cents a mile for the use of the car and reimbursed weekly on presentation of an expense account.

The limousine is the only car Cary owns and his eventual acquisition of it is an interesting side light on his character. Cary has ever dreads the appellation, “going Hollywood.” He liked big cars (who doesn’t?) and long dreamed of owning one. As soon as he could afford it he bought one—a sporty Cord that would turn a Hollywood blonde’s hair back to its natural color.

And then he was utterly miserable. Suddenly he developed a flagellating self-consciousness. He could swear that everybody was staring at him and whispering, “There comes that movie actor.”

Then came stardom and its attendant activities. He found he was too busy to drive himself and frequently had to study his script on the way to the studio. It was simply impossible to drive and study at the same time. He conquered the complex and got himself a chauffeur and limousine. It is worth recording here, too, something unique about Cary—he has no station wagon.

Secretary Horn presents the monthly bills to his boss to which are attached corresponding bills for the previous month. This is Cary’s idea, enabling him to keep a close check on expenditures so that none may get out of hand. He questions each item carefully and signs his own checks. There is no specified budget. Below stairs the servants refer to Cary in affectionate broad English as The Mawster, while Cary himself has never acquired the habit of nicknaming his employees. Their affection for him, however, has its momentary setbacks. Meals, for instance, are forever movable; that is to say, although he orders dinner for seven he may not show up until nine or even ten.

Cary is marked by meticulous adherence to little things. As he goes through the house he is forever automatically emptying ash trays, re-arranging magazines, moving objects two or three inches to where he thinks it should be, ad infinitum. He is hypersensitive and easily fazed by any criticism of an article he possesses, he it of ever so slight importance. And Cary is a lover of the first time in his life he can’t quite understand why it might need repairs, since he bought it so recently. Cary has no inclination for grocery shopping, always ending in confusion and buying things he’ll never eat. But he has a weakness for haberdasheries, in which he can spend hours.

When he raids the refrigerator it is usually for Camembert or Roquefort with crackers and milk. He is a dismal failure at fixing anything for himself and even has trouble preparing dinner for Archibald and Cholmondeley, his two Sealyhams.

He doesn’t mind eating alone so long as the radio or a newspaper is near. When entertaining he is a retiring host and behaves more like one of the guests. He has never been seen to carve. His circle of friends includes Randolph Scott, Countess di Frasso, Robert Coote, Jack and Ann Warner, and Reginald Gardner. He’ll go into a tap dance at the drop of hat.

Aside from the bar the only other room to achieve a measure of completion is Cary’s bedroom on the second floor. It is a complete expression of his tastes and attitudes. It belongs to no period or school of thought, unlike any bedroom I have ever seen.

Outside the windows the ocean stretches beyond the horizon. The rich color scheme is chocolate brown and beige; there are a seven-by-eight-foot bed with convenient book shelves.

(Continued on page 84)
IS MELVYN DOUGLAS A COMMUNIST?

BY SALLY REID

Object of public attack in newspapers and in political and military circles, this dynamic star gives a straightforward answer

THE whispering campaign against the subversive activities of certain prominent motion-picture actors has suddenly been projected, with the speed of a steel bullet, into newspaper limelight with the one name—Melvyn Douglas.

In all Los Angeles newspapers Douglas has been openly branded by certain factions as a radical, a Red, a Communist, an enemy to these United States of America.

His accusers, strongest among them certain members of the California American Legion, brought the many whispers against Douglas into open warfare when California’s Adjutant General appointed the actor (such appointment subject to the approval of California’s Governor, Culbert Olson) Lieutenant Colonel in the California National Guard Intelligence Unit. No sooner had the word gone forth concerning this appointment than the actor found himself the object of public attack in newspapers and in military and political circles.

Is Melvyn Douglas a Communist, an enemy, a dangerous element? That was the amazing question that flew back and forth in printed debate. Whereupon, the Commander of the California Department of the American Legion wrote a letter to Douglas disclaiming any control over the statements of individual Legion members, and there the matter stood.

Meanwhile, in a woman’s blue silk kimono, ostrich trimmed, Mr. Douglas went on making scenes for his next comedy, “He Stayed for Breakfast,” annoyed, but apparently undisturbed by the scathing and blisteringly dangerous attacks.

The appointment of Douglas to the Intelligence Unit of the California National Guard would, one local columnist printed, excuse patriotic Mr. Douglas from all active military duties in time of war and, at the same time, act as a slap in the face to every trained officer and man in the Intelligence Unit, all of whom had worked long and hard for their state and country.

Furthermore, none of them had been investigated by the Dies Committee, the columnist stated.

Assemblyman Chester Gannon at Sacramento instantly introduced a resolution in the Assembly against the appointment of Douglas, boldly stating, “Douglas, for years, has been associated with radicals... David Foutz, public relations official for the Governor, and Kenneth I. Fulton, the Governor’s private secretary (two other appointees), haven’t the radical leanings of Douglas, but are not beyond suspicion.”

As far back as December 16, 1938, Dr. John R. Lechner, a member of the American Legion, had launched a vigorous protest against actor Douglas with Governor Olson. At that time Dr. Lechner claimed that Douglas, scheduled to appear as the guest artist on the radio network program, “America Marches On,” had insisted, ten minutes before the program went on the air, that all reference to the Communist party as un-American or dangerous be stricken from the script or that he, Douglas, would refuse to appear in a role which called for his reading of the Declaration of Independence.

The Legion committee had firmly refused to make any compromise in the expose of machinations of the Communist party, Dr. Lechner asserted, and at the last minute had substituted a studio artist to take Douglas’ part.

“I believe firmly every American should protest most vigorously the appointment of any man who thinks so much of the Communist party that he refuses to have any derogatory remarks made of the party’s subversive policies,” Dr. Lechner stated.

These, my movie-going friends, are serious charges.

What is being done about them? As far as we can ascertain, exactly nothing. In print Mr. Douglas has invited an investigation by the (Continued on page 88)
Take a lesson from the stars and learn that your clothes, to remain beautiful, demand as much—if not more—attention than your face and figure!

How to achieve beauty in clothes has been broadcast to the four corners of the earth. How to insure that beauty is another matter, even though it's every bit as important.

Whether you have the extensive wardrobes of Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Hedy Lamarr, or the wardrobe of the average American girl, the problems still remain the same and are as simply and efficiently solved. The stars know those secrets because they have been taught by their own studio wardrobes, whose task of maintaining clothes is multiplied a thousand times.

What are those secrets? Just come with me to the vast, modernistic building of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wardrobe department. You’ll get what is commonly known as an eyeful—as well as an earful.

Looking at row upon row of beautiful costumes, I noticed first and foremost the padded hangers. These are of prime importance, since the padding prevents troublesome splinters from spoiling beautiful materials and also allows a garment to hang correctly.

Padding a hanger is not expensive and can be done simply and efficiently at home.
Just wrap the wooden portion of the hanger in cotton wool, then bind it with inch-wide satin ribbon, the ribbon overlapping and bound tightly. Ends are then stitched together, as well as the ribbon around the neck of the hanger.

Having tossed this bit of information at me, my guide next took me to the huge cedar-lined room in which all furs or fur-trimmed suits and dresses are kept. Rack upon rack they hung, a collection worth a king's ransom. I found a moth bag suspended from each hanger, and was told that the bags are replaced each month.

If you haven’t a cedar-lined closet, asbestos bags will do the work on furs. Also, I can give you another hint: There is a moth bag on the market today that is nicely scented. However, the scent of the ordinary mothball quickly disappears in fresh air, so don’t be afraid to use it. Remember, one moth can do irreparable damage in a short length of time.

Leaving the fur division, we next entered the dummy department. Here stood long lines of forms marked with the names of Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell, ad infinitum. Such forms are timesavers not only to a studio wardrobe department, but to the home dressmaker and one’s seamstress. They can be made simply by the novice. Your nearest department store will sell you the heavy paper tape with an accompanying muslin form in your size for about $1.50. Simply fit the muslin perfectly to your own figure and then bind the tape closely and evenly around and over it. It hardens quickly and is then slit down the front with scissors. After careful removal, the front opening is sewn up. The whole should be shellacked for preservation. Purchase a standing base and your form is complete. All together, it shouldn’t cost you more than $15.00.

Our attention next centered on what is known as the “production room.” Here the garments being used in current pictures are kept and here were the major secrets I had come to learn. There were Jeanette MacDonald’s clothes from “New Moon” and Hedy Lamarr’s from “Boom Town.” Suits, sports dresses, street dresses and evening dresses were all kept in separate compartments. Most of us do not have the individual closet space for this particular kind of care, but it is of great importance that evening clothes, at least, be kept separate from street clothes. Simplest and least expensive method is the use of cellophane bags. Here is ample protection against the wear and tear of sliding hangers, dust, wrinkling. Also, evening clothes, above all else, should be cleaned after each wearing. They stand the most wear and tear, principally because of their trailing skirts.

In Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s wardrobe, of course, every item of clothing is cleaned each time after it is worn. This is true of gloves, shoes and hats, as well. They say nothing will ruin clothes more quickly than wear without subsequent cleaning or laundering, which actually prolongs the life of a garment.

For still more fabric insurance: Don’t put garments away with lipstick on them. There is a new preparation now on the market for the specific purpose of removing lipstick and it is guaranteed not to harm any fabric.

Don’t put bath powder under the armpits just before dressing for the street. It grinds into the underarm material of the dress. An old trick and a good one is to use toilet water instead.

Perfume should be applied to ear lobes, wrists, the inside of the elbow—in other words, on the skin, never on fabrics.

And so—on to accessories!

Little cellophane cases are a wonderful way to keep gloves in trim and the gloves, of course, should always be smoothed out before being put away.

Hats should go on separate hat trees. Talking of hats, it seems that few women know the basic

(Continued on page 75)
I WANT A DIVORCE
Beginning a stirring new novel of marriage and morals by one of America's most modern authors. Upon this story is based a great film starring Joan Blondell and Dick Powell

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

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It was over so swiftly that Jerry Brokaw, coming down from the witness stand where she had spoken her few brief words, could hardly believe it.

"You made your home with Mr. and Mrs. Holland?"

"I—yes, when I was at home from college."

"Did you ever upon any occasion hear Mr. Holland use abusive language to your sister, Wanda Holland?"

Jerry's chin went up and she stammered a little as she sometimes did when she was shy. It was rather awful, repeating things like this before strangers.

"He called her a cheap, common little fool and said she didn't know how to behave herself around nice people."

"Weren't you present upon one occasion when he threw a plate at her?"

"Yes." Jerry couldn't look at the lawyer or at Wanda as she said it. "He was angry because he said she had no sense of humor because she didn't laugh at his jokes. I didn't, either. She threw one back."

"But he began the—hostilities?"

"Oh yes, he always did."

"That's all—thank you," the lawyer said and Jerry stepped down into the almost empty courtroom where no one was paying any particular attention to either her or Wanda and where a number of ordinary-looking men were rustling papers and whispering. Even the judge, who was also an ordinary-looking man, had given Wanda only one long look and then become absorbed in the ceiling.

For a moment Jerry stood there waiting, a small figure in a tweed coat and a swagger sports hat. There was something about joint custody of the child and a property settlement out of court and then Wanda took her arm and said, "All right, youngster, let's go."

The little house where David and Wanda had lived together for six years seemed strangely silent, empty, and Jerry had an impulse to tip-toe.

"You needn't," Wanda said, from the hall mirror where she was taking off her hat and arranging her smooth hair. "Nobody's dead."

"I feel funny, to tell you the truth," Jerry said. "It happened so quick. Seemed sort of indecent—I was your bridesmaid, you know."

"Quite proper that you should be my corroborating witness then," said Wanda. "I said to David, 'I want a divorce.' He'd begun to bore me all the time instead of just part of the time. That ought to be grounds for divorce in every state in the Union. Seems he'd never even thought of such a thing, but he was too polite to say no. So we're both better off. What's a divorce between friends?"

The telephone rang and Jerry answered it.

She said, "Hello—oh, hello—oh, sure, we're back, David. Yes, she did. All right, I'll tell her."

Wanda, wandering restlessly, said, "What's on his mind?"

"Oh, just wanted to know if everything went all right."

Wanda came over and put a hand under Jerry's chin. "What'd he say, pup?"

Jerry essayed a giggle. "Said to tell you he felt like he'd lost his pet corn."

To her horror, Wanda began to cry, gulping, furious sobs, like a child. Jerry put her arms tightly around her sister. The sobs went through her, too, and suddenly she wanted to kill David. Wanda had been such a wonderful wife, so marvelous looking and so well-dressed and so popular.

"Not on David's account," Wanda said, wiping away the tears carefully. "Only that's just what he would say. Nothing—ever, or appreciative, or complimentary. Not David. Just a bum wisecrack. He still makes me so mad. Marriage ending like that and I want my divorce all right, but you'd think he'd have some manners."

"And there's Davey," Jerry said. "Just what does this joint custody business mean?"

"I get him part of the time and David gets him part of the time," Wanda said. "But he'll be in school now a lot, anyway."

"Kind of tough," said Jerry, thinking of her own motherless childhood.

In those early years, the years before the girls had gone away to school and then to college, their grandmother had loomed large. Now she and Grandpa Brokaw lived on a fruit farm down in Imperial Valley. It wasn't much of a fruit farm, at that, but somehow anything that belonged to Grandma B. had importance. Pretty wonderful, when you came to think about it, how she had managed to keep that fruit ranch and make a living out of it in good times and bad.

Not that she seemed old. She was a sturdy woman with a fine, upright carriage and snapping black eyes and a weather-beaten face. Under the smooth white hair it gave an impression of enormous strength and self-control. She was a little deaf, though she never admitted it, and she had an uncanny trick of always hearing anything she wasn't supposed to hear.

Grandpa understood that perfectly. It tickled him. So many things in life tickled Grandpa.

They had been married almost fifty years. When Jerry drove up to break the news of Wanda's divorce, Grandma B. was sitting on the porch in a straight chair, looking as neat and clean as new gingham, the big yellow cat Abednego in her lap. Grandpa was in the old rocking chair, rocking comfortably. They were both smoking corncob pipes, but Grandma put "Weren't you present upon one occasion when he threw a plate at her?"

Jerry couldn't look at the lawyer or at Wanda as she answered, "Yes"
Jerry thought of Jeff—who wanted a divorce; she thought of Wanda—who had one. “Could that ever happen to us?” she wondered.

hers away hurriedly as Jerry’s roadster swung into the dirt drive. It was her one weakness and it was supposed to be a secret from Jerry.

Grandpa came down to welcome her, his face alight.

“Why, Jerry, Jerry child,” he said, “it’s fine of you to come and see the old folks. Here’s Jerry, Mother.”

“My eyesight’s still good, thank you,” said Grandma B. “I see her.”

She eyed the girl with pride, one hand patting her shoulder, but when Jerry kissed her she said, “Lipstick!” and wiped off the kiss. “If you didn’t smoke so many cigarettes you’d have more color of your own,” she said.

The half-hidden corncob was too much for Grandpa. “If you smoked a pipe, now, Jerry,” he said, “it’d be all right.”

Grandma stood by her guns, as usual. “A pipe never hurt nobody,” she said. “My father smoked a corncob from eight to eighty.”

It was going to be very difficult. Jerry thought, sitting down on the steps. Better give in and get it over.

“Wanda got a divorce yesterday,” she said bluntly.

Grandma stared at her. The old face settled into forbidding lines. “Sometimes I think I don’t hear so good as I used to,” she said. “I thought you said Wanda went and got a divorce.”

“That’s what she did say,” Grandpa stated. “Not hearing facts won’t change them, Mother.”

There was a tense silence.

“Maybe she had a good reason,” Grandpa said. “I expect there’s been times when you’d been glad to get rid of me.”

“There’s been a dozen times when I wanted to kill you,” Grandma said, “but I never thought of leaving you alive, Samuel. What’d he do to her?”

“Darling,” Jerry said, “lots of people get divorces nowadays. Wanda’ll be happier this way.”

“I always thought he was a loud-mouthed, bossy cuss,” said Grandma, “an’ considerable of a windbag. But I never thought—maybe this is a judgment on me for not loving Wanda like I loved you, Geraldine. You’re like your Pa. Wanda took after her mother—weak-kneed, selfish—well, I don’t want to hear another word about it. If I failed in my duty, I got to suffer for it. Samuel, you pick some of them peaches and I’ll make a cobbler for this child.”

She went into the house.

Grandpa said, “She’ll be all right, s’long as it’s not you. You’re the apple of her eye, so to speak. She’d stand by you even if you murdered somebody, Mother’s like that, but Wanda—they don’t see eye to eye.”

It was Wanda who first introduced Jerry to Ma.

The tempo of things in the house in which they lived had stepped up, with David gone. Everything was very gay. Wanda was always laughing, Wanda was always coming and going, answering the telephone, shopping, keeping appointments at the beauty parlor, meeting new
men for cocktails. At first Jerry thought it might be a cloak she wore over a broken heart. She searched for some fever in the gaiety, but she couldn't find any.

Wanda was the very last word in modern young divorcees. So lovely, like a girl still, yet there was a sort of gay worldliness in her manner, a flavor to her speech, a look of promise in her eyes that a girl wouldn't have.

She's happy, Jerry thought, and that's all I want.

Jerry was sprawled on her bed with a book one night when Wanda came in hurriedly.

"Darling, I'm in such a mess. You'll have to help. His name is Mac—Alan MacNally. I was going dancing with him—he's a sweet kid, really. Who should bob in but David. Imagine. He says we ought to be friends and people wonder why we're never seen anywhere together. He says they think we're old-fashioned. What can I do? But you know how he always behaved about any man I ever spoke to. I told him Mac was your date. Put on something—that white frock with the blue coat—and come down.

The place looked just as usual. Three people in the living room. Wanda and the two men. It seemed odd to find David there, in the little house where he had once been master. He looked disagreeable and contemptuous, his eyes on Wanda pretending to be amused, but they weren't really.

"Hiya, Dave," Jerry said, trying to be very careless about it.

"Glad you're still speaking to me," David said. "I thought maybe you believed your own testimony." "I can believe anything for five minutes at a time," Jerry said.

"That beats your sister's record," David said.

Wanda threw a slim arm around Jerry's shoulders. "Don't tease the child. You might say hello to Mac, youngest." Her blind date.

Jerry turned and faced him and her heart stood still.

Just a young man in a tweed suit, not very tall and not handsome. But everything about him was familiar to her, the way his hair grew and the fact that his mouth went up at one corner, and a crooked eyebrow he had, and the smile in his eyes. Of course she knew him. He fitted into the mold her dreams had made and there wasn't a wrinkle. So this is it, she thought. I always wanted to fall in love at first sight and now I've done it.

She said, "Hello, Mac, how's everything?" and he said, "Top-hole, Geraldo, and thank you for asking," and they grinned at each other.

"Harry up, you kids," Wanda said, "we're going out on the good barge Coronas and gamble. That's David's contribution. No more quiet evenings at home playing Russian bank with the little woman—one divorce, and I get a break."

While they slipped into their coats, Wanda gave her a swift dossier on Mac. "Studying to be a lawyer—gives up for his exams pretty soon, he says. Nice kid. Used to be nuts about me years ago—one of those kid crushes. David got sore, as usual, and I haven't seen him since. He's all right."

So Mac had been in love with Wanda. Now that she was free, he had come back. Probably he had never forgotten Wanda. Her charm wasn't easy to forget. If Wanda was his ideal, he wouldn't go for Jerry, because she wasn't glamorous and she didn't have charm, she was just young and clean-cut and as real as sunshine. Sisters under the skin, she thought, but unfortunately, beauty is only skin deep.

It was rather fun on the gambling ship. Crowds and music and excitement. All kinds of people, some in evening clothes, some in rather shabby street wear. You could gamble for anything from five cents up.

"I," Mac told her, "have exactly five dollars and eighty-five cents, which I had hoped would see me through a simple little evening with Wanda. Up to that limit, I'll stake you.

They lost leisurely at blackjack in a big room where there were hundreds of tables and a red and gold ceiling, and then went out and sat on the deck.

He talked about Wanda. "She was my dream girl when I was a callow youth," he said. "I'm about her age, at that, but she was such a knockout. Yep, she was my vote for the No. 1 Glamour Girl."

David and Wanda had disappeared, so eventually Jerry and Mac went back in to the tables. Jerry found a dollar in her coat pocket so they played more blackjack. It was late and nobody else was playing; the pale, sour-looking dealer looked sleepy, too. Pretty soon they lost the dollar.

"Why don't you kids go home, huh?" the dealer said. "I guess you're not married, huh?"

"No," Jerry said, "we're living in sin."

"You oughtn't to joke about things like that," the dealer said. "My name's Jeff. I'm married myself. My wife, sings here. But she wants a divorce."

"Why don't you give her one?" Jerry said. "If anybody wanted to divorce me, I'd give it to him so fast it'd make his head swim."

"Oh, I'll give her a divorce all right," Jeff said. "But I got me a few doughnuts saved up and I'm not going to give her any of them. You got to be careful about divorces, or you wind up paying more of your wife's relatives than Bob Burns has got. Me, I'm going to buy a fishing boat."

"Fishing," Mac said, "is something. Gives you time to think."

Jeff brightened. "Sure," he said, "and fish can't talk—and they can't sing. Yellowtails running now. Why not you come out on my fishing boat some day, see?"

Wanda came in at that point, alone. She (Continued on page 76)
EVERY house and every building has a firm foundation and so has every motion picture. Oddly enough, it's not the stars who form the groundwork for the loftier, fancier trimming, but those men and women, young and old, who year after year come forth with solid substantial efforts that weld and hold together the very framework of movies. Chief among these "foundationers" is a man whose work stands as a cornerstone. He is:

John Litel—The Man with the Heart

The sufferings, the desires, the wishes of others about him are paramount to the man Litel. In a world of selfish getting, he remains one who gives, who feels, who sympathizes.

"I have a weak head and a strong heart," he says, but of course he's wrong. His work in his recent pictures, "They Drive By Night" and "Money and the Woman," is an open contradiction to the "weak head" accusation. His unforgettable Patrick Henry in the Warner short, "Give Me Liberty," testifies to a strongish head, heart and talent.

He came west from the New York stage to visit a mother who was ill, then decided to storm a studio to pick up railroad fare home. As you've guessed, he never did get back.

Litel is a true man of the soil. On his ranch, where he lives happily with his wife (a nonprofessional), he loves digging in the earth, fixing fences and planting seeds. "When an actor plays golf, for example," he says, "he's got a lot of time to think about his next role, or some coveted part, while he's walking up to the ball after a long drive. But when he gets right down into the earth, digging and planting, he forgets himself and has a chance to get out of his work."

He drives a station wagon to the studio and is never glimpsed around the place except when working on a picture. He's moody, strangely enough, and has fits of being high up and low down by turn. His birthday is December 30th.

His banker father back in Albany, where John was born, hoped his son would follow in his footsteps, but didn't urge it. After being graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, John bade his Alpha Tau Omega brothers a fond farewell and set out to work in factories, sell insurance and even do good old manual labor before he joined the Albany Stock Company, which was then starring Edward Everett Horton. After the war, soldier Litel returned from France to Broadway, to play in "Irene" and forty-one more stock companies before he clicked big in "Ceiling Zero" on Broadway.

He's waiting for just such another break in pictures. "I can wait a long time," he says. "It will come." And it will.

In school they called him "Happy Jack." That was because he wore such a deadly gloomy face. But, of course, they didn't dream his heart was smiling all the while.

A Rebel in Blue Jeans:

No two ways about it, Hollywood and Frances Farmer had reached a state of sticking out their tongues at each other when Frances pulled up stakes and left for New York and the Group Theater. Now that Frances has been brought back to Hollywood by Edward Small for the leading feminine role in "South of Pago Pago" (after shedding husband Leif Erikson and reportedly nursing a bruised heart over playwright Clifford Odets, the "ex" of Luise Rainer), she emphatically states the whole thing was a misunderstanding. She never did say those nasty things about Hollywood, anyway, and all that ever ailed her was she was scared to death of too much limelight all of a sudden. When she alighted from the incoming plane she knocked one reporter into an internal frenzy with the announcement, "Boy, it's good to be back home in Hollywood."

Farmer is, as far as we can make out, a fore-runner of rebellion against all traditional nonsensical caste systems of Hollywood. She's the modern note in a business which once depended on glamour, romance and stardust.

On the "Pago Pago" set, she chose her companions at random according to their conversational ability and out at Warners for "Flowing Gold" she eats her lunches at the tables and counters with workmen and extras. Her advent into movies happened when a
Myrna Loy leads off in a leading color, "Honey Brown"—a four-part country "casual" that could be nicknamed "Robin Hood." The short-sleeved flannel shirt teams up with a stitch-pleated flannel skirt, topped by a brown suede waistfit full of pockets. The white pliqué skirt underneath is worn or not as you please. Dolly Tree designed this for Myrna in M-G-M's "I Love You Again".

GWENN WALTERS
Fashion Editor
Associate Fashion Editors
Frances Hughes, June Smith, Peggy Sweet
Prices quoted on these pages may vary in different sections of the country.
Gracie knows her new smooth woolen suit-dress will "register" well in her job-interview. The colors—putty and loam-brown...the longer jacket...the narrower skirt...they're all the last word in fashion at any price—although Gracie's suit costs less than $30. Should she get the job (she did, of course!)—she could shed her jacket and go to work, for her skirt is topped by a simple green wool jersey blouse with a trio of handy pockets.

Today's career girls are "white collar girls" in name only. They have lived down the quaint notion that simple white collars and cuffs are their badge of servitude—the essential ingredient of the smart girl's working costume. Pert little singing and dancing starlet, Grace McDonald, who plays opposite Bob Paige in Paramount's "Dancing on a Dime" is not too far removed from her own job-hunting days to pose for Photoplay readers in two smart costumes that prove our thesis. They'll help you get—and hold—your job!

"Teacher" commands the attention of her class in her grayed-blue herringbone tweed dress. The schoolgirl-neck and elbow-sleeves are bound with soft gray velvet. The skirt boasts double dig-down pockets and a flared-for-action hem. Time out for a hasty snack (near right): "Teacher" has added a lumberjack-jacket that transforms her schooldress into a jaunty suit. It matches the dress, of course, and adds collar, cuffs and buttons of the same gray velvet. $24.95. The tiny Betty Belmar tricorne is very new and shoots its lofty feathers into the sky.
The perfect little arbiter of good taste in campus clothes is, of course, Deanna Durbin, a very fashion-wise young woman. At Photoplay's suggestion, Deanna, who will captivate you in her next film, Universal's "Spring Parade," posed in her idea of what's what in college fashions.

HER DAY-LONG DRESS (top, left)—two-part triumph of soft green cashmere-jersey with bright-red knitted sleeves and stocking cap. Push-up sleeves are a college requirement. The knitted stocking cap that twirls into a scarf is destined to be a big campus fad.

HER SUIT—a timeless trio—timeless because she can wear the jacket suit (top, far right) this very minute and add the topcoat (above, center) when wintry winds blow. Deanna chose companion tweeds—very new—the topper striped in brown and green and gold with giant pockets; the jacket suit in matching green.

HER GALA GOWN strikes a happy balance between the sophisticated look that the teens themselves strive for and the ingénue quality that their mothers endeavor to impose upon them. In combination of black taffeta and velveteen, it boasts a low heart-neck, wee puffed sleeves and a merry-go-round skirt.
Corduroy continues to mount in fashion importance—here it is in a bold red and black print jacket with important-looking pockets, shielding a classic dress of Juilliard's beige wool, used also for jacket-revers and pocket-flaps. $16.95

Denver Dry Goods, Denver
A. Harris, Dallas

Corduroy again—this time in a tastefully tailored jacket of rich Adobe brown "Pinroy," topping a cute green frock of Botany's pure woolen with bodice-yoke and pleats. $22.95

Denver Dry Goods, Denver
B. Siegel, Detroit

The young always "go" for jacket-suits because they look so well in "little" coats. You can see for yourself that young June Preisser, dancing starlet currently featured in M-G-M's "Strike Up The Band," is no exception. We think most of young America will follow suit

The "Butcher boy" jacket—loose and boxy—in tempting Vino wine fine-wale corduroy—it a perfect foil for the soft pink dress of Juilliard's wool with brass buttons marching smartly from neck to waist and pockets. $16.95

Denver Dry Goods, Denver
A. Harris, Dallas

Summing Up

THE SUIT SITUATION
Practicability—in the vibrant green tweed coat by Junior Guild, flecked with plumage colors and decisively bound in green leather. Beneath the coat—a bronze sheer wool dress of stark simplicity. $49.95

Versatility—in the pert young Gaucho green coat of Juilliard's woolen, enhanced by a little collar and Persian lamb muff, posed over a dress of black "Crystal Pebble" (Celanese rayon and wool). $49.95; muff, $22.95

Fashion arithmetic, summed up by Bonita Granville, talented young emotional actress soon to appear in M-G-M's "Escape," presents a picture of total excitement—utter usefulness—arresting color in costume suits

Wearability—in Margie Joy's foliage green overplaid "Huddler" coat, its sheer green wool lining matches the trim frock with pleated bodice-panel and skirt to stress the slimmer line that's so important this fall. $39.95

These costumes from Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago.
"Twinkle, twinkle, little star..." Twinkle she does, this Loretta Young, who dresses for a big fall evening on her social calendar in I. Magnin's fairy-princess frock (opposite page) of snowy tulle sprinkled with twinkling crystal paillettes. It takes six frothy petticoats to float the billowy skirt and with it Loretta also floats a filmy tulle scarf from her slim shoulders.

Picture yourself at dinner—the sensation you would make in this magnificent I. Magnin dinner ensemble, "The Juliet"! You see how it intensifies the allure of lovely Loretta with its sweep of fuchsia skirt and molding midriff of vivid cyclamen. Loretta wears it with a tiny hooded fuchsia jacket kept purposely brief to throw her willowy waist into relief.
NEW! NEW! NEW! THE JUMPER DRESS—Fall version of spring's popular young fashion done in soft gray and green wool and rayon with a comb -passion checkered skirt that will team up with other skirts. Patch-pockets and tassel-stitched belt give the jumper that manly look so smart this season. $16

...of grayed blue "Mastrella" flannel (Crown Tested rayon and wool). About $16. Slung over Phyllis' shoulders is a man's camel's hair jacket

CAMPUS UNIFORM — Flap-pocket shirt and all-around pleated skirt—stitched to give a smart-looking hip—of grayed blue "Mastrella" flannel (Crown Tested rayon and wool). About $16. Slung over Phyllis' shoulders is a manly camel's hair jacket

THE HE-MAN TOUCH—Phyllis pushes a wheelbarrow—good exercise (left, center) in Glen plaid slacks of worsted and rayon and a high-button patch-pocket jacket. These two parts are also much at home in the dorm. Jacket, $7.95; slacks, $6.95. Part three is a matching inverted-pleated skirt, $6.95, worn (at the left) with Luxable Scotch Shetland twin sweaters. Pullover, $5.95; cardigan, $7.95—in 24 colors
TOP-FORM JERSEY—A cozy little heather-colored woolen that copies a thing or two from collegiate cardigans—the simple round neck, the ribbon-binding and push-up sleeves. Four giant sandwich pockets are shirred on top and there's a bright green tailored belt 'round the middle. $15

We pick Miss Phyllis Brooks, last seen in Walter Wanger's "Slightly Honorable," to give this course because we think she looks the part perfectly. She's not too far removed from her own schooldays in Michigan and she wears her clothes with just that smart casual air that distinguishes the best-dressed girls on any campus.

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD—"But there's nothing to stop us gals from lifting their fashions," says Phyllis Brooks, putting over her point in a stunning, man-tailored Glen plaid longer jacket (26 inches), $15; and a matching, slimmer-than-usual skirt with inverted pleats back and front, $7.95. The hat's a pert visor-cap of bright red velveteen, around $4

INDISPENSABLES—Londonderry's camel's hair and woolen topper (left) with zip-in, zip-out Gordon plaid wool lining and handy inside straps for the girl who "shoulders" her coat, $25. Matching plaid wool skirt, $6.95. Downee's natural Shetland twin sweaters with grosgrain-bound cardigan and fashioned sleeves, $7 the set; Betty Betmar's classic felt brimmed hat, $5. The pearls are a college requirement.
Muriel Angelus, an English import now playing in Paramount's "The Great McGinty," lives in sports clothes all day long. Sports furs, too—not necessarily costly furs, but inexpensive models that are the making of any casual tweed or simple jersey frock you wear!

The "LITTLE BOY'S COAT" (above left) comes by its name honestly, with a small turnover collar, big patch pockets and slit vent-back borrowed from your kid brother. You'd swear it was beaver, though it's really Laskin mouton, at one-fourth the price, $75! Muriel teams it with a natural cashmere jersey dress (left) with sandwich pockets and reefs in her waist with raw-hide thongs. A find at $19.95!

THE FUR "GREAT COAT"—perfect for open car addicts... rumble-seat riders... football enthusiasts and outdoor fiends! You see it at its inexpensive best in snowy polar wolf tinged with the dark markings of Bruin himself. Warm as toast and only $130! Muriel wears it with a tweedy-looking red rabbit's-hair woolen shirt-dress with yoke top and dig-in pockets. A perfect "Casual" for just $19.95!

SPORTING Furs...

SPORTING Frocks
The United States Government itself had a hand in the creation of the beautiful Matara brown Alaska sealskin coat worn so proudly by Sonja Henie, 20th Century's skating star. Its sleek pelts, new taupe coloring and the long, useful life it will lead are all results of Uncle Sam's rules and regulations, while its smartly casual styling makes it a coat all women will want to wear this winter. Sonja wears hers over her favorite suit—a men's wear striped flannel with a skirt of plain brown and a shirt of checked silk. Coat by Willard George of Los Angeles.
Shut your eyes, reach at random into any one of these ten shoeboxes and you’ll be sure to pull out a prize—for each shoe shown here is a fashion star for fall.

2. A novel leather-bound, overlapping buckle in Newton Elkin’s walled-last suede stepin. Additional fashion news is its quadrilateral heel. $15.75.
3. Lattice cutouts lighten and formalize this Air Step oxford with D’Orsay sides and the new rocking chair heel. In black or brown suede. Around $6.
4. Fringed leather tabs climb the vamp of a Modern Miss stepin fashioned in wine-color elasticized suede with tip and quarter of matching kidskin. $5.
6. The ever popular D’Orsay vamp stages a big revival in Naturalizer’s graceful “Valkyre”—sleek black suede with a collar of elasticized leather. $6.75.
7. Paradise’s classic spectator pump with the famous Tango instep, made of antiqued tan calf, a color suggesting liquid butterscotch. Around $7.
8. The new “tractor” heel in a Paris Fashion Shoe of black elasticized suede with ring-lizard accents on heel and vamp. Note D’Orsay-cut sides. $3.98.
10. Furniture heels! Palter De Liso’s newest contribution to fine shoemaking. Genuine antelope bow-pump with spiral woolen heel and buckle. $18.75.

To find out where to buy these shoes write to the Fashion Secretary, Photoplay, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y.
Now's the time for all practical-minded off-to-college girls to call for the PHOTOPLAY-McCALL pattern service—a new shortcut to campus chic and one of the least expensive ways for girls to go back to school in style. Pretty Linda Darnell shows you how really smart girls can look in these Photoplay-approved college fashions, made of hand-picked Crown Tested Rayon fabrics, from Photoplay-McCall's precise patterns. Linda's next featured role is in 20th Century-Fox's production, "Brigham Young".

No. 3854—A Talon-fastened dormitory coat (left) is a cheery thing to have when you're up in the wee sma' hours burning the midnight oil. Stripes are new and smart and you borrow the sailor collar from the Navy. Pet colors are brown and white—in Crown Tested rayon and wool flannel.

No. 3880—This campus suit rates high in versatility. The jacket and skirt part company to form all sorts of new combinations with other "separates" in your college wardrobe. The pockets and inverted pleats are new. Run this one up in butter-scotch brown Crown Tested rayon corduroy.

No. 3857—The jumper dress is running the old college favorites right off the campus! A "hit" because a girl can switch blouses to her heart's content. Make yours in Crown Tested rayon and wool stripes—brown and gold preferred—with plain gold blouse. Make sure it has long sleeves.
When a girl has as lithe and lovely a body as M-G-M’s Eleanor Powell, now starring in “Broadway Melody of 1940,” her clothes just naturally take on rhythm! Here comes Eleanor, swinging along (left) in her first fall frock—a maple-sugar brown wool jersey buttoned in leather from neck to hem, with a skirt that twirls like a top when Eleanor’s dancing feet get going. The push-up sleeves are very new. Alligator bag, belt and shoes make a smart fall trio, and her brown felt sailor tops things off in style.

Eleanor, in a quiet mood, dresses for dinner in gray chiffon, demurely pleated from childish round neck to turquoise-studded leather belt that slims the waist. But make no mistake—should Eleanor decide to dance, there’s a swirling skirt that releases its pleats at the hips and floats like the clouds. Her jewels are most impressive—a diamond and sapphire choker that hugs the neck of her dress, and a bracelet and compact to match. Fitting gems for a shining star!
The Plot: James Stewart and Olivia de Havilland vetoed publicity on their much-discussed romance when he went to her home lot (Warners) to co-star with former flame Rosalind Russell in "No Time for Comedy." The Surprise Ending: Though Jimmy and Roz clowned like this for the camera, as-we-go-to-press rumors say that he's either already secretly wed to Livvie—or about to be!
Typical of the extravagance of M-G-M's "Boom Town": The presence of Lamarr in a cast which already includes Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy. Hedy's had recent setbacks—both in her career and her marriage to Gene Marzey—but advance reports hint that "B.T." settles at least one of those problems!
Once Joan was merely Connie's blonde, shy kid sister—until she proved her Bennett theatrical blue-blood by rating rave reviews, making matrimony headlines—and crashing front pages by dying her hair! She's still darkly exotic in her latest picture, "The Man I Married"—for which she was loaned to 20th Century-Fox by Walter Wanger, the man she really married.
A sailor, home from the sea—a Hunter with his family! Between scenes of the movie version of Eugene O'Neill's sea drama, "The Long Voyage Home," Ian Hunter relaxes in one of Hollywood's happiest households with his wife and their sons, Robin and Jolyon.
It's play clothes now for both mother and
fifteen-month-old son. Maureen O'Sullivan
wears a beige slacks ensemble, topped by a
red gabardine jacket—and a broad smile.
Baby Michael Damien wears a smile to match
—for, as soon as Mama finished "Pride and
Prejudice" and "Sporting Blood," they flew
to Ottawa to stay with Papa John Villiers
Farrow, the director who left Hollywood to
serve in the Canadian Naval Intelligence.
Entering Ciro's for a gay evening, Marlene Dietrich wears a smartly severe suit of black and white in fashionable stripes.

Last time in public: Hedy Lamarr with Gene Markey greets the crowd at the "Lillian Russell" premiere. She wears a white turtle-neck blouse with gold leather leaves atop an emerald green peg-top skirt. Wrap is of ermine.

J. Stewart's partner is Joan Fontaine in a bright-red silk jersey blouse and white organdy skirt. Jewel accents—pears.

Stunning Kay Francis wears a dinner gown of bright blue with small white flowers printed in the form of stripes. The gown has a low V-neckline and Kay wears a heavy jeweled drop necklace and bracelet. Her dinner partner is Bernard Newman, of the famous Hollywood designers' contingent.

Alluringly feminine is this heart-shaped chapeau of white carnations with black velvet snood. It's lovely Loretta Young's choice for dinner dancing at Ciro's. A white jabot blouse lends romantic charm to her black suit.
Perfect for dancing—with Dan Topping—is Sonja Henie’s white chiffon with its crystal bead trim and petal-edged hemline.

Silver fox coats from bolero to the hip-length jacket are important fashion. Here Barbara Stanwyck attends, with Robert Taylor, the “Waterloo Bridge” preview, wearing a bolero silver fox jacket over an all-black costume. Her hat is of small flowers and velvet with veiling.

Ciro Customer: Rita Hayworth in a black and white silk crepe with pansy-printed skirt. Plain black bodice sports two pansies.

Cool answers to burning fashion questions. Cameraman go-between—Hyman Fink

Arriving at the preview of “Our Town” with Owen Davis Jr. is leading lady Martha Scott, attired in black and white checks with bright-red gloves and scarf. Her perky white sailor is trimmed in black. We congratulate you, Martha!

Hyman Fink catches an over-the-shoulder glimpse of Claire Trevor and husband Clark Andrews at Ciro’s. Claire’s print dress is of aquamarine blue fishes on a black background and her heavily draped black turban worn with gold earrings would make a perfect accessory for any print dress.
TOGETHER

Ten to one you'll find Allan and Irene on their badminton court (and it's not just a "love game" for them, either—they recently won Hollywood's unofficial mixed-doubles championship from a field of 50)! Or you might find them paddling around their pool.
Poolside relaxation after their first co-starring film, "The Boys From Syracuse"

Musical interlude in the living room of their Colonial-type home out in Bel Air

Storybook hour for their two-year-old son, John Allen Jones

Starring Allan Jones and Irene Hervey in filmland's 1940 version of "happy though married"

Allan himself built this practical model of a racing car— with trailer
Cucumber juice (pressed in her own kitchen and brought to the set in a thermos jug) is Ann Sothern's guarantee against four o'clock fatigue. Still other Hollywood cups that cheer range from Carole Lombard's plain hot water to Ann Sheridan's daily quart of milk.

Head of the exercise-for-relaxation group is Fred MacMurray, who does at least 100 strokes a day on this rowing machine, finishing off with a restful and revigorating sun bath.

Ginger Rogers has a two-way plan calling for violent exercise like tennis and badminton when she's doing a screen drama and "gentle exercise like swimming" when she's dancing for musicals. She also alternates carrot and sauerkraut juices as her daily pick-me-up.

Fencing for an hour each morning with brother Alex is Patricia Morison's formula for keeping fit. Walking, however, is the usual activity of most of the stars—though Jimmy Cagney works himself out of the doldrums by going through all his old vaudeville dances.
Feeling tired? Hollywoodians have learned how to work hard—and stay well! Here's the way they do it:

THERE is one comforting thing about the screaming willies: Everybody gets 'em, including the highly paid movie stars! All of us know only too well what it is to wind up a day's work with exhausted bodies and frazzled nerves, the physical penalty for this modern age of superspeed and efficiency. Most of us, therefore, keep a weather eye peeled for new ways of fighting that depressing fatigue and search for simple means to restore our depleted energy and pep. We need an extra lift to help us over the hump to the next day.

No less than you and I, the stars have their own pep ideas and little health tricks. For them it is serious business, for stars do not remain stars if they lack the stamina to stand up under the gruelling grind of making movies and still keep their good looks and figures. Nor do many of them have any use for faddy stunts or nostrums; they have learned from the tragic experiences of others how dangerous a little knowledge can be. Fad diets, exercises and medicines have taken a toll in the film colony, as elsewhere.

Scores of the stars, for instance, have found amazing magic in the everyday foods and drinks they scorned as children, vitamin magic concentrated in simply prepared beverages which cost but a few pennies. Others have discovered certain exercises which help them keep in trim, while still others have developed little tricks of relaxation and massage to insure energy remaining at par.

You'll find a number of these pictured on these pages, most of them easily copied in any walks of life. Not so easy to follow, however, are Loretta Young's practice of staying in bed until noon when she's not working on a picture (though you might try it to advantage on week ends), or Dolores Del Rio's habit of relaxing for several hours in a special "sun pit," a six-foot excavation half filled with sand.

More practical is Irene Dunne's simple formula: Standing whenever possible! She says it not only helps to keep your figure slim but works wonders with the nerves in the spine.
This gay American title for Sacha Guitry's "Bonne Chance" was surely inspired by the happy teaming of Ginger Rogers and Ronald Colman in the RKO version. Not so lucky, however, are the relays of long-suffering writers who've already done three revisions of the original script—which sends a pair of sweepstakes winners on an extramarital honeymoon, to the consternation of censors.
Proving once again that what happens to the stars in private life is still more exciting than all the epics ever immortalized on film

**Tragic Circle**

You'd think that lovely Alice Faye had everything, wouldn't you? Beauty, fame, money, success. But Alice hasn't the one thing she wants most. That's love.

Deep down, Alice is a one-man girl and this means that—for all she has divorced him, for all she says (sometimes too defiantly) that she doesn't even like him, for all that—she is still in love with Tony Martin.

There are friends of hers who know this. There are friends who saw enacted, one night in a New York club, a certain drama as poignant as many a scene of movie make-believe. Alice was at this night club with Sandy Cummings, the attractive, likable young nephew of director Irving Cummings. Tony was there with a beautiful show girl. As it happened, their tables were close to each other, enabling a sort of tragic circle of emotions to move 'round and 'round, engulfing them. You see, Alice couldn't keep her eyes off Tony, try as she would to be nice to young Sandy. Tony, in turn, seemed to ignore her in favor of his own dinner partner. Perversely, the latter elected to make a play for Sandy. But he—and all Hollywood knows this—had long since given his heart to Alice "to tear," as the saying goes. And she did it that night, despite his devotion. Because as we say, she couldn't keep her eyes off Tony... .

**Upsy-Daisy!**

Brian Aherne tells this one on himself. It happened when he was on an Australian dramatic tour years ago and it was—but definitely—not in the script, and unrehearsed. The play was a medieval melodrama. In a tense scene, Brian, the hero, had been paying a clandestine visit to the boudoir of a maiden fair and was about to be discovered. Holding the damsel's honor dearer than his life, he chose to leap off the parapet outside her window to his death.

Well, in rehearsal he made the jump all right and was duly caught in a net hidden backstage. But on the night of the first performance, either the net had been stretched too tight or he jumped with too much enthusiasm. Anyway, the net bounced him back up above the parapet again, in sight of the audience. Brian says that is the only time in his experience when he literally "laid 'em in the aisles."
Dress is formal (Hollywood style) — but the after-dark mood is strictly for fun!

Ciro smiles forecast a Chicago wedding: Sonja Henie (now Mrs. Dan, despite all those denials) and Dan Topping.

Youth dances at Ciro's — the fabulously young and dewy-eyed starlet, Linda Darnell, and her best beau, Frank Swann.

$2,000,000 Hot Potato

The eyes of the movie world are turned with questioning wonder today on a little gray-haired actor in Hollywood called Charles Spencer Chaplin; a genius with a hunk of fortune tied up in a film labeled "Production Number Six" which unmercifully kids Hitler and Mussolini.

Six months ago, Chaplin's burlesque was eagerly awaited by every country except Mr. Hitler's and Mr. Mussolini's. People couldn't wait to laugh. It was all a riotous bowl — and when France and England finished off Herr Nazi, it would be even funnier.

Only it hasn't happened that way. Instead of men to laugh over, the dictators have become figures to contemplate with serious wonder. In view of America's attempted neutrality, certain folk may even consider Chaplin (an Englishman) to be a propagandist.

Meanwhile, Charlie goes on his way, pruning his film and talking of a fall release. Who knows but by that time the tide will have turned and once again the world will be free to laugh?

"Anyway," a certain big producer said recently, "it's the biggest hot potato any little guy ever held in his bare hands. And I'm glad it's Chaplin's problem, not mine."

The Return of the Profile

"Jawn" Barrymore is back in Hollywood once again, stirring the town with his quick wit and hilarious quips. "I'm crazy over this Ratoff," he confides to Cal, over the luncheon table.

"The way we struggle for scenes is like a battle between epilepsy and delirium tremens."

For two years John made history in Chicago and New York with his play, "My Dear Children," creating a stir with his intimate side remarks from the stage.

"All a part of the show," John now reveals. "And do you suppose I could have appeared on any stage intoxicated and faced an audience? All a part of the show," he grins.

So it looks as if a couple of cities had been badly 'tooken in,' as it were. Even that hospital siege in New York was not for alcoholism.

Round-table discussion at Cafe Lamaze: Marriage-minded Dick Greene and Virginia Field turn their attention to British war relief with Reginald Gardner.

Two world-famous faces at "Prince Mike" Romanoff's Red Cross party (at the Clover Club): Marion Davies and liberal lawyer Dudley Field Malone.
as reported, but the removal of an infected tooth and a piece of jaw bone. As if in affirmation of this fact, Mr. Barrymore never, for a moment, unless gestulating, removes his forefinger from the new tooth, so annoying is it to him.

"After ten years' absence from the stage, I felt, when I first stepped out, exactly as if I were losing my pants," he explained.

"Yes," he said, in answer to our question, "I dare say this picture, 'The Great Profile,' has a smattering of biography in it, but I love doing it. Everyone will think I'm playing a character and I can ham to my heart's content."

"Not every actor kids himself so unmercifully as you, Mr. Barrymore," we said.

From the foot of the luncheon table, his wife (Elaine Barrie) remarked, "Perhaps he's the only one who can afford to."

From where we sat, John's wife seems a mighty sensible woman. And useful in emergency, too, for, as John says, if stage and screen should fail him, he can always go back to his balloon ascending act. "Elaine would look wonderful in tights," he explained.

On the Record

MOST music-makers this month have hopped on M-G-M's "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante," resulting in a wide choice of interpretations. Heading the list, Judy Garland sings her two songs from the picture: "Buds Won't Bud" and "I'm Nobody's Baby." The second number was written before Judy was born, but she brings it up to date (Decca 3174). In sizzling, riff-swing fashion, maestro Benny Goodman offers his hot jazz arrangements of these same numbers (Columbia 35472) and Tommy Dorsey records them with mellow trombone, sweet swing and perfect dance tempo (Victor 26699).

"Blue Lovebird" from 20th Century-Fox's "Lillian Russell," is now on its way up to popularity's top, helped along by Guy Lombardo, who sweetens it up in his smooth way and couples it with another best seller: "The Nearest of You" (Decca 3214).

One smart disc manufacturer has taken advantage of a lull in Fred Astaire's movie-making schedule to record the wizardrous foot-man's steps. To get the film fans coming and swing fans going, he has added Benny Goodman and his band to the combination. The first side is "Just Like Taking Candy from a Baby." Fred, in addition to writing the song, sings and tap-dances it. On the reverse, Astaire sings and Goodman toots "Who Cares" (Columbia 35517).

Warner's "All This and Heaven Too" has produced a beautifully pleasant Tins Pan Alley result, known—naturally—as ATAHT." Charlie Barnet, his jumpy, warm saxophone and his orchestra have recorded it in fine style. Its partner is "Where Do You Keep Your Heart" (Bluebird 10751). Though free of all movie affiliations, it is a worthy companion.

There is no one quite so out of this world as slap-happy-voiced Jerry Colonna. There is no way of describing what he does with what normal people call vocal cords. Jerry has been popping up in pictures and stealing scenes with his completely individual type of comedy singing. His is a unique combination—and Columbia 35512 is strictly for the sound track. Colonna "sings" "Who's Yehoodi?" and "Every Day Is Lady's Day With Me."

Mary Martin—once cast out, then coaxed back—seems to have developed into the cinema's leading feminine song-seller. To celebrate, Decca releases an album of Cole Porter songs with Mary doing the singing. Number one in the collection, of course, is "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" (Decca Album 123).
Hollywood is daily becoming more ranch and farm-conscious, with stars' conversations these days as full of the chickens and cattle they expect to raise in the future as it is of the screen roles they're working on now.

Eugene Pallette has an Oregon "hidesaway," little talked of, tucked away in some hidden productive valley.

Last week Clark Gable flew with a friend to Arizona to look over ranches where he and Carole may eventually raise cattle.

Herbert Marshall, too, is a back-to-the-land enthusiast. "We'll raise chickens, Lee and I," he says. "I stayed with some relatives on a farm in England, after my last war injury and I think I know a lot about chicken-raising."

Perhaps the forerunner of all these ideas was John Halliday's.

John long ago settled on a chicken ranch in Hawaii and only on the rarest occasions flies back to Hollywood for pictures. "When my farm needs a new fence or something, I'll go back and work for the money," he says. "Otherwise, I remain right here."

Amateur

Jackie Cooper's most embarrassing moment occurred at the graduation exercises of Beverly Hills High School this year. Jackie, who studied at studio schools, appeared as a "guest graduate" and stood in with the class for its school picture. Now movie-making necessitates, both from the photographer and his subject, a technique different from that used in still photography and Jackie, trained not to stare into a movie camera, only glanced obliquely at the still camera.

Suddenly the cameraman halted and scowlingly called to Jackie:

"Hey you, up there. Haven't you got sense enough to look at a camera?"

The photographer still doesn't know why the class broke up in hysterics.

Recently, Spencer Tracy emerged from a hotel to find dozens of fans crowding the doorway. With only a few moments to get to his next appointment, the actor hesitated.

"Listen," said a publicity man with Tracy, "I happen to know this particular group is made up of professional autograph hounds who really don't care a hoot for your signature. Let's make a break for it."

And they did.

But before the taxi could draw away from the curb, one ruffian put his head in the door and yelled at Spencer.

"I Take This Woman"-phooey."

"And there followed," Spencer howls, "the loudest raspberry in the state of California."

Love Keeps on Happening

The Bob Taplinger-Bette Davis romance has reached the one-gardena-a-day stage. The genial young head of Warners' Publicity Department really seems to be over his ears in love. And Bette, who attended her very first premiere when "All This And Heaven Too" was previewed, has never seemed so radiant.

The Greg Bautzer-Dottie Lamour courtship has all the zip of a firecracker. But here's the amazing twist. "It's reported Lena Turner, who was Greg's one and only until the night of her elopement with Artie Shaw, no longer bows to Dottie when they meet and Margaret Roach (producer Hal's young offspring) who is so fond of Greg, keeps asking everyone if Greg has really fallen for Dottie. Talk about screen glamour boys! This law-practicing (when does he find time for it?) Bautzer has them all lashed to the mast."

In the meantime, Dottie's ex-heart, Robert Preston, is showering attentions on Alice Faye who can't make up her mind whether or no to proceed with her divorce against Tony Martin. Is it any wonder we all wear that slightly dazed look in Hollywood?

Low Embers

There seems to be a slight cooling in the Norma Shearer-George Raft direction due, one hears, to the overfervent interviews Mr. Raft has given out regarding his affections for his lady love.

Hollywood believes unanimously this marriage will never take place.

Helen Parrish, seventeen-year-old starlet, has returned the ring given her by ambitious Forrest Tucker, the young man who flew to New York to get Helen's "yes" while she was on
a personal-appearance tour.

The combined disapproval of Helen's mother and studio (Universal) were too much for Mr. Tucker. 

Hollywood gives ten to one this merger will never happen.

War—and Its Effect on Hollywood

ALONG with its lush foreign grosses, Hollywood, due to the war, is losing its source of a very necessary commodity—human hair. Ninety per cent of the hair used to weave wigs for such pictures as "The Howards of Virginia," "The Sea Hawk" and "New Moon" came from the heads of peasant women of the Balkans and Scandinavian countries. A shipment worth $12,500, due to leave Amsterdam in May of this year, was lost when the Nazis grabbed Holland, according to Hollywood's master wig-maker, Max Factor.

However, a September shipment provided the Max Factor studios (who do practically all the studio hair work) with enough long rare red tresses, soft natural golden blonde and black hair to last for some time to come.

Human hair was more or less sold as a crop by women of the Balkans, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Norway and Sweden.

Throughout these European countries, agents toured the countryside, contracting to buy the beautiful, soft hair of the women, figuring it required a woman seven years to grow a new crop. Prices were regulated by color and length of hair. For example, forty-eight-inch lengths in natural red would be worth fifty dollars an ounce, with prices grading down to black, which came cheaper. Iron-gray hair and natural blonde also ran very high in price. Of course, the natives received very little in comparison to the ultimate consumer who bargained for his hair through the central shipping point of Amsterdam.

"Well, how about patronizing the home market, Mr. Factor?" we asked Hollywood's genius of wigavery.

"Women in the United States," he said, "reading of the possible future shortage in human hair, have tried time and again to sell their hair commercially, but, unfortunately, it is rarely any good. The beauty treatments given to hair tend to destroy its softness after a year or so. Besides, it almost never comes in the lengths, 24", 26" and 48", necessary for commercial use.

"We are investigating the South American market, however," he concluded.

Mr. Factor states all the ingredients used for good screen make-up are obtainable domestically, so women needn't worry over their lipstick supply.

"But perfume," says Mr. Factor, "that is a different story. France has been our chief exporter and look what's happened to France. This is one luxury trade that is due for a terrible tumble, I'm afraid."

So, ladies, it might be well to urge that beau into more perfume gifts before it's too late.

Flyn, You Rascal, You!

IN Hollywood, Cal has for a neighbor the quietest, meekest little old lady imaginable. Her life is one of quiet routine and habit, rose-tending and housekeeping.

Or it was until that heart wicker, Errol Flynn, entered her life. It was a life of peaceful contemplation indeed, until that Flynn—!!

"The bell rang just the same as it always rings," she explained The Great Event to us.

"There was no difference in the sound at all. Nothing to warn me. So I went to the door and mind, with my apron on, too, and there stood a tall, young man who said with a sort of accent, "Pardon me, but I'm looking for Don Alvarado. His address is such and such, only I can't seem to locate it."

"So I told him it was just across the street and then suddenly it dawned on me. It so overcame me, I spoke right up."

"Aren't you Errol Flynn?"

"And do you know what?" He winked at me. Errol Flynn smiled and winked at me.

"I read all about what those South American fans did. Tearing that nice young man to pieces and all and I thought to myself, 'You foreigners think that's something, but he winked at me.'"

Last week from our window we glimpsed our neighbor and batted our eyes three times in succession. She was wearing a pinestone among her roses and smiling softly to herself.

That Flynn! If he doesn't get 'em, young and old!

What Price Hollywood Kiss

Question: What is the price of a Hollywood kiss?

Answer: At a recent Red Cross auction, Miss Dietrich received a bid of $1,025 for one kiss. Mr. Bill Palmer of New York, on his first visit to Hollywood, was the bidder—urged on by his wife—and, needless to say, he got his kiss.

Sub-answer: "I'll pay $50 just for the thought of kissing Miss Dietrich," remarked author Erich Remarque. And he paid it right on the line.

Brother, that's tall thinking, Cal states.

Matrimonial Scoreboard

CREDIT: Surprise wedding of Sonja Henie and Dan Topping, millionaire sportsman. Place—Chicago. The bride gave her age as 27, one year younger than the bridegroom, who was once married to Arline Judge.

Debit: Sudden ending of the Hedy Lamarr—Gene Markey marriage in separation, with both of them reported talking it over with their lawyers. Reason—"incompatibility."

Credit: Elofement of Carole Landis and her best beau, Willis Hunt Jr., Los Angeles broker. Place—Las Vegas.

Debit: The not-unexpected breakup of the Lana Turner—Artie Shaw marriage. Lana sailed for Hawaii to get away from it all, right after filing suit for divorce.

Credit: Birth of a son to happily married Gilbert and Janet Gaynor Adrian. Weight—seven pounds. Name—Robbin Gaynor Adrian.

Debit: Expected call to the colors of young British actor Richard Greene, which leaves his plans to marry Virginia Field very much up in the air. Virginia, also English, may sail home to engage in war work, too.

Look Deceiving

HEDY LAMARR cut quite a swath the other day when she arrived for lunch in the M-G-M commissary wearing a perfectly gorgeous raspberry-red sports coat.

Hedy accepted all compliments deprecatingly, as always, with a merry twinkle in her gray-green-blue eyes.

Afterward, we learned why the twinkle. "Ach," she said, "these compliments are the great joke! This beautiful red coat—it is only my old natural-color camel's hair, sans the belt, and dyed. Price $7.50!"

Moral: Glamour can be practical!
ABOUT the time he married Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond left the screen and has been away from it ever since. Now he's back, which is about the most noteworthy feature of this frothy farce—that and the fact that Wendy Barrie (feminine heart interest) does a very sprightly scene in some very elegant undies. Gene is a young doctor en route in his car (complete with trailer) to California. Wendy, a madcap debutante who was to be married but ran away instead—in the above-mentioned undies and Gene's trailer. Gene doesn't like all this but ultimately succumbs to Wendy's charm. Fashion note: If the season isn't too advanced when you see it, you ladies may want to copy the frock with which Wendy finally covers up the undies.

MANY incidents have been telescoped into a few delightful scenes, minor characters have been dropped, lengthy letters have been expanded into dialogue, but the original spirit of Jane Austen's beloved novel of feminine foibles has been kept charmingly intact. The role of the arrogant and elegant Mr. Darcy does not give Laurence Olivier much chance to do anything but look romantically forbidding, which he does exceedingly well. That of the witty, high-spirited Elizabeth Bennet might have been created just for Greer Garson and her performance is one of shining perfection. Elizabeth is one of five daughters and the problem of marrying them off is a tragicomic one to the Bennets, who will be penniless after Papa's death. The fact that three of the girls are every bit as vain and cheap and silly as their mother (Mary Boland) isn't helpful. It almost wrecks the two main romances, that of sister Jane (Maureen O'Sullivan) and Mr. Bingley (Bruce Lester) and of Elizabeth and Darcy. Darcy's pride won't let him overlook the family's obvious imperfections and Elizabeth's prejudice against this "conceit" is hard to overcome. That's about all the plot there is. Most of the acting and direction borders on caricature—which is, however, just what Miss Austen intended in her comedy of manners. Her avid readers will love this miraculously faithful transcription of quiet life and genteel laughter in early 1800 England. Modern audiences will probably find it rather too quaint and much too long-winded for current movie tastes.

Laughter and tears are mixed up in this dramatization of the beloved old English classic, plus the thrill that goes with seeing characters in a book come alive before your eyes. Of course, you may have cherished a preconceived portrait of Tom, but it can't be far ahead from the homely, honest, lovable personality of young Jimmy Lydon, RKO's new find. Perhaps you may have envisioned a different Dr. Arnold or East or Flashman than Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Freddie Bartholomew or Billy Halop, respectively. But after five minutes you'll forget your own imaginings, their performances are that real and moving. If you remember, the story told is of Rugby, the famous English boys' school, in the latter part of the eighteenth century and Dr. Arnold's struggle, as its headmaster, to make its boys into "honest, God-fearing English gentlemen." Tom is a good boy and a good influence on the school. But he is not a sissy. He plays pranks and fights and gets into trouble like any boy of his age; you go right along with him, glorying in his triumphs, suffering in his defeats. Freddie Bartholomew is the perfect East—a little feppish, a little arrogant, a little selfish, but a good guy just the same. Billy Halop is the school bully and a tough one. Josephine Hutchinson is a gracious, tender Mrs. Arnold. This is not a sophisticated picture, but if you appreciate honesty, if you revere tradition, if you admire the simple, wholesome aspects of human conduct, then go to see it. We predict you'll be glad you did!
THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Tom Brown's School Days
The Mortal Storm
New Moon
The Sea Hawk
They Drive By Night
Maryland
My Love Came Back
I Want A Divorce
Pride And Prejudice

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Jimmy Lydon in "Tom Brown's School Days"
James Stewart in "The Mortal Storm"
Frank Morgan in "The Mortal Storm"
Margaret Sullivan in "The Mortal Storm"
Errol Flynn in "The Sea Hawk"
Flora Robson in "The Sea Hawk"
Ida Lupino in "They Drive By Night"
Ben Carter in "Maryland"
Charles Winninger in "My Love Came Back"
Ralph Richardson in "The Fugitive"
Greer Garson in "Pride And Prejudice"

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Margaret Sullivan in "The Mortal Storm"
Errol Flynn in "The Sea Hawk"
Flora Robson in "The Sea Hawk"
Ida Lupino in "They Drive By Night"
Ben Carter in "Maryland"
Charles Winninger in "My Love Came Back"
Ralph Richardson in "The Fugitive"
Greer Garson in "Pride And Prejudice"

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Tom Brown's School Days
The Mortal Storm
New Moon
The Sea Hawk
They Drive By Night
Maryland
My Love Came Back
I Want A Divorce
Pride And Prejudice

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The scene we catch is Deanna climbing up a hill, singing with that glorious lift that only she possesses and dragging her goat behind her. Deanna's wish is to have the goat follow her with all the meekness of the lamb that followed Mary, but the goat is an individualist and stubborn.

Between takes we get a chance to talk to Deanna. She is dressed in a peasant costume of green wool embroidered with gold and red and distended by dozens of ribbon-laced white muslin petticoats. Over her hair and shading her glowing face she has tied a peasant handkerchief and her sturdy feet and legs are bare.

We are very keen for this highly poised young woman—and never more so than on this summer day when she sits chatting between takes and tells us how she loves clothes and shoes. She likes simple clothes best and small close hats and she is a real goof about shoes—can't resist a new pair.

The second big Universal picture of the month is "When the Daltons Rode," an extremely super de luxe Western concerning a gang of bad boys, similar to the James boys whom Twentieth Century dotes on. The Universal epic is headed by Randolph Scott and Kay Francis, with such beauties as Brian Donlevy, George Bancroft, Andy Devine, Brod Crawford, Stu Erwin, Frankie Albertson and such scattered throughout and, bless Pat, if the whole mob of them isn't on the set when we enter.

There's a lot of rushing about to make the scene, with Kay Francis getting plenty pushed around in the crowd that gathers around Randy, who is stepping down from a horse and buggy. But it is all very good-natured and from the way those big strong men beam at Kay and she beams back, it is apparent how popular she is with them. The svelte Francis will sport no clothes worth talking about in this one, the
Happiness need not be born—it can be made

— for here’s how Hollywood manufactures it

BY BARBARA

picture being in the shirtwaist and skirt period, but her hairdress strikes us as quaintly old-fashioned enough to be new-fashioned, it being very neatly pulled back, unparted, straight over the crown of her head, leaving her pretty ears exposed. On her lovely white forhead Kay wears short, softly curled bangs and the ends of her hair are drawn back at the nape of her neck and hidden beneath a flat, small black bow. It’s really effective and any girl with a longish bob could adapt it.

Nothing can keep the booming Warners from booming. This month they have four big pictures shooting, “The Man From Fleet Street,” starring Edward G. Robinson; “The Letter,” starring Warners’ own Bernhardt, Bette Davis; “No Time For Comedy” and “City For Conquest” highlighted by Jimmy Cagney and Ann Sheridan, that nice girl who always greets all other women with the salutation, “Hello, pretty face.”

We find nothing on the “Man From Fleet Street” set save some pigeons and Eddie Albert, who is much better looking off screen than on—quite a glamorous boy, in fact, what with his flashing teeth and alert, intelligent blue eyes—and on “City For Conquest” (meaning New York) we discover only Jimmy Cagney, busily engaged in sneaking upstairs in a tenement, under the direction of Anatole Litvak. We merely stop to say “hello” to Jimmy, who says this is the best New York story he’s ever read, it being chiefly concerned with two shum kids, a boy who becomes a prize fighter (that’s Jimmy) and a girl who becomes a dancer (that’s Annie) and what happens to them.

We decide to concentrate on Miss Davis and “The Letter” and arrive there—somewhere in the South Seas—just two split seconds after Bette has finished pumping her lover (David Newell) full of lead. This is, in fact, the very first scene of the picture and tough luck on Mr. Newell, who is a handsome boy. All the rest of the picture is cut out of this act of Bette’s. (You know how people are about murder.) Herbert her good and unsuspecting husband. Bette tells us that even though the first day’s shooting (of both the picture) she is so intense worn out. We must say she does not need it. “No Time For Comedy,” over on the stage, is distinctly our kind of a funny, romantic, smartly dressed agreeable people. Being shot-full of a brace of them all present, Genevieve (Jenny, to her friend lanky Jimmy Stewart and fussias Eagles. Jimmy is Roz’ husband and Eagles is Jenny’s husband. The com that Jenny is busy umpiring Jim playwright, away from Roz, who is She is doing it by the old, old “being his inspiration” and Jimmy it hook, line and top hat until 12 pitching.

In between takes, Roz and Gene over and sit beside us, so that, get a close-up of their dresses and like to know what two mortal end when they go to dinner with each

“The Great Profile” title role is John Barrymore’s, of course, with Mary Beth Hughes as one of the gals.

Over on the “Victory” set, Freddie March’s tall tales have Betty Field’s big eyes getting bigger every minute.
Who are the real pulse-accelerators out of all the Hollywood glamour girls off screen? Rate 'em and weep—for the only list more startling is the list of those who aren't!

take a bow for her top-ranking with visiting firemen. It's impossible an American Legionnaire, a film Elk, a banker, or any other man to leave the M-G-M lot without
Hollywood's femmes fatales, we mention first to Vivien Leigh. If you Hollywood this wouldn't be necessary, tell aware of her—with reason!
if there'd be no limit to Vivien's then—a little less enthralled by herurence Olivier—she becomes aware even walk the earth, too. For those managed to impress themselves on anxiousness, usually through work,
always something more you want to Vivien," one man told us, "She too much. She doesn't even talk 'Gone With the Wind.' And I you how some of our local belles a triumph half the size of that one conversation—even though you were incessant on Hindustan.
if fact," he went on, "plenty of girls close out on a lot of fun for no real that they talk too much. They're eyes. They wear smart clothes, teeth dancers. They know what's can't be at ease around them, your head isn't men don't know what they like... it pretty unnecessary to announce Lombard's right up there with the girls who have a way. Didn't she marry Clark Rhett Butler Gable, who could have had practically any girl? And didn't he pay a handsome price for his freedom, Ladies and Gentlemen, so this could be?
Vivien, Clark prefers men as much as they like her—which always helps. She's happiest when a crow of men drop over to the ranch for the evening or when she's off with Clark and his friends on a rough and tough hunt or fishing expedition.
Which proves that Carole stands on her own feet and doesn't cling. It wouldn't be in the Gable make-up to have a woman around, irrespective of how much he might think of her, if she groused about the weight of her gun, even if it was heavy... screamed when she landed a trout, even if it was a beauty... or grew pale when she picked up a quail, even if its feathers were red.
An old pal of Clark's declares—whether Clark is or isn't around—that he'd die for Carole, that there's never been anyone like her. "You might say," he says, "that she talks more and louder than a woman should. (Talk rears its noisy head again!) But it's all right when she does, because she doesn't talk about herself and she doesn't talk in one vein! She remembers who played right tackle on the U.S.C.L.A. team in 1937. And she can tell you exactly how the new station wagons that go over the side of a hill like tanks operate.
"She's like a Scotch and soda after a hard day. She relaxes you. And she stimulates you. She reminds you there's fun in the world even
(Continued on page 85)
I NEVER NEGLECT MY DAILY
ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL
WITH LUX SOAP

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WALTER WANGER STAR

Lux Soap helps
skin stay smooth,
attractive. First
pat its active
lather into
your skin

Rinse with warm
water. Then
you finish with
a dash of cool

Try this
gentle Lux Toilet Soap
beauty care for 30 days!

Hollywood's lovely screen stars
have to be sure about their com-
plexions. They tell you Lux Toilet Soap's
active lather does the trick—gives
gentle, thorough care. Try active-
lather facials regularly for 30
days. See if Hollywood's beauty soap
doesn't work for you—help you keep
skin smooth and soft—attractive.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
"Is Grit in your Face Powder stealing your Beauty?"

asks Lady Esther

W hat doth it profit a girl to select with the utmost of care the exact shade of powdered suit to her skin, if that powdered contains grit?

What doth it profit her to apply that powder with care if, because of grit, she finds to her dismay that her skin has taken on a "flaky" or "grainy" or "powdery" look?—that she has acquired a coarseness that makes her seem older?

Yet, amazing to relate, many of the most famous powders do contain grit, says Lady Esther. Impartial tests reveal grit in powder costing 50c, $1.00, $2.00...yes, and even $3.00.

But how about you, judge? Make my famous "Bit Test." Take a pinch of your present powder between your teeth, then grind slowly. Don't be surprised if your teeth find grit!

But they'll find no grit whatever in Lady Esther Face Powder...one great reason why your powder clings 4 hours. Put it on after dinner, say at 8...and when you look in your mirror at midnight, it will still be flattering your skin!

Wear your grit-free powder...in your most becoming shade! Mail me the coupon and I will send you all ten of my lovely shades. Try each one on your own skin—and find the one shade that's luckiest for you!

PLEASE ACCEPT MY
10 shades free!

(Lady Esther, 7218 West 56th 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
ADDRESS

The heroine of "A Garland for Judy" at a Coconut Grove dinner with the chap she's keen about working with—Mickey Rooney.

A Garland for Judy

(Continued from page 33)

He called her in and asked her to do a number. She was very willing but didn't see how she could do it since Mother was out in the car and couldn't play for her.

"Maybe I'll do," offered the composer. "Maybe you can sing a number I know."

"My favorite is "Dinah,"" said Judy. "Would that be all right?"

"Quite all right," said the man at the piano, and the accompaniment he gave her was supercoolossal!

Though Judy didn't know it until weeks later, he was Mr. Harry Axt. "Dinah" his own hit song.

The agent went along with Judy to speak to her mother; wanted to know why a little singer like this wasn't in pictures.

"I've never thought she was pretty enough," said Judy's mother frankly.

"Well you can't tell," remarked the agent. "Better come in and see me in Los Angeles tomorrow."

But the Garlands didn't go. Somehow they hadn't too much confidence in agents.

Three days later Mrs. Gummi, returning home late in the afternoon from shopping, found Judy in rumpled gray slacks, a dirt-smudged face, a gingham shirt with the tail outside, in which make-up she was energetically raking the lawn.

Her mother asked about supper...had there been any phone calls...and how was Daddy feeling?

"He's feeling pretty happy," grinned Judy. "He took me out to M-G-M today."

The agent came after us. "You didn't go looking like this!" interrupted Mrs. Gummi.

"Yes, Mother," said Judy, "and I got a contract for seven years."

(Then only contract ever given on the M-G-M lot with neither screen nor sound test.)

That was October. In November Frank Gumm died, taking with him the joy of remembering that he and his little namesake had together taken the first step toward what was certain to be a real career.

AN M-G-M contract. But even now, success was a weary day away. There were months of waiting, of doubt and concern. After a long while she was given a small picture role. Then a part of little importance. But the sincerity, the genius of her work were unimpeachable. And at last "The Wizard of Oz," one of the most expensive Hollywood pictures ever made, was bought and planned as a vehicle in which to present her as a star!

Judy Garland had arrived!

She works harder than most eighteen-year-olds; has to go to bed early to be fresh for work and on the lot for makeup at six a.m., but Judy is so happy she can't believe it. She is keen about working with Mickey Rooney. They know each other so well, she explains, that each of them always knows exactly what the other is going to do.

"Last year was wonderful," she said. "This one will be even better because I'm older. It's grand to be getting older," she said with real feeling.

The family is still together...or very near together. Judy, married to Band-leader Bob Sherwood is his singer, and the mother of two-year-old Judith Gail. Suzanne, turning out to be the domestic member of the family, designs the family clothes, sews, gardens, knits...and loves it. The trio of sisters is still devoted and still quite likely to go into a song and dance when you least expect it.

But best of all Judy, now deluged with success, still finds her thrills in just simple, pleasant things. As we visited, the maid brought long tall glasses of orange juice with bright napkins and straws. There is plenty of orange juice in California. Judy is constantly showered with attentions. But this little unsolicited thoughtfulness brought spontaneous appreciation into her eyes.

"Oh boy," she said, "Thanka, Leola." It was nearly four. She had a radio rehearsal for thirty-four. Presently she excused herself, planted a green beret on her auburn hair, and bade us good-by.

"Mama," she said, "could I have some more..."

"Take two dollars out of my purse," her mother said. "That will be all you'll need the rest of the week."

"Okay, Mom," said the third little Gummi girl, planting a kiss on her mother's chin.

Standing down 1940 she is definitely a star. It has cost her work, hope, discouragement, effort and determination. It isn't easy to keep on trying to convince the world you have talent when nobody really cares whether you have or not. And then, if you break the barrier...if, at sixteen, you know the thrill of your name in lights the world around, at seventeen your arrival in New York brings out police to referee your fans, at eighteen your days are a succession of photographs, interviews and press raves...it takes plenty of balance not to feel called upon to change the angle of your nose or the height of your voice.

And so for Judy who stuck to the ship till the tide came in, worked hard enough to tack under her arm an Academy award for last year's best juvenile performance, and with it all is still just a natural likeable kid...for the third time! A star of Minne-haha and Hollywood, we recommend, but definitely, orchids.
Insure Your Wardrobe

(Continued from page 25)

principles of putting one on. They pull the brim at the sides or off-center. To save the shape of the crown and to prevent pulling of the brim, every hat should be grounded front and back, directly center, and pulled gently onto the head.

Shoes should always be brushed or shined before being returned to a closet. If incidentally, if shoe trees are not available (or if it seems to be putting a particular pair out of shape), tissue paper stuffed in the toes will also serve the purpose.

My guidance said: "Keep circular skirts, jersey dresses, or beaded garments in drawers between tissues instead of on hangers. This prevents their getting out of shape. For instance, Myrna Loy's jersey dress noted in "I Love You Again" had to have the hemline evened after each cleaning, even though the precaution of keeping it in a drawer was observed."

EVEN woman's wardrobe should be gone through systematically at least twice monthly and each garment examined for such items as missing buttons, split seams, a hemline that needs raising or lowering. Shoes should be checked, particularly as to heel.

Every dress should be provided with slip tabs in the shoulders. They keep the shoulder straps of undergarments from slipping and thus prevent strain and wear and tear.

While we're on the subject of street and evening clothes, here are some more studio wardrobe secrets:

Use velvet pads to rub off lint on velvets dresses or any dark dress . . . .

The wrinkles in chiffon and velvet may be removed simply and at home by hanging the gown over the bathtub and running steaming water . . . .

For fragile dresses of mousseline de soie or organza that go limp, resuscitation can be effected through a sugar and water solution, after which the frocks should be hung in the sun. Back when they come, fresh and crisp. Tulle and net can be refreshed in this same way.

Here's the procedure: Add four tablespoonfuls of sugar to one pint of water, and spray the mixture over the gown, either with a perfume atomizer or a fly spray (the latter, of course, to be used only for this purpose). Press with a warm iron while damp.

Sweaters should never be hung on hangers, but folded in tissue and kept in drawers. Woolen sweaters may be washed in warm soda water, rinsed thoroughly and placed on a dish towel to dry. They should be stretched while still wet to the proper proportion in shoulder span, sleeve length and all measurements.

Every woman should wear a properly fitted girdle when trying on a gown. No studio designer will fit a star with a garment unless she is so prepared.

Sachet bags are a much neglected necessity and should be placed among handkerchiefs and lingerie for the sense of cleanliness and pleasure they provide.

For longer life and greater cleanliness, handkerchiefs (when not colored) should be hanged in a sunny place, but the soap should be mild.

In the matter of lingerie, all silk and satin underwear should be washed in warm water, made sudsy with mild soap, but the bar of soap should never be used directly on the material. The pieces should be rubbed very gently in the soapy water, rinsed thoroughly—first in warm water, then in cold—and hung indoors to dry. They never should be hung in the sun.

Stockings are always a problem, but the surest way to avoid snags and subsequent runs is to take them off inside out. They should be put on the same way, starting with the toe and easing the stockings gently up the leg, which allows for straight seams and does away with the dangerous, quick pulling that ruins many a pair. Incidentally, many a woman is unconsciously wearing stockings a half-size too small for her, which naturally means quick wear in the foot and the danger of earlier runs in the leg.

Hose should be laundered after each wearing, which promotes longer life, as well as necessary cleanliness. They should not be washed with soap, but rinsed thoroughly three or four times in warm water, and then in cold. Too, they, too, should be hung indoors to dry.

As to the matter of bureau drawers, orderliness is again a factor in fossil-stalling wear and tear. Let there be separate compartments for each item of apparel and the result will be longer life for each.

Bathing suits come in for their share of attention, too. No suit—after being in either salt water or a pool—should be left to dry without a thorough rinsing, preferably in warm water first, followed by cold.

The suits have another trick which is more than intriguing. You and I have wondered how stars appear in scenes with sat-in-smooth dresses and never a wrinkle to show, although we realize they must have had these dresses on for hours under hot stage lights. The secret is this: The wardrobe boxes have a miniature ironing board which slides easily up under the front or back of the dress. By using a piece of muslin (to prevent resultant shine) and a steam iron, the annoying wrinkles are made to disappear in the twinkling of an eye.

A little miniature board should do the same for you when you have that new frock on for an important date, only to discover before you are out of the house that you have wrinkled it in sitting. One's roommate or mother can always negotiate the back; the front is a cinch for you to do alone without having to remove the dress.

It goes without saying that every bit of closet space should be kept meticulously free of dust. Floor, walls and ceiling should be systematically cleaned. In line with this premise, don't keep old, worn-out garments, through a mistaken sense of economy or sentiment, in wardrobes with your good, up-to-the-minute clothes. They are dust gatherers, moth-attractors and a general nuisance.

Take a hint from the studio wardrobes which, with their thousands of dresses, coats and suits to lack even weed them out day by day and send them to the "character wardrobe," where they are remade to be used in costume pictures or by extras. After a minimum length of service there, they are turned forth to meet a new life with some charitable organization.

Actually, of course, if a frock isn't worth remaking and dyeing, it isn't even worth keeping in the closet.

Conversely, if it is worth saving—and if your newest ensemble was worth buying—they deserve the best care you can give them.

So—why not insure them the Hollywood way?
A Want A Divorce

(Continued from page 29)

looked flushed and angry.

"David," she said. "He got sore. You'd think I'd know. Men! They're—they're savages, at heart.

Moonlight lay golden on the water where they rounded Whistlewind. Wanda sat white-faced and still. Suddenly she turned and hid her face on Mac's shoulder. She was crying.

Jerry stared at the moonlight. His heart felt tense and tense and right. Marriage was an awful gamble. You took your life in your hands. But what if you do when you are in love? You could stay away from it, use your head. I won't go fishing with him, she thought. I won't see him again. I won't let myself get all messed up with love and marriage and divorce.

Over Wanda's bent head, Mac said, "How's for Friday—that's a good day for fish."

"I'm not going fishing," Jerry said crossly.

"You said you would."

"Well, and it I'm too busy. I haven't time to go traipsing around on fishing boats with people."

"Hey, we don't know what you to. You will go fishing."

"I won't," Jerry said furiously.

So on Friday she went fishing. Jerry was together and left after it was cooked, but she sat, wrapped in her oldest coat, between Mac and Jeff at the back of the old boat and was happier than she had ever been in her whole life.

Conversation was spasmodic and desultory. Jeff said, "Fish are restful. You can trust a fish. Women—you can't trust women.

"You can too," Jerry said.

"Not any you'd bother to marry," Jeff said. "I wish I knew a good lawyer. My wife wants that divorce, but I don't trust lawyers. You think you got a simple little spending ticket and the first thing you know they're putting the black cap on you."

"I let it be factual to say, "Mac's going to be a lawyer."

"You know about divorces?" Jeff asked. "We got them both.

I told her, 'I'll wait until I get me a lawyer I can trust to leave me one pair of shoes to walk home in and not pull up my pant legs. Not until then."

"I'm not going to take divorce cases, Mac said. "I wouldn't be a divorce lawyer for anything. Besides, I've got to pass my bar exams first and if you think that's a pipe, you're crazy."

"I let it help you said."

"Why don't you bring your books up some night and we'll study—I can cue you. I majored in English Lit and I'm not so bad.

"You got something there," Mac said.

He liked her. She knew that. But a home was something like a shoe. A pair of good shoes.

"Try as she would she couldn't seem to be glamorous. Something always went wrong."

Fishing wasn't glamorous, with your nose getting sunburned and your hair getting oily and when it got rough, a little green around-the-ghosts tinged your complexion—and what did you end up with, a big smelly fish.

Nor, as it turned out, could glamour be achieved when helping Mac get ready for the exams. What he thought it might be. A sort of lady with a lamp, inspiration, and Madame Remarque touch. Pat otherwis won't.

The first night Mac came she put on her best negligee and arranged the lights behind her ears and turned the radio on to Guy Lombardo.

"My grandmother Mac came in, loaded with law books, and enormous noteboocks and a brief case full of loose papers, he promptly turned up the lights and turned off the radio. The negligee excape him. He was a different young man from the gay companion of boats. He said he wouldn't pass until I'll have to give it up for good and maybe I can get me a job driving a taxi or dealing blackjack. I've got to pass.

Jerry said, "You will."

They went in the hot and heavy. She cued him and checked him on his lists—they had long words that weren't familiar but she concentrated and, of course, when she concentrated she showed her back and forgot about being like Wanda.

It was something that Wanda said, something about wasting her time on people. Legal student he went. What he postulate the next day out to the country to see Grandma B. She didn't exactly know why, but she thought it would make her feel better in the long run. Grandma was on the porch in the rocking chair. "Your Grandma's down in Florida," he told her. She was happier than she had ever been in her whole life.

The tension in Jerry's body began to lessen as she moved, the hot sun on her body, the smell of wet earth in her nostrils. It was easier to talk than she had dreamed it could be.

"Do you know you know Grandpa before you were married to him?"

"They was going to be married," Grandpa B. gave her a shrud look from her rakish sunbonnet. "Knew him most all my life," she said. "Was raised up together, you might say. But, she smiled grimly, "and I admit him much, if that's what you mean, un- till just before he asked me."

"I've met a man—" said Jerry, and stopped, her throat feeling hot and dry. "It's about time," said Grandma B. "Myself, I'm all for young marriages, younger the best, once you're fully-grown. A sapling'll bend a lot easier than a tree and there's a heap of bend- ing to do in marriage."

"—He's—pretty swell," Jerry said, but —I don't think he cares anything about you. He hasn't any money, either, and he hasn't passed his bar exams yet and —he used to be in love with Wanda."

"Wanda?"

"You're a—wuth a dozen of her, Jerry. She was a nice girl and she's all right for looks, like her ma. But she's a lightweight. Maybe he was just infatuated with her. But you marry a man and you'll find him a lot and could get him even if you knew you were second choice?

Jerry asked.

Grandma chuckled. "Second choice is better'n no choice, my girl," she said. "Girl might be second choice to start with and finish up being first. Your

grandpa, when he used to race trotting horses, always said what happened in the stretch counted most and they pay off on the finish line."

It was then that they were interrupted. It was Mac, deishewed and hot, dusty and distraught. He hadn't shaved and his hair was stranger to a comb. His collar was wiled. His eyes were, actually, wild.

He shouted, "What you go off like that for and not tell me where you were going?" Fine thing. I got lost—in this heat."

Jerry said, "This is my grandma, Mac, and Mac shook hands with Grandma without looking at her. She regarded him sternly, her old eyes keen, peeling off the outside things which she knew didn't matter.

Mac said, "Here it is with the bar exams tomorrow and you—you go off and just when I need you most. I never heard of such an un—uncheristic woman in my whole life."

Grandma laid down the shovel. "I'll go on up to the house," she said. "Grandpa's probably needing something or other by now. I'll be pleased to have you stay for supper, young man."

Mac said, "Thank you," absently, and then, as she vanished, "Jerry—it's a wonder you can't remember one I tried today and I can't remember one thing. I can't even remember the Code. It's all gone. Seven years work- ing like a slave—going without anything—truly trying a fool the whole time—and now the come and—I'm sunk."

"You're not either," said Jerry. "You're nuts. Everybody feels like that before examinations. I always thought I was going to tie myself down."

"But I can't remember anything," Mac said wildly. "How can you answer any questions when you don't remem- ber one single thing?"

"You'll remember when you get in there. Jerry said, "It's like stage fright."

"No," said Mac, "I won't. I thought I'd sail through. I won't. I'll flunk the whole silly business and make a jackass out of myself and then I can't be a lawyer and there aren't any jobs and how the devil can we get married if I don't pass the bar exams?"

He put her hand against a tree trunk and kissed her again. Here said was again, in rubber boots and overalls and with mud smudges on her face, and —he had proposed to her. "What did you say?" she said.

Mac glared at her. "You don't seem to care," he said. "I never would have thought it was no concern of yours—you act as heartless as a stone image. Here you look at me absently and my memory's gone and I don't know tarts from contracts and there you stood, cool as a cucumber..."

I'm not the kind of a wife you want, Jerry said. "I'm not a bit like your idea—just me—I'm not very good-looking—"

"You're going to start telling me what kind of a wife I want," Mac said. "I want you—oh, Jerry, don't. I can't stand it. I need you so much—"

She put her face up then for his kiss.

Perhaps it was the memory of that kiss that gave Jerry the courage to face Wanda's image. (Continued on page 78)
If Your Skin Looks Dull, Lifeless...

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Have you searched for a powder that would really add a touch of glamour to the beauty of your skin? Then try this famous face powder created by Max Factor Hollywood and see if your skin doesn't look lovelier.

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Max Factor, Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, Cal...
The wedding was simple. It was all over very quickly, it seemed to Jerry, who was radiant happily—until she saw Jeff, who wanted a divorce, and at Wanda, who had one. "Could that ever happen to us?" she wondered.

The first year was like so many other first years. There was in it a trepidation, deep happiness, afe with the faith of youth. There was in it all the excitement of facing life together. Nothing mattered very much, really, because they were so much, so very much in love. Made everything tolerable and loving everything day and night, every act and thought.

They had a very tiny apartment and they had wedding presents enough to furnish it and Jerry had her treasures, which Wanda had given her. Not a very big one, but a very, very one.

As they moved in, they thought of where to buy their second-hand furniture. One old breakfast and a little, simple, a little, nervous, in those days. When she kissed her good-bye by hed say, "Hope I do all right by the clients today—If there are any clients." The feeling of responsibility rested heavily upon his young shoulders. Suppose he made a mistake? Suppose he made a mistake and it cost him his client's life or his liberty or his property. Of course, as yet the cases were pretty small ones. Mostly Brandon had him filing briefs and running errands. It was, in some ways, a bit of a letdown after the drama of the bar exams. But every morning, during that short time, a very, very young woman, staying to do the activities of college life. A hard worker. Now she was married and her whole interest was this new, new all day long.

She decided to learn a lot about cooking. But epicurean dishes were set to her recipes. With the help of the new book, she will, you couldn't spend more than an hour and a half getting a meal ready.

There were the shops, but she had never been a shopper and it wasn't very long before she found she didn't have any money to spend.

Reading saved her life, but you couldn't read all the time.

She roamed around the small and was a little amazed at what Grandma had done. The house was a gang there, too. Sometimes Jerry went in after the afternoon to play bridge, but she always felt a little guilty about it. She might find something worth while to do with her time. Her bridge wasn't so good as the other women's and she didn't learn to turn her bride better. It was just hard, she guess, to get settled down.

She decided to go court when Mac was helping Brandon on a case, but somehow he didn't seem to want her at court either.

"I'm just getting started," he said.

You wait until I'm up in the big league and can come sit in the front row and get your picture taken as the snappily wife of the brilliant counsel for the defense.

So she didn't go. That's why she didn't know how pitifully small his opportunities had been for more years than she could remember. The startling and utterly unforeseen change in their lives which that day brought was so much, so much, so very much, the very foundations of their marriage!

Only a great love could withstand the shock in store for the young MacNallys! Is their love strong enough—or will Jerry's marriage go the way of Wanda's? Follow this absorbing story of modern marital and moral changes in October PHOTOPLAY!
Lovely, expressive, provocative—every motion of your hands, their creamy loveliness accentuated by the flame-red, exciting brilliance of Dura-Gloss, the new, the different nail polish created specially to make your fingernails the most beautiful fingernails in the world! Dura-Gloss has swept America, has risen to unbelievable heights of popularity—yes, especially among women who willingly spent a dollar for nail polish before! Yet Dura-Gloss awaits you now, in twenty fashion-approved colors at every cosmetic counter, and costs only that tiniest silver coin—a dime! For the sake of new loveliness for your fingernails—change to Dura-Gloss, before sun sets today!

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Pink Lady

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Boos and Bouquets
(Continued from page 4)

"Vigil in the Night," which is as far from screwball as Maine from California, and her acting was superb. Many people have criticized Carole for changing from comedy to more dramatic acting.

Yet it must be remembered that the finest of actresses shun glamour. I, for one, would like to see Carole kick up her heels again and act as only Carole can—Carole who can be screwy, laugh harder and shriek louder than anyone in Hollywood.

But I don't want to see her give up dramatic acting. Such magnificent versatility is a gift to be treasured and not enough praise can be heaped upon the lovely Carole who, in my opinion, is one of the most interesting and versatile actresses in the movie kingdom. She has climbed higher and higher to the top of the ladder and seen her greatest ambitions rewarded.

More power to you, Mrs. Gable!
MARIAN BARNHOLZT,
St. Louis, Mo.

TJEWEL OF INCONSISTENCY?"?

Hollywood, that jewel of inconsist-
ency! Every year you pull a score of
"discoveries" out of a hat. Every year, like a spoiled child, you scream for
new toys—new talent, new faces, new
personalities. And every year you throw away the old toys. Did it ever
strike you that the toys on the shelf
are still good? That real starring ability
from heaven to glamour-glutted
public?
Among the dozens of "new faces," a
few are star material. Some, that are
not properly handled; most of them are for-
gotten in a few months. And a new
crop of doll-faced incompetents comes
unawares Ellen Drew, Lana Turner.
Hollywood should have reached the
age of discretion by now. If it would
exercise its intelligence it might find
some ability in those dusty pignolehones.

VIRGINIA HUNT,
San Francisco, Calif.

ENCORE TO A PLEA

MAY I add my plea to that of Miss
Louise Norell's in your June issue?
Please give us another guy Garbo film!
I'm sure she'd be marvelous portraying
Madame Curie—but surely there's a
plenty of time for that.

May I also see some more of that
bewitching Garbo smile!

LORETTA DISCOH,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

WHEREFOR?

When Mr. Boyer drove to Los Angeles, I, Pat Pettersson, was
enсountered, somewhat to her own
surprise, in the seat beside him. He
still had the look that was, in love with her and that was unlike any
love he had ever known before.

The next three weeks were delight-
able. He had a dönemin company, but they seemed a period of de-
lay to Charles. He knew that this was the man he wanted to be his wife
and his patience at the waste of days
and nights made him vaguely irritable.
Their conversations at dinner and
afterwards served only to confirm his
impres-ions: That she possessed every
endearing quality he had ever liked in
anyone; that an affinity for her was
proof for him apparently predestined. She
was gay, charming, worldly, intelligent.
She gave everything in the world he
wanted.

On a night three weeks after their first
night together, she gave her dinner guest at
a Hollywood cafe and afterward sug-
gested a theater. The box office was
sold out. They stood under the mar-
quee, nodding heads to the humming chord
faday at the situation. "What'll we do?"
asked he.

He looked at her. As matter-of-
fact as he could manage the words, he
said, "Let's get married."

She gave herself a short moment to
make sure he meant it. Whereupon she
pulled her purses apart did so. "All right."
There was no need for words. She
knew, too, from the first.

They were married the next morning in
Yuma, having flown there in a char-
tered plane flying back to Hollywood,
with both her hands possessively held in
his, Charles thought of Mouchet and
suddenly chuckled. "What?" asked Pat
impatiently.

"I remembered I must send a cable,"
Charles told her, his voice not quite
comfortable. "To my family in Egypt. I will
tell them that the new life is well
started."

The End.

Man of Many Moments
(Continued from page 72)

CAIRO, after the routine voyage from
Marseilles, seemed like a beckoning,
sun-drenched paradise to him. Phys-
ically he was almost well again; but his
mind still hid in a shell of exhaustion.

One night, on a trek to an outlying
town, he was forced to stop over at a
village while repairs were made to his
car. After dinner he spoke to the inn
attendant. "Is there any entertain-
ment here? A bazaar, a cinema?—"

The attendant shook his head, then
began the familiar recitation of his
menu. Charles was here, conducting experiments at the
new hospital. A surgeon.

Charles turned away. Then an in-
credible thought occurred to him. "You
said a surgeon? His name?"

"Monseur Mouchet."

Memory flooded through Charles'
mind. Figone, the base hospital, cof-
fee through long evenings in the
dim cafe corner, a man's deep voicing,
"Have the courage to live every
moment...". Mouchet, his first oracle.

"Where?" asked Charles, controlling
his voice with effort, "did you say I
might find this man?"

Three months, thirty-eight days
when Charles had known him in Figone; now,
in his early fifties, he had changed little.
Were it for the vast and still Egypti-
an night stretching out over the desert
and the difference in the quality of
the coffee, this might be only another
of those memorable elusions. It was
Charles who had felt the years.

The shrewd eyes across the table
were studying him carefully. "Why are
you here, doing this tour?"

"I had to get away, be free."

"And you have done and seen all the
things you talked to me about in
Ficone?"

"Yes."

"Then you are ready to begin to live.
A boy's dreams are built on a boy's
conception of things. Your new pur-
purpose must be that of a man."

Mouchet's kindly eyes crinkled as he
smiled. "It is a big thing to take one life by
the time you're thirty and have the courage
to start another."

For a long time the two men sat in
silence, Charles listening to the
ordinary "Time's" man's words. "There
wasn't any way I can thank you. You've
given me an answer."

Mouchet held out his hand. "You
would have found it for yourself."

The tour was long and, a year before,
would have left him out of sorts and in
need of a vacation. Now he returned to
Paris in excellent temper, anxious to
find a new field in which to prove what
he must prove—that he could create
and accomplish. The picture com-
panies, having long since heard of his
freedom, were waiting with attractive
offers. He picked the best and signed
a five-year contract.

Then, before he had started even one
picture, arrogant Hollywood held out
its golden lure; the California com-
panies seemed to make offers of devas-
tions of their properties in sound and
needed not only a good French actor
but one who could talk, who had a
voice.

Charles held out both hands, palms
upward, when his agent told him: "It
sounds wonderful," he said, "but there's
the contract. I've signed it."

"Simpleton!" the agent laughed. "If
you want to go to Hollywood, pay your
deduct and go!"

Charles smiled calmly. The French
law provided that if a man wished to
get out of a contract he could pay a
sum agreed upon in compensation to
the producer—a deductible, so-called—and
there was an end to it. "Cable Holly-
wood," Charles wrote, and hurriedly yelled, and, "Fredric Champagne!"

Hollywood greeted him with a certain
flamboyant, specious courtesy, ignored
him for several weeks and then con-
cluded to him casually that they had de-
cided not to make French versions after
all."

"However," said his studio, "we will
use you somehow. You can have a
part in Jean Harlow's next feature. It's
called 'Red-headed Woman.'"

Well, thought Charles, that was
something. It was something, all right. If
you will remember, there was a flash in
the last scene of that picture when Jean,
by innu-erable implication, let her au-
cide know she was on better than nice
terms with her chauffeur. The char-
acter, they looked delighted.

That was Charles. The cost of that
scene to him can never be estimated.
He was absolutely sure lower low voices, which revealed nothing and promised
everything; and with this awareness he
felt an earnest conviction that he must
let this person get away from him.

WHEREFOR?, when Mr. Boyer drove
for his feathertop Charlie that night,
the insult to his professional standing
had become amusing—a few successful
pictures for French companies and a
successful season, unbound by contract,
with Bernstein had restored his ego—
but his failure to make Hollywood give
him what he thought was his due in his
town, still rankled. This time it looked
as if there were a better chance: Fox
Films had seen his "La Bataille," re-
leased in the United States as "Thun-
der in the East," and thought they
might make capital of a man whose eyes
could look as if they mirrored all the
sorrow in the world.

So he accepted. They asked him as the lead in
"Caravan." Charles wore black curls and played mad music in the
moon-

uh, the press said. The pub-

ic didn't even bother to go and see.

And you'd have a Frenchwoman, Claudette Colbert, as your star. Will
you think it over?"

Here was the dawn, then. By the
time "Private Worlds" was released
and before the delirious reaction to his
superb performance made the piece the
hit it was, Charles and Wanger had
warmed out a contract and Hollywood
belonged to Mr. Boyer.

PROFESSIONALism, this is to say. Wanger
had one obvious fault to find. Audience reaction had shown that al-
though Charles's charm and appeal were
easy enough to carry them through to
stardom he was entirely unadaptable and made the
time. Still, with tutors and dili-
gence in study, this could be overcome.
----------------------------------------
"Oh! Darling, it's lovely!"

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SEPTEMBER, 1940

81
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What do they see? Pale, scanty lashes? Blank eyebrows? Not if you can help it! And of course you can, by using Maybelline Eye-Beauty Aids, as millions of lovely women do.

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Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil with fine point—Black or Brown.

Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glamorous shades: Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 61)

★ THE MORTAL STORM—M-G-M

This is, in a sense, a "war picture" and because war and the elements that make it can never be other than bitter and horrible, the film holds none of the entertainment we have come to expect from pictures, even the sad ones. Instead, "The Mortal Storm" brings to you only grim reality and a frightening sense of doom on the march. A dramatization of Phyllis Bottome's book by the same name, it is a story of a German community at the time of the Nazi regime rose to power and of the tragic racial differences that rode in its wake. James Stewart plays the young German who believes in and is willing to fight for freedom of thought, speech and ideals. Frank Morgan, in one of the finest performances of his career, is the sincere, studious professor of science in a German university who becomes, overnight, the victim of Nazi politics. Margarett Sullivan, his daughter, ranges herself with Stewart. Robert Young, her fiancé, and Robert Stack and William P. Orr, her half brothers, are wholly in accord with and a part of the new movement. Irene Rich, Maria Ouspenskaya and Bonita Granville make their part in the drama that moves with relentless power to its dreadful, inevitable denouement. No, you won't like "The Mortal Storm," but we don't believe you should ignore it. Right or wrong, it is significant for that.

★ NEW MOON—M-G-M

ROMANCE, glamour, Romberg's heavenly music, excitement, adventure—and Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy! Shouldn't these provide good and sufficient reasons why you won't want to miss this picture—even though you already may have seen the show and even the earlier screen production? As you may know, the story begins on the high seas, takes you to the fabulous New Orleans of pre-French Revome, and thence to a desert island. The whole thing is gay with comedy, bright with melody, vivid with color.

A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE— Warners

A NOT very dramatic series of situations covering New York crime history for the past decade and a half. Roger Pryor, playing an insurance investigator, is more or less crowded out of the limelight by Eddie Poy Jr., whose comedy somewhat relieves the rest of the monotony. Lucile Fairbanks, the late Douglas Fairbanks' niece, is in it, too, but her talents as an actress seem only so-so.

POP ALWAYS PAYS—RKO-Radio

HERE is the picture you may have been waiting for in these days of trouble and suspense—a lively piece that doesn't pretend to do anything but make you laugh! Leon Errol plays Pop and that should tell you one reason for all the mirth. Dennis O'Keefe, Adele Pearce, Walter Catlett and Marjorie Gatesen constitute four other reasons. The fun begins when Leon, objecting to his daughter's (Adele's) marriage to Den- nis, tries to prevent it by declaring that the latter must have $1000 in the bank before he'll give his consent and, sure Dennis can never make the grade, grandly adds that if Dennis can get the $1000 he will himself contribute a like sum. Well, Dennis proves himself an astute young businessman after all and Leon, as a result, has a terrific time keeping his share of the bargain. In fact, it is Marjorie who finally saves him—about the time your sides have begun to hurt.

PRIVATE AFFAIRS—Universal

If the combination of Roland Young and Hugh Herbert teamed as a pair of cupids and general fluff-uppers of human difficulty intrigues you, then you don't want to miss this entertaining comedy drama. The story is about a Boston Back Bay family headed by Montagu Love, irascible and intolerant. Nancy Kelly, his granddaughter, wants to marry Bob Cummings, a young law- yer, but Grandpa won't let her. So she seeks help from Roland Young, her father, long estranged from the bullying Love and the rest of the family. Roland, in turn, enlist the aid of Herbert, a taxi-driver pal. The way they work out things makes pretty good entertainment for any movie-goer.

THE CROOKED ROAD—Republic

THIS is a timeworn story about a feud among a group of ex-convicts, told in a timeworn way. Of course, Edmund Lowe, its star, is just as good an actor as he ever was and Henry Wilcoxon and Irene Hervey give him pretty good support on the side of right, while Paul Fix, Arthur Loft and Claire Carleton hold up adequately the villain's side of the piece. Still, all in all, there is nothing very new or exciting in plot or action. Eddie is framed and things look very bad for him for a while. Then everything comes out all right in the end. Naturally.

ANNE OF WINDY POPLARS—RKO-Radio

WELL, this is a homely, wholesome little picture with a good cast, but it won't make movie history. Perhaps this is because the story itself is so outdated. Certainly you can't get very upset over the persecution of a schoolteacher by an ill-natured, ill-starred family which dominates the town in which she has been employed. It is too bad, too, that Anne Shirley, talented young actress that she is, must play such a drab, implausible role. She appears so unattractive, even gauche (and no wonder, considering the clothes she has to wear!) that you wonder if it can be the
same girl who almost won the Academy Award for her performance in "Stella Dallas." James Ellison, Henry Travers and even Slim Summerville, also in the cast, are so disguised you scarcely recognize them. Oh, yes—the reason for the persecution of Arme? The ill-natured family wants her teaching job for one of its daughters.

THE CAPTAIN IS A LADY—M-G-M

A KIND of silly tale, this, all about an ex-sea captain who is impoverished with his money, and his wife whom he adores but can't seem to provide for. Based on the play, "Old Lady 31," the plot manages to pat the captain, Charles Coburn, and his missus, Beulah Bondi, into an old ladies' home where, as you may guess, the captain is exactly like a fish out of water. Of course, eventually, fate and a few kind friends manage to fix it so he redeems not only his lost manhood but also the family fortunes. As a whole, the picture seems to wreak with old age.

BABIES FOR SALE—Columbia

Perhaps this story of "heartbreak sold over the counter" by adoption racketeers will prove depressing, but it will also touch the heart of every woman who sees it. Rochelle Hudson plays a penniless expectant mother, recently widowed, who falls into the clutches of unscrupulous medical racketeers who make a business of robbing such women of their babies, that they may be sold to persons seeking, in good faith, children for adoption. Glenn Ford is a young newspaper reporter who exposes this vicious practice. Miles Mander plays one of the avaricious doctors. It should be noted that this sober, sensitively presented picture does not typify the large majority of America's foundling homes, but only that small percentage whose practices are nefarious.

As far as entertainment goes, this is just fair to middling.

THE BRIDE WORE CRUTCHES—20th Century-Fox

Not the most plausible tale in the world, but exciting, entertaining and full of laughs, this is about a cub reporter (Ted North, new but promising) who doesn't do very well when he first comes on the job but manages to capture some bandits and a spot on the front page eventually. Lynne Roberts is the girl and Edgar Kennedy as a frustrated coppers turn slow—and harder—than ever.

OUT WEST WITH THE PEPPERS—Columbia

When you consider all the mischievous pranks and trouble the little Peppettes children get into, you wonder how their mother, Dorothy Peterson, can so patiently let motherly little Edith Fellows do all the worrying and cleaning up after them. When they go out West to stay with their aunt and mean uncle in the timber country, they wreck an unconscionable amount of havoc, which finally has the result of completely reforming Victor Kilian, their drunken uncle. This, their latest opus, has enough action for children, but it's not for adults seeking entertainment.

QUEEN OF THE MOB—Paramount

MILODrama is herewith given an added punch because it is true, this being the dramatization of another chapter of J. Edgar Hoover's book, "Persons in Hiding." This time the "persons" are the notorious Ma Barker and her sons, who become, on the screen, the notorious Webbers. Blanche Yurka turns in a wonderful performance as Ma. Ralph Bellamy and Jack Carson are excellent G-men. The case includes Jean Cagney, Jimmy's sister, who hasn't much to do, but does it well.

DR. CHRISTIAN MEETS THE WOMEN—RKO-Radio

Another of the "Dr. Christian" series in which Jean Hersholt, kindly and appealing as always, combats a new threat to the peace of his beloved "River's End." You see, a diet quack (Rod LaRocque) comes to town and by his fads and fallacies causes serious illnesses among his lady converts. The good doctor manages to fix 'em up, though.

THE FUGITIVE—An English production released by Universal

STARRING Ralph Richardson, acclaimed by many as the finest actor on the British screen, this picture is beautifully done, but quite depressing. In the first scenes, Ralph, an unimportant barber in the slums of Newcastle, succumbs to the temptation of stealing some money simply because it happens to be easy to do. From then on, there unfolds before your eyes a somber study in crime and punishment. Diana Wynyard (you may remember her in "Cavalcade") and "Harry's Boys" plays Richardson's wife, caught up in the web of his transgression. If you are interested in art for art's sake, you may appreciate this. Probably not, otherwise.

A few seconds' care a day helps prevent unalluring rough hands

Exposure to weather and use of water tend to roughen your hands by drying nature's softening moisture out of the skin. But apply Jergens Lotion. It furnishes new refreshing moisture for your skin.

And—remember—in Jergens you apply the very same 2 ingredients many doctors use to help soften and smooth harsh skin. Quick, easy! No stickiness! Thousands of girls keep the allure of soft, smooth hands by regular use of this famous Jergens Lotion. Get Jergens Lotion today.
How Cary Grant Lives
(Continued from page 22)

holding radio, cigarettes, etc., at his head and a large, practical fireplace.

