Which comes first —
Your second helping?
or our second front?

You want to see this war won — and won quickly. You want to see it carried to the enemy with a vengeance. Okay — so do all of us. But just remember...

A second front takes food ... food to feed our allies in addition to our own men.

Which do you want — more meat for you, or enough meat for them? An extra cup of coffee on your breakfast table, or a full tin cup of coffee for a fighting soldier?

Just remember that the meat you don’t get — and the coffee and sugar that you don’t get — are up at the front lines — fighting for you.

Would you have it otherwise?

Cheerfully co-operating with rationing is one way we can help to win this war. But there are scores of others. Many of them are described in a new free booklet called "You and the War," available from this magazine. Send for your copy today! Learn about the many opportunities for doing an important service to your country.

Read about the Citizens Defense Corps, organized as part of Local Defense Councils. Choose the job you’re best at, and start doing it! You’re needed — now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

Contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America
Natalie Visart, who wrote about the Fred MacMurrays on page 36, says,

"I design for bread and butter and write for fun and jam. I was born in Chicago—was toddling around Europe with my parents when the first World War broke out, and we were arrested by mistake for being German spies. I think I must have made a devastating Mata Hari at that age.

"I grew up in Hollywood where I had been sent for my health. My classmates were mostly daughters of motion picture people, and inevitably I grew up movie minded.

"I became a designer on Cecil B. deMille's "Cleopatra," and have clothed all of his epics ever since. Am now under contract to Hunt Stromberg Productions.

"Went to Europe with Lilly Dache for the openings in '38 and on my way back stopped in New York and sold my first article to Collier's. This stroke of luck promptly went to my pencil, and when I wasn't drawing guimpes and gussets, I was writing articles which I've been fortunate enough to have sold to Charm, Glamour, and Fawcett publications.

"This brings us up to date. I am now doing the costumes for "The Story of Dr. Wassell," Mr. deMille having borrowed me from Mr. Stromberg—and driving Miss Waterbury quietly mad by not finishing my next assignment for her."
IT'S THE naughty Nineties when necking was "sparking"... and every drug-store dandy had petticoat fever! It's the lowdown on some high times that began after the ball was over! It's saucy, surprising...swell Lubitsch fun!

**Ernst Lubitsch's**

**HEAVEN Can WAIT**

in Technicolor

GENE TIERNEY • DON AMEACHE

CHARLES COBURN • MARJORIE MAIN • LAIRD CREGAR
SPRING BYINGTON • ALLYN JOSLYN • EUGENE PALLETTE • SIGNE HASSO
LOUIS CALHERN • HELENE REYNOLDS • AUBREY MATHER • MICHAEL AMES

Produced and Directed by Ernst Lubitsch • Screen Play by Samson Raphaelson
Based upon the Play "Birthday" by LaZlo Bus-Fekete
MEET MARY LEE
The New All-American Girl Star

Every few years, a new great screen personality soars high across the movie skies...This time it's talented Mary Lee, the singing youngster you discovered in the Gene Autry hits. See her in her first great starring role—in the season's gayest musical comedy romance!

ABOVE SUSPICION

Newlyweds Frances and Richard Myles are approached by a friend in the British Foreign Office during the late summer of 1939, who asks them to make their European honeymoon a spy-hunting expedition. The idea is that they will, as devoted lovers, be above suspicion. Their task is to discover where a certain important Englishman has been hidden by the Nazis. Their only guides are the tune, "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose," and roses themselves, which are worn on the person.

Fred MacMurray and Joan Crawford are very amusing and dramatic in a series of scary adventures. You'll enjoy this and them.

CONLEY ISLAND

Starring Betty Grable, George Montgomery, and Cesar Romero, magnificently photographed in color, the only thing that keeps this from being knock-out is standard musical plot No. 1.

It's the oldie about the two double-crossing pals, Montgomery and Romero, in the Coney Island days at the turn of the century, and how they get even with one another.

Cesar Romero, who has once cheated George by way of a poker deck that had nine aces, has set himself up with the most popular saloon and show on the island. George walks in to collect, sees Betty, who is not only Cesar's star but his secret heart.

George decides to walk off with the works. He sets up a rival stand, teaches Betty how to look and sing like a lady, is all set to marry her when Cesar does a bit of dirty work.

Betty has never looked more luscious or sung more seductively. The dances are really a dish. You'll have fun.

FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO

If you can accept the idea that Franchot Tone, single handed, could outwit Gen. Erwin Rommel, then the suspense, vivid action, and romance of this will charm you.

Tone is the sole survivor of a British tank outfit, who staggers into an African desert town, only to find his comrades gone, the Germans once more in possession. In the outpost's only hotel, he meets a bitter young French girl, a bewildered Egyptian, captured English officers, and Rommel himself. The way he outwits the Nazis, frees the English, captures the girl's heart, learns Rommel's most treasured secret—that of the "five graves"—and eventually escapes is all keen adventure. Anne Baxter is very appealing as the girl.

SEE OTHER MOVIE REVIEWS ON PAGE 50
FLASH FOLLOW-UPS
(on films previously reviewed
in Movieland)

AERIAL GUNNER
What happens when two ex-pals, one a baddie, meet at the same
training field.

AIR FORCE
Thrilling story of a bomber and its crew. Don’t miss.

ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY
Romantic, mistaken identity spy stuff. Pierre Aumont is super.

CABIN IN THE SKY
All-colored musical. Terrific tunes, dances, Ethel Waters, and
Lena Horne.

CASABLANCA
Most exciting, romantic movie with Bergman-Bogart. A “must.”

EDGE OF DARKNESS
Absolute best of “occupied Norway” movies. Stars Flynn-Sheridan
but Helmut Dantine steals it.

FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM
Roz Russell, Fred MacMurray in romantic air film.

HAPPY GO LUCKY
That, and a bit more, with Mary Martin, Betty Hutton, Rudy Vallee,
Dick Powell, an inconsequential plot, saucy songs, and dances.

HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO
Alice Faye, John Payne, Jack Oakie, Lyn Bari all at their best.
A musical feast.

HIT PARADE OF 1943
A girl composer meets an unscrupulous music publisher but love
conquers both. Cute and tuneful.

THE HUMAN COMEDY
Best and most original picture of the year. Mickey Rooney stars.

JOURNEY INTO FEAR
Exciting, suspenseful, if a bit confusing. Joseph Cotten starring.

MY FRIEND, FLICKA
A wild horse teaches a sensitive young boy responsibility. Very
fine for all ages.

SHADOW OF A DOUBT
Swell Hitchcock mystery stars Cotten, Teresa Wright, MacDonald
Carey.

THE MORE THE MERRIER
Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, Charles Coburn in gorgeously goofy
romance about a Washington stenographer who rents half her apart-
ment to two men. Don’t miss.

YANKS SHARE A “BACK HOME” FAVORITE
WITH THEIR ALLIES IN FOREIGN LANDS!

All over the world, a winning Yankee smile... a friendly ges-
ture... are saying, “We’re your friends” to people who don’t
speak our language.

That’s why so many of America’s men in uniform are
offering Beech-Nut Gum to natives in foreign lands.

They’re sharing a good thing and making good friends.
And if there are times when you can’t get all the Beech-
Nut Gum you want, it’s because the needs of the men
and women in the Armed Forces, both at home and
abroad, come first of all!

Use your free time this summer to serve your country!
In many areas, men and women, boys and girls will be vitally needed
for work on farms and in food-processing plants to save America’s
crops. Volunteer when your local Com-
munity Committee asks for help.
Yes, you will be paid!

Beech-Nut Gum
The yellow package... with the red oval

WILL YOU GIVE US SOME AMERICAN GUM, PLEASE?"
Will you look at this! After all that Flynn stuff, if our Annie Sheridan isn't being seen everywhere about town—at the time of this shot it was at Slapsie Maxie's—with Cully Richards. What's slaying Hollywood is that Cully looks enough like Eddie Norris, Ann's first husband, to be his brother!

Errol Flynn has a new girl friend, too. They are seen together constantly, but Errol refuses to let the camera boys get close to her. We've heard her name is Nora Eddington, although Errol just calls her "Beautiful."

That broken heart healer of Hollywood, Cesar Romero, is dancing about these evenings with Phyllis Brooks, and they do insist this looks more serious than any of Cesar's dates for years and more serious than any Brooksie has gone for since Cary Grant.

HE CALLED IT "MANHUNT MAZIE"

Robert Halff, the writer of "Swing Shift Maisie" which stars Ann Sothern, tells this one on himself.

He was asked to work out another "Maisie" plot, but requested to see whether he couldn't make it quite different from any "Maisie" that had gone before.

Bob fell to with a will and good cheer. He worked out a dilly which he called "Manhunt Maisie," and he considered that it was not only a truer characterization of a girl like Maisie, but also a finer, deeper characterization for Ann Sothern. With his noble heart beating high he took the script to the front office.

Said front office called him. "This is fine," said the big shot, who had just read the script. "You've really got something here."

Bob felt his chest inflating with pride. He suddenly realized he was a great artist, that he understood people.

"We're giving the script to Red Skelton," said the big shot. "It's a pip of a characterization for him."

IMAGINE—OF ALL THINGS!

Funny the things that one will try to save in an emergency. Joan Bennett personally saved two dozen handkerchiefs when her beautiful house burned down recently. In her flurry and hurry to get out of the burning house she knew she had to save something, blindly opened a top drawer in her dressing room, scooped up the contents, and it wasn't until she was outside that she discovered she was well supplied with hankies.

The loss represented two hundred thousand dollars in actual money and almost twice that in sentimental value. Joan had built the house from her own earnings before she married producer Walter Wanger. She lived there with her two daughters, one the child of her first marriage to John Fox, Jr., the other the daughter of her marriage to Gene Markey, and there she expected to have her third child, born recently. She was, in fact, but one month from motherhood at the time of the fire, and she and Walter, both praying for a son, were desperately worried.

Almost all the beautiful furniture was lost, plus Walter's own fine library of first editions. Nothing was left of the house except the outside brick walls. Priorities will keep it from being rebuilt until after the war, and there isn't a livable house in all Hollywood that is vacant these days. The Wangers, with the two young daughters, and the new baby are all now living in a hotel. None of them like it in the least.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE CROSBYS?

Most nervous person, except for Joan and Walter, at the Bennett fire was Bing Crosby. You know about the Crosby home at Toluca Lake burning recently, but what you don't know is that exactly one week before Joan's fire, Bing and his tribe had moved just two doors away from the Bennett house.

The Crosbys began to think they were being haunted by the Cat People or Dracula or something when the blaze started, but luckily not so much as one spark fell their way.

(Continued on page 60)
Dear Miss Waterbury:

When I say I went to school with Melvyn Douglas, quizzical eyebrows do nip-ups. Yet, it's the truth for I have recently completed a special course at Branch No. 8, Army Administration School, Washington & Jefferson College, Washington, Pa., where Private Melvyn Douglas was a fellow student.

In all sincerity, Hollywood should be proud of Pvt. Douglas. His task was not an easy one. His every move could easily have been misinterpreted. He did not curry favors nor did he shirk his regular details, such as pitching in and taking his turn at broom and mop for room cleanup. Any time there was a call for volunteers he was the first to step forward regardless of the task. Came evening, he put in his time studying and preparing the following day's work. Perhaps an hour or so before "bed-check" he would step out for a breath of fresh air and hop to the corner store for a soda. Starry-eyed girls sitting alongside of him at the fountain were agog. Occasionally, one of the good burghers of the town, completely unaware of his identity, would engage him in general conversation, just as they do with most soldier-students in town, and Douglas would respond just as if he were chatting with old friends.

I could go on and on, but it would all be in a laudatory vein. And I'm not writing this merely for the sake of the contest. It's just that an injustice, I'm certain, was done Pvt. Douglas some time ago when Washington cynics, politicos, and what have you, raised hob with his sincere efforts while with the Office of Civilian Defense, causing him to resign.

Corporal Ben Schneider,
Headquarters Barracks,
2nd Army Headquarters,
Memphis, Tennessee.
Do you want an alluringly smooth complexion...with those beauty marring skin imperfections subtly hidden...like the complexions you see in Technicolor pictures? Then get this wonderful new Techna-Tint Cake Make-up created by the Hollywood House of Tayton. In just a few seconds, as if by magic, your skin seems to take on a living veil of loveliness...with a soft, natural-looking glow that's lasting and glamorous beyond words.

Tayton's Techna-Tint Cake Make-up is made with a special non-drying base. Easy to apply in a new way that prevents any harsh or streaked effect. With tiny blemishes concealed your complexion looks flower-fresh and smooth for hours without retouching.

Six truly flattering shades. Choose yours today.

NOTE: For lipstick that really stays on, get Tayton’s Hollywood favorite.

For Solution See Page 66
The most spectacular male rise to stardom in the past five years is that of Alan Ladd, now Private Ladd of the air forces. After kicking around in small roles, in radio bits, he was discovered by Sue Carol, the agent, who is now Mrs. Ladd. Susie, who had once been a star herself, recognized the talents no casting director had yet had sense enough to see. She negotiated Alan’s Paramount contract, carries on his fan mail now, will oversee his career when he is able to come back to it, and in the meantime has brought into the world young Alana Ladd, a very tiny girl whom Alan adores. “China,” now released, is so successful that other studios are releasing old, old films in which Alan briefly appeared. And this, friends, is one of the truest signs of clicking in Hollywood. Incidentally this success couldn’t happen to a nicer guy.
This is Pia, who has her mother's coloring but her daddy's features. Pia doesn't quite understand about her mama being a movie star—and cares less. What she loves is climbing... everything and anything in sight.

Bergman, herself, lists her role in "Casablanca" as her favorite to date.
On screen, she is the most rapidly rising of feminine stars. Off screen, she is a devoted girl-mother

The Ingrid Bergman of Sweden yesterday, and the Ingrid Bergman of Hollywood today does not care a great deal about clothes. Her wardrobe consists mostly of slacks and very few accessories. Evening dresses mean little to her, and she has only a few. She allows herself one luxury, however. That is stockings. She has, and may the rest of the feminine world weep, a drawer full of nylons.

There is no doubt that when it comes to clothes, Pia is much better dressed. Nearly always she is attired in new, cute peasant-like affairs created by Lanz. However, recently when Maybelle suggested that Pia was running short on things, Miss Bergman announced she had several things of her own that might be cut down for the little girl.

Pia, who goes to nursery school carrying her luncheon in a basket every morning, is very beautiful. She is very much like her mother, with the same coloring of hair and eyes. Her one love in life is climbing anything and everything. Whenever Pia disappears from view, she is never sought on the ground. She is always found somehow in a tree, or at the top of the chain holding a swing in place, or on the handbars and rings that older and stronger children are afraid to tackle.

She takes after her mother in this athletic interest, for Ingrid Bergman is very much the outdoor girl. Although in Hollywood she has not had very much opportunity for the kind of exercise that she did in Sweden, she still, however, finds time for walks, swimming, and tennis. She plays a very good game of tennis, beating many a good man.

Ingrid does not want Pia brought

above—This is the quiet Beverly Hills apartment house in which Bergman lives. Right—As Moria in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," which Ernest Hemingway wrote with Ingrid in mind as its star.
up as the little girl of a screen star. She knows only too well the artificial importance a child assumes in the eyes of the other children and their parents. So Pia at school is known as the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Lindstrom.

Because of this protection there was an amusing incident the other day. Pia saw some pictures of her mother in the arms of one Gary Cooper, who was embracing her with vigor and consummate artistry. Said Pia, "Who is that?"

"A friend," said Ingrid Bergman, unthinkingly. Then realizing that Pia might be curious as to why she should be kissing a friend, she said quickly, "It's your daddy, dear."

Pia's look went quickly to the picture of her father in the bedroom and back to the photograph. The two men looked totally unlike. Pia was a puzzled little girl. Her mother instantly vowed that she would not bring home any more stills.

Ingrid Bergman is at her happiest when she reigns in the spotless kitchen of their small home. If Maybelle is not around, she is in her element, and settles down to concocting wonderful Swedish dishes, from a plentiful and varied supply to smorgasbord to Swedish pancakes with real strawberry jam. She rarely eats any of this, being a sparse eater who has only coffee and aspirin.

"A friend," said Ingrid Bergman, "It is a wonder," said this friend, "That Ingrid was able to attain her present prominence. Nothing was in her favor. She had no rich friends, no political allies, no powerful angel to show her the way.

She succeeded because of sheer, unbreakable faith in herself and a supreme trust that from hard work despite adversity and one disappointment after another, would come eventual recognition and glory."

From these early struggles came Bergman's knowledge of the value of money. You may be quite sure that she will make good use of the profits of her Hollywood career. Dr. Lindstrom would rather practice in his beloved Sweden than anywhere else, and Ingrid would rather be Sweden's first lady of the theater than anywhere else.

It has always been Bergman's all-consuming ambition to have her own theater in Stockholm, not only to supply to smorgasbord to Swedish dishes, from a plentiful and varied supply to smorgasbord to Swedish pancakes with real strawberry jam. She rarely eats any of this, being a sparse eater who has only coffee and aspirin. But surely there was a limit to this. So there was.

"Chief tribute for the discovery of the famous young Swedish star should go to one Katharine Brown, story editor and talent scout for David Selznick. It was she who brought to his attention a great Swedish picture, 'A Woman's Face,' in which Ingrid Bergman played the lead."

"It was Miss Bergman. She couldn't say more than two dozen words of English," recalls Maybelle. "But she was so beautiful, her head and neck held high like a swan's—that well, I just opened my arms to her."

"I fell in love with her right there and then. And I guess she liked me because when Pia followed over, she asked me whether I would come to take care of them. She did. And so I did. I felt that it was I who needed them!"

"For Maybelle it has been a wonderful experience, working for Ingrid Bergman. "She is the most considerate and kind person I have ever known," she says. "She is always wanting to do things for people, and from the very first she has made me feel that I was one of the family."

When Maybelle had a serious operation back in Rochester, it was Dr. Lindstrom who paid for all her medical care as well as the operation itself. Furthermore, he was so anxious for her welfare, he lived with her almost throughout the delicate surgery, lending his friendship and advice. It was Dr. Lindstrom, too, who saw to it that she was given an important insurance policy so that, in later years, Maybelle will have no worries.

"Casablanca" is Bergman's favorite picture. However, according to all observance reports, "For Whom the Bell Tolls" will supersede it in her affections. But no matter how successful her motion picture engagements may be, this star has promised herself that she will never neglect the stage.

In Hollywood, Bergman has been accused of not making friends easily. She should note now that such an accusation is without foundation. She is by nature very definitely shy, and although she is fast becoming proficient at the American language, she is not always at ease with it. She often feels that she does not always say what she wants to say, and consequently she might offend people. So her ravishing smile more often than not has to make do for the words that she hesitates to say.

In the meantime, Ingrid Bergman is waiting for the war to end. It is waiting for that glorious moment when she can return to her beloved Sweden."

In Stockholm the blooms of the white and mauve lilac trees smell sweetly in the night, and high above the skerries the stars shine brightly. There is music, too, and the gay laughter of the sauntering crowds, and the voices of the children on the swings in the park.

"Only Pia is silent, Pia who has found a flagpole with a height beyond her wildest hopes. She, too, in her fashion, is hitching a wagon to a star."

The End
When she finished "The Girls He Left Behind," Alice Faye quit the screen. Twentieth Century-Fox begged, cajoled, threatened, but Alice refused to make another picture.

The cause of it all is that beautiful hunk of personality here shown on husband Phil Harris' arm—that and love. The personality is Miss Alice Faye Harris, Jr., now approaching her eighteen months' birthday.

Alice, Sr. is giving up her career, she says, because she loves her home, her husband, and Alice, Jr. a thousand times more than she loves the stardom, the fame, the wealth, and the good roles in Hollywood, all tossed in together. She wants to be a wonderful mother to Alice, Jr., and she wants Junior not to be an only child.

In quitting at the top, Alice Faye does something no other screen star has ever had the courage or wisdom to do. Interestingly enough, "Hello, Frisco, Hello," her first picture after motherhood, is the most successful picture in which she has ever appeared—and also registers her finest performance and her greatest beauty, both of voice and person.

Yet all through the making of that film, all through the shooting of "The Girls He Left Behind," Alice was restless. "I want to be home," she said. "This make-believe is silly when you've found out what real living is."

Smart Alice, still in her twenties, has saved her money. Phil Harris, past service age and honorably discharged from the Coast Guard, makes plenty from his band and his radio work.

Miss Alice, Jr. thus becomes one of the luckiest little girls in this world.

And, for one—Hollywood love story is even greater than it was proclaimed to be.
FIRST TRIANGLE PROVING THAT EVEN GLAM-OUR GIRLS HAVE TO COPE WITH THE PROBLEM GIRLS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY ARE FACING—THE PROBLEM OF "SHOULD I DATE WHILE HE IS GONE?"

IT was bound to happen sooner or later and, as usual, it was bound to happen most conspicuously in Hollywood where the spotlight plays the brightest. I mean, the triangle of The Boy Who Went To War—The Girl He Left Behind—nd The Other Fellow. It is not a sory, and it applies as potently in Oshkosh as in Hollywood. It crops up in all those letters to the heart "experts" in the newspapers, beginning: "Dear Bea- trice: Should I date while HE is gone? He knows I love no one else. But it gets so lonely. Please help— Bewildered." It doesn't seem so important when it is just Bewil- dered wrestling with the love-war problem.

But when the girl's name happens to be Rita Hayworth, and the man's name happens to be Victor Mature, and the other fellow's name just happens to be Orson Welles—that is, indeed, something else again. Hollywood's first war triangle...
begin to assume proportions when Rita recently admitted that she and Vic had postponed their marriage plans because of a "misunderstanding." She followed it up with a plea that sounded like all the Bewildered in the world: Yes, Rita admitted, she and Vic had had a terrible battle via the long distance telephone.

"But I love him—he should know that," she protested. "There isn't anyone else, and he knows it. But it has been so lonely, so very lonely. When he first went away, I stayed home all the time. So many months went by. Everything seems more difficult when you are by yourself. You think so much. Finally, I thought it would be best to get out, to mix with people and try not to remember how lonely I was. Orson Welles is just a friend. Can't Vic understand that?"

Three thousand miles away in New York, Coast Guardsman Vic Mature apparently could not understand. On a brief leave (it was merely a few days) before returning to active duty in the North Atlantic, he told all and sundry within ear shot at the Stork Club, "It's all over. Rita and I are through."

In Hollywood, the Mercurian Mr. Orson Welles, recently tabbed 4-F by a draft board that had previously quoted him at 1-B, said absolutely nothing.

The trouble with this situation—and it is the same trouble with Tom, Dick, and Bewildered just as it is with Vic, Rita, and Orson—is that it is so hard to settle on the Hero, the Heroine, or the Villain.

At first glance it looks easy. Vic of course, lines up as the injured hero, Rita as the victim-of-circumstances heroine, and looming in the background, as the potential heavy, is Genius Welles. It would be nice if it were all as simple as that. Unfortunately, it is not!

There's no doubt that when the war came along, Vic and Rita were madly in love. There's no doubt that they planned to get married as soon as Vic's divorce from Martha Kemp Mature was Reno-ized. When Vic left the vicinity of San Pedro, Calif. (at least proximity to Rita) for an Eastern base, the lovelorn Rita followed him to New York to say a tearful farewell and to admit to close friends that they would be married as soon as possible, courtesy of Martha and of Vic's first leave from Uncle Sam.

The Hayworth-Mature romance up until that time was a love story that had stirred up violent reactions among strangers and friends. Some were for it. "Sure," they said, "Vic has loved a lot of girls and broken a lot of hearts. But he is really in love with Rita. It is the real thing this time." So said the pros.

The cons held reservations: "She's riding for another heart-ache," they said. "It's too bad. With all the fame and glamour Hollywood has given her, Rita has never been a lucky kid with the men in her life. The Ed Judson marriage and divorce nearly tore her to ribbons. Vic's a good guy—but there have been so many women."

Rita heard these things—and they made her stubborn. They made her particularly stubborn when her studio, Columbia, hinted that it did not approve her romance.

It is unfortunate that a raft of professional troubles broke out for Rita just about the time Vic sailed away. That is where the unexpected, the unplanned things crop up.

For four months Rita was on suspension from Columbia—some say because of her refusal to star in "My Client, Curly." Others say it was a disciplinary measure because of her romance with Vic. The studio right from the first told all and sundry it did not want her to marry. Whatever was the real cause—the result was that Rita, who would have been far happier working and occupying herself from day to day, was left with four months of idleness on her hands.

For two or three months she went nowhere.

Of course, there was plenty of advice. By crawling into a hole, her friends said, she was making the mistake of her career. She no longer had a big studio back of her, plugging her pictures, seeing that she was kept continually before the public.

And always it was being drummed into Rita: Hollywood is a tough town. It is easy to be forgotten. Remember, she had come up the hard way, that she had fought...
for every break she had. And now with Victory in sight—was she going to throw it over by mooning and keeping to herself?

And right here is where Orson Welles comes into the picture. And it must be said, in the light of cold facts, that Mr. Welles, who does not have the picture almost by remote control.

Sidney Skolsky, the well known movie columnist, in a tour of the studios, had happened to bump into Welles one day and put a typical columnist question to him: Who, among his movie girls—did he not know, would he most like to have the attention of the Wolf Pack. Orson sat and chatted for a moment, which was not lost on the more or less innocent bystanders—you can bet on that.

Whether he is your private Dream Boy or not, there is no denying there is great personal charm in Welles. He talks brilliantly and amusingly and continually—particularly if his listener is a charming, beautiful one like Rita who does little talking under any circumstances.

Among other things Orson said he was planning a camp tour in the near future under the auspices of the Hollywood Victory Committee.

"Are you going to scare the boys to death with another Men from Mars idea?" laughed Rita. "No," explained Welles, "I've been working on some magic tricks. I'm getting pretty good at them."

For the next hour he showed the girls some of the more simple stunts of the no-card-up-my-sleeve variety. It was the nicest evening she had spent in a long time.

"Some of these tricks have to be done with a partner," Welles went on to say.

Rita said, "Show me an easy one. We'll try it out on Ruth." Before the girls departed that night Rita had picked up a few "mind reading" gags and was doing very well tossing the right cues to the new Hollywood Magician.

Orson walked out to their car as someone is always sure to do. "That's funny," said Ruth, "Rita's house with some of the newfangled things as Orson Hewlett's suspension was unexpectedly lifted, and she was back at work again at Columbia in "Cover Girls."

So the lovers talked on the telephone, a talk that led from one better word to another. "He wouldn't let me explain anything," said Rita, "He wouldn't!"

"If we could have been together for just a little while, everything would have been different. I love Vic, and he is the only man in my life, even if he is as stubborn as a mule. But it is no good trying to solve anything over the telephone."

"Now all I can do is wait until we can see each other again. But this has made me realize that it would be folly to marry while the war is on—while we have to be separated from each other whether we want to be or not."

"If I could only tell him how very, very, very much I have been, I know he would understand. I know in my heart, no matter what he says while he is angry, that we are not through. Not really. We are just waiting . . ."

As thousands and thousands of other girls are waiting, puzzled, confused, unhappy, and bewildered who do not bear such glamorous names as Rita Hayworth . . .

And now it is up to you to name the hero, the heroine, or the heavy of this story. Frankly, we can't—no matter what happens.

The End
M. Boyer, the French star of "Mayerling" was very lonely in Hollywood. He met (at right) Pat Patterson, a lonely, blonde, English girl, starring at Fox.

Above—the on-screen Boyer, here with Dietrich in "Garden of Allah" (remember?); and at the right, and off screen, the debonair but devoted husband, returning with his smiling wife from one of his last trips to his homeland.
with the loving care of a bank merger. He selects his stories with great thought and comparison of scripts. He studies his roles with merger. He selects his stories with great thought and comparison of with the loving care of a bank merger. His record of hits includes larger sums go on. Yet while he never joins self, he thoroughly enjoys watching rehearsing his lines to him¬self, he thoroughly enjoys watching the laughing and joking that goes on. Yet while he never joins in, he never gives the feeling that he is annoyed. He will laugh and chortle if someone makes a remark about the toupee he always wears on the screen. However, he is entirely serious about the business of the art of moviemaking and watches with interest, as in the lighting, directing, and all the mechanics that go into making a picture. Boyer’s observing always pays him dividends. “Flesh and Fantasy,” his picture he co-produced with Julien Duvivier at Universal is interesting film fare.

When you know this solemn “strange land.” Evo^ larger sums go into intense. His record of hits includes scripts. He studies his roles with merger. He selects his stories with great thought and comparison of with the loving care of a bank merger. It could not be said that Boyer gave they were money makers. They are none of the horseplay and hail-and-hack making a picture. Boyer’s observ¬ing and leading to bring out the best in each person. His circle of friends is small. Closest are the Adolphe Menjous and the Ronald Colmans.

Recently Boyer was overjoyed when his friend Kisling, the great European painter, made his home in nearby Beverly Hills. Sunday morning breakfasts at the Kisling studio are now on the Boyer social calendar. There Boyer, his mother, Pat Paterson, his wife, Andre David, great French writer, and many other French artists sit around a great square table and eat typical French country food and discuss conditions of the world. Many of the people who sit in this room owe their air to the American war effort or to the quiet brown-eyed man who sits at the head of the table.

Boyer has brought to this country, or helped when they got here, French war orphans, artists, mu¬sicians, writers, and just plain people who are too numerous to mention.

Boyer is not one of the fabulously wealthy Hollywood film stars. While he is comfortably well off, he still has not been in the big money brackets for the length of time that chalks up a fortune. Nevertheless, great sums of his earnings go con¬tributed to French refugees to rehabilitate themselves in a strange land. Even larger sums go to feed French war orphans in his native country and French war prisoners of the Nazis. Besides this, he is a contributor to every ac¬credited charity and war relief and tireless in his personal appearances and social work for his adopted government, America. Here in the United States he is one of the high leaders in the Free French group and one of the most re¬pected. His whole life and mind, these days, is set on tirelessly work¬ing in the interest of a peace for the world and the care of stricken peo¬ple in other countries when this peace does come.

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences presented Boyer with a special plaque this year in recognition of the outstanding work brought about by his new French Research Library, which he founded and built in Hollywood and is open to the motion picture studios for their research, to the local colleges, and is gaining a reputation through¬out the country for the fineness of its material. It is to this library many evenings after finishing a job at the studio, the “great lover” goes and works on research until only the necessity of studying his lines for the next day ever gets him home to bed.

In his home, he is a gracious host. His perfect wife, Pat Pat¬erson, is his perfect counterpart. His house is not, as reported, a fabulous palace. It is rather a beautifully appointed home in the quiet town of Beverly Hills, the home of a finely bred man, decorated with the taste of an intellectual man with a great love of beauty. It is a house of quiet gracious charm, a setting for the people who live in it, and first and foremost a home. It has care¬fully chosen paintings, books, and music, each piece having a meaning to its owner. The concert pian¬ist, Artur Rubinstein and his wife, are great friends of the Boyers, and whenever Rubinstein is in Los Angeles, he spends many of his free evenings with Charles and Pat, playing the piano that is almost entirely reserved for his visits.

Boyer spends much of his time at home in his gardens, walking up and down, up and down, smok¬ing cigarette after cigarette. After dinner, which is always simple, it is a very mannered, and care¬fully served, the family walked in these walks by two wiggling dach¬shunds and assorted cats. His mother has a small house set charmingly among some trees on his estate. The association of Boyer and his mother is one of the most touching and beautiful things to know about this strange man.

Vacation periods are spent at home, usually short days when he is not on a picture or on a tour of some kind in the interest of charity. It is then that Pat invites friends up to swim in the pool and to play tennis with Charles. He is an indifferent swimmer and is other¬wise good tennis player. Both sports are taken almost as medicine, as he must watch his figure. However, when he does get into the game, he puts up a good fight and seems to forget temporarily all the prob¬lems that are a part of his life.

Boyer has a delicious and enchanting sense of humor that pops out at the most unexpected times. Once in New York he was teasing a very close friend. This friend had confided to Boyer that he had taken his girl to a certain bench in Central Park and kissed her for the first time. Later Boyer and his friend were crossing the park and Boyer came to an abrupt stop in front of the bench. The friend, deep in conversation, didn’t notice the silence of the actor for a few min¬utes and then finally said, “What’s the matter?”

Boyer continued to stare at the bench and finally said, “It certainly doesn’t look awkwardly comfortable.”

Admittedly the Hollywood press finds Boyer hard to talk to. They go expecting to find the great lover. Instead they find this serious person. Courtesy, charm, and cooperative¬ness are the name for Boyer, but he will confide to friends up to swim in the pool and to play tennis with Charles. He is an indifferent swimmer and is other¬wise good tennis player. Both sports are taken almost as medicine, as he must watch his figure. However, when he does get into the game, he puts up a good fight and seems to forget temporarily all the prob¬lems that are a part of his life.

It is important to him that his circle of friends remains happy and healthy and not torn apart as his friends are in Europe. His wants are simple; his emotions and desires are all artistic in nature.

It is difficult to match the Charles Boyer of the screen and the Charles Boyer of private life, but both are fine men with great heart and ideal¬ism, and you should remember both when trying to understand either, for the sum of them makes a very great actor and gentleman.

THE END
HOLLYWOOD has a new Glad Girl.

Maybe you don't remember Pollyanna, the original Glad Girl who flourished two decades ago. In case you don't, she was a young person who went around with a pious smile, no matter whether she lost her purse, broke her leg, or became an orphan. She could be glad about anything, and she was so offensive about it you could have slapped her down with pleasure.

Our new Glad Girl, Mary Lee of Republic Pictures, isn't like that at all. She's glad as can be, but also delightful.

She's five feet and a scrap of an inch tall, has silky brown hair brushed so that it shines, big brown eyes, and a mouth that curves naturally into a smile when she isn't pulling it into one of three dozen comic expressions.

They call her "Buster" and "Little Guy" around the lot, which isn't much more glamorous than "Butch," her nickname in her first professional engagement as girl singer with Ted Weems' band. She was twelve then. Mary and her father and sister Vera were a trio, singing hillbilly songs around her home town of Ottawa, Illinois. Up to that time, the biggest thrill of her life had been a visit to Ottawa of Gene Autry, who had actually shaken Mary's hand and given her one of his song books.

Ted Weems was making a nationwide search for a girl singer, looking for a grown-up star like Dorothy Lamour. The Weems band played at a dance at Starved Rock State Park, near Ottawa, and the manager suggested that Mary get up and sing during the affair.

The manager considered this a great joke. Mary was delighted. She was even smaller in those days, so she stood on a chair to sing, entirely in earnest about joining the band, putting over "Sissy" and "Please Be Kind" with a personality that brought down the house. The joke was on the manager. Ted and his band decided that their search was over.

Mary's father had always been very strict about his daughters' working at their music. Now Mary was glad of it, for the habit of working hard was formed; and it was no trouble to work the long, often wearying hours with the Weems band.

"We were just a happy family," Mary remembers. "Only now I had fifteen godfathers, each one nicer than the others."

Her mother started out with them; but she had, because of illness, to leave the tour. The godfathers chaperoned fourteen-year-old Mary thereafter. Jack Garber, the manager, used to wake her every morning and shepherd her to school. The rest of the band called him "Mother Garber" but he didn't mind. They all petted and kidded
try, beginning with "South of the Border."

They made Mary a star at Republic recently in "Shantytown," a fact she can hardly believe and which produces in her a happiness she is too young and too unaffected to conceal. She has established a home for her family, and they all have a wonderful time together.

"Daddy's a Senior Air Raid Warden now that we all live out here in the valley," says Mary. "Mother's a Of course cute Miss Lee has been down to visit Gene Autry's branch of her service at his training field, and to entertain his Air Corps friends. To her, Gene Autry is something very special.

"The first day on the set, after I came to Hollywood," Mary told me, "I had that awful all-alone feeling. I didn't know what to do or how to do it, and I knew I was terribly young and dumb. But Mr. Autry smiled at me and said he was sure I'd be good in the picture. He showed me about camera angles and the little camera tricks you have to know. He'd watch me in my scenes and tell me what I was doing wrong. I used to have a little habit of putting out my tongue—sort of wetting my lower lip—" she illustrated, her pink tongue making a brief cat flick in and out— "and he called my attention to it. That trick would look awful on the screen.

"If I ever get to be an important star, I hope I can be like Mr. Autry, so kind and sweet to people who aren't anybody. I don't think he could be arrogant if he tried! He's not only pleasant, but he helps you.

"My mother answers my fan mail for me, but I always read it. I like called it. "At most army shows, you're just part of a show, fitted into a program with a lot of other acts. You come on and do your stuff, sing your songs, bow and leave, and you don't get a chance to dance with the boys or talk with them. Perhaps if they let me go overseas, I'll be allowed to meet the army. Won't that be a thrill?"
letters that tell me what people think. Today there was one from a little girl who doesn't want me to ever wear my hair in pigtails again. I don't look nice that way, she says. Of course it isn't up to me to say how I'll wear my hair in a picture; that's the studio's say-so, but it's nice of her to care.

"My one beauty secret is my hair brushing. I never have my hair washed—it's professionally brushed twice a week, including a dry shampoo." She shook back her shining, silken mane.

"I'm so glad I'm at Republic—it's just like a happy family!"

There she goes again—the Glad Girl. But after I had walked from the gate to the stage and then to her dressing room and out again, with everyone we met greeting Mary Lee joyfully as "Hi, Buster!" and "Hello there, Little Guy!" and "Well, well, if it isn't Our Girl!" I saw that there may be something to be said for it.

Our modern Glad Girl is glad because she's out of school at last and needn't spend half her life studying. She's glad that it looks as if she's going to be lucky in Romance. Not that she will permit a word to be pried out of her about Him, because he's not in the acting profession and wouldn't understand if she broke into print all of a hoo-ha about him.

And she's glad the studio is letting her look glamorous for a dream sequence in her next picture.

"I'll look the way you dream of looking, with wonderful long glamorous gowns and spectacular hair-dos and make-up that will cover my freckles and make me beautiful—for a change," she added, with a giggle and a little flirt of her agile fingers.

It's marvelous to be glamorous once, she has decided, but she doubts if she would care to keep it up. A glamour puss has a horrible responsibility to her fans, says Mary. One hair out of place, one broken fingernail, one smut on the nose, and who knows, you may spoil a beautiful fanship.

Apparently all Mary needs to do when she meets a fan is to smile, say hello, and sign something. She likes them all before she sees them, anyway.

She gets along with everybody. She has spells of admiring other girls who sing in pictures, and when Mary admires anyone, brother she admires her! She begins to look like her, too. You know when she's seen a Judy Garland picture by the way she looks, her sister says. When Ella Logan was out here, Mary looked like Ella for weeks.

"The way I learn is by watching people I like," she explains. "I've never had a singing lesson in my life, and the studio doesn't want me to take them. I'd like sometime to be in a musical comedy on the stage, with lots of good songs and a chance to move around without thinking of the microphone. Sometimes you can't help believing your mouth's going to grow mighty funny looking, all the time aiming itself around the corner at the mike!"

Another thing Mary Lee likes is to be right in the thick of things. In California's last blackout, when the alert sounded, she was down in Long Beach, right by the ocean, sitting with the personification of Romance in a place where they have the grandest food you ever tasted. The cafe was blacked out, naturally, but they brought candles, and the whole affair was a Great Adventure.

"It was such a thrill to be right in the middle of where a raid would be, if there was a raid," she exulted. It didn't occur to her to be frightened. But after all, why should she be frightened with Romance across the table!

**The End**
Tall girls like MGM's Virginia O'Brien often wish to appear shorter, so Ginny obligingly illustrates with her new summer wardrobe how she achieves this illusion. She goes in for dresses in two contrasting colors, to begin with. In the large shot to the left, for example, Ginny wears a one-piece dress with a two-piece look, its skirt a white print background with a design in blue and black. The cross-front bodice is of black crepe. Her flat as a pancake hat has an inch high black satin crown with a brim of five layers of black maline.

At the far left—Virginia's favorite summer suit has a Navy skirt and a waist-length bolero in lipstick red, edged with Navy yarn in a button-hole stitch. Her Breton sailor is of Navy felt with a shallow brim and crown.

THE DRESSES ON THIS PAGE

Above—carrying out the same "two-section" motif, the singing Miss O'Brien wears one of the very popular peasant dresses, this one having a red, white, and blue cotton challis print skirt with a wide girdle and hem line bands of black velvet. The blouse is a ruffle-edged crepe in a blue to match the skirt. Peasant dresses are wonderful "duration" clothes, as they are feminine, charming, and never go out of fashion. Upper right—for dressy occasions this "shirt top" dress with large patterned black and white print blouse and draw-string waistline skirt of black crepe is very keen. Virginia wears a large brimmed hat of black cellophane straw with a daisy covered shallow crown, short white washable gloves, a flat black bag, and black patent leather pumps with this.

Right—even if you don't want, as a tall girl looking small, eternally to wear "contrast dresses," you can still deceive the eye. A dressmaker suit, like this in brown and white silk print, will do the trick by the ruching at the yoke and hem line. Virginia's hat here is a ruff of beige feathers on a shallow pillbox of matching felt. Incidentally, you'll see the girl next in "DuBarry Was a Lady."
This little girl went to Mexico on her vacation.

This little girl works hard at the Canteen.

This little girl is a great dramatic actress: . . . and she is not Bette Davis.

Once she was dreaming of a White Christmas, but recently she returned from a tour of the Alaskan camps, which made her hope she'd never see snow again. She's new and purty.

She's the on-screen sweetheart of a many-talented guy; she's the off-screen wife of an important business man. She'll never have to worry about the supply of Nylons as long as there are any anywhere.
These sturdy gams belong to a comedienne who is now for the first time essaying tragedy. You see three legs there? Well, now—after all—we're talking about the two at the left.

She's one of the ringleaders of "the younger set." She's a great pal of the girl in the large picture on the opposite page. Recently she made a small-cost picture that turned into a major hit.

Men have legs, too. This guy has played one character more times than Lewis Stone has lectured Mickey Rooney. This guy got married for the third time, almost seven years ago.

She's a glamour girl. She's a best dressed woman. Her heart belongs to a soldier. Despite those flat heels, she dotes on luxury. Guess hard.
Dolores Moran, dear public, the new wow of Warners'. Like Alexis Smith, she's said to be spectacular in films that haven't been released.

It's Joan Fontaine, here sitting on the piano bench at the Canteen, ready to go into the autograph routine for the boys. Joan, finished with "Jane Eyre," had to vacation alone, husband Brian Aherne being busy at Columbia.

Ann Rutherford, Mickey Rooney's own Polly Benedict of the Hardy pictures, is really Mrs. David May, which means the wife of the owner of one of Los Angeles' biggest department stores.

Paramount's own young Marjorie Reynolds, who after visiting Dutch Harbor and such outposts, is trying to arrange her picture schedule so she can visit camps every six months.
Did you guess? Oh, surely not. Anyway, those legs belonged to Jane Withers. And with Jane are the animal kingdom and Farley Grainger—all of whom are in "North Star."

Bill (Hopalong) Boyd with the cheerful little armful, Grace Bradley, who is Mrs. Boyd. Bill really is a Westerner, does all his own riding, and the Boyd ranch is something!

The star of "Hitler's Children," that cute cookie, Bonita Granville, best pal of Ann Rutherford, Anne Shirley, and all that crowd, an on-screen meanie and an off-screen charmer.

Bet you still don't know who she is, what with her here putting on the dog—on her face. She's Lucille Ball, wife of Desi Arnaz of the United States Army.
This is Lillian's bedroom. Fred bought all the items for it while she was ill, during the entire first year of their marriage. Lilly knew just the type of antique lace curtains she wanted for the bed canopy and the windows.

Every object in every room of the MacMurray house was carefully purchased by Fred and Lilly. "It's a very simple, homey house," says Lilly, "but it is exactly the kind that Fred wants."

This is Fred's bedroom, adjoining Lillian's. "Ah, it's not much of a place," says he. "Why, Fred, that old sailor chest is enough to make it distinguished," reproves Lilly.

This, we warn you, is a love story—and proves that two real people who adore one another can stay happy despite all odds.
BY NATALIE VISART

THE Fred MacMurrays, together
or separately, are not supposed
to be “good copy.” Interviewers
groan at the thought of extract¬
ing personal information from
Fred. The MacMurrays don’t live
fabulously or sensationally. You
never hear “rumors” about them,
and they probably bore the keyhole
columnists to death. They’ve been
married seven years, and they still
live in the same house. They still
speak. In fact, they are in love.
Obviously, they must be very dull,
indeed, to keyholders.

Far be it from me to tangle with
such folks, but, inasmuch as I am
on the inside of the keyhole, I must
say I disagree with them.

I met Fred and Lilly first at a
party while Lilly was still Miss La-
Mont and beautiful she was, too, that
night in black tulle with her shining
black hair and her pale, lovely face.
I remember regarding them with
interest, for I’d seen Fred around
Paramount studios, where I work
myself. He was then, and still is,
a shy, quiet guy whose simplicity
and obvious lack of exhibitionism
seemed strictly out of character for
the acting profession, to my way of
thinking. Nice kids—very much in
love, I thought to myself. I won¬
dered what would happen when
Hollywood hit them.

Well, over a period of eight years,
I’ve had an excellent opportunity
to observe what happened, for we
became very good friends. And I
remember recalling that first specu¬
lation of mine last Christmas morn¬
ing as I sat with them around the
tree, opening packages and watch¬
ing Fred happily and painstakingly
build a cardboard farm which he
had bought for Susan, their small
daughter, “because,” murmured
Lilly as we exchanged amused
glances, “Susan would have such
fun putting it together.” Missy
Susan, we noted with relief, ob¬
vious to the “fun” she was being
deprived of, hung equally raptly
over a rag doll Ann Sothern had
sent her. I remember looking at
this normal family scene—still nice
kids and still very much in love—
and I wondered what had happened.
Why hadn’t Hollywood hit them?

Perhaps it goes back to the very
beginning—to the qualities they
saw in each other which drew
them together in the first place.
They met in New York during
the rehearsals of the musical show
“Roberta.” Sitting next to each
other one day, they fell into con-
versation. Such questions as “where
are you from?”—“what does your
father do?” etc., established rapidly
the fact that they had similar back¬
grounds and fundamental tastes.
When lunch was called, they pro¬
ceeded to a Broadway drug store,
which was the beginning of a daily
routine of meals together and, in-
terestingly enough, always Dutch
treat, for Lilly had discovered that
Fred was, out of his small salary,
supporting his mother and paying
off a large debt.

What the debt was she didn’t
know. Fred didn’t explain that it
was money he had borrowed to pay
for an operation for his mother.
Fred didn’t explain and Lilly didn’t
question, and they ate Dutch treat
except on Sunday, which was Fred’s
day to pay for everything. They
found themselves extremely happy
with the arrangement and each
other.

Fred had found a charming and
sensible girl who understood a great
many things without being told—
who, although she was a model and
a show girl—and a beautiful one at
that—preferred the corner drug
store with him to the glittering night spots with any of the stage door Johnnys who would have been delighted to take her.

Lilly had found a tall, curly-haired boy who treated her with respect—whose quiet acceptance of his responsibilities and obligations impressed her immeasurably. As for the in, he didn’t think it dull that Lilly didn’t drink, and he thought her small apartment, with its simple early American furniture that she had collected and paid for out of her small salary, far more indicative of her qualities as a homemaker than the silver fox coats most show girls say they wear. Those were the qualities they saw, and those are the qualities that have endured. When Lilly, a month after their wedding, became very ill and was in bed for fourteen long, weary months—surely a difficult first year for any couple—their relationship and performance seemed to grow firmer, closer, and stronger.

They were building their house, and Fred had to go alone to hunt for the old pieces of American furniture with which they had planned to furnish it. So—out he’d go at night and on his days off—make sketches and come back to Lilly to see whether that was what she wanted before he got whatever it was.

When the house was finally built, he carried Lilly in and through the rooms, in which every piece of furniture was placed exactly as she had planned—up to her bedroom where, for the rest of those months, she was to remain. Hollywood certainly had its chance during that period to hit, but courage, faith, patience, and unselfishness, I guess, defeated it.

As to their life now that Lilly is well and strong and Fred an extremely successful star, well—Old Lady Hollywood is still finding the MacMurrays hard nut to crack.

The usual weapon, jealousy?

I asked Lilly about that one time when we were in her dressing room doing our faces and taking down our back hair (it’s astonishing how, with one’s mouth full of hairpins, one’s reticence vanishes). Lilly chuckled, “You’re worse than the boys at the Canteen, honestly.”

Lilly is a hostess and Fred a bus boy where they consult one another on everything.

They love little gags like this—an antique meat block, polished and used as a corner table, an old butter mold which they plan to use on home-made butter.

At the rough-hewn antique table in the living room bay window, Fred and Lilly go over the bills on “the farm” they have in Northern California. They love little gags like this—an antique meat block, polished and used as a corner table, an old butter mold which they plan to use on home-made butter.
mother showing me her newest hat.

Every year Lilly gives Fred a surprise birthday party. Fred, of course, would only be surprised if she didn’t. However, it’s a sort of ritual to maintain the pretense of surprise on everyone’s part. Lilly and I start days ahead making lists, and fall strangely silent whenever Fred enters the room. If Fred has forgotten that the event is nearing, this conveniently serves to remind him. If he’s on a picture, Lilly is enormously relieved, as it means he’ll be out of the way, because, of course, nothing can be done till he’s out of the house.

One year (this was in pre-war days) the party had elaborate proportions. Among other features there was an awning to be erected over the terrace with a front of cellophane through which one could look out over the garden and pool. That year, a calamity occurred.

Fred announced the night before his birthday that he didn’t need to be awakened early. He had, he explained, no studio call for the next day. He wasn’t in the scene they were shooting.

Lilly was frantic. What to do? She got a certain amount done while he slept in the morning, but just as Fred was getting up, the tent man arrived. Lilly told said tent man to take his truck and park around the corner until Fred was out of the way. That morning of all mornings Fred, who usually eats a light, quick breakfast, ordered cereal.

These are loquat trees planted all around the swimming pool. Lilly cans the fruit.

Daddy and Susie feed the chickens out at the end of the garden. Movieland is proud to be the first magazine permitted to photograph Susie.

Fred built this chicken coop himself. Each hen has her own space and her name above it. Elegant names, too, like Theda, Brenda, Gloria, Cobina. "Yah," said Mr. MacMurray, "somebody will think we put those eggs here." "Don’t be silly," said Lilly. "Who’d be that wasteful?" Fashion note: Mr. MacMurray wears those old pants, those old shoes, that beard, and nobody can stop him.
eggs, and bacon. He wasn’t deliberately teasing Lilly. He had for once forgotten what day it was. It would have been perfect if he’d only had to go to the studio. But no. “Well,” said Fred, finishing his coffee, “let’s go to the beach today.” “I can’t,” said Lilly. “I’ve a lot to do. Why don’t you go and play golf?” The Birthday Child, it seems, was not in a golfing mood. “Then hunting,” suggested the frantic Lilly, but it was not the right season, it seemed. “Frederick,” finally said the desperate lady, who, after all, had a tent to run up, “I don’t care what you do. Just get out of the house and stay out till seven-thirty.”

Along about five o’clock, as she stood in the midst of a battery of small tables on the terrace, counting silver, filling cigarette boxes, doing the thousand odds and ends a hostess must do before a party, she heard a very small-boy voice: “Lilly!”

She looked up and there in the garden on the other side of the cellophane stood her very sheepish husband. “I couldn’t think of anything else to do for the rest of the time. Couldn’t I come in now?”

Her last letter to me from the farm which, incidentally, is called just “the farm”—indicates that their life there has the typical MacMurray approach. The letter reads: “I’ve meant to write before but always so many things to do here on the farm, as we haven’t any help in the house, and it means we’re just not going to do anything else. I have memories of Jack Benny playing his fiddle and Fred his saxophone while the bewildered but delighted orchestra tried to follow; of Carole Lombard, exquisite in a flowing white dress, doing an exhibition dance with Cesar Romero and then suddenly clowning and burlesquing it and Clark laughing at her till the tears ran down his cheeks; of Jimmy Stewart, home on leave, sitting at the piano for hours, while all the available gals gnashed their teeth.

Until the war came, with its separations and disasters, the same people, year after year, were always there. Fred and Lilly are as constant in their friendships as they are about other things. Nor are those friends all celebrities or people in the Hollywood social swim. A good many are people even as you and I. Fred’s best friend and pal for years has been Colin Tapley, a good but not famous young actor, now in the Canadian forces overseas. It makes no difference who you are if the MacMurrays like you. If they don’t, it still makes no difference who you are.

The MacMurrays have bought a farm in Northern California, an honest-to-goodness producing farm where they often go in between pictures and where Lilly says she hopes they can some day live all the time. They renovated the hundred-year-old house which was on the property, keeping all its old charm even to the watery imperfect glass panes in the windows. Lilly, who doesn’t drive a car, is thrilled with her horse and buggy for shopping in the village.

Her last letter to me from the farm which, incidentally, is called just “the farm”—indicates that their life there has the typical MacMurray approach. The letter reads: “I’ve meant to write before but always so many things to do here on the farm, as we haven’t any help in the house, and it means everything must be done somehow and, what with cook-in, butter-churning, cleaning, and preserving, idle moments are few and far between. Fred is gardening and planting vegetables and, although we won’t be here to enjoy them, at least he’s getting good practice for his Victory Garden at home. By the way, I made my first loaf of bread, and it was pretty good.”

This is my picture to you of the MacMurrays—the nice kids that Hollywood doesn’t seem to be able to knock off balance.

The End
you're a working girl, you know that invitation. The idea is that you can work efficiently all day and yet step forth devastatingly for that evening date. As a matter of fact, it can be done ... but there's a trick to it.

Comb your hair from its business-like slickness into girlish softness. Put giddy earbobs on. On your freshly gay head, put a tiny hat topped with flowers (or merely the flowers themselves if you prefer). Swathe your pretty chin in tulle or veiling (have you ever tried to find out what a pinkish lavender will do for your skin—pure enchantment, that's all), pull on your spotless gloves, and there you are. No wasted gas or carfare. No wasted time ... but you are a dazzling dame, and the man hunt is on.

Pretty Donna Reed illustrates the from-work-to-wiles act. You begin with that tailored suit you wear to the job. Very tailored is the blouse you wear nine to five. But not the one you wear five to ten. No, siree. Change blouses. Put on some frills.
HOLLYWOOD’S "ARMCHAIR TRAVELING"

by AVERY CARROLL

With the world at war, the only voyages any of us can make are those in memory. Here are the colorful episodes that a dozen Hollywood people love to recall.

Bette Davis recalls London . . . and all because of a blouse.
Bob Hope's favorite "place" memory didn't do him one bit of good.

above—Believe it or not but Glenn Ford once spent a night in a Cuban convent.

below—It's a tragic street that Basil Rathbone most recalls.

TREASURED in the memory of most men is the recollection of some particular street in a strange city. In recalling a journey, the mind again traverses some avenue upon which an odd incident occurred, or revisits a lane that challenged the imagination.

With so much of the world in the process of destruction, with the romantic being crushed under tons of rubble, it becomes important to collect some of these quaint memories and to record them. To preserve, also, impressions, experiences, and invitations to drama that motion picture people, yarning before an open fireplace, confide to one another.

REGINALD GARDINER likes to tell about Watling Street which runs, like a dotted line, from the English midlands to the sea. Watling Street consists of segments of the old Roman military road built around 55 B.C. In the countryside the road has entirely disappeared. The stones, eloquent—by reason of their rubbed and polished surfaces—of long-dead marching feet, have been dislodged and piled into fences by farmers. But through the villages the dashes of history still run, sometimes existing for only a portion of a block, sometimes extending for some distance. Narrow and crowded, Watling Street can be found shooting out at an astonishing diagonal from some main thoroughfare. Its topography is never the same in any two villages or towns, but its identity is preserved. No matter where this ancient ghost road appears, it is labeled on the side of buildings: Watling Street.

ON NOVEMBER 11, 1918, Raymond Massey was a Captain of Royal Canadian Artillery, stationed in Vladivostok. (Today, he is once again in service, in Canada, appearing occasionally in government-sponsored productions like "The Invaders."). In 1918 he was walking along Pushkinskaya (Pushkin Street) when news of the signing of the Armistice was received. Vladivostok, never a city to win international beauty prizes, was an exceptionally remote contender in 1918. The shops were weathered clapboard, innocent of paint. The streets were usually rivers of mud, churned by the inadequate boots of American, British, Canadian, and Russian troops.

Until that November moment, none of the military units had viewed any other with less than loathing, but upon word that the war was over, the mob rushed into the street, shouting, yelling, raging, pouring from bar to bar, and singing the same songs in three languages and forty dialects.

BARELY eighteen, John Loder, he who now dates Hedy Lamarr, was a member of the King's Hussars, a cavalry division with the British Expeditionary Force sent to France during World War I. One night his outfit was moving up through Bray Sur Somme, a small French village blasted to bits by artillery fire. The front had receded from this sector, leaving nothing but torn trees, jagged sections of brick wall, and an occasional fireplace and chimney as desolate totems of a vanished time.

In the distance rumbled the unceasing thunder of artillery fire presaging the break-through on the Somme. A full moon, low in the East, reflected itself a hundred times on the helmets of the cavalrymen; a milky white ground fog completely obscured the bodies of the horses, so the troopers looked like giants whose bodies rose out of an unearthly mist to glint in ghostly procession. The only sound in the column, like an obligato above the distant brass of the guns, was the tinkling of the bridle rings, the squeak of leather, the intermittent whinny of a horse, and the
rhythmic cadence of marching hooves upon the cobbled streets of the dead town.

PAUL LUKAS, freshly returned to Hollywood for "The Watch on the Rhine," as becomes a man from Budapest, has a romantic memory.

As a juvenile in Hungary, getting a lean start on the stage, he fell in love. Also, in the grand tradition, he was broke.

Yet in the evenings, he went down to a small shop where the salesman was generous. He bought a sack of the Hungarian equivalent of cracklings for five cents, and stowed this viand in his right pocket. He bought a sack of small rolls for five cents and put it in his left coat pocket. Then he and his dream doll went strolling along the Danube, munching their afresco dinner seasoned with the sauce of happiness.

JUST before the current war broke out, Bop Hope made a trip to England to see his grandfather, aged ninety-six at the time. (As this article was written, the determined old Englishman was still alive and in good health, despite rationing, bombing, and threat of invasion.) As a side trip Bob decided to visit the house in which he was born in Eltham, Kent. He knew the name of the street—Creighton Road—but he lacked the street number. Bob drove up and down the street, enchanted by its appearance. It was a typical English lane, bordered by dozens of tidy houses, nestled deep in their gardens. Like many an English village street, it curved graciously past a small hill and into the down country beyond. Bob peered at each house in turn and consulted the psychic summons that he felt should point out his birthplace. The gremlins must have been tampering with his home-detector, however, because no memory, no sense of belonging, arose to point an invisible finger. To this day, Bob has no idea in which house he was born.

BETTE DAVIS' memory of England is tainted with treason to her sex. It dates back to when she had gone to London to defend herself in litigation with Warner Brothers. She had intended to remain only one day for her testimony, so brought along one suit and three blouses.

What was her astonishment, upon arriving at The Courts, to find news photographers everywhere. She hadn't expected the English to recognize her.

Instead of appearing briefly, Miss Davis had to remain in London a week, and each day, as she walked down the street, she was extensively photographed. Finally one morning, a cameraman said, "Miss Davis, would you mind changing your dress tomorrow so we can get some fresh-looking pictures?"

Another spoke up vehemently. "Don't do it, Miss Davis," he cautioned. "From now on, every time my wife complains that she has only one dress in the closet, I'll be able to tell her. 'What's good enough for Bette Davis is good enough for you.'"

GLENN FORD has the distinction of having spent a night in a Cuban convent. It came about because of his curiosity in regard to a street (22 Animas) in Havana. Entrance to the avenue was through a grilled iron gate. Glenn wandered in and strolled along, peering at the thick walled ancient Spanish buildings. However, when he reached the end of the block, he found the exit gate closed and locked. He swung around and made for the entrance. Likewise locked. After he had rattled the gate long enough to dispel any notion of breaking his way out, Glenn attracted the attention of a guard whose face was very solemn, although his eyes filled suspiciously at the corners.

In a mixture of Spanish and English the guard explained that some of the stouter convent buildings were used as a prison. Havana, along with several other Latin American countries, has the amiable custom of allowing her prisoners a certain amount of freedom during the day, but curfew is at six, at which time prison becomes physical. The prison buildings and the gates were not reopened, the guard regretted, until six in the morning no matter how blameless the accidental trapeze.

"I can't stay here on the street all night. I'll freeze," said Mr. Ford, taking a pessimistic view. The guard indicated the church where, he explained, services were continuous. Warmth was to be had, and enough activity to be diverting.

The guard didn't explain that the only worshippers during the prolonged hours of the night were the nuns and their charges, who were happily unconscious of a tall, slender...
place his foot on a piece of paper to be outlined.

Mr. Kyser returned at the specified time and picked up his purchase, but when he got home he found that, although the right shoe fit like a second skin, the left was too small. He returned to Olvera Street and ordered a second pair. This time the merchant outlined the left foot. When Kay collected the second pair, the left shoe was like a cradle, but the right was too large.

Mr. Kyser returned to his favorite street, which was rapidly losing its standing (no pun intended), and ordered his third pair of shoes. This time he had the merchant draw around both feet. And the third pair of shoes were sweeter comfort than walking in cotton candy.

BOB CROSBY’s orchestra had played “Basin Street Blues” every night for years, so it was only natural—while he was touring the South—for Bob to go down to Basin Street to have a look-see. It was approximately six in the afternoon, and street traffic was considerable. Bob mooned along, peering into shop windows, but mainly listened to the jive talk and the slurring soft idioms of the hot fudge belt.

He knelt to tie his shoe, and as he rose, a voice said caressingly, “I wouldn’t make no fuss, was I you, Boss. I would ca’lesslike pull mah wallet out, let it fall, and leave it lay. Was I you, I would tote mahself down the street, an’ I wouldn’t look back, onless I craved a ve’y close shave.”

Mr. Crosby complied. As he toted himself down the street, he was humming those Basin Street Blues.

SEVERAL years ago, while Basil Rathbone was touring the United States with Katherine Cornell in “The Barretts of Wimpole Street,” someone told the newly-arrived Englishman that he must be sure to stroll along the well-known, segregated street of New Orleans.

After final curtain one night, he and Guthrie McClintock ventured forth, their attitude that of any two normally curious and fascinated tourists. They returned, a pair of thoughtful and shaken men.

The street was lined with identical small brick houses in each of which there was one door and one window. Forming the top half of the door was a shutter. Police regulations forbade the women to address any passerby, but as the men walked along, the shutters softly clicked open, and in each narrow aperture appeared a dead white face punctuated by a scarlet mouth.

The instant an officer appeared at the head of the street on his patrol, a quaint sound echoed through the street. It was like the tattoo of a stick being dragged along a picket fence—click, click, click—as the shutters closed.

From your own experience, what street do you vividly remember?

Trust old Prof. “That’s Right, You’re Wrong” to prove you can stay home and still go abroad.

Reginald Gardiner likes to tell about an ancient ghost of a road, Watling Street.
PART 2

Bob Hope and Bing Crosby made a bond saleswoman out of Dorothy by the wackiest methods.

DOROTHY LAMOUR, whose lovely lissome figure takes more pin-up space in barracks or ship cabins or lonely outposts than any other star in the glamour brigade, has never been affected by the snare and delusion of fame. To her today, it's just a good way to make a living.

She is not one to gnaw her fingernails over what critics may say, and she does not pose in dramatic pathos before a mantel bare of everything but gleaming Oscars. Today, Captain William Ross Howard III's picture up there is enough.

But it wasn't always thus. She had to go through suffering and unhappiness before she reached this wise simplicity. It was Dorothy Dell, her closest friend, who prodded and pushed and argued Dottie Lamour into taking an interest in show business. Beautiful, talented, boundlessly ambitious; that was Dorothy Dell, and she was loyally devoted to her school mate, the shy, skinny, self-effacing Dorothy Lamour, who wanted merely to be happy.

When Dorothy Dell won the mouth-filling title of "Miss Universe" in the national bathing beauty contest, and was offered a job in the Ziegfeld Follies, she refused to go without Dottie the Second. Instead she signed with a Fanchon and Marco vaudeville act because they agreed to take her friend. Then she had to talk Dottie the Second into it.

Eventually that act was booked in Los Angeles, and the two girls rushed right out to see Hollywood and gazed awesomely at the outside of Paramount Studios, but no one gave them a second glance. When the tour ended, Dottie the Second returned to New Orleans. She had gained in weight and self-confidence, but she didn't think much of show business. She got a job with a hometown real estate company. Dorothy the First, the ambitious one, went on to New York.

New Orleans was having another beauty contest, and the promoters, busily rounding up shapely contestants, called little Miss Lamour in on the strength of her previous achievements. She looked at the contest and walked out.
Dorothy as she is today—and over there at the left is the off-screen Lamour in those early days when all she wanted to do was to get back to her husband, Herbie Kay.

entry in the annual affair. Dottie the Second had to buy her bathing suit on credit.

She won. This really stirred ambition in her. She began to get excited over the possibility of following Dorothy Dell to New York, but that hope fizzled out when she lost in the finals at Galveston. Dorothy the First's letters consoled her by insisting that the place for Dottie the Second was New York. The only flaw with that argument was that Miss Lamour couldn't raise the fare for that destination, but she did reach Chicago and eventually found that now-famous job running an elevator and modelling clothes at Marshall Field's store. Once again, this star-to-be consoled herself with the idea that show business wasn't for her.

So what happened? The Follies came through Chicago, and with them Dorothy Dell, with her buoyant enthusiasm and determination to help her chum find a career. At this stage a third Dorothy entered the plot. Dorothy Dell interested Dorothy Gulman in Dorothy Lamour, and that combination was a winner. Gulman was an agent who eventually obtained the audition for Lamour that led to a singing job with Herbie Kay, the band leader.

Dottie sang with Kay's band, traveling from place to place. She hated it. She finally decided to go to New York where she could live with her mother. She was tired of show business.

By the end of the first week it dawned on Herbie Kay, as such things will, that the departure of Dorothy Lamour had left an aching void. He had to wait till the Chicago engagement was over, but the moment it did, he hurried to New York and proposed.

Although Dottie had started singing in radio, she had missed him, too. Stymied by the three-day law in New York, they flew West and were married in Waukegan, Illinois. How this little elopement coincided with Dottie's idea of romance can be understood now.

She was in love, first love, and she didn't think how life with an itinerant band is just one series of one night stands or at best a few weeks, a succession of trips where you left one place at midnight and then jammed drums, saxes, and traps aboard a bus for a jolting ride to the next town. She didn't consider it was the life she had all too recently disliked. She wanted a home. She wanted domesticity. Eventually she went back to New York where she had a contract with the National Broadcasting Company. The idea was that she'd establish a real home for herself and Herbie, a home that he could live in during whatever free time his tours permitted.

Thus in 1935 when NBC decided to originate the program in Hollywood and wanted Dorothy to go out there, she refused. Herbie talked her into going. Apparently what settled the matter was all that beautiful money, since they agreed that when they had acquired enough capital, Dorothy would retire.

And so, as previously recorded, Dorothy and her mother arrived in Hollywood, with her mother keeping house and Dottie singing. To supplement her far from munificent pay as a sustaining artist, Dottie got an engagement at the Clover Club, then a popular movie rendezvous. Immediately the studios began calling her to make screen tests.

A talent scout in New York had once argued her into making a screen test, and even he hadn't been able to compliment her on the results. So now Dottie just laughed and shrugged the call off.
The NBC artist's bureau grew insistent. The thought came to Dottie that Paramount was the studio where Dorothy Dell had been in pictures. She had told Dottie how kind they were to her, how much she liked all the people at that studio, before her tragic death in an auto accident had stopped her brilliant career. But—once again as Lamour's guiding star, Dell had voiced the wish that Dottie could work there, too. Now, what would Dorothy Dell say if she could know that Dottie the Second had rejected an offer of a screen test there?

Dorothy Lamour's loyalties go deep. She took the test. But later she made a decision. From all she had heard, Hollywood wasn't a town for a girl who was more interested in a home and a husband.

"Even if they want me in pictures," she said to her mother, "it isn't my idea of a life, at all. I don't want to be a career girl. Herb has that job in Denver now, and maybe he won't have to move around so much. I'm going to quit everything—not even sing with the band—and go stay with Herb."

Dorothy quit Hollywood cold. And then, a month later, in Denver, the front door bell rang and a messenger handed her a telegram:

**PLEASE COME TO STUDIO AT ONCE. WE HAVE A PICTURE FOR YOU.**

**ADOLPH ZUKOR.**

It would have made any other girl delirious with joy. That slip of yellow paper, creased and dog-eared, but treasured as if it were a parchment diploma, is still among Dottie's possessions. Yet that day it brought her no happiness and only greater problems.

Dottie worried about showing it to her husband, but Herb was delighted. Of course she must go. Finally after long discussions, she made up her mind to obey the summons. But just for one picture! That was all.

Dorothy went through the routine of signing the usual seven year contract, with options, starting at two hundred a week, hardly believing a word of it. She was one of the few survivors of the old fashioned age of long hair. Paramount, it seemed, wanted her to play a primitive maiden in "Jungle Princess," in which she would peer like a startled fawn through her long hair, while coyly pretending ignorance of the amorous attentions of Ray Milland. Even for a low budget picture it set new economies in the way of a wardrobe. She was handed something called a sarong, with an extra one in case of emergency.

Dorothy spent six weeks dunking herself in a cold creek that runs through Paramount rancho, eating bananas, holding hands with a chimp named Jiggs, and hiding behind palms from the screen advances of Ray Milland. She was convinced the picture would be the flop of all time.

The result, as you know, measured in box-office terms, was terrific. Paramount picked up Dottie's options as if they were nuggets. Astute Mr. Goldwyn borrowed her and the sarong for "Hurricane." Paramount had found a gold mine in this girl who was not only beautiful but could sing, and Paramount intended to cash in on it all.

All this was quite outside of Dottie's original calculations. According to the popular idea, when you make a hit in pictures, the money rolls in too fast to count. Actually, the contracted salary stays the same while expenses skyrocket.
She had come to Hollywood only to get wealth for herself and her husband. Yet when the studio called her to make song tests for “High, Wide and Handsome,” starring Irene Dunne and Randy Scott, her mother was ill and an operation had become necessary.

Because Carmen Lamour needed the money, Dottie, without revealing her mental anguish, went to the studio the morning of the operation and recorded the songs. That was more than just a singing test; it was a test of character. Not until the job was done did she rush to the phone, to be told her mother was going to be all right.

Among the obligations imposed by picture popularity is the duty owed to the film fans, and until this has actually been experienced, their insistent adulation and the continual demands of people cannot be imagined. The public suddenly turns into a sea of clamoring voices and outstretched hands.

Dorothy had sensed that this would happen. A patient attitude toward it all might have resolved the misunderstandings that arose, but now little differences between them took root and grew. Columnists trotted out their time worn cliches that start: “Who was that handsome young man with Dorothy Lamour at the ‘Troc’ last night?” These items pay no attention to fact; it’s just an easy way to mention a popular figure. Yes, but now little differences between them took root and grew.

Dorothy and Herb were divorced. Even greater success came to Dorothy Lamour. Her voice reached the millions who heard her each night. Bill drove to Kay’s bedside. For her war bond tours to the four corners of the country.

That was the beginning. Oddly enough, Dottie’s friendship with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope helped her emerge as the Government’s top salesman.

Veterans in the quip and wisecrack, Dottie was fair game for their constant ribbing. There were times she got so mad she was ready to quit, which of course meant the ribs came oftener than ever. She finally made up her mind to beat them at their own game. They knocked themselves out trying to get a rise out of her. And bit by bit she sharpened her wits so that she could pay off in kind.

When Dottie faced her first big crowd at a bond rally in Chicago, thousands of students were around the platform. She was wearing a sweater, which was a tactical error, throwing some sizzlers she’d learned from Bing and Bob. She figuratively rolled up her sleeves and let ‘em have it. They cheered her when it was over, and stamped for the bond wagon.

It was between bond tours and pictures, a brief interval indeed, that Dottie at long last met the right man, and fortunately knew it. She and Laura Lamarr were at Arrowhead Springs when the Army Air Force camp at San Bernardino invited Dottie to come over and sing for the boys. They sent Captain William Ross Howard III, who lived near the hotel, to escort her to the base.

Dottie learned that Bill came from Baltimore. She had spent some time there when Carmen was having a check-up at Johns Hopkins hospital, and so there were mutual friends to remember and discuss. That was the beginning.

By the time Bill had taken her out a few times, both knew what would be the outcome, and when Bill was taken desperately sick in San Francisco and Dottie and Laura flew up there, it was obvious that this at last was love—not like her girlhood crush on Herbie.

This marriage was going to be all that Dottie had missed in life. When her pal Kathleen married, Dottie was her bridesmaid, and it was agreed that Kay would be hers if and when Lamour married. Kay wore blue, and Dottie wore pink; they liked the color scheme and vowed they would use it again. There was only one circumstance that prevented the fulfillment of this plan; when Dottie married Bill, Kay’s baby had arrived and she was unable to go to the wedding.

But Dottie carried out the arrangement and wore blue, while Laura Lamarr, as bridesmaid, wore pink. Then, while several hundred guests waited at the reception Paramount gave in their honor, she and Bill drove to Kay’s bedside.

The wedding had been all that Dorothy had dreamed about, in which she stood at the altar with her close friends and family, and there were the soft strains of the wedding march. There were gardenias, Bill’s favorite flower, everywhere. Little boxes for her guests to take home a piece of cake to dream on. At last a small town girl had come into her own. Her happiness was worth waiting for.

This time she intends to keep it. If she thinks that Hollywood threatens her happiness, there’ll be only one answer.

She’ll exit, laughing, from the Hollywood scene.
IN no sense can you list this under conventional entertainment. Essentially it is a preacher, concerning modern day Russia as seen through the eyes of one of our former ambassadors, Joseph E. Davies. Movieland feels that "Mission to Moscow" goes overboard on propaganda, particularly in the last half, and thereby loses much of its punch, and yet we advise you seeing it. It has the value of being living history, of being provocative, thoughtful, and stimulating. It is also magnificently produced, acted, and directed.

Joseph E. Davies was sent to Russia by President Roosevelt just prior to Hitler's entry into Czechoslovakia. Entering the capital of Communism as an alert observer Mr. Davies remained to become an impressed friend. He wasn't content merely to see Moscow and the swank diplomatic circles. He visited factories, small villages, farms, and the centers of war games.

Walter Huston sensitively portrays Mr. Davies. Ann Harding is delightful as Mrs. Davies. Oscar Homolka gives a masterly performance as Maxim Litvinov. There are some hundred other speaking roles, portraying the world figures of Churchill, Stalin, Marshal Timoshenko, and others who are all excellently played.

If you aren't politically minded, this will bore you excessively, since there is no "plot," no "love story." But if you are interested in the life and times of one of our greatest allies, then you will find "Mission to Moscow" lingering in your memory, long after you have left the theater.

Yes, you may—and you may not—disagree with much of its point of view, but you will not find it dull entertainment. If you've a mind for this sort of thing, see it.

THE super-duper entertainment bargain of all time, "Stage Door Canteen," actually has a cast of seventy-two major stars, ten completely new but highly competent young players, six knockout bands (Goodman, Kyser, Lombardo, Martin, Cugat, and Count Basie), and fifteen musical numbers. If in the midst of all this, the story is a bit weak, who cares?

Hollywood producer Sol Lesser created this keen movie with the cooperation of the so-called "American Theater Wing," which means the association of all the top Broadway theatrical people who are united in maintaining Broadway's "Stage Door Canteen" for the benefit of service men. The largest proportion of the profits will go to the Canteen, and thus Mr. Lesser was able to bring to the screen such personalities as Katharine Cornell, Helen Hayes, Lunt and Fontanne, and the sixty-odd others.

The story is necessarily simple, the saga of three soldiers on leave in New York, about to sail they don't know where. At the Canteen they meet three girls and react in their individual ways. Screen newcomers William Terry and Cheryl Walker are the pair who fall in love. Young Lon McAllister is the boy who has never been kissed. Michael Harrison and Margaret Early are merely out for the laughs.

On this thread of a plot are strung the acts, Cornell doing a bit of "Romeo and Juliet," Gracie Fields singing, Yehudi Menuhin playing the "Ave Maria" of Gounod, Gypsy Rose Lee in a comedy strip tease, Lanny Ross putting over a great tune, "We Mustn't Say Goodbye," and all the others in specialties too numerous to list.

Go see this. You'll have a wonderful time for yourself—and be doing your bit for our boys, too.
THIS is the daffy picture of the month. Red Skelton is a hat check boy, Louie, at a very swank nightclub. Both he and Gene Kelly, the hoofer of the floor show, are dazzled by the show's leading lady, Lucille Ball. Lucille has a yen for Gene, the show's leading lady, Lucille but she struggles against giving way to it, her only aim in life being that of acquiring a rich husband. Just as she is about to succumb to it, her only aim in life being that of acquiring a rich husband, she is taken temporarily out of this world by a Mickey Finn. In this dreamer he turns out to be. He wakes up in a Louis XVth bed, quite naturally bewildered by this for the jolly reason that he has been sent to him that King Louie has Madame Du Barry, and it is conveyed to him that he is the parent of stage producer John Thornway makes everything cozy. Mrs. Thornway agrees with their rosy point of view, fixes it up for Lily to meet John when he comes home for a brief rest.

Of course, Lily is the ham of all right. Our heroine. She follows John to Broadway. She invades his theater during rehearsals. She mixes him up nicely with the star of his show, who has a crush on him. She gets herself and John in so wrong that nothing but love could ever put it right. So love does just that, but not at all in the manner you would expect. Which is the secret of the charm of much of "Presenting Lily Mars.

Besides Judy, there's Van Heflin, absolutely socko as the producer. Richard Carlson, very delightful as an amnesiac playwright, Martha Eggerth as the angry girl friend, and Fay Bainter and Spring Byington as the two mothers. To top this, there are Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra and Bob Crosby and his orchestra, which is more than a bit of all right.

Do you think you'd like it?
MOVIELAND HAS TAKEN UP VICTORY GARDENING IN JUST AS BIG A WAY AS THE REST OF OUR COUNTRY. BUT DESPITE THE MUCH-DISCUSSSED "WIDE, OPEN SPACES" OF THE WEST, MOST MOVIE HOMES HAVEN'T MUCH EXTRA LAND AROUND THEM. SO TENNIS COURTS, PLAY GROUNDS AND ALL SUCH ARE BEING UTILIZED, AND TODAY NO HANDS ARE GLAMOROUS UNLESS THERE'S A BIT OF GOOD EARTH ON THEM!

Jimmy Gleason has one of the finest herb gardens in all California. Jim also raises all vegetables, many fruits, runs a wonderful lath house for seedlings. Incidentally, one of the funniest victory gardens is the majestic white fountain in Guy Kibbee's backyard, surrounded by a bed of onions where petunias once grew.

right—MacMurray, the screen lover, busy with the fertilizer. Fred does all his own gardening. Lilly, his wife, has a separate personal vegetable garden. To date, Fred's cabbage is best, but Lilly says she will have more tomatoes than he does. We'll let you know how it all comes out in the fall.
above and to the right—Even the kid stars are going in for dirt. Young Joan Carroll is mighty proud of her cabbage crop (cabbages, most politely, grow the year round in California). Joanie also takes care of a flock of chicks.

This was intended to be the tennis court at Jimmy Cagney's new Coldwater Canyon home. And now look at what James has made it.

Annie Sothern lives right in the busiest section of Beverly Hills, has no space at all for a garden. But that doesn't stop her from doing her bit. Here she is defying the bugs to get at her lone orange tree.

The wives fighting men leave behind them can take over the care of a whole ranch; that is, they can if they've got the kind of sturdy character Lucille Ball possesses. Lucille really does live in the wide, open spaces, so far away from MGM that when she's working, she has to live in town.
Most of us are like Cornel Wilde—when it comes to gardening. We have to make crowded corners do. And like Cornel, we tie up the bean vines in this unorthodox manner, which doesn't matter at all as long as the beans thrive.

Joan Crawford hadn't a spot for vegetable growing until she thought of spading up the round bed that used to hold tuberous begonias. Now it floursishes with enough corn, tomatoes, lettuce, and beans for the household.

Another shot of Lucille Ball's garden. This gives you an idea of the diversity of her crops. She has four dogs she takes care of, too.

When it comes to family gardening, there's no busier group than Dennis Morgan and his small fry. Dennis and Stanley, Jr. work together daily (Dennis' real name, you remember is Stanley Morner) and little sister, Kirsten (named for the great opera singer, Kirsten Flagstad) is delighted to help with the weeding.
Originally it was Dick Arlen who thus named Bing—or Harry Lillis Crosby, if you prefer. The Bingo has kept that title among his friends ever since. He is the phenomenon of movie business, a canny guy who has never lost his head in the slightest.

He makes movies, records, does his weekly radio stint, broadcasts continually to our boys abroad, oversees his try-out office for new inventions, goes on camp tours, plays championship golf, races his horses and runs an equine breeding farm, lives not only in the midst of his own boisterous family of Dixie and the four boys, but also in the midst of his brothers' families, which are also populated with progeny. For most mortals that would require a sixty hour day, but Bing is never rushed, never nervous. He even persuades people that he is lazy—which proves he's a good actor. His next picture is "Dixie."
Have you ever seen a star raging? Well, I have.

Have you ever heard a star take the witness stand in her own defense and, armed with Exhibits A, B, C, and D, argue that she should be made less alluring on the screen? Well, I have.

The star, Gene Tierney. The court-room, Gene's house one summer afternoon.

Gene, in black and white checked slacks, tan moccasins, white silk shirt, and bright, red temper, used her home as Exhibit A.

"Does this house look like the home of an exotic siren?" she demanded. "This early American type of house, deliberately a bit crude, kind of pioneer, with old gas lamps, geraniums in pots, copper warming pan, and that sort of thing?"

Gene pointed to the antique cobbler's bench. She rubbed her fingers (guiltless of polish, the rather blunt fingertips of a little girl) over the soft-sheened old silver of the Lazy Susan on the plain pine table; she gestured toward the hooked rugs and the bright chintzes and comfy chairs. "Does all this," she wanted to know, "suggest the lair of a—a dame?"

Gene said, "I have a flannel nightgown with long sleeves. When I wear it, I put my hair in pigtails. My husband says, 'You look cuter in that than you do in those drapey things.'"

"That says it for me, in a dozen words. That sums up for the defense. For what I'm getting at is this: Don't you think they misunderstand sex in Hollywood? Don't they make it too obvious? When a flannel nightgown and pig-tails light flares in a man's eyes, why must I wear a sarong and go up to the camera looking like this," (Gene squinted her eyes to Oriental slits, leered horribly) "in order to be seductive?"

"I don't mind being sexy at all. No girl does. I don't like being exotic, bedizened. For if you have sex appeal, you can be dressed in a little tailored suit, and the sex appeal will still be evident. If you've really got sex appeal, you can be sexy in a—a raincoat. What I hate is to read every script and find myself in a bathing suit or six beads."

Miss T. then inched me into her bedroom, stood back while I took in the wallpaper, a design of scarlet and purple flowers, fat and old-fashioned; the furniture, marble-topped tables and what-nots; the family daguerreotypes.

"Is this," she asked, reasonably, "your idea of the boudoir of a DuBarry? Or does it look as though a girl from Fairfield, Connecticut, sleeps here?"

She dove into her wardrobe, rose to the surface with a pair of navy blue shoes, flat of heel, blunt of toe; somewhat scuffed (Clodhoppers, her husband Oleg calls them) in one hand; a bouquet of cotton dresses.

We wouldn't fool you. Gene isn't stirring up a thing in that kettle except perhaps a little controversy. However, this does show a bit of the Tierney-Cassini living room.

GENE TIERNEY

TALKS ON SEX

SHE WANTS LESS EXOTIC ROLES ON THE SCREEN, THIS STAR WHO WILL SOON BE A MOTHER

On the Tierney allure version, this, the kitchen type of come-hither. Regard, please, Miss Tierney not trying to preserve that super-duper figure—not with that oat-meal she has.

Tierney version—a shot of Gene in her chintz covered bed, she herself wearing pig-tails and a flannel nightie, high of neck, long of sleeve. This is the real Miss T, says she.
Gene insists you can be a lady and be alluring, and this gentle needle-woman-at-home shot wins the argument. This is something for a fellow to come home to.

by GLADYS HALL

Below—Hollywood version of the terrific Tierney sex appeal. Completely revolting, this, says Gene. Is zat so, murmur the boys at the box-office... well... But take a glance around at the Tierney version of sex appeal.
my mother gave me the signal and flounced me out of there, remarking testily, 'A gentleman doesn't call a young lady a little cutie.'

"When they called me back, two days later, asked me to make a test and suggested that I try to look a little older by wearing a black dress. Mother had helped me with that. I'd never worn black before. The test made, we went on to San Francisco, thinking nothing more than that it was a great lark to have a movie test; something to tell the kids back in Fairfield.

"And when after they had made the test, the studio called me in San Francisco, I signed my name, 'Bette Davis.' I went back to the stock company, my father told me I must go home first and make my debut, as planned.

"Which, without it occurring to me to rebel, I did. Such a gal as I played in 'Shanghai Gesture,' I further added, "or even the shot-bang character I played as 'Belle Starr' would not be exotic, and as a matter of course, obey Papa.

"As added testimony to my naivete, having met Bette Davis and Errol Flynn, briefly, the day we first visited Warner Brothers Studios, and having heard that they were to be in the East, I invited them to my debut which took place at the Fairfield County Country Club.

"They didn't come, of course. But they wrote me charming notes of regret and as their names appeared on the guest list printed in the Fairfield paper, there were certainly no refusals! I copied the dress I wore at my coming-out party, by the way, from one, the flouncy one, Bette Davis wore in 'Jezebel.'

"My very first part on the stage was that of a wide-eyed immigrant girl in 'Our Town.' The stage then where I collected my first notice, 'Mrs. O'Brien Entertains.' The play was a quick fade. But no one, certainly, seemed to think I was miscast. All the notices were simply swell for me. So swell that I committed some of them to memory, 'Of course it doesn't mean anything to you,' I said (how truly) "but I think you are a great actress.'

"When, somewhat against his better judgment, as he made quite clear, my cousin Gordon introduced me to the casting director at Warner Brothers, a gentleman who gave me the lachkuster eye, said patiently, 'Yes, she's a little cutie.' Whereupon

"The burden of my grief, the theme of my sad, sad story is this: having played parts such as I did in 'Shanghai Gesture,' 'Sundown,' and most of the others, I am afraid I will never be thought of for parts like—well, for such a part as Jennifer Jones is playing in 'The Song of Bernadette.' That picture is being made right on my own lot, and I would not even try to test for it. They didn't refuse to test me for it—worse, they never even thought of testing me. And it is—this is what worries me—the kind of part that, unless you play it when you are very young ... you never can. And I could play such parts, believe me, I could play them. I want my name to be synonymous with the gum-chewing girl who works in a department store was not ex—no, not even the shot-bang character I played as 'Belle Starr' would not be exotic, and as a matter of course, obey Papa.