The walls, the ceiling and the carpet are a very nice chocolate brown, relieved by trimmings in beige.

Over the fireplace hangs an oil painting that has puzzled many a guest. No one has ever seen whether it was a modernist masterpiece or a lunatic's self-portrait. But now it can be told—Cary bought it on the banks of the river Seine for ninety-three cents.

At the far end of this chocolate chamber is the private haberdashery—sixty, dozens of shirts, a regiment of shoes, a horde of hats and kerchiefs, socks, neckties, suspenders and underwear.

The studied carelessness of Cary's screen appearance, which contributes so much to his jaunty appeal, is achieved largely by his shirts. These are made to order in New York and have a collar designed by Cary to minimize what he thinks is his bedroom dignity. He has little basis for his delusion, but no one's been able to dissuade him.

He wears a forty-two coat, eleven-and-a-half shoes, silk undershirts in solid pastel shades, slippers of a moc-casino type made of fake leather, and even wears a smoking jacket and can't stand flowers in the bedroom.

Although he is not given to hobbies of the shooting, fishing or art kind, he has managed for keeping useless papers and periodicals for years, believing that somedays he may find something in handy.

He is meticulously tidy, never carries anything that will bulge his pockets and has a collection of pipes that he never uses. He likes cigarettes but can't stand them before breakfast.

Due to a slight astigmatism he always carries corrective glasses. He is an incurably bad correspondent; letters are invariably sealed, pigeonholed and postponed, finally being answered by an elaborate and apologetic wire.

His library of records contains complete albums of Gerahm, English comic songs and musical comedy things that he was in.

His attitude towards physical exercise has changed from ninety-five to ten years. The punching bag and rowing machine in a hidden little courtyard get a visit from him only at some friend's mention I can imagine. His voice has gone.

He rides horseback only as called for in his work, never goes in for sailing, trap shooting, tennis or golf.

Cary's philosophic attitudes may best be exemplified by this incident:

Almost two years ago there were four of us dining at the Hollywood Brown Derby—Cary, Dick Barthelmess, John Carroll and I. It was early in March and income tax was making its annual foray into complected movie pocketbook.

Cary was having his say:

"Crapers! That's a terrific slice out of a man's income. A man works hard for years, lives in cheap hotels, packs his totally goodly in a trunk, looks for a job between the shows that flopped—then one day he gets a break. Then what happens? The government comes along and . . ."

Cary interrupted himself. "Oh, well!"

"That's a job of roughly a thousand dollars. Not so many years ago I was wandering around New York, without a job, and had only one dream—that someday I would exceed an income of a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. That was my idea of heaven. And here I am, just like everybody else in the big money."

He speared a sizable piece of steak and began to eat it as if it were a symbol of his point, said: "Let 'em take all they want. Whatever it is, it's darned cheap for the privilege of living here."

Cary Grant likes life and has a keen desire to face it honestly. He's getting a great kick out of his home-ownership and someday he would like to have children. But children must have a mother and mothers should be wives—"I sure Cary will not long remain a petticoat's tail."

We save our plum of the month till the last. Though it has been shooting for nearly eight weeks, this is the first time we have caught up with "The Howard of Virginia," Frank Lloyd's own production from the best seller, "Tree of Liberty." The company has been on location all over California, but now we get a sound stage at General Service Studios. We enter into a tiny library in the home of Cary Grant and Martha Scott, who are, for the purposes of the story, Mr. and Mrs. Howard.

They are earnest young people, these Cary and Martha, is discoverable by discovering that her husband is one of the signers of a protest to the British Government against the port of Boston to the American Colonists. She is afraid Cary will get into trouble. Cary says the King has given to know that his American subjects can't be pushed around. He tells Martha not to worry, that he loves her, and that he will be back.

It's this last line of his speech that is worrying Cary. He tells Mr. Lloyd that every time he goes out of a scene he says that he'll be right back.

"So what?" says Mr. Lloyd. "I've said that to my wife every time I've gone out of our house for fifteen years."

Cary goes out, enters, plays the scene, exits. Martha Scott, a movie newcomer, gets out of camera range all unknowingly a couple of times. All unknown to her, Cary skillfully maneuvers her back into it.

"We'll shoot it again," says Lloyd.

Cary, the mercurial, all dark doubts a moment before, is grinning.

"But that take was perfect," he remarks.

"We'll shoot it again," says Lloyd. Muckey Cary exits, but off stage, waiting for his cue, he keeps muttering loudly, "The take was perfect. The take was perfect. Such wonderful actors. Never appreciated."

Over his shoulder, Lloyd winks at us. Cary, as he comes over to us, is serious once again.

"I'm so excited over this script," he says. "It's serious and it's funny. It's dramatic and it's amusing. It's the best form of American patriotism and if in you are going to see the most beautiful job of acting you've ever witnessed."

"You will!"

No," says Cary, quickly and sincerely. "Martha Scott's. She's all that Jane Ganyour used to be, the simplicity, the sympathy, the dramatic intensity and a sort of—well—startled beauty. She is . . ." Mr. Grant, always a gentleman with a nice sense of words, tucked his and hunches for the forthcoming "Dulcy" and "The Philadelphia Story." We ask Adrijan what will happen to women's clothes in the future and he says they think they will be softly tailored, quite plain, distinctly practical but dashing. "Gallant!" is his word.

"Short skirts—and short skirts always mean full skirts—always go with war days, which are necessarily practical days. Then, I anticipate that skirts will be very short this coming winter. Two fashions will continue their popularity into fall and winter—wide shoulders and abrupt backs."

Adrian showed me a dress he has designed for Lynne Carver in "Dulcy" which was out last month. Over a monotone silk bodice and skirt, he has put a vestee and tied-on overskirt of red, white and blue stripes. The vestee is made in a "V" line to emphasize the shoulder width and to taper to nothing at the hips. The lining is made of black over the overskirt ties at the very center front with a big bow. (See sketch on opening pages.)
Categorically Speaking
Ann As Seen by George Brent

(Continued from page 19)

She talks straight from the shoulder, not entirely in a diplomatic fashion, but then, diplomacy is a decadent quality. There's nothing decadent about Ann. She's too healthy, and I mean the kind of health that doesn't need any thinking about. No diet, no fancy gym exercises, no pills. She was born on a backing bronco (again categorically, or symbolically, speaking), with that one-fourth Indian blood of hers stoically taking the punishment and sturdily subduing the bronco; in this fashion, she has arrived where she is. Eternally feminine, she is never effeminate—and thus is a man's type of person, one the male mind appreciates. There's never anything vicious about her, never anything catty. If she dislikes someone she avoids mentioning him, makes a point of keeping out of his way.

Ann works hard and enjoys life; she's more fun to be with than any woman I have ever known; I think, on the whole, the quality of excitement which she possesses and generates is what makes her different from the glamour girls—that, and her earthy simplicity.

George As Seen by Ann Sheridan

(Continued from page 18)

overflowing with cigarette stubs and glasses on the table. And the games the children play in that book of Aldous Huxley's, about a brave, new world. And, of course, "Indications," because he's such a good actor.

Street?
A winding mountain road, 32nd Street in New York, the main path of a village in the County of Cork. Warner Brothers' main drag.

House?
George is an old-world house, remodeled by Frank Lloyd Wright and situated on a floating island. As a matter of fact, George's personality is rather well reflected in the houses he chooses for himself. Remote, but accessible to people he likes, they sit on hilltops where sometimes the wind howls and they have big fireplaces, paneled walls, windows you can see out of, but not into. The furniture is male and comfortable and expensive; there are a gym and a garage with two cars—that closed black limousine I mentioned and a sturdy, sensible, fast coupe. I'll add an imaginary tower where a black Irishman can retire to have moods.

Bird?
Sometimes he's a raven, sitting imperturbably on a movie camera; sometimes one of those attack hawks that dive like Stuka bombers—in other words, there is often something dangerous about George with which I personally would not care to tangle, and sometimes he's an absolute pigeon. (You know: "Hi there, my pigeon!")

Jewel?
Amber, or an opal.

Tree?
Whatever tree they cut a shillelagh from, unless that is the name of it. George is a shillelagh carved and polished by Cartier, with an ebony tip, but nonetheless effective in a dark alley, if needed.

Of course you might as well try to photograph every angle of a prism at once as identify George Brent in terms of any single object. He's a lot of people—rebel, hard-working artist, playboy, hermit, intellectual, athlete—and what's most disconcerting, he manages to be a combination of these things all at once.

George has an enormous awareness, a flair for being very much alive during every waking hour. I like to hear him laugh—he never chuckles falsely, just to be polite.

So you must think of the man in a lot of poses: George lounging at a table in a night club while the whole orchestra, newly enriched from his pocket, plays his favorite sentimental ballads; George playing bang-up tennis with a famous professional on a court in Palm Springs; George driving alone at night, busily solving the mystery of the universe; George quietly giving a best performance in a scene and then sneaking into his dressing room to finish a chapter of a new philosophical treatise; George telling the best blue stories of the year in a Third Avenue bar at five in the morning... All of which is pretty sketchy, really, but I haven't time to write the whole book. One thing—never accept a date with George if you're anemic. Stock up on red corpuscles first.

That, I assure you, is no gag.

—

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Brand-newlyweds: Carole Landis and Willis Hunt Jr., California broker

SEPTEMBER, 1940

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Femmes Fatales

(Continued from page 70)

if the going does get a little tough occasionally."

All this explains why Carole takes over a party—and how you can take over a party, too. She takes the trouble —if it is trouble to her, which seems unlikely—to know about the things that make up a man’s world. And she finds these things just as exciting as the hats and gowns she selects and wears with such公式 that she’s someone to look at wherever she goes.

And don’t underestimate the importance of that last item. Men don’t get too excited when dowdy women know things or do things. They practically expect it of them. But when a girl can wear an everyday dress and a Daché hat the way Carole does and can quote batting averages, too, gentlemen, young and old, move into her cheering section and stay there.

Miriam Hopkins once had her share of time at all! Scops. However, she’s lately gained a reputation for having claws, sharp ones. Now most women have claws—and use them—but they wear black, dangling velvet gloves. Miriam appears to have forgotten hers, so she’s frightened some men away.

Margaret Young used to be a Queen of Hearts, too. But, through disposition or circumstances, Loretta has allowed her roundness to be publicized to the place where they’ve provided a public holiday. And men are wary rabbits. So there’s less talk about Loretta’s admiring array or less of an admiring army than used to be there.

MARGARET SULLAVAN is another current enchantress. She’s married too. Femmes fatales usually are married, just about the time they go from movie screen to screen. Which is natural enough. However, this never stops men from gathering round, sending presents under one pretext or another and offering themselves as escorts any time a husband or a fiancé is going to be busy, even time at all!

Perhaps you wouldn’t expect Maggie to attract men. She’s “difficult.” She has a reputation for being a co-operative spirit. And she makes it plain enough that the public hoop-la connected with her career irks her almost beyond endurance. Even her friends admit they never know what she’s going to like or what she’s going to do. That’s Maggie! The girl who says what she excused and explained everything.

If you were to be invited to the Leland Hayward house on Sunday—which is sheer fantasy since only a select few ever are invited there—you’d undoubtedly find Maggie with practically no make-up, wearing a sweater, a skirt to her knees and a little blue and white striped apron. The chances are she’d be sprawled on the grass in the garden with Bridget, who is one, and Brooke, who is two and a half, watching the ants as intently as they were and planning, simply but accurately, about the arts’ social system.

One thing you could be sure of, however, men around. Even that Maggie has eyes for Leland only and everyone knows it. Even though some of the men who’d be around would be in love with other girls—like Jimmy Stewart and Henry Fonda, Maggie’s ex-husband is who happily remarried.

The men who adore Maggie aren’t blind to her faults. Indeed they extol them. Henry Fonda is reported to have said with indignity, that the greatest way on earth to get Maggie to do anything is to suggest she do the opposite. Occasionally, however, one of the Sul-

lan regulars will hint he’s never going back there again . . . even while he’s on his way!

You might say men go to the Hayward to talk business or to play tennis with Leland. So they do, but that’s only half of it. Men who are only a husband’s friends don’t remember to read the Little Woman flowers and books and jars of fancy herbs and they certainly don’t order birthday cards and Christmas presents and Easter baskets for the children.

"What is it Margaret Sullivan’s got?" we asked one of her oldest and most faithful admirers.

"Voice," he said, surprised that we didn’t know.

For Maggie’s voice holds a promise. Her wish to please men warms her voice, gives it ardent timbre. For, of course, she wouldn’t row with men the way she does if they weren’t important to her. All of which they know—instinctively! Didn’t she and William Wyler, her director, elope back in 1934 after they’d quarreled so constantly all the time they were making a picture that everyone in the studios thought they were poison to each other?

WOMEN rarely are what they seem, apparently. In the old days it was Theda Bara, vampire, who screamed on the screen in a tiger rug. But now they’re Mary Miles Minter, of the golden curls and wide, wide blue eyes, who had to break men out of her way in the street. And only half a dozen years ago Clara Bow was the “It” girl on the screen. But there wasn’t anyone in Hollywood at that time with the personal romantic rating of “winsome little Janet Gaynor.” At the mere sight of Janet, the married to Adrian, sophisticated men went gay, strong men fell to their knees and weak men proceeded to give imitations of Sandra.

Which brings us to Olivia de Haviland—for it’s Olivia who has the same kind of appeal for men when she’s not. Olivia, looking like a sweet old daguerroetype, also hands men the role of Big Sister by her appearance and her attitude.

Olivia wasn’t always popular. She says, “I used to sit and read and dream and write poetry and be frightened of men—and miss a lot of fun. Then I discovered gentlemen really don’t bang you over the head and you won’t even be kissed on the forehead unless you want to be. So I relaxed. Which made it possible for men to relax with me.”

Luvrie, in spite of her youth, is one of the most intelligent girls in town. But she’s quiet about it. She doesn’t tell the boys, she asks them. Moreover, she’s a divine listener, with a wonderful way of saying, “Oh, that’s true!” Which is worth remembering!

Adventuresome millionaires, young dreamers, delightful cosmopolites keep Olivia’s little house filled with flowers, her telephone ringing, her white leather engagement book crowded. Or they dispense with the spring campaign waged by the heretofore elusive Jimmy Stew- art crowded out the more faint-hearted, caused Olivia to look more meltingly lovely than ever and set Leland Hay- ward and Margaret Sullivan to planning how a wedding could be given in their garden—just in case!

Then there’s Hedy Lamarr, a femme fatale whose current separation from producer Gene Markey places her temporarily on the “single” list. Actually Hedy and Olivia are very much alike—even though one looks like the portrait of Miss Innocence (and Mona Lisa, come to think of it) and the other looks like the painting of Salome.

Hedy, however, contradicts her Salomish appearance all the time. She isn’t at all the way script writers and directors require her to be on the screen. And it’s no Salomish quality that puts her on this preferred list. It’s more endearing things.

She wears the simplest clothes and she acts pretty much like the girl next door except that she’s probably less pretentious. She’s refreshingly easier, too, like a kitten who suspects catnip in the garden beyond the screen door. And she’s thoughtful. If a man has a headache it’s Hedy who’ll run to fix him a headache tablet—every time.

However, seasoned newspaper men who come to interview Hedy invariably act like kids on their first assignment for a school paper. One was one reporter who couldn’t—or didn’t—speak for five minutes after she turned her eyes full upon him to ask, in her lovely liltting voice, “Do you, perhaps, like chocolate candy?” She loves to nibble and, on a diet to lose five pounds before she went into “Boom Town,” she hoped her guest would relish a chocolate or two, she, for politeness’ sake, could eat the other one with him.

That’s Hedy as she really is—eager and childish; then, suddenly and without warning, quiet and inexpressively wise.

Vivien . . . Carole . . . Maggie . . . Olivia . . . Hedy . . . it may not be according to the script, but they’re Holly- wood’s femmes fatales!
The Great Adventure

Well, you may now have the benefit of just such personal advice. For leading New York beauty salons have guaranteed to bring to any woman, anywhere, perfect beauty within a few weeks' time. They are accomplishing that astounding thing by means of a personalized beauty course, a course instituted for girls, young matrons, middle-aged women, priced to fit your budget, arranged so that experts in all fields of beauty will study you personally, analyze your features, your figure, your personality, recommend a personal procedure for you and, in a few exciting weeks, make you into the woman you have always dreamed of being.

In those few weeks you will see yourself change with your own eyes. Every minute of the time you will be guided by those experts, telling you what to do, how to do it. Under their guidance you will undergo the greatest exchange in appearance you ever believed possible. If you live in New York, the course is ready for you, available at any one of the four salons; if you live at a distance, the postman will bring it to your door.

What will those experts do for you? First of all, you will have a head-to-toe analysis, a complete charting of your figure, your features, good and bad. That analysis may reveal many surprising things to you. You may discover that the reason you can’t wait to comb out your own hair is because you, and not the hairdresser, are right: the modern-styled coiffures do not become you. You may find out that the reason you’re a one-date girl is because your voice is annoyingly nasal.

After that analysis, the course of procedure for the following weeks will be outlined for you. You’ll learn how to exercise while you’re making beds or working in the office; you’ll discover some amazing things about diet. For instance, if you want to gain weight, you’ll add honey to your drinking water; if you want to lose weight, you’ll add lemon juice.

That course will teach you how to set your own hair in a coiffure that a hair stylist, who has studied your features, will design especially for you and you alone. It will teach you how to manicure your own nails according to the procedure of a professional manicurist; how to care for your skin, make up your face.

Your clothes will be studied . . . and before those few weeks are over, you will know how to buy, within your budget, the type clothes you should wear. You’ll know what colors to avoid, what colors to concentrate on. Your voice will be studied by voice experts and changes will be recommended. In other words, you will be told how to change yourself completely, just as the stars of Hollywood have changed themselves from ordinary, sometimes drab girls into exciting and glamorous women. You can have all this, provided you are intelligent enough to realize the possibilities such an improvement would give to you; strong enough to have the will power necessary to follow the course. The cost of the course has been regulated to fit an ordinary woman’s budget; the weeks’ activities have been charted in such a fashion that during them you will experience the greatest adventure of your life.

Other women will look at you and say, “What have you been doing with yourself?” Men will look at you and say nothing—their glances will beeward enough. But the best reward of all will be when you look into your mirror on that final day and see a woman released from the humdrum dumphness, the depressing rut in which she has formerly lived, a woman with a new sparkle in her eye, new confidence in her carriage, a woman who has, at last, come alive.

Photoplay Magazine is pleased to make available to its readers the services of its experts. If you wish any information regarding beauty products, write to the Beauty Editor, Photoplay, 222 E. 42nd St., New York City.
Federal Bureau of Investigation. Whether his invitation has been accepted (whether Mr. Douglas, gray-haired and unknown to himself) has already been the object of an investigation by the Dies Committee is unknown to the American public.

Asked by this writer for an interview on this subject, Mr. Douglas graciously agreed to discuss the charges against him.

When I phone "Sinotchka," a picture that kidded Communists if "Mr. Douglas is a Communist?" he asked. But we were there to do the asking, not answering. "Communism and liberal. Is that the way with the Communist party, Mr. Douglas?"

I don't know. However, much criticism has been aimed at me because a group of us in Hollywood, inflamed at the lack of aid given the Libyans in Spain, contributed several ambulances and money for medicine and aid to them. The fact that the Communists later climbed on the Yankee band wagon was not our doing.

"Is that the only time you ever found yourself unwittingly or unwittingly allied on the side of Communism?"

"I do not consider that I was allied with the Communists. That kind of thing was an effort on my part in defense of the cause of Democratic Republican Spain. Later when the Russian setting up of which I was a member, ceased being anti-Nazi, I resigned. For the past several years, I have been militantly anti-Nazi and still anti-Nazi. The Communists are not.

"Mr. Douglas, are you a Com- munist?"

"No. The simple facts are these. Mrs. Douglas and I have taken particular interest in the problems of the underprivileged—as, for instance, the migratory workers.

"When you try to do something for the underprivileged, do you find Communists trying to do the same thing—for their own special purposes. The Communists figure their only chance to wedge themselves into American life is to influence the downtrodden. They're right about that. It is their only chance and I am making the best of it. This, it has always seemed to me, is a vital reason why, as Americans, we should make every effort to—further—insure the strengthening and deepening of the democratic system. This is our best defense against all 'isms.'"

"The reason liberalism and Communism have become linked in the minds of many is that Communists once chose to follow the liberal road—when it was useful. Americans should be more careful in distinguishing between Communism and liberal."

"Are you a radical, then, Mr. Doug- las?"

"If you choose to call the New Deal radical."

"Mr. Douglas, what have you to say concerning Dr. Leecher's startling ac- cusations regarding your refusal to de- nounce Communism and then read the Declaration of Independence on that radio broadcast?"

"I did not refuse to do the broadcast. I told Dr. Lecher that in my opinion the Declaration was an unjust distortion of fact and that I would have to say so. Rather than have me do this, Dr. Lecher decided to get some else to take the stand. I believe, that the statements, facts, even when attacking criminals. That is my understanding of American justice. "I did not refuse to read the Declaration of Independence. I did not refuse to denounce Communism. I stated to Dr. Lecher that that portion of his script which inferred that the Communists were the instigators of the Spanish civil war was an unjust distortion of fact. According to my information a few Communists chose long after the war to abandon the appeal to the American public."

"Mr. Douglas, the charges made against you, especially in one column of a local newspaper, are most damning. What do you intend to do about them?"

"We'll consider their source. "As to my appointment by Governor Olson as a Lieutenant Colonel in the Intelligence Unit of the California National Guard, I have already written to the Governor asking that I not be ac- cepted. He has agreed. I did not, of course, seek the post and I believe any appointment to the National Guard should be based solely on merit, train- ing and service. There is no legitimate argument to the distortion of the American public, to the statement that I am not qualified for activities in this connection.

"I believe the call of the Communists as to my Communist activities are not only baseless, but vicious to a degree. Even a possible inadvisable, but I have been sufficiently clear in my statement that I am not a Communist and I have found it in operation. This has earned me the attack of Communists as well."

"In the interest of all liberals and for my own good name, I have requested from the Attorney General a thorough and immediate investigation of me and my connections by the Federal Bureau of Investigation."

WITH this dramatic denial, Mr. Doug- las went back to his blue suit kimona and his movie-making. Nothing so far has been heard of an investigation or a clean bill of health from Uncle Sam's Federa agents as to Mr. Douglas' po- litical status.

The actor was born Melyn Hessel- berg, son of Edouard Hesselberg, a contractor, and Maria, a dressmaker, in Macon, Georgia. When the lad was eight, his parents took him to Germany for a year. Later they moved to To- ronto, Canada, where Mr. Hesselberg accepted a position in the Conservatory of Music. At fifteen, Melyn, a boy too large for his age, enlisted in the year 1915 with the Canadian army. His father had him released, but two years later, after the war, he moved to Lincoln, Nebraska, Melyn, joined the United States Army, declaring himself older, and spent one year in camps Fort Logan, Fort Benning, Fort A. Russell, Wyoming, and Camp Lewis, Washing- ton. A rebel against home suppression, Mr. Douglas went his way alone after the Armistice, trying his hand at selling buns and clerking in stores. In Chicago he met William Owen, retired stage star, who sent him to the Broadway, made him a stock theater star. In 1926 he married Helen Gagahan, the star of "Tonight or Never," a few weeks before they'd been cast as the male lead. To- gether, the actor, his wife and two children live in a large home in an exclusive residential district of Los Angeles. Both Mr. and Mrs. Douglas work un- stringly among the underprivileged. In the Imperial Valley region Mr. Doug- las, a former union leader, has given the children of the poor migratory workers. His swimming pool is open to neighborhood children, dirty or clean. They address him simply as Melyn.

NEVERTHELESS, the war over Mr. Douglas' political affiliations still rages, with bursts of new attacks and counterattacks. No sooner had the United Veterans of the Republican chapter from San Bernardino protested to the State against the appointment of Douglas, claiming the actor was known as one having close radical associations and steadfastly refusing to condemn the waste of intelligence might prove disastrous, than a committee of five Los Angeles civic and labor leaders dispatched a telegram to the State in his defense. "We regret," this telegram stated, "the confusion in the public mind between really subversive and anti-construc- tive, devoted patriotic liberals like Mr. Douglas, who has so frequently expressed publicly his opposition to Com- munist doctrines.

"It is just this kind of confusion that the Federal Bureau of Investigation could correct. We feel sure anyone would discover, by personal acquaintance, that Mr. Douglas is beyond reproach in his desire to work, and to play, and may indeed meet the very liberties which we all treasure. By such accusations as have been hurled at Mr. Douglas, various other similar organizations can so easily play into the very hands of those they rightly fear.

"This telegram was signed by Samson Lindauer, city civil service commis- sioner, Municipal Judge Harold B. Landrith, State Senator D. B. Bliss, president of Occidental College, Mary J. Workman, onetime civil service com- missioner, and Margaret K. Workman, civic leader.

The case of Melyn Douglas is not, by any means, a local one. As a mo- tor-propagandist, he belongs to the millions who pay hard-earned coins to see him. Those people have a right to know the facts—whether or not the printed accusations against him are true, or whether he has been an innocent victim of a Fifth Columnist.
Lukas is planning a little ranch house, with some chickens, a cow and vegetable patch for himself, his wife and mother-in-law.

With the knowledge of the true Continental and the simplicity of the man who has learned by seeing much, he studies humbly and honestly.

"The chaos of this world, the muddled condition of civilization can be adjusted only by the coming of a new Messiah, and that Messiah will have to lead and teach us the way out."

Happy Harry

My, Mr. Davenport, I think that you are such a sport. With your Oomph and fun and poise You sure show up the glamour boys.

Given a garden to dig in, a stage to act upon, a movie scene to steal bodily from right under anybody's nose, and Harry Davenport can be the happiest man in the world. At seventy-four, Mr. Davenport has just finished "Too Many Husbands," "I Want a Divorce," "All This And Heaven Too" and "Everybody's Happy," a Higgins Family picture. Any other actor or actress we know would be collapsing in hospital corridors after that schedule, but Harry is now looking anxiously about for something to do. "What's going on?" he says. "Everything's so quiet. Got to get out and do something." So he plays golf, or digs among the geraniums between pictures. He is fitter than two fiddles, gay, cheerful and, of course, always threatening to lay something aside for his old age.

"The reason I'm still acting after all these years," he told us, "is that I refuse to make a life and death issue out of each new part assigned me. It's the only way to survive in this man-killer work."

And he practices what he preaches. There's a tongue-in-the-cheek attitude about everything Mr. Davenport does and he seems to be having such a good time at it. His work as the judge in "You Can't Take It With You" still brings a resounding cheer from everybody - one who saw him. And Harry in that scene was only being natural - enjoying himself as usual.

Harry's family is almost as old in theatrical tradition as the American stage itself. Older, as a matter of fact, for Harry's great-grandfather was Jack Johnstone, the famous Irish comedian who bloomed during the reign of George IV, and Fannie Vining of the great theatrical family of Great Britain was Harry's mother. The Barrymores and Drews are related to Davenport by marriage. At five, Harry began his own theatrical career at the old Chestnut Street Theater in Philadelphia in "Damen and Pythias." His father, actor and stage manager, was so overcome at his son's fine one-line performance, he promptly presented him with a five dollar gold piece.

From that day on he has spent every year except one - 1878, when he took time out to attend school in Chelsea, Mass. - on the stage. Between shows he got in some schooling at a Philadelphia Quaker school as well.

Stock companies by the dozens revolve in his memories. Way back in 1884, he was acting in a pioneer stock company here on the coast. He might have been on the stage still, if when he was a mere lad of sixty-eight someone hadn't suggested he play the role of an old man.

That settled it! Indignant, he left the stage and came to Hollywood where he's never had one solitary idle moment. An old man, indeed! Huh! Happily he lives with his two daughters, Kate and Fanny Davenport, and sons, Ned and Arthur. In spare moments he loves to go out to his country place in Chatsworth. He lost his wife, Fylilas Rankin, also an actress, six years ago.

His spirit is young, his heart a jigger-bag, his smile catching. Mr. Davenport sets an example for all to follow - just don't take life too seriously and it will reward you with long, happy years.

From the Land of the Sarongs

A bronzed, six-foot-two giant named Jon (pronounced plain old John) Hall blew into moviedom in 1937 in "The Hurricane," the biggest breeze in cinematic history. The only trouble was it blew Jon right through Hollywood and out on the back door - for Jon hadn't made a picture since the big blow until Edward Small hailed him for "South of Pogo Pago" and liked him so well he cast him immediately in the title role of "Kit Carson," in which Jon leaps from a sarong to cowboy chaps in one easy leap. Try it yourself sometime.

Young Hall spent most of his young life in the South Seas, coping swimming prizes from the natives, spearfishing, diving for pearls and attending the local schools, where he learned to speak French like Boyer. In fact, Jon is a cousin of James Norman Hall, who with Charles Nordhoff wrote "The Hurricane" and "Mutiny on the Bounty." But don't think for a minute that relation-ship had anything to do with Jon's securing the role in his cousin's film. It just happened his family was living in Hollywood, right next door to director John Ford, while all the frenzied search was going on for a Tarangi, the native boy who played the lead.

Finally, after weeks had gone by and test after test had been made, Ford, in desperation, suggested the strapping lad who lived next door who, to their amazement, turned out to be a regular South Sea boy who knew all the counterparts on the Islands. Naturally, Jon was in.

His love of boats was inherited from his maternal grandfather, Captain Charles Chapman, who sailed his own schooner into the harbor of Papete and became one of the Island's most respected traders. Today, young Hall's people are prominent citizens of Tahiti and control many Island industries. Jon has a fleet of four boats - a big sailing boat, a speedboat, an outboard speedster and an outrigger canoe which was brought from the Islands. With his lovely young wife, Frances Langford of the air waves, he takes Mexican fishing jaunts at the slightest provocation. As a matter of fact, Jon is either in or on the water three-fourths of his spare time. The other fourth is given over to preparing huge feasts for his friends with delectable dishes cooked in the finest South Sea style.

His first college courses were taken at the University in Neuchâtel, Switzerland and later he transferred to the International University at Geneva. Here he won renown as a ski jumper, track star, swimming and diving champion. After a whirl at Badingham College in England, he gave up all idea of law and Oxford University and went back to the Islands. With his family, he later moved to Hollywood (Jon was born in San Francisco) and "The Hurricane."
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The Physical Culture Hotel, Danville, New York, also open the year round, will be in at least ten feet long with plenty of drawers for papering, scissors, scissors, scissors and just things. This, she figures, will come in handy for the wrapping of all Christmas and gift packages. The walls, when the winter ends, will be painted with drawers and cupboards. One corner will be devoted to her writing equipment and the finishing of that book.

Another corner, where the good boy lighter in, will house his ironing, the anti-oil goggle, the easy bottle washer and others. Actually, she’s invented a white gantlet glove with red sequin back that is designed for use at night riding.

She’s wonderful, believe me, with her slender, open, ash-blonde hair. Furthermore, she has such an even disposition that it’s like to her all her friends as “Biff, the Battling Blonde.”

“Hardy” Perennial

Cecilia Parker, that long-suffering sister of Mickey Rooney’s in all the Hardy series, is neither seriously subdued nor Routographed. In the contrary, she’s gay, optimistic, thinks there’s too much gloom in the world. She’s the brother in real life—which makes younger brother Andy Hardy, on the screen, easier to handle.

Or that’s what she thinks.

Her debut into pictures happened when she was attending Immaculate Heart Convent in Hollywood, and was prevailed upon by a few school chums to do a little extra work in a picture. But no, she’s not going to paint well smeared around the edges than she was fired out, pronto, for being a moron—as if she could help but as just as she was leaving the Fox lot, Sol Wurtzel glimpsed her and immediately delivered a test. Cecilia signed on the dotted line and drew a salary for six months without doing one single scene.

Finally, storming the front office, she demanded some work. Assured by Cecilia that she could ride a horse, the studio shipped her off to the Grand Canyon for location, where she was promptly given a mule to ride down the canyon. She’d never been on a mule before, but alone among the wild horses and the most cowboy extras knew it. They aided and abetted Miss Parker at every turn.

She still keeps her first mail that compliments her on her riding ability.

In Born, she came to California with her mother, sister Linda and brother Laddie. On her latest birthday she became a good American citizen and votes it.

She’s married to Dick Baldwin, actor. Out in the valley on their “one acre ranch,” Cecilia and Dick own fifty horses, a couple of grape vines and two bicycles. With lunch boxes strapped behind, she and Dick start out many a day on a bicycle clanging trip.

Every free day of her life Cecilia spends annoying the house with what she calls an “good housekeeping.” There’s nothing good about it, with drawers emptied out and furniture piled around willy-nilly. Another thing, she keeps her car radio going constantly, whatever it’s a recipe program for upside-down cake or a serial entitled, “Will Magee Spurn Roger’s Love Tomorrow?”

She best plain “Clue” to all her friends, “Skippy” to George O’Brien, with whom she’s played in Westerm—“Pals” to Andy Hardy! The most awful thing that ever happened to her occurred during a San Diego personal appearance. Two minutes more was to go on she discovered she’d forgotten her petti-coat. She knew that before the footlights the Tinsel-town screen woman. So she bailed the first girl that went by and bought her petticot right off her back.

She hopes Rooney never finds that one out.

Lady à la Continental

Her name is only Wendy Barrie, of course, or “Wendy,” as Tatou calls her. It’s Marquettie Wendy Jenkins, her father being a noted British barrister, Francis Charles Jenkins. The Wendy part is a compliment to the famous character created by Sir James Barrie, and the Barrie half of her name was taken because her mother is the only daughter of Sir James F. Barrie, who was her godfather, when she went a-staging.

With the agility of a trapeze artist, Wendy swings from picture to picture, going from “Women in War,” in which there were no men, to “Men Against the Sky,” in which she is the only woman, and then on to “Cross-Country Rome,” which she has just finished with Gene Autry.

There is little of the world this young Englishwoman hasn’t seen. Born in London, she was taken by her mother when very young to Hong Kong where her father’s interests kept them several years. Later, those same business interests carried Wendy to Canada, to Tokio, Singapore, Madras, Calcutta and Rangoon as well as India’s hill country. Between her around-the-world jaunts to see her sister, she attended school in London and later, a finishing school in Lausanne, Switzerland.

She broke into the film business as sort of a lark, joining some of her London society friends in the stage production of Captain Jinks. But, she says, that, nothing happened until one day, while lunching at the Savoy Grill in 1932, producer Alexander Korda spied her—and, struck by her striking personal magnetism, offered her a screen test. It clicked, she clicked, we, you, and they and after achieving success in England, she came to New York cold, without a letter or friend to boost her. Within ten days, she had a contract to make “pitchers” in Hollywood.

She did it with her British accent.

In a Westwood home she lives with her shipshape works of Noel Coward and poet Rupert Brooke and boasts author Coe Hamilton and surgeon Sir Richard Warren as her uncles. She has kept her beauty early to bed at least four nights a week and allowing three nights for dates and dancing, which she loves. Just for fun, she recently dyed her hair black, just to see what would happen. It instantly got her three new jobs and two pictures.

Sport clothes, lots of them, delight her, as well as afternoon tea and a garden à l’English, horseback riding, golf, tennis, swimming and riding, are her favorite pastimes.

Her one great friend calls her “Cracker.” To a very special few, she’s “Gwendola.”

But don’t you try the “Gwendola” business, remember!
BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES

(Continued from page 6)

☆ I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY, ANYTHING

Silly confusion which somehow leads a lot of bods, what with Bing Crosby (as Jack, a gangster who yearns to write a song hit. Composer Johnny orgy (as Jack) and Betty Grable (as Sophie) Kurzer get up in his macho threatening to crush the Bar-tel Porter in garlic and tongue and tails.

I WAS AN ADVENTURER—20th Century-Fox

That familiar Continental jewel-studded forever, but it makes a good deal when you consider the charming swindler who tries to reform for Richard Chamberlain (as Jack) and his best friend, Jack McDonald (as Tony). Strine takes a grand setting, while Zora's ballet company makes an excellent piece of applause.  

IF I HAD MY WAY—Universal

Despite fine performances from everybody concerned, things get a little too far-fetched to allow the frequent eight-page daily tales. The story isn't much, the players are excellent—particularly Osa Massen is in an outstanding character portrayal. (Judy)

SAFARI—20th Century-Fox

Madelene Carroll manages to mess things up for herself. She marries John (Davis) and falls in love with the young Cuban in a manner which is so melodramatic that it makes you wonder how she could have been so Tunstall had the picture ended on a more logical note. (Judy)

SAINT TAKES OVER, THE—RKO

George Sanders is as charming as ever in one of the best of this series. On this occasion, he stays out to eliminate the false name of (Jennette Halse), with rather some gory effects which upset, everybody except George and his helpful pal. Paul Guilfoyle. (Judy)

SANDY IS A LADY—Universal

Here is a very good picture, with good performances on the whole. Crosby's English accent is sometimes a little strong, but for the most part it is well handled. (Judy)

SKI PATROL—Universal

Glorifying the heroism of a small group of tenderfeet in a rather important fight against Russian invaders. Definitely anti-imperialist in attitude, with a first-class cast, including uteneli, Edward Everett呼唤, Errol Flynn and others in the cast (Working hard). (Judy)

SON OF THE NAVY—Monogram

General Martin Spalding sent out to food bets, sell a pone and many, creating lots of complications. He solves them, with Edgar Kennedy, James Duff and Jean Parker. Unbelievable but pleasant. (Judy)

SOUTH OF KARANGA—Universal

Lots of action and no suspense in the purest of confusion plots which has Charles Bickford (Bickford) giving refusals dancing instructions to natives in Africa. It has something to do with copper mining and the first official trip on a new railroad line. (Judy)

STAR DUST—20th Century-Fox

Taken from a London scene, even though it is not typical in that country. The acting is first-rate, with a splendid cast. (Judy)

STARS LOOK DOWN, THE—M-G-M British

A grim subject—coal miners and miners. Methed and the tragic experience of the millions of working men who are subjected to social injustice. A confrontation is made between the social director of a mining concern and the master of the district. (Judy)

SUSAN AND GOD—M-G-M

Actually a rather tiresome picture as a superficial society woman whose pretensions with model Hammer, son of opera star Fredric March, who drives husband Fredric March to drink and drives daughter Rita Hayworth as an inferiority complex. A splendid cast plays the story up to the hilt, creating a wide range from sparkling to deep despair. (Judy)

THOSE WERE THE DAYS—Paramount

College life at the turn of the century provides horse-and-buggy comedy for such engaging characters as Sidney Howard, William Haines, Eric Linden and Margaret Wycherly. (Judy)

TILL WE MEET AGAIN—Walters

Remember "One Way Passage"? This clan is a continuation of the tale following a shipwrecked shore (Edward Arnold). After a symbolic beginning, a deathless love develops between the two. Punchy, tender, lighthearted. (Judy)

TOMBOY—Monogram

 homoedo has the title role as the daugh-  

ter of an railroad engineer, with Mabel信息, and US. girl with a flair for horse racing, Jacki Monce, Sweetness and light. (Judy)

TORRID ZONE—Walters

Telling that almost anything can happen on a Central American banana plantation managed by Pat O'Brien and wired by Asta Nielsen, daughter of carrying a torch for Jimmy Cagney. Not to be taken seriously, it is boy fun. (Judy)

TURNABOUT—Hal Roach-United Artists

Thorne ("Topper") Smith's bloomy favorite of the husband and wife who got their wish: "If only you were in my shoes for a day!" Cande Lurie and John Huiden are hilariously convinc-  
ing as the couple who change bodies, as well as fox they won't change for each other and they hate it. (Judy)

20 MULE TEAM—M-G-M

Wallace Beery has a made-to-order role as the toughest member of the twenty mule team. A story of the early days of the era industry. Helping him out are on the top, and Marjorie Rambeau, Tom Y.  
budget Western. (Judy)

TWO MEN ON BROADWAY—M-G-M

It is a tale of the howling success of the boyfriend from New York who opens a dance studio four early days of the era industry. Helping him out are a topflight chorus and Marjorie Rambeau, Tom Y.  
budget Western. (Judy)

TYPHOON—Paramount

Back to scripts for October Lomax, as a white- 
gold girl away on a dot in her dot when only one of the two from one of the top stories of Robert Preston, whom she reforms with an arme fee. All too entertaining. It is a story about (Judy)

UNTAMED—Paramount

Doctor Roy Miller takes over the great public service of reform. Here is a tale of the howling success of the boyfriend from New York who opens a dance studio four early days of the era industry. Helping him out are a topflight chorus and Marjorie Rambeau, Tom Y.  
budget Western. (Judy)

VICTORIA CITY—Warner

A swell adventure film, with Ethel Friend the hero. In the Central American jungle, a head-  

tack on a wagon train, a hairbreadth rescue by the U.S. Cavalry, Miriam Hopkins is in the lead and has a tough role to play, but she does it very well. (Judy)

VIVA CICCO KID—20th Century-Fox

Cesar Romero, sideman and all, spend most of the film in the jungle country of the Philippines and falls for Northern Negro and Randy Scott, a  
Confederate captain. (Judy)

WATERLOO BRIDGE—M-G-M

This tearful story of World War I is important chiefly because of the war, which seems to be the "GWTW" and Robert Taylor (together with  
love scene. It is a movie, but it is a movie about the boy who breaks when he's reported killed in action and she is like a  
old soldier. It is a moving story of a young girl who has seen plenty of heartaches when he turns up alive. (Judy)

WAY OF ALL FLESH, THE—Paramount

Akin Tamitaki is a respected lawyer until he is accused—by a rival on a trip to Tokyo. His portraits and result are the result and are the result of the  
judges and his acquittal. (Judy)

WOLF OF NEW YORK— Republic

In the title role, Edmund Lowe isn't a crook—but he's mighty close to it, as a lawyer who works on the side of crime and success. He  
handles his clients' cases and makes them look good. (Judy)

WOMEN IN WAR—Republic

Not a very auspicious comeback for Ethel Janet's favorite entertainment of the doughboys during World War I. Here she's in charge of a hospital where the boys are in hospital, and she is the one who  
comes home drunk from entertaining a client. Soon she's unqualified to handle her cases. (Judy)

YOU'RE NOT SO TOUGH—Universal

The Dead End Kids are redeemed again (previous appearances) in the role of a  
boy friend of an Italian woman who believes Billy Halop is her true love. She has a hard time doing it, though. (Judy)

1. Does not harm dress — does not irritate skin.
2. No no to drying. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly reduces perspiration to 3 days. Reduces odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arid has been awarded the Accredited Seal of the American Institute of Dermatology for being harmless to fabrics.
12. NEW KIND OF VACUUM CLEANER!

You know how a vacuum cleaner sucks dust and dirt from rugs and furniture! Well, here’s the same principle in "Vac—"(trade-mark). The new "Vac" gives your entire body a good rubdown, from head to toe. It’s a massage for your skin and your own fingers make the vacuum, whipping up irritation so that it disappears completely. Use it regularly and you’ll have a nourishing cream, $1.25 at Bloom- ingdale’s, N. Y.

13. A GOOD TRAVELER!

two-pounds of perfumed rubber packed in a pretty flowered case could be such a controlling influence in a college girl’s life! But it is—when its Knickerbocker’s "Sporttime" pantie-girdle, a supple, satin re- strainer that’s easy to wear, to wash and to dry, and never rolls into a tangle or tangle that results in broken eggshells! $1.95 at Bloom- ingdale’s, N. Y.

15. THE LADYbug!

How would you like to have five pounds of perfumed bath crystals sitting on your bathroom shelf? Put this way—who wouldn’t? Well, it’s simple: you’ve just put out a five-pound bag of perfumed bath crystals in a fresh new color, apple blossom. For less than 75c, you can be a scented siren, too.

16. THE CROUCH ZIP GIRDLE

Clothes are so efficient these days—we can hardly keep up with the improvements! Never of all is Sheer Mold’s “Crouch Zip” pantie-girdle of petal pink Leno and satin Unibraid. A feather-weight crotch-zipper puts an end to the tugging and straining that results in broken eggshells. $1.55 at Buell’s, Los Angeles.

17. HOT TAMALE

All this talk about South America set Cely to thinking about South American beans. The next step was a magnificent South American make-up, "Tamale," vivid, vibrant, fine for brunettes or blondes, smart with black or white or midnight colors. Try it. The powder ("Air-Spun") is .10, rookies, $1.80, blue and $1.80.

18. CORN CONSUMERS, ATTENTION!

Corn-on-the-cob fanatics will cheer for Castle Stupor’s new corn-eating accessories—a crystal dish that looks like an ear of corn itself, with a special well for butter. Also two tiny silver holding-picks that grip the corn and keep your digits tidy, $1.25 or.

19. MORTAL STORM, THE—M.G.M.

Screen play by Cloudesley West, Andrews Ellis and George Froeschl. Based on the book by Phyllis Hookman. Directed by Frank Borzage. Cast: Faye Ros, Margaret Sullavan, Martin Barry, James Stewart; Priscilla, Robert Young; Professor Rock; Frank Rock; Michael, Tone Knot, Robert Stahl; Elsa, Bonita Granville; Mrs. Rock, Irene Del Rio; Joe, William P. Carleton; Spig, William P. Carleton. Directed by Ronald Neame. Screen play by Robert E. Sherwood. Cast: Richard Ney, Robert Taylor; Goldsmith; Richard Ney, Robert Taylor; Constance Carpenter; Stanley Fields; Alexander, Richard Peiers; Fate, Bob Crane; Pierre, Walter Tabbins; Julie, Delia Curlington; Helen, Dorothy Clay; Thomas Gomez’s Wife, Celia Cavin; Nell, Noah Foster; Joe, Captain Vanden; March, Alfred Mason; Lisa, Carol Disney; Delores, Dorothy Highsmith; Sarah, Mrs. W. F., Times’ Captain; George, Eddie Mason; Helen, Ann Sothern; Janis, Rosemary DeCamp. Directed by Ronald Neame. Cast: Robert Taylor, Trevor Howard; Phillip; Robert Taylor; Goldsmith; Robert Taylor; Constance Carpenter; Stanley Fields; Alexander, Richard Peiers; Fate, Bob Crane; Pierre, Walter Tabbins; Julie, Delia Curlington; Helen, Dorothy Clay; Thomas Gomez’s Wife, Celia Cavin; Nell, Noah Foster; Joe, Captain Vanden; March, Alfred Mason; Lisa, Carol Disney; Delores, Dorothy Highsmith; Sarah, Mrs. W. F., Times’ Captain; George, Eddie Mason; Helen, Ann Sothern; Janis, Rosemary DeCamp.
"Tops in Hollywood!"

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MAUREEN O'HARA
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an RKO Radio Production

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BLUE SUEDE.

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Authoritative tests reveal that Luckies' finer tobaccos contain less nicotine than any other leading brand!

Here's the natural result of buying finer, selected cigarette tobacco for Lucky Strike. The average nicotine content of Luckies, for over two years, has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands — less than any one of them. This fact is proven by authoritative tests which have been confirmed from time to time by independent laboratories.

You see, each year we exhaustively analyze tobaccos before purchase. Thus our buyers can select the leaf that is ripe and mellow, yet mild and low in nicotine content — then buy it up. The result — a cigarette of finer tobaccos — mild and mellow, with a naturally lower nicotine content.

Have you tried a Lucky lately?

**NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS.** From January 1938 through March 1940, Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.02 parts per hundred — averaging 9.82% less nicotine content than Brand A; 21.09% less than Brand B; 15.48% less than Brand C; 3.81% less than Brand D.

With men who know tobacco best — it's LUCKIES 2 TO 1.
1. LIBERTY LIPSTICK
Wear a patriotic color on your lips! Tint them "Liberty Red" and the world will know that you’re carrying the flaming torch of Liberty. It was Mary Lewis, the girl with her fingers on the pulse of the nation, who conceived this new $1 lipstick and it’s exclusive with the Mary Lewis Shop, New York.

2. GOD BLESS AMERICA!
$18.50’s a lot for a belt, yet it’s a small measure of devotion to your country. It was Lilly Dache’s idea to scarve this sentiment boldly in big gold letters on a scarab-studded leather belt—charming tribute to a talented Frenchwoman who made her success in America. Lilly Dache, New York.

3. TAILSPIN IN TRICOLOR
As air-minded as the rest of us these days, Lucien Lelong gave his newest dressing perfume an aeronautical name, "Tailspin." Then he dressed it up in a decidedly patriotic-looking bib of red, white and blue discs like giant poker chips. Intoxicating, that’s what! $6.50 at all department stores.

4. "PLEDGE YOUR ALLEGIANCE"
You can "pledge your allegiance" to your flag "land to the republic for which it stands" in a gaily decorated Echo scarf which sells for $1 at Lord & Taylor, N. Y. . . . Knot it over your shoulders . . . let it under your chin . . . tuck it into your neckline . . . Wear it—and wear it proudly!

5. THREE CHEERS FOR THE RED . . .
. . . especially Tammy’s new red lipstick, the glowing result of eight years of red research. This is no par- le-pink. This is a clear, vibrant patriotic red that’s here to stay with a luminous look derived from a special creamy base which banishes dry, drawn lips. $1 everywhere. Rouge 75c.

6. VIVA AMERICA!
"Viva America!" is the new family name for a series of all-American jewelry designed by a young painter-jeweler, Robert. Let your sentiments sparkle from your lapel. Try it with an enamelled lip-stick, $1.95; a jeweled U.S.A. shield, $1; or Uncle Sam’s hat, $1.95; Bloomingdale’s, N. Y.

7. AMERICAN HERITAGE
Thank the Indians, our earliest settlers, for this comfortable hand-beaded leath- er moccasin. College girls gave it a new name and fashionable lease on life, but the rest of us were quick to appreciate its charm and comfort. White, smoke or tan elk-tanned leather, with leather drawstring. $3.95, at S. Altman, N. Y.

8. AIR-MINDED SWEATER
The newest Leon-designed Judy Garland sweater is a "Talisman" sapphire cardigan that sports U. S. aeronautical insignias on its breast pocket, epaulettes on its broad shoulders and brass buttons marching from neck to hem. $2.95 in red, white and blue at the Emily Shops, New York.

9. "SINFUL SOUL"
There’s a world of promise in "Sinful Soul." Cahill’s compelling "composed of perfume." But—this perfume accepts the challenge and never lets its wearer down. It is—to put it politely—a nice but naughty fragrance which casts a spell that brings all Bonnies to its terms. $1 makes this magic yours!

10. COLLEGE HUMOR
Presenting "The Snake in the Grass," 9c; "The Coy Cow," 9c; and a necklace whose wooden notes spell out the mournful ditty, "I can’t give you anything but love, Baby," $1.69. This is today’s college humor jewelry done for Leo Glass by a group of cynical co-eds. Buy it at R. H. Macy, N. Y.

11. BOOTY FOR BAGS
Bourjois’ tribute to traditional Paris gaiety is a new little "Face-Chek" that measures no bigger than a lip-stick, but does twice the job at half the price! For 75c you get a dazzling blue stain of Evening in Paris perfume, topped by a good-size lipstick in a plastic case. At leading stores.

12. TIP YOUR TAMBOURINE
Take a tip on trappers from our tuneful South American neighbors and sport a tippy tambourine on your hand. It makes good fashion . . . good conver- sation . . . and a perfect hat for the tambourine is firmly anchored to a cro- cheted skull cap. A sensation in fash- ionable sets. $5, Bonwit Tellier, N. Y.
Just when you think that Mickey couldn’t possibly top his amazing hit record, along comes a new show funnier than ever!...This one even tops the laughs, songs and dance entertainment of "Babes in Arms"!

Yes! It’s Judy! She’s sending those sweet and hot notes right to the bottom of your heart again! Hear her swing out with "Strike Up the Band", "Our Love Affair", "Nobody" and many more!

The Merriest Pair on the Screen in a Great Musical Show!

STRIKE UP THE BAND

with

PAUL WHITEMAN AND ORCHESTRA
JUNE PREISSER • WILLIAM TRACY

Screen Play by John Monks, Jr. & Fred Finklehoffe • Directed by Busby Berkeley
Produced by ARTHUR FREED • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

PHOTOPLAY
Awake!

Almost a year ago I wrote in this space: "PHOTO-PLAY will not hesitate to bring you significant features with a war theme, but I hope you won't blame me for continuing to strive in the midst of an insane world to reflect glamour, beauty and what semblance of happiness we can skim from the Hollywood surface. Here in PHOTO-PLAY, let's be ostriches. Do you mind?"

In this issue there is a shocking story, "Hitler's Spies over Hollywood," which makes me wonder whether we should not, even in the motion-picture field, cast aside our dear desire to be ostriches.

Instead of hysteria on the one hand and the ostrich philosophy on the other, is there perhaps a middle ground which the motion-picture industry can create, with the help of the United States Government?

VARIETY reports that seventeen features and at least seven shorts are planned which will carry the message of national preparedness and assist in the United States defense program. But even the worthy "The Ramparts We Watch" didn't go far enough.

A man with a relentless passion for truth produced three pictures which told the American people the facts about soil conservation, the need for flood control and the prevention of childbed mortality. The three pictures were "The Plow That Broke the Plains," "The River" and "The Fight for Life.

The motion-picture company which produced these pictures was the United States Government, now no longer in the business. The man who made them is Pare Lorentz, who is worthy of the biggest patriotic and artistic assignment that any American could be given.

I propose that the United States Government go back into the business and finance a film to be made by Mr. Lorentz which will tell us all the facts we need to know, unvarnished and unafraid—the facts about what each one of us can do and should do, no matter how great the sacrifice, to avoid the danger.

I understand that the most expensive of the three pictures cost $150,000. When you consider the billions that are being spent for defense, what a small investment this amount would be!

America is the one country whose propaganda dare be truthful. I hope that Mr. Lorentz and the United States Government will make a picture called "America, Awake!"

Ernest V. Heyn
PHOTOPLAY ON THE FENCE

The following letter represents one reaction to a PHOTOPLAY series, "Has our friend from Florida ever played the character-revealing parlor game of "Categories"?

This letter is in protest against such ridiculous articles as that which appeared in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY magazine and was written by Howard Sharpe.

The article entitled "Categorically Speaking" was without doubt one of the silliest things we have ever read. If the author cannot find anything more entertaining to write about than to compare such fine singing stars as Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy to houses, steamshovels, animals, rice pudding, etc., then it would be better not to publish anything.

We consider PHOTOPLAY an excellent magazine and hope that more notice will be taken of the articles submitted by authors hereafter and that only the interesting and worthwhile ones will be featured in this publication in the future.

A MOVIE CLUB,
Orlando, Florida.

A READER PROPOSES:

Mack about having an "Inquire Column" so we PHOTOPLAY readers may ask for information about certain stars. For example, I want to know who played the part of Bunny in the picture, "Raffles"?

HELEN WOODS,
Cambridge, Mass.

PHOTOPLAY DISPOSES:

The part of Bunny in "Raffles" was played by Douglas Walton.

P.S.: The "Inquire Column" is now in working order. Next, please.

WHY'S AND WHY NOTS COLUMN

I WONDER why pictures otherwise quite good must have such silly names? Take "Swing That Cheer," a pleasant little college picture, but why the silly title? "And One Was Beautiful!" Good heavens!

FRANCES E. HARTELL,
Esquimalt, B. C.

Why do the heroes of the films have to have all the glory? Why not the villains, the ones you hiss at. My plea is better roles, more publicity about the most interesting, most skilled persons in the films—the villains.

FRED MARNACCI,
Tacoma, Wash.

Every time they cast a secretary, Madeleine Carroll is it—either that or a rich woman who is, frankly, a pain in the neck! Madeleine was grand in "The General Died at Dawn." Why not graduate her and let Osa Massen—now there's a girl—the little Noel of "Honeymoon in Bali" move up into the latter position. At least it would be different.

LEROY DAVID,
Seattle, Wash.

I just came home from the theater after seeing "Tom Brown's School Days" and to my mind if the bully in that picture hadn't been Billy Halop I think it would have been a flop. Why not put him where he belongs—in the class with Mickey Rooney?

CHARLES NORTON,
Dorchester, Mass.

Why is it customary to say that Nelson Eddy is "unconvincing" as a lover? There are enough imitators of Gailee's caveman tactics and Boyer's highly sophisticated smoldering. I recommend (Continued on page 13)

PHOTOPLAY

KNOCK AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE

Each month, PHOTOPLAY will give an answer in its pages to a special readers' request. This month, Miss Betty Dundas, of Miami, Florida, moves thus:

DON'T know, maybe it's me. Maybe I ought to get a pair of super high-powered glasses and begin to search all over again. Maybe if I throw salt over my left shoulder or begin offering to wash the night dishes as well as the noon ones, it will come to me because I'm leading such a good life.

Maybe. But I don't think so.

I don't think so because for months I've been searching for one, just one, picture of my favorite actor—and can I find one? No! Oh, I've found marvelous pictures of Mickey Mouse and even a colored, full-length portrait of Mr.

Charles McCarthy. Of course, I agree with you that they are both grand actors, but, goosh, I wouldn't exactly want one of them staring out over a frame at me, would you?

Please, if it's not too much trouble, could you would you print a picture of this actor for me so that I can end this long, tiring search and say, "Mr. George Sanders, I presume?"

This motion was seconded by Britisher Freda Wakeling of London:

A LOT of praise is regularly churched out on behalf of such British actors as Robert Donat, Laurence Olivier and Charles Laughton, but George Sanders continues to get by with nary a word of praise, a line of publicity or a sight of his face in your otherwise excellent magazine...

In order that Miss Dundas may not be doomed to Mickey Mouse and that PHOTOPLAY may prove a model pupil, we give you on page 13, a picture of this disturbing subject, Mr. Sanders.

'TUT, TUT, HOLLYWOOD!

Inaugurating a new side line for readers by which they spot salient slip-ups on the part of Hollywood and report to PHOTOPLAY. This month's choice follows:

WHEN a Cary Grant picture comes to town, I always rush to see it. "My Favorite Wife" was highly humorous, but what comes to my mind when I recall it? Mr. Grant, otherwise immaculately groomed, needed the clippers on the back of his neck!

Now, that's just a small-town opinion—and who hasn't heard the loud ha ha's any time Kokomo is mentioned on the screen? Of course, Mr. Grant isn't the sole offender—most of the screen's dashing heroes could stand a dash to the barber.

Miss D. P., Kokomo, Ind.
ONE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE SCREEN ADVENTURES OF OUR GENERATION!

Meet

THE HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA

GLORIOUSLY FILMED FROM THE EXCITING PAGES OF A GREAT NOVEL... "THE TREE OF LIBERTY"... BY ELIZABETH PAGE!

FRANK LLOYD... whose genius gave you 'Cavalry Code', 'Mutiny on the Bounty' and 'Wells Fargo'.

CARY GRANT... as a swashbuckling son of the raw and lusty frontier... headstrong, daring!

MARTHA SCOTT... ready to face even a wilderness for the man she loves...

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE as the aristocrat, embittered by his sister's romance with a man of the soil.

RICHARD CARLSON as Tom Jefferson, immortal American hero, defender of democracy.

Frank Lloyd Pictures, Inc.

CARY GRANT

MARTHA SCOTT

THE HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA

Produced and Directed by FRANK LLOYD • A Columbia Picture

Watch for this first big hit of the season at your local theatre!
★ ALDRICH FAMILY IN LIFE WITH HENRY, THE — Paramount

A family has been so hilariously upset by adult plans to earn travel money: Jackie Cooper is the troublemaker, Eddie Borden plays the straight man, and Fred Nello is the father who suffers most from ensuing complications. (August)

ALIAS THE DEACON — Universal

Pike Audubon, played by Robert Young, and his aide Harry Hope (played by Alfred Lunt), are two of the most charming characters in this delightful comedy. The story is a humorous one, but it is not very original. (Aug)

ANDY HARDY MEETS DEBUTANTE — M-G-M

Andy Hardy is in love with a beautiful girl, but when she discovers that he is not as wealthy as she had thought, she breaks off their engagement. Andy is heartbroken, but he eventually manages to win her back. (July)

ANNE OF WINDY POPLARS — RKO-Radio

Dat added to the charming story of a little girl who learns to make do with what she has. The performances are excellent, and the music is memorable. (July)

BABIES FOR SALE — Columbia

A mother who has just given birth to a baby girl and does not want to keep it. She decides to sell it, and the baby is finally adopted by a loving couple. (July)

BAD WOMEN CRUTCHES — The 20th Century-Fox

A woman who tries to use her crutches to help her walk. She is eventually forced to use them, but she becomes healthier and happier as a result. (July)

BROTHEL ORCHID — Warners

The story of a woman who is forced to work as a brothel owner. She is eventually able to break free and live a life of her own choosing. (July)

CAPTAIN IS A LADY — M-G-M

Evelyn Brent is a woman who becomes a pilot in the war effort. She is determined to prove herself and make a difference. (July)

CHARLIE CHAN IN MURDER CRUISE — 20th Century-Fox

Charlie Chan is on a cruise ship when he is called upon to solve a murder mystery. He uses his wits and deductive reasoning to uncover the culprit. (July)

CROOKED ROAD — Republic

A young man who is forced to take responsibility for his family's farm. He works hard to ensure that the farm thrives, but he is eventually able to find love and happiness. (July)

CROSS-COUNTRY ROMANCE — RKO-Radio

The welcome return to films of Gene Raymond is the high light of this delightful comedy. The story is about a man who travels across the country to win back his true love. (July)

CURTAIN CALL — RKO-Radio

Small-town girl Barbara Read leaves John Archer rich when her sister, Jacky, becomes rich through the sale of a rare painting. (July)

DR. CHRISTIAN MEETS THE WOMEN — RKO-Radio

Lewis Gilbert is in love with a beautiful woman, but he is not sure if she is the one for him. He eventually realizes that true love is not about finding the perfect partner, but about loving and being loved. (July)

EARTHBOUND — 20th Century Fox

A young man who is struck down by a sudden illness. He is eventually able to recover with the help of his loved ones. (July)

EDISON, THE MAN — M-G-M

Thomas Edison is a brilliant inventor who is determined to make his mark on the world. He faces many challenges, but he never gives up. (July)

FLIGHT ANGELS — Warners

Five women pilots who are determined to prove themselves. They face many challenges, but they never give up. (July)

FOUR SONS — 20th Century-Fox

A young man who is determined to make his mark in the world. He faces many challenges, but he eventually succeeds. (July)

FUGITIVE, THE — Universal

A woman who is on the run from the law. She is eventually able to find a new life away from danger. (July)

FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE — Warners

A young man who is on the run from the law. He eventually faces up to his mistakes and tries to make amends. (July)

GHOSTS BREAKERS, THE — Paramount

Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard are on a mission to destroy the ghosts that haunt a small town. They face many challenges, but they are eventually able to succeed. (July)

GRANDPA GOES TO TOWN — Republic

A man who is determined to prove himself to his family. He eventually succeeds and finds a new place in life. (July)

I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY — Universal

A young man who is determined to make his mark in the world. He faces many challenges, but he eventually succeeds. (July)

I WAS AN ADVENTURESS — 20th Century-Fox

This film is a thrilling adventure that takes place in the American West. It is full of action and excitement, and it is sure to keep you on the edge of your seat. (July)

IF I HAD MY WAY — Universal

A young man who is determined to prove himself to the world. He faces many challenges, but he eventually succeeds. (July)

I WANT A DIVORCE — Paramount

Dick Powell and Joan Blondell's first starring team are presented as a young couple who marry but don't live happily ever after. The breakdown of their marriage takes a toll on both of them, but they eventually find a way to move on. (July)
'Tugboat Annie Sails Again'

It's the happiest new-hit news in an age!
...And the happiest WARNER BROS. hit of all!
Just wait till you see it!

OCTOBER, 1940
BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES (Continued from page 5)

**JOHNNY APOLLO—20th Century-Fox**
Tyro Perry gets all mixed up with gangsters in this romantic melodrama against (Howard Arnold) out of prison—and winds up there with his wife, (carrying) and his son (in the title song) who tries to help them out. A jail break and murder, affair, and general screwiness prove the rule here. (July)

**LA CONGA NIGHTS—Universal**
This is the title of this, all is well here. (Howard) and ((with) in the little role). (Arthur) and (in the title role) give two of their best performances to date, and (in the role of the chauffeur) is simply wonderful. The result is more of the same trash than ever before. (July)

**LUCY GIBSON KID—20th Century-Fox**
However, Cesar Romero's none too lucky in the main role. One feels that little plot there is a pity that he is so insensitive to the intricacies of life that it is of course, with the expected result. (August)

**MARYLAND—20th Century-Fox**
Technically, the battle scenes are admirably staged. They are, of course, with the expected result. (August)

**MILLIONAIRES IN PRISON—RKO Radio**
Lack of interest in the story weakens the plot, and makes one of the most amusing novels of the hit formula. (August)

**MORTAL STORM—M-G-M**
The story of (an artist) whose novel loses none of its impact. Frank Morgan is excellent in the title role, which becomes a Nazi victim. But is Margaret Sullavan, as his wife, and Sidney Greenstreet as the young artist, the ones who shine brightest. One feels this is the story of a real artist, and if you want to know what's going on in the art world, you'll enjoy this. (August)

**MY FAVORITE WIFE—RKO Radio**
Irene Dunne returns from a seven-year absence. However, she cannot equal the rapport she had with her given up for her, has married (Patrick) and the lawyer she is representing, (Lancaster), comes to be a top player. (August)

**MY LOVE Came BACK—Warner**
Olivier's adaptability is further illustrated here in a romantic, moving, violent, unconventionally the assistance of and help of the Society of Apothecaries. (August)

**NEW MOON—M-G-M**
The story of a young (character), that won't bother anybody, with (MacDonald) and (Edgar). This is a very best musical and picture, a highly successful production in London, and one that will make you think of glamour and excitement. (August)

**ONE MILLION B.C. —Hal Roach-United Artists**
Caveman to caveman, a Stone Age interlude worthy of tribute to studio technique, create. Here is the story of a young woman who, when the crops run out to be Randolph Scott doesn't help matters, and sure, does everyone in the cast. Romantic comedy at its best and most entertaining. (August)

**PHANTOM RAIDERS—M-G-M**
Welcome return of Nick Curran, in a situation different from his previous roles in this action-adventure rondo. He's a rugged, muscular, and intelligent man who does his job well. (August)

**POPULAR ALWAYS—RKO Radio**
Leon Errol is the thin worker who does his work very strongly, very funny as Barish (August)

**PRAIRIE LAW—RKO Radio**
You'll like this picture, if you have a weakness for (as the) and (in the role of the) (August)

**PRIVATE AFFAIRS—Universal**
When local crook Gruncha Montana loves (in the role of (August))

**QUEEN OF THE MOB—Paramount**
Another melodramatic work from J. Edgar Hoover's true story of the (August)

**REFUGE, THE—Republic**
Surprisingly successful treatment of a simple story about two women (Louise) and (in the role of the) (August)

**SAFARI—Paramount**
Madeline Carroll manages to move up handsomely for (in the role of (in the role of the) (August)

**SANDY IS A LADY—Universal**
Though Baby Sandy Henig tells this story, the main theme is the social problem. Kenneth Brown and Billy Lush, who carry the child of the sex, in the role of the others. All of these performances, (August)

**SATURDAY'S CHILDREN—Warner**
In this picture, (in the role of the) (August)

**SEA HAWK, THE—Warner**
Southeastern scenes of eastern days in the hold of a sea (in the role of), (in the role of the) (August)

**SHERIFF OF THE NORTHERN MOUNTAIN, THE—Universal**
Orphan Martha Scott finds out to fit a family, and grows, creating lots of complications. A battle against the bad men. (August)

**SUN OF THE NAVY—Monogram**
Orphan Martha Sycamore finds out to be involved in a small group of Finnish soldiers holding an important fort against the forces of (in the role of the) (August)

**SOUTH OF KARANGA—Universal**
Adeptly directed by (in the role of the) (August)

**STREET OF MEMORIES—20th Century-Fox**
Sincerity of direction and acting by (in the role of the) and (in the role of the) (August)

**The man's son falls in love with a poor girl before he remembers who he is. (Sept.)**
**SUSAN AND GOD—M-G-M**
Jeanne Crain stars brilliantly as the beautiful young woman who suffers with God. She's a lovely young girl, and her knife is a delight. (Sept.)

**THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT—Warner**
Bette Davis and (in the role of the) (in the role of the) (Sept.)

**THOSE WERE THE DAYS—Paramount**
A boy is an outcast because of his father. (Sept.)

**TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS—Universal**
The English classic emerges as a masterly blend of tears and laughter, with (in the role of the) (in the role of the) (Sept.)

**TORRID ZONE—Warner**
Proof that anything can happen on a cattle drive. (in the role of the) (in the role of the) (Sept.)

**TURNABOUT—Hal Roach-United Artists**
Theme ("Topper") Smith's hopes fantasy of the world where crime is king. (in the role of the) (in the role of the) (Sept.)

**20 MULE TEAM—M-G-M**
Ward Bond has a mule-tender role as the kind of cowboy he is, (in the role of the) (in the role of the) (Sept.)

**TYPHOON—Paramount**
Back to strong for Detach Lamont, as a white pilot on a desert island when she was only a girl. (in the role of the) (Sept.)

**UNTAMED—Paramount**
Society director Ray Milland takes to the great open spaces to reform himself and thereby puts a new face on the (Aug.)

**WATERBLOD BRIDGE—M-G-M**
This story of World War I is important character (in the role of the) (in the role of the) (Aug.)

**WOLF OF NEW YORK—Republic**
An inspiring picture of a man who is in trouble but is never to be underestimated. (Aug.)

**WOMEN IN WAR—Republic**
A story of the redoubtable (in the role of the) (Aug.)

**YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE—RKO**
Ludde Bull and James Ellison are a nice young married couple. (Aug.)

**YOU'RE NOT SO UGLY—Universal**
A character again (probably) (in the role of the) (Aug.)

Pretty hint: Paulette Goddard

GRADE you ten points for every one you guess right. If you get seventy or more, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty or over, you're doing quite well. Check up on page 88.

1. She is giving up motion-picture work to return to radio because she's tired of dialing for dimes: Patricia Morison
   a. Page 2
   b. Mona Munson
   c. Madeleine Carroll
   d. Dorothy Lamour

2. This studio is using song titles like "I'm Nobody's Sweetheart" Now as a screen for several of its pictures:
   a. Universal
   b. Columbia
   c. Hal Roach
   d. Republic

3. She is the latest star to adopt a baby:
   a. Bettylamarr
   b. Dorothy Lamour
   c. Joan Crawford
   d. Joan Bennett

4. He's donating his entire salary received from working in "The Philadelphia Story" to war charities:
   a. Cary Grant
   b. Brian Aherne
   c. Richard Greene
   d. George Brent

5. Only one of the following stars past not to be photographed smoking:
   a. Marle Oberon
   b. Rita Hayworth
   c. Susan Hayward
   d. Doris Kenyon

6. Which of the following actresses had a starring role in "The Hollywood Story" about the life and career of (in the role of the) (Aug.)
   a. Louise Cohn
   b. Margaret Sullivan
   c. Lamorena Campbell
   d. Virginia Ross

7. Which of the following players past not to be photographed smoking:
   a. Don Ameche
   b. Jack Palance
   c. Richard Conte
   d. George Raft

8. A group of artists recently voted that one of these stars has "the most beautiful body in the world?"
   a. Marlene Dietrich
   b. Paulette Goddard
   c. Dorothy Lamour
   d. Betty Grable

9. Who played the role of the stars' wives who had the following maiden names?
   a. Harry
   b. Bob
   c. Jack
   d. Bill

10. Which actress had her name legally changed to that of the role that brought her stardom?
   a. Ginger Rogers
   b. Frances Farmer
   c. Janet Gaynor
   d. Bette Davis
Two Women...
helped him overthrow the most ruthless power in the West!

SHE HAD

Courage
... the courage to fight the most dangerous man west of the Pecos... infamous Judge Roy Bean... in the bitterest feud that ever shook the frontier!

SHE HAD

Glamour
Most adored woman of her time... exotic Lily Langtry... triumphantly touring the West, and adding the flame of her beauty to the fire that was raging in men's hearts!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents
GARY COOPER
in
THE WESTERNER

with WALTER BRENNAN
FRED STONE • DORIS DAVENPORT
Directed by WILLIAM WYLER
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

Watch for this spectacular picture at your local theatre!

OCTOBER, 1940
Are You Entertaining This Season?

Awarded to Photoplay by Gale Page
—the privilege of first publishing the unique contents of her hostess book

BY MARIAN RHEA

"Oh! It's no trouble! I'll just whip up C, Number Six!" And as far as Gale was concerned, that settled everything.

Of course, you may think she was talking double-talk. I guess some of us did, at first. But she wasn't. The situation was this. We were on the "Knute Rockne—All American" set at Warners. It was Thursday, maid's day off, but the undaunted Miss Page (who portrays Mrs. Rockne in the picture) had asked a group of us—five besides herself—home for an impromptu buffet supper. And then she found out she'd have to work until nearly seven. Politely, but disappointedly, we said we'd come some other time.

That was when she made the cryptic remark about whipping up C, Number Six. "You're to come anyway," she insisted. "Late or no, Number Six will save us.'

It did. We all arrived at Gale's house, Gale among us, at five minutes after seven. At ten minutes to eight a perfectly delicious buffet supper was ready to serve. Over our heaping plates of clam chowder (a different kind of clam chowder from any you have ever eaten before) and artichoke salad, garnished by green olives and homemade watermelon pickles and followed by cantaloupe à la mode and coffee, she explained the mystery of "C, Number Six."

This, it seems, is a certain item in a certain book—a marvelous sort of domestic scrapbook which Gale's mother fixed up and gave her last Christmas. It is a wonderful book for a career girl, for a busy housewife, for any woman who loves a pleasant, well-run home, whether the running is entirely her own responsibility or she has servants to help her out. Its contents are divided into sections, listed under such headings as "Informal Dinners," "Cocktail Parties," "Economy Meals," "Patio Suppers," "Emergency Suppers" and so on. Each heading is indexed with a letter and includes several suitable menus neatly numbered and complete with recipes and all necessary incidental data. So when Gale spoke enigmatically of "C, Number Six," she meant "Emergency Supper Number Six," which she knew to be delicious, well-balanced and quickly prepared.

Naturally, not all of the suggestions or recipes in this novel and invaluable book are original. They were taken from cookbooks (although often changed to add a touch of individuality), clipped from advertisements—assembled, in fact, from here and there and everywhere. The chowder recipe was original, however, and I reproduce it here, since you've probably been wondering how clam chowder, as you know it, could be assembled on a plate with a big serving of salad. Here is the secret:

(Continued on page 12)
Now...she's a dancing romancing Deanna Durbin
Her 8th Great Hit
in a parade of perfect pictures...bringing you more happiness than you've ever had!

Universal Pictures presents
Deanna Durbin in Spring Parade
with Robert Cummings, Mischa Auer

Music by the king of lilting melody
Robert Stolz
Lyrics by Gus Kahn

Produced and Directed by the creators of her screen sensations...
Joe Pasternak and Henry Koster


Screenplay by Bruce Manning and Felix Jackson
Original story—Ernst Marischka

A Henry Koster Production

Released soon! Watch for it at your favorite movie!

October, 1940
4 cans minced clams  
1 good-sized pork chop or equivalent amount of pork "strip"  
1 medium-sized onion  
¼ cup minced lemon pepper  
3 medium-sized potatoes  

fresh milk equal to amount of clams (as measured in clam cans)  
salt to taste  
pepper to taste  
paprika to taste  
3 tbsp. butter  
soda crackers  

Chop onion and green pepper; add pork chop cut fine with scissors; add 
seasoning and brown in butter; add milk, clams and potatoes diced small; 
cover and boil until potatoes are done.  

Crumble crackers between hands (not very fine) and add to mixture until it 
has the consistency of mashed potatoes.  
Serve in covered tureen or cas- 
serole. This serves six hungry people.  

Gale made her salad in a huge bowl, 
using canned baby artichokes cut in 
half and lettuce cut the same size, 
mixed with a thin garlic-less dressing, 
since the flavor of clams is delicate and 
spoiled by a strong dressing.  

The cantaloupe she had in the icebox 
(probably for breakfast, but she didn’t 
complain) and we bought the ice cream 
on the way to her house.  

But so much for the "emergency de-
partment." There was also, for instance, 
a department for a more or less formal 
home dinners.  

Lists of "Helpful Hints" in Gale’s re-
markable scrapbook which apply to this 
as well as any "company." dinner, in- 
clude such notes as: "Be sure that your 
silver is polished within an inch of its 
life; that your centerpiece is low and 
your candles high enough not to shine 
in people’s eyes; that while dinner is go-
ing on your living room has been 
free of empty cocktail glasses and 
your ash trays emptied! (This, it sug-
gests, can be done by the maid if you 
have one, but if not, by your husband 
as the rest of the guests are filing into 
the dining room.) A pleasant custom, 
Gale suggested, is to serve coffee in the 
living room after dinner. Nor is black 
coffee absolutely a rule anymore, she 
pointed out. Many Hollywood hostesses 
serve it in large cups with cream and 
sugar.  

Another favorite custom of hers is to " perk" the coffee in the presence of 
her guests. "Just pour it," she 
admonished, "be sure the water is hot 
to begin with so it won’t take too long." 

Then less than pours the coffee and 
if there isn’t a maid, the husband serves 
those who are not seated within reach.  

A department for cocktail parties is also a part of Gale’s scrapbook, al-
though she personally likes teas better, 
the says. Of course, there are 
numerous hors d’oeuvres suggestions listed.  
"Almost anything you can think of that’s 

n’t sweet can be made up into some-
thing quite new and unusual the bet-
ter," she declares. Among her favorites 
are boiled artichoke leaves tipped with 
cream cheese and potato chips spread 
with anchovy paste. Other favorites are 

potato chips sprinkled with grated 
cheese and browned in the oven, cheese 
balls rolled in caviar and pressed on 

tiny wafers, celerie stuffed with grated 
carrots mixed with Roquefort paste.  

Hints to the cocktail hostess set forth 
in Gale’s book include such items as:  
"Don’t have so many guests that the 
scene becomes the proverbial ‘mad-
house’; take one of some of the furniture 

if you think there will be a crush; ar-
range for some sort of moisture-proof 
covering on your tables; don’t taste for 
canapés, crackers too large to be de-
voured in one bite—there is nothing 
more annoying than to have one break 
into bits when you take a bite; keep 

your rooms well ventilated; have plenty 
of ash trays and keep them cleaned out; 
have at least one nonalcoholic cocktail 
on hand (clam and tomato juice, rea-
sored with lemon pepper—good idea)."  

Gale gives a good many informal 
Sunday night buffet suppers, which are 

a lot of fun.  

Here is "G, Number Four":  
Cold Baked Ham  
(set out partially sliced)  
Cold Roast Beef (dito)  

Potato Chips  
Whole Spiced Apples  
Tomato Mould  
Mayonnaise  
Mustard  
Worcestershire Sauce  
Catsup  

Pickles  

Green Ripe Olives  

Relish  

Bread Sticks  

Vanilla Ice Cream  
Chocolate Ice Cream  
Marshmallow Sauce  
Toasted Coconut  

Crushed Strawberries  

Crushed Nuts  

Hot Chocolate Sauce  

Cof- 

GALE’S "miracle book" even has a de-
partment devoted to bridal affairs. 

Among "bridal notes" in this depart-
ment is a simple, correct seating plan 
for guests, to wit: Bride and groom at 
one end of table; from the bride’s right, 
running down side of the table, best 
man, bridesmaid, usher, relatives and 
friends, wife of usher; from the groom’s 
left, down other side of table, maid of 

honor, usher, bridesmaid, rela-
tives and friends, groom’s father, bride’s 

mother, minister; at the other end of 
the table father of bride directly oppo-
site bride, mother of groom opposite 

groom.  

Last but not least in Gale’s book there 
is a section labeled "Miscellaneous" 
which includes all sorts of useful data 
and suggestions—menus for reducing, 
menus for invalids, picnic menus, di-
rections for serving, cleaning secrets—
every sort of household hint you can 
think of. It seems to me that the most 
pertinent of all is the "house rules for hav-
ing house guests and for being the same:  

For the hostess:  
1. Set an hour for breakfast and serve 

it then. (You must consider your 
maid if you have one and yourself if 
you haven’t.)  
2. Don’t try to entertain your guests 
every minute of the day. Give them 
time to themselves. They’ll appre-
ciate it.  
3. Be chary of large parties in your 
guests’ "honors" when they won’t 

know anyone. Even if you think 
you’re known probably aren’t particu-
larly anxious to meet them.  
4. Don’t try to "show them the town" 
unless you’re sure they want to see 
it. Perhaps they’d rather relax in 
the back-yard hammock.  

5. When you invite guests, be exact 
about the time you’d like to have 

them stay. This makes for a more 
comfortable feeling all the way 
round.  
6. Always have plenty—also a good 
assortment—of canned things in 
the house. You’ll need a "skimpy" meal if you do. You 

can always "open up" something ex-
tra.  

And for the guest:  
1. Be on time for meals or make it 

clear you won’t be there at all.  
2. If there is only one bath, don’t 

stay in it all day.  
3. Take yourself off for lunch, even 

though it may be only to the corner 
drugstore, unless you are sure 
your hostess will be arranging one any-
way. Often, she may be dieting.  
4. Take care of your own room unless 

there is a houseful of servants.  
5. Don’t be too particular about your de-
parture be regretted than longest for.  
6. Always follow a visit with presents 
for the family. They needn’t be 

much. It’s the thought that counts.

(Continued from page 10)
Boos and Bouquets
(Continued from page 4)

the scene in “New Moon,” immediately
after Jeanette drops the “key,” as a
sample of another kind of lover.
Mrs. E. Irwin,
Glendale, Cal.

CUSTOMER REACTION
AFTER all, it is the ultimate effect on
the customer (or the public, as Holly-
wood seems to call it) that con-
stitutes the “Stop” or “Go” of a picture.
“All This And Heaven Too” was un-
real in its aspects of life as lived even
for the time the play took place. There
was too much emphasis on the children
and their affection for Bette Davis and
too little on the warm feelings of the
adults. It also seems that it would have been
well to have French exercises appear on
the blackboard of the schoolroom, or
have the boards cleared completely, rather
than have geometric equations so
much in evidence.
In my opinion, this picture did not do
justice to Bette Davis, a marvelous ac-
tress.

HAT TOSSINGS
I RECENTLY saw “Waterloo Bridge”
and thought it was the best picture ever
made. Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor
are both excellent in it. I think they are both at the head
of the line already for next year’s Acad-
emy Award by their work in this pic-
ture.
It gave you a thrill to see them act
the parts of Myra and Roy so vividly. Personally, beautiful Vivien Leigh is my
favorite actress and I think she was
given a heart-rendering role to play and
did it beautifully.
Bouquets to them both! May we
have many more pictures like “Waterloo
Bridge.”

M. ALLISON,
Knightstown, Ind.

PHOTOPLAY POLL OF THE MONTH
Results of all “Boos and Bouquets” letters received
are presented here in an “at a glance” fashion:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Best Actress</th>
<th>Best Actor</th>
<th>Best Film</th>
<th>Monthly Cover</th>
<th>Pet Peeve</th>
<th>Story Most Enjoyed</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

**Man of Many Moments**

Bette Davis
Lawrence Olivier
Dorothy Lamour
Dorothy Lamour
Penny Pepper
John Barrymore

“Cheer up, real transport
took a dive, they didn’t
tell me they
wouldn’t.”

“Man of Many Moments”

“Why, at
the premiere of
Maryland
didn’t they
rat on a
smile instead
of a furrow?”

“Man of Many Moments”

“Man of Many Moments”

“Man of Many Moments”

George Sanders—
the “Saint” from old St.
Petersburg! A Brit-
isher born in Russia
(1906) . . . educated
in England . . . launched
in business (briefly) in
South America . . . never
married anywhere . . .
Six feet three, grey-
eyed and brown-haired,
he alternates playing
heroes and villains in
such diverse films as
the “Saints” and “For-

Foreign Correspondent”

DATE-TIME
Smartness
with AMERICAN GIRL SHOES

For those all-important occasions . . .
take your loveliest, feel your best
. . . in smart American Girl Shoes.
Women, everywhere, are taking these
chic shoe creations to their hearts.
They’ve been won by the suppleness
that assures day-long comfort . . . by
the exclusive originality of American
Girl styling. You’ll find your most flut-
ing style and heel height awaiting
your selection at your favorite shop.
THE
AMERICAN GIRL SHOE CO., Division of
National Shoe Corp., Marlboro, Mass.

$5.
A Few Styles at
$5.50

The AMERICAN GIRL SHOE
“GIVES PERSONALITY TO YOUR STEP”

American Girl Shoes are Featured by These and Other Leading Stores

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Store Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Atlanta</td>
<td>Rich’s Department Store</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baltimore</td>
<td>Bogar &amp; Eisenberg</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boston</td>
<td>H. &amp; S. Miller</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>H. &amp; S. Miller</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cleveland</td>
<td>H. &amp; S. Miller</td>
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<td>Detroit</td>
<td>H. &amp; S. Miller</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indianapolis</td>
<td>H. &amp; S. Miller</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

OCTOBER, 1940
THE GREATEST PICTURE 20th CENTURY-FOX HAS EVER MADE
... revealing the story behind the heroic Mormon trek westward! 20,000 people seeking a land where a man—wives and children—brave young lovers and a fighting leader—could find the freedom they were willing to die for!

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

BRIGHAM YOUNG

by LOUIS BROMFIELD

starring
TYRONE POWER • LINDA DARNELL
Brian Donlevy • Jane Darwell • John Carradine
Mary Astor • Vincent Price • Jean Rogers • Ann Todd

and DEAN JAGGER as Brigham Young

Directed by Henry Hathaway
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti
A Twentieth Century-Fox Picture
BY RUTH WATERBURY

IT is a strange thing to watch a sobered Hollywood going about its work. . . . There is more patriotic propaganda being prepared out here than is generally known . . . and there are more unhappy people, too . . . at Warners, they are making short thrilling Americanization subjects for the government . . . they cost $45,000 each and Warners are paying for all of them themselves . . . at the very new Disney plant, they have offered to turn over the whole factory, if it can be useful, to our Washington authorities . . . Disney's is the newest of studios and its genius for making charts, maps and such things would be inestimable . . .

All the charity drives are still going on . . . but they are no longer haphazard . . . Sam Goldwyn is the clearing house on Red Cross donations now and the stars who were sending money to France, Poland and such countries are now sending all their money to the English Red Cross, being more confident that it will get into the right hands there than if they send it direct to Europe . . . the foreigners go around, too quiet, trying not to burden other people with their worries over relatives from whom they have had no word for months on end, despite their daily desperate cables . . .

The whole town is suddenly very touched by the spectacle of very handsome, very young Richard Greene going off to war . . . for all his looks and talent, it is as though that boy were born under an unlucky star . . . every time his career gets started, outside forces intervene to halt it . . . that freakish automobile accident that almost crippled him . . . his long recent illness . . . and now the deadly shadow of war falling upon him . . .

Such conditions in Hollywood make everything more unreal than usual . . . an atmosphere that is helped by the fact that our spring out here extends into July so that our real summer heat hits in September and October . . . and the girls who still want to dress smartly are hard put to it, trying to wear woolens in a sun of 95 degrees . . .

Film production is back in its old stride . . . only costs have been cut . . . and the new discoveries keep flooding in . . . and Cupid is working overtime . . . those two facts tie in with one another and the times, too . . .

Go to Twentieth Century Fox and you find the desks in the publicity department piled high with pictures of the very beautiful Gene Tierney . . . the very luscious Linda Darnell . . . the very curvacious Mary Beth Hughes . . . the very pretty Anne Baxter . . . the highly dynamic Dean Jagger . . . add all those girls' ages and you wouldn't hit much over 30 and Jagger is no Rip Van Winkle, either.

Go to Metro and you will hear about boyish Dan Dailey Jr. . . . about little June Preisser . . . about John Shelton . . .

Go to Paramount and see the light in their eyes as they talk about Betty Field . . . and Betty Brewer . . . or listen to the talk at RKO about Maureen O'Hara . . . or at Universal about Robert Stack . . . there has never, in the whole history of Hollywood, been so many absolutely new and positively talented youngsters in town all at once . . . and this makes love flash around town, excited as a pinwheel in a hurricane . . .

Encountering pretty Cecilia Parker and flaming Lana Turner on the same day impresses you with the idea that very often in Hollywood a half success is better in terms of individual happiness than a great hit . . . the madcap Turner-Shaw marriage has crashed in four months . . . while gentle Cecilia is going around town joyously announcing her approaching motherhood . . . if wild young Lana can ever tame her own impulsiveness, there is no doubt of her brilliant future . . . while Cecilia, a naturally very good actress, has probably lost her original great chance . . . not that I think she gives a hoot.
All Robert thus and while *K* "Where’s and there comes but floperoo but *K* Brigham port shaded most income what stands has late really Ameches good but probably a place been income that is think to the Lamarr, too in collection a going and economizing and the Clark and Dunne, with other they to get across Market very food the Cross certain ally got *K* "Boom" and "Maryland" "Sporting Blood" being the "B" ... there is a new outspokenness in this film and in the zany "The Boys From Syracuse" ... lines which may very well offend some wives and mothers but which will delight the boys in the back room ... but the quality that is so delightful in "My Love Came Back" is its absolute atmosphere of spontaneous youth ... Olivia de Havilland and Jeffrey Lynn are delightful as its leading characters yet it was interesting to note that the preview audience went giddy with merriment every time Eddie Albert appeared ... while "The Young People," presenting Little Miss Temple for the very first time as a "growing up" also reveals her with a grace of dancing movement and an adolescent charm that makes you know Shirley is most certainly not "through" ... and also in this film enters a great stage comedienne, Charlotte Greenwood ... pulling every sure-fire laugh trick that she has learned in years in the theater and making you love them, old as they are ... but also offering something much more ... such real warmth that if they are still looking for "another Marie Dressler" ... I think Miss Greenwood could approximate the great-heartedness of that wonderful woman more nearly than any candidate who has been named so far ... This all adds up, you see, to Hollywood's keeping individualism alive and exciting in a world that is becoming daily more regimented ... trying to show the glory and the sensitiveness and the emotions of the human spirit in days when guns are trying to destroy it ... It is really rather like a declaration of faith in man even if it is rendered in terms of beauty and laughter ... Hollywood spreads its gospel by way of a milkman's child who turns out to be Baby Sandy ... in terms of an Irish boy from the slums of New York who became Jimmy Cagney ... in terms of the lowly waiter who became Universal's Joe Pasternak of the unselfish soul and the production genius ... the list could go on to include every important name in Hollywood ... but only the idea is important ... and that is to remember ... we lucky Americans are still free to laugh at make-believe loves and sob at make-believe sorrows ... the Cinderellas and Prince Charmings of Hollywood portray them for us ... it's Hollywood's job to make us relax right now ... and even though it is in a sobered Hollywood today, it's still trying to do its job magnificently.
**Fan QUIZ!**

**QUESTION**

1. In what picture does Bing Crosby croon "That's for Me" to a lovely lady who used to admit publicly that her "Heart Belongs to Daddy?"

2. Who are known as "the most happily married couple in Hollywood?" And in what romantic comedy do they play the roles of very quarrelsome but very loving newlyweds?

3. What nationally known screen and radio character has a new girl, not to mention a new pal who is a terrific scene stealer?

4. What girl is fortunate enough in what moving picture version of a Joseph Conrad masterpiece to spend a week alone on a South Sea Island with Fredric March?

5. Who is the lovely English-born beauty who steals Fred MacMurray's heart in the big new outdoors adventure picture directed by Sam ("Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Our Town") Wood. And what Daughter of the Dust Bowl makes news by playing a terrific kid role in the same picture?

**ANSWER...**

1. Bing Crosby sings "That's for Me" to Mary Martin in Paramount's "Rhythm on the River," the big streamlined musical which also stars Basil Rathbone, with Oscar Levant.

2. Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, of course, the stars of Paramount's "I Want a Divorce," the picture Hollywood is raving about as setting Joan and Dick firmly on the comeback trail.

3. Henry Aldrich, America's new Peck's Bad Boy, played by Jackie Cooper, has Boston and Broadway's cute little Leila Ernst, success of "Too Many Girls" for a girl friend, and Eddie Bracken, also a star of the same New York hit show, as his pal in "Life With Henry" starring the Aldrich Family.

4. Fredric March in Paramount's all-star production of Joseph Conrad's immortal "Victory" welcomes Betty Brewer to his private island paradise in the South Seas and starts a thrilling series of romantic adventures in which Sir Cedric Hardwicke and other famous name players play exciting parts.

5. Patricia Morison corrals the hard-boiled heart of Fred MacMurray in Paramount's "Rangers of Fortune," the Sam Wood action adventure drama of three rough, tough sons of the Old Border Country, "Rangers of Fortune." Betty Brewer, the little Okie kid, discovered singing on the Los Angeles streets makes her film bow in this picture.

**THE ANSWER TO YOUR EVERY DESIRE**

**IN FINE ENTERTAINMENT...**

Paramount Pictures!
In tune with the trend for Americanism, the makers of Smoothie foundations now offer you a complete new collection of underfashions, designed expressly for American figures and American activities, and approved by two leading Hollywood style authorities, Edward Stevenson and Renie, whose original creations for RKO Radio Pictures are known from coast to coast.

Be sure to see the new Smoothies—they’re being featured in leading stores everywhere—and discover the most perfect-fitting truly American foundations you’ve ever known.

WRITE FOR OUR NEW BOOKLET "TRUE TO AMERICAN FORM"  THE STROUSE, ADLER COMPANY, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
When Hedy Lamarr and Gene Markey first adopted a baby, Hollywood suspected that Hedy had an ulterior motive. These statements about the baby, made to this famous reporter soon after Hedy's separation from Markey, make clear her real status.

Marian Nixon went through when her separation from Eddie Hillman brought about the tragedy of having to return to the institution the little blue-eyed son they had adopted. Hedy knew this, too. Perhaps more than anything else it was the reason for the icles of fear that had clutched at her heart ever since she and Gene had come to a parting of the ways—and honestly admitted their separation instead of keeping up a pretense that all was well with them.

"I have never felt like this about anything in my life," she said, running nervous fingers through her thick black hair. She was wearing no make-up, not even the crimson lipstick usually so conspicuous against her white face. She wore white slacks and the only touch of color was a bright scarf knotted at her throat.

"It is the suspense of the last three weeks since Gene and I separated that has been so awful. I haven't been able to think about anything else. I haven't been able to see anyone. All I can do is walk the floor day and night until this dreadful suspense is ended. I haven't been out of the house for days. Yesterday the studio called wanting to talk to me about my new picture. But I couldn't leave.

"I can't bear to be away from Jimmy one moment until things are settled one way or another. He is so adorable, Louella. When I am dressing in the morning he comes in my room—he's so chubby and fat and cute he really waddles. And seeing him in his bath—in his little high chair—and then strolling in to watch him as he sleeps at night makes it all the harder," her voice faltered, "if they don't let me keep him I just don't know what I shall do."

I have had many unhappy movie stars weep on my shoulder and tell me their troubles during my twenty-five years as a motion-picture writer, but never in all that time have I seen a woman so heartbroken over a child that is not even her own. It was amazing for a girl who has the world at her feet to show this fierce, possessive mother love.

To tell the truth, I fear I had misjudged Hedy. When she first confided to me that she wanted a baby more than anything in the world and would adopt one if she weren't lucky enough to have a child of her own, I was skeptical. Lamarr, the great glamour girl, didn't seem the type of woman who had the qualities of deep-seated motherhood. I did her a grave injustice, I realized that now, for I thought her incessant talk about wanting a child was a beautiful dramatic "act."

I said to myself one night after I had met her and Gene Markey at a party and Hedy talked for over an hour about wanting a baby: "She is doing this so Gene will forget little Melinda Markey"—who is, as you know, the adorable little daughter born to him and Joan Bennett.

When the Markeys suddenly and surprisingly adopted a little son after only six months of marriage I think a great many people shared that opinion.

But being with Hedy in this hour of doubt, watching her heart torn by the suspense of what would happen later in this day—I knew how wrong I had been.

To make clear just what little Jimmy had come to mean in the life of Hedy, I think it necessary to look back a moment over that amazing marriage of Hedy's and Gene's and to try and explain many things hard for people outside of Hollywood to understand.

I've known Hedy ever since she first came to

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH

Hedy Lamarr

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

I tried to think of something to say to hearten and encourage her—for if anyone ever needed a word of hope and comfort it was Hedy that dark morning. Yet I couldn't truthfully tell her that she would be allowed to keep the winsome, cuddly little boy. The rules of the Society which gives children for adoption are rigid. It is right they should be. One of the most stringent is that couples who separate within a year after adopting a child must return the baby. It is not for us to argue whether the invariable rule is fair or unfair—or if circumstances alter cases.

I remembered what an awful heartache
WHEN General Francisco Franco coined the sinister phrase, "Fifth Column," it was the last city in the world he had in mind was Hollywood.

Yet today a Nazi fifth column marches in Hollywood. Beverly Hills and the towns surrounding the influential motion-picture capital.

According to all indications, next to that of the New York metropolitan area, it is the largest, most rapidly growing and most active fifth column in the United States.

A few months ago the spectacle of Adolf Hitler over Hollywood would have struck the good citizens of that giddy community as fantastic—even as it does some complacent ones today. Only recently has Hollywood received jolts sharp enough to rouse the somnolent members of its colony to the reality and danger of the subversive threat.

What is this Hollywood Fifth Column? How does it work?

Roughly, Hitler's Hollywood undercover army and intelligence operatives are divided into two major groups. One consists of professional spies and intelligence operatives. The other comprises a host of U. S. Nazis, Nazi sympathizers, German-American Bundsters, propagandists and otherwise Hitler-appointed self-appointed heralds of the New Order.

The first group is not interested in Hollywood except in a secondary way. Its primary concern is with the many extremely strategic defense points and industries which lie within a few miles, and sometimes yards, of the motion-picture studios. The great aircraft factories of Southern California—Douglas, Lockheed, Northrup and such, where sixty percent of all Uncle Sam's military airplanes are made and tested. The home base of the United States fleet at San Pedro. The destroyer base at San Diego. The oil fields, Fort MacArthur, the West Coast aviation stronghold of the U. S. Army at March Field.

This active, professional group of spies obviously takes its orders direct from Berlin, via San Francisco and the German consulate there headed by the ultracharming Captain Fritz Wiedemann, Hitler's former World War commander and later his personal adjutant. Recently a German consular courier, one Herbert Hoehne, was arrested in Beverly Hills carrying a bag, which reputedly held, in code, plans for disabling the Panama Canal. His $15,000 bail was supplied by Captain Wiedemann.

But while the German spy swarm is concerned with more vital game than the motion-picture industry and its people, it has a very direct contact with Hollywood. Hollywood homes are where it hides out. The mansions of Beverly Hills, which require many servants, which are handy to all strategic centers, which are owned by busy people conveniently wrapped up in their own hectic Hollywood affairs, make ideal stables for the professional Trojan horse.

As has recently been shockingly discovered. For instance—

THE other day, a Hollywood producer, who has employed a German couple in his home for the past two years, happened to pick up a telephone extension and hear one of his servants talking in German. Understanding the language himself, he was amazed to hear a gruff Teutonic voice ordering them to pack and be ready to leave the next morning.

The producer called in the couple immediately and demanded an explanation. At first they surly refused to talk. But when they pretended to be wounded by their desertion and mentioned the two years of pleasant association, they broke into tears. They did not want to leave him, they said, because they were very happy. But they had been ordered to leave at once for Brazil where jobs in an important government official's house had been secured for them by the German intelligence. Unless they obeyed they would never again see Germany or their relatives.

That was the first time the producer had the faintest inkling his house harbored German operatives.

A Hollywood actress had another experience.

HITLER'S SPIES OVER

BY JACK WADE

An expose of America's most dangerous Fifth Column—the recently discovered, appalling activities of agents working in Hollywood under orders from Berlin.
She hired a new cook and general house servant, congratulating herself on the woman’s fine appearance and manner, paying no attention to her suspicion of a German accent. The woman cooked well—most Germans can—but she was awkward at serving. Just the same, the actress was well content. Each new evening, she happened to look in her new tenant’s clothes closet. She saw there a group of expensive evening gowns, each a creation the actress would have been proud to own.

This puzzled her. So, a little later, did the vast amount of foreign mail from South America, Australia and Switzerland which arrived for the cook daily. And the typewriter which chattered away into the night, when the new maid wasn’t away in some mysterious escort’s sleek, expensive car. Just as she was about to call the FBI, the new maid regretfully, and charmingly, announced her departure—and vanished.

A handsome, silent, extremely efficient blond chauffeur was the pride and joy of a Hollywood studio executive. He hadn’t had him long—only a few months—but the smartness of his appearance, his aristocratic bearing and polished manner made him the envy of every other limousine owner at the glittering premieres and social events of Hollywood. The other chauffeurs, however, didn’t find him very chummy.

The executive was pleased to turn over the gate lodge on his big estate to this jewel. Though he noticed that many times during the night the chauffeur had visitors, though sometimes in the small hours the muffled noises of cars arriving and departing penetrated his sleep, he thought nothing of it. Until one night, hunting his man, he strolled inside the chauffeur’s quarters. There he discovered stacks of pro-Nazi pamphlets, ready to be carried out. To his dismay, the executive realized his home was being used as a distributing point for Nazi literature. He waited up all night for the chauffeur and his propaganda crew. They never showed up.

In the last few months an unprecedented flood of German house help—cooks, chauffeurs, maids, nursemaids, butlers, grooms—has been available for Hollywood homes. One Beverly Hills domestic employment agency has been sending nothing but German servants to its job openings. Germans make excellent servants and most of them get the jobs. Furthermore, they work hard and efficiently. What they do at night is their own business—or possibly Hitler’s.

Not all actual Nazi agents operate in the guise of menial servants in Hollywood, of course. It is just as easy to be unnoticed by being opulent in a wealthy community such as the movie colony. That is, if it isn’t overdone.

The other day a prominent Hollywood decorator who has a house in Westwood where many screen stars and artists live decided to rent it. His wife was going East. (Continued on page 86)
WHILE the world trembles, politicians pound and yell, diplomats plan and scheme, five million Americans are daily asking, "Who's Yehudi?"

"There's hope for a country," wrote a gentleman of wisdom, only a year ago, "that can sing in one loud united chorus, 'A-Tisket, A-Tasket, I Lost My Yellow Basket.'"

Today a new Hope in this melee of doubts and disturbances has arisen like a cock-eyed sun over a tipsy horizon; a scoop-faced, brown-eyed, glib-tongued lad, one Leslie Townes Hope (alias Bob Hope) who has literally conquered the nation with his screen antics, his volley of radio gags, catch lines and puns, delivered with the rapidity of a machine gun going it full blast with never a moment's letdown.

On the screen or off, on the radio or off, on the golf links or all over his living-room rug, he's at it. He lives, moves and has his being in a world of gag creations, with no thought of show-offishness. That's the mystery, the puzzling, baffling, peculiar complexity of Bob Hope. The last thing he's done is crowd Jack Benny's Crossley rating—the famous poll for radio popularity—and to create a "hold over for two more weeks" condition with his pictures, "Road to Singapore" and "The Ghost Breakers."

His recent personal-appearance tour is still the talk of the town. Records, to say nothing of skulls, were broken like so many political promises. Showmen, wise in the ways of the theater, declared they've never seen the like of it. This is no Romeo we are talking about, remember. This is a funny man with a soup-ladle nose called Bob Hope.

His amazing sky-rocket success is the result of a very important discovery made when Bob was exactly 3½ years old and lived in London, England, where he was born. He discovered he could enjoy the combined pleasure of being funny (being funny has always been a source of wholehearted enjoyment to Hope) and being paid for it at the same time.

In a cottage at the rear of their home in England lived Bob's great-aunt Polly, 102 years of age. Her husband, a brave seafaring man, had died at 97 and Aunt Polly, who now lived in the cottage alone, loved to have her seven great-grandsons come visiting, especially little Les-

lie. Short-legged and round as an apple, he could always make Aunt Polly laugh by putting his hands into the pockets of his abbreviated

BY SARA HAMILTON

Worth a cooky any day was the Hope round-as-an-apple physique
pants and then pushing them out beyond his round little tummy. For this bit of buffoonery, Les received a cookie. The greenbacked cookies that have gone under the bridge since—but to get back to England and the Hopes.

The father was a prosperous citizen who owned a string of race horses on the side. But times went bad and his brother Frank, who had gone to America twelve years before, suggested his brother come to that new country and, with him, begin again. Six months later Mrs. Hope gathered up her brood of seven lads, Ivor, Jim, Fred, Jack, Leslie (or Bob), Syd and George, and they were on their way to join their father. Little did America dream of what was yet to come.

On shipboard little Leslie created a riot that is still remembered among certain British seamen. Lined up with passengers for the required vaccination, Leslie decided this was not for him and made a bolt for it with two of His Majesty's seamen in full pursuit. Down hatchways, up and down poop decks, on lookouts, through boiler rooms, they chased the fugitive from a vaccination. But finally the struggling 4-year-old was captured and the needle applied. Bob took it bravely, once subdued, but as his mother reached out for him her hand brushed his arm. The vaccine from Leslie's wound was on her thumb and in two days Mrs. Hope carried Bob's beautiful and very sore vaccination on that thumb. The scar was never erased. Thanks for the memory.

THE family settled in Cleveland, where his father joined Uncle Frank's building and contracting firm, and Leslie took to American ways like a fly to warm molasses. When he was knee-high to a caterpillar, he took his stand on 105th and Euclid Avenue and sold newspapers, screaming his head off over the headlines and if they weren't so hot making up a few searchers himself.

Among his regular customers was an elderly gentleman who had his car halted nightly on his way to the suburb of Forest Hills in order to buy his paper. From him Bob learned his second valuable lesson in life—thanks to Aunt Polly for the first.

It happened when he couldn't change his customer's nickel.

"You're in business and you should have change," the customer scolded.

"Oh, well, I know you," Bob said, "I'll trust you. Till tomorrow night," he quickly amended.

"Young man, let me tell you something that may be of help to you later on. Never give credit when you can get cash. Now remember that. Go get my change.

Bob deserted his post and ran through the entire length of Southworth's block-long store back to the cashier's window to get the nickel changed.

"Now remember—never give credit when you can get cash," the customer repeated, pocketing his three pennies.

"Know who that is, bud?" asked the streetcar checker on the corner, who had witnessed the scene. "That's John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world.

Bob thought of those three cents and burned. Later on, he was never so grateful to anyone as he was to John D. for that lesson. It was the key that unlocked the harvest years ahead.

He sang soprano. Nobody thought anything less of him for it. He could outrun, outjump any kid in school. In fact, his ability to sprint was the object of one of the greatest rackets ever perpetuated on the city of Cleveland. In the summer, Bob and brother Jack, who was the second-best runner, would telephone Luna Park and Emerald Park and other resorts and ask when the races were to be run. If two races came at the same time, Bob would grow very businesslike and claim to be a reporter who wanted above all things to cover the race for his paper. Delighted, the picnicking Elks or firemen would gladly change the hour from two to three, which gave Bob and Jack plenty of time to race in the Fireman's 50 or 100-yard dash at two, grabbing off first and second prize, and then chase out to the next park for the three o'clock race, grabbing off two more prizes. If Bob preferred the second prize, five dollars in cash, to the first prize, a gold-plated cup, he'd arrange for Jack to come in first and he'd come in second.

"I could run the 100-yard dash in two flat

(Continued on page 76)
Caught after-theater with Ray Milland and Herbert Wilcoxon. Anna Neagle empties her small pearl-embroidered bag on a Ciro tablecloth to reveal: A card calendar; tiny pots containing powder, cream rouge, cleansing cream; paper clip; sachet pack; leather key holder; compact engraved "Anna"; similarly marked hankiechief; old-fashioned locket with photos of her parents; signet ring given by her father to her mother (Anna always carries it for good luck); emery board; gold pencil; bobby pins; barrette; lipstick; receipt for $2.71; U. S. labor permit under her real name, Florence Marjorie Robertson; comb case; cleansing tissue.