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MOVIE STARS ARE FANS . . . TOO

Eleanor Powell has always admired the great musician and conductor, Arturo Toscanini. When a couple of years ago she heard that Toscanini was visiting the MGM lot, she was beside herself with excitement. Then her heart sank. Undoubtedly he would ask only to meet the great singing stars.

On the fatal day, while she was practicing a ballet number on an empty sound stage, she looked up and saw Toscanini watching her. Her heart almost missed a beat. She was afraid he'd go away, and she'd never get a chance to speak to him. But he didn't go away.

Instead, when she finished her number Toscanini said, "That was beautiful. Will you make for me now the dance with the noise?"

Quickly Eleanor took off her ballet slippers and put on tap dancing ones. And she did a tap dance, every step of which was a way of expressing her admiration for Toscanini. When she had finished, he kissed her on both cheeks and invited her to have dinner with him.

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**UNEXPECTED INHERITANCE**

You often read about the fabulous gifts movie stars give, but seldom is it when you hear of fabulous gifts given to movie stars. Still they do happen.

Academy Award winner Jimmy Cagney has a soft spot in his Irish heart for trotting horses, and he owns about six beauties. Jimmy keeps them on his farm in Martha’s Vineyard.

The Victory Committee offices and announced that she wanted to interrupt her picture career to devote six months to entertaining soldiers, sailors, and marines through USO camp shows.

That much of the story was published, but the entire story is so fine it deserves to be told completely.

Miss Lee had, a half hour before, flatly turned down a contract for three pictures in order to give her time to the entertainment of our boys. The part offered her in “Iron Major,” which stars Pat O’Brien, would have been the fattest role of her career.

“Joe E. Brown’s statements that the soldiers need entertainment sold me on my six-month offer,” Miss Lee told the Victory Committee. “Some two thousand players in Hollywood are signing pledges to donate six weeks of their time to this necessary cause. I want to go them one better. My time is your time for the next six months.”

The Victory Committee forthwith put her on a train for Austin, Texas, where she sold bonds by the hundred thousands. On her return, she found a USO camp show route awaiting her, one which may eventually carry her around the world.

“I’d like to go to Guadalcanal, to North Africa, or wherever they want to send me,” were Anna Lee’s parting words.

**WHAT THEY’RE TALKING ABOUT**

**TOWN TOPICS:** Olivia de Havilland has found a new love, and don’t let anyone tell you that it isn’t so. Captain John Huston is consoling himself with Simone Simon (that old consoler) but Olivia has bound herself to some gentleman in khaki, even if he doesn’t have officer’s bars. Andy Devine is studying celestial navigation, even if they would have a hard time finding a ship to fit him in. Andy has worked long and hard to get himself into a position to take care of his family while he is gone and is working hard to get himself a post of some kind. Can’t you just hear that gravel voice sending messages? . . . Best Opportunity of the Month: That of Vaughn Monroe getting the leading part opposite Lucille Ball in “Meet the People.” The handsome band leader is studying coaching lessons like mad and he can count on all the help from blonde Lucy who has had a hard time starting in movieland herself. Shirley Temple, age fifteen, has picked herself up and don’t let anyone tell you that it isn’t so. She has a Nob Hill socialite from San Francisco. However, Shirley’s parents will take her East to do a show, with rehearsals starting in early September, so the baron of Nob Hill may have to forget the curly top unless “still waters run deep.”
Why producers have a fine life. Here Harry Cohn, the dynamic head of Columbia pictures, finds himself entirely surrounded by Rita Hayworth, Janet Blair, and Anita Louise.

Swell guy Jimmy Cagney welcomes swell committee meeting. Andy Devine looks on.

As seen by Movieland's staff photographer, Nat Dallinger. The meeting was really a clearing house affair to decide camp programs and who was going where.

MEN and women all over this country are reporting remarkable results in losing weight easily. Many lost 20 pounds in a month or more. They are following the Easy Reducing Plan of Dr. Edward Parrish, well-known physician and editor, former chief of a U. S., military hospital and a state public health officer.

Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan makes reducing fun, easy and fast, because it has NO STRUGGLE, DIETS, NO EXERCISES, and no exercises. Just take a special reducing drug. Take nothing else for lunch except an apple, banana or a slice of bread. For breakfast and dinner EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO, but not hastily. Don't cut out fatty, starchy foods—just cut them down on them. By following Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan, you cut down your daily caloric intake, thus losing weight naturally. You needn't suffer a single hungry moment. CAL-PAR is not a harmful reducing drug. It is a special dietary product, fortifying your diet with certain essential minerals and vitamins. Most overweight people are helped by the Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan. Try it and you and your friends will marvel at the vast improvement in your figure.

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CUBINA BEAMS AND TRACY TWIRLS—EVERYBODY HAPPY

Cobina Wright, Jr., is the happiest girl in town. She is going to have a baby in October and just goes around movieland with a beaming smile and cheery look, knowing that even if they send her Palmer Beaudette overseas, she still will have "something to remind her" soon.

Arthur Murray Report: Spencer Tracy is a fine dancer, but after years of neglecting the ballroom, Spencer has to do a scene in "A Guy Named Joe" with Irene Dunne. Hence Spence right now twirls a mean tootsie under the expert Murray supervision. Also Wallace Beery has become a threat to the Latin bands. He learned to tango in five lessons and twirls and twirls. Bad men are the strongest people!

NO COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

Pretty Mary Beth Hughes and Ted North just have been married, culminating a courtship of over two years. The two met when they were both virtual unknowns on the Twentieth Century-Fox movie lot. Mary Beth went to stardom, and Ted just kept getting small roles in small pictures; however the recent romance changed all that. Then Ted was introduced into the Army and after a few months was given an honorable discharge. Now they are married, and Ted is at last promised leading roles at his studio. Mary Beth has signed up with Pine-Thomas, so all is very fine.

COULD IT HAPPEN TO YOU?

Hollywood's Good Deed For The Day Department: On the KKO lot for the past year, a youngster named Russell Wade has been under contract. He gets a small salary, and because of this, whenever he was up for a part, studio buggies would say, "Oh, let's get someone a little higher priced" and out would go Russell's chances.

One day, through a series of freak accidents, Russell was given a rather good part in "Bombardier." Director Bob Wallace liked his work and wanted to slate him for the part of John Garfield's brother in "The Fallen Sparrow." Garfield wanted him, too, but the buggies still said he wasn't good enough and refused to allow Wallace to test him.

So Wallace, nice guy that he is, gave Russell the part of a flower peddler in the picture, shot the sequence the first day and then ran the rushes for the producers. They liked the boy and wanted to sign him at the studio—figuring he was just an extra.

Result of Wallace's time and trouble—Russ has the second biggest part in "The Fallen Sparrow," plays a good part in the latest "Gildersleeve" and has a fine role in "The Leopard Man."

THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT SHOOTS TROUBLE

Speaking of "The Fallen Sparrow," troubles are looming again because of the position of our Foreign Department in the matter of Spain.

The script calls for John Garfield to play the part of a Spanish Loyalist whom the Gestapo chase to New York, attempting to murder the boy for political reasons. Because it lies up Spain with Germany, the Foreign Department is screaming that some way has to be found to separate the two things.

Auctioning of the script in Chicago to raise funds to separate the two things. Auditioning of the script in Chicago to raise funds for the benefit of the United States armed forces was canceled as being "an unfriendly gesture."

Sam Wood's "For Whom the Bell Tolls" was released after the words Fascist and Loyalists were omitted and the words Nationalists and Republicans substituted. But "The Fallen Sparrow" problem isn't so simple.
VICTORY COMMITTEE
(Continued from Page 61)

Jean Hersholt, who works unselfishly and tirelessly for all charities, at the Victory Committee meeting with Mrs. Hersholt.

Edward G. Robinson and Peter Lorre go into a huddle.

Alan Curtis's newest girl (this week) is Nan Wynn. Nan is starting a movie career of her own now. Till recently she's just been Rita Hayworth's "voice."

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Are you one of these thousands, most of whom have tried to reduce by following food fads, menus, etc.—and failed? If you are, here's something new, what modern science has discovered on reducing foods, drugs and devices. Here's how you can reduce scientifically, with new health and attractiveness—and without unnecessary exercise, dieting, massage, etc.

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The "Complete Weight Reducer," a wonderful new book, has just published these marvelous reducing revelations. No matter how overweight you may be from non-glandular dysfunction, these measures will help you considerably in a few short weeks. Just follow the simple directions on general reducing and spot reducing on abdomen, double chin, hips, neck, thighs, arms, legs, etc., at once and your reducible pounds and inches of excess fat will go down, down, down... until you soon feel like a different person, with new pep and popularity.

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You need send no money—just mail coupon now. We will send you the COMPLETE WEIGHT REDUCER for 5 days' free examination. When it arrives, deposit $1.98 (plus a few cents for postage and handling) with the postman. Follow its simple instructions immediately and start reducing. If within 5 days you are not convinced that this shows you the way to considerable weight loss, pounds and inches, you may return it and we will instantly refund your deposit of $1.98. Hurry... This is your great opportunity of becoming slimmer and slimmer. So act NOW!

Endorsed In Medical Journals

Illinois Medical Journal says: "Can be used quickly and easily." Michigan State Medical Journal says: "Gives positive action and instructions." Medical World says: "Should be read from cover to cover before starting any treatment." Mississippi Valley Medical Journal says: "Physicians can recommend to their overweight patients." Also praised by many editors and columnists all over U.S.A.

Out in the Canteen kitchen Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne uncomplainingly do k.p. duty.

Remember Harry Langdon? He draws portraits almost nightly at the Hollywood Canteen.
Do you wonder when you look at these pictures that the Hollywood Canteen is so packed nightly that they have to let the boys in in shifts? Not all these stars appeared any one night—but these pictures cover only about two weeks of attendance, which gives you a rough idea.

Above—Ladies and gentlemen, behold the most beautiful k.p.'s ever seen, Miss Hedy Lamarr and Mr. John Loder busily engaged in scalding a few cups and saucers. We promised a few months back to report to you on how this romance was going. Report: it's going along smoother than a Harry James' trumpet solo, and that is a mighty smooth thing, brother. As a matter of fact, they're married.

Deanna Durbin and a sergeant beam back and forth at one another on the dance floor. Two beards and both of them real, Monty Wooley's which he wears all the time, and Walter Pidgeon's which Pidge is wearing only for "Madame Curie."

The gal that really slays them here and everywhere is Kate Smith.
Actors are always praying for a "break," hoping for a "long term contract." But there are times when both those things coming along together can be bad luck, too.

There are three examples of it around Hollywood right now, Joseph Cotten, Alan Marshall, and Jack Beutel. The former two are under long-term contracts to David O. Selznick, the latter under a seven-yearer to Howard Hughes. All three are in great demand. Likewise all three are not being loaned by their respective producers.

Cotten has two terrific performances out right now in two very different pictures, "Shadow of a Doubt" and "Journey into Fear." With the leading man shortage what it is, every studio is clamoring for his services, and money is no object. However, Selznick refuses to lend him. Since David is not in production right now, Cotten can do nothing but collect his nominal Selznick salary and just sit, while acting plums go to performers much less able and much older than he.

Marshall, who looks as handsome and romantic as a young Ronald Colman, has done nothing since the unlaunched "Lydia" nearly two years ago. There is some talk of his being sent to England to co-star with Vivian Leigh in a picture to be made over there, but that is still in the talking stage.

As for young Jack Beutel, he still has four years to go on his Howard Hughes contract. But since he has just recently gone into the Navy, it is possible that he may never be seen at all.
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MAIL COUPON TODAY . . . TEST 10 DAYS ON GUARANTEE OF FULL SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK!

The beautiful, sentimental solitaire has a gorgeous, brilliant center replica, nearly 3/4-carat size and two dazzling replicas on each side. The mounting reproduces in fine detail the same popular ring styling which has been the rage from Miami to Hollywood. It is the ring of youth, of love, of affection. Now in genuine sterling silver mounting that will last truly a lifetime. Remember, we're not trying to tell you these are real diamonds. The originals would cost $100.00, $200.00 or perhaps more. But these replica diamonds ARE one of America's greatest imitations. Not too big, not too flashy, it takes the closest inspection to tell the difference. Stage stars, celebrities, social leaders and millionaires don't risk their precious originals but wear replica diamonds without fear of detection.

The solitaire is offered to you for only $1.95. The solitaire and wedding ring to match are specially priced at only $2.95 . . . the perfect pair for only $2.95. Send no money. Just mail the coupon below and deposit $1.95 for the solitaire alone or $2.95 for both the solitaire and wedding ring, plus 10% Federal Excise Tax, and postage charges. Inspect these beautiful replica diamonds. Wear them, see how real-like they sparkle, how amazingly brilliant they are, how envious your friends may be. Convince yourself—compare these replica diamonds with originals. Consider them on approval, on free trial for ten full days. Then, if you can bear to part with your rings, if you aren't satisfied in every way, return them and get your money back for the asking. Don't wait, but mail the coupon, today!


FOR RING SIZE

Use the chart below. Cut out the strip accurately, wrap tightly around middle-joint of ring finger. The number that meets the end of the chart strip is your ring size. Mark it down on the coupon.

Send a Letter or Order from Convenient Coupon
Drink a Toast to Our Armed Forces!

NEW... EXCITINGLY DIFFERENT
"DRINKING COMPANIONS"
for Readers of MOVIELAND

Patriotic . . Unique . . SO Different! You'll Want to Take Advantage of This Coupon Offer Now While Supplies Are Still Available

Just think! A matched set of six, best-quality, big 10-ounce Victory drinking glasses, and on a coupon offer so amazing it may never be duplicated.

What makes these glasses so amazingly unusual is the full color design, different on each glass, saluting each different branch of our armed forces... Army, Navy, Marines, Air Corps, Coast Guard and even the Defense Worker, ALL are "toasted" and honored. There are two illustrations on each glass. We have illustrated what you see from the front. You'll get a real kick out of the back view, when you turn the glass around. In good taste for young and old, but not for "prudes"! So, readers, accept this coupon offer now, while this special arrangement is on. You'll be glad you did!

IF YOU THINK YOU MUST PAY $3, $4, OR $5 FOR SUCH UNUSUAL GLASSES
Then You'll Be Delighted When You Read the Coupon

SEND NO MONEY JUST MAIL THE COUPON

INSPECT...USE...SHOW YOUR FRIENDS ON THIS NO-RISK OFFER

Be sure to mail your coupon today. When your set of 6 full-color Victory Glasses, toasting our armed forces, reaches you, give postman only $1.49 plus C.O.D. postage. Consider them "on approval." See the excellent quality glass, the perfect shape. Note the safety chip-proof bevel edge. Most important, be happy with the vivid full-color illustrations, different front view and back view, toasting our armed forces. Use your set for 10 days, put them to every test. If you aren't 100% pleased beyond words, return the set and your money will be immediately refunded. Victory Glasses make every party a sure success, are ideal for everyday use, too. Timely, exclusive and such a wonderful coupon value, you'll be delighted. Readers, be the first in your set to Toast Our Armed Forces for Victory! Now, today, mail the coupon.

MAIL COUPON NOW... See for Yourself

MATCHED COASTER SET

For prompt action in mailing the coupon, not only do you receive your set of 6 different full-color Victory Glasses at an amazing low price, but also you'll receive a set of 6 valuable and useful coasters, free of all extra charges. Don't wait. Mail coupon now.

MASON and CO., Dept. B-16,
154 E. Erie St., Chicago, Illinois

NO-RISK 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER

Send me a set of 6 big 10-ounce illustrated Victory glasses and the free set of coasters. On arrival I will deposit with postman $1.49 plus postage charges on the iron-clad guarantee that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return the set of glasses and coasters in 10 days for complete refund without question.

☐ MONEY ENCLOSED (If money with order, glasses come postpaid.)

Name..............
(Print plainly)

Address...........................

City...........State...........

☐ SPECIAL: Send me 3 complete sets, with FREE coasters for $3.49. (Due to the demand and our limited supply, only 3 sets may be ordered by one customer.)
This is not a cheap undependable storm glass. The Weatherman Weather House is the original "Swiss" Weather House which actually tells you the weather in advance. Beware of Imitations.

WEATHER FORECASTS DISCONTINUED
THE DURATION—BUT DON'T WORRY—

to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature.

You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in the U. S. A. Everyone—business men, housewives, teachers, farmers, school boys and girls, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. But you must act quickly—prices may rise.

FREE for Prompt Action

SEND NO MONEY

AS YOU RECEIVE IT

EACH TINY PLANT PRODUCES THIS

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. You can now predict the weather in advance with this Weather House, made in the U. S. A. Everyone—business men, housewives, teachers, farmers, school boys and girls, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. But you must act quickly—prices may rise.

Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

AS YOU RECEIVE IT

FREE for Prompt Action

FREE for Prompt Action

WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY—

"My neighbors now phone me to find out what the weather is going to be. We certainly think the Weather House is marvelous." Mrs. J. N., Amsterdam, N. Y.

"I saw your Weather House at a friend's house and the way they praised it, I decided to order one for myself." Mrs. L. R., Chicago. Ill.

"Ever since I got our Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful." Mrs. D. R. U., Shreveport, La.

IMPORTANT!

This is not a cheap undependable storm glass. The Weatherman Weather House is the original "Swiss" Weather House which actually tells you the weather in advance. Beware of Imitations.

ALL WEATHER FORECASTS DISCONTINUED FOR THE DURATION—BUT DON'T WORRY—

Since our Government has banned weather forecasts and temperature reports many folks have had to buy expensive barometers to forecast the weather. Why pay $5 or $10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature. You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in the U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, housewives, teachers, farmers, school boys and girls, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. But you must act quickly—prices may rise.

GOOD LUCK LEAF

Lives on Air Alone

The greatest novelty plant ever discovered! Tradition is—a person owning one of these plants will have much good luck and success.

FREE for Prompt Action

EACH TINY PLANT PRODUCES THIS

AS IT GROWS FOR YOU

AS IT RECEIVED IT

HERE'S WHAT WEATHER

"My neighbors now phone me to find out what the weather is going to be. We certainly think the Weather House is marvelous." Mrs. J. N., Amsterdam, N. Y.

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"Ever since I got our Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful." Mrs. D. R. U., Shreveport, La.

Satisfaction Guarantee

Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer, you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only $1.69. You must act now to secure this price.

Name (Please print plainly)

Address

City

State

Date


Send to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee

AS YOU RECEIVE IT

FREE for Prompt Action

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"Ever since I got our Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful." Mrs. D. R. U., Shreveport, La.
In ten more minutes what will you be doing?

In ten more minutes they'll be in action—American fighters risking life and limb to conquer one more bridgehead on the road to freedom.

And in ten more minutes—what will you be doing to help win this war?

Because it's up to you as much as it's up to them. Unless you—and all the rest of us at home—are devoting every spare minute of our time to fighting this war as civilians, their chances of victory are slim.

Next time you read of an American raid on enemy positions—with its tragic footnote of lost planes and ships and men—ask yourself:

"What more can I do today for freedom?"

What more can I do tomorrow that will save the lives of men like this and help them win the war?"

To help you find your place in America's War for Freedom, the Government has organized the Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. Probably there is one of these Corps operating now in your community. Give it your full co-operation. If none exists, help organize one.

Write to this magazine for a free booklet, "You and the War," telling you what to do and how to do it. This is your war. Help win it. Choose what you will do now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

Contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America
There have been lots of good screen musicals but none with quite the quality of "Best Foot Forward." It's a monkey gland picture. It makes you young.

To the great Broadway hit, M-G-M has added a certain Latakia.

BFF is a masterful achievement. It has pep, zip and all the three-letter words.

Harry James and his music makers alone are worth the price of admission.

To the great Broadway hit, M-G-M has added a certain Latakia.

BFF is a masterful achievement. It has pep, zip and all the three-letter words.

Harry James and his music makers alone are worth the price of admission.

William Gaxton does on the screen what he has been doing as a star of stage shows for years.

Virginia Weidler who occupies a drawing room in our leonine heart keeps moving onward and upward, carrying on where she left off in "Philadelphia Story" and "The Youngest Profession" plus music.

There's a thing called Nancy Walker we've fallen in love with. She came from the stage cast with Tommy Dix.

Both kids are something to write home about. Anybody's home at all.

Bows for June Allyson, Kenny Bowers, Gloria DeHaven, Jack Jordan.

Cheers for the direction of Eddie Buzzell—at least three of them.

Irving Brecher and Freddie Finklehoffe, screen playwrights, cooked up a delightful dish from John Cecil Holm's stage ingredients.

And Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane are a song team that light up the horizon.

Technicolor.

Put your best foot forward by making a date to see this gay movie.

If you're old, it makes you young.

If you're young it makes you a baby.

We're teething.
BEST FOOT FORWARD

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S MUSICAL HONEY!

starring

LUCILLE BALL

with

WILLIAM GAXTON

VIRGINIA WEIDLER

TOMMY DIX - NANCY WALKER - JUNE ALLYSON

KENNY BOWERS - GLORIA DeHAVEN - JACK JORDAN

HARRY JAMES

and his Music Makers

Screen Play by Irving Brecher and Fred Finklehoffe

Book by John Cecil Holm

Music and Lyrics by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane

And Produced on the Stage by George Abbott

Directed by EDWARD BUZZELL

Produced by ARTHUR FREED

IN TECHNICOLOR

It's the picture that was picked for a WORLD PREMIERE at Broadway's famed ASTOR Theatre, scene of the screen's greatest hits!
Recording an important moment in Hollywood history: Miss Shirley Temple, now fifteen, affixes her signature to a contract with David O. Selznick, that fine producer and demon star maker who has done all right with the careers of Joan Fontaine, Ingrid Bergman, Jennifer Jones, and Joseph Cotten. Shirley’s first “grown up” picture is “Since You Went Away.”

Movieland’s staff photographer, Nat Dallinger, stops a recently married couple on the floor at Ciro’s. He’s the only photographer who was present with his camera at the Sterling-Sothern wedding. See pictures on page 24 of this issue.

THE SADDEST MAN ABOUT TOWN

These evenings it’s Helmut Dantine, now that his marriage to Gwen Anderson has broken up. When newly-married Gwen Anderson went into the Broadway play, “Janie,” neither she nor Helmut expected the show to have much of a run. Neither did Helmut expect to be kept working so busily by Warners’ that frequent trips to New York would be impossible.

Even as it was, Helmut did rush to New York at every opportunity. Sometimes he had only time for a few hours with his wife as a reward for the six-thousand-mile journey, made under the discomforts of wartime.

Twice “Janie” threatened to close, and on those occasions Dantine was very happy. But it didn’t close. Miss Anderson became steadily more important theatrically, just as Helmut rose in the movie world.

When the divorce rumors first began circulating, Helmut hotly denied them. His few but close friends believe that he himself did not want to believe them. Like the Raft-Grable situation, here again it’s the man who’s carrying the torch.

Still Helmut is very handsome, and there are some thousand-odd beautiful young things about Hollywood very eager to console him.

VERY SAD NEWS

Teresa Wright, having given up her role in “North Star” for motherhood, now isn’t going to have her baby after all. She’s being very wonderful and brave about it all, and the whole heart of Hollywood has gone out to her.

IT’S THE SAME EVERYWHERE

Just as in every town in America, the war cuts more deeply into Hollywood life with every passing day. Each month finds more established male players gone into the service . . . currently George Montgomery, Glenn Ford, and Cesar Romero have left . . . and a few returning.

Hollywood’s first war hero, Craig Reynolds, who never got quite started on the screen despite his handsomeness, comes back from Guadalcanal . . . Craig is invalided back under his true name of Hugh Enfield, Captain Hugh Enfield of the Marines, and marries Barbara Pepper, who looks very naughty on screen, and who is actually very nice . . .

Frank Albertson gets an honorable discharge from the Army, signs a new contract with Paramount, and marries Grace Gillern with whom he’s been in love for some time . . . Huntz Hall, of the Dead End Kids, is dropped by Uncle Sam because of bad eyesight, while in the Army young Bill Orr gets his lieutenant’s bars.

In our town, just as in your town, the baby boom is on . . . Gene Tierney settles down in a small Kansas
Watch for these other big ones from the biggest figure in entertainment!

**WINTER TIME**

*SONJA HENIE*

*Jack OAKIE*

*Cesar ROMERO*

*Carole LANDIS*

Directed by John Brahm
Produced by William Le Baron
Screen Play by Arthur Kober, Lynn
Starring and Dixie Lee
Stage by James Cogan and Carlos Romero

Musical Sequences Supervised by Fanchon

**HEAVEN CAN WAIT**  
**SONG OF BERNADETTEN**  
**JANE EYRE**
Surprise shot of the month: Those ex-es, Judy Garland and David Rose, appear on the dance floor together. But they don't look happy—and they were not happy. Each was out with someone else, Judy with Van Johnson, Dave with a blonde.

On the set of "Wintertime" Cornel Wilde gives Ruth Waterbury some autographs for visiting soldier boys. Wearing a deep yellow makeup to make him appear tanned, Cornel said, "Don't let those guys see me. They'll think I'm a Japanese spy."

Gail Patrick and Freeman Gosden (of Amos and Andy fame) say they are not married. Many of their closest friends insist that they are, nevertheless.

VERONICA LAKE AND HER SECOND BABY

This is hardly violent enough news to blow your hat off, but the manner of Miss Lake's breaking it to her studio is a story all in itself and magnificently characteristic of her.

Miss Lake was midway in production on "Sullavan's Travels" when she told Paramount about the expected arrival of her first baby.

This was more than a shock to the Paramount officials. They didn't even like the idea of their pocket Venus being married, much less a mother. Besides, it costs a mint of money to shoot a movie around a girl and conceal her figure throughout every foot of film. However, there was nothing else they could do, in this case, but they decided to guard against the future. When they renewed Miss Lake's contract, they wrote in a clause regarding her having to go off salary for several months prior to the event if she should again essay motherhood.

Thus a few months ago she was cast in "The Hour Before The Dawn." Ronnie looked a bit plump, whereupon a few of her closer studio friends asked her a couple of blunt questions. "For heaven's sake, no," said Veronica.

The picture went into production, and Veronica got plumper. The newspapers began asking questions, the cast began asking questions. To one and all Veronica gave the same reply. "I am not going to have a baby," said Veronica.

It wasn't until she was so deeply into the role that she couldn't be dropped without a cost of several hundred thousand dollars, that she told the truth.

The baby is due to arrive about the time you read this.

WHEN IT COMES TO BRUCE CABOT . . .

When he's from the Army, he's up to his old romantic routine. Still Errol Flynn's closest friend, he spent his entire recent furlough in the company of Annie Sheridan, always holding Ann's hand hotly in his, always dancing looking deeply into her eyes.

Annie was right in there pitching, too, but from the looks of other events it didn't mean a thing in her newly gay life. For the week before Bruce was in town, she was everywhere with Cully Richards, and the week after Bruce left, she was quite a few places with, of all people, George Raft. That is, except for the evening that she was out with no less a personage than George Brent, her ex, who is still visibly carrying a torch tall enough to knock him over.

AS FOR HOWARD HUGHES . . .

He has got around to Ava Gardner. Or vice versa.

That actually makes me sad to see. There is no more beautiful young creature in the movie colony than Ava. She and the Mick made such a cute couple. They were young and enthusiastic together.

Now Mr. Hughes is a distinguished human being. He's rich, he's charming, he can fly like Jimmy Doolittle. (I suppose it is his nearly total deafness that bars him from service.) But he consistently for the past fifteen years or so has dated (Continued on page 78)
He tried to divide his heart... and Broke Theirs!

A GREAT BOOK;
A GREAT PLAY;
A GREAT, GREAT PICTURE THAT YOU SIMPLY HAVE TO SEE!

WILL WORNER BROS.
NOW PRESENT THE MOST UNUSUAL LOVE STORY IN YEARS AND YEARS

CHARLES BOYER * JOAN FONTAINE
ALEXIS SMITH

"THE CONSTANT NYMPH"

A GREAT BOOK;
A GREAT PLAY;
A GREAT, GREAT PICTURE THAT YOU SIMPLY HAVE TO SEE!

A GREAT BOOK;
A GREAT PLAY;
A GREAT, GREAT PICTURE THAT YOU SIMPLY HAVE TO SEE!

tra-la-la - soon you'll be seeing Irving Berlin's "THIS IS THE ARMY"
(with colors flying in Technicolor) watch! wait! wheee...
MR. LUCKY (RKO Radio)

Somewhere in the middle of this, a good idea got lost. The basic plot concerns a professional gambler who rather than be drafted adopts a dead man's name and card. Penniless, he decides to fleece a bunch of silly society women out of the money they are assembling for a war charity. He calls in his henchman, stages his crooked games, birdcages and the like, only to have his better nature get in his own way, when he falls for the prettiest society girl of the outfit.

Cary Grant labors hard to make this both exciting and romantic. Laraine Day is very chill but pretty as the girl. It is good entertainment most of the way, but not up to the standard that you associate with the Grant name.

HITLER'S MADMAN

This is the story of Lidice, the Czechoslovakian town murdered by the henchmen of Heydrich, Nazi “Protector” of the country.

It is too bad that such a subject, which could have been made into an immortal motion picture, was made into such a poor one. The acting is bad, the direction worse, and the dialogue so unnatural that it would not convince a child.

Alan Curtis and Patricia Morison provide the love interest, John Carradine does what he can with the role of Heydrich, and such worthy actors as Edgar Kennedy and Ralph Morgan are completely unconvincing.

TWO TICKETS TO LONDON

A train wreck, somewhere in England, proves the means of escape for an American seaman trying to give the slip to the police. On the same train there's a beautiful girl whom the seaman takes along as a hostage.

That's the basic situation of this exciting adventure melodrama, which gets into romantic and hazardous complications before its very satisfactory conclusion.

Alan Curtis, giving far and away his best screen performance to date, and Michele Morgan play the couple, while C. Aubrey Smith, Barry Fitzgerald, Dooley Wilson, and Laurence Olivier's young son, Tarquin, ably support them.

This is fun.

THE KANSAN

Harry Sherman, that producer of swift action, outdoor epics, ladies out another honey in “The Kansan.” It's as uncomplex and as pure as peppermint stick candy, but if you go for cops and robbers on horseback, you'll enjoy this mightily.

Into a little sagebrush town rides one John Bonniwell, a handsome guy with a quick trigger finger. He keeps the James boys from robbing the local bank, even though he has to go to the hospital after the fray.

There, to his surprise, he discovers he's been elected town marshal. When he's up and well again, he realizes there's something very crooked about the town boss, and he sets out to uncover this villainy and give the townspeople peace and order.

Richard Dix plays the worthy John. Albert Dekker is the no-good smoothie. Victor Jory is excellent as a sacrificing brother, and Jane Wyatt is the charming heroine.
FLASH FOLLOW-UPS
(on films previously reviewed in Movieland)

AERIAL GUNNER
What happens when two ex-pals, one a baddie, meet at the same training field.

ABOVE SUSPICION
Joan Crawford and Fred MacMurray in comic and scary adventure as English spies.

CABIN IN THE SKY
All-colored musical. Terrific tunes, dances, Ethel Waters, and Lena Horne.

CONEY ISLAND
Betty Grable, George Montgomery, Cesar Romero in a colorful old-time musical. Typical triangle plot. Swell tunes.

CRASH DIVE
Tyrone Power's farewell picture for the duration. Loaded with submarine, battle action. Dana Andrews, Anne Baxter also present. Great!

DUBARRY WAS A LADY
Daffy but delicious romp starring Lucille Ball, Red Skelton, Tommy Dorsey, about a hat check boy who dreams he's King of France.

FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO
Exciting make-believe about an English soldier who outwits Rommel. Stars.

FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM
Roz Russell, Fred MacMurray in romantic air film.

HAPPY GO LUCKY
That, and a bit more, with Mary Martin, Betty Hutton, Rudy Vallee, Dick Powell, an inconsequential plot, saucy songs, and dances. Okey-dokey.

MISSION TO MOSCOW
A provocative preachment on modern Russia seen through the eyes of a former American ambassador. Very worth while.

MY FRIEND, FLICKA
A wild horse teaches a sensitive young boy responsibility. Very fine for all ages.

PRESENTING LILY MARS
Judy Garland, Van Heflin in a young love musical about a stage-struck girl and a bored producer.

STAGE DOOR CANTEEN
The super-duper entertainment bargain of all times with 72 stars, 6 bands, 15 musical numbers. Don't miss.

THE HUMAN COMEDY
Best and most original picture of the year. Mickey Rooney stars.

EVERY WOMAN IN A VITAL CIVILIAN JOB IS A SOLDIER IN THIS WAR!
Every day, hundreds of men are leaving important civilian jobs to join the Nation's Armed Forces. In their places, women are "carrying on"...doing work that must be done to keep America's war program going at top speed. These women are soldiers, too...doing their bit by doing a job that is helping America win the war. And like so many of their "buddies" in khaki and blue, these busy soldiers on the vital home-front find delicious Beech-Nut Gum helps rest and refresh them while they work. Naturally, the needs of the men and women in the Armed Forces come first of all. So, if your dealer's supply of Beech-Nut Gum is short at times, we know you will understand the reason why.

The need for women to replace men in necessary civilian jobs of all kinds is an unusual opportunity for patriotic women everywhere to serve their country. Investigate at your nearest U. S. Employment Service office...even though you have never worked before!

Beech-Nut Gum
The yellow package...with the red oval
One night at the Hollywood Canteen we asked Nat Dallinger, that staff photographer of ours, to train his camera on girls who were dancing with the boys in service. And look at some of the pictures he found!

Marjorie Reynolds beaming happily as she and her guest slowly moved around on the crowded floor.

Little Gracie Macdonald giving a guy from Headquarters her complete attention. Wonder what he was telling her!

And Anne Shirley—she'd just kissed this sailor and was carefully wiping off all the lipstick from his pretty crimson cheek.

(For Solution See Page 80)
MOVIELAND SUCCESS STORY

When Michele Morgan married handsome Bill Marshall, everyone in Hollywood raised their eyebrows. The vivacious Michele could have had her pick of any of the top glamour boys in town at the time, and yet she picked the relatively unknown actor, without a job at the time. She was in a difficult spot with her career, and everyone said it would hurt her box office appeal to marry.

It is now nearly a year. Michele and Bill have moved out of the small apartment he rented for them; they have a beautiful home in Beverly Hills; she is doing two pictures practically at the same time. He has a contract with Twentieth and will have time to do about two pictures before he is called into the Air Corps.

Here are two people who dared to defy all movieland set rules and marry for love, and it has paid dividends.

Incidentally, all Bill wants to take to the service with him is a certain picture he carries in his wallet, carefully covered with cellophane. It is a picture of him kissing his bride on the steps of the First Methodist Church in Hollywood, right after their wedding.

IDA COULDN'T TALK

Ida Lupino was one of the momentarily relaxed war wives in Hollywood recently when she received word that Capt. Louis Hayward of the Marines had arrived safely overseas. Ida had heard no word from him for almost five weeks, and the news of his safe arrival permitted her to deal firmly with the gossip accompanying her mysterious trip to San Diego just that long ago.

The gabbers gabbled that Ida had really planned to go to Mexico to seek a divorce, but changed her mind at the last moment. The story started when Ida had interrogated Ann Sheridan on obtaining a divorce in Mexico.

In denying the whole thing, Ida said, "Yes, I talked to Ann Sheridan at length about Mexico. I'm a diabolically curious person, and Louis and I want to own a ranch in Mexico. But my real reason for being in San Diego was to spend a few last hours with my husband. I was sworn to military secrecy, so I had to let the rumors run rampant until now."

LETTER FROM A SOLDIER

The strangest love letters in movieland are those sent to Mrs. Will Price, whom you know as Maureen O'Hara. They are filled with instructions on how the garden should be planted, the roses trimmed; and the last one from Marine Officer Candidate Price ended, "You should put a new row of carrots in every other week. It is time to replace the two rows of peas with squash—you can store this during the winter. Love, darling, and let me know how the tuberous begonias are standing the heat. Will."

FURLOUGH FROM ACTION

Captain Gene Raymond, on furlough from overseas with the Army Air Force Combat Command after almost a year, took a brief flyer into town. Outside of a sharp, serious look in his eye, a few deep but attractive lines in his face, a crisp, military manner of speech; and an almost complete absence of his personable grin, Gene hadn't changed much. The gentleman had seen and been through plenty of action, but had little to say on the subject, except that the boys "over there" can use plenty of letters from home and all the nice shining equipment that comes from bond buying.

RKO studio chiefs made it plain that they were keeping Gene's dressing room lights there burning brightly for him, and all the execs brought out their best cigars at the reception tendered him.
Editor’s Note: On account of Movieland believes there is a whole new world opening up in movies—the world of living music—we are herewith starting a new department.

It used to be Broadway and Tin Pan Alley that dominated the music business. Today it’s Hollywood and the Big Bands on tour, in the movie houses, and on the radio. Tin Pan Alley has moved West, and the best tunes of all don’t come from Carnegie Hall, pals, but from the screen. The handsomest band leaders are on the screen today, more and more, together with the smoothest senders.

But to get news of just where the big band leaders are—those same lads who often sell a half-million copies of one record, for instance—to find out what they are doing where is not so easy.

Not so easy, up to now, that is. But here’s where this department comes in. Every month, from now on, Movieland will report to you the best news, the flash news, the romantic news about the movie music makers.

The girl doing the reporting on all this is, we warn you, a hep cat terrific. She is also the hottest jitterbug at the Hollywood Canteen. (She got a prize for that.) She’s sung with bands. To find out more about her, turn ahead to Page 74 this issue.

But right now, I’ll let her talk for herself. R. W.

Hi, gang. Since I’m the chick who’s elected to let you know what cooks on the Hollywood musical scene, I’ll waste none of yours or my time, but go right into my tooting.

THE TUNEFILMS: The Twentieth Century-Fox lot was really jumping last month. Woody Herman and his crew were making rhythm for Sonja Henie’s “Wintertime,” and Benny Goodman’s band was doing the same thing for “The Girls He Left Behind.” Benny, who has always been reticent to do much singing, really gives out with the voice in this one. Of course Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda are in there pitching, too.

Charles Spivak and his orchestra started rehearsals for “Pin-Up Girl,” the new Betty Grable film.

Vivian Blaine, the singing lead in “Jitterbugs,” the Laurel and Hardy musical, is a newcomer to watch. She does three tunes in the picture, one of which you’re sure to be hearing on the Hit Parade, “The Moon Kissed the Mississippi,” by Lew Pollack and Charles Newman. In Vivian, the Fox big-wigs believe they have a new singing star.

Out Universal way they are all excited about Johnny Long in “Hit the Ice.” Johnny and his band have been clicking nicely in the East for a long while, but his personality is really socko on the screen, and if he isn’t careful, they will make him an actor for good.

Vaughn Monroe is another handsome baton-man who will try his luck in the flickers. He has been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and his first film will be “Meet the People.”

The grapevine preview gossip has
it that Dinah Shore will be a bigger star on the screen than she is on the air after the public has seen her in Warner Brothers’ “Thank Your Lucky Stars.”

In “Stage Door Canteen,” Lanny Ross, the radio favorite, really comes through with a song called “We Mustn’t Say Goodbye.”

Paramount’s “Riding High” has Cass Daley riding high with a super comedy tune, “Willie the Wolf.” Cass is the girl who was so funny in “The Fleet’s In.”

You’ll want to get a load of all these tunes.

WHAT’S BRISK ON THE DISC: With the record ban still on, there aren’t too many new releases, but what we do have is good. First on the list is “Ellingtonia,” a Brunswick album in the Collectors’ Series. And it’s the Duke at his very best. Most of the tunes are reissues of his early recordings, all instrumental, and they include such oldies as “Birmingham Breakdown” and “Black and Tan Fantasy.”

David Rose’s new album for Victor contains all the hit songs from big musical pictures from 1934 to 1941, and it is one of the finest albums ever pressed by any recording company. Bob Carroll and Pauline Byrne do the vocals. Pauline will be remembered as the “Miss” from the “Six Hits and a Miss.”

Capitol Records have a platter that is as sharp as they come. Johnny Mercer swings “Waitin’ For the Evenin’ Mail” on one side, and Ella Mae Morse and Freddy Slack do “Get On Board Little Chillun” on the other. It’s a solid sender.

EARMARKS OF HITS: The Vine Street boys really have their hands full with all the new songs in the air—and good ones, too. One of the prettiest ballads of the season is “May in Mexico” by Allie Wrubel.

“In My Arms” by Ted (“Praise the Lord,” etc.) Loesser really got popular in a hurry. It sold ninety-six thousand copies in two weeks.

Meredith Willson, the radio conductor, who had great success with his first two songs, “Two in Love” and “You and I,” has a new one which is destined to be greater than either of those. It is “Ke-Toky-I-O” —sort of a “K-K-K-Katy” of this war, and so cute.

Hoagy Carmichael’s latest love song, “Dear Friends and Gentle Hearts,” has a most interesting story behind it. The five-word title was written on a scrap of paper which was found in Stephen Foster’s coat pocket when he died in a charity ward of New York’s Bellevue Hospital many, many years ago. Carmichael was welcome to use the title because it was in Public Domain, meaning no copyright difficulties, you understand.

Lionel Newman and Charles Henderson wrote a swell rhythm ditty called “As If I Didn’t Have Enough On My Mind.” One day Lionel played it for Betty Grable, and she liked it so well she had him play it for Harry James. Harry liked it so well that he had an arrangement made for his band, took it to New York with him, and introduced it on the air. And it’s got a good chance of becoming a hit.

Be on the listen for “You Could Hear a Pin Drop,” a newy from Republic’s “Tahiti Honey.”

At the Hollywood Canteen the other night, Bobby Worth played and sang his latest, “A Fellow on a Furlough,” and if applause means anything, he can look forward to its being another “Do I Worry.”

JUNE-MOON T W O S O M E S: They do say that Kay Kyser has gone overboard for Georgia Carroll, the beautiful blonde model turned vocalist on Kay’s commercial radio show. And it looks like Georgia likes his attention—they are seen everywhere together . . . Lee Wiley and Jess Stacy are readying the shoes and rice routine. They have been romancing off and on for ages. Several years ago Lee was a big favorite on the air, and can still sing with the best of them. Jess, of course, is back with Benny Goodman, dishing out his famous brand of piano . . . David Rose has been gadding about with Margaret Whiting, Freddy Slack’s vocalist . . . ditto Gloria de Haven, MGM contractee, and Gene de Paul, talented composer of “Mr. Five by Five” fame . . .

JAM NOTES: There is definitely no

truth to the rumor that Pat Dane, Tommy Dorsey’s bride of a few weeks, is going to sing with Tommy’s band. She is still under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and although they have big plans for her, Pat’s biggest plan for herself is to be just Mrs. Tommy Dorsey and accompany him on his tours. There is a very strong possibility that by the time this is printed Dinah Shore will be on her way overseas to entertain the Armed Forces. As it is worked out now, she plans to visit every front where our boys are fighting. The servicemen really go for Dinah, having heard her often on “Mail Call” and “Command Performance” broadcasts.

(Continued on page 74)

News about Dinah Shore is that she’s trying to get overseas. And maybe boys in uniform don’t crave her!

below—Woody Herman opened at the Hollywood Palladium. Some customers!

Jack Pyle, photographer
Both Hedy and I have been married before; I once, Hedy twice. We know the pitfalls, mistakes, and dangers of married life. Neither of us is looking for adventure. We have traveled extensively. Each of us is familiar with the gay life of peacetime Europe and the United States. We do not need any of that artificial excitement. More than anything else we both want real happiness and a home. We know life well enough to appreciate the real thing when it comes along.

It was John Loder speaking, and there was no mistaking his earnestness and sincerity.

"Both Hedy and I feel that, in spite of the fact that each has had our share of the good things of life, until now neither of us has ever felt wholly content. Always there was something lacking. Now that we are wed to one another, for the first time in our loves, we are completely happy."

"Never before has either Hedy or I found anyone who was entirely sufficient to the other. Bright night spots, gay companions, and dinner parties are no longer necessary for us to escape boredom. Nor do we need to keep open house so callers can brighten up long week ends and dull evenings. Since Hedy and I have had the best times when we are alone, we spend most of our free time just that way—with each other."

The fact that the tall, handsome Englishman John Loder and the Viennese-born Hedy Lamarr are opposites, as far as temperament, acts as a balancing wheel between them, as well as making their marriage both interesting and amusing. When perplexing people or trying problems start Hedy expostulating and dramatizing, John's quiet amusement and witty remarks soon break her up. Immediately thereafter she is ready to sit down and talk things over. Her sense of humor and the fact that she never takes herself seriously soon saves the situation.

"Hedy's volatile nature, her energy and vitality, are just the right stimulus to keep me from settling into a too complacent, contented existence," says John. "Her fiery spirit and liveliness give me the mental prodding that I need."

Hedy and John had so much fun on their first date New Year's Eve that both are still trying to figure out how they possibly could have missed discovering each other's real personalities on the two previous occasions when they met. The setting was the Hollywood Canteen. John was carving a turkey for the boys, Hedy was serving coffee, together with autographs. They looked up, these glamour two, taking the measure of one another's unselfishness for being out "doing their bit" that night rather than merely amusing themselves. Only when their stint at the Canteen was done did they go out to see the New Year in at a night club.

"The time passed so swiftly and our minds clicked so perfectly as we dined and danced that I didn't want it to end," said John. "And I, who had sworn I had had enough of marriage, found myself saying to Hedy, 'Now if ever we got married, which of course is utter madness...' and Hedy laughingly interrupted, 'Well, I must say you are not very flattering.'"
"As time went on 'utter madness' became our favorite expression. Only last night, when I sat contentedly smoking my pipe in my chair by the radio, Hedy came over to me and whispered, 'Utter madness, eh?'

"Lady Luck was with us with the New Year for neither of us was working. Day after day we saw each other, until we found it had become a habit that we wanted to continue forever.

"It seems incredible, but our desires are so much the same that each of us often anticipates an unspoken wish of the other. Take, for instance, the other morning when I wanted to go horseback riding. Hedy appeared in riding togs before I had time to mention it. It has become so usual for one or the other of us to get up and turn on the radio station that the other has been on the point of doing, that it is an old story.

"Once while driving to Big Bear, Hedy suddenly said, 'What happened to that English friend of yours?' Now I have, at least, thirty English friends in Hollywood. But I didn't even bother to ask her whom she meant. I knew she was referring to Richard Frazier, whom I had mentioned casually about two weeks before. 'He's signed a contract with Universal,' I said. Later I thought how strange that we both knew to whom the other referred without mentioning names. I could go on recalling similar incident after incident.

"Music, books, walking, riding are the things we enjoy most. As we can have all of these at home, we seldom feel the urge to go out.

"While Hedy's house, where we are now living, is charming and comfortable, we plan to move as soon as I can afford it. In the first place, the distance to our respective studios is too far for gas rationing. And the house is too small for the children we expect to have. We are agreed on that. There will be at least two.

"Both of us want a Dutch style house. A large roomy, two-story dwelling with the first story faced with big gray stones and the second painted white. There must be several wide fireplaces, plenty of deep comfortable chairs, nice pieces of period furniture, and lots of brass and pewter and tile.

"We prefer to live in Beverly Hills, as it is conveniently located for all the studios. The grounds must be deep enough so the house can set well back from the street and still have a spacious garden in the rear. If we achieve this, it will be much like the country home my parents still own in England. It will be a place that always brings memories of happy living. It will be a home for children, as well as adults.

"My wife is one of the few stars who sincerely wants to retire and have children. If my career continues to go along as promisingly as it is now doing, she will leave the screen when her present contract is terminated. As that will be in a little over a year, it won't be too long to wait.

"We will have fun when I am no longer a motion picture actress,' she says. She is truly embarrassed when people stare at her and follow her about.

"When we take dinner out, as we usually do when we go to a movie, it's amusing to watch people when they recognize Hedy. They become
so intrigued that they forget to talk. Often they stop eating. The stillness is appalling. It is then that we
so longed for happiness that we forget to talk.

John Loder learned to speak German and French during the first World War. The youngest officer
at the front—he was only seventeen—had seen active service three years before he was wounded and
taken prisoner by the Germans. After the war, his work in the Intelligence Service, which took him
to France and Austria, as well as throughout Germany, made it imperative that he speak these
languages fluently. Hedy, who grew up in Vienna, Berlin, and Paris, naturally spoke several
languages.

"Travel will be the one temptation that will lure us away from home for any length of time," said
John. "That is something we are both looking forward to doing a lot of. Our first trip, which will be a
second honeymoon, and which we hope to take soon, will be to Mexico City. We also plan to go to New
York as soon as possible. After the war it will be England, South America, China—the world.

"Both of us like to travel simply and lightly. While clothes are not especially important to either of us,
each thinks that the other has excellent taste and wears clothes well.

"At home Hedy usually wears peasant dresses or a skirt and sweater. I like slacks and soft
t-shirts and tweed jackets. When we go out, we like to dress according to the occasion.

"I have never known any woman who could dress as quickly as my wife. She never uses makeup at
home, except lipstick, which she puts on in a second. All she does to her hair is run a comb through it.

"The mornings I drive her to the studio, which I do when I am between pictures, she is ready before I
am. I tell her it's because she does not have to shave.

"I'll never get over the joy of having a wife who doesn't always want to rush out to some gay spot
at night or forever have a lot of people around the house," he continued as he slipped his wedding
ring back on his finger.

"Another great comfort is that both of us agree upon no visiting each other's sets. We think it is
very disturbing, not only for ourselves, but also for the people with whom we are working.

"We never tire talking about how near we came to meeting each other in Paris, Vienna, and London. For
years, we just missed one another by the smallest margin.

"For instance, in 1935, I was in Vienna on location for a British picture. Time hung heavy on my
hands. The only people I knew, I now discover, were friends of Hedy's. Hedy lived only two blocks
from my apartment, yet somehow we never encountered one another.

"Again in Paris, I lived around the corner from Hedy's hotel. The night I went to the theater where
she was playing, a last minute invitation to a party stopped my going back stage to meet her.

"If only we had met then, we wouldn't have lost all these years nor would we have made the mis-
takes of other marriages. But possibly it is a good thing we didn't meet. At that time neither of us
had the tolerance and understanding that we now have. In the long run, our life together will work out
much better for having waited.

"The fact that Hedy is so beautiful made it easy for me to fall in love with her. That would be easy
for any man. But I have one advantage. I have learned that no matter how beautiful the woman
you marry is, in a few weeks you find she is either a very nice person to live with, or she is not. Hedy is
as beautiful spiritually as she is physically, which is a rare and wonderful thing indeed.

"Right from the start Hedy and I were together so much that it wasn't long before we knew each
other's faults, as well as virtues. It is only after people relax and stop being on their best behavior
that they really get to know each other. When we were married, we knew we liked being together—that
we liked each other. You have got to like a person, as well as love, if you expect a marriage to be happy.

"It was during our week's honey-
moon in a friend's mountain cabin
at Big Bear, where we went directly
after we were married, that Hedy
and I found out how well we hit
it off together. During the week we
didn't see a soul or speak to a per-
son, but each other.

"We did all the work. While Hedy
made the beds and dusted, I
swept and carried in armfuls of
pine logs for the fireplace. We
cooked and washed the dishes to-
gether. While Hedy tidied up the
kitchen, I carried out the garbage.

"During the day we took long
walks through the woods, rode
horseback, or went fishing. In the
evening, we sat in front of the blaz-
ing fire and listened to the radio
or took turns reading aloud to one
another.

"The more we saw of each other,
the more we wanted to be together.
Both of us feel we could have been
happy living up there—or anywhere else on earth—alone the rest
of our lives."

The End
THE EXCLUSIVE STORY OF THE BETTY GRABLE-HARRY JAMES MARRIAGE

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

Scoop! But really! We literally held the presses for this on-the-spot, exclusive coverage of the Grable-James marriage. Here it is, direct from Las Vegas to Movieland.

☆ ☆ ☆

Let it be said to their credit that Betty Grable and Harry James tried to keep their wedding ceremony dignified, private only to themselves and their necessary witnesses.

The union was solemnized at four o'clock in the morning of July fifth in Betty's suite at the Last Frontier Hotel at Las Vegas, Nevada.

The reason for the unorthodox time and the honky tonk setting for that blissful scene...well, shooting schedules beset movie stars even in their most romantic moments.

Two days previously, Mrs. Louise James had secured a Mexican divorce. On the morning of the sixth of July Betty was due back on the sound stage at Twentieth Century-Fox and on that same Tuesday Harry had to rehearse for his radio show, "Broadway," for three days and then report to MGM on Friday.

So only by meeting mid-way, Harry rushing via streamliner from New York and Betty rattling up on a milk train from Los Angeles, could they meet in Las Vegas, be married, and have a one-day honeymoon together.

Harry and Betty even had the naive idea that they might be able to slip into Las Vegas, be married, and not have any one the wiser for a week or two.

They were wrong. For two days preceding the wedding, Twentieth Century-Fox had Betty's own press agent on the job up at Vegas, trying to protect their box-office queen from the crowds they knew would most certainly otherwise rush her. Strict orders were given out that no photographers were to be present, and absolutely no reporters.

A small church, called The Little Church of the West, was hired for the service. The county clerk stood by, waiting. The Reverend Dr. C. H. Sloan waited to read the vows. The sun boiled in the sky and the temperature hung at 118 in the shadowless roads...and all the while more people kept on arriving. Photographers came. Reporters came. The press agents and the hotel management tried to shoo them off. They wouldn't shoo.

Down in the hotel kitchens, Doc, Harry gives out with a kiss—and what a kiss!—and Betty cuts the cake after their wedding ceremony.
the personality chef, toiled over a personality wedding cake. In the dance hall, Emil Coleman's band practiced "I'm Just Wild About Harry" and the James signature.

In the little church, with its small pews, the flowers began to wither and the old frontier hanging lamps which lighted it flickered in the hot desert wind.

The trouble was that Betty's train, supposed to take eight hours to make the trip, was four hours late, and Harry's super-duper train was an hour behind schedule.

Betty finally arrived at about eight in the evening, took one look at the throng gathered to see her, and got the jitters. But she insisted upon going down to meet Harry's train alone when it finally came in—around three in the morning. She was wearing a close-fitting dress of ice blue crepe and her golden hair, hatless, hung in a long bob around her face. Dark circles of fatigue showed under her excited eyes.

Harry had no hat, either, when he and Betty finally arrived at the hotel. His hair was tumbled and his suit was creased. It was a dark blue suit with a pin stripe.

By the time they got back to the hotel, the crowd was even larger. The forbidden photographers had taken their stance along the second-story porch of the hotel. The forbidden reporters were popping out of parked cars.

Betty gasped. "Not the church!"

Betty had brought her from Los Angeles Mrs. Edith Wasserman, the wife of Lou Wasserman, Harry's agent. Staying at the hotel . . . and ironically enough, getting a divorce, was Betty Furness, the ex-starlet. The two ladies, together with Manny Sacks, who runs Columbia Records, the firm for which Harry does his discing, were the witnesses.
You can't be with Betty two seconds without realizing that she's head over heels, plain out of this world about him. Betty, that rare exception among stars, a girl who does not talk much about herself, bubbles over on the subject of Harry. It is the same thing with James about Betty.

And yet, the amazing thing is that Betty, for the first time in her life, admits that this love is the real thing. There are no question marks and uncertainties as there were about Jackie Coogan or even with George Raft. Ask Betty how she knows this is the real thing, and she replies with that level-headed common sense that is as much a part of her make-up as her Petty Girl appearance:

"Because I am completely myself when I am with him. I am not attempting to be what someone has advised me to be or expects me to be or hopes that I am. I am natural and relaxed in a way I've never been before. I am just Grable, the kid herself. That is because we speak the same language."

If Fate itself had played Casting Director, where, I ask you, could it have found more perfect co-stars for a real life love story than Betty, the dancing darling of the screen, and James, the Pied Piper of the Jive World?

They are cut off the same pattern, off the same material of modern life. If you are the bright Quiz Kid you should be, you probably know Betty's story by heart. She fought every step of the way, first ignored by Hollywood and then zooming to the top as the Box Office Queen of 1942. There have been many rough spots along the way for her, but she has surmounted them all. There is not much about Hollywood or about the shams of life anywhere else that will ever fool her again.

Harry and Betty had identical wedding bands, narrow and plain in yellow gold. "Because we want it to be an old-fashioned marriage," Betty said. Betty has never had an engagement ring from Harry because, while they have known each other for several years, they fell in love so swiftly ... and because almost to the moment of their marriage they were uncertain as to whether or not Harry could get free to marry this girl who loves him so completely.

The surprising thing is not so much that they have found each other and are in love but that they did not fall in love at first sight seven or eight years ago when they met. If they had recognized then what they have found now, it would have saved them both heartaches. For Betty has known heartaches. Harry has known them, too.

I happen to know that they did meet those years ago in Chicago before either of them had clicked in a big way. In fact, both were at a low ebb in their lives. Betty's marriage to Jackie Coogan had gone on the rocks, and at that time Hollywood looked upon her as just another blonde cutie with Gorgeous Gams, which come a dime a dozen in movieland. Betty had gone out on a personal appearance tour—almost always a sign things aren't going too hot in Hollywood—and in Chicago she met James.
He, too, was far from the top of the ladder that was these days to find his secretaries sending out twenty-thousand fan photographs a week, that was to bring out seventy-five hundred jitterbug addicts at eight a.m. before the doors of New York's Paramount Theater the day he opened there, that was to find him drawing down five thousand dollars per week on the radio and netting a cool half million in 1942 as the Dream Prince of the Rug Cutters.

In fact, when Betty and Harry were first introduced, he was in somebody else's band, just an exceptionally good trumpeter who was beginning to get the idea that the swing addicts could be weaned to something less hectic in music. (How right he is proved by the sale of his records—over a million copies each of the sentimental "You Made Me Love You," "I Don't Want To Walk Without You, Baby," and "I Had the Craziest Dream.""

But for that he thought it. By this time, jive was burning up the theaters and ballrooms of the country. Exhibitors were crying for hot name bands on the marquee.

And young American jive hounds were wildly going James mad.

During the making of "Springtime in the Rockies," the James marriage was on the rocks but it held. Harry and his singer wife separated, reconciled, separated again. The hopeless tangle of George Raft's marital status was beginning to get Betty down. They were quarreling, making up, quarreling again.

Betty and Harry found themselves reminiscing like a couple of old friends. They talked records and music and careers. They made those wonderful discoveries about personal tastes in common that people always discover when they are falling in love. But I do not honestly believe they then knew they were falling in love.

When the picture was over, they went their separate paths. But this time they didn't, or couldn't, forget one another.

James started playing a sensational engagement at the Palladium in Hollywood. Betty was still being seen with George. But for that he thought it. In fact, when Betty was having dancing dates with men other than Raft . . . and always, it seemed, at the Palladium. One night, for the fun of it, and also for the cash customer value, the management announced a jitterbug contest to be run off between swing band maestros, themselves, and their partners . . . and who should win it but Betty and Harry James?

That was the first linking of their names together . . . but far from the last. When Betty finally broke with Raft, there were few Hollywood "insiders" who did not believe it was because she knew that she had fallen in love with Harry James. But once again Betty's good sense kept her from going overboard. Harry left for a New York engagement. Then one morning Louise James talked to Los Angeles newspaper men and said that she was planning to file a divorce suit against Harry soon.

The first thing Harry did when he got that news was to put in a long distance call to Betty in Hollywood.

The first thing Betty did was to catch a train to the big town to see him. The weather was hotter than the proverbial hinges all day but it didn't keep her from going overboard. The most famous James fan of them all sat quietly at a little Astor Roof table, one as close to the bandstand as any table could be placed, and waited till Harry finished his work.

During the day, while he had to sleep, eat, rehearse, catch up on the thousands of details of his band which was now "big business," Betty sat in a hot hotel room playing his records over and over, singing with them and to them.

Make no mistake about it—Betty is deeply in love and now the whole world knows with whom.

She says, "I have never been in love like this before. I have thought I knew what love was but it hasn't been like this. When I met and married Jackie, we were both kids, too young to know our own minds or hearts. I never want to say anything that will hurt George. I will always be deeply fond of him. But now I want to be married forever, to have my own home and children, at least two of them. I don't mean giving up my career, why okay. Maybe the way you know love is real is when you realize that nothing in life is important to you except preserving that love and making it more perfect and everlasting."

Thus on the morning of July Fourth with Las Vegas, Betty and Harry pledged their love. There being no escape, they posed for the waiting photographers, signed the autograph books, hastily sipped the champagne that had been iced.

Outside, the car was waiting to take them back to Beverly Hills, via another slow train, back to the house that Harry has rented for Betty.

Betty has turned her Bel-Air estate over to her mother. When the war is over, the James will see about building, will see what they can do to arrange their individual careers so that they will not have to be separated. They know now that they must part soon, when Harry goes into the army in October. That is one reason why, right now, they are jealous of every moment. They have so few of them in which to be together.

The dawn was just breaking as they arrived to the army in October. That is one reason why, right now, they are jealous of every moment. They have so few of them in which to be together.

It looked like the beginning of a beautiful day.

It looked like the dawn of a wonderful life for Harry and Betty.
That's what the critics said about John Ridgeley in his role as "Irish" in Warners' "Air Force." For years John has been around Hollywood, trying to sell the studio biggies on giving him a change, and now . . . one smash hit, he's terrific! Want to bet you'll be seeing him again soon?
It was just as rushed and wacky as thousands of other weddings all over this country, where a boy's on furlough and a girl's in love.

BY BRENDA COMPTON

"DO YOU, William, take Harriette to be your lawfully wedded wife?"
"Do you, Harriette, take William to be your lawfully wedded husband?"

When the "I do's" were pronounced to these questions by two beautifully modulated voices, they culminated a romance that had kept Hollywood speculating for the last two years.

The setting was the picturesque Community Church in Ventura, California, some seventy miles outside of Hollywood.

Today, Harriette Lake, known to you as Ann Sothern, and William Hart, otherwise known as Robert Sterling, are the happiest couple the film city has seen in many a honeymoon.

The events preceding the scene enacted a warm Sunday when Southern California blandly lived up to the Chamber of Commerce reports, were as hectic as any romance dreamed up for the pair by the cleverest scenario writers.

The couple first met two years ago when the studio wardrobe girl casually introduced Ann to her new leading man. The picture was "Ringside Maisie," but neither Ann nor Bob knew at the time that Cupid was planning a knockout. Bob was comparatively new to the business. Ann, a star in her own right, found genuine pleasure in giving him the benefits of her wealth of screen experience.

On the set it was only a casual friendship. There was no indication that it would ever be more until one now-memorable night. Ann was on her way to visit Hedy Lamarr. Bob, whose home was adjacent to Hedy's, was out for an evening stroll. The two met. It was then Bob mustered courage to ask Ann for their first date. It was the first time they had ever seen one another outside the studio. They went dancing, and they had a wonderful time.

The news cameras clicked, and from then on, columnists, quick to scent a romance, were on the trail. The flush on Ann's cheeks and the sparkle in her eyes told more than she ever did in words. Ann is no girl given to quick emotions. Maybe she knew all along that she'd be Bob's some day. But she plans things sincerely and with dignity, does this girl who isn't like Maisie at all in private life. Ann and Bob went out with no other dancing partners from that first date on. More than a year went by and then came 1943, which has proved a year that is no respecter of plans, romantic or otherwise. Eventually the same thing happened to them that has happened to couples all over the world. One morning Bob announced that he had enlisted, and Ann, like all the other girls in America, never questioned a Fate that made such things necessary. She knew Bob was right and was proud that he wanted to serve.

It was no movie parting that took place the day Bob was to report for duty. There were no tears, no hysterics. Ann and he said goodbye as any two sensible young people would.

Bob was stationed at Santa Ana for his pre-flight training. For eight weeks his and Ann's only communication was via telephone. A few precious moments that meant to Bob a good hour's wait in a long line of other khaki-clothed cadets, as anxious as he to speak to their loved ones.

During those weeks, at home, Ann sat by a phone nightly, her mind in a muddle. She missed Bob desperately, but she wanted to be sure. After all, these were uncertain times. Her common sense told her, "Wait until this is over. Wait until you and Bob can be man and wife with a safe and sane world ahead." But her
Look closely and you will see the two wedding rings that made a fearful amount of difficulties.

Even an hour before the ceremony was due to start, fans waited, like this, around Ventura's pretty little Community Church.

It was a kiss like this, before the altar, that made Mrs. Ray Miland hiss, "Break it up."

Alone, at last, in their car after the service.
heart said, "Perhaps we shouldn't. Perhaps we should take what we have now. No one really knows about tomorrow."

Bob finished his pre-flight training, only to be stationed farther away from Ann at Thunderbird Field in Arizona. He wasn't yet entitled to furlough. Ann was busy with "Swing Shift Maisie" and "Cry Havoc," so they still had to depend on letters and sadly brief phone calls, and no one seemed to be winning the mind vs. heart argument.

"Perhaps we should take what we have now. No one really knows about tomorrow." Ann was busy with "Swing Shift Maisie" and "Cry Havoc," so they still had to depend on letters and sadly brief phone calls, and no one seemed to be winning the mind vs. heart argument.

No one ever really does. But, as Ann says, "Something outside always happens to swing the decision one way or the other." Something did in this case. It was a bad appendix.

"Hello, honey," Bob's voice said to Ann one night, and the moment she heard it over all that distance, she knew instantly that something was wrong. "Don't get excited, but I'm going to the hospital tomorrow. Just my luck, only fifteen more hours and I'd have finished primary. I've tried to hold off, but the doctor says 'no.' Now I'll have to begin all over again. Don't worry, honey, I'll call you as soon as I can." Bob's voice was gone. He had said, "Don't worry." Ann tried—and failed miserably.

Exactly ten days later she met him at the station. Cadet William J. Hart had been granted two weeks sick leave (his first furlough in eight months).

The moment he stepped off the train, Ann knew the answer to her problems. Her heart had won. War or no war, Bob was right. There was no use to wait.

Now, they both wanted ample time to prepare their wedding. It was to be quiet and simple, with no fuss or confusion. Just their families and a few close friends. But true to Hollywood, Ann had just started work in "Cry Havoc" and here was Bob with only two free weeks!

It was an unscheduled "day off" for Ann that started things rolling. The couple made tracks for Ventura to establish their license. Ann concealed her hair beneath a scarf. Bob, in his uniform, looked like any other personable flyer. They thought it was all a carefully guarded secret. Who tipped off Louella Parsons was still a mystery, but Ann and Bob's plans for a "nice, quiet little ceremony" went up in smoke with the first edition of Louella's column next morning.

From that point on, time went crazy for Bob and Ann. Bob raced out of the studio to purchase a wedding ring, tell his family the news, order flowers, notify his best man, get a hair cut, sandwich in four important business appointments, and comply with a studio request for pictures of the two.

Ann raced to her dressing room to have her hair done, make out a reception guest list, phone home for dinner arrangements, study her lines for the afternoon scenes, and order a wedding ring for Bob. This latter proved a larger order than even a movie star could cope with.

War marriages have caused a shortage of plain gold bands. Frantic calls were placed to all nearby jewelers, and they came rushing to the studio suggesting silly substitutes. In the meantime Bob was having similar trouble. He, too, discovered wedding rings were at a premium.

At the height of the excitement there was a knock at Ann's dressing room. Margaret Sullivan, who had overheard the conversation, stuck a white lace handkerchief to tuck in her bag. That completed the "something borrowed and something new."

At high noon the next day, May 23, the wedding party assembled at Ann's home. Plans were to leave at twelve-thirty. It was one o'clock when the cars finally pulled away.

Three blocks from the house Ann made a startling discovery. The stand-in ring had been securely slipped over her gloved finger when she left. Now it was gone. A quick search revealed it was only hiding behind the seat of the car. Mrs. Ray Milland, who is Ann's closest woman friend and who was to be matron of honor, became custodian of the ring for the remainder of the three hour trip.

"Guess I'm not very dependable," Ann remarked. "Darling," she turned to Bob. "after two o'clock..."
today I'm never going to make another decision. I'm going to be strictly a clinging vine and let you do the thinking for both of us for the rest of my life!"

The car rolled on down the highway. Twenty odd miles clicked away. The sun shone. The birds sang. The fragrance of orchards in bloom sweetened the air. Bob had suddenly become unusually silent. Finally he spoke.

"Dear," he said, in a very small voice, "do you have the license?"

Ann didn't. The car pulled to a sudden stop before a country drug store. Bob bounded out and placed a call to a friend in Los Angeles and waited frantically while the friend, on another wire, called Ann's home. Ann's maid said she would wait for him on the curb, license in hand, and then he was to make tracks down the Coast Highway. One of the cars in the party would turn back to meet him and then rush on again to the church.

It was on the way out of the drug store Bob spied a rack of greeting cards. One caught his attention. It was inscribed, "For Your Golden Wedding."

Today this card is among Ann's most treasured possessions. On it, in Bob's handwriting, are the following words:

"And I forgot the license . . . but I love you."

The envelope was addressed to Mrs. Robert Sterling.

It was two-thirty when the wedding party finally arrived at the Ventura Community Church. The entire population of the town had arrived hours before. Ann and Bob tried to make a dash through the crowd, but the door to Reverend Theodore Henderson's study was, unfortunately, locked. It seemed like hours before the bridal party managed admittance.

The excitement of the crowd was equalled only by that of Bob and Ann. As Reverend Henderson began the ceremony, Ann began to cry. When the time came for the couple to exchange rings, Bob extended his right hand instead of his left, which completely mixed them up for a minute. The kiss that sealed the ceremony exceeded any screen attempt on the part of either. It was Mel Milland's quiet whisper, "Break it up!" that brought the lovers back to reality. That and the fact that a breathless messenger was now racing down the aisle waving an envelope with the license.

Ventura children crowded the church balcony. They had remained since Sunday school. But Ann and Bob were too happy to disappoint them. Not only did Ann and Bob brave the crowd in the church, but they left by the front door so that they could exchange greetings with the throng of well-wishers outside.

Finally, safe inside their car, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sterling headed back for Los Angeles.

The "quiet, peaceful ceremony" of their dreams was over, but their dreams of a beautiful life together were just beginning.

The wedding was followed by a reception at the Beverly Hills home of the Ray Millands. It wasn't one of the guests that met them at the door, but Milland's four-year-old son, Danny.

"Hi, son," Bob said as he lifted the baby up in his arms. "I hope that some day we'll have a dozen like you."

If Mrs. Sterling has anything to say about it . . . they will. It has long been her belief that there's no substitute in the world for a happy marriage and a child. Fame, money, and adulation cannot take the place of a home with children.

"When any woman attempts to make a movie career take the place of children," Ann says, "she is asking for heartache."

The End
THE RUSSIAN CYCLE

above—Movieland runs this picture just because we think it is one of the most charming stills ever taken, and completely captures the mood of innocent childhood. If you must have facts, the little girl is Anne Carter. When we asked Anne what she did in the movie she said, "I get strafed"—which is just what does happen to her.

above—Jane Withers plays her first serious role in her eleven-year-old movie career, as a peasant girl who becomes a guerrilla fighter in defense of her country. Janie and Forley Groinger, off screen, are most aware of each other.

right—Fine actor, Dana Andrews, plays a Russian flyer. Dana seems to be moving into that spot Spencer Tracy was occupying for so long, of being the guy who never gets the girl—on screen. He gets nothing but tragedy in "The North Star."
AFTER a flood of Norwegian-background films, Hollywood has now discovered Russia as a spot for drama. Warners', as is their habit, beat out the other studios with their "Mission to Moscow," but MGM has "Russia" itself in the work, and Samuel Goldwyn has "The North Star" nearly completed. The scenes herewith are from this latter film.

"The North Star" concerns forty-eight hours in the life of a Russian village, the day before and the day after Germany's invasion. The young lovers of the film are Anne Baxter, who took over the role Teresa Wright sacrificed for motherhood, and Farley Grainger, a California kid of seventeen, making his movie debut. Their change of moods, reflected here, shows the keynote of the movie, the contrast between laughter and the sadness of separation, when war comes.
VERY often that harassed look on the face of your favorite film star is not what you think it is. It does not come of a bad script, a temperamental director, servant problems, or a fruitless love affair. Nine times out of ten it is because he or she is doing over a house. Stars who live by day in the glitter and grandeur of studio sets often find that their homes suffer greatly by comparison. The very essential qualities that should make their home livable, charming, and unusual, often appear strangely absent. Furthermore it is nothing that money, average good taste, or a few half-hearted suggestions from friends can put right.

The short periods between pictures is hardly time enough to remedy the wrongs of a graceless, discomforting, and sometimes slipshod abode. After all home was not built in a day, and that is where the interior decorator comes in. It wasn't always thus. In the earliest movie days, it was sheer horror. That was the era of houses which looked like Moorish temples, the Palace of Versailles, and home very much on the range. Often these frights were side by side on the same street. Their furnishings rarely, if ever, had anything to do with the architectural style of the dwelling, but ran pretty exclusively to Spanish shawls draped over grand pianos which were seldom played and to mechanical doves that kissed over the front doors of honeymoon cottages.

Those days are gone forever.
AN INTERIOR DECORATOR GIVES YOU THE INSIDE LOWDOWN ON MANY A STAR'S TASTE
living room a rather unusual color combination of deep dusky and white produces an atmosphere of luxury and repose. The French, between Provincial and Louis XV. The lamp bases -s, the shades of plaid taffeta and rug yarns repro-
- In this room music is always playing, the fire and white striped couch is hardly ever un-
William Haines and Joan Crawford. Douglas Fairbanks Jr., when a husband to the lovely Miss Crawford, became very much devoted to a large red leather chair. It was a comfortable, masculine chair, but it did not fit well into any of the very artistic rooms that Bill Haines designed as a beautiful setting for Joan. Therefore Bill would continually try to get Doug to give up that red chair, and Doug would consistently refuse. The chair moved from living room to playroom, from playroom to Doug's bedroom, but it was always highly visible wherever it lodged, very red, terribly oversize.

When the news broke about the Crawford-Fairbanks divorce, Haines gave a sigh of relief. "Now I can get rid of that blasted leather chair," he exclaimed.

All in all, interior decorating for the stars provides a great deal of excitement. It has all the elements that come from reading a good detective story — everything hangs in the air until that last moment when the ends are pulled together, and everything fits into a neat and satisfactory pattern. The suspense is there, too, because you never know when the body will pop up.

Sometimes it is a very alive body in the form of a relative who knows better what your client should have or what you think she should have. That he or she stays alive is attributed only to the placidity and patience of the decorator. But in the end you win, and the body that lies in the closet is bad taste. Very, very dead. If you can't do that, then you're no decorator.

At the end of five years of decorating, my favorite client remains Myrna Loy. For one thing she knows what she wants, and her preferences always stay well within the small confines of good taste. She had a trick which both amused and depressed me.

My assistant would arrive with a bunch of say a hundred materials, well-folded and strung together. Myrna would pick out one material from the whole batch by flicking the edges and running through them like a pack of cards. She was never wrong. It was always the perfect choice with the texture just right for the particular piece of furniture for which it was intended, while the color would blend with everything in the room.

Myrna Loy, now married to John Hertz, Jr., and dividing her time between New York and Miami, has always lived in enchanting houses, and it is because of her remarkable sense of color, her taste for good pictures, and her flair for picking just the right accessories that they all came off as beautifully as they did.

That Myrna knows what she wants, and how to go about getting it, is evidenced by her New York apartment which transcends any of her former domiciles. It is smaller than anything she has ever had, but it is lovelier, much more livable, and is the final graceful accomplishment of a woman who has had many homes and finally found the one she's going to hold on to.

If Greer Garson had not been an actress she might very easily have been an interior decorator. She is very adept with a pencil, and what she can't put into words appears like magic on the back of something.

It was on a magazine cover that she drew a very professional-looking sketch of the dressing table she wanted me to make for her. It was very simple, and unusually effective. An oblong sheet of heavy glass supported by two white fluted pillars in which she would keep her cosmetics and perfumes. There was to be a lock to the little doors with silk tassels instead of knobs.

I shall never forget the day I delivered these exquisite white fluted pillars. Because she was in a hurry to get them, I had brought them in my own car. I had just finished unloading them, and had rung the bell, when the door was opened by Miss Garson's Welsh maid. Without a word she turned and raising her voice loudly said, "Miss Garson, a man with garbage cans is here!" "Our poor white fluted pillars!"

Working with Rosalind Russell is another pleasant experience. She is perhaps the most efficient star of all them, financially, artistically, and technically. Either she likes something from the very beginning, or she doesn't like it at all. No amount of talking will make her change her mind.

With her mind set on one thing, whether it is an old antique desk, or a set of wine glasses, or half a yard of hand-woven fabric to cover a small lamp shade, nothing on earth will deter her from getting her own way. Furthermore, she knows exactly how it should be made, when it ought to be ready, and just how much it is going to cost.

I don't think Rosalind Russell has forgiven me yet for letting her put a striped wallpaper in her bedroom. Apparently at night the stripes would come to life like the gay, serpentine streamers of a Mardi-Gras; as if that weren't
enough, they were never still, al-
cways fluttering and twisting them-
selves into knots, as some striped
wallpapers sometimes do. To this
tselves into knots, as some striped

I N THE delicate matter of home
decorating, Hollywood has become
more color conscious than ever.
Whereas before many a star would
think that a few carefully chosen
antiques, some new lamp-shades,
and perhaps some different dra-
peries would brighten up the house,
now it is a case of spending the
money on the walls, the ceilings,
and extensive knowledge of colors,
shades, and the more delicate and
gay they are the better. Walls
instead of being painted are now
merely tinted, and the paint shops
who put out a paint to go over
wallpaper are doing a landslide
business.

Hollywood, more than any other
city in the country, has always used
color extravagantly. The climate
has a lot to do with that. Client
who put out a paint to go over
wallpaper are doing a landslide
business.

In New York I never found any-
one who wanted to give an effect of
clouds, rain, or terrific heat to the
interior of their home, nor did I
find in London an occasional dow-
er likely to scream, “For the
Empire’s sake, bring in the fog!”

By the time I was finished, I was
a much sicker person than she was,
and wouldn’t you be with a ping-
pong table in the living-room, a
motion picture projector in the mas-
ter bedroom, and a Victorian card
table where her husband could play
poker? Wouldn’t you?

But it was not always like that.
There was the fun and excitement
of doing William Wyler’s house with
cherished French Provincial an-
tiques, with the added reward of
always a prompt check and a nice
smile from the lovely Margaret Tal-
lichet, his wife. There was the
brilliant and always beaming con-
cert pianist Artur Rubinstein who,
one day in midst of his chagrin with
his beautiful wife, fell suddenly
on his cherished hands. They
were crumpled up beneath him on
the stone floor. However, the amaz-
ing Mr. Rubinstein merely got up
and with his usual good-natured
smile said softly to his wife, “Dear,
don’t you wish we could call
somebody from the storage?”

Marlene Dietrich hurrying in for
an unusual gift for Jean Gabin;
Andrea Leeds as excited as a child
over some old Georgian silver; Fran-
chot Tone lost in rapture at a paint-
ing by Vlaminck; Alfred Hitchcock
shivering ecstactically at sight of the
same painting; Barbara Stanwyck
and her love of old china; these
were all moments that made the
rest worthwhile.

In the course of decorating, almost
any member of this much criticized
profession is subjected, at one time
or another, to some queer requests.
A mere love of pets sometimes leads
beyond normal limits. Two very
small girls who belong to the fam-
ily of one of our actors most in demand,
phoned me up! Would I please come
over right away for the occasion of
the lady’s new arrangement was
to start from scratch. What did I think?
Frankly, and as much as I wanted to do a
house for this charming person, I
couldn’t see how it could be im-
proved upon. It was as nearly per-
fected as any house a good decorator
can produce with plenty of money
and care, and able to work without inter-
ference.

It didn’t take me long to find out
that the lady’s new arrangement was
to be the same, only in reverse.
That is, without money and plenty
of interference. And yet I went on
with it. I went on getting the job
done. I acceded to all of her re-
quests. I had to; it was a question of
her health or mine.

By the time I was finished, I was
a much sicker person than she was,
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Had you HEARD THIS ONE?

Scene, Mexico City. Place, a night club, very late.
Dennis Morgan and Errol Flynn, two of movieland’s happiest
practical jokers, were in the below-the-border-city on a good-will
jaunt for their studio. They met a charming and pretty Mexican
girl from an excellent family. The girl didn’t speak a word of
English so they set out to teach her a few phrases.

Imagine the surprise of one pompous gentleman in the Warners’
party when he came up to the table to be introduced to the
charming girl, whom he had been eyeing all evening.

She smiled at him and in acknowledging the introduction said,
“You look juss like Donald Duck.”

P.S. He did.

The End
OME a moment in life when Fate takes you by the scruff of the neck, gives a twirl, and whoosh! things are never the same again. You know? A turning point. Or Fate sliding a banana peel into your path. It may be a complete somersault. This happens to film stars, too. But to film stars it generally happens in a more spectacular way or with more spectacular results. In them (we may as well admit it) Fate has more spectacular material to work with. Take, for instance, Bing Crosby. His turning point was an axe.

When Bing went to Gonzaga University, which is in the state of Washington, the shadow of celluloid had never crossed his outlook. Indeed, far from yearning to be a singing film star, Bing didn't even want to be a singer. What he wanted, and he wanted it more than anything else in the world, was to play professional baseball. On the college team he had developed into a dandy short-stop.

During vacation, however, Bing took a job in a lumber camp. Full of enthusiasm for the beautiful Northwest woods, the free life and whatnot, he swung his axe gaily. And almost at once he cut both his legs at the knee.

The cuts were deep. Bing not only had to give up his job in the logging camp, but he had to give up his dream of professional baseball. He could never run fast enough to play short-stop again.

Things looked pretty indigo but, had he known, it was only the midnight blue before the golden dawn of Bing's real career. He sort of liked to sing, and he began bursting into song in a casual way with an amateur college orchestra. He sang and sang, though people told him he could never become an A-1 singer because of a defect in his vocal chords that made his voice wobble.

That's how Fate built Crosby a career out of a couple of accidents. If he hadn't practically cut his legs in two, he'd never have taken up singing; if there hadn't been a lump on his vocal chords, he'd never have become the world's most famous crooner and top flight movie star. Some difference, incidentally, from playing baseball!

I T was an insult that made Barbara Stanwyck a success. A nasty, catty remark that was meant to slap all the ambition out of her.

When Barbara was a chorus girl on the New York stage, she danced so well that the stage manager always gave her a good spot in the
front line of girls. Another chorine, fiercely jealous of Barbara, had come to sit beside her in the dressing room when they were putting on their make-up one night. Barbara mentioned something about a difficult dance step, and how she'd practiced it until she thought she could do it in her sleep.

The other girl stared at her, lids narrowed in contempt. "Stop kidding yourself," she sneered at Barbara. "you'll never make the big time! You're not the type." And she turned insolently back to the job of applying eye-shadow.

Instead of discouraging Barbara, the taunt aroused all her Irish stubbornness, of which she has a plenty. In a flash, as things do sometimes happen, her amiable ambition to be a star took her back into an unbreakable determination to be a success. If only for spite.

"Is that so?" Barbara blazed. "You want a while, and I'll show you!"

As it turned out, there was only a little while to wait. Not long afterward, Barbara got a role in a stage play called "The Noose." The role was fairly important; more than that, it was Barbara's first good chance to show what ability she possessed, and she went for it like a terrier for a rat.

Day and night she worked on her lines with terrific concentration. She would go to the theater for rehearsals, would go to the rehearsing room when they were putting on their makeup one night. Barbara mentioned something about a difficult dance step, and how she'd practiced it until she thought she could do it in her sleep.

The other girl stared at her, lids narrowed in contempt. "Stop kidding yourself," she sneered at Barbara. "you'll never make the big time! You're not the type." And she turned insolently back to the job of applying eye-shadow.

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ROY ROGERS chuckled. "No, I didn't pace the hospital corridors for hours before the baby was born. Want to know the truth? Art Rush, my agent, and I sat in the fathers' waiting room, playing gin rummy. I won seven dollars and twenty cents. We started playing gin rummy Saturday afternoon, went out for dinner, then resumed our game. No, we didn't sleep that night—just went on playing gin rummy most of the night and into the wee hours of the morning."

If you don't know Roy, that might sound like a gay, modern, almost indifferent father speaking. When you do know Roy and his wife, you realize how far from the truth this is, and how much both of them wanted the baby. The arrival of that baby was a dream come true.

The story properly begins one day, several years ago, when Roy was visiting an orphan asylum in the East. Because he's devoted to kids, Roy always responded promptly to any request to entertain children in a hospital or in an orphan asylum.

He charmed this particular group of children with his playing of a guitar and with his singing of their favorite songs. Then the time came for him to leave. Most of the youngsters said goodbye politely. But one little girl threw her arms around him and began to sob her heart out.

"Please don't go," she begged. "Please don't leave me." The tears cascaded down her cheeks. For almost an hour Roy tried to stop her tears and to gain enough courage to go. When he finally left, he couldn't tear out of his mind the picture of the little girl who had sobbed.

When back in Hollywood, he told his wife about it. She said, "I've noticed how children always seem to love you, honey. And I know how you feel about them." Her hand was in his, and his hand was gripping hers tight. She said, "We'll have kids of our own some day."

But somehow the children they both wanted so much didn't come. It's been printed that a doctor told Mrs. Rogers that she could never have any children.

"That's not true," she told me, smiling. We were talking together in the living room of the rambling..."
The doctor had told her that she could sit up for three hours that day. Sitting on the couch in her gay pink negligee, Mrs. Rogers was still a little weak, but her eyes were shining. "No doctor ever told me I couldn't have babies," she went on in her soft voice. "But Roy and I got tired of waiting. We wanted one so much. So when one of our own didn't come within the first few years of our marriage, we decided to adopt that little girl who had clung so to Roy. We went back to that orphanage, but someone else had already adopted her.

"So Roy asked me to visit a children's home in Texas with him. He'd already been there before. A matron began taking us through the wards. Suddenly Roy and I, as though moved by the same impulse, stopped at one crib. Inside was a little girl with blonde curly hair and the biggest, most appealing brown eyes. I don't know which of us spoke first. I think we both said simultaneously, 'That's the one.' "Don't you at least want to see the rest of the babies?" the matron asked. No, Roy and I said, 'that's the one.' "But she's only six weeks old," the matron objected. 'We couldn't let you adopt her till she is three months old.' "Then we'll wait," Roy said. 'We'll come back for her.'"

This is just what the Rogers did. They took a bassinet with them, but they never needed it. For Cheryl Darlene, as they decided to call her, went right into Mrs. Rogers' arms and stayed there. And also, she went right into the hearts of Roy and Arlene.

"We never had any trouble getting used to having a baby in the house," Arlene Rogers said. "We never had the feeling that this was an adopted baby, and that we had to get her accustomed to our ways. She seemed to fit right in from the beginning, just as though she'd been our own baby. And Roy and I started playing with her right away, just the way you'd play with any baby, bouncing her up and down when she was little and taking her for piggy-back rides when she got a little older.

"It was funny, the first word out of her mouth was 'daddy.' 'Mama' came next. Always, she was fascinated by Roy, and still is." The voice that has thrilled millions on the screen thrilled Cheryl Darlene. She grew to know its cadences as she knew her own right hand. Roy sang to Cheryl from the time she was a little infant, lying on her tummy. As she grew a little older, "Ridin' Down the Canyon" and "Yellow Rose of Texas" became her favorites. When her bedtime came around, it was hard to persuade her to go to sleep unless Roy would stand by her bedside, singing "Yellow Rose of Texas." Even the night he had to depart for the President's ball, he could not leave the house to catch his train until he'd sung "Yellow Rose of Texas" for Cheryl.

Cheryl and Roy were playmates. Anyone could see that. She followed him everywhere. When he went down to the yard to have a look at his pigeons, she followed him, and made absurd efforts to feed them. Sometimes, in a more mischievous mood, she'd shoo the pigeons away from their nests. But when she was tempted to be naughty, one word of scolding from Roy or Mrs. Rogers usually made her behave.

Because Roy had sung "Ridin' Down the Canyon" for her, she had to try to sing it herself. She toddled over to the big piano, began to bang out what she hoped was a melody, and started to sing in her child's monotone the words of the song. Of course, she was completely out of tune, but Roy stood by the piano, beaming as though Cheryl were Lily Pons. At frequent intervals, when she stopped to catch her breath he'd say, "That's wonderful, Cheryl."

Sometimes Roy would take Cheryl to the studio with him. Her big brown blinkers would be larger than ever then, taking in all the sights. Best of all, she liked Trigger. Like her dad, she's crazy about horses. When Roy was between scenes, she'd beg and cajole him to let her ride Trigger. So he'd take Trigger out on the back lot, and there Cheryl would sit on Trigger's back, while Roy humbly and proudly thinking about it." Then he laughed. "We'll be happy, no matter which it is."

Mrs. Rogers thought it only right to tell Cheryl the news, too. She wasn't afraid that Cheryl would be jealous of the new arrival, since the little three-year-old is just as crazy about babies as Roy himself. When her mother told her that there was a baby brother, "Oh, sure, if it's a baby brother." Roy said jokingly, as so many fathers have, "Oh, sure, if it's a..."
girl, we'll just send her back." The day the baby was born, Roy phoned Arlene's mother to let her know it was a girl. Grandma told Cheryl, who rushed to the phone and cried, "Oh, Daddy, please don't send the baby back!"

The week before the baby came, Roy was supposed to go on location for his new Republic picture, "Silver Spurs."

"But that's impossible," Roy said. "Have a heart, fellows. I can't leave before the baby's born."

Now movie companies are supposed to be soul-less corporations which can't afford to delay a production just because their stars are going to become fathers. But immediately, production on "Silver Spurs" was delayed.

On Saturday morning, April 17, at eight o'clock, Mrs. Rogers was taken to the hospital. Roy was allowed to be with her only till ten that morning. Then the nurses told him he'd have to wait in the fathers' room. That was when the gin rummy game began, while between hands, Roy uttered silent prayers that the baby and Arlene would be all right.

When Roy finally did see the baby behind its plate-glass window, she was as red as could be and wrinkled as all new babies are. But when Roy was admitted to his wife's room, he said, "Honey, it's a girl, and it's beautiful." Arlene smiled. She, too, thought the baby beautiful, with its dark blue eyes and dark brown hair. She thinks that it looks just like Roy.

Arlene's mother took Roy aside. "I think Arlene likes the name 'Sandra Sue,'" whispered Mrs. Wilkins.

"That's quite a tongue twister, isn't it?" laughed Roy. Then he said, "How do you like the name 'Linda Lou'?"

The name is a combination of the names of two people Roy likes very much. Lou Crosby is an announcer on the Lum and Abner radio program. Linda was Roy's leading lady in four of his pictures.

"Let's ask Arlene whether she likes it," Arlene's mother said. So they did, and she did. The name seemed to fit the mite of humanity who slept so peacefully.

Friends and fans of Roy sent all sorts of gifts for the new arrival. One unusual gift was the song which Nat Vincent wrote and dedicated to Linda Lou.

"So far I've just sung Nat's song in the house," Roy told me. "If some day the opportunity should come up, I guess I'll sing it over the radio."

The day after Linda Lou was born, Roy bought a beautiful diamond ruby ring for Arlene. "I wanted to give her something for what she gave me," he says. They let me look at Linda Lou. She was sleeping on her tummy, as usual. "I want to see my baby doll sister, too," said Cheryl, when she saw me being admitted into the sacred presence. Cheryl has a room full of dolls. She regards Linda Lou as a sort of super doll, much more fascinating than Nanny or even Gabby, the big doll given her by Gabby Hayes.

Cheryl is too young to know that she's an adopted baby, but they're getting her accustomed to the word "adopt." Each time she gets a new plaything, Roy tells her, "We're going to adopt a doll for you" or "How would you like to adopt a kitten, Cheryl?" Thus the word "adopt" is tied up in her mind with things she's loved. When she's old enough for Roy to tell her that she, too, is adopted, the word won't chilling her heart. He'll tell her then that he picked her out of a world full of babies.

Cheryl has learned to love Linda Lou with all her baby heart. Ask her, "What did you get for Easter?" and she says, beaming, "Linda Lou."

The day Arlene was ready to leave the hospital, Roy had just time enough to bring his wife and the baby home; then he had to go on location. "Silver Spurs" had been delayed just as long as it was possible.

While he was away, Roy was calling constantly to find out how the baby was. "Now that I'm back home," he told me triumphantly, "I get a chance to watch her eat, and I try to get her to laugh. The nurse won't let me help feed her, and Arlene insists upon being in full charge of the diaper department."

Mrs. Rogers smiled. "Well, I won't sing any lullabies to the baby," she said. "Roy is the singer in the family. He can do the serenading."

So some day if you pass a cream colored Spanish style house in Encino, surrounded by palm and pepper trees and with petunias growing near the doorstep, don't be too surprised if you hear a familiar voice singing a lullaby. It'll be Roy Rogers singing to Linda Lou.

The End
WHY YOUNG SOLDIERS LIKE TO BE STATIONED IN CALIFORNIA

Things like this happen: Susan Peters plays hostess to soldiers... and the soldiers return the compliment and host her around.

Susan Peters, since her role in "Random Harvest," is considered the most promising young starlet in Hollywood. Recently she invited three soldiers to be her guests at her studio, and conducted them on a tour of the MGM lot.

The boys, working on the theory of "one good turn deserves another," asked Susan to visit them near Beverly Hills where they are stationed. There she learned about their world—one full of fantastic looking machinery and a lingo all its own.

Red Skelton, in costume for "Du Borry Was a Lady," posed with them and Buster Keaton.


They took her first to their dugout and introduced her to additional members of their outfit — the mascots.

Having a robust appetite, Susan couldn't wait for dinner (beg pordon... mess) to be served. She sampled first.
Lionel Barrymore on me Dr. Gillespie" in person steered them toward a sound stage to watch a picture in the making. Happy grins? Susan met the boys at the gate and steered them toward a sound stage to watch a picture in the making. Happy grins?

Moseying through a farmyard set, they found an ancient wheel-barrow, and of course Susan had to be given a ride.

Susan was escorted into their camp by her trio of soldiers, plus two more who had put in their bid for a bit of glamour gazing.

From what she had seen at camp, Miss Peters figured the boys worked hard enough. So she played waitress.

The day ended with a group photograph taken as the sun was setting. Susan told them, "I bet I had more fun than you did."
"BATAAN" is a very worthy tribute to the courage of the Americans and Filipinos who held the Philippines from the Japs for ninety-six precious days. For film purposes, the story here centers around one particular patrol of men, (during the evacuation of Bataan) which is assigned to blow up an important bridge in the jungle in order to retard the Japs' progress and to hold the surrounding ground.

Sergeant Bill Dane is their leader, and the men themselves are straggling remnants from different outfits, even including a sailor. It is perhaps the most realistic war picture yet made. The uniforms are tattered, the faces are dirty and hardly distinguishable behind the beards. There are no pseudo heroes. The men act as men would in such a grim situation, realizing it is hopeless, but staying on to do what they can.

"Bataan" necessarily is not a cheerful picture, though it has its moments of laughter. It has no "plot," no love story. It cannot be classed as escapist entertainment and will certainly not take your mind off the war. It again brings up the argument about war films and whether they should be shown as entertainment. For ourselves, we think the very truth of it, the terrible, vivid drama, the honest portrayals of very typical American boys, facing inevitable death, raises "Bataan" to heights greater than mere entertainment.

Robert Taylor as Sergeant Dane has never been as fine as he is here. Lloyd Nolan is superb as a cynical private. Newcomer Robert Walker as the gum-chewing young sailor is true stellar material. Also in the picture, and not to be minimized for their performances, are Lee Bowman, an Army captain, and George Murphy, an Air Force lieutenant.

BING CROSBY in new tunes and old hits.

Do you have to have more than that for your money? We wouldn't. But for pure luxury in entertainment, we list some additional items for you:

1. Dorothy Lamour, Marjorie Reynolds, Lynne Overman, Billy de Wolf (new and so amusing), Eddie Foy Jr., and scores of others.
2. There are the most gay, colorful settings, and clothes by the very talented Raoul Pene de Bois.
3. There is Eddie Sutherland's shrewd direction.
4. There is nostalgia heavy as perfume all over the film—that nostalgia that most of us feel these days for anything as peaceful as the old South with its charm, graceful manners, and romantic gaiety.
5. And it's technicolor throughout of course.

Specifically, this is the story of Dan Emmett, the dreaming Southerner who quit his job as a feed store clerk, picked up his five hundred dollar inheritance so he could start a minstrel show, because all he wanted to do was act and sing, and the minstrel show was all he could put on with practically no funds and a lot of happy-go-lucky players.

It is also the story of his two loves, the girl whose sultry beauty nearly destroyed him (that's Dottie) and the girl who won his pity and protection (that's Marjorie). Compounded of songs, laughter, and pathos, the picture moves lazily and enchantingly. Throughout it all Bing sings, Bing clowns, and even dances. He's never been the star more completely in possession of his own type of vehicle as he is in "Dixie."

Perfect for the whole family, this one.
GATES, this is it, the jivinest, singinest hoop-la we’ve seen in months. It stars young Donald O’Connor, and if you haven’t yet caught him, go get a load.

“Mr. Big” is young as a puppy and satisfying as a double-dip malt and concerns itself strictly with a bunch of kids and a bunch of bands and a hatful of songs and dances, all of which are keen.

The Davis School of the Theater teaches drama and serious arts to teen-agers. But around the corner from the school Ray Eberle and his band are pounding it out. Donald, ringleader of the school, persuades the gang to go and gives Ray a listen. The bunch all totter over, even including Penelope, a nice little girl whose Aunt Mary gives the Davis school huge donations. Auntie is a super-highbrow, and the mere idea of jive makes her shudder. Auntie, going out of town, orders the school principal to have the kids whip up a Greek drama for their graduation play. Donald stirs the ates, this is it, the jivinest, singing, and if you haven’t yet caught him, go get a load.

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Against it, a group of recruits are changed from happy-go-lucky boys to intelligent, eager bombardiers, willing to sacrifice their lives in preference to ever giving up the secret of our most guarded bomb-sight. One of them is tempted by an enemy agent. Another gets very much involved with love. Another is amusingly pursued and caught by an amorous girl. One finds it almost impossible to conquer his fear of heights. But the lot of them emerge, each triumphant in his individual way.

All of this adds up to an exciting, frequently romantic, and always informative production. And that, to us, sounds like one of the best balanced pictures of modern times.

Pat O’Brien is a pleasant blend of toughness and humor as the Major. Randolph Scott is his usual persuasive self as the pilot. There are two new guys who are very much worth watching. (Incidentally, we warned you about them several issues ago.) Anyway, they are Walter Reed who is most handsome and Richard Martin who strolls off amusingly, with every scene he’s in, as a Mexican named Rafferty. Anne Shirley flits about as the girl they all most admire.

You really should put this down on your must list.

This has for the spectator all the thrills of learning bombardier training . . . and none of the discipline or discomforts. Starting before Pearl Harbor, Major Chick Davis tries to persuade the conservative Army heads of the value of precision bombing. His best friend is a pilot who opposes the idea of bombadiers ranking above pilots in actual combat, and their mental feud, as well as the conversation of the Army heads to Chick’s point of view, gives the background for the story.

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Humphrey Bogart’s first picture since “Casablanca” is no romantic companion piece.

“Action in the North Atlantic” is the grim re-enactment of the life of our Merchant Marine heroes these days, those quite unsung heroes who dodge U-boats and Nazi planes to get the cargoes through to our allies. Its scenes are so truthfully portrayed that except for its fine Newcomer, it seems more like a documentary film than a regular feature movie.

It concerns itself with a crew of very average seamen torpedoed in the Caribbean who promptly signs on again to join a convoy sailing for Murmansk. Their captain is Steve Jarvis (Raymond Massey), their chief mate Joe Rossi (Humphrey Bogart). The chief mate is as cynical as the captain is religious.

Their ship, the “Seawitch,” runs into fog almost at once, gets into a battle, has to leave the convoy, dodges a sub by night and fights by day, finally escapes by a clever ruse that the chief mate works out.

Most of the action is spine-tintling in its intensity. The torpedoing scenes stand out as some of the best we have ever seen. But it must almost be confessed that there are episodes . . . particularly the thin romantic ones . . . that drag. They seem to be thrown in to fill certain requirements of a good all round movie rather than because they have a direct bearing on the plot.

The infusion of United Nations propaganda when the “Seawitch” joins the convoy, when men of the Allied Nations meet and sit together to plan out their common destiny, is impressive beyond description. Newcomer Dane Clark stands out particularly, and Massey and Bogart give their expected strong performances. Julie Bishop, in for a very few scenes, suffices.
COME on in!

Through Movieland's Beauty Parlor henceforth, we are going to bring to you beauty facts and foibles from the palace of beauty—Hollywood. No place in the world knows as much about beauty than does that of the motion picture capital.

It isn't hard to understand why, either, since beauty is a commodity sold in the theaters of the world.

Do you know what would happen if you saw your own face in close-up on the screen? It would be magnified two hundred times! Every little freckle, blemish, and fault would step right up and smack you in the eye; and you'd probably be the most discouraged little wren in captivity! It's this very fact that has made Hollywood make-up artists tops, because they can see at a glance what needs to be done to glorify Jane Doe.

There's no reason why you shouldn't benefit from all this knowledge. Consider these pages, then, the booths of a beauty parlor—a beauty parlor that brings to you for free all of the past, present, and future beauty rules of Hollywood.

Every month, you can walk with

Elyse Knox illustrates the first step in setting a pin curl. Elyse has selected a small section of hair and dampened it. Placing the middle finger of her right hand under this strand of hair, she grasps the ends with the left hand and brings the strand around the tip of right middle finger very tightly. She continues winding this strand around the tip of the finger, lap upon lap, until the very end is reached. Notice that Elyse protects her frock with a transparent beauty apron.

right—The end of the dampened strand of hair is wound under the curl. Then an X is formed with two hairpins through the curl, with the points of the pins toward the face so they won't interfere with the next curl.
us down the corridors, meet Holly-
wood stars, observe their beauty
problems, and learn their solutions.
Take a good look, and listen well.
One of the first things you'll
notice about Hollywood beauty is
the wonderful quality of shining
cleanliness and neatness, both in
hair and make-up. Cleanliness of
face, body, hair, is dinned into femi-
nine ears here morning, noon, and
night. So, for Pete's sake, if it's
that important to Hollywood, why
should you be the lone, rugged in-
dividualist who neglects to remove
the day's make-up before hitting
the trundle bed; who disdains the
use of face cloth, soap, and warm
water; and thinks of a brush only
as something with bristles? Make
this your credo: You can't have
beauty without cleanliness!

The second quality is neatness—
neatness of make-up and hair. Make-up for the street shouldn't be
applied as if you were making a
finger-painting. A finger-painting
sometimes shows budding genius,
but a face with cosmetics applied
on the same, daubing principles
clearly points the way in the oppo-
site direction. Has your man ever
said, "I see you've got your war
paint on?" If he has, mend your
ways, and quickly. He wasn't flat-
tering you, not by a long shot. It's
his way of saying your make-up is
obvious and without talent. Make-
up should appear natural.

Now, as to neatness of hair: Along
with countless others, we've been
having a good many thoughts on the
subject of woman's crowning glory,
especially in relation to feminine
wage earners. Keeping hair neat
when you have a heck of a time
squeezing in a beauty parlor ap-
pointment once a week or so is a
major problem. You know it; so
do we, and so do Hollywood's
actresses. Don't for a minute think
they spend part of every day un-
der the tender ministrations of an
operator. They don't. Time is im-
portant to them, too. But never do
you see a glamour girl with a hair
out of place!

Thinking along these lines, our

below—After the pincurls are thoroughly
dried, they should be combed and brushed.

below—Having completed the setting of
pincurls around her face, Elyse uses a
small hand dryer for quick drying. You
can buy a hand dryer at any drug store.

below—The finished product. Elyse, whom
you'll see in "Oh, Doctor!" highlights the head-
dress with a pair of blue bachelor buttons.
mental processes led straight to pincurls, and pincurls in turn led to two questions: Why don't more women make use of this quick method of hair grooming? Why do Hollywood stars take advantage of this at-home beautifier while the average girl does not?

We were surprised to find that the majority of girls either don't know how to set them or think they are difficult!

Pincurls are easy, dry quickly, and give results—pre-supposing, of course, that you have a permanent or naturally curly hair. Best of all, there is no danger of hair breakage, no matter how often you do the trick. (Your old friend, the curling iron, does plenty of damage in splitting ends each time you take advantage of its supposed help. Give it to the scrap drive, and you'll have rid yourself of a prime hair saboteur!)

Because it's a work-a-day world for women today, whether they work in war industries, office work, or in branches of the services, we are all rushed for time. It's this same rushing that's the enemy of hair neatness and the cause of up-springing, unruly locks. Usually, little locks develop along the front hairline, and nothing gives you such an all-over straggly feeling and appearance.

If your present headgear is a war factory turban, under which your little gray cells are busily planning an after-work date, hurrah, take before-work time to put in a blueprint of pincurls. Now, wrap on your turban, and settle down to your riveting, letting the pincurls dry on the job. Comb them out at shitt's end, and you'll look fresh out of the beauty parlor.

If you're one of the lucky mortals with a loose bob and heavy hair, you can set three or four pincurls where they'll do the most good. Over them, comb a camouflage of dry hair, and settle back to let nature take its course.

Or, if you're an office worker with plans for an evening's romanticism, but with no time off for beauty, take the first five minutes of your lunch hour, set your curls, clap on your hat, and let them dry during the luncheon routine.

One of Hollywood's most consistent addicts of the home pincurl is Universal's Elyse Knox. Not only is she not hard to look at, but Elyse keeps her hair in that shining state of neatness we mentioned somewhere along the way. With her help, we've given you the way to achieve that same easy, dry, and perfect look.

Exercise of the Month:

Hollywood girls are firm believers in exercise. After all, there is nothing under the sun that keeps a gal on the qui vive like a circulatory system that's perking one hundred per cent. So each month, our beauty parlor will give you one outstanding exercise that's good for you.

Lesson No. 1 comes from Julie Bishop, who is featured in Warner Brothers' "Action in the North Atlantic." La Bishop's daily beauty routine begins with lessons learned from her cat. Watch your own household feline, and you'll soon understand why stretching is one of the finer forms of exercise.

Why not start off, like Julie, by planting your feet wide, raising your arms straight above your head, and grasping one hand with the other? Now, place your feet together and start revolving from the waist; first right, then left. Swing while stretching—high, wide, and handsome—forward, to the sides, and back.

If you're a beginner, start off with five minutes, gradually increasing the time to fifteen.

After this exercise, train yourself like a Spartan to alternate hot and cold showers with a needle-fine spray. We guarantee, as does Julie, that it'll send the blood racing through your veins. Besides lifting the spirits, it acts as a cleansing agent for the skin. And you don't know what you've missed if you haven't experienced the after-shower rubdown with a heavy bath towel that has been dipped in sea salt (a pharmaceutical preparation) and has been dripped dry.

If your circulation doesn't break all speed records at this point; if you don't feel as if you have a new lease on life, then it's time to consult your doctor!

UP, UP, UP!

Surely, you've noticed that hair is going up — unabtrusively, quietly, simply—a la natural, or with the use of switches, crepe hair, and other contrivances that will be-
to nature is kept clean. Don't leave it lying on your dressing table to collect face powder and fine particles of dust. Keep it in a drawer when not in use. Cleanse it at least once a week in a good, dry cleaning fluid, spreading it apart with the fingers as you remove it so that it can regain its resilience. Place it in the sun to dry. Remember, too, that because crepe hair (which is nothing more or less than wool crepe) nestles close to the scalp it absorbs more than its share of oil. If that doesn't move you to keep it in spick-and-span condition, then we give up!

If you're using a switch, let it be cleansed at least as often as your own hair is shampooed (best to let your hairdresser handle the switch); in the meantime, don't forget to brush it as often as you do your own hair.

Having digressed for something more than a moment, we'll tell you of one of the loveliest up-do's we've seen recently. It's worn by Greer Garson for her role in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Madame Curie." A word to the wise, however, should be sufficient: Before you copy it, be sure yours is a face that takes a center part and can stand trying simplicity.

Greer's hair is parted in the middle and waved softly back, to be piled in a big, figure-8 knot, UP on the back of the head, revealing the nape of her neck.

Beauty Chatter:
As in all beauty parlors, we bring snatches of beauty gossip—short, compact, tricky, practical.

For instance, Ann Sheridan tells us she gives herself a once-weekly facial scrubbing with salt applied with a soft complexion brush . . . Judy Garland saves expenses on perfume by substituting bath oil; rubbed gently into the skin, it doesn't come off on your clothes, and the scent stays and stays and stays . . . Judy, too, thinks there's nothing better than her old-fashioned hand lotion of lemon juice and glycerine, half and half . . . Louise Allbritton uses a tiny doll's comb for eyebrow grooming. It gives them that perfect arch, smooths stubborn hairs into line . . . . Keeping an eye on elbows, Veronica Lake rubs cream into hers every night before retiring to keep the skin soft and pliable . . . There are lots of tricks with perfume, and Claudette Colbert's is to put perfume over her lipstick to set it and keep it from smearing . . . Those slim and shapely ankles sported by Ida Lupino are undoubtedly due to the fact that she walks once around her house each morning—on her toes! You're right. It's not as easy as it reads . . . And Lana Turner is looking mighty beautiful these days with her hair back to its natural brown. It's hard on the fans, though, who fail to recognize her . . . If you're sporting exposed ears, it's well to follow Grace McDonald's cue and remove that shiny look by powdering behind the ears. Shine on the ears themselves can be removed with a very little bit of powder on a piece of absorbent cotton. Use cotton or your powder brush to remove any excess . . . Hand cream applied before and after immersion in water is the secret behind the lovely hands of Ingrid Bergman . . . Maybe some of those unpleasant childhood memories of castor oil will be shoed away by this little beauty secret: Dolores Moran claims that nightly brushing with castor oil promotes the growth of her eyelashes and also keeps them in proper alignment . . . And so ends this month's beauty gossip. Try them all or not, as you will. Each take so little time; each brings results.

The End
LOU COSTELLO’S FIGHT FOR HEALTH

Lou Costello’s getting well!

It can be told now, how close the chubby half of the Abbott and Costello team came to that final danger of all. Now it can be told how his family, his thousands of friends, his millions of fans, feared for him. It may also be told now, how only he was never afraid, never worried, but very, very sick.

To the hundreds of thousands of boys in all the camps who have laughed at him, to all the lonely lads whom he reached, almost nightly, by short wave radio, to practically every resident of Hollywood, the news that, at long last, Lou is getting well, comes as very wonderful news indeed. He is actually recovered enough that today as he lies out in the California sun, he can actually think of his next picture, his next broadcast, and camp show.

His six-year-old daughter, Patricia Ann, is convinced that his recovery is due to a holy picture she bought for him at Marymount School. His four-year-old daughter, Carole Lou, is equally certain that Daddy’s improvement comes directly through the little medal she bought. Both children saved their small allowances and invested of their own accord for their daddy’s benefit. Earnestly, they took their precious gifts to his bedside and assured him that if he kept the items under his pillow all the time, he’d get well.

Bud Abbott, Lou’s partner, being more worldly, is of the opinion that Lou’s recovery is based on the best service medicine and science afford.

As for Mrs. Lou Costello, she believes it is because Lou is such a good patient.

“I never have to make him take his vitamins, or eat the things he’s supposed to eat,” she says. “Nobody has to argue with him about not getting out of bed, about resting, about giving up anything his doctors say isn’t good for him. He must have steak and liver every day. He must eat at least three vegetables or salad, and he mustn’t eat rich desserts or anything fattening. Now he’s getting tired of the same meat every day, but he never complains. He just eats the liver and says, ‘Look at that de-licious lamb chop!’ He used to eat the tomato out of his salads and push the rest of it out of the way. He never touched any vegetable except potato. Now he eats every mouthful set before him.

“He listens to the radio a great deal and will say to his nurse: ‘If I eat my Wheaties, I’ll grow up to be a big strong man. Bring on the Wheaties!’ Or he’ll sing that song about spinach.

“He says he’s going to play it the doc’s way.”

Well, of course, behind all this, there’s the story of a great human being. Lou has never been ill. He had never consulted a doctor before this illness except for insurance examinations, so when he
You'll Find Inspiration in This Story of a Laughing Guy Who Refuses to Let Even a Germ Keep Him Down for Long

by ALICE L. TILDESLEY

was stricken, the “doctor routine,” as he calls it, was all new to him. Now the actor in him makes him imitate it. When he has a caller, he takes that caller’s pulse and temperature and pretends to take his blood pressure. He is so funny that he and Bud have worked out a “doctor routine” for their next picture, “Harem Scarem.”

Lou has had rheumatic fever. No one seems to know exactly what that is, but you have to stay in bed for it. No one apparently knows how or why the fever comes, or if they do, they haven’t explained it to Lou so far. It must be a germ, says Lou, and it sneak up on you when you’re a bad boy and won’t go to bed with the sandman.

For months before the germ attacked him, Lou had been consistently over-working. He went from one picture to another and put in all his spare time in rehearsals, broadcasts, army shows, bond tours. If he had listened to advice, he would have taken better care of himself, but when you’ve always been well, you don’t heed your loved ones’ anxious: “Put on your hat—it’s snowing!” or “Wrap up your throat, you’re getting hoarse!” or “You have time to lie down for an hour or so now.” You just think that’s a family for you.

The snow blows in your hair, the fog gets in your throat, you let somebody’s cousin bring in his little girl to shake hands, and you put on a show for the kid instead of sensibly lying down. You sign up for more shows, you think up new gags, you run around like a tizzy doing things you could let some other guy do if you stopped to think.

And you wind up with a germ conducting an invasion inside you, a doctor looking at a thermometer, and you saying: “What’s the score, doc?”

Lou thought he had a Charley horse the night he first noticed the pain creeping up his leg. He and Bud were giving a broadcast. Bud noticed Lou changing position frequently, easing his knee, working his leg muscles, and saw the beads of sweat forming on his forehead, but Lou finished the broadcast without incident.

That night they had intended going on to the Hollywood Masquerer’s Club party. Lou was president of the club and was eager to attend, but the pains had grown rapidly worse. He called up Bud and told him that, for once, he’d have to carry on alone.

“Have fun,” he directed Bud. “I’ll go home, stick my foot in a tub, and crawl in the hay. That’ll fix it.”

It didn’t fix it. Next day he couldn’t put his weight on the bad leg. That was Friday. In Hollywood, as you may have heard, Friday night is fight night. There never was a greater fight fan than Lou. He couldn’t miss fight night. He called the studio—he still hadn’t called the doctor—and asked them to send him a couple of canes.

“I’m going to make like a cripple,” he told them. “You know—stump, stump, down the ramp to the ringside.”

But by night when the canes arrived, he discovered he couldn’t stump even so far as across the room. He listened to the fights on his bedside radio. It was Mrs. Costello who finally sent for the doctor.

When Dr. Victor Kovner told Lou that bed was the cure for his fever, Lou said, “Okay, you’re the
But he didn't sleep very
well. Maybe Mrs. Costello reported
mended a sleeping pill.

"Nix on that stuff," said Lou, but
after an argument he agreed to
take one if Dr. Kovner did like-
wise. Dr. Kovner gulped one down.
Lou gulped down another. Lou
didn't shake hands with the sand-
man till midnight, but Dr. Kovner
didn't come around to call until
2 p.m. next day. He slept straight
through his ten o'clock appointment!

Lou has a miniature screen in his
bedroom, and every night he sees
a picture on 16 mm film. Major
studios, just because they were so
fond of the roly poly comedian,
arranged to process pictures on this
size film especially for Lou. This
gave Lou a bright idea. After he
saw those movies he directed their
disposal among the military and
naval hospitals around Hollywood
and then out to our eight fighting
fronts. Once a week, Lt. Frieda
Levenson of the American Red
Cross Motor Corps drives up to the
Costello home to cart away reels of
the film for distribution according
to Lou's earnest suggestions.

"Buck Privates," Lou's own first
screen hit, was shown to troops in
Attu shortly before they chased the
Japs off that vital island. Lt.
Levenson reported to Lou that the
boys in Attu were certain this pic-
ture helped with the victory.
Remember that scene where Lou is on
an icy precipice in constant danger
of slipping over the edge? The troops
fought on plenty of icy peaks and
each time they negotiated one, they
thought of the picture and Lou.
They pretended to repeat his gags,
and they laughed at danger.

Now whenever Lou views a film,
he says, "This'll be good down in
Guadalcanal!" or "The boys in
Africa will go for this!" or "How
about this for China?"

He's crazy about cartoon comedies
and would like to send his favorites
everywhere. The only thing that
makes him impatient about his en-
forced rest is that he can't accom-
pany Bud to hospitals, hand the
boys a few laughs in person, and
ask them what cartoons they pre-
fer and whether he's choosing the
right pictures.

Spending his long convalescence
near a wide bedroom window,
Lou has had an unobstructed view
of the antics of a group of P-38's in
training flights. They afforded
him so much entertainment that he asked
Mrs. Costello to invite the pilots in
to look at some of his choicest films.

One night when the pilots were
on hand, Bud Abbott suggested that
they show the comedian's latest
comedy, "Hit The Ice." The show
began, the guests were convulsed,
and the host lay back, well pleased.
Suddenly something went wrong
with the projection machine, just at
the beginning of one of their best
routines. Lou motioned Bud, and
the two of them completed the rou-
tine in person, much to the enjoy-
ment of the pilots.

This, Lou and Bud believe, was
the turning point on the Costello
road back to health.

Next day the airmen put their
appreciation of Lou's thoughtfulness
in writing—sky writing with vapor
"I'm a Bad Boy" right over the
Costello ranch.

The 5-C Ranch, as Lou calls it,
(5-C for the five Costellos) is a
small acreage in San Fernando
Valley, improved with shining light
colored buildings grouped on green
lawns trimmed with flowers and
fruit. Lou had a finger in designing
the house, and several fingers in
designing play-house, swimming
pool, dressing rooms, and other
buildings, for "making things" is
his hobby.

Now that he's in bed, he continues
to pursue his hobby. He's having
his former garage torn out, replac-
ing it with a library, and building
a three-car garage on the other
side of the property. Lou's father is
in charge of carrying out his famous
son's plans in the library; so far
they have built a stone fireplace,
assembled knotty pine for interior
finishing, hard wood for flooring,
and planned a whole wall of
windows across the front of the
new room.

Lou designed the wing that houses
his home movie theater; it doubles
as a pool room when anyone wants
a game.

But the playroom is his special
pride—a huge room, big enough
for a dance, designed to accommo-
date model ships, another of Lou's
hobbies. The carpet is sea blue,
the walls are painted sea-scapes,
chairs have red ship's wheels as
backs, as do the high stools at the
nautical bar. Lamps are ship's bells,
charts are painted on tables in red,
blue, and there's an aquarium full of active goldfish.

Signs over doors designate the
kitchen as "Galley," telephone room
as "Captain's Quarters," terrace as
"Outside Deck and Swimming Pool."
Each model ship has its appropriate
setting.

The family likes to gather in the
playroom. Lou's mother says it
makes her feel as if Lou might be
in any minute. Lou's attitude ever
since he first went to bed has been

Back at the swimming pool again. The other side of
Donald Duck is a seat, and it also holds the umbrella.
that he’ll soon be well. Apparently
it never occurred to him that his
illness could have another ending,
or that there was the slightest doubt
of recovery. Perhaps that helped.

One of his ideas was to have Mrs.
Costello hang a calendar, turned to
the month of September, near his
bed. By September, he was faith¬
fully promised, he would be up
and around again; the calendar gave
him a chance to plan things to do
in that lovely month.

W HILE I sat getting this story in
the playroom, Patricia Ann and
Carole Lou made their daily visit
to their father. Lou still wasn’t
quite strong enough to see an out¬
sider like myself, but the little girls
came in, freckled faces glowing,
ribbons on pigtails dancing. Each
of them had twenty-five cents to
spend on a shopping trip with their
youthful Aunt Pat.

“I want to buy a camera for
Daddy,” announced Carole Lou.

Her aunt had forgotten where
they sell cameras for twenty-five
cents.

Patricia Ann was all for parting
with five cents at the Brown Derby.
The Brown Derby, she explained,
was probably so expensive you
couldn’t spend less than that. Her
sister marveled at any place that
might refuse a penny. “They could
get a marble with it,” she pointed
out.

They went into a conference then,
counting nickels and dimes. They
consulted “Uncle Bud” gravely.

“Uncle Bud has made a fortune in
rabbits,” they told me.

“Yep. I started with two, and
now I’ve got fifty,” agreed Bud. He
discouraged them, however, from
investing in live stock, suggesting
that something to eat might be
interesting.

The little girls gave him a hug and
a kiss, inquired the price of ice
cream and followed their aunt to
the car, comparing flavors. One of
them ran back to ask whether they
couldn’t take some ice cream back
home to Daddy.

_N_ ot only do little daughters think
of Lou in his convalescence.
Brimming mailbags are left at his
doorstep every day. Some letters
contain home remedies for rheu¬
matic fever. “Wear a steel ring. It
will eliminate fever in a few days,”
reads one.

A woman in Nebraska told Lou
to put a potato in his pocket. “If
you don’t have a pocket, pin the
potato to your pajamas.”

A man in Oregon wrote, “Slice
two dozen onions into a quart of
Scotch. Then dig a hole in your
backyard and dump in the Scotch
and onions. Six days later eat a
teaspoonful of dirt from the hole
and you’ll be cured.”

Other kindly people want to help.
Mrs. John Lee of Cambridge, Massa¬
chusetts, sent a religious memento
that has been in her family for
generations. Whenever a noted per¬
son has a serious illness, Mrs. Lee
sends it to him with a request for
its return upon his recovery. Lou is
the first movie star to receive the
memento.

Champion child baton twirler,
thirteen-year-old Irene Ehrlich of
Miami, Florida, idolizes the roly-
poly comic. Last week she auc¬
tioned off an autographed picture
of Abbott and Costello at Miami’s
Exchange Club. She wrote:

“It should make you feel good
to know the first offer for your
picture wasn’t twenty-five dollars or
fifty dollars, but a five-hundred-dol-
lar bond. It went to six hundred,
seven hundred dollars, one thou¬
sand, two thousand, five thousand,
six thousand, seven thousand and
ten thousand dollars in a few min¬
utes. You rest and take good care
of yourself, and I’ll keep selling
bonds for you with more of your
pictures.”

The largest letter of sympathy
came from a thousand boys in an
infantry battalion training near In¬
dio, California. Writing paper being
unavailable, the soldiers used the
bottom of a paper carton eighteen
by twelve inches. The message
reads:

“Hurry up and get well, Lou.
Here’s hoping that you do.
Bring to us both mirth and joy.
And your shy ‘I’m a Bad Boy!’ ”

“How could any guy lie here and
pity himself when he has people
like these pulling for him?” de¬
mands Lou, his moon face beaming.

“I’ll be out of bed in September,
maybe August. Our next radio
program begins in October—every¬
things signed up ready to go—and
our next picture goes into work in
November. Why, I’m hitting on all
cylinders! I’m a lucky Joe!”

_The End_
“THIS IS THE ARMY”
—in Hollywood

BY BARRY STARR

WITHOUT fanfare, without publicity, and without trumpets, the Army detrained at Burbank, California, got into formation and started swiftly marching west on Olive Street. The Army was about to make its first feature movie.

Mighty G-2, which is Army Intelligence, has frowned upon any individual publicity for any of the men in the Irving Berlin troupe, so for the purposes of the record, let this be the story of Pfc. Jones, late of New York City, and the only real Jones among the three hundred and fifty who had for more than a year nightly been singing “This is the Army, Mr. Jones.” It is impossible, because of regulations, to identify Pfc. Jones beyond his last name. But this is the story of his adventures in Bagdad-on-the-Los-Angeles-River.

Pfc. Jones strode down Olive Street in Burbank, in full field equipment, the full three and one-half miles to Warner Bros. studio. The War Department considered the movement of the organization just as much a military secret as the invasion of North Africa, so while Warner Bros. knew he and his buddies were coming, they didn’t know exactly when.

Somehow the impression had got around that the “This Is the Army” company was made up of a lot of Broadway actors, singers, and musicians who had been drafted for the sole purpose of putting on an Army show. That was far from the case.

Many of the men among the three hundred and fifty had been in the Army for two and one-half years before Berlin had ever been approached with the request that he repeat his “Yip Yip Yaphank” success of 1918. Others were only recent inductees. But all had had regular Army training. And they are still getting it.

Inside the studio Pfc. Jones and his cohorts marched grimly to the main patio before they were given the “At ease!” order. Then they were issued their instructions. The picture would not start for a few days. They would find living quarters for themselves—a list of possibilities had been prepared—as quickly as possible. They would report for duty daily at a designated portion of then vacant land. Then they were dismissed.

“Gosh,” said Pfc. Jones, “do you think we’ll really get to see how pictures are made?”

“Of course, you dope,” answered his next-in-line. “You’re IN a picture!”

Well, maybe Pfc. Jones did find out how pictures were made. If he did, however, it is a minor miracle.

For first Jones and his buddies were put to work clearing that piece of vacant property. There they constructed “Camp Tita”—pronounced “Tie-ta” with the initials standing for “This Is the Army.” They set up barracks and a headquarters tent. They built an obstacle course, a rifle range, and a boxing ring. They even constructed a small theater where they could

Of course, there’s a 1917 sequence in the movie plot, and leading plotters in that are Charlie Butterworth, George Tobias, Alan Hale, and George Murphy.
Top above—The lads who played in the movie version of "This Is the Army" had to live up to regulations at all times. Here you see their morning arrival at the Warner Studio. Bottom above—The actor-soldiers dreamed of glamour—but this is what they got—that old tent routine, even if they were stationed on the Warner back lot.

Here's old Father White Christmas himself, the mighty Irving Berlin, who conceived, composed, created "This Is the Army" and all for Army charity, too. entertain themselves.

The spot wasn't big enough to accommodate all of the three hundred and fifty actors, singers, and musicians, which was the reason for the order to find living accommodations elsewhere. For the most part these were quickly arranged, and transportation problems solved.

Pfc. Jones found himself established, with three other men from the show, in a two-bedroom apartment in Hollywood, priced at seventy-five dollars a month. That made it a tight financial squeeze between the ration and housing allotment that each man receives.


He soon discovered that whatever Hollywood and motion picture studios might be to anyone else, they were a mystery and a job of work to him. He was marched to the sound stage on which he was to work each morning. He left it only for lunch. He wasn’t allowed on any other stage. He didn’t meet any actors. He couldn’t even speak to Joan Leslie, who plays the love interest in the story Hollywood wrote to tie "Yip, Yip Yaphank" up with "This Is the Army." He just stood and looked.

He also worked. Camp Tita was no sham or window-dressing. Pfc. Jones reported there each morning not later than eight-thirty a.m., and frequently earlier. The Officer of the Day read the orders: so many men to report to Stage 2 for rehearsals on "I Left My Heart at the Stage-door Canteen;" so many men
to report to Stage 22 for pre-recording “Mandy;” so many men to go through bayonet drill for the cameras; and so many men to police Camp Tita.

If they weren’t working for Director Michael Curtiz or one of his numerous aides, the Army had plenty of official work for them to do. They did everything from work out on the Commando training course they built themselves to shining three hundred and fifty pairs of shoes.

They also stood guard at night at Camp Tita. Just as at a real Army post. Curious things happened, as things will. For instance, there was the dark and stormy night when a nervous sentry, in full equipment, was standing his post when Cameron Shipp, the Warner Bros. publicity man in charge of the unit handling the show publicity, approached.

“Halt!” challenged the sentry in true Army tradition. “Who goes there, Cameron Shipp?”

The boys had strict orders that they were not permitted to speak to any motion picture actor or actress, they were not allowed to go on any stage except the one on which they were actually at work, they were not permitted to loiter on the studio grounds, and in fact were not even admitted unless they were on call.

Pfc. Jones and his buddies did find one way of talking to Miss Leslie, however. They were pretty steady visitors at the Hollywood Canteen, and Joan makes frequent appearances there. Not knowing of the “no talk” order at the studio, Joan was hurt when some of the boys she had danced with one night declined to give her more than a brief grin of recognition the following day.

Joan was mollified, however, when a lieutenant brought her a note, signed by the entire company, in which the men designated her as the “actress we’d most like to meet.” Joan also suspects them of being responsible for sending a bugler to her home at five-thirty a.m. to blow reveille — which aroused the entire neighborhood— the day Joan was to start work in the picture.

Several other actors and actresses worked in the picture along with Miss Leslie. These included Lt. Ronald Reagan, who was given leave from his Army duties to appear in the film, George Murphy, George Tobias, Alan Hale, Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel, and various others. Kate Smith, Frances Langford, and Greta Neissen appeared to do specialty numbers of Berlin tunes, the redoubtable Miss Smith giving forth with “God Bless America.”

Berlin originally wrote this song for “Yip, Yip Yaphank,” decided it wasn’t very good, and didn’t use it.

The lads weren’t allowed to speak to Frances Langford or Joan Leslie, while they were working with them.

Kate Smith refused all billing, all pay, for singing “God Bless America” in the film.
two or three years ago, for a stirring patriotic song, did the world hear it. The rest is history.

Nevertheless Pfc. Jones and his pals had quite a bit of fun in Hollywood, in between working periods. They hadn’t had a furlough in seven months when they hit the film capital. The Berlin show, had opened in New York on July 4, 1942, and the men had been either performing or traveling since that date, giving regular shows and two to five appearances in Army camps weekly.

They didn’t have a real furlough in Hollywood, but they did manage to squeeze out a few hours for themselves here and there to see the sights. The Canteen was Private Jones’ favorite hangout, although he did get to the Derby, Ciro’s, and other popular spots once or twice.

“It was sort of disappointing,” relates Private Jones. “There weren’t many movie stars to look at. Most of ‘em are on bond tours or camp shows, or they’ve only got ‘A’ gas cards. I saw more swing-shift workers than actors.”

Biggest laugh of the picture work didn’t happen in Hollywood at all. It came at Fort MacArthur, an Army induction center at San Pedro, some twenty-five miles from Los Angeles, where Director Michael Curtiz took part of his company for some location shots.

Mike wanted some scenes of some new selectees actually arriving in camp for the first time. A parcel of newcomers from Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama were just being issued their first uniforms that day.

They were, says Private Jones, slightly awed about their induction. They were completely flabbergasted by the fact that they were to be photographed—and by a real Hollywood film company.

One tall, raw-boned Kentuckian flatly refused to be photographed wearing his G. I. uniform.

“Nothin’ doin’,” he insisted. “If Maw happened to see this here picture and saw me standin’ around in front of all these people in just my drawers, she’d yank me right out of this Army before I had a chance to shoot any Japs!”

Pfc. Jones suffered the comparative hardship of eating breakfast in a neighborhood drug store, lunch in the studio commissary, and dinner where he could find it. All of his two dollars and eighty-eight cents daily allotment went for food and rent.

“Gosh,” said Pfc. Jones, “I’d sure like to get back to some of that real Army chow. I’ve been eating in restaurants ever since we’ve been on tour. And doing that Commando course on just an omelet on meatless Tuesday ain’t fun!”

Pfc. Jones wasn’t able to supply his girl back in New York with a picture of himself shaking hands with Humphrey Bogart because he wasn’t allowed to be photographed with any of the stars. He was in production stills in which he actually worked with a Hollywood star, but he usually, then, was just part of the background.

Warner Bros. isn’t making any profit out of “This is the Army.” The show raised about two million dollars for Army Emergency Relief on tour, and the picture ought to get about ten million. Everything above the actual cost of the picture goes to the AER fund. The studio got the film rights to the stage show in spectacular fashion. Many studios were making offers to Berlin for the privilege of putting the show on film.

The morning following the New York opening, Jack L. Warner, executive producer at his studio, phoned Berlin long-distance.

“Irving,” he said, “what do you want for the show?”

Berlin, a notoriously late riser (he wasn’t kidding when he wrote “Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning”), yawned sleepily and said, “At least two hundred and fifty thousand.”

“It’s a deal,” snapped Warner. “I’ll mail the check immediately—and every cent of profit goes to the Army Emergency Relief. All we want is our production cost.”

It was mentioned earlier that Pfc. Jones—the unidentifiable unit who represents every man of the three hundred and fifty—was a singer. That’s true. Also in the group, you’ll find musicians who played with Glen Gray, Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, and the like. You’ll find “Stump” of “Stump and Stumpy” who wanted to know, when he landed in the show, if he could be billed as “Stump Without Stumpy.” Then there’s the cellist who toured South America with Leopold Stokowski; a ballet expert who danced with Pavlova; not to mention a former bartender, ex-chiropractor, and undertaker’s assistant. “This Is the Army” is made up of men from all walks of life, just as is the Army of the United States.

Pfc. Jones didn’t mention it, but despite G-2, it has become known that there are quite a few celebrities in the cast of “This Is the Army.” There is, for example, Ezra Stone, the original Henry Aldrich, who holds a sergeant’s rank and who assisted Berlin with the production. Sons of Victor Moore, Ernest Truex, and Joe Cook are in the show. Then there is Sgt. Joseph Louis Barrows—otherwise Joe Louis, world’s heavyweight boxing champion—who certainly was more frightened by the cameras than he ever was by Max Schmeling, Max Baer, Lou Nova, or any of the other heavies whom he conquered so easily in the ring.

But in “This Is the Army” there are just three hundred and fifty men, assigned to specific duties and tasks. No individuals, no personalities, no stars.

“And I’ll bet,” said Pfc. Jones, “this is the only picture in the history of Hollywood where every actor knew just what every other actor was being paid—fifty dollars per month, base.”

The END.
IN HOLLYWOOD they say Walter Pidgeon is an enigma. They say he is a hermit. They say . . . But what's the difference what they say? Walter Pidgeon is a law unto himself in Hollywood.

Anyone who doesn't fit into the prescribed pattern or mold ordained by the powers that be is an enigma. (Editor's note: see story on Charles Boyer, page 24, line 21.) The pattern for an actor who is star material is, that he be ambitious to the point of striving to get his name in top billing above other actors; that he chafe under inferior parts and be aggressive in demanding meaty roles; and after a time, if his demands are not met at one studio, he may be expected to seek greener fields under the banner of another studio.

Walter Pidgeon never indulged in any of these little subterfuges, but he was no enigma. He was buried under a ton of highly publicized male stars on his home lot, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He was overshadowed by Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Mickey Rooney, and Robert Taylor. But it is significant that he was temporarily content to remain in the middle of the stream; that he didn't grouse or grumble about inferior pictures; that he didn't boast he could play a part as well or better than his rival contemporaries if they just gave him an opportunity to show his stuff. Walter didn't resent his place in the studio scheme of things. He made friends of everyone on the lot from the newest grip to the big boss himself. Everyone liked him though they couldn't understand his attitude. That's what made him an enigma to Hollywood.

Of his attitude, Walter says, "I can't take myself seriously, whether I'm a success or a failure. I like to think I have developed a philosophy of life to keep me on an even keel through good times and bad, but it's probably closer to the truth to say that my ego was so completely deflated during the long spell of getting knocked around Hollywood that it's incapable of ever swelling again."

That's another thing Walter's coworkers couldn't understand in him. He has no ego. Self assurance—yes, lots of that. But no ego. It was his own self assurance that kept him on the scene when success seemed to be passing him by.

Walter has his own creed for success. You must work hard, study, practice, be sure you're good; then, when the break comes, you'll be ready for it. He has an unusual quality of take-it-as-it-comes in his make-up. He isn't superstitious. He'll walk under a ladder or stop to let a black cat cross his path, but he does believe that luck runs in cycles, and for your lucky break you must depend on your lucky cycle.

That "long spell of getting knocked around" involved not only being buried under a host of MGM luminaries for four years, but stretched back for seventeen years when Walter was in and out of Hollywood. He was discovered three times and brought to the West Coast to become a motion picture star. But the star never took until two years ago when a rival studio, Twentieth Century-Fox, borrowed him and starred him in "Man Hunt" with Joan Bennett.

On each of those three occasions when Walter was discovered he thought he had hit his lucky cycle, but the cycle never ran its course. It stopped in the middle.

Of his latest and most complete lucky cycle which began in 1940, Walter does not say, "At last they found out how good I am and have given me the parts I deserve."

He says this: "Every other leading man was busy, and I was the only one available. Before that I had settled into a groove that was comfortable if not brilliant, usually being cast as the other man—the one who never got the girl. Once in a while a good role came along, but not often enough to give me delusions of grandeur."

With great roles, superbly played, in two consecutive Academy Award pictures, "How Green Was My Valley" for 1941, and "Mrs. Miniver" for 1942, Walter still has no delusions of grandeur.

Modesty as opposed to boastfulness is another practically unknown quantity in Hollywood and another facet of the Pidgeon personality that labels him different from most actors.

As to the Hollywood legend of Walter's being a hermit, that would imply that he is anti-social. He isn't. He is one of the most social
guys in Hollywood in his own way. Most actors seek their friends among other actors with whom they have common interests and can talk shop. Walter doesn't. His intimate friends are beyond the pale of the motion picture studios for he has interests that take him far afield.

For one thing, Walter is an accomplished pianist, and though you never hear him sing in motion pictures any more, his early fame was gained singing in musical revues with Elsie Janis. When he signed his contract with MGM in 1936, he insisted upon a clause specifying that he would not have to sing. That clause is another vagary of Pidgeon. It is as though Fred Astaire refused to sign a contract that called for him to dance in a picture.

But Walter had been all through the cinema mill of trying to become an outstanding singing star on his two previous assaults upon Hollywood, when straight actors and leading men got the plums of picture roles while he waited around
cooling his heels until a suitable singing part was being found for him. Although, off-screen, Walter would rather play and sing than eat, he won't sing in a picture.

He never needs to call upon mood when he's in front of the camera to prepare him for a role, but he does admit that symphonic music is his greatest inspiration while he's working a role out. He has an extensive library of records of all the great symphonic masterpieces, which he plays constantly.

Other motion picture celebrities may bask in the light of cinema society, but when Walter received an invitation to attend the Music Festival at Carmel, the ultimate in social prestige had been reached for him. The Music Festival is an annual pilgrimage made by many of the finest musicians in the land, whose attendance is by invitation only. It might be called a jam session of the maestros. To Walter it was a high spot in his life.

Musing upon it he says, "That music, under the California sky, was enough to make you drunk on the beauty of it."

And upon another occasion, Walter captured one of those never-to-be-forgotten moments when, in Chicago on a rainy day, he happened to be passing the Auditorium and saw the lobby displays advertising Sergei Rachmaninoff's appearance with the Chicago Symphony. The performance had already begun, and Walter knew the house would have been sold out long since. Nevertheless, he approached the ticket window, and his lucky cycle was working. He bought the only seat to be had, a single which had been turned back just before the curtain.

Seated high in the balcony, Walter saw, heard, and drank in the exquisite music of one of the world's greatest pianists playing one of his own great compositions and Walter's favorite — the Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2 in C minor. Those are Walter's experiences. Walter wouldn't exchange for the most star-studded, big-wig party in Hollywood, and that sets him apart from the majority of cinema personnel. But he is no hermit.

Another Hollywood myth which Walter Pidgeon blasted is that to get to the top the newcomer must kow-tow to the right people. Walter didn't kow-tow even in the earliest days of his bombardment. Proponents of the idea might argue that Walter would have reached stardom years sooner had he played the Hollywood game, but to Walter that wouldn't have been being true to oneself.

The story of Walter's first assault upon the cinema capital is well known, when in 1926, after a successful tour of the United States and England with Elsie Janis, he was signed to a motion picture contract. The salary was exciting, but during the long delay in finding the right part to introduce him to the public, Walter was restless and unhappy.

Then he went to a party. It was a large party with the guests milling about at the home of the late James Cruze, then one of the industry's top directors. Perhaps twenty were invited. Fifty came. All you had to do in those days of largesse was know someone who knew someone who knew. . . . You seldom met your host, and he didn't know you from Adam.

That was in the puttee era when directors wore riding breeches and leather leggings, and bellowed through a megaphone. The director who could bellow the loudest held some claim to distinction, provided of course that his pictures were box-office. James Cruze could bellow — but loud.

Some of the guests were in. The rest were on the fringe. During the evening they put on their acts; showed off their talents like bric-a-brac in an ormolu cabinet. They did their stunts and kept the party going, something like singing for your supper.

Walter sang. He received his modicum of applause then found a deep chair, stretched his long legs before him, lighted his ever-present pipe, and prepared to endure the entertainment of the others.

It was then his host, James Cruze, sought him out. Cruze, never one to pull his punches said, "You're everything I don't like in a man."

"Is that so?" Walter quirked an eyebrow, and his mouth curved in a mocking smile.

"Yeah," said Cruze. "You smoke a stinkin' pipe, and you're a vegetarian."

"So what?" challenged Walter.

Cruze, who could admire forthrightness in others as well as dish, quipped, "So you can have the lead in my next picture."

The picture was "Mannequin" with Dolores Costello.

It is notable that even then, when Walter was hungering for a part, he didn't offer to placate Cruze by apologizing for the offending pipe. And what other directors thought or didn't think of his pipe since then has never mattered to Walter. His pipe collection has grown from a modest few to a cherished four hundred. Off the screen you seldom see him without one of them clenched between his teeth or cradled in his hand.

Nor did Walter justify his vegetarian diet by explaining the reasons for it to the redoubtable Cruze. He is no diet faddist. His vegetarian regimen was prescribed by his
brother, who is a doctor, after Walter suffered a severe illness some years ago. As long as he sticks to it, he enjoys glowing health, and Walter does not underestimate that priceless treasure.

He learned the valuable lesson while he was just a youth under training in the Canadian Field Artillery during the first World War. He was crushed between two gun carriages and while recovering from his injuries, complications set in which caused pneumonia and tuberculosis. Walter spent long months in a hospital, being dismissed only after forty days. Mrs. Pidgeon (Walter married Ruth Walker, a nonprofessional, in 1931) stood his unkempt appearance as long as she could, then announced that she was going to take the long deferred vacation that she had promised herself.

"Your public may be able to take that crop on your face," she told Walter, "but I can't. Let me know when you shave it off, and I'll be back."

Walter has tried to shun the usual publicity which attaches itself to Hollywood personalities. Particularly distasteful to him is the sort of inquiring opinion that purports to reveal his preference on this and that.

On a recent bond-selling tour the question, "Who is your favorite motion picture actress?" frequently put by reporters who interviewed him at the many towns where the bond caravan stopped, made him shudder. Not until he was back at the studio did he find the answer.

While seated in a studio official's office one day, his eye was caught by a framed picture on the wall. That sardonic smile came to his face and he said, "Ah. That's the answer."

"The answer? The answer to 'Who's your favorite motion picture actress?' There she is. Elsie, the Cow." And there you have it—refutation to the challenge that Walter Pidgeon is an enigma; that he is a hermit. He is an individualist. He is the exception that proves the rule; he knew where he was going, and arrived at the top by leaping the hurdles in his own, particular, amused way.

The End
WITH pretty Sheila Ryan as our cooperative model, we set out to prove one of our pet theories. Just as when you haven't been around a lot, you may pronounce chic as though it were short for chicken (only to have some uppity clerk make you feel like dirt by murmuring "sheik" all over the place as though she were a lineal descendant of those boys from Araby), just so you may think it's money that makes you well dressed. The dollars help, all right, but it's your good sense that makes you really dressed.

As look here at the above left. Sheila has a perfectly beautiful print spoiled with the wrong accessories, gim-crack bracelets and ring, a snood, good grief! Wedgies and a bag with too big a buckle! "Couldn't be worse," says Sheila—and looks it.

But look to the right of that! A black back-ground with brilliant cerise print, bordered in black, and worn with patent black accessories. Smooth and solid! And the grand marshal line in shredded patent leather hat!

"THIS IS MURDER," says Sheila at the near left—a so simple, beautifully cut black dress all gobbed up with jewelry. Look at the stones in the belt, and then the bracelet, clip, and earrings. The hat just contributes horror to an otherwise overdone ensemble.

At the far left—This is good taste! The same dress with simple accompaniment. White gloves accent the white flowered hat which has a black veil tied with black velvet bows. Pearl bracelet, throat strand, and earrings. Just right.
Above—Sheila Ryan in that mole-skin wool gabardine with a chocolate and ivory striped shirt, chocolate suede gloves, bag, and gold-nail shoes. A brown suede pill-box with a brief veil to spell P-E-R-F-E-C-T.

DON'T DO THIS (at the near left)—a wide necklace with a dress as shimmeringly feminine as this one. Besides it spoils the suntan neckline, which is veddy sexy—as everyone can see.

The Right of It is like this: Sheila, lovely in all white crepe with floral applique on flesh-colored net to enhance the bust and neckline. Flowers in her hair, and the right accessories—long white gloves and evening bag. Irresistible.

Above left—the sad and pathetic story of a beautifully tailored suit RUINED by wrong accessories. Never that fussy blouse or hat—and horrors the bag and shoes which have no rhythm. And again that hat!
January 8, 1942.

I'm ashamed of myself. Here I am, Frances Neal, free white and twenty—and red-headed, so I should know my own mind—and I'm sitting here late at night thinking of breaking my engagement just because a stranger told me to! I must be crazy.

I met him at a dinner party tonight at my fiance's house. He's Van Heflin, a young actor at MGM who's thin and blond and tall—much taller than he looks on the screen. But that's beside the point. The point is, he sat all during dinner staring quietly at me out of his gray eyes and stirring salt in his coffee. (Salt is what I said.) After dinner he unwrapped his long legs from around his chair and spoke practically his first words. He asked me to help him make a pot of coffee in the kitchen.

I said, "All right," and we went out there and put some water in the drip pot (and found out later we'd forgotten to put any coffee in it!), and while the water boiled, he asked me all about myself. I told him. I explained that I came from Texas and I'd worked in Chicago and New York, modeling and acting. And that now here I was in Hollywood, acting in the movies and also planning my coming marriage.

"Don't be too sure of that," said this Van Heflin. Then he ran his fingers through his curly blond hair, took a deep breath, and talked for one solid hour. In brief, he said I ought to make sure I wanted to marry before I did it—that I shouldn't rush into things; and above all, that I should go out with other people.

"If you decide to do that, I wish you'd let me know," he said, as if that were the end of his speech.

And I, fool that I am, am all upset over that. I am bothered over a stranger's opinions! What does he know?

But, as a matter of fact, what do I know?

February 1, 1942.

Well, I've broken my engagement. I am now a free agent again. Why, I don't know. Goodnight.

P.S. However, you may be sure that bossy Van Heflin had nothing to do with it!

April 15, 1942.

I've met Van again. After four months. But it's just the same—only more so.

Dorothy and Joe Pasternak asked me out to their ranch for the week end, and we drove out here about six this evening. Neither of them told me they'd asked some one else, too, and when we pulled up by the veranda and saw a loose-jointed lanky blond man sitting there waiting for us, my heart did the funniest flip-over it's ever done in its life. It was Van, all right.

We had a wonderful long dinner, and afterwards we pulled up chairs and...
in front of the fire and Van started talking, as if he were talking only to me. He talked for hours. He told all about his life—his childhood in Oklahoma City and his youth in Long Beach, California. And how he's always been crazy about the sea. It seems he was a sailor for years between sessions at Oklahoma University and afterwards—on trips to Honolulu, South America, Europe, the South Sea Islands—and then suddenly he wanted to be an actor. So he went to the Yale Workshop and then to Broadway. Everyone knows he played the reporter in "Philadelphia Story" on the stage, of course—and that was what landed him in Hollywood two years ago.

He's thirty-two, twelve years older than I am. He's much smarter than I'll ever be—he knows all about painting and history and literature and people... and I think he's perfectly wonderful.

But will I ever know what he thinks of me?

April 16, 1942.

It's Sunday evening and I'm back home at Mother's again in Hollywood, and feeling blue. Oh, today was marvelous—Van and I, riding and walking all over the Pasternak's ranch, having a huge Sunday barbecue lunch, and then driving home, stopping at the Little Troc for dinner.

Van and I found out so many astounding things about each other. (1) Both our fathers are dentists. (2) We lived two doors from each other in New York for two years and never met. (3) We ate breakfast in the same corner drug store every morning there and never met.
(4) He was acting in "Philadelphia Story," and I was acting in "George White's Scandals" in theaters across the street from each other—yet we never met.

But the point is: I wonder whether we'll ever meet again. He forgot to ask me for my telephone number until we were on my doorstep... and then he didn't write it down. He'll forget it, I know. And the worst of it is... I'll die if he doesn't call me.

I know now I'm really in love for the first time in my life.

April 17, 1942.

He did remember the number! He called me at nine this morning and asked me whether I'd be busy tonight. (Of course I wasn't! I'd already broken my date just in case he'd call.) Well, he came for me, and we spent an hour at the Tropics, which is so romantic anyhow, and then we started driving. We drove all the way to Malibu and back—with the top down in the pouring rain, and I didn't even notice it until I got back. He talked steadily about enlisting in the Army—as if he didn't know I was there, but he just don't want to talk to someone.

When we got home, Mother had a roaring fire going in the grate. We were standing in front of it, trying to get dried out when like a bolt out of the blue, he suddenly asked me to marry him.

Just like that!... and then he didn't write me any more. I can't even think!

May 13, 1942.

Hysterical is the word for the past month—clothes, parties, showers, everything is in a whirlwind. And of course meeting Van's mother, who is so happy about the coming marriage. She had only one gloomy moment—when she worried about whether Van's and my dogs would get along.

Two very wonderful things happened today—Van found the ring he wanted for me, and I finally found the apartment we've both wanted for us.

And the Great Day is only three days off!

May 16, 1942.

This morning at ten o'clock we were married—exactly five months and one week from our first meeting. Van's mother, my parents, and four friends were with us at the Congregational Church down in Westwood Village, and then we left at once to drive up here to Del Monte.

It's been both so intensely happy, and—though I still can't believe it—I'm Mrs. Van Heflin.

September 30, 1942.

I'm writing at my desk in our living room while Van works on the script of "Tennessee Johnson" in the striped chair five feet away from me. I've been here already broken my date just in case of every syllable of every word—I can see now why people consider him one of the greatest actors of all time. And looking at him, I know that these months with him have been the happiest months of my entire life. After all the living around both of us have done, we were ready to settle down when we got married, and settle down we did. We've found so much happiness here in our own home with books and records and a few good friends that we don't even want to go out. We balanced each other perfectly. Van's quiet and reserved; I'm as talkative as a parrot. He spends hours straightening out our bank accounts—and then, in two seconds, I get them all messed up. He worries and I don't... and the result is that we've been laughing for four months straight. It's been heavenly—and now learned today is all we could possibly ask.

We are going to have a baby!

When I told Van this evening, he stood there speechless, grinning at me. Then he recovered his voice and the demonstration that followed will go down in history. If it's a girl, she'll be named Vanna, and if it's a boy, he's Van Jr. I've already decided that! We spent three wild hours deciding everything about him (for some reason we are both sure it will be a him). We know that our baby will have the most-in-love couple in Hollywood for parents.

The only thing is that Van has enlisted. He's only waiting now for his call into the Army.

November 9, 1942.

Van and I had our first quarrel, and you might even call it the Battle of the Century.

That such a thing should ever happen to Van and me!

It started just before my parents were coming over for dinner last night. I guess it was my fault—I was irritable. Anyhow, we were arguing when Mother and Dad arrived. Van shut up like a clam when the phone rang, and if it was a war wife and a war mother, that would have made me a bit of trouble. I'd gone to the hospital four days previously, thinking I'd have to go through the whole thing alone. Here I confess I didn't like the idea. Still, I was planning to be very patriotic about it all. I told myself I was married and a war mother and that I had no right to ask for a furlough for Van than all the other girls bringing babies into this life while their husbands are away. But Vanna kept stalling, and just ten minutes before they were due to take me to the operating room, Van appeared.

He opened one eye when I put my hat on and said, "Where are you going?" I snapped, "Out!" and left.

But Vanna kept stalling, and just ten minutes before they were due to take me to the operating room, Van appeared.

"It's too bad Van won't be here to see his daughter day by day and watch her grow. But to try and make up for it during all the war years when he'll be away, I know just what I'm going to tell Vanna every day. I'll tell her that she has the wisest, kindest, most grown-up guy for a father her mother ever met and
George Brent, now mustered out of service and returning to pictures, believes that he owes his life to some eerie intervention to which he cannot give a name. George used to own a plane and was keen on flying it himself. A woman astrologer warned him to give up flying and mentioned a date in the future as especially bad for aviators.

Months later, when George had forgotten the prediction, he all at once had an overwhelming impulse to sell his plane. He did. The new owner took it up next day and was killed.

Afterward, Brent realized with a shock that the day of the crash was the one he'd been warned about.

Gracie Allen has a ghost. Gracie saw this ghost right on a busy street in New York, of all places. At home, in Cambridge, Mass., she had an aged dog named Patrick. Gracie and Patrick were devoted.

Several years later, George Burns and Gracie were leaving the Palace Theater, the first night Gracie ever played there. "And I saw my little fox terrier," Gracie tells you, "right in front of me. I called 'Patrick!'" George said, 'Nobody's there, Gracie.' But I said, 'My dog! Patrick!' George stared. He said, 'There's no dog, either.' And suddenly Patrick wasn't anywhere. The next day I got a letter telling me Patrick had died.'
BOB HOPE'S private life is centered about his charming and talented wife, Dolores Reade Hope, their two children, Linda three-and-a-half and Tony two, and their spacious home in the Toluca Lake district.

You've probably never thought of wise-cracking Bob in a paternal role, but no less an authority than Dolores says, "Bob's a wonderful father. He is crazy about the children."

Bob's darling is little Linda, an angelic small minx. In her diminutive red cord slacks and blue jacket, a tiny red beret crowning her honey-gold curls, chattering in her baby treble as she chases the cat, she ensnares Bob completely. He isn't a top-flight comedian to her. He's just Daddy, who tosses her into the air as she squeals with delight; who brings her presents when he comes home from his cross-country jaunts.

Two-year-old Tony holds a terrific place in his father's heart, too, but that's man to man. Every evening when Bob is home, thumps and thuds mingled with laughter ring through the house about eight p.m.

That clatter is Bob and Tony playing dive bomber. Bob hardly has his foot in the door before Tony, in sleepers, appears at the head of the stairs, demanding imperiously, "Daddy, le's play di' bomber. Daddy. C'mon."

Bob catches Tony in a big sweep of his arms as he tops the stairs, and the game begins. Tony is the dive bomber and his own sound effects man, zooming and roaring until he's breathless in Bob's arms.

The children are always ready for bed when Bob gets home from the studio. Properly they should be asleep, but those precious moments of play with them are not to be denied. "For an hour after they've had their play, the children scamper through the hall or want drinks of water," Dolores Hope explains. "Bob can't understand why they're in such a state of excitement. But that's the only time Bob has to play with them, so I let them stay up a bit, hoping all that happiness does them good and that they can sleep later in the morning to make it up."

However, Bob never interferes with the children's discipline. That's their mother's province, he...
says, though sometimes he is sorely tempted to use the old fashioned hairbrush himself.

One morning childish howls emanated from upstairs, and Bob rushed up, his face a kaleidoscope of surprise, chagrin, and dismay. He was far more flustered than an audience has ever seen him.

"You're wanted upstairs," he told Dolores, fuming and gesticulating. "Linda just bit Tony's finger."

"He was so mad he was sputtering, yet he felt so helpless it was funny," Dolores now tells it. "Mostly he was hurt and shocked that his angel Linda would be such a small devil."

The Hopes have been married for eleven years, and even in Hollywood it seems safe to say theirs is one marriage that will last. Dolores Hope is a devout Catholic to whom the words of the marriage ceremony, "until death do us part" mean exactly that. When they had been married eight years and had no children of their own, they adopted Linda. A year and a half later, Tony was adopted, like Linda, from the famous "Cradle." The Hope family will not stop with two children. Bob and Dolores want a family of five.

Bob and Dolores met when he visited a Broadway night club one evening. Dolores Reade was singing...
there with George Olsen's orchestra. Bob was playing in "Roberta" at that time. A friend introduced them, and Bob invited Dolores to see his show. Dolores was amazed when she discovered he was the star of the show. She had thought he was a chorus boy.

Dolores left New York for an engagement in Florida, and Bob hurriedly telephoned. She waited a whole year, surrounded by his wires, flowers, and letters, before she consented to become Mrs. Bob Hope.

Dolores is one of those rare wives who are the perfect complement for their husbands; beautiful with quiet distinction, gracious and talented and possessing a remarkable capability of her own. Bob and Dolores might easily have combined their talents and worked out an act in which both would have shared the spotlight. But Dolores did not want that.

"Bob does so much and works so hard, he needs a home completely separated from his work," his wife says. "I'm sure Bob likes it this way though he would have been the last person to make me think it was my duty to give up a career to make a home for him."

After eleven years, he's still Dolores' favorite comedian. "Bob is just naturally witty," she says. "The funniest things he says are spontaneous, and he's always popping out with them. On the set of 'Let's Face It' the other day, the make-up man handed him a mirror. Bob stuck out his tongue and commented. That's the sort of thing that just bounces out of him constantly."

However, the brand of humor that makes Bob's radio public laugh, is not appreciated by his wife. "Even though I know it's just to be funny, it makes me furious," Dolores said, "when on the radio they joke about Bob's appearance. He is really handsome. They kid about his being stingy, but it's merely Bob in a creative mood."

"Today, it seems a trivial thing indeed to have made a fuss about," Dolores smiles, "but in that first year of married life you're both so vulnerable. Yet, it's the most important period of adjustment for both husband and wife. If more girls had no mother to go home to every time a problem arose, more marriages would stick." Dolores still meets that silence—but now she knows it's merely Bob in a creative mood.

The Hopes do not take their happy married life for granted. Seventy-five per cent of the credit for a lasting marriage belongs to the wife, Dolores believes. It is up to the wife to stay married. Love can learn to overlook the small irritations that exist in every marriage.

"Above all, a wife should realize that her husband comes first," Dolores believes. "Yet she must keep her individuality. After all, your individuality was one of the things that made your husband admire you in the first place."

Dolores Hope maintains her individuality by serving as Southern California's A.W.V.S. chairman for Agriculture. Her group enlists and registers women for harvesting those important crops so necessary to feed the world. It is an important job in war work, but it is more than that to Dolores. It is a life-saver, for it helps to dispel her fears for Bob's safety when he is on extended trips. Her group enlisted an Alaska trip, for instance, flying in all kinds of weather. Like so many wives today, she stays behind and worries. She doesn't try to discourage him from these trips in line of duty, and there will be more of them to worry about, she knows. That's Bob's public life.

But taking care of the children and keeping the home hearth aflame for Bob—that's his private life, and Dolores is the custodian of it.
$10.00 LETTER

Dear Miss Waterbury:

The first thought that comes into a Marine's head when the scuttlebutt gets around that any notable has joined the Corps is: he'll probably want special privileges or resent being treated as a "boot." Too often this has been the case, and the rest of us resent very much the joining of that type of man.

Therefore, we were definitely put off guard when a tall, blond, agreeable "boot" turned out to be the Hollywood star Stirling Hayden. We were inclined to be sceptical about his ability to "take it."

Needless to say, when the word got around that Hayden was not "salty," that he was bobbed and mugged as the rest of us, that he "hit the deck" pronto when told to do so by his D.I., and that he stood "at attention," referring to himself in the third person when addressed by his seniors, he was admitted into the sanctum sanctorum of Marine fellowship.

Stirling Hayden fired three targets from my rifle while here on the range, and his coach was my bunkie. I don't remember having seen him except casually when he was sitting on the benches waiting his turn to fire, and then I frankly wasn't curious about him because I had my own relays to fire, and our jobs are to teach boots the intricacies of the rifle marksmanship and not to stare at outside celebrities. His coach did say that Hayden was "expert material"—and in Marine Coach lingo, that means a lot.

I do not know what has happened to Hayden since he was graduated into a full fledged Marine, but wherever he is, I am sure he is doing his part to uphold the traditions of which the Marines are so proud.

Cpl. R. Fiermuga, Class 43-21, Las Vegas, Nevada

* * *

Dear Miss Waterbury:

This is a plea, from the soldiers down here in this last outpost of civilization, to you in Hollywood, who are about the only ones who can find an answer to our problem.

We're stationed down here in a very small town, out in the woods, and the nearest thing to a Hollywood star is a movie or a motion picture magazine. We'd like to get to see just one star before the war is over—in person, I mean. We'd like Betty Grable, Dinah Shore, or Bette Davis, but we'd settle for Vera Vague, Brenda, and Cobina, or Cass Dailey.

We fellows here in Florida miss out on all the shows that hit around Key West and Homestead, and even the few stars who dribble in to Miami.

Maybe we are asking too much, but would you print our plight in Hollywood? Today you can know, Today no woman need trust half-truths. No woman need rely on weak, ineffective home-made mixtures—or mix using over-strong solutions of acids, which can burn and injure delicate tissues.

Dear Miss Waterbury:

I disagree with Pvt. R. F. Stokes' letter in a recent issue of Movieland. He states that fellows in the service who are half disgusted will amount to nothing.

There are quite a number of us here that have been in for a period of six months and have only been allowed to town once a week. During our course at Sioux Falls Radio School we can remember having only two U.S.O. shows. Many a time we were disgusted because we weren't seeing the big shows that go to other camps.

But we had the finest equipment available, and we took advantage of it by learning all wepossibly could. The radio operators of Sioux Falls are the best that go out on the line. We are in Las Vegas now studying to become gunners, and we will be lucky if we can see a show given by the U.S.O. or someone else. But we'll try our best to be good men out on the line, even though we do get discouraged at times.

Cpl. R. Fiermuga, Class 43-21, Las Vegas, Nevada

* * *

Dear Miss Waterbury:

I know you've seen camp shows and Hollywood personalities. Tell us about them. For the best letters we give five and ten dollars.
Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman, now in the Navy, don’t really belong to "the night-club set." But they appear at Joe E. Lewis’ opening at Ciro’s.

It’s getting to be a thing between Ginny Simms and Pat Nearney, the Hollywood socialite sailor. It used to be a thing with Pat and Anne Shirley and before that, it was very intense between Pat and Martha Kemp Mature, Vic Mature’s ex. But this, say he and Ginny with greatest confidence, is the real heart throb.

Who it is that Judy Garland most cares for these days nobody knows—probably including little Judy herself. Her escort on this occasion is Baron Polan.

Below—Happy Sue Carol, out for the first time since the birth of her baby, steps out with just-as-happy Husband Alan Ladd. Alan’s one of the best dancers in Hollywood, incidentally.

Producer-director Ernst Lubitsch and beautiful writer, Mary Anita Loos, seldom date anyone else, we’ve heard.
Above—As we tell you in an item back a few pages, the June Havoc-John Payne dating is going strong. Junie is the girl John saw continually his recent furlough.

The newest newlyweds, Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling, dance sedately as befits a flyer recovering from an appendectomy.

They are trying to say it's quite desperate between Randy Scott and his newest leading lady, Ella Raines. They do go about... but Randy dates all his leading ladies... and stays heart whole.

Still the most devoted couple in filmdom are Don Ameche and his charming wife, Honore. They are adopting two little girls to grow up with their own four sons.
A few years back, when Frank Sinatra was the vocalist with Harry James' band, he made a record of "All Or Nothing At All," and the label read "Harry James and his Orchestra with vocal refrain by Frank Sinatra." Much has happened since then to both Frank and Harry, and recently, when Sinatra hit the top, Columbia Records decided to reissue that old disc. But here's the amusing thing: The label this time will read, "Frank Sinatra singing 'All Or Nothing At All' accompanied by Harry James and his Orchestra." And this is with Harry's sanction and approval. Nice guy, Harry.

Of interest to old Casa Loma fans is the news that Pee-Wee Hunt, jump vocalist and trombonist with the band ever since it was organized, has retired from the profession and gone into advertising work.

Peggy Lee, Benny Goodman's very popular vocalist, has also retired, but for a different reason. She and her husband, Dave Barbour, ex-guitarist with the band, will welcome a "new arrangement" in a few months. While in Hollywood, Benny auditioned several well-known singers to replace Peggy. But there was a hot rumor afloat that Helen Ward would join him in New York when he opened the Astor Roof late in June. Helen, of course, was Benny's sensational vocalist several years ago when he was just beginning to climb the ladder. She has recently come back into the music business and has been working with Hal McIntyre's band in the East. Helen's records are still played wherever there are juke boxes; and she is considered by many critics to be the greatest all-time girl band singer. At his Palladium opening out here last month, Woody Herman prevailed upon Benny Goodman and Buddy Rich (Buddy was on leave from the Marine Base) to come up to the stand and jam a bit. The "bit" turned out to be about twenty choruses of "The Blues," and pretty soon the place was rocking.

Well, kiddies, there it is. You like?

I hope so. And if you want me to answer any questions on your musical favorites, either real or on platters, just drop me a line.

Address Jill Warren, in care of Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. I'll appreciate it if you will enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS DEPARTMENT

HE'S Lon McAllister, a Los Angeles kid, not yet twenty. He's in "Stage Door Canteen," playing a romantic guy who's never been kissed and who wants to be sure that when he is, he's kissed right. "Stage Door Canteen" was supposed to make a star of William Terry. Terry was okay, but McAllister walked away with the notices, would be a star except for the war. He's already been called up, but was deferred until late summer. Unfortunately, Sol Lesser, who has him under contract, has no role ready for him in this interval. Lon hopes he'll get back to make good on this first lucky break.

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A

Abbott & Costello—U; Ahern, Brian—Col; Allbritton, Louise—U; Ameche, Don—20; Annabella—20; Andrews, Dana—20; Arnaz, Desi— MGM; Arthur, Jean—Col; Astaire, Fred—RKO; Astor, Mary—MGM; Aumont, Pierre—MGM; Autry, Gene—Rep; Ayres, Lew—MGM.
G

Gabin, Jean—20; Gable, Clark—MGM; Garbo, Greta—MGM; Garden, Reginald—20; Garfield, John—W; Garner, William—MGM; Garland, Judy—MGM; Garson, Greer—MGM; Gibson, Hoot—Mono; Gifford, Frances—Para; Gilbert, Billy—Mono; Goddard, Paulette—Para; Grable, Betty—20; Grant, Cary—RKO; Granville, Bonita—RKO.

H

Hayward, Susan—Para; Hayworth, Rita—Col; Hefflin, Van—MGM; Henie, Sonja—20; Henreid, Paul—W; Holden, William—Para; Holt, Tim—RKO; Hope, Bob—Para; Horne, Lena—MGM; Howard, John—20; Hughes, Mary Beth—Rep; Hunt, Marsha—MGM; Hutton, Betty—Para; Hussy, Ruth—MGM.

J

Jean, Gloria—U; Jenkins, Jack—MGM; Johnson, Van—MGM; Jones, Jennifer—20; Joyce, Brenda—20.

K

Kelly, Gene—MGM; Kelly, Nancy—RKO; Keyes, Evelyn—Col.

L

Ladd, Alan—Para; Lake, Veronica—Para; Lamarr, Hedy—MGM; Landis, Dorothy—Para; Landis, Carole—20; Laughton, Charles—MGM; Laurel and Hardy—20; Lee, Mary—Rep; Leslie, Joaa—W; Loder, John—MGM; Lundigan, William—MGM.

M

MacMurray, Fred—Para; Manning, Irene—W; Marshall, Brenda—W; Martin, Mary—Para; Maynard, Ken—Mono; McCrea, Joel—Para; McDowell, Roddy—20; McKenzie, Fay—Rep; Milland, Ray—Para; Miller, Ann—Col; Miranda, Carmen—20; Montez, Maria—U; Montgomery, George—20; Montgomery, Robert—MGM; Morgan, Dennis—W.

O

Oakie, Jack—20; Oberon, Merle—Col; O'Brien, Edmund—U; O'Brien, Margaret—MGM; O'Brien, Pat—RKO; O'Hara, Maureen—20.

P

Paige, Robert—U; Payne, John—20; Peters, Susan—MGM; Pidgeon, Walter—MGM; Powell, Dick—Para.

R

Raft, George—W; Rathbone, Basil—MGM; Reagan, Ronald—W; Reed, Donna—MGM; Reynolds, Marjorie—Para; Ridgeley, John—W; Rogers, Ginger—Para; Rogers, Roy—Rep; Romero, Cesar—20; Rooney, Mickey—MGM; Russell, Rosalind—RKO.

S

Sabu—U; Sanders, George—20; Scott, Martha—UA; Scott, Randolph—20; Sheridan, Ann—W; Shirley, Anne—RKO; Simon, Simone—RKO; Skelton, Red—MGM; Smith, Alexis—W; Smith, Greer—UA; Smith, Kent—RKO; Sothern, Ann—MGM; Stack, Robert—U; Sterling, Robert—MGM; Stewart, James—MGM; Sutton, John—20.

T

Taylor, Robert—MGM; Temple, Shirley—DOS; Tierney, Gene—20; Tone, Franchot—Para; Tracy, Spencer—MGM; Travis, Richard—W; Turner, Lana—MGM.

W

Walker, Robert—MGM; Wayne, John—Rep; Weismuller, John—RKO; Whitty, Dame May—MGM.

Y

Young, Gig—W; Young, Loretta—Para; Young, Robert—MGM.

ATLAS of WORLD WAR II

Among the various war activities stars are now sponsoring, Myrna Loy, who is definitely coming back to the screen in the next "Thin Man" picture at MGM, has added a new one. Taking, perhaps, a cue from Wendell Willkie, who is giving all the profits of his book "One World" to China Relief, Myrna is sponsoring the sale of "Atlas of World War II" for the benefit of Greek War Relief. For only a dollar, the book contains dramatically captioned, up to the last headline war maps. It's a grand book, and besides every copy sold aids that gallant little nation that absolutely overwhelmed, still managed to hold out against the Axis for six fearful months. If you want a copy, simply address the Greek War Relief, New York City. The postman will collect one dollar plus postage when he delivers it to you.

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POEMS WANTED

Before and After

$5—BELIEVE IN LUCK?—$5

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

the newest, prettiest girl in town. He has been doing this ever since the silent days when Billie Dove was the beauty of his attentions. Of all the three score and ten girls of his dates, not one has ever succeeded in holding his interest for very long. Even such stars as Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers thought to marry him. They didn't. Lana Turner is the only girl absolutely known to have done the walking out on him.

Here's hoping that Ava doesn't get hurt.

SAMPLE OF SITUATIONS ON SETS

I dropped in on the "Cry Havoc" set on the afternoon that Bob Sterling's leave was up, and he was heading back to Thunderbird Field. Ann Sothern's eyes were big saucers of loneliness.

I'll give you long odds on this marriage lasting. Ann respects the institution of marriage, and was miserable when her alliance with Roger Pryor broke up. She thought over this present marriage long and soberly before she entered into it. Bob Sterling, incidentally, is the most in-love young man I've seen in years. He's a sweet kid who deserves a girl like Annie.

MERCHANT MARINER EMBARRASSES WILDE

Like all people working in Hollywood, I am continually being asked to take some service man around with me when I go calling on players. Recently a friend asked me to take a young ensign in the Merchant Marine. He was sailing that night. If he had the faintest idea of where he was going or when he was returning, he certainly wasn't telling anyone.

Left—The Errol Flynn-Nora Eddington dating has reached that hand-holding very protective stage. And right—Red Skelton, at long last, seems to be getting over his torch-bearing for his former wife. His favorite girl now is pretty Muriel Morris, dancing with him here.
I was headed out to Twentieth Century-Fox that day, so I took the ensign along. We stopped first on the “Wintertime” set because my naval friend wanted to meet Sonja Henie. We waited and waited, but Sonja was dressing. Meanwhile we talked to Cornel Wilde. I told Cornel about the lad in uniform, his “target” for that evening. Cornel turned white, and I cursed myself for being stupid. For there, of course, he was, in make-up, before that man in blues. I only put this story in to show that fathers face the same problem here in Hollywood that they face everywhere else. Cornel is very much in love with his pretty wife, and he absolutely adores his baby who was born late last spring. He is just getting started in the movie business and isn’t yet far enough along to be in that “big money.” To go now means giving up all the things that are dear to him. Yet he does want to go.

REMARK FROM OAKIE

Jack Oakie, working in “Wintertime,” bounced over when he saw us.

“How long should it take to make a picture like this?” asked the Ensign.

“It should take about three days,” cracked Jack, “but I have a six weeks’ guarantee, so it will take six weeks, my friend, even seven.”

SLATED FOR STARDOM

We topped off our trip by going over to the “Song of Bernadette” set. It was a weird and wonderful sensation. We had walked off the sound stage onto the back lot, away from Twentieth Century into the nineteenth. The scene was the garbage dump where Bernadette first sees the Vision, the same garbage dump that later becomes the Shrine of Lourdes. Before it, in front of the cameras, flowed a very real and very cold brook into which some fake garbage was thrown. It was a weird and wonderful sensation. We talked to Cornel Wilde and weren’t yet far enough along to be in that “big money.”

At Fort MacArthur, George Raft and Lee Bowman sign autographs for WAACS. This is the first time the stars have gone out to entertain the gal fighters—and the girls asked only for male stars!
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THE MASTER PRAYER has helped thousands and I think it will help you, too, no matter what your hand lacks in luck. Ask the Master Prayer for Good Fortune and He will send you a charm as pictured below. This is a genuine picture ring, made from a picture. It is individually hand-carved Duracast Heart, a Permanent Charm of the Power of the Master Prayer. The ring is valued at $1.00 and I will send you the Master Prayer Charm at $1.00 only per month. FREE instructions and treatise on the use of the Master Prayer. Order with the Master Prayer. Send $1.00 and the ring will be sent immediately.

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Clair Co., Dept. H-19, 115 East Broadway, New York, N. Y.

ONE STAR MISSING

As we were driving back to Hollywood, the Ensign sighed. "It was all perfect except that I didn't meet Shirley Temple."

Right there, I think, is the reason that David Selznick, over and above her youth and beauty, signed Shirley. She is fifteen now, with twelve years of acting experience behind her and a public that has grown up from childhood to youth right along with her, waiting to see her again.