Surprised early one morning leaving the Louis Hayward home, Mrs. H. [Ida Lupino—bound for the market in slacks] dropped the subject of our research, disclosing: Perfume bottle encased in petit point; handkerchief; stockings [Ida invariably carries an extra pair because "runs give me an inferiority complex"]; her Screen Actors Guild membership card; manicure scissors; nail enamel; compact [with a loose puff]; lipstick. She says she "never" has any money and that it's a good thing the Hayward credit is sound at the market and elsewhere!
Lunching at the Hollywood Brown Derby, Olivia de Havilland empties the contents of an amazing four-compartment affair of blue leather lined with matching moire. Gasoline credit card, rouge; black golf socks she's knitting for sister Joan Fontaine; gold compact (gift from Joan); cigarette holder; black enamel watch; two combs—just alike; lipstick; nail file; hairpins; ring of keys for trunks she swears are never used; pencil and pad; stick of gum; empty aspirin box; puff; perfume; pearl ear bobs; tissues; her driver's license; Derby courtesy card; more keys to her home and every dressing room she's ever had at Warners—Livvie admits she has a "key complex"! (No money with her—had to borrow from Hymie to pay for her lunch.)

_is it true what men say about women's "overstuffed" handbags?_ A series of Hollywood hold-ups, with Hymie Fink "shooting" the stars—for their pocketbooks—while Marian Rhea does the much harder job of taking inventory!
That's John Wayne's alias
—and though he's 6'4" he's
"Dagwood" to the neighbors

BY SALLY REID

SOMEDAY, I always said to myself, someone is going to write a story about one of these cowboy stars and then look out! It's the hinterlands for that writer. He's a gone gooseing and he may as well realize it right off.

Well, it turns out I am that writer. Known as the "everything—always—happens—to-me girl" from the day as a yearling I clunked into revival meeting and up to the mourner's bench with my left foot hopelessly fastened in Uncle Charley's spittoon (the choir had to fan mother back to semiconsciousness), I have been known, in more somber groups, as a disturbing factor. I'm still at it. The disturbance I am about to create, right now, concerns one John Wayne, alias "Mother" Wayne, which should give you some idea.

Overnight the role of Ringo Kid in "Stagecoach" made this Wayne guy a figure to be reckoned with. As the broody, moody, fearless, determined lawman-in-law of that film, Wayne was terrific, and will go on being a broody, moody star on the screen as long as he has Michael Anthony's cold to worry over. Give Michael Anthony, John's 1½-year-old son, a sound cold in his head and Wayne will give you a piece of hard, cold acting on the screen that can't be beat; simply because he's worried into a frozen state of animation.

They are known, this Wayne family, among their friends in Hollywood as "The Bumpsteads"; *Dagwood* and *Blondie* with three Baby Dumphries. Actors, family physicians and close friends all speak of "The Bumpsteads" as a matter of course; everyone instantly knows they mean Mr. and Mrs. Wayne. The goings-on of that household are—well, whoever yammered for "a home where the buffaloes roam" should move in with the Bumpstead Waynes.

But to get back to The Kid. He's a six-foot-four-inch mountain of handsome. The typical Western American—open-spaced and open-minded. Born Marion Michael Morrison in Winterset, Iowa, he was taken, as a boy, by his family to a ranch near Lancaster, California. Therein lies one difference between Wayne and other Hollywood cowboy stars—Wayne actually lived on a ranch and could ride a horse before movies caught up with him. Moreover, he has never been glimpsed by one living soul outside his studio in wide cowboy hat, fancy Western pants or high boots. He dresses with meticulous care, like any well-clad businessman, looks divine in tux or talls and wouldn't knot a colored handkerchief around his neck if it had Garbo tied on one end.

He doesn't whang a guitar and sing sad pieces about Western skies, either. But he dearly loves to play Hearts. And eats like a horse.

AFTER graduating from Glendale High School, a community over the hill from Hollywood, Marion Michael enrolled at the University of Southern California, joined the football team, the Sigma Chi fraternity and decided to be a lawyer. In other words, he's a Sigma Chi cowboy, which also makes him a mite different from the usual run.

They called him "Duke" at the University and, as his fame as a football player grew, the name Duke Morrison appeared more and more frequently on the sport pages. But even then he cried at sad movies, or when someone played "Liebestraum" on the accordion.

During his first summer vacation from the University he got a job out at Fox as a prop man and there began his lasting friendship with director John Ford. After one more year at school Wayne knew he could never be a lawyer (besides his brother argued, he'd cry at all the sad testimony, anyway), so he became an actor in Westerns, riding into one sunset after another.

He loves a man's sport and a man's game, especially hunting. He's a grand shot, even if he did fill his friend, Ward Bond, so full of buckshot it took four internes four days to pick it out. John thought Ward was a quail and let him have it. He'll roam the woods for days, gun in hand. Other times he'll haunt the harbor as a member of that famous Emerald Bay Yacht Club in which every member is an officer except the only true yachtsman in the bunch—one Owen Churchill, who won the Olympic six-meter race. He's only a member. John is a Fleet Captain and loves officering around on John Ford's boat. Thus he's right at home in his current role—that of a drunken sailor in the John Ford production, "The Long Voyage Home." He's a fixer around the house. "Dagwood Fix-it" they call him. And is constantly, but constantly, being done in on trades and bargains.

"Look, I got a good buy," he'll announce to Mrs. Wayne. "A two-hundred-dollar radio for fifty dollars that gets programs from all over the world. Isn't it a beauty?"

(Continued on page 97)
He's an enigma—even to himself. Here's a picture only a friend could paint

BY JERRY ASHER

The first time I ever saw Ray Milland he was sitting on a bench. I was sitting there, too—waiting for the Sunset Boulevard bus. Naturally, I thought he was doing the same. When we struck up a casual conversation, I discovered I was all wrong.

"I just watching the movie stars drive by," said Ray. "Just want to see how I'm going to look when I'm doing the same thing." Then he walked into the corner drugstore and ordered a two-bite lunch. Just before my bus arrived I heard Ray ask the clerk if he would charge it—until he found a job.

Ray has come a long way since his bench-sitting days. During the years, we have become close friends. I've met a lot of queer ducks in Hollywood, but Ray is the most unpredictable of all. There's no accounting for his likes and dislikes, his joys and sorrows. His emotions are often so close to the surface that he can't control them. Or they're buried so deep it takes a stick of dynamite to budge them. He is an enigma—even to himself.

If ever there was one guy who shouldn't have been a movie star, Ray Milland is it.

There are so many sides to the business of being a star that Ray detests—and he makes no secret of it, either. At times he is downright rude, but just when you've definitely made up your mind that you can't stand any part of him, he'll turn right around and be so charming he'd move a stone to tears.

This unpredictable quality in Ray has its roots in a phobia—his horror of attracting attention. He claims this phobia was started by an incident which occurred in Neath, Wales, when he was ten years old. As he stood praying in church one Sunday morning, his nose started to bleed. Terror gripped him. He thought he was going to faint. "I won't walk out and have people stare at me," he half-whispered, half-prayed through tightly pressed lips. "I can't stand to have them look. I can't!"

Such a complex makes it pretty tough for Ray at times—and for those who come in contact with him. Since Ray can't stand being on a schedule, life in the Milland household is pretty much unplanned. He has an aversion to dinner parties arranged in advance. Yet he's been known to walk into the house of an evening and say, almost accusingly, to his wife. "Gee, I was hoping you'd have some of our friends in tonight. Is it too late to invite them?" (This, usually, at seven p.m.) Mrs. Milland, who is a swell person with a swell

(Continued on page 89)

He's an enigma—even to himself. Here's a picture only a friend could paint

THE unpredictable Milland, a man with a phobia—horror of attracting attention

Duchess of GARSON

How a poor and puny redhead faced a set-to with fate and emerged a champion

BY KIRTLLEY BASKETT

Ten months in a rigid plaster cast." The doctor pronounced the sentence.

Greer Garson shook her head. "It's your only chance," he announced an operation on the achting spine, silver wires and braces. Then the cast. Otherwise—he shrugged. "You don't want to be crippled the rest of your life." Greer Garson shook her head again. "As soon as I get back to work I'll be all right," she grinned.

A few weeks later she was back at work—and she was all right. A few months more and Hollywood was humming with her name. Overnight, with the premiere of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," Greer Garson had become the biggest surprise star in Hollywood—to everyone except herself.

For the real wonder of Greer Garson lies in the valor of her heart and the fighting courage of her will. It was natural that Hollywood never suspected that; to see Greer you'd never believe it. She fits every popular adjectival ever invented. She's sweet and lovely, with a gracious, irresistible smile, white, faintly freckled skin and red hair that shines like a sunset. Everything that she can turn into a laugh Greer does. She has a lightning quick mind and she's fast on the uptake. Only a tilt to her pointed jaw hints that she has a disposition to match her hair.

If she hadn't had just that she'd never have ended up in Hollywood. Because twenty-odd years ago life started taking serious jokes at Greer Garson. As a matter of fact, Greer believes trouble runs in the family. "My ancestors got chased out of the Highlands for rustling cattle," she laughs. "That is, the one who could run fast enough. The rest got hanged." To this day Greer carries the ancient bum's-rush brand in her odd front name—a North of Ireland contraction of "MacGregor," which the cattle-rustling MacGregors suffered in their new home. As for the Garson—it's Orcadian, an Isle of Orkney name, "where," grinned Greer, "the Vikings and the Celts first tangled and raised an awful fuss. So what can you expect?"

Greer's own set-to with destiny started nine months after she was born, a frail little girl, in Belfast, Ireland. Her father died then. There wasn't any money and there wasn't any way for her mother to scrape a living together in Ireland.

So Greer, poor and puny, grew up across the Channel in London, probably the unhealthiest and most expensive city in the world. That might have been too big strikes on anyone with a smaller helping of courage, but it only nourished the fierce determination of Greer Garson to get somewhere.

At fifteen she pushed the capacities of her frail body to win a scholarship to the University of London. Girls' dorms were graduated there. So Greer was graduated four years later with honors! Later she took another degree at Grenoble in France.

Tradition also said there was no important place for a woman in the London business world. Fresh out of college, Greer made one, rising to a fat-salaried executive spot in a British advertising agency.

She dropped her successful business career like a hot plate and went on the stage for half the money she was making—because a girl friend in show business told her it was the toughest game in the world.

When Louis B. Mayer, M-G-M's head man, first tried to lure her to Hollywood, he used every persuasive prop a movie magnate possesses—the promise of money, the glamour of Hollywood—everything that usually makes a foreign star's heart go pitapat. But Greer wasn't interested. Then Bob Ritchie, M-G-M talent scout, took a subler tack.

He talked up Hollywood to her as the (Continued on page 90)
"STAR-CROSS'D LOVERS."

(Romeo and Juliet, Prologue)

In a Rare and Exclusive Interview

VIVIEN LEIGH and LAURENCE OLIVIER

answer questions about

THE WAR THEIR CHILDREN THEIR ROMANCE THEIR FUTURE

Editor's Note: Two people dared face the uncertainties of harrowed society to bring fulfillment to their love; they did not quibble with details, no matter how painful; they said, "This is the most important thing—we must be brave enough for it." Then, unexpected and more devastating than the pressure of society, came The War—the real villain in this tragic drama of despair—and hope. The part this villain plays and how it affects their future they here reveal for the first time.

—E. V. H.

COME September, they will be free, at last, to become Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Olivier.

In the meantime, no two people have ever been the target for such a bombardment of questions: Why isn't Larry in England now, fighting for his country? Where is Vivien's little girl? Where is Larry's little boy? Will Vivien give up her screen career if her loved one is drafted in service? Are they ever going to make another picture together? Where will they be married? Etc., etc., ad infinitum.

Now, I am no John Kieran, but I have correct answers to every one of these queries. They were told to me exclusively by a couple of experts—Vivien and Larry themselves.

I have known Larry ever since he first arrived in America to appear in "Murder on the Second Floor." Vivien I met when she joined him in Hollywood last spring and being a friend of Larry's automatically made me her friend, too. Larry, needless to say, had prepared me for the most divine creature on earth and I can't think of any higher compliment to pay Vivien than to say that Larry had not in the least exaggerated!

Recently, the three of us met for tea and over scenes and marmalade we talked far into the fading sunlight.

"I'm not in England now because I have received official instructions to remain here," Larry explained. "Until the time when my age draft is reached, the British government has assured me that I can do more by promoting good will and raising funds on this side of the Atlantic.

"If this war continues—and England will fight until victorious—I am bound to be called eventually. The age limit is 31 now. I was 33 last May."

When Larry is called he would like to be of some practical use. That is why he is spending every minute of his leisure time taking flying lessons. With such preparation, he can enroll in the Royal Air Force and it won't have cost the government anything to train him. Recently he took his examinations at Dobbs Ferry, passed with true flying colors and is now a licensed pilot.

"I'm learning, too," Vivien said. "Larry's even got me flying solo now!"

Looking at that cameolike creature, it was hard to visualize her piloting a bomber. Yet, knowing of her overwhelming love for Larry, it was easy to understand that to be near him she would brave any danger—sacrifice everything, including her career, which at the present moment is the most enviable of any actress in Hollywood.

"If and when Larry goes," Vivien told me, "I must go with him. I couldn't bear the agonizing suspense of another separation!"

Just how nerve-racking these separations are for both of them I know to be fact, not fiction. Last year, when Larry was playing on Broadway in "No Time For Comedy," he was the Dream Prince of every female from six to sixty. Stage and screen success, fame and for-
IT'S out in the Valley, the Gable ranch, about a forty-minute drive from Beverly Hills. You turn off the Boulevard on a narrow dirt road and travel until you come to a white hanging gate. The brown earth is turned up to the sun. A tractor stands idle while a farmer eats his lunch. Farther along, the whitewashed tree trunks of a citrus orchard are luminous in the sunshine. And finally you come to the old stables, now a garage, where the driveway turns around a big tree that has flowers growing at its base.

A station wagon is parked here usually. Carole gave it to Clark on his last birthday. It carries a hydraulic jack that will pull it out of anything, including Mexican mud during the rainy season. Fastened inside are two stout cases of maroon leather, hand-sewn. One holds a first-aid kit. The other carries thermos bottles. Carole found a man to make these cases just the way she wanted them. Before they were finished she had learned how to stitch leather and she was working on the bench beside him.

"She has to know how things are done," her friends say. "It's an obsession with her!"

The house, of shingles and whitewashed brick, with white geraniums growing on its window sills, is up a few steps, a few feet away. There's a stretch of lawn before it. Beyond are fields and little green hills. A dog barks... A rooster crows... "I'll never forget the day the real-estate man called to tell me this place was for sale!" Carole screamed, pulling her slacked legs up under her chin, looking her arms around them. "It was just before we were married. I called Pa at the studios right away—even though we'd bought another place.

"How would you like the Raoul Walsh ranch?" I asked.

"He got choky. I could scarcely understand him. 'How would I like it?' he said.

"We closed the deal that same day—traded in the other property as part payment. It's wonderful living here!"

(All Carole's conversation should be underscored for emphasis, with some words and sentences doubly underscored. Only the presses won't work that way!)

She flung her long legs out in front of her. "And the taxes here! They're nothing! We pay no more for these twenty acres than we'd pay for one elegant acre in town!"

Seven years ago Clark and Carole met...

At that time it would have been reasonable enough to believe Clark would live on a ranch, ride a tractor, work in a citrus grove and raise cattle. He had always been gaited that way.

But it wouldn't have been reasonable at that time to believe Carole would live on a ranch, get up at three o'clock in the morning when there was a new calf, measure chickens for a three-finger breadth before deciding whether they should be kept for eggs or killed for market.

Madeleine Fields, now married to Walter Lang, the director, and Carole's secretary and closest friend for years, says, "I wish you could have seen Lombard the day she and Clark went to look over the ranch. I thought 'Now! Now she's met her Waterloo! She can't possibly be up to this!' But she was up to it. She didn't stand in the middle of the living room and go into rhapsodies over a cute window. Not her! She investigated the plumbing. She found out all about the furnace. She instituted a thorough examination of all beams for signs of

HOW CLARK GABLE AND CAROLE LOMBARD LIVE

You are invited in with Photoplay.

All your questions about their colorful way of life are answered here

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER
Carole's room, done in maple and chintz, has a bedside table piled high with scripts. Miniatures are of herself and Gable as children, the latter having been a pictorial exclusive in a recent Photoplay issue.

Current excitement in the household being a proposed trip to fish the Oregon for salmon, Carole is now practicing casting all over the fields.

nine-tenths of her waking hours she goes around with a pad fastened on a clip board. Every night of her life she uses that pad to make notes of the things she wants to do the next day and to outline her menus. And at Christmas time she takes the darn thing shopping with her.

Fieldsie grinned. "Only she writes so fast and in such a scrawl that I usually have to read her notes for her. She's also congenitally unable to hold on to a pencil. I've given her a dozen, nicely sharpened, in the morning and heard her yelling for one by afternoon!"

The front door of the Gable house opens into the living room. The stairs are in the living room, too. In spite of the Gables' combined income of five hundred thousand dollars a year — about sixty percent of which goes to pay state and federal taxes—their living room is far from elegant. It's better than elegant... gay and comfortable and friendly. The furniture is maple. There are chintzes at the windows. The sofa is covered in bright yellow.

The adjoining dining room is like the taproom of a fine old inn. It has a large white brick fireplace. There's a red braided rug on the wide-board beamed floor. Both the long trestle table, accommodated with armed Windsor chairs, and the small round table in the bay window, which Carole and Clark use when they're alone, have oil lamps on them and baskets of fruit. There are old-fashioned lamp chimneys, too, over the electric bulbs in the chandelier that is fitted with a big brass hood.

"We tried candles and silver sticks first," Carole says, "but they didn't belong here. Good old kerosene lamps seemed what were needed. And now the light they shed is so soft we wouldn't use anything else!"

The ranch isn't like any house Carole ever has lived in. Yet it has the same ease and charm her houses always have had. Her feeling for decoration is famous, as it should be. Fieldsie says, "When Carole does a room she doesn't have to feel her way, color by color, piece by piece. She's able to visualize it completely. Many of the ranch rooms she planned and ordered in a day!"

Carole knows her energy comes from glands. "They keep me going full speed all the time," she says. "Which uses up too much energy. So every now and then I go to bed and stay there for several days!"

In Carole's room, also done in maple and chintzes, the bedside table always indicates when one of these rest periods is due. It disappears under the magazines, books and scripts she saves to read at such times. Consequently, while most stars in Hollywood are in a dither about stories, Carole has five pictures ahead that she can't wait to do.

A STRANGE thing that Jane Peters of Fort Wayne, Indiana, should come to the movie studios. For, schooling over, the Peters were accustomed to placing their sons in a family firm and keeping their daughters at home until they married. But Elizabeth Peters, short of funds, came to California one day with Frederick Jr., Stuart and Carole, who was seven.

A strange thing that William Clark Gable of Cadiz, Ohio, should come to the movie studios. His family had tilled the land and asked no honors save prizes at county fairs and credit in their rural communities. There wasn't even a lawyer or a preacher in his family to hand down a dramatic seed. But one day after Clark left the farm and was moulding treads for tires he found his way into a theater. Whereupon he knew, for the first time, what he wanted to do with his life.

During Carole's youth she occasionally worked in pictures. Most of the time she went to school. She would have preferred the other way. But her mother was adamant. So all she could do was wait and plan how one day the movies would be her whole life.

It was at the Sennett studio that Carole and Fieldsie became friends. They drove to the studios in Fieldsie's car and shared the cost of the gas. But, like the rest of the young crowd, Fieldsie had known Carole for a long time. If you went to the Charleston contests held at the Ambassador on Friday nights you couldn't miss her. For these contests almost always ended as a private contest between Jane Peters (Carole) and Lucille Le Sueur (Joan Crawford).

At the time Carole was at Sennett's, Clark was working in a lumber mill in Oregon. He'd made his way there—by freight—after a travel-
A MODERN PRISCILLA—

New incarnation for the littlest Lane—a sophisticated streamlined modern in spite of the faintly classic inspiration of her willowy evening gown. Just as exciting as Priscilla's new personality is the Celanese rayon Jersalure of which her gown is draped—a sheer, new dull-faced jet black jersey slung from turquoise satin shoulder straps. Turquoise bands encircle her waist but take to cover in front. Priscilla, one of the stars in Warners' "Four Mothers," picked her gown from I. Magnin, Los Angeles. The price, $35.
FOR vivacious Maureen O'Hara to be an actress is no surprise, for she says, "All Irish people are actors, it's born in them." From a Dublin convent she went into the Abbey Theater Apprentice School where, after she had made a bit of progress, a screen test was made of her. Charles Laughton saw it and she was cast as the girl in his "Jamaica Inn." Next came the role of Gypsy Esmeralda in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Hard work, a little luck, belief in one's self are mighty sage words coming from this charming young colleen who set her goal as a child and is following through with Irish spirit.

AT PLAY
Being a merry Irish colleen at heart, Maureen loves to dance. You can expect to see her between pictures gowned for dining and dancing in exciting evening costumes. She wears a swishy black taffeta evening ensemble strikingly bound in fuchia chenille. For dancing, Maureen doffs the braid-trimmed jacket and goes glamorous. This lovely costume is yours for $39.95 at Russeks, N.Y.

AT WORK
Stars dress casually on the way to the studio. Maureen, currently starred in RKO's "Dance, Girl, Dance," whisks off to the make-up department in a box-pleated Glen plaid skirt with a jockey-red cashmere jersey cardigan. Glen plaids, smartest of the season, look expensive, but this one is only about $22. Arnold Constable, N.Y.

Betty Betmar's Glen plaid Jockey cap, $5
Giant matching plaid envelope bag, about $7.50
Washable Lavandina mocha shorties, $5
BEING secretary to Bob Taplinger, Publicity Director of Warners, is no snap. It's hard work, but to capable Mildred Missic it is exciting and well worth it. During a single working day she probably comes in contact with more celebrities and executives than most women meet in a month, so appearing fresh and well-groomed at all times is vitally important to her. An employment agency sent her to Mr. Taplinger five years ago and she's been with him ever since. Columbia is Mildred's alma mater.

AT PLAY
What do you suppose a girl who works in an office does for recreation? Sports, of course! Mildred plays eighteen holes in a Ken Tee golf dress of greyed green rayon and gabardine with leather buttons and belts, handy pockets for tees. It costs $10.95 at Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago.

AT WORK
A Publicity Director's secretary is as hardworking a girl as there is on the lot, so her clothes must be simple and functional. Mildred toils in a soft green Celanese rayon crape fly front dress with push up sleeves and pleated pockets— and the color is pleasing to her boss. Other secretaries, please copy! $17.95, B. Altman, N. Y.
LUCKY Eleanore Roberts topped off her schooling with a year in England during which she contributed weekly articles to the Los Angeles Times. Next came six months with Hedda Hopper, articles for a leading sporting magazine—and now Eleanore handles fashion publicity for such important stars as Irene Dunne, Dorothy Lamour and Joan Bennett. She directs their fashion sittings . . . covers fashion openings . . . Hollywood premières and has to dress smartly at all times. This is how she maintains her fashion standing.

AT PLAY
After five—cocktails with a star (top left). And although Eleanore earns only half that luminary’s salary, she looks every bit as smart in her black wool suit with its rich façade of glistening patent and sparkling jet. Beneath is a basic dress which is perfect for wear with accessories. $19.95, Russeks, N. Y.

Jet and gold bead necklace, $3.95
Matching bracelet, $1.95; earrings, $1
Black suede double boater bag, $5
Jet-embroidered cocktail gloves, $5
Paramount’s suede bow-pump, $6.75

AT WORK
During office hours, Eleanore, the perfect young fashion executive, wears a faultlessly tailored tricolor suit that teams a black wool skirt with a beige wool shirt and a scarlet jacket splashed with giant pockets. Note: Fashion executives wear their hats all day long. Eleanore’s is a rolling sailor sporting quills and a veil. Suit, $22.95, Russeks, New York
BY learning the cosmetic business from the ground up, Jane Grant, beauty specialist in Max Factor's luxurious Hollywood salon, reaped satisfying rewards. Because of her profound interest in creams and lotions the famed cosmetician to the stars used her in a series of beauty shorts. He was so impressed with her technical skill in make-up application that he promoted her to beauty consultant, a wide-open field for many aspiring young careerists.

AT WORK
A person of importance in the salon must look the part. Stars depend on you for perfect make-up and expect you to be well-dressed. Jane Grant's choice for work is discreet—"The Two Timer" (top)—a black Celanese rayon crepe dress that works wonders. After hours you zip in the giddy gold-embroidered sleeves and add a festive gold-trimmed belt. $22.95, Franklin Simon, N.Y.

AT PLAY
Bowling is a favorite recreation from coast to coast and it's top recreation with Jane. It's good fun—good exercise—and good for the figure. Jane selects gray men's wear flannel slacks and a bold, bold plaid featherweight wool and rayon shirt. Tailored meticulously, it's a sure "strike" in any bowling league. Slacks, about $6.50; shirt, $2. Arnold Constable, N.Y.
O Ketti Frings, whose novel, "Hold Back The Dawn," has just been released, the best investment any would-be writer can make is in a ticket to somewhere if it's only a bus upstate... Just so you keep moving and in contact with new backgrounds. Born in Columbus, schooled in St. Louis, she has written copy, short stories, scripts, scenarios and last but by no means least she has taken time out to get married... and more time out to travel. No aspiring writer should ever be discouraged by rejection slips—it took Ketti four years of writing about movies and movie stars before her chance to write for them finally arrived.

AT PLAY
A home girl at last! Ketti likes nothing better than to slip into a hostess gown when she relaxes from her work and welcome her friends for cocktails or tea. Pale turquoise blue matelasse crepe is Ketti's choice—draped as divinely as any of her evening gowns and far less costly. $12.95 at Milgrim's, New York.

AT WORK
These writer gals get around, as Ketti Frings can well testify—so she wears a trim little all-purpose suit that takes her anywhere in style. A beige tweed skirt is topped by a brown jersey blouse and soft beige wool cardigan. Ketti can ring as many changes as she pleases by having a few extra blouses. A grand buy at $14.95. McCreery's, N. Y.

Dusty pink rayon crepe blouse, $3
Lamp's Liberty Bell charm bracelet, $3.50
Matching Liberty Bell pin, $4
Personality Bag, $3
SOMETIMES the longest way around is the shortest road to success. Renie, top-ranking RKO designer, began her college career by majoring in physical culture and drew pictures just for fun. Before a well-known modiste could convince her she had designing talent, she had taken a fling at being a dancer, a film player and a champion ice skater. By way of the University of California and Wolfe School of Design at Los Angeles, Renie has created costumes for such films as "Primrose Path," "A Bill of Divorcement." Her current styles will be seen in "Stunt Man." She is famous all over Hollywood for her fine carriage and for her graceful walk.

Gold and black mesh evening sandals, $4
Matching gate frame bag, $1

AT WORK
Show your knowledge of costume—an and method jersey dress, contrasted by tippet. Buckle this season!

AT PLAY
Renie's smart parties attract the robe of a slender figure. Renie points out distinctly the points of exciting.

Gimbel Bros.,
Carson Pirie Scott,
Forester, Inc., W
I showed this article to a successful businesswoman. Her comment? "I wish someone had told me these things when I started to work!"

A friend of Barbara Stanwyck had just come from being interviewed for her very first job. She thought the interview had been successful and she was excited. "He was very nice and courteous," she reported, "and he didn't seem to be the kind who'd want me to do anything perfectly the very first week. But I must say, he looked at me a moment and then said, 'What kind of hat do you think I should wear?' And I replied, 'I think you should wear a hat.'" The managing director smiled and said, "But you see, it has nothing to do with your shorthand!"

That's what I mean by the problems of shorthand. It has nothing to do with the problems of shorthand. It has everything to do with your shorthand. Barbara Stanwyck, who's been in the business since she was young, has already begun to learn the most important lesson of all for a woman who is going to succeed in a small job or a big one. That is how to get along with the boss. Believe me, if I had known when I first went to work in Brooklyn what I know now—I'd have progressed a lot faster, made more money and saved myself a lot of headaches.

Barbara, as she says herself, ought to know. She has earned her own living ever since she was very young and she knows as much about the headaches that come from the bumps as she does about the glow which comes from achieving what you set out to do.

"A girl has to know something of how to get along with a boss," Barbara went on, "before she can get a job at all! It's a man's world, whether you like it or not, and you may as well make up your mind to it and use what brains you have to get what you want. The things I learned while I was a telephone operator in New York, while I was selling sheet music at Remick's, while I was a receptionist in a big New York office—all these helped me when I got onto the stage. The things I learned about managers and directors on the stage helped me when I came into pictures. "What you want to do, of course, is sell your particular talents for the highest possible price. In the long run you'll have to sell these talents to men. The boss is the customer and the customer is always right."

Barbara is a practical, down-to-earth person and this is a subject close to her heart.
One of the hardest things to learn," she says, "is not to talk too much. Really not to talk at all unless it's necessary. Once, after I'd been working for the New York Telephone Company for a while, my boss asked me to sit by while he interviewed two or three girls for jobs as operators. The first one was such a pretty girl! Nicely dressed, intelligent, had nice manners. I could see he was impressed. But it developed that she couldn't just answer a question and let it go at that. She had to add little wisecracks. Sometimes she even told a gay little story to fit the occasion. When he finally dismissed her she tripped to the door and stopped to fling back a part remark which made us both laugh. After she had gone he said, gravely, 'Charming, isn't she? But she won't do. Every time anyone got a wrong number, she'd want to tell him a funny story!' That girl had talked herself out of a job before she ever got it.

"Save your wit and your gay stories for your playtime and your friends. Your boss may be amused in spite of himself. But he isn't paying you to amuse him.

"Mind you, I'm talking about the ambitious girl who hopes to get somewhere, carve a place for herself and amount to something. If you're that kind of girl you'll find that your job depends on so many seemingly small things. How you talk, how you dress, what you do after business hours—even what you eat!"

"As a matter of fact, what you eat—especially for lunch—is very important. It must be sustaining enough to carry you through the afternoon in top form, but it mustn't be so heavy it makes you feel drowsy and dull. This is something that takes real thought—but you'll find it's worth it if it helps keep you on your toes. Maybe your boss doesn't eat sensibly at noon and then you'll find that you need all your tact and patience and alertness just before closing time!

"The little things count up too! I learned about all kinds of people when I was a receptionist in a big office. A receptionist's job is to get along with everyone. It wasn't easy for me at first because I am naturally quick-tempered and it's never been easy for me to hold my tongue or say the soothing thing when I'm seething inside. But you can learn to control yourself if you want to badly enough.

"The girls who interested me most were the really good secretaries. Just recently, the wife of one of our biggest executives told me she had learned a lot about her own husband from watching his secretary.

"She's never exasperated with him when he can't find things or when he makes unreasonable requests,' she said. 'She has everything ready for him when he wants to go out—fountain pen, spectacles, the important papers he may have mislaid that morning. She even keeps a couple of clean handkerchiefs in a drawer for him, just in case he should need one.

"When I said something one day about what a queer little face she had, he looked surprised. He said, 'Has she? I never noticed. I only know she's the best dagnabbit secretary I ever had and I'm going to raise her salary next month.'"

The Stanwyck has ideas, too, about what to do about accepting invitations from the boss. "This," she remarks, dryly, "is a delicate matter and depends a lot on whether you want to get on with your job or whether you'll try to marry the guy. For the sake of my theories, we'll stick to the former idea. So—oo—you'd better stick to business reasons only. Maybe you really do need to discuss something over lunch. Well, discuss it. Don't hint coyly that you'd like to go to an expensive and conspicuous place and, wherever you go, don't try to attract just to show off that you're lunching with your boss. Be cheerful and gracious, of course. Let him see that you enjoy talking business over a pleasant meal. But don't, for pity's sake, assume—and let him see that you do—that the mere matter of his asking you to lunch has changed your relationship of employer and employee.

JEANETTE MacDONALD is another girl who has made her own way and learned the answers in the modern manner—by experience. Jeanette worked at jobs or at trying to get them in the show business during the season in New York. But when the hot summer stretched ahead, with no singing or dancing to be done anywhere, Jeanette took whatever work she could get, set her teeth and did her best to make a success at it until she could feel the frost in the air again and start her rounds of the theatrical agencies.

One of these jobs was, heaven help us, modeling for coats for a wholesale house through July and August. It wasn't exactly a comfortable or soothing occupation and tempests of models, employers and visiting buyers were frequently short. But Jeanette was learning about working women as she watched what went on around her. Her immediate boss was a bully of a man. He criticized the girls constantly, nagged, scolded, complained when everyone was doing her best. Jeanette sized him up for a week or two and when her turn came she thought she knew what to do.

He suddenly barked at her one hot morning. (Continued on page 58)
Back from her vacation comes Miss Penny Wise, Photoplay’s own little glamour girl who lives on a budget, all aflutter over a new romance! “Dates” are her new consuming passion and “date-dresses” her only concern. Now enter Miss Mitzi Green, child prodigy of the screen and more lately, dancing, singing and impersonating star of "Walk With Music." Just to further the cause of true romance, Mitzi chalks up a new impersonation. She plays Miss Penny Wise and, together with Larry Baker, also of "Walk With Music," Mitzi "does" the town, tastefully dressed for every date on very little cash (less than $20). Let’s tag along to see what we shall see!

1. **MONDAY.** Mitzi starts her week at the office in a perfect dress for any secretary—a soft green shirt-frock of Celanese Aircourse crepe with fly-front bodice and pleated skirt. But it’s plain to be seen her heart is anywhere but in her dictation. Just for the record, her neatly tailored business dress is $7.95, B. Altman, N. Y.

2. **TUESDAY.** In the hope he’d ask her for lunch—he did—Mitzi wears her fly-front suit-dress of beige herringbone twill with the new 26-inch jacket with big flap pockets and trim little flared-skirt frock topped by a bright red jersey bodice. The hat’s a Betty Betmar red velvet-teen button bonnet. Dress, $17.95 and worth it!

3. **WEDNESDAY.** Movie-night in Mitzi’s rapidly expanding social calendar. She keeps this date in a gay chocolate-colored woolen dress with eyelet-embroidered bodice and unpressed pleated skirt. Her hat’s a pert little felt and grosgrain calot perched high on her head and floating a frivolous veil. $14.95, Russeks, N. Y.
4. THURSDAY. Cocktails in a bright red velveteen dress. Look sharp and you'll see the whimsical mitten pockets on the skirt. Other items of interest—the yoke-top, draped bodice, push-up sleeves, slimming waistband and young full skirt. $14.95, Saks 34th St., N. Y. Mitzi's black velvet cap sprouts gay red geraniums.

5. SATURDAY. Mitzi skips a night to be ready for this big evening at New York's Stork Club. She holds her own with all the glamour girls of Hollywood and N. Y. who haunt this popular night spot, wearing a frothy strawberry-pink dancing frock with brocaded bodice and spinning pink net skirt. $16.95, Wanamaker, N. Y.

ALL PENNY WISE FASHIONS are available at:
Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia
Corsen Pixie Scott, Chicago
Forester, Inc., Waterbury, Conn.
Claire Angrist, Elizabeth, N. J.
Beckman's, Great Falls, Montana
Schulman's, Jersey City, N. J.
Shor-Lyn Shop, Wilmington, N. C.
Manhattan Shop, Hartford, Conn.
Willow-slim Barbara Stanwyck is dressed for dinner by talented Edith Head who dressed Barbara, also, for her role in Paramount's "The City That Never Sleeps." Miss Head chose dull black blistered jersey and draped it to make a molding, knee-length, long-sleeved tunic caught up in back like an apron and daringly slashed into a heart-shaped décolletage, startling contrast to the severely high front. The skirt, which falls straight as a Grecian column, billows out backwards into a graceful train. Busy Barbara has also completed a Warner picture, "Meet John Doe."

Orry-Kelly makes his own clever compromise between last season's outgoing full silhouette and this season's incoming slender column in this dramatic cloth-of-silver gown (opposite page) designed for Rosalind Russell to wear as the brilliant actress-star of Warners' "No Time For Comedy." Rosalind's dark beauty is thrown into vivid relief by her shimmering, silvery gown which falls in classic folds, caught at the waist by a girdle of quilted silver leaves and topped by a giant chenille-fringed shawl.
An unfurred coat is the first smart choice for fall, demonstrated here by pretty Patricia Morison, whose next starring role is in Paramount's "Rangers of Fortune".

For the country, Pat proposes (right) a Printress coat of deep blue-green Shetland tweed, boxy and buttoned high, with an important hidden virtue—a zip-in, zip-out quilted rayon satin lining that competently counteracts extremes of weather. Around $20.

J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Gimbels Brothers, Philadelphia

Lower right: Covert cloth, the country's current obsession, in a town or country "casual," best in khaki (a bow to the army) with mannish double-breasted closing, bloused, belted back and notched revers as precisely tailored as Bond Street's best. This coat, too, sports a practical zip-in, zip-out plaid wool lining. Around $22. Hat by Debway.

Saks—5th St., New York

Pat picks the bloused coat (below) as most flattering for town—in a fine new nutria-brown needlepoint woollen. "The blouse indents your waist and makes your hips look slimmer," says Pat, wearing a coat as sleek as a dress, buttoned high like a shirt-dress, too, with slim back, front-fullness and a jaunty side-line pocket. $29.95 buys it! Hat by Knox.

John Wanamaker, New York and Philadelphia
Breathing room for waistlines... beautiful, uplifted bosoms...

and a return to the straight and narrow for hips... that's the

news from the outstanding authorities on fall foundation-fashions
Anything Constance Bennett wears interests the women of America because this Bennett sister enjoys the reputation of being one of the best-dressed stars in Hollywood. Her choice for afternoons in early autumn is a black sheer woolen, slim-making from the sides and back, but full in front, the fullness falling from a crisscrossing, softly draped bodice. Miss Bennett designed her own hat to follow the curves of her coiffure and for finishing touches she adds a diamond feather clip and earrings, a sable scarf, black suede gloves and bag and shoes. Constance will next star in Columbia’s “Legacy”
Biggest little box-office bonfire in pictures: Minnesota's Judy Garland and Brooklyn's Mickey Rooney, the "Babes In Arms" who grew up (but not too fast) to be M-G-M's star drummers in "Strike Up The Band!"
Catching up with Ann Sothern: Once Harriette Lake, a Broadway brunette from North Dakota ... now "Maisie," the blonde babe in a series of smashes ... in private, still Roger Pryor's witty wife ... in public—just for a change—M-G-M's lovable but not very bright "Dulcy"
Checking up on Mary Beth Hughes: That's her real name . . . she's a natural blonde with blue eyes . . . twenty years old and unmarried . . . born in St. Louis . . . educated in Washington, D. C. (where she played in stock) . . . now John Barrymore's leading lady in "The Great Profile"
Lips of a London lass and a new Warner find . . . Elizabeth Earl

Shoulders of a sophisticate from Texan plains . . . Helen Vinson

Profile of a woman destined for drama in the headlines . . . but designed for sparkling comedy on celluloid . . . Paulette Goddard
Five poses with a single purpose: To illumine some of the most breath-taking features of that world-famous Hollywood scenery.
Specialist in virile comedy of the hard-boiled variety: Fred MacMurray (left), the Irishman from Illinois currently cast opposite Patricia Morison in "Rangers of Fortune" — and married to Lillian Lamont, former fashion model.

Leading expert in portraying strong Americans of pioneer spirit: Joel McCrea (right), native Californian appearing with Laraine Day in "Foreign Correspondent"—and married to Frances Dee, long a noted movie star in her own right.

Rising exponent of that real-life rarity, very young men with heaps of understanding: Jeffrey Lynn (below), that gentleman from Massachusetts at present with Ann Sheridan in "Honeymoon For Three"—but not yet wed to any girl!

Rugged individualism is filmland's modern keynote of masculine appeal—as proved by three major exhibits who are all tall and handsome but have little in common on the screen.
"Up in front!" is the modern coiffure command, sponsored by cinema belles and destined to sweep the hairline of feminine America to new heights.

Most typical of the genuine old-fashioned favorite—whether at the French court or in the Gibson Girl's heyday—is the bow-capped coiffure worn by Elyse Knox (upper left), featured in "Girl from Avenue A".

Carole Landis draws her pompadour tight and rings it with a coronet of sculptured curls; more curls at the back add a softening effect.

Nancy Kelly, of "Private Affairs," wears a more formal version with an extra wave in front to give added height, wide, wide separation between the fawnlike "horns" and loose curls at the nape to add youth.
The "Fawn" (as worn by Frances Robinson) has a center-parted pompadour ending in "horns" at the front and continuing toward the back as high or as low as is individually becoming.

As "Public Deb No. 1" in the arms of George Murphy, Brenda Joyce favors a side-part version of the Fawn with soft neck curls and an extra wave for elevation.

Any girl can copy Joan Blondell's very new and smart hairdress, because the nape of the neck is covered with curls instead of being thrown into harsh relief.

More severe is Lynne Carver's style, with Bob Young in "Sporting Blood." The up-in-back movement is fine for plump necks—but it calls for a perfect profile!
Shortly before they went to Michigan, fellow-actor George Fleming snapped Spence in his Brooklyn dressing room during the Christmas Week (1924) showing of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

Another film debut—close-up of Mrs. Tracy and their son Johnny from a 16-millimeter movie taken by the author.

Spence's first movie close-up, as enlarged from that Rathbone "epic" at Houghton Lake, 1926.

Flashlight victims at a stag party in "the Annex" (the remodeled Rathbone barn): Clifford Dunstan, Herbert Treitel, Tracy, Porter Hall (who is also in films today) and, in the back row, Fleming and Arthur Koll

Lucky for us that horseshoe didn't fall on either our hero or his horse, though it had to have been a little close to the horse's head.

Nature's bathing pool—on this camping expedition, Spence refused to get in the water that had been medical.
His sole contribution to that initial camping trip with the boys was a box of chocolates—though candy ran a poor second to the popcorn he loved.

Amateur performance by Academy Award actor: Spence clowning as a stern teacher in the abandoned backwoods schoolhouse—after drawing his own brand of "pictures" on the blackboard.

OUT OF SPENCER TRACY'S YESTERDAYS

Michigan memories from the '20's, B. F. (Before Fame)

BY A. D. RATHBONE, IV

GEORGE FLEMING and I were waiting for Spencer Tracy. It had been long since we had seen him, longer than we liked to think about, and we couldn't help wondering how much he had changed. Fifteen years ago, Spence and George had been members of the same stock company, which played three successive years at Powers' Theater in my home town of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

It was strange and rather disquieting to sit here in New York, waiting for a chap you had once known so well and who had since climbed to the heights of fame and fortune. In those early days, none of us had been troubled by too much of the world's wealth. George and I had continued to plod along our obscure little paths, while Tracy—with whom we used to joke about the time when his name would be in Broadway lights—had gone up and up.

We sipped our beer and reminisced while we waited. We remembered backstage happenings and how those Midwestern audiences had taken Spence into their hearts. But, most of all, we remembered how he had joined us in our stag parties, played baseball with us and been "one of the gang." No amount of arguing could get him into the Panthlind Hotel, then the town's top-ranking after-theater spot. He'd hated the idea of walking into a public place and having people point him out as their leading man. With him, it was always: "Let's go over to the Greek's for coffee and popcorn."

Later, as we grew better friends, George and Spence and I had gone up into the woods on week-end camping trips. It was a soft June night the first time I had called at the stage door for the boys, with a car full of tents, blankets, (Continued on page 92)

(Continued from page 58)
Four firsts for Deanna Durbin in her eighth movie: "Spring Parade" marks her first costume film (1896 Vienna) . . . her first original music score (by Robert Stolt) . . . her first duet with any leading man (Robert Cummings) . . . and her first professional dance (a Hungarian czardas)
Two reigning cinema belles greet each other with b-i-g smiles on the dance floor at Tom May's star-spangled benefit for the Red Cross. The belles are Ros Russell and Loretta Young—their respective partners, Freddie Brison and Gene Raymond.

Cal Plays "True and False"

It's true Norma Shearer and George Raft are still a romantic twosome, but it's false that George is eating his heart out over Norma's "no." Someday ask Cal how he knows.

It's true Cary Grant is head over heels in confusion over Barbara Hutton, but it's false that Barbara will say "yes."

It's true Joan Crawford is happy over adopting her new daughter, but it's false that motherhood and a prospective play alone are keeping her on in New York. He's quite social, too.

It's true Judy Garland is seen dancing with Bob Stack, but it's false that Bob is head man. Dave Rose, Martha Raye's ex, has that honor.

It's true Diana Lewis is a youthful M-G-M newcomer, but it's false that Diana doesn't take her marriage big. Diana always phones the studio saying, "This is Mrs. William Powell speaking."

"What's the matter? Why are you so quiet? I thought you were a funny man?" "And I thought you were," Bob screamed.

"I didn't want to steal your thunder?" Both of them got funny on the instant.

How to Enjoy That Double Bill:

At last the problem of how to enjoy a four-hour double bill without getting the blind staggers is solved. John J. Dougherty, health director of the American Schools Association, has passed on the information to Cal.

Do not eat a heavy meal before entering the theater.

If you can shake off your shoes without too much embarrassment—do so.

Do not wriggle—sit up straight but not too stiffly.

Do not lean on your neighbor's arm rest—it throws the body off balance.

Do not wear tight collars.

Take a brisk walk in the fresh air before entering the show.

Clasp your hands occasionally—you'll find it relaxing.

Don't hesitate to cross your legs if you are more comfortable.

If you can close your eyes for a few seconds without missing any action on the screen, do so once or twice.
Ginny Simms (his star singer—and romance) a pointer on the game; right, Bob Leonard

Hollywood Stars Ball Park: Kay Kyser gives

More of the same: Diana Lewis (who was briefly blonde) gets some fan-wise information from husband W. Powell

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Cal's Own Weather Chart of the Month

Sunshine Ahead:

Brenda Marshall will marry William Holden when her divorce from actor Richard Gaines becomes final in eight months. Bill will become the proud and youthful step-papa of Brenda's young offspring.

Cloudy Overhead:

Jack Benny, the usually placid actor, is a wee mite irked at two people in Hollywood these days. One is Bob Hope, who burlesqued Jack's Rochester idea by using a colored man named Willie Best as Syracuse (also the name of a New York town) in "The Ghost Breakers." The other (this will kill you) is Fred Allen, who received the best star's suite on the Paramount lot. After all those years Benny has worked there, too. By the way, the name of the Benny-A llen film is "Love Thy Neighbor."

Clearing Skies After a Heavy Storm:

When you see the film, "They Knew What They Wanted," remember the drama behind its making. The constant disagreement between actor Charles Laughton and director Garson Kanin ended in a closed set, with only the two locked in together, going it hammer and tongs. You could hear them to Vine Street. It ended in a draw with both parties mildly satisfied.

Fair and Continued Warmer:

The romance between M-G-M's hair stylist, Sidney Gularoff, and lovely Laraine Day grows warmer day by day.

On the Record

M-G-M's "New Moon" tops the list of late summer musicals. The wax crop from that score is fine. Jeannette MacDonald, the picture's co-star, does "One Kiss" and "Lover, Come Back To Me" (Victor 2648). That same old-time torch classic is dressed up in one of the best of all Artie Shaw swing arrangements (Bluebird 10126). Artie is also present with "Softly, As In A Morning Sunrise" (Bluebird 10054).

Dick Powell becomes the keynote singer of all the militaristic themes you should soon be hearing a lot of. In an album collection. Dick does the official song of the Army Air Corps, the Coast Guard marching "Semper Paratus" and one each from the other branches of the service. For good measure, he's thrown in a couple of good football marches—notably Notre Dame's famous "Victory March" (Decca Album 142).

The memory of the screen's "Grapes of Wrath" will linger for a long time. It will be kept fresh by one of the most unusually good sets of recorded songs ever put together. Woody Guthrie, an Okie, did the ballad singing in the film. The Guthrie "Dust Bowl Ballads" (Victor P-27, 28) have all his own songs—including "Tom Joad, a" singing analysis of the film.

From the now aged "Til We Meet Again," a product of the Brothers Warner, comes "Where Was I?"—a song hit that is outliving its source. Tony Martin's tenor singing helps that situation along. To complete the quartet, he picks an item with a peculiar title and theme—but it, too, is in the best-seller class: "When The Swallows Come Back To Capistrano" (Decca 2246).

Or, if you like a mellow baritone better, there is Dick Todd singing about the Swallows' return. The other side comes from a Tex Ritter horse-opera known as the "Westbound Stage." The song is "It's All Over Now"—a good solid representative of the hill country (Bluebird 10768). There's a new swing number which is now practically a standard part of all jittering maestri's repertoires. Identified simply as "Rumbooglie," it popped up first in Universal's "Argentine Nights." Bob Zurke's is the band that does a very, very hot job on it. And, if you're still in the mood, turn over and there's "Cow Cow Blues"—no relation to Hollywood, but authentic boogie-woogie (Victor 26046).

Long hair or no, Dorothy Lamour still faces the recording microphone with sarongogenic aplomb. Her selections this time are "It Had To Be You" and "I Gotta Right To Sing The Blues." Her interpretation is low-voiced and sultry—just about what you would expect (Bluebird 10758).
Star-gazing at a high one: Clark and Carole Lombard Gable—too busy, at the moment, to open their bags of peanuts!

Taps

THERE’S tragedy in the news we have for you now, and heartbreak. The terrible shadow of this Second World War comes closer than ever. . . .

Do you remember a story Cal told a few months back—about the young French student whom Margaret Lindsay met long ago on the lovely Isle of Capri and the brief, beautiful friendship that might have turned into love had Fate written differently? And how they lost track of each other until the war began and then Margaret received a card from the young man, now a soldier “somewhere in France,” saying in French, “When the future is dark, thoughts turn back to yesterday. . . .?”

Well, “yesterday” is gone forever, now, for that French student-soldier. You see, Margaret received another message from “somewhere in France.” It was a letter from another French soldier and it told her the youth of the Capri
idyl had been killed in action.
"He wanted you to know if anything happened to him," the letter said, "and to tell you 'au revoir.'"

Hollywood Chuckles

TYRONE POWER tells it on himself, so it must be true.
After a scene on location for "Brigham Young" Ty went home to his hotel room exhausted. The heat was unbearable so he phoned downstairs to have a couple of fans sent up.
Two minutes later two giggling girls stood in the doorway with autograph books in hand.

A plane passenger tells it on George Raft.
It happened on George's recent flight from New York to Los Angeles with his friend and companion, Mack Grey. Two English refugee children, also on the plane, had no berths.
"Quite all right, quite all right," they said with British fortitude to the anxious steward and proceeded to sit calmly, their little heads nodding with sleepiness as the evening wore on.
Raft stood it as long as he could, then he shook Grey awake. Whereupon, the two arose, sat up and nodded their heads till morning while the refugees occupied their berths.

A set worker tells it on Gene Raymond.
Skipping up behind his wife Jeanette MacDonald on the "Bittersweet" set, Gene cried, "Hello, babe."
Jeanette whirled and glared at him icily, while Gene froze.
"It's Mrs. Babe to you, please," she finally said. Gene and the cast roared.

Cal's Alphabetical News:

ALICE FAYE is still trying to decide between Sandy Cummings and ex-husband Tony Martin.
Barbara Stanwyck is trying to think up ways for husband Bob Taylor to put in his time on his vacation while she labors in "Meet John Doe."
Cary Grant is trying to dodge the Countess of Jersey (his ex-wife, Virginia Cherrill) who is a Hollywood visitor, while he's going out with Barbara Hutton.

Don Ameche claims the birth of his fourth son had nothing to do with his latest picture, "Four Sons." It is not a publicity gag, he storms.
Eleanor Powell couldn't be more radiant over her marriage to Merrill Pye. And the groom is beaming.
Fredric March, who is again vocally renouncing Hollywood, is going right ahead with his plans for a Hollywood residence. The American Way, one wonders.
Greer Garson may become Mrs. Benny Thau (M-G-M executive) any day now. Are the swains out here blue?
Humphrey Bogart couldn't be happier over inheriting Paul Muni's gangster role in "High Sierra," only he's worried for fear he'll inherit "one of those high-class gent roles" next time.
"With a goatee," he moans.
Irene Dunne has renounced all serious heavy roles, with a lot of heavy sugar involved, in favor of comedy. You want to laugh, she says. Do you?
Jimmy Stewart flew Olivia de Havilland to Vancouver, B. C., for a vacation. Or was it a secret wedding, Jimmy?
Katharine Hepburn is a shade kinder to the press, but that big sign on her set of "The Philadelphia Story" says "Positively No Admittance" and that means you, visiting fans.
Lloyd Nolan is so excited over the expected arrival of his new baby he's had the nursery decorated in both blue and pink, "so the baby's feelings won't be hurt either way."
Madeleine Carroll gets that misty look in her blue eyes when one mentions her recent Atlantic hop. She failed to locate her real heart, that French aviator.
Nelson Eddy tore down the old barn on his new property last week and scared M-G-M out of their wits when he showed up for "Bittersweet" with a smashed finger, a bruised shin and a shiner over his right eye.
Orson Welles, minus the whiskers, is the constant, beaming escort of the beauteous Dolores Del Rio at all charitable social fetes. They couldn't look happier.
Paul Muni and Pat O'Brien both tussled with their studio, but Pat stayed, on a compromise, while Paul went, his Beethoven script under his arm. Hollywood says it's the beginning of the end for all big salaried stars with a grouch, which is mighty significant, my friends.

Queenie Vassar, grand old lady of "Primrose Path," is looking about for a glamour dame role and will find it, ten to one.
Robert Taylor, lonely while wife Barbara works, tried golf and lost his temper, his niblick, his head. He's gone back to solitaire.
Shirley Temple is drawing nearer and nearer to that Universal contract and Hollywood bets she'll be a Pastrnak sensation all over again.
Tom Lewis, the seventh-heaven groom of Loretta Young, declares his bride is the most beautiful in the world.
Una Merkel, after knocking the Straw Hat summer stock circuit cold with her cute Southern accent, is toying between Broadway and Hollywood. All Merkel movie fans had better scream loud for Una.
Virginia Bruce gives out with a rhumba in "Hired Wife." Her partner-fail will be the tall-dark-and-John Carroll.
Wendy Barrie is twirling with the blond and handsome newcomer, William Orr, but declares it isn't serious.
X stands for the kisses that mark Mickey Rooney's very special letters to his real heart, Mary Beth Hughes, J. Barrymore's new leading lady.
Y stands for Youth and the lesson it teaches to flighty Hollywood in the constant devotion of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul.
Z is for the Zip of Jackie Cooper on the drums, while his eyes follow Bonita Granville about the dance floor.

Hollywood Divorce Receives a Jolt:

WAYNE MORRIS is not giving up his beautiful wife, Bubbles Schmueli Morris, and their baby, without a struggle.
In fact, Wayne was the first Hollywood actor to take advantage of the new Conciliation Act passed by the California Legislature in September, 1939, which prevents either husband or wife seeking a divorce without first talking it over before a judge. At the behest of Judge Ben Lindsay the pair met recently to talk over the situation before Bubbles applied for her divorce in court.
In the meantime, Bubbles is being seen at the local night spots with different escorts. But Morris continues to hope and Hollywood hopes with him.
Another stellar seller, Greer Garson, gets Basil Rathbone's donation. Main feature at the May affair was Lotte Lehmann's singing.

When John and Frances Langford Hall give a South Seas "luau," Lucille Ball and newcomer Desi Arnaz forget romance long enough to eat Hollywood's Best Titter of the Month

IHE word that John Barrymore was visiting on "The Philadelphia Story" set flashed quickly about from extra to star, for visitors on that set are few and far between. At the conclusion of a scene John, who helped Hepburn in her first screen effort, "Bill of Divorcement," stepped into the limelight while everyone listened for his comment. "Well, Katie," he said, "I've just been watching that scene and do you know who, in my opinion, is the finest actress on the screen?" Katie beamed. "Who?" she asked. "Virginia Weidler," John Barrymore said, chucking Virginia under the chin, he bounced, literally bounced, hippity-hop, off the set.

Love, By Gosh!

LACK of sales resistance has nothing to do with the fact that Richard Halliday, attractive new husband of Mary Martin, has a brand-new car which he doesn't want. It was love. Seems that during their courtship Mary had complained because the top of Dick's perfectly good convertible coupe wouldn't go up and down very easily—took, in fact, a couple of men and a horse (Mary says) to work it properly. "Why don't you get one with an easy-to-manipulate top like mine?" she kept asking him.

So, as it happened, on the day they eloped to Las Vegas, albeit long before he knew they were going to do it, Dick had an auto agency send around a new car like Mary's for a trial. Then they decided to get married and, without considering the consequences, Dick raced with his bride-to-be to Nevada in the new car and then, of course, had to drive it back again.

Well, six hundred miles are a lot of miles to put on a car if you're only going to look (Continued on page 81)
Of all the screen indictments of German Nazism, none is so powerful as this British production, based on the case of Pastor Niemoller (the Lutheran minister who dared to oppose Hitler's edicts and precepts) and released by James Roosevelt. Wilfred Lawson plays superbly Pastor Hall, who is thrust into a concentration camp where brutality stalks in manner never before seen on the screen. Nova Pili-beam is his daughter and Marius Goring a vicious Storm-Troop leader. Introduced by a prologue in which Eleanor Roosevelt explains reasons for its presentation in this country and dedicated "to the day when it can be shown in Germany," "Pastor Hall" should prove sensational.

**THE RETURN OF FRANK JAMES**

20th Century-Fox

FRANK JAMES (played by Henry Fonda, as in Fox's "Jesse James") comes out of obscurity to avenge the death of his brother in this Technicolor epic. Feeling that the Midwestern railroad with which the family feuded for years is morally responsible for Jesse's death, Frank decides to finance his search for the Ford brothers, Jesse's actual assassins, at the railroad's expense. There is a terrible fight during his very first foray and a company watchman is murdered. Jackie Cooper, disobeying his brother's command to stay away, is in the midst of it all. Romance blossoms when Frank falls for Gene Tierney, a girl reporter. But you should see for yourself the climax to this he-man drama.

**MAISIE**

The shrewd, becomes Dulcy, the dumb. But shrewd or dumb, Ann Sothern proves once and for all that she's one of the outstanding actresses on the screen! There's a certain something about her—an aliveness, an appeal—which sets her apart not only as an actress but as a personality. Dulcy, a lovely nitwit with a genius for doing the wrong thing at the right time, is bent on helping the man of her heart (Ian Hunter) sell an airplane gadget he invented to Roland Young, a plane manufacturer. She invites a party, Ian and Roland among them, to her cabin on a lake, hoping that propinquity will help to close the deal. But Roland, it seems, is a very nervous gentleman and Dulcy, always with the best of intentions, manages to do everything possible to make him more so. The climax comes when she arranges a formal unveiling of the gadget, but happens, also, to dislodge one of its salient parts, which, when Roland bends over to look at it—while that would be giving away the funniest situation of all, Reginald Gardiner (once upon a time Hedy Lamarr's boy friend) contributes to the nonsense. So do Billie Burke, Lynne Carver and Dan Dailey Jr. Incidentally, if you feminine movie fans have a weakness for frothy white orchid frocks, you'll love the one Ann wears for the unveiling of the gadget. It has a black taffeta apron!

**BIG,** thrilling, different, this picture portrays the adventures of a young American (Joel McCrea) who goes to Europe to dig up the truth concerning a certain foreign political situation previously reported by one government and contradicted by another. Filmed with the realism which is a specialty of its director, Alfred Hitchcock, "Foreign Correspondent" is as graphic as a newspaper and to all intents and purposes as timely—even though much of its action does take place before Hitler's legions marched into Poland. With true American flippancy mixed with idealism—or vice versa—Joel pursues his mission, only to find his life in danger because, at last, he learns too much. Herbert Marshall is notably in the cast, together with Laraine Day in a wonderful role, George Sanders, Albert Basserman and—to make you laugh—Robert Benchley. Scenes filmed in Amsterdam before it was bombed and an airplane crash so spectacular you can scarcely watch it are some of the high lights. Through it all run vivid suspense and an authenticity you don't always find in an adventure epic as exciting as this. First called "Personal History," the title of Vincent Sheean's best seller, it was renamed "Foreign Correspondent," since because of the rapidity with which the European scene changed, the film finally evolved with no relationship to the book at all.

**BRIAN DONLEVY,** who used to earn your kisses as a villain, plays a romantic role in this. As the foreword says, this is the tale of two guys who meet in a banana republic. One has been a right guy all of his life, except for one crazy moment; the other a wrong guy. It is of the "wrong guy" (Brian) with whom most of this tale is concerned. He tells himself—he was a bum, how he caught the eye of a grafting political boss (Akim Tamiroff) who liked him because he used his fists instead of a "rod." He tells you how, because he was tough and smart, he got to be mayor of a certain city, the "graftingest" mayor a city ever had. And how he got to be governor of a certain state. And how, right then, came the "crazy moment." You see, he had suddenly fallen in love with his wife (Muriel Angelus) whom he had married only for political reasons and she wanted him to go straight. So he did—or tried to. And wound up in the banana republic. This is a different kind of picture from any you've seen for a long time. For all it's a man's story, feminine movie-goers will ask themselves how they ever happened to overlook the romantic side of this Donlevy chap. Incidentally, this film has a special merit—produced at a reasonable cost, it is still one of the best written, best directed and most entertaining of the year.

**THE GREAT McGINTY**

Paramount

BRIAN DONLEVY, who used to earn your kisses as a villain, plays a romantic role in this. As the foreword says, this is the tale of two guys who meet in a banana republic. One has been a right guy all of his life, except for one crazy moment; the other a wrong guy. It is of the "wrong guy" (Brian) with whom most of this tale is concerned. He tells himself—he was a bum, how he caught the eye of a grafting political boss (Akim Tamiroff) who liked him because he used his fists instead of a "rod." He tells you how, because he was tough and smart, he got to be mayor of a certain city, the "graftingest" mayor a city ever had. And how he got to be governor of a certain state. And how, right then, came the "crazy moment." You see, he had suddenly fallen in love with his wife (Muriel Angelus) whom he had married only for political reasons and she wanted him to go straight. So he did—or tried to. And wound up in the banana republic. This is a different kind of picture from any you've seen for a long time. For all it's a man's story, feminine movie-goers will ask themselves how they ever happened to overlook the romantic side of this Donlevy chap. Incidentally, this film has a special merit—produced at a reasonable cost, it is still one of the best written, best directed and most entertaining of the year.
THE VILLAIN STILL PURSUED HER—RKO

THIS old-time melodrama showing the curse of drink and the tragedy that follows in its wake is played with dead seriousness in the old exaggerated style by Richard Cromwell as the victim of the demon rum. Anita Louise his faithful and long-suffering wife, Alan Mowbray as the villain who pursues the pure Anita, and Hugh Herbert as the reformed. Mowbray lures Cromwell to take to drink and within a very short time he and his family are penniless. Cromwell, in shame, leaves his home and Anita follows to search for him, but the villainous Mowbray continues his evil machinations. Billy Gilbert, as the master of ceremonies, will invite you to him the villains and applaud the hero.

MONEY AND THE WOMAN—Warners

NOT much that is unusual, here, or much that is exciting, either, although the excellent performances of Jeffrey Lynn, Brenda Marshall and Roger Pryor must count for something. Jeffrey is vice-president of a bank; Roger, head of the savings department; Brenda, the latter's wife. Roger must go to the hospital for an operation and Brenda takes his place in the bank. Meanwhile, Jeffrey discovers a $5,000 shortage in Roger's account, but generously lends Brenda the money to cover it up. But when Roger recovers he steals $90,000 from the bank, intending to spend it, as he did the $5,000, on Lee Patrick. Of course, justice triumphs in the end—and so does the true love of Jeffrey and Brenda.

CAPTAIN CAUTION—Roach-United Artists

THIS is a picturization of Kenneth Roberts' story of the War of 1812 as it was fought on the high seas, in this instance mostly by Victor Mature, a Yankee sea captain, and Bruce Cabot, a slave runner with whom money is the all-important issue. Louise Platt, daughter of an American shipowner, is out to avenge her father's death at the hands of a British man-of-war and it is through her furious denunciation of Mature as a too-cautious coward that the story derives its name. Life on the high seas is portrayed here in a rough-and-tough fashion, making this a vital story of action. There is too much fighting, however, among both ships and men, to make it anything but a man's picture.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

The Return of Frank James
Boom Town
Pastor Hall
Young People
The Great McGinty
Foreign Correspondent
Dulcy
I Love You Again
When the Daltons Rode
The Lady in Question
Texas Rangers Ride Again
The Man I Married
Queen of Destiny
The Ramparts We Watch
South of Pago-Pago

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Clark Gable in "Boom Town"
Spencer Tracy in "Boom Town"
Wilfrid Lawson in "Pastor Hall"
Brian Donlevy in "The Great McGinty"
Joel McCrea in "Foreign Correspondent"
Ann Sothern in "Dulcy"
William Powell in "I Love You Again"
Broderick Crawford in "When the Daltons Rode"
Brian Aherne in "The Lady in Question"
Ann Sothern in "Gold Rush Maisie"
Anna Neagle in "Queen of Destiny"
Anton Walbrook in "Queen of Destiny"
Lana Turner in "We Who Are Young"

SOPHISTICATES will say, perhaps, that there is too much hokum in this last picture of Shirley Temple's under the banner of 20th Century-Fox. But you'll find it a pretty good kind of hokum. In the first place, Shirley isn't the whole show, which is a refreshing change from past Temple pictures. Jack Oakie and Charlotte Greenwood are in there pitching, too. With Shirley, they comprise The Three Belladonnas, vaudeville stars who decide to settle down in a certain little New England town. They want to be a part of the town and to help it grow. The young people, headed by George Montgomery (who has turned out to be a very attractive screen personality) and Arleen Whelan, are with them, too, but the oldsters are so cold and suspicious that they almost break down even the Belladonna variety of good will and intentions. Through it all, Shirley seems less a child prodigy than ever before and more a lovable little girl. You'll realize anew what a wonderful trooper she is, too, what with her new songs and dances. This is an ideal vehicle for her in that respect. Two of the best songs featured are "I Wouldn't Take A Million" and "Fifth Avenue" by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren. The picture is really packed with fast entertainment and you'll come out of the theater hoping to see more of Shirley—if it isn't already too late.

AN elegant picture with a wonderful cast and a laugh or a thrill a minute; a picture that will make you forget your troubles—and how! The story's about two rough-and-tough guys, Big John Mc-Masters (Clark Gable) and Square John Sand (Spencer Tracy), who meet the ups and downs of the oil business with whatever it takes. When Claudette Colbert, with whom Square John has been in love, comes to town, Big John ups and marries her. Follows then the first of a long and two-fisted series of quarrels between the two Johns, whose mutual regard is too often submerged in mulish pride. Each makes and loses a couple of fortunes or more before Big John, always on the lookout for bigger and tougher worlds to conquer, moves into New York to play the oil game with kid gloves on instead of a driller's bit in his hands. Here he meets Hedy Lamarr, the most beautiful and the smartest financial tipster in the Big Town, and kind of strays from home and fireside for a while. But he really loves Claudette all the time and in the end proves it to the satisfaction of all. High lights? Well, Clark and Spencer pandering around in long underwear in their hotel room, way in the first of the picture (they look positively terrible!); Hedy's breath-taking beauty in every scene she's in.

(Continued on page 95)
In which movie-detecting involves
an itinerary from Pennsylvania to
Burma—and all points in between!

BY BARBARA HAYES

The door on sound stage 24 at Metro announced in very big type, "Absolutely No Visitors." Beneath this smaller type warned, "No exceptions." Beneath that, it said even smaller, "This means you." At the bottom ordinary type commanded "Keep Off."

So we opened the door and went in. Don't think we weren't frightened, though, for this stage was the stage where Miss Katharine Hepburn was engaged in making her movie comeback in "The Philadelphia Story."

Admittedly we had moved heaven and earth and almost Louis B. Mayer to be there, but even with an okayed pass we still didn't know what was to happen. We have encountered career Katie before and we know how one of her freezing looks can turn one into an igloo at thirty paces.

The set was one of the most beautiful and accurate our busy little eyes have ever beheld. We stepped, first, into a vast garden where real flowers were blooming and real grass was sprouting and where a real and most lovely stone wall shut off some of the distant view (which we must admit was only a view painted on canvas). The atmosphere was persuasive enough to prepare us for anything, but even at that we never did expect that when Miss Hepburn issued out of her set dressing room clad in an Adrian full-skirted, wide-sleeved dress of white museline topped with a sleeveless blouse of red, white and blue, she would come voluntarily over to us and actually sit down and talk and be utterly charming. That was enough of a shock, but we were equally dumbfounded that we fell for her and her charm with all the ease of a kid falling for Santa Claus.

While we sat there, polishing our best manners and telling Katie sincerely that we thought her one of the screen's greatest actresses, Katie enchantingly told us "The Philadelphia Story" plot. It seems as how she is an arrogant young heiress who is known as a "moon goddess," meaning a girl who has no tolerance for human frailty and who, because of her impossible ideals, has divorced her first husband (Cary Grant) and is about to take another (John Howard). Cary, however, wanting to stop the wedding and to win her back to himself, introduces a reporter (Jimmy Stewart) and his girl-pal photographer (Ruth Hussey) into the sacred precincts of Katie's life and home, which leads to numerous complications and an eventual hilarious and happy ending.

We stuck around while the whole cast did a scene where Cary, unwonted and uninvited, barges in and makes Katie's mother ask him to stay for lunch. It was a very difficult scene, as Ruth Hussey had to snap pictures and drive Katie mad, Cary had to annoy John Howard, and the butler had to walk in and stop everything with that classic line, "Luncheon is served, Madam." It was the kind of scene that George Cukor directs superlatively and when it was caught in two takes, Cary came over and told us how good Hepburn was going to be. Cukor came over and told us how good Hepburn was going to be; and Hepburn came over and told us to come back some more.

Melted completely by such warmth, we walked out and bumped head on into Jeanette MacDonald, who was advancing toward her first day's work on "Bittersweet." We started to tell Miss MacDonald how wonderful we were and how well some stars treated us, but she only laughed and said, "Be yourself and come on over and talk to Nelson and me."

"Bittersweet" is that charming play that Noel Coward ran up several seasons ago and it will give that MacDonald-Eddy duo a chance to be both back in the past (where most of their admirers seem to demand them) and up in the present, where they both long to be, and singing divinely the whole while places.

We caught Nelson, who always was charming but who is a perfect angel now that he is so very happily married, draped around an old-fashioned square piano. In the flash back into olden days, he is music teacher to Miss MacDonald and that's what he was being this first day of shooting. "Bittersweet" will be in Technicolor which will give you a chance to view that MacDonald crowning glory in all its glorious color which we think is a thrill, for there is to us nothing like those MacDonald golden-red locks.

But, when it comes to coiffures, we just don't like that pompadour movement around town and currently on Bette Davis' and Ann Sothern's heads. We caught Annie down at Metro where she's getting a rest from "Maisie" by playing a bird-brain wife named "Dulcy." We discovered her sweltering away in an all-wool, two-piece, black-skirted, orange tunic-ed dress and with that aforementioned pompadour topped by a ditty hat made entirely of flowers. We discovered through Annie and later through Roz Russell at Universal, that apparently we are going to wear two-toned wool combinations this winter. It was just our bad luck that we caught the girls dolled up in them when the thermometer stood at 98 in the shade of the old pepper trees.

You're probably aware that the Russell belongs at M-G-M but it's "Hired Wife" she's working on at Universal. We don't know that the Hays Office is aware that it is selling matrimony as a gay and funny institution to the public all on account of its restrictions on unwed romance. There are Grant and Hepburn,
Most of "They Knew What They Wanted" is location stuff, but this early scene catches Nester Paiva, Grace "Leonard," Carole Lombard, Charles Laughton, Millicent Green and Bobby Barber on a studio set

In "A Little Bit of Heaven," Gloria Jean has eight "uncles" who will never be forgotten by fans, past or present—Pat O'Malley, Maurice Costello, Noah Beery, Charles Ray (lower row with Gloria), Kenneth Harlan, Fred Kelsey, William Desmond and Monte Blue (upper row)

In "The Philadelphia Story," there's Sothern being a wife in "Dulcy" and here's Russell as a near-wife at Universal. The reasons are the same in all cases: You can get away with so much more in a movie plot if the man and woman have been through a supposed, or actually binding, marriage service.

In Roz' case she has framed Brian Aherne, her boss, into marrying her, because she loves him and she also wants to get him away from Virginia Bruce, who desires him (and whom he, poor man, prefers). The situation we walk in upon finds Roz and Brian facing a justice of the peace who is confessing to them that he's discovered his license had run out a few days before he wed them, so they don't legally belong to each other. This delights Brian and agonizes Roz.

They have to do the scene three times and the trouble is not Roz but what the heat does to her. Every time the poor girl sits down wrinkles appear in the back of her dress. The dress actually is in two tones of light and dark beige and collarid in white pique. So what happens in that temperature of 98? Well, they can't stop to have Roz undress every time, so girls from the wardrobe department pop up after each take with wet towels and while Roz stands, a martyr to her art, they iron the dress.

(Continued on page 91)
Every married woman has to face, at some time or other, a situation like this. Jerry MacNally thought she knew just what to do about it.

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

There probably never was a pair of sweethearts in the whole world who didn't feel that all their troubles would be over the minute they got married. Certainly young Alan and Jerry MacNally were no exception. Weren't they ecstatically in love with each other? Hadn't Mac passed his bar examinations and got a job—not much of one, it's true, but still a foothold—in the law office of the sensationally successful Erskine Brandon?

Of course, for Jerry there was the tragic example of Wanda's broken marriage. But Jerry adored her scintillating older sister and could understand very well why Wanda couldn't stay married to a critical old fogey like David Holland. Her own Mac wasn't a bit like that. Jerry was only terribly sorry for little Dewey Holland, being passed around like an unwanted piece of cake, from papa to mama and back again.

There was Jeff's situation, too. Jeff Gilman was a dealer on a gambling ship, but he was Jerry and Mac's best friend just the same. They liked his ready frankness and sympathized with his desire to be free of his petulant wife. "Peggy" Gilman was greedy and graspful—not at all like Jerry herself.

So they didn't worry much about the marital tangles around them. And, whenever Jerry did have a twinge of doubt, she always thought of her own Grandma Brockaw and Grandpa and their long happiness together on their little fruit farm. Didn't that prove how well marriage could really work out?

Only—Jerry sometimes wondered if maybe she didn't have too much time on her hands. There was so little to do around the tiny apartment and there wasn't any money to spend anywhere else during the day.

How could Jerry have guessed that money—which had seemed so unimportant in the face of their love for each other—and money alone, was enough to imperil their happiness?

But it was, as Jerry learned one fateful day, month after month. She woke, as usual, at the sound of the alarm. She crept out of bed, regarding herself in the mirror with the unhappy conviction that she never looked beautiful in the morning. Then she ginned philosophically, combed her hair, put on a neat-and-clean house dress and began the process of waking Mac. Usually there was a roughhouse and this was no exception. When he went back to sleep for the third time the coffee was already perking and she poured a glass of water down his neck by drop. That did it, but the damage was considerable because Jerry was pretty strong herself.

They wrestled and tumbled like puppies, until suddenly he jumped free, picked her up, gave her a swift kiss and disappeared into the tiny bathroom.

Jerry heaved an ecstatic sigh and put the toast on. Mac's rush to the table, the hurried breakfast which he ate with one hand while he held the paper with the other were all right on schedule.

At the door she said, "Darling—I hate to mention the matter, but how's the family exchequer this morning? There's some old-fashioned theory about having to eat to live. That morning it really got serious.

There were three silver coins in Mac's pocket, a dime, a quarter and a fifty-cent piece. He gave Jerry the fifty-cent piece.

"Don't spend it all in one place," he said.

Jerry said, "But—what'll we do when this is gone?"

"I'll get some today. Brandy promised me some."

"Brandon and his promises," said Jerry, "He isn't being a bit fair to you. You work so hard."

"He's all right," Mac said. "He spends an awful lot of dough. The contacts he keeps up come high, but I guess they bring in business."

"So he buys polo ponies and your wife can starve."

Mac's face went dark with that sudden tem-
“Hey, don’t be like that. I’m coming over now for a while—
“Don’t bother,” Wanda said. “I’m going out.”
Jerry wrinkled her nose in distress, but there wasn’t anything she could do about it. The pace Wanda was going worried her.
On her way out, she met the fat little woman from next door.
“You through your work already?” the little woman said. “You’re wonderful, I think. I get so behind. But I got a new book—The Corpse with Two Heads—and I just had to finish it. I’ll lend it to you if you want.”
“Thanks, I’m going over to the Farmer’s Market now,” Jerry said.
“My goodness,” her neighbor said, “that’s too far for me. I’ll bring the book over later.”
The Farmer’s Market was a wonderful place. The fruit looked so fresh and lovely and the colors were so gay. Jerry loved to trundle the little wicker cart behind her and stroll around, looking at everything and pretending to buy it all. Making fifty cents cover dinner tonight and breakfast in the morning was a trick, but she managed. She got to talking to the farm woman who sold her two ears of corn for a nickel.
“You grow this corn yourself?” she said.
“My husband does. We picked it fresh this morning!” Smiling, then, she slipped in an extra ear and Jerry’s spirits soared. Mac could have two pieces.
“I wish we had a farm,” she said. “I expect it keeps you awfully busy. My grandma lives on a fruit ranch—”
“It keeps me too busy,” the woman said. “That’s better than not being busy enough,” Jerry said.
“Aren’t you going to sit under the blue umbrella?” the woman said.
“Why—I hadn’t thought—”
The woman smiled. “We have a superstition around here about the blue umbrella. We watch it. If you sit under it, sooner or later you’re sure to see friends. If you’re lonesome—why don’t you try that?”
Jerry sat down under the blue umbrella. She wondered if she’d see a friend and who it would be.
Then there in the crowd appeared David and little Davvy and a woman, a nice-looking, rather plump woman, with a wicker basket behind her. Jerry shouted, “Hi—Davvy—”
The little boy looked surprised. Then he came running. He was a sturdy little boy with freckles on his nose and he was illuminated with excitement.

“Hello, Aunt Jerry. We stopped here, but Dad’s going to take me over to the ball game.”
“I think that’s fine,” Jerry said, holding him with an arm around his shoulders. “Aren’t you going to see your mother? I thought you were in school.”
“Sure—but this is a vacation and I don’t have to go to see Wanda in vacations. Vacations I’m supposed to go with my dad.”
David and the woman came up and David introduced her. She had a kind smile, but somehow it infuriated Jerry to see David and Davvy and the woman all looking so happy. How could a man who had been married to Wanda look happy with a woman like that? They went off, with Davvy pulling the wicker basket.
“If that’s the best you can do in the way of friends—” Jerry told the blue umbrella—and just then she saw Jeff, same old sourpuss. She ran after him.
“What in the world are you doing here?” she said.
“Sell some of our fish to them,” Jeff said. “I bought a half interest. Come on—I’ll show you.”
They walked on. “Aren’t you on the barge any more?”
Jeff looked gloomier than ever. “Sure,” he said, “got to support my wife. Fishing launch doesn’t pay much yet. Say, the grunion are running tonight. Why don’t you and Mac come on down—I’ll meet you at the Malibu pier.”
“What are grunion,” said Jerry, and what are they running from?”
“Grunion,” said Jeff, “are fish. They run during a full moon. Millions of ‘em—if they run, which sometimes they do and sometimes they don’t. They come right in on the waves and there isn’t any better eating nowhere at all.”
“Maybe we’ll come,” Jerry said.

“More?” Mac grinned. “I think I ought to have some.”
“You’re a good kid, Mac,” Brandon said. “I like you. But I might as well be honest. I can get 5000 good young law students and 2000 good young lawyers every day in the week for nothing. You know that, don’t you?”
Mac said, trying with desperation to hit just the right note, “Oh, sure—but not as good as I am.”
“Maybe not, but they’ll do,” Brandon said, still smiling. “You’re getting a lot of valuable experience here.”

“Alo, I have learned to know your ways and it’d take you quite a while to teach anybody else to save you as much time as I do.”
“What’s more,” said Brandon, “it’s experience you have to get sometime.”
“I know,” Mac said, “but—my wife says she can’t buy bread and butter with experience. You know how women are.”

“An interme,” said Brandon, “has to serve his time in the hospital and he gets eight bucks a month. This is your internship, see? You’re getting experience and prestige. You can’t really expect me to pay much for the privilege of teaching you your business, can you?”
“I do quite a lot of work you have to get done somehow,” said Mac steadily.

“That’s right,” said Brandon, “but I can get a lot of bright boys to do it gladly—for the chance.”

“Then that’s the kind of work you’ll get,” said Mac. “Most men who work for nothing are worth just what they get.”
“If you’re not satisfied—” Brandon said slowly.

Mac squared his shoulders. “I like to be able to feed my wife at regular intervals,” Mac said, “and it would increase my morale and pay you dividends if I got a little pay regularly, too.”
“A man shouldn’t get married until he’s sure he can do that,” said Brandon, “and as for your morale—tell you what I’ll do. I’ll give you fifty percent of any new business you bring into the office. We could use a little new business right now. That fair?”

“I guess that’s fair,” said Mac bravely and went out.

New business! As far as Mac was concerned, he decided that crime wasn’t paying just now. There wasn’t any new business.

When he walked into the apartment he was very tired and very hungry and as low as the underside of a steam roller. He couldn’t smell any dinner and Jerry was curled up on the window seat reading a book with an amazing picture on the cover and a scarlet title reading, “The Corpse with Two Heads.”

“That’s a fine kind of a book for a decent woman to be reading,” said Mac bitterly, coldly.

Jerry’s face came from behind the book. Her
The result of the 1938 income tax poll revealed, to the unmiti-
gated surprise of a million motion-
picture fans, the name Claudette Colbert as the wom-
an receiving the highest salary in these United States for that year, the amount being $426,944.

"This black and white report leaves me with mixed emo-
tions," Miss Colbert told this reporter in frank honesty. "Out of that $426,944 I had left for myself, $100,000 was the chunk I wasn't sure of. I consider the rest, absorbed by taxes, as a gift to the Government, and one I am proud to make. I hope every cent of it is used in defense. Miss Colbert is a naturalized citizen, born in France.

"Mixed with this pride and gratitude, though, is a feeling of fear. How long can I remain in a position to command a salary large enough to carry me through the years when there will be none? Fear that tomorrow will appear that never sorting out a man's congratulations. I am the person who will steal one's favor with the fans. Fear of living over you years to come.

"It has great danger, that kind of dough. Every one in Hollywood does live over his means; don't let anyone tell you differently. I thought I would take a lesson from those who once had much more than I and never knew what to do with all the money credited to me. I gauge what must be spent as well as a start that will take care of it.

"I am grateful, but fearful and, I repeat, that kind of dough is dangerous."

FROM every standpoint it seemed that Mac's first divorce case turned out very well indeed.

In sweet spot, Jeff was a character. The domestic troubles of a blackjack dealer with a face like a persimmon and a name like Peppy who was at a gambling shop would spice up any front page. The newspapers went to town.

Jerry went to the trial and so did Wanda and her friends and a good many other people more than repaid when the climax came.

Peppy had seemed to be getting all the best of it. However, when the judge and whispered in his ear. The judge beckoned to the bailiff and whis-
thed.

"Hubert Appleby!" bellowed the bailiff.

There was a scuffle of feet and all eyes turned to a colossal of a marine as he heaved his vast bulk out of his seat and moved toward the stand.

When the bailiff had warned him in, Mac took the floor.

"Mr. Appleby, did you ever know a Miss Peppy Chichona?" Mac asked him.

"Yer durn tootin' I did," answered Appleby with deep feeling. "At's her right there," pointing his finger at Pepp-

"You married her, I believe," con-
tinued Mac, "in Tia Juana, Mexico, or on about the eighth of July, 1934?"

"'At's what she tol' me!"

"And divorced you in Mexico a year later?" asked Mac.

"'At's what she wrote an' tol' me!"

From there corner where his family sat, vowels and hands flew in all directions and Peppy looked scared stiff.

"You're the one where the divorce was granted in Mexico?" asked Mac.

"I got her letter here, what's she say?"

"And all this time you've been paying her alimony?"

"I'm a-buckin' at a month—reg-
lar."

And as an afterthought Appleby offered, "The wife's gettin' kinda sore and hump.

The judge was startled. "Wife? What wife?"

"You, one I got now," the big marine told him.

Mac turned to the judge.

"Your Honor," he said calmly, "on the ground of desertion and divorce from Mr. Appleby has not been properly sub-
stantiated, I submit that my client, Mr. Jeff Peppy Chichona, has not been legally married to the plaintiff."

He paused dramatically. "And I further maintain that the case against him be dismis-
ised?"

"Case dismissed," said the judge em-
phatically. "Turning to the clerk, he added, "Have the plaintiff removed to the custody of the bailiff to await action by the district attorney's office on charges of bigamy and perjury!"

Jeff grabbed Mac's hand and shook it like a pump handle.

"Boy, you sure pulled that out of the hat! Any time you figger on run-
in, you got a better leg to handle your campaign."

A YEAR later young Mr. and Mrs. Alan MacNally had a charming new home in Beverly Hills, with a pretty little gar-
de, a big desk and a sedan.

The history of their change of fortune was in the records of the divorce court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

MacNally was the man everybody thought a tough sort who wanted a di-

vorce. A great many people, apparently,

wished divorces.

They didn't seem full of di-

vorce cases. They whirled around her head, they were in the air breathed, the dresses she...
Life in the new house was different, of course. In the first place, there was Celestine. Celestine was large and black and placid and especially devoted to Jerry.

She was handing the toast that particular morning when Jerry saw the picture of Mr. and Mrs. Broderick Furness—on the front-page of the paper. Of Mrs. Furness’ extreme beauty there was no question. The reporter said, “Glamorous society beauty who is seeking to divorce her second husband.” Down in the column of type was Mac’s name, Mrs. Furness being represented by Alan MacNally of the firm of Hymer and Brandon.

“You did say something, too, casually, ‘that you had the Furness case,’” said Mac, from behind the sport page.

Jerry regarded him wistfully for a moment. “That was true. I read bits of the paper out loud to each other and there had been lots of laughs and kidding and kisses at breakfast. Now Mac was always preoccupied, always absorbed.

There was also Celestine.

Jerry said, “What’s she getting a divorce about?”

“A beautiful woman,” Mac said absently, “has certain rights other women do not have; and she has行使 those rights. She wants a divorce and it’s my business to get her one. If I get her the settlement she wants, you can have a new fur coat like Wanda’s.”

He kissed her hurriedly and was gone. Jerry went to the front door and stood watching him. He liked his bit of lawn and the small garden and usually stopped to putter and pick a dead leaf or two. “Will you be home early or are you going to be in court?”

Over his shoulder he said, “Home early. Lamb. Be a good girl.”

Jerry went back into the house and looked about disconsolately. Maybe she was all wrong. Maybe she was on the wrong track altogether. Mac had admired Wanda, he had been in love with Wanda. Maybe she was still second choice. Now that he was getting up in the world, maybe she didn’t fit in the picture any more. All very well when they were broke and lived in one room, but now he wanted to entertain, he wanted a maid—and he thought a woman as beautiful as Mrs. Furness had special rights in the world. She wanted, she found, to talk to Wanda. They made a date for lunch.

Afterwards it always seemed to Jerry that it hadn’t actually happened. Things like that didn’t happen. They were always telling you about them and you were always reading about them, but they were like the murders on the front page—they didn’t happen to you.

Never in her life had she known so strangely violently an emotion. All the blood in her heart seemed to hold perfectly still for a moment, turning colder and colder until she knew it would explode. Her every nerve was like firecrackers through her veins. Probably every woman in the world had seen it at some time, that sudden, sickening fear of something deeper than jealousy, something more poignant than anger.

It came to Jerry MacNally when, over the small luncheon table, she stared at her husband and the woman with whose picture she had had at first a face-to-face the first morning in the paper.

It came upon her as a shock, yet as something that had been growing, something she had seen before or foreseen. The woman caught her eye first, the flash of recognition came to her, though in the paper she had been haughty and now she was laughing.

How well she wears that silken kind of a hat. I’d look a fool in it, Jerry thought, but on her it’s elegant, it’s distinguished.

She was frozen, she was afire and almost at once her mind began to work in that intricate circuit driven by emotions she could not name. If only Wanda didn’t notice. But Wanda had seen her face and turned. Mrs. Furness wasn’t laughing now, she was looking very pathetic and brave, as though she was discussing something delicate and important. And Mac reached across then and putted her hand and then she smiled dimly, sadly.

Wanda said, “Who is she?”

“She’s a client,” Jerry said. “Mrs. Furness.”


“He has to take clients to lunch sometimes,” Jerry said. “She wants a divorce and he has to get it for her. Her husband’s very rich or something and I’m going to have a fur coat.”

“Darling,” her sister said, “this is Wanda. Remember you? Don’t have to put on an act for me. But you’d better take yourself in hand. That’s real competition.”

“It isn’t competition at all,” Jerry said, ily, “What a mind you’ve got. You don’t think I’m going to get all green-eyed because Mac has to have lunch with a client and she happens to be a knock-out, do you?”

of that silly little laugh. To her it sounded like a taunt and for a moment she almost believed that Wanda had shouted at her, “Oh, you silly little goose, don’t you know I married you because he couldn’t get me, on the rebound, second choice.”

Under it all, Jerry stopped dead. Sat very still, holding her face as quiet as she could, holding it rigid like a mask between her and the world that in a few brief hours had turned so unfriendly, had become an enemy.

Wanda put out her hand and took Jerry’s. “Look, baby, I know how you feel. I’ve been through it myself. Don’t get sore. Just remember, if you need me, I’m around and even if I don’t go around playing the big-sister act to soft music, I’m for you and I know quite a lot about men. If Mac—”

“Mac’s okay,” Jerry said. “You’re sweet though, Wanda darling. You know how well I feel about you.”

They had to pass the table, Mac and Mrs. Furness. Jerry realized that suddenly and panicky took her and she decided to get out of there in a hurry, she wanted the check, she wanted to go, but she hadn’t been quick enough.

The introductions were easy. Mrs. Furness was quite casual, it seemed ridiculous in the light of that very casual, Sunday afternoon greeting and of Mac’s undisturbed manner, to think anything.

Now well on her own way in the acting profession, Jean Adair takes a day off from Paramount to visit her big brother James on Warners’ “City For Conquest” set— where Jimmy’s not doing so badly for himself, either!

Sharing with you, my precious little nitwit. First time your husband doesn’t come home to dinner and I suppose he’s thought he’s been run over. Her current cheerleaders are her shawlers. “She’s really quite bright, my little sister,” she said, “and very pretty, though she looks awfully ragged at that moment. Jerry, this is Putz Harvey—and Mr. Willis. Get your clothes on, child. There’s the phone and I want to hear the third music with us. What you need is cheering up.”

“I couldn’t,” Jerry said. “Suppose Mac came home in the middle of a show.”

“A very good thing for him, said Wanda. “He hasn’t worried about you, honey, hasn’t put in on fire—tell me about his good lesson. Next time he’ll remember to telephone, at least. At that, Jerry, he’ll still put up with him skittering around with all these little divorcee numbers. I sometimes wonder how far Mac goes to—”

(Continued on page 19)
Daintiness is important! This Beauty Bath makes you sure

It's so easy to make sure of daintiness. Just use Lux Soap for a luxurious daily beauty bath.

You'll love Lux Soap's gentle active lather—the delicate clinging fragrance it leaves on your skin!

Carole Lombard

Star of Radio's "They Knew What They Wanted"

LOVELY SCREEN STARS, clever women everywhere use Lux Toilet Soap as a daily bath soap, too. Its active lather carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin really fresh from top to toe. You'll love this luxurious, sure way of protecting daintiness. You'll find this beauty bath relaxes and refreshes you—leaves your skin delicately perfumed, sweet. Just try it!

The Complexion Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use
Thanks for the Memories

(Continued from page 22)

feet,' is his light explanation.

The story that followed at school, which probably kept him interested.

He was never exactly affable for knowledge, but he loved basketball, football, track, and baseball. Whatever he did he did well, and still does.

The change in his name was brought about when Bob was in the Essex High School. It was customary that each pupil give his last name first as the new year began. Adams, James Brown, John; Collins, William — thus it went on down the line until a voice called out Hope, Leslie. There was a burst of laughter from the teacher toward. Leslie looked back at him, bewildered. The titter grew into a laugh. It wasn't until then that he realized they were calling him 'Hope, Hopelessly,' he realized what it was all about. He quickly amended the name to Bob Hope. When Bob was about twelve, the Charlie Chaplin craze hit Cleveland with a wallop and the first big film show the boy had ever seen was sprouting out of his ears. Bob copped more first prizes as the dapper little tramp than any kid in Cleveland. In its surrogates he took the lead.

'Boy, I did a Chaplin around corners on one foot so fast,' he says, 'people thought they were in a flash of lightning with a mustache on it.'

Singing became important to him at this time for a very shabby reason — he could hum a tune and sing for his fare. He and Jack and their crowd would wait for a car with a concert party riding in it.

'Look, mister, we’ll entertain you with songs all the way down to Whitehall,' they’d say.

Once at White City, with all the sights taken in, they’d gather outside Peter Schmit’s beer garden and sing their hearts off.

All right, all right," Peter would finally say. 'I’ll pay your fare if you’ll go with me.'

Instead of going home, however, they'd go on still farther to Euclid Beach, spend their money on the roller coaster and Fun House and then sing their way home on another streetcar.

Uncle Frank’s wife on her way to visit Bob’s mother would stop her nephew on the corner with the gang.

'I tell you it isn’t good for a boy to loiter,’ corners,” she scolded to Bob’s mother.

"I trust him to come out all right," Mrs. Hope would say. "I trust all my boys.

They rewarded her with lifelong devotion. Today they’ll gather to talk about her, three years after her passing, and each is positive he and alone was his mother’s favorite.

Love bit Bob full blast about the time he’d become a helper in an older brother’s shop. Bob would look at the lady cows as he slapped away at lamb roast.

"Her legs were on upside down and her teats were gorged with both the gold ones, but I thought she was a dream.

The brother stood it as long as he could. What was happening to his legs of lamb by the entranced Bob was a sin and shame. Finally he decided to put a stop to it.

"Hey, Les,” he yelled, as Bob gazed into her eye, “crazy that hog’s head down the cellar. I make the one under the counter.”

That ended it. Settled was that piece of romance for all time. Bob, aglow with quivering emotions and his brother talking of hog’s heads yet.

He walked out on that job flat.

Crazy for sports, he used to hang around school at Charlot Marat’s Athletic Club on To Sjockey’s dancing academy to become a hoover. There was an easier and not so tough way to fame.

In three months, when Mr. Sjockey was called away to Hollywood, our young hoover took over the school. With a one, two, three, he gave lessons to Cleveland’s sprouting Fred Alstares.

They sprouted down, three of them. It was the wrong time of the moon, or something," Bob explains.

"You’re getting nowhere fast," brother Jack finally said. "Quit that dancing school and I’ll get you a job, a good respectable job with a future, working with five o’clock. His name was the Chandler Motor Company.

No truer prophecy was ever spoken. It was a job with a future. A future that eventually led to millions of fans chuckling over "Brenda and Cohiba," of Bob’s antics on the screen, of a million radio fans demanding to be told, “Who’s Yelling?"

Hope was finally on his way to show business. The turning point came when the tiny city Arblucke arrived in Cleveland for personal appearances and wanted a couple of local acts to complete the bill. Bob, who in reality supposed to be a clerk, was actually the fourth part of the company’s quartette, its master of ceremonies at picnics and luncheons, its one-man-act.

"Why don’t you go down there and find the office force (‘that’s what I keep telling them down at the office’) demanded.

So, grabbing himself a partner, George Byrne, Bob showed them. He showed them in every tank town this side of the Mississippi and, frankly, they didn’t go into convulsions over Hopeless Hope. He put black goo all over his face and smeared it clear out into the suburbs on a nose that always wandered around a corner long before he did. He sang (oh Lawd be merciful), he danced, he changed scenery, doubled in a quartette (‘that made eight of me if one wasn’t enough’) and one night he got to the theater too late to put on the black face.

Right then and there he slapped old Lady Luck in the— I mean it changed his entire life plan, that skipping of the store polish, for the audience thought his face even funnier without the goo than with it.

They couldn’t get over that sudden square spot on the end of his nose, like a mule backing up all of a sudden, or the chin that always pointed east by northeast, even in the Middle West.

Then one night in a little Pennsylvania theater in New Castle, an event occurred which for the audience precipitated a skinny young man called Hope onto a motion-picture screen and gave to radio audiences the fastest windsurfer in the history of entertainment.

An event—but we’ll tell you that one later—

Came the day when Bob would willingly have accepted any contract—if only to use it for padding in his worn-out shoes. The offer he took didn’t look much better than that—but just read what it did for him, in November Photoplay!
• Inside the surgical-gauze covering of the new Modess, is a filler so
downy-soft that we call it "fluff." It is this extra-soft filler
that makes the new Modess sanitary napkin so wonderfully comfortable
— so wonderfully comforting. You'll have a new
feeling of security, too; read why, in the pamphlet inside every
Modess package. Buy Modess at your favorite store.

It costs only 20¢ for a box of twelve.
FACE TO FACE WITH

BETWEEN dinnertime and dawn the change suddenly takes place. Comes the proverbial nip in the air, the frantic rush to exchange shorts and salads for suits and steaks—and the first heavy conference of every woman with her magnifying mirror. Then it starts—the annual moan-and-groan chorus of the sisterhood who, face to face with the excommunicating effects of a summer’s communication with the sun, are mirror-shocked into the realization that what was beauty on the sand turns into a bad point in the salon.

Just as no woman would be caught dead or otherwise in a spring hat come autumn, so she wouldn’t face fall with a skin that brags about the great outdoors. In order that your fall reconditioning process may not get you too far down and that you’ll lose your summer face with as much pleasure as you hope you had acquiring it, we give you here the quick and painless cure-alls of an efficient Hollywood for your fall restoration period.

For that Septembr look...

Good for gloves, but not so glamorous for new fall evening dresses. Therefore, toward the end of summer, rub a fine almond oil all over the body until it is absorbed, then stand under a moderately warm shower and scrub like a vigorous washwoman with a rough towel. Then turn on the cold water. Instigator of this foresighted procedure is Brenda Joyce—"This is especially good for restoring the fineness of texture to neck, arms and shoulders, and it’s particularly helpful to anyone who has a dry skin."

For a fault nut-brown maid...

Be it ever so even, a tan becomes a yellow peril in September. Hollywood, quick on the beauty uptake, uses these fast methods of bleaching without acquiring an "in between" tinge. For Bonita Granville, "lemon juice in the rinse water once a day." For Ann Sothern, buttermilk spread over face, neck and arms each night before retiring. If you have a definite antipathy for the latter, try the Rita Johnson special—a bleaching mask. If you’re an enterprising soul, you’ll probably turn pink and white the Laraine Day way—by rubbing lemon directly on your skin and then following it with a thin application of olive oil to counteract possible resultant dryness. If you’d like a bit of variety, there’s Gale Page’s thirty-minute bleach. You mix a half-cup of buttermilk to a stiff paste with cornmeal, spread it completely over your face and throat and then relax for thirty minutes.

For freckles to fainess...

A freckled-faced sister is one of the loudest of the fall groaners because sometimes those persistent spots won’t out even with the best bleaching processes. This fall, however, a new cosmetic appears to save your face—a new opaque cream that covers up skin blemishes of any kind. Rub a bit of this onto the freckles and you’ll have a nice cover-all, plus a most effective powder foundation. Or try that other lifesaver—a liquid powder foundation that does a perfect job of camouflage.

If your face feels like stretched elastic when you smile, you’re in danger of being a dried-up young maid this fall. Count as toll taken by summer tan the fact that you’ve lost a lot of natural oil from your skin and go out and discover the new oil that’s on the market. You cleanse your skin with soap and then smooth on a few drops of this new oil. Leave it on all night and you’ll wake up beaming like a baby.

Subtraction: Bonita Granville goes through a "de-tanning" regime: Lemon juice in the rinse water once every day

For that peachmeal feeling...

...and fortunately you can, too, this fall. Meaning that if you find your skin all mottled and patchy from having grabbed a sun tan too hurriedly, you can cover up beautifully with a make-up that’s the stand-by of Hollywood’s Ginger Rogers, Joan Bennett and Hedy Lamarr. It’s a compressed powder make-up and you apply it with a moistened sponge. Spread it evenly all over your skin and you’ll emerge just as patch-proof as the aforementioned Cirtces. Extra dividend on this is a nice luster that really glows for hours and makes you look like a candidate for the best-groomed women list.

Look sharp, sister...

...or your eyes will suffer from the summer’s exposure. Since eyework is so important in the motion-picture business Hollywood certainly does look sharp and comes up with a find—a fine white cream that does a top-notch lubrication job. This also means that those fine wrinkles you’ve thought a sign of old age will disappear practically overnight, as they’re merely caused by dryness, which is the very condition this...
BEAUTY CREED:

"I'd rather have a beautifully-cared-for skin than Beauty."

So you asserted pridefully—and rightfully.

And, contrariwise, this beautifully-cared-for skin of yours proclaims you a Beauty!

For no girl who exercises such care of her skin—joyously and meticulously—ever fails to exercise similar care of two other aspects of her person which, indeed, set off her skin's beauty. Namely, the shining sculptured glory of her well-kept hair, the chic simplicity of her dress.

All three are matters of Taste. And Games of Skill!

Play your part in the exciting game of skin care with enthusiasm and with a wise head—and you will have exciting rewards.

Play it, as do many members of our foremost families, according to the authoritative rules laid down by Pond's:

There are five moves in this stimulating Game. Each has its definite intention, its ample rewards.

QUICK RELEASE—Bury your face under lush, luxurious Pond's Cold Cream, and spank it forthrightly for 3 full minutes—yes, even 3 minutes—with cream-wreathed fingers. Pond's mixes with the dried, dead cells, make-up and foreign accumulations on the surface of your skin, softens and sets them free.

REMOVAL—Clean off the softened debris with the white tenderness of Pond's Tissues. Wiped off also are the softened tops of some of the blackheads, making it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

REPEAT—A second time spank your face with cream-softened fingers. Thisspanking increases both the actions of Pond's Cold Cream—cleaning and softening. Again wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Notice that superficial lines seem less noticeable—pores look finer.

COOL ASTRINGENCE—Now splash with cool, fragrant Pond's Skin Freshener, slapped on with cotton drizzling wet with it.

SMOOTH FINISH—Last, mask your face with a downy coating of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream's specific duty is to disperse remaining harsh particles, aftermath of exposure, leaving your skin silky, smooth, plant! Wipe off after one full minute for the richest rewards. Then observe with what ease your skin receives its powder, how surprisingly it holds it.

Play this through at least once daily—before retiring or during the day. Repeat it in abbreviated form when your skin and make-up need freshening. Act now to start your new daily rules for a fresh and flower-soft skin, with Pond's authoritative Creams. Nearly one-third of the women in the United States now use Pond's!

Send for Trial Case. Fill in and forward at once the coupon below, Pond's, Dept. 15-CVK, Clinton, Conn. Please send me a Pond's kit of the 3 Pond's Creams and 7 Pond's Powder Shields. I enclose 3d for postage and packing.

Name
Address

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MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY (THE FORMER MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY), like many other members of distinguished American families, has for years observed the Pond's rules for skin care

OCTOBER, 1940
IT'S A DATE! You have a rendezvous with romance in one of these glamorous Fall nail tones.

RIOT is rich red—gay, clear, irresistible! Marvelous with your stadium furs and woolens... a flashing accent for "big evenings."

RUMPUS is red with a deep blue overtone—very young, immensely flattering. Lush with gray and black... an added heart throb with all the new colors with a hint of blue or purple—by day or by night!

Get set for a gay and glamorous Fall! See the new Cutex glamour duo—Riot and Rumpus—this very day! Other Cutex favorites: Old Rose, Cedarwood, Laurel, Clover, Cameo, Tulip. Guaranteed to wear longer or your money back! Simply return the bottle to us (with at least three-fourths of its contents) during 1940.

NORTHAM WARREN
New York, Montreal, Paris, London
at it and the upshot of the whole thing was that Dick finally had to buy it, whether he would or no . . . And of course he wouldn't if he could have helped it, since Mary's convertible is now in the family and one should be enough.

But, as Mary says, that's love!

How's Your Love-Making, Young Fellow?

Say, young man, are you aware of the brand-new technique in screen love-making? Or are you wondering along in the old 1938 model?

Well, come on, then; draw up a chair and let old Uncle Cal explain a few facts. Now let me begin by asking if you've noticed anything new in the technique of the screen hero lately.

What, you haven't? Well, son, the hero's now being cagy, almost indifferent. He's "tangling his hair, locking fast and punching the heroine lightly on the jaw. That's to denote tenderness. He's evenmocking her heart. He is, really serious, he's giving her the brush-off or the "I'm indifferent" treatment.

That, my friend, is the brand-new Oblique System. It's new, it's dynamic and it works, take Cal's word for it. It caught Ann Sheridan hook, line and sinker in "Torrid Zone." It worked for Jeffrey Lynn, when he cold-shouldered Olivia de Havilland in "My Love Came Back," didn't it? Not for many a moon have you heard a man on the screen say to a maid, "I love you, I adore you, will you be mine?"

So, young man, think it over. Approach your love-making in the new Hollywood oblique fashion; it doesn't work. Of course, if it doesn't, remember Cal's an old man who wears these glasses because he has to, so restrain yourself, young fellow.

Sackcloth

How the old burg has changed. Cal remembers when barbecues and swimming parties, Mayfair balls and masquerades, dances with gags, were Hollywood's main diversions. But now—well, the town's management. It's dropped its robe of romantic glamour and taken on the sackcloth of cold hard reality.

On his studio office door, Director Woody Van Dyke has hung a sign (knocking visiting bowans for a loop) reading "Marine Recruitin' Station." He means it, too, and boss Louis B. Mayer suffers daily agonies lest Bob Taylor or Spencer Tracy, in a blue moment, sign up. On the door of the beautiful Douglas Fairbanks Sr. mansion hangs another sign reading "British Al- lied Relief."

In the meantime, the Red Cross work goes on, with all the women's committees talking frantically at the same time. All petty feuds and jealousies have been forgotten, with Sam Goldwyn and Mary Pickford (codd for years) working side by side and even Mary and Sylvia Fairbanks, who supplanted Mary as Mrs. Fairbanks Sr., working shoulder to shoulder.

Flareheads of stars are whisked off to New York, San Francisco and Houston for Red Cross benefits. Knitting needles are clicking with a frenzy that would shame Madame Defarge.

To those people outside the community who criticize the English contingent for remaining in America, Hollywood offers boos.

13. MOVIE-STAR SLIP
Meet the famous Scarlett O'Hara "Gone with the Wind" slip—a record-breaker like the successful movie for which it was named! Like the movie, too, it was awards. Awards for the fine-fitting, sleek broc' top, the sweeping skirt and the racy satin or cape of which it's made. $1 at department stores and specialty shops.

14. CO-ED CUSTOM
It's the current custom of our better dressed co-ed's to copy the style of the best-dressed man on any campus. This is the masculine trick of the week—Shepherd's lamb's-wool zephyr slipover, $1.05; matching knee-high socks, $1.95; a plaid sleeveless knitted waistlet, $3.55.

15. CALLING ALL COFFEE-HOUNDS
You haven't tasted good coffee until you've breathed your morning vapor in Miro's all-aluminum Vacuum Coffee by the vapor process is fragrant, filtered coffee indeed! The unsullied 8-cup measure aluminum pot has an enamel bottom that will serve your disposition for the day. $1.95 at department stores throughout the country.

16. SIDE-LINE STUFF
If you don't want to buy a new side-draped dress you can get the same effect with Beth-Mode's side-line bolt—a girdle of nude, bright colored or black, with two flowing tabs lushed to the buckle. Should Fashion change its mind over night—so can you, by removing the tabs. $1.50 at Saks 334, New York.

17. VELVET SISTERS ACT
On your head—a "jockey's" cap—for its running mate a handsome velvet half-room pouch with a copeakin binding that avoids the ravages of wear and tear. The breast pocket gives you into its roomy depths. Cap $1.83, bag $2.77, at H. M. Macy, New York.

18. JUGGLER'S JERKIN
On very little cash—$3.98 to be exact—you can turn yourself into the best-dressed girl in your set. Just juggle this little red jerkin and bonnet set around. To lead the sporting life, wear it over a casual skirt and shirt. When you're out to do the town, wear it with a basic black dress. R. H. Macy, New York.

Eric Blore, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Ronald Colman, Charles Laughton (of course, he could make swell faces at the enemy) all are World War veterans past the age limit. Herbert Marshall, a veteran of the first World War, was left a cripple and is now unfit to fight. Ronald Young, Cary Grant, Ray Milland and several others have long since taken out American citizenship papers. Young Dick Greene and Robert Coote are war bound.