Selznick has done such a magnificent job with Berman, Fontaine, and Jennifer Jones that all Hollywood is sitting back to see if he can manage, not Shirley, but her Mama. Mama used to want to do all the dictating on what Shirley should play and how.

The bets are on Selznick to win.

THERE WILL BE NO PLACE BETS

All movieland is watching the outcome of the Bubbles Schinus-Arthur Hornblow romance. Bubbles, you will remember, is the ex-wife of ex-actor-now-naval lieutenant Wayne villain in that one, too, named William Powell.

It was a hard scene to manage. The fire had to be just so, and since it was out-of-doors, the fire rather wanted to burn in its own way. The brook had to be just so, too. Again and again, solely because of the fire and the brook, Jennifer Jones had to see the Vision, turn, and run barefooted into that icy water, and not grimace, as supposedly she does not feel its coldness. (Actually she was practically blue with the cold.)

She is a tall, thin girl, this Jennifer Jones, not beautiful in the glamour sense, but compelling looking.

I said to Henry King, "How is she?"

He looked at me. "She is absolutely the finest actress I've ever directed," he said.

Which is really something, coming from one who has directed practically every top star in the business.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE

One of Hollywood's largest "tippers," Eric von Stroheim, who has "come back" in Paramount's "Five Graves to Cairo," is pictured in the act of giving a gratuity to a Mocambo waiter. Next to the actor is Moureen O'Sullivan with her husband, John Farrow, right in front of the camera.
doesn't approve of the match and arrived in California just apparently nothing to stand in its way. However, there is a great stumbling block, Bubbles' mama, Ruby Schinasi, who doesn't approve of the match and arrived in California just the other day.

Bubbles had been living out in movieland for the past few months and had been seen out with Hornblow constantly. Since mama arrived, Bubbles is seen constantly in the company of her mother, and Mr. Hornblow can get his dates as they fall. Odds are even that a marriage will take place and that it won't.

The other evening this editor was tending the phone at the Hollywood Canteen. A voice came over the wire identifying herself as Joan Blondell. She asked whether there were any movie stars down there that night and whether she was needed.

As it happened there were seven hundred boys in the Canteen and not one real live movie star. When she was informed of this, Miss Blondell did herself up real movie-star like and came down to the Canteen, served coffee, signed autographs, danced with the boys, and just sat and talked.

She arrived at eight in the evening and didn't leave until the doors were closed at twelve that night. To top the whole thing Joan had just returned from a camp trip throughout the southern part of the United States. Before that she had taken a trip up in New England to entertain. It didn't matter to Joan that she was tired and needed rest, she just knew those boys needed entertaining, and down she came.

Irene, Metro's super dress designer, is married to Elliot Gibbons, who is a cousin of Mrs. Gary Cooper. Elliot is now seeing service in the Ferry Command in Africa.

Irene is working very hard at MGM, but just couldn't resist buying the most beautiful and lovely Irish Setter you ever saw. Suddenly, with servant shortage, Irene was faced with the problem of exercising her dog. As she lives near the U.C.L.A. campus, she advertised in the college paper for some young man who would like to earn money after school by taking Michael, the dog, for a walk.

Well, Gary Cooper is now walking Irene's dog, and it isn't the actor. That is the boy's name, and everyone thinks it is very funny.

Mickey Rooney is in the enviable spot of being box-office champ number one. He is one of the largest money earners in the picture business. Mickey has the world by the tail. That is the Mickey whom the public knows, the fresh kid from just around the corner who gets into scrapes.

The real Mickey is the heartbroken boy whose marriage didn't work out. Half of it may have been his fault, half of it wasn't. There was no more sincere or happier person than Mickey when he married Ava Gardner.

However, Ava wanted to be Mrs. Mickey Rooney and a movie actress, too. The two didn't jell. Like any normal American of twenty-two Mickey wanted to go into the army and defend his country. His studio made a test case of him and asked for a deferment for him so he could continue his acting and entertain. His draft board finally settled the question and declared him unfit for service.

Through all this embarrassment have you heard any word from Mickey? Not one. Just remember with all the problems Mickey has taken it on the chin as few people could. Mickey represents the finest type of American manhood. He is doing what he can to help win the war in his own way, and doing it with a broken heart.
IT HAPPENS IN MOVIELAND, TOO

Pretty Anne Shirley, who is getting smarter looking every day, and agent Henry Wilson were in Ciro's, dining and dancing.

Into the room came June Havoc and Anne's ex, John Payne, now in service. The couples coldly nodded, and took seats in the opposite ends of the room.

There is more than meets the eye to the Havoc-Payne romance. It has been steadily and quietly going on, and June is a pretty fascinating girl.

SUSAN GETS ADVICE

Cute little Susan Peters is engaged to actor Richard Quine. She used to be engaged to Joan Crawford's husband, Phil Terry. Inside story of her present engagement is wonderful and shows why Susan will become a star and hold her place on the screen.

Reason: Agent Levis Green scouting for talent, found not too pretty, or too thin, or too well groomed, and very young Susan Carnahan. He signed her to a contract with his agency and started out to find her a job in a studio. He finally placed her under contract to Warner Brothers, where she played small parts and made test after test with new contractees.

Green not only handled her business affairs, but taught her how to prepare to be a star. He made her take dancing, singing, voice, diction, and coaching lessons. He made her live on her small salary and still save a part of it. He made her buy few clothes, but good ones. He had her go out with the right people, but be in every night at twelve. Between Green's and her mother's training emerged Susan Peters.

Finally Green got Susan a juicy contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Now is the time, according to usual Hollywood custom, for Susan to change her agent and start on the glamour road. Not so. Green is in the army, but he still receives his ten percent for handling her. He writes her twice a week about her progress and comings and goings, and when she became engaged, she wrote and asked him whether it was all right.

Susan says that only through the intelligent handling and bolstering of her morale, when things looked tough, did she ever get to be a movie star, and she doesn't care to make any decision of any magnitude unless she can consult the man who was instrumental in her great success.

Mr. Pidgeon cuts a bit of ham at the Canteen. "It comes natural," he says. Super-pretty Miss de Havilland obliqes with an autograph for a Canteen visitor.
Your LODGE Emblem or Army or Navy Insignia and Name Engraved in 23 K. Gold
—Absolutely FREE

Special Introductory Offer

$1.98

Here is the ideal gift to send that son or sweetheart in the Armed Forces. Here, without a doubt, is positively the greatest Billfold and Pass Case Bargain that you'll be likely to see for a good many years to come. For high quality Calfskin Billfold, beautifully engraved in gold, with your Lodge Emblem, or Army, Navy, Marine or Air Corps Insignia and name, you would expect to pay up to $4.50 and consider it a marvelous buy. If you take advantage of this sensational introductory offer, you can get this superb genuine Calfskin Wallet and Pass Case for only $1.98, and we will send you absolutely free a specially designed three color lifetime Identification Plate, which carries your Social Security Number, your Name and Address or your Army Draft Number. This fine grain Calfskin Billfold must actually be seen to be fully appreciated. Besides the spacious compartment at the back which can be used for currency, checks, papers, etc., it has four pockets, each protected by celluloid to prevent the soiling of your valuable membership and credit cards.

When closed, this handsome Billfold has the soft velvety feel you find only in quality Calfskin. Your Lodge Emblem or Army, Navy, Marine or Air Corps Insignia and name are beautifully embossed in 23 karat gold on the face of the Billfold. Due to difficulty in obtaining choice leather because of war conditions, the supply of these Billfolds is limited. Remember, if you send your order promptly, we will include, absolutely FREE a beautiful identification Key Tag and Gilt Chain to match, all hand-engraved with your Name, Address, City and State. If after receiving your Billfold and Free gift, you don't positively agree that this is the most outstanding bargain you have ever come across, return them to us and your money will be cheerfully refunded in full. Send your order today without fail, so you won't be disappointed.

Rush This Coupon For This Once-In-A-Lifetime Bargain!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 273-C, 54 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

If you want a LODGE, or ARMY or NAVY Insignia, state name here.

Gentlemen: I enclose $1.98. Please send me a Genuine Calfskin Billfold with my name and choice of Emblems, engraved in 23 K. gold. Include absolutely FREE a lifetime identification plate carrying my full Name and Social Security Number, or Draft Number. Also include a beautiful identification Key Tag and Gilt Chain to match, all hand-engraved with my Name, Address, City and State.

My Full Name.  

Address.  

City.  

State.  

Social Security Number.  

Army Draft Number.  

Please ship the above C. O. D. for $1.98 plus a few postage and C. O. D. charges.
In moments like this, lovely eyes can say more than any spoken words... Perhaps today, your hero is far from the things he loves most—you, home and the country he is fighting so bravely to protect. Yet you are always near him in his thoughts and in his dreams.

While he’s away, he wants those eyes he adores to be bright and smiling. When he comes back to you, your eyes can be just as he pictured them in his fondest dreams. These days more than ever, millions of women are grateful for the soft, glorifying effect of Maybelline eye make-up. You will be grateful, too, once you see what a difference it makes!

Maybelline
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Maybelline Solid-form Mascara makes lashes appear longer and lovelier. Black, Brown, Blue, 75c.

Maybelline Cream-form Mascara goes on without water. Comes in dainty leatherette case. Black, 75c.

Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil, with fine point, forms graceful, expressive brows. Black, Blue, Brown, 30c.

Maybelline Eye Shadow subtly accentuates color and brilliance of eyes. Blue, Brown, Blue-gray,
 Movieland 

16 EXTRA PAGES 
Still 10 CENTS 

OCTOBER 

THE STORY OF LANA TURNER'S BABY 
WHY GREER GARSON DECIDED TO MARRY 

PAULETTE GODDARD
You'll Love It!
Take this jacket for carefree ease—and for that certain poise which being "in the know" on style gives you! That new low hipline is a "flash" from the fashion front. Perky shoulders! Suave yoke! You will adore its smart distinctive lines...you will always enjoy its caressing warmth. It's tailored of favorite Spun-Ray, justly popular for its wear...for its beauty! It will be your prop and mainstay, season in, season out. Select yours from one of these season's latest shades: Liberty Blue, Camel Tan, Teal Green, or Stop Red. Sizes 12 to 20.

Ideal for Sports-Leisure
Here's a sturdy "he-man's" jacket of a thousand and one uses that will keep pace with the fastest tempo of your busy day. Cut for real comfort—of "Spun-Ray"—magically flexible, water-repellent and shape-retaining as well as warm. Snappy yoked back. Genuine leather buttons for looks and wear. Grand, deep, saddle pockets. Split sides—so stride along as you will. You'll live in it from dawn 'til night. Choose Camel Tan with the following choice of harmonizing colors: Forest Green, Harbor Blue, or Luggage Brown. Choose your size from 34 to 50 on the order coupon to the right.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!
ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 1854
500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Gentlemen: Send me the SPUN-RAY Jackets indicated below C.O.D. You must be fully satisfied with my purchase or will return within 10 days for refund.

Name...Please write
Address...
City...State... plainly

LADY'S JACKET Sale Price, $3.95
Liberty Blue Camel Tan Teal Green Stop Red

Check color wanted

MAN'S JACKET Sale Price, $4.95
Camel Tan with Forest Green Harbor Blue Luggage Brown

Check color wanted

Combination Price for 1 Man's and 1 Lady's Jacket BOTH only $7.95

CHECK SIZE WANTED

LADY'S 12. 14. 16. 18. 20. MAN'S 36. 38. 40. 42. 44.

MY TOTAL PURCHASE AMOUNTS TO: $... C. O. D.
7 things you should do
to keep prices down!

If prices soar, this war will last longer, and we could all go broke when it’s over. Uncle Sam is fighting hard to keep prices down. But he can’t do it alone. It’s up to you to battle against any and every rising price! To help win the war and keep it from being a hollow victory afterward—you must keep prices down. And here’s how you can do it:

1. **BUY ONLY WHAT YOU NEED**
   Don’t buy a thing unless you cannot get along without it. Spending can’t create more goods. It makes them scarce and prices go up. So make everything you own last longer. “Use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without.”

2. **PAY NO MORE THAN CEILING PRICES**
   If you do pay more, you’re party to a black market that boosts prices. And if prices go up through the ceiling, your money will be worth less. Buy rationed goods only with stamps.

3. **SUPPORT HIGHER TAXES**
   It’s easier and cheaper to pay for the war as you go. And it’s better to pay big taxes now—while you have the extra money to do it. Every dollar put into taxes means a dollar less to bid for scarce goods and boost prices.

4. **PAY OFF OLD DEBTS**
   Paid-off debts make you independent now . . . and make your position a whale of a lot safer against the day you may be earning less. So pay off every cent you owe—and avoid making new debts as you’d avoid heiling Hitler!

5. **DON’T ASK MORE MONEY**
   in wages, or in prices for goods you have to sell. That puts prices up for the things all of us buy. We’re all in this war together—business men, farmers and workers. Increases come out of everybody’s pocket—including yours.

6. **SAVE FOR THE FUTURE**
   Money in the savings bank will come in handy for emergencies. And money in life insurance protects your family, protects you in old age. See that you’re ready to meet any situation.

7. **BUY WAR BONDS**
   and hold them. Buy as many as you can. Then cut corners to buy more. Bonds put money to work fighting the war instead of letting it shove up prices. They mean safety for you tomorrow. And they’ll help keep prices down today.

**KEEP PRICES DOWN . . .**

*Use it up . . . Wear it out . . .*

*Make it do . . . Or do without.*
We think that the best story the late Eric Knight ever wrote is "Lassie Come Home." We liked his "This Above All" but when it comes to "Lassie" we liked this above all.

So much for the wonderful book—now for the wonderful picture. It is called "Lassie Come Home." We predict that the whole country will go to the dog when they hear the word-of-mouth praise from those who have seen "Lassie."

Yes indeed, "Lassie" is a human thing. It takes a sudden dive to the bottom of your heart and stirs up the waves of compassion and understanding.

It is a picture of suspense—as exciting as any thriller you've been thrilled by and more artistically told.

Out at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio they're handing bouquets to young Fred Wilcox who turned in this first feature directorial assignment.

Rarely has there been a better cast in a motion picture. To name a few—Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty, Edmund Gwenn, Nigel Bruce, Elsa Lanchester. Sort of makes you think of the cast of "How Green Was My Valley," doesn't it?

Hugo Butler, who wrote the screen play from the Eric Knight "best-seller," pulled his copy out of the top drawer. And Samuel Marx produced "Lassie" with loving care.

As the broad beautiful scenes in Technicolor unfold, we do more than admire. We find ourselves in the grip of a characterful drama that will be played in theatres over and over again.

Inquire of your favorite theatre when "Lassie Come Home" will be played. If you are a father, bring your wife and kids. If you are a mother, bring your husband and kids. If you are a kid, take the lazy grown-ups in hand.

Go out of the house to see "Lassie Come Home."

We're just a lion who's putting on the dog.

—Leo
From the pages of Eric Knight's great best-seller (he wrote "This Above All" too, remember?) comes a great drama. No roar of guns, no bombs, no tanks, no planes here . . . but emotion deep, human and intense in a story you'll live and love. The kind of story real people like to pass along to their friends.

**M-G-M presents the Technicolor production** 

**LASSIE COME HOME**

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

with RODDY McDOWALL • DONALD CRISP
DAME MAY WHITTY • EDMUND GWENN
NIGEL BRUCE • ELSA LANCHESTER • LASSIE

Directed by FRED M. WILCOX • Produced by SAMUEL MARX

Screen Play by Hugo Butler
Based Upon the Novel by Eric Knight

(The above advertisement is also appearing in American Magazine, Good Housekeeping, Parents' and Woman's Home Companion.)
THERE'LL BE A
HOT TIME IN
THE OLD TOWN

...when this gang of radio favorites all get together in a laughter-filled, song-crowded screen show! It's a joy holiday!

MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL

1. Yards where movies are made
5. Electrical safety device
9. Article of dress glorified by Dottie Lamour
11. Belonging to a great Jewish priest
13. Article
14. Stage actress of "Sunny", died 1926 (first name)
15. Earth Goddess
17. Advertisement
19. Analyze grammatically
20. Receptacle
21. The "Cover Girl"
23. Edible seed
24. Penny
25. Biblical word
27. Comedy star of "One Dangerous Night"
29. Triumph
30. Unit of work
31. Star of "Now, Voyager"
33. Weaving devices
35. Unstained
36. Former producer of "Our Gang" comedies (first name)
38. Former English poet-laureate
40. What motion pictures are a form of
41. French star of "Cat People"
43. Girl's nickname
44. Veteran portrayer of Dr. Watson (initials)
45. Novelist-author of "The Human Comedy"
47. Proceed
48. First name of 41 horizontal
50. Running courses (suffix)
52. Back of the neck
53. Famous runaway slave (first name)

VERTICAL

1. "The Powers Girl"
2. Correlative
3. Famous cowboy star (first name)
4. Fastening device used on dresses
5. Actress who portrayed Lillian Russell
6. Burial vase
7. Therefore
8. Machine
9. German coal and iron district
10. Chart
11. Race horse, winner of 1942 Preakness
12. Transmitted
15. Wrath
18. Star of "Philadelphia Story," now an army lieutenant
20. Star of "Casablanca"
21. How Frank Buck brought 'em back
24. Great French painter
26. Species of American blackbird
28. M-G-M mascot
31. "The Amazing Mrs. Holliday"
32. County
33. Famous comic star and producer
34. Produced on the stage
35. Containers
37. I love (Latin)
39. Son of Seth
41. Mentally normal
42. Aromatic ointment
45. Soak
46. Correlative
49. Mother
51. Pronoun

(For Solution See Page 80)
The girl of the year in the picture of the year! From coast to coast they'll be talking, loving, dressing, thinking like Claudia!

You'll love Claudia

"CLAUDIA"

DOROTHY McGuire
Robert Young
INA CLAIRE
and REGINALD Gardiner
OLGA RACLANOVA
Directed by
EDMUND GOULDING
Produced by William Perlberg. Adapted for the Screen by Morris Rocklin from the Play by Rose Franken as Produced for the Stage by John Golden.

William Goetz, in Charge of Production

"THANKS LOADS, WORLD, FOR MAKING ME A STAR!"

You'll thrill to
SONJA HENIE
Wintertime
You'll never forget
FRANZ WERFEL'S
SONG OF BERNADETTE
You'll cheer
GUADALCANAL DIARY
You'll cherish
ORSON WELLES
JOAN FONTAINE
Jane Eyre

You'll sing the praises of
BETTY GRABLE
Sweet Rosie O'Grady

You'll hail all these great coming HITS from
20TH CENTURY FOX
The talk of the town now turns to a remarkable picture, FIRST COMES COURAGE, in which a deeply moving romance is blended with the flaring brilliance of Commando warfare. Lovely Merle Oberon and dashing Brian Aherne share the starring honors.

Tenderness and the warmth that comes from the heart play a big part in thrilling DESTROYER, which stars Edward G. Robinson. Glenn Ford and Marguerite Chapman share the spotlight with Edward G., when they're not sharing zing-y kisses!

All you who roared at Charles Coburn as "Mr. Dingle" in "The More The Merrier" will be glad to hear about MY KINGDOM FOR A COOK. In this uproarious hit, Coburn's appearance has been changed, but you can't disguise a DINGLE!

CAPTAIN CLARK GABLE AFTER THE WAR

From the most authentic source, to Movieland exclusively, comes some pretty distressing news for Gable fans. It's this, and it's true. You won't be seeing Clark on the screen again, not during the war nor after the war.

The big fellow, whom everyone in Hollywood worshipped, feels he has found his destiny in the Army. He likes being Captain Gable. He wants to keep on being Captain Gable, even after peace is declared. He says that he will never return to the screen. Naturally, if our government asks him to make propaganda shorts or even feature films, he will do that, though he would prefer not to. But as for regular acting in make-believe stories, that he refuses.

Don't cheer yourself up with the idea that Clark may change his mind. I hope he does, but I'll wager anything that he won't. Gable is not a mind-changer. There's a stubborn streak in him which he inherits from his Dutch ancestors, and when he gets an idea, he sticks to it regardless of arguments. He said after Carole's death that he would never make another picture. He did finish "Somewhere I'll Find You," which was already in production, but he did that rather than let down MGM, his one and only producing company.

Clark really loves every minute of his time in the Air Corps. He has always been a man's man, preferring male society to feminine five to one. He finds England, where he is now stationed, completely fascinating.

He's keeping his ranch in Encino, California, and will live there after the war. He'll never have to think about money again. His salary before he enlisted, had reached $75,000 a year on a flat fifty-two weeks yearly.

The only hope we see for his public is to get Selznick to release "Gone With The Wind" for a yearly revival. Meanwhile, Movieland salutes Captain Gable, an intelligent and clever and truly patriotic great guy.

(Continued on page 10)
Every now and then the screen brings forth a picture that captures the emotions of all... Just such extraordinary film entertainment is Columbia’s “DESTROYER”! It has the tears and sweat...the joy...the heart! It has the story of men and their ship! It has thrill-packed action!

STARRING

Edward G. ROBINSON
Marguerite Chapman
Edgar Buchanan

Screen Play by Frank Wead, Lewis Meltzer and Borden Chase - Directed by William A. Seiter
BET ON "THE BELL"

Buddy de Sylva, the production head of Paramount, has a terrific bet on with David Selznick, that “For Whom the Bell Tolls,” which Paramount made with Selznick’s star, Ingrid Bergman, will outgross “Gone With The Wind,” which Selznick made with Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh.

“Gone With The Wind” has made almost twenty million dollars so far, being the most successful picture ever produced. Thus de Sylva is betting that “the Bell” will earn more than that unbelievable sum.

De Sylva is a very smart showman and has done a fantastically fine job of turning Paramount productions into vast money makers in the two short years he has been there. Nevertheless, I string along with Selznick on this bet.

Here’s why: Great as is “For Whom the Bell Tolls,” its story is not centered on the love story of its two stars. It is really the story of a small group of Spanish people, engaged in a civil war against other Spanish people.

“Gone With The Wind” may have been laid against the background of our own civil war, but it was entirely and always the story of the love and conflict between Rhett Butler and Scarlett O’Hara. I can be so wrong, but I’ll wager, anytime, that this kind of story will beat the other kind of story in sheer pulling power.

What do you think? I’d be fascinated to know.

AN OFFICER AT HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN

One of the most avid entertainers of the soldiers is cute little Jane Wyman.

Just the other night she turned up at the Hollywood Canteen to sing with the band that was playing there that night. She was accompanied by her handsome and smiling Lieutenant husband, Ronald Reagan. Commissioned officers are not allowed in the Canteen. So Lt. Reagan had to spend his time in the kitchen with the ladies washing dishes.

Finally he was called out just to say hello to the boys. Stepping up on the bandstand and not knowing how the boys would take him, Ronnie grinned and said, “I don’t know what they feed you boys in here, but it must be good. I have never seen so many faces smiling at an officer before.”

The boys broke out in a cheer.

(Continued on page 76)
JAMES CAGNEY

That "academy award" man is coming to town! You'll go for Jimmy as he goes all out for three gals in a jam... And William Cagney's production really makes the story tick! C'mon people! This is for you!

JOHNNY COME LATELY

Jimmy's great picture was taken from this "best seller" by Louis Bromfield.

JAMES CAGNEY in "JOHNNY COME LATELY" with GRACE GEORGE • MARJORIE MAIN and MARJORIE LORD • HATTIE MCDANIEL • EDWARD McNAMARA

A WILLIAM CAGNEY PRODUCTION

Directed by WILLIAM K. HOWARD • Screen Play by JOHN VAN DRUTEN • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
Want to own a new home by 1953?

LIKE TO OWN a new home by 1953? With land enough for a garden and a back yard for the kids? And money coming in every month to pay off the mortgage?

Sure you would. But you never will if you let the good money you're making now slip through your fingers. So start saving. Invest every cent you can spare (at least 10% of your pay) in U. S. War Savings Bonds. Regularly!

War Bonds are the best all-around investment the world has ever seen. They can't go down in price. Ten years from now, you get back $4 for every $3 you invest now. AND... money invested in War Bonds is safe, even if the bond itself is lost or stolen!

YOU'VE DONE YOUR BIT, NOW DO YOUR BEST!

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

This advertisement is a contribution to America's all-out war effort by MOVIELAND MAGAZINE

BACKGROUND TO DANGER (Warner Bros.)

The main attribute of this is the magnificent acting of its cast. Co-starring such chillers as George Raft and Sydney Greenstreet, with Brenda Marshall, Osa Massen and Peter Lorre, the excitement runs high. Plenty of action, suspense.

The plot is a most complicated one, involving international shenanigans going on in very international Turkey. George Raft is the hero, but that's all you do know until the end of the picture, during which you are kept wondering just who is friend and who is foe. It's the old cops-and-robbers theme, pretty well disguised by present-day Nazis, Russians, Americans, Turks, Englishmen and then some. Mr. Raft is continually climbing over walls, hiding in dark corners.

HIT THE ICE (Universal)

Abbott and Costello are hilariously back again. "Hit the Ice" is one of their funniest, happiest pictures, loaded with gags that are howls throughout.

In this one, Bud and Lou are making a bare living as sidewalk candid camera photographers. Three gangsters who are planning to rob a bank hear the boys talking about "shooting" and hire them to cover the robbery. Instead, Bud and Lou get a picture of the thugs as they come out of the bank, and realizing their mistake, the gangsters plot to get the negative and liquidate the zanies. This involves a visit to Sun Valley and a ski chase that's a riot. Ginny Simms adds to the film with her singing, and Patric Knowles and Elyse Knox provide the love interest.

HEAVEN CAN WAIT

Here is a larksome idea: an elderly gentleman arrives in the nether world to gain admission to the Devil's group. His Satanic Majesty insists that he must know if the gentleman is wicked enough. So the old gentleman dives back into his past to prove he's a rip.

If you're drama-wise, however, you know perfectly well that he proves himself nothing of the sort. If you're story-wise and realize that Don Ameche plays the lead, you know he is about as wicked as Santa Claus. Gene Tierney as the girl he most loves and the only one he marries is charming and real.

You will get pleasant chuckles. But what was intended to be quite naughty turns out to be as heady as a tall glass of ice-cold milk.

(Continued on page 73)
ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC
What happens to the swell merchant marine boys who sail these days. Stars Humphrey Bogart, but is non-romantic, all action.

BATAAN
Poignant, courageous, inspiring story of a patrol of American boys fighting to the relentless end. Robert Taylor heads a magnificent cast.

BOMBARDIER
All the thrills of learning bombardier training, plus action, a good love story, neat acting. Pat O’Brien.

CONEY ISLAND
Betty Grable, George Montgomery, Cesar Romero in a colorful old-time musical. Typical triangle plot. Swell tunes.

CRASH DIVE
Tyrone Power’s farewell picture for the duration. Loaded with submarine, battle action. Diana Andrews, Anne Baxter. Great!

DIXIE
Bing Crosby, with Dottie Lamour, in new tunes and old hits, set against the magnolia-scented old South in days of first minstrel shows. Super.

DUBARRY WAS A LADY
Daffy but delicious romp starring Lucille Ball, Red Skelton, Tommy Dorsey, about a hat check boy who dreams he’s King of France.

MISSION TO MOSCOW
A provocative preachment on modern Russia seen through the eyes of a former American ambassador. Very worth while.

MR. BIG
The jivinest, singing-est, youngest hoop-la, starring Donald O’Connor, who’s swell, with pretty little Gloria Jean, Ray Eberle, Peggy Ryan.

MR. LUCKY
Cary Grant portraying a big shot gambler reformed by war and love in the person of Laraine Day. Not great, but good enough.

STAGE DOOR CANTEEN
The super-duper entertainment bargain of all with 72 stars, 6 bands, 15 musical numbers. Don’t miss.

Watch on the Rhine

GERALDINE FITZGERALD

Lucile Watson • Beulah Bondi • George Coulouris
Directed by HERMAN SHUMLIN, who staged it for Broadway From the Stage Play by Lillian HELLMAN; Screen Play by Dashiell Hammett
Additional Scenes and Dialogue by Lillian Hellman; Music by Max Steiner;

13
And Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox, spoke at the opening of the campaign at the Hollywood Bowl.

1. Sec'y Frank Knox, Edward Arnold, L.B. Mayer, MGM head.
3. The David O. Selznicks.
4. Our Nat Dillinger (profile) talking to Sec'y Knox.
5. George Burns, Dinah Shore, Bing Crosby.
6. Roz Russell and her husband, Capt. Freddie Brisson.
7. Lucille Ball and husband, Desi Arnaz. Notice Lucille's monogram—the size of it!
8. Dorothy Lamour and husband, Capt. Bill Howard.
9. Gracie Allen and Betty Hutton—Backstage at the Bowl.
10. Allan Curtis and Frances Gifford look up as a flock of P-38's fly over the Bowl.
12. Allan Jones, Irene Hervey, Lon Chaney, Jr.
15. Corporal Alan Ladd and Mrs. Ladd (Sue Carol).
17. The Eddie Brockens.
18. Roddy McDowall and Janet Blair.
HI, PUBLIC, here I am back again. Things are really torrid in the Hollywood music works this month.

THE TUNEFILMS:
The new crop of Hollywood musicals is one of the sharpest shooting in a long time.

Warner Brothers hit the jackpot with "Thank Your Lucky Stars." The picture has every big name on the Warner lot giving out with song, including Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, Dennis Morgan, Joan Leslie, Olivia de Havilland, Ida Lupino, Ann Sheridan and Jack Carson. Of course Dinah Shore carries the biggest load, singing the title song, "Thank Your Lucky Stars," and "How Sweet You Are," both of which she introduced on her air show. She does another number called "The Dreamer" which is particularly suited to her mellow contralto. Dennis Morgan sings a clever tune called "Goodnight, Good Neighbor," which should help the Good Will policy with our friends below the border. When all this gets to your theater I wouldn't be
knowing, since Warners themselves aren't sure when they will give us all a look-see, but it should be along about the time you're reading this, and anyhow, it's worth watching for ...

Over Culver City way, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has been making some top-flight musicals. In "Best Foot Forward," Harry James comes through with heretofore unknown terpsichorean talent and does some fancy stepping with Nancy Walker. Of course his trumpet and band are very much in evidence, too. And young Tommy Dix, from the original New York cast of the musical comedy, is nothing short of sensational. He's the original "little boy with the big voice." Only seventeen years old, but he sings the rousing "Buckle Down, W since Warners themselves aren't sure when they will give us all a look-see, but it should be along about the time you're reading this, and anyhow, it's worth watching for ...

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WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC?
Disc delving this month is fun because there are so many goodies on hand. Dick Haymes, former Tommy Dorsey vocalist, has made four sides for Decca which are unusual, to say the least. He has no orchestral accompaniment at all, and instead, is backed up by a choral group of mixed voices called "The Song Spinners." The tunes are "You'll Never Know," "Wait For Me, Mary," "It Can't Be Wrong" and "In My Arms," all ranking favorites on the Hit Parade. Columbia gives us a Harry James platter that is sure to be a best seller. Helen Forrest is her usual wonderful self on "I Heard You..."
HER name is Katina Paxinou, and making her movie debut in “For Whom the Bell Tolls” (see the picture at the left), she walks away with the picture from that fine actor, Gary Cooper, that magical creature, Ingrid Bergman, and a superb cast.

She is neither young nor beautiful, two things that the screen is supposed to demand. She proves both qualities are quite unnecessary if a woman can act. The Paxinou can.

Her personal history is almost as great as her talent. She and her husband, Alexis Minotis, were the greatest stars of the modern Greek theatre before the Nazi hordes conquered the valiant little land.

They escaped the Nazis three times in their own country. They were torpedoed in the North Atlantic, crossing to London. In London the blitz destroyed the house in which they were living, destroying what few possessions they had left. Dauntlessly, they headed toward America in April 1942. Paxinou had one dreary experience on Broadway, then headed for Hollywood, where she tested for Pilar. Alexis Minotis has turned to writing, having already made the Saturday Evening Post and other publications.

Paxinou has already completed one other picture, “Hostages.” They say she magnificently steals that picture, too.
THIRTEEN has always been the lucky number of Jean Pierre Aumont. His passport to America, when he was escaping fallen France, was issued on the thirteenth of the month; the play with Katharine Cornell which gave him his Broadway break and his break in this country, opened on the thirteenth; he started his most important American picture, "The Cross of Lorraine," on the thirteenth. When he and Maria Montez applied for their marriage license, inescapable statistics revealed that he was 31 (the number in reverse, and wouldn't numerologists have fun with that one). Maria was 23—such a lovely age that it doesn't need necromancy to needle it.
And so Jean Pierre and Maria were married on July 13 to take full advantage of the calendar, the zodiac, and . . . of course . . . Cupid.

The ceremony was performed by Mr. Cecil P. Holland, the same Justice of the Peace who married Hedy Lamarr and John Loder. But right there the resemblance to any other recent romance stopped. This was no rushed affair like the Lamarr-Loder nuptials, nor even the Grable-Harry James marriage of two weeks before. This was a romance with marriage done in a fine, high style as befits two people whose every gesture is colorful. A double ring service was used in which plain gold bands were exchanged. That debonair screen lover, Charles Boyer, was the best man (settle

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1. Here's the bride next to the groom — Maria Montez and Pierre Aumont.
3. Then Lt. Ronnie Reagan rushes up to kiss Maria. Or was he first after Pierre?
4. Of course the couple give their attendants some honors. Best man Charles Boyer kisses Maria, and maid-of-honor Jeanine Crispin tip-toes to let Pierre plant one on her cheek.
5. With a grip on Maria's hand and an eye on the camera, agent Louis (Doc) Shurr bestows kiss and blessing.
7. And because she caught the bride's bouquet, actress Elizabeth Russell (Roz Russell's sister-in-law) gets a kiss from Maria.
8. The men do it, too, only maybe it's more of an embrace. Anyway, Nadia Petrova (Mrs. Reginald Gardiner) and Maria watch their husbands at it.
down, Aumont fans . . . it's just a term), and little Jeannine Crispin, a very romantic French girl, was maid of honor.

Maria, her eyes as richly brown as maple leaves in October, wore white satin. Over her head she wore an antique lace mantilla, and her only display of jewelry was the gold bracelet Pierre had given her.

Did she wear something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue? Ah yes in the finest of bridal tradition. The “something old” was her pair of white satin wedding slippers, and the very gown itself. This was a white Chanel number Maria had bought some time before and loved. Being wartime, she felt it her duty not to plunge into extravagance, even for the greatest event in her vivid life. Montez is always original, and never was she more wonderfully and rightly original than in this daring, patriotic gesture. The “something borrowed” was the matched set of combs that she borrowed to hold her mantilla in place, from her maid of honor, and the “something blue” was the wide satin ribbon caught about her bouquet of white roses and bovardia.

After the ceremony and the many toasts, Maria set out to assemble all the unmarried girls to act as collective short stop for her hurled wedding bouquet. She circled the rooms and returned with a happy comment, “Practically everyone is married! Isn’t it wonderful?”

Elizabeth Russell caught the bouquet, so we'll keep track of her for you. A wonderful and weird note on this beauty is that she plays the ghost in “The Uninvited”!

But really, we must tell the beginning of this romance, to the first dance, the first serious glance, the first quickening heart beat . . .

Start with a dolly shot. Which is to say . . . in Hollywood parlance . . . let the camera travel on its cat-feet rubber tires, down an aisle in the Beverly Hills Brown Derby. The camera frame will take in a teeming panorama of customers and flying waitresses, and finally will come to rest on a couple in a rear booth. A couple looking passionately into one another’s eyes and talking raptly into one another’s beautiful (Continued on page 68)
EVEN with the birth of her baby Lana Turner wasn't "let off anything." Lana never is.

As this is written, the seven pound baby daughter born to Lana and Steve Crane, the famous annulment-remarriage baby, has been given its second blood transfusion within twenty-four hours after birth. The doctors say the baby is suffering from an anemic condition rare in infants. They say Lana's condition is excellent except for the mental strain.

The first thing she said to Steve when she heard her daughter had been removed to the Children's Hospital for the special transfusions, was: "She is going to be all right. I know it. We wanted her so much. I know she will fight to hold on." Steve, who had been pacing the corridor all through the hot July night, couldn't say anything except the volumes that were spoken in the gesture of pressing his weary face against his wife's hand.

They called her Cheryl Christina Crane for no reason at all except that they thought Cheryl is a beautiful name. It isn't in honor of Lana's mother or of Steve's or for any distant relative on either side. They had talked about names a lot in those precious two months after they recaptured their happiness. If it was a boy, Lana wanted to name it Stephen. "It doesn't matter if a boy is named after someone," she said, "because men always carve lives of their own. But if it is a girl I want her to have an individual name—a beautiful name that just fits her and no one else."

The idea of individuality for women is something Lana has always felt deeply. Even when she was just a kid starting out on the MGM lot, she felt it. One of her best friends was Otto Winkler, the lovable press agent who crashed to his death in that flaming plane with Carole Lombard. They used to have long talks together and once, soon after Artie Shaw had made his oft-quoted comment that Lana would have been a lot happier if she had just married some ordinary guy and settled down to raising a lot of children, she said to Otto:

"I don't suppose he meant to be flattering. But he is right about one thing—the children. I love them. I hope I have a lot of them. But he is wrong if he thinks I would have been happy without a life of my own.

"I'm glad I have been out in the world and had the opportunity to live my own life. I am grateful for everything I've learned—yes, even the mistakes I have made." (And her marriage to Shaw was one of them). "I am glad for everything that has happened to me. And when I have kids—and I will when the right man comes along—I hope my daughter won't be afraid of anything life has to deal out to her."

Philosophers have said the same thing in finer prose—but it has never been said with more sincerity. Otto told me about that conversation when he was trying to explain to me the kind of "kid" Lana is.

"She'll take anything in the world square on the chin—but sympathy," he said. "She can't stand that 'poor little Lana' talk. That kid is one of the rare human beings in the world. She knows she is living!"

I tell you that because it explains so perfectly why Lana chose the name of Cheryl—after nobody in particular—for her daughter, the little baby with masses of dark...
curly hair that she so deeply hopes will grow up to have a life of her own.

Make no mistake about one thing: Lana and Steve wanted that baby more than anything else in the world. It meant far more to them than the average baby because somehow it symbolized the new sane, balanced happiness they have found together. It meant the end of all the old quarrels and misunderstandings and heartaches. The baby meant the end of all that—and the beginning of their life together as just Mr. and Mrs. Family, away from all of the gaudy headlines and the glaring spotlight that has followed them since they met.

Few women have ever carried a baby through more emotional turbulence in their personal lives than Lana was called upon to face. She had known she was going to have a baby for two months when the news burst like a bombshell upon Hollywood, and on Lana, too, that her marriage was not legal because Steve Crane was not free of a former marriage to Carol Kurtz Crane.

There was the agonizing parting of the annulment proceedings with the California Courts granting Lana the slight solace of the legality of her child because she was the "innocent party."

There were the bitter months of misunderstanding that followed. In his heartbreak, Steve just went haywire. Even the best intentioned friends in the world said Lana was well rid of him. That black night that his car mysteriously careened off a cliff and he lay in a hospital not caring much whether he pulled through or not, Lana's friends thought it best that she issue a statement that they were through.

"Steve and I will not be remarried," is what she said—and what it cost her to say it no one will ever know. For at that time no one knew how very much Lana and the tall, good-looking playboy of the night clubs loved one another.

There were a great many things Hollywood did not know from that point on. At a time when other women in her condition are being spared as much emotional strain as possible, in the sixth month of carrying her child, Lana made the most important decision of her life, and she made it alone. She and Steve were remarried, once again to the tune of blaring headlines and the even more blaring arguments from outsiders about whether or not she had made the right move toward her happiness.

Her only explanation was: "We love each other. We always have. Soon, Steve is going into the Army. I want him to go away knowing that his family is waiting for him when he comes back."

And because the little Turner girl is never let off anything, she knew the cynical attitude Hollywood was assuming toward her remarriage. She knew they were saying: "If she couldn't be happy with him once—what makes her think they will be happy now?"

She made no explanation publicly, but to the few friends close to her and Steve, she said: "He's a different person from the boy I married. I know I am a different person from the girl he married. For the past few months Steve has been up at Fort MacArthur in the Army, and the life he has lived there has completely changed him. He has new ideals. He has made new friends. All the old restlessness that used to make people call Steve a playboy has gone out of him. He has his feet on the ground, and he is happier and more contented than I have ever known him to be. He's just a different person from the boy he was when we first met."

You had only to see them together when Steve came down on leave from Fort MacArthur to know how truly Lana spoke. Steve had been twice rejected by the Army doctors, and put himself on a health regime for months until finally he could pass his physical. Lana was never the kind of expectant mother who treated herself like a glamorous invalid while she was carrying her baby. She belonged to the school of young moderns, healthy, well, and strong, who scoff at the idea of pampering themselves.

When anything important came up, when she was asked to appear for any worthy cause, she didn't beg off because of her condition. She could have so easily—but she didn't. When Madame Chiang Kai-shek made her momentous visit to Hollywood, Lana was asked to serve on the reception committee at the Hollywood Bowl. All the important stars of Hollywood were there, but there was something especially gallant about Lana to me, hugging an enormous fur coat in front of her, sitting in the hot sun for hours, her eager face turned up avidly to every word spoken by the great lady.

And when Steve was in town, you could see them shopping in the little stores of Beverly Hills and Westwood in a car with the top down, Lana's hair blowing in the breeze.

If anyone suggested to Lana that she take things more carefully she said, "Why? I feel wonderful. I never felt better in my life."

And so the time came when little Lana, who is never let off anything, went to the hospital to have her baby. It should have been in the cards that there would be no more worries for these two—Lana and Steve. The baby arrived, a beautiful little thing, so perfect that when Steve saw her he said, "Why, she looks just like a miniature of Lana—only her hair is darker."

But even in this moment that should have been all theirs the headlines crept back into their lives when it was learned of the infant's rare ailment.

The doctors say it is responding to treatment so courageously that it is all right for Steve to return to camp. And even those people who used to wonder whether Lana and Steve were right for each other are not being cynical any more. They are certain of their love for each other. They are wholeheartedly and beautifully in love. They have earned this happiness.

The End
WHY GREER GARSON DECIDED TO MARRY

At six forty-five of a midsummer afternoon, before the altar of a small church in Santa Monica, California, one of the world’s finest actresses and one of the bravest and handsomest of U.S. Navy officers stood exchanging the vows of holy matrimony.

The date was July 24, 1943. Their names were Greer Garson and Richard Ney, but at that moment they were not thinking either of fame or the future. They were, for that instant, exactly like thousands of other lovers everywhere, a fellow in uniform and his girl, rushing their wedding during that little interval of leave from the fighting front.

It was, in fact, for Greer and Richard Ney the next-to-the-last day of his ten-day leave. The headlines the next day were to say that Greer and Richard suddenly made up their minds to marriage, that he had conquered Greer’s desire to wait until victory for the wedding. This is not true.

Greer grins impishly and says, “We would have been married eight months ago when we first got our license if it hadn’t been for the existence of the three day California marriage laws. Eight months ago Richard’s leave wasn’t long enough for us to get the license, and wait those necessary three days. When Richard left that time, we were determined that if he got back on another leave, then we would have the ceremony.”

There were in those intervening months, however, several problems. As the dramatic queen of the movie box-office, Greer knew that if she announced that she would be married at the first given opportunity, her life would have been made miserable by the constant inquiries as to when the great event was to take place. The telephone would ring every fifteen minutes with inquiries from friends, reporters, and the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

Greer wisely therefore said nothing at all and let reporters...
guess what they would. But when Richard Ney did get a leave that brought him to Hollywood in mid-July, the course of this very true love did not run smoothly. Instead of being exquisite romance, it insisted upon being a comedy of errors.

After eight months' service, mostly in the Aleutians, Richard came back to Hollywood a much more mature, gaunt young man than when he left, but with his eyes shining at the sight of Greer's beauty. They planned to be together every moment, and for their very first call, they went to visit Sidney Franklin, Greer's producer and the man who had originally introduced them to one another. They had met in Franklin's office when "Mrs. Miniver" was being cast. They had immediately been very aware of one another, the titian-haired Irish-English girl and the tall, subtle American actor making his movie debut, and they fell more and more in love during the weeks that they worked together. Sidney Franklin has produced all the Garson pictures since then, "Random Harvest" and the just-finished "Madame Curie," and he has always felt like a godfather to the Garson-Ney romance.

Thus on his first day of freedom from action, Richard felt he must call on Franklin. "So what happened?" says Greer. "It was a very hot day, and Sidney's swimming pool looked wonderfully inviting. We quickly changed into suits. We quickly plunged in. We had a wonderful time, marvelous. And then I went home and developed the worst cold I've ever suffered. I ran such a fever that the doctor put me to bed for four solid days. He wouldn't let anyone come near me, and quite right, too, for I was a complete hospital of cold germs. So Richard spent all those four days taking out my mother!"

By the beginning of the next week, however, Greer was up and around, and very secretly she and Richard decided upon Saturday for the wedding. They told no one, not even Greer's mother. They went out dancing together. Dancing is one of their great bonds in common. Richard is an extraordinarily fine dancer, and Greer loves music and rhythm with an absolute passion. The fact that they made no announcement, coupled with the fact that just before Richard's return, Greer had been seen out once or twice with Benny Thau who had been her devoted suitor before she met Ney, threw Hollywood completely off the trail.

Saturday finally dawned. Everything looked perfect. Too perfect. MGM called. Miss Garson was needed at the studio immediately for some added scenes on "Madame Curie."

The lovers groaned. Greer knew if she revealed her plans the studio would put off the retakes, but in that case, they would want to give out publicity on the forthcoming event and then, immediately after the wedding, they would undoubtedly want to finish up the film. Greer quickly made her decision. She'd do the added scenes, and be married, too. She would this way, at least, have privacy for a little while and a brief scrap of an undisturbed honeymoon.

So all that very warm late July day, Greer was busy on "Madame Curie." To those on the set it was all studio commonplace. Blazing lights, streaming make-up, frayed tempers, just another of those awkward anti-climaxes when a great picture is all but finished and the mood of it all a little gone from their blood.

Richard Ney was just another set visitor, but a welcome one. Richard Ney who was older and rather tired looking with lines under his eyes. Richard Ney who had been in the headlines himself with his experiences under fire in the Aleutians. Thoughts of what he had gone through in that campaign made working on the set that much easier. The thought of bursting shrapnel, choking mists, and infested foxholes mocked the general studio discomforts. No one noticed that Greer and the tall, handsome young Ensign were strangely silent, almost subdued.

It was not until they were safely back in the hall of Greer's home, greeted by the gracious white-haired Nina Garson, that their quiet reserve gave way. Greer threw herself into her mother's arms and Richard started to laugh. It was the first real, unrepressed joy that the moment which had been uppermost in the minds and hearts of both Greer and Richard for almost a year was at last at hand, something concrete and real and beyond further postponement. The rest was a quick trip to the church, but even then not as quick as Greer wanted it.
"For one thing," she says laughingly, "I had nothing to wear. That sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? A woman with marriage uppermost in her mind all these months, with nothing to wear. But it's true. I haven't gone out a lot since Richard was away, and work on my last three pictures had been really so hard that when I got home, I was glad to stay there. Week-ends and evenings I'm always pottering in the garden and for that I've accumulated a glamorous wardrobe of gardening hats, denim overalls, and play suits. But those are hardly the things for a wedding."

But by this time excitement had taken hold of the entire household. Mrs. Garson with one hand was busy rummaging in the closets for suitable clothes and with the other was frantically calling Santa Monica and the Rev. Richard Irving. Finally the Rev. Mr. Irving signed his agreement, to say nothing of his pleasure, for a wedding to take place that evening at the Presbyterian Church. And the closet gave forth an orchid crepe dress, a length of lime green net adorned with white shells as a snood, and shoes of the same color for the bridal feet.

With Richard giving himself a close shave in one room, Mrs. Garson now looking for something to wear herself, and Greer too happy to say or do anything but pace up and down the living room, the excitement soon crept into the kitchen. There the butler and his wife Gizella exchanged a knowing look, took down packages of cake flour and turned on the stove.

The ceremony was the simplest possible one, lasting only a few minutes with Mrs. Garson the only witness. The Rev. Richard Irving said, "It was just another wartime wedding, without pretentions, and very real. Instead of the bride being one of Hollywood's most glamorous actresses, she might have been just any ordinary young woman marrying her sailor." And that was exactly the wedding Greer wanted.

Immediately after the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ney returned to the two-storied English house in Stone Canyon, so like the house in "Mrs. Miniver." Decorated throughout by Greer herself, who by the way is very good at that sort of thing, the house is typical of the homes you see in the cool, green English countryside. In English Tudor style it has been done inside for comfort and not effect; it is furnished so that a man might enjoy it as much as a woman.

Here the beaming servants were waiting for them. Halmos, the butler, who is an accomplished pianist besides, went to the piano and played the Wedding March, while his wife brought forth a tray of drinks and the hurriedly-baked cake, a wartime wedding cake a bit short on butter and eggs and guiltless of icing—not that anybody noticed. Finally Greer and her new husband and her mother sat down to dinner. "I've no idea what that was," Greer says, "just whatever happened to be in the house at the time."

The last day of Richard Ney's furlough they spent alone together, mostly in the garden. After the ice and terrible winds of the Aleutians, the Southern California garden seemed like heaven to the new groom. Richard preferred to talk about the future, the distant far-off future when the war is over. He is not certain that he will continue to be an actor. Writing is very much in his heart.

A graduate of Columbia University, he wears a service bar indicating action in the Pacific and Asiatic seas. Although he has written a book of his adventures under fire, he is not too prone to talk about what happened, or what the book is about. He only hopes that, when it is finished, Washington will approve his submitting it to publishers. Greer, herself of a fertile and inventive mind, would like to be married to a writer.

As for Richard, his only thought now is for the war's end and the beginning of his life with Greer. For them the fact that they were both married previously lies in the dim, hazy past.

Like all war-time couples they are idealists believing love is stronger than battles, stronger than distance, the greatest truest thing in the world.

Two days after their wedding Ensign Richard Ney, U.S.N., left to rejoin his unit. And in the garden, Greer, like other Navy wives, waits and dreams and prays.

THE END
The Case of the Curious BOGART

By GEOFFREY HOMES

ILLUSTRATED BY EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS BY MOVIELAND'S NAT DALLINGER, STAGED UNDER THE PERSONAL DIRECTION OF MR. GEOFFREY HOMES HIMSELF.
HERE I was staring into space, trying to figure out why there was a thousand-dollar Confederate bill and a potted geranium in the dead woman's purse and what was the butterfly tattooed on the sole of her left foot for, when the phone rang and a dame named Waterbury wanted to talk about the mystery of Humphrey Bogart.

"The only mystery I know is why women like to look at that puss of his," I said. "Maybe you can tell me why a woman would carry a potted geranium around in her purse?"

"It would have to be a very big purse," said Waterbury. "Let me ask the questions."

"Shoot," I said.

"Are you Bogart's best friend?"

"I married him."

"What do you mean, you married him?"

"I was a little mixed up," I said. "There I was walking up the path to the spot where the judge and Bogey stood, and the organ started playing 'Here Comes the Bride.' Only it wasn't Mayo Methot coming, it was me. They had to start all over again."

"Do you and Bogart own an angle worm farm together?" asked Waterbury.

"Where did you get that?"

"I have his biographical file right in front of me. It also says you are co-owners of a flea circus."

"Pay no attention to that file," I said. "Hang up and let me figure out this problem, and after awhile I'll send you all the evidence I have on the man."

"All?" asked Waterbury.

"Well, almost all," I said.

A LONG time ago I was sitting in the publicity office at Fox studio when in walked the saddest looking cow-puncher you ever saw.

"This is the end," said the sad cowhand. "I hate horses. I hate guns. I hate chaps and spurs and big hats. So what do they do with me? They make me a villain in a horse opera. I'm through. I'm going back to New York." He let out a couple more moans, then departed dejectedly.

"Who was that?" I asked.

"Humphrey Bogart," I was told. "He's a juvenile we signed for his work in 'Cradle Snatchers.' Upstairs they don't think much of him so they are putting him in westerns."

If I remember, they put him in only one western, and after he had fallen off his horse a few times, he doffed his ten-gallon hat and went back to Broadway. Anyway, I didn't see him around Hollywood for quite a while. Nor did I hear his name mentioned. As a screen actor, Bogart was washed up. Then along about 1936 rumors began drifting West about a tough guy playing Duke Mantee in 'Petrified Forest,' and pretty soon there were the Warner Brothers, roiling...
out the plush carpet for Bogart, handing him contracts, giving him what is known in publicity circles as the business. As unit press agent on the film version of "Petrified Forest," I inherited Bogart. He was my baby. I was to build him up. I was to make his name a household word, something to frighten the children with on off days.

Some stars are sensitive about the stories you write about them. Take Pat O'Brien, for instance. He still resents—and bitterly—an item some imaginative fellow wrote about the ship that was tattooed on his chest and how Pat had the skin removed and made into a lamp shade. Bogart never—well, hardly ever—resented anything.

According to our publicity stories, Bogie inherited railroad stations from obscure relatives in France. He donned a beard and played a bull fiddle in a small orchestra. (His beard-wearing, bull-fiddle playing pal was sick that week and Humphrey subbed for him, we said.) The gateman didn't recognize him. He saved the lives of sixteen leading women by pushing them out of the way of falling sun arcs. He was the first on the list of the ten meanest men in the world. Incognito, he spent two weeks in jail to get in character for his next role. All this and more, according to us.

As a matter of fact, Bogart aided and abetted the publicity boys. Handing out an annual award to the best animal actor in pictures was his idea, though at first he insisted on giving the award to a young leading man on the lot. And making a trip down the Los Angeles river in a dugout canoe was also his idea. (He never did it—he wrote a piece about it.)

Only once were his feelings hurt. That was when a story came out about how he registered agony in a scene. He put his left shoe on his right foot and his right shoe on his left foot and his feet hurt so much he couldn't help but look pained.

"I'll get even for that," said Bogart. He did.

I had retired, temporarily, from press agenting—if I remember, it had something to do with a story about a beautiful star who cured her sore throat by gargling hot beer—and was in Fresno writing "No Hands on the Clock" when my clipping service began deluging me with items about the Bogarts and their friend, Geoffrey Homes.

The Bogarts, it seemed, were heading north on their honeymoon and every time they met a reporter they told him about Homes. Homes lived in a tree house and they were going to spend a week with him. They were demanding an accounting on the profits of the two Bogart-Homes ventures—an angle worm farm and a flea circus. Homes collected safety pins from the diapers of babies that became famous—like Thomas
Hardy and the Duke of Windsor. Homes was secretly in love with Olivia de Havilland and had spent three years with a cold chisel carving her face on a big rock.

If the campaign had sold any books, I wouldn't have minded. It didn't. It ran up my clipping bills, got my name on all the sucker lists in the country, reminded a newspaperman named Lionel Moise that I owed him fifty dollars, and had my wife looking down her nose at me every time she thought about Miss de Havilland.

I sent him a wire to desist, that he was even. He sent me back a huge slab of redwood with greetings from the Bogarts to their friend Homes burned into the wood. The trouble was he sent it C.O.D. and the charges amounted to seven dollars and thirty cents. A week later he sent me a lamp made of abalone shells, also C.O.D.

I didn't see him again for a year or so. I went East, and he stayed in Hollywood and made faces at the camera and somehow convinced the Warners that his talent was an everlasting flower, something to be cherished under a seven-year contract.

One snowy night someone rapped on the door of the joint I was occupying on West 56th Street in New York. It was Bogart, and he had two bottles of scotch under one arm, a chessboard under the other, and a battered prize fighter at his heels.

"Mayo's mad at me," said Bogart. "She doesn't like prize fighters."

We drank the scotch and played something approximating chess, and the prize fighter went to sleep. After a while we decided something should be done about Mayo, out there in the snow storm. She wasn't at 21, she wasn't at the Stork Club. She wasn't in Bleecks, which is sometimes called the Artists and Writers Club, and is the hangout of guys like Bogart, Dick Watts, and Gerald Barnes of the Herald Tribune, Robert Benchley, Wolcott Gibbs of the New Yorker, and Stanley Walker. Bogart decided it was too cold to look for Mayo any more and that the thing we should do was write a play. We started one about a saloon in Stockton run by a slattern with an idiot son who sat through the whole performance with a spittoon in his lap. In the second act a girl came downstairs carrying a man's head under her arm.

"No use," said Bogart. "It's too grim. Let's write a mystery. It opens on a river. There's a guy living on a barge in the river, and he sees a rowboat floating downstream upside down. He turns it over, and there's a dead woman stuffed in it. In her purse there is a thousand dollar confederate bill and a potted geranium. She has a butterfly tattooed on the sole of her left foot."

"Go on," I suggested.

"That's your racket," said Bogart. "Anyway, we haven't time. We have to find Mayo."

We stopped at a couple of other places, but she wasn't there. But a girl who sold big stuffed Scotty dogs was, so Humphrey bought one, and we took the dog to the Algonquin Hotel where the Bogarts were staying. Mayo wasn't in their suite.


I didn't find out for three months how that row came out. Next morning I left town for some spot where a man could figure out, in peace and quiet, why the dead woman had the potted geranium in her purse. I discovered when I saw them again, that it—the row—came out all right. Mayo had come back to the room and finding it empty had, in high dudgeon, taken another suite on the floor above. She was awakened next day by the maid pushing the stuffed dog into her bedroom.

"I forgave him," said Mayo. "That is, I forgave him until we got a bill for three suites. Imagine his doing a thing like that."

"Did you get the mystery worked out?" Bogart wanted to know.

I handed him a copy of "Forty Whacks." That book opens with a guy on a barge who sees a rowboat floating downstream, turns it over and finds a woman's body in it.

"You left out the best part," said Bogart. "What about the potted geranium and the thousand-dollar confederate bill and the tattooed butterfly?"

I told him I was saving those items. I am. One of these days I'm going to corner the guy. I'm going to get him out on his boat where he can't get away and let him worry about them.

I guess though maybe I've solved why dames like to see him on screen and why Warners keep shelling out that hard money to him. The camera's got an eye sharper than an antique dealer's for anything phony, and the Bogart comes up real. If he ever went in for any kind of faking—which I doubt—he's long since that hard money to him. The camera's got an eye on screen and why Warners keep shelling out that hard money to him. The camera's got an eye sharper than an antique dealer's for anything phony, and the Bogart comes up real. If he ever went in for any kind of faking—which I doubt—he's long since been at the place where he's strictly himself all the time, and you can take him or leave him, Joe, but that's the way it is. He likes acting, and he knows how to do it, but he no more puts on a beard about it than does the plumber who comes up to the house to fix the hot water heater.

It looks like I find him guilty of being pretty regular, which crime is one you can't accuse too many actors of. THE END
The occasion was Christina's fourth birthday. The setting was Miss Crawford-Terry's Brentwood estate (oh, okay Joan Crawford and Philip Terry's place, if you insist). 'Tina has twenty of her most intimate friends—the very cream of the kindergarten crowd, my dears.
Miss Personality at 1943, or Miss Melinda Nolan, very busy daughter of Mr. Lloyd Nolan, who has personality, too.

The hostess chats with the sandbox set, left to right, Jo Anne Lang, Gene Guilaroff (son of Metro’s hair stylist de luxe), Roger Converse, Susie MacMurray (Fred’s adored), and Brooke Hayward (“Book” to the kids).

Miss Nolan, Mr. Converse, and blond Mr. Guilaroff play, too.

Danny Milland, also four, takes up a game with Bridget Hayward.

Tarquin Olivier, son of Laurence Olivier, has to show everybody just how strong he is. Christina’s mama then shows she’s strong, too, by picking Tarquin up in the air.

Nat Dallinger Informals Exclusive to Movieland
The festive board, the paper caps, the creamed chicken, the ice cream, and the birthday cake! All wonderful. Tina seated her guests thus: at her right and down the line are Joyce Converse, Tarquin Olivier, Brooke Hayward, Bridget Hoywood, Howard Long, and Joan Converse. At Tina's left are Linda Macaulay, Donny Milland, Roger Converse, Moria Cooper, Sharan Macaulay.

This is a really terrific moment for little Tina—and pretty exciting for Mama and Papa, too, it seems—when the presents are opened.

When outdoor games tire, there is nothing like coming into the playroom for a screaming round of Tail on the Donkey.

But some people don't easily tire of outdoor sports, as for instance, Susie MacMurray and Tarquin. And we just had to show you at the far right that the fatal young Mr. Milland proves he inherited almost as much beauty from his lovely mother, Mal, as he does from his dashing dad, Roy.
Everybody’s watching Danny Milland, sunk so deep in the sofa (and out of the picture) that he almost didn’t get to pin the toil. Everybody’s Susie, her nurse, Mrs. Gary Cooper, Mrs. Ray Milland, and Jo Anne Lang.

The winner of the tail on the donkey contest—Tarquin Olivier. (His prize was a twenty-five-dollar war bond in stamps, and did he have a fine time licking those stamps and showing them to his mother, Jill Esmond.) Tina threw her arms around him and told the crowds, “Tarquin is my best friend.” Said Tarq, very male and uncomfortable, “Awww!”

Mama and Papa, having the idea that little girls should not only receive but give on their birthdays, Tina hands two twenty-five-dollar bonds to Miss Waterbury to take to the Hollywood Canteen and have raffled off for two lucky service men in Christina’s own name.
GODDARD GOES IN FOR CORN

For Chickens, Too—and She Makes Them Both Pay Off

By CONSTANCE HUNTER
Poulette Goddard, the girl on Movieland’s cover this month and the most sophisticated young woman in Hollywood at anytime, has gone back to the soil. She has become a farmer. We mean in person, not a picture. This newest enterprise of hers reveals much about her as a person.

Some glamour girls have been farmers’ daughters, but Paulette, by cracky, is the farmer herself! This may come as a bit of a shock to you. If ever there was a girl who doesn’t seem to have even a touch of blue denim in her nature, it’s Paulette. Michael Arlen, sophisticate among scribblers, says she is the most civilized lass in Hollywood. And a less famous, but equally observing gentleman recently remarked after he had met up with her on the Paramount lot that she always looks exactly the way a motion picture actress should look. But rarely does.

The most supercilious head waiters just naturally hover behind Paulette’s chair. Those grand ladies who deign to sell merchandise in smart shops never snoop her. She’s unmistakably labeled important.

Nevertheless, Paulette bought a farm a few months ago. And she’s making it pay. How she is making it pay! We’ll go into that. Miss G. owns a tidy seventy acres near Suffern in Spring Valley, New York State. It is called the Camp Hill Farm. The new mistress did not choose the name. It has been known as Camp Hill for one hundred and fifty years, ever since the main house, which still stands solidly dominating the landscape, was used as headquarters by “Mad” Anthony Wayne. The old Revolutionary Road goes close past the front door.

It is a handsome house filled with fine antique furniture. All Paulette has added are some paintings (her latest hobby is collecting works of art) and the flat silver. The way she got the silver fits into her plan of operation for the property and will be dealt with in due course later in this report.

Paulette bought the place as it stands, together with the outlying acres, from Burgess Meredith. There have been romance rumors about these two, but Hollywood has never taken them seriously. Miss Goddard is distinctly a career girl, and Burgess now is serving in England as a lieutenant in the Air Corps. He acquired the farm for its beauty without thought of making it pay for itself. After all, it had been a luxurious country estate for thirty years.

But, strange as it may seem to those who think of all motion picture stars as pretty dolls who never use their brains, Paulette is a business woman. Moreover, Paulette is patriotic. She believes fallow ground is a crime against the body politic these days. So when she bought the farm, she decided to make it produce and profit. (Continued on page 74)
The Grable smile at three and a half.

At the age of ten as she appeared in a "Kid Revue" in a theater in St. Louis, Missouri, on Christmas.

Posing for leg art at fifteen.

Above—Miss Grable today. And to the right you see the vital statistics in black and white.

The Pictorial Life Story of
In 1936 Betty was free lancing, but she was becoming known around Hollywood. At Fox she made "Pigskin Paradise"; Judy Garland is the drab little girl at the left.

With two chorus girls in "Kiki" in 1930.

She did "Nitwits" with Wheeler and Woolsey in 1934 for RKO. She had been signed by RKO in 1932 and was way in the background of Ginger Rogers' "The Gay Divorcee" that year. Even when she stayed the lead in "Nitwits," no one expected her to get anywhere.

BETTY GRABLE

In 1936 Betty was free lancing, but she was becoming known around Hollywood. At Fox she made "Pigskin Paradise"; Judy Garland is the drab little girl at the left.

Paramount signed her in 1936. She made "This Way, Please" with Buddy Rogers.
With Leif Ericson in "The Thrill of a Lifetime."

In 1937 she married Jackie Coogan. Here they are at the wedding reception at Betty's home November of that year.

Betty and Hank Luisetti as they appeared in "Campus Confessions." She did a flock of these campus cuties, displaying her classic chassis.

La Grable and Bert Wheeler at Jackie's 21st birthday party at the Knickerbocker Hotel.

It wasn't a happy marriage. Betty and Jackie separated. Betty left Paramount and Hollywood and went to New York. In the winter of 1940 she became the toast of Broadway in "DuBarry Was a Lady." Hollywood called her back for "Arzner's Way." Overnight the whole town knew their cutie had grown up and that a real star was born.
Followed "Tin Pan Alley," co-starring with Alice. Betty held her own.

Followed "Moon Over Miami," "A Yank in the R.A.F.," "Hot Spot," "Song of the Islands." Groble was at last acclaimed a real star.

She began being seen with George Raft, her first serious beau since her divorce.
At home, Harry carries her in across the threshold.

They kiss!

Love's dream.

More love's dream.

The home Betty bought for herself and Momo in swank Bel-Air.

Grable’s next picture to be released—"Sweet Rosie O’Grady."

The most famous shot of Grable ever taken (yes, we know we ran it before!) was entirely an accident. Grable was posing for bathing suit art in the 20th Century-Fox gallery. Director Irving Cummings, entering, called to her. Grable looked over her shoulder to answer and pop! went the camera man. Within a week of this particular photo’s publication ten thousand of this particular photo’s publication ten thousand of this particular photo’s publication ten thousand of this particular photo’s publication ten thousand service men (truly, by actual count) write in asking for it. Twentieth sent it out. They still send out approximately one thousand a week of these—their bit for the war effort.

Her newest (and only recent one with a modern setting) is “Pin Up Girl”—now shooting.
William Boyd and Topper— and maybe they haven't shot through a lot of scenery in Producer Harry Sherman's "Hopalong Cassidy" series.
BY JOSEPH WECHSBERG

THE IMMORTAL WESTERNS

If you want to get rich in Hollywood, get a dozen horses, some cowboys, cattlemen, villains, and assorted colorful characters of the West, a Robin Hood of the range and a heroine-in-distress, and shoot a Western picture.

Said picture doesn't have to be good, though it doesn't harm it if it is. It should not be original. But regardless of what it is, as long as it's a Western, it will coin wealth immediately.

In all the forty years Westerns have been made, not one of them ever lost money. The first “Hopalong Cassidy” picture, which Harry (“Pop”) Sherman made nine years ago, is still playing to capacity crowds in South America, Mexico, India, China, and Australia, still bringing in money. Sherman just finished his 50th “Hopalong Cassidy” picture (“Riders of the Deadline”) which should bring in money until 1952. You can't speak with such surety of any other investment in these uncertain times. This same set-up applies to all Western movies, but the “Hoppies” are a perfect example.

To crash New York’s Radio City Music Hall, which is the summit of movie “show cases,” a Western has to be disguised as a Saga of the Old West or an Outdoors Epic. “The Covered Wagon,” “Dodge City,” “Jesse James,” John Ford’s “Stagecoach,” and de Mille’s “Union Pacific” did crash the big cities. But take, for instance, “Union Pacific”: eliminate the railroad-and-Irish-laborer sequences, the love scenes and most of the dialogue, and what have you got? A good, old-fashioned Western with all its ingredients of action and shooting, of hard-riding Indians and hard-fighting U. S. Cavalry men, with a terrific chase and the cloppety-clop sound of horses' hooves.

Hollywood’s attitude toward Westerns has been one of arrogance mixed with embarrassed jealousy. But Hollywood cannot ignore the facts. The facts are that Westerns are continuously played in fourteen thousand, five hundred out of the nation’s eighteen thousand movie houses. Westerns are seen by more people than any other group of pictures. Theater-men all over the country reluctantly agree to play an “arty” highbrow picture, provided they can get a good Western that fills up the theater.

In South America and the Far East the most popular American stars are Bill Boyd and Gene Autry, and not the Academy Award winners. This is almost equally true of our own small towns. Westerns have outgrown the Saturday matinee stage; outside the large cities they are seen by all the members of the family, not merely the small boys in grammar school. Fifty per cent of Gene Autry’s fans are women.

Contrary to popular opinion, the Westerns were not born in America. The first Westerns were made, forty years ago, in Southern France by a group of enterprising movie producers who figured our famed West would make a swell movie background. None of those gentlemen had ever set foot on American soil and their ideas of the Wild West were strictly on the fantastic side. They dressed their cowboys in flash satin blouses and silk trousers which would not have survived a single cloudburst; the horses were all dolled up; and the ladies-in-distress were musical comedy queens, wearing high black stockings.

In 1916 Harry Sherman became one of the first producers of Westerns in this country. He insisted on realism. He wanted real scenery, real outdoor settings; his cowboys wore their cotton (not silk) shirts open at the neck; the horses were real ranch horses. The actors were real cowhands, and their dungarees were faded by sun and rain. Audiences slowly got used to authenticity, and the success of the Westerns has been phenomenal ever since.

The story formula is still the same as forty years ago: the ridin', ropin', shootin' hero arrives just as the lovely, helpless heroine is being threatened by a gang of sinister villains, who steal her father’s cattle, or want to throw him off the land. After a noisy period of fighting there is a climax and a terrific chase, the villains get killed or arrested, and the heroine waves to the Robin Hood of the range, as he slowly rides out into the sunset.

There are the same bits of dialogue, used over and over again. “I'll give you one hour to git out o' town, Jim. After that, you'd better start reachin' . . .”

“Law? (Derisive belly-laugh) There ain't no law in this here town but me!”

Those words appeared as titles in the silent era; now they are being spoken; but otherwise nothing has changed. Throughout the decades, boys from seven to seventy, and girls as well, have paid billions of admission money to see their Westerns. Those people can’t be wrong.

Of the three kinds of Western pictures, the “quickie” is the poorest. It’s made in less than a week; once it cost ten thousand dollars, and even today its budget never exceeds thirty-five thousand dollars, in contrast to “major” productions costing between one and three
million dollars each. There is only the skeleton of a story, few horses (never more than seven), since horses are expensive. Frequently there is no money for horses at all; the riders come into a room, take off their hats and pretend to be breathless, uttering, "What a swell ride we had!" In quickies, location trips are out of the question; everything is done on the stage. The actors display a remarkable versatility, impersonating the good men as well as villains. As good men they stand behind the hero, kind hearted and smiling; then they put on villainous mustaches, mumbling dark threats against the hero. Such pictures please mainly the little American boys and natives in faraway countries.

The other extreme is the epic saga of the West, a super production from five hundred thousand dollars up, featuring colorful backgrounds, big names, a rather pretentious story rich in historical flavor, impressive disaster, lots of horses, and armies of extras.

Group three is the real, straight Western, action and reality. Pop Sherman's "Hopalong Cassidy" pictures are among the best liked in this group. Their titles—"Secret of the Wastelands," "Sheik of Buffalo Buttes," "Timberwolves," "False Colors"—reveal their spirit. They have clear plot, fast action, a minimum of dialogue, plenty of shooting, superlative outdoor photography. The first six "Hoppies" cost seventy-five thousand dollars each, grossed one and a half million dollars.

Today their budget runs around one hundred thousand dollars; shooting time fourteen days, seven of which are spent on location. Since the war, Sherman shoots two pictures at once, saving on time, gasoline, tires, location trips. He takes the same crew and cast for both pictures, and a different leading lady for each. Careful research is done; regional newspapers of the period in which the story takes place are studied in order to give historical background detail. Bill Boyd wears the same simple dark blue, menacing outfit in all his pictures. "Cowboys don't own an elaborate wardrobe." Pop Sherman says. Boyd is accompanied by Andy Clyde ("California Carlson"), the bewhiskered hungry cowboy sidekick of Hopalong; and Jimmy Rogers, who plays Hoppy's protege and the romantic lead. Bill is always the Knight Errant, or the champion of the wronged. There is a different leading lady in every film; some of them (Lola Lane, Frances Gifford, Barbara Britton, Margaret Hayes) have attained fame outside The Range.
of Gene Autry and started making musical Westerns. Old time Westerners reluctantly admit that some musicals ain't bad; but they are, they insist, a fad. They view with suspicion the appearance of night club scenes and dude girls in a Western; they don't trust a cowboy who sits on a fence and sings. Bill Hart, that first great screen cowboy (strictly from the East) would hardly have recognized the Old West as presented in a musical Western. The old time villains—horse thieves, cattle rustlers, desperadoes, half-breeds, and "foreigners"—have now been replaced by the more topical bankers and businessmen. Right now, singing cowboys are doing most of their fighting against the dirty tricks of crooked capitalists.

Songs are never used for the sake of singing—the fans would resent that—but in order to advance the plot. In "Mexicali Rose," for instance, a group of wicked oil promoters hired Gene Autry to sing on the radio. Gene uncovered the fraud and sang the expose. Roy Rogers, King of the Cowboys, Republic's super-hero, uses his voice for similar pertinent purposes.

All Westerns, from the quickest quickie to the most elaborate saga, are dominated by taboos. They run down sex. Their public admires Bill Boyd and Wild Bill...
Elliott because they can ride and rope and shoot; they would bitterly resent their hero spending his time with such utterly silly things as girls. The hero never makes love to a girl, never hugs or kisses her unless it is part of a plot to ensnare the criminal—in which case the reason will be made perfectly clear, otherwise sixty thousand enraged fans are apt to write in. The hero doesn’t drink or smoke. If he is forced to step into a bar to pursue his gallant activities, he asks for a soft drink; if the villain (who drinks all he wants to) serves him hard liquor, the hero pours it away.

"Then the hero has always got to be good to his horse," Dick Foran explains. "Every picture has to point to a moral, and it’s good business to have your horse save you at least once in every Western. Once the hero draws his gun, he never misses. If the hero and villain shoot it out, the hero gives the villain a break on the draw."

Western heroes, off-screen, are most sincere people in Hollywood. They live their screen life. Unlike some of the screen’s tough guys who change at close sight, the Western men can stand the test of their fans. If an admirer of Boyd, Rogers, or Elliott would step into his hero’s house, he would find that they don’t drink or smoke. Most of them don’t own regulation street clothes. They raise horses and cattle and work on their ranches, and dress in purely Western style, the same off-screen as on. In the world of Hollywood, where so many things are phoney, they are a refreshing sight of sincerity, devoid of any pretense. They talk about horses and fishing and hunting; their hobbies consist of collecting fishing tackle, rare saddles, and horseman’s trophies. They play themselves on the screen; Autry is always Autry, Roy Rogers always is “Roy Rogers,” and Bill Elliott appears as “Wild Bill Elliott.” Even Bill Boyd has lost his identity and is called “Hoppy” by everybody.

Cowboy stars on the set display the same forthright, quiet attitude that has made them the heroes of the range. Sophisticated debs who wouldn’t sit through a Western for anything in the world, have been visibly shaken when they were greeted by Wild Bill Elliott. (“The cowboy always takes off his hat when talking to a lady,” Mr. Elliott says. “He is gallant, looking into her eyes.”)

Each of the leading Western stars has his own distinctive personality. No fan will ever confound them; which is another smart move of the Western makers. Bill Boyd, who likes to call himself a “character actor,” got his first break in the early de Mille pictures before he became “Hoppy”—a silent, strong man, who never draws a gun unless he really means business. Republic’s Don Barry is the old fast-ridin’, quick-shootin’ Western hero, hard as nails and the terror of all outlaws. Wild Bill Elliott is a “peaceable, law-abiding citizen,” but when the heavies get his dander up, they had best make for the nearest exit.

Elliott’s career is typically colorful. At sixteen he appeared in rodeo events of the American Royal Livestock Show in Kansas City. Hollywood casting directors turned him into a swank, drawing room type, and it took him seven years to get the kind of screen work he wanted to do.

Roy Rogers is in a special class. He picked peaches as a migratory worker in California, drove a sand and gravel truck, danced and sang in mining towns, was an entertainer at the Grand Canyon lodges, and formed his own cowboy band, “Sons of the Pioneers,” before he crashed the movies. He still goes on hunting expeditions, using bow and arrow; when he bought his estate from Martha Raye, he converted the swank swimming pool into a hay storage bin for his horses. His famous Palomino horse, “Trigger,” can count to ten, open and close doors, pick up a gun from a holster, roll a barrel with his nose. Trigger gets equal star billing with Roy, as his contract demands.

Western stars have a tremendous following. Roy Rogers’ records sell at the rate of six thousand a week; Bill Boyd’s fan mail runs about five thousand letters weekly; Gene Autry received twelve thousand letters a week before he went into the Army, more than any of our glamour heart-throbs.

Western stars know that they have to live up to their fans’ ideals. They go out on long, nerve-wracking per-
sonal appearance tours, visiting orphanages, schools, giving talks at Rotary luncheons, over the radio, at the local theaters, letting little boys touch them (often the boys write after many months, “Remember, when you were there and I touched your guns?”), living for weeks almost without sleep, lunching on popcorn; always dashing, smiling, friendly, always eager to give their public what they expect.

“When I go out on a thirty-day tour,” says Smiley Burnette, the two hundred and thirty-pound cowboy comic, “I take thirty suits of underwear with me. I know there’ll be no time for laundry, believe me. There will be the dreary dressing rooms of local movie houses, with the plaster falling from the walls. I always carry newspapers and put them on the walls—upside down, so I won’t go crazy reading the papers.”

But there are compensations. Western stars work only three or four months a year. For example, Bill Boyd makes six pictures a year, doing them all in twelve weeks, spends nine months on his farm.

Cowboy heroes have the most sincere following on earth. They don’t have to worry about being washed up this year or next. Westerns have been in style for a long time, and it looks as if they’re here to stay.

“If a cowboy doesn’t let his public down,” Gene Autry once said, “he is good for fifty years if he can only live that long.”

The End
A GREAT story, a superb cast, a very great director, a magnificent production and one of the finest musical scores in years. All these unite to form "For Whom the Bell Tolls," a picturization of Ernest Hemingway's tale about an American college professor fighting with a small band of guerrillas in the Spanish civil war.

Robert Jordan's mission is to blow up one small bridge. It is closely guarded by the enemy, in a mountain district strange to him. He has to secure the aid of the guerrilla chieftain, Pablo, and seeking him out, Jordan finds Pilar, Pablo's woman, and Maria, a beautiful girl, just recovering from the horror of seeing her parents killed, her home destroyed. She herself has been a victim of a lust-madened horde.

There are only three days for Robert Jordan and Maria, days into which they pack the emotions of a lifetime. Their idyllic love is menaced, not only by war and the swiftly approaching enemy, but more immediately by Pablo. The ending is tragic but exalting.

Running for three full hours, there are, unfortunately, dull, slow passages. The dozen assorted accents of the large cast will make understanding difficult for many audiences, yet Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman are tremendously moving as the lovers. Akim Tamiroff is very touching as the bewildered, bedeviled Pablo. Mikhail Rasumny is enchanting as a Spanish gypsy, Joseph Calleia very sly as El Sordo, and Lilo Yarson heart-pulling as Joaquin. But the high point of the acting is Katina Paxinou as Pilar. Here is one of the most powerful portrayals the screen has ever revealed—and that from an actress making her movie debut!

In this war, women are fighters, too, and no women are giving their services more gallantly than our women nurses. "So Proudly We Hail" excitingly and poignantly tells the story of three such women on Bataan in those dark days when our outnumbered troops were fighting their very desperate delaying action.

A group of gay girls, well trained in their profession, they start out on what they think will be a pleasant assignment in the Philippines, not dreaming of the horrors that will await them in the Islands.

One of them, Claudette Colbert, is the intelligent, sensible lieutenant, daughter of an Army officer, scorning romance but finding it in the person of George Reeves. Another, Paulette Goddard, is just the opposite type, the flirt incarnate, until a big, tough, bewildered marine wanders in. The third, Veronica Lake, is a mystery girl, difficult, irritable, taciturn, but it is she who proves the bravest of them all.

Once again, Hollywood produces living history as you see the way these girls meet their different destinies. The Lake role is the smallest of the three leads, giving no opportunity for the usual Lake glamour. Claudette Colbert brings all her subtle showmanship, her beauty, and her charm to the exacting role of the Lieutenant, but it is Paulette Goddard who is the surprise of the production. She is amorous, then serious. She is saucy and then compellingly dramatic. This sets Goddard's stardom.

Sunny Tufts, as the Marine, is an interesting new type. George Reeves, now in the Army, is very handsome and authentic as the soldier who finds his great love right on the brink of death.
OUT and out love stories are astonishingly rare on the screen, but "The Constant Nymph" fits most poignantly into this exclusive category.

The story of a composer, his relationship to music and to two women who love him, may appear a little dated to you in times of air raids and submarine sinkings. Yet its central theme is one that always exists, the bewilderman of a man whom two women love simultaneously and from whom he gets contrasting aspirations: one to be creative, the other to be a rich pillar of society.

Charles Boyer portrays Lewis Dodd, a moody composer who seeks escape from his own failure by visiting the Sanger family, a brood of motherless young girls being brought up in Switzerland by an intelligent if drunken father. The girls run wild, but are alive to all artistic values. Tessa, the "middle" Sanger, though little more than a child, understands and loves Lewis completely.

When Papa Sanger dies, the girls' wealthy upper class English relatives take over their upbringing, send them to a fashionable school. Thus Lewis Dodd meets Tessa's aristocratic cousin, Florence Creighton, falls instantly in love with her and marries her. The battle of woman against woman is on from that moment.

Boyer is a little too old, very literal and heavy handed as Lewis, but Joan Fontaine as Tessa and Alexis Smith as Florence, such very different types, are individually perfect. Charles Coburn as a down-to-earth Englishman, is a humorous joy to behold. You can depend upon the Fontaine performance, sensitive, sincere, and tear-compelling, to be an Academy nomination next year.

GAIETY from beginning to end. Apart from Lucille Ball and Broadway's William Gaxton, the majority of the cast consists of kids, new to the screen, and all of them turn in refreshing performances.

Winsocki Military Academy is planning its senior prom, and festive preparations are being made by the cadets for the long awaited arrival of the girls, or pardon us, the "quail." Tommy Dix is the cadet in a tizizzle because the motion picture star, Lucille Ball, has accepted his written invitation to be his date for the evening. He's unhappy about the whole thing, as he wrote the invitation for fun, never expecting the star to take him up on it. Besides, he's in love with his girl, Virginia Weidler, who is naturally expecting that she'll be his date.

Thus when Lucille turns up (she has come only for the publicity), Tommy informs her that no one knows she's coming—that he's turned in his girl's name and will she be so good as to go under said name to the prom?

Gaxton, as Lucille's press agent, tells Tommy that Lucille will do no such thing, and Tommy writes Virginia that he has the measles. Of course, Virginia comes to the school anyway, and from then on it's a riot of wacky confusion.

Several of the youngsters, including Tommy Dix, were imported from New York where they had been appearing in the stage play. Nancy Walker contributes many howls with her new brand of antics as the girl who can't get a date. It's full of swell songs and dances, and last and most wonderful, Harry James and his orchestra.

Much fun for everybody all the way through.

THIS is a "Western" picture only in the fact that its scene is in the old West and the majority of the characters are cowhands. But don't expect the usual riding and shooting. The theme is a study of mob psychology and the tragic things that can happen under its spell.

The story unfolds for us through the eyes of Henry Fonda as the cowhand who comes into town and hears at the saloon that rustling has been going on thereabouts. A wild-eyed youngster bursts in with the news that Kinkaid, one of the ranchers, has been murdered. Desire for revenge is immediate, and a posse is formed to hang the culprit.

Harry Davenport, the white-haired storekeeper, pleads with the men to wait for the return of the absent sheriff, as this is a mob headed only for vengeance without legal authority. They will not listen and leave, under the leadership of Frank Conroy as Major Tetley, a power crazed veteran of the Civil War. A short way out of town the mob finds three men asleep, surrounded by cattle bearing the brand of Kinkaid's ranch. Despite the fact that the trio plead their innocence, Conroy considers the cattle sufficient evidence of their guilt. Only Fonda, Davenport, and a few others believe in their innocence, and they are the minority.

We won't tell you what happens after that, but you can be sure it will remain in your memory for a long time. This is a grim and thoughtfull picture. Its characters are unforgettable; the domineering Conroy, his weak-willed son, and Dana Andrews as the leader of the men who are lynched.

It was a decidedly "different" picture, with superb direction and acting throughout.
AH, THE ROUGH, TOUGH LIFE of a COWBOY STAR

This lovely bedroom is known as the Washington room. Does it remind you of the last time you visited Mount Vernon?

A kiss in the clouds for some people—a kiss on top of the world for four-and-a-half-year-old Cynthia and John Mack Brown, her favorite stor and daddy.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mack Brown at the entrance of their hilltop home. English architecture, yes—and inside are some rare Americana and antiques.

Just look at all those books on the shelves! No, you can't see half of them in this picture. The library is circular, and it holds about two thousand volumes.
John Mack Brown, his home and family. Just to review the facts for you—Johnny started as a football player, became an "A" picture leading man at MGM, then moved over to Universal to star as a cowboy. When Buck Jones died, Scotty Dunlap, Buck's producer, hired Johnny away from Universal to take Buck's place at Monogram.

A very sweet and good little girl says her prayers. John Mack Brown has attended this ritual with his children faithfully since the time they were old enough to talk.

Almost any evening after dinner you'll find the Browns like this in the living room. At the desk, that's Janie; then Cynthia sits on Poppy's lap; and Lachlan shares the paper with his mother.

Janie looks slightly bored with the general idea, but Lochy's handstand on Papa's knees has Cynthia and Mrs. Brown all agasp.
MISS IRENE DUNNE, as you very well know, is a movie star of great importance. She is that very rare movie lady who can freelance, demand and get per picture a greater sum than the President gets per year, and seldom picks herself a poor role. But she also provides with this professional life of hers, the happiest kind of private existence. She is that Hollywood exception, a star who has had only one husband, a husband to whom she has been happily wed for many years. She is, also, a devoted mother.

But right now, to her own surprise, she is also a housewife. It is the war. It is the no-servants problem. It is also a revelation to a naturally luxury-loving woman.

"It's probably a judgment on me," Miss Dunne laughed, explaining all this. "I used to say, and I honestly believed, that anyone (meaning me) could manage both a career and a home with one hand tied behind her. "It was merely, I pointed out, a
Irene doesn’t just say what she wants and then sit back. She also checks exactly what’s cooking for herself, the Doctor, and Missy. (Missy is Mary Frances, who is seven.) Meals are now served “family style” in this busy household with no further business of things being passed by starchy maids. All three of the Griffin-Dunne menage eat together.

question of time and energy budgeting. You know, the ‘nothing-to-it—just-take-seventeen-minutes-night-and-morning’ sort of thing. But now that I’m having to run my own household, I will eat every one of those brave, foolish words. It took exactly one week of running my house myself to show me where the credit of my well regulated household belonged. It belonged to my capable pre-war staff. During that first dizzy week at the helm, I lost both a lot of face and a lot of weight. Five whole pounds subtracted from one hundred and fifteen are a lot of pounds."