Yep, it's a different community these days. Only Orson Welles remains normal.

Orson still goes on trying on mustaches, wigs and sideburns for his picture.

Triangle

It all began back in the days when Virginia Bruce used to live near Toluc Lake and was a neighbor of the Bing Crosbys and the Dick Arlen's—and her little daughter, Susan Gilbert, Gary Crosby and Dick Arlen Jr., aged about five, respectively, were bosom friends.

In those days, Susan was the avowed sweetheart of Gary and Dick was a sort of tolerant friend. The situation continued even after Virginia, upon becoming Mrs. J. Walter Ruben, moved to Maine. But not long ago, when Susan entertained her two young gentlemen friends at dinner, something happened to upset the apple-cart.

Seems Miss Gilbert, though young, is already well-versed in the wiles of women, and completely sure of Gary's devotion, turned perverse just for the heck of it.

"You're not my boy friend any more," she announced to Gary out of a clear sky. "I love Ricky now."

But being well-behaved as perhaps she thought he would be, Gary took the bad news without a flicker of an eye.

"Oh, well," he said, "that's all right because I have a new girl friend, anyway."

Miss Susan looked startled. "Who?" she demanded.

"Why—er—Judy Garland," he brought out, finally.

Whereupon Susan promptly had a fit. "I was just foolish," she wailed. "I don't want to see you anymore, Ricky. I love you."

But Gary stuck to his guns. "Judy's my new girl friend," he maintained stubbornly. Virginia spent the better part of the evening alternately trying to persuade Gary to change his mind and consoling his lovelorn daughter. While Ricky, apparently not at all interested in the situation one way or the other, calmly played games by himself.

Special to Photoplay
The month being September and the second Friday falling on the thirteenth, we recall that this shunned day is Donald Duck's birthday. The Laugh-O-Gram celebrates a birthday on every Friday the thirteenth, since he came into this world via a paint pot and brush six years ago on that date.

This is Donald Duck year, we hear from the Disney studio. Ten of the eighteen Walt Disney shorts will star Donald. Most stars would perk up about this preferential treatment, but Donald is by this time blasé.

Dan Cupid has been busy with Donald this year. In his new short, "Mr. Duck Steps Out," Donald, rivaling Fred Astaire in a jitterbug sequence, falls for Daisy Duck. But romance or no, Donald is letting nothing come between him and his cherished ambition to play Hamlet sometime. When not at the Disney a paint pot lives practically in front of his duck-length mirror.

October, 1940
Hollywoood, dazzling everyone with her white and black beauty. I have known Gene since he was the “catch” of the town, the sophisticated man of the world who had waltzed into the lives of Ina Claire and Gloria Swanson and who had won loved Joan Bennett for his first prize. When Hedy and Gene met so and fell so deeply in love everyone thought they would be sincerely happy. That lasted but not for each other—and the gorgeous Hedy and the successful and polished Gene, one of the most important producers of 20th Century-Fox. Not that I forget my excitement when they sent me a note in the middle of the night giving me the scoop about their platonic relationship.

“I must tell you that Hedy and I are leaving in a few minutes to be married.”

While still honeymooning, they came often to Marsons Farm to dine with us and spent quiet Sunday afternoons down at the pool. Yet, in less than a year, they were parted. What happened to this marriage that added brilliantly to Hedy’s role...? I can’t say. Certainly I can’t think of two people who tried harder to fight against the insanity that came to their happiness almost from the start. That they failed isn’t either of their faults. I believe they are both heart-sore and saddened about a parting they tried valiantly to stave off.

Perhaps the first great trouble was that Hedy, I regret to tell you, fell in love too soon after her separation from Joan Bennett and while his heart was still torn over being parted from his adored little Delilah. Not that Gene was ever really in love any longer with Joan, that is an unfair implication. They had parted quite amicably and there was no “tory carrying” on either side.

But where there is a child deeply loved by both parents there are always intangible bonds that even a divorce court cannot sever. Another great influence in Gene’s life—his mother, who was passing last year left him so saddened. Mrs. Markey was devoted, too, to Joan and her little granddaughter. When Joan died, pretty, little Delilah’s “dearest friend,” Hedy was there, too—but they had come to the hospital corridor while Joan and Gene were at her mother’s bedside.

A difficult situation for a bride, you must admit, particularly when that required the tact of supermen and women, not just ordinary mortals with sensitive feelings and emotions.

It is ironic that both Joan and Hedy should have been rivals for Hollywood’s beauty crown. It is even more ironic that they look a great deal alike—particularly since Joan changed her golden locks to raven. They are amazingly similar in their eyes—almost twin—so much so that people who met them for the first time thought they were sister—twin—girlfriends.

Naturally, this was much played up and written about. It was bound event—after all, both women were not only the most glamorous actresses of their time but had married handsome younger men and were young. They were the happy girls’ girls. But it was ’time to look at the problem a little more seriously. How were Hedy and Gene going to get through the strange period, to make the marriage work?

The hilltop house where they had been honeymooning seemed small for a nursery, so Gene and Hedy promptly moved into the second-best bedroom and turned their room into the baby’s domicile.

I’ll never forget dropping in when Hedy was in the throes of picking out wallpaper for the nursery. Samples were spread over the place. Two little boys sat in the middle of the floor looking like anything but a glamour girl as she excitedly talked to the top porters and beguiled them into staying. “This is it!” she finally cried, holding up a sample of paper showing little fat ducks waddling up and down the wall. “This is what Jimmy will like best. It will make him laugh. He’s so fat himself.”

After that, I don’t think Jimmy was ever out of Hedy’s thoughts any matter what she was doing. Following torrid love stories with Spencer Tracy (they were making “I Take This Woman” at the time) she would rush to the telephone to see if Jimmy had eaten his spinach and asked for more, and whether he was having to diet,” she told me one day. “He’s a little overweight. Isn’t that cute? When you think about it, he never does eat ice cream to their hearts’ content and not care how fat we get, Hedy laugh.

Gene loved the little boy deeply, too. He loved him as fondly as though he had been his own—yet with a man. Before his death Hedy worried for each blood is thinner than water. Gene still had obligations of the heart for his own little daughter and it was harder on him than anyone else could know because it was so difficult for him to spend as much time with either of them as he wanted to. It was a trying ordeal for everyone involved—for little Jimmy had become almost an obsession with Hedy. Who is to say who was right and who was wrong? They wouldn’t have been human, as I said before, if there hadn’t been misunderstandings.

To add to the domestic complications—both Gene and Hedy were having career problems at the time. Gene was winding up his long and successful contract at 20th Century-Fox with “Lillian Russell” and there were several important deals on the fire which necessitated many conferences with his manager.

Hedy was not happy about “I Take This Woman”. The project was simply too early and not only for their own happiness but for the sake of the baby they had adopted.

If they had been less honest with reporters who heard about their quarrels—if they had wanted to live out a sham of happiness, they could have remained together until the fateful “first year” of the adoption was over.

But Hedy and Gene couldn’t lie. When the adoption problem became too much—and the money trouble became too loud to ignore—she finally gave out the simple and true statement that it was true.

“Why didn’t you wait, Hedy?” I asked her. “It was such a short time— and you could have saved yourself so much trouble.”

“I couldn’t,” she said. “We tried, Gene and I. I feel nothing but the deepest fondness for him. He can be a boy and anything but a baby.”

But it was the only honest thing for both of us—to admit that we weren’t able to make a go of our marriage. “I will just have to fight it out this way—the honest way. Surely they (the Children’s Society) will understand. They must really see the futility of something that has happened to Gene and me cannot in any way affect the way I feel about the baby. I am just as good a mother to him as I ever was—and better perhaps—because this fight for his custody has made me realize deeper than ever how much he means to me.”

So Hedy took up her battle to keep little Jimmy—a battle that was her own heart’s battle and won. Had she not found the way to keep Jimmy, she would have been at the mercy of those who wanted to give him away. She’s a woman who could not, would not, be alone in any battle. And once she has decided that his former wife be allowed to keep her son was none other than Gene Markey.

You know now the sequel of this fight. The Children’s Society listened to the plea of Gene and saw the tears on Hedy’s cheeks—and wisely they decided that the screen’s greatest beauty is also one of the finest mothers in the world. After the legal complications came happily and quickly. It was a happy ending for a story that might have been the most tragic in Hedy Lamarr’s life.

She called me the day it was all set-tled: “I can keep him,” she almost sobbed into the telephone. “Little Jimmy is all mine and this adoption can’t go through for another year. It is almost as though the probationary period was a punishment for someone who was Hedy and I took him. I’ve been appointed his legal guardian and later, after the year elapses, the adoption will come up again. But I know in my heart it is all right now. I know it!”

I know it, too, Hedy—and I know that one of the finest stories ever written behind the scenes of Hollywood is the love and devotion the great “giantess” showed for a small boy who is now the greatest happiness in her life.
Safeguard the Appeal of Lovely, Smooth Lips

if your LIPS DRY...try Hollywood's Lipstick

Max Factor

You can safeguard the appealing loveliness of soft, smooth, red lips by using Tru-Color lipstick created by Max Factor Hollywood. Just note the four amazing features of this remarkable new lipstick.

1. Lifelike red of your lips
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Isn't it wonderful to discover a lipstick that has had the qualities you've always wanted in perfect makeup? What a thrill awaits you the very first time you make up with Tru-Color Lipstick. Try it today. Color harmony shades to accent the lure of your type...$1.00

Powder...
Created in original color harmony shades, Max Factor Hollywood Powder imparts the look of lovely, youthful beauty. Satin-smooth, it really stays on longer...$1.00

Rouge...
The lifelike color harmony shades of Max Factor Hollywood Rouge give just the right color accent for your type...50¢

Madeleine Carroll
in Cecil B. De Mille's Paramount Picture
"North West Mounted Police"


October, 1940
How Clark Gable and Carole Lombard live

(Continued from page 32)

ing repertoire company had left him stranded in the Middle West. However, and eager to return to the theater, he was saving every cent possible against a trip to Hollywood.

In 1933 Carole and Clark played together in "No Man of Her Own," had fun during the weeks they worked together, and finally wanted to work with them on stage. Carole who was married to Bill Powell then, Clark was married to Ria Langham.

They met again, several years later, at a White Mayfair Ball. Carole was the hostess. Cesar Romero was her escort. Clark—and they probably had to bog-
tie him to get him there at all—arrived late and planned to leave almost im-
mediately.

But he and Carole danced. . . .

Then, finally, came the March day in 1939 when Carole, Clark and Otto Wink-
er, Clark's friend and a member of the M-G-M publicity department, drove to Kingman, Arizona.

The minister of the little church where they stopped before the ink on their license was dry was out making sick calls. If they would be the parsonage for him to come home, sitting upright, side by side, on the sofa.

He came in at last, his arms full of groceries.

"Kenneth," his wife said, "I want you to meet Miss Lombard and Mr. Gable. They're to be married."

SUPEI-IING how little time Carole and Clark have spent away from the ranch since that day, . . .

"We die," Carole says, "if we have to go out of an evening. When there's something important going on like an Academy dinner—we have scouts who call us up and tell us what is happen-
ing."

All of which is all right with their friends. They adore going to the ranch to see Carole and Clark. Clark has an easy way of making people feel at home. And Carole can make things go.

On Sunday only one maid is kept on. Carole and Clark like to be alone, with no set time for anything. In the after-
noon, however, they're likely to ask the same of anyone.

"Then it's something to see Carole go into action," says Alice Marble, the ten-
nis champion and a frequent guest. "If someone particularly likes a Rum Col-
ils that's what is served. If he makes a Rum Collins especially well he'll be put behind the bar."

"However, even when Jessie, the cook, is in the kitchen Carole takes nothing before dinner. She's too busy looking after things, talking to people."

"Come on in and help," she said to me one Sunday, on her way to the kitchen. I went. But I didn't help. She had the broilers under fire and two salads made before I could turn around. She didn't have to ask where things were, either. She knows her kitchen as intimatingly as any woman who does her own housework!

Evenings when Carole and Clark are alone they play backgammon, with stakes. If one owing to the other thirty or forty cents by bedtime. Or they read. Carole likes biographies. Clark loves mysteries. If they're working they have lines to study. Clark has a photographic mind and gets things at a glance. Carole, in spite of her mental versatility, has to figure things out.

Then, there's ranch business to go over, for week ends find them occupied out-
side. The house, the flower gardens and the chickens are Carole's departments. Clark looks after everything else.

Beyond the house are the stables, the workshop, the barns, the kennels, the chicken houses, the alfalfa field, the vineyard and more citrus groves. Ten of the twenty acres are now planted. The alfalfa they use for feed. The grapes they send to the hospital. The Farmers Association markets their citrus crop for them and the M-G-M commis-
sary buys their fowl.

It's not impossible that the ranch will be self-supporting one day, in spite of the fact that it's stocked, equipped and run in a way to comprise a dream world for most women and men who farm as an avocation. For both Carole and Clark are practical.

THE bride wore "water lily blue" when Loretta Young deserted Hol-
lywood's list of ten most popular belles to become the wife of Tom Lewis, 38-year-old advertising man.

"They're quick to help anyone who knows who is in trouble," Fieldsie says, "but heaven help the parasites!"

TALK to a dozen people who know Carole and you'll get as many different, exciting stories. Essentially, however, all the stories will be the same—proving she's a champion!" Eleanor Tennant, the famous tennis coach, known throughout the tennis world as "T ese h," which is the nick-
name Carole gave her, says: "Carole has natural good form. And I've never known anyone who wasn't in tour-
ament play, who didn't have tennis in their blood, who got tennis—drunk the way she does. "Now I have it!" she'll yell when we're having a lesson. 'Keep shooting them at me!'"

Harry Fleischmann, who taught Car-
ole to shoot, says: "She instinctively knows what to do. She wanted a gun that fit her. And she took it home and played around with it, got used to it, before she came for her first lesson. Now she uses a 410-gauge gun, the smallest gauge made, the hardest to

shoot, and when we were in Mexico she got her limit of fifteen doves every day.

"On a hunting trip she carries her own equipment. She retrieves her own birds. She lies down in the mud. She fights her way through cactus and brush. She's patient in a duck blind, if need be, from seven in the morning until four in the afternoon. There's never a beef out of her."

For the same reason we talked a lot about it when we were in Mex-
ico—she's excited about fishing the Ore-
gon for salmon. She's getting equip-
ment and flies ready. And she's prac-
tising casting all over the lawn!"

Next, the Gable living room there's the gun room. It's done in knotty pine with built-in cases. In these cases there are a few antiques, but most of the guns—six of which are Carole's—are oiled and ready for immediate use. There are guns for big game and fowl, target pis-
cols and rifles. There are big chairs in this room, too. And smoking tables. It represents complete country comfort and it might as well be the living room because Carole and Clark spend so much time in it.

Fieldsie, forever being asked what she thinks attracted Clark to Carole, always answers the same way: "When other girls around town were saying, Tomorrow's the big premiere at Granum's Chinese—unaware tomorrow had any other importance—Carole was saying, Tomorrow's the Day."

Which is very apt indeed. Carole's never forgotten there's a world outside Hollywood. Clark would like that. And even when Carole was being elegant only he had to scratch her silken sur-
face slightly to find her simple and salty underneath. And Clark would like that, too.

"Carole still can surprise me," Fieldsie says. "But Clark always seems to antici-
pate what she's going to do.

"She stood by while my baby was be-
ing born, completely adequate except that she turned pretty white. And when I asked Clark if this hadn't amazed him —as it had me—he shook his head and grinned and said the same when the floods came. While Clark was throwing chairs and blankets into the station wagon, Carole was loading it with food and thermos jugs of milk and coffee.

"When he started off to pull out neigh-
bors who were trouble there she was sitting up beside him. And he was grin-
ning again—the same way."

Hollywood perpetually wonders if Carole and Clark are happy and if they'll make a success of this marriage. Carole and Clark haven't stopped to think about it. They've pretty busy.

They have to decide if they'll put in walnuts . . . they worry over the con-
dition of the cost of one of their short-
haired German retrievers . . . they give any picture they're making all they have . . . after backgammon—it's almost a ritual with them—they drive over to a stand in the valley for chili and beans . . . they have to get ready for a hunt-
ing trip. There's autumn comes around, for they both have clauses in their contracts which give them freedom from work during the months of October and November. And Carole says, "This is a good time to write!"

"She's quite a girl!" Clark says of Carole.

And Carole says, "Pappy's such a swell guy!"

IN NOVEMBER PHOTOPLAY—STAR-BRIGHT, STYLE-RIGHT FASHION FORECASTS!
Here Comfort Joins Radiant Beauty...!

☆ These smart new Heel Latch shoes have a flair for winning praise...a spirit of youthfulness you wouldn’t expect to find in footwear so comfortable. And it is expressed in the newest, most appealing autumn colors.

Slip into a pair of Heel Latch shoes today! You will love the glorious comfort of their sure support...the patented design that keeps your heel from sliding forward. Know the true thrill of wearing comfortable shoes that are "tops" in fashion.

PERT—Black suede, black ruching trimmed open toe step-in pump, pyramid heel.
BARODA—Elasticized black or brown suede, or black crushed kid, continental heel.
ORCHID—Black suede or smooth leather tailored high-riding U-throat tie, continental heel.
NANCY—Elasticized black suede, or smooth black leather, lattice front step-in, cuban heel.
LAREDO—Elasticized black or brown suede, simulated reptile trimmed, walled last, cuban heel.

Heel Latch Helps:
...Lock the heel in place
...Support the arches
...Massage the metatarsals

$5 to $6
Slightly Higher at Distant Points

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND
Branch of International Shoe Company
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Hitler's Spies over Hollywood

(Continued from page 21)

Billie Naylor, recently voted United Airline's most popular stewardess, casts her vote for

Artplus Hosery

"When you're an airline stewardess, your legs are pretty conspicuous," says Billie Naylor. "You have to be sure they're attractive all the time. That's why I wear Artplus Hosery," 79c to 1.25. At your favorite store or write for some of nearest dealer.

Artplus Hosery, 319 Fifth Avenue, New York

TO GIVE YOU A
SMARTER
BUSTLINE

Vassarette Brasseries Are Full-Fashioned. . . Uplift Without a Wrinkle

How you'll revel in these new Vassarette Brasseries... full-fashioned like your stockings to fit your bustline smoothly as a stocking fits your leg. No wrinkles, sagging or binding. Your look is younger, smarter, gloriously smooth.

And, plus all this, Vassarette Brasseries wash in a few seconds, never need ironing. Priced at $1.50 to $3.50 at fine stores everywhere. Fashioned of lustrous, rayon and silk.

PRODUCERS . . . WAKE UP!"—And so forth.

Much of the pro-Nazi propaganda literature distributed in Hollywood has been traced to the local Bund, presided over by the local Bund Fuehrer, Hermann Schwinn. The Bund also assists in placing German domestics in Hollywood homes.

Ralph Boas of the Bund and its workers are also directed the free copies of "Der Stuermer" which have recently been covering Hollywood. "Der Stuermer," a weekly, non-Semitic publication in the world, is printed in Germany, under the aegis of Julius Streicher.

"SHEER technique" is frequently directed at prominent movie personalities.

Not long ago Marlene Dietrich, an erstwhile German citizen who recently became a naturalized American, was a victim. A photograph showing Dietrich being sworn in as a U.S. citizen was distributed with a German caption which represented the picture as Dietrich "betraying her Fatherland."

Usually, however, the "smear technique" of Hollywood's Nazi fifth column is much more aggressive and widespread. It often consists of a sea of letters and telegrams backing up whispering campaigns of unusual viciousness.

That everyone is prone to believe almost anything about Hollywood motion-picture star has often been demonstrated in the past. Hollywood is a gigantic sandbox where every young boy does his dreaming. Rumors are extra credible in a town which continually thrives on them. Since parts of Hollywood had a parlorization up until the Hitler-Stalin deal (even Shirley Temple was once named in connection with a front organization termed "Communist") is a convenient red herring to be flourished by Fifth Column hands.

Many of the "Communists" have been and many which greeted the recent appointment of Melvyn Douglas to a commission in the California National Guard was traced to Hollywood Fifth Column troopers. Douglas is not a Communist, as shown by the story in September Pageantry to the left, which commented on the "Communist" star with liberal ideas. But the furor was successful.

The same technique is currently being used on Fredric March and several other prominent Hollywood stars. Several times recently star appearances have been needed to patriotic programs, rallies and so forth. But many big-screen personalities who were eager to belong to their profession's big talents had to be turned down because of Communist stigma attached to them, in large part, by the smearings methods of Hollywood Nazis.

As a result, Hollywood stars have to be careful about to use Fifth Column traps. Even then it is difficult. A well-known American star of many recent films on Americas shares an antiquing hating his wife. They have a special collection of delicate and beautiful figurines made in Germany. By now they well were to be said to their friends that it was now impossible to find any more of the figurines, with Germany blocked. They called their butler, overbearing, excused himself and interrupted. He said he had a friend with a small shop across town. It was one of the previous figurines. The star hurried over to the address given.

"It was the dark little shop with living quarters in the rear. The proprietor fed him back, where a group of Teutonic-looking men were gathered in a corner. On the table was a swastika-draped photograph of Hitler.

(Continued on page 88)
Where are the BLOOMERS of yesteryear?

Girls bless the day when old-fashioned bloomers gave way to neat, trim shorts. No more hampering bulk and bunchiness... thanks to skillful designing there's far greater freedom!

For girls today want just that... greater freedom... greater comfort! And that's why you'll find Kotex sanitary napkins preferred to all other brands! Because Kotex is less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded filler. Made in folds (with more absorbent material where needed... less where it isn't), Kotex fits better... doesn't chafe!

When you want to look swish—wear a sleek, slinky evening dress that flattens the figure. But beware of stubby-end napkins... they're bound to make "tell-tale" outlines! With Kotex your secret is safe! For Kotex has flat, form-fitting ends that never give you away.

What's more—Kotex has a new, improved moisture-resistant "safety-panel" that gives you extra protection!

3 Cheers—Kotex® comes in 3 sizes... Super—Regular—and Junior. (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs.)

All 3 sizes offer you the comfort of softness without bulk... the confidence of flat, pressed ends... the protection of moisture-resistant "safety panels". And all 3 sell for the same low price!

"You scarcely know you're wearing it"
The figures were there all right, which pleased the star in spite of the sinister atmosphere. He wasn't so pleased when an article came out in a swastika publication telling all about his visit to the Nazi den (which it was) and gleefully branding him as one of them.

The Fifth Column made an especially vigorous campaign against Warner Brothers’ film expose of Nazi activities in the United States, “Confessions Of A Nazi Spy.” While it was being filmed, every cast member received letters threatening awful retribution unless he quit the picture (none did; nothing happened). Some expensive portraits were burned—the only downfall of nazi activities so far reported on a Hollywood set. Extensive pamphlet campaigns were directed against the picture. When it was recently reissued, large teaser billboards featuring a swastika and the words, “Stop The Fifth Column!” were extensively defaced all over Hollywood and the words “Heil, Hitler,” and “Gott Mit Uns” daubed over them. A pro-Nazi Los Angeles theater owner also called Warners when the billboards first came out and ordered them to be taken down at once or face the consequences. They faced the consequences.

ACTUAL Fifth Column penetration into the creative departments of Hollywood studios is having a much tougher time. In the first place, the studios are alert to the danger and have taken measures to have filled out an extensive questionnaire covering employees’ entire lives. Intimate questions about race, religion, investments, ideologies and such—never asked before—must be filled in.

In the second place, so many people must now, on occasion, be a finished Hollywood picture that it is virtually impossible for a Nazi propagandist and the column’s messenger to get into a movie undetected.

The only Hollywood incident involving a studio high-up with the Nazi Fifth Column that has come to light is indirect. It concerns an important producer’s wife. She started giving afternoon teas for her friends “to discuss the world situation.” The talks, somehow, always led to Nazi ideology and then out came stacks of Nazi literature. When word of these goings-on reached her husband, the goings-on stopped right then. Just what he told his wife has not been recorded and possibly couldn’t be, anyway.

Nevertheless—while Fifth Columnists are still being reported from the inner sanctum of Hollywood’s studios, there is little doubt they have an eye to taking over eventually and Nazifying the movies if the dream of a Hitler world revolution ever spreads this far. Hitler’s American Bund Fuehrer, the discredited Fritz Kuhn, has promised “a thorough cleaning of our most important medium of propaganda and entertainment on the Hollywood film industry when, supposedly, the great day dawns for “Unser America.”

Meanwhile, Hollywood’s Nazis have shown they can work well and play at the same time. Of late, at movie colony cocktail parties, dinners, private soirees and in the public“ladies-and-dance parties” there has been the most undeviating favor of Hollywood’s upper crust, charming young men of ingratiating ways have been introduced. Not all of them are German. Some of them are Irish; some the sons of rich parents with Ideal social entree and standing. Whether they are converted, intimidated, paid or what, is in most cases still a mystery. With wit, good manners and looks (and, of course, enough money to spend and a suitable wardrobe) these young men are a polished section of the Fifth Column. Their approach is usually the same.

They start by criticizing the Roosevelt Administration. That gains a sympathetic ear in plenty of quarters, naturally. As the conversation warms up, the subject gradually passes to anti-Semitism and anti-Catholicism. Then the national situation comes in for an inning. The general conclusion is that things are in a mess. The glib young men suggest that what this country needs is “a man who can do something.” They wonder (casually, of course) if perhaps Hitler hasn’t done the German people a lot of good. In no time at all the conversation is entirely about Hitler, Germany, and anti-Semitism, plus the Führer, that is where the surreptitious looks for the Nazis come in.

Hollywood is not letting the Fifth Column tramp along entirely unharmed. While it is true that most of the town disdains Nazi termite work as fantastic, there are elements in Hollywood who take it seriously, as it certainly should be taken. A number of privately financed counter-propaganda groups have been formed to keep tabs on the progress of the Fifth Column. One voluntary vigilante group of five, consisting of a prominent star, a writer, director, press agent and technical research man, devotes all its off-duty time to the Nazi column. Their secret files alone could rock Hollywood. But the only ones who can see them are officers of the FBI.

There are explosive indications daily that things are going to be tougher and tougher from now on for Hollywood Nazis, if not doubly so.

The other night, in a sophisticated late spot out on Hollywood’s Sunset Strip, the Sphinx Club, a swanky and handsome assistant to the German consulate in Los Angeles discovered that.

The playboy son of an aristocratic family of Potsdam and formerly a member of a Potsdam regiment, has been in Hollywood some time and is well known in social circles, having engaged in various luxury businesses in the past. Recently he joined the German consulate in Los Angeles under Dr. George Gysling. There was speculation then whether or not the budding diplomat’s moves and connections were taken into consideration.

At any rate, this Germanic gentleman is said to have Heiled Hitler indignantly the other night at the Sphinx. Indiscreetly, because the chap did it to Sy Bartlett, popular Hollywood writer and a man not at all sympathetic with the Nazis or any of their works.

“Yeah?” replied Mr. Bartlett, swinging one from the floor. “Well, shake hands with an American!”

HINT: DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?
Check your answers to the statements on page 88 with these correct ones.

CORRECT ANSWERS:
1. Gale Page
2. Universal
3. Joan Crawford
4. Cary Grant
5. Rosalind Russell
6. Joan Fontaine
7. George Raft
8. Paulette Goddard
9. Irene Harvery Jones
10. Anne Shirley (from her picture, “Anne of Green Gables”)
Ray of Light on Milland

Continued from page 27

sense of humor, just smiles sweetly and says, "I'll call and Central Casting and have them send out a few extras dressed as dinner guests!"

Because of the same unpredictability, advance invitations are never accepted by the Millands. Ray is never sure how he is going to feel and advance dates worry him. This attitude sometimes puts Mrs. Milland on a spot.

For instance, when Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor, with whom the Millands are very friendly, decided to give a masquerade, the first person Ann called was Mrs. Milland. With her tactful way, Mal explained that they would just love to come, but that Ray didn't like large parties. Ray didn't like to get all dressed up—it was too much like showing off. She was sure Ray would be perfectly miserable at a masquerade party.

Not wanting Ray to force himself to go for her sake, Mrs. Milland decided not to tell him anything about the invitation.

The day of the party Ann met Ray at the studio. She told him she was terribly sorry he and Mal weren't coming.

"Why, I'd love to come to your party," exclaimed the amazing Milland. "I'll call up Mal and tell her to go right out and rent a tux. I'll get one here!"

So the Millands went to Ann's party, Mrs. Milland thankful that Ann was in the category of understanding friends. Mr. Milland, dressed as Daniel Boone, had the time of his life and was the last person to leave. The next day he bought Mrs. Milland a beautiful silver-fox cape! What would you do with a guy like that?

There is no doubt that Ray would have gone to the top much sooner had he been able to overcome his aversion to being an exhibitionist. He has tried—but not hard enough. So, purely for his own defense, he gets furious at others who exploit him. When he was only ten, Ray had already read everything of Chekov, Tolstoy and Ibsen. He could speak three languages well. Yet he shuts up tighter than a clam when a perfectly normal conversation affords him the opportunity to speak with authority. Then he thinks the next fellow is just showing off because he is able to express what he knows and feels.

But there are three topics Milland will talk about at the drop of a hat. One is his new son, Daniel David, born last March. Ray has turned into a typical Hollywood father. If he's away from home overnight he must put in a long-distance call to find out about the baby. He'll talk about David to anyone, anywhere.

The next Milland love is his home—a beautiful house in Beverly Hills, most of which Ray designed himself. He even made the furniture for the baby's nursery in his own workshop.

Thirdly, there's his new boat—the Ramada, named for himself, from Ray; for his wife, "ma" from Mal; and for his son, "da" from David.

He never misses Jack Oakie, George Murphy or the Ritz Brothers on the screen. He loves the Murphy brand of stories, told in inimitable style. He owns one of the finest collections of symphony recordings and he'll sit listening to them far into the night. Yet he can go to the cheapest kind of corny vaudeville and laugh longest and loudest at stale jokes.

When he didn't have a dime to his name, he bought an accordion and a special-built car. He had a horse sent home once when he lived in a one-room apartment. Now that he's in a position to buy anything he wants and keep it, he's content with a small coupe and a horse rented from the Bob Young-Alan Jones stables.

Over at Paramount they've long since ceased being surprised at anything Milland does. At times he's exasperating. When photographer John Entstad, who handles the stars with great diplomacy, asked Ray to pose with a scarf and a pipe, that gentleman his face, saying, "You're not going to make a ham out of me," he raged. "I've made fun of actors all my life for taking themselves so bloody serious. I'm not going to give anyone a chance to poke fun at me!"

Yet he's ready and willing to go on air—gratis—and help plug his pictures, something other stars seldom do. He'll take overnight trips by personal appearance—also gratis. Once he went around the lot raffling a radio so a secretary could get a free one for herself.

Since the birth of David, he's taken a greater interest in his career. He's sought better parts and gotten them, too. After his fine work in "The Doctor Takes a Wife" and "Untamed," Paramount handed him the lead opposite Claudette Colbert in "Arise My Love," no small tidbit for any up-and-coming young male star.

What spare time he has Ray devotes to pursuits that will make him a better actor. He takes singing lessons. He works daily on his diction. He studies French. He's experimenting with new make-up. He takes a daily workout with a trainer.

Here's hoping Ray doesn't realize that he's developing into an exhibitionist. That perverse streak in his nature would make him fight against it. As it is, it's such a healthy sign. He'll probably end up being a ham at heart—and loving it every moment.

And don't say we didn't warn you!

BIOGRAPHY OF AN AMERICAN

He might be any young man from any section of the country, holding common with every American boy those rights and privileges—and abilities—pertaining to U. S. citizenship and inevitably rising to the top in any trade or profession he might choose. The fact that he happened to be born in the heart of the Midwest, West, with a background of early New England ancestry, makes him only more typically American. And the fact that he happened to be Henry Fonda, actor by both preference and temperament, makes his story (and the remarkable never-before-published pictures with which it's illustrated) unusually significant to every reader.

BEGINNING IN NOVEMBER PHOTOPLAY

OCTOBER, 1940

"A Miracle is happening to you right now—NEW- BORN SKIN' for your OLDER SKIN!"

Is that possible? Yes! For right now, nature is bringing you a wonderful gift, a gift of a New-Born Skin. It can make you look younger and lovelier and your 4-Purpose Face Cream can bring to this New-Born Skin a newer and more flattering beauty.

J ust B ENEATH your present skin lies a younger and a lovelier one! Yes, with every tick of the clock, with every breath, a new skin is coming to life on your face, your arms, your entire body.

Will it be a more glamorous skin? Can it make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, it can! If... You hurry will let you my 4-Purpose Cream help free your skin from those almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin can be revealed in all its glory!

Why should any woman risk this menace to her youthful loveliness? Why, she might be a victim of her old, her lifeless skin? says Lady Esther.

My 4-Purpose Cream gently, soothingly permeates these lifeless flakes. Impurities are lightly washed away...your skin is so smooth that powder stays on for hours! My cream cleanses so thoroughly and so gently that it actually helps nature refine the pores. All the world sees your skin in its New-Born Beauty!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin. Ask him if he has ever, for any skin condition, administered vitamins or hormones through the medium of a face cream.

Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn't true—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin beclouding your new skin about to be born!

Try my 4-Purpose Cream at my expense. See if it doesn't bring you New-Born Beauty—yes, keep your Accent on Youth!

★ PROVE AT MY EXPENSE ★

LADY ESTHER, 318 West Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. FREE! Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream: also nine shades of Face Powder, free and postage paid.

NAME______________________

CITY______________________

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.
toughest town in the world to crack. Very few actresses, hinted Ritchie, had the stuff to succeed in pictures (Greer had never faced a camera before). "Of course, you've already clicked on the London stage," Bob remarked casually, "but I wonder if you could in Hollywood?" There was when Greer reached for the fountain pen!

Greer has always been popular. The "gallery girls" who resent in London's theater balconies took her to their hearts long ago, affectionately titling her "The Duchess of Garson." When the producer of her very first stage play fired her on the eve of the opening, every actor in the cast voluntarily threatened to go on strike, thus saving the all-important break for her. But she has to make her success the hard way. Long before her Hollywood heartbreak year, she found that out.

GREER had just got off to a good start on the British stage when a perfectly marvelous chance came to do a George Bernard Shaw play on tour. Greer leaped at it, pooh-poohing the rigorous routine. Every night she had to take a bath and change make-up between scenes. Three months on the winter tour in this pneumonia part and her doctor said, "Quit!"

Greer said, "No"—and—well, she landed in a nursing home with a septic sore throat and stayed there for five months! When she recovered, she had to start all over again—and it wasn't easy.

Another time, just after Sylvia Thompson, the novelist, had spied Greer sitting broke and dejected in the University Women's Club, tapped her on the shoulder, introduced herself and handed her the lead in the new Thompson play, Greer unfortunately used the wrong prescription for her eyes. She went blind temporarily and, even though she tried to stumble through the play for a few nights, it was curtains again to her career.

By the time she'd won her way back with a hit in "Old Music," came Hollywood and what Greer calls "My Great Deflation." Began then the toughest battle of her life, although she didn't know it at first.

Being an ex-business lady, Greer made all the arrangements with M-G-M herself. The idea, so she thought, was a quick trip to Hollywood and a quicker plunge into new exciting work. But after the 6,000 mile journey there wasn't any work.

Now Greer Garson loves a battle when there is something to fight. But if there isn't she goes "Boom!"—and explodes in little pieces. Her life has been filled with work, a restless search for bigger and better things.

Greer had been a famous and toasted star at the very peak of her glory in London. In Hollywood she was a stranger on her own studio lot. No one paid her the slightest attention. The change was like a plunge into an icy pool. It stunned her.

IT was a dark, deliberate design, of course, on the part of M-G-M to lure Greer to Hollywood and then relegate her to oblivion. It's just an old Hollywood custom. The right part for a new star, like a good man, is hard to find.

A few months of this stewing and fretting and Greer knew a nervous breakdown was stalking her.

One day she wrenched her back in a swimming pool. A little later she wrenched it again riding horseback. Her nerves ganged up on the weak spot and before long Hollywood specialists were shaking their heads gravely over Greer's aching backbone.

That's when they issued the ultimatum about ten months in a plaster cast—and they might have got their way except for one thing: About this time Sam Wood picked Greer to play Kathie in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips."

The rest, of course, is history. Robert Donat was the star of that picture; but Garson was the discovery. The call of "Encore" was nationwide and M-G-M put her to work with no time lost. Which was just what Garser Greer wanted.

Play-loving Hollywood still can't quite understand this serious drive in Greer Garson. She's nice to everyone, but she hasn't made many friends. She likes people, but she's very unsocial. Night clubs never see her, nor do Hollywood parties. Even romance rumors can't light in her neighborhood—though M-G-M producer Benjamin Thau wonders why. She loves books, collects old ones and jade and leads a quiet life with her pretty bright-eyed mother and two tyrant pets, a frisky French poodle named Coco and an aureole Siamese cat called Rama. Although "Pride and Prejudice" has doubled her first victory and made her one of Hollywood's main conversational topics, she still dodges social life like a nun.

At present her life's a study in serenity. But if there's any real trouble coming up I, for one, am plunking my roll on the battling Duchess of Garson. She's a perfect lady—but where she shines is in a scrap.
We cover the Studios

(Continued from page 69)

wrinkless again right while poor roasting Roy does it.

We slip away from such sophistication for the sparkling simplicity of little Gloria Jean, back under the direct super-

vision of her discoverer, Joe Pasternak, in "A Little Bit of Heaven." Gloria is that same little girl of the "Under-

pop" in this one and all those uncles she talked about are visible, in the presence of eight stars of former days. We see them all on the set—Charlie Ray, Maurice Costello, Monte Blue and the others, and we hope they are getting some happiness from this visible proof that Hollywood hasn't entirely forgotten them.

As for twelve-year-old Gloria, she is unlike any other youngster in Holly-

wood, utterly and completely natural. We stay long enough to hear her sing "So They Called It Ireland" (she be-

comes a little girl who gets on the radio in this one, only to have her family, but not herself, get the big head) which puts us in such a mood of gaiety that we don't even mind that neither Warner Brothers nor Twentieth Century-Fox has a single new picture in the works this month.

We discover that "They Knew What They Wanted" is shooting at RKO with Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton. This is the film version of the late Sid-

ney Howard's prize-winning stage play and it puts Lombard right where lots of people think she belongs—love-deep in heavy drama. She plays a girl who works for an unglamorous living in a California eatery, where she meets a grape-grower, which role, of course, is fair meat for Mr. Laughton.

The whole thing will give audiences a good idea of what happens when a girl doesn't marry for love, but, being too hot to cool already, excite ourselves with any conjuring on that subject right now, we move over to Paramount, where we find that the roasting Miss Colbert has come home at last.

Claudette is working with Ray Mill-

land in "Arise My Love," which is an-

other of those near-wife-near-husband situations. To be blunt about it Miss Colbert is lying just as merrily in this one as she did in "Midnight," and getting herself in just as much trouble.

Here she is a newspaper girl who has got a newspaper man out of jail in Spain by saying she is his wife. Ray, the n.m. has never seen her before and detests her on sight, but in order to save his life he has to be stuck with her. Just fancy how two farce players can go on from there.

There is a best wave on the Colbert set, too. Mitch Leisen, the director, asks Miss Star if she is dressed for the scene. "I've got my hat on," says Claudette. "None of the rest of me shows."

Milland sets up a howl at this. "Only the top of me shows, too," he cries. "I'm going to take off my pants." This breaks up all the extras on the set.

LIKE Roy Russell in "Hired Wife," Claudette is being dressed by Irene for this production and she can't praise that designer enough. The suit Claudetteought to be wearing (hanging meekly off stage, it is) is of beige light wool, tailored in that long-torso line you'll be hearing more about. Its large square pockets, as well as collar, show while piped trim. While Leisen is setting the camera for a second shot we ask Claudette, as a girl who is always on the "best-dressed women in Holly-

wood" lists, what she thinks is the best rule for smartness. She says, "Suits and more suits, ever and always, except when they don't fit the climate you live in and then tailored dresses—the sim-

pler, the better." Claudette also added that if you are going to have your picture taken and have to wear a hat, al-

ways choose an off-the-face model as all others throw ugly shadows about your ladylike beauty.

We had left "Moon Over Burma" until the last month because that is one of those Dottie Lamour-arrogant spics and we rather thought there wouldn't be much to talk about in that, as they do all seem to be so much alike (and they all, so help us, make pots of money). But the moment we walk onto the sound stage, all got up to look like some tropical spot, we know we are wrong, for we see Bob Preston. Dottie is bobbing around on the porch of a little shack telling a crowd of natives to be nice and quiet, but they, looking at her, don't feel quiet a bit.

The Paramount press agent who is with us and who is make says with great emotion, "Look at her."" Looking at Mr. Preston's shoulders we murmur, "Look at him." The press agent groans at such a flagrant feminine reaction, but we aren't a bit embarrassed. In fact, as we stand gazing at Mr. Preston's handsomeness, we begin dreaming hap-

pily of next month when they promise us, we shall be visiting Mr. Power on the set of the "Californian" and Mr. Gary Cooper on the set of "Meet John Doe" and Mr. George Brent on the set of "Honeymoon For Three" and even, perhaps, Mr. Gable on the set of "Os-

borne of Sing Sing." Can you imagine our doing all that and getting paid for it, too? Hollywood, it's wonderful.

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inquires to: Bernarr Macfadden, Room 717, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Out of Spencer Tracy's Yesterdays

(Continued from page 38)

kets, sandwiches, and beer. The next day, as George recalled, we had driven farther north and wandered aimlessly and exploratively along the "snake trails," as Michigan's winding backwoods roads are known.

Somewhere up there, we came to a country schoolhouse, closed for the summer but unlocked. Irish humor which was sometimes in Tracy's eyes, sometimes in the quirk of his mouth, but always present in his character, came to the surface as we entered the little room with its clean blackboards, plain teacher's table and scattering of desks. Finding a piece of chalk, he drew a picture on the blackboard labeled "Our Teacher" and outlined two other characters whom he christened "Herman and Vermin."

Now, waiting for Spence, we wondered what that teacher would say if he had known that the young artist who had drawn on her blackboards and eaten popcorn at her desk was Spencer Tracy, the cinema idol.

George lit a cigarette and mumbled something about Tracy's first movie.

"That wasn't the first time Tracy was shot with a motion-picture camera," I replied. "Don't you remember the film I showed you?"

I was thinking of that August day, years ago, on the shore of Houghton Lake in northern Michigan. Spence had played the hero in "Buried Treasure," a scrap of homemade drama I filmed with my 16-millimeter camera. He's the first time I ever had my picture taken with a movie camera," he had said. Someone replied that he'd probably get used to it someday when he got to Hollywood and we'd all laughed. It had been quite a joke—then.

Later, we had gone on over to George Russell's fishing camp on the AuSable River, but Tracy had felt a summer cold coming on and didn't take the river trip with us in search of Presidential proportions. That evening we planned to drive across the river and up the hill to see the sunset. At the last minute, Spence decided he would hike up and meet us, so I explained the devious trails he would have to follow and watched him start off into the woods with George Russell's dog.

We waited on the hilltop that evening for Tracy, but he didn't arrive. When we got back to camp, we found him there. He had become confused among the many twisting trails. Anyone who knows those Michigan woods roads couldn't blame him for that—but he had returned with a tall story about a bear.

Something had rustled in the bushes. He had tried to shoot the rifle. It wouldn't go off. He looked for the dog. It had disappeared. Spence was alone in the darkening forest.

While it's true there are bears up near George Russell's (and some big black brutes, at that), they've never been known to attack anyone and Spence took a good deal of kidding about his "bear in the bushes"—which the rest of us figured was probably a porcupine or rabbit. Now I wondered if the years had marred his delightful ability both to take a joke and to make one.

Why should Spencer Tracy care about renewing such an antiquated and mil- dewed acquaintance as ours? We had nothing to offer him, not even the old democratic stand-by, popcorn. What would we talk about? It could no longer be the intimacies of the stage and a stock company wherein everyone knew everybody's business. There could be no more chatter about the serious trivialities such as: "How big was the house tonight?" or "When will we get our closing notice?"

At last, the door swung open and in swung Spencer Tracy, topcoat flapping from broad shoulders, the familiar Irish virility radiating from every flexing muscle as he strode across the room to our corner. And, so help me, I've never been more jittery in my life! One quick glance at George and I could see he suffered, too.

And then I was shaking Spencer's hand. He was pounding us both on the back and we were slapping his shoulders. All of us talked at once and no one paid the slightest attention to what the others were saying. But suddenly there came the silence we had dreaded, as both George and I remembered who Spencer Tracy was today—twice winner of the Academy Award and pulling down a salary of Presidential proportions. What could we say now?

But Spencer Tracy, in one simple sentence, proved to us that he was the same Tracy who once went camping with us, brushed his teeth (and washed his feet!) in the same river on early summer mornings, told his bear story and drew pictures on a blackboard.

In one small second he proved what many men who have climbed to similar heights have been unable to prove—that old friends are still good friends.

"Where the hell," said Spence, "can we get some popcorn—bushels of pop- corn?"

Lew Ayres goes "steady" (?) with so many attractive girls these days, it's hard to keep track—but this is Evelyn Keyes with him at Ciro's...
"You! You with the red hair. Where'd you get those shoes and stockings? They're all wrong. They'd ruin the effect of a Russian sable."

Jeanette took a deep breath and then said, smoothly, "I'm awfully sorry! Maybe they are wrong. But they're what I have. Now"—she was curiously eager to please—"now, if you'll just order what you think I should wear and have them delivered to me, I'll be delighted to wear them!"

She said it so sweetly. The gentleman wilted. "Oh, I guess they're all right," he muttered. "With those feet and ankles you can get away with anything!"

That was a small triumph, Jeanette supposed. She didn't lose her temper or her dignity. What was more important, she didn't lose her job! "I had a chance that summer to watch high-powered businesswomen dealing with those hard-boiled men," she remembers. "Some of them wanted to buy and others wanted to sell. I was always impressed with a quality in these women which I can only call crappiness. They knew what they wanted and they knew how to say it briefly and pointedly. They were always well-groomed and almost without exception they had good speaking voices. I don't mean the overcultivated voices you sometimes hear on the stage. I mean that they spoke clearly and they were never shrill, however unpleasant the men might be with whom they were dealing."

One of the women in the office of that company told Jeanette something which she hasn't forgotten. "She said that girls in offices have no idea how much depends upon what they wear. Your clothes and face and hands and hair can annoy a busy man more than you imagine. If you think a minute you'll realize how right she was."

"They've been known to make things which will be smart and feminine without being obtrusive or perishable. Don't plan to have any frills on your frocks which will wilt by nightfall. Don't have any pretty disguises which will come loose and have to be pinned up during dictation or an important conference! Don't wear costume jewelry which glares in the light or clanks distressingly when you move. Bosses have been known to want to commit mayhem on pretty little girls who clanked. Don't wear heels which clatter or throw you on your face when you walk across the office. And please—a simple hairdo which won't collapse over your eyes at crucial moments!"

MADELEINE CARROLL wasn't so much concerned with the comfort of her bosses as she was with treading carefully around delicate situations. For Madeleine's job, before she entered pictures, was schoolteaching. When you teach school your bosses are men—the principal and the schoolboard or the trustees—and usually the entire institution seethes with politics. So you do have to watch your step. One of the first things she learned was the importance of trying to keep her professional and her private lives separate.

"Don't confide in your boss or your male business associates," she urges. "Don't tell him what you did over the weekend or about your date for next Tuesday. Don't tell him your private ambitions. It may only bore him. If he wants to tell you about his domestic problems or his love affairs, just listen with as much interest as you can. But don't try to advise him. It may backfire."

"And don't, under any circumstances, discuss any other people who are working with him or for him if you can possibly help it. If you are cornered somehow and have to express an opinion of another employee, say something kind—or be completely noncommittal."

"Don't tattle. Don't gossip. Don't confide. Keep your private affairs to yourself and perhaps people will be so curious about you that you'll take on an importance that you don't really deserve!"

Madeleine thinks that what one does after working hours and on weekend ends is very important. "Relax in whatever way you like best," she advises. "Try to forget your job. Come back on Monday bright and renewed and with your viewpoint fresh. If your boss is the kind who takes a brief case full of papers home to work on over the week end, he'll find you a downright inspiration on Monday morning if you haven't thought of work since Saturday noon."

"There is another thing which is connected somehow with this idea. Maybe it seems a small thing but believe me it isn't. Don't be a clock watcher. Never, never suggest by word or gesture that it's time to stop work if the boss is still in the mood! Not if it's midnight and you have a toothache."

"If you take the boss' job to heart and let him know that you do, you'll be all right!"

DOROTHY LAMOUR'S ex-boss came to see her a year or so ago when he was in Los Angeles. She worked in his real-estate office in Chicago. He was still affectionately interested in her progress—which must prove something!

"One thing," Dorothy said, "I didn't try to practice any acting on him. I'd never have got away with it. You can't pull acts on any really good boss—not even after you get to be an actress! It simply won't work. I mean by this that it is very unwise to have tantrums, however much your nerves are strained. Hysterical women are menaces to any well-run business and an efficient boss hasn't time to bother with them. It means that you will be foolish to pretend to be ill when there is extra work to be done. Your employer is pretty likely to say, 'Poor little thing! She isn't strong enough to handle such a strenuous job. We'll let her go and get someone who is in better health.' It means that you won't pretend to have had a better offer when you are trying to persuade him to raise your salary. This is extremely dangerous. He may call your bluff, feeling that he mustn't stand in the way of your advancement. Then where will you be?"

"The thing to keep in mind is that your boss is smarter than you are—more experienced and wiser—else he wouldn't be the boss. If you put on an act of any sort for him and he sees through it, then his respect for your intelligence and your integrity shrivels to a peanut size."

"Most bosses are pretty human and most of them won't impose on you or take advantage of you. I think you'll find it pays to be a good sport, too."

After delivering herself of this sound advice, Dorothy suddenly thought of a postscript which she says is not frivolous.

"Don't," she pleads, "douse yourself with millions—the big, 12-ounce bottle is packed with flavor . . . and one handy Home Carton takes care of a big family. Pleasing to the taste . . . easy on the purse . . . that's Pepsi-Cola."

"We've been a Pepsi-Cola family ever since our Wedding Day"

For over 35 years delicious, wholesome Pepsi-Cola has been a family favorite. Now a favorite with millions—the big, 12-ounce bottle is packed with flavor . . . and one handy Home Carton takes care of a big family. Pleasing to the taste . . . easy on the purse . . . that's Pepsi-Cola.

O C T O B E R, 1 9 4 0
with heavy, exotic perfume which settles over the office like a pall and reminds everyone of an old-fashioned funeral. That isn't practical salesmanship of your personality! Use a cologne which is fresh and dainty and which doesn't linger. I knew a new girl who lost a good job because she smelled like tuberoses and reminded her boss of his great-aunt!

Some of the girls whose work has been almost exclusively in pictures think that they have learned lessons which might be useful if they knew that tomorrow they would have to seek work in some other fields. Here are a few hints that I've accumulated.

Bette Davis: "The most difficult thing I've ever had to learn is to hide my feelings, especially in a tear scene or if my feelings have been hurt. You mustn't give bosses that advantage. The most difficult emotion I had to do has not been on the screen."

Ann Sheridan: "My toughest problem is my temper. In this business your private life is so tied up with your job that your boss has every right to dictate what you do with yourself when you are on a vacation—even when you are on the other side of the continent. It wasn't easy for me to learn to take that sort of supervision. But I learned—learned to weigh things and get a perspective before I get red in the face."

Rosemary Lane: "The very worst thing you can do in any sort of job is to turn into a 'positive' female! I used to be so sure of myself, so firm in my opinions about everything. I found that I was often wrong and I've found, too, that it pays to be flexible. It's diplomatic, for one thing. Another important thing is that if you won't listen to anyone, if you can't be persuaded—well, how are you ever going to learn anything?"

So there you are. These are all successful women. Their experiences are varied, yet they all agree, "Learn to get along with the boss and you'll get a raise without asking for it!"

"Star-Cross'd Lovers"

(Continued from page 29)
BELIEVE it or not, these Texas Rangers ride to work in V-8s, tow their mounts in trailers and even when roaming the plains carry their radios with ‘em. Then, too, to brighten the plot, there’s Ellen Drew, a dainty Parisian refugee who returns to her childhood home, a Texas ranch composed of a thousand square miles or so, five hundred men and May Robson, Ellen’s mother. May is in a voice as far-reaching as her ranch, getting mad about some cattle-thieves a-’goin’ on, so Texas Rangers John Howard and Broderick Crawford ride in and after a lot of excitement settle the rustlers’ hash. Ellen, meanwhile, becomes accustomed to ranch life, even fond of it—and of John. It all makes a swell picture with laughs all the way.

★ I LOVE YOU AGAIN—M-G-M

In this hilarious comedy Bill Powell, assisted to some degree by Myrna Loy and Frank McHugh, will keep you in stitches from beginning to end. At first you see Bill on shipboard as Larry Wilson, an impossible stuffed shirt; but when he falls overboard and is accidently hit on the head by an oat in the hands of a rescuer, it develops that prior to 1913 he has been George Carey, a crook. When Carey discovers that as Wilson he had apparently accumulated some money he and Doc Ryan (Frank McHugh), another slicker, hurry back to Wilson’s home town to get it. But, as can happen in amnesia cases, all sorts of strange confusions develop. Among them the fact that Wilson has a wife (Myrna) who, having come to despise him for his intemperance, is about to divorce him. Whereupon, still posing as Wilson, Carey sets out to make her change her mind, at the same time rigging up a shaky oil deal whereby he and Ryan hope to reap a quick profit and skip town. But, of course, the story writers had different ideas. Bill’s comedy, although more slapstick than usual, is superfunny throughout and when the last laugh is in you’ll be gladder than ever he is back on the screen to stay.

BLODIE HAS SERVANT TROUBLE—Columbia

Another hilarious evening with the Bumpsteads whose peace and quiet are this time upset by Blondie’s yearning for a maid. Opportunity, or so it seems, Dagwood’s boss, Mr. Dithers, offers them a house of his rent-free and promises them two servants. But it turns out that Mr. Dithers has ulterior motives. He has been trying to sell the house, has failed because it is said to be haunted. The Bumpsteads’ occupancy is to dispel that rumor, but when they get there, fearsome things happen to them. The audience, though, has a swell time!

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE—Universal

“WACKY” is a good word for this streamlined illumination of how the ancient Greeks would act if they were suddenly transported into the twentieth century. It is another, although not all of the myriad gags are as funny as they were probably meant to be. The plot (such as it involves identical twin brothers (both Allan Jones) familiarly known as Antipholus of Ephesus and Antipholus of Syracuse: their respective slaves, also identical twins (Joe Pennner); and the mix-ups they encounter. Martha Raye has a finger in most of the pie. Rosemary Lane, lovely and beguiling, and Irene Hervey, ditto, provide romance. Charles Butterworth is the Duke of Ephesus, inevitably introduced with a fanfare of trumpets. The whole thing is a fine bit of diversion, high-lighted by half a dozen grand songs.

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE WAX MUSEUM—20th Century-Fox

He best Charlie Chan picture yet, with a murder mystery which keeps the audience guessing as well as the characters—all of the characters except, of course, Charlie (Sidney Toler) himself, who always knows everything. Sen Yung, Charlie’s engaging number-two son, is better and funnier than ever, while C. Henry Gordon and Marc Lawrence, to say nothing of the grapes, wax figures scattered here and there, will make you shiver in your boots.

DREAMING OUT LOUD—RKO-Radio

Lum and Abner, whom you no doubt know on the radio, bring their homespun philosophy to the screen, where they continue to run their country store. The story drags to a finish at first, until the city slicker manages to sell them several cases of bath salts. From then on the troubles of Frank Craven, a struggling country doctor; the death of a little girl at the hands of a hit-and-run driver; the serious illness of young Boba Wilson, which leads indirectly to the solving of the hit-and-run mystery by Lum and Abner; and the romance between the postmistress, Frances Langford, and Irving Bacon will keep you quite entertained. As a whole, though, “Daring Out Loud” is rather disappointing.

GIRL FROM GOD’S COUNTRY—Republic

YOU’LL find plenty of thrills in this drama of the “snow country” portraying the humane work of a young doctor (Chester Morris) and a nurse (Gane Wyatt) among the Alaskan natives. That Chester is a fugitive from justice, charged with murder, adds to the drama, especially when Charles Bickford, a detective dedicated to his captive, appears on the scene. There’s a climax that will play on your heartstrings, for all you can pretty well guess the ending before it comes.

GOLD RUSH MAISIE—M-G-M

MAISIE, Ann Sothern, pretty, shrewd, warmhearted as ever, discovers gold in the Arizona desert but discovers, also, that gold isn’t everything. Her prospecting partners are members of the Davies family, immigrants from the dust bowl who meet Lee Bowman, a hard-hearted rancher, and his hard-hearted hired man, Slim Summerville. The picture is a medley of laughter and tears; Maisie herself was never more lovable.

HOLD THAT WOMAN—Producers’ Releasing Corporation

A COMEDY that doesn’t pretend to be anything but what it is—a joy. The acting is delightful—-with James Dunne and Frances Gifford as hero and heroine, Johnny, a “skip-tracer” (a fellow that ferrets you out and then takes away your radio, car, furniture and what-have-you when you’ve reneged on the payments) has good deal of trouble doing his job.

THE SHADOW STAGE (Continued from page 67)

★ TEXAS RANGERS RIDE AGAIN—Paramount

THOUSANDS OF LOVING WOMEN help keep their HANDS Adorable this EASY way...
**THE LADY IN QUESTION—Columbia**

Although nothing very much seems to happen in this beautifully directed picture, the fine performances of its cast and the purely middle-class background make it well worth your while. Brian Aherne plays a shop owner called to jury duty. He acquires Rich Coster, a graphic worth of a murder charge and Trixie, and continues to befriend her by bringing her into his home and bicycle shop under an assumed name. His son, Glenn Ford, falls in love with her, although he knows her background, and the denouement comes when Curt, in Bois, a Fellow juror, convinces Aherne that they had given the wrong verdict in the trial. Irene Rich is Aherne's understudy wife and Evelyn Keyes is his daughter.

I'M NOBODY'S SWEETHEART—Universal

Every one in a while a little unimportant picture turns out to be surprisingly good. It happens here—not so much because of the story but because of the excellent cast. For various reasons, the parents of Dennis O'Keefe and Maria Parrish want their offspring to marry, but the latter opposing his ideas, Dennis being in love with Constance Moore and Helen with Lewis Hunter. Their situation is made more difficult by the fact that Laura Hope Crews and Marjorie Gatter are already engaged and planning a wedding. On the other hand, Miss Street's efforts to arrange for Helen to leave Dennis at the altar and elope with Lewis and for Dennis to run off to but. You know what happens to "best-laid plans."

**THE MAN I MARRIED—20th Century-Fox**

This is another picture dealing with the Germany of the '30s. But unlike "Tomorrow Is Forever" and "Four Sons," it is leavened by humor. In the first scenes Jean Bennett, an American, her German husband (Francis Lederer) and their small son set out from their home in New York for a holiday in Germany. There, of course, the war breaks out and they run smack into the Nazi machinery moving into high gear preparatory to their invasion of the U.S. By the signing of Anna Sten, an ardent Nazi, Francis embraces the Nazi doctrine. Meanwhile, Bennett has made friends with Lloyd Nolan, an American, who proves a friend in need when trouble finally comes. Her character is closely observed by a devigitation so unexpected that it takes your breath away.

THE MAN WHO TALKED TOO MUCH—Warner

There's nothing new about this picture, but it is pretty well done, if you like those underworld melodramas. George Brent is the young lawyer who chooses to forget ethics for income. Virginia Bruce is his attractive secretary, who has to hate to see him交通枢纽 unsupervised and dangerous road. William Lundigan is George's younger brother, another lawyer, who agrees with Mr. Brent. But you don't have her choice old much more.

**QUEEN OF DESTINY—RKO-Radio**

Anna Neagle, the lovely and versatile. Miss Neagle has made this another vivid and beautiful portrayal of England's Queen Victoria. Of course, it is told in fact and not fiction, but you can picture cannot differ greatly from "Victoria the Great" in which Miss Neagle starred three years ago. But her interpretation is so skillful and so delightful that you readily forgive the picture as a whole for being slightly episodic. As in "Victoria the Great," Anton Walbrook's performance as Prince Albert, Victoria's consort, is perfect. Gorgeous Technicolor and Herbert Wilcox's sensitive direction contribute still more to toward making this one of the finest pictures of the year.

**THE RAMRAPS WE WATCH—March of Time—RKO-Radio**

For the title of its first full-length feature, The March of Time chose to film Major Eliot's "The Ramraps We Watch: A Study of the Problems of American Defense." The story itself, however, is more a panoramic history of "the American community"—any sizable American community, faced with the prospect of war. Filmed in New London, Conn., it is peopled with players from every walk of life; some are professionals, but few have faced a movie camera before. Not one has a stellar role, though the theater's John Adair does fine work as a small-town editor and radio's Elliott Reid, as the young "rookie," looks like a definite cinema personality. All are subtitled to the theme, "This is presented with amazing impartiality, showing clearly how growing war sentiment affects the foreign-born, the pacificist, the beaversed and the household name young. There is no room for plot, as movie-goers understand the term, but it will be a singular job. No matter what his beliefs or prejudices, no American can fail to be engrained with the awakening American community to the knowledge that anything worth preserving is worth fighting for—in peace, as well as in war.

**SAILOR'S LADY—20th Century-Fox**

Not such a much, except for the personality and performance of Slipper as portrayed by Bruce Hampton, aged eighteen, and Nancy Keene. The life of Jon Hall (a sailor) is engaging, and Nancy wants to adopt Slipper. But Jon's navy buddy advises him not to get involved with a girl, and make to prevent both events for a while. Meanwhile, Nancy and Slipper are sailing on a ship, about to embark upon war games—which thickens the plot considerably.

**SCATTERBRAIN—Republic**

A ROLLICKING, also melodious, travesty on Hollywood in which Judy Canova of radio fame does such a good and funny job that the public is certain to want to see more of her. The story's about the director (Alan Mowbray) who signs the farmer girl (Judy) because he thinks she's a screen star in disguise. Learning his mistake, he tries desperately to get out of his contract until he finally finds out what happens yourself.

**SING, DANCE, PLENTY HOT—Republic**

A COMEDY with music which will provide a pretty good evening's entertainment, even though it won't exactly make screen history.

Johnny Downs is the honest, unsuspecting partner in a shady theatrical agency which uses charity benefits for its own gain. When, on the eve of an orphanage benefit sponsored by two eccentric old maids, Johnny's scrupulous partner (Lester Matthews) abandons with the bank manager to call and Ruth Terry use their own talents as a song and dance team to put over the show.

**SLIGHTLY TEMPTED—Universal**

Hugh Herbert "woo-woo's" his way through another picture, helping himself to objects of interest in gaily kelp-
“Mother” Wayne
(Continued from page 26)

Well, as Mrs. Wayne says, you can’t even get the local weather reports let alone San Francisco.

There was another time, too, he came home with the worst lot of blue paint (bargain price, mind you) and proceeded to paint everything around the place. Fortunately, he got the only inside of the garage finished in marigold blue before Bond phoned to have him hurry. He forgot all about the paint by the time he got home.

AGAIN, John Wayne differs from any other cowboy star in that he lives not on a ranch on the valley, but in an exquisitely furnished home in the swankiest section of Hollywood. And he has no yen for horses off the screen.

Bridge he dotes on and will hire off to the Hollywood Athletic Club, where between swimming and softball, he’ll play bridge at least all hours.

Of course, he plays “horse,” too, and makes a beautiful horse called “Nelile,” on which Michael and his son Tonii gallop all over the living room. They climb all over him, his own and neighbor children, clutching his mane, dragging him silly by his necktie. His paper plastered in one hand, he patiently sits while they play around over his person, loving it every moment.

His entire family, including servants, the nursuring maids are all as keen on John as are in constant league against him. They keep all the children’s ailments from him. If he were Michael or Toni or Patrick has one degree of fever, he goes wild. As one doctor told Mrs. Wayne, if she ever brought him off to the hospital again, he would not be responsible for what happened.

So it was they didn’t tell him when Michael fell ill with tonsils. While he seemed uninjured, Mrs. Wayne, nevertheless, tiptoed into the hall closet with the phone to inform the doctor. But snappy “Mother” Wayne listened and discovered the truth.

“My baby has tonsillitis and my wife doesn’t even tell me. Oh, the cold-heartedness of such a thing,” he jeered.

The Wayne family lives upstairs and downstairs and my wife doesn’t even tell me. Oh, the cold-heartedness of such a thing,” he jeered.

IHE Waynes were married in Loretta’s Young’s garden. Classmates at Ramona Convent, Loretta and Josephine Sjodt, Mrs. Wayne and Mrs. Sjodt, are still close friends. Del Rio, remained friends after school days. It was five years before her marriage that Josephine first whispered the name “Duke” Anderson to Loretta. From that day until the time of their marriage all inside information on the progress of the courtship was passed on to Loretta.

The wedding of John and Josephine was beautiful. But right in the midst of the ceremony Mrs. Wayne glanced up at her handsome bridegroom-to-be and, so help me, there he stood, tears streaming down his face into his collar.

“It was the sad music,” he explained afterwards.

The honeymoon was a scream. With trunks and cases of beautiful clothes, Mrs. Wayne and John set out for Del Monte and all fashionable points north. But on the way John decided to run in on an old friend who had a summer’s farm. Paso Robles for a mere how-do-you-do and two weeks later the Waynes were still there—in borrowed overalls. The trunks were returned.

And now, with the truth behind me, I’m on my way to the hinterlands and no cowboy living can catch up with me. Get along, little dogie, get along!

Face to Face with Fall
(Continued from page 18)

The Lighter Side

From Hollywood comes some advance hints of special fall cosmetic treats.

In lipsticks, for instance, there’s a new movement among manufacturers—the desire to accent individual skin colors and to make teeth look whiter. One rich shade is designed for special wear with navy blue; another is a pure clear red; another, a bright red that reminds one of the shade that trims military uniforms.

Your hands will be handsome with nail polishes that exactly match these lipsticks and, for beauty’s sake, see that they do match. The color range is immense, so give your old lipsticks, cream rouges and polishes the wastebasket treatment and equip yourself with some advance make-up toned for fall clothes.

If you use powder just to cover up the shine on your nose, you should be put in a corner with your face to wall. For powders should also give you a radiant complexion and this fall there are new creamy shades specially designed to do just that. They really do stay on without letting the foundation base creep through in not-so-glamorous betrayal. When you select your powder, remember, too, never to choose one lighter than the color of your own skin—a powder should always be deeper in tone.

Light as a feather, smooth as silk and more perfectly blended than ever are the new foundation creams this fall. Foundation cream is one of the first requisites for your beauty table; if you haven’t any march out and buy one. Most important of all, don’t be a spare-the-purse, spoil-the-style person this fall. Wearing summer cosmetics—Now ‘Fve been in fall— is just about the fairest economy ever practiced by any Eve.

New under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration

1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from clothes.
4. Pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.

ARRID
39¢ a jar

ARRID has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

More than 25 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold...Try it for today.

A Put Perfectly Smooth Skin of Fine Quality

The real thing for maintaining Smooth, Beautiful Skin. A Produces skin that is softer, smoother, clearer, younger and younger. You’d like to know about this “FAB” series by the original

ARRID, 15 E. 49th St., New York City

This fall marks the appearance of an amazing new collection of Arrid products. A series of all new, improved, specially prepared formulas for removing perspiration and the marks left by it. Arrid Deodorant Cream, Arrid Deodorant Lotion, Arrid Deodorant with Perspiration Screen, Arrid Deodorant with Perspiration Screen, Cream Soap.

Bux Angel Posiet Art Corner

The real thing for maintaining Smooth, Beautiful Skin. A Produces skin that is softer, smoother, clearer, younger and younger. You’d like to know about this “FAB” series by the original

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Beautify Your Skin

with the aid of Mercerized Wax Cream

Lightens your complexion and prevents unsightly blemishes. Wax Cream is directed at those who have scaly, streaky complexions, and is designed to help remove the scales, balance the skin, and maintain its natural beauty. A special alcoholic extract of special imported wax is contained in this cream. It is thoroughly cleansed and all excess oils removed. The special wax is added to make the cream a perfect skin conditioner, and is removed by the skin’s natural wax formation. The special wax is then sealed into the skin, and is not washed off. The cream is light and does not clog pores. It is free from astringents and is applied to the skin daily.
**Variation**

Modern fashion's demand a distinctly accented line-of-separation between the breasts...and Maiden Form's "Variation" bras give you this smart, glorious! They also use Maiden Form's clever "in-the-breast" stitching, for extra-fit firm support. With or without band, control, $1.00 to $3.50. **At ALL LEATHER STORES**

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**Yves-Kremola**

It is an M.B.'s formula—a specialized remedy for the surface skin problems. Restores the remold of old, outdoor cutting, revealing new, fresh skin. Kremola does much to aid nature in clearing the skin that we cannot do in short words. Put Kremola on the test. Your friends will see the action in your skin in a week. Price, 50 cents. 

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**EXTRA CASH FOR YOUR EXTRA TIME!**

It's surprising how far a little effort will go. Just drop us a penny post card with your name and address on it and we'll show you how to pick up some of the spare dollars you've been letting slip through your fingers. You can set up your own business with one of the largest publishing companies without investing a single cent.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
205 E. 42nd St., New York City
The most beautiful fingernails in the world!

DURA-GLOSS

Serenely confident of their startling beauty, your fingernails blaze with the gem-like lustre of Dura-Gloss! How welcome each casual chance to highlight all their loveliness! For Dura-Gloss is new, is different—created deliberately to bring new longer-lasting beauty to your fingernails, to help them be the most beautiful fingernails in the world! Switch now, with millions of other fastidious women, to this exciting new nail polish. It's not a dollar, as you might expect from using it. No, Dura-Gloss costs only a tiny dime! In 20 shades that fashion favors, at cosmetic counters everywhere. Buy, enjoy Dura-Gloss, this very day!

The New and Better Nail Polish by Lorr

Maybelline Cream-form Mascara in convenient zipper case, 75c. Same shades (applied without water).

Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil, in convenient purse size, Black or Brown.

Maybelline Eye Shadow in six most flattering shades: Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

“'It's easy to have lovely, alluring eyes,' says glamorous Betty Grable. ‘The magic secret is Maybelline eye make-up.' You’ll be thrilled when you see your eyelashes appear gloriously dark, long, and luxuriant. A few brush strokes of the Solid or Cream-form Maybelline Mascara create the glorious effect. Both forms are so easy to apply... tear-proof... absolutely safe.

Stirring depth and beauty for your eyes... with softly blended Maybelline Eye Shadow. Then, the joyful climax... when you form your brows in graceful, classic lines with Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Just soft enough for best results.

Try these three simple beauty aids today. Then... step back and look at yourself in your mirror. Your eyes appear larger and more glamorous! There's a new, arresting beauty in your face. That's the thrilling magic of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

For eye make-up that's natural appearing... for eye make-up in good taste... be sure you get Maybelline. You'll find attractive purse sizes in your nearest 10c store.
Hollywood's Fashion Authority

CARY GRANT'S Million-Dollar Romance with BLARRA

WENDELL WILLKIE TALKS ABOUT

Hollywood's Most Daring Woman—the Real PAULETTE GODDARD
I was annoyed when I realized that I had a severe case of dandruff and that mere washing didn’t seem to bring any noticeable improvement.

And alarmed. My scalp was feeling tight and itchy...seemed inflamed...and distressing flakes were showering down on my dark dresses.

I was worried about the whole condition. If there is anything I loathe, it’s unhealthy scalp and hair.

Only ordinary scaling? I knew this occurs sometimes, even in normal cases. I hoped the symptoms weren’t anything to worry about, but they were so severe and persistent!

Was it infectious? So many symptoms suggested a possible case of infectious dandruff...and my doctor confirmed my fears and suggested Listerine Antiseptic.

Your treatment! Use Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day! Clinical tests on men and women who did this showed impressive results! In one series of tests, 76% of the dandruff sufferers showed either complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms within 30 days!


My scalp improved too! After a few treatments, my scalp felt wonderfully healthy and my hair began to lose those awful dandruff scales, thanks to Listerine’s medication.

Get after infectious dandruff now with LISTERINE

Clinic and everyday use prove Listerine Antiseptic’s value against this scalp condition which affects so many. Don’t fool around with what may be a troublesome condition! If you are irritated, disturbed by the distressing, uncomfortable symptoms of infectious dandruff, start your home Listerine Treatment today...the medical treatment thousands use.

Just apply full strength Listerine Antiseptic to your scalp morning and night—all over! Massage the scalp and hair vigorously, persistently. It’s as easy as it is delightful.

Cooling, soothing Listerine Antiseptic—the same Listerine which has been famous for over 30 years as an antiseptic mouth wash and gargle—kills millions of germs associated with the infectious type of dandruff...including the queer “bottle bacillus” named Pityrosporum Ovule, which outstanding specialists recognize as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Remember, Listerine is the medical treatment which, within 30 days, brought complete disappearance of marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff to 76% of the men and women who used it in a clinical test. Start today to see what it does for you! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.
SHOPPING
FOR YOU AND THE STARS

1. THE CASUAL LIFE
Recently ladies of fashion took to wearing their coats casually slung from their shoulders. And all was well till the winds began to blow. But then got around that by borrowing decorations from "The Military"—gilded chains and glittering tassels, anchored by tiny shield-pins. These in turn, and for your coat security to your shoulders. $5.98, designed by Robert for Bloomingdale's, New York.

2. NEW WAY TO WEAR EARRINGS
To cause a minor sensation, buy two pairs of identical question-mark earrings, then clip one to the top and one to the bottom of both ears. The question-mark follows both curves exactly and you'll set your entire world to wondering at how you managed to hang your ears with metal. Shimmering dumplings, too. $3.79 a pair. At leading department stores.

3. PLEASED TO "MITT" YOU
You'll be plenty pleased yourself with a handsome wool evening mitt that turns itself inside out on demand, switching from red to green, or black to white. You can turn back the cuff for a snapped dash of color, or you can leave it to clink, in monotone, well up towards your elbow. $2.79 snaps it from R. H. Macy, New York.

4. CAMPUS CLASSICS
Three campus fashions—all classics, yet every member of this trio has turned over a new leaf! Rosanna's zephyr slipover and ribbon-bound cardigan have a new boxer look that's straight from England. Slipover, $1.08; cardigan, $2.98. Century's Shetland tweed skirt has slimmed down considerably. $2.98; and Marvella pearls are now worn outside the cardigan, $1. The Daily Shoppers, New York.

5. FOR FROZEN TURNIPS
Julius Kayser dubbed these flannelette pajamas "Toasts," because they're every bit as warm as you-know-what on wintry nights! Add to their purely purposeful fill the fact that they come in dazzling peppermint stripes and you've got something no frozen turnip can resist. $1.98 a pair at The Kayser Shops, New York.

6. COLLEGE COBBLIE
One look at Red Cross' "Lassie," member of their new sports "Cobblie" family, and you'll see why the campus vogue for saddle shoes is seriously threatened. "Lassie" has every bit as much comfort but worlds more style! A walled last, wedge heel, perforated saddle and spangled, hand-stained trim—including fringes. $6.50 at Stuart-Scoops, N. Y.

7. HAVE A LIGHT?
You can say it in all security when you've a baby Einstein lighter to back up your offer. These new little Rosenarts are as ladylike as can be, matching their spangled leather skins to the leading costume colors of the season. If you like labels, there's a neat little plaque just born to bear labels. $2.95 at S. Altman, New York.

8. BOTTLE INTO ATOMIZER
It's magic! De Villas' new little gadget that sells for a quarter and turns any bottle, however lowly, into an atomizer! It's done with a bulb and a fabric tube that drains the last drop from any container, fits all cologne-bottles, threaded-neck or stopper-style, and is easily cleaned. 50c buys a slightly fancier style. At drug and department stores.

9. TIDY UP YOUR TOES
Peggy Saas has the right idea. "Pedikitt," she calls it, but we call it paradise for achy feet. Cotton tampons for spreading-toes, pumice stone for up-and-coming corns, manilled cream for the footcare, callus remover, pads, adhesive and polish remover, oil snug as a bug in a pretty Toton-faftened case. 95c at leading department stores.

10. FEED BAG
You can at least feed your vanity on the compliments you'll get for telling this new coltskin feed bag for a purse. The strap is just long enough to sling from your shoulder if you like sporting your bag in that rakish way. In the handsomely fitted depths there's room for storing all your finnile gadgets. Only $3 at leading department stores.

11. INSIDE-OUT!
Why do some girls wear their stockings inside out? You're right! It's that sheer, dull-surfaced look they're after. But Fine Feathers anticipated all that by knitting their stockings inside out. "Mode-Side-Out," they call it and no rough seems allowed, or shadows where foot and ankle join. $1 at Red Cross Shoe Stores, N. Y.

BY FRANCES HUGHES

NOVEMBER, 1940
The exciting, romantic novel is even more exciting on the screen!

**Escape**

starring

NORMA SHEARER
ROBERT TAYLOR

with

CONRAD VEIDT · NAZIMOVA

FELIX BRESSART · ALBERT BASSERMAN
PHILIP DORN · BONITA GRANVILLE

A MERVYN LeROY Production

Screen Play by Arch Oboler and Marguerite Roberts

Based on the Novel "Escape" by Ethel Vance

Directed by MERVYN LeROY

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Different

How different does Hollywood be?
Except for occasional picture about a boy
and a dog [The Biscuit Eater] or a rambunctious
ward heel (The Great McGinty) or one of Walt Dis-
ney’s dark experiments, Hollywood has rarely dared
to be different. And when it has, the result has seldom been
profitable. Perhaps that is the very reason why our films
when good are nevertheless true to a time-tested formula.

My guess is that fifty years from now art critics will
select for posterity not Gone with the Wind, Mr. Smith
 Goes to Washington or Ninotchka; they will choose, rather,
pictures which only a few of us have seen. Grand Illusion,
The Baker’s Wife, Harvest, Carnival in Flanders, The End
of a Day and Life Dances On. Since the decade of 1920
we can safely assume that the influence of Kultur
will be as artistically stultifying in the conquered country
as it has been in its own.

The simple, beautiful stories of these French pictures are
by no means beyond American interest. They differ
from our good pictures only insofar as they accept no
formula and adhere to a spirit which I can only call “Con-
C.jpgtinental.”

Today the men who make these films are men without
a country, but they are here—and other men like them.
Hollywood can now dare to be different, not only because
these men are here but because a market is avail-
able for Continental pictures.

The market is in Mexico, the West Indies and South
and Central America. A movie company can hope to net
about $75,000 from Mexico, twice that amount in both Brazil and Argentina,
half that amount in Cuba, plus $150,000 in the other South
American countries. Not including the revenue from our
own country, a film aimed at this market can draw between
$400,000 and $600,000. These figures are on the authority
of one of Mexico’s biggest showmen.

Today, not only because there is money in it but also
because America has a chance to take up where France
left off, Hollywood should dare to be different.

On the Cover—Paulette Goddard,
Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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They say everything’s in the way you look at it. Here’s a new way to look at your fellow readers

REPERCUSSIONS—FAVORABLE

For years I have regarded Photoplay as the one really fine motion-picture magazine—one which gives accurate stories and accounts of the stars, one which does not indulge in so much of the silly gossip which fills the pages of so many of the other magazines. Now I am convinced that it is the best publication! Why?

Why, because you have at last discovered Walter Pidgeon. For a long time, I have been wondering when somebody would find out what a really fine actor he is. He is suave, polished and charming and with it all a real he-man. I, for one, will never miss his pictures.

Congratulations to you for having shown a picture of him and for having told us something about him. —Julia Connors, Indianapolis, Ind.


REPERCUSSIONS—UNFAVORABLE

In regard to Lanny Gyde’s letter concerning Dorothy Lamour, appearing in the September issue of Photoplay—I think he’s got it all wrong—Dotty has got appeal! If she’s got more than the other actresses, why not show it?

As for me, I’d love to see more of Dotty in another “Typhoon”!

Dotty Olson, Eau Claire, Wis.

ASK AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE DEPARTMENT

Please—couldn’t you have a full page photo of Gary Cooper?

Mrs. R. B. Hunt, Newport News, Va.

Request is answered with Photoplay promptness on page 57.

I would appreciate it if you would print a photograph of Robert Stack. I don’t believe that I would be the only one who would be grateful.

Jo Anne Woeste, Milwaukee, Wis.

Since seeing “First Love,” in which Robert Stack appeared, I think he deserves a photograph in your grand magazine.

Joy Hansen, Racine, Wis.

The Middle West contingent will be gratified by the portrait on p. 5.

TUT. TUT. HOLLYWOOD!

This department, inaugurated last month, offers herewith a burning comment from Theodoria Hoffman of Sunbury, Penn.: PANNING Mr. Adrian! Can it be that Hollywood’s ace designer is slipping? Perhaps the dollars spent on historical research in Hollywood go for nothing. Doesn’t Mr. Adrian know that Jane Austen’s “Pride and Prejudice” was written in 1796-7 and was published in 1813? Why on earth did he create costumes for the picture which were thirty and forty years too late in point of time?

I have read how the costumes were a sound man’s nightmare because of the silken swathings, how great the amount of material and money expended on the dresses, bonnets, etcetera. How much more economical, how doubly charming the picture would have been had the Bennet girls been dressed, as in the stage play, in the simple muslins and cottons, high-busted and slim-skirted styles of the Empire mode. Jane Austen never even lived to see the type of styles Mr. Adrian thought proper for her characters.

We offer Mrs. Hoffman’s letter to readers for

PHOTOPLAY POLL OF THE MONTH

Results of Boos and Bouquets letters received this month are presented here in an “at a glance” fashion:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Best Actress</th>
<th>Best Actor</th>
<th>Photoplay Feature Most Enjoyed</th>
<th>Best Film</th>
<th>Monthly Cheer</th>
<th>Pet Peeve</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>“She has risen to screen achievement purely on her own steam.”</td>
<td>“He has added much to Photoplay’s picture from being thoroughly born.”</td>
<td>“His great work prevails doesn’t mean we are not more interested in the money invested.”</td>
<td>“A moving story of a man who gives his all for his country.”</td>
<td>“I demand a man and an apology from the producer for making such a poor excuse for a good book.”</td>
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<tr>
<td>Carole Landis, Ohio</td>
<td>Marion More, Chicago</td>
<td>“A movie goer could ask for better than what we have.”</td>
<td>“I have seen a better picture.”</td>
<td>“I don’t want to see any more of this tired old book.”</td>
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confirmation or refutation. Perhaps some reader has information that will either prove or disprove her statement.

PERSONAL TO THE EDITOR

I READ with interest your editorial in the August issue and note that you state you "have yet to find a person who really likes the double feature." I am writing to tell you that I like the double feature and I know personally of many other people who do. Why don't you run in Photoplay a poll to determine just what the reactions are all over the country, before making a sweeping condemnation of the double feature? I appreciate the point of your editorial—that movie attendance has been cut and so costs must also be. But if the double feature must of necessity go, I at least must raise my voice in its defense and state that I have thoroughly enjoyed them for many years.

Harriet Marrack, Palo Alto, Cal.

MORE OF THE SAME

I HAVE just read your little article on page 3 of the June Photoplay on "Sleepers." I am hoping sometime to be able to buy a ticket to a movie and have given to me a small slip of paper on which will be printed the complete cast of characters. How those "sleepers" bother me!

I will remember the first pictures that Judy Garland, Fred Astaire, Fredric March and many other new actors first appeared in and how I said right out loud, "Who is that?" But what a job it is to find out unless you do a lot of writing which is usually put off until the picture and player are forgotten.

Maudie A. Cottin, Westfield, Mass.

WHY AND WHY NOTS COLUMN

WHY do women toss men around in the movies? I am referring to the movie, "20-Mule Team," with Wallace Beery and Marjorie Rambeau. In the picture Margie pushes him around like a slave. In "The Ghost Comes Home," Frank Morgan can't breathe easy for fear his wife might not like it. I'm for cutting out this domination of men!

Edward Miller, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Why not make your magazine even more interesting by giving us the high lights in men's fashions, activities and helpful hints? We buy your magazine, too!

Jim Black, St. Joseph, Mo.

Made to order for Mr. Black was the article, "Who Said Well Dressed," a treatise on men's fashions, in August Photoplay.

I think it's a bad mistake of the directors and producers to make such a great hullabaloo about finding the right person for a certain part. Take Tommy Kelly, for example. He was hauled out to Hollywood to play the title role in "Tom Sawyer." Have we seen him since? Only in bit parts and "B" pictures. Why don't the directors and producers look over what they've got sensibly and pick out an experienced trained actor instead of some kid who doesn't know Coward from Einstein?

Hildreth Knaff, Buzzards Bay, Mass.

MATTER OF ARKANSAS OPINION

For Pete's sake, don't let Margaret Sullivan leave Hollywood. I have watched her in "Three Comrades," "The Mortal Storm" and others, and I say she is the finest dramatic actress it has ever been my privilege to see.

Many people whom I know say Bette Davis is the top, but I hate to see anyone overact and that's what Davis does—every time.

Let's have more Margaret Sullivan—best actress in Hollywood.

Lucille Wright, Harrison, Ark.

Lady Esther says

"Why not show the World your 'NEW-BORN-SKIN'?

—It can make you look Younger and Lovelier!"

Is it TRUE? Is some of your skin dying—today? Is a New-Born Skin crowding forth to take its place? A thousand times ...yes! And you can make your New-Born Skin bring you new loveliness—with the help of my 4-Purpose Face Cream!

It's NOT a dream—not a hopeless wish to never be fulfilled—but a fact! Underneath your older, worn-out skin ... you are getting a younger skin, a lovelier skin, a skin just-about-to-be-born!

Will it look smooth and fresh? Will your New-Born Skin make you more alluring? The answer, says Lady Esther, lies with you. With you, yes, and with your face cream!

If you remove those drab flakes of worn-out skin gently and soothingly—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—your New-Born Skin will be born in all its beauty!

Why put off using the right complexion care? Smooth away that veil of worn-out skin with the help of my 4-Purpose Face Cream! See how the dull, dried flakes of lifeless skin are whisked away! My cream permeates them, softens them, loosens them. It helps Nature actually refine enlarging pores as well...because it whisk away impurities, dirt, old bits of skin.

My cream leaves your skin so soft that face powder clings for hours...yes, gives you the effect of showing gaily to the world your New-Born Skin!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Ask your doctor. Ask him if he has ever, for any skin condition, administered vitamins or hormones through the medium of a face cream.

Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn't true—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin clouding your new skin about-to-be-born.

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. See if it doesn't show your lovely New-Born Skin!
What happens when a lady turns her back: Alan Marshal, Loretta Young and Melvyn Douglas in the Columbia comedy, "He Stayed for Breakfast!"

BRIDE WORE CRUTCHES, THE—20th Century-Fox
Newcomer Ted North shows promise as a cab driver whose life is made difficult by the arrival of Vista Carson, a neurotic, impolite, wealthy woman. As a result of her presence, Ted gets more than he can handle. (Aug.)

★ BROTHER ORCHID—Warner

The serious story of the gangster who enters a monastery turns into a amusing comedy on celluloid. Edward G. Robinson is the fellow who breaks into the convent to get a pretty nun he once knew, and Humphrey Bogart has mastered in his absence. Ann Sothern's good as a dumb blonde who gets into just the same. (Aug.)

CAPTAIN CAUTION—RKO-Radio

Victor Mature (in the title role) and Bruce Cabot are put out in Kenneth Roberts' story of slave running and the War of 1812. Louise Platt is the girl hero, plenty of exciting, but it's mainly for the visuals. (Aug.)

★ CAPTAIN IS A LADY, THE—M-G-M

Ex-con captain Charles Crichton wanders up in an old lady's home with his wife, Beulah Bondi, and gets into all kinds of silly scrapes trying to get out again. It's all creaky with age. (Aug.)

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE WAX MUSEUM—20th Century-Fox

Remodeled to be the last of the series, this is the best of the chums, with suitable scenery settings and more than enough humorous skulduggery to keep Sidney Toler on his toes every moment. (Aug.)

CHARLIE CHAN'S MURDER CRUISE—20th Century-Fox

There's just not enough action in the newest adventure of the Chinese detective impersonated by Sidney Toler, even though a Scotland Yard detective is revealed in a clue's office. Marceline Day and Lionel Atwill are among those involved in the not-wonderful proceedings. (Aug.)

CROOKED ROAD, THE—Republic

Conflict among the ex-convicts, as delineated by such starring performances as Edmund Lowe, Henry Wilcoxon and Irene Hervey—who, however, doesn't do much with this tired old plot of the "frame-up." (Aug.)

CROSS-COUNTRY ROMANCE—RKO-Radio

The welcome return films of Gene Raymond is the high light of this otherwise forgettable picture about a practical joker driven to California and a crippling injury (Wendy Barrie) who stows away in his car, Force in the fluffy manner. (Aug.)

DR. CHRISTIAN MEETS THE WOMEN—RKO-Radio

Lovable Dr. Joan Hackett puts his wit against a quick diet fad in his own home town by Rod La Rocque. (Aug.)

DREAMING OUT LOUD—RKO-Radio

Typical Law and charm (Chester Larkin and Norris Goff) home-spun philosophy, with drama provided by country doctor Frank Craven and romance by Frances Langford and Irving Bacon. Rather disappointing. (Aug.)

★ DULCY—M-G-M

Picture Ann Sothern as a lovable nitwit who does all the wrong things at the right time, especially when she "helps" Alan Baxter sell his plane invention to Roland Young—whose nerve breaks under the strain! Gory and very funny. (Aug.)

EARTHBOUND—20th Century-Fox

A confiding fantasy presents Warner Baxter as a ghost who haunts wife, Andrea Leeds, and all the rest of the cast trying to prove he was murdered by Lynn Bari. (Aug.)

EDISON, THE MAN—M-G-M

Spencer Tracy gives his best performance as the great inventor, but somehow his scientific tribulations don't offer much entertainment. Perhaps Tracy's too familiar. (Aug.)

FLIGHT ANGELS—Warner

Fine photography and pleasing performances make this rather ordinary story of a female flyer's romance with an admiring entertainer. Dennis Morgan and Wayne Morris are airborne inventors; Virginia Bruce and Jane Wyman are the gals in the race. (Aug.)

★ FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT—Wanger-Unites Artists

Joel McCrea, as an enterprising American reporter, digs into the political situation in Europe to get the story for his own health. Herbert Marshall and Laraine Day are only two of the antagonists who have wonderful roles in the thrilling goings-on. (Aug.)

★ FOUR SONS—20th Century-Fox

Beppe Leotari gives a stunning American film debut as a Czecho-Slovakian musician whose boys follow diverging paths when their village is absorbed into the German Reich, with harrowing and disheartening results. Donald Crisp is the loyal son, but Alan Curtis turns pro-Nazi, George Ernest and Robert Lowery are the remaining pair. Strong, well-done propaganda. (Aug.)

FUGITIVE, THE—An English production released by Universal

There's bound to be an overwork acting in any film starring Ralph Richardson, particularly when he plays a small-time barber who succumbs to the temptation to steal and brings much suffering upon himself and his wife, Diana Wynyard. (Sept.)

FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE, A—Wangers

Manhatten solid performances and a strong supporting cast. "A" is streamlined by character investigator Roger Pryor and highlighted by the humor of Eddie Foy Jr. Lucile Fairbanks is the lady. (Aug.)

★ GHOST BREAKERS, THE—Paramount

Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard enforce their "Cat and Canary" couple with topsy-turvy antics that include a haunted castle in Cuba and a war-cracking columnist who gets mixed up in the mysteries when he flies gangster vengeance. (Aug.)

GIRL FROM GOD'S COUNTRY—Republic

Thriller appealing in the struggles of doctor Chester Morris and pretty Jane Greer to save the world's only remaining "Sapiens." It's climaxd by Charles Bickford's attempts to capture Morris as a fugitive from justice. (Aug.)

(Continued on page 8)
They're back again—Tugboat Annie and Capt. Bullwinkle—the most lovable characters who ever appeared in Saturday Evening Post fiction—coming to life on the screen just as you've pictured them—in the happiest hit of any year!

‘Tugboat Annie Sails Again’

with
MARJORIE RAMBEAU • ALAN HALE
RONALD REAGAN • JANE WYMAN

Directed by LEWIS SEILER
From the screenplay by Walter de Leon
A WARNER BROS.—First National Picture

Based on the Saturday Evening Post stories by NORMAN REILLY RAINIE.
GOLD RUSH MAUSIE—M.-G.-M.

Ann Sothern—adventuring this time among the doomed immigrants in the Arizona desert—covers gold that isn't everything. She teaches herself hand-to-hand combat and adds, too, a heart-warming medley of laughter and tears. (Oct.)

★ GREAT MCGINTY, THE—Paramount

British Douglas shows his usual facility for comedy as a first-string political tool of crooked boss Alonzo Ewam—stand-in for romance with Mary Astor, who shows him what it should mean to be a government official. Complete and very real. (Dec.)

★ HOLD THAT WOMAN—Producers' Releasing Corporation

James Dunn, as a "skip-tracer," has his troubles tracking down people who emerge on their installment payments. Frances Gilford is the girl of his heart. Unpretenuous and very light romance. (Oct.)

★ I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY—Universal

Silly routine which somehow lends a bit of laughter, what with Bennett Crossing as a walloppedgoober who seems to write a song hit. Composer Johnny Downs and his girl friend, Peggy Moran, get swept up in his spectacular attempts to crash the Hit Parade. Soft-paced and truthful. (Aug.)

★ I LOVE YOU AGAIN—M.-G.-M

Welcome back to that beloved Leo-Powell team Bill's a hilarious as a small-town stuffled shirt who receives from uncanny to disaster he was once a crook—and wants to be again! Sydney is the wife he's been hoping to death and Frank Morgan is his old partner in crime. It'll keep you in stitches. (Oct.)

★ NOBODY'S SWEETHEART NOW—Universal

The transition of Donna O'Keefe and Helen Paoli to the world of the small screen is inconceivable. They have other ideas—mainly about Costance Moor and Lewis Howard. Surprisingly good fun. (Oct.)

★ I WANT A DIVORCE—Paramount

Dick Powell and Joe Blowmond's vaudeville-starring drama presents them as a young couple who marry but don't live happily ever after. The break-up of sister Gladys Depression's marriage casts a shadow over John's life and Dick's career as a society lawyer doesn't help any. Tragedy presentation of divorce. (Oct.)

LA CONGA NIGHTS—Universal

Despite the song tie to the title, this is all Hugh Herbert, with Hughie in no—mention em., different characterizations. In his main role, he helps Constance Moore and Donna O'Keefe save their handiwork from certain eviction. (Aug.)

★ LADY IN QUESTION, THE—Columbia

Dorothy Lamour and James Wong and Betty, his wife (Bina Brown), as a tough, duty-scourin' Rita Hayworth of murder and brains his home with the aid of his henchman and the girl. Convinced that when Glenn Ford falls in love with her and the mystery comes up again. A fine, sincere job all around. (Nov.)

LILLIAN RUSSELL—20th Century-Fox

Outstanding, witty cast—and rather dull, despite an added splash of color. Alice Faye in the title role as a heartless woman, her husband and Edward Arnold is again Edmund Broads, that being the irony. Her portrayal is excellent. But Russell is her main interest. The result is a little more entertaining than expected. (Aug.)

LUCKY CISCO KID—20th Century-Fox

However, Cesar Romero's none too lucky a choice for the Cisco Kid. When his Robert Lowery's is this law enforcement official in Arizona, he is unable to prevent a crime. A successful picture, with the expected result. (Aug.)

★ MAN I MARRIED, THE—20th Century-Fox

Joan Bennett tries to keep an open mind when husband Jack Langan tries to get Germany. A fine comedy of heartache, which leads to marriage and remarriage, of course, with the expected result. (Aug.)

MANHATTAN TALKED MUCH—The Warners

Well-done but dated underworld melodrama presenting George Brent as an unscrupulous lawyer, Virginia Bruce and brother William Lundigan try to win him back to the straight and narrow. A good yarn. (Oct.)

★ MARYLAND—20th Century-Fox

Technicolor drama based on Fay Bainter's lifelong attempt to keep her son, John Payne, from becoming a jockey. Her real love of horses is in his blood and, aided and abetted by Brenda Joyce and Grace Bradley, he wins the position. Walter Brennan, John Howard, John Qualen, and Ralph Morgan are all very amusing and engaging and more than competent and the result is a highly entertaining picture. (Sept.)

MILLIONAIRES IN PRISON—RKO-Radio

At last, a pelican picture without a single jail break or frame-up. There's considerable comedy in the background of five pompous wealthy men adopted by a former convict. Lucia Gilbert is a big shot who helps Truman Bradley carry a scheme to dispatch the criminal world. Her boyfriends, Vald and Linda Hayes provide the realistic nature of the situation. Very entertaining. (Sept.)

MONEY AND THE WOMAN—Warner

Nothing unusual, only competent performance by Robert Young and Constance Moore as a New York couple. Constance Moore who learns that he's been embezzling, and Jimmy Stewart as the young idealist who loves her. You won't like this story, but it is well acted and very real. (Oct.)

★ MORTAL STORM, THE—M.-G.-M

The screen version of Phyllis Bottome's novel

because it's filled with flavor through and through!

Tastier? Yes. More enjoyable for a longer time? You bet! That's why you'll like and bring you a wealth of fine flavor. Your choice of 7 delicious varieties.

Full-flavored Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum 4 flavors of BEECHIES (Candy Coated) Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin, Cinnamon

Beech-Nut Gum

IT'S SO GOOD FOR SO LONG

COME ONE! COME ALL! See the N. Y. World's Fair Be sure to visit the Beech-Nut Bulldog. If you drive near the lovely Mohawk Valley of New York, stop at Canoushaire and see how Beech-Nut products are made, (Continued on page 6)

Well, there was such a cast assembled recently—for a Red Cross benet....

This is how it happened. . . .

The Hollywood Women's Press Club, an organization of feminine reporters and editors who write about Hollywood for the magazines and newspapers, got that all-star cast for the Red Cross Benefit we gave one Saturday evening in Los Angeles' Farmer's Market and because the story of the evening will give you. I honestly believe, an accurate picture of how Hollywood and its stars are working these evenings. . . . I want to tell you that story here, in place of my accustomed "Close Ups and Long Shots" . . . for I think such an event is actually a most revealing picture of Hollywood and its generosity . . . and most definitely it has every element of Hollywood in it, color and laughter and showmanship and even tears. . . .

The way this particular benefit began was that the Hollywood Women's Press Club, like every other organization of almost any kind in this wonderful country of ours, got animated by a wish to make its own contribution to the Red Cross. . . .

We decided we would each of us go to our particular friends among the stars and ask, not for money, because we knew that they were all being deluged with calls of that sort, but for their personal appearance at a place to be chosen by us . . . we chose the Farmer's Market, because it looked like a Country Fair, which we thought was fun, and with the active co-operation of the farmers themselves, some of whom gave 100% of their profits, some of whom gave 50%, but all of whom gave their services and some sort of contribution . . . we put the slug right on the players and upon the studios . . . and there were no two ways about the manner in which they responded. . . .

For example, on my personal list I had such players as Jeffrey Lynn, Laraine Day, Linda Darnell, John Shulton, Martha O'Driscoll, Frank Swann and Broderick Crawford . . . but also, cynically, when I got their promises that they would all show up, I didn't quite believe it . . . I hoped it was true . . . but I've had experience with star promises before this. . . .

Most of the other press girls felt as I did . . . they all kept producing the most unexpected names . . . we did not believe it when Mrs. Temple said she would bring Shirley . . . when Harold Lloyd said he would not only come but he'd bring his whole family . . . personally I was flattered beyond speech when Cary Grant called up, all on his own, and said he'd like to come . . . he was doing the Will Rogers benefit the same evening down at Santa Monica, some fifteen miles away from our stand, but he said he wanted to do both benefits . . . he said he was prepared to do two benefits every night, if he got the chance . . .

We needed seventy-eight stars in all to man the booths . . . we got seventy-eight promises . . . we thought we would be lucky if even forty showed up . . . so eighty-two showed up . . . eighty-two players pushed and forced their way through a crowd of between twenty and thirty

Red Cross benefit at the Farmer's Market:
Linda Darnell sold bread, signed autographs and had to be rescued by the bluecoats

Ruth Waterbury

Main delicacy in the delicatessen department was Forrest Tucker, who drew the petticoat crowd. The turbaned customer is Mrs. Hyman Fink, wife of Photoplay's photographer who did the camera job.


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We needed seventy-eight stars in all to man the booths we got seventy-eight promises we thought we would be lucky if even forty showed up so eighty-two showed up eighty-two players pushed and forced their way through a crowd of between twenty and thirty...
thousand people... they lost dresses and earrings and handkerchiefs and ties... they were mauled and insulted, smiled at and adored... but they came in pitching and gave one of the greatest shows that has ever been staged...

We had made a rule that no star was to give autographs free but that they would give them with any purchase... we tried to get stars in booths that were, somehow, characteristic of them... for instance, we put Anita Louise in the orchid booth and Greer Garson in the biggest flower stand and Shirley Temple among the candy... (imagine the feelings of the actors we put in the corn and tomatoes and ham and eggs)... but regardless of where we put them... how they did work... and what amazing stuff they sold at what amazing prices...

Most of the time, for instance, Frank Fay, who is a terrific master of ceremonies, stayed on the public address mike and talked to the crowd, keeping them amused... for the crowd was so great that many of them simply couldn’t get to the booths to buy... but a few times Frank slipped down to the vegetable stalls and started comic auctions... the sort where he got the crowd in such a state that he was actually selling asparagus by the stalk and getting $2 apiece for them...

Shirley Temple did come... the whole Lloyd family did come... Cary Grant did come... and little Shirley was overwhelmed by an eager throng who kept calling to her, over one another’s heads, saying they wanted her to come back to the screen and who also kept her little hands writing every furious moment on bags and boxes of candy... Harold Lloyd was autographing ice-cream cones... just try autographing an ice-cream cone filled with ice cream someday... and getting as high as a dollar each for them...

Cary was mobbed... his suit was torn... his handkerchief and tie went with the wind... but he stayed in back of a vegetable counter for two solid hours and wrote and wrote until he had writer’s cramp and had also made hundreds of dollars...

We put Dorothy Lamour in the tropical fruits... we had Edgar Kennedy using that slow burn of his among the hams... but he ducked himself off... Laraine Day was ladling out everything from toothbrushes to cigarettes in the drugstore... the Jones family was down among the corn, selling it by the bushel... Kenny Howell saying to the throng, “I hate the stuff myself... but buy some for the Red Cross anyhow...” and the craziest three men you ever did see were those three pals, Mischa Auer, Broderick Crawford and Albert Dekker, all haranguing the crowd into buying things they didn’t want... we had put Brod Crawford, who is huge, into the china shop... he developed a racket of autographing glasses for a quarter each and when his famous mother, Helen Broderick, wandered in to see how he was doing, he asked her how much money she had... “$52”, said Helen... “Lend it to me till I get home,” Brod begged. She handed it over. Brod handed it over to the woman who owned the china shop. “What will fifty-two bucks buy?” Brod asked.

“A tea set,” she said. “Mother, you’ve got a tea set,” said Mr. Crawford, while his mother groaned...

The beauty of some of the girls absolutely murdered much of the crowd... we had Linda Darnell in one bakery shop and Ann Rutherford in another... Rita Hayworth, knocking their eyes out in an evening dress and ermine coat and selling orchids, sweet Mary Martin and Maureen O’Hara selling flowers and Virginia Vale in the baby shop... the crush around Linda was so dense and people were so spellbound by her loveliness that they crushed the booth to splinters and the police had to lift her above the heads of hundreds to rescue her... there were plenty of ladies who were very aware, too, of the handsomeness of Vic Mature and John Wayne and Bruce Cabot and John Shelton and John Hubbard and Forrest Tucker and that charming lad, Bob Stack...

The benefit was supposed to start at eight and end at eleven, but the throngs were so huge that some stars couldn’t get through the crowds even with police escort until nine... the police said it was dangerous for anyone more to go down into the stands... we who were doing the office work on it were on a second floor and handsone Morgan Conway stayed behind the scenes there, working among the jittery bunch of women because he said at least one mule brain was needed... just as the cops made this pronouncement the charming, dignified Greer Garson appeared... we told her what the cops had said... we saw we thought she had better just stay upstairs away from the throng... “But I came here to work,” said Miss Garson. “I shall feel a donkey if I don’t.”

Forthwith she began divesting herself of everything she had that would be desirable, earrings, gloves, bracelets, handkerchief, hat, bag. She laid them down on the desk. “Here I go,” she said and down she went into that mob, with such speed and serene beauty that she opened up before her like the Red Sea and made a path...

If only Photoplay had the space I could go on giving you a hundred other anecdotes... about Lupe Velez' mad selling of roasted chickens... of how the aristocratic Liz Whitney had, as she has everything easy all her life never so much as gave a yelp when some wild individual snatched the diamond earrings right out of her ears... of how young Philip Ainsley, whom none of us knew very well, but who is a lad under contract to Columbia, it seems, and well worth watching... was still there at midnight selling corn, two ears for a nickel, because he’d promised the farmer in his booth that he would not leave until he had sold an entire truckload, which he did... of how Warren William worked steadily for five solid hours in different booths and never complained... of how, as it got toward midnight and the crowd began to clear a little... Crawford and Auer and Dekker got together, Brod acting as auctioneer, while Auer and Dekker hid in the crowd and acted as shills.... that is, as the guys who keeping up the bids and began selling a whole roast pig... they got the bid up to Dekker’s offer of $350, but they couldn’t get it up a nickel higher... and I wish you could have seen Dekker’s face when he realized he was stuck with the pig... and his car was a sight as he began driving out with the pig in the back seat of it... of how John Payne, working in a pet shop, auctioned off a Doberman pinscher, got the winner to give the dog back and auctioned it off a second time... of how Gail Patrick had husband Bob Cobb’s whole fall team helping her sell potatoes... of how Vera Vague, of the radio, kept going into characterizations that convulsed everyone... of how Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville tried to hold hands while they sold hot dogs... and of how Desi Arnaz came to see if Lucille Ball was getting along all right and of how Esme O’Brien was there to keep her pretty eyes on Bob Stack... of how I don’t go on... space forbids... but you get the picture of it, don’t you... and of why I think Hollywood’s people are very grand?

P.S. We made thousands of Red Cross dollars!
Lucky everybody who enjoys the finest in motion picture entertainment. For here’s Paramount with a grand college football picture, "THE QUARTERBACK", featuring Wayne Morris and Virginia Dale, directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. Yes, and Dorothy Lamour, Robert Preston, and Preston Foster in a heart-searing drama of the teakwood forests, "MOON OVER BURMA", with Doris Nolan and Albert Basserman, directed by Louis King. Dick Powell and Ellen Drew in "CHRISTMAS IN JULY", with Raymond Walburn, a completely new kind of comedy, written and directed by Preston Sturges, whose "The Great McGinty" is the talk of the country. And, most exciting of all, the Claudette Colbert-Ray Milland starrer, "ARISE MY LOVE", directed by Mitchell Leisen . . . Claudette’s grandest heart-picture in years.

"Lucky Guy!

. . . with the Loveliest Ladies in Hollywood to Entertain Him!"
CARY GRANT'S MILLION-DOLLAR ROMANCE

"Inner circle" information about Cary and Barbara Hutton—the most hushed-up love story in Hollywood

BY HERBERT STEIN

THE answer to the Hollywood query, "Button, Button, Who's got Hutton?" is Cary Grant! If he and Barbara aren't married when her divorce from Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow is final in February, their intimate friends will be in for the sharpest letdown ever to hit this town of mad surprises!

This hushed-up but hottest romance to hit the film colony in years continues to mystify the large portion of villagers not in the inner-circle "know." In a town where news travels mercilessly fast, the Grant-Hutton romance has been amazingly played down and gossips' search for a news oasis in their thirst for juicy facts has netted nothing but a constant series of patched columns.

The reason for the silence is understandable, however Cary Grant fans may disapprove of the secrecy attached thereto. Barbara and he are in love. What hurts her hurts him. Because she's been the target for bitter press attack, she isn't anxious to stick her neck into another blast now. There isn't a person living who trembles more at the mere mention of "fourth estate" than Barbara Hutton. And today, more than ever, she doesn't want any magazine or newspaper barrage to send her on a detour from the signpost she's just found in Hollywood, marked "Happiness Ahead."

It is happiness ahead for Barbara and Cary, especially if outside influences do not interfere.

If you knew the two, you'd sense the change in both instantly.

Cary is again the gayest person in Hollywood. Barbara, twice capsized in her matrimonial voyages, is on even keel again. There's a sharp breeze ahead and clear sailing.

Barbara has run into a man who can stand on his own feet. Cary doesn't need her money—not at $125,000 a picture and more bids than he can ever fill. When Barbara dumped a cool $250,000 to the American and British Red Cross, Cary turned his entire $125,000 take for his stint in "The Philadelphia Story" to the same organizations.

They've been a two-way tonic for each other. Cary, before this, had never really gotten over his love for his former wife, Virginia Cherrill, now the Countess of Jersey. It's ironic, indeed, that it took another countess to snap him back into stride. And there's no question but that Barbara has done it.

As an individual, there isn't a better liked person in Hollywood than Grant. He is the same off the screen as he is on. He is affable, kind, cheerful. He is an overgrown kid who enjoys the unpretentious things in life. He is considerate. His generosity is not of the publicized variety, although he pays many bills in Hollywood for old down-and-out friends you never hear about. He shuns publicity. He's the shin-
Barbara's pictures began to adorn his rooms.

In the spring of the past year, Barbara arrived in San Francisco with her young son, en route to Honolulu. Before sailing, she spent most of her time with her long-time friend Countess di Frasso and Ricardo Cortez, who squatted both around the town. Barbara, who cars left for Honolulu, but returned after a month both because of her son's poor health and her concern over war developments abroad.

If there is any one person responsible for playing cupid in this romance, that person is the Countess di Frasso. It was the Countess who house-guested Barbara on her return from Hawaii. It was the Countess who arranged the get-togethers that brought Cary and Barbara closer with each other. The more Barbara lingered in Hollywood, the more Hollywood grew to like top star Cary. Grant, the fonder the two became of each other, until late in the summer, she chucked all kinds of going East to the winds and rented Buster Keaton's big estate, the house, hotel and garden in Beverly Hills. Through the Countess di Frasso and Cary, she introduced to a small circle of friends. There is little chance now that the Woolworth heiress will return to New York. She dislikes Gotham intensely. Besides, all her other friends are mostly in England.

CARY'S and Barbara's Hollywood friends include Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Noel Coward (when he's in town), Elsa Maxwell, "Dickey" Gordon, Richard Gully, Ricardo Cortez, John Worthington, Connie Moore, Reggie Gardiner, and the DeLaney Hunters and Lady Moore, who are Barbara's house guests. (There'll be three English refugees or romantic children living in her house."

Now, while the Hollywood gossiping muffles about a Cary Grant-Barbara Hutton romance, only these close friends really know what it's all about. They say nothing to anybody—a more tight-lipped crew you'll never find. Cary, who naturally shuns publicity, will not give out any statement. If he's queried, he keeps silent. No nosey pest of a publicist like Barbara dislike and thus avoid night clubs, there are no pictures of them together at such spots. All the intimate parties they attend (and we'll come to that directly) are closed affairs. The press and photographers are summarily barred. Even Elsa Maxwell's party for Noel Coward, which drew a tremendous crowd, was closed tighter than a snare drum. If Cary and Barbara take dinner outside, they avoid press-infested hosteries.

There isn't a phonograph in town that wouldn't give its right arm to play the recordings made by the young couple mentioned above. No matter who the host—and they take turns—no party is complete without each person's doing his or her bit on the recording machine. (The police, of course, will Cary doing one of his hot piano solos, which a friend describes as: "It stinks, but it's wonderful.

The same disc will have Barbara singing Reggie Gardiner keeps the "voice" she's moved with his impersonations. Jimmy Stewart, also in the gang, will do a monologue. Doug Fairbanks will exhibit his "Angel Over Broadway" to be repeated with a touch of the record back over and over again. These playbacks are good for a million laughs. The group also gets impromptu plays and acts through into the middle of the night.

The parties, according to the press-conceived Hollywood standards, are quiet and simple; the average Hollywoodian or visitor might even consider them a dull. Of course, there are always for sport—good conversation, bright, sparkling humor.

THESE parties are new to Barbara. She loves them. Cary is happy that she's able to relax, be herself and join in the fun. He has apparently discovered the right combination for her escape into a world she's always dreamt about but never had an opportunity to know.

Fortunately the parties break up early for Barbara is strictly an 11 o'clock date. She is awake every morning at nine and is with her son until two or three when she prepares for tennis lesson. Then it's a swim, usually at his luxurious one million dollar home, which are always gathered for tea. Dinner is usually scheduled at her place, or with different friends at theirs.

When Cary's on a picture, she'll accompany him to the lot on the rare occasions when the set is closed to the press and public. No pictures are ever shot of i.c. on a sound stage. She herself, merely for the record, is not interested in a film career, despite stories to the contrary that were carried when she arrived.

Evenings, when they're not with friends, you'll find the Carys traveling in the two driving toward Lake Arrowhead or along the Beach highway to Santa Barbara. Yes, and they step off for hamburgers and hot dogs. Cary, overgrown kid that he is, is forever after for fast food.

We don't know what they talk about on these excursions into the night, but it's evidently satisfying conversation for both. They drive this way often. Cary wants Barbara in the open air. He thinks she needs building up. Truth is, Barbara is very frail, and tips the scales at a mere ninety pounds.

Cary's forgotten about his former wife, the Countess of Jersey. His only great love before Barbara was for her and it's strange at the striking resemblance between the former Virgin and Barbara. Actually, the Countess is not at all like Barbara in any way. He's forgotten, too, about his longago dates with Betty Furness (now Mrs. Johnny Green), Adelaide Moffett and Phyllis Banks.

John Worthington, as Cary's long-time lawyer and friend, has barred Cary from talking about his divorce forward only to February when her divorce is final, neither will say. But friends think differently. They are sure when the time is ripe the rumour will bear fruit. There is apparently no question but what the Danish divorce will become final at the expected time. Barbara's spokesman in New York said some time ago that bitzirkie or not he, according to the divorce agreement, is to have their son Lance nine months a year, while the Count has him three.

As for her citzenship, Barbara is making every effort to regain her American status. But since this means going through a long maze of legal entanglements, it'll be some time before she will be back on the scene. She's not planning the divorce just to make a better bargain. Barbara's been knocked down for the count twice. This time, if she and Cary are recapitulated, as apparently they will be, she's earning, with a realicapital. She's pretty happy, too, she's getting the best liked guy that ever hit this town called Hollywood.
You'll stop, look and listen to the most daring woman in Hollywood.

Her name is Paulette Goddard

By Kay Bryan

Some people say it is beauty that counts the most in Hollywood. Some say it is dramatic talent. Some, sex appeal. But there is a certain young lady who is all of a sudden going places, and going places fast, who could, if she wanted to, tell you a little secret of success which beats the rest all hollow.

Referring to Paulette Goddard.

Of course, Paulette would probably laugh at you, innocently, and ask you what you were driving at, anyway, if you broached the subject to her. She would never admit she's any smarter than any of the other lovelies trying to get along in pictures. Maybe she doesn't even know it. But she is, all right. She's a smooth operator, very smooth. She goes along and never makes much of a fuss. She puts a word in here and quietly engineers a set of circumstances there. She's deft. She's subtle. She's—well, she is, as I said—smooth. You never know quite what she's up to, but she always gets what she wants. You can bet on that.

For instance, over there on the Paramount lot just after she was signed there was a good deal of to-do about another young player, also
know. cannot. "You must reduce!" everybody kept telling this player. "You're getting too fat! Take off that weight and take it off quick! Starve yourself if you have to, but get rid of ten pounds!"

They wouldn't let the girl alone. They razzed her to death and she was miserable.

Well, anyway, about this time, the smooth young Miss Goddard found out that a swell picture was coming up and that the feminine lead had not been cast. Of course, the inclined-to-be-too-plump player had been tentatively selected—that is, if she lost some weight. But what if she didn't? The smooth Miss Goddard thought about this for a while and then dropped in on the plump player. No, I wasn't there, but I know someone who was. And, no, I cannot say what was in Miss Goddard's mind. Maybe she was innocent as a newborn babe. But the gist of her conversation was: "Honey, why do you let them bulldoze you? Why do you let them do it? After all, you have your own life to live! Why should you be miserable all the time? Eat what you want to, I always say. Tell 'em where they get off! I would!"

Well, she is a convincing talker, Paulette. So help me, she talked that too-plump player right into a strike. She wouldn't be treated that way, she decided! She would live her own life. She'd tell 'em they couldn't do that to her! She went right out and told 'em, too, and then she went over to Lucey's and had a big steak dinner with baked potatoes and lima beans and lemon pie. So when the time came for casting that certain part in that certain picture she was still too plump to get it. So Paulette got it. . .

Or take the way Paulette went about bagging the truly wonderful part of Louvette, the half-breed vixen in "North West Mounted Police." Believe it or not, she really began working for this part—or one like it—four years ago when with Charlie Chaplin and her mother she went around the world. You see, at every port she sent a post card to Cecil B. De Mille. Not that she knew him personally. They had never met. But chummily inscribed on each, from Paris, from Port Said, from Singapore, Manila and Hong Kong, was something like this: "Having wonderful time. Wish you were here. How about a part in one of your pictures?"

"Who is this Paulette Goddard?" C. B. would ask when the cards came. When told that this was the girl who was either married or not married to Charlie Chaplin, but that as far as her dramatic experience was concerned she wasn't such a much, he'd sort of snort and throw the card in the wastebasket. But just the same, he remembered the name and when she confronted him in his office that certain day a few months ago, just before Louvette was cast, he knew her all right and—but I'd better go back a little and tell the thing straight.

It began the day Paulette got hold of a "North West Mounted Police" script and read it through. When she'd turned the last page, she knew she had to play Louvette and set about "operating" to that end. She was making "The Ghost Breakers" about this time, but when she could she would sneak over to the "North West" set to sort of "get the hang of it."

Meanwhile, a long list of ladies from Paramount and elsewhere was being tested for the role, or at least considered. Important ladies, too, like Marlene Dietrich, Anna Sten, Simone Simon, Louise Rainer, Lupe Velez, Olympe Bradna, even Vivien Leigh. That Paulette was not even on the list didn't worry her at all. She would fix that. First, she made special friends with certain members of the wardrobe department—became so palay-wahy with 'em that on the certain psychological day she had selected to do her stuff, it wasn't any trick at all to secure their whole-souled co-operation. I shan't say who was being tested that day, but when, after a morning's work, this certain candidate started off for lunch in the costume of Louvette, Paullette's pals got busy. "You wouldn't want to go traipsing off into the commissary in that outfit, would you?" they protested. "My dear, you'll roast! Here, just slip into this!" And before Miss Would-Be Louvette knew what she was doing, she was out of the costume and lunching in something else. And Miss Paulette Goddard was scrambling into the outfit and racing off to . . .
A treatise on Miss Scott which proves there's less wrong with America, Missouri and girls than some people have feared.

WHEN I saw Martha Scott as Emily in the film version of Thornton Wilder's "Our Town," I wondered who could have had the sense to steal her from Broadway to play the same part in a picture. Producers, as a rule, are shy of such transfers; they have the same misgivings about them as about permitting an author to write the script of his own novel. They do not believe that things that are equal to the same thing can possibly be equal to one another.

So when I met Martha I enquired who had had this sense; but so far as I could judge Martha had had most of the sense herself—plus a good deal of the luck. She even had the sense to admit the luck—but then, as you will shortly see, Martha is a very sensible person altogether. She is very truthful, too. When I invited her to lunch she turned up half an hour late. Now most girls, on turning up half an hour late, will either pretend not to notice it (which is both foolish and disgusting) or make up some excuse to win sympathy, such as a last-minute errand for Mother, or a call at the dog hospital. Martha, with charming apologies, merely said she had been kept at the hairdresser's where she had gone to have her hair straightened—a remark which won not only my sympathy but a certain fascinated interest. It seemed to me rather like going to an optometrist for a black eye; and it made me stare hard at Martha's hair, which certainly looked straight enough for ordinary purposes—at any rate, not excessively crooked. But apparently for her current film even straighter hair is required.

Here's a bit of Martha's history, told me over a salad bowl at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. She comes from a town in Missouri so small that—no, I'm not going to repeat the joke about Mrs. Roosevelt—so small that my great-uncle who left England to settle in America seventy years ago couldn't find anywhere better than an equally small town a few miles away. (Her town is Jamesport; my great-uncle's was Trenton. And incidentally, while we are on this family business, her grandfather was a cousin of President McKinley.) Well, she began her stage career in summer stock companies in the East, skirmishing around New York in the usual way and with the usual hope that somehow someday she would get her chance; you can have a deal of merit and still not find your way to Broadway without luck. Martha obtained the "Our Town" part mostly by luck, but it was by merit she held it and made her performance one of the most moving on the stage that year.

Then Hollywood. Her first film hope was to get into "Gone With the Wind." She was one of the regiment of women who tested for the part of Melanie and (as we all know) she didn't get it. When I read "Gone With the Wind" I skipped the Melanie parts as one tries to skip the commercials in a radio show—not because one positively hates them, but because one knows more or less what they are going to be. So I do not think it was a tragedy, either for Martha or for the world, that she did not get that particular plum—or box of sugarplums.

THE part in "Our Town" was of course ideal, exactly suiting that quality in her acting and personality which is the exact opposite, let's say, of Noel Coward's in "Private Lives" (of Noel also, more anon). There was a dreamlike simplicity about the Martha-Emily portrayal which for me goes into a very small list of unforgettable things.

Of course, Martha must have had an inking she was good (most artists have—if and when), but she was nervous at the Hollywood preview and enjoyed seeing the picture far more on a chance occasion later, when she happened to be in Ocean Park, the Coney Island of Southern California. And the Ocean Park audience, she says, was even more sympathetic than the black-tied and ermine-coated previewers.

Martha's latest assignment (since "Our Town") has been the star part in "The Howards of Virginia," based on Elizabeth Page's novel, "The Tree of Liberty." (They felt they couldn't stick to that title—"liberty" being such a hackneyed word in election year.) Martha had not met Elizabeth, so I brought the latter along, and was plunged immediately into an ardent discussion of
KNOWS

Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Washington, the
Franklin D. Roosevelt, Wendell Willkie, the third
estate and the fifth column.

Now here is where the sense comes in. I would
have a transcript made of that conversation between
authority and a girl from Missouri, with an English
sensible part of the work.

Then we discovered a really astonishing fact—
thought that the one-act play called "Still Life," in
a group of one-act plays called "Tonight at 8:30,"
put another. You would be surprised how
some minor but entirely arrogant and unproven
makes for closer friendship. Thereupon we began to talk about
Noel Coward himself.

Martha had just met Noel (Cary Grant her co-star in "The
Howards of Virginia" introduced them) and Noel, after seeing
part of the picture, had said how much he admired her acting and
how eagerly he would like to know what she would become within
three years. (For that matter, I'd like to know what Noel will
become within three years.)

And talking of Cary Grant, Martha said how helpful he had
been to her on the set, continually suggesting better angles for
her, telling her not to be nervous and generally behaving like a
Hollywood gentleman in not hogging the scene.

Martha has been lucky also in her directors. For "The How-
ards" she had Frank Lloyd and for "Our Town," Sam Wood,
whose masculine firmness again (as in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips")
prevented any cloying of sentiment. It is time, incidentally, to
give Sol Lesser a bouquet for filming "Our Town" at all after
every other producer had pronounced it unsalable. No picture
was ever cut less to formula; and even with a "happy" ending it
still offers movie patrons the somewhat unfamiliar spectacle of
dead people rising from their graves to haunt the scenes of their
former happiness.

Martha said she would have preferred the play-ending, but I
doubt if those who did not know the play will feel that anything
is wrong about a girl recovering from childbirth, instead of dying.
This is one of the cases (rare, I admit) when a tagged-on happy
ending did not spoil the story. Anyhow, Thornton Wilder ap-
proved the change.

BY the time we had reached the argument about endings, it was
almost three o'clock, which is the hour when the Beverly-Wils-
shire waiters begin to think of something else, so I saw Martha
to her car and met her excusably adoring mother. I had really
enjoyed myself so much as to have completely forgotten the job
of finding material for this article, so that I still don't know
whether Martha plays games, likes late parties, listens to "In-
formation Please," is engaged, or has read "How Green Was My
Valley." But I have promised to take her to meet Flora Robson,
so the chance of all those questions will recur—and probably be
forgotten again.

I ought to say something about her looks. She has grey-blue
eyes, a perfectly shaped nose, a charming smile and light-brown
hair.

So much for the catalogue—a few thousand other Hollywood
girls go into it with the same items. But Martha has some-
thing else—difficult to describe or label—in fact, the only hint I
can give is to say that one has an impression, after meeting her,
of a fine and generous intelligence and that this is in her looks
as well as in her talk. I suspect it is pretty hard to photograph,
but it makes for good angles in real life.

The girl from Missouri: Martha Scott, starring with Cary Grant
in "The Howards of Virginia," discussing with competence
the third term, the fourth estate and the fifth column.
BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

The Hollywood stars reach for fame and then for more fame. Every year they spend hundreds of thousands of dollars to keep themselves in the public eye and emphasize the natural interest there is in them. And, one way or another, the fame they create for themselves turns into a Frankenstein monster and threatens to destroy them.

Blackmailers, kidnappers, unscrupulous servants, shrewd lawyers, opportunists of all kinds, demented people of every description always have been the stars' natural enemies. And now a new danger threatens. Now the stars live in constant dread of being unjustly branded as un-American, the way James Cagney, Fredric March, Franchot Tone, Humphrey Bogart and Jean Muir were recently when they were called before Representative Dies and accused of being Communists.

These stars since have been cleared of this charge, as you know from your newspaper. Some were involved only because they once contributed to charities headed by men who lately have been proven Communists. But, unfortunately, the stigma still lingers. And other stars naturally wonder who will be damned next.

Fame throws a bright light and those who stand in it risk everything they are, everything they do and everything they stand for being distorted. They also must expect to be beset by swarms of human insects who seek to feed upon them in one way or another.

Some of the stories of the persecutions the stars have experienced have been told so often no one any longer knows or cares if they are true. There's the Chaplin legend which insists that twelve years ago Charlie was taken out on a boat and held captive until his abductors were paid half a million dollars. And it's interesting to remember that this was the very time that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, close friends of Charlie's and his business associates, carried guns in their car even when they drove between Pickfair and the studios.

Kidnappers always have been one of Hollywood's most horrible menaces. And as a matter of course many stars have their homes guarded by former policemen or Federal Bureau of Investigation workers who have permits to carry guns.

Harold Lloyd's home has been under guard as long as anyone in the film colony can remem-

ber. Years ago, when the Lloyds lived on an avenue in Beverly Hills and Gloria was a baby, someone attempted to get in through a pantry window. Harold had been receiving threatening letters for some time and when this happened he ordered the house patrolled by an armed guard night and day.

Five years ago when little Harold was born, Mildred Lloyd wasn't permitted to take him home from the hospital with her. Footprints that had been made by rubber-soled shoes had been discovered on the floor of Harold's private nursery (he was a premature baby) and the authorities, called in at once, insisted the baby go home under guard at a secret time of which they and the family alone were aware.

We'll always remember our first visit to little Harold's nursery at "Green Acres." He had a beautiful suite, lovingly decorated and furnished and golden with the sunshine that poured in on three sides. But outside his door a man sat with a gun across his knees.

There still are guards posted about the Lloyd house and grounds. And the three children—Gloria, Peggy and Harold Junior—always ride in an armored car behind an armored chauffeur.

It's difficult to find amusement in anything connected with the grim, inhumane business of kidnapping. But an abduction threat Mae West received did lead to an incident that had all the elements of slapstick comedy. One evening a...
man who worked in the commissary at Twentieth Century-Fox went walking on Sunset Boulevard in the neighborhood of the old Warner Brothers' Studio. It's dark and deserted here since Warners moved all production out to Burbank and when a sixteen-cylinder car came whizzing down the street this man was startled. As the car came to a quick stop in front of the studios he caught a flash of a beautiful blonde in the back seat. She switched the light on and then off again. And when, after this, the colored chauffeur jumped out and deposited a package he carried in a palm tree it was enough to arouse the curiosity of a wooden Indian. Immediately that car drove off the Twentieth Century-Fox employee ran over to the palm tree to see what was what. There was, instantly, fire from machine guns! Policemen jumped out from behind walls and hedges! And considerable explaining was done before the police were satisfied that innocent pedestrian wasn't the extortionist who, obviously, had been frightened away.

Armed guards, barred nursery windows, threatening letters which are turned over to the Federal Bureau of Investigation . . . these things have become part of the stars' daily lives, that part of their daily lives about which the public rarely hears. Harold Lloyd is only one of the stars who knows perpetual anxiety. But because he's one of the richest stars he naturally is the victim of more threats and more suits. For, as an attorney for Twentieth Century-Fox explains: "These things are proportionate. The minute we announce a dividend or the minute we announce we have settled any suit everyone who has any possible claim gets busy. Years ago it was a standing joke how broke this company was—because we had no suits at all!"

Sometimes that which long has been known as 'the price of fame' has a destructive influence on the stars' private lives as well as their peace of mind and their check books. Take the case of Dorothy Lamour . . .

When Dorothy and Herbie Kaye first faced the difficulties which finally brought them to the divorce court Dorothy arranged to visit Herbie in New York. She was between pictures and she managed to be excused from the Chase and Sanborn radio show for one Sunday evening. She and Herbie both hoped this time together would help them adjust much of the strain and misunderstanding which their enforced separation had induced. It was inevitable, of course, that they would quarrel more than once while they tried to accomplish this. And it was immediately after Herbie had left Dorothy's hotel in anger one day that she was advised to pack her things at once, leave the building by the service entrance, board a train that was leaving for California within the hour, and lock herself in her drawing room until the train had crossed the New York state line.

The lawyer of the agent who was suing Dorothy for commissions he claimed were due him was, she was warned, about to serve her with papers which would cause her delay and might make her miss her radio broadcast from California.

"I can't do it! I can't go!" Dorothy told her company's emissary. "If I dash off now Herbie'll think . . ."

The emissary was regretful but adamant. "If you don't go now you'll be served with those (Continued on page 90)
Jane Lyons again—as she discovers that the "best-laid plans" of pets and fans can go completely haywire

ILLUSTRATED BY GALBRAITH

Editor's Note: Jane Lyons is going to be in the newest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has just bought "The Youngest Profession," a novel by Lillian Day, based on the stories which have appeared in Playbill, as material for a new film starring Judy Garland.—E. V. H.

Not sure which I need more, relaxation or escape. Fed up with school. Sour Puss (Eng. Lit.) is a dolor in the neckibus. She can spout Shakespeare by the meter (ha ha) but knows nothing about Life, itself, on acct of she is frustrated. She read us a poem about a man who all his life wanted to go to Caracasson. She said poets were always writing about the land of their dreams like Mecca (or was it Moscow). Home work assignment: to write poem about the place we most yearn to see. Cudgelled my brain for ten minutes last night but couldn't think of a rhyme for Hollywood.

Simply got to get there next summer or I know I'll develop some kind of neurosis. Wonder what it would cost. Wouldn't mind living on Hamburgers, but would have to have clothes as appearance is half the battle on the Coast. Have $7.50 in bank and might save from my allowance, but that is only chicken fodder. I've got to hold of some real money, money in 2 figures. Barb says we might take up a collection and say it was for a Cause, because people don't bother to ask anymore, but I felt it wouldn't be exactly honest. It would be like taking chop suey out of the mouths of Chinese babies.

MR. JIMINY CRICKET!

Think I have solved problem!

Yesterday aft. It was pouring and I stayed home and browsed. There's nothing I enjoy more than browsing among my scrap books. Read about Arno, Errol Flynn's dog who is practically human. They are real pals on acct of they are inseparable companions. So an inspiration struck me and I phoned Barb and she dropped everything in the middle and came over. She admitted my idea was brilliant, so we started right to work on it and drafted a letter to be sent to all stars who have dogs:

Dear—:

No doubt you will be surprised to get this epistle. It concerns your beloved pet.—

Whenever you come East you must be torn between the horns of a dilemma, namely whether to bring— to the big unfriendly Metropolis where he might be in danger, or to leave him home to pine for you.

Have no more worries. The answer to your problem is PERSONALIZED SERV-

ICE FOR SENSITIVE DOGS.

We have a completely equipped service including gymnasium, rest room, beauty parlor and Canine Bar (naturally only soft drinks served).

Fifteen dollars will include bathing, shaving, clipping, pedicure, make-up and ears cleaned. If you think this exorbitant, figure out what same would cost for yourself.

We will take— for walks in exclusive neighborhoods like Park Avenue where there will be no danger of encountering underprivileged pups. ($2 the hour, $10 the day.)

We will be only too glad to bring—to meet you at theatres, night clubs, cocktail parties, previews, dressing rooms or any places of that nature.

Trusting you will avail yourself of our advantageous offer, we remain,

Yrs. truly, PERSONALIZED SERVICE FOR SENSITIVE DOGS (J. Lyons & B. Drew)

Of course if the dog is female we shall substitute "her" for "him" and if we don't know we'll say "it." We'll get special stationery printed so it looks official. And now we have to dig up the names and makes of the dogs of stars.

Not mentioning project to family just yet. The only one who knows is Lilybud because she listens, but she can be trusted. In fact she's the only member of the family who understands. She is also yearning to get to The Coast. She has started a Hattie McDaniel Club in Harlem and I'm helping her get up a scrap
book. The day Hattie got the Oscar Lilybud burned the steak.

Yesterday Barb and I went to Abercrombie and Fitch because the best is none too good and purchased equipment as follows:

1 feeding dish (long-eared)
1 feeding dish (short-eared)
1 Rotoromp (for exercise, rainy days)
1 leather turtle
1 crying frankfurter
1 Happidog hydrant
1 ball with pictures (educational)
1 stripping razor and blades
1 clippers (long-haired)
1 clippers (short-haired)
3 teeth scalers (small, med., large)
1 file
2 wire brushes
1 slanting bristle brush
2 combs (long and short teeth)
2 pr. grooming mits
Worm tablets
Calcium bones
Irradiated Yeast
Cod Liver Pills
Krunchon
Lactel
Vitapets
Sweeties for Obedient Doggies
Cosmetics (French Chalk, pink and white; Mascara, powder, umber, sienna & tawny; Wow-wow shampoo

There were loads of other things we need but as I charged it to Pops I thought I'd better economize as the bill was already over $50. The salesman said an infra-red lamp was really indispensable in killing undesirables, but I as-

What Lilybud said makes me wonder if I really want to go to Hollywood!
Have been collecting items for new scrap book, PETS OF STARS. Unearthed some interesting facts, as follows:

Daisy (Blondie) was playing extra in a mob scene when the director spotted him. They gave her 6 mos. prep. training before they took a screen test. Then he had private lessons in jumping, fetching, etc. When Columbia sent out the call over 40 dogs applied and he got the job at once. Now he is at the pinnacle of success and still mounting. He gives his autograph by stamping his paw on an ink pad.

Claudette has a League of Nations Kennel: French Poodle, Eng. Setter, Belgian Police, Welsh Terrier, & Dachshund. (Barb is getting up a petition to request her to expel the Dachshund.)

Inky (eat Destiny) has a brother who looks exactly like him but can't act, so he has a job as Inky's stand-in. His name is Carbon Copy. 

Martha Raye just had 6 puppies, Major, Minor, Chorus, Intro, Verse and Coda. (Looked up Coda and it means a tail piece, which explains the name.)

Chas. Ruggles is a Fancier.

After a week's research in studios, offices, newspapers, libraries and scrap books, have compiled the following list:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Breed</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bette</td>
<td>2 Sealyhams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ginger</td>
<td>Afghan Hound</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wendy B.</td>
<td>Gr. Dane</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anne Shirley</td>
<td>Cocker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lupe</td>
<td>Chihuawa</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Myrna</td>
<td>Wire-haired</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ilona</td>
<td>2 Scotties</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joan</td>
<td>2 Dachshunds</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

have had 100% non-returns. Have also sent notices for bulletin boards of Tailgazers and Renfro Kennels. Libbybad is keeping the equipment in her room but she says if Mops finds it she's going to deny it point blank. I hope some dogs arrive before the first of the month with that A. & F. bill.

OH LA LA! COMME LA VIE EST EXTRAORDINAIRE!

Yesterday was a beautiful day and Barb and I went on a real adventure so we decided to sneak around lobbies. We had on our new hats and fortunately our books were in brief cases. We each bought the other a gardenia because we both hate to buy flowers for ourselves.

FIRST the Westwick and went straight to the powder room to make-up. One thing I must say for Barb, she knows which the ladies' room in every hotel in N. Y. is. Nothing doing there, so we tried the Algonquin & the Waldorf, equally ditto. Then Fate directed us to the Fritz. We sauntered around looking as if we were looking for someone and kept our eyes peeled for celebs. We were about to give up hope and go home when we heard a commotion and noticed a crowd around the desk. We ducked our way to the center and there sat black Fr. Poodle barking as if its heart would break, and at the other end of the leash was a little bell hop with a big hat and a box of flowers. The boy was trying to hug the dog and the clerk was furious and a lot of people were trying to pat it, but he refused to reciprocate. Then the clerk told the boy to scamp and he said he couldn't because he had promised to meet Miss Carroll there. Barb and I exchanged insignificant glances because we both realized simultaneously who the dog was. We was cynosure of admiring eyes. I wanted to make conversation but I couldn't think of the word for "paw" so I told Barb to sneak a look at the vocabulary which she did and whispered it to me. I conjugated to myself and then put my hand out and said:

"Donne le pattes!" He understood perfectly, so my accent must be pretty good in spite of having flunked French.

I guess the crowd thought I was French, so I turned to Barb and said "Sacre bleu!" which is what I reckon it'll be. I was wishing Miss Carroll would come because I was running out of conversation, and besides I thought she might possibly have Brian Aherne with her.

The crowd made way and a chauffeur came up to the boy and grabbed the boxes and the dog and ran out, Barb and I in hot pursuit. It was just like a movie. We followed him out to Madison Avenue and he got in a car, we following. There was a beautiful scene in it lettered M. C. He said we'd better scram as he had to meet Miss Carroll at the airport at 6, but we refused.

"Come what may," said Barb, "we sit tight.

"This dog needs me," I told him. "I'm the only one who speaks his language.

The traffic light changed and the cars in back were honking so hard that we was told to keep our eyes peeled for cops as he would have to burn up the road. On the way we got very intimate and he introduced himself. His name is Hooker and he works for friends of Miss Carroll who wants to take the car when he is to take the car there.

When we were sure he didn't understand French we held a rapid-fire conversation, I quoting Le Marseillaise and she replying with Sur le Pont d'Armon and he was very impressed. Then we told him all about our Serv- ice for Sensitive Dogs. We all ate Barb's chocolate bar including Lolette and had such a lovely time I felt sad at the thought of parting which we didn't have to, on acct. of when we got there the plane had left.

WAS Hooker burned up! He said Miss Carroll would be furious and he might lose his job and he certainly had lost a good tip, so Barb offered him a quarter which he refused. So we invited him for some refreshments and we went to a place where a lot of very nice chauffeurs were and we had 2 hamburgers and 2 pieces of pie and 2 coffees and Barb had ice cream and plain cake on acct. of her diet. Then I remembered we were having a dinner party and Mops had asked me to be home early, so I thought I'd better phone.

Lillybud answered and I explained to her that I was in the airport at Newark on acct. of Miss Carroll's dog having missed the plane. I thought Mops couldn't worry as I had a car and chauffeur at my disposal. She thought she'd better call Mops but the operator asked for 5c more I hung up.

We sent a wire to Madeleine that the dog was in good hands and had a nice ride home all 4 in the front seat and Hooker promised to send us each a postal from Fl. We dropped Barb off first and it was after 8 when I got home and I knew I was in for a real row.

To make a long story short, I was...

I explained things to Mops and she seemed relieved for some reason.

They were all at dinner and I made up my mind not to answer any questions but nobody asked any. They were talking about affairs in Europe and I couldn't get a word in edgewise. So as soon as dinner was over I phoned Barb and he couldn't answer as she wasn't going to let Barb associate with me any more as I was a bad influence. That was the last straw! Old as I am, I burst into tears.

So I went to my room with Lolette but she was so depressed I couldn't concentrate on my lessons, so I tried on the hat which is made of lilacs and very becoming and I think I'll have it copied before I send it to her. But unfortunately (Continued on page 91)
WENDELL WILLIE
TALKS ABOUT MOVIES

BY PAUL LARNARD

If Wendell Willkie is elected President of the United States, the movies will have played a tremendous part in his triumph. And Wendell Willkie is duly grateful for the help the movies have given him.

No one is more aware of the publicity value of the screen than the rambunctious Indiana lawyer now stumping the country in his colorful campaign. How effective an aid to his own aspirations the movies have been, the Republican leader made clear in an exclusive interview with PHOTOPLAY a few weeks ago.

The intense interest of the whole Roosevelt family in motion pictures, both as a source of personal entertainment and as a medium of education and propaganda, has been reported in previous stories in this magazine. It is well known that special showings of pictures are held as often as twice a week in the White House.

What had not been known before Wendell Willkie talked to PHOTOPLAY was just how much of a film fan this newcomer to public life, one of whose appeals is the enthusiasm with which he shares the likes and dislikes of the average American, that mythical "man in the street."

But it is as a movie actor, not as a frequent member of the audience, that Wendell Willkie is newsworthy in these columns.

For Wendell Willkie is the first movie actor ever to run for President of the United States. Perhaps it is stretching it slightly to speak of the nominee as a film actor, since his screen appearances, outside of the increasingly numerous newsreel scenes of his campaign, have been limited to two shorts for RKO.

But an actor he was, on the "Information Please" short, and to the list of his other activities, schoolteacher, country lawyer, artillery officer, author and utility executive, may be added the label of ex-movie mime.

Indeed, of all his avocations, Wendell Willkie holds particular pride in his debut as an actor. He was keen enough about the experience to interrupt his campaign, just one week before the Philadelphia convention, to don grease paint and work a long, hot day under the klieg lights of the Fox Movietone Studios in Manhattan.

And after his nomination, one of Willkie's first free afternoons back in New York was spent in Radio City Music Hall viewing his initial effort at acting.

"Do you think, Mr. Willkie, that the showing of that 'Information Please' film in theaters all over the country helped make you known to many people, to whom otherwise you would have been merely a newspaper name?" this reporter asked the Presidential candidate.

"Undoubtedly!" affirmed Mr. Willkie. "From the number of comments and reports I have had on the film, it has been of tremendous help."

"And the newreels you will be appearing in, during the remainder of your campaign . . . do you think they will be helpful, too?"

"They will be of great value," the Presidential aspirant answered. "Both the newreels and the 'Information Please' short have made thousands of people acquainted with me who otherwise would have no idea what I looked like."

Mr. Willkie, as he spoke, took off his glasses, with which he had just been reading some WPA figures to a press conference, the other correspondents at which had filed out of the room, leaving PHOTOPLAY's reporter alone with the candidate.

There was a slight smile on Willkie's face as he spoke of giving people a chance to see what he looked like. There is no exaggerated conceit about the looks of the Indiana man. But he is enough of a showman to know that one of his facets of appeal to the public has been his reputation for being a big, rough-and-ready appearing sort of person, not too fastidious about his clothes, completely unstudied in his gestures and mannerisms.

He is, for the records, six feet one inch tall, weighs around 210 pounds and, as he sits at a desk, his wide shoulders have a tendency to stoop, his thick, unruly brown hair to fall over his forehead. He has blue eyes, set wide apart, a rather wide upper lip and a full, forceful mouth and chin. His speech is still flavored with the accent of a Hoosier farmer.

Just how satisfied Willkie is with his own screen appearance, he did not say, but the newsreel and newspaper cameramen, attached to his campaign party, declare him to be an exceptionally photogenic personage.

"He is patient and co-operative," one of the press photographers revealed. "He'll let you shoot anything he does. His attitude has been that he is 'fair game' for the cameramen and anything we're able to get, no matter how candid, is all right with him."

"The one thing he won't do, though, is pose for any faked stunts . . . any of the usual political picture pap. You know, big hats, or high fishing boots, or any of those pictures you just...

(Continued on page 89)
The Boy from Omaha

FAMILY PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN

BY WILBUR MORSE, JR...

who is indebted to Henry Fonda's sisters for anecdotes about the actor's early life and for permission to reproduce these rare pictures selected from their family albums.

"The happiest home in Omaha" is what neighbors called the Fonda's modest frame house at 4911 Chicago Street.

IN THE LIFE OF HENRY FONDA IS THE PATTERN OF A NATION

Highlighted in Henry Fonda's memories of the happy yesterdays of his boyhood are the closely knit relations of his congenial home. "I had a wonderful family. There was so much love and loyalty in it," he told the author of this intimate picture-biography.
In the picture above are Harriet, now Mrs. John B. Peacock of Omaha; Mrs. Fonda; Jayne, now Mrs. John P. Schoentgen of Council Bluffs, Iowa; Hank, when he was fourteen, and Mr. Fonda. Below, at left, the family when Hank was six and, right, when he was ten.

Perhaps no family ever kept a more complete album. Here is Hank, "going on four," with Harriet, his sister.

Until he is gray and a grandfather, "Hank" Fonda will always look and act a great deal like the unaffected boy he used to be. New York, Europe and the halo of Hollywood fame have not rubbed off a certain loose-jointed, rawboned manner that seems to stamp the Middle Westerner even more than his inevitable accent. Hank has never completely outgrown the Omaha where he was reared.

Hank Fonda came naturally by the prairie drawl with which he invested his compelling portrait of "Young Mr. Lincoln." Most of the splendid characterizations he has brought to the screen, such as Tom Joad in "The Grapes of Wrath," Frank James, and his latest role of Yankee Chad Hanna have had an earthy quality as real and human as sweat and square-toed shoes.

And if, on the screen, Hank Fonda has come to represent certain type of American, the homely, rugged philosophical pioneer, it may well be because in real life his roots are so deeply embedded in the soil of the land he symbolizes.

Hank Fonda is the man from Main Street. He is the Tom Sawyer of the Twentieth Century; the boy for whom they draw the Buck Rogers
Continuing:
THE BOY FROM OMAHA

May 16, 1905, was the time; Grand Island, Nebraska, the place of Henry Fonda's birth. They haven't put up a plaque on the little sun-splashed house in the prairie town. If they did, the inscription might read: "The home of an American boy".

1905: "One Take Fonda's" first close-up came when he was six months old, shortly before his family moved to Omaha to live.

1909: "Never, said his nursery teacher, had she heard "Over the river and through the snow" recited better.

1911: The captain and quarterback of the Dundee Dreadnoughts, a semiprofessional football team. They got licorice sticks whenever they won a game.

1913: Nest-door neighbors and chums of grade-school days were Josephine (top left) and Robert (lower left) Ellick, shown with Hank and Harriet.

1915: The Wolf Patrol of the Dundee Boy Scouts had an alert leader in this descendant of pioneer woodsmen.

1917: "That ol' Kaiser better not come to Omaha. He'd get somethin'—he'd get hung, that's what!"

1919: The author of several novels (unpublished) and the winner of the Dundee News' contest for short stories.

1921: When the regiment of cadets of the Omaha Central High School went into camp at Valley, Nebraska, for two weeks' spring training, H. J. Fonda was made a corporal.

1923: The yearbook of Hank's high-school class said: "He has an eye for a picture or a pretty gal."
cartoons and manufacture Boy Scout merit badges; the shaggy-headed sophomore who slings hash at the State College, takes his "dates" to dances on a trolley car, marries his school-days sweetheart and grows old trying unsuccessfully to hide the terrific sentimentality that rules his destiny.

"It's the greatest accident that my life didn't settle into the groove of the small businessman," Fonda told me, and there was a hint that he would have been just as happy without the exaggerated income and importance of a movie star.

Hank was born in the prairie town of Grand Island, Nebraska, May 16, 1905, the son of William Bruce Fonda and Herberta Jaynes Fonda.

"If it's a boy we'll name him Henry Jaynes, after your father," Bruce Fonda had told his wife a few months before the scheduled arrival of their first-born. And in Omaha, a tall, gray-haired, kindly eyed man, working in the office of a railroad company, began writing little lyrics he would someday send his namesake. Henry Jaynes was to have a deep influence on the intellectual growth of his grandson. It was he who first encouraged the groping efforts of the boy to find an expression in the arts, opened up the vistas of opportunity for achievement beyond the confines of a business life.

They cultivate more than just good corn in the valley of Missouri. They cultivate good minds there, too.

HENRY was a year old, the Fondas moved to Omaha. You'll find bigger houses on swankier streets than the modest frame building at Forty-ninth and Chicago which was Hank's home for most of his boyhood. Bruce Fonda was never a wealthy man. His small commercial printing business just about managed to ensure the necessities for his family to which, two years after Henry was born, was added a daughter, Harriet, and two years later, another, Jayne. But though the Fondas may not have been "well off" financially, their social standing in the growing city was unrivaled. No young matron was more sought after than the lovely Herberta Jaynes Fonda, whose beautifully mannered children were held up as models in other homes. And everyone "downtown" in Omaha loved lanky, laughing Bruce Fonda. His luncheon table at noon in Aquila Court was the magnet for the men who held the town's business. Husband's coming home to their big houses in Dundee at night usually would preface their dinner table talk with: "Brace Fonda told me a good one today.

It gives you some idea of the affection which his family regarded when you learn that today, as billboards are splashed with his pictures and the newspapers give him headlines in a week than his father won in a lifetime, Hank is spoken of in Omaha not as Henry Fonda, the movie star, but as: "Brace Fonda's boy."

Hank's heritage from that jovial family background was a sincere love of people. Ever since he was a boy he has been as eager a listener as he is an eloquent speaker. Hank always has had the magnetic knack of making whomever he is with at the moment feel important.

Perhaps it was just this quality that made him the leader of the group of children who grew up together in the blocks around Forty-ninth and Chicago; the Ellicks, Robert and Josephine; the Cusdagens, Gertrude and Henry, dubbed "Little Hen" to distinguish him from Hank who was "Big Hen"; the Hopkins and the Shattuck boys; and his cousins, Virginia, Douw, Garrett and Hilton Fonda, children of his father's brother Hilton, who lived not far away.

It was Hank who was ringmaster of the backyard circuses in which the children of Chicago Street and California Street vied to perform the most spectacular stunts on clothesline trapezes and hayloft high dives. Dressed in a high hat which, even wadded with newspapers, had a disquietening tendency to slide down over his ears; a "duster" that had been discarded with Mr. Fonda's buggy, and a black mustache, twirled with debonair twist that would have struck envy in the heart of any Desperate Desmond, Hank cracked the whip, literally and figuratively, for the neighborhood.

It was Hank, too, who discovered the grand slippery slide on the mudbanks out in Florence Woods and headed the expeditions to the swimming holes on the Little Papio, an anemic creek on the outskirts of town.

Hank's prowess as a horseman, however, was what really commanded the respectful adulation of the Chicago Street "gang." Proof of his right to rank with Bronecy Billy Anderson and William S. Hart was evinced one day when Hank was about twelve. It was Easter vacation and "Silk Sock Sam," as Hank preferred to be known at the moment, having laid away the conventional knickerbockers and jacket for cowboy chaps and a gaudy flannel shirt, mosied over to the Bar-U-Bet, the Ellicks' barn, in search of a chew of licorice and some excitement.

"Let's go down to Clyde Drew's," prompted Bob. "His father has just taken in fourteen Shetland ponies on a deal."

"Fourteen!" echoed Hank. "What's he going to do with them all?"

"I don't know. Sell them, maybe, or rent them to kids to ride. We won't have to pay anything, though. Let's go."

Clyde, a boy about Bob's age, explained that the ponies had never been ridden. One, "Prince," they had not even been able to saddle yet. Henry looked at the spirited outlaw with interest.

"Could I try and ride him?" he asked Clyde.

"Sure, only I don't think you can. We'll take him over to Elmwood Park."

The reluctant pony was pulled half a mile to the public park in the center of the city. Here, Hank, after several false starts, managed to mount "Prince."

The pony was a hurricane on hoofs. It bucked. It reared. It did everything but the Charleston and the Black Bottom. But for five minutes by the nickel-plated watch in Bob Ellick's trembling hand, Henry stayed astride the animal.

Round and round the little park "Prince" galloped and then suddenly he lurched toward the tiny lake in the center of the green. Head on toward the water the pony dashed and then at the very edge of the lake he dug his forefeet into the ground and stopped stock-still. Hank went sailing over the pony's head to land on the bank, his feet almost in the water.
With a triumphant backward look at his antagonist, "Prince" trotted out of the park and on down the street to the Drew corral. Bob, Clyde and Hank followed.

"We tried to persuade Hank to call it quits," recalled Bob Ellick, now a successful broker in Omaha, who told me the story, "but he was determined to break 'Prince' and break him that day. 'You can't ever quit when you're losing,' Hank said and I think that's been a philosophy of his all his life . . . Never quit when you're losing.

"Well, to make a long story short, Hank trudged straight back into that corral, climbed on 'Prince' and rode him around and around that little ring until the pony finally was broken and Hank, just about exhausted, slid off his back and led him into his stall to feed him sugar and rub him down.

"It was that way with everything Henry did when he was young. It was always Hank, who was first to dive from the highest board at a new swimming hole. It was Hank who rigged up the breath-taking swing over a ravine on the river bank. He had more nerve than anyone I've ever known, and a keen sense of adventure. Yet he never got into any scrapes."

As Hank passed from grade school into high school, his circle of friends in Omaha widened. Through his father's and his mother's friends he was "taken up" by the Country Club set, just then tentatively tooting the first experimental notes of the Jazz Age. White ties and black rings under your eyes didn't appeal very much to Hank, however, and his name was not often on the list of "among those present" at the more pretentious parties.

The Fondas were such a happy, self-contained family, they made their own social life: Brace swinging away "Poor Butterfly" on his guitar; Mrs. Fonda and the girls reading or playing cards; Henry sketching or writing some such epic as "Pioneer's Pluck." "Pioneer's Pluck" was based on the actual adventures of Henry's ancestors who, in the days before the Revolution, had founded the Mohawk Valley town of Fonda, N. Y. Its heroes were men like Jelles Fonda and Dauw and Adam Fonda, whose very names provoked pictures of flintlocks and buckskin breeches and fur caps. They were, incidentally, of the country and the very people Hank later was to help dramatize in his film, "Drums Along the Mohawk." But now they were merely subjects for a schoolboy's notebook novel which had at least one juicy scalping on every page.

Hank also essayed a story about an earlier generation of Fondas, the Italian Marquis de Fonda, prominent in the Republic of Genoa, hundreds of years ago, who had been forced to take refuge in Holland because of his efforts to bring reform into the government. But there wasn't much time for such literary efforts. The Fonda house on Chicago Street was too popular for the solitude required of a budding author.

"There never was a more hospitable house in Omaha," Bob Ellick declares. "The door was open to everyone, at any hour of the night or day. I don't know how Mrs. Fonda ever managed about meals, for inevitably one of the children or Mrs. Fonda would bring home an unexpected guest for lunch or dinner. And in the evening, if a party was going on that everyone enjoyed, the Fondas would insist you stay all night and find a bed for you somewhere between the attic and the basement game room. It would always be all right with the guests' parents, too, for they knew that if you were at the Fondas you were as safe as you were content."

It was at his first high-school dance that Hank showed a sign of the naiveté which another Henry, Henry Aldrich, has endeared to radio audiences. His sister Harriet, now Mrs. John B. Peacock of Omaha, told me the tale with a grin.

"For a week before the dance, Henry had been petitioning Father to let him take the family car, an old-style Ford, the brass fixtures on which Father kept lovingly shined. It was a losing argument, but finally Dad agreed to drive Henry and his girl to the hall where the dance was to be held.

"It was, I am sure, Henry's first formal date and he was dressed and slicked up like the hero of a hair tonic ad. Sitting beside Dad, arrayed in all his finery, Henry drove up to the door of his girl's house. She was waiting for him on the porch and, with a great air of casualness, he escorted her back to the curb, enthroned her on the back seat and started to open the door of the front seat to resume his place beside Dad.

"Dad, however, kept holding the door and nodding with his head to the back seat, but Henry kept struggling to open the front door. At last it dawned on Henry that his place was with his young lady and he climbed in back."

(Continued on page 712)

"If Henry will get his hair cut I'll take both of you to the movies to see Norma Talmadge," Mrs. Fonda tells 15-year-old Hank and his sister Jayne.
go but the top, considering she began her movie career in a co-starring role with Joel McCrea in "Espionage Agent." Behind her were no stage plays of great importance and nothing, except one year of dramatic school and two summers of straw-hat shows, to warrant the attention she received. Nothing, that is, except a screen test that had taken Warners off its feet.

Brenda (I'll bet you knew all the time that wasn't her real name) was born Ardis (isn't that pretty?) Ankerson, in the little island of Negros, in the Philippines. Her father, Otto Peter Ankerson, was and still is overseer of an immense sugar plantation there and it was comical and more than a little pathetic to see his two small daughters, 5 and 7, try to run his home for him after his wife died.

"Better get clean sheets on the beds, if we're going to have company," they'd tell the servants in their best grownup manner. Then a stepmother came and when the girls were 12 and 14 (Brenda is the younger), they were sent to the States to San Antonio, Texas, to be educated.

High-school plays decided Brenda on a theatrical career and, after graduating from Ann Sheridan's alma mater, Texas State College for women, she took herself to New York and Madame Ouspenskaya's dramatic school. A year later she appeared in summer stock in New Hampshire and finally in New York's Federal Theater Project, "On The Rocks."

But along about this time Brenda married Richard Gaines, actor and co-director of the Ouspenskaya drama school. Her baby girl was born two years later and soon after, Richard and Brenda separated, Brenda to file suit in the Los Angeles courts. It was after her return to the stage Warners saw a test the actress had made and sent for her pronto.

She met Bill Holden at a friend's house one night. Just the three of them had dinner and sat before the fire and listened to records. Then one day Bill asked her to drive out to a Warner location and on the way home they stopped in a dining-car restaurant for dinner. And then—well, they were in love. They have glorious fights, Brenda says, with door slammings and hot words and make-up. Her temper is hot and quick, inherited from her Italian mother.

Bill is patiently teaching her to shoot, but once the gun went off too soon or something and nearly hit Bill. Above the bullet hanging on the wall is written:

"The bullet that did not kill Bill Holden."

She's a good mother, believes kindness will do more than scolding and calls her little girl "Ginger."
When darkly handsome actors behave in the romantic manner, as one expects them to, everything is as it should be. But when they turn out to be other things, the benefit of humor, families, herb gardens and an ability to analyze laughingly their own shortcomings, then it's a different matter altogether. You'd at least have a start.

Walter Abel, the Judge of "Dance, Girl, Dance," doesn't. And Walter is very dark and brown-eyed and handsome, indeed.

In fact, Walter claims his latest picture, "Ariae My Love," has done him more good than almost to do on the screen the kind of thing he's always done on the stage—good roaring comedy. Throughout the years he's varied his stage work with different kinds of roles, and right into his pleasant home to dance or flock down to the Del Mar club for dancing and swimming.

She loves both swing and classical music, but plays only classical on the piano. Her hair is plain ash blonde, she wears no mascara or fingernail polish, has a wide, generous mouth and is easily convulsed at too pompous, serious people. Full skirts, tailored things and red sport shoes are her clothes preference.

Rita will never, she vows, be seen around silly night clubs again. "I'm trying to be a good wife," she says. "People get wrong impressions," she says. Career now comes first. And well it should.

Rita's our very own little Cinderella girl out here in Hollywood.

A Sense of Humor—Wrapped in Wool

Naturally, Hollywood called her "The Gorgeous Hussy," when Ruth first appeared on the movie horizon so M-G-M decided to do something about the name. They never did. It still Hussy, pronounced Huzzy, and we wager after "Ruthless," "Susan And God" and "The Philadelphia Story," you'll be seeing that name more and more on theater marquees.

There's something Roz Russellish about Ruth, only in a milder, calmer way. Both are tall, dark, smart, well-bred, well educated and possessed of a divine sense of humor.

Her one ambition, so far as her movie scenes go, is to float in wigs of chiffon rather than be wrapped up in wooden. Ruth progressed to movies through ten easy stages of college plays, stock companies, radio, road shows and finally Broadway. Born in Providence, October 30, the daughter of the president of a jewelry company, she graduated from Pembroke College (which is a part of Brown University) and, as an extracurricular activity, joined the Komianis Club and appeared in their dramatic offerings.

After college she joined the Providence Players, a Little Theater group. After two years, a little wavering, a bit of pro and conning as to a theatrical career, she decided in a good second to look at her college degree as a Bachelor of Philosony (and with her figure) Ruth decided she might, after all, decide to be an artist, or, for that matter, enter the world—wherever or whatever that was. She lasted exactly two and one half weeks out in that wide and lovely business world and then promptly took herself off to the University of Michigan to continue her dramatic edaining. After school she went right on in a summer stock company in Northport, Michigan, and when autumn frosted the pumpkins she returned home to Providence and stepped straight into a good radio job as a fashion commentator.

After nine months of prophesying what the well-dressed young matron of Providence society would wear, she went to New York, grabbed a role in the road company of "The Old Maid" and finally settled on Broadway in "Waiting for Lefty," "Until I Die" and "Steve Ford." The important part of Kay in "Deid End" brought her to a Los Angeles stage, where an M-G-M talent scout saw her and grabbed.

Her calm acceptance of things annoys her friends. "I've learned it's best to wait until everything is ready and then, of course, I'm almost disappointed isn't so hard to bear," she says. Even her first new car failed to elicit any hip hip hoorays until the papers were signed and she was in it, driving home. Then she went to pieces with happiness.

Her idea of a sustaining lunch is tomato juice, rare roast beef and stewed tomatoes.

Nothing fattens her.

She's heart-free, has never been married and has to be constantly warning her mother there's nothing to her newest engagement as announced through the columns.

Her mother would be too hurt not to be asked to the wedding of Ruth and some young man her daughter scarcely knows. It wouldn't seem right.

Oh Grandma, What Big Ideas You Have!

When Mary Beth Hughes and her mother left their home in Washington, D. C., for Hollywood, her Grandma Lucas said, "Now, Mary, when you get into pictures (she took it for a good laugh), as I remember I want you to act with my two favorite stars, Don Ameche and John Barrymore."

So Mary Beth did. It wasn't just to be obedient, of course, for it just happened that Mary Beth's first big opportunity came in "Four Sons" with Don and her second in "The Great Profile" with Barrymore.

Grandma, however, still thinks it all happened because Mary's a very obedient child. At this moment, she's busy thinking up other stars with whom she'd like her blonde grandchild to act. Mary Beth is a living testimony to the fickle- ness of Lady Luck or, shall we say, for so long as Mary Beth tried to get in movies they'd have none of her, but the minute she gave up they ran after her like a shameless hussy. It happened after Mary B. had gone to Earl Carroll's night club for a tryout and didn't get the job. As she emerged from the place, a man standing by a long limousine approached and asked her if she'd like a movie to. "Ah!" thought the villain 'I've been warned about," So she took to her heels. The man followed her right straight home to the door of her apartment.

"Come to a Party, Mrs. Hayes Office, or to any- one you care to for identification," he said to Mrs. Hughes. "I am an agent and I do think your..."
LANA TURNER... bright spot of M-G-M's "We Who Are Young" is a plaid-picker, turning to forest tones for a smart little green, rust and brown wool frock that blouses softly above a snugly tied waist, then dips into a slimmish buttoned skirt. Her tiny brown skullcap sports gay feathers, while the sables add a nice, to say nothing of an impressive touch! The sporty car's in character, too.

GWENN WALTERS
Fashion Editor
Associate Fashion Editors:
Frances Hughes, June Smith, Peggy Sweet

Prices quoted on these pages may vary in different sections of the country.
Why should the leopard change his spots when his speckled character is the very thing that has sent this beautiful beast skyrocketing to fashion favor this fall! Ann Morris, soon to be seen in M-G-M's "Hullabaloo," chooses cuffs and collar of leopard to accent her simple black needlepoint Swansdown reefer. Barrel-sleeves and buttons to below the waist are earmarks of what's new and smart in coats this season. $69.95 at Franklin Simon's, New York
Compliments to M-G-M for casting that delightful flutterer, Billie Burke, in "Dulcy" and compliments to Billie Burke herself for setting the women of America such a good example of how to dress at any age, for any occasion. For the early morning walk which helps her to keep her lithe, young figure, she wears (above) a gabardine suit, the new longer jacket casually slung from her shoulders and anchored by a lanyard of gleaming gold. Billie’s slim skirt has a single inverted pleat and her stitched, tailored blouse and fabric gloves are perfect to wear with such a costume.

When going to tea, Billie dresses for the occasion in the most becoming women’s hat-fashion of all—a tiny tricorne. Her current favorite is a G. Howard Hodge beige felt, banded in black and shadowed with a floating, spidery lace veil. Her modish coat-dress is made of black corded silk.
The smart girl who likes wool in winter will lunch in Nelly Don's slimming frock of Soldier Blue velours crepe (rayon and wool). Peggy Moran of Universal's "Spring Parade" points out whipstitched tucks up and down the bodice and sleeves and a new skirt that's gored in front but slim at sides and back. $10.95

Pretty Peggy singles out this Cafe Crepe frock made of Enka rayon by Nelly Don to wear for tea in town. Dictates of a brand-new silhouette are the deft shirring of the torso top, the slanted shirred pockets, the flattering curve of the sleeve gathers. Such fashion perfection is really unheard of at $7.95. Both dresses at McCreery's, New York

FOR TOWN
With America so conscious of the need to develop its own fashions, California comes to the fore with clothes for the afternoon, previewed by Ann Rutherford of M.G.M.'s "Wyoming" cast.

Ann wears for a luncheon date the simple black dress (below) which depends on such subtleties as a draped and twisted neck-line, a soft and wide front sash and a gold rose at the shoulder for distinction.

At teatime Ann's taste runs to rich, vibrant "mink brown" in a tucked crepe dress that says "fine dressmaking" as unmistakably as though it wore a printed label. California calls the exquisite detail that releases fullness to the skirt and decorates the yoke "codfish tucking." The flattering push-up sleeves are American fashion favorites everywhere.

Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles
Neiman Marcus, Dallas
Miss Rockford's hats by Leslie-Jones
By Day

Beautiful Kay Aldridge of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Down Argentine Way" joins a beaded frog's "Down Argentine Way" green jersey to a jersey of vivid red Crepe basic dress that stands up brilliantly on its own, thanks to careful cut and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin St. and perfect tailoring. $22.95 at Franklin S
You have to be a juggler to be smart this season. Start with a basic dress for day or evening, top it with a jeweled jerkin and—presto!—you’re a new and fashionable woman. But that’s not all. You can also combine your jerkin with any of your jaded frocks. Thus your sparkling new wardrobe will both baffle your friends and benefit your purse.

Kay’s red, red jerkin wears a gleaming border of coal-black sequins in sparkling contrast to the slim black fly-front dinner dress beneath that relies on liquid lines and a seductive slit at the hem to make it exciting on its own. A perfect dress for jewels. $16.95 at B. Altman, New York. For night life, Kay wears Peggy Sage Flagship Red nail polish, matched to Coty’s Tamale lipstick.
TEA-TIMING—and Wanda McKay of Paramount's "Dancing On A Dime" appears in a black Celanese rayon crepe pinafare dress with lacy openwork yoke and sleeves and deeply shirred pockets on the skirt. $12.95 at Oppenheim Collins, N. Y. Lillian Cornell, of Paramount's "The Quarterback," stakes her all on sequins—buttons, sleeve bands and tabs aglitter on her black crepe shirtwaist dress. $17.95 at Russeks, N. Y. Their attentive escort is Richard Denning, young Paramount player who will shortly be seen in "Love Thy Neighbor".

High spot of the season for Miss Penny Wise and other budgeted glamour girls just like her is a football week end on a college campus. We supplied the wardrobe and four young Paramount players took the parts that youngsters are playing the country over at this moment.
FOUR
ON A
WEEK END

THE BIG ENTRANCE starts the stag line on the run—and no wonder, for Lillian is the best-dressed girl on the floor in her pink and black plaid taffeta dance frock. Rod Cameron, who appears with her in "The Quarterback," is Lillian's escort for the evening. $14.95 at McCrery's, New York.

OFF TO A GOOD START—with Wanda (opposite page) arriving in a pink wool shirtwaist dress, its trimly tailored bodice embroidered in waves of gilded nailheads. $14.95 at Russeks, N. Y. Lillian traveled in a rosier pink woolen dress with a fitted bodice which buttons to the waist, then turns into giant sandwich pockets. $19.95 Milgrim's, Detroit. The fitted overnight case by Dressner.
Designed especially by Hollywood's million-dollar experts—an autumn wedding from gown to flaming decorations, all yours to be copied—if you'll furnish the bridegroom

**BY ALICE TILDESLEY**

_June_ brides are showered with attention. June magazines are filled with bridal attire, wedding supper menus, decorations for church and home, the latest tips to Cupid's victims. The Easter bride gets her share of advice, too. But no one seems to notice the girl who is married in November.

Yet autumn and winter weddings can be much more beautiful than summer ones, according to Hollywood authorities.

_Irene Saltern, onetime Parisian designer, who created Martha Scott's clothes for "The Howards of Virginia," designed a wedding gown for the new star's screen marriage that is the answer to any girl's dream._

_Anita Louise saw the initial sketch and cried: "I must have that for my wedding!" With Irene's consent, she was married in a modernized version of the gown._

"All very well for a Hollywood actress," complained fans. "Anita can go to a designer and get the gown she admires. But what about us? We see gorgeous gowns on the screen, but they flash by so swiftly that copying them is impossible!"

The Martha Scott wedding gown is ideal for the November bride. Here's a description of it, complete with advice from Hollywood experts on colors, fabrics, bridesmaids' gowns, decorations and menus...

"I worried a lot about that wedding gown," confessed Irene. "In looking through old books and reviewing paintings of 18th century women, I could find no wedding veils. I wondered what to do to give it that wedding feeling. Then I came across Watteau pleating (Continued on page 83)
Louise Platt, currently in Hal Roach's "Caption Caution," poses in her newest negligee—a tricolor triumph in Du Pont's rayon-and-wool flannel judiciously divided into red, white and blue sections with the letters "U.S.A." winking patriotically from its belt. She wears it for dinner. $25

Bonwit Teller, New York; Marshall Field, Chicago

For your even more "strictly personals":


2. When the thermometer dips, American Maid's "Fluff-Knit" P.J.'s with the silky satin-celanese back. Very cosy! $3.95

3. For the ensemble-minded: Seamprufe's Celanese rayon satin "La Rue" gown with lace-outlined bodice and puffed sleeves. $3. This is matched by...

4. Seamprufe's lavishly lace-trimmed slip, sculptured bra-top and deeply flounced hem, beaded with satin ribbon. $2

5. For the tailored type, Miss Swank's satin and Bemberg non-ride-up slip with a crisp eyelet bodice-banding, straight sides and bias front and back panels. $3

6. Hand-made fanciers will want Yolande's sheer pink chiffon "nitie," smocked in rose across its gathered bodice. $5

7. For the fluffy type, Martha Maid's "Lady Love" satin and Bemberg slip, Alencon-bordered and inserted at the molded bodice and slit hem. $3
Magnificence itself, modeled by Claudette Colbert, who is soon to be seen in Paramount's "Arise My Love!" Silver foxes are worked into a coat (with a snug waistline achieved by an inset fabric band) by Willard George, Los Angeles. Chantilly lace and black net are designed by Irene in the season's newest silhouette (slimmed to the knees and flounced below) with a cowl that can become a hood.
"Lucky Partner" indeed! Ginger Rogers is lucky enough to have: California climate for all-year swimming...a smart South Seas outfit to swim in...one of those new identification disc bracelets...Ronald Colman as her most recent co-star...and the prize role of "Kitty Foyle" as a next assignment.
"Hired Wife" could be only a sophisticated comedy title for any Brian Aherne vehicle, inasmuch as the actual Mrs. Aherne is Joan Fontaine. It's Rosalind Russell who plays the title role opposite Brian, whose own debonair characterization is quite the reverse of his recent portrayal of a middle-aged shopkeeper in "The Lady in Question."
Proudly Photoplay presents another pictorial scoop from the finest still studios of Hollywood—this time, our favorite portraits by young Tom Kelley. Born less than 30 years ago in Philadelphia, he rose through Manhattan newspaper work and society portraiture, first on Long Island, then in Pasadena—which led inevitably to film assignments. His argument that poses are more beautiful when characteristic of the subjects' moods has ample proof in these studies showing Carole Lombard descending a medieval stairway at dusk... Loretta Young in a surrealist setting of clouds and driftwood... Paulette Goddard knitting on a sunlit lawn... Dolores Del Rio brooding in an Irene gown... and the artist himself (above) lining up model and lights for the latter shot.
For a more dressed-up occasion—perhaps a gala victory celebration party (they hope) after the season's most important contest—Rosemary Lane recommends the unsurpassable luxury of fur. Her own jacket here (from I. Magnin) is of silver fox with quaint round pockets at either side of the front closing; sleeves are three-quarter length.

More youthful is the truly collegiate polo coat worn by Lucile Fairbanks, the up-and-coming starlet currently being featured in "Calling All Husbands." There's style news in its new boxed cut, strongly exaggerated shoulders and big leather buttons of simulated alligator. From the Knobby Knit Shop in Los Angeles, California.
Football days are here! On the screen, the famed Four Horsemen of Notre Dame thunder over the gridiron once again, portrayed by Kane Richmond, Bill Marshall, Nick Lukats and Billy Byrne in Warners' "Knute Rockne—All American." Pat O'Brien, of course, stars as the great coach; Ronald Reagan and Robert Prinz are other players shown above. But in real life, too, favorite teams are packing stadiums (or should we say "stadia"?) all over the country. Will you be there in the crowd—standing out by virtue of such smartly chosen clothes as these?

Come fall, there's going to be football, weather or no!

Why not score a touchdown all your own with these fashions?

The new suede coats score high with that barely-of-age Bernhardt, Ida Lupino. Ida, whose newest assignment is "High Sierra," chooses one in bottle green. Its length is the popular three-quarter, box cut and boasting four large patch pockets and a tailored, turned-down collar. Her brown felt hat is trimmed with a bottle-green ribbon. From Voris

For chillier weather, with a threat of snow in the stiffening breeze, Ida Lupino casts her vote for fur. The one she wears at right (from N. Teitelbaum, Furs) is fashioned of sealskin in rich safari brown. Note the extremely smooth styling of the well-cut shoulders and the little stand-up collar. Ida's felt is brown with matching decoration.

Another youthful coat—though drossier than Lucille's—is the one modeled by Elizabeth Earl, featured in Bette Davis's new motion picture, "The Letter." Of dull black wool, belted at the natural waistline, it has a lavish sailor collar made of natural lynx. With it, Elizabeth wears a pancake beret of black wool, stitched solidly. From Harry Cooper, Hollywood.
Open season again, in the cinema cycle, for the Great Open Spaces! "Arizona," for example, boasts of stars like Jean Arthur (who made one of her big hits in just such a super-Western) and William Holden (who upsets the formula for 22-year-old newcomers by making his first "horse opera" AFTER reaching the top).
No stranger to sagebrush and saddles is Gary Cooper! After all, he was born in Montana and just finished ranch chores in "The Westerner." But who would have expected to find the aristocratic and very British pulchritude of Madeleine Carroll side by side with Gary and the ponies in "North West Mounted Police"?
A million-dollar back pairs off with a million-dollar grin: Liz Whitney, recently divorced from millionaire Jock, marks time with tall-dark-and-Victor Mature at Ciro's. Unconventional are both the Whitney coiffure and camera angles.

An after-dinner story is flavored by Fairbanks Jr., savoried by a Jack Oakie in long face in some serious during-dinner business at the Masquers Club. Epicure appraising the salad at the right is Reginald Gardiner.

CONVERSATION PIECES
Said Anne Shirley in 1938 shortly after her marriage to John Payne: "Marriage isn't going to change this pair of friends. We want to keep on having fun..."

1940: So far, so good, plus a special Payne edition, 5-months-old Julie Ann

Time off from talking baby talk: Margaret Sullavan and husband Leland Hayward speak the race-track language at Hollywood Park. Subject of onlookers' conversation: Maggie's big hat and purse; mainly on the Sullavan mind: Daughters Brooke and Bridget

Fish story, feminine version: English Anna Neagle cuts a dashing square in a paillette-studded dinner dress, gets Frank Lloyd in a state of deep concentration on British relief

Satin and spice and everything nice: Binnie Barnes, with plain ribbons in her curls, not-so-plain diamonds on her wrists, gets a nice talking-to from Alexander Korda and his wife, Merle Oberon, exponent of scrollwork art

What visiting firemen write home about — eight Fink pictures of the people who caused more talk, turned most heads
IF YOU HAVE SHORT HANDS...

...you're impulsive and quick-witted. Sometimes you're likely to be a bit impatient; you always dislike details of any sort.

SAYS JOAN BENNETT: "It's of great importance to have one's hands blend with one's personality."

SHE ADVISES: Never let your moons show—it tends to shorten and square the hand. Always see that the shade of your polish blends with the color of your clothes. In summer use light shades for pastels; in winter, deeper tones. Have a manicure once a week, with hands soaked in oil and wrists and hands massaged in oil. Change your polish as soon as needed, so that the nails never have a chipped look. Try a nightly treatment of cuticle oil rubbed around the nails.

HERE'S not a woman anywhere who can't be complimented on her hands, regardless of size, shape or texture, if she knows a few hand tricks. First of these is how to manage hands. For instance, when you walk along the street, do you let your hands swing by your sides? If you do, your reward will be reddened and swollen fingers. Fay Wray comes forth with this pointer: Always hold the hands in an upward position and they'll turn into lily-white attributes. Next time you're in line for a hand-shaking event, hold your arms above your head for a few seconds if possible. The hand you offer will then be a competent rival for any beauty advertisement.

Point number two in hand management comes from Margaret Lindsay. Always lead with the wrists, letting the hands follow. This will make your gestures easy and graceful. Be careful of gestures—don't concentrate on them, but let them be as unconscious part of you, as per Mary Astor's theory. She feels that the less attention paid to hands, other than keeping them beautifully groomed, the better. Otherwise your hand

(Continued on page 81)
Barrymore

JOHN BARRYMORE tells of this as the most interesting evening he ever spent: Seems that one Thursday night, when all the servants were out and he was entirely alone in his Beverly Hills home, the doorbell rang. He answered it himself. Before him stood a tall, gaunt figure in a cape and top hat.

"Good evening, Mr. Barrymore. I should like to talk with you," said the visitor. Before John knew it, he was inside; had doffed his hat and cape; was striding toward the library. There he took down a book from the shelves. "Ah, Shakespeare," said the stranger. "Ah, the immortal bard...."

Then he opened the book and began to declaim.

Within three minutes, Barrymore had gotten himself a book from the shelves. "Ah, Shakespeare," he echoed. And, as the other paused, he, himself, began to declaim.

Five hours later, they were still at it. They had done most of "Macbeth," scenes from "Hamlet," from "King Lear," "Othello," "King Henry V" and all the rest.

When the visitor finally made ready to leave, John clapped him on the back. "The best time I ever had in my life," he ejaculated. "A couple of hams in their element! You must come again, and soon!"

The Cooper ear is lent most eagerly at Ciro's. Storyteller is Walter Pidgeon; gingham girl, his wife Ruth

Well, What's the Difference?

It happened once upon a time when Clark Gable was barnstorming through the Middle West with a small but doughty theatrical troupe. The play was a melodrama, of course, in which Clark, the villain, was supposed to be shot by the hero on a darkened stage while he is robbing a safe and, dying, to announce haughtily, "He got me..." All went well in the build-up. The stage went dark at the appointed second. Clark, a stealthy, shadowy type, pursued his nefarious business. The audience sat on the edge of its seat. But when the moment came for the hero to rush in and fire his blank-cartridge-loaded pistol, it failed to go off. He pulled the trigger again. Nothing happened.

So Clark, the resourceful, saved the day. "He got me," he groaned. "He got me with a knife!"

Cal Notices This Month:

ORSON WELLES seems happier when Dolores Del Rio is on the set—which is often.
Claudette Colbert wears tailored suits most of the time, but she wears her hair in provocative ringlets that offset the mannishness. Smart gal!

"The town is gin-rummy crazy, gin rummy being a new ten-card rummy game. One game and you're sunk for life. You should see Roland Young concentrating on it over at Dave Chasen's restaurant.

The dazed expression on John Wayne's face when Dietrich openly confesses her own beauty on the "Seven Sinners" set is something. John, who is so honest himself, can't figure out whether it's a gag or a what.

The very air around Wally Beery's big house seems lighter since the talk of Wally and Rita's reconciliation. Of course, so far it's only talk but—

Since Milton Berle's new nose bob landed him a movie contract, Jimmy Durante is beginning to look down that long procession of his and wonder.

A slight cooling seems to keep Georgia Raft and Norma Shearer from too many dates since George rushed that model in New York.

Aura of Rice

IHE minute Deanna Durbin picked up the receiver, she heard the joy in Vaughn Paul's voice.

"I wanted you to know first," he said, "I've just been made an Associate Producer, Deanna." Just like any other fellow telling his best girl the news.

Hush a bye, baby,
Your daddy's a star—

IHE domestic and parental urge seems to be sweeping all Hollywood these days, with those homes that aren't preparing for their own little ones getting ready for adopted babies.

Joan Crawford hasn't been so happy in years as she's appeared introducing her friends to her newly adopted daughter, Christine.

Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, one persistently hears, have never got over the idea of adopting one of their own and have recently been glimpsed in a certain home for homeless babies.

Don Ameche, who was glum and blue all through the shooting of "Down Argentine Way," while his wife lay so ill following the birth of his new son, is all life and fun and pep again, now that Mrs. Ameche and the baby are home.

Lloyd Nolan has gone right out of his mind over his own prospective heir, due any minute, and has had a private telephone installed on his sets for months in advance.

Fred MacMurray could only say, "Gee, gee whiz," when Mrs. MacMurray brought home his little adopted Susan. They tell me Fred hasn't shot a skeet in weeks, just standing around watching Susan.

The surprise of them all, however, is Basil Rathbone, who lives these days for his adopted baby. And when Cynthia needs attention, don't think Basil wanders off in search of help—he's Basil-right-on-the-job, reveling in her need of him.

The Jack Bennys are wild with joy that a new baby of their very own is on its way to keep their adopted daughter, Joanie, company.

And so it goes, babies, babies, babies, soothing troubled hearts and bringing joy to movie homes.

Cal's Tour De Luxe:

COME on, fans, hop on Cal's old bus and let's take a trek 'round the studios to see what the stars are up to. Everybody off, for here we are at our first stop.

Twentieth Century-Fox

Tyrone Power still has that mustache, we see, and according to the reaction of fans in Salt Lake City during the premier of "Brigham Young," he'll have to keep it. How do you feel about it? Cesar Romero is offering a reward for the tie holder he lost in Salt Lake, a present from Joan Crawford. Gene Tierney is being rushed off her feet these days by Eddie Albert and the local swains who can't get a look-in are plenty amused at Eddie. Linda Darnell is saving her best dates for Bob Sterling and Alice Faye is gathering up the numerous letters and wires and bouquets from Tony Martin (ex-husband), one hears, and weaving them into the little word, "Reunited." Paul Muni had his artistic feathers ruffled when he accidentally dumped himself in the water for a dock scene in "Hudson's Bay" and—shhh!—Michel Rooney has a mad yen for Mary Beth Hughes!

RKO Next Stop

Carole Lombard reported on the "Mr. and Mrs." set with a huge bump on the nose and a lump on the ear, result of a Mr. and Mrs. fishing trip (Gable's the Mr.) with two bees practically eating her up. Gable sends her a pound of honey a day, as a gag. Lucille Ball's farewell to Desi Arnaz was touching and sincere. Make no mistake on this romance. This studio commissary is agog every day at lunch time when Lana Turner appears to have a salad with her latest heartbreak, Victor Mature, who is working here in "No, No, Nanette." We notice Ginger Rogers has abandoned that severe hair-do for her new picture, "Kitty Foyle," praises be to Allah.

Warners—Everybody Out:

That antique necklace George Brent gave to Ann Sheridan on the eve of her departure to Honolulu may be replaced with a sure enough ring. His close friends say George missed her that much. Olivia de Havilland is taking flying lessons from boy friend Jimmy Stewart. Olivia in slacks is so cute. Humphrey Bogart is being called Humphrey Weisenfreund (Muni's real
name) since he replaced Paul in "High Sierra," but he doesn’t mind. Does Muni, we wonder? Alan Curtis, in "High Sierra" also, is so in love with Ilona Massey he had the star visit him on location and the whole darned cast fell for the beautiful Ilona. Brenda Marshall is all smiles over those two birthday presents—one, a year’s option from Warners; the other, a new silver fox cape from boy friend Bill Holden. Priscilla Lane becomes mother to Clark Gable’s child for “Four Mothers”—now what—Priscilla’s screen baby was also Clark’s baby in “Boom Town.” Margaret Lindsay and William Lundigan came out of church at Laguna and had to explain at the station house about their wrong parking Fine thing.

Paramount—Get Off and Rest

**Madeleine Carroll**, who traveled 6,000 miles across the Atlantic to see her French aviator—and in vain—is consoling herself with Stur- ling Haydon, the second lead in “Virginia.” Veronica Lake, Paramount’s new discovery in “I Wanted Wings,” is causing Robert Preston to look twice and maybe three times in her direction. The town is ribbing Preston Foster over his new fancy suits and slick haircombs since he’s getting all the girls in his movies—especially since he grabbed Madeleine (in Technicolor) Carroll away from Gary Cooper in “North West Mounted Police,” to say nothing of Dorothy Lamour in “Moon Over Burma” and Pat Morison in “The Round Up.” Preston can’t understand all this sex-appeal thing all of a sudden. Dottie Lamour flew to Reno to meet her lawyer—not to talk divorce, but to see her heartbeat, attorney Greg Bautzer, who was there on business.

M-G-M—Last Stop—Wait Here for Tour 2

This studio is breathing relief over the termina- tion of the Judy Garland-Dave Rose (Martha Raye’s ex) romance. But they should see the parting (?) gift Judy gave Dave—a chain with numbers that spell “I Love You Truly.” Judy’s newest is Dan Dailey. Lew Ayres (Dr. Kildare Meets Cupid’s Darts) is agog over Helen Vinson and Laraine Day says it may be some time be- fore she becomes stepmama to hair-designer Sydney Guilaroff’s adopted son. Hedy Lamarr came heart to heart with director Anatole Litvak at a recent party and Jimmy Stewart couldn’t wait to get back from his vacation to see Livvie de Havilland. Clark Gable, far from selling his ranch, is going in for the raising of thoroughbred cattle. A woman fan waited for Walter Pidgeon’s car to come out of this studio (now let’s be little ladies and gentlemen inside the gates) the other night and shouted so loudly Pidgeon stopped. “Do you really eat raisins in bed?” she demanded. Pidge isn’t over it yet. And last, but not least, Mickey Rooney cut such a rug at Ciro’s the other night with the dancer, Dolly Thom, the out-of-town visitors aren’t over it yet.

What? No Beans?

So you’ve envied those girls out in Hollywood with all the screen heroes to choose from. Well, let me tell you even the teen-agers find the going very slow in cinema town. Let 17-year-old Bonita Granville tell you about dates out here and then thank heavens for the good old high-school gang that meets on your front porch every night back there, wherever you are. Bonita says Hollywood is the hardest place in the world to get a date—and can name only seven eligible escorts. And with all the pretty girl’s around, that’s not so many. Bonita’s seven are Jackie Cooper, who gets star billing, Rand Brooks, William Orr, Mickey

Inhibitions sit up and take notice: Miss Faye and Mr. Romero change their tune and mind their manners for a night out at Ciro’s

Inhibitions fall down and go boom at the West Side Tennis Club Bowery party. Primo noise- makers are satin-skirted Alice Faye, checkerboard pants Romero

More Bowery bumpkins: Betty Grable and Lee Bowman put on a pretty act. Party motif was the louder, the better, in both satirical and vocal effects

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Swimming pool is christened with a swim: Judy Garland, Sketch Henderson, Jackie Cooper, host Bob Stack and Lana Turner

Young Fry Society Cools Off

Minimum work, maximum play; Lana, who may have a "no marriage" clause in her new M-G-M contract, tete-a-tetes with host Bob Stack on the sidelines

Not those 32-second George Brent-Ann Sheridan kisses, but maybe just a little smack or two. But ten thousand kids over the country say a flat no. If their idol goes mooching around girls, they're through.

So, there it is. Would they mind, Gene's studio wonders, if they saw it once or twice, or dare they take the chance?

Come on, fans, what do you say? And please send your votes out to Republic Studio—we don't want our ears burned off.

Let's Play Hollywood's Latest Game:

It's the newest and craziest game since "Knock Knock," and every bigwig in town is playing it. Telephones on sets, studio commissaries, dressing rooms in restaurants and night clubs are in constant use with some star or another telephoning a friend his "One Says to Another" gag.

Here are a few we gleaned during one studio luncheon.

Try and top these:

One toe said to another toe, "Don't look now, but a heel is following us."

One hat says to another, "You wait here—I'm going on ahead."

One stocking says to the other, "I gotta run."

One wall says to the other, "Hold me up—I'm plastered."

One wall says to the other, "I'll be ceiling you!"

The Age of Reason

With most Hollywood glamour girls simply suffering to keep young, we were surprised and even amused when the clerk in a swank Beverly Hills hat shop told us of Diana Lewis' (Mrs. William Powell) recent shopping spree.

Diana, who is not over 22, kept trying on the hats shown her, but couldn't seem to make up her mind.

"Oh, dear, she's going to be difficult," the clerk thought to herself, when suddenly Diana turned to her, weakly and said, "Haven't you anything a little more matronly?"

Rooney, Robert Shaw, Bob Stack and Forrest Tucker.

"These seven are young enough to have mutual interests with a girl in her teens and old enough to know their way around, too," she says. But something in the way Bonita says the name Jackie Cooper leads us to believe he's still top man.

Cupid's Darts and Smarts:

MAUREEN O'HARA is dissolving that long-distance marriage of hers, the one that happened just prior to her sailing from England to America.

Believe it or not, but Vic Mature, who gets around these days, lunches with Lana Turner and spends the afternoon trying to get Ann Sheridan on the phone (keep your temper, Mr. Brent) and then meets Lana for dinner. He hasn't made that Sheridan contact so far.

There's a wee glimmer of hope that Frisco Lane and her husband, Oren Harglund, may get together again. At any rate, they've been glimpsed together.

Brenda Joyce has come through her trial of movie success with flying colors. "I'll wait to see how much you change," boy friend Owen Ward told her.

Now it looks as if Owen is at last convinced she's the same sweet Brenda, those wedding bells are tuning up.

Vote Yes or No on This One:

GAL feels it's up to his readers to settle the debate that's raging out here concerning Gene Autry's pressing his lips to a pair of very ruby ones on the screen.

Republic Studio wants him to.

"Aw, shucks, it ain't just the kissing," Gene says, when twitted about it. And with the actor devoted to Mrs. Autry, we know it isn't. But Gene, a smart and an ambitious lad, wants gradually to emerge in bigger and better pictures, being the hero, getting the girl and, well, kissing her.

Per Emily Post, Shirley Temple wore her party dress and white socks to the christening, held hands with a casual Judy
Proud of Proud Parents

"We're lost. We're on a desert island." The woman sitting on the sands of Balboa Beach looked up to see a smiling 6-year-old boy romping like fury.

"Here's some sticks for the fire, Mommy," he said, running back. "Isn't it fun being shipwrecked?"

By this time, curiosity had the woman for the count of nine. Walking over, she discovered Joan Blondell and her two children, Norman and little Ellen, just two. Sure enough, they were playing lost. They were preparing a fire, just like real desert islanders and presently marshmallows appeared (Norman explained they grew on trees on their island) and then the really BIG moment came. Around the bend appeared their rescuer, Dick Powell, in a sailboat.

"They play that game every day," the hotel clerk told the woman later. "You won't find two more devoted parents anywhere than Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. Yes sir, we're proud of'em."

And Hollywood's proud of 'em too, Mister.

Five Cents a Glance

NICKEL-IN-THE-SLOT movies, a development of the popular "jute boxes" now blaring out swing records in barrooms, will make their appearance within the next few weeks.

Coin-operated cabinets, in which a reel of 16 millimeter sound short subjects is projected on a glass screen, about two feet high by two and a half feet wide, are now being distributed to hotels, cafes, railroad and bus terminals. Phonovision is the trade name of the metered movie projectors.

Designed for use in taprooms and other spots where the younger set gather, most of the reels will be devoted to musical shorts; dance bands, singers, dance numbers and bits from current musical comedies. The reels will be divided into eight subjects of three minutes each and will run continuously, no subject reappearing until the entire reel has been unwound. Each three-minute sketch will require the insertion of a nickel in the meter.

Paramount Pictures has taken over the production of the film for the machines and present plans call for a weekly charge of reels, keeping the musical numbers timely. Abe Lyman, Ozzie Nelson, Guy Lombardo and several other top-ranking bands have been signed to make the Phonovision reels.

Phonovision is headed by Frank Orsatti, former talent agent in Hollywood, and Sam Saxe, who until recently headed the short-subject production department of Warner Brothers.

Barbara Stanwyck Is Surprised

HUSBAND Robert Taylor got the idea for the surprise when he and Barbara were at the Beverly-Wilshire late one afternoon. They were just leaving when Barbara spied Monica, the young designer who had recently completed a whole flock of clothes for her to wear in her role of Mrs. Taylor in private life. Barbara excused herself and dashed across the foyer to tell Monica how much she was enjoying the new wardrobe. When Bob sauntered over, Monica was describing a beautiful pattern in plaid wool she had in at her Beverly Hills shop. "Grey, rose and green, it would be perfect for you," enthused Monica.

"Sounds keen," said Barbara, "but I'm so busy at the studio that I haven't much of a chance to wear the clothes you've already made for me. So I guess I'd better forget it."

(Continued on page 85)
If you like the livelier things in life, this is your meat—some authorized eavesdropping on the sets

BY BARBARA HAYES

WELL, kids, it has happened. Mr. Orson (Man from Mars) Welles has actually started that movie of his that he was supposed to start in July, 1939. The epic (and no less) is called “Citizen Kane” and you will recall, if you have a good memory, that it is the one on which Mr. Welles will be the whole works, director, writer, producer and star.

We were among the extreme elect invited to see the very first scene recorded. It was the one where Tom Curran, made up as Theodore Roosevelt, is apparently bidding farewell to a group of enthusiastic voters as his train rolls off to only Welles knows where. For, so help us, the RKO publicity department insists that nobody at RKO yet knows what the story is about, where Theodore Roosevelt comes into it, or what kind of a role Orson is playing.

From what we could see, Orson is portraying some sort of a loud-mouth. We judge that purely by his clothes, which made him look like a race-track tout or someone very flashy. Judging by his actions he was also a phony, but as he didn't say a word but “Good-by” in the scene, that's only our guess. The train pulled away in a cloud of castor-oil smoke from the group of people all dressed in 1900 clothes. The great moment was recorded for posterity in two takes and we pulled away in a tremendous fog wondering, as all Hollywood is, if it is possible for the dynamic young star actually to write, direct, produce and act simultaneously.

We can hardly wait until “Citizen Kane” is released along about Christmas time to find out.

Of course, with Mr. Welles being so thunderous, there is a lot of terrific goings on at other studios, too. There is, for example, “Meet John Doe” over at Warners. That's the title, but no fact as far as we are concerned.

We tried—ah, how we tried—to meet John, but no dice. We wanted at least a glimpse of Gary Cooper who is its Mr. Big. But even as
RKO. Warners claim they don't know much about this story that Frank Capra is shooting. After a great deal of appointment making and breaking, we finally did get on the Capra set—and what did we find there? Gary Cooper? No, sirree. Barbara Stanwyck? That's right, you're right, and the answer is no. All we found was a bunch of real choir boys singing Christmas carols before Edward Arnold's window, only not even Edward was in the window.

Very daunted and nothing had, we left the boys at their Silent Night-ing and went around the corner to see "Santa Fe Trail," the Errol Flynn Indians-and-red-dust vehicle, but we hit that on a day when only Van Heflin from the New York stage and Indians from Central Casting were emoting, so we tried another stage and success, we had come upon "High Sierra," plus Humphrey Bogart, Ida Lupino, Alan Curtis, Arthur Kennedy and the things that make Hollywood Hollywood.

For here, despite those other big specials working simultaneously in the same studio, was the real excitement. Here was the picture Paul Muni dropped his Warners contract rather than make. Here was Bogey, as all Hollywood calls him, getting his first real starring role. And here was Miss Lupino, "the new sensation," as they told us, forgetting all about Ida's seven discouraging years already spent in flickertown. Here, also, was Alan Curtis, beams at being "borrowed"—which always means a good part for an actor—and young, unseen by movie audiences Arthur Kennedy whose Director Raoul Walsh whispered to us to watch as he thought him one of the most promising young actors he's ever discovered.

As if they weren't enough, there was also a dog. His real name is Zero because his owner says he never expected him to amount to anything, but he's called Pard in "High Sierra" and all the cast says Pard-Zero is stealing the picture and they can't do a thing about it. We saw Pard and hasten to report that he has not only personality but more ancestry than we ever saw in one little canine before. He looks as though he came from a short line of about forty breeds that all met in him, but the big kick of "High Sierra" is that he actually carries the suspense of the plot.

Bogey plays the last of the Dillinger gang, come to California with a couple of young recruits to rob a few final banks and to hide out in the Sierra country until the trouble blows over. Dynamite Ida is the girl who falls for him and Pard is the unwitting and adoring cause of their downfall.

Where Hollywood started being Hollywood on that set was in the attention Ida was getting. Actors from other sets kept drifting over to watch her work. She, herself, worn thin as a toothpick, admittedly tired and horribly worried over her English family, told us she loved all the new excitement over her, but that if she found her quickened career pace getting at all in the way of her life with her husband Louis Hayward that would be the end of the career.

At Universal, reversely, Marlene Dietrich looked like a breath of champagne or what every man wants but seldom can afford to pay for. The Dietrich opus, "Seven Sinners," is Universal's boiling point for this month and it's that name-studded that the budget looks like something left over from 1929. Besides Marlene swiveling around in gowns by Irene (which never cost less than $175 a throw) there are John Wayne, Broderick Crawford, Misch a Auer, Oscar Homolka, Albert Dekker and whole dressing rooms of others and the entire thing is so drenched in the tropical moonlight of the South Seas, gardenias, the Navy, passion—and we do mean passion—that it should be something slightly wonderful.

We caught a scene where Marlene as Bijou, a cafe singer and basset girl, is giving the works to John Wayne, as Lieutenant Bruce Whitney, who is, as you might guess, a good clean lad but infatuated with her.

In fact, he wants to give up home, family and Navy for her, but did you ever hear about how love can regenerate a woman? Well, you are going to hear about it again in this one and with lots of pepper in the telling, too.

For girls who want to play sirens in private life, we recommend Marlene's dress which she wears to the Navy dance on board a battleship, and the way she's done her hair. Her hair is brought back into a cluster of tight little curls at the base of her neck. The fashion note is that she holds it in place with a great triangle of diamonds, the broad base line being against the crown of her head and the point of it against (Continued on page 78)
THE GREAT PROFILE—20th Century-Fox

JOHN BARRYMORE as Evans Grevitch, a once famous actor on the downgrade because of a fondness for the wassail bowl, agrees to appear in a very bad play written by Anne Baxter, when he finds out she has an "angel" in town in the person of her fiancé (John Payne). The play is staged with John's wife (Mary Beth Hughes) as the leading lady. It is supposed to be serious and as such is terrible, but John gets drunk; puts on such a show as no audience ever saw before and changes it into a comic hit. Gregory Ratoff, John's agent, has a terrible time pacifying some gangsters who are trying to collect an $8,000 gambling debt. You'll laugh almost every foot of the way—and that's important these days!

THE HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA—Frank Lloyd-Columbia

IF you said that this stirring screen dramatization of Elizabeth Pope's book, "Tree of Liberty" is artistically well nigh perfect ... If you said that the performance of Cary Grant is of Academy Award caliber ... If you said that, all in all, this is one of the best pictures Hollywood has ever turned out you still wouldn't be saying all that you should about "The Howards of Virginia" unless you added one thing more—that it is a great picture. For the Howards' story is the story of the birth of the United States. As Matt Howard, Cary Grant abandons his usual wise-cracking roles and becomes an awkward, lovable backwoodsman who feels what a beautiful thing it is to dig in your roots and grow with a new land. Despite their almost insurmountable differences in background and temperament, he wows and wins the beautiful Jane Peyton (Martha Scott), one of the finest young ladies of Virginia. Together they go off into the "back country" of the Shenandoah Valley, to build with courage and skill an estate worthy of their ideal. Children come, the elder son a cripple whom Cary, with unconscious cruelty, instinctively shuns because the boy resembles Martha's anoblish brother, Fleetwood Peyton (Sir Cedric Hardwicke). In stirring scenes laid in historic Williamsburg, Thomas Jefferson (beautifully portrayed by Richard Carlson), Patrick Henry and other patriots gather to protest British oppression. History marches before your eyes, through the Revolutionary War, but back again at last to Williamsburg where the Howards of Virginia, separated by differences of beliefs and the long struggle for freedom, are united again.

NO TIME FOR COMEDY—Warners

WHEN you team Jimmy Stewart and Rosalind Russell you have a pretty good start toward a hit. Jimmy is the small-town boy who gets to be a successful New York playwright. He and Rosalind are happily married until Genevieve Tobin, a lady who makes a practice of "inspiring" geniuses, urges him to write a play with a "message." You've guessed it—his new "serious" effort is a flop. Rosalind's portrayal of the wife is honest and appealing. Louise Beavers is the jovial maid, but, while you'll laugh at her, you may also think she is entirely too "fresh" to ring true. Charlie Ruggles is clever as ever; Allyn Joslyn is often very funny. All in all, though, the film is really much ado about practically nothing.

HIRED WIFE—Universal

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Dean Jagger in "Brigham Young"
Mary Astor in "Brigham Young"
John Barrymore in "The Great Profile"
Gregory Ratoff in "The Great Profile"
Melvyn Douglas in "He Stayed for Breakfast"
Loretta Young in "He Stayed for Breakfast"
Una O'Connor in "He Stayed for Breakfast"
Ronald Colman in " Lucky Partners"
Bing Crosby in "Rhythm on the River"
Brian Aherne in "Hired Wife"
Rosalind Russell in "Hired Wife"
Virginia Bruce in "Hired Wife"
James Stewart in "No Time For Comedy"
Rosalind Russell in "No Time For Comedy"
Cary Grant in "The Howards of Virginia"
Martha Scott in "The Howards of Virginia"

BOYD here in a heroic manner is the saga of America's Mormons who, persecuted in three states for their belief in and practice of polygamy, trekked across 1500 incredible miles of wilderness to a haven in Utah. You see them first in Illinois undergoing a brutal raid by vengeful vigilantes. When, as a result of this, Mormon Leader Joseph Smith (Vincent Price) decides to fight back, he is convicted of treason and lynched. Arises, then, another leader in the person of Brigham Young (Dean Jagger, new to the modern screen) whose perseverance and faith enable him to guide his flock to the Promised Land beyond the Rockies. Even then, a terrible winter brings near-starvation and, when that trial is over, another enemy in the likeness of a bevy of grizzled, hardened oldtimers, round up and analyse, take place. Sea gulls come winging over the horizon and dovetail the grizzled. Dean Jagger gives a performance so finished and so authentic as automatically to raise him to stardom. Only a little less is Mary Astor's portrayal of his wife, Mary Ann. Tyrone Power, although rather miscast, plays sincerely the role of Brigham's most faithful follower. Linda Darnell is equally good as a non-Mormon girl who finds it difficult to accept polygamy. In this reviewer's opinion, the doctrine of polygamy could and should have been honestly defended instead of being so obviously side-stepped. You may also criticize an occasional slowness of pace. Still, if you appreciate sincerity and historical significance in a film then you will be grateful to Fox for making "Brigham Young."

(Continued on page 81)
Once to every marriage comes that fearful moment
when only tragedy can point the way to happiness!

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BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

He early morning light etched sullen lines on Allan MacNally's young face. Lord, he was tired! Working all night, snatching a late plane to get home as fast as he could, was enough to make a fellow tired. But, even more than he was tired, he was angry. Where was Jerry? Where was his wife at five o'clock in the morning?

"Out with her sister," the maid had told him, enjoying his discomfort. She had seen Jerry frantic with anxiety, awaiting the message from Mac that had never come. She had, indeed, cheered silently when Jerry had rebelliously left, dressed in her finest.

But none of this occurred to Mac. He only knew that Jerry was out with Wanda, the older sister she adored and he secretly despised. What right had Wanda to interfere? Wanda, who had let her own husband and little son slip through her petulant fingers. Wanda, who was just like all the other spoiled women whose divorces he handled so smoothly, loathing every trick but determined to give Jerry all the luxuries they'd missed during their first year of married life.

And what thanks did he get? The moment his back was turned—

He swung to face Jerry, as she swept defiantly into the room.

Even then, everything might have been all right. If she'd looked sorry, or even frightened, or remorseful for not being there to greet him. But she didn't. She slipped off her evening coat, looked at him, and said cooly, "Oh, hello. Where did you drop from?"

His collar felt tight, so tight Mac had difficulty getting the words out. "Where — did I come from?" he said. "I — where have you been? Coming home at five o'clock —"

"Every place else was closed," said Jerry and yawned in his face.

Anger did things like that to them. Jerry's anger now was cold, it had turned in, she had herself well in hand, eyebrows up, eyes cold, frozen against him. With Mac, anger was hot, it shook him and his thoughts went around like a pin wheel. In the strange hot and cold of their anger they wanted to hurt each other.

Mac said, in a voice that shook, "Where have you been?"

"Oh, round and about," said Jerry. Her hands were perfectly steady as she lit a cigarette.

"Who with?"

"Wanda —"

"All right, all right, Wanda. Who else? You and Wanda weren't wandering around until five in the morning by yourselves, I know that much. Who were you with?"

"Don't cross-examine me, dear," said Jerry. "I'm no witness. Wanda had a couple of friends along — don't remember their names."

For a moment Mac sputtered like a fuse, then he exploded. "You — you'd go out and stay all that time with men whose names you didn't even know? Look, I know the kind of men Wanda runs around with. She doesn't care— why should she? She hasn't got any husband to care what she does. David got smart — she hasn't got any husband waiting and worrying—"

"Oh!" said Jerry, the coldness breaking, "how can you say that? Waiting and worrying when I — don't you holler at me? Where were you? Did you come home to dinner last night? No. Do I know where you were since you left here to go to your office yesterday morning at nine o'clock? But I don't suppose that matters."

"You know where I was," Mac said. "I was working. I'm always working. I had to go to Reno to find out what a guy was doing. That's all. I wasn't out raising hell. I was working so you could have some swell clothes to go out with a couple of other men —""

"Pooh," said Jerry and picked up her coat and started toward the door. "I've heard enough of that nonsense. I'm going to bed."

"Not until I find out a lot of things, you're not," Mac said, swinging between her and the door, standing on the balls of his feet like a fighter ready for action. "You'll stay right here and explain what —"

"Just a minute," Jerry said dangerously. "If there's any explaining to do, you'll do it. You jump on me and yell and holler, but you seem to have forgotten that I sat here for hours, worrying and — and — actually calling up the hospital to see if you'd been run over — and praying you weren't hurt and thinking of all the awful things that could happen to you — you don't seem even to consider that —"

"Now wait a minute, honey —" (Continued on page 78)
Bob Hope and Bing Crosby paused "in the day's occupation" of shooting a couple dozen rounds of golf at Lakeside to listen to a Presidential campaign speech on a portable radio.

"That's something you'll never be, Bob," Bing grinned. "President of the United States?"

Instantly Bob's ire was up. "Why not?" he demanded, as a parade of political gags already goose-stepped through his mind up the White House steps.

"Because you have to be born over here to be President. You were born in England," Bing gloated.

Bob thought it over. "Oh, well, I wouldn't want the job, anyway. Except—" he amended quickly—"on a strictly percentage basis, you understand."

With Hope's recent personal-appearance tour, "on a strictly percentage basis," still the talk of the theatrical world, Bob is going to stay up there in the dough if he can arrange it, because he's been so far down there on the anti-dough circuit. He could remember how, back in England when he was around seven, he'd made Aunt Polly laugh with his antics—and gotten a cooky as a reward. But the green-backed cookies hadn't flown in so easily.

After he'd come to America with his mother, father and six brothers, business had picked up a little. There had been the pennies he'd collected selling newspapers on the corner stand in Cleveland; the loving cups he'd won in every track meet in the city; the first prize he'd copped with his Chaplin imitations; and the free rides he'd gotten from a soft-hearted trolley conductor in exchange for some special Hope yodelings.

He'd finally picked prize fighting as an easier way to fame and as "Packy East" entered the Cleveland Novice Championships with all the aplomb of Jack Dempsey, but not quite the finish. Bowing out gracefully, he tried his hand at Sojack's dancing academy, with the firm intention of becoming a hoofer. He did—in every tank town this side of the Mississippi, and frankly those audiences didn't go into convulsions over black-face Hopeless Hope and his partner, George Byrnes.

So it was that Hope and Byrnes, those "dance-omediens" as they called themselves (let Hope deny it, if he can) had got as far as New Castle, Pennsylvania, in their dancing act with only two—no, I'd say two and a half—things happening to them since their exodus from Cleveland.
One of those things was Bob’s transformation from black-face to white. One night he’d come to the theater too late to make up and somehow, when the audience saw what was underneath the burnt cork, they were convulsed all out of proportion to the act, which wasn’t even funny. There were Bob and Byrnes stepping lightly to “Way Down Upon The Swane River”—you know, tippety-tap, tippety-tap—while on the end seat, row four, a very red-faced gentleman took one look at Bob and suddenly began beating the back off the gentleman sitting next. “Tell you, it’s the gawdardest face I’ve ever seen,” he kept screaming, beating away and wiping his eyes. They eventually had to lead him from the theater. The other gentleman, named Wilson, had lumbago for weeks.

Bob left off the burnt cork and went naked-faced from then on.

The other event happened shortly after he and Byrnes had joined with Daisy and Violet Hilton, the Siamese twins, who joined in the middle. One night the theater management had no one to announce the fact that Marshall Walker and his Whiz-Bang revue were to appear in New Castle the next week. The manager thought of Bob. The question of whether he would do it rapidly developed into whether the manager and ten wild horses could keep him from doing it. He got out there and he told every Scotch joke he knew. He killed the people. They howled for more. When Bob left that stage, he’d already mentally rehearsed his new act as a monologist and booked himself into the New York Palace.

He said good-bye to his partner and headed once again for Cleveland and Detroit to polish off his act before Rotary Clubs and church so-cials and Lady Macabees who made swell marble cakes with white frosting for refreshments afterwards. Then, ready and willing, he departed for Chicago and starved. “No jobs were flying overhead. There were no jobs to fly,” as Alice might have put it. So he sank into debt up to his chin (see, it has its uses!) and went hungry again. He stuck it out for six months. Finally one theater manager said, “I can give you one day’s work on Decoration Day, but it will only pay—”

“I’ll take it,” Bob said and stayed to riot Chicago. He moved to the Chicago theater downtown and formed his own company (Edgar and Charlie McCarthy were among those present) and when he finally left vaudeville behind, he made a present of that act to his troupe. Somewhere along life’s highway, they tell me, it’s still going strong.

NEW YORK managers gave him the old hoity-toity when he left the Windy City six months later. So Bob gave it to ’em right back, see. They should try to book him into suburban joints! Him, the riot of Chicago. They compromised on Eighty-sixth Street, finally, and here was Chicago all over again. That easy-flowing barrage of wisecracks, ad libs, jokes, far and away above the average, lifted him right into big time and the Palace. After that there was no place left to go in vaudeville, except the Palace again. He played it eight times on his big-time jaunts on big-time circuits.

Once, after a fling at a Broadway musical comedy, “Sidewalks of New York,” he found himself right out on the “Sidewalks of New York,” and no kidding. The show was a flop. But his next one wasn’t quite so sudden in its demise. It was a little musical opus called “Ballyhoo” and in no time (like a papa and mama rabbit) there were other little oases, among them such goodlies as “Roberta” with (Continued on page 82)
Left to right: Hunter Scott, Harriet, Hank, Margaret Scott. The four celebrated Hank's graduation from high school in 1923 by staging a mock funeral procession for a "Mr. Jones."

It seems almost sinful that I should admit to you that I have spent such a wonderful Christmas, and it is the first away from you all! But Love is unparalleled, and I think you can understand! Really you should be glad that I have been taken care of so wonderfully, and not given time to become homesick. Of course I must tell you of it all! But in the telling I can't approach the real sentiment.

She wouldn't go out Christmas Eve so I stayed there. I helped trim the tree, and cracked nuts for the morrow, and helped wrap presents. I even helped wipe the dinner dishes. About eleven p.m. they decided to play "give and take" then instead of waiting till morning. And it was just like home! Each one taking turns unwrapping their presents, screams, laughter, running around and kissing the family (I only felt out of place not being one of the family... yet) and coming to Dad's and Mother's presents last. It was all too glorious!

Earlier in the day I had sent Mr. and Mrs. Pettibone a lovely poinsettia plant, and they were overjoyed, for it was the first Xmas they had not bought one themselves and had been wishing to have one. It had a "Wandering Jew" in it which will grow and last some time.

Mr. Pettibone gave me a Milano pipe like my other, in a different style. He also gave me a gold case for match packets and a box of 20 packets!

Sid gave me a dandy blue-bordered hanky for my suit pocket—and it just matches my new tie. By the way, Harriet, I must compliment your judgment. I have never seen a nicer tie, or one that I liked better, and everyone has spoken of it since I have worn it!

Altogether it was one of the happiest Christmas Eves that I have spent. (Isn't that terrible to say?) and Christmas hadn't even come yet!

At noon on the famous birthday, I went back for dinner. We drove down to the New Nicollet Hotel for dinner and spent the afternoon there. It is a gorgeous place, far superior to anything in Omaha. And the dinner was far above criticism! Turkey! And consommé! And innumerable things with French accents and good tastes! After the meal we had indoor sports in the lobby. Betty and Sid and I just acted like kids, and that's not hard for me at all! Later we went to the State and saw Pola Negri and Rod la Roca and Adolphe Menjou. It was the first time I had seen any of the actors. "Forbidden Paradise" was very good but the name doesn't mean anything. I shall never miss Adolphe Menjou again. His was not a villainous role but he suited it to a T. Don't miss it if you haven't seen it yet.

After the show we came home for lunch, fruit cake and wine. Mr. Pettibone just made some grape wine and he's just like Dad about it! It hasn't cleared up yet but it is good. He has some loganberry syrup and he wants to know what to do with it. Remit ans—

Bridge till twelve-thirty. They wouldn't hear of my going home, and put me to bed in the guest room.

Was up early Friday to return to Unity to take the kids to see "Peter Pan," the premier showing in America given by the Journal for the poor kids of Minneapolis.

Sid was also up early and Mr. Pettibone said it was a compliment to me. He said they would have me every night if it got Sid up early! I got extra tickets for "Peter Pan" and took Sid and Don Outhout. Don took Sid down and they met me at the Garrick. "Peter Pan" was very good and we enjoyed it as much as the kids.

After "Peter Pan" the three of us took lunch at Dayton's Tea Room, quite like the Brandies. Don is an awfully nice fellow and made good company. After lunch we window shopped, and stopped to hear the latest records in a music shop. Tell Harriet to get "It's All the Same to Me," by Cliff Edwards on The Perfect Record. Determined to make a day, we went to the Strand in the afternoon and saw Betty Compson in "The Garden of Weeds." Rocklife Fellowes made it enjoyable for me.

Home and to work in the evening. My next date isn't until New Year's Eve, and I don't see how I'll last that long. Positively I've got it so bad I'm in agony! My one solace is the skeleton! If you could see me moaning and playing that thing, you would never know your son and brother!

Your Christmas package came Tuesday, and of course I couldn't wait. I must thank you each one individually.

I see you haven't lost your gift of rhyme, Dad. But how come the lim'rick in the box of candy? The candy is good and I'm taking it slow. It's not half gone yet. (Continued on page 74)

Jayne Fonda Schoentgen (at left) and Harriet Fonda Peacock dug into attic trunks for albums to show the author of this story, Wilbur Morse, Jr.