Now this domestic reorganization of the smooth life of Irene Dunne Griffin happened all at once. She had been away on a bond tour and upon her return her entire domestic staff, who had been listening in on her stirring words, let her know how they had persuaded them. They asked Miss Dunne what she thought about their leaving en masse to help out the war effort.

What could Irene do then but say yes? So her treasured cook, butler, parlour maid, gardener, etc., etc., departed; albeit a good deal worried about how she would manage. "One way I have managed," says Miss Dunne, "is to pack all my charming breakfast tray sets away for the duration. I have always waked up early. Now I get up early, and there’s quite a difference. Everyone marvels at women plane ferriers, riveters—and of course, they are wonderful. We regard them as something quite new, these women who work. But what about women who merely, as we say, ‘merely’ run a house! That I submit is real work, too. My hat is off to the old-fashioned housewife who is never out of soap chips or a great big smile for that unexpected guest."

Now, Miss Dunne loves her house which, since she and her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, built it right after a happy tour of France, turned out not the Southern Colonial mansion of Irene’s girlhood dreams, but French Provincial. For it, Irene and her husband chose a spot above Hollywood in Holmby Hills. And here they installed their personal treasures collected in out-of-the-way places from Brittany to the Riviera. The rugs were all hand woven abroad, made to order to fit the floors. The foyer, the rose and turquoise drawing room, and yellow dining room—though gracious and inviting—are on the formal side; as is the French card room with its beautiful inlaid floor and exquisite game table. But the panelled library lends itself with esprit to the family’s simplified war-time living.

Miss Dunne’s own suite consists of a small bedroom and typically French boudoir. "I had a field day when I planned it," she says, "letting myself go as to closet space and hat and shoe compartments. I even designed a built-in bin like an overgrown honeycomb, for stockings."

"Another thing I longed for—and got—was our friendly terrace. I wanted a formal rose garden and
begonia garden," (she has them both and very beautiful they are) "but I wanted the terrace to be the quintessence of informality." (It is.)

"All of this added up to the kind of house I flattered myself, in my ignorance, that I could run in seventeen minutes daily. Then came my servant-less period to wake me up. I think it's too bad when simplification living slacks down to camping out. To avoid this, when war forced one into being sensible, I tried to evolve a system. I discovered then that one life-time habit of mine stood me in good stead—list making.

"I have always been a jotter-downer, the name of a book I wanted to read or an important conference date. So I just enlarged on the idea and bought little pads for the new 'plain' cook I hired. I have asked her to keep a daily log, with suggestions for simplifying the work, notes of needed equipment, etc. Now, when I come home from the studio, instead of being greeted verbally by the day's problems, I can at my leisure, read all about the vacuum cleaner needing a new part or that leaky faucet that needs fixing. Or I can throw the memo away!

"I've discovered that the role of housewife calls for plenty of self-discipline. For instance, I perfectly hate to think about food in the morning, especially right after breakfast. My former cook had spoiled me nicely by doing the planning and ordering. All she needed to know was whether guests were expected and how many. Of course, if her favorite film celebrities were coming, I had only to murmur their names to get the most delicious results! Now, although we entertain very little, I find that every single day has its dinner. And one can't just run one's hand across one's pompadour and dream up a whimsical menu. Because...yes, rationing.

"That means fancy cooking hasn't the appeal it had. Finesse has gone with those vanished egg-whites. It means no more parfaits calling for a quart of whipped cream or crepe suzettes demanding butter the size of six walnuts. Nor can I vaguely say to an eager-eyed cook, 'You think up something nice!' She enjoys a conference and deserves one.

"One person who is completely happy about the new order in the Griffin-Dunne menage is Mary Frances, the seven-year-old daughter. The first morning when her mother joined her and her father at breakfast, she exclaimed, "Oh, let's always live like this!"

Mary Frances (also known as Missy) was fortunate in having an exceptionally fine Nana who was with her six years, and who, although she loved her charge dearly, never let her affect prevent her from making it clear that Daddy and Mummy came first. Thanks to wise Nana's handiwork, Mary Frances hasn't found it the least bit difficult to make the transition from nursery life to a more adult way of living. In fact, just to make sure there would be no renewal of her discarded youth, she was heard to introduce the new maid as "My mother's nurse."

Irene sometimes fails to make a point of discipline stick because Mary Frances' type of humor is so similar to her own. For instance, when table manners were about to become an issue, Missy countered with a tail tale to the effect, "Why, Mummy, at school we stand right up on our chairs and spear the bread across the table!"

Missy is a note-leaver too. Sometimes these notes are of a very personal nature and are stuck to her bathroom mirror with the earliest known stickum. One such note read, "Dear Mummy, I washed my neck."

"I found I couldn't go through with making Mary Frances practise after school," Irene confesses. "The sight of that tense little back made a spot between my shoulder blades hurt with an ache remembered from my childhood long hours at my piano. Luckily, the Sisters at her school have been able to dovetail Mary Frances' practise hours into her school program.

"I try to hold myself in check about buying her too many clothes. It isn't easy because I love to dress her up! She's so stream-lined and graceful. We think she has a swimmer's build. Perhaps I've overdone the clothes rationing because the other day my husband inquired rather wistfully whether Missy couldn't have a new coat and hat. Nevertheless, when she described a little friend's family as 'having only one car,' I decided I was on the right track.

"My daughter isn't the least impressed about my being an actress. She thinks all mothers go off to work at something. She has seen only four motion pictures in her life and didn't enjoy 'My Favorite Wife' because she said Cary Grant was mean to me."

"All proposals of changing clothes, Miss Dunne suggests that not only children are undergoing the straightening out of values ordeal these days. She spoke of the form of snobbery in the film industry whereby prestige has been rated by salary brackets. All of which she says is pretty absurd, what with income taxes and so many top flight actors prouder than ever before in their lives of a salary of fifty dollars a month!

As for women's place in this modern world, that is something Irene Dunne knows about at first hand. "Woman's place, she feels, is in Romance, whether romance arises in the home or the factory."

"One airplane plant I visited has given up employing women on the graveyard shift simply because, as the early morning hours pass, the bonds of sympathy between men and women workers become so strong. A man looks at the tired woman next to him on the assembly and begins to long to buy her a cup of coffee. Comes the dawn. He buys it. And then on to waking up a kindly clergyman!"

"And all," exclaims this sympathetic observer of her sex, "despite the perfectly hideous uniforms the women have been made to wear. They wear drab slacks or overalls. Yet what happens? The girls (and I've seen them) take a bit of string, 'I found I couldn't go through with making Mary Frances practise after school," Irene confesses. "The sight of that tense little back made a spot between my shoulder blades hurt with an ache remembered from my childhood long hours at my piano. Luckily, the Sisters at her school have been able to dovetail Mary Frances' practise hours into her school program.

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The End
One of Anne's dates you've heard about is Pat Nierney. Here they are snapped at the Mocambo. But one thing you haven't heard about is that Anne makes different rules for service men than she does for mere civilians. Do you know why?

By DORIS CHASE

Surprise! She's Not the Expected Glamour Girl. She's Anne Shirley, and You Can Learn About Getting and Holding Dates from Her

SHE is not the most glamorous girl in Hollywood. She is not the most beautiful.

She is not the most famous, nor the richest, nor the most intellectual . . . but this girl, Anne Shirley, is what any girl in any spot wants above anything feminine to be.

Anne Shirley is the most dated girl in town.

While hotcha glamour numbers sit home by a silent telephone, the Hollywood columns daily report where Shirley has been and with whom. And the "whom" are very scintillating.

There was John Payne, that handsome hunk of stuff, whom Anne divorced. There is Eddie Albert. There is Pat Nierney. And there are scores of others whose names you wouldn't know, but who are very handsome, nice fellows.

Now what makes Anne Shirley pack such a load of come-hither when other pretties sit at home, gnawing their best manicures?

I decided to find out, so I went and asked Anne. Just like that. Anne countered by going into a discussion on man-hunting (and man holding) strategy.

"If you want him," said Anne, meaning any man, "don't call him. I mean," she said, "if, when a girl is waiting for a call from that Dream Man whose voice or shoulders are haunting her, if—the moment she hears..."
his voice on the phone—if, right then, she'd hang up, the chances are she'd get him."

I suggested this sounded like double-talk.

"No, no," protested our five-foot-two authority, "it's sense. When a girl finds herself drifting fast toward the nearest telephone, she should stop and ask herself two questions: (1) Do I want to see him so terribly that I'll take the risk of just seeing him once and (2) Do I want to see him so terribly that I can wait for him to call me, knowing that, if he does, Fate will be writing the beginning and not the ending of something?"

"Ah," I exclaimed, "you mean that old, old truth that men hate to be pursued?"

"Uh-huh," sighed Anne.

A moment's silence fell upon our table, perhaps in honor of various dream men lost by our lack of finesse.

"But maybe..." I began. Anne laughed her infectious laugh.

"I know those maybes... all of them! 'Maybe he hasn't called because he hasn't my number—it's unlisted' (but of course he knows people who know it) 'or because he is so busy.' One thing a girl must get through her pretty little head is a man can always find time and a way to do what he wants to do. Truly, she shouldn't call him. Just stand by with a healthy listening attitude!"

"But mightn't he want to know whether he has a chance for a date—to find out whether he made a dent the other night?"

"No," said Anne. "Why, I know a man who saw a girl at a party—didn't even get a chance to meet her—she was just leaving. He spent days trying to arrange to meet her and finally he did!"

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know that, but I got a V letter."

I tossed in a stick of dynamite. "Do you mean that any wolf with initiative and enterprise could date you?"

"Heavens, no," said Anne. "Just because a right guy will pursue—if given time—doesn't mean that every pursuing male is a right guy."

I was impressed. "Who taught you so much about men?"

"Men," said Anne.

"Do you think they know what they want in a girl?"

"I wouldn't go that far," grinned Anne, "but they know what they don't want."

"Such as...?"

"Well, they don't like a girl to work at being something she's not. A girl should be herself, even when her line doesn't seem to be currently box-office. For instance, if a man starts the evening with an off-color story and she doesn't happen to enjoy that type of humor, she should let him know where he stands. I don't mean strike an attitude of outraged virtue. But she can handle the situation with a 'Sorry, I don't go in much for that sort of mirth.' Far from such a policy wet-blanketing the evening, the man will probably admire the girl for (a) standing her ground and (b) objecting to needless vulgarity. He may even get a kick out of being gently told where to get off."

"And apropos of first dates, in answer to that inevitable 'What would you like to do?' a girl should have an answer ready. She should let the man know what her ideas of diversion are. Merely mumbling sweetly, 'Oh, whatever you think' doesn't make things easier for him—only harder for her. For she runs a good risk of winding up at a picture she has seen and he hasn't."

"I don't mean to sound preachy, but a girl can conserve her energy and get to all the things just as far along the road to popularity without feeling bound to be a 'good sport' on all occasions. I mean if 'live wires' are popping into the swimming pool right and left with all their clothes on and a gal feels like staying dry and comfortable, she should stay dry and comfy. Even alone. She won't be alone long because while all the dizzy aquacade girls are having to take time out to mop up their dripping tresses, the boys will drift over to that only girl sitting there waiting. And speaking of hair, if a girl has just had hers done and her date turns up all merry and Tarzanish with the top down, she needn't necessarily string along to the extent of letting two and a half dollars worth of finger-wave go to windward."

"That wouldn't be one of your worries with that cute Victory cut," I said. "How come you parted with the glamour of your long bob? Aren't men supposed to dote upon long, slinky locks?"

"I think most men dislike the conventionalized hairdo's that long hair leads to," said Anne. "It seems to me they go for a nice straight side part and well-brushed, well-kept hair. I've found that men are hipped on the subject of clean, shining hair. Maybe because they are so aware of their own. Haven't you noticed how most men can't resist running a hand over their hair passing a theater lobby mirror or a plate glass window? Of course, lots of men think they dislike short-short hair and froth a bit at our tampering with its natural color but—I wonder." Anne ran her fingers through her own three-inch curls and added in a lower tone, "Believe me, it wasn't born this way."

(Continued on page 82)
As you see here, Anne can be a good sport, just Miss Somebody, and also glamorous. By the way, have you seen her in RKO's "Bombardier"?
One of the best "talent scouts" yet discovered is the famed Pasadena Community Playhouse, which only forty-five minutes away from the studios, has become an incubator for fledgling stars.

Through these portals have passed talented amateurs, later to emerge as stars. Here's Louise Albritton, at Pasadena Players until last winter and now slated for stardom at Universal.

Here is just one group of Pasadena Playhouse discoveries. Do you recognize them? Left to right, comedian Sterling Hallaway, now in the army; Craig Reynolds, who was under contract to Warners' and is now a lieutenant in the Marine Corps under his real name, Hugh Enfield, and was recently invalided home from Guadalcanal; Joe Sauers, the bad man of many a picture; Gloria Stuart, Universal star, who went to New York for the stage and is now returning to films; Robert Young, MGM's pride and joy; Lois January, who was in Hollywood musicals and now is on Broadway; Houseley Ormond, a character actor and Onslow Stevens.
Laird Cregar was merely Sammy Cregar at Pasadena, but he was always a fine actor.


This one should slay you. It is the one and only Mature in his first stage appearance.
The play was "Montezuma." The first two knights were, right, Vic Mature, and George Reeves, who is now Claudette Colbert's leading man (and he'll soon belong to Uncle Sam).

At night in Pasadena he was Washington in "Valley Forge." By day he jerked gas in a filling station. Now he's Twentieth Century-Fox's own Dana Andrews.

Edgar Buchanan, that wonderful judge in "The Talk of the Town," was, only a few years ago, a Pasadena dentist, acting for the fun of it.

When Florence Bates appeared in "Rebecca" Hollywood said she was an amateur, which wasn't quite true. Miss Bates had studied law in Texas. Then she came to visit Pasadena. There she played the leading role in "Evening Star." Then Hollywood captured her.
That hit of the magazines, books, stage, and radio, has now made her successful way into movies. Pert-faced Dorothy McGuire, a Selznick discovery, who played the role on Broadway makes her film debut in the role of a silly young wife. Robert Young, Mr. Reliable from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, was borrowed by Twentieth Century-Fox to play the husband. It ought to add up to a super comedy.
REMEMBER when mothers in movies were always portrayed as women of approximately fifty? Well, here's the McCoy, a real movie mother, cute Jane Wyman, wife of Lt. Ronald Reagan, mother of extra cute Maureen Reagan. Janie, next to be seen in "Princess O'Rourke," is anxious to change her screen type. Warners' have the Life of Helen Morgan all in script form. So here's Janie, made up like the famous torch singer herself. Jane wants that role, and we know that she could play it magnificently.
PORTRAIT of a very wise lady, Jean Arthur to you, Mrs. Frank Ross to Hollywood. With other stars going in for art, occupied-countries themes, war stories, Miss Arthur went in first for comedy in "The More the Merrier." Now she's going in for comedy again, but to underscore the success of it doubly, she's going in for comedy against a Western background, and has chosen no less a Western star than John (the Duke) Wayne as her co-star for "The Lady Takes a Chance," released by RKO.
HELLO, again!

Autumn’s here. Most of your Victory Garden vegetables are harvested. But what about your hands that helped you to that result—and which probably took a beating thereby.

Any hangnails? How’s your cuticle? The callouses are from the Victory Garden hoe, we suppose. But look at the chipped polish! And—oh, oh—look at that broken nail!

Keep away from those nail scissors! And you’re not going to pull...
that nail off, either. You're going to stop right now and learn about nail salvage.

We couldn't think of anybody better to come into Movieland's Beauty Parlor to help in giving you lessons on hands . . . and fingernails, in particular . . . than Paramount's starlet, Betty Rhodes, who took time out from her work on "Salute For Three" to assist us. Frankly, we chose Betty because to us, she has a pair of the most beautiful hands in Hollywood. What's more, she knows how to use them.

Every Hollywood girl knows that hands are a definite part of beauty and personality. So you might as well wise up that way, too.

There is nothing more distressing to your friends or your particular big romance of the moment than to glance at your hands and find them mucky with neglect. Your hands are give-aways to character. They tell at a moment's glance if yours is a meticulous nature. Nine times out of ten, if your hands and nails look slovenly, that's true of the rest of your get-up. And don't think hiding them in your lap is going to help. Hands are an adjunct to expression and personality. They aid in telling a story, your story, to the world. So keep them well groomed and learn to use them gracefully.

Naturally, if you're a war worker, you won't wear your nails as long as Betty's, but whatever the length, the same rules apply.

Heaven forbid that you are a nail-biter! By now, you're old enough to know better. If you still hang on to that habit, remember that regular manicures will do much to discourage it.

Here are two important "don'ts". Don't use sharp, steel instruments to push back cuticle or to clean undersurfaces of your nails. It is too easy to break the skin and encourage infection. For the same reason, don't bite or pull at hangnails.

If you have callouses, remember that a little warm olive oil massaged into them nightly is a marvelous remedy.

Remember, too, that when cuticle is allowed to adhere to the nails, growth of the nail is retarded. Massaging the cuticle nightly with the same warm olive oil over a period of time will aid in correction. Help the process along with a bit of oil-soaked cotton on an orange stick, pushing the cuticle gently back from the nail. Above all, don't be impatient and force it. Easy does it! It's taken a long time to get that way, and it's going to take a little time to get it back to normal.

Hangnails should be lifted gently with the tip of your nippers and clipped as closely to the tissue as possible. If your cuticle is ragged and worrying you, don't attempt to use nippers or nail scissors on it yourself. See a good manicurist. More times than not, your efforts will only make matters worse.

Fingernails give away health secrets, too. If they're brittle, split, and break easily, if their color is unhealthy, it's usually a sign of internal upset. Your doctor can give you the answers.

We don't think it necessary here to go into that old standby, "How to Give Yourself a Manicure." If you haven't learned by now, you probably never will. We do want to get back to the tragedy of that broken nail and how to save it. It is worth saving.

In the accompanying photographs Betty Rhodes shows you how.

Like Betty, have your materials at hand before you begin. You'll need a bottle of polish remover; soapy, warm water and nail brush; absorbent cotton for drying. Other (Continued on page 81)
...Romance in the Grand Manner
(Continued from page 21)

...between the Leetle girl from the Canary Islands, and the sophisticate from Paris.

Maria still remembers the first time she ever saw Pierre Aumont; it was in a French motion picture, seen in the Canary Islands when she was a sub-deb. Her father was Spanish consul to the Islands, which explains her presence in this exotic locale.

The picture was "Hotel du Nord," starring Annabella. Pierre enacted the role of the young lover who made a suicide pact with Annabella, shot her and ran away without fulfilling his part of the grim bargain. Maria enjoyed the picture extravagantly.

Somewhat later, after Maria had married and moved to Belfast, she attended a house party in London and saw another Aumont picture. Lord Louis Mountbatten, now head of the celebrated Commandos, was among the audience that night. When years later and after said first marriage had been abrogated, Maria told this story to Pierre, he brightened perceptibly. "What did Lord Mountbatten say about me?" he wanted to know.

Maria dimpled at him, her eyes sparkling with deviltry. "He thought you were good," she admitted, sparing you were good," she admitted, sparing...
JAM NOTES:

Frank Sinatra's first picture on his new R.K.O. contract will be "Higher and Higher" and he co-stars with Michele Morgan. Kay Thompson has been signed by Metro as vocal coach and arranger. Before his untimely death in an airplane accident, Ralph Rainger composed a song called "Lucky Cowboy" which is considered by some to be his best. Paramount Pictures, where Rainger spent many years writing hit songs for their musicals, is paying him a respectful tribute by dedicating a musical "Broadway Rhythm," the cutest of which are "Solid Potato Salad" and "Milk Man, Keep Those Bottles Quiet."...

GEE-MAIL DEPARTMENT:

What don't you know that maybe I can tell you about? Address Jill Warren, Movieland, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, with your questions. I'll send the answers. Yours till next month.

New ENLARGEMENT

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5x7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 C. Stamp for Return Mailing.

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken. We want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot of mother, father, sister or brother, children or others near and dear to you enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural.

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Science now shows that most fat people don't have to remain overweight any longer. Except a comparatively few reduce scientifically, 4% of persons can now— and without exercise, discomfort or diets.

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Are you one of those thousands of whom have tried to reduce by following food fads, menus, etc.—and failed? If you are, here's something new, what modern science has discovered, reducing foods, drugs and devices. Here's how you can reduce scientifically, with new leanness, and attractiveness— and without unnecessary exercise, dieting, massage, etc.

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The "Complete Weight Reducer," a wonderful new book, has just published these marvelous reducing revelations. Medical science now shows that most fat people may be from non-glandular dysfunction, those measures will help slim you considerably in a few short weeks. Just follow the simple directions on general reducing, and you reducing on abdomen, double chin, hips, neck, thighs, arms, legs, etc., at once and your reducible inches, you may return it and we will instantly refund your deposit of $1.98 in full. Hurry. This is your great opportunity of becoming slimmer and slimmer. So act now!

Endorsed In Medical Journals

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(Continued from page 60)

to mankind's unfailing weapon. "I remember you clearly. I was horrified by your...or...hat, if one could name it that. It was feathers..." he indicated half a frame with a sweeping gesture..."over one eye. And feathers..." he completed the circle by drawing a forefinger under his chin..."beneath your face. The feathers I could not forget."

With feathers on his mind—a habit of all gay birds—M. Aumont went to New York. And there, by odd coincidence, also went Senorita Montez. They met one night at "91." It was, mirabile dictu, the 13th of the month, Pierre's fatal date. Maria happened to be crossing the foyer when she noticed her girlhood movie idol, looking somewhat more scintillant than he had at the recent Hollywood party. She walked directly to him, spoke, and asked him to light her cigarette, please.

"Will you do me the favor of having dinner with me tomorrow night?" he asked before the match was extinguished.

"I speak no French; you speak no Spanish, yes? Then I think each of us will be good for the other. We shall improve our English together," says Maria's way of saying yes.

They dined. They conversed. They made a date for the next day and the day after that and after that. So successful was this new method of learning English that in no time they had learned to say "I love you.' Of course, the verb "to love" is the first taught in any language. Know why? Because love is the easiest of all lessons to learn, and the most difficult to forget.

At the end of two weeks, Maria was called back to her studio, so Pierre decided that it would be absurd for him to remain in the yawning loneliness of that desert, New York. He made reservations on Maria's train. There is no place like a train for the enhancing of love; there is also no place like a train for the holding of an informal, day-long quiz program.

Maria and Pierre developed a game entitled "Capitals." Maria secured, at one of the stops, an atlas on which were marked the capitals of each country in the world.

"I will bet fifty cents, Pierre, that you do not know the capital of Korea," Maria said.

"That must be Keijo," Pierre said.

"Maria, that's almost everyone knows. Here is the fifty cents. The next will not be so easy. I will bet twenty-five cents that you do not know the capital of Surinam."

Pierre's eyes brightened. "Paramaribo," he said. Somewhat apologetically, upon noticing the straight line of Maria's mouth, he added, "I was there once."

"You travel too much," observed Maria, not without a certain bitterness. "Do you know the capital of Honduras for ten cents?"

Maria glowed. "That would be Tegucigalpa," Maria threw the atlas at him.

By the time they had reached St. Louis, Pierre's computation on the back of an envelope informed him that his geographic savvy had netted him seven dollars and fifty cents. Proving, with true French acumen, that intellect should always run tributary to the senses, he sank the seven-fifty in a bottle of "Moments Supreme" for Maria. She began to take a more charitable view of the world and its divers localities.

It was probably around Kansas City that Maria asked, from the depths of a magazine she had been reading upside down, "Pierre, what did you first notice about me?"

Pierre applied a censorable look to (Continued on page 72)
$10.00 LETTER

Many people—strangely most of them are civilians—are prone to underestimate the importance of training camp barnstorming tours by screen stars of the male species. Those, whose are not downright critical and not clamoring for a shotgun induction or a lynching from the nearest tree, challenge the value of these visits on psychological grounds. Appearance of screen celebrities earning fabulous salaries, they maintain, rankles the soldier in uniform rather than entertains him.

In the interests of serving the truth, I would like to tell you about the reaction of this training camp to a visiting movie star whose face and antics have been familiar to military posts the length and breadth of the nation. I refer to Bob Hope. When the announcement came that he was coming to Camp Wheeler, it broke as big news. It was the lead story on page one of the camp newspaper. The local daily newspaper played it up on page one. In the ranks, the men spoke of Hope's scheduled show days later. He unquestionably gave a wonderful reception it will live in my memory forever. You made me happy. I have never met such kind and friendly people. You certainly have left no stone unturned to serve the services.

I would also like to take a minute to thank the actors and actresses in Hollywood for the work they are doing. Kay Kyser, Bob Hope, Red Skelton, Jack Benny, Humphrey Bogart and many others. They are everywhere to welcome us and make us at home.

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Will You Try At No Risk This Easy DOUBLE VITAMIN Way To Bring Back Natural Color to Your GRAY OR GRAYING HAIR?

Here is how to test findings of Modern Science

No sufferers. Whether your hair is starting to turn gray, or is now gray, Gold Medal Double Vitamin Action offers you new hope for the future. Actually, science in tests recently in a leading publication, brought new evidence to light of what you may do to restore gray hair to natural color if due to vitamin deficiency.

Gray Hair is a Handicap. Here is where Gold Medal Double Vitamins step into the breach. You can stop this process and even prevent it in future. Giving your system the much needed vitamins that may be lacking and if so, may feel natural color into graying, faded hair, giving it new fresh beauty.

Not a Hair Dye. No interference with permanents. Non-destroying. And, of course, there's no harm. The natural color of your hair—black, brown, auburn, or blonde—may be brought back this simple way. Why not look younger? Why not maintain that air of poise and vitality that comes with an attractive appearance? Why risk losing charm and appeal? Why take these chances when vitamin deficiency may be responsible?

Modern Scientific Tests. Tests reported by a national magazine on small groups of gray-haired men and women, ages ranging from 21 to 60, while too recent for conclusive evidence, have revealed remarkable results. Of 23 subjects of certain vitamins daily, 83% of them showed first signs of results in from one to three months. Age is not a factor. The earliest results occurred in a man of 50 whose hair started turning gray in middle age. His hair has remained gray for six months. In previous tests on animals, when they were given the vitamins daily, their hair turned gray. When they were fed adequate amounts of these vitamins, their hair became natural in color again.

You Owe It to Yourself

Not to enjoy the thrill of restoring natural hair color beauty if due to vitamin deficiency. You may actually see your hair change back to natural color. No one need know you are doing anything for your hair.

Send No Money! Double Vitamin No-Risk Offer Today! Send no money. Simply pay postman on arrival, plus few cents postage. Order your choice of the following offers:

Free 30-day supply—Low Price, Only 3.79
Free 60-day supply—Low Price, Only 5.79
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Gold Medal Double Vitamins Contain Not Only "Anti-Gray" Hair Vitamins but Also "Staff of Life" Wheat Germ Oil (Vitamin E)

GOLD MEDAL VITAMIN CO., 2521 S. Indiana Ave., Dept. H-1 CHICAGO (3), ILLINOIS

(Continued from page 70)
HOPALONG CASSIDY and his pals invest their money in a ranch and decide to settle down and lead a peaceful life. This rosy dream vanishes when Hoppy discovers that the guy who sold them the ranch controls the water supply of all the ranchers in the valley. This villainous landlord, Jebb Hardin, cuts off the water so that the cattle die and the ranchers can't pay off their mortgages.

Hoppy wants to straighten the matter out, but Hardin frames him as a rustler and "proves" it to the other ranchers. With a price on his head, Hoppy is forced to hide out in the hills, but he manages to get incriminating evidence against Hardin. Interwoven is plenty of ridin' and shootin' and several chuckles afforded by Andy Clyde as "California."

Recommended to Western fans.

HERS TO HOLD

They really should do better by our Deanna. As a romantic comedy with songs, "Hers to Hold" is okay—but it should be more than that, if it is meant to be an adequate vehicle for one of the brightest talents in movies. Even with the added talents of Joseph Cotten as the man in Deanna's heart, the film can't quite hold its place in the first rank.

Story trouble, of course. It's that oldie about a very rich girl and a fresh guy, in this case a flyer temporarily on leave, and how the girl loves him adoringly despite his not being the marrying type.

Deanna is Penelope Craig, a spoiled heiress until she meets Bill Morley at a Red Cross Blood Bank. She is just another smooth conquest to him and when, in order to see him, she takes a riveting job at an aircraft plant, he's more irked than intrigued. The more Bill tries to shake her, the more she clings until finally patriotism gets both of them.

Deanna, in wonderful voice, sings several numbers, the standout of which is "Say a Prayer for the Boys Over There."

HURST HOUSE, 50 WEST 17TH ST., N.Y. 11, N.Y.
Harvest House, So Next 1st 41, 1945, M 342, N.Y.
Send SUPERFLUOUS HAIR AND ITS REMOVAL in plain package. On delivery I will pay postage by sending 98 cents in advance. If not satisfied I may return package within ten days and my 98 cents will be refunded.

Name:__________________________
Address: ______________________

Send No Money. SORRY, NO MONEY

JOHN H.Unmount, M 342, N.Y.

BANISHED FOREVER
From Face, Arms, Legs, Body

Remove your unsightly hair from any part of your face, arms, legs or body. You positively can remove safely, easily and perfectly with Dr. Blacker's SUPERFLUOUS HAIR and ITS REMOVAL.simple, painless preparations, and safe home methods.

Recommended by America's Greatest Beauty Experts

The world's only book author on the removal of unsightly hair has just published his great, illustrated book. Every method endorsed by physicians, approved by dermatologists and recommended by beauty specialists is explained in it. Simply follow these instructions on depilatories, abrasives, creams, lotions, waxes, etc. Also permanent measures, painless preparations, and safe home methods.

Our Offer—Send No Money

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HARVEST HOUSE, 50 WEST 17TH ST., N.Y. 11, N.Y.
Send SUPERFLUOUS HAIR AND ITS REMOVAL in plain package. On delivery I will pay postage by sending 98 cents in advance. If not satisfied I may return package within ten days and my 98 cents will be refunded.

Name:__________________________
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□ CHECK HERE if you want to save postage.

Send $1.00 with coupon and we ship prepa-

CANADIAN ORDERS $1.50 IN ADVANCE.

UNGUENTINE RECTAL CONES

There's a simple way to relieve the distressing, itching, burning and soreness of simple piles or hemorrhoids.

Try Unguentine Rectal Cones—made by the makers of famous Unguentine. Millions of these soothing rectal cones have been sold . . . because they relieve pain —help guard against infection and promote healing. If you do not get the prompt relief you seek, consult your physician.

Sold with this guarantee . . .

Your druggist will refund your full purchase price if you are not satisfied.

UNGUENTINE RECTAL CONES

Norwich

By the Makers of "Unguentine"

HARVEST HOUSE, 50 WEST 17TH ST., N.Y. 11, N.Y.
Harvest House, So Next 1st 41, 1945, M 342, N.Y.
Send SUPERFLUOUS HAIR AND ITS REMOVAL in plain package. On delivery I will pay postage by sending 98 cents in advance. If not satisfied I may return package within ten days and my 98 cents will be refunded.

Name:__________________________
Address: ______________________

□ CHECK HERE if you want to save postage.

Send $1.00 with coupon and we ship prepa-

CANADIAN ORDERS $1.50 IN ADVANCE.
Goddard Goes in for Corn
(Continued from page 37)

So she hunted out the man who farmed the property three decades ago and hired him as a tenant farmer. Through him she got some hired if rather aged farmhands. Then she proceeded to put about seventeen acres under cultivation. There will be more. But it takes time. The rest of her land is heavily timbered.

Crops to date consist of potatoes, corn, strawberries, raspberries and feed for the livestock. Eggs are the major source of revenue, however. One thousand flourishing Rhode Island Red chickens now dwell at Camp Hill. Paulette started with five hundred chicks. She ordered them by mail, and she also ordered the construction of a hen house. That was on one of her periodic trips to the scene of operations. Mostly Paulette farms by long distance, on account of she still works pictures in, too. Before the poultry was delivered—also by mail—she had to rush back to Hollywood for another opus. The star tells the rest of that particular story with true dramatic emphasis.

"I got a frantic wire from Constance," she explains. "The chicks had arrived. The hen house wasn't finished and what on earth was she to do with them? She positively refused to sleep with them herself. Well, there was the guest house. Why not? They seemed to me mighty important guests. I told Constance to bed them there."

"Those chickens had a beautiful start in life. They lived in my guest house for two weeks."

Constance, it should be explained, is Constance Collier, grande dame of the theater. She and Paulette are close friends. They worked together for a time as coach and pupil respectively. They still do, whenever Paulette does radio shows emanating from New York. Miss Collier makes her home on the farm. But the idea of her acting as coach to five hundred baby chickens, is whimsical, to say the least.

Having established the productivity, we come now to the marketing. Paulette is as advanced as tomorrow's headlines. She believes in barter.

"I began by trading a dump truck for a cow," she announces proudly.

"Then I dickered with the grocery store, the meat market, and the gas station in Suffern. They all agreed to exchange their goods for my farm stuff. In other words, we get the things we need and can't grow or produce for the things we can, without any financial transaction involved."

It is shrewd Yankee trading on both sides, you can bet. And that isn't all. There is much, much more. Paulette went farther afield. She got a wholesale grocery house in New York City to harvest as well as buy her potatoes, after she found out the big city was begging for potatoes. Again she took credit for future supplies rather than money.

There is in New York a restaurant consistently patronized by celebrities called "21 Club." As a matter of fact "21" seeks the celebrities as much as the celebrities seek "21." Nobodies aren't cordially received. Unless the doorman recognizes you, you're apt to get a cold and fishy eye. It would be that place of all places.

There is in New York a restaurant consistently patronized by celebrities called "21 Club." As a matter of fact "21" seeks the celebrities as much as the celebrities seek "21." Nobodies aren't cordially received. Unless the doorman recognizes you, you're apt to get a cold and fishy eye. It would be that place of all places where that Paulette tied up on a barter deal. They agreed to take all the eggs she can spare, or corn, or anything she may decide to raise. She also agreed to sell fish and potatoes. Again she took credit for future supplies rather than money.
worth mentioning. When winter blankets Camp Hill acres with white, under which the seeds of future profit sleep, Paulette's tenant farmer plans to round up neighbors, who are glad for piece work, and cut the timber. There are enough trees to last a long time with discriminate logging—enough to keep on paying the taxes. Remember the silverware introduced earlier? Oh yes, that was acquired by barter too. Paulette took it in payment for her talents on a radio show.

The girl is wonderful. The former owner, Burgess Meredith, calls her "Enterprise, Inc." He gave her a painting of the house for Christmas and for a while there was a comedy of errors about that. He intended to surprise her with the gift, naturally. Paulette was in California. Burgess arranged to have Waldo Pierce, a foremost American artist and a next-door neighbor at Camp Hill, do the painting.

So far, so good. But came to Hollywood another of those wires from Constance! "The outside of the house is being painted." Upon receiving it, Paulette hit the ceiling. She'd had the house painted in the summer. Calling Constance by long distance telephone, she gave orders that such extravagant foolishness be stopped. Always vague, Camp Hill remained vague on this occasion. She neglected to explain that only one lone painter was sitting on a camp stool some distance away from the front stoop, putting marks on canvas.

Waldo Pierce, foremost American artist, was kicked off the premises. Burgess had to reveal the truth to Paulette after he had soothed Pierce's ruffled feelings. Even so, when the finished painting, a lovely study of the front view of Camp Hill House with bare, wintry trees in the background and snow covering the foreground lawn, was delivered, a note from the artist was attached. It read: "I practically froze to death before I got the boot and nobody even offered me a cup of tea! The paint was free.

Of course, the Goddard acumen is not all limited to soil tilling these days. She's doing right well with her screen career. Capturing the only comedic part in "Standing Room Only," she was the leading lady during the Penrod stage. After it played out, she bought a sizable load of bricks and looked around for brick layers. The only ones she could find were a couple of kids in the Penrod stage. They spent most of their time on the job building temporary forts. They devoted only odd moments to laying bricks. The pattern they chose for paving was strictly from indolence. What there was of it looked gosh awful by the time their employer came to the conclusion that the whole project was a mistake.

Now the average Hollywood citizen in the same spot would have licked his wounds and remained saddled with a mess of unwanted bricks. Paulette called up the studio and asked whether they could contact a contractor in the market for bricks. It was a cinch. There happens to be a contractor in the market for bricks. The pain was strictly from indolence. Paulette owned an English Crosley. She had it shipped back to the farm because it will go an unbelievable number of miles per gallon of gas which, as everybody knows, is scarcer than teeth on her hens in the East. The last time she was there, she drove it into the village of Suffern one night to go to the movies. When she parked her car, she remembered there was no way of locking the spare tire. Miss Enterprise, Inc., knows all about the danger of tire theft in these troublous days. She wasn't going to be robbed. No sir. She carried the spare into the theater over her arm and deposited it under the seat for safe keeping. Only, when the show was over, she forgot her precious possession and walked out with nothing over her arm. The tire has neither been seen nor heard from since.

Then there was the time she undertook to weed the front lawn of her farmhouse. It was the day before she left for Hollywood to begin "Standing Room Only." Clad in shorts and sandals, she hopped into a car, she remembered there was a Cinemobile, for instance.

"Oh, no ma'am," spoke up the larger of the two. "We couldn't do that. We catch poison ivy if we touch the grass." Paulette, who had been blissfully unaware of the nature of her weeds, "catches" it too. She came down with a spectacular case on the train back to Hollywood.

The End
Beauty Your FORM Contour

Don't be embarrassed by a flat, undeveloped or sagging bust. Do as thousands of other women just like yourself are doing. They have found the beautiful contours of their figures whatever their bust faults. Now you, too, can do the same easily and positively.

SUCCESSFUL CHEMIST. Prepared and sold only formula of a little on the eyelids before going to bed. The just rub a watch your eyelashes grow silkier, softer, more appealing. It's easy—thanksto the quick U LA MOFL-EYES method.

New Help beautify your eyes—the reflection of your personality.

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Money-back guarantee. PERM A, 89 Flatbush Ave., Dept.

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HWA-10, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOW TO FALL ASLEEP

Jeanette MacDonald tells me that her recent comment in Movieland on insomnia, "I defy anyone to mention a cure I have not tried," has provoked an avalanche of sleep aids in her mail. One woman wrote, "Do at least ten somersaults back, and ten forward; soon you'll tire and fall asleep."

A fan from Wisconsin advised Jeanette thusly: "Before you retire at night have two pails of water beside the bed—one hot, the other cold. Put one foot in the cold and one in the hot water for five minutes, then alternate feet and water until sleep comes."

"What worries me on those," says Jeanette, "is that sleep might catch up with me when I'm in the middle of a somersault—or still dangling my feet in the buckets."

GOING TO GET MARRIED SOON?

Movieland always tries to give you the news before it happens so that you will feel that you are part of our Hollywood chatter circle.

The over-the-back-fence gossip is that Lynn Bari has purchased a charming bungalow from George Montgomery, who has just reported to the Army. The gossip says that Lynn purchased the house for a honeymoon cottage for herself and test pilot Sid Luft.

The truth is that Lynn's divorce from agent Walter Kane will not be final until next November, but Sid is helping her with the decorating of the new home, and there is one bedroom as yet unfurnished that Lynn says won't be completed until next November.

Perhaps you can put two and two together like the rest of movieland and get that answer to that with ringing bells.

Albert Hitchcock, great director, gave a party at the Mocambo for his daughter, Patty, on her fifteenth birthday. From left to right above, we show you 1) Papa and Patty, 2) Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cotten, whom Papa invited because Mr. J. C. is Patty's particular
Children are the cause of more revisions in motion picture scripts than most any other factor. Western motion picture makers have realized this for years, but few producers of major motion pictures have ever taken it into consideration. Amazing as it may be, Bob Hope, that delightful zany, is the first to take it really seriously.

Reason is that irate parents have been burdening his mail carrier with countless letters protesting his "bad influence" on their children.

In a recent picture, Hope was pictured drinking coffee from a cup from which a spoon had not been removed. At the point where the spoon kept hitting Bob's eyeball, he carefully took the spoon, bent it in half, and replaced it in the cup. Gleefully, the younger generation started bending spoons. One bellicose father went so far as to send a bill for three bent spoons to Hope. Now, in the film "Let's Face it," Hope has convinced his bosses that material of this sort has got to be eliminated. Result: The script was rewritten in part, and you'll see a model Bob Hope on the screen.

MARGO AND GOOD NEIGHBORS

Margo, back in Hollywood after New York and Washington, D. C., where she has been working with the Committee on Inter-American Affairs, has been attempting to convince anyone who will listen (and most especially motion-picture makers) that the truth should be told about her beloved Mexico and South America.

On the set of "The Leopard Man" where she is working, she told about one producer who said he was in complete agreement with her attitude.

"Then," said Margo, "he told me of plans for a picture on Mexico. 'I want to show the United States some of the romance of our neighbor,' he said very gently. 'Some of the things I saw like the peasants in their colorful white nightshirts with loads of sticks and wood on their backs.'"

"That," admitted Margo, "is Hollywood's attitude. In the first place the peasants don't wear nightshirts—that's their way of dressing. And in the second place, what's so romantic about a man with a load on his back?"

Margo has been working closely with Vice-President Wallace on his work for betterment of international relations with our southern neighbors and will probably return East for a radio program which has his blessing.

Teresa is Pat's special pal, and 4) the big moment when Mr. Cotten did a very long and sentimental waltz with her. Wouldn't it be fun to be able to call up a few stars for a birthday party?
If afflicted with colon and rectal troubles, or stomach conditions, write today for large 122-page FREE BOOK. McCleary Clinic, HClOl Emn Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo.

THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE

One of the great Damon-and-Pythias friendships of our time is the one between Jose Iturbi, the concert pianist, and Mortimer Snerd. Iturbi met Mortimer at a recent show given by Edgar Bergen for the army quartermaster corps. The pianist was so fascinated by Mortimer's somewhat shuffled features, he could scarcely drag his eyes away from the "dumy" during the performance. Now Iturbi calls Bergen frequently so he can hear Mortimer's voice.

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY

Guy Kibbee was lecturing his son, Guy Junior, on saving money.

"Remember son," said Guy, "as you grow older you will discover that money talks."

Said Junior, "All mine says is 'so long.'"

GOING ARE THE WHARF WENCHES

Ida Lupino, who made such a to-do about going natural a couple of years ago—from blonde to her own brunette hair, from penciled eye-brows to her own high arched ones—has had another change of heart; or of personality.

Ida's become a red-head, cut her hair short, and calls her new titian bob, "my military rare-cut." She wears it up with a Gibson girl swirl and velvet bow a-top, and says it's her own subtle strategy to induce Jack Warner to assign her a dramatic love story for her next vehicle.

Ida is determined to bury the wharf wenches and neurotics for a spell. Well it worked before. The little Lupino got her first dramatic role in "The Light That Failed" by looking the part intensely.

BEAUTY IN A BATHING SUIT

The handsome Richard Derr is the heartthrob of many of the younger film players and the constant beau of Anne Baxter.

During the shooting of "North Star," Anne gained weight until she was a real problem for the cameramen. It came to Derr's attention. He took Anne to the beach one Sunday for a swim. They walked the length of the whole Santa Monica Beach colony with Dick keeping silent. Finally Anne asked him what was the matter. Dick admitted it was because he thought her less beautiful in a bathing suit. Anne went on a diet pronto and now once again is her pretty self.

Nobody around town would be surprised if these two marched to the altar before Dick reports for service.
At the same time that brother Tim and his wife were out dancing, sister Jennifer was celebrating with her romantic flame, Dennis Day of Jack Benny's radio program.

When Ty Power left Twentieth Century-Fox for the Marine Corps, he was presented with the keys to his private dressing room, and was told no one would be allowed in it until he came back to claim it. Ty had used his dressing room on the lot as his office also, and it was filled with all his private papers.

When Joan Fontaine reported to Twentieth for “Jane Eyre,” she was assigned to the beautiful dressing room of Sonja Henie. Right then Miss Henie came back and raised not too charming what-have-you about this situation. It was most embarrassing to the studio to have to ask Miss Fontaine to move, but they had no choice, and no equally fine suite to move her to.

Mr. Power, then at the Marine Base in San Diego, heard about the rumpus and sent the keys to his Anna-bella, who in turn personally presented them to Miss Fontaine, thus avoiding a very embarrassing tizzy all around. Give credit to Miss Fontaine—she didn't demand either dressing room, and would cheerfully have moved into any little hole.

It was just Ty’s way of cooperating with his studio, although he is no longer there.

And that is gratitude!

Handsome, hospitable John Mack Brown played “sucker” this month to a guy with a Southern accent who rived on Johnny’s Bel Air doorstep with the story that he was from the actor’s home town in Alabama, and would he loan him some money until “Tuesday.”

Johnny wrote him a check, and the “grateful guy” forged four of them, besides cashing the original, within four days!

Cut out that swimming!

There is a price to every girl who wins stardom. The wackiest one is that now being paid by Esther Williams. Even though she was a swimming champion, Esther loves to swim for the mere fun of it.

When she made a hit in her first picture at MGM, they began at once to groom her for real stardom. Willingly Esther did everything they told her, but thought her regular thirty-minute swim in the morning would help keep her figure in the measurements to the studio’s liking.

Imagine her surprise when she received a personal note from one of the studio heads requesting her to give up so much swimming. It seems that swimming develops just the muscles that they think won’t do on the screen. So little Esther is beached and becomes one of the regular movie stars who pose in bathing suits but don’t go near the water.

Gray Hair turning deep black says Mrs. J. B., Chicago

“After using Grayvita only a short time, I noticed my gray hair was turning to a real deep black, exactly as it used to be. What a difference this makes in my appearance.” Mrs. J. B., Chicago.

Mrs. J. B.’s experience may or may not be different than yours. Why not try GRAYVITA? Many like Mrs. J. B. report favorable results. Tests reported by a National Magazine of anti-gray hair vitamin discovery. Calcium Pantothenate revealed that 88% of those tested showed positive evidence of a return of some hair color. A GRAYVITA tablet is 10 mgm. of Calcium Pantothenate PLUS 450 U. S. P. units of “pep” vitamin B1. Get GRAYVITA now! 30 day supply $1.50, 100 day supply $4.00. Send your order to us. You will be supplied thru nearest GRAYVITA dealer.

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BE SLIM!

EAT PLENTY... YET REDUCE QUICKLY!

NO CHEMICALS OR MINERALS

So simple, so pleasant is this new natural way to take off ugly, dangerous, excess fat that you will be amazed at results! Simply take one Herb-Vite tablet morning and night, eat plenty three times a day, and follow the directions in the little booklet, “How To Have A Slim Figure.” This sensible Herb-Vite Method is the product of combined medical opinion and is absolutely harmless.

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ADD NEW CHARM—ALLURE

If you are FAT and especially if you are over 30 years old, don't waste precious time! Get the Herb-Vite Method today from your druggist or health food store. If it is not yet in stock, send the coupon below for introductory package. Only $1.98 including booklet and 60 Herb-Vite tablets, sufficient for one month. You will be thrilled by the pounds and inches of excess fat that you will lose! Don't let flabby fat rob you of love and popularity... remember that Romance follows a lovely figure!

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Fill in above box, cut out and mail to Herb-Vite Co.

Send money back guarantee if you are not thoroughly satisfied. Send C.O.D. I will pay postman $1.98 plus postage.

□ Send, postpaid, Herb-Vite Reducing Method, including booklet and 60 Herb-Vite tablets. I enclose $1.98.

□ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman $1.98 plus postage.

Name...........................
City..........................
State..........................

Bill Powell is so famous for his quick wit that I'll just have to let you have this one.

On the set of his picture, "The Heavenly Body," a troupe of Russian dancers had been practicing their routine for hours. Several minor casualties had occurred. One girl had sprained her ankle. Another had fallen and hit her head. A boy had twisted his wrist. And still another had cut his hand on the saber which hung at his side.

"This picture," said Bill, sitting on the sidelines, "should be known as 'The Heavenly Body—with an all-plaster cast.'"

LOVELY IS THE WORD FOR NORMA

Miss Norma Shearer walked into her favorite hat shop in Beverly Hills the other day. She was seated in a fitting room partitioned off from the rest of the shop. As she was sitting there she heard a voice from the next room saying, "I want to look as lovely as Norma Shearer did when she played 'Juliet.'"

What woman could resist peeking? Miss Shearer couldn't, and discovered in the next booth Jeanette MacDonald fitting Juliet caps for her costumes when she makes her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House. Norma sat and supervised the fittings from there on.

LOST—SEVERAL POUNDS

Pat O'Brien looks so much more attractive since he lost all that weight that he'll portray Major Cavanagh in "The Iron Major" at RKO just eight years younger than was originally planned in the script.

"Now," says Pat, "if I can just wear that checkered golf cap I bought eight years ago, without Eloise screaming!"

Answer To Puzzle On Page 6

L O T S  F U S E
S A R A H  A R O N S
M A R Y L I N  G E
A D S  P A R S E  B I N
K I T A  P E A C E  C E N T
S E L A  B L O R E  W I N C H E R
D A Y S  L O O M S  D I V I N E
P R E T H A L  T A T E
A R T  S I M O N  N A N
B R A N D  S A R O V AN  G O
S I M O N E  D R O M E S  N A P E
P R E D
Movieland Beauty Parlor
(Continued from page 67)

Movieland Beauty Parlor

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The Most Dated Girl in Hollywood

(Continued from page 59)

Working life for this star began at four with an important role in "The Miracle Child." She went on to playing the screen childhoods of Janet Gaynor, Myrna Loy, and Barbara Stanwyck. She and Shirley Temple were the two youngest stars in talking pictures. Having worked so hard all day, explains Anne's realism and her understanding of the minds of people.

"It's a wise girl," she continued, "who can decide when it's smart not to make an issue. Suppose that No. 1 man turns up in a mood and proceeds to sulk. Naturally, a girl feels disappointed and hurt and finally mad. Her impulse is to whip into action and have it out. But if she relieves her mind on the spot, most any of us could write the scene that will follow.

She: Well, it's certainly a riot of fun being out with you! What's the matter?

He: Nothing. Why?

She: You just seem slightly on the tired side this evening.

He: There's nothing new that I suppose that after a date with that stupendous Peterson, any place or anyone would seem dull.

She: What's the matter with Pete?

He: He's a fine person.

She: Doubtlessly. And so good to his mother. But is that any reason why you had to have your picture taken with him at the Players? She: Oh, that! Don't be silly. That was just a publicity thing. He: Yes. And just one too many. She: (freezingly) I have to be at the studio early. Do you mind if we leave now?

He: I think it's a swell idea. So there she is home an hour later, with the cream lasting down the night cream and that heavenly frock back in the closet.

"Check," I said. "Now give us the correct version.

"Oh, nonsense," Anne said "that depends on a lot of things. But my point about issues is... wait! Let him have his mood. You know how you resent being yanked out of one of your own. The next date—it will probably be the next night because he'll have cooled off and be ashamed of his jealousy—the girl could mention that he was quite a character on the other occasion. She can ask him what the matter was when she can see it doesn't matter much any more. Then he'll probably put her hand on the green-eyed monster. And it will all be all right.

Would Miss Shirley be likewise indulgent toward the tired caller who remains grounded when she enters the room?

"Absolutely not," Anne said. "There is where a girl should not give an inch. Sloppy manners... lack of consideration... nothing annoys me more than a girl struggling out of her coat at a restaurant while her escort tosses wiscrackers to pats two tables off."

To straighten things out, Anne sug-

gests a crack like, "When you finish cheer-leading, let's see if we can get my coat off. True, that may rile the fellow so that he may retort, 'What's the matter with you—are you crippled?' And a nice brawl may ensue. But, at any rate, Anne maintains the girl won't have been accessory to loosening one more ill-mannered man upon the world.

Miss Emily Post Shirley is firmly opposed to a girl's helping out a man's gas ration by meeting him at the appointed restaurant. But she considers service men exceptions to this rule, for they may have come a long way for a few hours of feminine companionship, and she certainly wouldn't ever get a man to hitchhike all the way to her Brentwood home from the airport.

"Our dates in uniform—and of course most of them are—should get the breaks," Anne decrees.

And regarding men in the armed forces, Anne believes that more than a dash of mothering is in order. Neither has Johnny.

Anne became suddenly very serious.

She has never discussed the reason for her divorce with anyone—and neither has Johnny.

She said, "John and I have seen each other on furloughs. Both times it was because we had things to discuss about Julie, our daughter. She is John's baby as much as mine, and I want him to have his say in bringing her up—and I want her to know her daddy and love him. But beyond this, John and I have had no meetings.

Concerning myself as I do about all girls today. It is a wise idea in these troubled times for a girl to keep calm and collected enough for two. To bear in mind that a man's whole life is undergoing drastic change. She should take a deep breath before she says yes to a war marriage... think it over seriously... and after weighing the pros and cons, decide as she feels. If it then looks great, may all the happiness in the world be hers!"

The phone was brought to our table. I tried not to listen in too much, but I gathered from the conversation that Anne was dated up all week, but would be delighted to go dancing next week.

The End
Orchid—At Night a Shimmering "Butterfly Jewel," Glowing With Beauty—Most Alluring Effects You've Ever Seen—Makes Your Every Costume Gorgeous

Now you, too, may have true "Orchid Glamour" everywhere you go, and always! This gorgeous simulated Orchid creates a sensation wherever seen... it's so life-like, so exactly like the delicate color, size, form and even odor of the most magnificent, costliest orchid. AND IT ACTUALLY GLOWS IN THE DARK—Gloves with a fascinating, enticing beauty almost unbelievable. You'll tingle with pride each time you place it in your hair, or on dress or coat—At night its magic, soft glow will give glamour to any costume. Haven't you always longed to possess expensive, exotic orchids anytime you wished? All women do. And now you can have this sensational Glowing Orchid that will give you perpetual pleasure, for far less than a single, lowest-priced, cut orchid of the commonest species would cost you!

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Just fill in the coupon below. Don't send one penny. Your complete Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit will be on its way to you as soon as we receive your order. When it arrives, pay the postman 59c plus postage, with the understanding that if you are not thoroughly delighted with your permanent, your money will be cheerfully refunded on request. Remember this: you risk nothing and you gain a lovely permanent wave—so take advantage of this very special offer right now, before you turn the page.

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by
Claudette Colbert

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Panates IS NOT A HAIR DYE

NEW TEST SO EASY IT’S AMAZING!

If your hair is gray, graying, streaked or off-color due to vitamin deficiency, this test of the original PANATES double-action VITAMIN treatment offers you amazing new hope! You have read about the scientific vitamin tests that, while too recent for conclusive evidence, have shown startling-significant results.

It has been proven beyond doubt that a lack of certain vitamins in the daily diet may be a contributing cause for hair to lose its natural color and turn gray. Simply by improving your diet and by taking the harmless, concentrated food vitamins in PANATES each day, you may actually see gray, old-looking, streaked, fading hair change back at the roots, temples and parting to normal, original color, natural color! But first let me tell you what the original PANATES double-action vitamin method is, how PANATES differs drastically from other anti-gray hair vitamins and why so many of the thousands of women and men who once accepted PANATES on this same trial offer now continue with it because of the amazing change in hair color they testify as taking place before their very eyes!

**WHEN RESTORED COLOR SHOWS, IT’S NATURAL COLOR**

No matter what your normal hair color might be, before graying due to vitamin lack, no matter what shade of black, brown, auburn or blonde, if you see signs of hair color restoration, you will be amazed to note that the new color is the original, normal color of your natural hair.

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MAIL THIS SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY COUPON TODAY!

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**CITY**

**STATE**

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**Panates IS NOT A HAIR DYE**

-Nothing to fear...no mess, no fuss

Panates supply not only the “anti-gray” hair vitamins, but give you the “staff of life” wheat germ, Vitamins B and E as well. Absolutely harmless, Panates actually is a healthful food supplement. Panates gives your system a source for the hair color vitamins that may be lacking in your daily diet and so, should help you feed natural color into your hair. You can test Panates whether you now artificially color your hair or not, because Panates supply not only the “anti-gray” hair vitamins, but give you the “staff of life”, the wonderful things about the “anti-gray” hair vitamins in Panates the action is natural. No one need know you are doing a single thing for your hair. And ladies, Panates will not hurt or interfere with permanents.

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Send coupon for your order on a sheet of paper for Panates Anti-Gray Hair and Wheat Germ Oil (E) Vitamins. You need send no money, but pay postman on arrival for the positive guarantee of satisfaction or money back.


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The amazing story of Anti-Gray Hair Vitamin research and discoveries has been compiled in a very interesting and valuable booklet. If your hair is gray, graying, streaked, or off-color and lifeless looking, send for this wonderful booklet. It is yours, free. Mail coupon today.

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I was an Absentee 3 days each month

Not that I wanted to be absent, but every month it was the same thing. And not just me, mind you—there are plenty other women in our plant who have to let down on their "problem days".

A war-plant nurse reports that their greatest number of absentees are women who miss 1 to 3 days of work each month, frequently on "problem days"! Quite naturally, she asked the people who sell Kotex* sanitary napkins, who are specialists in this subject, to help find a solution.

And then I learned—

I found the answer—how to feel better by following a few simple do's and don'ts. They're all in this new booklet . . . facts on sleeping, diet, exercise, drinking, lifting, showers. How to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Facts for older women; and for when the stork's expected. Plain talk about tampons. And how to make your sanitary pad give greater comfort!

"That Day is Here Again" is the new booklet just off the press and free to all women—offered with the compliments of Kotex in the interest of helping workers and aiding the war effort. Send for your copy—today!

On the job every day now—

I'm taking a man's place and from now on I'm going to be a round-the-month worker! If you ask me, every woman worker will want this booklet—even your mother couldn't possibly know all the helpful hints it gives for "that" certain time!

For your free copy of "That Day is Here Again" just mail name and address to P.O. Box 3434, Dept. HG-11, Chicago 54, Ill. We take pride that we are able to give you this authoritative information. And in these days when the nation is counting on woman-power, we take pride in the fact that more women use Kotex than all other brands of pads put together—to help them keep going in comfort.

(T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)
We said we had put our Best Foot Forward, but we've got a still better foot. It's "Girl Crazy."

We're crazy about "Girl Crazy" for a combination of reasons. We're Gershwin crazy, Mickey Rooney crazy, Judy Garland crazy, Tommy Dorsey crazy.

Some of us old harkers hark back to the original Broadway show and remember "I Got Rhythm," "Bidin' My Time," "Embraceable You," and other wonderful melodies and lyrics.

Well, brethren and sistern, the verdict is in. The screen "Girl Crazy" will delight the harkers-back and delight those butterflies who have recently emerged from the cocoon.

From the moment that Mickey meets Judy in that broken-down jalopy and sings "Could You Use Me," the gaiety gets going and keeps going.

When Judy sings "They're Writing Songs Of Love But Not For Me," hard hearts melt. When Mickey does his Madison Square Garden routine all sides shake.

We can't omit mention of Gil Stratton, "Rags" Ragland, Nancy Walker (remember her in "Best Foot Forward"), Robert E. Strickland, June Allyson and Guy Kibbee. They're a great cast.

Fred Finklehoffe did the screen play from the musical by Guy Bolton and Jack McGowan. The great late George Gershwin did the music and brother Ira the lyrics. Norman Taurog directed, Arthur Freed produced.

Tommy Dorsey's lively band. Beautiful girls. Loud comedy. In the words of "I Got Rhythm," could you ask for anything more?

The story deals with an eastern playboy who gets a degree in discipline from the wild and woolly campus of an Arizona college.

It is a colorful production in typical Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer style.

As for us, we're Girl Crazy. —Leo
Picture of a Lion going CRAZY with Joy!
He's just seen a preview of A GEM FROM M-G-M
the merry musical GIRL CRAZY
It is studded with beautiful girls and sparkling with Gershwin music

MICKEY ROONEY and
JUDY GARLAND and
TOMMY DORSEY and his Orchestra

It's got roarin' ridin' and rhythm! It's got dancin' romancin' and it's a riot!

with GIL STRATTON - "RAGS" RAGLAND - NANCY WALKER - ROBERT E. STRICKLAND
JUNE ALLYSON - GUY KIBBEE - Screen Play by Fred Finklehoffe - Based Upon Musical Play
"Girl Crazy" by Guy Bolton and Jack McGowan - Music by George Gershwin - Lyrics by Ira Gershwin
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG - Produced by ARTHUR FREED - A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

IT'S GOT BROADWAY FLAIR AND A WESTERN AIR!
It's a BIG PICTURE
IT COULDN'T BE BIGGER
IT COULDN'T BE BETTER

It's Perfect
Entertainment

The Screen's Most Beautiful Blonde
Vera Hruba Ralston

ICE - CAPADES
Revue

with
Ellen Drew
Richard Denning
Jerry Colonna
Barbara Jo Allen
(Verte Vague)
Harold Huber
Marilyn Hare
Bill Shirley
and
THE ICE-CAPADES
COMPANY
featuring
Megan Taylor
Lois Dworshak
Donna Atwood

Back the Attack - Buy War Bonds and Stamps

Movieland Crossword Puzzle

1. Spencer Tracy won an "oscar" for "    Town"
5. "    in the Sky"
10. Steep, rugged rock
14. Opposite of aweather
15. Mounted
16. She is in "The Meanest Man in the World"
17. Fabricator
18. Fail to follow suit (var.)
19. "    Hay"
20. "    Brent" in "China"
22. "    Amigos"
24. Author and director of "In Which We Serve"
25. Small child
26. She is in "Crossroads"
29. Bette Davis stars in "Watch on the    "
31. American correspondent in "Once Upon a Honey-moon" (init.)
33. Positive electric pole
34. Miss Barrymore
35. Long
36. "Little    s of Freedom"
37. Anthropoid ape
38. "The    the Merrier"
39. "Ruggles of    Gap"
40. Imitating
41. Estimate
42. Walter Huston is "    " Stressguard in "Edge of Darkness"
43. Proficient
44. "Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man" is a    film
45. Pronoun
46. He sings in "Star Spangled Rhythm"
47. Whose husband is Gary in "The Pride of the Yankees"
51. Prefigures
55. Freezer
56. Mole gray
58. Talk extravagantly
59. Part of the leg
60. Aquatic mammal
61. She and her husband, Charles, are in "Forever and a Day"
62. Sharpen a razor
63. Carol    "The Young Mr. Pitt"
64. Adolescence    age

12.    Domini
13. "    Aldrich    Glamour"
21. Lacerated
23. Stars with Clark in "Somewhere I'll Find You"
26. "Sam Weaver" in "Hello, Frisco, Hello"
27. Genus of gese
28. Fashion
29. Laughing
30. "    men Also Die"
31. "Strange   "
32. "Paula" in "Random Harvest"
34. Fall in drops
35. "The    Horsemen of the Apocalypse"
37. Motion-picture projectionist
38. The mayor's wife in "The Moon is Down"
39. Fruit drinks
41. "    - With the Wind"
43. He is in "My Sister Eileen"
44. Concealers
46. Two-footed
47. Movie based on Mary Roberts Rinehart's stories
48. Response
49. Restrain
50. Glut
52. "A    of Two Cities"
53. First word in the motto of Massachusetts
54. One of the "Air Raid Wardens"
57. Shoshonean Indian

(For Solution See Page 82)
GLORIA De HAVEN had a birthday party. (She's the girl you want to be sure to see in MGM's "Two Sisters and a Sailor"—coming soon.) But anyway, Gloria de Haven had a birthday party—her nineteenth birthday. (Also, her dad is the ex-musical comedy star, Carter de Haven.) And to this party came quite a few other people you know.

Left to right—Bunny Walters, Desi Arnaz, Lucille Ball, Gloria, Gene Kelly, Producer Arthur Freed, and Marjorie de Haven.

Keenan Wynn, Bunny Walters, and Donald O'Connor seem to be studying something intricate.

The Gene Kellys gang up on Hugh Martin with a good story, it looks like.

Dezi fastens the clasp on Gloria's gold chain. Carter de Haven, Jr. doesn't seem much concerned.

Purchased before the first World War, this Longines gold strap watch served a Canadian officer through four years of hard fighting in France. It ticked the seconds for the zero hour at Vimy Ridge "Hill 70" and in many another notable battle. The war over, it traveled with its owner in the Arctic by sled, schooner and airplane, from Hudson Bay almost to the Pole.

Now after almost 30 years of active and adventurous use, it has already seen a year of service in the second World War, still a faithful timepiece...an old and valued friend.

It is to untold thousands of similar experiences that Longines Watches owe their priceless reputation for keeping good time for a long, long time.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch a companion product of unusual merit.
Now it can be told!
The mighty epic story
of adventure, courage
and glory in the
desert...SAHARA
...starring the
great action
star of "Casablanca"...
HUMPHREY BOGART.
Its tender human emotion and
matchless thrills will give
you a memorable entertain-
ment experience.

The suspense
is terrific...
the action is
thrilling...
the-man-to-
man drama is tender
as a woman's heart. That's
DESTROYER...the stirring sto-
ry of 200 Americans aboard "a
hunk of tin with a heart"...
starring Edward G. Robinson
with Glenn Ford and Marguerite
Chapman sharing the love-
interest. See it for thrills!

For rollicking,
uproarious
laughter see
"MY KINGDOM
FOR A COOK"
Charles
"Dingle" Coburn
is the star in this
story of a visit-
ing celebrity whose stomach
was the apple of his eye. We
recommend it as the laughing
successor to "The More The Mer-
rier". It's got that TINGLE!

THE BOYS LEAVE TOWN

One of the most charming things to happen in Hollywood
for a long time was the exit of the "This Is The Army" boys. They
left from the front of Hollywood High School between
the hours of eight and ten o'clock one evening.

As a farewell gesture, as they loaded into the trucks, they
sang "Pagliacci" at the top of their lungs. Almost
unnoticed in the large crowd of girls seeing the boys off
were some very outstanding movie stars who had made
friends with the kids while they were here. Ruth Warrick
took time from her rehearsal of the "Orson Welles Magic
Show;" Joan Leslie with her two sisters and mother came
down to bid a fond farewell. Humphrey Bogart and his
wife, Mayo Methot, were shaking hands with all the kids,
and over in one truck was Olivia de Havilland, whom the
boys were determined to kidnap.

Finally everything was straightened out, and the mighty
army trucks rolled off down Sunset Boulevard to the train
with the boys singing their sad, sad opera music which
eventually died out in the distance.

Many of the boys made lifelong friends in the film colony. Some of them may return after the war to take up film
careers, but all of them are welcome at any time in Holly-
wood, for they are a grand bunch of kids. The show has
now been broken up into smaller units so that the boys can
go overseas to entertain our boys abroad, some in England,
some in North Africa, and all our other battle fronts.

(Continued on page 12)
IT'S SWEET BETTY OH GRABLE,
In Her—And The Screen's Greatest M-M-Musical!

THE story's as great as the stars! The stars are as glorious as the songs! It's the year's spectacular treat!

WATCH FOR THIS BIG ONE
from 20th Century-Fox to be followed by

BETTY GRABLE
ROBERT YOUNG
ADOLPHE MENJOU

Don't you dare miss the bath tub scene!

Mack Gordon and Harry Warren songs:
"My Heart Tells Me," "The Wishing Waltz," "My Sam," "Goin' to the County Fair." Plus the immortal "Sweet Rosie O'Grady.

Reginald GARDINER
Virginia GREY
Phil REGAN

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS
Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG
Screen Play by Ken England

Watch for this BIG ONE
from 20th Century-Fox to be followed by

ORSON WELLES
JOAN FONTAINE in Charlotte Bronte's "JANE EYRE"

ALICE FAYE
CARMEN MIRANDA
PHIL BAKER
BENNY GOODMAN and his Orchestra in THE GANG'S ALL HERE in Technicolor

RICHARD TRAGASKIS' GUADALCANAL DIARY

MAUREEN O'HARA
JOEL McCREA
BUFFALO BILL in Technicolor

FRANZ WERFEL'S THE SONG OF BERNADETTE
What a Young Wife Should Know
To Safeguard Happiness

Improved New Feminine Hygiene Way gives continuous action for hours!

It is all too true that ignorance of physical facts can wreck any wife's happiness. Yet thousands of women, instead of informing themselves regarding feminine hygiene, either place their dependence on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures, or resort to over-strong solutions of acids which can burn, scar and injure delicate tissue.

Today such risks are needless. Well-informed women everywhere rely on Zonitors—the new safe, convenient feminine hygiene way!

Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories! Non-greasy. They spread a protective coating and kill germs instantly at contact. Destroys odor, instead of temporarily "masking" it. Give continuous action for hours! Powerful, yet so safe for delicate tissue! Non-poisonous, non-burning. Zonitors help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 8101-A, 370 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y.

Name........................................
Address........................................
City............................State

Zonitors ~ SO CONVENIENT

Claudia (20th Century-Fox) is a delightful domestic comedy, sensitively and brightly written, played, and directed. Rose Franken, who wrote the stage version from a series of her magazine sketches, has affectionately delved into the fundamentals of American living to tell how one child wife awakened to the responsibilities of marriage and motherhood. Claudia is completely the naive child when her curiosity about her sex appeal leads her to allow herself to be kissed by a neighboring Englishman. But she grows up suddenly when she learns that soon she will bring a new life into the world and that her beloved mother's days are numbered.

Dorothy McGuire, who created the title role on Broadway, makes a brilliant screen debut in the film version. The always reliable Robert Young cleverly plays her husband.

A Lady Takes a Chance (RKO-Radio) takes place in the strangely nostalgic pre-war, pre-shortages period of 1938. Honestly it is as long ago as that when Jean Arthur, a New York working girl, saved up for a trans-continental bus tour to see the Wonders of the West—"Fourteen Breathless Days of Romance and Adventure. All Expenses Paid." Only there wasn't any romance, and there wasn't any adventure until the girl met John Wayne at an Oregon rodeo. Then she missed her bus, and the romantic adventures that befell her have not been caught so deftly on the screen since "It Happened One Night."

Jean Arthur, fresh from her success in "The More the Merrier," is grand as the working girl on vacation. John Wayne is able as the laconic rodeo star, and Charles Winninger splendid as his older saddle-mate. "A Lady Takes a Chance" is for your recommended picture list.

Johnny Come Lately (United Artists) is James Cagney's first appearance for the independent producing company he and his brother, Bill, organized. The story selected to star Cagney is quite off the beaten path. You may have read it as a Louis Bromfield novel entitled "McLeod's Folly." Cagney smartly plays a wandering newspaper man who stops off in a small town in 1906 long enough to straighten out the affairs of a charming old lady. She is the publisher of the local paper and is being victimized by a crooked political ring. She lacks the strength to fight these politicians until Cagney vigorously takes over her paper.

The gracious charm of this picture is a reflection of the quality Grace George brings to her enchanting portrayal of Mrs. McLeod. For many years a stage star, Miss George finally debuts in Hollywood. She must be persuaded to continue on the screen. Among others who are worthy of note in the film are Ina Claire is fine as Claudia's valiant mother, Reginald Gardiner amusing as the Englishman, and Olga Baclanova as an opera star.

Marjorie Main and Hattie McDaniel. The proceedings may be a little slow for some tastes, but will be relished by admirers of early Americana. (Continued on page 71)
LET'S FACE IT (Paramount) is nothing more than a musical version of "The Cradle Snatchers," always an offensive comedy idea. It has been modernized by having the middle-aged wives hire soldiers as escorts who may make their philandering husbands jealous. Just a silly waste of Bob Hope and Betty Hutton, who deserve better consideration.

DESTROYER (Columbia) can be hailed as one of the most human stories of the U. S. Navy since war began. It begins with the laying of the ship's keel and follows through to her fight with the Japs. Edward G. Robinson, Glenn Ford, and Edgar Buchanan.

WE'VE NEVER BEEN LICKED (Universal) stirringly salutes the Fighting Sons of Texas A & M, an American college that now has more than six thousand graduates serving as officers in the U. S. armed forces. Why the school turns out crack officers is told through the experiences of Richard Quine and Noah Beery, Jr., as undergraduates.

THE SEVENTH VICTIM (RKO-Radio) will send shivers down the spines of those who enjoy having their spines chilled. It is a psychological horror yarn about a secret society of devil worshippers and very well performed by newcomers Kim Hunter and Tom Conway, the former as a girl seeking her sister, the latter as a psychiatrist.

FRONTIER BADMEN (Universal) tells a bang-up, big-time tale of the old West which is of strangely contemporary interest inasmuch as it deals with beef. You'll like Robert Paige, Anne Gwynne, Lon Chaney, Andy Devine, and Leo Carrillo in the action, and Diana Barrymore plays a lady gambler.

SALUTE TO THE MARINES (MGM) treats of Wallace Beery's plight when he thinks he is going to be retired as the only non-combatant Marine in history. He gets his discharge in the Philippines without having seen foreign battle service. Then the war, in Technicolor, comes to him. It's only average Beery.

THE MAN FROM DOWN UNDER (MGM) but for the grace of its locale would have been another Beery picture. So Charles Laughton plays the veteran of World War I who finds he is too old for the current war. The main points of interest in a dull story are the Australian background and an excellent performance of a prize fighter by Richard Carlson.
COTTEN TO COTTEN

The other night Joseph Cotten was impatiently waiting for Mrs. Cotten to finish dressing so they could be on their way to a nearby camp where the actor, along with Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth, was to entertain. To hurry things along, Cotten got the car out of the garage. He honked his horn a few times, but there was no response, so he settled himself for a long wait.

When finally Mrs. Cotten joined him, he gently took her hand in his and said softly, “You know, dear, if I should die before you do, just remember this: I’ll be up there—” and the actor gazed dramatically at the heavens, “wanting you, missing you, needing you, and waiting for you—AS USUAL!”

MOVIE STARS HARD TO GET AT?

By way of contrast, Judy Canova is a lead pipe cinch for the boys who know her.

The other day a charming Major Hack from Sheppard Field in Texas came into Hollywood. It was his first visit and he was admittedly goggle-eyed about seeing the film town. His one film acquaintance was Judy Canova who had visited his camp.

He was informed that the only way to get to a movie star was to call the publicity department of her studio and ask them to call her and then perhaps she might call back. This he did.

In ten minutes the hospitable Canova was on the phone. She arranged for hotel rooms, which the boys couldn’t get as the town was filled up, invited them for dinner at her house, took them night clubbing and introduced them to numerous movie stars.

The Major and his friends had a wonderful three days in the film town, thanks to Judy, and went away singing Hollywood’s praises. She had promised that if they came to Hollywood, she would show them a good time, and she stuck to her promise.

GOOD OLD-FASHIONED FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is a warm and lovely thing to know and to watch. For the past five years there has been a triumvirate of friends on the Warner lot who have been inseparable during high water and closeups. They are Jane Wyman, Ann Sheridan, and Howard Shoup. Shoup was the designer at the studio who rose to prominence with the girls. He is now a corporal in the Army and stationed near Fresno, two hundred miles from Hollywood. Howard wrote to Ann that he liked the camp and the Army life, but that he felt sorry for the boys there as they had had no entertainment for nine months.

He was delightfully surprised when he came to Hollywood for a week-end leave one Friday night and found the two girls waiting at a friend’s house for him. He was more surprised when they loaded him into Ann’s car and headed back to Fresno. The girls had decided that they would do a personal appearance at the camp because of his letters and had waited until he came to Hollywood to escort them back to camp.

They each wore dresses that Shoup had designed for them to wear in pictures and gave the boys a full hour show.

HOLLYWOOD LOSES GRABLE

Honestly, Betty Grable is going to give up movies as soon as she finishes “Pin-Up Girl” for Twentieth Century-Fox. The reason is that she, Mrs. Harry James, is going to have a baby, and maybe Betty isn’t all thrilled and happy! She’s excited as only she can be excited about anything. Maybe she’ll come back to the screen afterwards... maybe not.
PATRIOTIC AMERICAN WIFE

It is no more than many another American wife is doing, but happening across Mrs. Robert Montgomery the other day, I felt that a very special bow goes to her and the Hollywood women like her. Betty, who before the war was as cute a girl as you would find in the entire film colony, had great rings of fatigue below her eyes on the day I bumped into her.

The night before, she explained, was her night at the aircraft warning service. At five a.m. she had to meet her daughter Elizabeth returning from summer camp. But Mrs. Montgomery beamed when she explained how she was to go up to visit Bob, temporarily stationed in Seattle, that close to home for the first time since he entered service.

"Frances Fonda was there, picking up her child from the same camp this morning," Betty explained. "She bucked me up tremendously by looking just as sleepy as I did."

Not a word of complaint out of Betty because the Montogomerys had to sell their exquisite Holmby Hills estate in order to live on Bob's Naval pay. No nonsense out of her about having to do most of her own maid work currently. And most certainly, Betty never mentions the very long hours she spends at the Red Cross Blood Bank, trying to find blood donors. Like husband Bob Montgomery, she just believes in doing all she can every moment of the time to help our country.

HOW TO RENT A HOUSE

This is Lynn Bari's own story. She had rented a house in Stone Canyon, Bel-Air and when she wanted to move out was stuck with a year's lease. A friend recommended a certain real estate woman, saying she was wonderful about getting good tenants. The woman came out, consulted Lynn, looked the house over and told her it would be rented inside of two days. It was. Lynn found the ad in the morning newspapers.

"Movie star's house for rent. Movie star will show you through personally."
Lynn did.

(Continued on page 70)
THESE FASHIONS are PATRIOTIC

Marguerite Chapman, Columbia's new and fast-ascending glamour girl, designed this dress and all her new fall wardrobe, keeping all our government’s new style limitations severely in mind. Yet what a delightfully smart result she achieved.

The above all-day dress can be worn, equally smartly, to an office for the job, or to the dinner date for fun. It fastens sleekly even without the dear, departed zipper. It uses non-priority buttons, gets fullness even with narrow pleats, and is a gem for changes of accessories and to wear under a fur coat.

Above and to the left—There is not an inch of wasted fabric in this two-tone gray wool ensemble on which little bows are used as fastenings.

In case you have a princess coat or dress hanging about in your wardrobe, you can make it very new and charming by adding a peppermint striped dickey and sleeves.

A dusty pink light wool, cleverly dropped, requires only one big, covered button as a fastening. Watch for Marguerite next in "Appointment in Berlin."
Two Minds...But With Different Ideas!

To him love's a dizzy detour on a road curving back to freedom. To her it's a one way trail to the altar. Hang on tight, folks...it'll be rough going...but funny!

FRANK ROSS
presents

"A Lady Takes a Chance"

Starring

Jean ARTHUR • John WAYNE

"THE MORE THE MERRIER" GIRL...IN THE MORE THE MERRIER KIND OF PICTURE!

with CHARLES WINNINGER•PHIL SILVERS

Produced by FRANK ROSS • Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER
Screen Play by Robert Ardrey • Original Story by Jo Swerling
DIG me, public dear. Another month and another sounding-off on my part. Thanks for the fan letters, which I am answering to each of you individually and personally, I hope. On that letter routine, remember I like to get them. Send them in to me at Movieland, 9126 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, and I will make with the answers. Last month practically all you asked me was what was with Frank Sinatra, but you must have questions you wanted answered on people besides Frank. So write and I’ll reply.

Meanwhile here’s a few answers to your musical questions before you even knew you were worrying about the subject.

THE TUNEFILMS:
At the rate Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is going, they’ll soon have more musicians under contract than actors. Both the Dorseys, Jimmy and Tommy, Bob Crosby, Vaughn Monroe, Harry James, Xavier Cugat, Spike Jones, and Guy Lombardo are now on the weekly payroll. Metro’s latest musical film, “Girl Crazy,” gives us the Tommy Dorsey band again plus Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney.

Mickey does a piano solo with the band, but unlike most movie heroes who play an instrument for the camera, Mickey really plays, and good, too.

All the Gershwin tunes from the original New York show are still there plus a couple of new ones. And wait until you see T.D. in cowboy togs!

Harry James has finished his first picture for MGM, “Mr. Co-Ed,” in which he shares honors with Red Skelton, and they are rushing his second one, as yet untitled, before he has to report to his draft board for induction. Twentieth Century-Fox’s musical frozen pudding, “Wintertime,” has Sonja Henie ice skating to Woody Herman’s music. The band is featured in two numbers, “Later Tonight,” a pretty ballad, and “Wintertime.”

After the first few days shooting on “Pin-Up Girl,” the Betty Grable starrer, the powers that be decided that Charlie Spivak’s part should be enlarged, so they gave him additional lines and another number to do. Which should certainly please the Spivak fans.

Everybody on the set was ribbing Betty, telling her she was surrounded by trumpet players; working all day with Spivak and then Harry James to go home to . . .

R.K.O.’s “The Sky’s The Limit” is distinguished by its wonderful Johnny Mercer-Harold Arlen score.

The tunes can’t miss being on the hit parade. The prettiest one is “My Shining Hour,” which is also used as a theme through the picture. Then there is a torcher entitled “One For My Baby,” which should turn out to be a sequel to Mercer’s “Blues In The Night.”

Universal has a laugh riot in their new Olsen and Johnson musical, “Crazy House.” They set out to kid Hollywood about itself, and what a great job they do of it. The finale includes such musicalights as Count Basie and his band, The Modernaires, Marion Hutton, and The De Marcos . . .

WHAT’S BRISK ON THE DISC?
Although the record situation vs. the labor situation is still up in the air, the recording companies have managed to come through with some releases which were made before the ban went on, plus a few sans musicians . . . Victor offers Perry Como as an answer to Dick Haymes and Frank Sinatra. His first sides are “Goodbye, Sue” and “There’ll Soon Be A Rainbow” with choral background.

Decca’s new release should sell a million copies. It’s Bing Crosby doing the two hit tunes from his picture “Dixie”—“Sunday, Monday, or Always” and “If You Please.” Bing is in excellent voice, and is backed up by the Ken Darby singers, with no orchestral accompaniment whatsoever. But the band isn’t even missed. Darby has done such fine things with vocal effects that you’ll almost think you’re hearing guitars, violins, and a string bass.

The Capitol Folks have a low-down blues disc by a colored gen-

Right—Honeymooners Harry James and Betty Grable at Jimmy Dorsey’s opening at the Palladium.
A man named T-Bone Walker. The tunes are "Mean Old World" and "I Gotta Break, Baby." T-Bone's style is a little like Joe Turner's, which is a compliment. ... They are also releasing a new side by Martha Tilton. It's the good old standby "Comin' Through the Rye" swing-arranged by Gordon Jenkins and the band, and possibly the best record Martha has ever made. ...
in the Army, has been ticketed at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Her first role will be with Harry James in "Mr. Co-Ed." Jimmy Engler, former vocalist with Johnny Long's orchestra, has been nabbed by Twentieth Century-Fox and has already been given a dramatic part in "Guadalcanal Diary." Twentieth also signed Dick Haymes to a seven-year contract to start as soon as he finishes his New York night club engagements. Perry Como, who went out on his own after the Ted Weems band went into the Merchant Marine, was signed by Twentieth Century-Fox. It looks as if Frank Sinatra really started something!

Jimmy Dorsey's Hollywood Palladium opening was one of the biggest in the Palladium's history, with all Jimmy's fellow band leaders turning out to greet him. Brother Tommy was there with his new bride, Pat Dane, and Harry James was with his new bride, Betty Grable. Also present were Charlie Spivak, Lt. Rudy Vallee, Eddie Miller, Corporal David Rose, Matty Matlock, and Henry Kenton. And it's the best band Jimmy's ever had.

Hugh Martin and Ralph Blaine, the youthful songwriting team who burst into fame with their "Best Foot Forward" score on Broadway, have been signed to a termer at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Their first assignment is to write the songs for Judy Garland's next one, "Meet Me In St. Louis." . . . MGM made Tommy Dorsey a terrific offer to sign with them as musical adviser and director, but so far Tommy has turned it down. It would mean giving up his band.

Did you know that Dr. Leopold Stokowski is a swing fan and really goes for jazz music? I didn't either, until I happened in one night to Don Otis' record show on a local Los Angeles Station, KFAC. It seems that Dr. Stokowski was delegated by the Office of War Information to prepare a transcription of jazz music to be broadcast to the troops overseas.

He called upon Don to help him rig up some old collectors' items, and because of Don's aid he paid a personal visit to Otis' show. He was on the air for an hour and introduced and played what he considered to be ten representative records showing the development of jazz music, and went on to explain why he had picked those ten.

Here are the titles and the recording artists: "Tiger Rag" by the Original Dixieland Five, "Sensation" by Fletcher Henderson's band, "West End Blues" by Louis Armstrong and his Hot Five, "Farewell Blues" by Eddie Lang and Joe Venuti and their All Stars, Duke Ellington's "It Don't Mean a Thing," Jimmy Lunceford's "Organ Grinder's Swing," Artie Shaw's "Begin the Beguine," "Snap the Whip," "Ballerina's Ball" by Woody Herman's band, Tommy Dorsey's "Song of India" and Harry James' "Strictly Instrumental."

"Jazz is an important part of our folk music," said "Stoky"—"It has no tradition, no limitations—so it will go on forever developing as long as musicians give free rein to their imaginations. Jazz is unique. There has never been anything like it. In this kind of music the United States is second to none in the whole world."

Thanks for those kind words, Dr. Stokowski. I'm sure you have made many new friends for swing music, as well as for yourself.

THE END
Thirty-one years old, six feet three in height, handsome, debonair John Payne is too heavy to be a fighter pilot. He could, what with the hours he had in the air as a civilian, be an instructor or go into civil aeronautics, but Johnny's heart is set upon really getting into the scrap.

On leaves from his Arizona post (as we go to press, he's there) he rushes back to Hollywood to see one small Julie Ann, his daughter, and June Havoc, with whom he has so many laughs that no one in movieland takes it seriously as a romance. John's last picture was "Hello, Frisco, Hello."
A sputtering of motors, a growl of speed, a swooping of long legs, brown leather jacket, and the torpedo body of a Harley-Davidson. The vehicle, triumphant with rider, parked before the door of a rambling white house in Beverly Hills; a shout went up. "Hey, Barbara, come see what I just bought."

Barbara Stanwyck, looking like a fugitive from a grade school picnic with her hair blowing free from a white ribbon bow and her small, lithe body decked out in white blouse and pinafore came running from the rear patio. "Another motorcycle!" she gasped. Bob Taylor eulogized its salient points, beaming. With great care he explained that his first motorcycle, being of British manufacture, might present a parts problem if some gimmick went to pieces. In Los Angeles there is only one man capable of repairing such a machine; and the time involved in securing a really important engine adjunct might be considerable. So-o-o, naturally, the sensible thing to have done was to have purchased a motorbike of American manufacture. Gradually Bob's hearty flood of conversation dried to a mere trickle of words. Sheepishly, Mr. Taylor grinned.
at his wife. "If I should be stationed somewhere near here while I'm taking my basic training," he said without conviction, "a motorcycle would be very convenient."

Barbara met his eyes, and suddenly they were laughing together. Between them, in that brief glance, passed the memory of many another spontaneous Taylor purchase. There had been, for instance, the time when he came in with the announcement (before they were married) that he had bought a ranch adjoining the one owned at that time by Barbara.