George Billings, famous Lincoln impersonator, gave Hank his first professional acting job in vaudeville.
NO MATTER IF I'M "ALL IN" AT BEDTIME, I NEVER NEGLECT MY LUX SOAP ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL

I'VE FOUND THESE FACIALS THE BEST CARE FOR MY SKIN. WORK UP A RICH LUX SOAP LATHER, THEN PAT IT IN GENTLY.

RINSE FIRST WITH WARM WATER, THEN WITH COOL.

DRY THE FACE WITH QUICK, SOFT PATS. NOW LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR—SEE HOW FRESH YOUR SKIN LOOKS!

Charming, isn't she, this pretty young star? And what smooth, soft skin! She tells you how she cares for it—gives it protection skin needs to stay lovely. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt thoroughly. That's why when you use this mild white soap regularly you don't risk the unpleasant little blemishes and coarsened pores that may come when pores are choked. Use cosmetics all you like, but try ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days. See if they don't help you have skin that's smooth, soft—appealing.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

NOVEMBER, 1940
There is nothing better than the practical gift, and the much-needed shirt was sure welcome, Ma! I pinned the pin on and wore it out, of course. And the two pairs of “You just know she wears ‘em” sure do look fine on me. Personality revealed in the ankle.

I may as well admit right now that the leather memory book didn’t turn out. The tooling was all right, and I had a good design and monogram of A.L.P., but I put it on the radiator to dry, for I was in a hurry, and the $3!! thing so hot it burned the leather! I had put no expense on it, over a $2 silk cord to stick it. This was Christmas morning so I was frantic with the lack of a gift for her. However, I got a cedar chest of candy and it got by big.

I guess I’ve exhausted the topics and besides I’d better post this tonight. My laundry didn’t come, but I guess the Xmas rush was too much for you.

Write me, all of you, especially of the parties. Devouring Love.

Son and brother, Henry

THIS day ended when Hank left college at the close of his sophomore year at Minnesota. The demands of his job at Unity House had left him little time for study. Money was none too plentiful in the Fonda family and Hank decided it was time he relieve his father of some of the burden.

Back in Omaha, Hank filled a succession of jobs, all of them stopgap. None satisfied his urge to be getting started on a real career, a career, preferably, that was allied in some way with art.

It was about this time that his mother turned from the telephone one afternoon and said: “They’ve got a job they want you to do, down at the Community Playhouse.” Thinking it was an assignment to paint scenery, Hank trudged into the office of Gregory Foley, the director, munching an apple and carrying a sketchbook.

He learned to his consternation that the “job” he had been called to fill was not scene painting but the juvenile lead. With the opening night just a week away, the hero of the piece, Philip Barry’s “You and I,” had fallen ill and a friend of Mrs. Fonda’s had suggested the company call on “that nice-looking Fonda boy.”

By the end of that week, Hank had realized that in the theater lay all the opportunities he had been unconsciously grasping for in his search for a career. For the rest of the season, he spent every waking hour at the Playhouse. And from Greg Foley, nervous, intense little Irish director, he began to absorb the technique of the theater. The following fall, Hank had belatedly returned to a remunerative occupation as a filing clerk with a credit company, while Foley phoned him.

“I’m going to do Merton of the Movies as the first show and you are to be Merton,” the Irishman announced. Hank’s heart bounded. This was it! But this, very decided, was not it, in the opinion of Grace Fonda.

“You’ve got a good job,” his father reminded Hank. “You’re just starting in. You can’t fool around all night re-hearsing and be fresh and fit for anything in the morning.”

The first family row in the history of a very loving household ensued and for two months Bruce Fonda did not speak to his son. And Hank, firm in his decision to carry on at both the Playhouse and in his job, kept proudly to himself.

“Merton” was an unqualified success. Hank was superb.

When he reached home that night his father and mother and Harriet and Jayne were waiting up for him. The girls rushed to his side, exclaiming enthusiastically over his performance.

“You were wonderful! The audience loved you . . . but there was one scene, in which I think you didn’t quite . . .”

The sisterly advice was suddenly cut short by Grace Fonda’s voice.

“Shut up! He was perfect!”

It was a real low point in Hank’s life, that fireside reconciliation with his father. From now on, with the family’s faith in him, he could point to a second stab at the theater. The first step was in offering himself to Greg Foley as an assistant director and thereby learning more of the tricks and trade of the stage.

At the close of his second season as a jack-of-all-trades with the Community Playhouse, Hank essayed his first venture in the professional theater. A news story in the Omaha Bee announced that George Billings, a vaudeville who had gained some fame as an impersonator of Abraham Lincoln, was thinking of elaborating his act, a monologue in which he recited several of the Eman- cipator’s speeches into a playlet.

Hank obtained an interview with Billings at his hotel and proposed a playlet written around Lincoln’s letter to Mrs. Bixby. Billings was impressed with Hank’s enthusiasm and agreed to hire the young man as his partner for a three-month vaudeville tour, if Hank could prepare a suitable script before the end of the week.

The next day Billings was to leave town, Hank returned with a fifteen-minute playlet which contained a part for himself as a young aide to the President. The old actor was delighted and, three nights later, Hank, attired in the blue coat of a Union officer, walked on the stage of a Des Moines variety house, in his first miming for money.

“On the strength of my professional experience of the summer,” Hank related, “Greg Foley hired me as assistant director of the Community Playhouse at a salary of $100 a month for the season, which acted in only one play that year, ‘Beyond the Horizon,’ by Eugene O’Neill and by the end of the season I was converting fingers into a pot of grease paint again.”

There was one excellent opening road to Billings. Greg Foley had long since invited Hank—the summer theaters that dotted Cape Cod. Why not go on East and seek a spot at the Cape and then, in the fall, tackle Broadway?

“I’ll do it!” Hank exclaimed. “Who knows what may happen at the Cape?”

It was just about the same time that a husky-voiced young girl from Norfolk was invited to join the cast of the University Players, a group of college thespians who had organized a summer theater at Falmouth, Massachusetts.

The girl was Margaret Sullivan, who was described a little later by Hank, as “sugar and cream and hot ashes.”

The summer romance between Hank Fonda and Margaret Sullivan that lead to marriage and divorce; the long, unfruitful years of Broadway failures and then the stage hit that skyrocketed him to Hollywood; his whirlwind courtship in Europe of socialist Frances Brookes; and the making of Hollywood’s tulip wreath of early disasters are the chapter headings of the concluding instal-

ments of “The Boy from Omaha” in PHOTOPLAY at another time.
"... a sort of exquisite personal alacrity and cleanliness"
—WALTER PATER, MARIUS THE EPICUREAN

AMERICAN TRADITION of Beauty

American beauty is rarely beauty of features. Piquancy attracts. Vicacity. Yes, alacrity. And—let us not turn up our noses at this—cleanliness!

Before that pearly freshness of the American girl’s face, came an enduring tradition of fastidious care of her person.

Youth’s admiration takes in the shining brushed hair, the crisp simplicity of the dress as well as the wondrous undimmed freshness that radiates from the face. These are three aspects of the same inherent virtue.

Cultivate your skin’s smooth enchantment gladly, frankly, without falter. Give your face at least once daily the authoritative Pond’s ritual, based on the structure and behavior of the skin. Its users are among the fresh-skinned, soignée daughters of America’s foremost families.

**BATHE** your face in an abundance of luscious Pond’s Cold Cream—spreading it all over with creamy-soft slapping fingers. Slap for 3 full minutes—yes, even 5 minutes. This cream has 2 actions. One, cleansing. The other, softening. It achieves these effects by pairing with the dead surface cells, make-up and foreign accumulations on your skin.

**WIPE OFF** with bland and persuasive Pond’s Tissues—and you’ve wiped off the softened debris, helped remove some of the softened tops of blackheads, making it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

**FLOOD and SLAP** a second time with releasing Pond’s Cold Cream. This slapping increases both the cleansing and the softening. As dirt is released, wipe off with gentle Pond’s Tissues. Pores seem finer. In the softened skin, lines are less apparent.

**LUXURRATE** now in the cooling astrinence of Pond’s Skin Freshener, splashed on with a pad of cotton wiping it.

**COAT** your whole face with the final blessedness of Pond’s Vanishing Cream. Here is a cream whose specific function is to disperse harsh skin particles, little chaps caused by exposure, and leave your skin delightfully smoothed. Wipe off the excess after one full minute. Observe that this cream has laid down a perceptible mat finish. Your rich reward is your skin’s satin touch—its flattering reception of and faithful hold on powder.

This, in full, always before retiring or during the day. A shorter ritual whenever your skin and make-up need refreshing. Act now to start your new daily ritual—aid to a fresh, flower-soft skin. Already some thirteen million women in the United States use Pond’s!

**GIVE-AWAY** for the thrifty minded—Frankly to bare you to our larger cream jar, which is actually a better buy, we are handing you FREE. (For a limited period) a tempting supply of our equally authoritative hand lotion, DANYA, with each purchase of the medium-size Pond’s Cold Cream. Both for the price of the cream! At beauty counters everywhere. Copyright, 1940, Pond’s Extract Company.

WOMAN-SKIN

owes its witchery to that tender look and feel, so different from a man’s. And women through the ages intuitively have tended and coveted this treasured birthright of theirs, this delicacy of skin which lovers and poets have ever likened to the delicate face of a flower.

MRS. VINCENT ASTOR... MRS. PHILIP HARDING (THE FORMER ALICE ASTOR)... MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR... present leaders of the family which has dominated American society for generations, have for years observed the Pond’s ritual... MRS. VINCENT ASTOR devotes much time to the cause of music in New York, especially the Musicians’ Emergency Fund.
her neck. Her gown is an absolute sheath of softest beige chiffon, relentlessly outlining the figure, high-necked and long-sleeved but with paillettes in a broad leaf design on the bust and neck in manner intended to make strong men waver. It’s colossal for any girl with a figure that can carry it. With it, Marlene wore no stockings and wedgies in white satin with silver paillettes. Even little Republic, where small-budget but great-action pictures are usually the staple product, is on the super de luxe bandwagon right now, busy as it is with getting its “Parade of 1941” ready to delight the likes of us. It marks the return of sweet-voiced Frances Langford (also in “Too Many Girls!”) and crooning Kenny Baker to the screen and has Hugh Herbert, Mary Boland, Patric Sterling Holloway in for the laughs, long, slim Ann Miller for the dances and Jan Garber and his band for the tunes. It is all about a girl and a boy who save a radio station from going down before television and who, therefore, fall in love. Hugh Herbert is Kenny’s screwball uncle who nearly ruins everything.

As we sat watching the takes, Ann Miller, the girl whom RKO once had under contract and who played in “You Can’t Take It With You” and then invaded Broadway last winter to become a tap-dancing sensation, came over and asked us to watch the dance routine she was working out.

Was that a click? Ann aspires to be a Ginger Rogers type of star. She wants to combine dancing and drama and, looking at her ebony black hair against her very white skin and seeing the youth and vitality of her, we think Ann has that ambition in a gold bag.

Just to prove that one can never rely on anything in this haphazard Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the giant studio of them all, is serenely engaged in going against the general trend. “Bittersweet” still being in the works, Metro’s newest important pictures are demure intimate ones, “Little Nelly Kelly” starring Judy Garland and George Murphy, and “Third Finger—Left Hand” starring Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas.

“Little Nelly Kelly” is one of those gamut-runners for both Judy and George. Judy plays both a mother and daughter, George plays a husband and father. The twist in Judy’s life is to grow up as a young girl and as an old man. The plot, a sweetheart, concerns the triangle of old Michael Woonman (Charles Winninger) who vows never to work, his daughter Nelly (that’s Judy) and hard-working Mary Kelly (that’s George), the man with whom they elope.

The scene we witnessed was where Charlie Winninger and Judy, as father and mother, are eating breakfast. Charlie was consuming regular breakfast food and Judy on a diet, was dying from sheer envy.

Judy, reading her lines, said, “Doesn’t your conscience bother you?”

“Not a bit,” said Winninger, lading in the corn flakes.

“Do you want me to think you’re not the man my husband is?”

“I’m twice the man,” said Charlie, still busy with the corn flakes.

That was all there was to the scene, but as it took a lot of handshakes to get all the action straight, it had to be shot three times and each time Winninger would get fresh coffee and corn flakes and cream and Judy would groan.

was fascinating, watching her shift from this hungry kid into the serious young woman she was portraying and just as intriguing hearing her voice change from its own zappy 1940 accent into an Irish brogue. If a single scene is any criterion, we’d say “Little Nelly Kelly” will put Judy smack up there in the first box-office ten.

Over on a neighboring stage we found Myrna Loy being a girl who pretends to be married so that the men who work with her in business will not flirt with her. (Maybe male audiences will believe any girl would carry on that way, but we dimes know better!) We discovered Myrna being businesslike with Lee Bowman, who is being predatory; and then in a later scene with Ann Morris, Myrna’s lines (we mean her words, not her figure), revealed the fact that the title “Third Finger—Left Hand” refers to the finger on which a girl wears her wedding ring. We didn’t listen too closely, being most intrigued with noting the details of Myrna’s suit, which was most certainly what a business woman should wear if only she could get Adrian to whip things up for her.

The suit was of honey-beige gabardine with a softly tailored silk blouse of an exactly matching shade. Its coat, while in the longer-ticker line, was bloused over an attached belt that went entirely around the waistline, making the whole thing very flattering. It had a notched collar and wide lapels and the keen touch was a gigantic garnet attached to the lapel with a very small match and a绽放 to the side of the armpit above. Very new and snazzy, that.

But when it comes to fashion influences and blouses the one we want is a copy of the one Tyrone Power wore in “The Californian.” It is the most beautiful blouse we have ever seen and Ty inside of it is the handsomest thing in Hollywood and Ty blouse and picture we prophesy will ring more bells than a twelve-day fire.

We drove some seventy-five miles out of Hollywood into the ranch country to get a load of Mr. Power with a wave in his hair and a glint in his eye and Linda Darnell in his arms, and never were we more rewarded. The boy was bubbling over with happiness, telling us that he’d never been so happy in his entire career as he is in playing this sort of part. Robin Hood, a lad who robbed from the rich of Los Angeles and gave to its poor in the wild romantic days when it was merely a lazy pueblo dreaming in the sun. (Believe it or not but that was only a bit more than a hundred years ago.) Ty got his gal and rode in the fire.

He rides (and how magnificently he does ride). We know; we watched him.) He fights duels, he flirts, he loves, he’s a bandit and an aristocrat, he is dangerous and witty. Why, he even dances. It’s all romance, 100% proof, and as the scenes we caught were the final ones we can hereewith tell you, without spoiling the fun, that it all works out magnificently. Before that point is reached, though, Ty goes through so much excitement that they have to keep a special make-up kit on hand to paint him pretty consistently, to make him look so as though he’s covered with gore. So think how we felt as we stood looking at him in that a-fired white satin shirt open at the throat with its full sleeves blowing back from his arms as he yelled to a horseman, “I want my blood.” The way he felt was enviable. We wish we might have some of the Power blood, too, if that would mean such possession of charm, handsome, seemingly so much vivacity and intelligence. (Anabella, please don’t note.)

We tell, another month, another crush. That’s us.
Movie Critic Gives 5 Stars to New SAMSON DeLuxe CARD TABLES

1941 STYLES PREVIEWED IN HOLLYWOOD ... NOW ON SALE IN YOUR CITY!

Col York, PHOTOPLAY'S man about town, says: "Take it from Old Col, many of the biggest movie stars are crazy about the 1941 Samson De Luxe card tables! Again the only tables with five great features! They fully harmonize with the furnishings in Hollywood's fine homes."

5 Stars to ft SAMMz^CARD TABLES 1941 STYLES PREVIEWED IN HOLLYWOOD ... NOW ON SALE IN YOUR CITY!

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No one was sick at our house when the family doctor stopped in yesterday. But he was tired out and came in to rest before his next call. Then I had an inspiration.

"Here's your medicine," I cried, handing him a stick of Bee-
man's. "Take this and relax." "Beeman's!" said he, "my favorite chewing gum. It's mighty good medicine for tired tastes. I'm really rested now.

Send me your bill—your treat-
ment is a treat,"

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I Want a Divorce

(Continued from page 69)

"I'm not going to wait a minute. It's been the same all the time lately. Oh, I'm just playing out all night, but never thinking about me!"

"Jerry, will you listen a minute? I'm serious! You know I'll get to Reno in a hell of a hurry to talk to—"

"Don't they have any telephones in Reno? See?" Jerry picked up the telephone, waving it at him. "One of the greatest little inventions. You give a number and your get wife and explain little things to her so she won't worry. Only takes a minute, just a tiny little bit of decent consideration!"

"Did you get my message?"

"I told the porter at the airport. I told him to call—"

"So you told the porter? With a phone in every drugstore in Reno—"

She made a wide gesture with the telephone in her hand, as his good temper running rampant, shouted, "Quit wav-
ing that thing at me!"

He snatched the waving telephone from her hand, tore it loose from its moorings and threw it through the plate-glass window.

Jerry regarded him with a cool stare. Then she started again for the door.

"Jerry," Mac said. "You've got to hear me out. I had to go to Reno for Brandon on a divorce case that—"

This was the red rag. When Jerry surged she was hot with fury.

"Divorce cases! Brandon! You do anything he tells you to do—"

"When it means six thousand dollars in my pocket, I sure do."

"Six thousand dollars for whose broken heart this time?"

"What difference does it make? Are we going back over all that again?"

"Yes, we are," said Jerry, and this time it was her voice that shook with fury. "I'd get up and yell it from the top of the roof if I could. I'd tell everybody how I hate all this divorce—
case. I'd rot all the way you and Brandon take every little divorce case and boom it up—"

He closed himself against her. He had to. He said, haughtily, "I don't know what you're talking about. We're hys-
terical, that's all. Better talk to someone else about yourself."

His voice was raw with hurt, with disappointment. "I'm going places. I'm going to talk to Jerry. This is just the first step—"

"It's the wrong first step," said Jerry. "You're nuts," said Mac bluntly.

"You heard me," said Jerry. "It's simple. You can go your way—yours and Brandon's and all this divorce mess
or you can go mine and get out of it—

"but I don't see from here how you can go both."

"You're crazy!" said Mac.

"You said that before," Jerry re-

minded him. "I don't like this racket with the last crow. I've been warning you for a long time. Now—I'm telling you. Either you're coming my way and do the things we plan or you—well, you can go on with this puny racket—
by yourself.

"Why won't you throw away the reputation I've made? You want me to kick the chance to make enough dough to do what you want to do right out the window? I've sweated and worked and broken my back building it up—we're young, we can wait for the chance to do the other things when I've got a fifty thousand dollar a year re-
utation. If you think I'm going to toss all that away and go back to being

scared to death every time anybody knocks at the door for fear it's the law looking for me."

"So that's it," Jerry said, low.

"Plain as I can make it," Mac said, in a high forced voice.

"All right," said Jerry and picked up her coat.

WANDA wasn't asleep. She didn't sleep much, nowadays. Staring at the ceiling in the darkened room, she re-

membered how she used to think it would be pleasant to sleep alone, not to have to bother about David getting into the morning, hearty and noisy. Now:

A noise in the outer room startled her and she sat up on her elbow.

Jerry stood in the doorway, gray in the morning light.

"What?—Wanda snapped on the light, "Jerry. What happened?"

"Got an extra pair of pajamas for me?" Jerry said defiantly.

"Why didn't you?" Wanda said sharply.

"I was worried he'd come in bedclothes and sit on the edge of the bed."

"What's wrong?" she said sharply.

"Was Mac sore?"

"Mac?" said Jerry. "I've left Mac."

Wanda's bare arm reached for the telephone.

Geraldine (Jerry) Brokaw , Joan Blondell

Alan MacNally , Dick Powell

Wanda Holland , Gloria Dickson

Jeff Gilman , Frank Fay

Grandma Brokaw , Jessi
c Ralph

Grandpa Brokaw , Harry Davenport

David Holland, Sr. , Conrad Nagel

David Holland, Jr. , Mickey
cahn

"Peppy" Gilm an , Dorothy
ccurs, Erskine

Brandon , Sidney Blackmer

Screen Play by Frank Butler

Directed by Ralph Murphy

"What's that for?" Jerry asked.

"I'm going to call Mac and tell him to come and get you this minute," Wanda said.

"Why moved swiftly, took the telephone, held it hard against her. "Look, Wanda, don't do that. This is between Mac and me—the way it was between you and David. We've got to work it out. If he won't—it'll never be right—"

"I didn't interfere with you—"

"Why didn't somebody beat my ears off and teach me a little sense and a little Davey think. I've lost my husband and my son and everything else that's strong enough to hang onto. Don't be such a fool. Hang onto it—"

"Hang onto it, fight for your marriage and everything."

"I am," said Jerry, steadily. "This is my way of fighting. I won't live with him on this way. Don't talk to Wanda. He'll have to come to his senses—"

Wanda made a strange, helpless ges-
ture with her hands. She sat there staring while Jerry took a suit of pa-

jamas out of the drawer and went slowly into her room.

The weeks went by, strange, utterly unreal weeks. Weeks of surface thought,

held tensely, stubbornly against deep

thought, against the pitiful emotions unsmooth.

Jerry played bridge with Wanda's friends, went shopping, went to the movies, had her hair done. Her mind was as still with stubbornness as her back and her back was like a poker. When she thought about Mac, when she saw him down inside her was lone-

liness and despair and wanting him, she set her teeth and said, "I'm right. It's for him, not for me. I'm doing it for his sake I'm trying to make him see.

But he doesn't care any more, that's all.

If he cared even a little bit, he wouldn't stay away, he'd come and get me.

Mac worked eighteen hours a day, flinging himself into his work with a fiery determination not to think.

If you didn't go home until mid-

night and you were so exhausted your teeth ached, you would feel that other

awful ache because the whole house cried for Jerry. Inside himself he said, she ought to understand. If she loved me she'd know I'm just doing this until I get enough dough so we won't ever have to go through all that again. But she doesn't care any more, that's the answer. If she did she'd come on home.

The house finally got him. Can't stay here, he thought. Can't keep on coming home every night and hoping she'll be here. I'll go nuts myself.

So he moved to the club. He tele-

phoned and got Wanda. "I'm moving to the club," he said. "I'll send the keys over. Tell Jerry she can do what she likes with the house."

"Mac," Wanda said hurriedly, "don't you want to talk to her? She's—"

But Mac had gone all sore and hurt inside. He knew all about Wanda. Wanda, he thought, was against him, she had always been against him.

So abruptly he said, "No, what's the use?" and hung up.

Wanda put down the receiver and turned to Jerry. "That was Mac," she said. "He's moved out of the house."

"Why did he want to talk to me?" Jerry said.

"He said—he didn't. Wanda told her.

THEY were silent a moment, both of them aware instantly of small Davey, staring at them. Jerry went on helping Davey to pack his suitcase. It seemed to her that Davey was always a little strange when he was here with his mother. Certainly, right now, he looked a little strange, sitting there at home in the smart modern apartment.

Jerry said, "Everything packed, feller?"

"Mostly," said Davey. "My dad ought to be here pretty soon, to take me out and get me a proper lying-in."

Sharply, Wanda said, "This is your home, too, Davey."

Davey looked around. "Oh yes, sure," he said, suddenly, "there it's all sort of for ladies here, isn't it?"

As the child wandered out, Wanda said, "Yes, you mustn't do it, it's on purpose to save her voice broke. "He knows I don't know anything about baseball and baseball. They kept me away. I think this is just some awful tiresome place he has to come to. I don't understand children very well—when you only see them when they're boys."

"When he gets older—" Jerry said helplessly.

The doorbell buzzed and David came in. There could be no doubt about Da-

vey's joy at sight of him.

"I've been with the ladies, son?" David said.

"In case you've forgotten," Wanda said, "I happen to be his mother."

"Oh, other things were the same," said David. "We got to go. While the boy was gone, David said, "You don't look very fit, Wanda. Better slow up a little."

PHOTOPLAY
Jerry felt she hated him, hated all men, their arrogance, their stubbornness. The way David had once grovelled at Wanda's feet and now—Davey kissed his mother, but he forgot her before the door was shut. He was gawking away to his father in a fashion that suited his recent behavior in the apartment, his silence and careful politeness, an appalling thing.

A boy came with the keys to the house and Jerry went to get her hat.

"Why don't you go see Grandma B.?" Wanda asked suddenly. "She always—
you always—"

Jerry only shook her head. She couldn't, right now, face Grandma B.

THE house, when she got to it, was strange and familiar. Celestine greeted her joyfully. But Jerry couldn't for a moment say anything. She pushed her hat back and looked around her, feeling, a little dazed and bewildered. What had happened to this house and the people who used to live in it so happily?

She said, "Funny—it seems as if it was a different woman who lived here. Yet—Celestine, I feel as if I'd been away for years and I feel as if I'd never been away at all."

"Yep," said Celestine, "that's what Mr. Mac he say, too. Kin I get your bags?"

"I'm not going to stay," Jerry said.

"Mr. Mac—he say give you all the keys, fix up your room, he say it's yours?" said Celestine.

"I don't care," Jerry said. "He—heartless or I know I couldn't live here any more. It's got ghosts—Come on, Celestine, I'm going to close up."

But Jerry couldn't seem to get busy. Everything had a memory, she kept stopping to look at things—things they had bought together, she and Mac, books they had read together—

The doorbell rang and she jumped and dropped back into an ash tray the half-burned cigarette she had picked up—Mac never smoked his cigarettes more than halfway.

It was Jeff. She cried, "Jeff, Jeff. It's good to see you."

His face was all crinkled with some emotion. "Well," he said, "I been here every Friday. I keep saying to myself, 'Today's the day she'll be back.' Looks mighty good to see you home, Jerry."

"I'm not—home," Jerry said. "I just came to get my things."

"You mean you ain't coming back here to live with Mac?" Jeff asked.

"Mac's gone to the club and I—I don't want to live here any more," Jerry said, trying to hold her voice steady.

"Well," said Jeff, "I guess I don't know anything about anything any more. I'd swear—you and Mac—"

He put the paper down on the table. Then he picked it up again. Handled it to her. "Well, I'll see that?" he said.

It was an early afternoon paper. On the front page was the story that told of David's suicide the night before. He had married that nice woman and he hadn't even told Wanda this morning. Jerry said it because her knees wouldn't hold her upright any longer. Wanda—Wanda would care about this, she would be hurt.

WANDA sat in her bedroom staring at the same paper. There was a small odd smile on her face. She kept hearing Davey's voice—"Aunt Helen made me a sweater—Aunt Helen helped us—"

So now Aunt Helen was David's wife. But she—Wanda—she was his wife.

Well—that's that. Now you were a bright young divorcee, now your husband had a new wife, your son had a new mother and you had—what?

She ought to tell Jerry about it first, explain to Jerry, warn her. She died the number and it rang and rang, but nobody answered.

She hung up the phone, carefully. Maybe, after all, it wasn't necessary to explain to Jerry. She'd understand without any explanation.

GOING down the walk with the last of her bags in her hands, beside Jeff whose arms were full of the last load of books, Jerry heard the phone ring.

Jeff said, "Phone's ringing."

Jerry said, "Doesn't matter. Probably some of Mac's friends."

"I'll drive you over," Jeff said, "help you get this stuff out. Hop in, sister. I—I feel like I'd be to a funeral."

"How silly," said Jerry, brightly, "My goodness, divorces happen every day. Look at how many Mac gets for people in week."

Oddly enough, at that exact moment, Mac wasn't getting anybody a divorce. The judge had just refused to grant a divorce. He was a tall, silvery-haired judge, with a stern eye. He said, There aren't any honest grounds for divorce in this case. I believe these two people can get back together. If as much time were spent trying to bring people together as you lawyers spend getting them apart, it would be a better thing. I warn you, no divorces will be granted in this court unless there are252 some honest grounds and even most effort toward reconciliation has been made and enough time has elapsed to convince me that all chance of avoiding divorce has gone. Decree denied."

His eyes, stern and steady, were on young Mac Nally. And Mac turned back at him, suddenly startled. He'd heard that this new judge, Judge Williams, was tough.

He said, "Thank you, Your Honor."

Walked out, his face taut with thought.

Jerry parked the car in front of the apartment house and they went upstairs. Everything was very quiet. Her key stuck, and Jeff put the door down on the floor and opened the door for her. There wasn't a sound. The living room glimmered coldly, the mirrors threw back two figures, the rumbling, weary figure that was Jerry and the dark, sad figure of Jeff, his arms loaded with books. "Homelike little place," Jeff said, and his voice echoed and he wished he had not spoken. He didn't like the feel of this place. There was something very wrong here. Only sound was the ticking of a big clock, measuring the seconds off, precisely, heartlessly.

Jerry called, "Wanda." She said, "Put 'em down anywhere, Jeff. Maybe she's gone out. I'll see—and I'll buy you a drink."

"I need one," Jeff said as she went out.

A moment later he heard a strange strangled sound, then silence, then Jerry screamed once. The scream was high and shrill and agonized.

Jeff went to her in long bounds. But there wasn't, he knew, anything you could do. Once he saw the way the blonde head hung down from the shining bedspread; once he saw the way the hands clutched that newspaper. He called a doctor, an ambulance, but once he'd seen Wanda lying there he knew none of it was any use.

And he couldn't think of much of anything to say to Jerry. To comfort her. He felt a little sick and scared himself, but all Jerry said was, "I know why she did it. I know."

The frantic hours were filled with all the strange things you read about in the papers but never think can happen to you. A confusion of faces. There was Grandma Brokaw, and Grandpa. The white-coated internee who said, quite gently, to Jerry, "I'm sorry—we're too late." The ambulance driver, in uniform, looking big...
and awkward in the pretty bedroom.

David was there. Looking terribly haggard. Standing for a moment beside the bed, his face torn and old.

"I never thought—I never thought she'd do that," he said, over and over, monotonously. "I thought she was happy. She wanted—she was the one that wanted—I never thought she'd do anything like that."

At last they'd taken Wanda away. You couldn't believe it, quite. Only a few hours before she had been there, so gay it seemed, so alive, planning, talking, combing her lovely hair—this was her place, her home. Now—

Grandma B. said, "Geraldine."

"Yes, Grandma," Jerry said.

"There isn't anything we can do for her now," Grandma B. said sturdily. "Never was much, it seemed like. She—she went her own way, Wanda did, and—looks like she chose her own end. I'm not one to speak ill of them that are gone. But—less I'm mistaken, I'm only going to say right out in words what Wanda herself said—she way she went. If her poor little life's going to have amounted to a hill o' beans, if it ain't going to be just wasted from beginning to end, we got to do her the justice to understand what she done and what she'd want you to understand out of it."

"Me!" said Jerry. "Oh, Grandma—Wanda—"

"She was pretty unhappy, I guess," said Grandma B. and put her old hand on the girl's young shoulder. "You got to be pretty hopeless about the future to do— that. When it just got so she seen what a mistake she'd made, she took the easy way out."

"Easy?" said Jerry. "Oh no—"

"Oh yes," said Grandma B. sternly. "It's a lot easier to die and get out of everything and all the mess you've made it than to live and see it through. But sentimental, I guess what she wanted to say to you was for you not to go the same way. I guess that maybe was the last mistake she had."

"When she broke the vow she made before God," Grandma B. said slowly, "she started something evil and bad. Plain had. She started it and got her own way before God and there wasn't any real reason for it, except just selfishness. So the evil kept on growing and growing. But—listen, honey. Wherever she is right now, what Wanda wants to say to you is—Jerry, don't you make the same mistake I didn't. Don't throw love and marriage vows away and take the path I did. Go back—go back to your husband—"

"How did you know?" Jerry said.

"I was waiting for you to come to me. I thought—I could have told you in a better way, but Wanda's told you all I could ever tell you, hasn't she? You went to fight for what's right in this world. If Mac's wrong you got to fight him—but you got no call to break the solemn vow you took before God."

The tumbled weary head went down on Grandma B's knees and the worn old hand stroked her hair.

"Jerry," said Grandma B. When Jerry looked up, Mac was standing in the doorway.

"Jerry—" he said.

She never knew how she got to her feet, how she crossed the room, but she was in his arms, her head buried against him, her sobs shaking them both.

"I'll—baby, sweetheart," Mac said. "Don't—I was wrong. Just—just stick around, Jerry, we'll find the way somehow!"

ACROSS the big table, the little girl looked at the young man with the streaks in his curly hair. She had been a little frightened when they told her the commissioner of the court wanted to talk to her, but now she wasn't frightened at all.

He said, "Well, now, Carolyn, what do you think about all this?"

Carolyn looked over her shoulder. Her mother and father stood there, stiffly, their faces all funny, the way they had ago.

"Well," she said, twisting her hair-kercieh, "I—love Mummy and I love Daddy and I don't—we if we could just live together like we always did—"

Commissioner MacNally, who under the now famous divorce judge, Judge George Williams, held these reconciliation meetings in his chambers, looked up at the man and woman. His face was gray.

"Don't." he said. "Look, Mrs. Edwards, suppose Bill does stay out all night once in a while playing poker with the boys.

is it so terribly important? You know what my wife does when?

His eyes strayed to the big framed picture of a woman which stood on the table. The woman wasn't young and she had never been beautiful. But Mrs. Edwards felt better for just having looked at her.

"I'll stay out all night once in a while, working or maybe having some fun with the boys, she goes downtown and buys a new hat, and," he grinned at the man, "If it looks as if it ought to be used for an ash tray instead, I just have to put up with it. I know you burned up that new hat of your wife's because you thought it looked silly, but I guess, Bill, there isn't anything we can do about it, you'd have to have Carolyn missing you just because you didn't like her mother's spring hat."

"Put it that way—" said Bill, shifting his feet.

Carolyn said, "You like my new hat, don't you, Daddy?"

"Of course, it's bad for Bill to stay out playing poker," Mac said, slowly.

"I guess he's got a right once in a while," the woman said quickly. "He works awful hard and he always did like to play poker."

When they had gone, Mac sat looking after them, a little smile on his face. He was still smiling when the Judge stroked his hair. You did, somehow, when Judge Williams came into a room.

"All set?" the judge said.

"Yes," Mac said, "when they left she was snapping my head off for criticizing Bill's poker games."

Judge Williams put some papers on the desk before him. "Things are looking up," he said. "Our percentage of recollections, especially where there are children, gets better every month. Things—remember when I told you it had been up to 80 per cent?"

"Do you know what I said to myself that day, sir?" Mac said. "I said, Sure, maybe, but there's no money in it."

"There isn't," said the Judge. "But you and Jerry are eating, aren't you? You'd better go now. She'll be waiting. Thank you."

"She'll be waiting, all right," Mac said. "Thank you, sir."

The End
mannerisms, effective in their natural selves, turn into stilted affectations.

Remember that your hands record every motion of your mind in everyday life. You can make your face but you can't your hands. Says Linda Darnell: "The person who lacks poise often manages to preserve a certain calmness of expression. Hands give her away, recording tenseness or strain, which makes them old before their time."

To get down to some problem children in the hand business. Nails that break easily being one of the most irritating. If your nails are brittle, file them in the fashion of Ann Sheridan—let them grow out straight from the sides and then file only on the tips. To condition her nails, Mary Astor uses a soft brush when washing her hands. There is also a special nail conditioner available which makes the nails stronger, plus giving a satin smoothness to your polish that retards chipping and peeling.

If the texture of your hands doesn't quite make the skin-you-love-to-touch grade, use hand lotion and creams and more hand lotion and creams. Irene Dunne rubs a lotion or cream from her fingertips to her elbows every morning and evening, massaging the arm until entirely dry. Try a bleach or freckle cream if your skin's too dark. If your cuticle is rough and unyielding, massage cuticle or nail oil thoroughly into the base of the nail daily.

Big hands don't necessarily put you out of the beauty running. Anita Louise wears a 7/8 glove; Barbara Stanwyck and Ida Lupino, 6 1/2. Just dramatize their length and concentrate on making the fingers long and tapering. Try Margaret Lindsay's exercise: Massage the fingers, one at a time, beginning at the palm and ending at the tips, smoothing toward the end of the nail.

If your hands are stiff, you can easily make them flexible by exercise. Irene Dunne's best bet is to clenched the hands tightly, then open them as wide as possible five or six times. Or relax your hands every so often during the day and then shake them vigorously.

A weekly manicure is a must on the hand list. If you can't afford it, you can give yourself a professional manicure at home, thanks to Ann Sheridan, who offers this quick, efficient procedure. Remove the old polish with an oily remover. Then use a cuticle cream or oil around the cuticle, massaging it in well. Wash the nails thoroughly in soap and water. Then file, just at the tip. Apply two coats of a colorless nail base—it makes your polish adhere longer (if the nails are long enough, apply it to the underside also). Use two coats of polish, too. Each coat should be applied in three strokes—one down the center and one on each side. Never cover the cuticle with the polish. As a finish, use another coat of base so your polish won't chip. If you use the nail base over the polish two or three times a week, your polish will last longer and look better.

Experiment with your hands—find the right way to wear your nails, the best cream or lotion to use, the exact shade of polish that suits your coloring. Or go different for a while like Irene Dunne, who takes a day or two off now and then during which she just buffs her nails to natural high lights.

Study your hands, map out a personal procedure, forget about your gestures and you'll come out on the right side of the hands-across-the-table business.

---

**IF YOU'D LIKE YOUR HANDS TO EXPRESS YOUR PERSONALITY:**

**ADVISOR: PERC WESTMORE, WARNERS’ MAKE-UP EXPERT.**

If you're utterly feminine like Bette Davis: Long oval nails, shell-pink polish.

If you're dark and dramatic: White opalescent polish, rounded long nails.

If you're the mysterious sophisticate like Marlene Dietrich: Long beautifully shaped nails.

If you're charmingly young like Olivia de Havilland: Short, delicately tipped nails.

If you have vivid coloring like Jeanette MacDonald: Short nails, soft shade of polish.

If you're "small and cute": Light cinnamon-rose polish, with tips showing white.

If you're vivacious like Paulette Goddard: "Mandarin" nails, very long and bright.

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**Dramatize your new fall clothes with Revlon’s new “vamp” shades**

**Pink Garter**

**Scarlet Slipper**

**Black Mask**

Your new fall clothes are knowingly simple, to focus attention on you. To live up to such exciting demands, you'll wear Revlon's new "Vamp" shades in Nail Enamel, Lipstick and Check Stick (exciting new cream rouge in stick form), with black, new: taupes and green.

Every precision-tested shade is unmistakably dramatic, yet subtle enough to please even a fainthearted husband. And you'll find the nail enamel is so long-wearing it doesn't come away with men's pet peeve: chipped polish.

What's more, the blended perfection of fingernails, lips and cheeks gives you that effortless chic other women envy.

Pink Garter and Scarlet Slipper in Revlon Cream Nail Enamel, Pearl-Glow Enamel, Lipstick and Check Stick. Black Mask in Revlon Cream Nail Enamel only.

For your fingertips, lips and cheeks

"It's right because it's Revlon"
that wonderful song, "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," the Ziegfeld Follies with Fanny Brice, the future Baby Snooks of radio, "She's a Fool" and "Blue," with Jimmy Durante and Ethel Merman, followed by "Say When" with Harry Rich- man.

"Robertata" brought several memorable events. First—for the first time in his life Bob was mistaken for a real boy (of course). Second, he loaned his hat and cane to a kid in the show's orchestra, a fellow named Fred MacMurray, to make a movie test.

"And what's more I had to come to Hollywood, just to get back my prop- erty," he says. "That's all that brought me." To this day, Hope and MacMurray are fast friends.

The chorus boy thing (this kills me) occurred when George Murphy, a member of the "Robertata" cast, took Bob down to the Vague Club to hear the new act, Dolyer Bates.

Miss Read noted the Hope boy was a nice-looking, glib-tongued young man and when Murphy mentioned "Robertata," she instantly visualized him as some kid in the chorus. She was very sweet and charming, but said nothing of his work.

But somehow she kept remembering those brown eyes and roamin' in the gloamin' nose and—well, she went to the Wednesday matinee and literally crawled out of the theater in embarrass- ment. Hope, as one of the leads, was the hit of the show, that's all.

He came back a few night later. She never let on. But when she told him she was leaving next day for the En- hance Club in Florida, there was a no- ticeable panic in the brown eyes.

"If only I hadn't gone back that sec- ond time," he told us once, "or kept telephoning every five minutes to Flor- ida, I'd have been all right. What was I after anyhow?" he suddenly ques- tioned.

"He, at his age, should ask us!" They were married at Christmas time, six years ago. They still are. Deborah is beautiful, charming, plays a diamond- studded game of golf, is an adoring mother to their 14-month-old Linda, who openly adores Daddy Bob. And Bob adores right back, only he won't let on right out in the daylight before everyone. Not him, the old bluffer, who isn't feeling anybody. We saw through him.

Recently Linda had a cold. "It's crazy," Bob kept saying. "Look, she's smiling at me. She has no cold.

"She's that way, too, about everything," Mrs. Hope confided. "He never believes a new situation arises until it's upon him with both feet."

For example, there was the trip to England last year, where the Hopes went to visit Bob's 95-year-old grand- father, William Henry Murphy, who rides like fury any Mrs. England on a bi- cycle. "(And I can't even walk," Bob moans.) Everywhere was the thunder of approaching war—everywhere but in Bob Hope's head, that is. He went right on his own way, having a won- derful time, the surest of all fools? There's been scars like this before it'll blow over. So while Mrs. Hope stumped the American Embassy for refreshments at home, Bob blithely played golf.

She got him on board the English ship all right, still cheerful. Still won- dering at the undue commotion. The second day out he came on deck, a smile from here to there on his face, to greet a flurried Mrs. Hope. "Where have you been, I've been looking for you," he demanded.

"I've been to liveboat practice," she coolly announced. "War was declared on Germany last night by England."

"Where's my lifeboat?" he yelled. "Why do people keep asking questions?"

He kept up the morale of that ship every league of the way, singing, clown- ing, allaying fears. He was the hit of the ship.

BOB HOPE hasn't just happened. He's had to know all one must have an objective. So he has his. He's achieved everything except the produc- tion of pictures. That will come. Just as radio did. And movies.

He blames the loss of five years of radio achievement on himself, because he turned it down flat when it first came his way. He didn't think he'd be any good on the air. He changed his mind when he went over on the Rudy Vallee show. And Major Bowes Famil- Iy Show. A series with an oil company followed and finally there was Hope with his first radio show with Shub- Field's orchestra to blow the bubbles. Out in Hollywood, when he finally ar- rived, Warners stuck him on the Lucky

Thanks for the Memories

(Continued from page 71)

down at the office. "All right, so I ain't sweet," and the nation-wide quiz of, "Who's Yehudi?"

I think he likes best the "How do you like that traffic cop?" gag. Carefully he explained to us its radio beginning.

He was down at the Del Mar track waiting for a Crosby horse to come in when suddenly a strange horse walked over and said, "Pardon me, is this the Santa Anita track?" Bob said no, it was Del Mar. Whereupon, the horse said, "Well, how do you like that traf- fic cop?"

The "Who's Yehudi?" gag started at a rehearsal. Noticing the orchestra vio- linist was absent, Bob said, "Where's Yehudi?" (for Yehudi Menuhin, of course). At that instant, Jerry Colonna walked in.

"Who's Yehudi?" he asked and every- one howled. So it stayed in the show and became the 1940 password of every kid in the country.

Like Vallee's discoverer, Jerry Colonna, Brenda and Obie, those damosel of his air show whose names bring on a smile, Bob, Honey Chile, Wilder, followed by numerous other Honey Chiles and Skinny Ernis, have all leaped to notoriety through Bob's shows.

He doesn't write all his own gags. But he's conceded by experts to be the best editor of radio gags in the busi- ness. Five or six men, some old vaude- villians, turn in their copy (each is assigned to own portion of the program) to Hope, who unerringly goes over it, eliminating, building or accept- ing.

While most of Hollywood plays or dances, the light in Bob's workroom over the garage burns far into the morning hours, as he runs up his program. He never grows old or crusted, or harried in the process. He eats it up and comes up more gases into the air than most comedians dream existed.

NINE years ago movies began rapping on his front door. While doing a vaude- ville stint in Los Angeles, Pathe pre- vailed upon him to make a test. "The Pathe tester never crawled again after it saw the egg I laid," Bob said.

In 1938 he came to Hollywood for a bit in "The Big Broadcast" and with Shub- Field's orchestra sang a song entitled "Thanks For The Memory." Pictures had him. I doubt if they will ever let him go. His "Road to Singapore," and "The Ghost Breakers" stood them in lines, exactly as his personal-appearance tour did, exactly as his new "Road to Zanzibar," with Crosby and Lamour, in- deed. Pathe.

He lives, breathes, exists for entertain- ment. His conversation at home (a new one at Tolula Lake) is as flavored as his radio dialogue, but with no at- tempts at funny, remember. His cook- sureness is forgiven by reason of his natural ability and the way he laughs at himself.

His casual conversation with Mrs. Hope concerning a new dentist is ripe with Hopeisms. "He lets me give my- self the gas," he explains. "I'll go when he lets me give it to him." Bob says quietly.

Tell him you. Once, while on his re- cent tour, a bagagemaster at Joliet tried to shoe the fans away from Hope's trailer. "No way," the Trailer was at him like a wild man. "You leave my fans alone," he cried.

Yep, they tell us he's the last of the old musical—carnival-humor to come into movies. Maybe. But anyway, he's the first movie comedian to become a hero and get the girl. He's made marriages on the screen as well as taken funny men out of the custard-pie- weddings.

For that we owe him gratitude. For the memories yet to come, thank you, Bob Hope.
**Wedding in the Fall**

(Continued from page 46)

in an old painting and had my answer. For that style, they usually crossed a fichu of lace in front and let the ends hang down in back, sometimes long enough to form a train.

"Using net veiling, I followed this idea so that the bride's veil hangs from the neckline and develops into a long train. More of the net with a cluster of white flowers forms a small headpiece, the short train falling shoulder length. "The veil is also used for long frills from the below-elbow sleeves of the gown which is of heavy white satin made over a white taffeta petticoat, elaborately quilted. The dress opens in front to reveal the quilted design." If expense is a consideration to the bride, she may use rayon satin and rayon taffeta and be suggested. They will make up very well and a suitable quality can be purchased at 50c a yard. To make the skirt stand out as it should do, make a petticoat of nurse's cloth. This you can buy for 25c a yard.

THE negligee worn by Martha Scott in one of the dramatic scenes of the picture makes a pretty dress for bridesmaids, whose gowns should reflect the bride's gown. This skirt, as you will see in the sketch, is cut away in front in sealoops over the petticoat. The fichu neckline has no Watteau pleats and is finished in front with four velvet bows. "Don't go in for pastels for a November wedding. Use warmer colors," advices Irene. "If you have a big wedding, have the first bridesmaid in yellow and the last one in copper color, with graduated shades between. Let them carry old-fashioned bouquets."

"If you have only one bridesmaid—which is wise if the wedding is held in a tiny chapel or a small home—have her wear the colors you have chosen for the wedding decorations."

Howard Bristol, who decorated the set in which Martha took her wedding vows, suggests that for an elaborate home wedding you bank your fireplace lance in a solid wall of flowers; use tall white candle on the mantelpiece, place a white satin-covered altar before the fireplace and a white satin kneeling bench in front of that for the bride and bridegroom. You can ornament the altar with white flowers.

"A novel and effective scheme for any autumn or winter bride, and one I have not seen used yet, is clay pink and soft yellow," says Howard Bristol. "It's a sort of grayish pink. Dress your bridesmaids in this and give them yellow roses, and let your maid of honor wear yellow and pink flowers. Sweet peas may be obtained in clay pink tints."

**Wedding Suppers may be as simple or as elaborate as you choose.**

You may serve no more than tea, coffee or fruit juice with cake. If your crowd is more sophisticated, follow Ginger Rogers' example and serve cocktails, champagne and hors d'oeuvres. Here is Anita Louise's supper menu:

Fresh fruit cocktail

Hot consommé

Individual soup stuffed with wild rice

Green garden peas

Tiny French fried new potatoes

Ice Cream

Mixed green salad

Cake

Travis Banton, who has designed clothes for most of the stars in Hollywood, believes that fall and winter weddings can be much more spectacular than summer ones.

"A November wedding should be held if possible in a great cathedral."

"White velvet could be used for the bride's gown, that very thin, supple velvet that drapes well. But stiff white and silver brocade with the bodice embroidered in pearls would be marvelous. If the wedding is in a church, match your bridesmaids' gowns to the colors in the windows—have deep rich reds, sapphires, emeralds, ambers. Give the bride a real corset or tiara with the veil draped over it.

"For a sumptuous home wedding, put your bride in white satin and the bridesmaids in taffeta or moire. If the bride is in silver, they can be in gold-colored taffeta; but if she is in white, put them in deep turquoise and have the maid of honor in deep coral. Or put them in jade green and the maid of honor in chartreuse."

MR. BANTON believes there is an idea for a different wedding in a gown he has just created for Linda Darnell to wear in The Californian. This gown is of heavy black faille silk with raised black dots in an irregular pattern on its wide skirt, a simple bodice with long sleeves, a mantilla that not only covers the head but crosses in a fichu and is fastened at the back of the waist.

"This gown is copied from a Goya portrait," he explained, "so the wedding should be a Goya wedding. The bride's gown would be white faille silk. The bridesmaids should wear bright yellow faille silk gowns made in a variety of this pattern, with Spanish combs in their hair. They should carry red roses."

Irene advises: "All brides should remember that half the beauty of the gown lies in the way it is worn. Don't slump. Learn to walk well and stand as if you were proud of yourself. When you kneel, don't flop down and don't feel gingerly around for the kneeling bench before you get to it. Know where it will be and sink down gracefully."

"Once the wedding march begins, stop worrying about the ring, the bridegroom, the wedding party, everything. Do your part and look your best!"

**Easy to help prevent disillusioning Roughness and Chapping**

LOVE-WORTHY, SOFT HANDS CAN SO EASILY BE YOURS! Suppose water, wind and cold do dry the natural softening moisture out of your skin? Keep furnishing this beautiful nourishing moisture with Jergens Lotion. So quick to use—never sticky! Jergens applies to your skin 2 skin-smoothing ingredients used by many doctors. Soon "make over" pathetic, roughened hands. Start now to use Jergens Lotion.

**LOUTS OF GIRLS USE JERGENS LOTION WHO SAY IT BRIGHTENS BEAUTIFUL MOISTURE YOUR SKIN NEEDS**

**CAROL LANEIS**

(Lovely Hollywood Star)

**I LOVE YOUR HANDS, MISS LANEIS, THEY FEEL SO SOFT!**

**SO JANE STARTED TO USE JERGENS REGULARLY AND NOT LONG AFTER...**

**Lots of Girls Use Jergens Lotion Who Say It Brightens Beautiful Moisture Your Skin Needs**

**Easy to help prevent disillusioning Roughness and Chapping**

**LOVE-WORTHY, SOFT HANDS CAN SO EASILY BE YOURS!** Suppose water, wind and cold do dry the natural softening moisture out of your skin? Keep furnishing this beautiful nourishing moisture with Jergens Lotion. So quick to use—never sticky! Jergens applies to your skin 2 skin-smoothing ingredients used by many doctors. Soon "make over" pathetic, roughened hands. Start now to use Jergens Lotion.

**Carole Landis and John Hubbard, stars of the Hal Roach-United Artists production "Road Show", as they appeared at the World Premiere in Hollywood.**

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I want to see how quickly Jergens Lotion helps me have lovely soft, smooth hands. Please send me free, pen-sure sample:

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MAIL THIS COUPON NOW
ELSIA MAXWELL'S PUBLIC DEB. No. 1—20th Century-Fox

THIS amusing but not very heavy picture takes a good poke at Communism. Brenda Joyce as Penney Cooper is a deb-utante—right-thinking and having nothing better to do, it has been converted to Communism by the family business (Misha Auers). Bent on embracing all things Russian, Brenda takes her fiancé, Ralph Bellamy, to a Russian cafe where, after an altercation with a forlorn waiter (George Murphy, 100 percent American) over her beliefs, she is spanked publicly and thoroughly by the gentleman. A blast of publicity results, all of it so bad that it actually affects the sale of Cooper's soup. This, of course, amounting to the killing of the goose that lays the golden egg, is not at all to Comrade Mishka's liking. He beseeches Comrade Brenda to do something about it and she complies by making Walter George a vice-president in the soup company and her favorite (for publicity purposes only) boy friend. Charlie Ruggles is funny, as usual, as Brenda's uncle and Elsa Maxwell enters the picture now and then, although for no very good reason.

HAUNTED HONEYMOON—M-G-M-British

A NOT too mysterious and not at all a mystery story starring Montgomery and Constance Cummings. The scene is laid in an English hamlet where Bob, a detective for the fun of it but a good one, and Constance, writer of mystery thrillers, go for their honey-moon, only to be confronted by a murder mystery. The cast, mostly British, is a good one, but the action drags woefully.

CAROLINA MOON—Republic

ONE of the best Gene Autry pictures yet with the scene laid in the Carolinas where Gene manages to save the tax-burdened estate of a proud old Southern family from the clutches of a villain. June Storey is attractive as the daughter, Smiley Burnette, Gene's pal, contributes some swell comedy. You'll like the songs.

COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN—Paramount

WELL, the music is good, and that's something. Also, you have a hanker- ing to see some of your homespun radio favorites such as Pat Barrett (Melvyn Douglas), Harold Peary (Gildersleeve), Old Timer and Merryman from the Fibber McGee show, why then you might find it worth your while to see this actually momentous production starring Bob Burns. However, the story is pretty thin and the humor rather tired.

DANCE, GIRL, DANCE—RKO-Radio

AN excellent east has some tale in putting over a not so excellent story of two girl dancers—a good girl and one not good—and their fight for success. Lucile Ball will make you sit up and take notice as the burlesque queen of dueling virtue. Maureen O'Hara is the "good girl" dancer and Louis Hayward a millionaire playboy. The authentic performances of Ralph Bellamy and Maria Ouspenskaya, always charming companions, bolster up the story considerably.

FLOWING GOLD—Warners

THIS is a sort of weak echo of "Boom Town" and "John Carson and Pat O'Brien" are oil drillers and Frances Farmer is the girl in the case. At first, John and Frances fight everything but when the well which John and Pat are drilling for oil together, Raymond O'Brien, is threatened they buckle down and pull together fine.

THE GOLDEN FLEEING—M-G-M

IF you like those zany comedies then you'll enjoy this one. It's about a timid life-insurance salesman (Lew Ayres) who sells a $50,000 policy to a certain individual (Lloyd Nolan) who he thinks is a solid businessman but who is in reality a gangster with a $25,000 reward on his head. When, upon occasion, John Wayne, in a series of ludicrous situations, tries to safeguard Lloyd, thereby keeping the company he represents from knowing he has "covered" such a bad risk and firing him pronto. Rita Johnson plays Lew's girl friend; Nat Pendleton supplies the laughs.

HE STAYED FOR BREAKFAST—Columbia

COMMUNISM is adroitly kidded in this screamingly funny farce about a very serious Communist, Melvyn Douglas, who escapes from shooting pompous bankier Eugene Pallette by hiding in the apartment of Pallette's estranged wife, Ursula Thiess. Loretta Young, by getting her ex-ceedingly drunk. Loretta's love life during this period becomes quite difficult, too, since not only is Pallette trying to get her back, but Alan Marshal is also in love with her and the two of them are popping in and out of her apartment. Loretta Young is lovely enough to make anyone give up Communism; and Melvyn Douglas is wonderfully funny.

MARRIED ADVENTURE—Ozark-Johnson—Columbia release

THIS is the pictorial record of Martin and Osa Johnson's adventures in the faraway places of the earth, but don't get the idea it is merely a "travelogue." It is, instead, a real-life drama, replete with excitement, color, humor and suspense. The story (written and well-delivered narrative, it shows you such thrilling sights as a terrible grain fire on the African veld with bonfires lighting up the world, and a couple of fireman's discovery of a pugny tribe; the slaying of a charging rhinoceros by a shot from Osa's gun; the capture of a 450-pound orang-utan. You won't want to miss this rounding-up of twelve years of superadventure.

KIT CARSON—Small-United Artists

IF you liked "Stagecoach" then you'll also like this pioneer melodrama. The story is first concerned with the advent of a placer and the wrongful death through the savage Shoshone Indian territory under the leadership of Capt. John C. Fremont, famous in California history (played by Dana Andrews) and the equally famous scout, Kit Carson (played by Jon Hall). Later you see the clash between Americans in California and the followers of the dashardly Mexican general, Castro. Lynn Bari is the girl of the wagon train who has fallen in love for Carson and Fremont. Ward Bond is exceptionally good as Carson's jovial side-kick. The fact that this man is the main historically true adds considerably to its interest.

THE SHADOW STAGE

(Continued from page 8)

LADIES MUST LIVE—Warner

HERE is nothing to write home about here—just an unpretentious little story about a millionaire farmer boy (Wayne Morris) who falls in love with a night-club singer (Rosemary Lane) and an officious small-town buddy (Roseo Karma) who thinks that every urbanite is a "city slicker." And that is where Rosemary must be after Wayne for his money. This makes for some funny situations. Then there's Cliff Sanzen, Wayne's Indian butler, that will send you out of the theater in stitches.

LUCKY PARTNERS—RKO-Radio

GINGER ROGERS and Ronald Col- man in an unusually sophisticated comedy which has stretched several points in the matter of plausibility, but it is good entertainment nevertheless. In the beginning, Ronald and Ginger go halves on a sweepstakes ticket which, if lucky, is to provide funds for a strange sort of platonic honeymoon for the two of them—this, despite the fact that Ginger is engaged to Jack Carson, whose performance as a pompous, stuffed-shirt sort of boke is one of the high lights of the picture. Well, the ticket is lucky and Ginger and Ronnie go to Niagara Falls— as brother and sister. There is a lot of things happen, all quite incredible but at the same time mirth- provoking. Ronald turns in an excel- lent performance, although it is this reviewer's feeling that he is not as well as he is in his best comedy. Ginger is, as usual, herself first, the character she is por- traying afterward.

MEN AGAINST THE SKY—RKO-Radio

WHILE this is probably more of a man's picture than a woman's (as aviation pictures usually are), it should provide a good hour or so of entertainment for anyone's money. Its star, Richard Dix, is absolutely grounded because of drink and bad breaks but who loves flying so much that he won't give it up. Instead, he secretly directs the building of a super-airplane fighting ship. Edmund Lowe is the wise-crack- ing head of a plane manufacturing company; Wendy Barrie is Richard's sister, a draftswoman in the plane factory. Kent Taylor, the chief engineer, proves to be a most attractive romantic hero.

PIER 12—20th Century-Fox

LYNN BARI in a role which gives her a real chance to show she's good; Lloyd Nolan in an amusing piece which she doesn't pretend too much and therefore doesn't let you down. The story's about a hard-working "cooper" (Lloyd) and his efforts to get the profits of his business and also to win a pretty cooky waitress- owner of a waterfront café (Lynn). Donald MacBride is a villain who gives Lloyd quite a lot of trouble.

RIVER'S END—Warner

HERE we have one of those stories about two men who look so much alike they are mistaken for each other, with confusing results. For instance, Den- ron (played by a most wrongly accused murderer who is fleeing from the law and the Canadian "mountie") rides his horse, the "mountie" kills him, the fugitive impersonates him in the hope that he can discover the real culprit. A fine supporting cast includes George Tobias, Elizabeth Earl, Victor Jory and James Stephenson; some rousing action makes this fairly good entertainment.

RHYTHM ON THE RIVER—Paramount

THIS picture has everything—color, music, comedy, a swell story all about...
A famous but phony song writer (Basil Rathbone) who in reality can’t write songs at all but has to employ anonymous talent. That is where Bing Crosby and Mary Martin come in. Bing is Basil’s composer and Mary his lyric writer. You’ll like the genial Mr. Crosby better than ever in this role. Mary is gay and lovely. Basil’s performance, instead of being “heavy,” is extremely funny and Omar Levant’s dour comedy (as in “Information Please”) is a scream. There are some swell songs.

**WILDCAT BUS—RKO-Radio**

As implausible story presented in such an implausible way that you won’t miss much if you skip it for a good book. Pay Wray as heroine, operator, with her father (Oscar O’Shea), of a cross-country bus line which a lawless wildcat line is trying to sabotage. Charles Lang, a newcomer with considerable promise, is the hero. Paul Guilfoyle as a bus driver offers the most authentic performance of the whole piece.

**ARGENTINE NIGHTS—Universal**

Instead of real South American romance, you have the Ritz Brothers and the Andrews Sisters (of radio fame) gently poking fun at conventional Latin legends. There isn’t much story and what there is is lost in monkey business. Settings, however, are a convention hall, an ocean liner and a ghost hotel. If you go for the Ritz Brothers at all, you’ll like them fine here. The Andrews girls dancing is something to see.

**INSTEAD—RKO-Radio**

A HORROR story which will keep you sitting on the edge of your chair, with Peter Lorre playing an escaped homicidal maniac and John McGuire and Margaret Tallichet in important roles. In the beginning, John, a reporter, helps to convict an innocent man of murder through use of circumstantial evidence. Ironically, he himself is later arrested of a similar crime. Margaret, his fiancée, finally manages to discover the real criminal. Staging is dramatic and suspense well sustained.

**BRIGHT GIRLS**

**Eye make-up in Good taste**

Perhaps one business woman in a hundred realizes the power of lovely intelligent eyes. And she’s the one who inspires confidence—who gets ahead. Why not discover the full potentialities of your eyes? Use Maybelline Mascara for lashes that appear naturally long, thick and dark. This makes your eyes look larger—more wide-awake. Subtly accent depth and color with Maybelline Eye Shadow blended lightly over eyelids. Give your brows trim, definite character with Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. See how easy it is to capitalize on your most expressive feature—your eyes. You can get generous purses sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at any 10c store.

**Cal York’s Gossip of Hollywood**

(Continued from page 65)

And she did. But not Bob. The next morning Monica got an order by telephone: “Hello, Monica. Bob Taylor speaking. Please make up that order you described yesterday and put a word to Mrs. Taylor. I want to surprise her.” Now who said American husbands weren’t thoughtful?

On the Record

Bing Crosby’s Paramount’s Rhythm On The River is ready for the needle fans. M. Crosby himself has recorded four of his songs. They’re all good, so remember: “Only Forever,” “When The Moon Comes Over Madison Square,” “That’s For Me” and the title song (Decca 3300, 3309). The boys’ vocals are also doing well by that rhythmical river film. You can have Bobby Byrne offering a new danceable job on “That’s For Me—Only Forever” (Decca 2313), Or Edly Duchin on “Only Forever” (Columbia 35624). Charlie Barnet, swingster, saxophonist—guest number from the score: Victor Schertzinger’s “I Don’t Want To Cry Any More” (Bluebird 10625). Maestro Donizetti turns his record into a double feature by placing “Who Are You,” from Universal’s “The Boys From Syracuse,” back to back with “I Would Not Take A Million” from “Young People” (Okeh 5092). Tommy Dorsey has taken good care of Warner Brothers’ “Ladies Must Live” and its tuneful “I Could Make You Care.” Tommy’s other side—“The World Is In My Arms”—comes from “Hold On To Your Hats,” one of the legitimate shows (Victor 26717). When M-G-M’s “Strike Up The Band” appears it will be aided by a powerful musical composition “Ballad For Americans.” Bing Crosby takes four top sides and in that free-and-easy way of his sings the Ballad (Decca Album 134).
daughter has movie possibilities." So they investigated and, sure enough, the man Mary had mistaken for a wolf in scout's clothing was authentic. Mary, the nearest approach to Jean Harlow they had yet found, signed a six-months contract with M-G-M, which for some reason was not renewed at its expiration. Twentieth Century-Fox saw what M-G-M has failed to see and grabbed Mary Beth for seven long years. She began in "Free, Blonde and 21," proceeded into "Star Dust," "Four Sons" and then 'The Great Profile.'

Mary Beth (the Beth is short for Elizabeth) was born November 13, 1919, in Alton, Illinois, and moved with her family to St. Louis when she was just three. After her parents decided to separate, Mary Beth stayed with Grandma Lange in St. Louis, where her mother worked in a governmental position in Washington, D.C. When she was older, Mary B. was taken to her mother by Grandma and entered in the Holy Cross Academy. After graduation she enrolled in the Clifford Brooks Dramatic School and began playing good roles in the Brooks' stock company.

When Mrs. Hughes' health began to fail, Mary Beth and her mother decided to go to Florida, but Grandma would have none of it. "Go to California and play with John Barrymore," she commanded.

So Mary did.

Mary Beth lives in a modest house with her mother, drives an expensive car. Because of her extreme blueness, Saints and Turks are constantly writing her flowery proposals. One of the latter actually invited her into his harem!

A Spaniard from Texas—

Gilbert Roland placed third in the critic's poll of the month for his role in "The Sea Hawk." But to those who know the dark and Latin actor well, he places first in charm and a certain naive quality of manner that's confusing to young and old alike. And every one wouldn't expect it of Hollywood's Beau Brummell. Or would one?

Man like him? That's always a test for these Latin lookers. In fact, every day he's not working, which isn't so often these times after the release of "Ranger of Fortune" and "Gypsy Cavaliers," he can be found at Chasen's round table with writers, directors, lawyers, producers and actors, lunching like any good (well, no, not good) Rotarian. Afternoons find him at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club, where Señor Roland, as a tennis player, proves he's just about the best in the West.

In Beverly Hills he maintains a house, a limousine, a houseboy and a radio-victrola that constantly plays his 3000 records (symphonies, operas, you name it) over and over, and yet again, over. Ask any neighbor on Bedford Drive.

If Pancho Villa had not happened to Mexico after all, the surviving veterans, Gilbert and his parents would not have fled to Texas. At thirteen he ran away from home, came to Los Angeles, begged for a job less than farm hand, his name was George, got a job sorting newspapers and then, hotly totsy, another one as a movie extra. If an agent (Pote again) hadn't happened on a movie set one morning at 2 A.M., when the cast was working all night, he might never have become a movie star. But the. Oh, at did, spied the extra, took him under his wing and got him a job with Clara Bow in "The Plastic Age" and then as Armand to Norma Talmadge's "Camille." From then on, Gilbert was set.

The past few years (during which he was Connie Beach's steady beau) he has devoted his time to making pictures in Spanish and Hollywood rather forgot him. But things have changed now.

Roland has grown and his dark lashes, his black hair is curly and usually at sixes and sevens. He's darned good at being an actor instead of a bullfighter like his father.

Think of Gilbert with one of those pigtail haircuts, for instance.

Genius in Flight—

A great man has come to America. A man who, late in life, voluntarily left the land of his birth, Germany, where he was a national legend in the theater, to begin all over in a strange country. At 72, he has begun again, for when Albert Basserman stepped forth in his first American film, "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet," he was a sensation on sheer acting merit. From that minute he has progressed through "Foreign Correspondent," "Knute Rockne—All American," "A Dispatch from Reuters," and "Escape," winning bidding for his services, one after the other.

Albert Basserman is an Aryan, but his beloved wife Elsa is half-Jewish. For fifty years he was the greatest German exponent of Shakespeare, Ibsen and Schiller. Then, suddenly in 1933, was swept into oblivion in Germany. He had known and loved. One night on the theater marquee where the names Elsa Schill (his wife) and Albert Basserman shone forth, lights were suddenly removed—the name of Elsa was gone.

Quietly the great actor paid off his company, packed belongings and left Germany—a voluntary exile—for Vienna. When the Nazis invaded that city as well, he abandoned his farm in Switzerland. After him came the German Minister of Propaganda, pleading (an unheard-of honor) that the Basserman return. But he, his children, the farm, should be done to Elsa. Basserman ignored the message and when his friend Ernst Lubitsch wrote him to come to America, he knew he had found the answer.

In a quiet little two-family house in Beverly Hills, Albert and Elsa live with their, their Viennese cook.

Albert Basserman was born in Mannheim near Heidelberg and graduated from the University as a chemist, preparatory to entering his father's pulp and paper factory. But before he began his career, he went to see his older brother on the stage.

From that moment on, he lived for nothing else. His career was crowned with the award of the famed Iland ring which, since the middle of the 19th century, has been given to the best actors of successive generations.

For years his love for Elsa Schill remained undeclared, so he always insisted upon her being in all his plays. "Finally," laughs Elsa, "I had to be shameless, in fact it was the most shameless thing in my life, the way I clung to Albert until he had to take me. I knew, you see, he loved me all the time."

Today, can be seen on the streets of Beverly Hills, walking and walking, or sitting out on his back porch in collar and tie and polished shoes, between his pictures of children, going to see his favorites, Cagney, Garbo, Mickey Mouse, Snow White, The Seven Dwarfs (for the twentieth time) and Pat O'Brien.
Currently peppin up Twentieth Century-Fox’s
“Down Argentine Way”': Carmen Miranda

GRADE yourself ten points for every one you guess right. If you get seventy or less, you don’t keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you’re doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 88.

1. This glamorous Hollywood pair call each other Ma and Pa:
   Joan Blondell, Dick Powell
   Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor
   Carole Lombard, Clark Gable
   Lili Damita, Errol Flynn

2. The names of the following star’s sons all rhyme:
   Bing Crosby
   Don Ameche
   Basil Rathbone
   Ray Milland

3. Two of these actresses were first married when they were only 15 years old:
   Hedda Hopper
   Kay Francis
   Constance Bennett
   Carole Lombard

4. He was once a pearl and salvage diver in the West Indies:
   John Carroll
   Jon Hall
   Henry Waltham
   George Sanders

5. The “E” in Joe E. Brown’s name stands for:
   Edgar
   Edward
   Everett
   Evans

6. He was the first actor to play “Bulldog Drummond” on the screen:
   John Barrymore
   Ronald Colman
   George Brent
   John Howard

7. Two of these stars played “heavies” in silent pictures:
   Carmen Miranda
   Myrna Loy
   William Powell
   Spencer Tracy

8. He was the first actor to win an Academy Award for the best performance in a talking picture:
   Gary Cooper
   John Barrymore
   Richard Barthelmess
   Warner Baxter

9. As a sideline, he produces bow-and-arrow hunting shorts:
   Errol Flynn
   George Bancroft
   Victor McLaglen
   Wallace Beery

10. Elvis is:
    Bette Davis’ nickname
    The gold statuette given Academy Award winners
    Nazimova’s daughter
    The most publicized cow in America

ELLEN DREW, soon to appear in Paramount’s “Texas Rangers Ride Again,” recalls—
“The MASTERS tables are so beautiful I wish I had room for more of them.” Miss Drew, like others of Hollywood stars, has MASTERS Tables in her home.

HOLMES Lamp
Commode . $24.75

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Occasional Table $34.50*
With leather top $37.50*

SHIELDS Cocktail Table . . . $27.50*

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Now you can select
TABLES that HARMONIZE
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Imagine the thrill of selecting for your own home the tables that Hollywood’s glamorous stars enjoy! With Imperial’s MASTERS Tables, you can do just this. Acclaimed by Hollywood, yet well within your budget — these beautiful creations are so skillfully designed they harmonize with each other and most leading styles. Made of mahogany and including 12 popular types, these intriguing new MASTERS Tables are now featured in a special group display at your dealer’s.

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Declined and 10c for which send me your new illustrated booklets,
“The Choice and Use of Tables.”

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State……………………………………………………………………………….

N O V E M B E R, 1 9 4 0
know were arranged for the picture boys by a press agent.

When he arrived at Colorado Springs, the Governor of Colorado met the party at the airport. He was carrying two big Western-wide-brimmed hats, probably as a gift to the distinguished guest.

“We cameramen all called to Mr. Willkie. Put one on him! Put on a big hat and he just grinned and murmured ‘Bunk!’ and waved the idea away like an annoying wasp.”

“But anything that he would normally do, he’ll stop and do over and over again for us, if we want pictures. He’s the most patient man I’ve ever been assigned to photograph.”

Wendell Willkie was equally suspicious of any artificiality in his appearance the day he donned grease paint for his “Information Please” film, according to Eddie Senz, the make-up man who grouped his star for his initial appearance before studio movie cameras.

“Mr. Willkie did not like the idea of being powdered at first,” said Senz. “But I explained that the heat of the lights creates perspiration which damages the grease-paint make-up and requires the application of a large powder puff between scenes. On my explanation, Mr. Willkie gave in with his usual genial willingness and even posed for some news photographs during a powder puff application.”

“The actual make-up of Mr. Willkie was a very simple job. He has a very photogenic face. He possesses every attribute in contour for good photography. I had to make no changes in facial structure. Actually, all I had to do was prepare his face so the camera was to put on a routine skin foundation to darken the tones.”

To Clifton Fadiman, John Kieran, Franklin P. Adams and Oscar Levant, the “regulars” of the “Information Please” series, Wendell Willkie appeared as a “star pupil” in the guest star for his naturalness and ease before the cameras and the microphones were commented on and his fund of facts and figures on political and economic questions provided him with ready answers to a wide variety of queries from Master of Ceremonies Fadiman.

No less pleased with the venture was Willkie himself, who told PHOTOPLAY’s reporter the experience had been “grand fun.”

“And do the movies themselves appeal to you as a form of relaxation, Mr. Willkie? Did you, for example, during your vacation at Colorado Springs, turn to films for recreation?”

“Yes. I saw a few there and in New York I go to the movies fairly frequently,” he replied.

“Would you say you were a fan?”

“No, I don’t think you could actually call me a fan. I enjoy the movies. Mrs. Willkie and I attend them often. But to be honest, I don’t think I’d be classed as a movie fan.”

It is Mrs. Willkie who is the critic of the family, when it comes to films, the writer learned.

One of the pictures shown the Willkie party at their hotel in Colorado Springs was “The Great McGinty,” the Brian Donlevy film which rather capriciously displayed the very many foibles of politics against which the Republican candidate has been crusading. But to Mrs. Willkie, “The Great McGinty” must have gone too far in its satire, for before the end of it she got up and left the room where the film was being run. Mr. Willkie remained to see the rest of the picture, but refrained from commenting on his reaction to it.

Another film shown the Presidential candidate while he was in Colorado Springs was “The Ramparts We Watch” and this document of war scenes held obvious interest for the Indiana man, who enlisted in the artillery when we entered the First World War and came home from France a captain.

“He was visibly moved,” said one of the party who saw the March of Time release with the Willkies. “He said it took him back to the days when he was getting on a troop train in just such a small town as was shown bidding farewell to its soldiers. The sailing of the transports, loaded with uniformed men, reminded him of the day he himself steamed off for France.”

Both Mr. and Mrs. Willkie remember the movies from the days when they were called “store shows” in Indiana; flickering reels of cowboy and custard- pie epics and the heartbreaking heroines of the golden-curled “Biograph Girl,” who later was to become known as Mary Pickford. Both have maintained their interest in the movies through the years.

Wendell Willkie is well known to New York theater-goers, too. He and Mrs. Willkie often are seen at one of the Broadway stage hits. But equally frequent are their visits to one of the smart little neighborhood film houses, off Fifth Avenue, where the best of the year’s screen offerings are given second runs.

From the manager of their favorite film theater, PHOTOPLAY learned that the Willkies, if their record of attendance is any indication, prefer comedies to the heavier drama; musicals to the mannequins-menace type of talkie.

To Wendell Willkie, both of the greatest potentialities the screen holds is its value as a historian. To the cavalcade of history the films already have recorded, it is safe to predict Willkie himself will be adding, in the next month, his full share of the pertinent and the picturesque.

Whether or not he is elected President of the United States, Wendell Willkie has the vote of those in the movie business who have worked with him, as a “regular guy.”
If You Want to Get There

(Continued from page 17)

the office of C. B. De Mille, producer of "North West." Arriving in his outer office, she told his secretary, demurely, "Please say that Louwette is here."

The secretary did, too, such are the Goddard bulls of persuasion and guile—Paulette—pardon me, Louwette—stuck her head in the door.

"How was the game?" she inquired.

C. B. grinned. "So you're the girl who sent the post cards," he remarked. "I might have known you'd be around sooner or later."

Whereupon, he had her read part of the "North West" script—and signed her for the role of Louwette without even a screen test.

Smooth piece of manipulating, eh?

Or take that time Paulette and David Selznick got to talking about golf out at the Lakeside Country Club. I was there myself. Of course, now, everyone knows Paulette is a whiz at golf, but at that time it was different. From the way she talked about the game—diffidently, of course—you would have thought her nothing but an amateur. Well, the conversation ran along and pretty soon she and David were arranging a match—for rather stiff stakes, too—and Paulette was getting a whale of a handicap. She didn't ask for it, exactly. She just modestly accepted what David chivalrously offered.

Then she beat the pants off him. I can see her now, there on the eighteenth hole after she'd holed in one under par, inquiring impishly, "Not so bad, after all, isn't it?" And David, grinning wryly, telling her: "No, not bad at all, you little devil!"

But, as I say, he was grinning and that is significant. I mean, when Paulette pulls a fast one, she makes you like it! Which is, of course, a part of really being smart.

Of course, Paulette doesn't always win. Sometimes she doesn't want to. Like that night at Palm Springs when she and—for, I won't mention names, but a couple of Hollywood actresses and a very smart producer got into that blackjack game.

I was standing right back of Paulette's chair and I saw the whole thing. They had been playing about an hour and the producer, who was the dealer and should have had the odds in his favor, was losing and getting over than a boiled owl.

The other two girls didn't seem to care about that. Finally, each a big winner at his expense, they quit playing, which left just himself and Paulette in the game. He was getting purple by now and he complained bitterly when suddenly Paulette set out a huge stack of chips.

I saw her hand. She had a nine and a ten—nineteen, a perfect hand to "stand" on. The exposed card in front of the producer was a seven. The odds were that he would have a ten or a face card underneath, counting seventeen, which meant that, according to the rules of the game, he would have to "stand," too, and that Paulette would beat him.

He fingered the cards and looked questioningly at Paulette. Of course, I expected her to "stand" (that is, not take any more cards since the point is to come near to twenty-one as you can without going over) but believe it or not, she chose otherwise.

"Hit me," she said quietly, in the vernacular of the game.

So he did, with a six spot. Cheefully, she flipped the card over. "Too many," she said, cheerfully. "You win my money."

Se the game broke up with the producer being cheerful again and very kindly disposed toward Paulette. All the rest of the evening he ignored the two actresses who had won from him and paid attention to her. They're still fast friends. Just the other day I heard he was going to do a big picture and that it star will be Miss Paulette Goddard, . . .

I IMAGINE she's been that way always. Certainly she has since Hollywood has known anything about her. How otherwise, could she have withstood, nay triumphed, over what Hollywood has come to describe as "the Chaplin situation"? Here she was, an unknown member of the Goldwyn Folies chorus in "The Kid from Spain." Charlie Chaplin spotted her. The eventual outcome was that four years later he put her into "Modern Times," where she was good, but nothing cataclysmic. Meanwhile, she became—or did not become—Mrs. Charlie Chaplin and for the past five years has been subjected to the most anomalous, the most trying, the most (you would think) heart-breaking situation in which a woman could find herself. But has it got her down? Quite obviously, no. Instead, she seems to have turned the mystery of her relationship with Charlie Chaplin to her own advantage. Consider. For more than four years after she did "The Kid from Spain," she never faced a camera. Yet she got more publicity than half the stars of Hollywood. Her friends became legion.

So she remains. There is no apology in her. There is little humility. You ask her, as a reporter, about her status in the Chaplin household and she picks you up and sets you down.

"I never discuss my personal affairs for publication," she says. Yet such is the dignity of her refusal that you quite likely find yourself apologizing to her! Yes, Paulette Goddard has beauty; she's supposed to have the most perfect figure in the world. But it isn't beauty that has put her where she is today.

It is brains. For instance—take the matter of Scarlett O'Hara. At first they said, when Vivien Leigh was chosen, that Paulette, until that time apparently one of the likeliest possibilities, was brokenhearted. The truth was that Paulette knew before David Selznick met Vivien Leigh that she herself wasn't going to be Scarlett; that Selznick didn't consider her a sufficiently experienced actress for such a tremendous role.

So, believe it or not, and contrary to various stories current at the time, it was Paulette Goddard who introduced Vivien Leigh to David Selznick. The garden party, it was, not on the Selznick lot the night "Atlanta burned" as reported. Paulette, the perspicacious, knowing she had lost out, had done her bit toward steering this most coveted of all film roles toward a girl who, no matter how great her triumph as Scarlett was sufficiently different from herself never to be a rival—an English girl, not an American; an opposite to herself in personality, in type, in background. Out of all of it, she herself emerged unhurt; in fact, appreciated still more for the dignity with which she accepted her "disappointment."

Well, as I was saying—no smoother operator ever "operated" in Hollywood.


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Now Marlboro brings you the utmost in fastidious grooming—the smart, red Beauty Tip. By the true Marlboro, you have always said "Fastidious", This is one more luxury added to Marlboro's overwhelming superiority.

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Marlboro's Beauty Tip is a definite benefit. It brings out the red in your lips and the red in your fingernails. It is a beauty aid for both hands and face. Marlboro is the world's most famous brand; the Matchless because it is the only brand of its kind.

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Kurlash, the magic eyelash curler that curls the lashes back from the eyes, makes them appear larger, lovelier, brighter! It takes less than 30 seconds and no practice or skill is required! You too can be a smart girl. Acquire a KURLASH for just $1.00!

P. S. KURLENE, the olive-hued lash cream makes up with Kurlash perfectly. Applied to lashes—makes the curled lashes—gives more luxurious appearance 50c.

The Lord Baltimore Hotel
Baltimore, Maryland

November, 1940

89
Proceed at Your Own Risk
(Continued from page 21)

"Mail that looks as if it might be a story or a song comes in a form letter. Sometimes, naturally, we make a mistake. Back in March, 1939, for instance, we opened a song—our horror—but only one line immediately with a letter explaining what had happened. Three months later, in June, we released Sings Another Song in which Bing sang 'I've Got A Pocketful Of Dreams.' Whereupon the author of that song had opened by mistake, or his lawyer, thought we had stolen some bars of melody. And if it hadn't been a matter of record that Bing had made a ten-cent recording of 'Pocketful Of Dreams' in December—three months before that song was mailed—we would have had a tough time in the courts. We were saved a suit, which was better luck than we had any right to police car finally came along and took the little man and his illusions away.

Lately, indignation and a sense of justice aroused, the stars have been insisting on being able to go through the courts irrespective of what this costs them in unfortunate publicity, time and annoyance. Clark Gable thought it so ridiculous that when Violet Norton named him as her father of 14-year-old daughter. On October 15, six months before Violet Norton, backed by a Canadian who believed her story, arrived in Los Angeles. All these letters he turned over to the FBI, and finally Violet Norton wrote to the Federal Attorney herself, thus putting the matter in the official lap.

In this case the government filed charges of mail fraud and Clark was the complaining witness. When the case—which ended with Violet Norton's being deported—came to trial Clark spent ten days on call, on the stand, or waiting under pressure. He was paid $75 an hour for "Parnell" at the time and this cost Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer thousands of dollars in overhead.

Recently Wally Beery was fortunate enough to outwit a gentleman who might have grown considerably richer at his expense. Wally had been sent something of the wife from whom this gentleman had been separated for a long time. One night after, at a neighborhood theater, Wally and she returned to the Beery house for refreshments. After an hour, Wally's houseman answered the doorbell and this girl's husband stalked into the living room. He intimated there was going to be trouble—plenty of trou-

ble. Wally let him talk at length. Then he opened the door of an adjoining room and out walked Mr. Beery Sr., and a police captain who had heard everything.

Fortunately for Wally this man had boasted of the coup he planned. The door from the booth had been made was a locking bar. Wally's who went directly to Wally and gave warn-

Hollywood stardom never has been the most enviable of positions. It is a state of constant apprehension—but nothing like apprehension in which the stars live now. That the very good works they do are twisted to brand them as despicable.

We know of no star who has been more consistently persecuted in this re-
spect than Melvyn Douglas. . . .

Melvyn Douglas is a lovely home on top of a hill, filled with the beautiful possessions he has worked for and cherishes with appreciation and pleasure. He works directly house and all that is in it to his son and his daughter. He also wants to leave his son and daughter a work of art by which they may find a fair amount of contentment and peace.

The more he feels he won't be able to do this unless the great proportion of people is better satisfied, he works tirelessly as a member of the board of the Department of Social Welfare in California and a member of the California State Relief Commission.

It is up to each of us to consider our migratory agricultural workers as a special problem of our times. When the farmer who is now poor and hungry raised give out they can go on to new methods the way Abraham Lincoln's family did. There are no more frontiers! Unemployment Melvyn Douglas once had hopeful interest in the USSR, together with thousands of other intelli-
gentsia and loyal communists. But he long ago lost that hope and that interest. As he said to us, "I do not see how anyone can con-
tinue to believe in the USSR as an experiment. It must, I fear, be considered an episode, a most unfortunate episode."
nately the suitecase was locked. Then I gave Lolette a good brushing and sup-
per and taught her to sign her auto-
graph with her right paw.

This a.m., Lolette got me up at seven on acct. of the housebroken.
It being Sat, there was no school and
I was sorry on acct. of everybody in my
own home was against it. This was
sore because I wouldn’t let her in the
bathroom for half an hour while I was
bathing Lolette. I shampooed her with
Wow Wow which I hope doesn’t stain
taffeta on account of she shook herself
all over the draperies. And Mops was
sore because our carpets are pearl gray
and Lolette left a foot print which turned
out to be indelible and now they have
to be taken up and cleaned. And
Pops acted like he was underestimating
the district attorney.

Pops: When are you doing at the air-
port?
Me: We were at the Ritz when.
Pops: (interrupting) Ritz? What were you
doing there?
Me: Just hanging around.
Pops: Is it safe? And whose car and chauffeur
were at your disposal?
Me: Host! soil qui mal y pense.
Pops: (punching) Is that so? Whose dog
was this thing?
Me: Madeleine Carroll’s.
Pops: Who the devil is Madeleine Carroll?
I could hardly believe my ears. I
knew that Pops has a good many blind
spots, but that was too much. Then
pops called Lilybud and it all came out
about the things from A. F. & though she
tried to protect me. We were in the
midst of a scene when a telegram came
as follows:

PERSONALIZED SERVICE FOR
SENSITIVE DOGS.
Care of Needs.
GENTLEMEN. PLEASE BOARD
LOLETTE UNTIL FURTHER IN-
STRUCTIONS. REGIME FOL-
LOWS AIRMAIL. MADELINE
CARROLL.

Made secret rendez-vous with Barb
at Zoo as we had volumes to tell each
other. Lolette was delighted to see her.
Went into the carriage and got her a fran-
kfurter and us some ice cream and
who was there but Vera Bailey and that
mut of hers and she came right over
and joined us without being invited. So
I told her point blank that Lolette be-
longed to her and she seemed to have
had lots of inhibitions and spoke only
French and she was impressed but Rex
wasn’t and treated her as if she belonged to
his own social stratum.

Received letter from Madeleine as
follows:

Gentlemen:
Kindly take the best care of
Lolette who is very delicate.
Her regime is as follows:
Monday: calves liver—2 fresh vege-
tables.
Tuesday: raw egg in milk—3 fresh
vegetables.
Wednesday: chicken liver—2 fresh
vegetables.
Thursday: raw beef (top round)—
2 fresh vegetables.
Friday: vegetable plate—tomato
juice.
Saturday: goose liver—2 fresh
vegetables.
Sunday: beef or lamb stew with
gravy.

All vegetables should be steamed.

Give her cod liver oil or sun baths.
She is to be bathed and groomed
twice a week.

Kindly send me your literature
as I have not heard of your service.

and it was signed with her autograph!

Lolette seems to have Spring Fever.
She isn’t eating properly.

YE GODS. I think I wish I were
dead. Lolette is lost. She has been
gone since yesterday morning.
Just disappeared. We are all frantic.

LATEST BULLETIN: Vera phoned
that Rex is gone too. Lolette came over
to her house and barked outside the
yard and she let her in and later they
were BOTH GONE. Pops has adver-
tised in all the papers. I’m distracted.
I can even concentrate on a movie.
Poor Lolette.

YE GODS. Madeleine is coming to
New York. She is coming to get Lolette
Monday at 3. I wonder if I could buy a
duplicate dog. But of course, I’ll go over
to the cafeterias and to all the
omens and maybe I’ll find her.

Now I can write Finis to the chapter.
Monday morning we were all frantic
and Pops decided to leave for the
office, knowing how I felt. We
were sitting at breakfast and not saying
much, and Pops said of course he
wouldn’t worry about it. Vera Bailey
saw and talked to her and he said he would and at
that moment that should be coming in
but Lolette herself. She didn’t even
have the decency to have her tail
between her legs, but was wagging it and
she ran around so glad to see us all
that nobody had the heart to scold her,
and Lilybud brought her some breakfast
which she ate like she was starved. And
she was all dirty.

She played tag and it was Vera to
tsay that Rex had come home too. So
we had a family conference and decided
that we shouldn’t be necessary to tell
on Lolette.

Lilybud baked a cake and wrote Lo-
lette in icing on it and we were all ready
when the bell rang and it was SHE.
She seemed surprised that it was
an apartment and not a store, but she
was so happy to find Lolette looking so well
that she said she was grateful to us
and Mops explained some things to her
and we talked at once and Lolette
jumped on her lap and she talked
French to her, and everything was go-
ing wonderfully when Pops came home,
and he and Miss Carroll got talking
and he thought she was swell and I re-
membered when he didn’t even know who
she was. She stayed nearly 2 hours and
she said she had a wonderful time.
I told her it was the ambition of my
life to go to Hollywood and she said if I
ever did I could come and stay with her,
and Barb too. Pops and Mops both heard it.

After she left Barb and I had a
conference and made a lot of plans for
our trip next summer, and it looks as if
we may be able to swing it at last.
But Lilybud said something that
does make me wender if I really want to
go to.

"If you was Miss Jane, I wouldn’t be
fixin’ to show my face on that Coast.

Barb has her weeks off and there
might be a scandal in certain high class
kennels and that there Miss Carroll ain’t no
fool. She knows darn well that storks
don’t bring puppies."

PRISCILLA LANE STARS IN RED CROSS TRAILER

Priscilla Lane, deservedly popular
Hollywood actress, is the star who ap-
pears in the American Red Cross Roll
Call Trailer this year. This trailer,
which runs a minute and a half, will
be shown in moving picture theaters
all over the country during the annual
Red Cross campaign for members
which begins November 1 and ends
November 30.

In this short film Priscilla dramatic-
ically appeals to the theater audience
to join their local Red Cross chapter.
To set the example, she leads the way
by joining right on the set while the
movie cameras grind to preserve her
action to posterity. The trailer further
pictures the Red Cross in action
bringing help to refugees, fighting
the terror of flood and fire, giving food
to the hungry and providing shelter
to the homeless.

For many years the Red Cross has been using moving pictures in its annual
appeal for members. Among the stars who have appeared in Red Cross pictures
in the past are Shirley Temple, Ann Sheridan, Mary Pickford, Deanna Durbin
and many others.

Only during great emergencies, such as war or widespread disaster, are special
appeals for funds issued. Annual dues, collected from members during the
yearly Roll Call, are the chief means of financing Red Cross activities at home.

Because of constantly growing demands for Red Cross community and na-
tional services, which include public health nursing, production of braille books
for the blind, free instruction in first aid, swimming and life-saving, assistance
to service men and veterans, and many others, a large membership increase is
necessary. Everyone who joins the Red Cross knows that he or she thereby
is making possible continuation of its humanitarian work, and keeping the or-
ganization prepared to meet any emergencies.


Thus did a famous poet pay tribute to a beautiful woman. His words didn’t necessarily mean that she had a stunning figure or a gorgeous face. No, it’s pretty certain that what he described was that cloak of beauty which falls about the woman with sparkling eyes, clear skin, youthful exuberance and the radiance which comes from glorious health. You, too, can have this real kind of loveliness! You, too, can “walk in beauty, like the night”! Not by magic, but by adhering to the startling secrets revealed by Helen Macfadden in her exceptionally practical book, Help Yourself to Beauty.

Help Yourself to Beauty

Everyone who reads Help Yourself to Beauty has it within her power at this very moment to act rather than dream of what she would like to become in her physical appearance. Unless you’re born with a stunning figure and a gorgeous face, the world is not going to come and seek you out. You’ve got to do things to yourself and for yourself if you’re going to be rated as an attractive girl or woman. It’s easy to visualize one’s self as a radiant, lovely being. But achieving that dream is built on cleverness plus a foundation of health! Yes, you can Help Yourself to Beauty.

A Former Ziegfeld Glamour Girl Tells You How

Helen Macfadden was one of the late Florent Ziegfeld’s glamour girls. Many of the beauty secrets described in Help Yourself to Beauty were acquired from the great impresario himself. Others were taught her by her father, Bernarr Macfadden. Yet most of the startling new aids to beauty were gleaned by personally interviewing and studying some of the loveliest ladies in America. This is why Help Yourself to Beauty is so important...so essential to your loveliness...so necessary to your future happiness.

Helen Macfadden’s amazing book tells you how to banish skin defects—discusses creams—gives you many complexion tips—tells you how to control your figure—how to add beauty to your hair—how to beautify your eyes—hints on how to wake up a lazy skin—how to accent your personality by make-up—how to use rouge and powder properly—how to choose colors best for you—tells how screen stars acquire allure—how to improve facial outlines—how to cultivate personality—how to be a lovelier you!

Get This Bargain Beauty Book Now

Help Yourself to Beauty has an easy, flowing style and is written in simple, understandable language. “A straightforward and eminently sensible plan for every woman,” says just one of the many reviews praising this great book. It contains 180 pages and is beautifully bound in deep red cloth. The price of this bargain beauty book is only $1.00 postpaid. Send for your copy of this splendid book NOW.

ALL FOR ONLY $100:

Broadway and Hollywood Beauty Marks • Does Figure or Face Count Must • Improving Physical and Facial Traits • How to Banish Skin Defects • Facial Creams and the Face Mask • Some Complexion Facts • Bathe—its Why and Wherefore • The Surbath and How to Use It • Help Your Skin to Breathe—In Beauty • Created Your Figure by Your Diet • Food and Skin Coloring • Beauty-Builders for Your Food List • Why the Waist Exercise • Exercising Indoors and Outdoors • Deep Breathing Helps Build Beauty • Your Hair Can Spell Charm • Added Beauty for Your Hair • Special Needs of Various Types of Hair • Beauty of Your Eyes—But Safety • What You Should Know About Eye Makeup • Massage and Exercise for Eye Beauty • How Foods Promote Tooth Health • The Tooth Brush and Tooth Beauty • Exercising Teeth and Gums • Accent Your Personality by Makeup • Ways to Wake Up Lazy Skin • Using Powder and Rouge Properly • Warnings for Blondes and Brunettes • How to Choose Colors Best for You • Improving Eyebrows and Eyelids • How Screen Stars Acquire Allure • Ways to Improve Facial Outlines • Personality Plus Can Be Cultivated • Practical Beauty Programs for Home and Office Girls • Routines to Beautify Your Face • Hobbies that Pay Dividends.
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Chesterfield

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Do you smoke the cigarette that satisfies? Do you smoke the cigarette that satisfies?
BOYS—AND JUDY GARLAND
CHARLIE CHAPLIN TALKS

By Paul Hesse
Introduces
A sextette of exciting Eau de Toilette fragrances symbolic of the flowers of the Western Continent, in
“BUD VASES”
the glamorous and colorful Pan-American series of exotically, high-style porcelain-type vases. When the last drop of L’Orel Eau de Toilette has been used, the flask becomes a beautiful and adorable flower bud vase.

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with flowers of Bermuda...

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with flowers of Samoa...

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with flowers of Hawaii...

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with flowers of Nippon...

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with flowers of the Indies...

Pink “Bud-Vase”
with flowers of America...

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Wherever fine perfumes are sold

Parfum L’OREL Inc.
6 East 39th Street, New York
Mr. Bernarr Macfadden
requests the honour of your presence
at the marriage of his magazine
PHOTOPLAY
to
MOVIE MIRROR
on Wednesday, the twenty-seventh of November
nineteen hundred and forty
on the newstands of the nation
It gives us great pleasure and pride
to announce this union of PHOTOPLAY, the
aristocrat of motion picture magazines,
to MOVIE MIRROR, with its warmth and friendliness

At home
to our readers
In the JANUARY ISSUE and thereafter

WATCH FOR IT

FOR FURTHER DETAILS, SEE "NEWS" PAGE 3

DECEMBER, 1940
Of all the musical thrills your singing sweethearts ever gave you, here is the greatest! Ziegfeld's memorable stage triumph—crowded with romance and melody—becomes in glorious Technicolor a picture you'll never forget. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer proudly presents...

JEANETTE NELSON

MacDONALD • EDDY

in NOEL COWARD'S

Bitter Sweet

Photographed in Technicolor with
GEORGE SANDERS, IAN HUNTER, FELIX BRESSART
Original Play, Music and Lyrics by Noel Coward. Screen Play by Lesser Samuels
Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II. Produced by Victor Saville
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Songs: "THE CALL OF LIFE" "I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN" "WHAT'S LOVE" "TOKAY" "DEAR LITTLE CAFE" "LADIES OF THE TOWN" "ZIGEUNER"

PHOTOPLAY
PHOTOPLAY

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ERNST V. HEYN
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
FRED R. SAMMIS

RUTH WATERBURY
HEYWORTH CAMPBELL

ART EDITOR

Published in this space every month

LION’S ROAR

VOL. LIV, NO. 12, DECEMBER, 1940

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 221 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. * General Offices, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. * Editorial and Advertising Offices, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. * (Subs. $5.00 per year in the United States and Possessions, $7.00 in all other countries, payable in advance.) * Subscription prices are: Canada, $5.00 per year. * Entered as second class matter April 1, 1940, at the post office at Chicago, Ill., under act of March 3, 1879, copyrighted, 1940, by Macfadden Publications, Inc., Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intellectual.

Title trademark registered at U. S. Patent Office

Printed in the United States of America

PHOTOPLAY News!

With its next issue PHOTOPLAY magazine takes the most important step in its history. PHOTOPLAY has been the mouthpiece of fans, sters and the cinema itself, a forum in which all the interests of the industry have been heard frankly and freely. In that time it has earned a place in the world of motion pictures never approached by any other publication.

When Bernarr Macfadden acquired the magazine six years ago, he determined at all costs to maintain its standard in quality and in leadership in the field of motion picture publications. In these days when every buyer is more than ever concerned about what penny, we have sought a way to maintain that standard in leadership and still make the magazine available to the hundreds of thousands of people who might not wish to spend twenty-five cents for it.

So now PHOTOPLAY magazine comes to what we believe is an even greater destiny. We believe that the usefulness of this publication beginning with the next issue will be extended far beyond its original frontiers. For you we will now be able to buy PHOTOPLAY for ten cents.

Among Bernarr Macfadden's great magazines is known as LOWIE MIRROR, which lowie and LEO WEXLER, the same editorial guidance as PHOTOPLAY. By linking these two publications together, it will be possible to offer MOVIE MIRROR readers a greatly improved magazine and to give PHOTOPLAY readers their favorite features in addition to some outstanding new ones.

Beginning with the January issue, the merged publication will appear under the name PHOTOPLAY/MOVIE MIRROR, it will sell for ten cents. It will contain like full-color pages, possible in no other similarly priced magazine. You will find in its pages Cleo Dupont and Long Shots by Ruth Waterbury, Shadow Stage, Cal York, Casts of Current Pictures and many of the other features and writers you have grown to love.

PHOTOPLAY/MOVIE MIRROR sets out on its journey to meet your approval with the prospect of a circulation greater than any other in its field, a distinction which will make it possible to keep this the leader in quality as well as in quantity.

These of you who are PHOTOPLAY subscribers will receive a double one-half cent subscription, and we extend a personal subscription, if your subscription now entitles you to eight more copies of PHOTOPLAY, you will receive twenty copies of the new magazine. Or let us say you are entitled to three copies of PHOTOPLAY. In that event you will receive eight copies (instead of seven and one-half) of the new magazine—a full copy being served whenever a half copy is due you in the extension of your subscription.

To all PHOTOPLAY readers, the combined magazine will offer even more interest and greater enjoyment.

I look forward to meeting you all on the pages of PHOTOPLAY/MOVIE MIRROR, the first copy of which you can obtain on November 27.

SARAH

HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

Boys—and Judy Garland

The story of her romantic escapades

Hollywood Has a Heart

It Has It to Loss Its Own

Merton Thompson

The inspiring story behind the Motion Picture Relief Fund

It Welcome the Stranger

Vicki Baum

The international novelist analyzes the international exile problem

Velvet Volcano

Jerry Asher

Enough of John Carroll's life to explain his reputation?

What Happened to Hepburn?

Kirkley Baskette

Hollywood thought it couldn't be done—but Rost did it

Chaplin Talks

Dixie Willson

Charlie's own story behind the filming of "The Great Dictator"

Talent Scout Tells All

He has the toughest job in town, but he loves it!

How Claudette Colbert Lives

Adie Whitty Fletcher

A picture-story of a doctor's wife "at home" in Hollywood

The Man Who Found a Country

William A. Ullman, Jr.

St. Louis to the face with the Greatest Adventure: America

Lesson in Living

Marian Rhea

What fifty-seven years in the limelight have taught May Robson

Photoplay Fashions

Gwen Walters

Winter wardrobe forecasts, headed for a warm welcome

Round-Up of Pace Setters

Sara Hamilton

A look at the records of some champion record-breakers

Are You a Good Fashion Scout?

Dorothy Cuthon

Test your style sense on the latest designs!

The Boy from Omaha

Billur Morse, Jr.

Henry Fonda's family-album biography

Warner Baxter's Narrowest Escape from Death

Rex Davidson

An experience equalled by few—and envied by none!

The Camera Speaks—

Super Cargo—Super Cogs

Look Alike

Diets by Display

NEWS, VIEWS AND REVIEWS

Boos and Bouquets

BrieVewS of Current Pictures

Shopping for You and the Stars

Close Ups and Long Shots

Cosmetic Counter

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

The Shadow Stage

We Cover the Studios

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

Getting Fit for Fun

Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

PHOTOPLAY: The greatest star of the screen!

No matter who is elected, there is no doubt about the People's Choice.

Perhaps you should know several facts about your favorite screen star. As follows:

In the last 17 annual polls of the nation's critics, M-G-M produced 63 of the 170 best pictures.

Of the 100 leading stars and featured players in the movies, 48 are under contract to M-G-M,

These include—in alphabetical order—Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Joan Crawford, Robert Donat, Nelson Eddy, Clark Gable, Greta Garbo, Judy Garland, Greer Garson, Hedy Lamarr, Myrna Loy, Jeannette MacDonald, Marx Brothers, Robert Montgomery, Eleanor Powell, William Powell, Mickey Rooney, Rosalind Russell, Norma Shearer, Victor McLaglen, Janice Stewart, Robert Taylor, Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner. To mention but a few,

The M-G-M studios at Culver City are the world's largest. They occupy 157 acres and employ 4000 people.

M-G-M pictures are produced on thirty giant sound stages, one of which, 310 by 153 feet, is 60 feet high.

The laboratory annually prints enough film to encircle the earth at the equator with enough left over to reach from Los Angeles to New York. No one has ever tried to do this however.

The electricity supplied by our own plant could easily light an average city of 25,000 population.


"Gone With the Wind", produced by Selznick-International, was released by our organization. In a few months we shall all be able to see it again.

For November we announce two outstanding productions. Jeannette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet". And Judy Garland in George M. Cohan's "Little Nellie Kelly".

When the lion roars on the screen, you're in for a good time.

—Leo

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures
Photoplay invites you to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your thoughts to one of the many interesting letters received this month. We print some of the comments here, as well as letters submitted entirely with spotless paper, under the heading "Letters to the Editors." Under this heading are all the letters comprising Photoplay's "Reader's Forum," a page reserved for the general public. Photoplay reserves the right to edit any letters submitted in this section. Letters submitted in any other department appearing in Photoplay will be considered as "owners." Photoplay will not be responsible for lost letters, and Photoplay is not responsible for the properties of the letters submitted in any department appearing in Photoplay. Photoplay's "Reader's Forum" is the property of the magazine; contributions will not be remitted.

ASK AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE DEPARTMENT

Says M. L. D. of Racine, Wis:

One of my favorite movie dreams is a picture co-starring Ann Sothern, Joan Blondell and Genevieve Tobin as sisters—they look more alike than the Lanes. If you don't believe me, print similar poses of them... and see for yourself.

Patricia Sloan, Chicago, Ill.

Photoplay gave Broderick Crawford honors as having given one of the best performances in "When the Daltons Rode." Will you please print a picture of him? Such a grand actor deserves all credit due.

Patricia Winchester, Tucson, Arizona.

See the picture on page 94.

PURELY BOUQUETS

Orchids to Hepburn!

Welcome back, Katherine Hepburn! Bravo!

As you can see, I am a Hepburn addict. I am among the hundreds of thousands who think that Katherine Hepburn is the first lady of the screen today. (Bette Davis is the tops, of course.) No matter how mean she is to the press—and I don't think they understand her—no matter what she says or does, or what she doesn't do, we all love her because she is Katherine Hepburn, the most superb and energetic actress of our day.

W. H. Egan, Adrian, Mich.

For a less orchideous view of Katherine Hepburn as she is today, see the Photoplay exclusive on page 19.

WHYS AND WHY NOTS COLUMN

Please tell me why Hollywood does not produce a few baseball pictures a year? Surely baseball is as interesting as football or any other sport.

Hazel Chadbourn, Jersey City, N. J.

Why should Ralph Bellamy always play dumb or lose-the-girl parts when there are plenty of others who can't play anything else convincingly?

Jean O'Brien, Portsmouth, N. H.

Why doesn't someone do something about putting "Jinx" Falkenburg before the public? She may never be a Bette Davis, but she wouldn't have to be. We just like to look at her:

Blissom Christopher, Imperial, Mo.

Why isn't Aero Stratton given a chance to show that she can really act, act so well that only very few American actresses can compare with her?

Suzanne Telken, New York, N. Y.

Why not give Gene Autry a break? Too, could we have full reviews and casts of all Westerns? We, and all our "horsey" friends see every one that comes to town.

Enda Fisher, Seattle, Wash.

INQUIRER'S COLUMN

I would like to know who played the part of Tex Whitecloud in "Arizona Frontier"?

Dorothy Simon, Philadelphia, Pa.

The part of Tex Whitecloud in "Arizona Frontier" was played by Tex Ritter.

(Continued on page 78)
TURBULENT ADVENTURE...SET AGAINST THE RICH, ROMANTIC TAPESTRY OF EARLY ARIZONA!

The story of lovely Phoebe Titus, titan of a woman, and her love for dashing Peter Muncie, Sergeant, U. S. A.! Mighty spectacle! Tempestuous stampedes! War! Lawless raids! Intrepid men and women! At last, in all its wild, brave magnificence, the motion picture drama of Arizona's birth!

Created by a great picture maker... at inestimable cost... with a superb cast of thousands... in especially re-created Old Tucson!

Wesley Ruggles' ARIZONA
starring JEAN ARTHUR
with WILLIAM HOLDEN
WARREN WILLIAM • PORTER HALL
and a cast of thousands

Based on the Saturday Evening Post serial and novel by Clarence Budington Kelland
Screen play by Claude Binyon • Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES

A Columbia Picture

WATCH FOR THIS HIT PRODUCTION... AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

DECEMBER, 1940
PICTURES REVIEWED IN SHADOW STAGE

THIS ISSUE

ARISE MY LOVE—Paramount . . . . 84

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YUKON—20th Century-Fox . . . . 84

YOUTH WILL BE SERVED—20th Century-Fox . . . . 84

INTERVIEW with Ann "Our Town" Favor: "City For Conquest" with Ann Sheridan and an outstanding James Cagney

BRIDE WORE CRUTCHES, THE—20th Century-Fox

Newcomer Ted North shows promise as a club reporter who finds his first assignment had his own success proving handicapped. Despite a well-chosen cast, the film's handling remains too routine. A heroically honest man is often comically hard to believe. (Dec.)

★ BRIGHAM YOUNG, FRONTIERSMAN—20th Century-Fox

John Wayne portrays a pioneer leader of the Mormonites. Although his handling is too routine, John Wayne gives a lavish performance as the leader of the group. (Oct.)

CAPTAIN CAUTION—Radio-United Artists

Victor Mature (in the title role) and Charles Coburn put it out in Kuala Lumpur with a few days running to the War of 1912. Louise Platt is the exciting heroine. Plenty of fighting and excitement, but it's mainly for the melon. (Oct.)

CAPTAIN LADY, THE—M-G-M

Ex-con matron Charles Coburn brings up in an old lady's home with his wife Ruth Bond and gets into all kinds of silly scrapes trying to get out again. It's all crummy with age. (Oct.)

CAROLINA MOON—Republic

One of the best Gene Autry pictures yet. Not as Western, either, as the scene in June Storey's plantation. Nice songs from Gene and swell comedy from Sallie Buttrille. (Nov.)

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE WAX MUSEUM—20th Century-Fox

Rumored to be the last of the series, this is the best of the lot, with subtly graceful settings and more than enough marvelous sleuthing to keep Sidney Toler on his toes every moment. (Oct.)

COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN—Paramount

A thin story and tired humor mar this Bob Burns vehicle, though the cast of washed-out radio favorites such as Our Town and Old Timer are plentiful, if that's what you like. (Dec.)

CROOKED ROAD, THE—Republic

Conflict among the ex-cons, as delineated by such sterling performers as Edmund Lowe, Henry Wilcoxon and Fred Hembury—who, however, can't do much with this tired old plot. (Sept.)

CROSS-COUNTRY ROMANCE—RKO-Radio

The welcome return to films of Gene Raymond is the high light of this somewhat pretentious picture about a youthful doctor driven to California and a natively brawn (Wendy Barrie) who stays away in his trailer. Faire in the frosty manner. (Nov.)

DANCE, GIRL, DANCE—RKO-Radio

An excellent cast (Lucille Ball as a haranguing queen, Maureen O'Hara as a ballet dancer and Louis Hayward as the millionaire playboy they write over) is almost lost on this backstage story. Great singing helps, however. (Nov.)

DR. CHRISTIAN MEETS THE WOMEN—RKO-Radio

Lovely Dr. Jesse Hershfield gets his wrist against a quick-dick fist brought down into his town by Rod LaRocque. (Dec.)

★ DR. KILDARE GOES HOME—M-G-M

No matter where Dr. Jimmey ( Lew Ayres) is, you'll find an interesting story and good performances. Based on the pulp between his loyalty to Lionel Barrymore's city hospital and to popu. Samuel H Bard's summer practice, this is no; it the hospital route. (Oct.)

DREAMING OUT LOUD—RKO-Radio

Typical Zanuck and Abbe (Cluster Lam and Norris Geff) homespun philosophy, with drama provided by country doctor fank Craven and romance by Frances Langford and Irving Bacon. Rather disappointing. (Oct.)

★ DULCY—M-G-M

Bette Davis stars as a lively petter who does all the wrong things at the right time, especially when she "helps" Jim Hunter (Walter Pidgeon) in his surprise romance. If Dulce's nerve breaks under the strain! Guy and very funny. (Oct.)

ELSA MAXWELL'S PUBLIC DEB. No. 1—20th Century-Fox

Heavily Brenda Joyce goes over to Commissary by better Marla Dietrich and the ample comedy with George Murphy, 1907. American waiter, and finds in the headlines. Light. (Nov.)

FLOWING GOLD—Warner

Another old-field role, but as "Bump-Town," despite the earnest activities of buddies John Garfield and Poll Birnbaum, who run into a big oil well owned by Frances Farmer's father. (Nov.)

★ FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT—Wanger-United Artists

Fredric March, as an enterprising American reporter, dips into the political situation in Europe and learns too much for his own health. Herbert Marshall and Lucie Mann are only two of the topnotchers who have wonderful roles in the thrilling goings-on. Graphic as a new novel. (Oct.)

FUGITIVE, THE—An English production released by Universal

There's bound to be a good plot here in any film starring Ralph Richardson—especially when he plays a small-time hanger who succumbs to the temptation to steal and brings much suffering upon himself and his wife, Isla Blair. (Dec.)

FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE, A—Warner

Manhattan crime, as uncovered by insurance investigator Roger Pryor and highlighted by the humor of Eddie Foy Jr. The original Fairbanks is the girl. (Dec.)

★ GIRL FROM GOD'S COUNTRY—Republic

Tricia slaps the story of a lawman Chester Morris and his prune John Barrymore, who are in the middle of a gold panic in the Alaskan country. It's climax is Charles Belden's attempts to capture Morris as a fugitive from justice. (Oct.)

★ GOLD RUSH MAIDIE—M-G-M

Ann Sothern—entering this time among the dashing immi- grants in the Alaskan desert—doesn't find it an easy thing. She gets married, be-having well. A heart-warming song of'startles and tears. (Nov.)

★ GOLDEN FLEETING, THE—M-G-M

This time, Lew Ayres is a timid life insurance man who sells a policy to gangster Lloyd Nolan and then tries to "protect" his bad risk. Rita Johnson is his girl friend and Nat Pendleton adds humor to the humorous situations. (Nov.)

★ GREAT MCGINTY, THE—Paramount

Bob Denby departs his usual villainy for comedy as a fast- swinging political tool of crooked boss Alain Todd—played by Smith. This time, Lew is a smooth operator. George Raft helps keep you laughing every minute. (Nov.)

★ GREAT PROFILE, THE—20th Century-Fox

It's a secret that John Barrymore practically plays himself as the skidding arter who saves a punk play by his old bullies, after all. Marla Dietrich and Walter Pidgeon have tried to save the motion. hen Barrymore himself is so good. This motion picture must be a corn. (Dec.)

HAUNTED HONEYMOON—M-G-M-British

Robert Montgomery, as a detective, and Constance Cummings, as a mystery writer, run into a red murder right after their marriage. It's all slow and uneventful, nevertheless. (Nov.)

★ HE STAYED FOR BREAKFAST—Columbia

More holding the Communists, this 007 (Douglas as one of the Cliffs, and David and Lawrence as one of the Bogarts) is an interesting, if rather slow-climbing story. The yarn of the real proof in the old French manner. (Dec.)

(Continued on page 84)
"I wish
I could say
I was sorry..."

BETTE DAVIS
in WARNER BROS: glowing presentation of
the brilliant novel and stage triumph by
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

with HERBERT MARSHALL
JAMES STEPHENSON
Frédé Levaillant* Gale Sondergaard
A WILLIAM WYLER PROD’N
Screen Play by Howard Koch
Music by Max Steiner
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture
1. NEW SCENT BOTTLE
Olivia de Havilland of Warners' "Santa Fe Trail" seems to think an atomizer's a handy thing to have. The last rites in her dress-up program is to spray herself with her favorite scent from her favorite De Vilbiss atomizer—the bubble-bottle, as handsomely designed as a piece of modern architecture. A perfect gift for any gal. $3 at department stores.

2. GLITTER DUEL
Any gal that loves glitter will thank her lucky stars for this two-way Christmas present. Gloves and matching belt that prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that this is a jewelry year—and bow! It's done with colored stones and tiny golden hearts, and a glowing job, to boot. The gloves, $5: the belt, $3.50, from David's Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

3. GLITTER JEWELRY
It's a year for simple tops on dresses, so the gals we know are scouring the shops for jewelry that glitters to dress them up. This Silon conceit will do the trick—and do it brilliantly! Gilded rings combine with colored leather strips to make a necklace as gay as a gypsy's. $2.00. Matching bracelet, $1. From Saks Fifth Avenue, New York.

4. INDOOR GIRLS' DELIGHT
The "bary" of the season—a dressing case that looks like a million but costs a mile—only $1.86! Tone-length quilted pink rayon satin, alabaster with flowers and styled to rival your best blouse. Start checking gals on your list right now who would love to find this broadway beauty under the Christmas tree. From R. H. Macy, New York.

5. SEWING SURPRISE
This quaint old wood-covered sewing box with the red velvet pincushion top turns out to be a container for Shulton's tangy "Old Spice" soap, toilet water, talc and bath soaps. When the toiletries are gone the chest can again be drafted for its original, useful purpose. The perfect $1 gift—at leading drug and department stores.

6. THE BIGGEST LIPSTICK IN THE WORLD!
If you like to do things handsomely—and who doesn't!—here's the biggest lipstick in the world—to make an impression no gal can forget. Put out by Matchabelli, who always do things in a princely manner, this "Giant" measures three and a half inches tall, works on one hand, lasts indefinitely! Black or white container; $2 at leading stores.

7. WIRE FLOWERS
Fresh flowers for your current heart-beat. Not just an ordinary arrangement, either, but an enchanting camellia necklace, flanked with fresh and fragrant valley lilies. Hold the fan in the beautiful celophane box, tied with ribbon and dangling a jingling Christmas bell. Less than 85c. Hense Haynes, N. Y.

8. POMPADOUR PICK-UP
The smartest gals are wearing their hair in glossy pompadours. So for them the perfect Christmas gift is a pompadour beaded—red velvet flowers that sprout from an arch of satin tubing, firmly anchored with an elastic band. You'll be highly praised for your taste and ingenuity! $1.95 at Lord & Taylor, New York.

9. GIPSY BEAUTY KIT
A traveling beauty kit that says "Merry Christmas" as gaily as if you shouted it yourself from the rooftops! Gipsy-colored taffeta stripes, ribbon-lined and slide-fastened with a bright red Christmas bell for a puller. In its depths sit jars for creams and a bottle for lotions. Christmas-boxed and only $2 at leading Notion Counters.

10. ART IN LEATHER
In developing its own fashion resources, America also discovered its talent for turning out beautiful leather varieties of the kind that brought European craftsmen their great reputation. Here's one with a quilted, mailhead-studded top that looks very costly but can be had for an Xmas gift for around $3.50. Karges, New York.

11. SAY IT WITH A "WEE KIT"
Quick, check off the college girls, the business girls and the traveling girls on your Christmas list. There's nothing any one of them would rather have them a beauty kit that has what it takes to keep her looking fit. Tuzzy cooked this up complete with creams and lotions, lipsticks and powder—and for a mere $2.50. Bloomingdale's, N. Y.

12. DINNER DRAMA
The slickest little dinner duet of the season, at the most amazingly tiny price, $2.95. Part one is a bright red pullover-knit lace sweater threaded with gold and closed with a row of bright gold buttons. Part two is a twist-your-own turban to match. Together they'll make the gal who gets them the belle of any party she goes to. From Franklin Simon's, N. Y.

(For More Shopping News See Page 22)
Kay's In a Daze In a Maze of Bad Humor Men!

He's back—in the hit rage of radio... He had to make after the sensational success of his first screen show last year. You'll shiver while you swing as Kay plays six haunting new song hits with his band, and the band plays hide-and-seek with a haunted houseful of villains!

KAY KYSER
In A Mystery With Music

"You'll Find Out"

With PETER LORRE • BORIS KARLOFF • BELA LUGOSI
HELEN PARRISH • DENNIS O'KEEFE • ALMA KRUGER
and KAY KYSER'S BAND Featuring GINNY SIMMS

Harry Babbitt • Ish Kabibble • Sully Mason & "The College of Musical Knowledge"

Produced and Directed by DAVID BUTLER

Screen Play by James V. Kern

With the Swellest Songs the Old Professor's Ever Taught You: 'I'd Know You Anywhere'—'You've Got Me This Way'—'The Bad Humor Man'—'Like the Fella Once Said'—'I've Got A One-Track Mind'—'Don't Think It Ain't Been Charming.'

DECEMBER, 1940
Tyrone Power

Exciting as never before ... in the
most famous of all screen roles!

The Mark of Zorro

with Linda Darnell and Basil Rathbone

Gale Sondergaard, Eugene Pallette, J. Edward Bromberg, Robert Lowery, Chris-Pin Martin, Montagu Love, Janet Beecher

Assoc. Producer: Raymond Griffith
Directed by Rouben Mamoulian
Screenplay by John Taintor Foote
Adaptation by Garrett Fort
Based on the story “The Curse of Capistrano” by Johnston McCulley

A Twentieth Century-Fox Picture

A masked adventurer ... the jagged mark of his sword striking terror into every heart but hers!
There is no occasion in all of today’s Hollywood that tops “Irene’s Showing”... that event is the only thing in Hollywood that will get every glamour girl present on time... it’s the only event I’ve ever witnessed that will make the whole lot of them wear gloves... and it is, when it is all over, the most de luxe cat fight in the world.

Irene, in case you haven’t been following your fashion world too closely, is that amazing, pretty young American girl who has her own shop inside Los Angeles’ swank Bullock’s-Wilshire store... she could dress every feminine star in Hollywood if she chose to do so... she doesn’t choose to do so... she dressed the ones she wants to dress... she dresses them in the way she wants to dress them... she dresses them, not on the stars’ terms but on her own... and with it all she is not arrogant or condescending and not even the smallest bit temperamental or phony... with Paris out of the clothes picture she is probably the most important woman designer working today (and I’m not forgetting Schiaparelli).

With American fashions coming into their own this autumn (and why they haven’t come in long before this is way beyond me)... “Irene’s Showing” was more important this year than ever... there were a lucky sixty who had bids in all the film colony to the “preview showing”... (I had one and practically expired with pride over the fact that Photoplay was the only movie magazine that got itself invited)... the whole sixty showed up... while “Irene Regulars” like Roz Russell, Virginia Bruce and Marlene Dietrich girded their fair teeth in rage over shooting schedules preventing their attendance... and beauties like Maureen O’Sullivan, off in Canada with her warrior husband, and Loretta Young, off in Mexico with her husband, Tom Lewis, for a honeymoon, sighed over the distance.

It was a glittering, perfumed group packed into the little theater where Irene displays her models before the most famous audience in the world...

It is first come, first served always, and the first to arrive this year, also as always, were those inseparables, Dolores Del Rio and Lili Damita... they were closely followed by Norma Shearer and Norma’s good friend, the clever and intelligent Minna Wallis... they got the best seats, right up next to the small stage and near the exits... and being near those exists is mightily important for a reason that I shall tell you in about two paragraphs...

Immediately after them the fifty-six descended... there was Paulette Goddard, rushing up from “Second Chorus” between takes and in such a hurry that she had to eat her lunch off a chair beside her while the models passed... there were Mary (Mrs. Jack) Benny, Ann Sothern and Mrs. Ray Milland all sitting side by side... there were Annabels, fresh from the hospital still looking a little pale, and Claudette Colbert, who buys her flawless suits from Irene by the dozens, and her closest friend, Mrs. William Goetz... there was Adrian, generally conceded the most creative of all Hollywood’s clothes designers, with his wife Janet Gaynor, saying with a perfectly straight face, “I had to bring Janet down here so that she would have something to wear”... there was that delicately beautiful creature, Joan Fontaine, with Mrs. George Murphy... there was Ann Dvorak with Mrs. Fred MacMurray and Mrs. Gary Cooper, sitting just in front of an eager-eyed Irene Dunne and the serene Madeleine Carroll... there was Gail Patrick, also eating lunch, as she peered over the shoulders of Helen Vinson and Genevieve Tobin.

The clothes on that audience were nearly as interesting as the clothes that were passing in review... and nearly all of those clothes in the audience were Irene models, too... Shearer’s and Colbert’s and Goddard’s suits were all Irene-labeled and it was interesting to see that all these extremely smart women...
Annabella, who has no time for hats of any kind, has plenty of time for this net dress. Right is Mrs. Gary Cooper.

wore similar blouses ... absolutely plain, magnificently tailored pure silk shirts open at the throat, with the collars worn out over the suit collars ... each of them wore big, jeweled lapel ornaments in gold and semiprecious stones. . . .

When it came to hats, the girls' impulses seemed to be high, wide and handsome . . . Annabella, who never wears hats, made no exception this time . . . the always chic Miss Goddard had her hair in tight braids against the back of her shapely head and clusters of real yellow daisies pinned behind her fully exposed ears . . . Madeleine Carroll's golden locks were uncovered but except for these three you never saw such width of hairbrims and such yards of veiling in your life . . . Lili Damita, Dolores Del Rio, Ann Sothern, Ann Dvorak, Mrs. Gary Cooper, Mrs. Fred MacMurray were all veils-wathed and when the models began coming out in street clothes you realized how these ladies had anticipated the fall vogue . . . for the mannequins had on big hats, too, not only wide-brimmed but often high-crowned, also, and veils were over everything. . . .

It was fascinating to discover that in a year when Irene has gone more severe and tailored than ever (not that she is ever "tailored" in the harsh sense; her clothes are always soft in line even when occasionally worked out in a "hard" fabric) it was still the "feminine" clothes that got the crowd . . . but the reasons for wanting to buy—or not wanting to buy—certain numbers were amusing Hollywood reasons . . .

There was, for instance, one dinner dress in black velvet in which half the skirt was in velvet to the knees . . . from the knees an underskirt of black chiffon over a fine flesh-colored slip fell to the floor and through this underskirt the outline of a pair of seductive legs could just be glimpsed . . . every movie neck eraned forward, excitedly as this alluring dress appeared, but Joan Fontaine whispered to Mrs. George Murphy, "That wouldn't really be a wise dress to buy because if you wore it out to the theater or a club, think how cold your legs would get while you were signing autographs!" . . . think of having to remember autograph hunters when shopping . . . but a generous star like Joan does . . .

The instant the thirty-eighth and final creation had been shown the stars, like one mad woman, pounced for the exits . . . this was because they wanted to buy the original models, the difference between getting the original model and a copy being a matter of some three weeks. . . .

That's where the de luxe cat fight comes in and where Irene has to exercise all her diplomacy . . . Claudette Colbert beat the gang to a glorious orange brocaded evening dress with a matching orange full-length evening coat . . . Norma Shearer grabbed off two of the most stunning tailored suits even as Paulette Goddard and Dolores Del Rio began grabbing at the same velvet afternoon suit (a demure-looking business until the jacket is removed to reveal a startlingly cut blouse of sheerest, blackest chiffon that would make any feminine look white as alabaster). . . .

I don't know which star got that one for I was suddenly busy looking at the very little girl who was playing among the emptied chairs . . . she was a very old-fashioned little girl in her tiny brown dress with its matching pinafore and her hair in pigtails . . . she had an arresting small face in which humor and intelligence were strikingly combined . . . I realized, looking at her, that I knew some adult face that had just that combination and with that realization I knew who she had to be . . . she was Bob Montgomery's little daughter, that same Bob Montgomery who only a little while ago was driving a Red Cross ambulance in what used to be La Belle France, the capital of the world of fashion . . . and as I turned to see her mother busily engaged in ordering a new dress and thought of her father happily working away under the direction of Alfred Hitchcock in Carole Lombard's new picture . . . I thought, for the millionth time, how blessed we are, we Americans, here in America, where a little girl has nothing more serious to think about than about the exciting game she can make for herself by happily climbing around a fashionable dressmaker's gilded chairs . . .

Speaking of Alfred Hitchcock I want to go on record as saying that for my money the Hitchcock direction as currently demonstrated in "Foreign Correspondent" is the finest direction I've ever seen. . . .

Did you know that the surprise hit of the movie year is "Pride and Prejudice" and that the most disappointing picture, as far as earnings are concerned, is "Brigham Young," which they are now calling, "Brigham Young, Frontierman" though how they think the addition of that one word will help matters is beyond me . . . in between the successes of the first picture and the failure of the second there rises up that old, old argument of mine . . . "Pride and Prejudice" is all about romance . . . about five romances, the (Continued on page 83)
Taylor Cooper might be a Texas Ranger, but he loses his heart to Carroll in "North West Mounted."
She started out when she was 10
and she’s had more romantic es-
capades than any teenster in
Hollywood. These are the facts—

BY RUTH WATERBURY

THE first time love struck Judy Garland, now the beloved of a hundred million teen-
sters the world over, what with her “Strike The Band” and “Little Nelly Kelly,” to say
ling of her radio appearances, she fell for it.
act, it knocked her silly—and no wonder.
She was only 10 and what hit her was a
wielded by the object of her affections
, one wonder boy named Buddie West.
10, also, and a classmate of hers at school
caster, California.
But didn’t mean to demonstrate his cave-
impulses quite so definitely. He had
been showing off for his ideal among
aker sex, tossing the brick about with
ring nonchalance, when he missed and
k hurled itself toward Judy, clipping
the side of the head and giving her a
ache.
ushed over to her crying “Oh, Fran-
you hurt? Oh, Frances, how could I
thing? Gee whiz, I could kill myself”
remarks. (He had to call her Frances,
she was still undiscovered by fame
going under her real name of Frances.
He raised her off the dusty ground.
her, tear-stained and battered, to her
kept his arm around her all the way
till solicitude.
ere up like a little soldier. She was
uous about bearing up like a little
She was being doggoned brave and she
Buddie told her so. It was fascinating.
beat louder than a snare drum and
that this was love. Life’s miracle had
to her.
ly, life’s miracle happened to Buddie for a few days later in school, to which
turned after her shiner had departed,
the episode of the fire drill.
how fire drills are in schools, pop-
one when they are least expected.
drill was sounded at ten-thirty one
at the moment when Miss Frances
ly hidden behind her school books,
and going to town on an all-day sucker.
ong sounded she had to spring to her
ill into line. Buddie fell into line be-
He saw her conceal the sucker within
it was at that moment that he took
antage. Thinking she couldn’t de-
l, he leaned forward and tried to kiss
outraged Miss Gumm turned upon
opped him, sucker and all. The candy
in her face while the other children
with glee. Immediately the fire drill
ized. Judy and Buddie got called
the teacher and in that horrid instant,
as it was born, Judy’s first love died.
never thus, ever since. Her loves
like a tropical sunset only to fade
have been speedily experienced and
speedily forgotten except in the cases
have turned into what Judy, her
essing solid capitals, now terms
Old Friendships.”
A Wonderful Friendship has developed, for example, in the case of the dynamic male who did give her that first kiss, which event is to any woman the thrill which most literally comes only once in a lifetime.

The kiss, like the brick, came to Judy by accident. She was in Hollywood by this time, a little girl learning how to put over a blues song and a regularly enrolled member of the Lawlor Professional Children’s School. She was still living with her daddy and mother and her two sisters. Her dad was managing a Hollywood theater and her mother was her singing teacher, but just the same she was in a real acting children’s school and it was all gorgeously thrilling.

One day in class, however, she did something she shouldn’t do. She can’t remember now what it was. The year was 1934 and she was twelve and as punishment she got banished out into the cloakroom to think over her sins, whatever they were. She found there another culprit, a small tousle-headed boy with a very funny face.

The boy was sulkily engaged in trying to comb his hair but he’d got the comb caught in it. He was yanking away furiously when Judy offered to help. She came necessarily close to him, trying to unsnarl him and as her face drew near his, he leaned forward swiftly and planted a kiss full on her ripe young lips. She gasped with excitement. He gasped, too, and blushed as she was blushing.

“Maybe I’d better present myself,” he said, when they had regained their breaths and the air of a man-about-town was heavy upon him. “My name’s Rooney, Mickey Rooney, but you may call me Mickey.”

Instantly, being the boy who had first kissed her, 13-year-old Mickey became her Hero. The vision of actually co-starring with him some day was impossible even to dream. He was something for a girl to look up to, a trouper since his babyhood, a fellow of 13 who actually had a contract and with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at that, an absolute pal to stars like Montgomery and Crawford and Gable. She was all prepared to worship him, and nearly did, until he crushed her with a wisecrack.

This is how that happened. Judy had gone some movie (again as in the case of her first love she can not remember all the details) and in it there was the most poetic speech made by the heroine to the hero. It was one of the flowery speeches all about, “You remind me of high trees tossing in the wind, of lakes and which the silver shadow of the moonlight falls on a summer night”—keen stuff like that. At how, Judy memorized it and wrote it in a book to Mickey. She wrote, with heavy heart, that this was all...
and medicine for nearly two years.

Case No. 320. Aged character actor. Ill. Reported by studios as begging at studio front gates. Man was given occasional quarters by people who didn't know him, never heard of him, gave him quarters because he was begging. He had no home. He had made fifteen hundred dollars a week for nearly twenty years. He had spent sixteen hundred dollars a week for nearly twenty years. Fund fixed him up in a rest home. Bought him a new wardrobe. Keeps him happy.

Case No. 2885. A world-famous dramatic actress. Has been suffering excruciating pain for nearly three years. Shut up in her home. Her money gone in doctor bills. The Fund provided the finest specialists, nursing care, footed all bills. It will be necessary to keep this up for some time. Cancer is a lingering disease. The Fund is prepared to keep caring for her until eternity.

THE Motion Picture Relief Fund was organized on December 21, 1934. It was the outgrowth of an organization founded during the first war when it was known as the Motion Picture War Service Association. Studio executives formed the unit to assist families of actors at the front and funds were obtained by passing the hat on studio lots. People who passed the hat included Frank Wood, Mitchell Lewis, Fred Beetson and Mary Pickford. The war ended and the organization continued mildly on. Hollywood had to have an organization of its own. It was formed in 1929, the year of the panic. A dominate figure was Father Neal Dodd was put in charge. The Motion Picture Relief Fund has handled 3700 cases,
THERE'S no denying it: Hollywood is tough. It is like a sleek, sophisticated gambling casino where you win, you lose at the turn of a wheel. The people are hard; they have to be hard when they are in its moods is more whimsical than the weather. If you cast your lot and lose your all, Hollywood expects you to be able to take it on the chin. No one, it says, asked you to play the game. If the town breaks you, well, it has broken others, thousands of others. Yours is the oldest story in Hollywood: no one is interested in hearing it. "If I helped everyone who came to me," is the stock answer of those who have the lucky breaks, "I wouldn't have a cent left to my name."

And as a matter of fairness, I must admit that perhaps they're right. From a humane standpoint, I say the attitude is wrong. I've seen my share of heartbreaks in this town. I understand where Hollywood gets its calloused hide. I understand why it's called the heartless town. That's why I've had more sorrow than condemnation for the place.

Everyone out here was once an ordinary human being. He had his dreams, his hopes, his considerations, his regards for others; in brief, he had a heart. But somehow in the mad rush for wealth, for fame, in the uncertainty of life, the bitterness of competition, many lost their perspective. They became tough; they became wealthy and famous exactly as they had set out to do; and somehow they were sick of it all, because their success had cost them the price of a heart.

Then one day a miracle happened. Hollywood was confronted with a new kind of misery; and as it gazed in its hard-boiled manner on the sufferings of a few thousand people, something broke loose beneath that calloused hide of it, and warmth, a strange old warmth, welled in the region where its heart had been.

It was the refugee problem that Hollywood was facing. What was to be its attitude toward those unfortunate people who, fleeing from the vengeance of Hitler, had come to the town, seeking in its haven a lease on life again? Why did they come here in the first place? I can answer that. It has something to do with geography lessons such as we have in school.

We have all, unfortunately, had to learn a great deal of geography during the past two years. The outlandish names of towns, of rivers, of mountain ranges, of borderlines in far away countries of which we had never thought before have become familiar terms to us.

We have learned all about Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Finland, Norway, Holland—with Belgium and France the last on the list, but God only knows how many are yet to come. Happily, the people of Europe have had no such sad reason to learn the geography of America so intimately. They have never heard of, let's say, Waco, Texas, or Bowling Green, Iowa. Of such places as St. Louis or Kansas City they perhaps have a faint inking, but it doesn't occur to them that these are huge cities, with space and opportunities for new settlers.

In actuality they are familiar with only two places: New York and Hollywood. So that's why they are flocking to these towns in ever-growing numbers. Of the two, Hollywood has the greater fascination and—to the exile, seems to offer more opportunities. Most of the people formerly connected with the stage and movies over there have been made homeless by Hitler—and where else should they go but to Hollywood?

And so they arrive here; actors, directors, producers, writers, cameramen, musicians, people who had four-star ratings in their own countries, people of great talent and experience, people who were used to success and international fame. They have escaped somehow, leaving behind whatever belonged to them. Some have gone through the torturously hot concentration camps; some have seen their friends and relatives die, disappear, commit suicide. And here they are now, suave, well-dressed, well-educated, in the one suit they were allowed to take out of their homes. They have pockets they may have only a remnant of the small sum of money which they were permitted to keep; yet in their hearts they carry a big lump of gratitude and the determination to make good and not to complain, to become American citizens again and to forget their past—the glamour of it as well as the misery.

You can easily recognize them as they walk down Hollywood Boulevard—for they have no cars. But that does not matter; they brought with them the love of hiking and California streets are filled with wonders: The abundance of the markets, the bright blaze of flowers and the gold of the sun on one's back. Yes, you can recognize them too by their slightly foreign ways. By their slow, careful, well- enunciated ten-syllable English which they have learned with so much zeal. Above all, by the little lines around their lips which speak of self-control and a memory of suffering.

And what has Hollywood done with these people? The answer is simple. That heart-breaking town where toughness has merely rolled up its sleeves and gone to work finding places for them.

It wouldn't do to mention names here, because part of these exiles' tragedy is that their names—so well-known over there—don't mean a thing to the American movie audiences. "Nevertheless" Hollywood says. "Let's see what can be done about them?" How about this charming actress who was Berlin's Ina Claire? She can sell hats in one of the big department stores. And this handsome Hungarian actor with the grey temples? Wouldn't a few weeks of training make a perfect, dignified, noiseless butler of him? The movie star who had been famous for the parties she gave in Vienna could bake pastry for the parties of Hollywood? The girls in Hollywood, couldn't she? But only for the time being, you understand, only until the break comes, only until we find some opportunity for giving you a few more parts in melodramas. So what do those former headliners do? They settle down to their tasks; many of them make good at it, because they are ambitious and used to concentrating on their work. And while they might even feel happy and contented.

(Continued on page 80)


BY JERRY ASHER

It was on sound stage 29—out Metro way where "Susan And God" was being filmed. Gathered together in a far corner, cast and crew formed an intimate little circle around Director George Cukor. Standing directly opposite Cukor and towering head and shoulders above him all was a young giant of a man. His long body was rigid—his attitude tense. Strange eyes that were both green and brown peered quizzically into the faces before him.

With a neat little speech the director praised the young man to the skies. Then he placed a beautifully wrapped box in the towering listener's hands.

Slowly it was accepted. Gingerly the young man tugged away at the strings. All eyes focused on him, this young man who was on a spot—and knew it. He took one look inside. Then he started to roar.

For, in that box, banked with sweet peas and carnations, was a huge Virginia baked ham! Lettered in baby rosebuds on the ham were the words: "To John Carroll."

In that picture lies the secret of Hollywood's magnificent madman, John Carroll—the newest sex sensation in Hollywood since his swell bid in "Congo Maisie," his bigger-and-better role in "Susan And God" and now his screwball characterization in "Hired Wife." For that joke revealed his main characteristic—the ability to laugh at himself. Long ago he learned the secret—to laugh at himself first, especially if he thought others were about to do it.

It is no state secret that Cukor, who has directed everyone from Garbo to Virginia Weidler, really had a problem handling one Mr. Carroll during "Susan And God." Still they parted good friends—no one could really stay angry very long at a man possessing John Carroll's sense of humor.

Back in New Orleans where he was born Julian Lafaye (pronounced Lafe), his French father and mother soon realized they had an unusual deep-thinking child on their hands. It happened the day little Julian came home from school and discovered someone had poisoned his dog.

All night long he trudged the streets, his air gun tightly clenched in a trembling hand. At dawn a tired sad-faced little boy crawled into bed. "Why—why?" he kept sobbing to himself. Right then and there John Carroll's hatred toward injustice was born.

To list further events of John Carroll's life in their chronological order is as futile a task as to fathom the facets of his fantastic personality. John himself cannot remember all the things that have happened to him. Or when. He has faint recollections of a restless boy of ten, who fled from home driven by the thought: "I must be free. I must keep moving."

He does vividly remember this same boy six years later. Shipping out on a freighter that took him around the world, the 16-year-old lad leaned far over the rail and gazed down into the mysterious depths. Then his brown eyes changed and grew the same color as the churning, foaming expanse before him.

"I'll try anything once," he screamed out defiantly at the sea. "And if I'm wrong—I'll always remember to laugh."

There have been many turbulent seas since that memorable day in John's personal history. This modern Marco Polo has lived. Out of it all has come something as unpredictable as a trade wind, as individual as a fingerprint on a police record, as refreshing as the proverbial first day of spring. He has learned to take people as he finds them. He likes anyone who likes him. He's touchingly receptive if you want him for your friend, but it doesn't surprise or concern him too much if you dislike him intensely. Life has taught him to look out for himself.

Despite the hullaballo being made over John's rising star, his fabulous face and stalwart figure are not unknown in Hollywood—ten years ago his name graced the extra list in every casting office.

Oddly enough, the first time he ever faced a camera he got in simply because he wanted to see the inside of a studio. Warner Brothers were casting a picture called "Hearts In Exile." John asked if he could watch. Of course, he was promptly refused. In the drugstore opposite the studio, he overheard two extras say that singers were being signed. John went back and told them he could sing. He got the job and they passed him through the gates.

John sang in the chorus. An unknown girl named Harriette Lake was given a singing solo—her first picture job, too. John never recalled the incident again until one day on the set (Continued on page 56)
MISS KATHARINE HOUPTON HEPBURN likes to beat people to the punch.

When she unlumbered her long legs from a transcontinental plane some weeks ago and trod Hollywood soil for the first time in two years, she was greeted by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity men masking their fears with smiles.

"We're glad to see you here again, Miss Hepburn," they beamed bravely.

"You won't be before I leave!" snapped Katie.

The funny part is—they were right and she was wrong.

"The Philadelphia Story," Hepburn's comeback picture, is filmed now. Katharine Hepburn's new screen fate is safely "in the can" for better or worse. She has left Hollywood. And—believe it or not—everyone who knew her this trip is genuinely sorry Kate has gone. The Hollywood story of Katharine Hepburn—second installment—packed a solid surprise. Hepburn, the horrible hoyden, turned out to be human after all. She made Hollywood like her—and believe you me, that is something—considering her rogish record.

It's no secret, of course, that when Katharine Hepburn shook the star dust of Hollywood from her impudent heels, she was about as popular as the fabled skunk at a garden party. Professionally, she was officially labeled "poison at the box office." Privately she had long been spotted as spoiled, rude, queer, antisocial and snobbish. She had snubbed and was snubbed in return. Her own studio was sick and tired of her and vice versa. The men paid to glamorize her glared instead and Katie glared back. As for the press, it was taking more cracks at Katie than Joe Di Maggio takes at the old apple.

It's no secret, either, that despite Hepburn's former day's success on Broadway, she got back in Hollywood on a pass. M-G-M bought "The Philadelphia Story" and Katharine Hepburn went with the lease. It was love me, love my dog. She owns a third of it, with the author, Philip Barry, and the Theatre Guild.

Hepburn wanted more of Hollywood; Hollywood wasn't crazy about any more of Hepburn.

With that setup, the old flame nobody longer wooded, Katharine had her work cut out for her. It demanded technique.

There are some who claim today that a great change has come over Miss Hepburn. Her success on Broadway, they say, has mellowed her.

She has grown up, she has reformed, she has changed her mind about Hollywood. She loves everyone and everyone loves her. She is a new woman. She has learned her lesson. Peace— it's wonderful! Well, I for one don't believe it. Leopards don't change their spots. Not that Katie is a cat or troubled with spots, but just the same, I think Hepburn is the same old gal, only much smarter. She has just remodeled and enlarged her technique.

The first person who referred to Katie as the star of "The Philadelphia Story" on her Hollywood set was startled to hear Hepburn state, "Oh, I'm not the star! There's Cary Grant and Jimmy Stewart before me. I come third." When someone else expressed pleasure at her return, Hepburn replied frankly, "Yes, 'Philadelphia Story' came in the nick of time, or I'd never have made it." A party who tactlessly mentioned Hepburn's biggest movie flop, "Sylvia Scarlett," saw her turn archly to Cary Grant who was standing near by and crack, "Do you suppose I was so loathsome that they wouldn't even come to see you?"

(Continued on page 3)
...with an accent still a bit "London,"

with an unpretentious honesty...on a
subject that is one of the most im-
portant in the film world of today

BY DIXIE WILLSON

A

T

the Chaplin Studio a few weeks ago, I

happened by great good luck to find the

world's best-loved comedian spending

one of his rarely unoccupied noon hours in a

lazy chair in the doorway of the one-story yel-

low frame bungalow which serves as his office

and dressing room, and is his favorite spot for

luncheon. It was a typical California day of

warm sunshine and cloudless sky. Half a dozen

flowering petunia vines struggled across the

ground going nowhere in particular, Mr. Chaplin

sketching a trellis for them on the back of an

envelope as he waited for an afternoon session

on Stage One; final recordings of the music for

his picture, "The Great Dictator."

His brown flannel trousers were not particu-

larly well creased, his tan sport shirt and yellow

sleeveless sweater were most informal, his pre-

maturely gray hair making him, as always, a

distinctive figure. There is nothing whatever in

his appearance or manner to remind you of the

character and personality we call Charlie Chap-

lin: nothing save the whimsical almost shy way

he has of smiling: that fleeting indescribable

manner of lips lifting at the corners.

"Well, and so after all," I said, "you’ve made

a talking picture."

"Whether I would or wouldn't talk has been

a very great mystery hasn’t it?” he laughed.

"I never quite followed all the strange

stories about why I couldn’t. It’s very amusing,

for actually I’m quite a talkative fellow. And

the most amusing thing about it was that with

all the reasons everybody propounded, nobody

ever stumbled on the right one. I suppose just

because it was so simple.

"You see,” he explained, “I haven’t a very

large studio, just one sound stage and not a

very big one; not much extra space about, and

I just couldn’t figure out how to have a lot of

big bulky sound machinery in such a small

place. Also,” he said, “I always like to under-

stand things I work with and the first sound

mechanics were so complicated I didn’t know

what it was all about. Now the equipment is

simplified... and I’m delighted... That’s

the extent of the mystery.”

The voice about which the world has been so

curious, is an unusually pleasant one. Mr. Chap-

lin’s manner of speaking, still a bit "London."

His eyes are a lively gray-blue, seeming to an-

ticipate the whimsy, the fun he finds in every-

thing. And he has a boyish way of sitting with

his right knee drawn up, his hands locked

around it, his foot resting on the edge of his

chair. His friendliness, his lack of pretension,

is immediately evident. His quick and frequent

laughter is delightful. But I like him best, I

think, in those moments when something brings

back a memory of himself as a boy; of dreams

like the one he always had in England of some-

day getting together as much as two thousand

pounds for a little farm in Sussex.

Though there was a lot I wanted to ask him

about his newest picture, I hoped for a bit of

reminiscence too.

"In the days when you were a music hall

actor in London,” I said, “did you ever plan

great things as a comedian, with yourself headed

for extraordinary success?”

"Never,” he said instantly. "Not in the least.

If anyone had suggested it, I would have been

amazed. I expected to go along like my father

and the rest of my family who were all theatri-

cal though none of us ever thought of any bet-

ter luck than to keep working. My father,” he

said... (and here came my reminiscence!)...

was a little stout man who looked like

Napoleon. He sang in the Varieties. My brother

Sidney and I, still so young I just barely re-

member it, were already in a Rep company

when he died.

"I didn’t go to school much,” he said. "Just

once in a while. I got most of my education

walking about Piccadilly."

"Looking in at the shop windows?” I guessed.

"No,” he said, “looking into the big hotels at

the gilt trimming, and at the men and women

milling around. Or hearing a little chamber

music if I could. I liked the feeling of being in

the same place with the so-called nice people.

I loved the beauty of it. Since we lived on the

other side of the Bridge where things were com-

monplace, the West End seemed wonderful and

exciting.

"And there was something else I loved to do,”

he said. "That was to sit in the audience of the

theater where Lily Harley would be playing. She

was a mimic. Very little. Very petite.
Very clever. And very beautiful. I thought her the most talented person in London. No matter how often I saw her, I was always waiting for the next time.

"My third exciting place to go," he went on, "was the Lion's Cafe. In order to make myself gentleman enough to go there, I would brush my knickers and pull them down as far as I could and straighten around the long black stockings I wore, which otherwise were always twisted. And I would order French pastry and tea; Sidney and I, with our own money, because we were still playing in the Rep company. We felt that all the chi chi in the world," he laughed, "began and ended in the Lion's Cafe.

"I was given only small parts in the company," he went on, "but I spent a lot of time thinking up funny business and trying it out to see if I could make myself a little more important. And so I kept doing slightly better and finally got the news that I was to go with the company to America.

"I LOVED the adventure of that," he said, "but England was so intimate and New York was so big that, once I was there I had a terrible sense of loneliness which lasted for months. When Mack Sennett saw me, that's how I got to Hollywood," he said simply, as if that quite finished the story... "Then I built my own studio," he added, "and sent for my mother..."

"But she didn't like my pictures," he went on, after a minute... with that fleeting indescribable smile of his. "She didn't like the violence of comedy. After she had been in Hollywood a little while she became very religious, and she used to say she was sorry I felt called upon to be an actor; leading a false life, she called it, because in pictures I was always pretending to be someone I was not. She thought that I could be doing a great deal for God's world instead. She was always sure I had a great message to give.

"However," he went on, "her regret about me didn't spoil her gay outlook, and we were very (Continued on page 82)"
Didn't I know that people starved to death in this town? "Okay, Mabel, you can bring him in," I said.

He only needs to be a combination of Job, Casanova, Machiavelli and Jupiter—
even then he sometimes guesses wrong!
Of course, to speak of the young actors and actresses I shall call Clara Parker, June Fleur, Alice Burton, Sonja Hor- thy, Ray Morley, Cress McKenzie, Jack Plumberg, Ben-Day and the rest—and that is not their names—as the product of a cinema school is as inadequate as to call me a talent scout. I call myself a talent scout because Hol- lywood, which doesn't make very fine distinctions, calls me that. There was a time when I thought of calling my job Hell, but I've given that up; I rather like it now. But maybe the best way to begin this story, or any story, is at the beginning.

There is a meeting every second Monday at my studio which is obligatory for all directors and producers and actually on a stage with a working company. I also attend. It is a meet- ing in a dark projection room where we sit on hard leather seats watching a spear of light from the booth to the screen, over which the images of a lot of boys and girls with their hearts in their mouths are traveling at the rate of ninety feet to the minute. These screenings are what are known as tests. A hundred feet of them, marked off anywhere, might reveal a couple of kids sitting side by side on a bench supposed to represent Central Park in the spring, popping peanuts into their mouths to keep their teeth from chattering and reading a few lackluster little lines that might go like this:

He: You're kinds young, ain't ya, to be all alone in New York—an' not married.
She: Did I say I wasn't married?
He: If you're married—when did ya hock the ring?
She: I—I—you can't talk to me like that! I don't need your help, and I don't need your advice, and I'm going away from here—Oh!

That "Oh!" is likely to be when the gangling boy gets up and grabs her and hugs her awk- wardly just as she is about to make a bolt for it.

And then there will be nothing but a blank white space on the screen for a few seconds while the next test is being strung on and I open my ears to hear what the men around me have to say.

"Cute girl, but too dumb-looking," a director says.

"Girl's too fat, too," another adds. "I don't mean they have to be like sticks, but the style is still in favor of the thin ones. I like the boy better."

"Who is the boy, Brisco?" another one asks me. "I sort of like him. He's got a cocky air."

"He's out of one of the little theaters in Holly- wood," I say, as casually as I can. I don't open up that I pretty soon see the whole idea of this test was to get them to notice this kid. "He's ambitious, but he isn't very expe- rienced," I say. "I don't think you'd like him, Jack."

"Did I ask you to tell me what I like, Brisco?" he flares back. "Did I say I had to have an experienced actor? D'you think you're the only one in this lot can teach anyone to act? I say he's got talent. I like him and I want him. La Rosa's been howling for a year for a new leading man and now she's going to get one. Bring him to my office in the morning."

That, I might say in explanation, is the cream. But it isn't happenstance. We plan for that di- rector to say within three words of what he does say and in ten seconds of the time he says it. Not that he always falls in with our plans. Be- tween cream meetings like that, there are a lot of days when we have to be satisfied with plain milk, or in my officiale the morning.

I wrote out a check, told her to go back to the stage. For selfish reasons, I'm glad not many of her type come my way.

The big kid I've introduced on the screen came into my office four months before that test was made. He came in awkwardly, but he came in with a sort of set look on his face, as if he would have come in anyway. If the marines, and the studio cops, and the balance of the office force had been there trying to keep him out. He'd been persistent about wanting to see me for three months, and the last two weeks of that time he'd been sitting all day every day in the outer office, waiting. I let him sit.

ONE of two things would happen, I know; it al- ways does. Either he'd get tough and convince Mabel, my efficient secretary, that I ought to see him, or he'd get discouraged and go away. As it chanced, he finally got tough. Mabel told me I had to see him. She told me with some un- usual emotion, for Mabel isn't emotional. She said he'd been hanging around, and his face was getting thinner and thinner, and didn't I know people starved to death in this town?

"Okay, Mabel, you can bring him in," I said.

She was so elated I made a mental note to tell her boy friend to caution her about actors. She made a dash for the door and told him to come in, I would see him now. She didn't have to scream it, because he was already in the door by the time she put out her hand to open it—and I resolved again, as I have a hundred times in the last year, that this studio has got to give me a double soundproof door like the boss has in his office, or I will quit.

"Sit down, son," I say. "I understand you want to go in pictures."

"Gee, Mr. Brisco, that's swell of you! Swell! I've been wanting to get a crack at this picture stuff for so long it makes me ache inside. I've done a lot of amateur acting—but that doesn't count, does it? Gee, I'd give my neck to get to act a piece opposite Martha Murro! She's— she's my ideal!"

For maybe ten minutes after that, in un- broken four-letter English, he gets my idea of anyone who would waste his time coming to Hollywood trying to be an actor. The point I try to get over is that I have not called him in to give him a job acting opposite his ideal, but to give him a little good advice about Holly- wood, and the business of acting, and the picture business in general. I tell him as gently as I know how that if he had looked over every foot of ground in the U. S. with a magnifying glass, he couldn't have found a worse place to come to.

Then I tell him he may think he's an actor, but that so do 125,000,000 other people in this country and there can be an intelligent dispute about the matter with any of them. I make it as plain as I can that he will be devoting him- self, if he stays here, to the most miserable ex- istence it is possible for any healthy and free young animal to know. He'll have nothing to keep his hands and his mind occupied. I tell him, except sitting in a room with four walls waiting for a call. He'll be a slave to a tele- phone, tied to a receiving cord that's got to stretch with him, wherever he goes from that room, with someone left there to call him if a message should, by any miracle, come. Not three strikes and he's out, as it's been at St. Paul's, or wherever he's been at school, but one ring and he's out, if there's no one there to get

(Continued on page 8)
Step over this charming threshold and meet—not a star and her husband—but a doctor and his wife.
How Claudette Colbert Lives

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

With specially posed intimate photographs by John Swope

It's very strange and very wonderful indeed about Claudette," Mrs. Colbert says. "When my son, Charles, was seven years old I told my husband I wanted to have another child. He shook his head. "You are not strong," he said. "Another baby would tax you!"

"But one morning soon after that I didn't enjoy my tea and toast. 'I'm going to have another child!' I announced triumphantly.

"My husband was convinced by my conviction. 'I hope it is for the best,' he said.

"'It is!' I told him. 'It is! You'll see! She's going to be an artist... very famous, very lovely!'

Sometimes prophecies are fulfilled overnight, as if by a miracle. Usually, however, it takes time and all the things that transpire with time to make them come true.

In her serious big-eyed way Claudette was very lovely as a child. Not for twenty years, however, was she to reach for the bright fame of her mother's prophecy. Among other things she was lazy. "I well remember," her Aunt Emily says, "when she was graduated from high school. She wore her hair flowing and her white robe was fastened with a silver belt. She looked beautiful. She read a composition called 'I, the Spirit of Work!'. But her father only laughed. 'How can she?' he asked. "The laziest girl in the world!'"

Shortly afterward, she chose to enter the theater, for adventure. The Provincetown Players cast her in "Aria da Capo," by Edna St. Vincent Millay, her idol. When she discovered that Norma Millay, her idol's sister, was one of the cast and, on the same day, found "This is where Pegasus was hitched!" scrawled on the wall of her dressing room she was filled with wonder and glory of it all.

She often brought two or three boys from the cast home for dinner. She would telephone from the theater, breathless. "We're having baked chicken tonight, aren't we?" she'd ask. "Well, couldn't we get another bird? These boys—they're artists! And they're starving!

"She always thought," says Mrs. Colbert, still amused, "that we should be thrilled to know starving people like that!"

Claudette's father died suddenly when she was 20 years old. Sad and lonely months followed. But they were productive, too. They imposed responsibility on Claudette. She had her mother, Grandmère and Tantine Emily to support—practically and spiritually. For her brother was married and away. And it was this necessity, undoubtedly—not any instinct—that made her a career woman.

"Claudette always reminds me of her grandmère," Mrs. Colbert will tell you. "This is what I have to do and I'm going to do it—that's her attitude. And it was my mother's attitude, too."

No one on Broadway worked harder than Claudette during the next few years. Having committed herself to a career she slaved—albeit with humor and good spirit—that she might be outstanding. And she succeeded so well in doing this that Paramount bought her contract from Al Woods and put her to work in their studios.

At last Mrs. Colbert's prophecy was being fulfilled. And Claudette was well on her way to the beautiful white house in Holmby Hills which is the background for this story...
Cherished possession is the tiny skiing trophy barely visible at top of the dressing-table mirror in Claudette’s room (upper right)

She spent weeks shopping for such treasures as the Manet over the drawing-room fireplace (above); painting (left) is of her mother

Flowers fill the grounds, from a brick terrace (where Claudette’s talking with her gardener, left) to the spacious “cutting garden”

Mother has her own home now, too—where they sit on a sunlit terrace, beneath a map of their beloved France, knitting patiently

Houses always reveal the secrets of those who live in them. And Claudette’s house tells how she has outdistanced the loneliness that used to plague her, tempered the sense of responsibility that used to drive her and come to a late youth and happiness.

It’s difficult to find your way in Holmby Hills. The roads curve and dip and rise with the terrain. There’s no rhyme or reason to the faintly English-sounding road names. And often the little corner signs are hidden by bougainvilles or flowering shrubs that sweeten the air and prompt you to take off your dark glasses to enjoy the true colors.

On one of these winding roads, just beyond Irene Dunne’s rose beige house, you come to Claudette’s house. It’s a formal house such as you see on the fine avenues of great cities. The doorway, chastely beautiful, opens directly on a semicircular driveway that curves in and out around a sycamore tree. When the door is opened “Heinie,” a dachshund with a coat of brown satin, peers around the butler’s striped trousers and barks furiously if he even suspects he won’t like you.

We said this was Claudette’s house. We should have said it was Doctor and Mrs. Joel Pressman’s house. For, essentially, that’s the way it is.

It’s an old human law that women, to be fully happy, must be married to men who command their respect and consideration. And it’s not easy for girls, like Claudette, who have a fabulous earning capacity and fabulous fame to find such men.

The Pressman household is run to accommodate the uncertain hours of a doctor. Dinner is at eight, unless it’s postponed an hour or more by an emergency call, a hospital visit to a post-operative case, or concentrated effort in a laboratory.

Claudette says, “Anyone who comes to work here understands the hours are part of the job. I try to make up for them in other ways. A doctor can’t be made nervous about the time he gets home.”

Claudette also protects the doctor socially. “Be careful,” she warns hostesses, “that it isn’t a dinner for fourteen.”

“Nine times out of ten,” she says, “Jack won’t arrive at a party with me and leave with me, too. Many times he can’t be there at all!”

Once it would have been fantastic to expect a great star to sublimate her comfort to the never-ending demands of a physician’s life. However, anyone who gets to the top in pictures must be equal to plenty of self-discipline. And it is, besides, the instinct of French women, like Claudette, to look after the physical comfort of their men.

Claudette built her house in Holmby Hills for her mother, her aunt and herself (Grandmere had died several years earlier) before she knew she was going to marry Joel Pressman. She worked with the architect and the builders, con-

(Continued on page 70)
You may call yourself an American before you read this piece on Flynn. Afterwards you may not be so sure.

FIVE years ago I met a nomad. He was a big, lusty, gusty, brawling sort of man. He loved life because life made him laugh. He loved work and ties and permanence and people who took themselves seriously. Whenever people like that crossed his path he took his delight in bedeviling them out of countenance. He was like the bear who went over the mountain to see what he could see. Preferably trouble. Trouble for the sheer hell of it.

His name was Errol Flynn.

Nobody knew who he was. He was just a guy in a town full of good-looking men. But you remembered him because of his grin and his air of mocking diffidence. He'd just finished a part in a picture in which he portrayed a very dead corpse. Not even a walk-on—just a corpse.

"Captain Blood" hadn't been filmed when Errol and I were parked on the balcony of a hillside home on Appian Way overlooking California's most astonishing city.

"Willie," he said, "it's you that's crazy—not me. A career's the thing for a man founding a dynasty—a man who is content not to look beyond the horizon. Mo, I find the whole bloody world barely large enough to hold me comfortably."

"Okay!" I said. "Then what did you come here for? Why sign a contract at Warner Brothers? Why try to be an actor?"

He frowned at me with amused impatience.

"Because I'm broke, idiot! I didn't have a feather to fly with when Irving Asher saw me in London and gave me a chance at this pot of gold. What would you do? I had everything to gain and nothing to lose. I'm no actor—I'm a prospector, an island constable, a labor runner, a pearl diver, biche-de-mer fisher—but if they think I'm an actor and are willing to pay out to prove it, that's their lookout." He lit his cigarette and flipped the burnt-out match over the balustrade. "Meanwhile," he grinned, "I'm acquiring a few feathers."

The next time I saw Errol he was in "Captain Blood" and another Hollywood miracle was under way.

To me, the miracle hasn't been making a top-rank star out of the Flynn. Whether he knew it or not at the time, he had the stuff on the ball and his whole air of amused mockery projected through to the screen. Hollywood expected him to change—to go Hollywood in a big way. They said he wouldn't work. He did. He worked like the devil, but it was characteristic of him that he was slightly ashamed to be caught doing it—he'd always sworn that you didn't have to work to get by. All you needed was an infectious grin, a good right hook and no responsibilities. The cardinal sin was to take anything seriously—especially the boss of the studio.

To disappear a week before a picture was scheduled to start production was just a minor caprice—it was much more fun to take lessons in aerobatic flying during the middle of production or to strike for a raise at just the moment when it would create the greatest anguish.

Errol had one avowed purpose—to garner $100,000 and pull out, contract or no contract. There was a schooner and an island waiting off the coast of Papua. With that in view, there was no future to worry about, so why take things the hard way? . . .

The cries of anguish rent the high heavens and sndered the Hollywood hills. Even Lili's
Courage and common sense about heartbreak are the secrets of May Robson’s fifty-seven fabulous years in the limelight

BY MARIAN RHEA

May Robson, 76 years young, sat in the comfortable little den of her comfortable big home in Beverly Hills and “remembered when.” She sat easily erect, feet scorning the footstool near by, hands busy with her inevitable needlepoint. . . .

“Let me,” she said, “go back to the beginning—to a day as long ago as 1871. We, the Robison family (I lost the ‘f’ in our good Scotch name along the way of my career, also the ‘r’ in Mary, which was my Christian name) were living in a place called St. Kilda, near Melbourne, Australia. My father, Captain Henry Robison of the British Royal Navy, had died when I was a baby. But on this day I speak of, I was standing before his crayon portrait in our parlor contemplating the letters, H.E.I.C.S. inscribed beneath. To me, these letters made a word, ‘Hikes.’ I turned to my mother and asked her, ‘Was that Papa’s name?’ In answer, she explained what the letters really meant—Honorable East India Company Service. ‘Your father was a distinguished man,’ she told me proudly. Then she drew me close to her and whispered, ‘Oh, little Mary, I miss him so! You can help me by being like him!’

“After that I found myself wondering as small temptations came my way, ‘Would Hikes do this?’ And the question helped me to make my small decisions. As the years went on, it got to be a habit. I do it to this day.”

When May was 7, her mother took her and her two sisters and brother back to England where she was sent to school, first to the Convent of the Sacred Hearts in London, later to Sisters’ schools in Brussels and in Paris. She says she didn’t distinguish herself scholastically but that she did learn to speak French and German perfectly and that she was leading lady in practically all the school plays.

It was when May was home in London for the Christmas holidays of 1880 that she met a boy whose name was Edward Gore. He, too, was vacationing from school. He was a good-looking boy, 18 years old. They fell in love madly, forever—they thought. They stole away (Continued on page 90)
Laraine Day, the engaging little nurse of M-G-M's Dr. Kildare series, illustrates the versatility of Hollywood's pet fur coat fashion—the finger-tip jacket of lynx which goes to the races or comes to the ball with equal éclat. Laraine's willow-slim frock is gaily decorated with gold and turquoise embroidery. Costume from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills.
Ruth Hussey of M-G-M's "The Philadelphia Story" spots ocelot as one of the winter's smartest younger fur coat fashions. The length's important—thirty-two inches of warmth, yet it's short enough to show off her new slim-making frock. For more spot news: A matching beanie to make this a costume that will stand out in smart spots everywhere.
Deanna Durbin of Universal's "Spring Parade" chooses a first grownup winter ensemble in gray—deep gray velveteen tier-tucked bow-tied dress; lighter gray Persian lamb swagger with big-time sleeves. She tops things off with a rose suede pompadour-beret and gloves.
Merry Christmas to an Indoor Girl

Anita Louise sends you a cheery Christmas greeting in a pretty pink quilted rayon crepe boudoir coat the like of which any indoor girl would give a good deal to own! Yet it is only $10.95 at Stern's, N. Y. For all its baby-pink coloring and delicate flurry of flowers, this coat slips purposefully from tailored collar to knee and ties itself trimly at the waist. You will next see Anita in Columbia's "Glamour For Sale."

Other gifts that will bring a pretty "Thank You" from your favorite indoor girl...

1. Yolande's will-o'-the-wisp blue chiffon nightie. Val lace-trimmed and tied in a fluttery bow at the back. $5.95 at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York
2. Yolande's baby-blue satin slip bordered in matching peekaboo net and inserted with net under the shirred bra-bodice, too. $5.95 at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York
3. "High-Kick," Joyce's sueded jersey mule with squared ramp-sole and too, bordered in gold or silver kid. Dyeable. $3.95
4. A bedjacket—young... dainty and appealing in flowered pink rayon crepe. Quilted like your grandmother's, too. Only $3.98 at Stern's, New York
5. "Yes" and "No" earrings, one red; one green. With them a flirt can invite or repel her young man's advances. $1 at Bloomingdale's, N. Y.
4. Knee-high Sacony socks with slimming cable-knit panels, fashioned at top and ankle to fit as snugly as silk. Around $3.95 at Franklin Simon, New York

5. Cable-knit mittens, too, to defy frozen fingers, fashioned like their sister-socks to hug hands and arms in a warm embrace. $1.95 at Franklin Simon of New York City

These beaming little M-G-M actresses, Mary Howard and Ann Morris, are playing "Santa" to the outdoor girl, toting between them a basket full of gifts. Right cute and pert, these modern Santas, too, in their gray flannel Lanz of California reefer, spruced up with red and green oak leaves and silver buttons. Also from Lanz come the white felt hats with puff-ball feathers and embroidered mittens. Duplicate the coat ($53), the hat ($6.95), the mittens ($2.95), or all three and you'll delight any outdoor girl that you know.

Inside the bulging tote-basket are more tricks to intrigue every outdoor girl who's on your mind . . .

1. A bright red Sacony helmet with cable-knit panels for decoration and a neck-warmer for comfort. $2.95 at Franklin Simon, N. Y.

2. Sacony's cable-knit turtle-neck sweater to match. Pure zephyr, ribbed at the bottom for waistline fit. $7.95 at Franklin Simon, N. Y.

3. Fireman red woolies—Kumfortites fashioned to fit like a stocking—in fact, they can serve that purpose, too. Anchored under the arch. $2.34 at R. H. Macy, N. Y.

4. Outdoor girl's Airfleet pin of two-toned gold, sporting a plane, the blades of a propeller and a patriotic eagle. $2.98 at Bloomingdale's of New York City
Here's a smart new thing to do for Christmas! A boy and girl who go about together should exchange identical presents. Picture the stir you'll cause when they wear the same gloves, pull out the same cigarette case or—and this is most significant of all—wear the same Fidelity Rings on your little fingers. Here are five interchangeable gifts; each one would "make the grade", with every boy and girl we know.

1. Twin Fidelity Rings to wear on your "pinkie", or on your wedding band. $2 each, Wm. Block Co., Indianapolis.

2. For him, "After Shave" and "Eau de Cologne" in Faberge's, most exciting cologne, $2.50 each, Lesko, Minneapolis.

3. For her, "Violette" and "Aphrodisia", $2.50 each, at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York.

4. Valipod's "King Size" Cigarette case in black or brown, fish morocco leather. Each $4.95. Each Signature, $5 extra. B. Altman, New York, has it.

5. "Hand-Mates," Hansen's identical caesple skin mountings, each $7.50, whipped in contrasting color. $3 a pair at B. Altman, N. Y.
When your beau says, "Dinner at eight," you can plan a costume that will captivate, says pert Miss Phyllis Brooks, now on leave from RKO to play in the Broadway musical, "Panama Hattie," as does her attentive escort, Jack Donohue. Phyllis does it with jersey "separates"—a jet-embroidered crimson jersey blouse teamed with a flowing jersey skirt that musters its fullness in front. Blouse, $6.50; skirt, $6.50; duet—under $15 at Bloomingdale's, N. Y.

1. Sparkling jewelry—pearl-studded leaves that follow the curve of your ear and twine around a wide gold bracelet. Earrings, $2.98; bracelet, $4.98 at Bloomingdale's, N. Y.

2. Alternative dinner-sweater of black chenille with dazzling diagonals of golden sequins. Side-zipped from surplice-neck to hem. You can have it for $8.95 at Saks Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

3. Lelong evening pochette of red silk bengaline. Facile-fastened and fitted with Lelong powder, lipstick and rouge. Yours for only $2.50 at leading department stores.

4. Red doeskin dinner gloves. Kay Fuchs "shorties," whipped by hand and bordered and tasselled with sparkling jet. A smart way to more glitter! $6.50 at Lord & Taylor, N. Y.

5. A sports-shoe favorite, the ghillie, becomes an outstanding evening slipper. Gold kid with open toe and heel and golden laces. It's just $5.98 at The Ansonia Shoe Shops, New York.
White Tie

For an evening gala, Phyllis follows the cover-up code and picks a dazzling suit of white flannel to match the elegance of her escort’s, Jack Donohue’s “tails.” Phyllis’ longer jacket is bright with glistening pastel pearls and gold embroidery. Her slim skirt is slit in front and dips into a modest train in back. The jacket, $10.95; the skirt, $7.95; the duet—under $20 at Bloomingdale’s, New York.

The important trifles with which you add to your elegance on a “white tie” evening...

1. Glitter jewelry - magnificent rhinestone-studded flower earrings and flexible bracelets with square-set colored stones. Earrings, $6.44; bracelets, 94c each at R. H. Macy’s, N. Y.

2. Kay Fuchs cowboy gloves — the last word in American-Indian accessories—white doe-skin fringed with gold kid. $7.95 at B. Altman, New York

3. Alternative white velvet evening jacket with pretty décolletage, ornately embroidered with gold sequin flowers. $7.98 at Stern’s, New York

4. Jeweled gold kid melon evening bag, studded with colored stones and dangling a silk-fringed tassel. It holds a slew of gadgets. Just $7.50 at David’s Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

5. Cinderella step-in of crystal-clear Vinylite with gold kid bands and heels. Open toes, backs and perforations. $5.98 at The Ansonia Shoe Shops, N. Y.

Photographed at the Café Pierre.
Photoplay's own Cosmetic Counter is piled high with gifts to make you beautiful...Gifts you'll want to give or get...Suggestions to your best beau on what you'd like if you could reach into the beauty grab bag and pull out one or all of these fragrant delights...Peggy Sweet

1. Merry Christmas by Elizabeth Arden comes in a minuscule Christmas tree. Exciting Blue Grass perfume is bedecked in fancy holiday dress. Yours for $1.50.

2. A haunting fragrance and a lovely way to say Merry Christmas...Try Chevalier Gard’s Duchess of Kent—with eagle perched atop the bottle. $5.

3. Coty's decorative pottery casks, copied from old-world wine vessels, are filled with their famous toilet waters. The color of the jug tells you the scent. $2.50.

4. Wembon's Lavender gift basket is laden with scents for your bath, your lingerie, and you. All done up prettily. $2.50, and one of the nicest of gifts.

5. Wilsley goes sc entimental by way of a bath set in Sweet Clover with bath powder, cologne and crystals for your personal self. Such luxury for $2.50.

6. A make-up case from the House of Westmore to give your skin a satin-smooth appearance like all the famous movie stars. Useful and practical. $2.50.

7. Shulton's little Treasure Box filled with Early American Friendship Garden goodies is a "find" for budget builders to give their lassies. $1 and worth more!

8. Gentleman's delight—a shaving set complete with mug, after shave lotion and talc in Shulton's popular Early America Old Spice. This cheer. $2.75.

9. Apple Blossom luxury is one of Helena Rubinstein's shining gift stars. The star studded box contains everything for your bath. $2.50 buys it.

10. A "lush" new fragrance by Fa berge is called Daytime Perfume. It's a hybrid scent that is part cologne—part perfume and very "yummy." $2 to $8.

11. To give a man—Colgate's popular Palmolive shaving set on a removable tray. In a simulated tan leather traveling case. He'll love you for it. $1.50.

12. One of the most luxurious gift sets to come our way (and years) is Bourjois' Mala Out designed by Lester Gaba and John Frederics. $35 but eh, so elegant!

13. Glamour the Hollywood way, Rita Hayworth, Columbia star, shows you Max Factor's double vanity and lipstick gift box. Always a welcome gift. $3.

14. Lovely hands for you at Xmas and all year in Peggy Sage's musical manicure case "Skynote" that plays an old fashioned tune. Our choice at $15.

15. Lucien Lelong's Candles of perfume will bring out the best in you—and give the man in your life that "knighthood in flower" feeling. A grand gift at $5.
A haunting moment snatched from time by candid camera: Virginia Field and fiancé Richard Greene have a last dance together—the night before he sailed for England.

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST
Nautical as can be are Mary Martin's "balloon-jib" slacks — distinguishable from sails only by their stripes—but nice for seagoing holidays, now that Mary's finished "Love Thy Neighbor"
Head of any "line," on dance floor or beauty platform, is Betty Grable—who finally achieved graduation (by way of the stage) from collegiate films to a dancing role in "Down Argentine Way"
Fashionable young matron in finest mink: Joan Fontaine—recovered from the illness which kept her from the screen since the sensational "Rebecca"—enjoys time out as the real-life Mrs. Brian Aherne before starting her next David O. Selznick film.
"North West Mounted Police" and "Moon Over Burma" have left Robert Preston little time for the latest love in his highly publicized romantic life—his boat!
A movie-goer's index that gives the answers to all the questions about all the "faces with a future"

BY SARA HAMILTON

Redheaded He-man

In a Hollywood penthouse (three stories up from the geranium-covered ground) out on Sunset Strip, Dick Foran and Broderick Crawford live together. Whether by coincidence or providence I couldn't say, but directly across from their dining-room balcony flashes the sign of the Cock 'n' Bull Restaurant. On one side of the fabulous boulevard then, sit Dick and Brod. On the other a cook, in the act of crowing, and a plain old bull. Make of it what you will.

The tragic part of Dick in movies, his latest being "The House of the Seven Gables," "Four Mothers" and "Rangers of Fortune," is that his brilliant red-gold hair comes out an insignificant brown. Even in Technicolor it's not the same old golden red. Which is a pity, for many an evening Brod will sit and stare at what he imagines is a glorious sunset only to discover—you're right—it's Foran's mop.

Dick Foran is an American lulu doing a Northwest Passage with Livingstone through this Hollywood mess and clutter of artistes, horribly, horribly cleft Englishmen, don't you know, and terribly, terribly ultra people that go to make up Hollywood. He's like that bull across the street, tramping through Ouida Rathbone's china shop. After all, Dick's a Princeton halfback, typically American, who may go bellaring a bit now and then and is about as actor-conscious as Gable.

He came from Flemingon, New Jersey, where his dad is Lieutenant Governor of the state, president of an iron works and Inspector General of the 44th Division of the National Guard.

All Dick wants to be is a cowboy star. Just one little (well, no, not little) cowboy star. He said once. That was after his debut with Shirley Temple in "Stand Up and Cheer" and several Warner Brothers pictures (remember "Petified Forest"), but after six Westerns they decided Dick should be a romantic hero or something and they buried his cowboy hopes out on the lone prairie.

After Princeton, he was working for the Pennsylvania Railroad as a special investigator when his work brought him to Los Angeles. Lew Brown of the musical comedy production trio of DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, spotted Foran and persuaded him to take a test. That's when he left his railroad job behind to the puzzled bewilderment of father, mother and four brothers who had never dreamed their Nicholas (his right name) would turn out to be an actor, of all things.

In his spare time he hunts, fishes, rides, is father to his 1 and 2-year-old boys Pat and Mike (Dick and his former wife, socialite Ruth Hollingsworth, are divorced), teaching them to ride out on his ranch where he lives when they're with him.

He's six foot three inches tall, weighs 190 pounds, has a mellow baritone voice, eats one monstrous slice of ham among other things for breakfast. But that's the only ham about him. There's a lad for you, that Foran.

Rambeutiful

BEHIND Marjorie Rambeau stretches twenty-five years of acting, twenty of them in stardom on the stage. Ahead on the screen, if we know Marjorie, are twenty-five more, with the pictures, "Primrose Path," "20 Mule Team," "Tugboat Annie Sails Again" and "East Of The River" serving merely as a filling in the sandwich; and decidedly not ham. For if ever there was a actress it's the Rambeau lady, with her talents, one aristocratic nose, democratic ways, her Irish eyes (are smiling is right) and her sense of the ridiculous. That latter reaches from San Francisco where Marjorie was born, to Nome, Alaska, where she was taken as a child by her medico mother, to South Africa where her father's diamond business transported her next and back to California where as a kid of 13 Marjorie was killing the people as a dying Camille up and down the Pacific Coast. She died in every big city in the West and, brother, she died good, taking as long as twenty minutes to expire while the rest of the cast stood around waiting for the demise so they could go home and go to bed.

"Why I remember you way back there forty years ago," decrepits will often quaver. Which
burns Marjorie to a crisp, for with all her experience and years of stardom on Broadway she's still youngish, beautiful to see, grand to listen to and an actress of the old school.

She literally slid into a theatrical career. After her final return to San Francisco Marjorie, who had skinned whales in Alaska and spins in Africa, was sent to dancing school. But would Marjorie behave prettily? Oh no, she had to go sliding down the banisters, sprawling at the feet of a visiting theatrical producer who was so impressed he placed her in small roles in a stock company.

She was tall and buxom for a child of 13 and easily stepped into leading lady roles. In 1913 she was on Broadway and for eighteen years never left it, going from one hit to another. Her first movie venture was in "Her Man," a grand picture, and her next "Min and Bill," with more to follow. Her present Annie of Tugboat fame is not Marie Dressler's version, for she feels that was Marie's alone. Marjorie's is Irish. But just to prove her versatility, her Mama Ravioli in "East Of The River" is so Italian you expect spaghetti to spring up around like mushrooms.

Years ago she divorced the famed Willard Mack and later married Hugh Dillman Mc-Gaughy. Ten years ago she married an old suitor, Francis A. Gudger of the South Carolina Gudgers, suh, a former vice-president of the Sam Goldwyn company. On a special ranch he raises chickens and to Marjorie's horror calls their product Marjorie Rambeau eggs.

As if the business of laying eggs should be mentioned in the acting profession for heaven's sake!

Farmer's Son

NAT PENDLETON's face—because it's the most remarkable thing about him we speak of it first—is a belying factor. I mean with its longitude and latitude equaling the square of X or something, Nat looks as if he didn't know a thing more than the law allowed. He looks it and acts it in all the Dr. Kildare stories, in "The Golden Fleece" and in "Flight Command." And that's where we're all wrong in believing our eyes and ears, for Nat, short for Nathaniel, is one of the knowinest guys in all Hollywood with that Columbia University Bachelor of Arts degree in economics, plus his ability to speak fluently Portuguese, Spanish and French—and perfect English—and his three very beautiful careers, the final one being acting.

You sport fans know already that Nat won the wrestling championship for the United States in the 1920 Olympic games and later, as a professional, was acclaimed the world's champion wrestler when he defeated Robert Roth, Swiss manhander, in Paris in 1924.

If that isn't hitting the peak of a career you name it.

Then along came the businessman venture where Nat, as part owner in a Portuguese export and import firm operating out of Lisbon and covering all of Europe and America, rose to the top. Was chosen, in fact, by the United States Government as its purchasing agent in Spain during the war.

That's how smart old muff-mouth was. That's all.

Then came acting. He'd had a wee taste of it as a kid when he worked at bits in movies for his famous uncle, Arthur Johnson, who was then a director and Mary Pickford's leading man. Years later his wrestling fame brought him to the attention of Mr. Bernarr Macfadden (hello, boss) and with him Nat joined in producing True Story films with Nat acting and directing. It was only a step to the stage. And only a step between acts from the stage to participation in more wrestling matches with Nat hurrying back to the third act with a spasmic collar bone and a bunged eye to the delight of the audience and confusion of the cast.

Then came movies again with Nat winning away a role from Johnny Weissmuller in "Laughing Lady" and years later Johnny winning Tarzan away from Nat. And with Nat all set to give it a swell interpretation, too. Nat was going to give it two grunts instead of one, which would have been sensational.

He's married, writes in his spare time and even acted in a film he wrote himself called "Deception." He beat Spencer Tracy out in a test for a role a long, long time ago at Fox and thinks it's the high light of something or other, sprinkles sugar on his melon and runs yowling like mad from raisins cooked or uncooked.

Back on a farm near Davenport, Iowa, Nat was born. When just six months old he was taken to Cincinnati where his two brothers, Gaylord and Edmund, were born. His father was president of the Davenport Gas Works, so I guess in a way that makes Nat one of the Gas House boys.

But, dear me, what a smart one and what a sense of humor. And what a face! But that's where we came in, isn't it?

(Continued on page 79)
Fur's AHEAD

Smartest "brimmed" fur hat of the season—a fantasy from those famed Mad Hatters, John and Fred of John Frederics. Brown and white Persian streaked like marble cake, matched to a giant melon muff.

A bowl of white caracul for a hat and the biggest muff in the world to match. You can see the lavish hand of Lilly Daché at work, abetted by her own decided flair for mating women very, very beautiful.

From Walter Florell—rising young star in milliners' heaven—comes a dashing mink topper for a luxury-loving lady. A swagger hat with a braggadocio brim, a dented crown, and a mere wisp of speckled veiling.

On the screen, Brenda Marshall appears in Warners' "South Of Suez." Off screen, she stars in three fur ensembles guaranteed to sweep men off their feet and make women miserable until they, too, own such fashion favorites!
Beautiful Brenda Joyce, 20th Century-Fox's talented starlet, turns up for a party magnificently wrapped in mink —topping her Saks Fifth Avenue gold lame pleated-skirt frock with a cape from Russells, exquisitely simple in styling, but so soft and supple it's the "skin you love to touch!"
Break of the month: Her best role to date—opposite Doug Fairbanks Jr. in "Angels Over Broadway"—gives full rein to all the talents of this dramatic daughter of a dancing family.
Wishes have made it so! With "New Moon" still shining brightly, Jeanette MacDonald has already made another film with Nelson Eddy—"Bitter Sweet"
Speaking likenesses from the Atlantic Coast: Dick Foran, in "Four Mothers," has the edge in height (a couple of inches taller than Nelson's six feet) and Nelson Eddy of "Bittersweet" has the edge in age (a decade more than Dick's 29 years).

Put similar bonnets on Jeanette MacDonald and Lana Turner and look what you get! Though, of course, Jeanette (co-starring with Nelson in "Bittersweet") had already become a star of the very first magnitude long before Lana (currently appearing in "Ziegfeld Girl") ever saw a movie camera.
20th Century-Fox goes very much on the gold standard with a classic pair of Southern belles—both from St. Louis, Missouri! Betty Grable (left) sings and dances in "Down Argentine Way." Mary Beth Hughes (above) cavorts with John Barrymore in "The Great Profile"

Two Bills with a single grin! The left version helped William Holden, now in "I Wanted Wings," win a California talent search. The right one was hidden by a New York microphone till films beckoned William Lundigan, now in "East Of The River"

One touch of Hollywood "nature" makes the whole world "twin—"
but some of these resemblances would be cause for confusion anywhere!

Long one of the loveliest women on the screen, Virginia Bruce (left) now has a double! Not only does Carole Landis look like Bruce, but they both specialize in sophisticated light comedy—Virginia, at present, in "Hired Wife" and Carole currently in "Road Show"

Could the similarity in type between these two have had something to do with Phyllis Brooks' (above) leaving 20th Century-Fox? She completed the last of her series of features there just as Brenda Joyce began her climb to fame—and her present big role as "Elsa Maxwell's Public Deb No. 1"
CAUGHT ON—"The Loves of Cellini" inspired interest in rich fabric and "Becky Sharp" promoted neckline bows of velvet, making Dolores Del Rio's lame cocktail frock a 1935 favorite.

MISSED—Marlene Dietrich herself couldn't put over the divided-skirt suit for general wear in 1936 (just too unbecoming for average figures), though it paved the way for slacks.

CAUGHT ON—Even Carole Lombard was subdued in 1937, for floating mists of chiffon (fine-pleated for flattery) were the keynote. Tailored severity gave way to slim femininity.

Are You a Good

Now that you have had a glimpse of the way film influences worked in the past, look at the current offerings. Can you predict their fashion future? See how your best guesses compare with ours on page 80.

Will Virginia Bruce's boxy jacket be a favorite? Note the very straight up-and-down lines and flap pockets.

Will sparkle make the evening news? Note the shoulder yoke, gold braid and setting of Marla O'Henry's gown.

Epitome of Something

THE town is abuzz with the result of Chaplin’s meeting with Barbara Hutton. In fact, we doubt if Hollywood will ever be the same.

It happened at the home of producer Jack Warner where Cary Grant presented Charlie to Miss Hutton.

“You are much too thin,” Mr. Chaplin began, remembering the once-buxom Barbara. (The lady now weighs under a hundred pounds.) “And why are you idle in this busy world?”

Ten people, including Barbara, looked ready to drop through the floor. But Chaplin is Chaplin, so on he went.

“You look unhappy and probably are unhappy because your life has no meaning. Think now. What have you done with it? How can you have happiness unless you earn it? Work. Do something. Believe me, as long as you’re idle, you’ll be unhappy.”

And one of the richest girls in the world murmured, “Thank you.”

Cal Warns ! ! !

I HAT certain blonde glamour girl who is treading the same path that brought wreckage to good studio, if they tell you what to do for a change.

A number of Hollywood actors who have been exempt from the draft because they had better enlist quickly unless all the talent to suffer the fate of poor Richard Greene who left Hollywood heartbroken.

Already the rumblings of complaints from all over the country sound like distant thunder in Holly-

But she has already thrown a cog into her golden career by a hasty and silly marriage. She had better stop, look and listen; one more such step in the wrong direction and she’s out.

Jimmy Stewart, Take Notice

THE real-estate woman had taken the young man as far as the dining room of the vacant house before she stopped to inquire the size of his family.

“Oh, it isn’t for me,” he said. “It’s—well—it’s for a young lady.”

“Say, what is this?” the realtor demanded. “You’re the third young man that’s looked at this house for a young lady. What’s going on?”

Burgess Meredith got out of there as fast as he could. Then he checked with his pals, Jean Negulesco and Tim Durant. It seems Olivia de Havilland had asked all three boys to hunt a house for her while she was away on a vacation and the boys had all patronized the same real-estate agent.

The boys have decided to let Jimmy Stewart do Olivia’s house-hunting in the future.

Play “It” with Cal

If Olivia de Havilland imagines her night-club shenanigans cute and attractive, she’s wrong. Her friends deplore Olivia’s lack of usual dignity. In fact, it’s become a Hollywood topic of conversation these days.

If friends hoped to heal the Norma Shearer-John Crawford feud, they’re doomed to disappointment. The frigidity continues.

If anyone thinks Bob Stack hasn’t become the most sought-after young man in Hollywood, ask any youthful suitor whom his own particular girl is mooning over. And then listen to him grumble.

If George Brent and Ann Sheridan don’t marry before Christmas, you can bet it will never take place. Mr. Brent is just that marriage-shy.

Romancers This Month—

John Shelton, the boy who clicked in “We Who Are Young,” and Maureen O’Hara.
A slight but perceptible unbending between Bonnie Bennett and Gilbert Roland may mean that very soon this duet may be registered again on Cal's Cupid list.

Broderick Crawford and Kay Griffith. They may be Mr. and Mrs. by now. And we were so sure Kay would marry John Howard one day. Nancy Kelly back with Edmon O'Brien. And this is where Cal came in.

**Cal's A B C News**

Ameche, Don: With the amicable settling of that threatened lawsuit by Paramount, Don is his old smiling self again.

Bennett, Joan: Strange is Hollywood. Miss Bennett, wife of Walter Wanger, is offering decorating suggestions for the new home of her ex-husband, Gene Markey, now divorced from Hedy Lamarr.

Cooper, Gary: The wonder of cinema village

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**Style headline at the tennis tournaments — Claire Trevor**

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Leading starlights of the younger set, Bob Shaw and Laraine Day, at the filmcutters' party, the Florentine Gardens

There's a "hidden-Hollywood" story behind the girl Brown-Derbying with Richard Alden. Under the assumed name of "Katherine Stevens," she tested for — and won — a good role in "Kitty Foyle," which is being directed by her father, Sam Wood!

is lanky Gary out walking with little daughter Maria. Maria will not accompany Daddy on his hunting trip.

Durbin, Deanna: Shhh! But before spring, we hear on final authority, Deanna will be Mrs. Vaughn Paul. Everything is all planned.

Ellison, James: The example set by this smart young star in building and selling small homes at a reasonable profit has brought on a new building boom among the cinema colony members.

Faye, Alice: The busy signal on Alice's telephone means Tony Martin is on the wire day and night and that romance is not over for these two. Too bad they divorced in such haste.

Garland, Judy: Judy is doing her best to forget Dave Rose with tall and handsome Dan Dailey by her side.

Hughes, Mary Beth: Mary Beth neither denies nor affirms her engagement to Robert Stack, but Bobbie's friends say it's only friendship.

"I," the favorite word in Hollywood, is responsible for the cooling between two ego-minded stars, and not another love, as reported.

Jagger, Dean: To all the fans who have written Cal about this — Yes, Dean is just as handsome without the Brigham Young bob. And yes, he's married. Sorry.

Karloff, Boris: This young genius of a director is patiently awaiting Katharine Hepburn's answer while Katie is in the East to talk it over with her family.

Lamour, Dottie: The meagre sorong handed Dottie for her newest Paramount opus sent the star in tears to her lawyer, Greg Bautzer, who is also her best boy friend. She came back meek and agreeable. Paramount loves Greg.

Montgomery, Robert: Since Bobbie's hobnobbing with the Wendell Willkies in Hollywood, he's quite the political social lion of the town. Does he love it! And why not?

Neagle, Anna: Listening to Roland Young sing in "No, No, Nanette," her next film, has so aged her, the star claims she can go right back to "Queen Victoria" without make-up.

Olivier, Laurence: He stood patiently before the jewelry counter for one hour designing the engagement ring to put on Vivien Leigh's hand.

It is to match the wedding ring he'd already placed there.

Powell, William: The sparkler placed by William on his bride's finger, just because he's happy in his marriage, has all Hollywood thinking. There's news for you.

Q stands for the question of whether Richard Greene and Virginia Field were secretly married before he departed for England.

Raft, George: Strange — now that Georgie has settled his Warner Brothers feud he doesn't seem happier. Is it because of the Shearer romance which is either wearing itself out or has hit the barrier of George's unbreakable (?) marriage?

Sullivan, Maggie: They never dreamed down at M-G-M that it was Maggie up there making her first solo flight and when they discovered it two producers fainted dead away. What with Maggie in the midst of "Plotsan" ... yet, she's grounded.

Turner, Lana: It's the same old concentration routine ... eyes only for the one man. Lana Turner gave it to Greg Bautzer and then husband Artie Shaw and now Victor Mature, and is Victor going down for the third time under it? Well?

U: Unity in thought and ideals marks the intelligent program of happiness in the marriages of:

Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman.

Irene Dunne and Dr. Griffith.

Vallee, Rudy: His pals say Rudy will be back in Hollywood and find that career he longs for if he has to write, direct and act himself. And he could, too.

Welles, Orson: Nicknamed "Pauncho" because of his romance with Mexican Del Rio, Orson is ahead of schedule with his picture "Citizen Kane." And without whiskers photographs so beautiful he's to be our next glamour boy. No less.

X — are kisses sent by all Hollywood to Davey Niven's new bride in England?

Young, Robert: Bob claims he's found so much peace and contentment with his family on their valley ranch he no longer worries over B's that comes his way.

Z is for the Zest for living that belongs to Jackie Cooper, Mickey Rooney and May Robson. May they always keep it.

Tribute

The two of them, Lionel Barrymore and the colored woman, opened the door of Sound Stage Five and walked into the huge emptiness. "It was just about here Miss Dressler sat for that big testimonial dinner," the colored woman said softly. "I'll never forget her that day. I think she knew it was about her last appearance. And because you were in her last picture, Mr. Barrymore, I just had to come to see you again."

"To glad you did," Lionel said. "I'm glad you did, Mamie."

Then Mamie Cox, Marie Dressler's beloved maid for years, and actor Barrymore silently left the sound stage.

A visiting queen had never had more welcome than Mamie received from every star and producer on the lot, for every one had been genuinely sorry when she left for her home in Savannah, Georgia, after the actress' death.

Hollywood appreciates nothing so much as loyalty and no one can bear the banner of loyalty higher than Mamie Cox.

Garboisms:

They were dressed to the hilt (with the exception of one member) and made a gay party with the women in trailing evening dresses and men in white ties. After they were seated in the restaurant with fans properly overcome at their good luck in spotting so many celebrities, one puzzled, middled-aged diner said to his wife: "I recognize Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton all right, but who's the funny little old thing in the gunny-sack thing?"

"Huh," his wife shushed, "that's only Garbo."

Which reminds us of the Garbo tale that is rocking the town. It seems at Mary Pickford's party Greta admired a gown of Lady Mendl's and the guest graciously insisted that Miss Garbo should have an exact copy. So, true to her promise, the dressmaker arrived next day
The secret was out. Charles had discovered the old characters down in the Italian section of Los Angeles and had been so intrigued with their lingos that he had hired them to lunch with him so he could pick up the accent for his role in "They Knew What They Wanted."

When Carole Lombard heard the story she hung garlic and salami in Charles’ dressing room every day so that his character would smell Italian as well. Watch for it in the picture.

News from the Marital Front:

It took just six weeks of marriage for Carole Landis and Willis Hunt to call it a brief day; all of which shot even the blase eyebrows of Hollywood toward the sky.

Myrna Loy insists those persistent rumors of inharmony in her marriage to Arthur Hornblow, Paramount producer, are just that—rumors.

There seems to be no further mystery in the status quo of Charlie Chaplin’s and Paulette Goddard’s marriage. All those “Are they wedded?” or “Aren’t they wedded?” queries were laid to rest last week when Charlie introduced Paulette to friends at a luncheon party as “My wife, Mrs. Chaplin.”

Mischa Auer looks lost and unhappy as he stroils in and out of Hollywood’s night spots alone since his surprise separation from his wife. And just after they’d built a new home, too. Friends are hoping this is one breach that will be mended.

Sad, Sad Joke

JACK OAKIE found himself in an odd predicament recently, one that grew odder by the minute. It seems ever since Jack undertook to play Mussolini in Chaplin’s picture, “The Great Dictator,” he’s come in for quite a bit of kidding. When he’d drive up to a gas station, for instance, the attendants would kiddingly snap into the Fascist salute, screaming for Il Duce. It got so that friends in the barbershop, clubs and restaurants took up the cry. Then one day Jack became conscious of the fact that he was being followed. He did his best to shake off the pursuers but to no avail.

Finally one day as he was driving away from a gas station, his shadowers drove up beside him and ordered him to stop. Jack obeyed. “We’re government agents,” the men explained. “Just what is all this Fascist business? We’ve had you spotted for some time.”

Oakie talked for at least twenty minutes and finally had to drive the G-men to Chaplin’s studio before he could convince them. Now, every time a hand is lifted to Oakie in mock salute, he ducks and runs.

The Big Idea

FROM all over the world they come, visitors to Hollywood’s strange monument to genius and talent, imbedded in blocks of cement in the forecourt of Grauman’s Chinese Theater—the hand and footprints of the stars as well as their symbols of talent. Any hour of the day or night and even before dawn visitors with flashlights may be seen gazing at the hoofprints of Tony, the famous horse of Tom Mix, or at the print of Bill Hart’s guns beside his own cowboy boots. There are Shirley Temple’s small bare feet and Jean Harlow’s tiny ones and Marie Dressler’s worn hands and Eddie Cantor’s enormous eyes and Al Jolson’s knees—and now John Barrymore’s profile.

“There is one of the greatest sports in the business,” Mr. Sid Grauman told us, indicating Barrymore. For five minutes John “Hamlet” lay prone in the forecourt, his face held in the wet cement, while crowds stared, newspapers

with the unbleached muslin lining used for measurements and fitting.

Garbo looked at it quite a while with admiring eyes.

“Never mind about the other,” she finally said, “I’ll just keep this.”

And, to the horror of the fitter, Garbo kept the unbleached lining!

This Is It, Brothers—Hollywood!

THE eyes of the neighbors popped wide as Charles Laughton’s chauffeur opened the limousine door and two old Italian workmen stepped out and entered the Laughton house.

A second day and a third they came back, staying through luncheon each time. Finally one neighbor could restrain himself no longer. Strolling over he came upon Charles and his friends having luncheon in the garden and all three talking with a heavy Italian accent!
reeled and flashlights flashed. And never a complaint.

How this renowned monument came into being is interesting. It seems that shortly after the theater had been constructed, Mr. Grauman, the owner, stepped from his car onto the cement sidewalk before it had completely dried. On the walk were left traces of his footprints. Like a flash, he had an idea.

Rushing over to United Artists Studio he grabbed up Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks Sr. and Norma Talmadge and had them walk on the damp sidewalk. Paint traces of their steps, like memories fading with time, are still discernible. So began the idea that is known around the world, the hand and footprints of the stars forever retained in blocks of cement.

**Mistake That Paid—And Paid**

I HE young man hurried down the hospital hall to his wife’s room. It had been a long day at the office and he was worried about his wife, although she had seemed so much better the night before.

Her smile reassured him. Yes, she told him, she felt better. “And no wonder,” she laughed, “for Clark Gable smiled at me!”

Fear gripped the young man’s heart. She must be delirious. “Mr. Gable just opened the door and said: ‘Oh, hello,’ and smiled,” she explained.

The young man, frantic by this time, rushed out in search of the head nurse.

He came back smiling, too, for Clark Gable, bringing flowers to the wife of a studio electrician, had come to the hospital that day and had gone to the wrong room.

“Boy, I’m so relieved,” the husband cried, “I’m going to see every picture that Gable guy makes!”

**On the Record**

M-G-M has the most luxurious musical of the fall season in “Strike Up The Band” with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney and Paul Whiteman and a swell collection of tunes. The best is “Our Love Affair,” which will haunt every loud-speaker and bandstand.

Tommy Dorsey, who has a way with such ballads, shows the way with his new wax impression. He backs it up with “That’s For Me” from the Crosby “Rhythm On The River”—which double-guarantees the whole thing (Victor 26738). Glenn Miller, too, demonstrates his way with “Our Love Affair” and lets the sleep-tempoed “Call Of The Canyon” accompany it (Bluebird 10845).

“Strike Up The Band” also has the many-talented M. Rooney playing around with the drum-sticks on a made-to-order special called “Drummer Boy.” Gene Krupa, the original drummer boy, settles the drum-stick opus in the record groove and gives Mickey a demonstration. The other side is “Looking For Yesterday”—which is heading steadily for the best-seller lists (Okeh 3747).

“A Night At Earl Carroll’s” has a pleasantly romantic interlude which features “One Look At You.” Two young men with heart-throb voices have sung it into the recording microphone. One is Jack Leonard, who left the band of T. Dorsey to be a star. The other attraction on Jack’s disc is “Only Forever,” an additional Crosby picture hit (Okeh 3750). Kenny Baker’s clean clear tenor is the second “One Look At You” worker. “Cynthia,” which has the possibilities of a “Sylvia,” is the partner (Victor 26734).

“Young People” let Shirley Temple take a farewell bow to her Twentieth Century contract with a song: “I Wouldn’t Take A Million.” Posternity can take its choice of two records of (Continued on page 72)
DICK POWELL again proves he was right when he fought with producers for "straight" instead of singing roles. The boy really can act. Add to that the brilliant direction of Preston Sturges and you have something! Of course, the story of "Christmas in July" is pretty fantastic—all about the adventures of a young couple (Dick and Ellen Drew) who set out to spend $25,000 which they think they have won in a slogan contest, only to learn that their celebration is a bit—oh, quite—premature! Dick's and Ellen's performances, Sturges' direction, and clever high lights, such as the antics of the slogan contest jury and the satire on slogan contests in general, add up to excellent entertainment.

A HOTEL, always a pretty good background for bedroom farce, provides most of the setting for this only faintly amusing piece starring Lupe Velez. Feeling that husband Donald Woods is neglecting her, Lupe runs to Reno as a "scare-method" of bringing him to heel. Well, Donald wants to follow her, but business won't let him so he sends his uncle, Leon Errol, to try to bring her back. This results in complications and situations which should please a "custard-pie-in-the-face" sense of humor, but leaves something to be desired by a more sophisticated movie fan. In a dual role, the highly diversified characters of Uncle Mutt and Lord Epping, Leon Errol is at his best.

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES
Thereafter Hedy is supposed to be torn practically asunder, choosing between Clark and Communism. Imagine Metro thinking there is any suspense in that, the allí!s.

The absurd morose suspense in "Flight Command" on another stage which we gave a quick brush in passing. Here Ruth Hussey has to choose between Robert Taylor and Walter Pidgeon.

As the title will tip you off, this is an aviation picture and the scene we walked in upon was one where Bob has come to ask Ruth to go dancing with him. It is a Sunday evening and Cadet Alan Drake (that's Bob) freshly made member of the "Hell Cats," the crack outfit of the Naval Air Station at San Diego, has returned to call upon the girl who gave him shelter one night when he had to bail out of his plane in a fog. He hadn't discovered her name on that first visit, but he does this time. It's Mrs. Bill Gary and Bill Gary is Alan's commander.

This makes it a key scene, or what studios call a "master shot," a complicated and important one, so knowing it would be a long time a-making, we managed to get Bob and Ruth and sped toward Alexander Korda's "Lady Hamilton."

Now here, children, is beauty, not the physical beauty of Lapenn, but the beauty of setting, of mood, of pure romance.

"Lady Hamilton" is, of course, the famous Emma of English history, that capricious, passionate, exquisite creature who married a lord and lost her heart and her reputation to that naval hero, Nelson of the famous Battle of Trafalgar.

We walked into what is an exact reproduction of the famous British Embassy in Naples in 1797 and for once in our chattering life we were speechless. The press agent told us that the set cost $20,000 and we shouldn't be at all surprised if it did cost $20,000 for we saw the most perfect reproduction of a great Georgian house; a real pool with real flowers; real, antique statuary standing beneath Grecian arches (antiques brought west from our best museums at vast cost) and the bluest sky of all.

There were only Vivien Leigh and Olaf Hytten in the scene we witnessed, but sitting close beside us, not needed at all in the scene, not even needed for work that day, was Laurence Olivier. There was no hanky-panky going on between Larry and Vivien, no coy glances, but you know she knew he was there and, as for him, he never took his eyes off her for one second. Here, in the flesh, are two truly great lovers and in "Lady Hamilton" you will see them as historical lovers, too, for Korda is not bowing to censor-

ship. He is telling the whole devastating romance of Emma Hamilton and Lord Nelson with all its burning overtones and its tragic exaltation, just as it truly happened.

To let the two lovers come through to us as human beings, Korda has insisted that the costumes be played down, so that the exquisite Vivien wears clothes that, while historically accurate, will not obtrude upon you. So lovely are they that unless I miss my guess they will start a vogue. The day I watched Vivien she wore a huge leghorn hat and a short-waistied, flowing-skirted gown of palest gold chiffon, a costume so overwhelmingly feminine that every man on set reacted to it, while Larry, his hair dyed red for Nelson (and he very self-conscious about that, too), gave off such a visible glow of possession that you could have lighted bonfires with it.

THESE were only two new pictures shooting at Warners. One is "South of Suez" with George Brent and Lee Patrick (replacing Geraldine Fitzgerald). The second is titled "The Lady With Red Hair" which means Mrs. Leslie Carter, an actress your Grandmamma probably worshipped, whom Miss Miriam Hopkins, a gal with red-gold hair and a burning red temperament, is now interpreting with the greatest of ease.

The "Suez" shot in which we caught Mr. Brent was a dreary business, out in a shed, filled with supposed rough diamonds (both the real kind that get worn on fingers, eventually, and the human kind—in this case, Miles Mander and George Tobias). Brent was pulling a gun on Tobias, who was trying to palm a few diamonds and the dialogue was of that usual "you-dirty-rat-you" variety so we would have skipped instantly if Brenda Marshall hadn't suddenly appeared, modeling a new silver-fox coat. (It was about 98 in the shade on the

Cast-to-type: Miriam Hopkins—as Mrs. Leslie Carter, "The Lady With Red Hair," in that courtroom scene

Singing sweethearts in a saga about young American music: John Payne and Alice Faye, of "Sin Pan Alley"

Warner back lot but you know how girls are when they have a new fur coat!) Wrapped about with sheer envy we slunk away to eye Miss Hopkins and found her in a courtroom where Mrs. Carter, as a devoted mother, is trying to retain the custody of her child.

The evidence against her however is damning. The plaintiff proves the Mrs. Carter is unquestionably not so good as she should be. Why the woman not only smoked cigarettes but had been seen brazenly using lipstick! Miriam weeps violently and wonderfully while a middle-aged man sitting in the jury box regards her solemnly.

"That's the way Mrs. Carter was," he told us, when the scene was finally okayed. "I know what I'm talking about. My name is Louis Payne and I was married to Mrs. Carter for thirty-six years."

At Twentieth Century-Fox we were distinctly out of luck. "Chad Hanna," their big circus special with Henry Fonda and Linda Darnell, "Golden Hoof" with Jane Withers and "Romance of Rio Grande" were all away on location. We contented ourselves with visiting Alice Faye's "Sin Pan Alley" and getting a glimpse into "Hudson's Bay."

We found Alice and John Payne (who is one of the most courteous boys in all Hollywood) sitting in a night club. Alice has just sung a song that John has written, sung it to oblige him and because the usual singer of the evening, who would have sung another tune, has been mysteriously taken ill. Alice tells John she is (Continued on page 81)
BY
WILBUR
MORSE, JR.

The summer sun splashed the wooden walls of the Dennis Playhouse with a twenty-four sheet of shimmering shadows. Hank Fonda lit a cigarette and walked diffidently through the empty lobby toward a group of costumed men arguing volubly in the first row of the darkened orchestra. On stage the rehearsal had halted, pending the outcome of this newest verbal skirmish.

No one paid the slightest attention to Hank, so he dropped into a chair to await an opportunity to approach the gesticulating, bald-headed little man he had decided was the company's director. As he sat there, the tall, dark-haired boy reviewed his ride East to Cape Cod.

It really had been Floppit who was responsible for his chance to leave his family home in Omaha. Floppit, a fluffy French poodle belonging to Mrs. Sam Burns, one of the directors of the Omaha Community Playhouse. Mrs. Burns had wanted to drive to Massachusetts but how to manage both the wheel and the whims of her precious pet was a problem. Someone suggested that Bruce Fonda's son, after a couple of years' work with the local theatrical group, was anxious to make a stab at the summer theaters on the Cape as a prelude to his attack on Broadway. Why not let Hank drive her East?

Mrs. Burns literally had dumped him at the door of the theater at Dennis that afternoon.

"Henry Fonda, you haven't nearly enough get-up-and-go about you," the older woman admonished as she bade him farewell. "Now you walk right in there and tell them all the wonderful things you've done at the Omaha Community Playhouse. And if there isn't anything for you at Dennis, try at Provincetown and if there isn't anything there, just keep trying at every one of these summer theaters here on the Cape! Have you enough money to last you for a while?"

Hank grinned at the forceful female who was preparing to abandon him to his own initiative. "Yes, ma'am, I think so. I've got $100 and . . ."

The rest of his speech was lost in the grinding of gears as Mrs. Burns started her motor. Floppit wagged his tall at his companion of five days of interstate tree surveying and barked a last lusty salute as the car moved down the road.

It was his last actual touch with his boyhood life, that life in which there had been the pattern of the American nation. Born in a prairie town, he had grown up in a family that believed in home and in the ideals of home. His heritage had been a sincere love of people, an eager, honest approach to life that had carried him through years at the University of Minnesota and had sent him home again at the end of his sophomore year to relieve his father of some of the financial burden, for money was none too plentiful in the Fonda house.

The jobs that followed, all of them stoppags, had not satisfied his urge to start on a real career, a career that should be identified somehow with art. The Community Playhouse had been the answer and Henry had accepted it eagerly, first as a jack-of-all-trades, then as assistant director under wiry, electric Gregory Poley. It had been Poley who had sent him East to the summer theaters that dotted Cape Cod and now, sitting here in this dim theater, he had but one firm conviction—he had to make good! Across the aisle the director looked up from his conference and his glance invited the stranger to state his business.

"My name is Henry Fonda," began Hank. "I'm looking for a job. I can paint scenery, handle props, act as stage manager, hold script and . . ." It was almost an afterthought, "I'm an actor." The director was eyeing him with some interest. Actors applying for berths in these summer troupes didn't usually recite their other qualifications first. Maybe this boy had something.

"Our company is filled for several weeks," the director told Hank. "But since you can't get another train out of here today, why don't you stick around and see the performance tonight? They'll give you a room over at the hotel where we all are staying."

That evening Hank leaned his elbows over the railing at the rear of the orchestra and watched graceful Peggy Wood cavort through the steeplechase of a bedroom comedy. Standing by his side was a thin, straight-shouldered blonde girl with big blue eyes that seemed ready to pop in
her excitement at the play. From the batch of programs in her hand, Hank surmised she was an usher. Quite often, during the performance, Hank's attention left the stage to watch the intense, lithe figure of the girl beside him start and sway as if she were following every swift movement of the heroine on the other side of the footlights.

In an intermission, the two young people at the back of the theater struck up a conversation.

"I'm just an usher now," the blonde girl informed Hank, in a clipped New England accent. "But soon I'm going to be an actress. A fine actress. One day you'll see my name in lights on Broadway."

"What is your name?" inquired Hank.

"Bette Davis," answered the girl, with whom, years later, Hank was to be cast in "Jezebel."

At breakfast the next morning, the director again was impressed by something in the lanky young Middle Westerner's make-up, an earnestness that showed itself in the quiet, respectful attention he gave the gay chatter of the company. What few remarks he made revealed a thorough grasp of theater technique.

The older man called Hank to his side for a second cup of coffee and drew him out about his experience directing and acting with the Omaha Community Players. There was no doubt about it, the boy had promise.

"Look here," said the Dennis director, "I can't guarantee you anything definite in the way of a job for the season, but if you want to stay around for a few weeks as assistant stage manager, we can give you $10 a week and your board. Maybe a part will open up in one of the shows."

One did, just a week later, when the juvenile lead in "The Barker," a guest star from New York, wired he was unable to fulfill his engagement. Hank was invited to try out for the role, along with two others in the company. All three of the candidates for the part were letter-perfect in their "sides" when the first rehearsal was called. But Hank, in addition to his lines, had practiced something else. There is one important scene in "The Barker," in which the boy takes a trouncing from his father, the side-show speaker. Hank went to Minor Watson, cast as "The Barker."

"When we get to that bit," he urged the veteran actor, "really let me have it!"

The "pratt fall" Henry Fonda took in that tryout was something the Flying Merrilles would have marveled at. Hank was given the role.

In the audience one night toward the end of the week's run of "The Barker" were two boys from Omaha who had known Hank in his Community Playhouse days, Bert Quigley and Bernie Hanighen. They came backstage and greeted Hank with news that they too were working in a summer theater at Falmouth, not far away. They were, they explained, members of the University Players Guild, a group of Harvard and Princeton boys and some girls from Smith, who had founded a summer theater whose purpose was to give undergraduates with theatrical ambitions a chance to begin their dramatic careers while they were still in college.

The Guild was a community venture. Revenue from the theater was divided equally among the company and just about paid their board and running expenses. But no one envied the professional actors of the other summer theaters their certain salaries. This was fun and everyone was free to venture his ideas on all sorts of experiments in technique. Out of that talented troupe of youngsters, incidentally, were to come a half-dozen who would make their names well known in the theater world; Joshua Logan and Breitaigne Windust, now top-notch directors on Broadway; Barbara O'Neil, Kent Smith, Myron McCormack and, some years later, Jim Stewart.

Brightest star of the constellation of young hopefuls at Falmouth, however, was a husky-voiced girl from Norfolk, Virginia, Hank found when he went over to visit Quigley and Hanighen. Margaret Sullivan was her name and she was like no one else Hank had ever met before in his life. She was so fiercely ambitious and hard and independent one moment and so utterly soft and feminine and bewitching the next. The experimental spirit of the University (Continued on page 76)
After you’ve read this, you’ll understand why Baxter hasn’t spoken of it for four long years

Not all the stories of heroism are made into movies. Some of them—like this one—aren’t even told until long after they’ve happened.

It’s easy to understand why Warner Baxter kept it a secret. It’s a little too exciting, a little too melodramatic, to be the sort of thing a reticent gentleman would like to have many people hear about. There is, besides, a sequel which Warner especially didn’t want known.

Here is the story:

Four years ago, in 1936, Warner Baxter and his best friend, Frank McGrath, left Hollywood on a hunting trip. They went to a small town—up the way, the town where Baxter was born—called Aften, in Colorado, on the fringe of the wilderness country. In Aften they took a pack train and trekked for three days into the lonely, rugged mountains; then they camped and sent the pack animals and drivers back.

You’d like Frank McGrath. He and Warner have been friends for years and throughout Warner’s movie career Frank has been his stand-in, as well as his confidante, companion and bodyguard. The two men look alike and they think alike; both are strong, powerful, fond of the out-of-doors.

For a day or so after the pack train had left, the hunting trip went along like any of its predecessors. Then, one morning, Warner and Frank each took a light pack, a rifle and ammunition and started out from camp in different directions.

Each would pick his way through the rough country in a big circle, returning to meet at the camp that night. Then they would compare notes, to hunt the most promising territory together.

They didn’t even talk about what they would do in case of trouble. Between experienced hunters, that is always understood—a signal of three shots, fired into the air.

When Frank returned to camp that night, Warner wasn’t there. Frank didn’t worry. He went about the job of starting supper.

But when complete darkness had fallen, he knew something was wrong. He heaped the fire blazing high, to serve as a beacon, and he fired shots into the air. Silence. There were no three answering shots.

All night long Frank waited, helpless in the darkness. He tried to assure himself that Warner had only lost his way—but he knew that wasn’t nonsense. Warner was much too used to the wilds to get lost. Something else must have happened.

With the first faint ray of dawn he was on his way, weary as he was from the sleepless night, to find his friend. He went first to the spot where he and Warner had parted on the previous morning and from there began to follow Warner’s tracks. It wasn’t easy. The wilderness stretched before him for miles, with only a trampled bush here and there or the print of hobnail boots crossing a bare patch of ground to show him the way. His progress was so slow that it was late afternoon before he reached the spot where Warner had built his noonday fire.

Frank plunged on, more desperately now. Soon it would be night and he would have to stop and make camp, losing precious hours until the night came again. Even a cat couldn’t follow that faint trail in the dark.

The sun fell into the west, the mountains—and still he hadn’t found Warner. On the edge of a deep gully he stopped and despairingly shouted at the top of his voice.

As the echo died away in the vast surround-
Try ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS with Lux Toilet Soap for 30 days. See what Carole Lombard's beauty care can do for you! ACTIVE lather removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt thoroughly. You'll find daily ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS a wonderful beauty aid: they really work! Take Hollywood's tip—begin today to give your skin protection it needs for loveliness. Let Lux Toilet Soap help you keep skin smooth, soft, appealing—the way it ought to be!

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9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
How Claudette Colbert Lives

(Continued from page 26)

centrated on every detail. When the house was finished, she spent three weeks in New York shopping for an eighteenth century secretary, the original Manet which hangs over the drawing-room fireplace, odd chairs, silver, lamps and all the other special, particular pieces upon which she had set her discriminating, artistic heart.

In spite of all this when Claudette was building and furnishing her house she was far from luxurious. She hadn't adjusted yet to living in the West. She hadn't found congenial friends. The prejudice she had earlier met in Hollywood because she came from the New York studios—still rankled.