"But what on earth did you want a ranch for?" she had asked incredulously.

"Well, you have one. I thought it might be fun to go rural, too," was the best extemporaneous excuse he had to offer. Months later, when it became impossible to get help, when the expenses piled up, and the income dug an escape tunnel through the basement, when gasoline was to be rationed, and a ranch became a toy more exotically expensive than a herd of kangaroos, both Barbara and Bob sold out.

Shortly before the final decision was made, however, Bob had come in one day looking very country squireish. "I just bought another horse—a honey of a little brood mare," he had admitted in the general tone of a school boy who has announced the adoption of a mangy, flea-ridden stray pup. The Taylors owned four horses at that time, but there had been much discussion about their disposal in case the ranches were sold.

Barbara glanced up casually from the script she had been studying. "A fifth horse was exactly what you needed," she had agreed with charm. "Exactly."

And now, looking down upon this second motorcycle, she saw in it all the ranches, all the horses, all the acquisitions Bob had collected during the gay and glorious civilian days now terminating.

"When you're safely at work in the Navy and forced to confine your personal possessions to the dimensions of a foot locker, I'm going to miss your spontaneous purchases," she admitted. She tried to grin. "Yes, sir, it's going to seem funny—never being called to inspect some crazy gadget you've brought home."

Bob brightened perceptibly. The deviltry suddenly glistered in his eyes. "If I should get overseas ..." he said tentatively.

Barbara winced. "Five 'rickshaws!' she groaned. "I can see them now, lined up in some sort of a carriage house behind the garage."

Now Bob's gone for the duration—here are the precious little things Barbara Stanwyck remembers

BY FREDDA DUDLEY
Another of Bob's spontaneous habits, the consequences of which Barbara is going to miss, is his darting in some evening to announce blithely that he is going hunting. Bob has little patience with the planned trip, the carefully mapped itinerary. He likes spur-of-the-moment traveling, undertaken with as little preparation as possible.

On more than one occasion Barbara has greeted his announcement with an expressionless face and the calm question, "What about that dinner party for twelve that we are having tonight? It was your suggestion originally—remember?"

"Oh—that. Well, that's different." And a frustrated hunter ascended the stairs to shower, shave, and get dressed for dinner.

By contrast, Barbara likes to plan things far in advance. "Some of the happiest times of my life were spent on trips I didn't take," she told her pal, Lillian MacMurray (Fred's wife) one night.

She enjoys collecting travel folders and maps, she likes to make lists of interesting spots to visit and things worth buying. Just before war broke out in 1939, she had perfected plans for a superduper trip to England aboard the Queen Mary. She had spent months getting clothes together, and studying the globe. "Let's go anyway," she suggested to Bob. "I'm not afraid of subs."

But by that time Mr. Taylor had been allowed too much time to cogitate on the entire project. He was opposed to it as being too cut-and-dried.

Barbara and Bob also have diverse viewpoints on modes of travel; they are going to miss the friendly controversies undertaken when they are considering a trip. Bob's idea is to go anywhere in leisurely fashion. He adores boat trips because he can eat and sleep and laze on deck. Barbara prefers to fly. The process frightens her to the chattering point—she has never flown with Bob except once—but she adores the idea of the time she is saving. When she and Bob went to the West Indies on a vacation several years ago, she wanted to fly.

"To go by boat," she contended reasonably in the face of Bob's evening newspaper, "will take four unnecessary days. If I only had four more days to live, I'd consider them pretty important. I wouldn't want to waste them on a boat. I can see everything a boat has to interest me in about four hours."

"Mm-mmm," said Bob from the sports page. They went by boat.

Recently Bob observed, "When I'm in the Navy, I'll bet you're going to miss my leisurely way of getting places. You'll wear yourself out hurrying somewhere. You'll spend your time flying and be scared stiff. You should learn to relax, Ruby Brugh."

Barbara's book barely missed his left ear. That "Ruby Brugh" routine never fails to horrify her. Comes from her former legal name, Ruby Stevens, and Bob's former tag, Spangler Brugh. When Barbara wants to get his goat, she calls him "Spangler."

There is another good-natured family feud in the Taylor household that both are going to miss. It's a feud, the details of which are probably repeated in ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths percent of American homes.

Bob and Barbara have been invited, we'll say, to the Jack Bennys for dinner. Bob is sitting in the den, reading a book on the current world (Continued on page 89)
At one time or another Ida Lupino has been described: (1) as a dizzy blonde with an English accent who was brought over all the way from London to play “Alice in Wonderland,” until Hollywood found out that she radiated as much sweetness and light as Scarlett O’Hara or the late Ivan the Terrible; (2) a more than slightly mad dame with a neurotic passion for murder, blood, ghosts; (3) a girl who likes to tell fortunes by tea leaves, walks in her sleep, adores playing frustrated women, drinks her tea lying flat on her back, preferably on the floor, and is as easy to handle as a pint of molten steel.

All three versions warn you to keep a step or two away from Lupino, because whatever you do and say will make her mad, and when Lupino gets mad . . . brother, you better be gone.

Actually, Ida Lupino is one-hundred per cent emotional but otherwise a quite nice and normal girl with a passion for rebelling against the dull pattern of life. She pretends to hate the Lupino Legend which gives you the details of her alleged madness; but somehow we can’t help feeling that Ida is very well pleased about her semi-lunatic reputation.

She figures she’d rather be lunatic than dull, and who wouldn’t? So she carefully feeds you inconspicuous little items referring to her “madness” and works hard to destroy any ideas you might have of her being a demure, sane, and normal person.

By Joseph Wechsberg
When we told her that we were going to debunk the Lupino Legend, she didn’t seem very happy.

“Oh, I’m a little mad,” she said. “I do the most unexpected things. Once I went to have dinner with my husband, and on the way we saw the most beautiful house for sale. We didn’t have dinner that night, but we did buy the house.”

We said we thought most artists were a little on the impulsive side. Ida stared at us fiercely. “I have my mad moments. There is a little black devil inside me.” She took a deep breath and pressed together her lips. We were afraid she’d utter the famous Lupino Scream.

“Sometimes I must fight that devil,” she said. “It’s a terrible fight. So far I’ve always won.”

We were having lunch with Lupino and her inside-devil, her lunch consisting of a fruit bowl, two five-minute boiled eggs, toast and a bottle of milk—which didn’t strike us as an especially devilish diet. Seeing that we weren’t much impressed, Lupino continued:

“Some day I’m going to lose that fight. It will be very bad for all of us. I have moods, lots of moods and some of them very dark.”

“Well, all nice women have,” we said.

She didn’t listen. “When I’m among people, I like to go into a corner all by myself and imagine that I am those people. I try to get into them, so to speak, studying their thoughts and emotions and motives. Oh, it’s a very fascinating game.”

She called the waitress and ordered another bottle of milk which she carried with herself to the set.

We watched her on the set, trying to take in everything around her, and we realized this was nothing but an artist’s obsession to do an excellent job.

Her record proves that at several occasions she turned down money—big money—and walked out of a studio because she didn’t like the part. Consequently, Holly-
wood walked out on her, and she had to go the hard way to come back, breaking down obstacles that would have all but finished a person of lesser strength. She never makes concessions and never will. With her it never was salary or star-billing that she demanded, but a good story and a good part. Success and money are nice things, she admits; but what are they compared to the wonderful satisfaction that goes with a good piece of work?

We asked what kind of parts she'd really like to play.

"I don't mind what it is as long as it is real people. I've fought hard to make my characters convincing. Some people say, 'Lupino should laugh,' or 'Ida, stop being neurotic.' I don't mind committing a couple of murders and having my face covered with blood and dirt, and wearing the most horrible burlap dresses, if I play a real, flesh-and-blood character—not a silly, contrived figure.

"That's why I liked my part in 'Ladies in Retirement' best. That girl wasn't merely a scheming murderess; you saw how she became that way, what made her do it. Sure, I like comedy too. I like everything that's good. I'd like to play a great love story against a modern background."

Lupino is just as emphatic about what she does not want to play. (She is emphatic about most things.) She hates those phony, one (Continued on page 84)
A DARING lady columnist edged up to George Sanders on the set recently, and after first ascertaining that she was within walking not running distance to the nearest exit, asked him a typical interview question:

"Mr. Sanders, is there any particular role you have always dreamed of playing on the screen?"

"Why yes, there is," he answered her pleasantly enough. "I should like to play an invalid . . . and stay in bed throughout the whole picture."

The lady took her one foot out of the air where she had left it, posed for flight. The answer wasn't exactly what she had in mind, but so far she had suffered nothing more serious than a clipped accent to the jaw.

"If you had an absolute choice of leading ladies for your pictures, whom would you pick?"

"Ingrid Bergman, of course."

"Of course. Uh . . . why?"

"Because she has such an air of respectability."

"Oh."

Respectability has never lured anyone to the box-office yet. In Miss Bergman's behalf, she asked, "Would you care to enlarge upon that . . . a little?"

"Of course, Miss Bergman has none of the acquired glamour which becomes so tiresome in other actresses."

George Sanders may be the only actor extant who can be called good, "bad," and completely indifferent.
He is also appearing in "The Night Is Ending" for 20th Century.

The lady had her interview, and as Sanders interviews go, it was practically a scoop. True to the feminine trait of never knowing when the party is over, she pushed her luck.

"You prefer your leading ladies with an 'air of respectability.' Would you tell me what appeals to you most in women off-screen?"

Mr. Sanders made ready for the knock-out.

"Why, certainly—the reverse!"

The interview was not definitely finished.

In all Hollywood there is no one so proficient at the verbal Mickey Finn as the bored Britisher. This particular talent has given him the reputation for being a lot of things which innately he is not; temperamental, discourteous, a misogynist, a "character." Things have now advanced to the stage where hardly a columnist in town can afford to make him the subject of affable comment for fear of contradicting a previously written item.

There are a lot of people who will tell you he enjoys living up to his reputation as l'homme horrible. At 20th Century-Fox (where "Moon and Sixpence" is still sometimes referred to as "Moon and Sanders"), you can still reduce any publicity man to a state of dehydration by recalling the time, a few months ago, when it was discovered that the bachelor Englishman had become a benedict.

Mr. Sanders, being in a marrying mood, had done so without notifying either the press or his studio. Presently there came a hint, in this column and that one, that a lady was now occupying the Sanders' menage. Other news-gatherers called the publicity department to check.

In Hollywood, the lack of a denial is affirmation, and
The real truth about him is that George Sanders is a gentleman, a species once aptly defined as "a fellow who never insults anyone unintentionally." His inherent characteristics are a bitter intelligence, and an inability to be bothered with the things or people he considers trivial. The fact that he is unable to find much that he does not consider trivial, just happens to be unfortunate for those to whom the same things are important.

Born with a rare ennui, he has developed it into a beautifully wrought armor against the things most cinemaniacs believe they cannot do without. He is probably the only actor extant who falls into all classifications; good, "bad"... and completely indifferent! Living up to any sort of personal reputation isn't worth his effort. Favorable publicity concerns him least of all, since it calls for a sustained and synthetic pleasantry he disdains. He prefers to confine his acting to the screen. Considering his success, he has as much right to his opinion as the rest of Hollywood has to theirs.

Recently, when he moved over to the Columbia lot to star in "Appointment in Berlin," the entire staff figuratively fastened their safety belts. The word was around, of course, that the Sanders personality was a chill wind that blew nobody any good. After a week of shooting, tension eased to a positive state of letdown. The camera crew quit tip-toeing, and the publicity staff began to wonder whether the fascinating Mr. Sanders wasn't being so nice just to be nasty. After all, there were columnists waiting to be serviced with bits of printable spleen.

In two weeks, things had got to such a state that when a wag rushed off the set one day and made the statement, "At last, Sanders has bared the ivories!" he gathered an eager crowd.

"What did he say?" they chorused, pencils palpitating. "Nothing. He's singing. Sitting at the piano and entertaining a bunch of props!"

As a matter of truth, too, there is little basis for the legend that the Talkie Town Terror spend all his time between scenes disdainfully sleeping, or crouched in his dressing room thinking up ways to scare grown-ups. He occupies a great deal of his time at the piano, regaling the grips and crew with his excellent repertoire of ditties, most of them on the ribald side. The piano is moved from sound-stage to sound-stage as the picture progresses. For more serious-minded admirers, he has a quick course in piano technique in which he will patiently instruct anyone who is really interested. It happens that he likes music.

Another hobby is building model airplanes. At home he goes in for fourteen foot jobs that will really fly. On the set he folds sheets of script into schoolboy models that whiz through the air, over the director's head, with the greatest of ease.

In action before the cameras, there is nothing supercilious about Sanders but his face, which was built for it. Strangely enough, he is infinitely patient with the patience coming and goes, but aviation is here to stay.

As in the case of Humphrey Bogart, it took his movie bosses a while to realize that the fans had awarded him a star's status. (Above is Mr. Sanders in a scene from "Appointment in Berlin.")
They'll tell you at MGM about how brainy, how cultured their Miss Garson is. And she is that. But nothing gets her like a love story. When she started working on "Madame Curie," her current film, she read every book on that remarkable woman. But what got Greer were Marie Curie's notes about making jam, notes scribbled in the midst of most scientific reports. "A womanly woman," sighs Miss Garson, quite unaware that she is also describing herself.
I REMEMBER:

That thick, sticky library paste we used to have at school, the way some of the kids used to eat it, and how I envied them. I couldn’t bring myself to touch the stuff, though sometimes I got it as far as my lips.

The day one of the paste-eaters stabbed me in the arm with a pen. It left a tiny tattoo mark that to this date puzzles me no end, and I make up stories about it.

How I used to adore Rupert Brooke and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and how my brother made fun of me.

That sick feeling I had when I made my first appearance on the stage. I still get it on opening scenes in pictures or at radio shows, and I hope I never lose it, because I feel it makes for better performances.

I’VE LEARNED:

From my mother—to pay bills when due . . . to shop economically . . . neatness . . . direct thinking . . . a flair for clothes.

From my husband—not to take minor ailments seriously. I used to be petrified if I scratched a finger and it bled, or if I had a sudden pain, but living with my doctor-husband cured me. One reason is because, let me complain even mildly, and he gives me the most dreadful medicines to swallow.

From my brother—to box, wrestle, play soccer. I knew what a half-
Nelson was before I could read well. I don’t know how I happened to grow up feminine with that training. That I’m a good athlete today is a matter of sheer survival.

From my directors—diplomacy. A director is boss, so you develop diplomatic methods of evading orders. Directors are clever men—they know about diplomacy, too, and if you can get your way by indirection while they’re using the same tactics on you, you’re good.

To listen to men’s opinions of other women and check up on myself.

I’M GRATEFUL:

That I saw so many places on this earth before war touched them.

That I took my round-the-world trip to China, Java, the South Seas, Indo-China, Bali, Egypt, The Balkans, Prague, and Paris while they were at peace. I was just embarking on my movie career at the time, and everyone advised me against leaving it. I’m glad I didn’t listen.

That I can work at an absorbing profession—and I enjoy paying my taxes. I really do!

That people will give to Navy Relief, Red Cross, USO and so on, or buy war stamps and bonds when I urge them from Hollywood Victory Caravans or elsewhere.

That I belong to a country pledged to the Four Freedoms.

(Continued on page 32)
A PRETTY girl, a handsome boy, a summer day, a canoe for two.

Portrait of a world that used to be and of the world that will be... restored to us with victory... but a world which right now exists very little outside of movies! It's the American way of living we all loved, and you'll see a glimpse of it in 20th Century-Fox's "Happy Land." The dreamy pair are Dick Crane, new but wow, and Ann Rutherford, who is continually luscious.
Glamour with a dust-mop. Gene couldn't find any carpeting in town, but is still hunting. The desk, unpainted, cost five dollars. Finding an old washstand bowl and birdcage, Gene piled one on the other, painted them white, planted ivy. Total cost—five dollars. At top, she does her own marketing just as any proper young wife should these days, and, right, she stirs up the victory vegetables.

A STAR, THE STORK, AND THE ARMY

When her husband, Oleg Cassini, stationed at Fort Riley, can't be with her, Gene omuses herself on picnics with some of the other wives.

Gene Tierney Moves Near Army-Post to Be Near Husband at Blessed-Event Time

Gene does the hick trick and loves it—goes down to watch the trains come in. Another army wife and Gene's friend, the wife of Colonel Snider of Fort Riley, accompanies her.
Gene and Oleg at their Junction City home. They're sitting on a love seat which Gene got second-hand for four dollars, painted white, and upholstered in cyclamen rayon taffeta.

By way of contrast, compare this shot of Gene in her exquisite bedroom in Hollywood, which room is nearly as large as the whole Junction City house.

The local furniture stores being almost all sold out, Gene determined to make her own. In this living room, the chair at the right is merely the old barrel which was used to ship Gene's things out to her. Covered with scarlet cotton, the barrel painted white...there! Gene did her own painting on that, just as she did on the second-hand wicker chair you see in the corner.
Not only do the movie people buy war bonds, —but they also have their own home

**Joan Crawford** says, "I belong to the 'Adopt a Pilot Club.'" (Incidentally, see her in "Night Shift."). But have you heard about Joan's work with the "Adopt a Pilot Club"? She is one of the directors of the organization, along with Jack L. Warner, Chester Morris, James Gleason, Max M. Gilford, and Frank Borzage.

Many men want to become air cadets, and also how badly our country needs men in the air force! But the standards for the service are high; and often men have to be rejected who are qualified in every way, except for some small physical defect.

Here is where Joan Crawford and her fellow directors and members of the "Adopt a Pilot Club" step in. Often the cadet who has been rejected for a small physical defect could have it corrected if he only had the funds to pay for it.

The "Adopt a Pilot Club" takes over the financial responsibility. It costs the young man nothing, and soon he is able to serve his country. His case is handled with no embarrassment or red tape. If hospitalization is necessary, the club pays for it.

Each member of the club donates one hundred dollars. Sometimes it takes less than the hundred to put the boy in perfect physical condition. Then the balance of the hundred is applied to another case.

**Judy Garland** says, "I have a clothes pool."

No complaints about restrictions in wartime, from Judy, who's newest picture is "Girl Crazy."

When she and her two sisters were very poor (during those early vaudeville days when they were known as the Gumm Sisters), by necessity they started a clothes pool, and constantly shared each other's clothes.

So Judy dreamed of the day she would have her own exquisite individual clothes, and never have to borrow any.

And the dream came true.

Then came the War.

Judy can still afford to have her own beautiful individual clothes. But... today she and her mother and her two sisters are living in the same house; and she and her sisters once again have a clothes pool. By sharing each other's clothes, they know they are conserving the materials and the labor that go into the making of fine garments.

**Jimmy Gleason** says, "I recruit for the Navy."

When he was sixteen, during the First World War, Jimmy Gleason lied about his age and joined the Army. He fought through the Philippine insurrection, rising from a trumpeter to top sergeant.

When World War II came along, Jimmy, though over-age, was eager to get into the fray. Again and again he was turned down. When he appeared in "Crash Dive," he met many naval officers at the submarine base in New London, and became very eager to join the Navy submarine service. He pulled every string he could, but it was no dice.

But Jimmy became so interested in the Navy that he learned everything he could about it. Then whenever he met a young fellow who seemed undecided about what he wanted to do in the War, Jimmy would start telling him about the Navy. He knew all the answers. And his enthusiasm caused hundreds of young men to enlist.

Today, whenever he has any spare time, Jimmy can be found in the Beverly Hills U. S. Navy recruiting office. Although he can't officially be in the Navy, the Navy is glad to have Jimmy's help in recruiting the young men who can join up.
Ida Lupino, who's appearing in "Devotion," says, "I collect recipes for chicken."

Ida Lupino's home dinners for servicemen have long been famous. Rationing or no rationing . . . because Ida knows how much home hospitality means to men far from home.

Because of the War, Ida has no servants at the present time. She, her mother, and her sister take care of all the work at home. And just what could the three women do to make sure that the men would enjoy their meals at the Lupino menage?

It was easy to solve part of the problem. Excellent salads could be served, using vegetables and herbs grown in Ida's own Victory Garden. But what about meat?

Ida decided that chicken was the answer. But she didn't want to serve chicken prepared in exactly the same way night after night and week after week. So she started collecting recipes for different ways of preparing chicken. She read cookbooks; asked all her friends for their favorite chicken recipes; and did some home experimenting. To date, she has collected forty-six different recipes for preparing chicken. Of them all, the favorite with the men is, she believes, old-fashioned fried chicken. We wish we had space to give her recipe for corn oysters which she serves with it.

Joan Blondell says, "I have my old clothes made over."

"In order to help out on the home front," says Joan Blondell, whom you'll see next in "Cry Havoc," "I try to make my wardrobe last as long as possible. That means having my old clothes made over. First I plan just what I want done to my old clothes to make them look as up-to-date as possible. Then I bring the designs to a seamstress, who works out a new wardrobe for me."

"Here is an example of how the clothes-conserving plan works. One day I noticed a formal suit of my husband's (Dick Powell). He hadn't worn it for months."

"'I think your formal suit could be made over into a cocktail suit for me,' I told Dick. 'Do you think you'll have an occasion to use it these war days, or will it be all right for me to have it made over?'"

"Dick was sure he'd have no further opportunity to wear it, so I took the suit to my seamstress. She did such a fine job that Dick took me out dancing the first time I wore the costume."

Walter Reed says, "I helped the sheriff's office."

You saw him win Anne Shirley in "Bombardier," and now he is in the Army; but when he first wanted to get in, he was turned down because of a knee injury. When he thought that he might be kept from the fighting fronts, he looked up work on the home front.

"Because of the War," he said, "I discovered that there was a shortage of deputy sheriffs, and so . . . ."

Long after his day's work at the studio, a phone call would sometimes come in to the effect that someone was creating a public disturbance in Hollywood or some other section of Los Angeles. Then Walter would rush down to the street where the riot or disturbance was taking place and do everything he could to stop it. Sometimes he was called upon to help on raids of places guilty of selling liquor to minors. And sometimes he had to deliver prisoners to the sheriff's office.

One day he had to go to a nearby town in order to arrest two men and bring them to Los Angeles for trial. As Walter Reed walked into their apartment and told them why he was there, they gaped at the actor.

"I never thought," one of them said with something like awe in his voice, "that I would be taken to jail shackled to a movie star."
Maria X. Tamvyck, who is appearing in “For All We know,” says, “I give the boys identification bracelets.” In addition to sending long personal letters in her own handwriting to each of the grips, electricians, and prop boys she met at the studios and who are now in service, Barbara also sends them a heavy sterling silver identification bracelet. Inscribed inside each bracelet is the famous quotation from Hugh Walpole. “It isn’t life that matters; it’s the courage you bring to it.” Because the message comes from Barbara Stanwyck, whose own life is a saga of courage, that inscription is special inspiration to the men who receive it. Many of them have found renewed courage and a new philosophy of life as a result.

Elyse Knox, whom you’ll see in “Hi’ ya Sailor,” says, “I went to cannery school.” “You know how you keep reading that you should can your own fruits and vegetables,” says Elyse Knox. “Then you get scared because you also read about people who became ill through improperly canned foods.” “I have my own Victory Garden, and so I decided it was my job to learn the latest, most authoritative methods for home canning. I went to a cannery school, where I was cautioned not to attempt to do any oven canning. I learned that two methods of preserving all vegetables except tomatoes are approved by authorities — pressure canning and dehydration. For canning fruits, tomatoes and rhubarb, pressure canning and the boiling-water bath are approved.

“By the time I had finished my course, I knew that I could can all vegetables and fruits without running any risk of food spoilage.

“We know how important food is in helping win the war. Rationing is one way of distributing the food supply fairly to everyone. But the less canned food we have to buy, the more there is to go around.

“The government has encouraged all of us who can do so to have Victory Gardens. That’s grand; but by learning how to can properly, we make sure that the products of our Victory Gardens are available for months to come.”
J-Ci-'if says, "I train pigeons."

Before the War, training pigeons was simply a hobby with Roy Rogers, Republic's "King of the Cowboys," appearing in "Hands Across the Border," but with the coming of the War, he saw a way of making his hobby serve the country. So he asked the government whether it could use some of his trained pigeons. Officials said yes; and since then Roy has been training pigeons for Uncle Sam. The pigeons are timed; and the fastest ones are turned over to the Army for such important duties as carrying messages.

"I believe pigeons have souls," says Roy. "No matter how badly wounded or hurt they are, they always come home."

Linda Darnell, next to be seen in "Buffalo Bill"—and that's husband Pev Marley you see with her—says, "I am a Volunteer hospital worker."

"I'll do anything," Linda Darnell said to the startled authorities at St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, "anything at all to help, including washing bedpans. I know there's a shortage of nurses. But because I'm in pictures, I haven't had the time to train for nursing. But surely there must be something that I can do, even though I've had no training. Can't you use me somewhere?"

The head nurse smiled. "Yes, we could. We could use someone in the delivery room. But it's no soft job. It's hard work; and you'll have to see pain and suffering. Do you think you could take it?"

Her eyes said the words that she withheld . . . And so the nurse told her when and where to report. Linda began the job that was really drudgery, but drudgery which could lift up the human spirits to the heights. Her slender hands carefully sterilized the doctor's instruments; she sterilized the gloves and gowns, and saw that everything the doctors needed was close at hand. She carted out the soiled linens and helped in every way she could.

She is a regular Volunteer hospital worker now, working every morning that she is not actually before the cameras.

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She's Known (After Five Names) as Dona Drake, and She Doesn't Even Understand Herself

BY BARRY STARR

IN PERPETUAL EMOTION

She's Known (After Five Names) as Dona Drake, and She Doesn't Even Understand Herself

BY BARRY STARR
THIS is the story of a motion picture actress, a gasoline A-card and sixty-five cats. It is utterly fantastic. The A-card is strictly plebian.

The story is about Dona Drake, the young lady with five names ("But only one 'N'!") , the young lady you saw briefly but effectively in "Road to Morocco" and "Star Spangled Rhythm." This story is intended to reveal why she rides a bus to and from her work at Paramount studio.

Miss Drake, who has been earning her own living since she was thirteen, and has never been known to be helpless about anything, surprisingly presents a mother complex whenever she runs across anything even slightly woebegone. One of her passions is cats. She has two, not sixty-five, it might as well be revealed here. The sixty-five come later.

Dona, who lives in Hollywood, was in Los Angeles recently on business. Her A-card dutifully couched in her purse, she had driven to town. Before she had a chance to get started on whatever she came to town for, she was a Victim of Circumstance. She saw a gray haired and completely bewildered elderly lady. Dona swung into action, as only Dona can.

It developed that the elderly lady lived in Santa Monica, which is some twenty or twenty-five miles from Los Angeles. She had sixty-five cats. She had walked to her neighborhood store to buy cat food. There was none. She had come to the big stores in Los Angeles on the interurban. She still couldn't find any cat food. And those sixty-five cats were probably on the verge of starvation. Most of them belonged to men in service and women in war plants, and the elderly lady had taken them in as a sort of Sacred Trust.

Well, if you know Dona Drake, you know what happened. She loaded the lady into her automobile, and they scoured the city. They bought all the cat food they could find, and it wasn't much, but it would do.

After which Dona drove her unexpected guest all the way back to Santa Monica to see the cats, using up the tickets in her A-book as fast as she could.

So the cats got fed, and Dona is riding a bus to work, and is worrying herself into a state as to whether they're getting fed regularly. As soon as she gets a day off, she's going down to Santa Monica . . . on a street car . . . and find out.

Which ought to give you an idea of what to expect when you see Dona Drake in person. And you'd be totally wrong. There's nothing motherly-looking in the slightest degree about Miss Drake. She's surprisingly tiny, has hair that is violently black and eyes that are snapping brown. Her nose is so small it is sometimes hard to locate

(Continued on page 85)

Maybe you can figure out the Drake lady. Her latest screen appearance is in Paramount's "Let's Face It."
A great many terms of language well as with a group of people set of words of.

After the Fii simple enough unprecedented which large who had never a great time p one and two two and three, like "Mademoiselles." But 3 years ago American soldiers some Fall college or boot greater.

Fundamentally
Yet, if therement now over French in 191 the thought of w The truth is, fundamentals of his per have seen a war opens his mouth. For instance, no appreciation of gender in a conjugation of basic principles a word ending generally "like" word begins.

The average verbs seems to live, or possibly with "avoir" or conjuration. The fact the subjunctive present would obvious as the interesting to see what parts of a list simply of his dozen for its rimor, of co around and nad but American has by and his the French.

When Frank came to town—to Hollywood for RKO’s “Higher and Higher”—Martha Raye was on the greeting committee. After saying hello, the curious Martha took a look down the throat to discover the mystery of the Sinatra Swoon.
The new warship, the first, is being purchased by the government for the protection of the mentally ill. It is a 43,000-ton warship, equipped with the latest in surgical and medical equipment. The warship is scheduled to be commissioned in the spring of next year.

**NEWS OF THE SCREEN**

Fox Buys 'Centennial Summer' for Monty Woolley—Four New Films Due on Broadway This Week

**NEWS SHOTS OF THE MONTH**

Are cooperating brilliantly with local social agencies on sorting and apportioning of the mentally ill. Rehabilitation of mentally disabled civilians and service men, both to augment manpower and to assist in individual adjustment. Continuance of civilian services for the mentally defective, unstable, and blighty.

Some prominent signers were:

- Senator W. V. (Oona O'Neill) Chaplin, Senior
- Mr. Charles Chaplin, Senior
- Mr. Charles Chaplin, Junior
- Charles, Jr., the son of Lita Grey Chaplin, is also eighteen years old, the same as his new step-mama.
HANGED? Of course she's changed," said the guy on the phone. "You won't know her.
"For that matter, she may not know you. What I mean is, she's a star and she acts like one."
"Hard to handle, then?" this correspondent asked.
"I said she acts like a star."
"Maybe she's just unhappy," I suggested.
"Nuts," said the guy on the phone.
This correspondent sat there brooding for awhile. What a pity, as Herbert Wilcox would say. What a bloody pity. Such a dear, cooperative girl.

We remembered a night in 1934 in the Hollywood Bowl. A warm, still night, with the stars hanging low and the good clean exhaust smell drifting up from Cahuenga Boulevard and all the beautiful dames in fur coats they didn't need, trudging up the hill.

Max Reinhardt was opening his production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" that night. Shakespeare wrote "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Shakespeare was dead, but people still read him and talked about him and stole his plots, and if you wanted to be anybody in Hollywood, you had to know what sort of stuff he wrote. Anyway there was a cute little boy in the show named Mickey Rooney. And there was a torchlight procession. If the play was dull, the torchlight procession would be worth all the hardships you suffered getting into the place. Who designed it anyway? Imagine making you park your Cadillac two blocks down hill—the ignominy of it!

We were there not because we liked Shakespeare. It was a hot night and somebody had handed us a pass and besides we had heard that Gloria Stuart was playing Hermia in the show, and we were very fond of Gloria Stuart.

(Continued on page 72)
AT LAST

IN ALL ITS HEART-STIRRING

EPIC STORY OF ADVENTURE

HUMPHREY BOGART IN SA
SENSATIONAL!
DRAMATIC!
EMOTIONAL!
MEMORABLE!

ENDOR THE MIGHTY COURAGE AND GLORY!

HARA

THE GREAT STAR OF "CASABLANCA"

with BRUCE BENNETT · J. CARROL NAISH · LLOYD BRIDGES
Screen Play by John Howard Lawson and Zoltan Korda · Directed by ZOLTAN KORDA · A COLUMBIA PICTURE
ERROL FLYNN TODAY

BY BARRY STARR

Errol and the girl who at first was known to the reporters just as "Beautiful" until they found out her name was Nora Eddington.

Since the day when he first landed in Hollywood, Errol Flynn has been the possessor of an uncanny, and sometimes unfortunate, habit of getting his name into headlines.

It started with the violent, noisy, and awesome spats he had with Lili Damita, then his wife, and the scores of partings and reconciliations they had until they actually did obtain their divorce. It was brought up to date in mid-August when wild rumors of a marriage with the girl he has been dating for the past several months, Nora Eddington, came soaring out of Mexico. This was followed hastily with denials from Flynn that sounded somewhat pained in a "why don't they lay off me?" manner.

In between have been rows with columnists, fights in night clubs, wounds in the Spanish Civil War, the brutally frank court action involving Peggy Satterlee and Betty Hansen—this and assorted other calamities that caused editors in some cases to keep "FLYNN" all set up in type, and nice and handy, just in case. The cases frequently happened, sometimes through Flynn's own efforts, and sometimes when he was merely an innocent bystander.

Indications today are, however, that all this is going to be changed. The editors can, regretfully, put their set-up type back in their cases. Errol is going in for the quiet life, the soft word and the velvet glove.

His friends first noticed this during the filming of his latest motion picture for Warner Bros., "Northern Pursuit." Errol was strictly business at all times. True to the Flynn of the past, it must be admitted he did his usual debonnaire promising of interviews that he never quite got time to give. He harried his publicity department who begged for a photographic sitting—but finally gave in and sat for one that was a lulu. In fact, Errol did three jobs at once and worked hard at each. He acted in one picture, plotted a second with Director Raoul Walsh, and put finishing touches on a new book, his second.

Errol worked long hours at home on his book, making revisions in the manuscript that already had been accepted for publication. It may be called "Charlie Bow-Tie Comes to America," but no title has definitely been selected. Unlike his first, "Beam Ends," which was semi autobiographical, the new volume, says Flynn, is strictly fictional. However, those who have had an advance peak at it insist a number of Hollywood celebrities will find themselves satirically and brilliantly limned.

While he still goes to night clubs, it is not as frequently as he has gone in the past. He also goes home earlier. There are several reasons for this, the most important of which is the fact that he had been repeatedly turned down by all branches of the armed services. His health is not good. Many an athlete knows what it means to have "athlete's heart." Errol, an Olympic winner, knows this disaster, too.

Yet the change in him goes even beyond the necessary guarding of his health. His approach to his work is changing. His next picture, "Uncertain Glory," is the story that the star personally selected for himself. There isn't a swashbuckle in it, and a bare hint of romance. No dashing adventures as in "Robin Hood" and "Captain Blood." No sword play, no elopements, no super-heroics. Just a simple, moving story of a nonentity who seizes one moment in an obscure life to atone for his sins. Very un-Flynnish ... but Errol picked it out himself.

"All of a sudden," one of Errol's most intimate friends remarked, "Errol has grown up."

This seems to be true, and (Continued on page 90)
Orson Welles, the sensational, the stupendous, is at it again. This time he mystifies you with locked trunk magic. Right inside the tent. There’s room for three hundred people. Of course if you’re a civilian, you have your choice of only fifty-odd seats on sale at $5.50 apiece. Mr. Welles is financing the whole show, but if there are any profits, he’s going to turn them over to Ann Lehr’s Hollywood Guild Canteen, where, you know, service boys can sleep free of charge. So come on in and look at the show.
Comes the trunk on to the stage. Joe gets into it—also into a bag which is tied over him. The trunk is sealed, tied, strapped by service lads. The whole thing is in full view of the audience. All the time, the boys are tugging on Rita's ropes! The lights go off for one second, then on again.

Above—Orson opens the trunk. Surprise, surprise! Rita jumps out of the trunk and bag.

Right—Much knocking on supposedly empty trunk. Surprise! There's Joe also in said trunk. (The confetti is for applause. Orson tossed it out after each trick, telling the audience that it meant he wanted applause . . . and he always got it. Yes, there were other tricks.)
The Chet Morrisey. Chet, who is a good magician himself, gives a look at Mr. Welles, and he seems to be mystified.

Among those present at the Orson Welles' show—Jack Oakie and June Havoc turn around in their seats to say hello to Nat Dallinger's camera.

Mrs. Nina Garson, Greer Garson, and Mrs. L. B. Mayer discuss the haws of the trunk act. How did Rita get into the thing?!

Georgie Jessel and June Lang were also among the first sighters. Rita Hayworth, by the way, appeared at the opening night... and she will be back as soon as she finishes her picture, "Cover Girl."

And maybe Martha Raye thinks she knows how he does it. At least she's giving some explanation to actor Sid Gould.
All three loved him. He loved all three—but his mother-in-law influenced him most.

REMEMBER the Georgia boy in "Swamp Water?" And the fellow who lost Anne Baxter to Tyrone Power in "Crash Dive?" Remember the young idealistic husband who was lynched in "The Oxbow Incident?"

They were all the same actor, Dana Andrews. You'll be seeing him next as a serious heroic Russian bombardier in "North Star" and in a comedy role in "Up In Arms." Twentieth Century-Fox and Samuel Goldwyn think so much of him that his contract is shared between them, and Dana has been going rapidly from one picture to another with hardly a day's rest in between them.

Today, in other words, Dana is on his way to stardom. Yet, if it hadn't been for three women, he probably wouldn't be in pictures at all. He might not have been working at all. In any event, he would have been a rolling stone.

"There was a time when I thought," Andrews says, "that nothing could be more wonderful than to wander from place to place, never settling down, never taking a job except when the spur of necessity drove me, and then working for only a few days."

To understand Dana's story, you really have to go back to the home in which he was brought up. Born in a small town in Mississippi, he was the son of a minister, one of nine children.

His mother used to say that no matter what happened, she was not going to worry about any of the children. This was a fortunate decision on her part since, true to the tradition that there is a black sheep in every minister's family, Dana was destined to be the disturbing element in the family of the Reverend Charles Forrest Andrews.

He was always the leader in the wildest exploits at school. Whenever there was mischief afoot, he was part of it. There was the time when he and his friends broke into the schoolhouse after hours, took down all the fire extinguishers, and put on the battle of the century, using the fire extinguishers as water guns.

On another occasion there was the exploit of the donkey and the buggy. Again Dana and his band stole into the school after hours, taking a donkey up the fire escape and into the school auditorium. With remarkable ingenuity, they also completely dismantled a buggy, and once inside the auditorium, put it back together again, hitching the donkey to it.

When the principal and the teachers the next day discovered the donkey and the buggy in the school
auditorium, they thought they were in a collective nightmare. Lest the school routine be completely disrupted, the authorities decided they had to get the donkey out of the auditorium immediately. However, they lacked the ingenuity of Dana and his companions. It took them three days to clear the room.

Generally, Dana got away with his pranks. Once he and two other boys were kept after school for a month because they were accused of having stolen some chemical apparatus. On this particular occasion Dana was innocent; but he took his punishment, philosophically, figuring that he had escaped chastisement for many pranks of which he was guilty.

His father was not aware of all Dana’s pranks; but when he learned of any of them, he dealt with the boy severely. He was very much displeased when instead of going to prayer meeting on Wednesday nights, Dana would sneak into a movie. On these occasions, Dana always underwent a severe tussle with his own conscience. He knew that his father wanted him to go to prayer meeting and would not approve his going elsewhere; but on the other hand, the movies fascinated him.

When Dana yielded to such temptation, his father would say, “Well, son, you know that you must be punished.”

Then he went systematically about the routine of it. He would take a razor strap or a belt, and the blows would fall. Dana took it . . . and kept on going to the movies.

Like most minister’s families, the Andrews moved frequently. When Dana was about fifteen, the family was living in Huntsville, Texas. Dana still had no clear idea of what he wanted to do with his life.
Across the page—Have you seen Dana—not with his dog, Michael, of course—in “Crash Dive” or in “North Star?”

He took a job in the bank for the time being. He liked the feeling of being financially independent. When his father got a call to go to a new parish, Dana surprised his family by saying he wanted to stay in Huntsville; maybe go on to high school and college.

For there were then and still are two Dana Andrews; two personalities within the same fellow. One was the restless adventurer who wanted to hoot at responsibilities; the other was the boy who dreamed of becoming someone.

His father let him remain in Huntsville. Dana shifted from one job to another. For a time he worked as a clerk; then in an oil mill; then as cashier in a movie house, and later as an accountant with the Gulf Oil Company in Houston and for Tobin’s in Austin.

He was growing up, but (Continued on page 80)
PICTORIAL HISTORY OF A HOLLYWOOD DATE

1. Van Johnson calls for his lady of the evening, Judy Garland.

2. Once behind the steering wheel.

3. The gentleman helps the lady off with her jacket.

4. They go into their dance, which looks pretty smooth.
6. Van does "the thinker" pose, expounding some great idea.

5. Judy seems to approve Van's dancing. Must be good.

7. Hollywood touch: Across the room David Rose, Judy's ex, with his newest heart-throb, Glaria de Haven, watches the scene.

8. More Hollywood touch: Next night, same place. Same girl... but this time it's a new date. Baron Polan.
For this smart, feminine style, Brenda Joyce, next to be seen in the 20th Century-Fox production, "Guadalcanal Diary," sets the sides of her hair in flat pincurls, the ends of the back hair in large pincurls. Front hair is pushed into a half wave, as close to the forehead as possible. Ends are then set in pincurls, all going in the same direction.

In the actual dressing operation, Brenda uses a half-part at the center back of her head, brushing all the hair upward and to the front. A comb helps to keep it smooth and sleek.
NOW that we are really settled into fall, with a few formal dates to be thought about, even in wartime, we all get the urge to be up and doing in the months to come.

But what a beauty recovery this takes!

Down in red ink should go those persistent freckles...the wrinkles, non-existent before, brought about by drying qualities of summer sun, wind, salt water...your brittle, sun-bleached hair.

Freckles you can battle with that simple and old standby, pure lemon juice. Its bleaching qualities are safe and certain. Just paint the annoying little spots with it daily, allowing the lemon juice to remain on for fifteen minutes. Two weeks of this routine should do the work.

To get that tired face of yours back into shape, there’s just one answer: lubrication. You’re a smart girl if you hie yourself to a beauty parlor for a few facials. It’s the surest way to quick results and making yourself feel glamorous and irresistible.

Watch that transition from tan to snowy white, and choose your foundation creams to cover the in-between stages. Nothing is more ghastly than a too-light foundation over a dark skin, or a too-dark foundation over a light skin. Either way you’re apt to come out looking like a mottled egg.

Your well bleached hair may be just too, too utterly devastating in winter, and a great success. But that same bleached hair looks decidedly overdone after a summer in the sun.

We know it’s fun to have gone without turbans and hats, and to have felt sun and wind on and in your hair. But don’t go around now that winter’s coming howling that your hair looks awful, that it’s ten different shades, that it’s dry and the ends are breaking, and expecting all that talk in some obscure manner to whip your scalp and hair into glorious shape. It just isn’t being done this or any other season. It’s up to you to provide the reconditioning necessary for a cure.

Above all, don’t forget to brush and brush.

If you’re a home shampooer, by all means use a liquid soap. It is more effective, handles more readily, and rinses away more easily. Remember, too, that too little and improper rinsing of the hair by home shampooers is one of the most prevalent causes of dull and lifeless hair.

If you are a natural blonde or have bleached hair, by all means use a lemon rinse. If you have brown or dark hair, use a vinegar rinse.

And now for a new hair-style.

We chose as one of our favorites this lovely up-do sponsored by Brenda Joyce. It’s our choice because of its (Continued on page 88)
Actually under contract to Warner Bros, where her next film will be "This Is the Army," Joan was loaned to RKO as Fred Astaire's partner.

There is a very small, very morose, and very lonely wire-haired dog in Hollywood these days. His days are dreary, and his nights are long. He says so. You don't think dogs can say these things? Then you don't know Mike. He says things with his eyes. Right out in Hollywood, which is full of eyes which say all kinds of enticing and inviting things. Mike has eyes which tell only of sadness.

Mike is the property of Joan Leslie, which ought to be enough to gladden the heart of any dog, but Mike is the acme of loneliness. Things, says Mike, aren't what they used to be.

The pert Miss Leslie has attained screen stardom. That is important to a number of people, not the least of whom is Miss Leslie herself. But it is anathema to Mike. He is forced to console himself with his memories.

During the period of the Battered Sedan, Mike, who is now at the venerable dog age of seven, found it great sport to huddle in the back seat of a dilapidated car with Joan, Mary, and Betty. They were the three little sisters, but not the three little sisters that people sing about. Joan, Mary, and Betty were a vaudeville act, and they were touring the South.

The inception of the act had taken place way back in the unlamented early '30s. Just previous to that, Papa Brodel had been an accountant and an amateur baseball player. Mama Brodel was a pianist with a determination that each of the three little Brodels should learn to play a musical instrument. Mary was proficient on a saxophone, Betty coaxed music out of a 'banjo, and tiny Joan somehow found strength to hold up an accordion and learn to play it.

The three also took dancing lessons by way of developing grace and posture. So when the stock market came tumbling down around everyone's ears in 1929 and knocked Papa Brodel's ears down along with his job, Mama Brodel, who had always been pretty stagestruck, got the idea of putting the three little girls together in a sister act.

"We were," Joan says, "not good. I suppose, even, we were pretty terrible. We worked around in kiddie shows, but we gradually got good enough that we could get a week at the Detroit Fox every six months or so. And we even got to places like Toledo and Hamtramck now and then. Mostly we worked only during vacations. I actually started with the act when I was three, but I had to drop out for a while, and we really didn't get into real show business until after the depression started."

Well, if you're a proper Joan Leslie follower, you probably know about how the Brodel sisters toured all over the South, went into Canada, landed in New York, worked in night clubs, and finally Joanie got her screen chance. Mike remembers it as a pretty busy and exciting whirl. They drove everywhere; they lived in tents for a time, there were ups and downs, and mostly downs, even after Joan and family first got to Hollywood.

Those, says Mike, were the good old days. His mistress had plenty of time for him. But not now that she has become a star. Joan careens around corners and bolts through doorways. The five-and-ten, which used to count her as a favorite customer, sees her only as a mad whirl at the candy and trinket counters.

She dashes here, zips there, and whizzes to other places. There's her studio work, her school work, her dancing lessons, and singing lessons. There's the Hollywood Canteen, the Beverly Hills U.S.O., the Red Cross, and bond sale tours. There are scripts to study, lessons to learn, interviews to be arranged, and pictures to be taken.

There are letters to be answered, personal appearances to be made, songs to be learned, and radio shows to be broadcast. There are shopping expeditions, fittings, hair-dressings. There are exercises and tests and dental appointments and physical examinations.

Joan dotes on it, even if it does have its inconveniences. She's eighteen years old and has never had a date. Too busy. She likes baseball, but has never seen a Coast
The Always Rushing Miss Leslie Sings, Dances, Stars, and Studies

by Joan
League game. Too busy. She loves to romp with Mike, but can't. Too busy.

From the very moment Joan signed with Warner Bros., even before she had worked with Gary Cooper in "Sergeant York" or with Jimmy Cagney in "Yankee Doodle Dandy," she has rushed.

"Who," demanded an exasperated executive at a production meeting one day, "is that red-haired kid who is always running? Every time I see her, she's running."

That was fifteen-year-old Miss Leslie. She's always running. To the studio school, to the set, to a dancing lesson, to lunch—anywhere, but always running.

Just the other day that same executive was driving over Cahuenga Pass. He saw a parked car and beyond it a flying figure. He didn't believe it... but you guessed it.

It was Miss Leslie, now eighteen and a star, but still running.

"We're out of gas!" she panted when he offered a lift. "I'll be late."

Being late is anathema to Miss Leslie. She spent so many years in vaudeville, when she had to be right on time for the act, that she can't accustom herself to Hollywood's frequently indolent ways. She doesn't take advantage of her stardom, as have some.

"In the first place," says Miss Leslie, "I'm not a star. Oh, I guess you can say I am, in the Hollywood sense. That is, if your studio puts your name ahead of the title of the picture... then you're a Hollywood star.

"When I have carried a picture by myself, if I ever do, and if I still get fan mail," says Miss Leslie, "then I will think I'm a real star and that the public has accepted me."

This, in Miss Leslie, is not silly modesty. It is simply good sense. She doesn't think there is such a thing as a modest actor or performer, in the first place.

"Anyone who was completely modest," says eighteen-year-old but completely adult Miss Leslie, "could hardly get in front of a camera and fifty or sixty workers..."
and play a love scene. Now, really, could they? Of course not. We're just people who happen to be in a business, and we like to be told when we've done something worth while. Like my neighbor. He's retired, and he's been raising a Victory Garden. He brags about it, and he just loves to be told what a wonderful garden it is. I don't blame him. It is a good garden... and he certainly isn't modest about it at all.

That's a pretty long speech for the whizzing Miss Leslie. It came out over an ice cream soda, double dip, at a drug store. Miss Leslie was pausing between dashes hither, thither, and yon to stroke up on her favorite food.

Well, second favorite, probably. Irish stew comes first. She can't cook it. She just eats it. Joanie never learned, and too busy to learn now. But she loves to eat.

Studio officials cautioned her she was getting... well, rather plump. "Poo," said Joan, "that's just little-girl fat. It will come off." and she calmly went ahead with her Irish stew and her sodas, and the fat came off. Maybe that came about through her dancing in "The Hard Way" and "The Sky's the Limit" and "Thank Your Lucky Stars."

For after spending several years in Hollywood, Joan has finally got around to doing what she probably can do best—dancing. She does tap, ballet, ballroom, exhibition—anything you want to name. And does them all well.

Joan's earliest recollections of Hollywood revolve around lessons. She had been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and brought out from New York where she and her sisters had been appearing in the Paradise Club and similar places. Naturally the whole family, Battered Sedan, Mike and all, came along.

Joan went to school with Mickey Rooney, no less. He had, Joan remembered, freckles and a fascinating personality. She had an acute urge to mother him; but conquered it nobly.

And also, there was that day on the set when she was working—in a tiny part—in a Greta Garbo picture. Joan was in her set dressing room with her school teacher, studying, when she was called for a scene.

Joan eagerly and anxiously darted out of the dressing room and ran smack into the Great Garbo.

"Pardon," said the G. G.

"I—I—I'm sorry," stuttered Joan.

Which was the entire conversation, but Joanie still mentions, in an awed voice, that Garbo spoke to her. That, to date, is the most exciting thing that ever happened to her. Film fans who have sighed and thrilled when they saw her kissed by Gary Cooper, Jimmy Cagney, and Dennis Morgan may find this astonishing. They'll be even more astonished that not one of these interesting events rates second. That position is held by Joan's personal presence at a Brooklyn Dodgers—New York Giants baseball game which she saw while she was in New York in connection with a personal appearance with "Sergeant York."

"I," says Joan, "am a baseball fan. Papa used used to play baseball. All of us girls played baseball. There's nothing I like better than to step up to the plate and take my cuts."

That baseball slang should establish the fact that she really means it. But baseball, like everything else, has been eliminated from Joan's career.

She whizzes from picture to picture: from lesson to lesson; from school to school. This pert, sweet-looking Irish lass has an ambition, an intenseness that belies her face. She wants to be the best she possibly can.

That's one reason she spends time seeing pictures over and over again. Not her own pictures, other people's.

She studies Bette Davis and Ingrid Lupino for intensity; Ingrid Bergman for grace and casualness; Garbo for ease and fluidity. In private she does great impersonations of a number of screen stars. She does a lot of them, for public consumption, too, in "Thank Your Lucky Stars."

"I don't want to copy people," says Joan. "I want to find out how they get their effects, why they're so expert at what they do."

I suspect Joanie of complete honesty except in one thing. That modesty business. She may sound worldly about it, but she is modest. There was the thing the other day in the swimming pool.

Joan loves to swim. Not being a big enough Hollywood star to have a pool of her own—and she probably wouldn't, anyway—she swims in the public playground pool in Griffith Park. While she was idly splashing away, a youngster of slightly more than her age started talking to her. He was, he said, a soldier, stationed at a local camp and but recently transferred from his native mid-West. He was lonesome and wanted to talk. They talked.

"What do you do?" he said finally. "Go to school or work?"

"Oh," said Joan, "I work in a studio. Warner Brothers."

"Secretary," said the soldier, "or something like that?"

"Yes," said Joan, "something like that."

And they had a wonderful time. Mike doesn't have to look so sad. He should be out, nose in air, telling his canine pals what a great girl he's got for a mistress. Joan's not too busy to be herself.

The End
EVERYONE in America knows about "This Is the Army," that all-soldier show which Irving Berlin wrote and organized. Now, everyone can see it for himself in the film version which Warner Brothers has patriotically produced. Every cent of profit will be turned over to the Army Emergency Relief Fund in the most gigantically worthy charity gesture ever made by Hollywood.

No one should miss seeing Irving Berlin's "This Is the Army." It has emotional appeal and inescapable impact. It differs from usual theatrical musical offerings as completely as it transcends them.

For the picture, a story has been added which goes back to World War I and tells how a fictional character named Jerry Jones put together a soldier entertainment that he titled "Yip, Yip, Yaphank." Actually Berlin performed the feat which in the movie is attributed to Jerry Jones.

Twenty years pass, and the sons of these men are called to war. They are the ones, the story tells us, who pitched in to put over "This Is the Army," the musical numbers being photographed exactly as performed on the stage.

Few of the soldier actors are identified in the roles they play. But Hollywood personalities have been recruited to swell their ranks; George Murphy, Lt. Ronald Reagan, Joan Leslie, George Tobias, Alan Hale, and Charles Butterworth.

WAT happens when a crusty, solitude-loving painter assumes the identity... and the wife and the fiancé of his dead valet... is the story of "Holy Matrimony." You may remember the plot which is based on a very funny book Arnold Bennett wrote under the title of "Buried Alive." Its adaptation by Nunnally Johnson, which stars Monty Woolley as the painter, will send you into fits of holy glee.

Of course, the painter has no idea of the existence of either of the ladies when he allows a foolish whim to dictate the masquerade he assumes. He has been absent from his native England for some twenty-five years, the solitude of tropical climes where he can paint undisturbed appealing enormously to him. But he is such a master artist that his King orders his return to be knighted. It is impossible to refuse the honor.

On the way home, his valet contracts pneumonia and dies shortly after landing in England. The doctor confuses the two men and makes out the death certificate in the painter's name. Enabled by this mistake to escape the fame he dreads, the great painter allows the servant to be buried in Westminster Abbey. But he reckons without the women with whom the valet was involved.

Woolley has a role cleverly tailored to his measure and plays it for a solid hit. Gracie Fields is a joy as the patient and understanding woman he marries—a very subdued and very gracious Gracie. Laird Cregar, also sporting a beard, Eric Blore as the valet, Una O'Connor as the first wife, Alan Mowbray as a barrister, and Franklin Pangborn as a greedy cousin add to the fun.
**Watch on the Rhine**

The threat of Fascism seemed very remote to the American way of life, and Hitler and his hordes were merely laughable figures in the newsreels. But to one family living in a gracious ancestral home just outside of Washington came a brave man who had dedicated his life to fighting Fascism. His was the idealism that has since sent all free men out to join in the fight. He stayed with the family only a few short days, yet in that brief time he “shook them out of the magnolias.”

This was the substance of Lillian Hellman’s intensely moving drama, “Watch on the Rhine.” It has lost none of its thoughtful power in being brought to the screen. For the cameras, Paul Lukas repeats his deeply stirring stage portrayal of the Fascism fighter, one of the most admirable performances of our generation in the theatre. Lukas is costarred with Bette Davis who faultlessly enacts his American-born wife. The role is not so exacting as the usual Davis assignment, but she invests it with ringing sincerity.

Several other members of the original cast appear in the parts they created. Lucile Watson is splendid as Bette’s mother, and George Coulouris compelling as the German informer. Eric Roberts as the child, Bodo, also duplicates his stage success. Janis Wilson and Donald Buka are the other children, and there is an arresting part for Geraldine Fitzgerald. “Watch on the Rhine” is not a war picture in the usual sense such as a descriptive phrase is used. The battles it fights are those dictated by conscience. The acting is glorious and the writing superb. Both are guaranteed to make you think.

**Lassie Come Home**

Lassie is a faithful collie who met her young master each day at four o’clock when he got out of school. The storekeepers in the nearby Yorkshire village used to set their clocks by the dog’s passing. But the boy’s family could not afford to keep Lassie and she was sold to a wealthy duke who wanted to add her to his kennels of show dogs. Lassie didn’t like her new home, and twice she ran away to rejoin the boy to whom she was devoted. Even after they took her away to Scotland to train her for shows, she escaped to come back to Yorkshire.

“Lassie Come Home” is the story of the dog’s arduous journey of almost a thousand miles to be by the side of her small master. Written by the late Major Eric Knight, it was his favorite story of his own authorship. As magnificently translated to the screen, it will be one of your favorite emotional experiences of the film season. Strangely, the picture has a strong adult appeal.

Roddy McDowall is his splendid self as the boy. His parents are understandably played by Donald Crisp and Elsa Lanchester. As the elderly folks who befriend Lassie on her travels, appear Dame May Whitty and Ben Webster, a real-life married couple who recently celebrated their golden-wedding anniversary in Hollywood. Edmund Gwenn is fine as the peddler whom the dog joins as long as the man’s path continues southward. Nigel Bruce is the duke, and pretty Elizabeth Taylor, his tiny granddaughter. The production is handsomely staged in Technicolor, and the collie chosen to play the title role remarkably intelligent. Due care has been taken in the picture not to overemphasize sentimentalities. The action is always believable.

**Phantom of the Opera**

Phantom of the Opera will be remembered as one of Lon Chaney’s great silent screen successes. It is a very different picture in its 1943 version. In place of the horror scenes by which the master of the macabre frightened his public, a rare musical treat and an arresting beautiful spectacle await discriminating picture-goers. Naturally, a phantom still haunts the Paris Opera House, he evades his pursuers in the vast subterranean passageway beneath the stage, and again he sends a chandelier crashing down on the heads of an audience. But we now know who this phantom is and are inclined to be sympathetic toward him.

Claude Rains takes over the title role to project an always understandable study of a man’s disintegration. You are permitted to sense, rather than actually to know that the girl singer is his daughter and his protective interest in her career is justified.

Susanna Foster makes a definite bid for stardom in the role of the girl. Singing opposite her is Nelson Eddy. Each is in splendid voice. Their arias and duets are equally outstanding; two original operas having been written for them by Edward Ward. He based a French opera on some of the best-loved themes by Chopin, and a Russian opera on Tschaikowsky’s Fourth Symphony. He also wrote the lovely “Lullaby of the Bells,” fictionally the folk song and is the theme of the concerto Rains composes.

Because of this fine music, the interesting performances, and the spectacular scope of the production in Technicolor, “Phantom of the Opera” is highly recommended. Its melodrama will hold you; its music will thrill you.
COTTEN IS JUST A GUY CALLED JOE

But he’s a special kind of Joe—the kind with high cheekbones and slightly slanted eyes—the kind whose voice does things to women fans—the kind who can rise to heights in four pictures!

BY M. M. RAISON

WHEN Joseph Cotten was handed his present role in “Hers To Hold,” his latest picture, someone commented that Cotten was growing younger with every picture.

“Yes,” said the actor, “at this rate, I expect my next contract will have to be approved by the court!”

He was referring, naturally, to his first two roles in Hollywood: the garrulous editor who grows old in “Citizen Kane” and the romantic oldster in “Lydia.” Then, much to his relief, he was given three roles in which he acted his age: The American agent in “Journey Into Fear,” the young bluebeard in “Shadow of a Doubt,” and the object of Deanna Durbin’s affections in “Hers To Hold.”

Despite this rather bewildering shuttling around, in and out of white muff, baggy pants, and gray powder, Joseph Cotten managed to set himself solidly as a star with only four pictures to his credit. This is something of a record in Hollywood, where stars are no longer born overnight. At this writing, Cotten has been offered exactly seven roles and is undecided among three of them.

He can name his own terms, approve his own scripts, create his own working conditions. All this on the strength of four pictures! Without question, there must be something superb about a man who can climb so swiftly.

There are several things superb about him. His acting, for one, his manner for another, and his background. Yet by and large Cotten is known as a guy called Joe by his family, his friends, and his business associates, from grip to producer. This pre-supposed that Joe is an easy-going fellow who puts on no airs, will talk readily to anyone, and has no patience with swank and inaccessibility.

This all happens to be true. But it’s also true that Cotten has a peculiar reticence, a genuine shyness which makes him a difficult person to know inside. This may be due to the fact that he hates people who love to turn themselves inside out in public. He thus leans too far the other way.

The first time I met Joe Cotten, it was a beautiful Sunday afternoon and he was just finishing breakfast. He explained immediately that this wasn’t a habit he’d acquired in New York around the theatre. He had—and he was very honest about it—a great fatigue. But he’d collected it in a worthy cause. His stepdaughter, Judith, had never been given a Hollywood party and Joe thought it was about time a shindig was thrown for her upon her completion of the school year. Joe discovered that it was tough to compete with a sixteen-year-old on her first party. Now, all he wanted to do was walk. So we walked around the Pacific Palisades where he lives.

Then we climbed to where he could show me the view. The view from his house, he regretted to admit, wasn’t a particularly good one. He wasn’t playing himself and his possessions down deliberately. It was that guy-called-Joe in his nature that did it.

As we began to talk—his fatigue no less pronounced—I watched his tanned, lean face and listened to his unusual, timbrous voice, the voice that evidently does things to his women fans. Tall and rangy, Joe might have been a football player. When I queried him about this, he told me he did play professional football once.

Joe goes into half a dozen torrid love scenes with Deanna Durbin in Universal’s picture, “Hers to Hold.”
It was back in Washington, D. C., when he was attending a dramatic school and went broke. But football, he soon discovered, cost him too many teeth and the roles for toothless actors were limited.

That brought him to the subject of his bete noir—his greatest fear: being typed. Once, Chic Sale, a young and talented man, was typed and made to play old men's parts. The same thing has happened to many others. When Cotten was handed his roles in "Citizen Kane" and "Lydia," he performed them with such consummate art that sentimental old ladies started sending him foot-warmers and shawls. They were slightly bewildered when he appeared in "Journey Into Fear" and "Shadow of a Doubt." They weren't certain whether he was a young actor playing old men's parts or an old actor playing young men's parts. But "Hers To Hold" has tipped the balance and the "young man" category, and now Cotten can breathe more easily.

Cotten learned about playing aged characters in his early days in New York. When he was between engagements, he worked for a photographer who specialized in "Before and After" pictures. "Before," Cotten had to impersonate the aging invalid, or the man—who-lost-his-pep-and-vitality. "After," Cotten was young, handsome and virile. He was so good at these characterizations that the wolf, which had been loitering conspicuously on the Cotten doorstep, was frightened away, never to return. For while plays may open and shut, "Before and After" ads, be they for pills or toupees, go on forever.

By this time—we were still walking—Cotten had plucked himself a branch from a tree and was chewing on it absently. He suggested that we start back to the house. He had lost the vague look; yet he talked with that same hesitancy I had first detected in his manner. He wasn't at a loss for words, since Joe is conspicuously one of the "intellectuals" of Hollywood. He was simply trying to explain himself to a stranger, and that's never easy.

We got as far as the porch, and I remarked on the smart color scheme and the comfortable furniture. Joe said the scheme was devised by his wife. Later I discovered that Joe is quite a hand with the saw, plane, and paint brush himself. In fact, for a while he was constructing so many bookcases that his wife had to conveniently misplace tools. A neighbor's chickens are now roosting in some of Joe's cabinet work but, had repeaters in the audience. We discovered this one night when we tried to change the lines. The audience shouted back the right ones. And because the audience had the cast outnumbered (contrary to our general policy, I might add), we had to stick to the right ones.

He was born, he told me, in Petersburg, Virginia. His father was, and still is, superintendent of the mails there. He spent sixteen years in Petersburg, dutifully going to the public school and high school. But, he admitted, he was somewhat of a problem. He read a great deal, mostly plays, saw every road company that had the fortitude to come to Petersburg, and avidly devoured the theatrical and "drama" pages of the local newspaper. Since his father was so intimately connected with the mails, it wasn't hard for Joe to catch an occasional glimpse of a metropolitan paper which really had dramatic pages.

He began to pester his father about becoming an actor. This was a far cry from being a Virginia gentleman—the goal his father had set for him. So Joe, who has a stubbornness all his own, started on a campaign of being a general nuisance.

"In fact," he admits, "the boll weevil and I were the biggest problems the townspeople had to cope with."

The boll weevil was controlled with eradicator; Joe with banishment. The day he was graduated from high school, he was handed some money and told to go find himself a dramatic school in Washington, the nearest large city. Joe joyously took the train for Washington, vowing to come back to Petersburg another 'Garrick.'

But the money ... as money will ... petered out. That's when he started playing professional football and losing teeth. It paid twenty-five dollars a quarter ... and pay your own dentist bill. But it didn't pay Joe. He tried selling vacuum cleaners. Unfortunately, in those days, every house in Washington had a vacuum cleaner.

That drove him to New York, where he became a paint salesman. He learned, to
Mister—you're getting paid in DYNAMITE!

LET’S NOT KID OURSELVES about this. Our pay envelope today is dynamite.

If we handle it wrong, it can blow up in our face . . . lengthen the war . . . and maybe wreck our chances of having happiness and security after the war.

The wrong way to handle it . . . and why
The wrong way is for us to be good-time Charlies. To wink at prices that look too steep . . . telling ourselves we can afford to splurge.

We can’t afford to—whether we’re business men, farmers, or workers. And here’s why:

Splurging will boost prices. First on one thing, then all along the line.

Then, wages will have to go up to meet higher prices. And higher wages will push prices up some more . . . faster and faster, like a runaway snowball.

The reason this can happen is that there is more money in pay envelopes today than there are things to buy with it. This year, we Americans will have 45 billion dollars more income than there are goods and services to buy at present prices. 45 billion dollars extra money!

That’s the dynamite!

The right way to handle it . . . and why
Our Government is doing a lot of things to keep the cost of living from snow-balling. Rationing helps. Price ceilings help. Wage-and-rent stabilization helps. Higher taxes help. They’re controls on those dangerous excess dollars.

But the real control is in our hands. Yours, Mine.

It won’t be fun. It will mean sacrifice and penny-pinching. But it’s the only way we can win this war . . . pay for it . . . and keep America a going nation afterwards.

And, after all, the sacrifice of tightening our belts and doing without is a small sacrifice compared with giving your life or your blood in battle!

Here’s what You must do
Buy only what you absolutely need. And this means absolutely. If you’re tempted, think what a front-line soldier finds he can get along without.

Don’t ask higher prices—for your own labor, your own services, or goods you sell. Resist pressure to force your prices up.

Buy rationed goods only by exchanging stamps. Shun the Black Market as you would the plague.

Don’t pay a cent above ceiling prices.

Take a grin-and-bear-it attitude on taxes. They must get heavier. But remember, these taxes help pay for Victory.

Pay off your debts. Don’t make new ones. Getting yourself in the clear helps keep your Country in the clear.

Start a savings account. Buy and keep up adequate life insurance. This puts your dollars where they’ll do you good.

Buy more War Bonds. Not just a “percent” that lets you feel patriotic, but enough so it really pinches your pocketbook.

If we do these things, we and our Government won’t have to fight a post-war battle against collapsing prices and paralyzed business. It’s our pay envelope. It’s up to us.

KEEP PRICES DOWN!

Use it up • Wear it out
Make it do • Or do without

This advertisement, prepared by the War Advertising Council, is contributed by this Magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America.
THE LADY CAN’T DRAW

Barbara Stanwyck is a very talented actress, but she can’t draw a straight line. The regular gang of the MacMurrays, the Millands, the Zeppo Marx’s, and the Bill Wellmans all get together each Saturday night for dinner.

After dinner they play the “Game,” but in their own way. Instead of acting out quotations, they draw them.

Whenever it is Barbara’s turn to draw, everyone shudders. One night recently they gave her “A” for her effort. The word was “Luftwaffe” and the airplanes she drew looked like chickens. When her side lost as a result, Barbara was presented with a ripe tomato as her reward for the evening’s labor.

Best artist in the group is Mal Milland with a close second by Ann Sothern.

A MAN WHO DATES THE STARS

Bonita Granville and Margaret Hayes are sharing a beau. He is dashing Greg Bautzer, ex-attorney in Hollywood and now in the Navy and stationed at Lakehurst, New Jersey.

Both girls passed through New York on personal appearances and bond tours and were intrigued by Greg. They each write to him every day and get letters in return and frequent phone calls and wires. May the best lady win.

Ladies in the past who did not win Greg were Lana Turner and Dorothy Lamour.

A WEDDING DRESS

Janet Blair’s wedding came as a surprise to most of movieland, but to Edward Stevenson, RKO dress designer, it was a rush affair. In great secrecy he was called at midnight one night by Miss Blair’s agent and asked whether he would design the dress for the wedding. This he did and supervised all the fittings. The lovely chartreuse crepe dress was the most becoming thing Janet has ever had, and she wears it now on her bond tours. She said she thinks during wartime that girls should wear their wedding clothes as best clothes rather than laying them in moth balls as so many do.

Mr. Stevenson received a lovely gold watch from Miss Blair and her husband with the inscription on the back, “To Eddie Dan Cupid in chartreuse.”

SHE WRITES HER OWN PLAY?

Joan Bennett’s book “How To Be Attractive,” was purchased by Twentieth Century-Fox for a screen play. It may be her first picture when she returns to the screen. The book originally was just a series of tips for milady on beauty, but during the period Joan was waiting for her baby she whipped up a plot and presented it to the studio, and they are using it as a pattern for a picture.

The story rather follows the pattern of the life of beauty expert Elizabeth Arden.

SHIRLEY’S GOT A BOYFRIEND!

Remember what a flirtatious child Shirley Temple was? Well, now that she’s fifteen, she’s still got that twinkle in her merry eyes. She flits from one beau to another. Right now the one is the boy next door, Don Gallery, adopted son of Zasu Pitts, who adopted Don when his mother Barbara LaMarr died. Shirley has more beaus than she knows what to do with, but seems to favor Don, for the moment.
WILL THEY EVER FORGET?

Greer Carson was dining at the smart Savoy in Beverly Hills. She was wearing a stunning new short dinner frock with a low cut neckline, and Greer felt she looked very smart and pretty.

A lady at a nearby table got up and came toward her. Greer started to smile and prepared to sign an autograph in her nicest style. Imagine how she felt when the woman said, "I didn't think that Mrs. Miniver would wear a low cut dress like that."

AN OPINION ON TAYLOR

Coming across that handsome Robert Taylor on the set of "Russia" in its final day's shooting, he gave me the kind of yarn that makes you know why everybody who's ever really known him, is so fond of him.

It seems that Bob was bedeviled by his stepson, Skip, to get into his naval uniform. After many days, Bob gave in and came downstairs in all of his splendor. Barbara beamed at the gorgeous sight, young Skip scrutinized, bent, dipped and swayed around and finally broke the silence with "Ty Power looks handsomer in his!"

It seems Skip is a great Power fan.

MAKE THE BOYS WHISTLE

Fashion tip from Muriel King, designer of costumes for Columbia's "Cover Girls." Take three yards of veiling, the color of your dress, or direct contrast. Get some velvet bows, either on combs or not, get either some fresh flowers or some mighty pretty artificial ones. Pin the veil in the center front of your head, take ends and cross lightly in center back, so that veiling makes frame for face, bring ends around neck as scarf. Take your bows and flowers and place them in the most becoming places, catching the veiling with a hairpin where you want to shape the hat.

About four hairpins, three bows, two flowers and the veiling make you something for the boys to whistle at. Rita Hayworth, Anita Colby and many other "Cover Girls" have adopted the idea.

Left—Quite a twosome this, Jane Withers and Farley Grainger, the seventeen-year-old who is her leading man in "The North Star." And right—Mr. and Mrs. Phil Terry go out celebrating their first wedding anniversary. Joan wears Adrian's white dinner dress banded at the low cut neck with blue and red—or as Adrian says, "the three finest colors in the world," and who will argue against him?
thumbed through the program, blinked, and told ourself we was robbed. Miss Stuart had been replaced by some young upstart named Olivia de Havilland.

But it was too late to leave. The orchestra was hard at it, and if you left now, the folks would say you were a roughneck, a man with no culture, a man who obviously was headed for the nearest bar. So we stayed. And presently we saw the girl who had taken Miss Stuart’s place, and then we weren’t sorry. Miss de Havilland was not a blonde, but she had everything Miss Stuart had and more. From that moment on, we were a de Havilland fan.

SITTING there in our brown study, we remembered the first time we talked to Miss de Havilland. She was a film actress now at Warner studios, and there were stars in her eyes. Imagine being chosen by Mr. Warner to play Hermia in the film version of “the Dream.” A girl just out of a small town California high school getting a break like that. Mr. Reinhardt was wonderful. The Warners were wonderful. William Dieterle who was helping Reinhardt direct was wonderful. William Dieterle who was helping Reinhardt direct was wonderful. Life was wonderful.

That was the way she talked then. Life was still wonderful the next time we met, even though she was leading lady in a thing called “Alibi Ike,” which wasn’t much of a picture anyway you looked at it. You couldn’t expect to get all the good parts on the lot, she pointed out. After all Kay Francis was there, and Bette Davis was there, and there were any number of pretty kids around with talent.

We became friends. We called her Olivia, and she called us by our first name. We had lunch together. We agreed that the Warner Bros. were wonderful, Michael Curtiz who was directing her in most of her pictures was wonderful, Carlisle Jones, the press agent, was wonderful. We talked about books and poetry and art and music—neither knowing much about any of the subjects. We walked into the Green Room and had her bark like a dog at us, which was her parlor trick and meant she was fond of us. We watched her go up and up and marvelled at the fact that she didn’t change much. And when we left town, we agreed that the Warner Bros. were wonderful.

She was wonderful, Carlisle Jones, the press agent, was wonderful. We had lunch together. We understood if it wouldn’t be more sensible to stay home and study.

We agreed that things had come to a pretty pass. We asked how she felt about Warners.

“Well, she still thinks Carlisle Jones is wonderful,” said our friend. He left us, looking very depressed.

S O WE began to make other inquiries. We found out a lot of things from a lot of different people. We found out Olivia was short with a newspaper woman who asked her about her love life. She was unhappy. She was too gay, in a world full of unhappiness. She had made too much money. She didn’t make enough money. She had a broken heart. She didn’t have a broken heart. Confused, we decided to see for ourselves.

It was with some trepidation we headed out on the RKO lot where she was starring in “Government Girl.” We stopped awhile to watch a man skidding across the lawn on the seat of his pants. He was, we were told, getting grass stains on a pair of pants to be worn by Pat O’Brien. We wondered if it wouldn’t be more sensible to look in on O’Brien. Then we remembered Mr. O’Brien was sore at us about something or other so we took a deep breath, put our head down, and went doggedly ahead.

Stage 12 was dark and cool. We tipped over a light cable. We collided with a wild wall. We put our head in a dressing room; and a blond we didn’t recognize gave us a dirty look. Then off yonder we heard a dog barking. We followed the sound, and there we were behind the camera, looking at the girl who barks like a dog.

“Hello, Olivia,” we said. The lights were in her face, so she couldn’t see us. “But I recognize the voice,” she said. “When did you get back?”

She didn’t walk right out of the scene and greet us. We understood why. Director Dudley Nichols was rehearsing a scene, and Mr. Nichols is not a man who likes to have his star walk out on him.

A big fellow at our elbow remarked that Miss de Havilland had the prettiest eyes in pictures.

Our guide introduced the big fellow.
"Our nurse gave me a D-Compound capsule, and it worked wonders!"
Miss C. G.—Chicago

NOW YOU CAN BANISH "BAD DAYS" with D-COMPound!

Lucky you! Now you can enjoy swift relief from periodic pain—like the many thousands of working women to whom factory doctors and nurses have dispensed D-Compound capsules for years.

D-Compound capsules contain medically approved ingredients that are harmless, non-habit forming and free from undesirable after-effects. Said Mrs. L. C. of Dallas, after first taking D-Compound capsules: "I must truthfully say that it is the first time in my life that I have had any relief."

98 CENTS BUYS MONTHS OF RELIEF
Twenty D-Compound capsules—enough for several months' use—cost only 98 cents, plus a small post-office charge for payment on delivery.

NEW WRITERS NEEDED

Fascinating opportunity to earn money as a writer in newspapers, magazines and books. Excellent money at once. New writers needed to rewrite ideas in newspapers, magazines and books. Excellent money at once. New writers needed to rewrite ideas in newspapers, magazines and books. Excellent money at once. New writers needed to rewrite ideas in newspapers, magazines and books. Excellent money at once. New writers needed to rewrite ideas in newspapers, magazines and books. Excellent money at once. New writers needed to rewrite ideas in newspapers, magazines and books. Excellent money at once. New writers needed to rewrite ideas in newspapers, magazines and books. Excellent money at once. New writers needed to rewrite ideas in newspapers, magazines and books. Excellent money at once. New writers needed to rewrite ideas in newspapers, magazines and books. Excellent money at once. New writers needed to rewrite ideas in newspapers, magazines and books. Excellent money at once. 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MOVIELAND'S NEW PICTURE GUIDE
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

GIRL CRAZY (MGM) is a fast and furious load of entertainment with Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland knocking themselves out for your amusement. The music is George Gershwin's best with Tommy Dorsey's orchestra to play it, and Mickey and Judy to sing and dance. In the present version of the show, it is a school instead of a dude ranch to which Mickey's irate father ships him after nightclub escapades have proved embarrassing to the family. The school is strictly for boys, but Mickey finds a way to switch it to a co-educational institution.

Gil Stratton, June Allyson, and Nancy Walker, all from the stage cast of "Best Foot Forward," join briefly in the youthful fun. Yet the affair so exclusively belongs to Mickey and Judy that anyone else has small chance.

TRUE TO LIFE (Paramount) isn't about anything important. But it is a lot of fun. Two radio writers run shy on plot material for a soap opera. In searching for a fresh idea, one of the lads encounters a slightly wacky family who make perfect copy for the Sudsy Soap serial. He puts them on the air and is kept in hot water trying to prevent them from hearing the broadcasts. When they do recognize themselves as radio characters, there is a million dollar suit filed for invasion of personal privacy.

Dick Powell and Franchot Tone enjoyably play the radio writers, and Mary Martin is charming as the girl of the family. Yet scene after scene is stolen by the veteran Victor Moore, who gives you many laughs with the crazy things he keeps inventing. A couple of gay songs help to enliven the picture which is built on the premise that movies need not be true to life but that life should be more true to the movies.

THE FALLEN SPARROW (RKO) finds John Garfield in the best role that has fallen his lot in many a day. He plays a war-shattered veteran who fought in Spain. He holds a secret that the "little man in Berlin" wanted to wring from him by two years of torture and later sent agents to kill his best friend in America. To avenge that friend, Garfield again enters the fray against the "little man." There is a matter of honor involved.

The picture should probably be classed as a mystery-melodrama although such a classification fails to do justice to the flavor of the story. Let's call it instead a superior entertainment measure, with a dash of animated cartoons rung in to help.

Pola Negri looks like a million in her return to the screen. Adolphe Menjou, Martha Scott, Dennis O'Keefe, Billie Burke, and June Havoc make their presence felt.

I DOOD IT (MGM) is a title that should not deter you from seeing this comedy even if you are among the minority who do not care for the Red Skelton radio program. You have never seen the comedian Skelton proves to be in a role that fits him like a proverbial glove. He is a pants presser in a swank valet service which gives him opportunity to borrow a wardrobe that makes him the best dressed man in Manhattan. Hopelessly in love with a stage star, he marries her through a fluke. There follow two of the funniest pantomime sequences of the season, one in which he can't pick up his wife after she passes out and the other when he gets mixed up trying to put on a crepe beard to join her show. Both these scenes are screams.

Eleanor Powell plays the stage star to score most pleasingly. Her tarts are tops as usual, and for good entertainment measure, there is a specialty featuring Lena Horne and Hazel Scott. Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra slickly provide the music.

BEHIND THE RISING SUN (RKO-Radio) will gain attention as the first factual film based upon the events that led the Japanese government to acts of world conquest which resulted in war. It was written by James Young who served as an American newspaper man in Tokyo for thirteen years before he was imprisoned as an enemy of the militaristic-minded powers of the new order. There is a strong parallel drawn between the rise of brutality in Nippon and that enforced by Hitler in Germany. The same men who put "Hitler's Children" on the screen repeated with "Behind the Rising Sun." If you could take the first, you should see the second.

Margo, Tom Neal, and J. Carroll Nash play Jap characters. Robert Ryan and Don Douglas are excellent as Americans. Yet the prize role is the Russian performed by George Givot.

HI DIDDLE DIDDLE (United Artists) offers boisterous nonsense which is as close to boudoir farce as the Hays office will allow. What plot there is revolves around the sale of stock and the recovery of money lost in gambling so that a sailor and his bride can get away on their honeymoon. Some of the laughs arise from downright slapstick situations, with a dash of animated cartoons rung in to help.

Radio (RKO) will gain attention as the first factual film based upon the events that led the Japanese government to acts of world conquest which resulted in war. It was written by James Young who served as an American newspaper man in Tokyo for thirteen years before he was imprisoned as an enemy of the militaristic-minded powers of the new order. There is a strong parallel drawn between the rise of brutality in Nippon and that enforced by Hitler in Germany. The same men who put "Hitler's Children" on the screen repeated with "Behind the Rising Sun." If you could take the first, you should see the second.

Margo, Tom Neal, and J. Carroll Nash play Jap characters. Robert Ryan and Don Douglas are excellent as Americans. Yet the prize role is the Russian performed by George Givot.
PREVIOUSLY RECOMMENDED

HEAVEN CAN WAIT (20th Century-Fox) a gay time with Ernst Lubitsch looking at life after an old blade seeks admission to Hades.

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount) a pretentious depiction of Ernest Hemingway's novel of the Spanish Civil War, with Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman, Katina Paxinou and Akim Tamiroff.

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER (United Artists) Walt Disney making graphic, as only he can, the argument of Alexander P. de Seversky for an immediate blow to wipe out the Axis by aerial attacks.

SO PROUDLY WE HAIL (Paramount) an enormously moving tribute to the heroic nurses of Bataan as personified by Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard, and Veronica Lake.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH a deathless love story from the Margaret Kennedy novel, with Charles Boyer, Joan Fontaine, and Alexis Smith.

HERS TO HOLD (Universal) the modern wartime comedy that brings Deanna Durbin to graceful maturity.

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT (RKO) sophisticated fun for Fred Astaire, with Joan Leslie as his new dancing partner and Robert Benchley a priceless blunderer.

STAGE DOOR CANTEEN (United Artists) that extravaganza of Broadway talent entertaining the soldiers, fifty-odd topline stars and Lon McCallister.

MR. LUCKY (RKO) the comedy Cary Grant wanted to make... and did.

BATAAN (MGM) ranking with "Wake Island" as an honest war film that brings home the war in foxholes. Robert Taylor and Robert Walker.

YOU CAN NOW HAVE STUNNING EYELASHES
A Doctor's Formula For Easy Quick Treatment For Luxuriant Eyelashes

More treats too...

YOU CAN NOW HAVE STUNNING EYELASHES
A Doctor's Formula For Easy Quick Treatment For Luxuriant Eyelashes

Nothing gives you such a feeling of glamour as long, silky lashes and bright sparkling eyes. Longer eyelashes spotlight your eyes. Make them more appealing by the new easy LASHIBO method. You save 19c. Write today.
= 93)

to Warners' for you. So you are going to earn a great deal of money at RKO. You are going to earn one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.' You can imagine how I felt. 'Myron, that is terrific,' I told him. 'Wait a minute,' said Myron. 'You are going to earn a hundred and twenty-five thousand, but you aren't going to get it. David is going to get it. You just get your regular salary, minus my commission.'"

"So?" we asked.

"I get my regular salary minus Myron's commission," said Olivia. Nichols called her then, and she went back into the shot. She said to us, "Let's meet later." So we did.

It was hours later, as we sat in Luceyes with Olivia, Nichols, and Sonny Tufts and had something stronger than tea, that it occurred to us that people were peculiar. The run-of-the-mill people, we mean. They expect bank tellers to change as they grow older. They expect floor walkers, undertakers, grave diggers, garbage collectors, and bar tenders to change. But they are amazed when an Olivia de Havilland turns out to be something entirely different from what she was a few years back. So they shake their heads and ask what has happened to her.

Watching her, listening to her talk, hearing her laugh a little more loudly than she used to, we realized that she had changed, that she was not at all the same girl we met back yonder.

Her brown eyes are as lovely as ever, but they look at the world differently. A little disillusioned perhaps. Anyway, wise. She hadn't been in love when she came to Hollywood. At least not seriously. She's in love seriously now with Captain John Houston, though she doesn't talk about it and parries any questions. But mention his name, and her eyes light up. We've seen them together when he was on leave recently. We listened to her tell us about seeing the picture he made for the Army in Alaska and realized that there was pride in her voice. We didn't ask her whether she was going to marry him because we figured when she wanted to announce that, she would.

Maybe she's been in love several times in the past nine years. Most beautiful girls in their early twenties do fall for guys now and then—guys like James Stewart who was her escort for quite a while. We heard her say once that she was a one man girl, that if she married, that would be it. A serious girl, Olivia. In that respect, she hasn't changed, for she was serious when she came to Hollywood. However, she admits that there was a time when she didn't care whether or not she married, and she tried not to be serious, when she tried to be very gay and very frivolous.

It seems to us that the best way to approach the subject of the new de
Haviland is to analyze her as you would any young woman. For that is—she's young woman who through a whim of fate or Max Reinhard or Warner Bros., or the fans became a star. Take a girl named Sophie McGonigle, fresh from the country with hayseed in her hair. (We are speaking of Miss McGonigle, not Miss de Havilland for to our knowledge Olivia never saw a haying, or saw it.) Well, Sophie comes to Hollywood to get in pictures. Instead she gets a job scrubbing the floors at the Mocambo. One Thursday night a producer who has been sleeping under one of the tables wakes up and sees her there all by herself pushing the mop around. What grace. What poise. What charm. So he gives her a contract, and her first picture is terrific. So are her second and her third and her fourth. A change comes over Sophie. (Please remember this is Sophie we are discussing, that we are at Lucey's and by now Miss de Havilland, Sonny Tufts, and Nichols have left us staring into our glass and musing about change.) What were we talking about? Oh yes, Sophie. Well, the girls, aged eighteen, first she is shy. Then she reads her press notices. She sees her name linked with this guy and with that—guys she had never met. So she decides she'll go out. She has fun. She starts kicking up her heels. She learns to wear smart clothes. She becomes what she thinks has fun. She starts kicking up her heels. She learns to wear smart clothes. She becomes what she thinks are the sophisticated phase, that she is, that she has passed through the glitter wears off and she settles down to the quiet business of working and living. That is, if she has sense that's what she does. But it takes people quite a while to realize that Sophie has settled down, that she has passed through the sophisticated phase, that she is, at bottom, a sensible young woman with a career. At the moment, that's the way it is with people and with Olivia. They're looking at her, not as she is now, but as she was last year or year before last when she was going through the getting-one's-balance phase. Sure she has changed, but we're not surprised. As a matter of fact, we're glad of it. Who wants anyone to stay eighteen years old? Besides, she'll be fascinating when she's thirty.

The End

Before... SELF-CONSCIOUS

Now... SELF-CONFIDENT

Laine Solg was "just average." Thought herself born shy—that beauty was beyond her reach. Before Powers Training she was SELF-CONSCIOUS.

Her beauty highlights are revealed in the PHOTO-REVISE drawings for her. This is one of the 60 personal "just for you" Powers Home Course features.