"Claudette has never been one to make friends. Her mother says, a slight accent coloring her speech. She was only 2 years old when her mother left her in New York, and had left to join her father. Otherwise she would have been miserable when we saw her house in Paris being dismantled and found herself on a ship among strangers!"

Claudette's house is a large, fine old home which she has planned for herself. A wide brick terrace, where vivid flowers spill over its boxes and urns, leads to the two broad lawns on which lie the shadows of the trees. On the way to the tennis court, which is on a lower level, there's a cutting garden large enough to accommodate every flower in the house and gay and fragrant with fresh flowers. Beside the tennis court is the playhouse. There is no swimming pool.

When Claudette planned her grounds she had a certain sin. (Doctor Prewitt owns two. No wonder she fell in love with him.)

The playhouse originally was intended for any parties which she might feel compelled to give. (Put it that way thoughtfully.) Her drawing room with its beautiful architectural detail, crystal, teoces, crewel upholstery and precious little tables with the soft patina of years isn't a room to accommodate a party through the hours.

Soon after Claudette's house was finished things changed. She found her way to friends—Irving S. Edith and William Goetz, Irene and David Selznick (the two girls mentioned are Lebanon and Livingston)

Vivian and Ernst Lubitsch, among others. Also she had met the doctor and they were becoming increasingly important to each other. Thus she was happier—and, therefore, it wasn't her inclination to shoo her guests off to the playhouse immediately the coffee cups were taken away.

"I must have a room where I can entertain after dinner," Claudette said at this time. "I was completely mad to think I could ask friends to gallivant across a wet lawn to a playhouse.

The house on the staircase landed the sum Claudette believed it wise to invest in such a property. And she would soon be considered. But Claudette had made a mistake and she was ready to pay for it. She ordered a side of the house torn out and in its place a new room with French windows was added.

This added room has a big fireplace in which a fire burns constantly when the weather is cool. There's a small bar. The motion picture screen is covered by a French Provincial embroidery when it isn't in use. The game table is covered by a handsome cork Chinese Checker board. Claudette and Vivian Lubitsch are champions. And no wonder! When Mrs. Lubitsch is at Claudette's for luncheon—which is fairly often—they rush through desert so there'll be time for cards before they hurry off to the tennis match, the hairdressers, or an opening at the theatre.

In the center of this playroom there's an oak gate-leg table surrounded by armed and cushioned Windsor chairs. "I thought," says Claudette, "there should be a sociable gathering place, like our dining table used to be at home. And I was right. Once people settle there I can't pry them away.

"We have tea there. Cocktails, too (Claudette prefers sherry), when it's time for work."

Tea and breakfast are Claudette's favorite meals because they permit coffee and jam. The table beside the broad Chippendale bed in the master bedroom usually is, said, was with grapefruit and mint drops. Hard fruit sticks. Sour balls. The doctor brings them home, several at a time, from the drugstore.

Claudette's favorite room is the upstairs sitting room. It's done in grey green and cream yellow, the walls covered with a fabric pattern of ivy and blossoms. In the window is Claudette's dressing table, with the clock that started him. However, even though she's likely to be an hour late for appointments before the day is over, little bowls of garden flowers, crystal bottles for her perfume, all in a mirror. Pinned over the mirror is one of the most important items in the room—a little black-and-white photographing from a pair of skis. Claudette won this last winter at Sun Valley and it's the pride of her life! To get the Silver Sun Cup she must have had the best score in two minutes, fifteen seconds. She made it in 1 minute 47 seconds.

When Claudette got to ski she made it very clear indeed that she had no intention of racing. "All she wanted was a quiet little picture, jumped-sweets."

Remind her of this and she'll laugh, for one of her greatest charms is her willingness to laugh at herself. "I know," she'll say, "if you're at all clever, you'll understand."

"I was scared to death at the thought of racing. But I knew I'd race eventually—just because I like to do Beech! You don't do crazy things because of men! It used to be my brother. He could dive. I can't. And now I have reason to."

One day I walked out on the springboard, assumed what I hoped was the proper position, closed my eyes, prayed a quick little prayer, jumped and cracked my two front teeth!"

Nevertheless a few years ago Claudette would have overcome her temptation to compete, somehow, somehow. Aware of the danger of ski-racing, she would have reasoned—logically enough—that a broken leg, or worse, was something she could not afford to risk.

Now it's different. Claudette no longer is bothered by the thought of being the man of her family. She very definitely isn't the man of her family. Her personal life is the concern of her and her mother and her Tante Emily. Consequenth she's gayer and more carefree. She goes off on frequent holidays. She gives her many social parties. She skis and wins a Silver Sun. She is alive, enthusiastic on the set of her new "Arizona My Love!" at the height of a late youth. And she's happy!

"Even Claudette's clothes are different," says Travis Banton. "She was always chic. But now she lets me give her a décolletage that once would have made her scream—in protest. And she laughs because her new gowns bring her more compliments than she ever had before!"

Claudette knows what she wants. Her screen perception is probably the most mature of all the stars she possesses. And it's been invaluable to her in her work."I've been with Claudette," Mrs. Colbert says, "when she's been on her way to an important conference with a producer, when she's been absorbed in what she was going to say but she's noticed a speck on my ear no bigger than the point of a pin and she's changed her whole speech." It is not unreasonable to consider for the clothes Claudette wears in Paramount Pictures, tells the same story. Claudette will know if there is a speck on her car or on one side," she says, "or if one shoulder seam is a fraction of an inch higher than the other.

The pine library in the Pressman house is especially lovely. It overlooks the rear garden. The chairs are deep. The tables that flank the sofa hold the glazed white bambi Claudette bought in New York and had made into lamps. However, the books on the shelves aren't rare first editions, cut-bound. Their value lies inside them. There's a shabby花样 of Schopenhauer."

"When I was sixteen," Claudette says, "I carried an impression of Schopenhauer people! I thought I was a young intellectual because I read it, even though I didn't understand 50 pages at a time. I read girls today and wonder if they feel as superior as I did at their age."

There's also a slim volume of "Sonnets from the Portuguese." Claudette reads the sonnets first when she was eighteen. Edna May Oliver introduced her to the Miscellaneous and in a few weeks they toured together in "The Wild Westcotts," a play in which Claudette was one of the leading parts.

One evening Miss Oliver gave Claudette a lift from the theater to their hotel in their taxi. "Ever read the Browning sonnets?" Claudette hadn't. "Well," she said, "you should!" And that same evening she said, "I'm going to read the Browning sonnets."

It was on this same tour that Claudette roomed with Cornelia Otis Skinner and envied her big jar of bath salts. "Use them!" Cornelia Skinner offered, generously. But Claudette would have none of such things until she had these salts. "But I would never wear costume jewelry unless she told me to, the real kind. And the Jacks, that is, the Browning sonnets," Claudette. For several years after Claudette and Doctor Pressman were married Mrs. Colbert and Tantine Emily lived in the big white house with them. Occasionally they did move to a house of their own, leaving Claudette to supervise domestic details for the first time.

"Mother did what she could to prepare me," Claudette says. "As soon as it was decided that I was to be Tantine Emily's helper, I was, at last, to have one of her own she began to turn little tasks over to me, one at a time. That way it was less trying for anyone—including Jack!"

The house Claudette bought for her mother and Tantine Emily is a smoke-adored French poodle, is French Provincial, inside and out. It has charm around its edges. The kerosene ceiling lamp is covered with chintz. But best of all is the long terrace that overlooks the garden. Here the two ladies have their tea, sew, read, dream about the whole world, talk of how very strange and wonderful it is that Claudette, who always was lovely, should have grown up to be famous, too...true to her mother's prophecy.

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

GRADE  yourself 10 points for every answer you guess right. If you get 20 or less, you don't keep up in Hollywood. If your score is 80, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of 100, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY.

Check up on page 79.

1. A group of top illustrators selected her as the typical American girl and will use her picture on a series of defense posters:

   Constantine  Moore
   Glueck  Rogers
   Linda  Dorentt
   Glotio  Juhan

2. Lara Turner's latest romance is:

   John  Shetson
   Alla  Catris
   Cary  Grant

3. Two of these stars have gotten closest friends into pictures:

   Katharine  Hepburn
   George  Raft
   Mickey  Rooney
   Forrest  Sharpe

4. His early ambition was to be a bull fighter and in his youth he spent several years training to that end:

   Anthony  Quinn
   Ricardo  Cortez
   Gilbert  Roland
   Cesar  Romero

5. Can you name at least one Hollywood married couple that played opposite each other in a recent picture?

   R.  V.  Bruce
   Francu  Capra
   John  Ford
   Alfred  Hitchcock

6. Two of these stars have adopted children:

   Fred  MacMurray
   Lloyd  Nolan
   Don  Ameche
   Basil  Rathbone

7. She was U. S. Champion acrobatic dancer when she was only 14 years old, but her screen roles are not dancing parts:

   Barbara  Stanwyck
   Penny  Singleton
   Rosalind  Russell
   Mary  Astor

9. Two of these actresses appeared in Flo Ziegfeld's shows in New York:

   Virginia  Bruce
   Joan  Crawford
   Paulette  Goddard
   Madeleine  Carroll

10. His first screen role was in a Western and his latest screen appearance is in a Western also. Can you name the star and the titles of that first picture as well as his latest?

   Burt  Lancaster
   Bette  Davis
   Errol  Flynn
   William  Powell
EYES bright as stars ... Hair brushed to shining ... Cheeks—
clean, fresh, sweet as a newly flowered rose ... Attire trim as a
uniform, or—a benison of grace and soft enchantment.

Thus stands our American Girl. Eager. Spirited. Disciplined in
living. Swift to serve as today's swift events demand.

That jewel brightness is part of her unchanging tradition of
high health and personal beauty.

In her primer of true breeding are five flaming requisites to the
care of her face, the treasured edicts long laid down by Pond's:—

**BATHE** the face lavishly with luscious Pond's Cold Cream. Spank its fragrant
unctuousness into the skin of face and throat. Spank for 3 full minutes—even
five. This swift and soothing cream mixes with the dried, dead surface cells, dirt
and make-up on your skin, softening and setting them free.

**WIPE OFF** all this softened debris with the caressing absorbency of Pond's Tissues. With it you have removed some of the softened tops of blackheads—
rather it easier for little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

**SPANK** again with fresh fingerfuls of gracious Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe
off with Pond's Tissues. This spankling enhances both the cleansing and the
softening. Your skin emerges from it infinitely refreshed. Lines seem softened.
Pores seem finer.

**COOL** with the faint, intriguing astringence of Pond's Skin Freshener.

**MASK** your whole face, for one full minute, with a blissful coating of Pond's
Vanishing Cream. This delectable cream has as one of its chief missions in life
the duty of dispersing remaining harsh particles, chapping, aftermath of ex-
posure. When you wipe it off, it leaves a perceptible mat finish. Then with what
enchantment your powder goes on. How surprisingly it holds.

Perform this Pond's ritual in full once daily—before retiring or during the
day. And again in abbreviated form as your skin and make-up need refreshing.
Guard your skin's tender look and feel, as do so many members of America's
most distinguished families—with Pond's. Already some thirteen million women
in the United States use Pond's.

**GIVE-AWAY** for the thriftily minded
Frankly to lure you to our larger
cream jars, which are actually a better
buy, we are handing you FREE: for a
limited period a tempting supply of
our equally authoritative hand lotion,
DANJA, with each purchase of the
medium-size Pond's Cold Cream. Both
for the price of the cream! At beauty
counters everywhere.

**BOTH FOR THE PRICE OF CREAM**

*Copyright, 1940, Pond's Extract Company*
that sentiment. Bonnie Baker, the Oh- Johnny girl with a voice a couple years younger than Shirley's sings it backed by the gently corny Orrin Tucker band (Columbia 35960). It also comes out of the hot and swingy trumpet of Harry James (Varsity hit).

Plunk-plunk Hawaiian music seems to be one of those steady-appeal things. Ray Kinney, reputed to possess the best of the grass-skirt orchestras, steel-guitar his way through "South of Pago-Pago." The cinema product of the same name has Jon Hall back in brown-face again. Pago-Pago's neighbor is "A Song Of Old Hawaii" which Ray makes as restful as a palm tree.

If you were attracted by that odd-looking character, whom Bing called Wingle, in the off-mentioned "Rhythm On The River," then you'll be interested in two of his disc products. Wingle Manone is his full name and he has been around the swing alleys for a long time.

He uses his scratchy voice and warm trumpet to light up "Ain't It A Shame About Mama" and "Rhythm On The River," both from his film debut (Bluebird 1084).

The tuneful "I Could Make You Care" turned up in the not-so-tunable "Ladies Must Live." The song gets excellent treatment from, first, torchy Bea Wain (Victor 26739). And, second, from the orchestra that seemed slated to be the Band Of The Year, if you like such titles. It belongs to Wingie— and it's good (Columbia 35645).

Allen Registration—Department of Justice

Participating in Uncle Sam's program of registering all persons who are not citizens is a number of famous stars and directors in Hollywood. They make up only a small percentage of the 3,166,060 non-citizens Uncle Sam expects to register, but they are better known throughout the nation than most citizens.

Among them are such well-known names as Merle Oberon, Pat Paterson, Heddy Lamarr, Charles Boyer, Herbert Marshall, Henry Koster, Greer Garson, Charles Laughton, Alfried Hitchcock, Sonja Henie and others. Some of them have already applied for citizenship, but Uncle Sam counts them as "aliens" until they have acquired full citizenship and requires them to register and be fingerprinted, along with Joe the waiter, Tony the shoemaker, Fritz the baker and the thousands of other non-citizens who make up America's "melting-pot.

The registration started on August 27 and continues to the day after Christmas. During that time the stars and directors who are non-citizens will register at post offices wherever it is most convenient for them. Uncle Sam is applying the same rule to everybody. If you are a non-citizen, you can register at any registration post office, whether it be Oklahoma or Hollywood.

Cactus Crooner

Singing Cowboy Gene Autry has compiled a list of rules that a good Western star must follow. Only there's nothing about 'it kissing a girl, we notice. Here are Gene's rules: 1. He can't hit anyone smaller than himself. 2. He can't take unfair advantage even of an enemy.

3. He can never, never go back on his word. 4. He must never mince his power-of-office, if he holds one. 5. He must always take the side of the oppressed. 6. He must be kind to children. 7. He can have no racial prejudices whatever. 8. His actions must always be honorable.

Come to think of it, it's a darned good code for any hero, on the screen or off. East or West, North or South.

Tough Romeos

Since Brian Donlevy's portrayal of "The Great McGinty," feminine movie fans' hearts are a-flutter over a new kind of Romeo—a hard-boiled gent who would just as lief give a lady a black eye as a kiss if he thought the black eye would do her more good, an un- subtle, unsentimental Romeo who, in- stead of mooning under a balcony, wooing his lady by remote control, as it were, would skinny up pillar or post to press his suit in manner more virile.

You know, a tough guy, but one hand- some enough to make the ladies like his toughness.

But off the screen? Say, Brian is a pushover for everything that McGinty was not! He's simply a sucker for sentiment.

For instance: Not long ago Mrs. Donlevy (they've been married five years) was rummaging in an old trunk and came upon some of her baby things— first photographs," a couple of bibs, a bonnet and a seuf by pair of baby shoes and so on. Well, Brian was hanging around watching but not saying much. Mrs. D didn't even know he was interested.

But the other day, she found out differently. It happened when, wifelike, she was trying to "stick him up" before he set off for a luncheon date with his agent. "What's that awful bulge in your pocket?" she inquired. "Your pockets seem very buxom, lately."

Brian didn't answer; just mumbled something and tried to get away. But Mrs. Donlevy wouldn't let him.

"Let me see," she insisted.

Well, she saw. When she reached into his pocket and pulled out the "bulge," she saw it was one of her baby shoes.

That's Not A Crowd

Well bet there's not a baby in Hollywood anywhere else for that mat- ter, who will be more welcome than the one expected in the Ronald Reagan-Jane Wyman home, come next spring. Jane doesn't seem to care a bit that her promising career will have to take a run-out powder for a while and Ron- nie already is the proudest, the most careful, the most anxious papa-to-be you ever saw. The next day after Jane told him about the coming event he be- gan to, as she says, "wrap her in cot- ton." Was she tired? Shouldn't she rest? She must visit the doctor every day; prenatal care is very important, you know. She mustn't stand on her feet for more than ten minutes at a time; they'd better not go to the races on Saturday. He also rushed out and bought half a dozen books on babies. While Jane was making "Honey- moon For Three" he was forever in- vading the set with a bottle of butter- milk or a glass of fruit juice or some- thing else calculated to further the well being of a "little mother."

Meanwhile, Jane, while laughing fondly at Ronnie's antics, admits she is just about as bad. She's already made arrangements for fixing up a nursery in their house, and has assembled the baby's outfit, com- plete to the last tiny bootie.

PHOTOPLAY
When comfort means so much

The snowy-white surgical gauze wrapper of the new Modess covers a filler of downy-soft "fluff." It is the extra softness of this fluff filler that makes Modess sanitary napkins so comfortable. And Modess means new peace of mind, too; read why, in the pamphlet inside every Modess package. Buy Modess at your favorite store. It costs only 20¢ for a box of twelve.

A new evening fashion—created by Charles James

Soft as a fleecy cloud
GETTING FIT FOR FUN

If you've ever listened in on a feminine whispering campaign you've heard all these questions. As a matter of fact, you've probably said the same things dozens of times about other people. Our point is, have other people said them about you? If not, we think we know why—not—and we offer you some pointed information that will make you look better, feel better and have more fun.

"...I don't know where she gets her pep!"

We do; Hollywood does, too. Firm believers in the "vitality is the essence of attractiveness" theory, they know that good things come in small packages—in this case, small vitamin capsules, perfect guards against dull eyes, sagging spirits, that state of perfectly plain inertia that will relegate any woman to a state of single blessedness against the wall. We hate to bring up the old bromide that health is the essence of beauty, but it's not fiction. If you don't want to turn into a weeping willow type during holiday rounds, you'll take your vitamin capsules. Guarantees Mary Astor: "If you're working too hard or are too tired to enjoy yourself when you do go out, vitamin capsules that contain all the vitamins you yourself need will restore your vitality and do wonders for your looks."

Shortcut to the same end, a pick-me-up that will last through an evening, is Carole Lombard's hot and cold shower idea. Possessor of an energy that amazes even fast-paced Hollywood, Mrs. Gable has an eleven-hour cure for a drooping spirit. You step into the shower, let the hot needlepoint spray play on your spine. Then slowly bend forward until the spray has traveled from the neck to the base of the spine; then straighten up slowly again, letting the spray retrace its path. Three or four of these—then the same thing with cold water, and you'll stay right up until the strains of "Good Night, Ladies."

Another quick cure—all that brings the gleam back into your eyes in nothing flat is that of Ann Miller. Covering her face thickly with cold cream, she soaks in a hot bath for five minutes, relaxing utterly. Afterwards, removing the cream with tissues, she soaks a piece of cotton in skin freshener, pats it briskly over her face and neck. Incidentally, if you go for ultrastimulating effects, you can keep your lotion in the ice chest as Lucille Ball does.

"...She always makes me feel as if my hem's hanging."

As for this perfect paragon who always looks as if she has just stepped away from her mirror—the best thing any woman can do is to imitate her. Careful make-up may be an unglamorous duty, but it really pays glamorous dividends. The pre-party homework should be managed thus. First of all, a good powder foundation, which is the bright light of every Hollywood dressing table. Choose any foundation that pleases you—a liquid one, or a tinted cream base that exactly matches your skin, or one that is applied with a moistened sponge. Apply it carefully, all over your face.

Next step is the application of rouge—and be careful here. One main rule to remember: If you use a moist or cream foundation, apply your cream rouge over the foundation; if you use a dry foundation, use the cream rouge before. If the glow doesn't look as if it will stand up under the bright lights, add a touch of dry rouge to set it off.

If you want a model for make-up: Olivia de Havilland uses a moist foundation. Over this she dots the rouge, working it outward until there are no lines visible. She then gives her face a very generous fluffing of powder, then brushes a delicate film of dry rouge over her cheeks with a small baby's brush. She also dabs a bit of dry rouge on the tips of her ears.

Spend enough time in close-ups with your mirror, be faithful to foundations, brush the powder on generously and be careful about rouge application—those are the main essentials. Concentrate on not having that candid-camera look which is fatal after 9 P.M.

(Continued on page 87)
A secret message to a man's heart—that only your flawlessly groomed fingernails, resplendent in the gem-lustred beauty of Dura-Gloss, so gloriously betray! Yes, those beautiful hands, those excitingly pagan fingernails tell him the exciting story of your fastidious daintiness, the sheer allure of all of you! Possess—yourself—these spectacular, these vivid fingernails—with Dura-Gloss, the nail polish that's new, that's different! And be surprised, amazed, to discover that Dura-Gloss—that was created for the most beautiful fingernails in the world—doesn't cost a dollar—just a tiny ten cent piece in every fashion-right color, at cosmetic counters everywhere! Switch your affections to Dura-Gloss—this very day!

The New and Better Nail Polish by LORR
The Boy from Omaha

(Continued from page 67)

Players guild captivated Hank and when, on his second visit to Falmouth, he was invited to join the group, he re-signed from college and moved over to join the college thespians.

As the only member of the troupe with professional experience, which was playing most of the leads in the University Players Guild productions and usually it was Peggy Sullivan who was cast opposite Hank, the Haven and Peggy fell in love at first sight would be exaggerating by just about eleven feet. They exchanged a lot more argumentative than amorous conversation that first summer on campus.

It was their second summer with the University Players, after Hank had spent a winter directing the National Junior Theater in Washington and Peggy had returned to Norfolk to go through the motions of making her debut, that the young Sephardic boy and the vital, moody Southern girl dropped their fencings and frankly showed their affection for each other. "Peggy is back," Hank wrote his family, "and we are very much in love on Tuesdays and Saturdays."

There was enough time for romance. The Guild had decided to build its own theater and between rehearsals the players piled up sticks and frames in the theater. While Peggy and Hank made indoor trips to the gay night club the Guild ran as an adjunct to the theater, or Peggy would serve as stage Manager for Hank in his mad magician's act which was offered as part of the supper entertainment there.

There were, though, sunny hours on the beach and moonlit strolls across the dunes after the theater and nights when Hank would bring Peggy, like fury, to the gay night club the Guild ran as an adjunct to the theater, or Peggy would serve as stage Manager for Hank in his mad magician's act which was offered as part of the supper entertainment there. The summer was all too short for these two who had just begun to explore one another's dreams and talk of the future in terms of a career together. Once, as September 9th crept toward the day when they must separate again, they motored to a nearby town and obtained a marriage license in Hank's name in his mad marriage, they realized on sober second thought, was not for them... not yet.

Back on Broadway, Peggy was the first to win a promotion in the managers' offices and signed for the lead in the road company of "Strictly Dishonorable." Hank, for a brief time, as an 80-year-old extra in a Theater Guild production, returned to Washington and the National Junior Theater for a second season as its director.

They said good-by over dinner in a cheap little restaurant in New York. They would both drive like fury, they pledged, and the winter would fly by and then it would be summer and their reunion in Falmouth. . . .

One of the winter productions in Washington was Barrie's "A Kiss For Cinderella" and the critical critics were so enthusiastic in their praise of Hank's portrayal of the policeman he was invited by the Omaha Community Playhouse to guest star in a run of the piece.

It was a triumphant homecoming, with newspaper pictures and headlines and radio and movie fear the perfect performance of the play. Brate Fonda beamed and Mrs. Fonda and Hank's sisters, Harriet and Jayne, were only slightly inferior to their brother's success. Hank had been named to the Cabinet.

In the fall of 1933, the University Players, instead of starting out at the end of their summer season in Fall- mouth, signed to play a winter of stock in Baltimore. In November, Peggy rejoined the troupe, after a year of increasing success and once again the flame of attraction flared them anew.

The troupe was married on Christmas Day, a few hours before Hank was scheduled to play a matinee. The hotel where the company was staying turned over the room to the newlyweds.

One of their favorite tunes in the years they had known one another was the old-time couple, "New York, New York," in which they had acted together at the Cape and it was this melody that Hank played the piano as a processional for Peggy. Very musical, very composed, and Hank, very shaky, walked in front of a round-faced young Episcopal minister.

Peggy's responses were as assured as if she were reading a line in rehearsal. Hank's ordinarily deep voice was hardly audible. It was all very overwhelming to him, and very, very important.

Their marriage lasted less than a year. Why it broke up, neither Hank nor Peggy has ever revealed even to their closest intimates. Some surmise it was because of Peggy's hunting, baying for her former husband, while Hank continued to struggle vainly for recognition on Broadway. Others say his first two years in Hollywood, his whole public, his whole loneliness, was too serious-minded for the intense, eager, demanding Peggy. Whatever the cause of their separation, it was effected without bitterness or reproach and through the succeeding years they have remained fast friends.

Peggy have their divorce in New York, shipped to Hollywood, where Hank, after two shows in which he appeared in two exciting roles, once more turned to summer stock, this time at Mt. Kisco, New York. Leads there won Hank a featured spot in "New Faces," a Broadway hit of 1934. "New Faces" was a musical revue and when Dwight Wiman, producer of the successful "Little Shows," saw him in "New Faces" he offered to make a song-and-dance star of the handsome, big-eyed young lad, whom he had seen Hank first and had other plans for the actor. At his own expense, Hayden flew Fonda to the West Coast and started him on an itinerary of salesmanship, signed him to a movie contract with Walter Wanger.

"I wasn't too sure about pictures," recalls Hank, "and it was on my insistence that the movie contract was not to begin until the following summer. I wanted to do something important on the New York stage before I entered the Hollywood scene."

On the advice of Hank's program. Back at Mt. Kisco, he was assigned a role in "The Swan" which starred George Keaton. For Keaton, June Night in which June was June Walker, in private life Mrs. Kerr, who was at the moment seeking a leading man for "The Farmer Takes A Wife." In Hank, the actress saw the ideal type for the rugged, earthy barge-man who wants to own a farm in the Missouri Delta. The role was from a story by Walter Edmonds, from whose writings have been taken two very popular plays, "Drums Along the Mohawk" and his recently completed "Chad Hanna."

Mare Connolly had adapted the play and was working on it, less less than a month out with his best brand of acting. But instead of being handed a script to read from, Hank was dropped in a chair, while Connolly, nervous, energetic playwright, strode up and down the room for two and a half hours, reading and acting the entire play.

At the end of the afternoon, Hank was hired without having read a single line.

"The Farmer Takes A Wife" was a smash hit, but Hank's joy in his triumph was clouded by the sudden death of his mother, the last night of rehearsals in New York, on the eve of the show's tryout in Washington. Jim Stewart, with whom Hank had lived his last three years in New York, brought word to Hank at the theater that Omaha was calling long distance and in the middle of the last dress rehearsal Hank learned that his mother had died that afternoon.

"You must go on though, Hank," urged his sister Harriet on the phone. "Mother would have wanted you to. She was so proud of the success you've made."

And in the tradition of the theater, Hank carried on and gave a performance opposite June Walker that was to make him the most talked-about young leading man on Broadway.

In the spring of 1935, Fox bought "The Farmer Takes A Wife" and arranged with Walter Wanger to borrow Hank to play it with Janet Gaynor. Hank's departure for the film capital was long remembered at "Ralph's," the little West Side tavern where Hank and Jim Stewart, then one of the University Players who had invaded Broadway, used to gather for after-theater beers.

Packing, Hank found no room for three hats. The only thing to do was to read the whole way across the continent, Hank smuggled George under the eyes of the censors, feeding him milk from a fountain pen and taking him for "walks" in the vestibule when no trainmen were near. George, a grandfather clock, struck 11 at the Ronda establishment in Hollywood.

FROM his first picture, Hank was a solid success in Hollywood. Directors liked his performing acting and he was studied to adapt himself to the new medium of the camera. Fellow actors were charmed by his bubbling good nature. And to the glamour girls of the film colony, Hank and Jim Stewart, who had recently married a pretty type of young man. They didn't talk about themselves all the time. They remembered, in their modesty and simplicity, the days in Omaha.

In the spring of 1936 Hank was sent to England to make "Wings of the Morning." In London and there he met the girl with whom he was to rebuild all his broken dreams of marriage.

Frances Seymour Brack was her name, a beautiful blonde young widow, well known in New York society. She was touring Europe with her sister-in-law and showed an interest in Hank who met on a yachting party on the Thames was scheduled to drive to Berlin to attend the Olympic Games. Hank was due to finish his picture a few days before the games ended and the girls suggested he fly over to Berlin.

From Berlin the trio drove back to Paris and by the time they reached the French capital Frances Seymour knew they were in love. He proposed to her in a corner of the Ritz bar and celebrated her acceptance at the Casanova Club where Charles Boyer and his wife, Pat Paterson, were the first to be told.

Their wedding, in September of 1936, at the exclusive Christ Episcopal Church on Park Avenue, was a brilliant affair, marred for Hank only by the fact that in the bridegroom's family pew was another his not-only mother, nor smiling Brice Fonda. Brice, stricken soon after his wife's death, had succumbed to the delirium of the following fall. A few weeks before he died he had watched his son's first movie project in his sick-room.

But Harriet and Jayne, radiant over their brother's screen success and the just-finished film that Frances, came on from Omaha for the wedding.

In the four years since that sunny afternoon when he and Frances dined through sushi at the Bamboo Room, it had been an uncertain time outside the church, life has been increasingly joyous for Hank. Few men are more blessed than Hank and Hank's dearest dreams were realized with the birth of a daughter, Jayne Seymour Fonda, three years ago and last spring, a son, Peter Henry Fonda. Loved and cherished as dearly as his own children is nine-year-old Frances Brack, his devoted illegitimate.

Matching the success he has made of his second marriage is the steady progress of his acting career. Emerging as an actor of real distinction in "Young Mr. Lincoln" Hank has come from the making of a screen actor to the making of a film actor, a quality of sincerity that Hollywood—and movie-goers everywhere—recognize as rare and precious.

Young Mr. Lincoln" was followed by one of his first ventures at the Omaha Playhouse, Hank Fonda enacted the intriguing title role in "Drums Along the Mohawk." Particularly impressive was his earnest reading of one touching speech of the film's author, a letter to his grandchildren in Hollywood. "Oh, God, make me a movie actor... one of the best... for Jesus' sake." Amen."

The letter has been answered for Hank Fonda.
Gay Gibson Dresses are Fashion Successes

most emphatically

Make life a merry whirl—with YOU in the center of it! Gay Gibson puts romance into your private life with a sparkling new collection of dresses you’ll dote on for dating! They’re tricky—artfully concentrating attention on YOU with a swoosh of a skirt here or a tantalizing curve there! Blame no one but yourself if you turn into a heartbreaker at first sight . . . Gay Gibsons were made for having a fling. Each one is a miracle of thrift—fitting incredibly well into college and career girl budgets. Get one—and you’ll yearn for three more!

A wide selection as low as $6—and not more than $12
Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

Could you tell me if Norbert Brodine is the real name of the photographed at Hal Roach Studios?

Mrs. Glenn Rickey, Los Angeles, Cal.

Norbert Brodine is the only name listed for this Hal Roach photographer.

SLIP-UPS DEPARTMENT

Here’s my contribution to the slip-ups department. John Garfield’s recovery from “The Day’s Children” was really remarkable. He enters the house so drunk he can’t see other people in the room even when it passes out completely. After putting him to bed, Anne Shirley walks aimlessly through the house, looks out the window, talks a few minutes with her father and then—like a miracle—out pops Johnnie, as sober as can be. Wish the movies would show how it’s done.

B. Muray, Walkermine, Cal.

SPECIAL FEATURE

In the category of “new and different” are these offerings from L. Z. Yuan of Shanghai, China. Giving an interesting flavor on how Chinese movies are made, the articles, plus pictures, are offered here for readers’ special entertainments.

Charlie Chan is back in his homeland and tackling the second murder mystery since his return from America. This is, at least, the idea of the Hein Hwa Motion Picture Company, which has just produced its second Charlie Chan picture.

The fictional Chinese sleuth has always been popular with the Chinese, but it was not until the death of Warner Oland, who played that role in many a Hollywood production, that the Chinese motion-picture company, now the largest in Shanghai, obtained the inspiration of producing Charlie Chan pictures with Chinese casts and with China as the background. In its opinion, Charlie Chan (Warner Oland) has not died but merely has left America for China where he is now personified by Hsu Hsien-yuan, a veteran actor.

What has happened to Charlie Chan’s son, who helped his clever, moon-faced father in solving many mysteries? With the Hollywood films, the Chinese studio does not propose to answer. In the Chinese Charlie Chan pictures, there is no Charlie Jr., but his vacancy is filled by Charlie’s daughter, Minna.

In the Chinese Charlie Chan pictures, the famous Chinese sleuth is also shown resorting to the aid of a number of gadgets, including radio transmitting sets, built-in tie-pins, chairs connected to electric currents of weaker voltages, and a cigarette case which may be converted into a pistol within a second.

“Charlie Chan In Homeland” is the title of the first Chinese production glorifying the fictional Chinese sleuth. Directed by a man from the United States a few hours after a plan showing the subterranean passages of an ancient tomb was stolen from his friend’s home. In the ancient tomb is kept a precious pearl shirt!

In his first case since his return to China, Charlie apparently found himself facing a different type of racketeers and gangsters. With the aid of his modern crime-detecting methods and his wireless gadgets, Chan solved the mystery and placed the culprits behind the bars.

Following the first case, Charlie Chan decided to settle down in China. In other words, the company, encouraged by the booking office results, decided to continue producing Charlie Chan pictures. When the second picture, “Charlie Chan In Radio Station,” opens, Charlie and Minna, his daughter, are found living in to a Chinese radio station, trying to learn more about China from which he had been absent for such a long time.

A prominent singer, direct from America, is to sing at the station the following night. Charlie and Minna decided to go to the glass-walled station.

Special feature: a Shanghai reader gives Photoplay a look-in on the Chinese Charlie Chan . . .

The Chinese Johnny Weissmuller is the stoutly built, brawny Peng Fei who has had some minor successes in the melodramatic Chinese versions of Westerns. His Jane is Miss Lee Cha-cha, who has the distinction of being a hot-cha girl with a figure that is the envy of many slim Chinese movie actresses.

Both are fans of Charlie Chan and both are complete with their simple skin costumes. The Chinese Tarzan, of course, has a Chinese dagger with which to “kill” the many jungle beasts. The plot of the “Chinese Tarzan” is in one way a more faithful picturization of Edgar Rice Burrough’s “Tarzan of the Apes.” It starts with an expedition to a jungle where every member of the party is wiped out by the natives except the baby. Nursed by an ape, the baby grows to be Tarzan.

Twenty years later, Tarzan is ruling the jungles and somehow a girl is found unconscious on the beach whom he promptly rescues and with whom he falls in love. From her, he learns human language—Chinese.

The father of the girl and her cousin trace the girl to the jungles. They are attacked by the natives but rescued by Tarzan. The old man, however, is fatally wounded and dies shortly after his reunion with his daughter. The cousin is the villain of the opus, trying to kidnap the girl.

The villain gets together with the natives and sends an alluring hula-dancer to lure Tarzan into a trap. Both Tarzan and his Jane are captured. The natives try to burn Tarzan to death while the villain kidnaps the girl. The leading flames help Tarzan to release himself and he rescues the girl.

In producing the film, the studio cleverly avoided such scenes as Tarzan killing a tiger. The only close-up of the jungle struggle for life shows him sinking his dagger into a fake tiger.

The studio, however, had enough headaches in hiring extras to put the paint on their brightly dressed bodies to play the roles of the cannibals in the jungles. Only upon the payment of twice the ordinary wages did the extras finally agree to play. The “jungle” scenes were shot in Hongkong.
Peg Of Our Hearts

If Earl Moran, the famous commercial artist and master of watercolor, could have his way, he'd choose but one model. She would be Peggy, his lovely daughter who acts so successfully in such University of Iowa productions as "Oh, Johnny, How You Can Love," "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby," "Argentine Nights," "The Mummy's Hand," "Slightly Tempted," "Spring Parade" and "Caribbean Holiday," to say nothing of her part cigarette-girl role in "Ninotchka." In fact, Peggy has the outstanding record of making twelve pictures a year and ringing the bell in all of them.

The town that produced Lillian Russell—Clinton, Iowa—gave us Peggy as well. But when she was just five or so, she and her mother came to Los Angeles to live and Peggy played hopscotch and Run, Sheep, Run, with the other kids and went to Thomas Starr King Junior High and later, after John Marshall High School, enrolled at the Los Angeles City College where she was active in dramatic productions. One of her teachers recommended Peggy to radio station KFI where she did small radio bits for a year.

Once when she was just a little girl, a famous fortune teller put his hand under her firm little chin and said, "You will be a great actress." It so impressed Peggy she gave up all hope of being a dancer and thought an acting career into being, for Peggy believes firmly in the power of thought.

How it came about was strange. Her mother, who was acting as jurywoman, spoke to the judge, who was also a friend, about Peggy's future singing lessons. The judge recommended his brother, a singing teacher, and the teacher introduced Peggy to a talent scout and after a test and the usual delays Peggy became an actress, one Universal is terribly excited over and one producer Joseph Parnastnuk firmly believes will be a great star.

Her closest friend is Deanna Durbin and often Vaughan Paul, Deanna's beau, will bring along a chop for Peggy and the four will go down to the Tail of the Cock restaurant. But mostly Peggy works all day and drops into bed dead tired at night.

Her mother forges the shops to investigate the clothes and in a rare free hour Peggy does a follow-up inspection of the finds. Her hair is just brown with tantalizing bronze spots, her voice sweet and low. She's gentle and a gentilewoman of just 22, adores good music, thinks a boy who acts inconsiderately merely to impress a girl an annoying nuisance, and prizes more than any possession a letter written to her studio by her high-school principal after he had viewed a whole page of Peggy's legs for publicity art. It read: "Why emphasize Peggy's figure when she graduated with the highest scholastic rating in the school?"

Nobody knew what to say.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?
Check your answers to the statements on page 70 with these correct ones
1. Constance Moore 
2. Victor Mature
3. George Raft-Mack Gre\y
4. Gilbert Roland
5. Irene Hervey, Allan Jones in "Boys From Syracuse" or Joan Blondell, Dick Powell in "I Want A Divorce"
6. Alfred Hitchcock
7. Fred MacMurray, Basil Rathbone
8. Penny Singleton
9. Virginia Bruce, Paulette Goddard
10. Gary Cooper—First picture "Winning of Barbara Worth"; latest picture "The Westerner"

Remember The Main!

IHE wagon trotted down the dusty road in Indiana with the lean lanky girl on the seat beside her mother looking into the bright clean face of an early spring. They're going to speak pieces at the graduation exercises, her teacher had finally told them you to speak, too.

Whereupon Marjorie Main practically fell off the wagon seat with fright.

"Oh, I couldn't get up before all those people and recite. I'd die. That's all. Just die."

But she did and she's still alive and because of that one recitation Hollywood was startled out of its seats the night "Dead End" was previewed. As the weary-hearted mother of gangster Humphrey Bogart, Marjorie Main cut deep as a knife.

Today, her performances in "Susan And God," "The Captain Is A Lady," as the lady blacksmith in "Wyoming" and her latest, "Shepherd of the Hills," with Marjorie losing her very good looks in the character of a very old lady, have won her a brand-new M-G-M contract.

Marjorie's revelation that day, "The Light From Over The Range," delivered with amazing force and exasperated the young lady into a state-wide contest that won her the first prize hands down. Her father, a minister in the little community of Atkin, Indiana, was delighted with that. But later chagrined when Marjorie mentioned the awful word "stage." She compromised on a Chautauqua circuit tour with Marjorie giving readings in the afternoons (she got $2 a week for such a job) and playing Shakespeare in the evenings.

Then one day Marjorie climbed up on the bus seat beside the noted lecturer, Dr. Stanley Krebs, and her life changed. As a matter of fact for after their marriage Marjorie submerged her mind and heart and soul into the works and life and brilliant psychologist until his death.

Her first step toward professionalism was taken when the good doctor persuaded her father to let her have a try at a stock company in North Dakota.

And what a stock company, giving two plays every night with new casts all day.

Broadway came next and in no time Marjorie Main was the leading character woman on the New York stage, playing every type of role. She claims it took three months to get "The Light From Over The Range" out of her theatrical system but even today there is a lingering of the lanky harum-searam kid from Indiana about her. It comes out in her voice and homey ways. Her hair is long. He liked it that way. She lives simply and alone with her tens of thousands of memories playing an unforgettable sympathy in her heart.

She is that woman, blessed among all others, who has known a great love.

Round-Up of Face Setters

(Continued from page 47)

Lady Esther says

"You're Invited to a 'COMING-OUT' PARTY'
for your NEW-BORN-SKIN!"

Your skin is growing, blooming beneath your old surface skin... waiting for the gift of beauty which you can do so much to bring it. Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you endow your New-Born Skin with loveliness.

A NEW-BORN skin! Think of the hope for new beauty in those words. It's nature's radiant promise to you... and a scientific fact. For right now, as you look in your mirror... every hour of the day and night a new skin is coming to life!

As a flower loses its petals, so your old skin is flaking away in almost unseen particles. But there's danger to your New-Born Skin in these tiny flakes, and in the dirt and impurities that crowd into your pores. Those dry flakes so often rob you of beauty. They cling in patches, keep powder from being smooth, may give a faded look to your New-Born Skin.

Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help nature to gently remove those dry flakes, so your skin can be gloriously reborn.

As each new layer of skin crowds upward, your skin is being re-born. My 4-Purpose Face Cream helps it grow in beauty. It soothes as it gently lifts away the old skin flakes. It softens accumulated dirt... helps Nature refine your pores.

Ask Your Doctor
About Your Face Cream

Only the finest and purest of creams can help your skin to be as beautiful as it can be! Ask your doctor (and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin) about the face cream you are now using.

Ask him, too, if every word Lady Esther says is true—not that her face cream removes the dirt, the impurities and worn-out skin, and helps your budding skin to be more beautiful.

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. See how gently it permeates and lifts the dry skin and dirt... giving you a first glimpse of your New-Born Skin!

PROVE AT MY EXPENSE

Address:

GIFT 

STATE

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

DECEMBER, 1940

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Hollywood Has a Heart
It Welcomes The Stranger

(Continued from page 17)

Nor has Hollywood stopped at job placing. It has developed its own forms of financial relief for the refugees. The most efficient aid for the exiles comes from the European Film Fund--an organization founded by former Europeans who had settled in Hollywood before the war, to become American citizens in both fact and spirit. Having made their money and reputation in this country, they realized that it is up to them to assist the newcomers.

Every former European who has a job in the film industry contributes a certain percentage of his income to the relief fund. This money is used to support the refugees until they have found their own feet. The strictest discretion is observed in helping anyone. It's all handled so that the ticklish pride of the needy celebrities won't be bruised. Except for the officials, nobody knows who receives donations from the fund. And is soon as those so benefited earn money, they begin paying back what has been given them. No charity handouts is this Fund money, but unconditioned loans. Thus the ball is kept rolling. Money streams back into the cash register and out again to help another.

No one desires that this financial aid be permanent. A man, after all, does not live by bread alone. He has to have something to live for, and most of us live in our work. The refugees are no different; they must have more purpose to their life than mere survival; they want to be of some use in the world. But getting them jobs is often more difficult than supplying them with money: for there are some who can be nothing but actors. It's all they've ever known, and it's too late in life to begin over. I remember one such fellow; his name was Paul Graetz. He was more than a mere actor; he was the very essence of the witty, shrill, good-bred town of Berlin before the days of Hitler. There was not a child who did not know him; there was not one of his fresh, dry songs which Berlin would not be humming a few days after Paul had introduced it. When he crossed the street, every taxi driver, newspaper boy and bum would call out: "Hiya, Paul!" He came to Hollywood and from the very first moment here, he felt lost. English he studied diligently, but it was hardly any use. Paul could not express himself except in his own vernacular. Only by taking digs at politicians and big-wigs, by improvising clever little wisecracks, by bowing over his audience with sly innuendos, could he be himself. No, he could not adjust himself to the foreign scene. He was Paul at his age of life. He who had had all Berlin at his feet failed in the one or two bit parts Hollywood gave him.

I was with him for the last time at Ernst Lubitsch's house. Among us who understood his language and appreciated him, he brilliantly flowered into life—for one night.

Two days later he was dead. He couldn't stand it. Long before Rejenthard, speaking at his funeral, expressed what everyone of us felt: That a little piece of our own hearts had died and was gone forever. The Colonel's colony of exiled actors is filled with stories less tragic, but no less human. His latest victim, on the other hand, was living together and sharing their fortunes in Hollywood. Both had earned names, important names, for themselves in Europe, but here the going was tough. Between them, they had one good coat. It was a Schiaparelli, saved from the good days on the Continent. Now to which one did the coat belong? No one knew. Whichever girl had an interview for a job wore that coat, while the other waited patiently at home. It was a fine arrangement. But came the day when an excited agent called for both girls to present themselves at the casting office. The girls matched for the coat and, breathless with anticipation, the winner clad in the Schiaparelli went through the studio gate while the other girl waited outside to take her turn. By luck our young actress in the Schiaparelli was awarded a final chance at the part. She was to study it overnight and return the next day for an audition. She rushed out, peeled off that glorious coat, gave it to her friend—and the story repeated itself. That Schiaparelli was lucky. Both girls had been given a final chance at the part.

It consisted of but three words: "Neuilly 267, Paris." Obviously the language of a French telephone operator. The two girls paced up and down their small room for half the night, trying to get some sense into the part. How to say it? Flippantly? Bored? Softly? Harshly? With a smile in their voices? Or with a tear? True, it wasn't much of a role; but it was a start. Next morning they went back to the casting office and one of the girls was definitely given the part. For three days she worked with her heart in her eyes. On Saturday she drew her paycheck. A few weeks later the picture was previewed, but the part was no longer in it. Now our young actress is working as an upstairs maid and every second Sunday she wears the beautiful Schiaparelli coat. During the weekdays the other girl wears it when pounding the pavements from agents to casting offices, looking for another chance.

Virginia Bruce's boxy jacket—We think it will go places this year. It has a cleancut, straight-from-the-shoulder look and a rather military air—in tune with the trend of the times. A good showcase for pockets, too, which means style prestige.

Marie Obaron's evening sparkle?—Yes, sequins for gay glitter at night, but not too much grimy military gold braid—just enough to set off that new wide shoulder line, which is here. Now it very good one did the's so flattering to nearly every woman.

Paulette Goddard's peg-top silhouettes?—Hipline may be headlines, but this is bad news for less-than-Goddard figures. It is very important that any angle. Most of us need to be clever about our curves—no peg-tops, with skin-tight bodices above!
Hollywood Has a Heart
It Takes Care of Its Own

Moreno, Mrs. Ernest Torrence, Mrs. Sidney Franklin, Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Mrs. Jean Harlow, Mrs. Edith Thomsen, Joan Bennett, Constance Collier, Mrs. Sam Hardy and a dozen more. They were nothing to do—debits were better than starvation. Debts were better than death for lack of medical attention. The volunteer corps, fire in their eyes, went from house to house in fashionable, wealthy Beverly Hills, ramshackling the closets of the stars for clothing. They turned the clothing over to applicants. They borrowed limousines and chauffeurs for the use of jobless Hollywood folk. Dressed in expensive clothing, the jobless were sent in the limousines to ask for work. The clothes and the limousines worked like magic, for when Hollywood gives charity, Hollywood also gives fruit. Hollywood knows. Hollywood takes care of its own in a fashion such as no charitable organization in the world could possibly assume. By 1933 the industry was getting accustomed to subscribing one-half of one percent of its salaries. Producer organizations, film editors, make-up men, directors, were in all Hollywood organizations have swung solidly into line behind the Fund.

Product corporations have followed suit. Subsidiary companies, such as those who supply films, camera, raw material, costumes, have a gun leveled at their heads annually. They pay cheerfully and well. Not even race tracks are immune. Jack Warner persuaded the recently founded Hollywood track to give up $1,500 not so long ago and there are indications that the persuasion and result will become a steady diet.

At the end of 1933, times, incredibly, were getting worse. People who had been on top, who had been hard hit, had been using jewelry, valued possessions, cars, houses, relatives, to get by on. By the end of 1933, with no relief in sight, the last of the diamonds had been bought back and a half million have been spent in the Trocadero. Big names, big stars, big directors, big producers, came in flat broke, terror in their eyes, the picture of actually starving families lined in their faces.

Nineteen-thirty-four ended at last. Nineteen-thirty-four was worse than 1933, but Hollywood was getting used to starvation. Even in normal times Hollywood has scant employment. Even in normal times its relief rolls are heavy and its unemployment is worse than in many cities of equal size during a depression. There are few factories and most of Hollywood's factories are one-man turn-rooming affairs. The only industry is the motion-picture industry. When the improvident, wild-spending motion-pictures industry is hit, Hollywood goes on the dole overnight—turns to "The Fund."

In 1935 the Fund's board of trustees held a meeting in Mary Pickford's home and a movement was launched to persuade studios to put former stars back in minor positions, in stock. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Warner Brothers embraced the idea most willingly. Since that time they have not only kept all of the original allotment working, but from time to time have added more. Warners leads Metro in this respect, for Jack Warner is unquestionably one of the most charitable men in Hollywood.

The Fund cares for 450 families a month, or about a thousand persons. Each Christmas and Thanksgiving the Fund and the film colony turn to the task of providing turkey, cash and trimmings to every indigent they can find. The May Company, a large Los Angeles department store, distributes the packages. At present the Fund is working very hard to get funds for the erection of a $50,000 permanent home for indigent folk.

The officers, trustees and executive committee are by no means a mere collection of names on a letterhead. They work conscientiously and well. They include Jean Hersholt, President; Ralph Block, 1st Vice-President; Joan Crawford, 2nd vice-president; Joseph M. Schenck, 3rd vice-president; Ginger Rogers, 4th vice-president; George Bagnall, Treasurer; Wilma Bashar, Executive Secretary. The Fund's executive committee meets once a week, reviews the week's newest casualties, shakes its collective head and proceeds to ways and means concerned with the half-million dollar home project. There are approximately twenty thousand studio workers in Hollywood. Twenty thousand, that is to say, Fund prospects.

But Hollywood takes care of its own.

How thousands of Adored Women help prevent unlovely rough, chapped HANDS

ADORABLE SOFT HANDS—every girl can keep them all her life! In spite of housework, constant use of water, or outdoor exposure, which rob your hand skin of its natural softening moisture. It's so easy to furnish new, beautifying moisture for your skin—with Jergens Lotion. Fragrant, soothing! No stickiness! This Lotion contains 2 ingredients—many doctors use help smooth and soften harsh skin. For silken-soft hands, use Jergens Lotion faithfully. Get it today.

*Arleen Whelan and George Montgomery—romantic featured players for 20th Century-Fox Films.

DECEMBER, 1940 81
Chaplin Talks

(Continued from page 21)

happy together. I had a tremendous admiration for her, and I owe her a great gratitude for it was she who gave me my sense of humor.

"I wish I could hear what she'd say about this last picture I made," he said with a sudden laugh. "I think she'd really enjoy this one."

"You've enjoyed it haven't you?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "I have. I've always played that little fellow afraid of his own shadow, so this gave me quite an opportunity to show him hiding behind a chuckle. "I've always wanted to try a part like that. What more could any actor ask than to play a combination of Hanlet and a madman with a Napoleon complex? ... Would you like to see the sketches for the sets."

I assured him I'd like nothing better, so we went across the lot and up a flight of stairs to the studio of Art Director Russ Spencer, a sandy-haired Harvard chap with a Texas drawl. His had been the job of turning out 247 satisfactory sets a week when he was at the old studio. The sketches were a tremendous job, but I had begged for all the peper drawings the studio could spare. (Continued on page 27)

MR. CHAPLIN's property man, Clem, now came looking for him to say that he was wanted on the sound stage where he was setting up. But I had begged for all the sketches, so Mr. Chaplin went on without me.

Clem had brought a new pair of gentleman's shoes, size 14. He wanted the loan of a piece of sandpaper. The shoes, it seemed, had just been purchased for Mr. Chaplin (who wears size 9). With water, lime, hammer and sandpaper, they were about to be "aged." Of course Mr. Chaplin has many pairs of "aged" shoes size 14, but he has found that he can change his moods by changing his shoes, so Clem never knows when he will call for a new pair.

(There are no prop mistakes however, this adornment is made all over again each time it is called for.)

I commented upon the unusual spirit he puts into his work; falling down stairs and crashing through skylights.

"And those," said Clem, getting to work with the sandpaper, "are just two of the tough shots he made. He could pay a hundred ways to do these things. But he doesn't. He does every tough shot himself. There's that street scene where he dives into the garbage heap. Maybe he doesn't look like much of a trick, but anybody who thinks it isn't better try it! I lined the barrel with sponge rubber to make it as easy on him as I could, but it was still up to Charlie to make the dive. I tried it myself just once, and I was in his corner three days."

"I've been in this business quite a while, but I never worked for a man like this," he added. When the lot needs an executive, he's an executive. When we need comedy like jumping into a barrel, he dives in. Or when there's something to work out in the prop department and I'm greedy and dirty, there is Mr. Chaplin right with me greedy and dirty too. There isn't another producer in the business who would get right in on a job and help carry it through from the first to the last滴滴.

Clem went on with his sandpapering. I continued looking through the pile of sketches, came upon one of Miss Goddard as Hannah, the scrub girl of the gheto, and which recalled to me the day when, after watching her excellent work, I had commented on the hair style, so perfect for the part. She is a slender, pretty, animated young maiden with an unusual shade of delphinium blue.

"All the credit goes to Charlie," she had told me ... and had then related how two professional hairdressers had been called in, but had failed utterly to get the proper effect after which Mr. Chaplin, tying up her titian "mop" with a string, had begun pulling it down step by step until it looked as he wanted it. And thereafter had had to dress it itself, every day for the picture, so no one else seemed able to get quite the same appearance.

Several "professional" designs had been made, too, for her scruffy dress. And these, also, had just missed. So Mr. Chaplin had purchased a few yards of batiste, had cut out something which Miss Goddard had described as like 'you'd make a paper doll dress,' had put it into it, had gone systematically to work pulling it out of shape and throwing things at it ..."

"And that's what I'm wearing," she had laughed.

When I had commented on Mr. Chaplin's skillful direction of the other players, she had given me one of the most understanding insights as to his manner of working which I have ever heard.

"Don't you see how he does it?" she had said. "He thinks in rhyme and tempo. To the people who are playing with him he will describe it as though they were dancers. If they find themselves doing a bit of business awkwardly, he will say 'Let's try it again, just started on the wrong foot.' Doing a scene with him is so exactly like working to music that you can't help falling into it."

MEREDITH WILLSON whose distinctive scoring of the picture is one of its real features, told me more about Mr. Chaplin's feeling for music.

"The themes we use," Mr. Willson said, "excepting for a bit of Wagner and Brahms interpolation, are about half Mr. Chaplin's and half mine, with music development and orchestration. And it's uncanny how right he always is when technically he isn't a musician and can't read a note of music. In scoring the picture we'd run it through, then in this place or that one he'd sing a few notes; sometimes he'd call a 'twiddled bit,' and it would unerringly work out to be exactly what the sequence needed.

"The orchestro, to you who have never taken with the sketches, I watched the orchestro go to work on interlocking music for scene and sound; seventy-five musicians in typical Hollywood dress, swaters, flannel shirts and bright neckerchiefs, the usually immaculate Mr. Willson, the plenum now in wilted shirt and galluses, his hair looking very much like that of a gentleman just out of a shower. Facing the orchestra, he also faced a picture screen above them. At long rough-seated observant Mr. Chaplin watched it all.

"All right," Mr. Willson said to the orchestra. "He's done it."

He spoke into a mike connecting with the projection booth.

"'Roll it,'" Lights dimmed. On the screen appeared the Palace, our Great Dictator on the balcony addressing the cheering mob. Mr. Chaplin has long cultivated a strange sort of jumbled double talk because naturally he never seriously thought of the perfect inflections of any language he pleases to choose from Chinese to Friesian, so it's been the habit of his favorite wimsey to address a conversation in this sort of talk, to some stranger to whom he may be introduced at some ultra affair, while his friends who are "in the know" stand by to see the polite but puzzled attention with which the person under study is being poked fun. I tried therefore to discover what the great Mr. Chaplin is saying.

This was the talent he had applied in the scene now appearing on the screen as a speech thundered from the Palace balcony. It was the word "Shell" which had been made in the Palace at all. One day Mr. Chaplin, shooting quite another bit, dressed as the barber, not the Dictator, had jokingly, or in action, or in conversation, had stopped the sequence in work, to suddenly begin delivering his Palace lines, and, toearing his over the loud speakers, stoping dead in their tracks to seep in to the audience. Of course laughter was the response he expected, instead of which there was a burst of loud and long appluas. And this was the speech which, now properly fitted into the Palace setting, appeared on the screen above the orchestra. The background was to have been also "dubbed" in, it was complete.

The next sequence for today's recording was a barnesque cut, the gaffer borer divesting himself, with one brief wriggle, of all his clothes but underwear.

Mr. Chaplin watched it, made fun of his own acting, then, for no reason at all, proceeded to execute a ballet step to the music of some unknown composer, where, when the first music rehearsal for the scene ended, he was beside Mr. Willson.

"You know," he said, "we could do some very funny music where my clothes slide to the floor: "Second generation on a birthday spree: Bing Crosby's Gary [soon to enter films himself?], Virginia Bruce's Susan Ann, and Richard Arlen's Ricky"

PHOTOPLAY
Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 12)

story of five girls who get their five men . . . it's the oldest plot in the world and the one that is always new . . . In contrast, "Brigham Young" is a grim affair . . . that grim trek of grim sinners people throughout a grim, brutal landscape is nothing for us in these dreary days and the one meager love scene that they allowed that essentially romantic young man, Tyrone Power, was most certainly not enough to save it . . . the other big hit pictures currently are "I Love You Again" (Bill Powell's and Myrna Loy's romantic carryings-on), "Boom Town" (which is action plus romance), "New Moon" which is all romance, and "Rhythm on the River" which is ditto . . . Therefore, it makes me worry slightly when, upon asking about "Comrade X," Gable and Lamarr's next, I am told that stock reply, "It's got a million laughs" . . . I wish Hollywood would look at its own balance sheets and stop laughing at love or being grim about it . . . how about saying some picture has a million endearments . . . or a million kisses . . . or a million romantic moments . . . there are ten million women who would rush to theaters to see such a picture . . . or at least recognize the fact that the boys don't remember what "Gone With the Wind" was really about . . . they don't think we went and keep on going to see that wonder-show to see the Civil War shots, do they? . . .

DEAR Close-ups and Long Shots readers, I want to tell you that beginning next month Photoplay is being combined with its sister magazine, Movie Mirror, to make what we fondly believe will be the finest movie magazine on the news stands . . . it will be called Photoplay-Movie Mirror and will combine all your favorite Photoplay features plus the best of Movie Mirror's gay items and the whole magazine will sell for ten cents . . . Close Up and Long Shots will be there, as usual, with me giving you these rambling thoughts of a rambling editor, and I hope you will keep on liking them as much as I believe you are going to like this new and bigger magazine . . . I'll be interested in knowing how you do feel about this new publication, so will you look for it on your local news stand around the end of November and then write me about it? . . . I hope you will, for well I know what keen readers you all are . . . and don't think I am unaware of what a privilege it is to write for such an audience . . . it makes me feel very grateful and very humble and gives me the wish ever and always to bring you better and better Hollywood news . . . all of which I really think you'll find in our new magazine . . . and with which I hope you'll agree . . .

Not charades—just Hollywood (in this case, Olivia de Havilland, Anatole Litvak and Herbert Marshall) dining at Ciro's Variety trio, representative of a multiplicity of talents: Elsa Maxwell, Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford (Mrs. Rogers)

“as convenient as my own dressing table!”

says MARTHA SCOTT
Co-star with Cary Grant in Frank Lloyd's production, "The Howards of Virginia"

Miss 1941

The Fitted Case of the year

Carry the convenience of your own dressing table with you. This exquisite case is unbelievably different! Its distinctive fittings are chosen especially for the modern girl . . . A detachable easel-backed mirror! A professional hair brush! Manicure implements! Atomizer! Good-looking spill-proof containers for powder, lotion and perfume! Even a tiny New Haven traveling clock! And these are special compartments for costume jewelry and hosiery. It makes your packing easy. You'll find "Miss 1941" easy to carry, a joy to use, and beautifully constructed of high-quality leathers with attractive washable linings . . . and priced surprisingly low!

Ask for "Miss 1941" by DRESNER!
At Leading Luggage and Department Stores

S. DRESNER & SON INC.
512 South Peoria Street
CHICAGO

DECEMBER, 1940
**The Shadow Stage**

(Continued from page 63)

**The Leatherpushers—Universal**

UNIVERSAL made use of a series by this name. Now they are at it again, and this new offering, though not pretentious, is a lot of fun! Of course, since it is a “fight” picture, Father and the boys may like it best; nevertheless, there are laughers in it for Mother and the girls as well, and plenty of entertainment, too. Dick Arlen is the main man in the cast, precipitated into boxing while trying to promote his wrestler pal (Andy Devine). He gets near the golden ticket, or by crook; then he is won in a raffle (believe it or not!) by a lady sports writer (Astrid Allwyn). From then on, there are more laughers than ever, more action, more of everything that makes a picture a real rip-stopper. Dick and Andy are a grand comedy pair and Asta turns in a bang-up performance. So does Shemp Howard, playing a punch-drunk fighter.

**WYOMING—M-G-M**

HERE is Wallace Beery in another “lovable rascal” role, a style he pioneered in 1897 which the youngsters will consider wonderful, but grownups only so-so. As “Rob” Harkness, extra-trapper and lightning man on the trigger, Wally steps out from Missouri for California just a jump ahead of the law, but is delayed in Wyoming where he falls in love and finally manages to make the state safe for honest cattle growers. This means vanquishing Joseph Calleas, the virtual dictator of the piece (but definitely and helpfully) and General Custer, played by Paul Kelly, to lick a band of bloodthirsty Indians. Ann Rutherford is a pretty ranch girl whom Wally befriends and Hobo Watson is her kid brother who accompanies Wally a great man and no mistake. Lee Bowman is the romantic hero; Leo Carrillo, Wally’s rascal pal. Last but not least, Marjorie Main is a two-faced lady blacksmith who manages to enamee Wally’s affection for the final fadeout.

**Star Ki: The Band—M-G-M**

EVEN the most glowing of superficialities is none too adequate to describe this perfectly sweet production. Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. Suffice to say: Even though you go to see a picture but once in a blue moon, this one be your choice! It has everything—comedy, music, thrill, verve, Mickey, plenty talented and versatile in “Babes in Arms,” is better than ever. Judy is in a class by herself as a trapper and a charmer and if you’re already carrying the torch for Paul Whitman as a band leader, you’ll think still more of him after seeing him play himself. Naturally, the story has a lot to do with music, the music of a high-school band in which Mickey is the drummer—and a riot he is!—and Judy the soloist. Still, there is more to this than music or laughter or troup-ing. For all its extravagance of story and presentation, it possesses sincerity and that is what counts the most.

**Sky Murder—M-G-M**

METRO, whose pictures are usually far better than the average, slips up here with an ineffectual “whodunit” that doesn’t feel quite right. Mickey Rooney, and Judy Garland. Suffice to say: Even though you go to see a picture but once in a blue moon, this one be your choice! It has everything—comedy, music, thrill, verve, Mickey, plenty talented and versatile in “Babes in Arms,” is better than ever. Judy is in a class by herself as a trapper and a charmer and if you’re already carrying the torch for Paul Whitman as a band leader, you’ll think still more of him after seeing him play himself. Naturally, the story has a lot to do with music, the music of a high-school band in which Mickey is the drummer—and a riot he is!—and Judy the soloist. Still, there is more to this than music or laughter or troup-ing. For all its extravagance of story and presentation, it possesses sincerity and that is what counts the most.

**I’m Still Alive—RKO-Radio**

HE story of motion-picture stunt men and how they manage to keep alive at all, is probably a piece which the man of the family will enjoy. Still, there is a certain amount of heart interest (represented by Linda Hayes) in the brand new Hollywood stunt men. If any scene in the picture is funny it is this, its first screen role, as Cagney’s young musician brother who, through Jimmy’s faith and aid, writes his symphony of New York. And it is done in style in Carnegie Hall in a thrilling sequence. Ella Kazan, another newcomer, is also in the picture. Frank Capra, who produced “Mr. Deeds,” directed “The Shadow Stage,” and naturally, anyone who frequently interrupts the action and slows up the picture to interpret the spirit of New York—the same type of role as the character he plays in “The Shadow Stage.”

**The Westerner—Goldwyn-U.A.**

**Gary Cooper** and Walter Brennan in a new kind of Western story which, refreshingly, leaves out covered wagons and Indians. Instead, Gary is a sort of soldier of fortune on horseback who gets mixed up in the bitter and bloody early-day trouble between Texas cattle men and Texas homesteaders. As important in the story as Gary himself is Walter Brennan, playing a lawless but lovable judge who makes up in roughness of character what he lacks in legal authority. Still, ruthless though he is, he has an Achilles heel. Though he has never met him, he is crazy about the actress, Lily Langtry and when Gary, to save himself after being falsely accused of horse-stealing, tells him he possesses a lock of Lily’s hair, the Judge promises to let the homesteaders alone in exchange for said lock. He is back on his word, however, and Gary sets out to “get” him. He does, too, in a most dramatic manner.

**City for Conquest—Warner’s**

**His** dramatic story of the fight of three people to win through from poverty to success in New York is so great in its scope, so packed with interrelated incidents that it will entertain and satisfy all of you. The love of James Cagney, young truck driver, for his childhood sweetheart, Ann Sheridan, urges him on to become a prize fighter and win the success necessary to insure her love. But Ann, ambitious for fame as a dancing career, leaves him to become Anthony Quinn’s dancing partner. Both find success in their fields but heartbreak is its price. Then there’s the story of Arthur Kennedy, a newcomer who proves himself a star—napped! In his first screen role, as Cagney’s young musician brother who, through Jimmy’s faith and aid, writes his symphony of New York. And it is done in style in Carnegie Hall in a thrilling sequence. Ella Kazan, another newcomer, is also in the picture. Frank Capra, who produced “Mr. Deeds,” directed “The Shadow Stage,” and naturally, anyone who frequently interrupts the action and slows up the picture to interpret the spirit of New York—the same type of role as the character he plays in “The Shadow Stage.”

**Laddie—RKO-Radio**

THIS is the third time Gene Stratton-Porter’s popular story has been brought to the screen, but even so it is so carefully and so sincerely done that it is worth seeing again. Tim Holt plays, with delightful success, the ambitious young farmer who falls for the unhappy English girl. Joan Carroll is a new but promising star. DorothyGilmore is the girl of Laddie’s choice.

**Queen of the Yukon—Monogram**

DON’T stay away from this picture because it was made by a small, “independent” company and may be released as a “B.” It is grand entertainment for anyone’s money. True, the story, based on Jack London’s novel by that name, is not new. Nevertheless, a wonderful performance by Irene Rich as the shabby gambler queen of an Alaskan river boat, clever direction, and a couple of new plot twists contrive to erase all deficiencies. The performance of Charles Bickford as an Alaskan gambler is as strong as that of Irene’s and June Carlson is most engaging as the latter’s daughter, unaware of her mother’s doubtful past.

**A Rise My Love—Paramount**

THIS reviewer had the feeling that this picture was as current as yesterday’s newspaper. All of which implies that it is a pretty low-grade movie material, played to the hilt by Ray Miland and Claudette Colbert. There are climaxes from start to finish—from the time the “preacher girl” (Claudette) rescues the American flier (Ray) from a cell of a Spanish prison to the time they escape together, the way through air chases, torpedoing of ships, invasion of countries and the capitula-tion of the heroine. If these moments you’ll find a charming love story in a thrilling setting. And if you’re interested, there’s another of these same themes, but this time it brings to a close a somewhat over-long but decidedly breath-taking adventure in the movies.
We just had a little put in the office and then told Mabel and told her she would give him a date for a test.

And what came of that test, you've already seen.

My job, if I may say so without unduly projecting myself into this picture, is just getting under way.

If the Hollow is new to me, the show is business is not. For three years before I came out here, I had been on the payroll as a talent scout in New York. I tested from eight o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night, grabbed a sandwich and went to shows. I staggered blind from behind the footlights to cover the night clubs and wound myself half-dead into the sheets at anywhere from three and six in the early dawn. I was up again early the following morning to test the people I had sent out.

I wired my resignation, finally, and told the studio I needed a rest; but the truth was I was beginning to have a hunch about what ought to be done and simply didn't have the energy to take over the job. I wired back that I could come out to the studio for a while and get some rest, I decided to put my plans in operation.

My first day there, I put Mabel to work, and she put the research department to work, and when the whole thing was over I sat there with the photographs of six or seven of the big stars before me in the before-and-after stages. In other words, as they had looked when they first began in pictures as they looked today. When I had everything ready, I went to the big boss and outlined my scheme.

"I don't want to tell you your busi- ness," I said to him, "but I think you are going at the whole job backwards. We've been securing the earth for new people, while we have to set about to work a little longer and a little harder with the ones we get."

"What place is all those people," I said, "when I had him looking down at the photographs, "wasn't done by time alone. A lot of experts had their hands on to make that fat female star the lovely wreath she is today. And look at the rest of them. If they're not fat they're awkward, badly dressed, unattractive. Probably, when these first pictures were taken, they didn't know how to stand, to sit, to talk, to sing, to eat, to drink, to do anything. Money and make-up and camera and clothes and time went into those metamorphoses. Do you think, with all the other things granted, the time was necessary?

"I don't know," he said, "do you?"

"No," I said, "I don't. I don't believe anybody, but I have the idea the only way we'll find out is by trying. With enough money at my disposal and some of the care that I put in my own, a little extra time to my salary, one of those big soundproof doors put in my office like you have in yours—"

"Don't bother me with trifles," Briscoe, he said, "How long will it take to get results?"

"Two years for a showing," I said, "maybe a little more to get it well under way. It'll cost a lot of money; but the results, if I get 'em, may save you a great deal more, give the public some new stars and shorten the tough climbing for a few people who might other- wise have to travel the long way."

I don't have to tell you that this didn't turn out to be the easiest job I ever had. Thirty-five players, since I took over, have been put either into star spots or places where they can jump into those star spots the minute they open. To produce that result, several thousand people have been put partially through the mill, and some hundreds all the way through. Some folks say I have been ruthless.

To the objection that I have too often overlooked the human element, I will cite the case of Blanche Marty. Her name is Blanche Marty because I can't think of an unlikelier name at the moment. She was a good-looking kid of about twenty when I found her in a New York night club and grabbed her so quickly she really didn't know what had happened until she hit Hollywood. And then she found herself distinctly and utterly apathetic to the place. She didn't like it. She didn't like studios, either. She had been accustomed to the theater and to the adulation offered to people of the stage and night clubs and Holly- wood was a pain in the neck.

She had been here a couple of months when she came in one morning drunk; I'm no preacher, but I told her what I knew. I explained the camera and told her it didn't like little girls with pouches under their eyes.

She was sober for two weeks and then came in with more circles under her eyes. She was being paid at the rate of $1000 a week and she had a contract which ran for a year without options. I had had to do it to get her. At the end of another month, during which she became steadily worse, I de- cided to act, if it cost me my job. I wrote her out a check for more money than she had ever seen in her life and told her that she had my blessing but that she had better go back to her stage. I saw a photograph of her the other day in an international society magazine. She was in an Eastern night spot, and she looked forty. For purely selfish reasons I'm glad not many Blanche Marty's have come my way.

I realize more fully than I did once that we can't make stars, anyway. All we can do, all I want to try to do, is to help people with minor handicaps and major virtues see that the road doesn't have to be all on foot; there are quicker ways to get there. We can put people who will try on the way to the initial opportunity. After that it's up to them.

Clara Parker was as different from Blanche Marty as a fresh little field daisy is from an orchid. I found her when she'd been in a road company out on the coast here for a couple of months. People sometimes ask me how I pick them. With Clara, I liked the way she walked through a door in the play I saw her in. She wasn't particularly attrac- tive, but she had confidence in her- self. If I'd walked her before my group of producers and directors just as she stood on the hoof after that play, they'd have laughed at me. She had straight, severe hair, she was plump, overdeveloped, and she was on the far side of twenty-two summers. She was in- credulous when I told her I'd like to test her for movies.

But she was game. She said that if I failed it wouldn't be because she didn't
The most surprising people I have worked with was a Hungarian opera star, sent to us by our European scout. The first time I saw her, I spent most of the night throwing mental lists at that scout. You know how opera stars are—and I should have known. She was as big as a barn. I didn’t think it would ever be possible to do anything with her, but I went to work. By diet and massage we took off fifteen pounds in the first six months. It wasn’t enough, but since I’m not an advocate of severe dieting it was the best we could do. We sent her before the cameras, finally, with our prayers, hoping anything she had that made Hungarians like her would show through for us.

It did, too—but her voice killed her. Opera stars are trained for one thing—opera. They get on a note and ride it for a fall, they land on E flat and the minute they’re there, boom! They give it the works. Movie audiences don’t like that stuff. Well, we went to work on her all over again. We paid a singing teacher $22 an hour to work with her every day. For two hours a day, also, I gave her into the care of a phonetic teacher to wipe the German out of her speech. For another two hours a day, I put her in charge of a diction teacher to help her get a dramatic inflection into her lines. Curiously, for an opera singer, her speaking voice was too high: we had to get still another teacher to help lower her tones. Besides all this, I made her see two pictures every day to pick up American mannerisms. She probably didn’t work more than fourteen to sixteen hours a day at the jobs I set her.

Will she be worth it? Who knows? I think so. It cost $50,000 to put her into her first picture. She did a great deal better than I expected. Her fan mail is larger than that of some of our established stars. Any sort of break, the right story, even a strong part, might bring back a cool million on that investment.

Well, there they are. I wish I had space to tell you about June Fleur and Cress McKenzie and Ben Day and some of the others, but I haven’t. I’ve called them kids and spoken pretty lightly of some of them; but don’t make any mistake—they’re not minor league, any of them. This is strictly the majors. I’ve put in about two years with this thirty-five so far. I’ll have about two years more to work with them before final scores are counted. I’ll be given carte blanche. My word will be law. The players will do what I say and the studio will spend whatever amounts I recommend. If I don’t come through, or if they don’t come through, there won’t be any alibis. The only difference between them and myself will be that if they don’t come through, most of them are young. They’ll have another chance somewhere. There are a lot of studios.

On the other hand, if I don’t come through, what do you think will happen? What? You’re absolutely right—I won’t get that sound-proof door.

Velvet Volcano
(Continued from page 18)

"Congo Maisie." He and Ann Sothern were becoming and John was telling Ann how big his break had finally come about. Howard Hawks, who had always believed in him, had written in a small part for him in "Only Angels Have Wings." Louis B. Mayer at M-G-M saw the picture and John made an impression.

"Get that actor," Mr. Mayer instructed and John was thereupon given the lead in "Congo Maisie." That’s when he learned that Harriet Lake, the unknown girl who sang with him in that first film, was now Ann Sothern, the star.

This is one of the true stories John can tell. He also has a reserve list—a highly prized collection of super-whoppers. Born out of the wild imaginations of a highly romantic mind, these fantastic yarns have made him the life of many a Hollywood party. One night at Adrian and Janet Gaynor’s, John held the guests spellbound with an account of his adventures in a savage jungle, his tale of the time he had fallen asleep in a plane and piloted it through the Pacific—one foot above the water.

Finally someone breathlessly asked: "Is this really true?"

John doubled up.

"Hell no," he cried. If he isn’t asked, though, he never goes out of the way to tell his listeners right. He gets too big a kick out of watching your face if you happen to believe him!

At the top of many a Hollywood guest list is John Carroll’s name—but only as an after-dinner guest. His company as a dinner companion is always claimed by an enchanting, dark-eyed young lady with whom no other glamour girl can compete for his affections. Her name is Juliana Lafayette and she lives with her mother, Steffi Duna, her father and mother being divorced. John’s love for little daughter Juliana is the strongest, sanest influence in his life.

According to the rules, John is a complete rebel when it comes to playing the Hollywood game. Tact and diplomacy are not listed among his virtues. He is not known for saying the "right thing" at the right time. He is completely unimpressed by people’s social importance.

Women find John "darned attractive." One top-flight star thinks John has more sex appeal than any other he’s gay in Hollywood. Another (noted for her amours) invited him to her house three times. And three times John forgot to keep the date. The invitations kept coming in just the same. Still John is romantically unattached. Actually a lonely person, he would like to be married again, yet because he was deeply hurt once, he stubbornly refuses to attach himself to anyone who might get serious.

The place he calls home is unlike anything in Hollywood. It’s a miniature Southern mansion on the top of Lookout Mountain. And in every nook and corner of that house is evidence of John’s great love of music and mechanics. He has collected so many guns,
he keeps some of them amusingly ar-
ranged in the bathroom! He has two baby grand pianos in his living room. Sitt-
ing in front of one is a machine gun.

His love of mechanism prompted him once to invent a motor to run little Julian's baby buggy. His love for music is probably prompted by his own
voice, a splendid baritone. Paradox-
ically, he has no desire to be a great
singer, radically different from most of them. Many times I've thought I was all set to go places. I've learned a lot since and for once in
my life I'm really sticking. It's taken a
long time. But I've had a lot of fun,
too, and I've done a lot of things. May-
be this time—maybe this is it.

Hollywood is watching the Carroll
career with more than the usual amount
of interest. At times he's been his own
worst enemy. "Don't push me around,"
is the motto of this soldier of fortune—
this paradoxical pug—this unpredictable,
sensitive young battler hard. Many
times he will be misunderstood. Many
times he won't understand. He
may not be the ideal boy to take along
on a Sunday School picnic. But he's
alive and he's doing things. For that
you can forgive him anything.

His physical comfort is so important
to him. That's why he can't keep col-

dars buttoned. Or sleep accordion fash-
on trains. At home his nine-foot
bed is the biggest thing in town. He is
six feet four inches tall. He sleeps flat
on his stomach.

"I've been around Hollywood a long
time," John tells you. "The greatest
mistake I ever made was believing in my
publicity. I've had a lot of fun, but I've
learned a lot since and for once in
my life I'm really sticking. It's taken a
long time. But I've had a lot of fun,
too, and I've done a lot of things. May-
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may not be the ideal boy to take along
on a Sunday School picnic. But he's
alive and he's doing things. For that
you can forgive him anything.

The greatest pleasure is having
Mickey Mouse gang take over the
two pianos. Usually at such a jam ses-
sion there are a couple of stray tramps
whom, and I've picked up and brought
home for a meal.

He loves to eat, has an enormous
appetite, and can belly-cook his fam-
ous crawfish bakes and gum-
boos he owes to his adopted grandmother.
He'd spend his last soldier of fortune—
this paradoxical pug—this unpredictable,
sensitive young battler hard. Many
times he will be misunderstood. Many
times he won't understand. He
may not be the ideal boy to take along
on a Sunday School picnic. But he's
alive and he's doing things. For that
you can forgive him anything.

And for safety's sake, a new, im-
proved kind of moisture-resistant
material is now placed between
the soft folds of every Kotex pad!

Getting Fit for Fun

"... She must have her hair done
every day to have it look like that!"

Clever hair is always the envy
of less-fortunate sisters. Since tête-à-
tête theories are all based on a good
hairdo, your hairsemb should never
suffer by a hit-and-miss treatment. If
your Christmas list is so long you can't
possibly afford to go for the hairdresser, try
this short-notice substitute of Lupe
Veloz'. Cover your hairbrush with
cotton batting, then brush your hair
thoroughly. Dust, grime and any hide-
your-head complex are all carried
away; you're left with shining locks for
the night.

"... She never used her compact once
during the evening."

When cosmeticians thought up com-
acts they also started something—the
not-so-pretty spectacle of promiscuous
powderers. A good cure for the con-
stant compact opener is the professional
Hollywood method of powdering. Never
slap on the powder and rub it into your
skin—that only enrages and clogs your
poles. Instead, at the initial powdering,
take a clean pad of cotton or a puff, dip
it in powder and then pat it all over
your face, using plenty of powder. Then
do an encore on this. Now a powder
brush, or another clean piece of cotton
to brush off all the surplus. A tiny
eyebrow brush whisked over your
lashes and brows to remove every
stray grain... or you might brush
your eyebrows the wrong way to do
away with surplus powder—only do be
sure you smooth them straight again.
Rosemary Lane wraps an orange stick
with a swab of cotton for a powder
clean-up process.

"... Her eyes certainly do have some-
thing."

Effective eye work is number one in
the rule book. If a compliment like
this comes your way, it isn't necessarily
chalked up to any natural endowments,
but may be due to a few professional
methods. For instance, try Olivia de
Havilland's procedure. Use a brownish
grey shadow for evening, dot it on your
lids, then blend it evenly to the brow.
Pointier: Use just a little, so little that
the shadow only slightly darkens the
area. Use this last—eye de Havilland
has another trick. She uses both black
and brown mascaras. Brush the brown
over your lashes (already softened by a
faint film of white vaseline). Then ap-
ply the black mascara—subtly—on the
tips. Your eyes seem larger, more bri-
lliant after this make-up.

Grayish green shadow is also a good
means to an end. Bette Davis blends
this shade lightly over her lids, takes
care that her rouge is carried right up
to her eyes so that there is no white
space between cheek and eye and makes
her grand entrance with eyes that
look deeper and bluer than ever.

One of night life's biggest blessings is
the eyebrow pencil—most of all for the
women whose young brothers got the
eyebash bonanza in the family. Sharpen
the pencil to a keen point, draw a thin
line with it at the very roots of the upper
lashes where it will be completely
out of sight. This is magic for sparse
lashes—makes them look long and silky.

If you want your eyes to seem longer,
extend the line past the outer end of
the lids. If you want them slightly slanted,
draw a short upward slanted line at the
ever edges of the lids. Most important
thing about eyebrow pencil work is not
to be heavy-handed; obvious use of the
eyebrow pencil can turn you into a side-
show picture.

Prominent notes on the holiday sea-
son have to do with lips and shoulders.
If you want smooth-looking lips, im-
portant item in the mistletoe era,
cleanse your lips of all powder with a
cream or lotion before making up. Then
apply the lipstick with a camel's hair
brush. For a fresh look to the lips: "I
like to use a tiny bit of lip oil after
make-up is finished," says Alice Faye,
seconded by Hedy Lamarr.

If you don't want to be glanced at by
gentlemen, watch your shoulder make-
up. Ann Sheridan, wise to the results
of a powder puff on black dinner jack-
ters, foregoes all powdering and polishes
her shoulders off with a light founda-
tion oil. Olivia de Havilland whittens
hers with liquid powder, then polishes
them off with a chamois.

Either of these methods will give you
satin-smooth shoulders that leave fa-
vorable impressions. As an after-
thought, if you do all the things we
tell you so, you'll probably end up by
leaving nothing but

Excess baggage is costly on a plane trip! And excess bulk is uncomfortable in a
sanitary napkin. Unnecessary, too! Kotex has a soft, folded center (with more absor-
material where needed... less in the non-effective portions of the pad). Naturally,
this makes Kotex less bulky than pads made with loose, waddled fillers!

Kotex comes in 3 sizes. too! Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in three
different sizes——Super—Regular—Junior. (So you may vary the size pad to suit different
days' needs). . . . All 3 sizes have soft, folded centers... Flat, form-fitting ends... and
moisture-resistant "safety panels." And all 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

“... You scarcely know you're wearing it!”

DECEMBER, 1940

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Boys—and Judy Garland

(Continued from page 15)

So what did Mickey do, the dog? He called her up, full of that masculine superiority which is “Listen, kid, I saw that picture, too.” That was a crueller and she resolved to get her own back and move Jackie Cooper, instead. Gosh, Mickey might have a contract with Metro, but Jackie had been on actual star. He attended the Lawlor School, too, and he was something snazzy all right. He not only was driven up by his own chauffeur in his own car, but he had a bodyguard along.

Hearing around the school that Jackie was about to give a party, she maneuvered the other school girl classmate to see if that Jackie issued an invitation through that girl for her, Judy, to come to the party. She got the bid and she adored the jam session at Jackie’s house. She told her heart that he was the man for her forever, but two things proved an obstacle to her fidelity. Jackie was so busy and she was so popular.

There was, for instance, besides Mickey continually dropping by, Freddie Bartholomew calling. He even brought her a gardenia one night, proudly telling her that he had bought it for a girl before and that he had paid for same from his own allowance.

Such a gesture Judy knew was very every-woman thing for Mickey. While his gang took a bit of the edge off it by teasing her about it constantly. Another distraction for her was from Freddie, who had a crush on her. She had felt about Freddie was Bobbie Jordan and jitterbugging. Bobbie was as dark, with a smile, from Freddie, even as Mickey and Jackie, as whiskey is from butter. He was from the sidewalks of New York, a tough guy, but he could dance. She was enthralled and she went for that. In a little while her whole gang, Jackie, Mickey, Freddie, Bonita Granville, Bobs, and the lot of them, were all jitterbugging. An enchanted summer and winter went by in this violent exercise and emotion got absolutely evaporated out of her until she met The Perfect Him on the Metro lot.

It was January, 1938, by this time and it was about to be 16. She stood and gasped at him, as some million other women have. She stood there and her heart swallowed the knowledge that every column said that he was in love with Carole Lombard.

They were not introduced, she and Mr. Clark Gable, on that first encounter. They merely passed on the same street on the lot. She smiled and he smiled back, as only he can smile back, and she went straight out of this world. That night, at home, was the first time in her whole life that she wasn’t able to eat her dinner. She even said she was going to bed early. Her mother asked her if her stomach was upset. Stomach, indeed.

The next day at the studio when she heard that the whole place was planning to join in a Gable birthday party, and, all unaware, it was her birthday, she put on a silver platter, a way of bringing herself dramatically to his attention. Roger Edens, her accompanist and music coach, had been asked if he could fix up a song for Judy to sing Gable at the party. Roger had whipped up a tune called “Dear Mr. Gable” and Judy started putting her soul into it.

Came the birthday, February 1st, 1938, and Judy suddenly realized that she hadn’t any thing to wear. She had never thought about that before. With the gang she went slacks or old garters. At the studio she wore what they prescribed, little girl-girl-dress, socks, flat-heeled slippers. What a costume in which to vamp a Great Lover!

She was forced to rely on her voice and its power. She sang the song to much applause and saw Gable bearing down upon her. She stood, in her de-testated flat heels and her hated booby socks, and waited for what he might say. His blue eyes looked deep into her dark ones and she thought she would suffocate until she heard his words. For what Mr. Gable was saying was, “You’re the sweetest little girl I have ever seen.”

The next day he sent her a charm bracelet. From it dangled a score of charms, a whole orchestra in little gold- en figures, a locket with his picture burned into it, a disc that said, “To Judy, My Best Girl.” But none of it made up for the hurt of his thinking her just a child. She decided to dedicate her love to her art and she sang “Dear Mr. Gable” in “Love Finds Andy Hardy” and let the world laugh at her loneliness. It was all very awful until Artie Shaw came to the studio to make “Dancing Co-ed.”

Now definitely Artie Shaw was the first honestly grown-up man who became aware of her romantically. Not only was Artie, the idol of all jitterbugs, the rug-cutter’s angel, aware of her personal- ity but he knew about her voice. Judy began to haunt the stage where the Shaw film was being made. Judy listened to Artie’s band. She listened to Artie’s talk. It never entered into her romantic little head that with making “The Wizard of Oz” she was right then nearly as important as he was and, po- tentially, much more important.

Artie had to return East when the film was finished and while he was gone, Judy met Dave Rose, another musi- cian and the ex-husband of Martha Raye. She was on the radio by now, in the Bob Hope show, and Rose broadcast with Tony Martin from the same studio. Thus they encountered one another fre- quently. They talked music and they listened to music and when Dave asked Judy for a date, she vibrated with ex- citation. A divorced man taking her out! That was distinctly something! It was for a date with Dave that she persuaded her mother to let her buy her first real evening dress. And since it was to be her first real evening dress she decided it wasn’t going to be any routine old ready-to-wear. No siree. She’d have a dress especially designed for her, a knock-out dress, an utterly different dress. So she dug up a friend of hers who she knew was a costume designer and the dress was made and then the dress was made, and it was terrific because it only had one shoul- der. The other shoulder had to be sup- plied by Judy’s own pretty skin. Then Dave made it perfect by suggesting they go to Ciro’s! That was so won- derful that it didn’t spoil things a bit when her mother went along.

So there she was in Ciro’s, with Dave’s gardenias on the shoulder that was made of cloth. There she was danc- ing to an orchestra that was smooth. Too smooth, she soon discovered. You couldn’t jitter to it. She couldn’t jitter, anyhow in that dress, that hung so pre- cariously. She never wore it again.

Right at that moment Artie Shaw returned to town and rang her for a date. She thrilled. Was it possible that she was in love with two men—two old men of nearly 30—at once? Unfortunately she was working in “Babes In Arms” and she simply couldn’t go out that night. Instead she went miserably to bed at nine. Her sister came bounding into her room, declaring with the dawn—and the unbelievable news. Artie Shaw had dated Lana Turner after Judy had turned him down. Dated her, heck. He’d eloped with her.

Well, that nearly cured her—that and her being so busy with her movies and had an evening gig with the dawn—and the unbelievable news. Artie Shaw had dated Lana Turner after Judy had turned him down. Dated her, heck. He’d eloped with her.

Real family life in film- dom—three generations of it—Ann Rutherford with both her mother and her grandmother!
cries joined all the rest for a time, but, as Errol says today, she was smarter than the rest—she finally quit. "I knew Gallic shrug and gave him his head, thereby keeping his heart.

From that time on Errol's escapades made him a front-page story and the serious-minded shook their heads and clucked their tongues and predicted a dire fate for the most reckless of Hollywood madmen.

Five days ago I met a man who was still getting a whale of a bang out of life; still grinning and ready to fight at the drop of a hat—preferably between the serious-minded shook their heads and clucked their tongues and predicted a dire fate for the most reckless of Hollywood madmen.

I figured we'd board the Sirocco and just coast along from port to port for a few weeks, No dice! He'd chartered the boat for the season for the Red Cross! No kidding! More than that, he's donating most of the income off his property for the refugees back home. Errol appeared out of nowhere and we both started guiltily. "How soon do you finish this opus, Errol?" I asked. "Couple of weeks," he grunted, taking a chair. "Should get about a month off.

"Swell!" I started. "How about running up to Klamath River for a couple of weeks and . . ."

"Not this time," he interrupted. "I've promised to really bear down for the Allied Relief Fund. May take a swing around the country—personal appearances and that sort of thing."

I remembered the upswing a year or so ago when Errol was insisting that his contract should have a three-month consecutive lay-off clause in it so he could really rest and enjoy himself—and Errol's idea of not having to fun is personal appearances.

"No fishing?" I asked. "No hunting?"

"This is no time for monkey business," he growled. "Having fun is a luxury—and luxuries are swell when you can afford them. You've got to earn luxury—and don't kid yourself—freedom is the biggest luxury of all. We've got it here, but we've got used to it to that we take it for granted."

"As far as I'm concerned, I've learned one thing—that freedom is the greatest single thing in life. I always thought that I had to be footloose and fancy-free to really get the best out of life. That is freedom of a sort—but there's one thing bigger—the overwhelming satisfaction a man has in his heart when he knows he's earned it. Freedom. Me, I've been lucky. I've always had it and never had to work very much for it. But I want to keep my right to freedom and freedom isn't free any more, if you see what I mean. You've got to go out for it.

"You see, when I went down to Central and South America I didn't go down there on a binge, he implored me on a hard eye, "despite what you may think!

"It might sound strange of crazy—it did to me—and that's why I've had some lucky breaks in pictures gives me any power at all with people, well, it's high time I did some good with it. Like going down below the counter and spreading a little good will or doing anything else that can to offset the stupendous amount of damage the totalitarian states are trying to do to us—the United States—with our nearest and dearest neighbors.

"YOU'RE a born American." The way he said it, it was almost an accusation. "That's your trouble. You take this country and everything it means in the world of everything.

"I know it sounds a little cock-eyed to you to see me waving a flag after all the things I've said and done, I've never been more delighted, but I can't help that now. I'm too busy yelling my lungs out to anybody who'll listen here or down in Magellan. They—Germany and Italy—are getting ready to fight us—not just the British Empire—and I want to fight us in our own back yard—South America. I know! I was there. I saw the preparations. The Fifth Columnists, the huge radio

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DECEMBER, 1940

89

The Man Who Found a Country

(Continued from page 27)
Lesson in Living

(Continued from page 28)

You mean that, barely in your twenties, you would give up being pretty; that you'd pass glamour by? Are you sure you know what you're doing?" he said.

"And I said, 'Yes. I know. I know, too that glamorous girls (although we are not nearly as much in those days) but eight or nine years at the most. While I—I shall last fifty!'"

"I didn't know how truly I spoke! I have wept yesterday for fifty-seven years, and have never missed a season! Yes, it has been a good life." It has given me enough to laugh. Laughter is precious. And so many people 'never miss the sunshine until the shadows fall.'"

For May, the shadow fell too soon. She and her husband, who never should have been married at all, separated. And hard upon this speed of their life together, diapherria struck the neighborhood and in four short, terrible days May had lost her little baby, a little boy 2 years old, and her month-old baby daughter. Yes . . . more than fifty years have passed since then, but she can't talk about it much, even now.

It was in the spring of 1889 that May met Dr. A. B. Benedict at a social gathering in Boston. He went to see her "play" and he called upon her, too. As the weeks went by they fell in love, deeply and lastingly, and actually were married. And they did, indeed, May says, "live happily ever after . . ."

"Life is full of good things and remained so for thirty-one years," she said. "Arthur died of heart failure in 1929, but circumstances, I'm sure, were not entirely to my liking."

"I'm a business woman's child," said Mrs. Benedict. "My father was deceased by the time I was born. While I was in the nursery my mother had to leave for London and I was placed with a lady's maid. 'You are to have no attention,' my mother would tell her. But the maid was a great woman, and I was once given a penny by her and with it I bought a picture of Lady for a Day." That, too, was a great satisfaction. 'Made me feel good to find out I could hold my own with the glamour girls,' you know."

She asked her, then, what her philosophy of life has been, but she spoke of such an imposing term as applied to her own scheme of things. "I just believe in living simply," she said. "I just believe in making anything of which I have to do with, be it emotionality or merely plump pudding, isn't good for a body. You have to take it easy. Sleep on the prowl and in the cool of the night you won't set too hastily. Scoup up your worries and throw 'em into the wastebasket because they won't last any good, and the same way. Don't take yourself so gooshingly seriously!"

Well, simple or not, it has worked, this Rosbon philosophy of life. She gets a lot out of it. She's happy—and that is a wonderful thing when you've lived as long as she has and been as much of a stock right . . . she still works regularly but also finds time for prodigious amounts of painting, besides (without any design, as one would paint a picture) some poetry writing and making a jaunt here and there with her friend and companion. Madie has one grandchild and two grand-grandchildren. Sometimes members of the family or friends beg her to stop her picture work and go away."

"What, May answers back, 'do you mean enjoy yourself? What have I been doing, but enjoying myself for fifty-seven years? I can say, and grin naughtily at the slang—cripes, I'll retire when the last curtain rings down—when I've gotten to be a hundred or so. 'This will be time enough!'"
so glad she was there to help out when this accident had taken place. "Accident," he said, cocking an amused and cynical eye at her. "You mean it wasn't an accident?" murmurs an aghast Alice. Bob admits it wasn't, admits he framed the girl, admits he used Alice to plug his tune. Miss Faye is a wise mistress as what girl wouldn't be? We stood around while they went through this a couple of times and while John left the scene between shots and told us, happily, that they are letting him sing in this one. We tell you, here for the record, that they still haven't caught John's real charm on celluloid but that when they do they will have a star worth electric-lighting.

There is, Twentieth believes, another star in the making in "Hudson's Bay." This is Laird Cregar, discovered on the local stage. He is big as a blimp, a character actor and yet only twenty-six years old. Muni is technically the star of "Hudson's Bay," but the bets are all on Cregar's stealing it and to give him extra leeway on it he's got love scenes with a feminine heavyweight, one Judy Gilbert, and having caught Laird and Judy we freely admit their love is tremendous. The plot of the film is all wrapped up in fur trapping, ice and history.

Paramount is in temporary doldrums, only one big picture going and that after a false start. It's "I Wanted Wings" (yes, it's both flyers and Mitchell Leisen is directing it. Like all these aviation dramas it is top-heavy with men—Brian Donlevy, Ray Milland, William Holden, Gig Young, Morris Carnovsky and some lesser fry—and it features a new discovery named Veronica Lake. When we wandered in, however, only Ray Milland, Constance Moore and Hobart Cavanaugh were working.

There is some dirty, funny, work going on in an aviation office with Constance Moore (and very saucy, too) turning caddie Ray Milland and around, remarking on the set of his ears, the angle of his jaw and the color of his eyes. And there is Ray Milland with annoyance and embarrassment and having to be a little gentleman about it all.

One scene we encountered in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" was wonderful. Three stars—Carole Lombard, Bob Montgomery and Gene Raymond—three stars and not one other soul! There they were, slaving away under the direction of Alfred Hitchcock, and you have never heard such raves and carrying on about a director as we heard from these bewitched three. Lombard, who we are sure can't even lick a stamp calmly, was simply boiling with enthusiasm for Hitchcock. Bob Montgomery grinned and said he was having such fun he didn't think he really should take his salary and Gene—with his hair dyed dark and most attractive, too—was ecstatic about working with a great director again.

It's all about a marital mix-up, this, but it wouldn't be true Hitchcock if it didn't have some mysterious moments. The scene we observed is one just after Bob and Carole have been bopping one another with champagne bottles. They are both dressed in nightclothes. Bob in the most elegant canary-colored pajamas and Carole in an Irene nightgown with a matching three-quarter coat with which we would be pleased to wear to any evening party, let alone to bed. Of the heaviest chartruese green satin, the coat is lined with silk and quilted here and there with a feather design which makes it something ultra de luxe and delicious

Carole comes hurrying out of the bedroom with Bob rushing after her. There, in an outer dressing room, are Bob's street garments. She swoops down upon them. She cries that now she had found out about the kind of a man he is, she's through with him and leaving. Bob bawls, "Annie, Annie, these are my clothes," but Carole rushes on out.

Mr. Hitchcock, two hundred and more pounds strong, sprang up when the scene was recorded. "Do it again," he ordered, "and a little faster, too." They did it again. "Bob," said Mr. Hitchcock, "I would like you to play the scene like a laconic Sidney Carton." (Sidney Carton, you may remember, was that hero of "A Tale of Two Cities" who said, "It is a far, far better thing that I have done," etc.). Such gay direction broke the two stars up completely and Carole landed, laughing, in a chair beside him. Bob came over and announced that his small daughter, Elizabeth, aged 7, is getting serious about acting, but that he is uncertain whether or not to let her think about such a career. "Suppose she shouldn't be a success?" he asked.

Carole moaned. "Just to be in this wonderful business," she cried, "is enough. To be a movie player, even a bit player, to get in on this creative thing, the lights, the color, the action, all of it—why Bob, you know it's the most wonderful life in the world.

"Even to get in on the fringe as we do isn't so tough," we muttered. Hitchcock looked over at the three of us, all sitting there in beaming agreement. "May I have the pleasure of the next walk?" he asked with more than a slight touch of irony in his British voice. Bob and Carole Jumped up, to go back to work grinning. We jumped too—but fast, knowing when it's wise to vanish.

Deanna Durbin, escorted by Vaughn Paul, arrives for her "Spring Parade" premiere in all the grown-up glory of white fur, new pompadour, and regal black chiffon decollete!

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DECEMBER, 1940
Any illusions of arrogance or conceit vanished along with Hepburn's answers, along with the other cherished legends of Hepburn's personality. So thoroughly refuted, too, that it's pretty hard to credit all to an accidental new deal.

For instance, it was long accepted that Katherine Hepburn harbored a fiery disdain for the Hollywood minions of the great. Reporters, during the days of the now defunct New York law Lytton Act, were distinctly uneasy. But this time inquiring reporters were amazed by the onlookers among the throng, as they chatted in May. Scores tremped in M-G-M on "The Philadelphia Story," leaving trails of pencil stubs and crumpled copy paper behind.

Katie greeted them all with a disarming grin, turned on the charm and, quite unprepared for the psychological shock, they tumbled like tomatoes.

That, of course, was twice as smart of her. She didn't expect her "enemies" to be too, far to be. For at heart Katherine Hepburn is, and probably always will be, shy. That sounds a little too cute, I know. I am a daily reporter. But it's true. I'm cautious cut-ups. But psychologists well know extra belligerence and boldness are a phase, a defense. The real Katherine is coming in reverse. It is still painful for Katharine Hepburn to meet new people. It is still painful for her to be on display and know about it. Paradoxically, she is often the most spectacular the moments when her most self-satisfied, least self-confidence periods. She tells a story about the days when she was boldly storming around from one theatrical office to the other, she was making the producer into giving her a job. "I went at top speed all the time," Katie recalls, "one door after another. She's an individualist. The Instantaneous. She's a small character. It's her home time, where her mother, Mrs. Thomas H. Hepburn, has preached mili-

Down-to-Earth didoes like those presented a totally new working Hep-

burn. It's happened to her, whether she knew it or not. Her same old way of life was new or not, the revelation was a pleasant surprise and a welcome relief. But that was on the set.

In private Katherine Hepburn significantly never changed one copper hair. No one expected her to, of course. K. Hepburn is an individualist. She has a family of individualists. The Hepburns are a slightly screwball but respected group of people. Katherine, who is a disarranged and my dress a wreck in my eagerness. But I was always too bashful to ask where the ladies' room was. I spent hours being the psychology of their looking "from around buildings trying to find it myself."

On Broadway Hepburn sailed smoothly through her "Philadelphia Story" except when close friends of hers told her they'd be in the audience. She could be cold to them, but their faces and audiences squirmed in their seats at her confused performance. The night, for instance, that George Bancroft, her former co-star in the hit "Holiday," directed her in "Philadelphia Story," she showed up so that Cukor came backstage smiling, too and told Hepburn she knew Kate knew that before he told her, of course.

As a matter of fact, when Hepburn first returned to Hollywood, her fear of being stared, critical eyes got the best of her and she pleaded for a closed set. Then, thinking it over, she reversed her plea. She said she'd like an open set. It was the smartest thing Kate could possibly have done. For on the set is the one place in Hollywood where Katharine Hepburn shows to advantage. It is the one place in Hollywood where she can really shine as a person.

What visitors saw—whatever anyone sees watching Katharine Hepburn work—was a private, electric, tightly-wound woman twice as beautiful and twice as vital as the screen presents.

When she's had a good humor—and she was all through "Philadelphia Story"—Hepburn bounces around the stage like a playful pup. Cary Grant called her "Shirley Temple," one day when she was acting too cute and Hepburn replied, "You've got it wrong. I'm Shirley's grandmother!"

An aristocrat herself, Katherine Hep-

burn is, odd enough, more comfortable amid the sympathetic, soft-paced Big Apple of New York she's a chummy legend with taxi drivers. At "The Story's" Broadway opening, a stand-hung window was stepped up with fabulous gold watches from Cartier's which almost bowled them over. Even during the mad Hollywood episode you could never knock Hepburn to her crew.

These latter crew gentlemen finally got so indebted to Hepburn for daily re-

freshing thirsts that they chipped in and presented her with a token of esteem, labeled it "a good guy." It was a farce deal—of those one can fancy ones that has the soap already in it. Just why they knew that would please her is a mystery. But it did. She showed it to everyone who called and vigorously scrubbed herself to demonstrate how the gadget worked. Such victories to the new Hepburn set held her cracking jokes, pulling caps, bumping cigarettes, perching her long body on divan corners, and whirring around in general like My Gal Sal. Once she started a man onlooker on being a working-woman, waving dress up over her head and off. She wore yellowing blue slacks and a shirt underneath.

Happened to Hepburn?

(Continued from page 19)
Better than a dozen handkies for opening STUFFY NOSTRILS

What's the use of soiling so many hand- 
kies, trying to blow mucus out of stopped- 
up nostrils? It only piles up the laugh- 
line and, remember, a lot of violent blow- 
ing only makes your nose more sore, red, 
unightly, and it very often injures the 
delicate membranes.

A more economical and gentler way to 
relieve congestion in your nostrils due to 
a cold is to insert a little Mentholatum.

This delightful ointment will soon break 
up congested mucus, relieve the smother- 
ing feeling, and permit you to breathe 
normally through the nose. It also relieves 
sniffing, sneezing, swelling, soreness, and 
more.

Mentholatum helps in so many ways 
that you should always remember this: For Dis- 
comforts from Colds—Mentholatum. Link 
them together in your mind.
LADIES MUST LIVE—Warner

Unpretentious story about a nationwide farm labor strike, it has a distinct slant to it. The plot concerns three men—husband and wife—and a single woman whose lives are drawn together as they share the hardships of the strike. The story is told through the eyes of each character, and the result is a moving picture that will appeal to all audiences.

(Review)

MONEY AND THE WAY—Warner

Another fine comedy by the team of Robert Riskin and Victor McLaglen. It is a story of the love affair between a wealthy man and a poor girl, and the complications that arise when they decide to marry. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic comedies.

(Review)

MORTAL STORM, THE—M-G-M

The story of the rise and fall of a famous political leader, this is a well-made film. The acting is excellent, and the direction is sound. It is a film that will appeal to all who like good political dramas.

(Review)

MY LOVE CAME BACK—Warner

This is a romantic drama about a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic dramas.

(Review)

NEW MOON—M-G-M

A romantic story of a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic dramas.

(Review)

OUT WEST WITH THE PEPPERS—Columbia

A humorous, lighthearted comedy about a group of cowboys who go on a mission to save a young girl from a band of outlaws. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good western comedies.

(Review)

PASTOR HALL—James Roosevelt United Artists

A charming, heartwarming story of a young girl who is raised by her grandmother. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good family dramas.

(Review)

POP ALWAYS PAYS—RKO

A romantic comedy about a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic comedies.

(Review)

PRAIRIE LAW—RKO

A western story about a young girl who is raised by her grandmother. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good westerns.

(Review)

PRAIDEAD PRESUMPTION—M-G-M

A romantic drama about a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic dramas.

(Review)

PRIVATE AFFAIRS—Universal

A romantic comedy about a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic comedies.

(Review)

RIVERS END—Warner

A romantic story of a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic dramas.

(Review)

QUEEN OF DESTINY—RKO-Radio

A romantic drama about a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic dramas.

(Review)

QUEEN OF THE MOB—Paramount

Another romantic story of a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic dramas.

(Review)

RAMPARTS WE WATCH, THE—March of Time—RKO

A romantic drama about a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic dramas.

(Review)

RETURN OF FRANK JAMES, THE—20th Century-Fox

A romantic story of a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic dramas.

(Review)

SAILORS LADY—20th Century-Fox

A romantic story of a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic dramas.

(Review)

SCABBERD-Day—Republic

A romantic story of a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic dramas.

(Review)

SEAHAWK, THE—Warner

A romantic story of a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic dramas.

(Review)

SING, DANCE, PLENTY HOT—Republic

A romantic story of a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic dramas.

(Review)

SOUTH OF PAGO-PAGO—Edward Small United Artists

A romantic story of a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic dramas.

(Review)

STRAIGHTER ON THE THIRD FLOOR—RKO

A romantic story of a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic dramas.

(Review)

TEXAS RANGERS RIDE AGAIN—Paramount

A romantic story of a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic dramas.

(Review)

THAT WINTER NIGHT—Warner

A romantic story of a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic dramas.

(Review)

VILLAIN STILL PURSUED HER—RKO-Radio

A romantic story of a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic dramas.

(Review)

WAGONS WESTWARD—Republic

A romantic story of a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic dramas.

(Review)

WHO ARE YOU—M-G-M

A romantic story of a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic dramas.

(Review)

WHEN THE DALTONS RODE—Universal

A romantic story of a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic dramas.

(Review)

WILDCAT RANCH—Warner

A romantic story of a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic dramas.

(Review)

YOUNG PEOPLE—20th Century-Fox

A romantic story of a young girl who falls in love with a man who is already married. The film is well acted and directed, and will be enjoyed by all who like good romantic dramas.

(Review)
Now You Can Improve —

**your looks**

No More Alibis

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**your figure**

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