You can become YOU! through this celebrated "POWERS GIRL" training

Like so many otherwise intelligent women Laine Solg failed to take advantage of her individual beauty highlights. Why do girls think because they lack regular features, beauty is beyond their reach? Why do women mistakenly practice starvation diets hoping to achieve a lovely figure? Why do so many women, busy at work, allow themselves to lose their natural trimness, vitality, charm? Because they have not learned the secret of making beauty an easy, enjoyable habit—the Powers Way.

Here's how Laine looks today with her Powers training. She was thrilled to be selected as "Miss United Nations." Now she's SELF-CONFIDENT.

How You Can Be More Attractive

John Robert Powers, for 23 years, has trained girls and women with modest budgets to become the most envied and fashionable in the world. His graduates now enjoy greater social and business success.

In his new HOME COURSE as in his School, Mr. Powers offers his training in figure perfection, inspired styling, make-up, voice improvement, grace and poise. Today Mr. Powers gives you his INDIVIDUALIZED HOME COURSE instruction at modest cost. It's-up-to-the-minute, to make you lovely and feel fit and vital for your busy life today.

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John Robert Powers Home Course Suite 6-E, 247 Park Avenue New York City

Dear Mr. Powers: I'm really interested. Please send me full details of your HOME COURSE and your illustrated booklet, "The Powers Way."

Name. Street. City State. Age.

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GO TO COLLEGE?

Yes, if you start saving now in War Bonds! To insure Victory and the continuance of education unshackled by tyrants, remember that you get back $4 for every $3 you invest and that in the meantime your money will be safe.

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BLOOD AND SANDERS
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28)

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Do you feel that your looks are a handicap to you? Do your hands look dull and lifeless? Do you have painful ulcers or warts?
ments you wonder whether they are trailing part of them behind in a dinghy.

"In April they christen the yacht, the Super Sea-Gull, and there are pictures of Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so, all over-dressed up, smashing the champagne on the prow. The trials are held in May, with the Super Sea-Gull out-distancing everything aloft, and everybody frightfully happy about the whole thing. In June you turn to the want ad section, and there at the top of the "Sale" column is the Super Sea-Gull!"

Son of a wealthy British rope manufacturer, Sanders has a background of extensive travel and educational opportunities. His mother, Margaret Kolbe Sanders, distinguished herself as a horticulturist, collecting national prizes for her flowers and bee-hives. There is a little bee to death.

In Russia, his life was quite different. He was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, under the protection of the British embassy there, and received his early training in Russian schools. He came to the best schools. His father, George. Sanders, a manufacturer, Sanders has a back-interest in the Super Sea-Gull, and there are pictures of Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so, all over-dressed up, smashing the champagne on the prow. The trials are held in May, with the Super Sea-Gull out-distancing everything aloft, and everybody frightfully happy about the whole thing. In June you turn to the want ad section, and there at the top of the "Sale" column is the Super Sea-Gull!

Pure fact says that George was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, under the protection of the British embassy there, and received his early training in Russian schools. Came the war and otherwise, was made when he told a columnist he had purchased his homestead because it was not in a fashionable neighborhood. Other residents of the Super Sea-Gull, and there are pictures of Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so, all over-dressed up, smashing the champagne on the prow. The trials are held in May, with the Super Sea-Gull out-distancing everything aloft, and everybody frightfully happy about the whole thing. In June you turn to the want ad section, and there at the top of the "Sale" column is the Super Sea-Gull!

As for friends, the Sanders social circle consists of six—or maybe eight—he has never really counted. He regards language as a hobby, whatever it is, as entirely adequate.

"I suppose one should really go around making new friends... but I don't see why. There's nothing wrong with the ones I already have... and anyhow, I have only eight chairs in my dining room."

Off screen he prefers non-professional associates. An actor, in his opinion, grows to look too much like an actor.

"It's very easily explained. I have an acquaintance who is a sheep-farmer, from a long line of sheep-farmers. Look at him, and he looks like a sheep. It is the same with actors—there is a certain occupational distortion of features which becomes quite recognizable."

Sanders is thirty-seven years old and during the filming of "Appointment in Berlin," he received his army induction papers... which may, or may not be the most emotion he had ever shown in any conversation.

He considers acting a business, which he may at any time decide to abandon for some other business. Asked whether he "lives" halfway in preparation of a screen-role, after the manner of Muni and Laugh- ton, he was surprised into a loud snort, "Good heavens, no!" It was unashamedly the most emotion he had ever shown in any conversation.

He likes the home he built in Hollywood, because, "why shouldn't I—I built it the way I'd like it!" One of his chief pleasures in print, favorable and otherwise was made when he told a columnist he had purchased his homestead because it was not in a fashionable neighborhood. Other residents of the Super Sea-Gull, and there are pictures of Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so, all over-dressed up, smashing the champagne on the prow. The trials are held in May, with the Super Sea-Gull out-distancing everything aloft, and everybody frightfully happy about the whole thing. In June you turn to the want ad section, and there at the top of the "Sale" column is the Super Sea-Gull!

The Britisher himself had little to say on the subject until asked for his opinion of the current agitation for a government ruling on the "essential" status of all actors.

"I do not think the matter is up to the government... nor do I think it is up to Hollywood. There is only one way we can be 'essential' and that is, if the public decides that it is important to them that we remain on the screen. Therefore, I don't think anything should be done, unless the public wants to do it... and they probably won't!"

In more typical fashion he explains his preference as to army service. "I should like to be a liaison officer between the Americans and the British, explaining to them the point of view of the Americans to the British, the idiosyncrasies of the British to the Americans... and the idiosyncrasies of myself to both!"

In commenting on a Hollywood actor who suddenly turned from a reclusive into a playboy, Director Robert Diodrak said, "He's just made the discovery that practically half the people in this world are women."
time and again, the old restless impulses stirred in him, and he felt
like running away from everything.

So in 1930, he hitch-hiked to Cali-
ifornia. He went to all the studios,
and by that time Dana was making
a hundred and twenty-five a month,
he progressed to one hundred dollars
a month hardly seemed enough to
support a girl accustomed to the
luxury of thousands of youngsters
appeared in school plays, and still never get
anything like running away from everything.

As the months passed, Dana no
longer felt as if there were nothing
left to live for. He was taking dra-
matic group of the Van Nuys night
school plays, and still never get
anything like running away from everything.
David was at the wedding, too. Without any prompting from anyone, he filled a bag with orange blossoms and strewed them all over the floor.

When the ceremony was over, little David went up to the minister and said very solemnly, "Reverend Coret, I want to thank you for what you have done." And he walked close up to the little girl who was sitting on her lap, while she was gaily reciting nursery rhymes to him. It was lucky she knew so many of them, because no matter how many she recited, he just kept asking for more.

After Dana had taken her home that first evening, Mrs. Murray said, "You couldn't have brought any other girl home. Mrs. Murray now has her mother of his first wife. So he couldn't have done, he fell in love with Mary.

Thus the third woman entered his life to love him and to be devotedly loved in return.

Now, when he has a script to study, he can't help going over it together, she playing the woman's role. Then they make sound recordings, which Mary criticizes with her usual tact and good judgment.

Dana makes no important decision without consulting Mary first. He'll admit that his own judgment is sometimes faulty. There was, for instance, the time he got him a beautiful Cadillac, and he began to think of all the reasons why he must buy it. When he told Mary, she said, "Well, of course, we can buy it if you think it's wise but you know our old car runs all right, and it seems a mistake to invest so much money in a big car when the models will be changed drastically after the war. Don't you think it would be better to wait until then before we get a new car? And in the meanwhile we could put that money in War Bonds."

So they did, and Dana of course is glad.

With Mary's help, the question of bringing up David had been handled tenderly. When they were first married, Dana felt that it would be wise for Mary and himself to be by themselves, and for about eight months they lived in Beverly Hills, while David'sSTEPITCH!_FREE if not relieved

Just a sittin' and a knittin'—that's Paulette Goddard. And you won't see this shot in her new Paramount picture, "Standing Room Only"

ADD NEW CHARM... ALLURE

likes moving pictures, but is not particularly impressed by his father's status as an actor. He much prefers Laurel and Hardy, the Blondie series, and the Great Gildersleeve to anything his father has done. Once when he was on the set with his father, someone asked him whether he intended to become an actor like his dad. "I should say not!" he said emphatically.

David is also very much interested in his baby sister, Katherine, who is eleven months old and just learning to walk. Judging by how fast she's learning, it seems very likely that in time to come, Katherine will be the next woman in Dana's life to influence him. Already she winds him around her little fingers.

The End
I LIKE:
Snails cooked by an expert... certain shades of red... thoughts of my childhood... wading in brooks... the name Mary... "Night and Day..." a hazardous ski-jump... the hab-bik in "It Happened One Night..." buttonhooks and Mary Jane shoes.

To cook—if I don't have to. Once I was cook for a whole summer; the family put on weight, but I was completely fed up with the steady job.

Snowy hills and everything that relates to skiing. People who ski are like people who fly, they have a world of their own; if you don't ski (fly) you don't rate when two enthusiasts get together. Let two ski-friends meet and they forget time, place, appointments—they're sworn to keep weather, meals and their favorite radio programs. They are deep in a discussion of professionals, how much snow at the summit, ski cuts, lifts, timber, whether a storm is due.

I CAN'T BEAR:
Mystery stories... horror pictures... crossword puzzles... those upturned glasses women are wearing... all-white rooms... having people hurry me.

I MARVEL AT:
The San Francisco Bridge... the assurance of Clare Boothe Luce... the faithfulness of fans.

I'M IMPRESSED WITH:
The simplicity and nobility of Madame Chiang Kai-shek and Sister Kenny.

The boys at the VACS Canteen where I serve. Those boys are great in that they realize what they must face, yet they are eager to get on with the job.

I'M ANNOYED WITH:
Little Audrey stories... people who say, "What's buzzin', cousin?" or "Now you're cookin' with helium!"

I'M MAD ABOUT:
Quizzes—any kind. I listen to those on the radio. I get all the quiz books.

I buy one magazine because of the quizzes in it. At home we keep score because of that. It doesn't happen often, I confess, but look at all the education that man had! You know how the books say: "If you have a score of such-and-such, you are of genius rating." When my score reaches that point, I float on a cloud for days.

I LIKE TO READ:
The latest novels... my husband's letters... and the encyclopedia. Once let me open a volume of the latter and I'm lost for hours.

I WISH I COULD:
Write shorthand... understand Morse and International Codes. Perhaps it's a holdover from childhood when I used to imagine myself saving the ship or the company or whatever by being the only one present who could take down code, thus outwitting the villain or the enemy and coming out on top.

I'M GUILEFUL OF:
Enjoying breakfast in bed... wanting every dog I see... peeping into carriages at all babies.

Never being on time, except to work. My mother is always fifteen minutes ahead of any engagement. My brother arrives at a station with at least five minutes to spare. But that tornado streaking by just as they cry, "All a-buzz—ard!" that's Claudette.

Not writing letters. I telegraph or telephone instead—that is, I used to. I tried to send Joan Bennett a birthday wire and discovered that Uncle Sam won't let me.

Not remembering names, I nearly die trying to connect names to faces, worrying because the owners will think me mentally sick. When at that moment I'd offer an eyetooth for the ability to call, "Hello, Mr. Whoosis!"

I JUDGE PEOPLE BY:
Their hands. Men's hands give them away quicker than women's do, but I have a weakness for those utterly beautiful and useless women's hands you see every ten years. They're always dropping things, they wouldn't know what to do with a screwdriver, but aren't they exquisite?

I NEVER JUDGE PEOPLE BY:
Their voices. Any voice can be altered, improved, deepened, cultivated, made to express an emotion entirely foreign to its owner's convictions; voices bear false witness with no effort.

ONCE IN MY LIFE I'D LOVE TO:
Christen a ship.

Be a guest on INFORMATION, PLEASE and get a higher score than the experts.

Go on a ski trip with time to follow the snow from one perfect spot to another, with no studio calling me back before I'm ready to come, nobody issuing warning: "Don't get freckled! Don't get hurt! Watch your skin! Careful of your ankles!"
I’VE BEEN THRILLED WITH:
Stunting in the Grand Canyon in an old crate with an open cockpit.
Athens, especially the Acropolis by moonlight—maybe this sounds corny,
but it’s a fact.
The first preview of “It Happened One Night!” We knew the picture was full of laughs, but until that first audience fell shrieking into the aisles we hadn’t guessed how many! It was incredible, it was heart-warming, it was something out of this world!
The invitations from the Women’s Ski Team for me to represent California in an important contest. They weren’t looking for a movie star, they wanted to win and they thought I had a chance. I wish I’d been able to try.
Tschaikowsky’s Fifth Symphony.
I LIKE:
Receiving presents. What they are doesn’t matter. My husband can bring me a new toothbrush and find me as blissfully excited over it as if he had handed me five extra coffee coupons.
Giving presents. But I’m too conscientious about choosing them; by Christmas Eve I’m a wreck because I worry about finding gifts that will really give me that bright and I never learn.
Radio shows with audiences—fans . . . to be called by name when fans recognize me. Once I caught a train I’d surely have missed because I wasn’t in the Coast Guard, he was a gunner in the Navy.) And then I realized that he wasn’t in the Coast Guard, he was a gunner in the Navy.
In sending them off with a smile. But if it’s your very own soldier, sailor, marine, or airman, he may like to see the tear behind that smile.
I KNOW:
That I, like women everywhere, long for the day when the lights go on again all over the world, when boys come home again—those who can come home—but I know, too, that that won’t happen until the world is free.
I HOPE:
I can be proud of myself then for having done my part until that day shall come.

The End
Pounds Off Hips, Etc. Positively Safe, Easy

Science now shows that most fat people don't have too much fat, they have too little. Except for a comparatively few cases, every one of these thousands of persons can now reduce quickly and safely—without unwarranted exercise, discomfort or diets.

**Something New & Quick**

Are you one of these thousands, most of whom have tried to reduce by following food fads, menus, diets and exercise, and failed? If you are, it's something new, what modern science has discovered; here's how you can reduce scientifically, with new health and attractiveness—and without unnecessary exercise, massage, etc.

**Simple Directions Guaranteed Harmless**

The "Complete Weight Reducer," a wonderful new book has just published these startling, reducing revelations. Here's how you can reduce successfully, with new health and attractiveness—and without unnecessary exercise, massage, etc., with freedom from non-glandular disturbances.

Send No Money—Examine It FREE

Pounds Off Hips, Etc. and Inches of Excess Fat

Guaranteed Harmless

- Exercise
- Dieting, massage, and without
- Reduce scientifically, with new health and attractiveness—and without unnecessary exercise, massage, etc.

Endorsed In Medical Journals

Illinois Medical Journal says: "Can be used easily."

Michigan State Medical Journal says: "Gives positive advice and instruction."

Medical World says: "Should be read from cover to cover before starting any treatment." Miss Velva L. Martin, Medical Journal of Mississippi Valley Medical Journal says: "Patients can recommend to their overweight patients."

Also praised by many editors and columnists all over U.S.A.

DEBUNKING THE LUPINO LEGEND

(continued from page 251)

hundred per cent wicked women, because she doesn't believe in one hundred per cent wicked people. "If you go back in her life, you'll always find why she became that way. People are not like that. You can't plant a person who is nothing but hate from the title to the last fade out."

She denies the rumor that "Lupino loved to cry." "But when you see me cry for three minutes in a picture, it meant crying for eight hours on the set. Just try that once."

At the present time Lupino has what she calls "the simple directions on general reducing and spot reducing on abdomen, double chin, hips, other body areas, knees, etc., at once and your reducible pounds and inches of excess fat will go down, down, down until you are a different person, with new pep and poise."

And this is another part of the Lupino Legend—one that has made people utter, "She's nuts. Now she claims spiritual communication with the other world."

The fact is that Ida Lupino was deeply devoted to her father, the late, great actor Stanley Lupino, who was caught by a German bomb when he was only six years old. He was a great actor, and his son has inherited his height of the London blitz. The shock of his death made her break down and cry for months. Now, in doing things which she feels he would have liked her to do, she feels a sort of inner guidance—not a spiritual phenomenon but a deep memory. You don't have to be mad to feel that way. You can be trying to finish the score," she says. "Unfortunately, the day has only twenty-four hours. And when I come home from the studio, I have to learn my lines for the next day."

At this moment, Paul Henried, her partner in her current vehicle, "In Our Time," appeared on the scene. "Why didn't you study last night?" he demanded. "Your eyes are like the lines of your forehead three times this morning."

As though this were her cue, Ida pretended to be temperamental and accused Mr. Henried of a score of the most abominable lines, while he was bursting with laughter. Whereupon Lupino got over her rage and then they were both laughing. Most movies don't know it...but Lupino has a very happy, gay, contagious laugh. "Paul, you're horrible," she said. "To us she said, "Paul is my favorite partner."

When something goes wrong at the studio, Ida goes over to the Henrieds and has dinner with them. "She's a terrific appetite by uttering insults," Mr. Henried says. "Then Mrs. Henried, in true womanly spirit, supports Ida's views and gets quite mad herself. And when Mrs. Henried talks, I'd think my nails polish and fingernails bitten off all over the place. Those women are wonderful."

Troupers par excellence, Lupino and Henried can put on an improvised show between the dinner courses. Henried teaches her senti-mental European folk songs—Ida speaks a little French—and in return she gives Paul the lowdown on some old English ditty. Some time a movie magnate will drop in, and the next morning they will be cast in a super-musical, led by someone else for and all. At the studio Lupino and Henried are always concocting corny jokes such as telling Humphrey Bogart that he's "the most abominable lines, while he was bursting with laughter."
family tree is full of crazy people for centuries, many of them hanging up from its branches where they belong.

She came to Hollywood after playing murderers and similar cheerful characters. Her answer might be the "wrong thing."

She'd rather talk about Dorothy Lamour than anyone or anything else, which isn't surprising. Dorothy got Dona her chance on the screen. "A whole year I waited around in this town, trying to get a job," she explains. "A whole year . . . and I couldn't even get inside a producer's office! I know a lotta kids have been all over the country. But Donna got in, you'll have to wait a while."

Dona is the most restless and volatile person to reach Hollywood in years. There's never a dull moment between her rounded cheeks. Her lips are pursed and red. And there's the vitality.

Dona is a Soldier of Causes. She always has something or other she's battling about. Most recently it has been that letter "N" which was mentioned some time back. And that brings us around, quite neatly, to the fixed wordage. "Studying in Perpetual Emotion" (Continued from Page 41)

If you want to hear how Dorothy got Dona in, you'll have to wait a minute. Miss Drake is volatile, but she isn't always coherent. "D" not only stands for "Dona" and "Drake" but also for "digression."

"Want to hear why I came to Hollywood?" she demands and races off. "I had my own band for more than three years. I'd been all over the country. But Dorothy got in even when my agent couldn't."

Between her rounded cheeks. Her lips are pursed and red. And there's the vitality.

She was born Rita Novella. When she broke into show business, she called herself Una Vilon. As a band leader she was Rita Rio. She made a picture debut as Rita Shaw. And then she became Dona Drake. Remember that there's only one "N," please.

"Dona," says Dona, rapidly, "has only one 'N.' You pronounce it like the 'dough' in 'doughnut' and add an 'uh.' "Dona"—which is Donna Reed—she just can't do it. She isn't even one that's slightly blunt. She never stands still, and she never stops talking. "Studying in Perpetual Emotion" (Continued from Page 41)

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THE END

COTTEN IS JUST A GUY CALLED JOE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68)

his horror, that New York was almost as clean as Washington. Every house he went to had just been freshly painted.

But New York meant that he could tramp from one theatrical producer to another for the doubtful pleasure of sitting hour after hour in an unpleasantly air-conditioned outer office. This was bad enough in the summer. When the winter came, Joe—who needed to save what bookings his overtouring—he thought of warming himself before a fire—began thinking of a warmer climate.

His thought was translated into action when a friendly furniture store owner (who didn't buy any friendly outer office. This was bad enough in the summer. When the winter came, Joe—who needed to save what bookings his overtouring—he thought of warming himself before a fire—began thinking of a warmer climate.

His thought was translated into action when a friendly furniture store owner (who didn't buy any
would not get pneumonia or be hit. Only understudy on record who understudy to the late Lynne Over¬
belasco thought he was, but he must agree heartily. Whereupon Belasco would be more effective if those cos¬
mistaken identity, but Joe was in no mood to quibble. When the producer asked Joe to trail along to a rehear¬
 producers, managers, agents. Fruitless,
manship—Cotten. She went fur¬
In the Theatre, Belasco repeatedly

Fate intervened in the form of a
did so gladly.

With the help of Lenore, he collected

"right people," only to discover that

Kipp. In the years BC (Before Cotten)

Civic Theatre, a semi-professional

Nights he acted in the Miami Civic

In all probability, she would have continued that commendable attitude had not Fate F

Miss Kipp, as accom¬

nose at theatrical folk. In all prob¬

To her surprise, she liked the ex¬

spent to look down her aristocratic

This was the Second Cotten In¬

in on David Belasco, of all people. In the years BC (Before Cotten)

theatre. Nights he acted in the Miami

in on David Belasco, of all people. In the years BC (Before Cotten)

If Joe would give the return half

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for quitting acting entirely. He told me seriously, "The landlord and grocer were beginning to question my choice of a career."

It was about this time that Cotten met Welles, leaving the Boy Genius to be replaced by Orson Welles in "The Philadelphia Story" with Katharine Hepburn. It was a miracle that he and the fiery Kitty hit it off well together. But I can understand it. It's that "Joe" quality.

In the year of 1940 when Welles arrived in Hollywood to harry the old guard by producing, writing, directing, and acting in "Citizen Kane," he asked for muscles of the co-lead. Two other major studios worked Cotten, too, but their representatives lacked the persuasiveness of Welles.

"You just don't say 'no' to Orson," Cotten explained simply. "He'd be beating tom-toms under your window if you did."

He took the part, and through another studio he offered him a role on the "old folks" side. Joe told the studio, "I don't want to be the poor man's George Arliss. If I'm going to be a poor man, I'd rather be the poor man's Cary Grant."

Now you know that he's neither. He's Joseph Cotten, star in his own right. And that ain't bad! The End

MOVIELAND'S BEAUTY PARLOR
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59)

SIMPLICITY, ITS FEMINITY, AND ITS PRACICALITY. YOU CAN DO IT YOURSELF.

We hope you absorbed the lesson on how to set pin curls from your first visit to Movieland's House of Lechler. You can set these pin curls at your own convenience, in the September issue, because Brenda sets the sides of her hair in flat pin curls, and the ends of the back curl in pin curls.

Brush the hair straight down, and then straighten it to a half-wave, as close to the forehead line as possible, so that when it is brushed and combed it won't stretch your hair too far back from the forehead. End are then set in pin curls, all going in the same direction.

In actual dressing of the hair, Brenda makes a half-part at the center, first pushing the hair upward and to the front. Notice her clever use of a comb to keep the smooth, sleek look in back. Hair in from front of the ears is brushed smoothly upward, and pinned with bobby pins to have a slight lift. All of the loose curls Brenda arranges flatly over the top of the head, holding them in place with pins. Easy, isn't it?

One admonition: Don't try this hairdress if your hairline isn't what it should be. If you have a widow's peak, then do uncover it and show it off to the world, because there's nothing that arouses more consistent sighs of envy from your feminine friends nor more admiration from the man in your life than a beautiful forehead and hairline.

EXERCISE OF THE MONTH:

Are you a swivel-chair worker? Of course, you don't have to be in order to have bad posture, but it helps.

As a matter of fact, no matter what your occupation is, it's well to realize that good posture is based upon trained and adequate muscles. Those back muscles that one takes for granted sometimes become flabby and are then not strong enough to hold you up straight. What is true of the back muscles is just as true of the arms and abdomen. They just get tired of having no attention paid them!

Hollywood has many stars who are shining examples of good posture. All have regular exercises to which they adhere. From among them, we chose three simple, easy-to-do routines from Columbia's Janet Blair.

Lying on the flat of her back, legs straight out and feet close together. Janet makes a deep breath and raises her chest high. Keeping her chest up, she exhales by pulling her abdo- men hard. She feels as though that's a long stride toward that flat tummy you long for we'll hurry on to the second exercise. It's a little tougher, but what wonders it performs!

In the same position as for Exercise No. 1, Janet bends her knees and pulls her feet up. She then pulls her abdomen in hard, and relaxes it part way. Do it often enough, and you'll have the hard, tough abdomi-
THE THINGS THE ROBERT TAYLORS WILL MISS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22)

set, "I had to pour a little cement to cover up a space in which some bush had died, and stubbed uprooted." He rubbed his chin, stumbled for his role. "I'm going to miss that cement mixer," he said.

Another miss—a serious one—will be the sod of vegetables at Chef Taylor. New Barbara is perfectly satisfied with any old viand so long as it is steak. A pink steak (remember the day?) is her idea of a well balanced meal. "He never comments on my new dresses." "Like Fred," chimes in Mrs. MacMurray, "As bad as Jack," announces Mary Benny who sets the same way," sums up Mal Milland.

Perhaps colleges should institute courses in "Male Appreciation of Female Clothes"—by Adrian and not by Ann Corin.

Sundays hereafter will be dull affairs for Barbara and Bob, each missing—wherever he is—upon a certain cement mixing machine. Bob will swear that his last several civilian Sundays were spent in a most un-orthodox manner.

But to go back a bit. Last spring Bob decided to plant a Victory garden. Early. His notion of what the well-dressed kitchen garden will wear started with radishes, progressed through the onion, carrot, and beet depart- ments. He even thought they were garage bats. No fooling, Bob had to dig some of them with a spade. When they were excavated, they proved to be as long as one of Mischa Auer's arms.

The enterprise of such horticulture will give you some idea of what monstrous weeds grew in the same soil. Barbara daily complained that Bob should have a 50 cent piece for every radish he planted. He responded, "You know, my dear, a dash of marjoram, a few canned mushrooms, and a fancy dressing. Cauliflower, to Bob's palate, is a calamity. He examines it critically, "you'll get all these in- volved foods. Yes, every one!"

Barbara is going to miss Bob's monitoring of her burning pockets. You see, she is the type of girl who gives gifts. She goes shopping in Beverly Hills to buy half a dozen escali- loped potatoes with a dash of horse- radish sauce? Ever eat beef a la Strogonoff? Barbara, at home (where the cook is most celebrated or at one of the rare restau- rants Bob enjoys, spent Bob's last civilian months watching him enjoy a series of exotic dishes. "In the Navy," observed his palate sarcastically, "you'll get all these in- volved foods. Yes, every one!"

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Having heard of the "Song of Russia" by V-Tabs, the Taylor's favorite, and knowing the Taylor's great interest in Russian music, the music department of the National Zircon Co. decided to send them a box of V-Tabs, 3 for $1.23, and a photo of the Master Prayer Charm, rush order today!

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THE END

NOT A CATHARTIC

Quick, harmless loss of fat is...
of the Taylors will be their inability to hold a post mortem over every picture they see. Ordinarily they allow each other 10 minutes to do the way home they dissect the opus, scene by scene. It has long been considered fashionable in Hollywood for stars to say, with ennu, that they have one unbroken family circle, no show talk.

Both Barbara and Bob scoff at such pretense. Their business is pictures, and they are vitally interested in every phase of picture-making. "When I get too darned old to sing and want to direct and produce," Bob has said with reference to his post-war plans.

Incidentally, on the "Song of Russia" set Bob celebrated his final day in pictures for the duration by giving every member of the cast and crew a war bond. And Bob's fellow workers, in a clear demonstration of the esteem in which he is held, gave him a handsome leather naval dispatch case.

Meanwhile both war and fatherhood are leaving their mark upon him. At night he visits either the Reata or the Ritz, where most Americans gather while in Mexico City, and remains until called back for the next wave of clouting bargains for everybody.

In the wild, sprawling estate on a remote Hollywood hillside which he calls "The Farm," he lives in his newly quiet manner. It is actually a working farm, with its pens of live stock, its corrals of other subjects usually restricted to council tables. This is not the kind of talk that used to swirl around Errol's pre-war night club tables.

Today there is Mexico. That is Errol's greatest enthusiasm of the moment. He used to suffer from wanderlust, wanting to move constantly from place to place between pictures to catch a glimpse of his light. Today Errol hies himself to Mexico City for the bull fight. He is friendly with Antonio Jarza, who is the world's greatest matador. Errol invariably occupies an important position in the bull ring, immediately beneath that of the judge, and has become a prime favorite with the crowds.

At night he visits either the Reforma or the Ritz, where most Americans gather while in Mexico City, and on Sundays he usually goes to Cuernavaca, the spot made famous as the place where Charles Lindbergh wooed and won Anne Morrow. There he visits the historic castle, started by the conqueror, Cortez, in 1519. Either Bob's boat trip to visit Fortin, a tiny hamlet on the way to Vera Cruz, which is said to be the most wonderful orchid and gardenia garden in the world.

There is, of course, no predicting what Errol will do. He probably does not know his own plans from hour to hour, so completely is he a creature of impulse. Yet he is undoubtedly speaking the truth when he says that he has not yet met the woman he wants to marry. Little Nora Eddington, who ran the cigar counter in the Hall of Justice in Los Angeles, was pretty enough to attract him. But in his new, more serious life, he would seem to seek more that a girl who can give him a heart he would wed. After all, Damita has more than beauty. She is a witty, sophisticated woman, Damita, and was a star in her own right when she married Errol. There are not many women, even in Hollywood, who have as many faceted a personality as Lili Damita, and Flynn with his flair for the romantic and picturesque will forever seek perfection until he finds it.

Meanwhile both war and fatherhood are leaving their mark upon him. In the wild, sprawling estate on a remote Hollywood hillside which he calls "The Farm," he lives in his newly quiet manner. It is actually a well stocked, working farm, with its pens of live stock, its corrals of horses. It reflects the Flynn who is not generally known, the Flynn he has somewhat deliberately hidden from the public. Maybe it is this Flynn who is beginning to show through the swashbuckling veneer these days.
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Just send the coupon now, giving your ring size—then wear these exquisite rings with the understanding that if you are not delighted you can return them within ten days and you are not out a penny.

Send No Money  Ten Days Trial—Mail the Coupon Today

With every order for smart, new, Sterling Silver Solitaire Ring, we will include without extra charge an exquisite wedding ring set with eight simulated diamonds, matching in fire and brilliance the beautiful simulated Diamond solitaire engagement ring (the perfect bridal pair). Send no Money—just your name, address and ring size (paste coupon on a post card or put it in an envelope). We ship both rings in lovely gift box immediately and you make just 2 easy payments of $2 each, total $4. We trust you. No red tape, as you make first payment and a few cents for tax and mailing costs to postman on arrival, then balance any time within 30 days. Money back guarantee.

You Have This One Chance to Wear the Rings You've Always Wanted

Don't delay in sending the coupon. War conditions limit our supply of these gorgeous rings. Simulated Diamonds of the quality and brilliance set in these rings are becoming rare. Every woman deserves the crowning glory of a lovely, sparkling Engagement Ring and with it a wonderful Wedding Ring. Wear this Perfect Matched Bridal Pair with absolute confidence.

For Your Ring Size use this handy ring measure, tie string around finger, cut and mark off size on scale at left.

Send this Priority Coupon Today


Send the Simulated Diamond Engagement Ring and with it the matched Wedding Ring, in lovely gift box. I understand I can return the rings within 18 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Ring Size ____________________________
Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________
"Don't these guys ever eat anything but Baby Ruth?"

Well, Soldier, anywhere and anytime you do "fatigue" duty, you'll think the same . . .

Because wherever our fighters go, Baby Ruth goes too. And so do many other fine foods produced and packaged by Curtiss Candy Company.

Our big food plants are working day and night to keep pace with the demands of the Armed Forces . . . and the home front as well.

Active, hard-working people realize that Baby Ruth and Butterfinger are great candy bars, rich in Dextrose sugar, providing real food energy to help folks fight fatigue, to carry on their work and play.

While we are not always able to keep all dealers supplied with Baby Ruth and Butterfinger we promise you our best efforts to produce both the quantity you demand and the quality you expect of these great American Candy Bars.

BUY U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

When you don't find BABY RUTH on the candy counter, remember . . . Uncle Sam's needs come first with us as with you.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
COLOR PORTRAITS OF YOUR FAVORITE STARS

MOVIELAND

The Exciting HAYWORTH–ORSON WELLES MARRIAGE
READ THE ROMANTIC LOVE STORY OF "THOUSANDS CHEER"
Men! Ladies!
Here’s THE JACKET You’ve Wanted At A Sensational Saving!

LADIES’

**You’ll Love It!**
Take this jacket for carefree ease — and for that certain poise which being “in the know” on style gives you! That new low bipline is a “flash” from the fashion front. Perky shoulders! Suave yoke! You will adore its smart distinctive lines — you will always enjoy its caressing warmth. It’s tailored of favorite Spun-Rite, justly popular for its wear . . . for its beauty! It will be your prop and mainstay, season in, season out. Select yours from one of these season’s latest shades: Liberty Blue, Camel Tan, Teal Green, or Stop Red. Sizes 12 to 20.

MEN’S

**Ideal for Sports-Leisure**
Here’s a sturdy “he-man’s” jacket of a thousand and one uses that will keep pace with the fastest tempo of your busy day. Cut for real comfort — of Spun-Rite — magically flexible, water-repellent and shape-retaining as well as warm. Snappy yoked back. Genuine leather buttons for looks and wear. Grand, deep, saddle pockets. Split sides — so stride along as you will. You’ll live in it from dawn ‘til night. Choose Camel Tan with the following choice of harmonizing colors: Forest Green, Harbor Blue, or Luggage Brown. Check your size from 34 to 50 on the order coupon to the right.

**Men’s only $4.95**
Hurry! Quantities Are Limited

**Send No Money—Rush This Coupon!**

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Quiz for Women Absentees
who can’t keep going on “problem days”

Do’s and don’ts to help you feel better and stay on the job!

Do you exercise for cramps? Setting-ups can be worth their weight in hot-water bottles to relieve cramps and congestion (help posture and beauty, too). For complete directions get the new booklet “That Day Is Here Again.” Free with compliments of Kotex.

Do you lift like this? This is the dangerous way! There’s a knack in avoiding strain. Bend knees, keep back straight, tummy in. Get close to object, under it if possible. Lift up, parallel with body. In carrying, divide weight evenly or shift from left to right.

Do you get your feet wet? Avoid wet feet . . . chills . . . catching cold . . . this time of the month, especially! When you have a stormy-weather date, you needn’t take a rain check if you remember to wear your rubbers and carry an umbrella.

Do you take showers? Put warm showers on your “Do” list (not cold, not hot). That goes for tub or sponge baths, too. Luke-warm water’s not only relaxing . . . it’s a daily “must.” At this time, particularly, perspiration glands work overtime!

Do you get plenty of sleep? Sleep, sister, sleep . . . at least 8 hours. Plenty of shut-eye is important, not only now but every night. And after a hard day’s work, stretch—yawn—relax—when you turn in. It helps “unknot” tense muscles.

What about cocktails? Too much stimulation is bad for a working girl at any time. “High” today means low tomorrow. (Nature drives a hard bargain). And on “problem days,” especially, that logey, let-down feeling is just what a woman should avoid.

TO WAR PLANT NURSES AND PERSONNEL MANAGERS

We’ll gladly send you (without charge) a quantity of the new booklet “That Day Is Here Again” for distribution to your women workers. Please specify the number you require.

Also available, at no cost to you—a new manual, “Every Minute Counts.” It serves as a “refresher” course for plant nurse or doctor—makes it easy to conduct instruction classes. In addition, specify whether you want free jumbo size charts on Menstrual Physiology. Mail request to:

Kotex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

A WAR PLANT NURSE WROTE KOTEX that their greatest number of absentees are women who miss 1 to 3 days of work each month, frequently on “problem days.” She asked “Can you help these women——and a million like them?”

We take pride in being able to bring you this authoritative information on how to feel better and stay on the job. It’s especially important now, when there’s no time for lost days. And we take pride, too, that more women choose Kotex than any other brand of pads put together—to help them keep going in comfort!

FREE! Send for it today—

Just off the press—easy-to-read, 24-page booklets “That Day Is Here Again” gives the complete list of do’s and don’ts for a war worker’s “problem days.” How to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Facts for older women; and for when the stork’s expected. Plain talk about tampons. And how to pin your Kotex pad for greater comfort. To get your copy with the compliments of Kotex, mail name and address to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. HG-12, Chicago 54, Illinois.
Whether or not you care about that hick town called New York, those of you who are show-minded will appreciate the amazing demonstration of public interest in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures that's taking place.

The main stem, the white way, the hardened artery or whatever you dub the crossroads of the world boasts several first run motion picture theatres. And with only a few exceptions each theatre is playing an M-G-M attraction.

At the Astor—the de luxe long run house—they're still playing M-G-M's "Thousands Cheer" which has everything that is anything. More stars than there are in heaven.

At the Radio City Music Hall, they're playing "Lassie Come Home"—Eric Knight's remarkable story filmed in technicolor with a perfect cast that includes Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty, Edmund Gwenn, Nigel Bruce and Elsa Lanchester.

At the Capitol—at the moment of going to press—they're still talking about the run of the gay and tuneful "DuBarry Was A Lady". At the Globe they're finishing the sixth week of "Salute To The Marines". At the State they've just ended "Hitler's Madman". At the Rialto, "Hitler's Madman". At the Paramount they're playing the Red Skelton-Eleanor Powell-Jimmy Dorsey musical comedy "I Dood It!".

So you see it was a legitimate celebration they held, changing the name of Broadway to M-G-M Way.

With the attractions coming, every Main Street in America will go M-G-M—which is the way they should go.

Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland do their stuff in a way that is delicious, delightful and de-lovely. They got rhythm.
For the first time in history woman-power is a factor in war. Millions of you are fighting and working side by side with your men.

In fact, you are doing double duty—for you are still carrying on your traditional “woman’s” work of cooking, and cleaning, and home-making. Yet, somehow, American women are still the loveliest and most spirited in the world. The best dressed, the best informed, the best looking.

It’s a reflection of the free democratic way of life that you have succeeded in keeping your femininity—even though you are doing man’s work!

If a symbol were needed of this fine, independent spirit—of this courage and strength—I would choose a lipstick. It is one of those mysterious little essentials that have an importance far beyond their size or cost.

A woman’s lipstick is an instrument of personal morale that helps her to conceal heartbreak or sorrow; gives her self-confidence when it’s badly needed; heightens her loveliness when she wants to look her loveliest.

No lipstick—ours or anyone else’s—will win the war. But it symbolizes one of the reasons why we are fighting...the precious right of women to be feminine and lovely—under any circumstances.

The Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick of your choice will keep your lips smoother...longer! It will bring an exclusive grooming and a deep glowing "life" to the lips that defy both time and weather.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
Glorifying the Romantic Pioneer Spirit of America

Sweeping across the screen with breath-taking dramatic intensity...a romance rich in the heritage of American pioneer heroism...immortalizing the men who conquered the earth for the women they loved...brought to pulse-quickening life by a brilliant star-crowded cast!

John Martha Wayne * Scott Albert Dekker

In Old Oklahoma

Based on Thomson Built story "War of the Wildcats" with Marjorie George "Gabby" Hayes Grant

It's a Republic Picture

MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Member of a U.S. Army women's corps (former name)
5. A senior hostess in "Stage Door Canteen"
10. He is in "Stage Door Canteen"
14. Nazimova
15. Tricky spirit in Shakespeare's "Tempest"
16. A medley: - - - - podrida
17. Stopping passageway
18. Pressed vegetables into strings
19. Movie studio props
20. Wayne and Scott fight over her in "Pittsburgh"
22. Decides upon
24. 10 sq. meters of land
25. Frame for drying clothes
27. Claudette Colbert's birthplace
30. "The War Against Hadley"
31. She is in "The Palm Beach Story"
35. Louise Rainer in "The Good Earth"
36. Hat-check boy in "Du Barry Was a Lady"
37. "Betsy" in "I Walked With a Zombie" (init.")
38. A creek
39. Portrayed by Dudley F. Malone in "Mission to Moscow"
41. Roz - - - -
43. Sylvia Sidney starred in "Dead - - - -"
44. "Allan" in "Wings Over the Pacific" (init.")
45. Virginia O'Brien is a dead - - - - singer in "DuBarry Was a Lady"
46. Achilles - - - -
47. Bork again, as a dog.
49. Margaret Sullavan stars in "- - Havoc"
50. Miss Barrie
51. Starred in "In This Our Life"
53. Normal
54. Cedric Hardwicke is "Colonel - - - -" in "The Moon Is Down"
57. Windings
62. Plant of the lily family yielding a drug
63. Covert sarcasm
65. Wife of "David Copperfield"
66. "Fru Reikas" in "They Came to Blow up America"
67. "Dixie Barlow" in "Sarong Girl"
69. He is in "Hitler's Children"
70. He leads a band in "Stage Door Canteen"
71. Babylonian god of wisdom

51. Miss Barrie
52. John Barleycorn
53. Normal
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DOWN
1. Wooded by Morris and Arlen in "Aerial Gunner"
2. "Jai - - - -": a Spanish handball game
3. Egyptian singing and dancing girl
4. - - - - of the Clouds"
5. "Rose - - - -"
6. Paul Muni is "- - - - Toreesen" in "Commandos Strike at Dawn"
7. "R. I. C. Kay" in "My Heart Belongs to Daddy"
8. Professor's daughter in "Hangmen Also Die"
9. Noah Beery, the - - - - is the judge in "Pardon My Gun"
10. Mary Pickford's Buddy
11. A fish sauce
12. "Tortilla - - - -"
13. You can see them in "In Which We Serve"
21. Common carriers (abbr.)
23. Terry and Walker have the romantic - - - - in "Stage Door Canteen"
26. "This Land - - Mine"
27. "Lt. Stewart" in "Crash Dive"
28. She helps serve the service men in "Stage Door Canteen"
29. "Sieve Upton" in "The Desperadoes"
30. "Of Mice and - - - -"
31. "Janie" in "Hit Parade of 1943"
33. Anointed
34. Arouse to action
35. Mr. Colman in short
37. "Let's Have - - - -"
40. American Indian conical tent
41. The major in "The Major and the Minor"
42. She starred in "Kings Row"
45. Ancient Roman magistrates
48. Not present
49. "Countess Mglela" in "The Desperadoes" (init.)
50. Pale
51. Inveigle
53. "George McAlister" in "Lady Bodyguard"
54. Whip
55. Counterenor
56. English playwright and movie actor
59. Unicorn fish
60. Clutch
61. "Orono" in "White Savage"
64. He stars in "Song of Texas" with Trigger

(For Solution See Page 85)
Jerry Lester, radio comedian, thanks Ruth Waterbury for recent Movieland award which was given to him.

Most movie editors go to Hollywood to visit, but MOVIELAND's editor, Ruth Waterbury, goes to New York to visit, and when she does, it's one busy, gay time.

During her recent eight-day stay in New York she shopped, saw plays, gave interviews to movie trade paper reporters, guest-commentated on radio programs—but the big event was a cocktail party at the Stork Club given in her honor by her publishers, Hillman Periodicals.

Thousands of men bought their first Longines strap watches while serving in World War I. The Longines military watch above was bought by an American Artillery Officer from the Quartermaster Corps in France in 1918 and received its baptism of fire in the decisive St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne battles. For 10 years after the war, it shared the rough and ready life on a Montana ranch, and then it was put aside. Suddenly, the years of peace ran out and war came again. Our Artillery Officer was called for active duty, and the old Longines military watch was recalled to service. Countless of such incidents have made the reputation of Longines watches—for keeping good time for a long, long time.

Based on documents in our files

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch, a companion product of unusual merit.

Winner of 10 World's Fair Grand Prizes
And 28 Gold Medal Awards

The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement," world honored for greater accuracy and long life.
When 30,000 Service Men crowd into one place to see a picture...that's news! The World's largest film audience saw HUMPHREY BOGART in SAHARA at Camp Campbell, Kentucky on the occasion of the first anniversary of the 4th Armored Corps. They cheered the picture they helped make at the California Desert Training Theatre of Operations.

SAHARA...the sensational story that can NOW be told...and told as only the great star of CASABLANCA HUMPHREY BOGART can tell it!

The saga of a handful of courageous men who hastened the present offensive in Italy by their daring stand in the desert before El Alamein.

Never has the camera caught such true emotion, such sweeping story, such mighty adventure, such a star in such action!

For the greatest screen thrill of your life see SAHARA...starring HUMPHREY BOGART!

AFTER THE WAR IS OVER

Soldier John Payne, who has left a trail of broken hearts in movieland ever since his divorce from Anne Shirley, has it bad and doesn't care who knows it.

Pretty Elyse Knox, ex-wife of Paul Hesse, handsome photographer, is the girl. In a town of beautiful women Elyse is so particularly beautiful she stands out.

According to John, she could have a wart on her nose and he wouldn't care. He says she is the sweetest girl in the world. I can qualify the statement just a little bit and still admit Elyse is mighty sweet. Both John and Elyse, with broken marriages behind them, are very much suited for each other, and plan to marry on the completion of the war.

Universal is slowly building Elyse toward stardom, so perhaps Johnny will return from battle to take as his bride a big movie star. This is the headache in the situations, for double careers were the reason of the breaking of both their previous marriages.

STIFLER FROM SUTHERLAND

A would-be actor was complaining to Director Eddie Sutherland about the injustices of the movie industry. "Take so-and-so," he said, naming a topflight actor, "he ruins every part he gets."

"Maybe so," Sutherland stifled the complainer with, "but frankly, I'd rather see him ruin a part than you save it."

"Reunion in Hollywood" you might call this shot of Norma Shearer and Major Ben Lyon.

The handsome man with the medals dancing with Bonita Granville? Yes, Lt. John Carroll.
A HEAT WAVE OF
WONDERFUL GIRLS!
GAGS! RHYTHM!
ROMANCE! and
ENTERTAINMENT!
IT'S TERRIFIC!

THE HEAT IS ON

MAE WEST • VICTOR MOORE • WILLIAM GAXTON

LESTER ALLEN • ALAN DINEHART • LLOYD BRIDGES

Hazel Scott • Tickling the Ivories

XAVIER CUGAT and His Orchestra
HOW do you KNOW you can’t WRITE?

Have you ever tried?

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, “I am a writer”?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably never will write. Lawyers must be clerks. Doctors must be interns. Engineers must be draftsmen. We will know that, in our time, the egg comes before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is individually corrected and constructively criticized. Thoroughly experienced, practical, gifted writers are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else’s writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and which at the same time develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate.

Many people who should be writing become awe-struck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, sports, war activities, civilian defense, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

A chance to test yourself

Our unique Writing Aptitude Test tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You’ll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it, without obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925)

FREE

When you run out of matches, do this. At least Anne Shirley is trying to get a light from the lamp Lt. Richard Walker is holding for her.

And Betty Hutton seems to have found a leading man who is good looking and also obliging concerning Betty’s looks. Barry Sullivan.
A wartime Washington whirl of fun ... with a white-collar gal using every feminine wangle on her nothing-but-business boss ... in the town where a run in your Nylons is worse than a run on your bank!

It's from that romantic Ladies Home Journal serial by Adela Rogers St. John

Olivia de Havilland
in
GOVERNMENT GIRL

with
Sonny Tufts

ANNE SHIRLEY • JESS BARKER • JAMES BROWN • PAUL STEWART • AGNES MOREHEAD • HARRY DAVENPORT • UNA O'CONNOR • SIG RUMAN

Produced, Directed and Screen Play by DUDLEY NICHOLS
Cheer up!... It's easy now to have glamorous hair. Use Admiracion. One shampoo shows the difference. Your hair becomes radiant with stunning high-lights, two types—"no lather" in red carton or "foamy" in green carton. At your Beauty Shop ask for an Admiracion Shampoo.

BEAUTIFUL EYES CAN MAKE YOU BEAUTIFUL!

Use Kurlene Eye Beauty Cream Daily!

Here's how to use Kurlene, rich, oily-base cream, to bring out the best in your eyes.

1. SMOOTH ON BROWS to add sheen and beauty
2. APPLY TO LASHES to make them darker, luxuriant-looking
3. ANOINT EYELIDS for flattering make-up

Long-lasting jar, $1.00 Tubes, 10¢ and 50¢ At Toilet Goods Counters Everywhere

KURLASH OWNERS!

Be thankful your Kurlash, the famous Eyelash Curler, was made good and strong. Take care of it, since the Kurlash factory facilities are now devoted entirely to war-production. P.S. We'll make minor repairs on your Kurlash at nominal cost if you'll send it direct to us.

KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS

KURLENE
by KURLASH
THE KURLASH COMPANY, Inc. Rochester, New York

FIRST WAR VETERAN AT CAMP

Bravery and finenesses are two characteristics that express that charming Herbert Marshall. Recently while on a picture location in Reno, Nevada, Marshall with Bonita Granville and Mickey Rooney went out to a nearby Army camp to entertain.

Marshall was the last to appear on the bill, and the only way to get to the stage was up a flight of very shaky stairs.

Marshall stood at the bottom of the stairs, without a microphone and told the boys that it would be impossible for him to get on the stage because of a leg injury he had in the last war. If they didn't mind, he said, listening to him from where he was standing that he would do his act.

Amid cheers he did it and even topped Rooney, which is one of the toughest things to do in this picture business.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10
HAIL! HAIL!

The Gang's All Here
in Technicolor!

Eugene PALLETTE • Charlotte GREENWOOD
Edward Everett HORTON • Tony DE MARCO

Directed by BUSBY BERKELEY • Produced by WILLIAM LE BARON
Screen Play by William Nellcy • Based on a Story by Henry Walker, George Roat, Jr. and Tom Bridges

WHAT A GANG OF SONG HITS!
"The Polka Dot Polka"
"No Love, No Nothing"
"A Journey To A Star"
"Pudduk" "The Lady In The Tutti Frutti Hut"
"You Discover You're In New York"
"Minnie's In The Money"
"Silent Sari" by Leo Robin and Harry Warren

Richard Tregaskis' "GUADALCANAL DIARY"
ORSON WELLES • JOAN FONTAINE in Charlotte Bronte's "JANE EYRE"
Franz Werfel's "THE SONG OF BERNADETTE" introducing JENNIFER JONES
BETTY GRABLE • JOE E. BROWN • MARTHA RAYE in "PIN-UP GIRL" in Technicolor
WENDELL WILLKIE's epochal "ONE WORLD"
The sweeping powerful "WILSON"
FLESH AND FANTASY (Universal) is a compilation of inter-related stories of supernatural and mystic phenomena. It marks the bow of Charles Boyer as a producer, and he also is a member of the all-star cast which includes Barbara Stanwyck, Edward G. Robinson, Robert Benchley, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Thomas Mitchell. The picture is far from a perfect work, yet it is to be hailed for its courage in opening a treasury of stories which have long been overlooked by the screen, tales from folklore that may well stimulate your imagination by their very unreality.

Three tales of mystic circumstances are under discussion by a pair of clubmen. The first relates the Mardi Gras adventure of a desperate girl who is saved from suicide by the materialization of a supernatural presence. The second tells of the plight of a man who knows his destiny is to commit a murder, and the last is about a circus performer who saw a beautiful woman in a dream of his destruction, later to meet this same beauty.

RIDING HIGH (Paramount) is an excursion to an Arizona dude ranch in typical musical comedy fashion. The fact that "Riding High" was once exactly that—a Broadway musical comedy—is constantly apparent with an abundance of dancing cowgirls and cowboys taking over the center stage at will. Vivid Technicolor photography does justice to the vivid Arizona desert scenery, and just about the only problem that confronted the producers was how to get Dorothy Lamour into revealing costumes inasmuch as the background was that wide open spaces. A solution was reached by making Dotty's character an ex-burlesque queen who has her own wardrobe befitting such numbers as "I'm the Secretary to the Sultan" and "Indian Gal Heap Hep." That took care of everything.

The comedy is breezy and funny enough to please lots of audiences. Dick Powell plays the mining engineer whose troubles fade away when a counterfeiter lends him a fortune in phony banknotes to flash at his creditors. Victor Moore is mighty amusing as the counterfeiter, and Cass Daley and Gil Lamb are in comically to pep things up.

THE CITY THAT STOPPED HITLER (Paramount) is a powerful Russian documentary which is also known by the shorter title, "Heroic Stalingrad." It is a comprehensive blow-by-blow depiction of what happened when a magnificent counter-attack exploded right in Der Fuehrer's face. The city of Stalingrad had withstood three months of constant bombardment which reduced buildings to rubble. The Nazis had counted out the defenders and had informed the rest of the world that the fall of Stalingrad was merely a matter of hours. Then the Russians struck out with an unprecedented offensive, sending spearheads to encircle their besiegers and drive them back from the shores of the Volga and across the Don. That was just the beginning. Tens of thousands Axis prisoners were taken. Many more thousands were killed, and the picture spares no one's feelings in showing the dead.

Accompanying maps and a clear-(Continued on page 89)
WINTERTIME (20th Century-Fox) is a disappointment, except for the skating by Sonja Henie. A trite and silly script sends such comics as Jack Oakie, Cesar Romero, and S. Z. Sakall around bumping into each other searching for laughs that aren't to be found. It’s all about trying to make a success of a Canadian winter resort, but you never care. Cornel Wilde plays a romantic lead as though frost-bitten, and Woody Herman's orchestra has a chilly time trying to provide hotlicks. Then Sonja skates and partly redeems her latest vehicle.

TOP MAN (Universal) is the irresponsible Donald O'Connor with a war message for other 'teen agers too young to get into the fight. He leads his junior-college classmates in descending upon an airplane factory to take jobs on the short four-hour shifts. Of course, there is a show put on for the war-workers, and this entertainment features the classical voice of Susanna Foster and the jive of Donald, Peggy Ryan, and Count Basie's orchestra. Lillian Gish and Richard Dix as the parents of Donald are fairly well lost in the proceedings.

SO THIS IS WASHINGTON (RKO-Radio) is the happiest screen appearance of the radio team of Lum and Abner. If you are amused by the rural horseplay of these Pine Ridge veterans, there are a number of laughs in the experiences of the pair when they take Abner’s formula for synthetic rubber to the nation's capital.

THE STRANGE DEATH OF ADOLF HITLER (Universal) is really about the murder of his double. It has long been an intriguing notion that Hitler has a whole staff of impersonators who appear for him at public functions as protection against assassination. Yet the picture about the subject merely scratches the surface of what might have been a first-class thriller, and Ludwig Donath in the role of Hitler is the only performance worth noting.

ADVENTURE IN IRAQ (Warner Bros.) is our venerable friend “The Green Goddess” dressed up in modern clothes. The Raja which George Arliss delighted to play is now a sheik who is performed by Paul Cavanagh and the rescue of the young couple he holds captive is effected by a detachment of U.S. Army bombers, no less. Don't go out of your way to catch "Adventure in Iraq." It's B melodrama.
THE TUNEFILMS:

Warner Brothers don't make many musicals, but when they do, they're good ones like "This Is The Army." Their newest attempt should top the lot. It's "Rhapsody in Blue," the story of George Gershwin's life and music.

Most of the members of the cast were closely associated with Gershwin at one time or another during his brilliant career. You'll see Paul Whiteman, Oscar Levant, George White, and Al Jolson, all playing themselves. Jolson will sing "Swanee" just as he did at the New York Winter Garden way back in 1919, and Paul Whiteman and his orchestra will reenact their Aeolian Hall Concert of 1924 in which they introduced the immortal "Rhapsody in Blue." Robert Alda, who will play the role of Gershwin, has been studying piano for months in preparation for the part. . . .

In Universal's new Donald O'Connor picture, "This Is The Life," we find our old friend Ray Eberle, singing "All Or Nothing At All." Ray appears set for a Universal build-up, if his recent camera activities are any indication. He's also in "Honeymoon Lodge" and "Hi Ya Sailor." The Andrews Sisters' film, "Moonlight and Cactus," brings Mitchell Ayres and his band to the screen for the first time. This outfit has come up very fast in popularity the last year. . . .

Hal McIntyre and his band make their initial visit to Hollywood for a featured spot in Columbia Pictures' "Jam Session." The last time Hal was on a movie set, he was a saxophonist with the old Glenn Miller band . . .

Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra were signed by Twentieth Century-Fox to handle the rhythm chores in their new musical, "Camp Show." This is the new title for "Four Jills and a Jeep"—the story of the Martha Raye-Carole Landis-Kay Francis-Mitzi Mayfair overseas tour. Perry Como is on the same lot, and he draws a lead, no less, in "The Bowery After Dark." This picture is a remake of Twentieth's early hit, "The Bowery." Perry will play the old George Raft role, with a few songs added. They say he made a wonderful test, and that he photographs excellently, so maybe he will be deserting radio and nightclubs for movies exclusively . . .

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

The Victor Company has only one new release, but it looks like a winner. It's a dance arrangement of "Rhapsody In Blue" by the Glenn Miller band, recorded a couple of years ago. . . .

Columbia's contribution this month is Xavier Cugat's "Bim Bam Bum," a guajira, with Tito Rodriguez on the vocal, backed up by "Thanks For The Dream," a beguine, sung by Carmen Castillo and the Cugat Chorus. . . .

Decca has brought out an Andrews Sisters platter which was
recorded a few years back but never released—"I Love You Much Too Much" and "Helena," both arranged by Vic Shoen. And then there are two new ones by Bing Crosby, with vocal backgrounds, "People Will Say We're In Love" and "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning." Frank Sinatra did the same tunes for Columbia, so it will be most interesting to see which record sells the most copies.

The Sportsmen, one of the top radio quartets, have made their first recording under the Decca Label—it's that swingy thingy "KO-TOK-Y-I-O" written by Capt. Meredith Wilson.

The Mills Brothers' pressing of "Paper Doll" turned out to be one of the biggest hits on the jukeboxes and helped to regain some of the
popularity the boys have lost the last two or three years.

Capitol comes forth with a really solid disc in “All For You” and “Vom Vim Veedle” as done by the King Cole Trio. Oscar Moore is on guitar, Red Callendar on bass, and of course Cole on piano. “Moon Dreams” is a beautiful thing, a new Johnny Mercer tune sung by Martha Tilton and the Mel-lowaires. Incidentally, this company puts out a fine little paper every two weeks called “The Capitol.” It’s chuck full of record and music news. Movieland readers may be put on the mailing list by sending a card to Dave Dexter, Jr., 1483 North Vine Street, Hollywood 28, California. Just you be sure to mention that you read about it in “Words of Music” or I’ll yell.

EARMARKS OF HITS:

Perry Botkin, Bing Crosby’s guitarist, has written a song about a cowboy who turns pilot, titled “Ridin’ Herd On A Cloud.” and it seems destined for a big success.

Patti Andrews is introducing a cute ditty in “Moonlight and Cactus”—“C’mere Baby.” And it’s the first time Patti has sung a solo in a picture.

Listen for a lovely ballad called “For The First Time.” Frank Sinatra and Dick Haymes have both been singing it, so I don’t see how it can miss the Hit Parade.

Dinah Shore sings three new Harold Arlen songs in the Goldwyn musical “Up In Arms” that you’ll be hearing a lot of—“Now I Know,” “Tess’ Torch Song,” and “Jive.” The war songs keep coming. “Johnny’s Coming Home Tonight” and “You’d Better Give Me Lots of Lovin’, Honey” are two of the best.

The Treasury Department commissioned Frank Loesser to write a song for their new bond drive, and the result is “The Road To Victory,” a hit if there ever was one.

JUNE-MOON TWOSOMES:

When Gene Krupa was in Hollywood for a week before his new trial in San Francisco, he spent most of the time with his divorced wife, Ethel. Everyone is hoping there will be a reconciliation. Before Corporal Dave Rose left for the East to handle the music for the new Moss Hart Air Force show, he was seen about Hollywood with Helen Forrest. Helen denies she is leaving the Harry James band to go out on her own, but I wouldn’t be surprised if she did. Paul Weston, who had the band on Johnny Mercer’s Music Shop program, and Shirley Mitchell, well-known radio actress, are always together. Paul was Tommy Dorsey’s arranger for several years and also did many of Dinah Shore’s songs before going into radio with his own band.

ON THE BEAM:

More and more radio shows have
Miss Deanna Durbin, a star with a past and a future . . . and very much presence.

She's grown out of those teen-age parts she sang and acted with so much charm, and zoomed into adult sophistication that you'll love—if you haven't already seen it—in "Hers to Hold" with Joseph Cotten.
By Dee Ofstie

Volunteered the lady license clerk—for a couple with a previous marriage apiece to their credit, Rita and Orson were the most nervous she had seen.
THE romantic bombshell of the year was the Rita Hayworth-Orson Welles marriage—and their surprised public may be delighted to know that the most surprised parties to the whole affair, once the hasty "I do's" were said and they stood folded in each other's arms, seemed to be Rita and Orson themselves!

As far as even their closest friends know, this electric event in the lives of Hollywood's two most fascinating figures was actually planned and carried out in a single day. The wedding itself—complete from the purchasing of the license to the flashlight photo of Mr. and Mrs. Welles being congratulated by marrying official, Judge Orlando H. Rhodes—took exactly thirty-two minutes.

Subtract the long minutes lost in waiting for the elevators of the Bay City Building of Santa Monica to take the wedding party up and down between the twelfth floor License Bureau to the fourth floor offices where the ceremony was performed, and you have the fastest welding on record.

For all its hectic haste, the ceremony, to the assorted few of us who witnessed it, was the inevitable and happy culmination of a romance that started merely as the natural drawing together of two highly magnetized personalities, and in no time at all, exploded into love. The irresistible Hayworth and the immovable Welles (Continued on page 74)

A colorful ceremony it was—not only because of the personalities involved, but consider Rita's "burnt toast" suit and hot and Orson's black bow tie atop a "shocking" pink shirt.

Joe Cotten was supposed to be Orson's best man, but the photographers and reporters crowded the scene so much that Joe "stood up" with a newspaper man all during the ceremony. He got next the groom afterwords.

The new Mr. and Mrs. didn't put anything over on Orson's foster parent and guardian, Dr. Maurice Bernstein. He said he wasn't the least bit surprised—he knew it all the time.
The faces on these fellows at Sydney will give you an idea of the reception Joe received on his trips. (Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps.)

BY CONSTANCE PALMER

JOE E. BROWN limped slowly down the length of the hospital hut, somewhere in the South Pacific. Outside a quick, violent storm whipped the palm trees and tore at the low thatched roof. Rain beat in dismal sheets against the bamboo blinds at the windows, and little rivers of water trickled and murmured sadly away into the night.

Now and then Joe stopped and spoke to some boy who was awake. Everywhere the answer was the same.

"Gee, I'm all right! Got to get well fast so I can get back at those yellow ———-!"

He went on, clowning a little, quietly, and the ones who could laugh did laugh and ... of the others ... eyes smiled out of faces too bandaged to grin.

Two nurses and a doctor were bending over a bed in the corner. The boy was terribly burned. Tears were running down his face; he'd lost his nerve.

Joe leaned down.

"Buck up, fella ... you'll be all right!"

The boy's brimming eyes focused painfully. His blackened lips opened.

"I know you," he whispered. "I had an ice cream soda with you once."

Joe moved closer, trying to find a resemblance to anyone he knew. "Why, sure you did!" he said. Recognition flashed over him.

"... And as I recall, you settled for two!"

The pain-creases smoothed from the boy's forehead, and he almost smiled. The light in his eyes revealed what it means to him to be known as something more than one in a throng. Joe laid his hand gently on the bed.

"Keep your chin up, Johnny. Everything's going to be okay-doke!"

Blinking back stinging tears, he limped away and went to the next bed. The boy was John Walker; he'd lived in Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, and had been a friend of Joe L. Brown, Joe E.'s son, who had been going to school there. Our Joe had taken both the boys on an ice cream bender long, long ago before the world caught on fire and exploded, once, months ago, when Don Brown had been alive, too.

Joe Brown is a fatalist; he believes what is meant to be. will be.
Healing of JOE E. BROWN
AND FATHERS WHO HAVE LOST THEIR BOYS IN BATTLE

He had gone on his trips to entertain the boys—first to Alaska and the Aleutians and then to the Solomon Islands and Australia—convinced that when his number was up, it would be his turn. If not, he would come home safe to do what good he could here for the boys who are still out there.

The only difference was that the second trip—the one to the Solomons—he and his wife Katheryn dedicated to their son, Don, who died in an airplane crash when he was training in California. Joe still can't talk much about Don, but in the living room of his home in Brentwood there is a glass case with the simple placard, "Captain Brown," and in it are the Bible and insignia that belonged to his son.

I dedicated the trip to Don," he says quietly, "because he was slated to go out there in just ten days. I thought perhaps I could help a bit that way."

The Joe E. Brown who said this was a very different Joe from the one you see on the screen. The small eyes with the twinkle when he's clowning had an inspired light in them as they looked at the glass case across the room.

"A person finds out a lot of things about himself in a shock like that," he went on. "In one moment his life is changed. A mother's life is changed, too. Today's parents, thousands of them, alas, must get such news... get it, take it, and see what they're going to do about it. And then slowly, in the days and weeks that come after, there's readjustment and a clearing up of values."

Joe doesn't go to any one church; he goes to all of them. He finds something in every religion—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Christian Scientist—that helps him. He has a sublime faith in the Supreme Being. Yet he never expected this faith to be paid off to him as it was.

"I don't believe in preachers reading prayers out of books when they don't actually feel deep in themselves what they are saying," he says. "Lots of people just go to church to be seen and get credit from other people for going. Lots of them go there to sleep."
"You can worship God in a green field or a factory or in your own kitchen, doing things of service to others, as well as you can in a church.

"I believe there's too much mystery about religion, just like there is about sex. There shouldn't be any mystery about either one. I believe that God is love and without love you haven't anything."

When Joe went on the trip to the Solomons, he was a sick man, suffering mentally, suffering physically the excruciating pain from sciatica. Arthritis had so crippled him that one leg was definitely shorter than the other, and he hadn't walked without a cane for more than two years. The plane taking him to Hawaii had engine trouble after leaving San Francisco and came back for repairs, and Joe, in agony with the aching leg, waited until the repairs were made . . . and then climbed back in for the second take-off.

The plane cruised along at seventeen-thousand feet, and it was bitterly cold. He wasn't dressed warmly enough, there were no blankets, and by the time they got to Oahu in the Hawaiian Islands, he was so ill he had to be carried to the hospital.

Days he spent entertaining the boys on Oahu and other islands in the group, and nights in any hospital he could find.

"I took every kind of heat treatment they'd give me and stayed right in there batting, with two strikes on me every time I went up to the plate. Johnny Marvin, my guitar player, and Lieutenant Virgil, who were sort of liaison men sent along to take care of me, were worrying around like a couple of upset old hens."

Though Washington and the U.S.O. had made it possible for him to get to the Hawaiian Islands, once he was there he was stranded. Officially, there was no place else for him to go.

He started sending messages where they would do the most good. From long experience, he knew that when you want something done, you go to the top men. So he radioed direct to General MacArthur and Admiral Halsey.

Things started to move right away. A plane was put at his disposal. A route, where no civilian had ever gone before in wartime, was mapped out, and he was off.

"We landed at Rabaul just as it was getting dark. It had been a long hop, and we were all pretty tired. A little group of boys was waiting. They'd heard I was coming and wanted me to put on a show then and there. So I climbed up on a little knoll, three feet high, and started in.

"The sun sank . . . bang! the way it does in the tropics, and it was dark. I thought I'd better stop because they couldn't see me. But they yelled out, "Aw, go on, Joe! Don't stop!" (Continued on page 85)
SOMETIMES when a man is brought face to face with a crime or a disease, he determines to "do something about it," but it takes a strong man to carry out that determination when he is out of personal danger. Hollywood has two men like that—Lou Costello and Bud Abbott.

When Lou was convalescing from his long illness, he and Bud made plans for a Rheumatic Fever Foundation to be established at Palm Springs, California. They filed papers for a non-profit corporation. They bought, out of their own pockets, twenty-two acres of Palm Springs real estate. And now Hollywood is seeing steps being taken for the creation of this twenty million dollar humanitarian project.

Where is all the money coming from? Well, consider that each of Abbott and Costello's ten films, not including "Hit the Ice," has grossed ten million dollars. And then imagine how much these two comedians will pick up when they re-issue "Buck Privates" (as an initial star fund raiser) and tour the country with it, turning over their entire stage salaries and the percentage they receive from the profits over to the Foundation.
I t was in London in the early summer of 1939 that a friend invited me to attend a performance at "His Majesty's Theater." I gladly accepted. When later I learned that the performance in question was to be the "Electra" of Sophocles to be given in Greek by a group of players from the Royal Theater in Athens, I was much less happy, but I couldn't decline at the last minute.

At the theater, to my astonishment, I found all the well known London first-nighters looking fashionably bored. "Who are these players from the Balkans who have attracted an audience that would do credit to a Cochran first night?" I asked.

My friend shrugged his shoulders. "It’s semi-official—arranged by our Embassy in Athens—we couldn’t do otherwise when we learned that the German Minister of Beaux Arts had invited them to perform in Germany. But there’s no intermission and we should be out by ten-thirty."

I glanced at the program in my hand. On the cover was a picture of the leading lady of the troupe as she appeared as "Electra." The first thing that struck me were her exquisite hands. The face was pictured in profile, bowed in grief. It was a beautiful profile such as one finds only on a Grecian mural.

I looked for the actress' name and saw that it was Madame Katina Paxinou. Just then the audience rose as their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, stepped into their stall. The Duchess, a former Greek Princess, looked nervous. I appreciated how she must have felt—Londoners are cold at best, and that night they were going to sit through two hours of Sophocles in a language which was definitely Greek to them. The Duchess must have said a silent prayer as the lights slowly dimmed and Orestes made his appearance on the stage.

My friend and I settled back in our chairs as comfortably as we could, and like the rest of the audience listened politely while Orestes and his old teacher went through their long speeches which precede Electra's entrance. Suddenly as they left the stage, a voice rose from the distance. There was an uncanny stillness in the theater while the audience waited to hear the voice again. It had an unearthly quality. Seated on the edge of our chairs, we watched the mourning-clad Electra advance slowly toward us. She didn't seem to walk like a human being but rather moved like a panther; taking long flexible steps, her eyes fixed on the audience. She was tall and slender, and the pallor of her face was accentuated by her coal black hair.

By the time the play had ended, there was no doubt about it. This was no ordinary actress. As the final curtain fell, I saw in an English theater what I never believed possible. The entire audience rose, and the shouts of "Bravo" were so ear-splitting that my head ached. Time after time they called her back until I lost count of the curtain calls. I left the next day for Paris, but, curious to see what the critics would have to say about Madame Paxinou, I bought all the English newspapers. They were unanimous in their praise of her, and one wrote, "Beside most actresses Madame Katina Paxinou resembles the Parthenon set in a block of service flats."

Then war was declared, and back in London after the fall of France, as the bombings grew in intensity, I forgot all about theatres, performers and such. After being bombed out of my house, I moved to the Ritz Hotel. It was in the shelter of that hotel that I first met the extraordinary Katina.

Like the Londoners, I had by that time become more or less accustomed to the bombings. As usual on this particular night I had undressed and gone to bed. But this night sleep was impossible. The bombs were dropping closer and closer, and as one burst into Piccadilly only a few hundred yards away, I hastened for the bar which was located in the cellar and also served as a shelter. They were bringing in some casualties. One man had all his clothes blown off but seemed otherwise unharmed. When I reached the stairs leading into the shelter, I saw two women dressed in bathrobes, trying to help a man descend the stairs. He was covered with blood.

"Can I help?" I asked.

"No," the one woman answered putting her arms around the wounded man's waist. "I can manage alone." Whereupon she practically carried the man down the passage-way.

I was seated at one of the tables in the bar when she came back. She sat across from me and began to knit. She appeared to be completely lost in what she was doing. "Those hands!" I exclaimed half aloud. "Where
have I seen those hands?"

The woman next to me looked as though I had gone mad. "What did you say?"

"Who is that woman?" I asked more calmly.

"Why that's Paxinou," she answered as though I should have known.

Needless to say, I didn't ask to be introduced. Under the circumstances with death lurking in the skies outside, formalities were ridiculous. The setting itself was ridiculous and melodramatic. All around me were international personalities—Prince Lüdfallah of Egypt, Starhemburg of Austria, the Princess Radziwill, refugee Ministers and Ambassadors lying pell mell all over the floor, while in the ladies' lavatory slept a Queen—Geraldine of Albania. Picking my way over the reclining figures, I approached Paxinou's table.

"What's the matter," she smiled. "Can't you sleep?"

I shook my head.

"Would you like some coffee?" she whispered.

"I'd love some," I answered. "But where will we get it?"

"In the kitchen, of course. Come, I know where they keep the eggs, too."

Robbing the ice box of the Ritz Hotel at three o'clock in the morning with "Electra" was more exciting than the blitz. With the efficiency of a chef she prepared a breakfast of scrambled eggs, toast, and coffee, after which she drew from the large bag in which she kept her knitting the prize of prizes—a package of American cigarettes.

"No! No!" she cried as I reached for the packet. "First we eat, then we can start on the cigarettes."

Never has coffee tasted so good! And the American cigarettes! We were smoking the last one when the siren went off at six o'clock announcing the all clear.

"We'd better go now," she said with her dark eyes flashing. "It would spoil everything if we were caught. Tomorrow night we'll make (Continued on page 71)
WHEN you call on the McDowalls, it's a toss-up who'll answer the door. It may be Roddy himself, or Mother McDowell, or Roddy's pretty blonde sister, Virginia.

If it's Roddy, he'll be in dungarees and an old shirt, having dashed away from running the carpet sweeper over the dining room floor to surprise Mommy when she gets back from a shopping expedition. If it's Mrs. McDowell, she'll beam a welcome, grinning apologetically as she dries her hands on her apron. "Kitchen's no place for a hot day! But still and all, a chicken won't fry itself, now will it?" If it's Virginia, she'll be cool as a spring day, smiling with just a touch of the dignity and poise with which sweet-sixteen reminds you that she's "quite a young lady" these days.
Two pals who started a friendship in MGM’s “Lassie Come Home” are Roddy McDowall and Lassie, the beautiful collie dog above.

Once inside, you’ll shake your head with surprise. Is this the living-room of the child movie star of “Lassie Come Home” and “My Friend Flicka,” of “How Green Was My Valley,” or an internationally famous prodigy?

It could easily be your Aunt Mathilda’s front room in Springfield or Portland or Atlanta... or just anywhere in an average comfortable home in the United States. It’s a room for living in, all right. Lots of comfy chairs, a sturdy upright piano, a great radio-victrola, books, and family pictures, flowers and candy dishes scattered everywhere you look. If it takes “a heap o’ livin’ in a house to make it home,” then Roddy McDowall’s is a super home. The McDowalls are up early and to bed late, with enough energy for a family of twelve!

Roddy’s intense personality leaves its mark on every part of the house. Trying to confine him to his own room would be like trying to cage a comet. He’s taken over the buffet drawers in the dining room for his vast, carefully indexed collection of picture postcards of every American city he’s ever
A man of hobbies is Roddy, and stamp collecting is one of those hobbies. He's pretty shrewd about it.

Another Roddy McDowall hobby is that typically American one of collecting match covers from all over.

visited. In the downstairs hall, the drawers of a vast cupboard are crammed full of his "stuff." Important "stuff" to Roddy, who confesses he's been piling things in there ever since they moved in. When he hunts for something there, he's constantly turning up surprises he'd forgotten about—old programs, old notebooks, maps, a handful of seashells, boxing gloves ("Now where on earth did I get those?") and whatnot. Sometimes he's so side-tracked by this treasure trove, he forgets, almost, what it was he started to unearth.

If anyone wants to see Roddy's "office" he has to climb through the tangle of things stored in the broom closet, where the slant of the stairs to the second floor roofs in all the files, boxes, and hundreds of letters not sorted out yet. Roddy's a shrewd collector, and he's made "deals" with the fan mail department of various studios to shoot him stamped envelopes from countries in which he's specially interested. Despite an eagle eye and a sharp ear to the ground, Roddy still hasn't been able to get hold of the one stamp he wants most—"a South African three corner, 1926."

But it isn't just stamps Roddy collects. He collects coins, reproductions of his favorite paintings, maps, match covers, programs, army insignia. Recently, when he came back from a whirlwind combination camp show and personal appearance tour, he had somehow managed to acquire an entire week-end bag full of new match covers.

Roddy's first floor room, more than any part of the McDowall home, fairly shouts of the one absent member, Roddy's father, who is with the British Merchant Marine. The room's as seagoing as it's possible to be on land. The wallpaper, deep ocean blue and foam-white, is figured with a pattern of ships and pilot
wheels. All the lamp bases are coppery miniatures of a ship's bell or anchor or other nautical gear. Close by the bed are snapshots of Daddy McDowall aboard ship. Those two pictures hold the place of honor above any Academy Awards or other souvenirs, however highly prized.

In this house of laughter and vitality, the only subdued note is when Daddy is mentioned. Then Roddy's sparkle, Mrs. McDowall's warmth and effervescence, Virginia's sweetly gentle smile, all are softened, for the moment, and in their eyes comes the same far look blended of fierce pride and love and longing for the wonderful, heart-lifting day when Dad'll be home once more.

"He was at sea as a young man, you know," Mrs. McDowall explains. "Then after we married, he began a trucking business, which he turned over to the government when the war began. He had to be back where he knew he could best do his part. It's hard when the letters we write keep missing him—but only yesterday a cablegram came to say he's safe, right now, in England."

Having left England to escape the bombings and earn enough to keep their home going, the McDowalls know their moments of loneliness even to this day.

In Roddy's room is the mixed-up jumble you'd expect of any fourteen-year-old. Fourteen on September the 17th, by the way. "Say it emphatically," his mother interpolates, "for we get so many letters guessing his age all wrong. He's fourteen, and his sister's sixteen and that's that." Books line the walls—histories, biographies, scores of them, and the stories of his pictures, like Twentieth Century-Fox's "How Green Is My Valley" and "My Friend Flicka," autographed by the authors and members of the casts.

Roddy's got a big war map on one wall, full of colored pins to move as the news changes. Recently, though, while he was hard at work in "White Cliffs of Dover" with Irene Dunne and Spencer Tracy, as he points out, a bit mournfully, "the war got 'way ahead of me." On his bureau is a photo of Ginger Rogers, to which he hopes to add those of his crushes, Carol Bruce and Helen Hayes.

(Continued on page 83)
WAT is there to be thankful for in this year of war?

"I'm thankful this year," says Loretta Young, "for all the blessings I never knew I had before—that I'm an American, that I have work and health. My thanksgiving is for the things I've always taken for granted other years. Shelter safe from bombs, enough food to eat, warm clothes to wear, being able to move about without terror, being allowed to read what I choose, hear radio programs I select, say what I please without looking to see whether anyone's listening."

A letter closely written, worn with much handling, smudged with kisses and tears, is Michele Morgan's reason for thanksgiving.

"I had not heard from my family in France for more than a year and a half," she relates. "I used to pray every night that they might be safe, that they might be alive and well. Every time I read an item about Frenchmen being sent to prison in German labor camps I thought of my young brother and wondered whether he were in one. I heard of the fear and hunger in France and worried over my mother.

"Then at last came this letter, smuggled out through Switzerland and not censored. They say that our old home is now 'occupied,' which must mean that the Germans have taken it over, and that they live now in a small apartment in Paris; that (Continued on page 70)"
Dana Andrews believes he is a fortunate draftable father.

A recent event in Raz' life makes her a thankful lady.

The achievement of a pet ambition makes Danny Kaye happy.

Basil Rathbone gives thanks for the American soil underfoot.
I USED TO:

Work in small time vaudeville theatres.

Be called the leather lunker blues singer,
I'm ashamed to say; the little girl with the big voice.

Dream that I was singing with a symphony orchestra—I felt as if I were still dreaming when at last it came true and I stood up to sing with Andre Kostelanetz.

I REMEMBER:

Getting in the way of a forward-passed cheese sandwich one night when I was singing in a small time vaudeville house and how furious I was; all I could say, over and over, was “Some day!”

My Christmas dinner when I was ten. I was singing at Warners' Hollywood theatre and couldn't have dinner at home. Mother promised she'd let me choose where I would eat and what I'd have. I went to a drugstore and ordered hot tamales.

The white party dress I wore to the Academy dinner when I won my Oscar. Wearing that dress again when I was footprinted at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, and how Mickey Rooney held it up out of the cement for me.

MY FIRST:

Appearances were made in our backyard shows where my sisters and I charged ten straight pins a show.

Poem was composed when I was four and heard my sisters making up verse. I went in for rhythm not rhyme and the result was: Bookie, Bookie, I saw a star

Money, money, salt, salt, salt . . .

Car was a Lincoln Zephyr Convertible, a present on my sixteenth birthday, and I loved it, but I wasn't big enough to see what was behind me when I backed up, so after four months I was persuaded to give it up.

Friend was Betty Jane Graham, who is still my closest girl friend. We were four years old and met when we tried out for a part at Universal Studios. Betty Jane thought I would get the part, and I thought she would, so we brushed each other off. But when Cora Sue Collins got it, we fell into each other's arms.

I LIKE:

Bonfires on the beach . . . Baby chicks

Walking in the rain . . . Anything

chocolate . . . Men who know how to handle

head waiters . . . Christmas Eve.

I DISLIKE:


I'M GUILTY OF:

Losing my keys . . . eating too many chocolates . . . forgetting appointments or being late . . . I've never worn a watch because I'd rather not know what time it is . . . And I'm the worst backseat driver in the world.

I HATE TO:

Have my nails filed . . . Go home when the party's getting good . . . Wait for people who said they'd positively be on time . . . Hear a baby cry and nobody do anything about it . . . Grow lovely long fingernails and then have one break off . . . Get up early.

I LOVE TO:

Cook, but I hate to clean up afterwards . . . Make over hats and remodel clothes . . . Play tennis, Guggenheim, Ghost . . . Keep the radio going or records playing whenever I'm in the house . . . Spoil my sister's baby—but I never do!

I'VE LEARNED:

From my mother—Practically all I know, including singing, playing the piano, cooking, and managing a house.

From my sisters—How to get along with other girls, not to acquire a star-complex.

From Mickey Rooney—Anything I know about screen technique. The first day we worked together on a picture he said, "Let's promise each other never to work at each other but always with each other!" and we always have. He's given me plenty of good advice, including, "Don't worry!" But I'm still the world's champion worrier.

From Roger Edens—(Who does all my musical arrangements) the songs that are best for me. When I was a child in vaudeville, my favorite (Continued on page 86)
"What was that you said?" Or—well, it really isn't our business just what Roger Edens said to Judy at Ciro's that night.
Glamour ... INSTANTLY!

1. You start with a pretty little thing like Donna Reed, all done up in her neat blue skirt, her tidy white blouse. Nice? Oh, very. Glamorous? Well, you'd hardly say that.


3. Next bring on the white bear rug and a black chiffon nightie. Diana Lewis illustrates. (At the right you see Diana as Mrs. William Powell, chic matron.)
Got a fellow coming home on a furlough? Do you want to put on the really high voltage? Follow the Hollywood routine illustrated here.

4. A glamour girl's wardrobe must include one close-fitting white satin negligee, too, and as Warners' Dolores Moran shows, she poses with hair combed out on pillow.

5. Two bearksins this time. And a black satin taffeta revealer. The girl is Marilyn Maxwell of MGM, and she was a singer with Buddy Rogers' and Ted Weems' bands not very long ago.

6. Then alluring Osa Massen (of the Warner Bros. "Background to Danger"): the plain white negligee, the heavy-lidded look, the white bearksin rug, and Osa goes one more with h.e.g.s.

7. Trust Marla the Montez to get it all. The legs, the look, the negligee, the bearksin rug, and also the feathers, a must.
WALLACE BEERY, ex-steelworker, ex-engine wiper, ex-choir boy, ex-elephant tender, ex-chorus man and ex-Broadway star, may be going to marry again.

If Wally were just "ex," Hollywood wouldn't be so interested in the strong probability of new wedding bells for the man who was previously married to Gloria Swanson and Rita Gilman.

But this man, W. Beery, is never "ex."

Things he is include Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N.R., a rank earned by seven thousand solo hours in the air; dean of film stars, in length of service and regularity of success; the world's highest paid actor (a recent raise made him that); devoted father to lovely thirteen-year-old Carole Ann, whom he adopted at nine months old; man-to-man friend to real cowboys in Wyoming, Utah, and Idaho and, last, a man who, by his own sincere life and the character of roles he portrays, has always been a credit to Hollywood.

The girl in the case is Aurella Nawrocki, of Houston, Texas, whose chestnut hair and blue eyes highlight a face both pretty and with a quality of sincerity. She is in her twenties, employed in the treasurer's office of a Houston hospital, and is sister to the wife of one of Wally's best friends, a former Texas oil man now living in Hollywood. Since Wally met her when she came for an extended visit to her sister, the two have been seen much together. To all questions, pending the final decision, Wally's answer has been a growl, "Try and find out!" However, close friends became sure of his serious regard for the Texas beauty when the two began to take Carole Ann with them on jaunts, to previews, and to dinner in the evenings. The highest Beery compliment is to award anyone companionship with Carole Ann!

If Miss Nawrocki and Wally marry (and they may have announced it before this article reaches print), Aurella will have for a groom the one completely unique man in the history of entertainment. There are no carbon copies of Wallace Beery. One of the most widely known actors in the world, he is at the same time Hollywood's least known individual. Wally has a genius for keeping his life story, as well as his personal affairs, to himself, but what you do learn about him is varied, interesting, and exciting.

Earning power, for example. If you ask twenty people who is the biggest earner in all entertainment history, probably not one would mention Wally, yet he stands head and shoulders above all competition. In fact the works of no man, whether in entertainment or
in any field of human expression, have ever drawn down the hard-cash total that has been grossed by Beery movies! To prove that is fairly easy. Wally, for example, has made thirty-three pictures for his present employer, Metro-Goldywn-Mayer. Some have been expensive ventures like “Viva Villa” and “The Champ”; others have been closer to B pictures than Metro ever admits making. But those thirty-three pictures have averaged around three million dollars apiece, never falling too far below, never rising more than a few hundred thousand (chicken-feed when you talk of Beery films) above. For example, “Viva Villa,” highly praised by the critics, grossed two million, five-hundred thousand. “Jackass Mail,” just one of those hellepardner, outdoor opuses, piled up more than three million.

When plans were being laid for the two million, five-hundred thousand dollar technicolor film, “Salute To The Marines,” much of the best brains of M-G-M’s lot was called in. This would be an attempt to top all past pictures of the Marines. The Marine Corps itself was asked to send advisers . . . and did. The story, all agreed, was a hummer. Marilyn Maxwell, for whom Metro officials have great hopes as a future star, was to be importantly launched. Someone expressed surprise to Louis B. Mayer, vice-president in charge of production, that so much money was to be massed behind a Beery picture. That wise gentleman, “L.B.,” smiled: “It’s one sure way to know we’ll get our money back!”

Mr. Mayer must have had past records, as well as knowledge of the one hundred million dollars Metro had grossed on Beery’s pictures. Wally had worked in nineteen pictures for Paramount. Paramount won’t talk about their grosses, but those nineteen were among the biggest earners in the company’s history. And—before that—he worked for company after company in batch after batch of money-making films, all the way back through Keystone, Essanay, and the famous Mack Sennet comedies, to the very earliest companies—Tannhauser and Edison. There has been a saying in picture business since 1906—“The latest Beery picture is the best.”

Wally guesses he has made three hundred pictures, all told. We lop fifty off that, just to be conservative. Careful investigation can find record of only one money-loser, “Old Ironsides.” (And Jesse Lasky, who produced it, says, “That flop was all my fault, not Wally’s.”) So . . . give a thought to Metro’s one hundred million dollars for thirty-three pictures. Remember, too, that some of the oldest (Continued on page 79)
After reading this story, you'll understand why Dinah wins all hearts whenever she sings

BY ALICE TRAINE

“DINAH, sing ‘So Nice to Come Home To!’”

“Sing ‘As Time Goes By,’ Dinah!”

“Sing this . . . ”

“Dinah! Dinah! Dinah!”

That’s the way Uncle Sam’s nephews in uniform carry on when Dinah Shore visits army camps and hospitals or sings at the Hollywood Canteen on Friday nights. If she doesn’t know a song, they teach her, throwing her lines as she sings.

It’s all very noisy and big brotherish, and it’s lots of fun. She’s number one favorite singer with the armed forces, not to mention merchant marine and men in hospitals, and there’s nothing she’d rather do than sing for them.

“They’re so real!” she explains. “They keep me on my toes.”

She’s slim and young and exactly the right size; her eyes are warm and brown, her mouth generous and sweet; she has more than a trace of Southern accent, and in spite of being strictly a 1943 Model Miss there’s something gentle and even humble about her.

She listens to advice — sincere advice. If people bother to make suggestions to her, she’ll try them out eagerly. No “public be damned” attitude for her. She has red gold hair, worn in a long bob—that’s her “public’s” idea. Once she arranged her curls in what she considered a very slick hair-do, divided in back, swirled around, and pinned high on her head. But, the minute she appeared on the stage, her audience cried, “Get a load of Dinah’s hair!” She called for a comb, took her hair down right there, to approving applause.

Her name isn’t really Dinah, it's
Dinah, beginning an important movie career with "Thank Your Lucky Stars" for Warners', scored so decisively that three other major productions are now lined up for her.
Frances Rose Shore... of Tennessee. She sang "Dinah" so often at Vanderbilt University that her college mates nicknamed her so, and she liked it better than her own name.

"I was tired of corny jokes. 'Franny sat on a tack. Franny rose!' Things like that. You can laugh the first six dozen times. 'Dinah Shore' looks better in lights, too, and I wanted to put it there. So when I set out for New York, I thought, 'Why do I tell them my name's Frances Rose? They never heard of me. I'll be Dinah Shore!'"

There's nothing particularly outstanding about her, Dinah insists, except that she's been lucky.

"Our family was never very rich, never very poor. I was never very beautiful, but never very ugly. I was born in Winchester, Tennessee; when I was seven, we moved to Nashville, where I went to school, played hopscotch, went to high school, became cheerleader, and never missed a football game.

"There's no romantic plantation in the family, but we did grow vegetables in the backyard. They weren't called victory gardens then. Every summer we all went on vacations together. No family feuds—we loved each other, like most families. No struggle, no suffering."

She had two colored mammies—Yama (short for Mary Emma) who was Mammy to Dinah's sister and cared for the new baby at first, then Yaya (short for Lillian) who came to cope with Frances Rose when she began to walk, and who still sends her young charge enormous chocolate cakes for birthday treats. Yaya ruled the household with an iron hand, as all good mammies do. To this day Dinah can't bring herself to speak what Yaya calls "naughty words."

Dinah loved to sing, but no one in the home town marvelled at her voice.

"Naturally, people in Nashville would rather listen to someone who didn't live around there," observed the star, "so I wasn't urged to give out with songs. But once a man who owned a night club offered to pay me ten dollars if I'd sing two songs there.

"Down home we don't go out to night clubs. We entertain in our own homes. None of the kids had ever been inside one. I was about fourteen. The other kids got hold of a car and drove me to the back door and waited outside while I slid in. It would have been terrible for them if they'd been seen in the city without me. When I came out for my first song, the first thing I saw was Daddy and Mother sitting at a table up front. They'd had word and came to see whether it was true. I was so scared I could hardly get my breath. When I was finished, Daddy beckoned to me, and they took me home without my ten dollars. It was four weeks before I was allowed to go out again Saturday nights."

During her high school days, Dinah's mother died. They had been so close that Dinah's father realized she needed something to help her through dark days. He didn't approve of the stage, but when the "47 Workshop" organized Little Theatre groups throughout the South and Dinah was offered an opportunity to join one of them, he agreed to permit it. In a small town twenty miles from Nashville, the future star of radio and screen played a score of leading roles from Jo in "Little Women" to a highly dramatic part in "Outward Bound."

This stage experience didn't soften Mr. Shore toward a theatrical career for his younger daughter. Graduating from college, she proposed that she go to New York and "try to sing or something."

"He didn't throw me out, though," remembered Dinah, with a smile. "He said if I insisted on going, I'd be on my own. I had a little money from Mother, but Daddy said he knew she wouldn't approve, and did I think it would be right to use that money? So I pawned my camera and enlarger and used that money.

"I really couldn't stay home. At home when you're twenty, you ought to be married. By the time you're twenty-three, you should have at least three children or you don't rate. I hadn't met anyone I wanted to marry, so I had nothing to contribute to life there. I wanted to sing and act."

Life in New York wasn't so uncomplicated as life in Nashville. A tiny apartment with another girl singer, cheap though it was, simply ate up money. Dinah got a job singing on a sustaining program at a small radio station; it paid no salary, merely gave opportunity for recognition that failed to come.

New Year's Eve, Dinah finished her last song on the program and stepped out on the street. She had exactly one dime to her name. She wasn't worried, for she had an engagement to sing at a New Year's party for twenty-five dollars. She looked at (Continued on page 81)
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□ WESTPANIA  □ DRAGON'S BLOOD  □ HEAVENLY MAUVE
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Name
Address
City  State

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DEAREST MOTHER:

You will just have to get used to my Letters (and Love of capitalizing Everything) from now on, because since yesterday when you saw me off at the Altoona station I am a Career Woman who will be traveling constantly. Yes, Mother, I got the job—I am the singer with Hal Kemp's Band, and not only that but here in Pittsburgh they gave me a new name, namely Janet Blair (Dad’s middle name) instead of Janet Lafferty. I should feel Glamorous with all this, but still feel like your eighteen-year-old Daughter just out of High School, but that will Change.

Tell Dad that his friend Mr. Holden, the Manager of the band, has been simply Divine to me as have all the wives in the band, too, though Acting as though I were still a Child instead of a grown up and earning my own living, as of noon today.

(You can read this much Aloud to Sis and Brother and Dad. But from here on the letter is Private.)

Mother, you know how I’ve always been a Man-Hater? How I was too busy with my Singing Lessons to have dates for my whole senior year? Well, that’s all Changed now, because today along with finding my Career I found the Man I am going to marry some day. Now, don’t say I’m being silly and Emotional, because I know. (Even if he doesn’t.)

I saw him the minute I walked in to take my try-out as a singer. And the minute I saw him, I knew. Maybe it is Woman's Intuition finally working. Anyway, I knew. He’s the pianist and arranger of Mr. Kemp’s band, and he was sitting at the piano waiting to give me my try-out. To be Honest, he doesn’t like me yet, and he showed it immediately by simply Glaring at my
best street outfit—that striped Skirt and brown sweater, and my yellow beanie with the long feather sticking up in it, and my best Saddle-shoes—the ones with the tassels—and of course Bobbie socks. Naturally, Bobbie socks.

Anyhow, he Glared. Then he said Curtly, "Come on, kid," and instead of letting me sing, he dragged me around the corner to a drug store where he had coffee and I had a Choc Malt, and he tried to give me a lot of Advice about what a nice scrubbed kid I was, and why didn't I skip this Nightclub Racket and go back home to Altoona, Pa., and get Married and have children? So I said, “Until now I have not been interested in Men, and besides I wish to be a Singer.” He continued to argue, but I remained Firm. So finally he had to let me sing for him, and then he Glared again and said, “Okay, the job's yours," and left looking very angry. Why I don't know. Except maybe he knows I am his Fate and he is Squirming as some Men do.

I am yawning so much I will swallow this Letter if I don't close now. Love to Dad and Brother and Sis from Their About-to-be-Famous-and-Married relative

Janet.

February 10, 1940.

Dear Mother:

I did not call you Dearest this time on purpose, because I am so angry over your repeated letters on the same subject, of Marriage. You needn't be worried over my marrying at eighteen, because he is Blind to Me, and I will probably be fifty years old before he even Dates me. So far it is three months since I joined the band, and he hasn't so much as looked at me, except to make sure I get on the Trains all right and going to get my Purse and Coat for me everywhere, as I am still leaving them behind me just as I did Home. He is taking Dad's place in his own Mind. It is utterly Maddening. Sometimes I think he will never know I am a Woman and he is a Man. But I will be patient.

So you need not worry about me Running Off with him—I would only be able to if I knocked him Unconscious first and then Dragged him Away.

I am very bitter tonight. Goodbye.

Janet.

P. S.: You said I haven't even Described him or called him anything but him. So here goes: His name is Louis Busch, he is twenty-eight, he comes from Louisville, Kentucky, he's played with many bands including Horace Heidt, George Olson, and Henry Busse
At the right: Here the bride and groom are in an after-the-ceremony pose. And maybe that smile isn't something for a soldier to dream about and want to come home to!

One note to put on your must list is this: Be sure to see Mrs. Janet Blair Bush in her next picture which she is making for Columbia Pictures, called “The Heart of a City.”

(However he gets Glazed Eyed with Boredom when I try to talk with him, based on my many years with the Altoona Church Choir. This is his one fault.) Description: Stocky, taller than I am but not much, green eyes, blondish thick hair... and Dimples.

You will think I am Crazy, but I have had Dimples too since I met him, one on each side of my Mouth. Fate Again, I think. What do you think? Answer!!!

Yours,
Janet.

March 3, 1940.

MRS. FRED BLAIR LAFFERTY, ALTOONA, PENNSYLVANIA.

I AM SENDING THIS TELEGRAM COLLECT BECAUSE IT MAY BE LONG. IT IS ABOUT OUR FIRST DATE—LOUIS FINALLY ASKED ME OUT TONIGHT HERE IN ATLANTA GEORGIA. WE WENT TO A MOVIE HE LOOKED AT IT BUT I LOOKED AT HIM, BUT HE DIDN’T NOTICE THAT I AM SURE. THEN WE HAD A SODA AND THEN HE TOOK ME BACK TO THE BOARDING HOUSE AND BEGAN READING THE SUNDAY FUNNIES, THIS BEING SUNDAY. HE WAS STILL READING THEM WHEN I WENT UPSTAIRS TO BED AN HOUR LATER BUT ROSEMARY MY ROOMMATE SAID MEN WERE LIKE THAT. I CARE NOT ANYWAY IF I HAVE TO SHARE HIM WITH DICK TRACY AND L’IL ABNER THAT IS ALL RIGHT WITH ME. DELIRIOUSLY YOURS

JANET.

August 16, 1940.

Dearest Mother:

Oh, I am so Miserable and Blue I could Die. If I hadn’t promised I’d never send you another wire Collect until I was Engaged or Married I would send you one tonight, because the most tragical thing of my Life has happened, namely we have had our First Quarrel. And it is all my Fault. And everything has been going so well up to now, ever since Atlanta—Dates quite a lot and everything.

What happened was this. We are in St. Petersburg, Florida, and it is so Hot here that your clothes are hopelessly wrinkled unless you Iron them after unpacking. So I got out my traveling Iron to press my pale blue formal for tonight, and there was nothing to Iron on because the woman who runs this boarding house had put away all my Suitcases. So then I remembered Louis’ new Imported Leather trunk which is never moved because it has all (Continued on page 80)
THREE across the board on Chapman—to win, place, and show!

In good old gambling parlance, the chips are down on Marguerite Chapman. Columbia has backed Maggie, at the cost of three major productions, which is undoubtedly one of the biggest bets ever made by a studio on a hitherto minor player. During the three years which have elapsed since Maggie gave up a well-paying model's job in New York to try her hand—or rather, her face—at pictures, she has become known to certain other people as certain other things...

A Hollywood hostess knows her as the girl who made her first timid party entrance head over heels, down the broad stairway of a film mogul's home, into a surprised salon-full of guests.

A Hollywood poseur, who inevitably tosses newcomers the line that they'll never be actresses until they have “suffered,” remembers her as the youngster who looked him coolly in the eye and said, “But I have suffered. I've seen every one of your paintings!”

To Howard Hughes she is one of the several young ladies he tested for the buxom lead in “The Outlaw” and rejected because she had too much above the eyebrows and not quite enough below the necklace. To Hal Wallis of Warners' she is the slim young thing who, after being briefly ballyhooed as one of the long stemmed beauties in the “Navy Blues” sextette, cried for the lead in “Sergeant York” and couldn't have it because, even in a gingham sack, she had too much style for a hill-jilly. And to Charles Boyer she is eternally grateful, but that's for another part of the story.

Today at Columbia, Marguerite is now a Grade A-1 leading woman, indisputably entitled to all the privileges and luxuries that go with that rank—the plushily furnished private dressing room, the canvas chair with her name painted across the back, the specially designed wardrobes and hair-dos.

On the Gower Street lot, Marguerite is all of a sudden Something (Capital S). She doesn't have to talk to people who slap her on the back, unless she wants to. She's through with cheesecake art—she had attained that exalted state all actresses long for, when she dares to report to the still gallery in a long skirt, knowing that her face is now as important as her lissom legs.

With Columbia, Marguerite's talent is no longer in the wager stage—they have seen the evidence in the theatre and audience reaction to her in “Destroyer” and “Appointment in Berlin.” Rapidly nearing completion is further proof in the form of a third expensive opus (Continued on page 77)
ONLY that moment before there had been confusion and bustle and noise, a babbling of thousands of voices punctuated by crisp military commands. But now the station was so quiet you could hear a heart drop as boys in khaki turned to the girls they were leaving, holding them closer than they ever had before, because they felt they might never be together again like this, close kissed and eager.

Kathryn Jones felt her throat tightening looking at them. It made her feel lonely and left out of things, the only girl in the world without a boy to say goodbye to. Then as she looked on wistfully she was conscious of a boy standing beside her, a boy with arrogant, bitter eyes staring from her to all those breathless twosomes and then back again, mocking her as he was mocking them and this pattern of farewell.

There was a piercing whistle and then voices again. “All right, men, get aboard!” Arms clung tighter then, trying to prolong the seconds left to them, and as Kathryn sighed sympathetically her eyes locked

Across the page—Gene Kelly, who is the Eddie Marsh of MGM’s show, “Thousands Cheer.”
lovely woman, but Kathryn could see they were still as far apart as they had been in all the years when the distance that separated them was real, not just psychological.

“You’d better get on board, Kathryn,” the Colonel said. “I’ll join you in your compartment later.” He held out his hand to the woman who had once been his wife. “Goodbye, Hyllary, I’m glad to have seen you.”

“Goodbye, Bill,” Hyllary smiled as she gave him her hand. “Take care of her.”

They were still being so casual, so civilized. Even quarreling, Kathryn thought resentfully, even bitterness would be better than this.

“You’re supposed to kiss,” she protested in a small despairing voice. “Everybody does, even strangers.”

She could see that her father’s eyes crinkled at the corners when he laughed. There were so many things she had yet to find out about him and, even though it meant leaving her mother, Kathryn was glad that she was going to know him at last. Every girl should meet her father sometime, and she was glad she had got the chance when she was still young. Oh, why couldn’t she have them both, the three of them together always. It would be so wonderful to be part of a family.

All the aloofness went from her mother’s eyes as she kissed Kathryn goodbye. They had always been so close, bound even closer with their common love of music, and Hyllary had been so proud when Kathryn had become the singer for Jose Iturbi’s orchestra. Yet Hyllary hadn’t hesitated when the Colonel had asked that his daughter be allowed to accompany him to the California training camp where she was to be a sort of recreation officer. Hyllary knew how important morale was in war time.

“Goodbye, darling,” she said. And then whispering, close to Kathryn’s ear “Silly little Kitty Kat, now that you have a chance to be with your father for awhile I want you to accept it and enjoy it and not worry yourself trying to put Humpty Dumpty together again, don’t you see?”

Kathryn didn’t see. She hated that off hand salute her father gave as he strode off, her mother’s impersonal smile. She was so intent on her own thoughts about them both as she got on the train it was something of a shock to run smack up against the young soldier who had kissed her those few moments before. She had forgotten all about him.

But the boy hadn’t forgotten. His face reddened when he saw her. All his defenses were down with his arrogance gone. Kathryn stifled a giggle as she saw he looked positively frightened.

“Hey now, wait a minute,” he protested. “Just because I kissed you doesn’t mean you have to follow me around.”

Kathryn couldn’t do anything but just stare at him. She had never met up with such egotism in her life.

“I kiss a lotta girls,” the boy went on. “It don’t mean a thing!”

“Oh, but it does,” Kathryn insisted wickedly. He’d had his fun with her, now she was going to have her own. “It means everything! It means that we’re engaged, and I’m going to follow you to the ends of the earth.”

“But you can’t.” He was gulping in his nervousness. “This train’s for soldiers!”

She flung him a reckless, mad little smile. “Don’t tell anybody I’m here,” she whispered warningly. She turned as she reached her compartment and saw him standing there, dazed and uncomfortable, and gave him a wink as she closed the door behind her.
Top left—At the court martial after he has served time in the guardhouse for leaving his post, Eddie realizes his wrong and pleads guilty.

Middle left—Almost reunion. After their first happy greetings, Hyllary says she doesn’t approve Army life for Kathryn. A bad influence.

Bottom left—At the huge USO show she has planned, Kathryn sings to the accompaniment of her friend, Jose Iturbi. (It’s his movie debut.)

Bottom—The Colonel and his lady say goodbye before he sails. They shake hands briefly, then kiss. Once again they’re a happy, united family.

Her father was there waiting. He was really so handsome with those laughing blue eyes of his, with just that touch of gray in his dark hair, and yet she couldn’t help that feeling of annoyance with him. It had really been too mean of him spoiling all her plans like that.

“Well,” her voice was a little defiant, “what did you think about my mother? Isn’t she wonderful?”

“I don’t know,” he said quietly.

“Is she?”

“Oh, come on,” Kathryn sighed. “What did she say? What did you say? After all you were practically marooned with the woman for ten minutes there. Something must have happened.”

“If only he wouldn’t look so amused.

“I said she had done very well with you, and she said I’d done very well with the army. I asked her what was new in the world of music, and she said it was still very harmonious. She told me she saw where my line of business was hitting the front pages lately, and I expressed surprise that she ever read things like that. After that our conversation grew rather chilly.

“Aw, Dad.” Kathryn couldn’t hold back her disappointment. “If I had a wife I hadn’t seen in years I’d—” Suddenly she stopped as the door was flung open completely hiding her father, and the boy stood in the doorway.

“Now look,” he said. “The only reason I kissed you was because everybody was kissing everybody else, and that’s the only reason. You don’t mean a thing to me. I told you that before, and I came back to say it again. You don’t mean a thing to me.”

“Just a minute soldier!” the Colonel said sternly, stepping out from behind the door. But as the boy...
“And—” The Colonel walked over and sat down beside his daughter—“you and I are going to have a man to man talk.” But they didn’t. For just then the train’s whistle gave a derisive “who-o-whoo” and the Colonel joined in with Kathryn’s laughter. It was wonderful finding not only a father, but a father with a sense of humor.

Private Eddy Marsh kept an aloof moody distance, not only from Kathryn but from everybody else on the trip to California. Not for him the impromptu sing songs, Kathryn got up to amuse the boys, not for him the bantering fun that linked all the rest of the troop train together. For Private Eddy Marsh was pretty bitter about this whole army business. He wouldn’t have any truck with regimentation or discipline or even fun when that fun meant being part of any army. No, sir! He’d remain an individual to the end.

It was the same at camp. Eddy kept to his proud sullen self. And he never as much as flicked his eyes in Kathryn’s direction though at that it would have been pretty difficult, hidden as she always was by all those khaki backs clustered around her, begging her for a dance or to sing another song. Then one evening they met face to face at the crowded soda fountain in the Service Club. There had been a dance, and Kathryn looked so gay and lovely in her long white evening frock, but no one would have known it from Eddy’s antagonized stare.

“What’s the matter,” Kathryn grinned. “Don’t you like the soda?”

“No, sir.”

Then,” the Colonel made a gesture of dismissal, “unless you have something further to say—”

“No, sir, I haven’t.” Eddy’s mouth tightened. “Except that from now on I only kiss women I know.” He saluted, but he couldn’t resist that scowl at Kathryn as he walked out. “You and me are washed up for good,” he said.
Virginia O'Brien sings with Crosby's band.

Red Skelton a-talkin' to Margaret O'Brien.

Doc Morgan entertains with advice to Lucille.

“Don’t you like the party?” she went on.
“Party’s fine,” he said glumly.
“Haven’t you heard? I don’t like the Army.”
“I haven’t heard why,” she said quietly.
“Look.” His mouth was so young to hold so much bitterness. “One of the first things I learned when I came in was a private don’t mix with officers, and he don’t mix with their families. And I found out the reason for it. We’re not good enough.”
“I don’t know where you found that out, Eddy,” Kathryn said. “But I do know it’s not true.”
“Don’t give me that song and dance,” Eddy glared. “What are you trying to do? Improve my morale?”

Chuck, the soldier who had brought (Continued on page 65)
Advice to War-Lorn Wives

Laraine Day Who Is One Herself
Gives Out With Some Sensible Advice

What's the use of our men winning the war if they lose their wives? To fight for something and then come back and find that it isn't there any more—that it's gone, disappeared? The greatest danger confronting war brides and girls with boy friends in the service is this: as we make adjustments, solve our problems alone, make our own livings, pay our bills, assume new obligations, and in some instances even carry on the business of our husbands, we women may become too self-reliant. We may cease being feminine. That would be a dreadful thing for our men to return to.

It was Laraine Day, who is a "war-lorn bride" speaking. One of the most beautiful young girls on the screen, Laraine is also one of the most thoughtful. I saw now that she was thinking deeply.

"We are fighting to preserve our democracy," she said, "our American way of life, the foundation of which is our homes. The American home is based on certain traditional relationships between wife and husband. Women are the mothers of the race, in a physical as well as spiritual sense. Even in wartime, the wife must remain true to her destiny—in other words, be feminine. It would be entirely women's fault if in working, striving, sacrificing for and with our men, we inadvertently destroy the very thing we're trying to preserve."

Laraine has something which sets her apart from the majority of Hollywood's professional charmers—a tender, subtle, mother-of-the-race quality. She isn't a flamboyant blonde, though she has the curves and coloring. She isn't one of the town's celebrated "pin-up" girls. But judging by her fan mail, the boys in the studio employees, many of whom nurse violent ambitions to be stars, directors, writers.

"A visit to a camp is a big date. And all the good rules for dates would apply to it. That means don't be too possessive and aggressive. Be on time. Don't make him wait. Don't put on an act. Be yourself. Make him feel important, very important to you. Don't be too possessive and aggressive. Be on time. Don't make him wait."

Laraine has needed a leading man for one of her shows, one who could sing. Friends recommended Ray Hendricks. He not only got the part, but Laraine, too, in the bargain. They married in May, 1942, but until recently war separated them sometimes for months. Ray has now been transferred to Oxnard, California, not so far from Hollywood but that they are able to spend their week-ends together.

"I weighed all these things, as so many girls are doing today. I decided to marry... and am so glad I did. "I've had a lot of happiness, and I refuse to worry. Courage is a virtue for women, too."

Should a girl live alone, or with this or her parents, when her husband is away? Laraine lives in a French Colonial house in Brentwood, a house with four bedrooms and four baths, and there are times when it seems awfully empty to her.

"No matter what a girl's circumstances," she says, "I believe she's better off if she lives alone, sets up her own household, even if she has to do it in a single room. I'm opposed to living with in-laws, definitely. As to living in or near a camp, I think it is a burden on the husband, and creates many new responsibilities for him... unless the wife can really find a place in which to make a home for both of them. That's possible, but I don't think it happens very often.

"To me, the best thing a service wife can do is to visit her husband as often as she can. I would plan those visits in advance, always according to his wishes and free time, and with the idea of pleasing him. They all want me to be their wife," she laughs. "I get such flattering letters from them. And mothers write me, too, saying they'd want their sons to marry a girl like me. Apparently they don't know I'm already married."

Her husband, Ray Hendricks, ex-singer, is in the Army Air Corps Reserve as a civilian aviation instructor. They met originally because Laraine loves to sing. She isn't one of the town's celebrated "pin-up" girls. But judging by her fan mail, the boys in the studio employees, many of whom nurse violent ambitions to be stars, directors, writers.

"I was confronted with the question of the wisdom of wartime marriage," Laraine said. "No matter how much you're in love, you can't help wondering, in times like these, whether it's wise. There's that inner, universally feminine fear that you might end up an old maid if you don't marry. On the other hand, with your husband in service, you have to live without him, or see him rarely. He may be wounded, come back minus a leg or arm... or not come back at all.

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"To me, the best thing a service wife can do is to visit her husband as often as she can. I would plan those visits in advance, always according to his wishes and free time, and with the idea of pleasing him."

"A visit to a camp is a big date. And all the good rules for dates would apply to it. That means don't be too possessive and aggressive. Be on time. Don't make him wait. Don't put on an act. Be yourself. Make him feel important, very important to you. Don't lose your sense of humor. And, above all, be kind. Kindness is just another word for femininity. And, remember, in a camp you may find yourself close to the grim realities of war."

Laraine recalled a visit to her husband in Phoenix, Arizona. "Ray was teaching blind flying to the British..."
B. Laraine lunches with husband, Captain Ray Hendricks, at the Hollywood Brown Derby, during one of his leaves. Note the epaulettes of stars she wears in honor of the occasion.

Cadets at Falcon Field. Just before I got there, two British boys had been accidentally killed. I never came into a place more depressed than that field that day. The English boys all seemed so much younger than our boys. They were so lonely, and so humble, so grateful for the slightest favor. We Americans take so many luxuries for granted. As I talked to them, I was shaking inside. I could tell by their eyes they had seen a lot, that they had really suffered, and they would have to be in battle as soon as they got back to their native land. As I tried to cheer up those nice polite boys in their shabby uniforms, I kept wondering whether they would be alive in six months.

Laraine was silent for a moment; then she said, "Loneliness is an almost universal disease these days. We all need recreation and friends. Even genius, which flourishes in solitude, needs these. We can't live alone; we are social beings. Yet I disapprove a woman having dates with other men while separated from her husband because of the war. A girl can have a lot of fun with a group of married friends. A couple may be generous enough to invite her to dinner, or if worst comes to worst, she can go to a show alone, and learn to like it."

As for dancing and such pleasant and patriotic pastimes in U.S.O. centers, Laraine thinks they are more proper for single girls. The lonely war bride, finding herself alone in the company of so many attractive, healthy, and lonely young men, would be exposed to temptations, human nature being what it is.

But there are many other activities to absorb her energies and keep her busy—an old, time-honored cure for loneliness. "Take Bob Cummings' wife," said Laraine. "She has been taking flying lessons in Nevada and studying navigation to serve with the ferry command and thus replace a man who'd be more useful in actual combat service.

"There certainly is no glamour in giving bed baths and emptying bed pans, but the nurse's aide, nevertheless, has the satisfaction of knowing that she is doing a vital war job, and she can feel pretty heroic about it.

"Not everybody can take that, perhaps, but almost everybody in good health can give a pint of blood to the Red Cross. I just returned from a tour of fifteen cities on behalf of the Red Cross Blood Bank. Frankly, when they brought a portable blood bank on the set of my last picture, 'Mr. Lucky,' I was scared. But giving a pint of blood wasn't half bad. You feel a little weak for a while, that's all. It would be a good idea if they would label the blood containers with the names of their donors. Then a soldier could go around and say, 'You know, I've Cary Grant's blood in me—he saved my life.' Or Clark Gable's, or Charles Boyer's.

"Or if you can't do that, you can always write letters. My tip is write every day, but don't make your letters too long. When you write every day you escape the danger of being dull. By being brief, you can say something new every day.

"I don't agree with the prevalent notion that the letters of a war bride should always be cheerful. Under that ruling, the husband might feel that everything was going so smoothly that she doesn't need him. Let him worry a little. Make him (Continued on page 87)
PARTY by Selznick

Alan Marshall shares a light with his attractive wife. The smile? Perhaps they've shared a joke, too.

David Selznick gave a "housewarming" party recently for the cast of his newest picture, now in production, "Since You Went Away".

Neil Hamilton perches on the staircase to give a few pointers to pretty, young Kim Hunter.

Monte Wooley takes a priority position on greeting Mary Pickford as she arrives at the party.

The young maestro himself, Mr. Selznick, with that nicest couple, Bob Walker and Jennifer Jones.

Mr. Joe Cotten helps the glamorous Miss Ingrid Bergman to the unglamorous (but good) potato salad.

The two newest Selznick discoveries, Gregory Peck and Kim Hunter, beam over their fortune.
Take just as good care of your neck as your face, advises Frances Rafferty, MGM actress. Every night start with two applications of cleansing cream, removed with tissue. And be sure to use the fundamental movement of massage—upward and outward.
The holiday season is bringing its dreamy, child-like air into our beauty parlor.

Even more than ever, in wartime beauty remains in the foreground as an ever-present topic of conversation. This tired world needs every bit of feminine beauty which can be produced.

The immediate effect around Hollywood these days is that every star and starlet is searching around for new and more startling hairstyles . . . but they agree that hair must remain on top of the head, with a "dressed," completely feminine look.

Facial bookings are their heaviest, because what woman doesn't want her complexion to bloom its loveliest at Christmas and the New Year?

All of which is our way of leading up to this month's lecture in the Movieland Beauty Parlor. For, speaking of facials, whenever you've had one, you've probably noticed how much attention your operator pays to your neck, along with your face. There's a reason: beauty isn't supposed to end at the jaw and chin-line, and don't ever forget that true fact that your neck ages before your face!

Bearing this in mind and having, on many an occasion been shocked upon noticing an aged neck under an unlined face, we decided our Christmas beauty present to you should be a practical talk on the subject. So hang on to your cold cream jars, girls, for here we go.

From twenty on, every woman should take the exact same care of her neck as she does of her face.

That's our neck orders in a sentence.

Just for some of you beauty laggards who may still remain unacquainted with the correct procedures of cleansing, we asked Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's pretty Frances Rafferty to illustrate some of the more important points. Incidentally, you'll soon be seeing Frances in "Girl Crazy," starring your two favorites, Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney. But on with the matter of cleansing . . .

In the nightly procedure, the initial step is, of course, two applications of cleansing cream, each of which is removed with tissue.

The method of application is of importance. Starting at the base of your neck, the cream should be applied in an upward, outward, circular motion. This is the elementary movement of massage, remember? Even your use of tissue should be handled in the same way, and it doesn't take a bit more time than slathering your cream on in any old fashion or dabbing haphazardly with tissue.

Now, we come to the important question of soap. What kind are you using? Preferably, it should be a good, mild soap, and super-fatted. Any druggist or beauty counter will be happy to recommend such a soap. You see, along with many famous beauty experts, we, too, believe there can be no thorough cleansing of face or neck without the use of soap and warm water, so lather it well into the cloth and get on with the scrubbing act. Gently does it, however!

It's of special benefit, too, if you do as Frances does and slosh three or four rinsings of cold water onto your head-holder-upper. It helps the circulation, in turn stimulating the skin.

On to your night cream and a five-minute exercise. Think you can spare those minutes? You'll never be sorry in the years to come!

And do you recall that upward, outward, circular motion we were harping on? Use it again; only this time, pat the cream into the skin with the tips of your fingers, as does Frances. Don't, above all, forget to continue the patting process (Continued on page 87)
CHARLOTTE BRONTE'S classic novel reaches the screen as an enormously moving drama of a woman's love. Playing the title role of "Jane Eyre," Joan Fontaine attains new heights to substantiate the Academy Award she won for a far lesser performance. Something of matchless appeal arises from her interpretation of the elfin-faced girl who comes to grim, foreboding Thornfield Hall to accept the position as governess of Edward Rochester's little French ward. Hers is a full rounded character as one utterly unacquainted with happiness until she finds it in love for a man even then married to a mad creature he keeps hidden in a barred tower of his castle.

Just as this superb Jane Eyre steps directly from the pages of Bronte, so, too, is Orson Welles magnificently right physically as Rochester. It happens that the swashbuckling he is permitted frequently offends as downright overacting, for all the magnificence of its manner. His work would be of more value for an ounce of restraint, a word with which Welles is totally unfamiliar. Still the fine calibre of the film which is "Jane Eyre" cannot be spoiled by any such single false note. No woman will ever forget it.

Two splendid juvenile portrayals are contributed by Peggy Ann Garner as the ill-treated Jane as a child, and by Margaret O'Brien, of "Journey for Margaret" fame, in the role of the French ward. Mrs. Fairfax, the housekeeper, is excellent in the hands of Edith Barrett, as are Sara Allgood's Bessie and Agnes Moorehead's Aunt Reed. You will like John Sutton's Dr. Rivers and properly loathe Henry Daniell's evil Brocklehurst.

BY ITS own admission, "Princess O'Rourke" is a Cinderella story. Only everything is backwards, for the boy is Cinderella and the girl a royal princess born to the purple.

In this sparkling modern romantic comedy, Olivia de Havilland plays the Princess Maria, and Robert Cummings a transport airplane pilot named Eddie O'Rourke. They meet through the accident of Maria taking a few too many sleeping tablets. He has no reason to doubt the alias under which she is traveling and readily believes her yarn about being a refugee.

On their dates, they are shadowed by a secret service agent who reports every word to Maria's royal uncle. So it is no surprise to him that Eddie has proposed. Maria is the astonished one when the engagement gains the approval of her family. As for Eddie, he is dumbfounded at the prospect of becoming a Prince Consort. The finale staged in the White House is riotous. It is there that Falla doubles for Cupid.

Olivia and Cummings are in excellent form as the romantic pair, Charles Coburn a joy as her uncle, and Jack Carson and Jane Wyman very able as a young married couple who are O'Rourke's buddies. Outstanding bits are contributed by the supporting cast.

Norman Krasna wrote and directed the exceptionally natural comedy just before departing Hollywood for Army service. It is a tribute to his craftsmanship that "Princess O'Rourke" has remained fresh and undated although the picture was completed more than a year ago. Your attention is particularly called to a satiric accompanying music score by Frederick Hollander. It furthers your enjoyment of the farce.
HERE is not only one of the month’s five best pictures, but probably the very best in which Betty Grable has ever appeared. “Sweet Rosie O’Grady” has a story that matches the vitality of its star and gives her the reliable Robert Young for a leading man to keep her stepping.

The period of the musical is that flamboyant decade known as the “Elegant Eighties,” certainly an era which demanded the Technicolor in which it is photographed. An American stage star, who has scored a terrific hit in London and has become engaged to a Duke, returns to the States. She finds that a reporter on the Police Gazette has been busily running an expose which reveals her beginnings in a Bowery beer hall where she sang under her real name of Rosie O’Grady. Vowing to get even with the reporter, Rosie admits the truth of his charges and thus begins their battle of egos, which is the lament of a wartime lonely gal who says of the men she meets “They’re Either Too Young or Too Old.” Olivia de Havilland, Ida Lupino, and George Tobias team up in a hilarious parody on a hot-luck sister trio. Errol Flynn warbles a Cockney barroom ballad, hiding behind a handle-bar moustache. John Garfield does a tough-guy interpretation of “Blues in the Night,” and Ann Sheridan sings romantic advice to the effect that “Love Isn’t Born, It’s Made.”

All of this should give you a rough idea of what “Thank Your Lucky Stars” is about. There are other surprises such as Alexis Smith dancing an adagio with two male partners, and Jack Carson and Alan Hale offering a corny act as an explanation of what helped kill vaudeville. There also is a story of sorts, a slight yarn about a guy who looked too much like Eddie Cantor to carve a career for himself. Cantor of course need we say—plays both roles.

In its entirety, the picture is not so good as it should have been. Only because of its novelty is it recommended among the month’s best. Dennis Morgan, as an aspiring singer, and Joan Leslie, as an amateur song writer, have parts that are unworthy of them. Nor is full advantage taken of the singing of Dinah Shore. It is S. Z. Sakall who warbles a Cockney barroom ballad, bringing down the house, and we don’t mean perhaps.

Mickey Rooney emcees the climaxing camp show which includes such grand entertainers as Judy Garland, Red Skelton, Ann Sothern, Lucille Ball, Lena Horne, Virginia O’Brien, Frank Morgan, and many other film favorites all in top form. With the troupe come the orchestras of Kay Kyser, Bob Crosby, and Benny Carter, and they are all terrific.

It adds up to swell, hot entertainment which entire families and all ages can equally enjoy. No matter who you are, you can’t miss on this.
Claire Trevor tells this soldier hitchhiking story. Her car broke down on the road while she was trying to make an early studio call at Columbia. She stood helplessly by, until a car slowed down for her. Two soldiers were in it. They were more than glad to drive her to the corner of Gower and Sunset. But no sooner had they driven away, than Claire discovered she had left her make-up kit in the car. She hailed a passing car frantically. There were three sailors in this one. They were happy to chase after the soldiers and retrieve the kit. The five of them wound up having lunch in Columbia's tiny commissary.

HITCH-HIKING IN HOLLYWOOD

Maureen O'Hara is partial to service men, especially Marines, since her husband Will Price is in the Corps. She unwittingly caused a Marine to lose a $10 bet—and she thought she was doing him a favor.

A Marine approached her on the set and told her a heart-rending tale about his buddy who was lonesome for his girl at home. He laid it on thick, and as a result Maureen found herself promising the Marine to take his buddy to a radio broadcast with her.

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Now Maureen is back with her husband at Quantico, Va. and it's the joke of the company, she learns to get rid of her apiary.

Jeanette MacDonald is stubborn gal

She insists upon raising bees and now after her second bitter sting, she still insists. A few months ago, Jeanette was stung on the hand and wound up in the hospital taking sulphur. Last week she was stung on her ankle and this writing is obediently tucked in bed with the bad foot strung up. Jeanette's doctor shakes his head wearily and warns her that she's allergic to bee stings, and to get rid of her apiary.

Jeanette calls her guests and breaks social engagements with a sense of humor. "So sorry I can't come to dinner. I was stung by a son of a bee."

VITAMINS FOR CARRADINE?

The other night at the Brown Derby actress Mary Rowland, who will make her film bow in United Artists' "The Moon, Their Mistress," was kidding John Carradine about his wraith-like figure. "Why don't you take vitamin pills?" she teased.

Carradine threw up his hands in horror. "Vitamins!" he snorted. "I'll have nothing to do with them. I suspect them of being a capitalistic invention designed to get rid of labor—which is me."

(Continued on page 90)
Kathryn in for the soda maneuvered his way between her and Eddy. "Shall I sock him, Miss Jones?" he asked. But Kathryn shook her head. "Never mind, Chuck. Let's go," she said.

The other boys, those who hadn't gone along with Kathryn for it was never possible for any boy to see her home alone, crowded around the still belligerent Eddy.

"How do you like that," the one named Sam said. "An individualist. Woman hater, huh?"

"I don't need her," Eddy said. "I got plans of my own. I'm leavin' this belligerent Eddy.

"Never possible for any boy to see her said."

"Ask me. But Kathryn shook her head. "But his way between her and Eddy."

"Shall I sock him, Miss Jones?" he asked. But Kathryn shook her head. "I think anything to do with that."

"Going to resign from the Army?" one mocked.

"No," Eddy stood his bitter ground. "I'm rigging up a little transfer. Air Corps, soldier, Air Corps. She hasn't got anything to do with that."

"Somethin' musta stunned your thinking," a borale put in. "Her father's the Colonel, ain't he? They talk things over, don't they? It don't do any harm to be nice to the boss's daughter."

"Come on, Jack," Sam said. "It ain't any good tryin' to tell ol' Big Brain Marsh what a chance he's missing."

Eddy hadn't thought of influence before. Well, why not, he decided squaring his shoulders. He'd do anything that would help him get in the Air Corps, anything that would give him a chance to be something on his own instead of just a private like millions of others. What would be the harm in using the girl and her influence? Eddy decided there wouldn't be any at all, but when he reached the house he couldn't quite get up the nerve to go boldly up to the door and ring the bell.

From where he stood he could see the lighted window of the room on the second floor and Kathryn sitting at a desk writing a letter. And acting quickly, so he wouldn't have a chance to change his mind, he climbed up the trellis and sat astride the window sill.

"You think we got a future together?" he promised. "They're star act is about to begin. "They're showing favoritism."

"Of course," she agreed. "It's not in the book but you do whatever you think best. Only," he grinned, "I hope your mother doesn't hear about this. I'm supposed to be taking care of her. If she thought I needed help, she'd come flying out here on the first plane she could get."

Kathryn stared thoughtfully after him. Then she giggled as she tore up the letter she was writing to her mother and began a new one.

"Dear Mom," she wrote, tongue in cheek, "I have fallen in love, madly, desperately in love with a soldier. From now on it's the Army life for me."

There, she thought triumphantly, that should do it. Nothing like strategy to gain your objective, your heart's desire. And she didn't feel the least bit guilty using Eddy either when she met him on Saturday, for he was as arrogant and cocksure of himself as ever, refusing to tell her where they were going.

The gay, brassy music gave her the first clue; then as they turned a corner, she saw the circus grounds and the trolley, and sat astride the window sill. She'd never known the excitement of spangled bodies whirling through the air, of dancing elephants, of laughing girls pirouetting on horseback, and the tantalizing smell of tanbark.

"It's wonderful, Eddy," she smiled. "Only I thought you were going to take me." "This is my home," he said. "Sure," Kathryn grinned mockingly, looking at the audience. "And these are all relatives, huh?"

"No," Eddy said. His eyes were glued to the middle ring, where the star act was about to begin. "They're up there." Then, as Kathryn's eyes followed his to the top of the trapeze, "The one swinging up there is Papa."
Kathryn thought it was one of Eddy’s jokes.

“And who is the one hanging upside down?” She grinned.

“Uncle Algy,” he said. “And the two girls are my sisters, Marie and Ellen, and there, down below, that’s Mother.” Then as Kathryn’s eyes went towards the middle aged woman who caught the shimmering cloaks the girls threw down to her, posturing as if she’d just performed a difficult trick, Eddy grinned proudly. “How do you like them?”

Kathryn was convinced now.

“They’re the most wonderful acrobats I’ve ever hoped to see,” she said. “Acrobats!” Eddy repeated scornfully. “They’re the ‘flying Corbinos. Aerialists!”

“Oh, there’s a difference, huh?”

“Sure,” he said loftily. “There’s even a difference among Aerialists. There’s flying acts like this one, and there’s the double trapeze, swing ladder, iron jaw, that’s the kind where the girls hang on with their teeth, then there’s one arm and high wire. My folks did the high wire.

“You said they were your folks,” Kathryn said gesturing towards the trapeze.

“My real folks were killed when I was four,” Eddy said. Then at Kathryn’s sympathetic exclamation, “Don’t feel bad about it. I never had ‘em, never missed ‘em. The Corbinos have always been swell to me, raised me and trained me.”

“Can you do those things?” Kathryn asked completely awed.

Eddy flung her an indignant glance. “Can I do them!” he demanded scornfully. “I was the star of the team. The act used to be known as Eddy Marsh and the Flying Corbinos. You should have seen them when I was with ‘em.” He took her hand and pulled her to her feet. “Come on. We can beat ‘em back. Hurry it up!”

At first glance it would have taken an awful lot of imagination to think of the Corbinos’ trailer as a home, with its practice bars and rigging, its dressing tables littered with jars and tubes of greasepaint, its most conspicuous furniture, the five wardrobe trunks cluttering up the floor. But when the Corbinos came in, bringing that gay warmth with ‘em, it was a home all right. It felt good just being there.

“Eddy! Eddy!” They were all talking at once; they were all laughing at once. “Oh, Eddy, you look good. How do you treat you, Eddy.”

“Wait a minute.” Eddy laughed as they crowded around him. “This is Miss Jones. Kathryn Jones.” And then as Mama Corbino began pulling out chairs, he shook off all the “Ah, can’t stay, Mama, we have to go back to camp.”

“Ah, camp!” Papa Corbino shrugged.

“They’ll wait for you.” Papa Corbino, please. Mama broke in, “Eddy is a very important man in the Army. If he has to get back, he has to get back.”

Even Eddy had the grace to blush at this as he glanced at Kathryn. “I’m not as important as all that, Mama,” he said.

“Modest, Eddy?” Marie giggled. “You never used to be. She turned to Kathryn. “He used to tell people he was the best flyer on the high trapeze, and he was!”

“You should have seen our Eddy.” Mama Corbino’s pride was spilling out of her shining eyes. “You should have seen him do a triple somersault!”

“Ah, Eddy, come back with us.” Papa’s voice was warm with remembering. “We need you more than the Army.”

“First let him win the war,” Mama said practically. “He can come back to us later.” Then with gay illogic: “Sure for supper, Eddy. No back talk now. In ten minutes we are ready; then we all have supper together.”

“Well—Eddy hesitated, and Kathryn turned to him eagerly.

“Let’s,” she said. “I’d love it.”

Kathryn was enthralled with everything, the bountiful supper prepared so effortlessly with everyone helping, the camaraderie that held them all together in that close affection. And it was wonderful when Eddy asked them whether they would do their act for the gala show she was planning and they all said yes at once. Then afterwards, that was wonderful, too, walking over the deserted circus ground, going into the big tent and looking on as Eddy climbed up on the trapeze and he performed just for her.

“You were a pretty important fellow, weren’t you?” she said as he climbed down beside her again. “Is that why you don’t like the Army?”

“Well— there was the old belligerence again—‘do you think they’ve been fair to me?’ ”

“I’m just asking,” she said.

“You think I got to the top over—
attention to something he'd never as
father about getting you a transfer to
traps. I got a talent! Some people
to fly a plane as it does to work on the
people—"

fully. "Maybe I ought to talk to my
into the surprised, ingenuous ex¬
"You're the star. I'm actually singing."

were in show business, yourself,
oughta do. Only natural, I guess, for
looked impressed. "You're the star.

"Oh, sure," Eddy dismissingly. "The
hundred piece bands that plays classical.
they or you?"

"Uh-hm." Kathryn nodded. "I used
to sing for Iturbi. You know, the symphony conductor."

"Oh, I see." For the first time he
theircrowd¬
ing around them their voices raised in

"No, that's not the way it goes at
them all," she said. "Sometimes they play
sort, sometimes loud. We reinforce
each other."

"Do you really think so?"

And then as if he were giving serious
attention to something he'd never as
much as thought of before, "Maybe
oughta do. Only natural, I guess, for
understand about all this. You
were in show business, yourself,
weren't you?"

"Well, no," Kathryn said. "Not when
I'm actually singing."

"Kathryn," he said, abruptly stop¬
ing the car. "It wasn't your idea
talking to your father about a trans¬
fer. It was mine. That's why I took
you out. That's why I looked at him in
that quick, hurt way, he hurried on,
"But I don't want you to think I
kissed you because—"

Then at last they were alone again
in the small car Eddy had borrowed,
but he found he couldn't meet her
eyes. He had to put himself straight
with her. That's what happened
when a man fell in love, he had to put
girl straight about everything.

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"But I don't want you to think I
kissed you because—"

It was going to be awful leaving
Kathryn. Her eyes were shining
when she met him outside the bar¬
racks thrusting a telegram in his
hand, a telegram from Iturbi saying
when he would get his transfer. And then
when it came, Eddy suddenly realized
what it would mean, that transfer. It
would mean saying goodbye to Kath¬
ry. And with

"You're the star. I'm actually singing."

"Oh, I see." For the first time he
looked impressed. "You're the star.
When you sing, they all play soft,
"No, that's not the way it goes at
all," she said. "Sometimes they play
play in Kathryn's show. That meant Kathryn would be singing and he wouldn't be there to hear her.

"You know som'n?" he asked with all his old nonchalance. "I'm tearing up my transfer to the Air Force. It came today, and I'm tearing it up."

"But you wanted it so badly," she protested.

"I dunno. I'd rather be with you."

"I'd rather be with you, too." She smiled. And then suddenly Eddy's arms were around her.

Kathryn, do you want to get married?" he said. "When I get back."

"I—" She looked at him breathlessly. Then she smiled. "It's a date," she said.

"Do you think I will get back?" he asked.

"I'm sure of it," she whispered.

"So am I," he nodded. "So is everyone else in the Army.

"You—you'd better go," she said, and it was so silly that with her heart so full of the things she wanted to say to him she could only think of those drab, commonplace words. "You—you know you're on fatigue detail."

"I know," he grinned. "I better go fast." But he didn't make any move to go. He just stood there staring at her. "I love you," he said.

"I love you, too," she said.

She didn't know people really cried when they were happy. She'd always thought that was something poeets had made up. But it was true. As she ran back to the house her eyes were misty with tears so that at first she didn't see her mother sitting there on the sofa in the living room until she heard her voice. And then as she looked up Kathryn saw her father standing at the window, his eyes looking at her in that sombre and very intent way.

"Mom." Kathryn found her voice at last. "Oh, Mom, it's good to see you. When did you get here?"

"About an hour ago," Hyllary said.

"I got your letter and suspected you would come today, and I'm tearing it up."

Kathryn felt as if her heart was riding around on a merry-go-round. She had forgotten all about her strategy, that letter she had sent, in all the excitement of falling in love.

"Your mother wants to take you home," the Colonel said coldly. Then as Kathryn gave that small, protesting cry, Hyllary frowned.

"That's not the way I would have phrased it, Bill," she said sharply.

"You—you'd better go," she said, her husband's smouldering eyes—"well, he seems rather sympathetic to the boy. Though from what he's told me about him, it's hard to see why."

Kathryn looked up defiantly. "Don't you think you'd better meet him, before you judge him?" she asked.

"No," Hyllary said with quiet finality. "Listen Kitty Kat."

"You're wonderful. He's wonderful or you wouldn't want him. But right now he's in the Army. What kind of life can he give you? His life doesn't even belong to him."

She turned abruptly to her husband. "Did you tell her about the Army wives and the gossip and the politics and the sitting around? Did you tell her about having a baby with her husband five thousand miles away?"

"The same old song," the Colonel said bitterly. "The same tune and the same words."

"Kathryn, darling," Hyllary went on as if he hadn't spoken at all. "It's no good. Even if you love him enough not to care where you live, or how you live, it's no good. In fact, her eyes were carefully turned away from the man who had been her husband, "the more you love him the worse it is. The more you love him the more terrified you become that something might happen to him. That's what polite people never mention. That's what you and the boy never talk about."

"We did tonight," Kathryn said.

"Not really," Hyllary said. "Casually perhaps or sentimentally. But it's something you haven't faced. It's something that comes later. You'll try to push it out of your mind, but it won't stay there. If you're in love, it will be part of you. It'll be with you night and day. And that's why you're coming home with me now, tomorrow morning. We're going to find out for ourselves."

"No," Kathryn said. "I won't go. You can't make me go. We're having a show Sunday. Movie stars from Hollywood. Iturbi's coming. Eddy asked his folks to set up their trapeze and do their act. All for my show. I don't care what you say. I love him and I'm going to stay with him. Just because you left my father is no reason for me to leave Eddy."

"Kathryn," the Colonel said quietly. "I think you'd better let me talk to your mother alone. Do you mind?"

He walked over to Hyllary as Kathryn ran from the room. "Would it change your mind if I told you that after eighteen, isn't she?"

"That's what the man who had been her husband, Eddy when he was in one of his rages."

"It's no good. In fact, it's something you haven't faced. It's something you never mention. That's what polite people never mention. That's what you and the boy never talk about."

"We've decided to let her stay till after the show," Hyllary said. But her words didn't mollify Eddy at all.

"What gives you the right to decide? You're eighteen, isn't she?" He ignored the frantic appeal in Kathryn's eyes as she came into the room. "We're in love. Hasn't she told you?"

"Please, Eddy," Kathryn pleaded. But even Kathryn couldn't reach Eddy when he was in one of his rages.

"You want me to be polite, don't you?" His fury included even her now. "You think she's being polite. She tells you the guy you picked isn't good enough. I'm Eddy Marsh," he said proudly. "I'm no beat up private in the ranks! I'm the guy who—"

"Marsh!" The Colonel called warningly. "Aren't you supposed to be on fatigue tonight?"

"Yes," Two flaming spots on Eddy's cheekbones showed how hard it was for him to be reprimanded. "It wasn't important. Just mopping up the place."
Army had found it needed him and then take him out when it was time to transfer him. Being locked up like a criminal was much younger and bigger than ever. He got a new lease on life and was no longer a sucker anymore, not even for Corbinos. They were setting up their traps. He'd been a sucker going so soft beforehand. As if he were a kid. Being militarily reprimanded like that, as if he were a criminal, not even for a regulation. He'd been a sucker going so soft before he was ever disciplined. "Report to your barracks and have your kit on," the Colonel said quietly. "And besides he liked Eddy and knew Eddy do this thing? He is a big man."

The Corbinos were antagonistic at first when they realized the Colonel was there, and then when Eddy was in jail. Then as he explained why he had to discipline the boy, Uncle Algy shook his head. "Leaving a punk is very bad," he said. "Let's just say he has forgotten it," the Colonel said quietly. "It's a bad thing." There's one thing Eddy doesn't know and that is what the Colonel said quietly. "A thing we must have in the Army. From the very top."

"But our act is all team work," Marie looked at him in amazement. "Eddy must have thought that after he was Eddy."

"Let's just say he has forgotten it," the Colonel smiled. "Now if you could refresh his memory."— He didn't finish the sentence, he didn't have to with the others smiling like that.

Eddy wasn't turning any hand springs when they let him out of the guardhouse to do his act. The Army had found out it needed him after all, had it, he thought bitterly. Shut your ears, he thought, don't listen to him, don't want him and then take him out when it did. Oh, he was wise to their tricks all right, he thought as he mounted the ladder to the highest wire and the old eyes,Tierney's, in his eyes, the bitterness twisting his mouth as he stood looking down on the audience below.

At first Kathryn's heart had lifted right up to her eyes when she saw him running up the ladder, and then when she saw his face, all the elation was gone. Eddy saw the happiness draining out of her eyes as she looked up at him, but he told himself he didn't care. She was a part of all those things he hated, of the Army, of discipline, of being regimented. For a few minutes more he said to himself, Eddy Marsh who didn't need anybody but himself.

He posed for a moment on the platform, adjusting his wrist bandage. Then with an alley oop he was swinging to the right and left of the guard's waiting hands. Then his heart skipped a beat. He had almost missed his grasp. "Gee," he muttered. "I'm rustier than I thought.

"It's not you," Uncle Algy said. "It's me. I wasn't sure I wanted to catch you." Then Eddy link quick, that quick, are-you-kidding glance, he went on, "Aren't you glad I'm at my post when you need me, Eddy?"

It was the same with all the others. Every time one of them came to him they reminded him of how much they needed them. Eddy couldn't get it at first. Not until Algy spoke with that edge to his voice. "Aren't you glad everyone doesn't desert his duty, Eddy?" Then as Eddy didn't answer, "Are you mad?"

Eddy understood things now that they had been translated to his language. He knew what quitter he'd been. "Yes." He ground out the word between his set teeth. "At myself. I could've talked it out at the meeting when Eddy pleaded his own case."

"I'm guilty and I know it and I'm ashamed of it," he said. "Anything you decide to do with me, I can't kick. But I could be kicked if I've learned my lesson and not in a guard house either. Not that I got any complaint against the guardhouse," he added quickly. "I'd just rather not go back there. My regiment?

"I don't want to go with them; I want a chance to be the most important man in the world, a private in the Army of the United States."

Eddy couldn't hold back her tears when her father told her about it afterwards and that Eddy had been released. She had to see him right away and tell him how proud she was of them and how she had taken it. But when she got to the barracks she saw they were deserted and that the army trunk at the end of each cot was gone and the mattress was up.

She knew that that meant. She whirled around as she heard the sound of marching feet outside, as she saw those long khaki columns marching towards the railroad siding. She ran alongside the men, until she found Eddy and then she marched beside him, keeping step with him. "Kathryn," he whispered, his voice shaky with the relief sweeping through him. "I wouldn't see you. There's so much to say—"

"Don't say anything, Eddy," she smiled. "Just say you'll come back."

"Got to." Eddy grinned. "There'll be a girl waiting."

"I'm glad it's time," her father said. "Yes," Haylora said and her voice wasn't resentful any more. It sounded wasteful and almost a laugh. "This is familiar territory, Bill. Our life seems to be made up of farewell scenes."

"But there was something missing in the other ones," he said. "Something like this." He took her in his arms, and as he kissed her Kathryn knew that it wouldn't be too lonely, waiting, not with her mother waiting, too, not with all of them a family again.

The END
WHAT THEY ARE THANKFUL FOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

Irene Manning's husband, Het Manheim, couldn't have a home furlough, but he was stationed with the signal corps in New York City for four whole months, coinciding with Irene's vacation from the screen.

"I'm thankful for that," Irene says. "We took a small apartment in New York, and I kept house. He came home every night, and we were like bride and groom. Because our time was so short—we never knew how long we'd have—we were more considerate of each other. We took time to do things we'd always talked of doing. We didn't waste hours as we usually do on people who don't matter or things we hate doing. It was four months of heaven, more than thousands of people ever get out of a lifetime!"

Gracie McDonald, singing star, confides that until she went out on any show more than a year ago she knew nothing of Hollywood. Now, she's fast friends with practically everyone in the industry.

You start out at nine a.m. with a girl who may be first time and that night you share a tent with her. In twelve hours she has become your bosom friend, and the friendship lasts! I've never had so much fun in my life, I've had since I began to do these shows. The men in the service are the finest in the world and I'm proud to meet them.

To Basil Rathbone the fact that he is in this country during this war is grounds for extreme thanksgiving.

"I feel that Great Britain is my mother and America is my wife," he explained. "I could not love one more than the other, for they are different loves. In the other war, I fought for four years as a soldier of Great Britain. They will not take me as a soldier in this war, so if I were in England now I should be doing war work there. I do it here now and I am thankful for it, the scope of my work is far wider than it could be over there, the results are greater."

"I'm thankful I happened to say hello to Steve Trilling, Warners' New York casting director," confesses Robert Alda. "I met him earlier and might easily have missed him when he passed on Broadway one day. Just in time I remembered and gave him the high sign. If he hadn't looked at me that day, he wouldn't have sent me to the coast. And I'm thankful I arrived when they were looking for someone to play George Gershwin. They selected me."

“We have our first real home, my wife, my son, and I. The boy is seven, and this is the first time since he was born that someone wasn't shunting him. Remember the reactions up-stairs! 'The people below won't like that!' ‘No, no, kid—too much noise!' Now he can live as a normal boy in California is the place to raise a child."

Danny Kaye and his wife have achieved their special pet ambition this year—he is singing the songs she composed for him in the first picture "Up In Arms!" Mrs. Kaye is a professional pianist, and is, he says, the only person who could write his songs.

"The thing that gives me the big kick," Danny asserts, "is that now I'm able to watch myself act and listen to myself sing for the first time!"

THE END
an omelette."

During the weeks that followed Katina and I saw much of each other. Katina's friends for the most part were diplomats connected with the Greek Embassy and had little time to spare. But we were both in the same predicament. We were both foreigners, trying desperately to secure passage to the United States. As a neutral American I was of no use to spare. But we were both in the Greek Embassy and had little time to grant passage to the United States.

Katina and I saw much of each other. Katina's friends for the most part those Huns! Ah, if only I could get declared war on valiant little Greece. More we tried, the less success we had in securing passage.

Just at this time the Germans declared war on valiant little Greece. "The devil!" Katina swore. "We would have thrown that army of Italian tenors into the sea if it wasn't for those Huns! Ah, if only I could get to Greece and fight, too."

"Have you much family there?" I asked.

"Everybody," she said. "My mother, my child, my husband, my sisters, and brothers—everybody and everything that belongs to me in Athens." She impatiently snatched a cigarette. "They are fighting for their very existence, and here I am hiding in a shelter," she continued with disgust.

The next afternoon, after a fruitless morning spent at numerous shipping agencies, Katina saw me in the lobby and rushed to me. "I have signed on."

"And what is more, I spoke for you, finally had success!" she exclaimed. "Signed on?"

"Sure. You don't think you can save all that until you are safely over seas?"

"Yes, I know," Katina answered, "but an officer just told me to remain here quietly, and that if there is any immediate danger, he would come for me."

"We've been torpedoed," I cried.

"Yes, I know," Katina answered, "but an officer just told me to remain here quietly, and that if there is any immediate danger, he would come for me."

To the horror I discovered I was to stay and protect Scotland and tomorrow night for one of the Americas."

"Which one of the Americas?" I asked. "There are several."

"Katina scratched her brow. "I was so happy I didn't think to ask. Anyways, what does it matter? Here is the address," she said, giving me a card in her illegible handwriting.

"Huron, New York—because we leave for Glasgow tonight."

The following night Katina and I boarded the whaler that was to take us to Curacao in the Dutch West Indies from whence we would try to find some means of transportation to New York.

Katina and I boarded the whaler that was to take us to Curacao in the Dutch West Indies from whence we would try to find some means of transportation to New York. We were soon to learn to the contrary. The fifth night out Katina and I said goodnight as usual and went to our respective cabins. After undressing I found I couldn't sleep. Thinking a change would help, I climbed to the upper berth. I distinctly remember looking at my watch. It was five o'clock in the morning. The steady hum of the engines lulled me into a half slumber before the first torpedo struck us.

The force of the explosion threw me onto the floor. I dashed down the passageway toward Katina's cabin, and flung open the door, thinking I would find her prostrate on the floor. The sight of her sitting calmly on the sofa smoking a cigarette was even more startling.

"We've been torpedoed," I cried.

"Yes, I know," Katina answered, "but an officer just told me to remain here quietly, and that if there is any immediate danger, he would come for me."

While she spoke I noticed that the curtains on the window behind her hung almost horizontally because of the list the ship had developed."

"Here," Katina said handing me her tweed sport coat, "you're indecent!"

To my horror I discovered I was to stay and protect Scotland and tomorrow night for one of the Americas."

Katina and I rushed to the boat station assigned us the first day out, only to discover that it had been blown to bits. "This way!" another voice called in the dark and I felt a strong arm grab me while Katina and I slid toward the edge. In the semi-obsccurity I saw the dark form of a lifeboat swinging from the ship some ten feet below. Further along, another boat had just been lowered and was swept away by the swell only to be carried back by a gigantic wave and smashed against the steel hull of the ship amidst the screams of its doomed occupants."

"Jump!" the first officer ordered, and a hand pushed us toward the edge. I saw Katina's white-clad form landed on the bottom of the lifeboat."

Neither of us moved after we landed on the bottom of the lifeboat. It was bouncing dangerously over the angry white-capped sea and fearfully we waited to be carried back, like the other boat, and be likewise smashed to splinters. But after agonizing sec-
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' hundreds of yards from the rapidly
( sinking ship. There we were, twelve
shivering forms huddled in a tiny
bark, floating aimlessly in the North
Atlantic, and we feared that none of
{ us might survive.
It was only then that I realized that
| it was the month of March and that I
i was clothed uniquely in Katina’s
j tweed coat. Katina was no better off
| —over her nightdress she was wear¬
ing my camel hair coat which I had
left in her cabin the previous after¬
noon. To this day I shudder to think
of ail her beautiful furs lying at the
bottom of the ocean.
I remember
mentioning this to her when we were
rescued by a British destroyer some
eighteen hours later. She pointed to
a small valise which had never left
her side. “The coats are nothing,” she
said, “as long as 1 have this.”
“Oh, your jewels,” I remarked.
“Jewels?”
Katina laughed and
opened the valise. To my astonish¬
ment the small bag contained nothing
but press clippings. “These are my
jewels,” she said. “In America where
I am unknown, these will be worth
more than emeralds to me.”
When we boarded the destroyer, we
were more dead than alive. Every¬
one was suffering from the intense
cold, but after a generous portion of
rum and a hearty breakfast we began
to feel at least a little human. Katina
was the only woman aboard, and the
Commander generously offered her
his quarters.
“I wouldn’t dream of putting you to
such inconvenience,” Katina protested.
“It isn’t an inconvenience,” the
Commander assured her.
“In any
event, while we are in these danger¬
ous waters I always bunk on the
I bridge.”
One of the officers told me I could
have the upper in his cabin, and, after
a warm shower and shave, I put on
the dungarees which he had given
me and went in search of Katina. I
found her dreksed like myself in dun¬
garees, calmly sitting in the cabin,
smoking as usual. There was no ash
tray, and her eyes fell upon the depth
charge which protruded from under
the bed table. “What a strange room
mate,” Katina remarked as she
crushed her cigarette on the depth
charge. “The Commander must have
a weird sense of humor to keep this
dummy in his cabin.”
Just then a siren went off, and hell
broke loose as the ship’s guns took
up the challenge.
We could hear
bombs dropping all around us as we
sat helpless in our iron cage.
We
chain-smoked in silence for the bet¬
ter part of half an hour when the
shattering din ceased as suddenly as
it had begun. Perfectly timed with
the order to cease firing, an officer re¬
appeared at the door. Saluting Ka¬
tina, he informed her with the Com¬
mander’s compliments that the raid
was over. Katina and I unbelievingly
looked at each other.
“The English,” she said, “even at
a time like this, they can still remem¬
ber their manners.”
Other than this, they told us noth¬
ing.
At lunch the alarm went off
once more. We sneaked up on deck
this time and watched the battle.
Three planes were attacking us, but
after a few near misses, were driven
off. Relieved, we started on a tour of
inspection. To our horror we discov¬
ered that there was not one lifeboat
l aboard.
We quickly informed the

officer with us about this stupid over¬
sight.
‘What use would they be?” he
smiled. “If a torpedo or a bomb hits
us, we won’t need any lifeboats. You
see,” he added, “the hull of this ship
is loaded like an arsenal.”
Later that day a submarine was
sighted and, fascinatedly, we watched
the depth charges flying into the sky;
then, as an appetizer, we had another
little air raid before dinner.
It was after this meal that Katina
became the mascot of the ship. There
wras a small piano in the lounge, and
when they heard that she could play,
the chief gunner and ship baritone
handed her the music of the “Lam¬
beth Walk.” We had quite a concert,
and then after a game of darts it
was time for bed.
Every day was much the same dur¬
ing our stay aboard the destroyer—air
raids, submarine attacks, concerts and
darts, and the added attraction of
Katina cooking dinner the last days
out. When a week later the destroyer
docked in the tiny Scottish port of
Gourock, we.almost regretted to leave.
The crew was on deck to see us off
as Katina limped to the gangplank.
“What has happened?” the Com¬
mander asked with concern.
“Oh, it’s that dud you keep in your
cabin,” Katina said. “I was always
bumping into it.”
“A dud?” he snorted. “The ship’s
papers and code books are in my
cabin, and that dud as you call it is
very much alive. In fact, it is the
only one on board that is constantly
timed to explode!’

WHEN
we reached London, Katina
and I started out to replenish our
wardrobes. I was gone all afternoon
at a tailor’s, but when I got back to
the hotel, the clerk told me that
Katina wanted to see me the moment
I got in. I found her beside herself
with agitation. “Please,” she informed
me, “call all your girl friends and see
if you can get me something to wear.
I’ve just been summoned to Buck¬
ingham Palace.”
I appreciated her predicament and
started out at once to assemble an
outfit.
A dear friend of mine and
fan of Katina’s came to the rescue.
The dress she brought was very
smart, but as she was on the stout
side we had to pull the dress tightly
in front and sew- it up the back. It’s
hopeless, I thought, when I stood back
and surveyed the thick tuck down
Katina’s spine.
However, I should
have known better than to think a
little thing like a tuck would floor
Katina.
My friend saw her eyeing
the mink coat she was wearing and
understood instantly.
“I needn’t take it off,” Katina
beamed as she looked at herself in
the becoming fur. “Now, if I don’t
rip it down the back when I curtsy,
all’s well.”
Katina was gone all afternoon and it
was after six when she burst into
the room. “We’re leaving for Lisbon
at the end of the week!” she ex¬
claimed.
It took ten minutes before I could
calm her down sufficiently to force an
explanation from her. “The Duchess
of Kent,” she began, “wanted to hear
all the details of my miraculous es¬
cape, but when I finished by telling
her that I was trying to get another
job as stewardess in order to reach
America, she wouldn’t hear of it. I
told her about you, too, and now- we
have tw-o tickets for the Clipper.”


WE dined with friends the last night of our stay in London, and in our joy to be off the first thing in the morning we were oblivious of the land mine exploding under us. Suddenly a friend, a land mine exploded on the embankment in front of the hotel, but since we were dining in the Grill we were only jostled by the explosion. We resumed our dinner and it was only when we said good night and started for our rooms that we were told they no longer existed. We spent our last night in the lobby. The next morning we stopped at a modest hotel so that for the station.

As we had to wait for the Clipper, Katina still hadn’t come to fetch us. Katina was busy spending her winnings, and when she boarded the Clipper she had a large valise containing exactly thirty-eight cents in her pocket. As we had to wait for the Clipper. Katina answered and called the woman’s bank. The latter placed an eight on the table and a somewhat pale Katina glanced at her cards. "Nine" she shouted triumphantly and then glared at the woman. The latter searched nervously in her bag, but finding it empty, rose from the table.

For the remainder of our stay, Katina was busy spending her winnings, and when she boarded the Clipper she had a large valise full of new clothes. Thirty-six hours later, a happy and determined Katina arrived at La Guardia field in New York City with exactly thirty-eight cents in her pocket.

Morris Gest, the producer, was waiting for her as she stepped from the plane, and in the cab on the way to the hotel he described at length his plans for producing "Electra." I left for Cornell to finish my Ph.D., and when I reached Hollywood, I read of the sudden death of Morris Gest. This brought to an end Katina’s hopes of making her American debut in her favorite role.

The future was gray for Katina. She had no money and very few friends who were in a position to help her. What a pity, I thought, that such a great actress should have to seek some obscure employment in order to live. But again I was forgetting Katina’s tenacity. There are people who can meet failure face to face and still refuse to see it—people who know their own value and regardless of the setbacks they encounter, redouble their efforts and push themselves ever increasing energy toward their goal. Katina is one of these people.

(To be continued)

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Now you can learn to dance in the privacy of your own home with the help of these 3 books! All the newest Swing steps—the Rhumba, Conga, Samba, Jitterbug, as well as the Fox Trot, Waltz and basic tap steps are explained with simple, graphic diagrams in "Dancing"—and the two books we include FREE with each order.

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New Revised Edition of Dancing
includes RHUMBA, CONGA, SAMBA, JITTERBUG...

Be Popular—Learn the newest DANCES in 5 days or NO COST!
their first pairing in the news struck sparks of interest, and we might say protest.

MovieLand told you several months ago about the first coupling of their names. This was an item in Sidney Skolsky's column in which Orson said he wanted to meet Rita. One night at Lucey's, a small restaurant across from Paramount, he did meet her. They dined and they talked. They were not seen together again, until that time. Yet it was a long time before people began taking their dating seriously.

For absolutely nobody had thought of these particular two people "getting around to each other" as the Hollywood saying goes, and so it just didn't seem right. (As a matter of truth, there are probably no individuals we know who are right for each other—a point we hope to make clear later in the story.)

Second, there was the fact that the newspapers naturally followed Rita's announcement of her intention to wed Victor Mature, a romance which in itself had been as fraught with shoals as the unquiet seas Victor left behind him on the U.S. Coast Guards. Orson, who makes headlines like other people make conversation, was not too far removed from a long and sometimes stormy romance with Dolores del Rio. However, in the past his public expression of a yen to become better acquainted with Hedy Lamarr, and had otherwise acquired himself a reputation as a collector of pretty things to wear on his arm.

There was every reason to believe that nothing permanent could develop from this casual first-dating—which made it a sure bet that something very different in one bit came of the patibility this love had to build on, it was the happy faculty possessed by both Orson and Rita for following the limiting factors of resistance. Columnists shoved their typewriters into second gear to be ready for the take-off.

Followed, in quick succession, (1) an announcement by Orson that his object was not love, but marriage, accompanied by a protest from Columbia Studios against the star of their current extravaganza, "Cover Girl," taking time off from her beauty sleep to be sawed in half each night at Orson's stage show, and (2) a mid-ocean phone call from Mature, challenging Rita to break off either her engagement to him, or her appearances (private and professional) with Welles.

Although, in the case of Victor, there is naturally much sympathy, it is a fact that both he and Columbia Studios are feeling the pinch, and a protest from Columbia Studios against the star of their current extravaganza, "Cover Girl," taking time off from her beauty sleep to be sawed in half each night at Orson's stage show, and (2) a mid-ocean phone call from Mature, challenging Rita to break off either her engagement to him, or her appearances (private and professional) with Welles.

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fellow, had no idea who the prospective bride and groom might be. A friend of his, attorney Lloyd Wright, had phoned and asked him to stand by to perform a marriage. Lawyer Wright has many clients among movie folk. The publicists were convinced they had guessed correctly.

"I hope you are not disappointed," said the Judge in some confusion as the determined press stampeded him into a corner of his private office and took over his reception room and telephones. For avid movie fans, it is recorded that some time later the jurist called a publicist to one side and diffidently asked, "Would you mind telling me a little about these people you are expecting? I don't read the columns much—just who are they, this Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles?"

Closing hour for the twelfth floor license bureau was set at four-thirty. At four-twenty, there was no one at the license counter except an unknown soldier and his trembling bride. With eight minutes to go—with photographers covering the front entrance, the elevators and two floors of the Bay City building, word finally passed along the grapevine that the wedding party was on its way up.

The party consisted of the two principals, actor Joe Cotten who expected to act as best man, Dr. and Mrs. Bernstein, guardian and foster parents of Welles, and Jackson Leightner, Orson's business manager. Rita wore a suit and large hat of a shade called "burnt toast" although almost a perfect match for her lovely, flaming hair, which is of a shade called titian. It was an ensemble she had had in her wardrobe for some time—she wore no flowers, because in the excitement, no one had remembered a wedding corsage. Orson was clad in a familiar pin-stripe suit, black bow-tie, a shirt of the pink known as "Shocking," and a heavy bead of perspiration on his brow. It may be noted, too, that since no important event of his life has found the ruggedly individual Mr. Welles ready and waiting with a hair-cut, his leonine mane was worn as usual, covering his neck almost to his collar.

The one festively-clad personage was Mr. Cotten, sporting a dapper gray suit with boutonniere and pearl gray gloves. Cotten, currently filming "Gaslight" with Ingrid Bergman at Metro, was obviously pleased with himself. "Don't tell me I wasn't smart to take the afternoon off," said he. "I had a hunch something was cooking."

Cotten's appearance was paid appropriate tribute later, when Orson got around to it.

"Somehow or other, this is going to wind up with you and Rita walking to the home folks! Act now!"

MINER'S FOUNDATION CREAM with LANOLIN

FREE a portrait-quality, 5x7 inch enlargement of any picture or negative! Just send us your most cherished snapshot or photo (either the actual picture or the negative) and you will receive FREE a beautiful PROFESSIONAL Hollywood Studio Enlargement! Send a picture to that boy in service—send a picture to the home folks! Act now!...

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, 7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. 974, Hollywood, Calif.
the head with rubber hoses—"

In a strictly clinical tone, the lady license clerk made observation that for a couple with a previous marriage apiece of the size of any nervous couple she had ever seen. Her remark was given substantiation a second later when Orson snatched a wad of "dads" application blank, and tore for the elevator. It took some persuasion to convince him the application was not a certificate, and that he was not yet ready to be married.

In the judge's chambers, the wed¬
ing of the young man who is gen¬
erally acknowledged to be the most astounding showman of his decade, also marked the beginning of the legend of Borgias. Orson had undoubtedly scheduled to be performed in some privacy, the ceremony took place in a small office crowded to the doors with press and publicists, with photographers standing on chairs actually hanging from the chandelier.

There was a lot of laughing and shoving and shutter-clicking, and someone had just made a remark about "when do we do a dissolve into the Judge's office?" and Orson had just replied, "Right after the part where Eugene Pallette enters in the side door, rate fan." Suddenly, there was the Judge standing across a desk from a couple of the most famous people in the world, and asking them a question that had nothing to do with show business or bal¬ly-hoo or glamour.

"Here in this company," intoned a solemn voice, "is it your desire to be¬come, New York 16, N. Y.
LTD. DEPT. 212

BES-TONE LTD., Dept. 212, 221 6th Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.
Send BES-TONE in plain wrapper with simple direction and FREE booklet. I'll pay postage.

Shade wanted ........................................(Enclose Hair Sample)

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Enclose $1.00. Her postcard and tax. Name guarantee. CAUTION: Fill only as directed on label.

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GO TO BUSINESS?

Yes, if you start saving now in War Bonds! To insure Victory and the continuance of education unshackled by tyrants, remember that you get back $4 for every $3 you invest—and that in the meantime your money will be safe.

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STOP WASTING HER

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saves money.

Stop wasting her

moment when Orson's fumbling fingers couldn't seem to tear the new wedding ring from its tissue paper wrappings, and that very human moment when Rita's slender shoulder shook so the Judge found it necessary to ask the man she was marrying to hold both of her slim hands within his own to ease her trembling.

The pictures weren't taken simply because not one of the rightfully labeled "hard boiled" photos present could do a job that a couple of press corps could do. Not a flash-bulb exploded, either, during that long breathless silence when Rita and Orson stood clasped in their first kiss. This was a moment which had nothing to do with acting, and somehow, everyone in the room knew it.

There were re-takes on the kiss a minute afterwards, when a photographer said, "Look this way, please, Mrs. Welles," and like every other bride, the movie star failed to recognize her new name. This is the place, too, to observe that best-man Cotter was "standing up" with a newspaperman all during the ceremony, and not until he was wanted for photographing was he allowed to push his side to the groom.

Doctor and Mrs. Bernstein, also, were looking out of their rightful place during the ceremony. Their foster parents of Welles were probably the only two persons who stayed entirely unrefurled during the whole proceedings. The doctor was heard to observe that he wasn't a bit surprised, "knew it all the time." Mrs. Bernstein was holding tightly to a small gift-wrapped package, the only wedding present in sight.

The gift was a pair of very old Spanish earrings, diamonds and emeralds set in antique gold, once the property of a Spanish Countess, and a fund of advice and information. Special booklet "step by step. An amazing secret! Remember how the magicians vanished you and the continuance of education! BES-TONE is a two-in-one-scientific principle, yet it's as easy as the Judge's office?" and Orson had just replied, "Right after the part where Eugene Pallette enters in the side door, rate fan." Suddenly, there was the Judge standing across a desk from a couple of the most famous people in the world, and asking them a question that had nothing to do with show business or bal¬ly-hoo or glamour.

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BES-TONE comes in 20 shades enabling you to match your color

with your order.

STOP WASTING HER

BES-TONE Oil Shampoo Tint

saves money.

Stop wasting her

Borio, who traces her ancestry to the East Indians, is one of the simplest, and most gracious—"For richer for poorer—French to your credit, this was the time which had nothing to do with actors or riches can hardly upset this couple, especially on two such mercurial per¬

sonalities as the new Mr. and Mrs. Welles. Where this particular pair is concerned, however, we wouldn't bet against it.

Of entirely opposite dispositions, they still have much in common. Their young romanticism—Rita's per¬
fervency of any Film Town twosome, especially on two such mercurial per¬

sonalities as the new Mr. and Mrs. Welles. Where this particular pair is concerned, however, we wouldn't bet against it.

Orson is a bitterly brilliant young man, erratic and possessed of a great restlessness. His ego could never be satisfied with anything but a lovely and talented wife. Rita, for all her flashing beauty, is one of the simplest, most unspoiled, poetically sweet per¬

sonalities in all of Hollywood. In old¬fashioned verbiage, she is decidedly the "clinging vine" type, needing a dominating male to give her life pur¬

pose. Her qualities of one should counter-balance and fulfill the needs of the other.

The End
titled “My Kingdom for a Cook.”
Director William Seiter is definitely the fellow who stepped into young Miss Chapman’s life and stopped Fate from using her like a yo-yo. Assigned to bring “Destroyer” safely to port, he wanted a leading woman who looked as though she could hold the affections of Edw. G. Robinson (Paternal) and Glenn Ford (eternal). He reached into the “B” file and pulled Maggie out.

While “Destroyer” provided her with two topnotch leading men, it also provided her with the strongest competition a feminine player ever runs into—the overpowering allure exerted upon men and audiences by a plunging ship on a seething sea. Nevertheless, Maggie managed to make so many of the film’s moments entirely her own, the studio immediately rewarded her with one of the best dramatic roles of the year, the lead opposite George Sanders in “Appointment in Berlin.”

For many a twenty-three-year-old actress this would have been murder, but for Chapman it was the beginning of a new life. Any young player, who, in a single role, can successfully cope with a Sanders performance, an assumed accent, and a death scene (any one of which is sufficient to show up the “ham” if it is there), is well on her way to stardom.

The first two pictures were made in six months, and Marguerite would have liked a vacation when they were over. She was tired . . . but as far as the studio was concerned, she was too hot a bet to be allowed to cool off. According to their long-range planning, by the time “Destroyer” and “Appointment in Berlin” were released, Maggie would definitely be big-time stuff. There would have to be a third picture ready and waiting, for the follow-up.

Betting on people is much riskier than, say, betting on horses. People can do a dozen more things to prove you’re wrong than a horse which can only bolt the track, finish last, or maybe sit down and refuse to run. People—and movie stars are people in spite of a lot of public opinion to the contrary—are the greatest gamble in the world. Yet Marguerite was far from being a longshot when her studio decided she was worth an “A” picture plunge.

To begin with, there was her beauty—an asset not uncommon in Hollywood, although the quality of it is. If you bumped head on into the little Chapman on the boulevard, you’d probably think she was one of the prettiest girls you’d ever seen, but there is nothing to signal to you from across the street that she is an “actress.”

It was the particular quality of her loveliness that delayed her start in Hollywood. Unlike the majority of the little girls who get big chances out here, she looks neither like a Petticoat, a high-plated doll, nor a composite of six other screen glamor gals. The movie town didn’t know just how to type her.

Unbleached brown hair, wide-set blue eyes, the kind of eyebrows, nose, and mouth you wouldn’t believe it
Letter from a Boy in the Service

$5.00 Letter

Since you would like to have someone write about Hollywood, I can say something about that lovely place and everything that goes with it. I went to Hollywood on my seven-day furlough and had the most glorious week of my life. I had the pleasure of meeting one of the loveliest persons I have ever come in contact with—Betty Grable. I also met and took pictures of the other Chapmans, who are Miss Joyce at the Beverly Hills Hotel pool. They were Miss Joyce Reynolds, who is as darling and sweet as they come, Miss Julie Bishop, and Miss Eleanor Parker.

Others I met are Lana Turner, Janet Blair, Joan Leslie, Nancy Coleman, Anne Shirley, Anne Gwynne, Katherine Booth, Florence Lake, Bob Hope, Robert Young, Allan Jones, Paul Henreid, and Laird Cregar. I assure you that to meet these people is to know how wonderful they really are. They didn't seem like actors—rather like people I've known all my life.

I come from New York, where the people are hospitable, but no one anywhere can be as hospitable as the people in Hollywood.

When I was in New York on May 15th, I did a broadcast on a station that Pauline Stone about my trip to Hollywood, and was thrilled by it.

I don't know whether this will win a prize, but I assure you that it was a privilege and a pleasure to write and tell about my experiences in Hollywood. I neglected to mention that several of the letters I received from Miss Joyce Reynolds.

Pvt. Sam Pomerantz
420th Bomb Sqn.
A.A.B., Clovis, New Mexico
HALF A BILLION BEERY
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 391)

In 1938, black, dismal disappointment struck.
Rita announced:
"Wally, I want my freedom."

This was too much for Wally, who had been reared in the Douglas Fairbanks version of "Robin Hood," and the extra fees of fifteen thousand dollars would be right as a settlement. Wally had to have his rights. He had been a top movie star thirty-seven years. What has the camera role most played by Wally?--Wally has been a top movie star for any new wife to find, black and sharp white?

Of Gold. They don't call the picture "The Big House," "The Champ," or any classic a minute. Suppose you were able to take from museums all the paintings of Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael, two of the greatest painters, and group them out of sale. They have had the benefit of centuries of publicity, of millions of reproductions, of agreement by mankind that their greatness is universal. Those paintings might—the man who might think you—gross five hundred million dollars.

What does it mean? I never heard but once the reply to a Beery picture, as "Art." That critic is head of one of the finest University English Departments in America—never mind which, I don't want to get the man fired. He considered that Beery's "Champ," as played on the screen by Charlie Chaplin, in 1917, was as dramatic and as profound an irrevocable trust fund that could never be touched by anyone but her. Then he added fifteen thousand dollars cash for a wedding present. Rita thought the arrangement was only fair. Wally thought it gave her one—free of strings—and another, tied up in an irrevocable trust!

Most generous act of all, Wally agreed that Rita should share with him the beloved Carole Ann—six months out of each year with Rita, six months with Wally.

The ex-Mrs. Beery's new marriage went on the rocks, almost at ones, as Wally anticipated. The money went, too. She still has the one hundred thousand that Wally put in trust for her, and the house that was also in trust, but close enough to Beery to relate his life with any authority, he says, "Go lightly on Rita. She's had her troubles, too."

So much for "The Heart of Gold." There's another quality in Wally that he has forgotten. He had just played King Richard in the original production of "Robin Hood," played it so convincingly that many critics said the characterization had stolen the show. Be as it may—Fairbanks never appeared on the screen again with Wally.

Rita played a small role in that Robin Hood movie. She was more than pretty—bright and attractive—and Wally, drawn by her sunny nature and her obvious admiration of the big, kindly guy playing Richard the Lionheart, tried bravely the second time. For four years, it looked like a deal. The pair adopted, in 1931, the nine-month-old Carole Ann, who became an idol in Beery's sentiment. In 1938, black, dismal disappointment struck.

Rita announced:
"Wally, I want my freedom."

The pictures was over the rocks, almost at once, as "The Big House," "The Champ."

"I don't like this guy," Wally told himself. "I just don't like him. It wasn't jealousy—I believe that; it was a fierce, deep-seated hunch on Wally's part that the man (his name doesn't matter in this story) wouldn't make Rita happy. Wally is a cop's son and a cop's daughter in the picture business, and Wally worried for fear it would prove unhappy.

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Don't let your life be spoiled by shame or embarrassment over a flat, undeveloped or sagging bust! Successful experience of thousands of women proves you can help develop glamorous contours and an alluring bustline of high, youthful fullness. All you do is follow the tested, proven, easy-to-use methods which rouse envy, admiration and approval—lifelong fulfillment, easily and positively, if not satisfied, returns in 10 days and money will be refunded.

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RED CROSS
First-aid training was given to 5,500,000 persons last year by the American Red Cross. Of course, as many as had been trained in the same period of the previous year, the Red Cross had on its rolls at the beginning of the year 193,584 active first-aid instructors, including 22,481 women.

This is only one of the many responsibilities of the American Red Cross.

Gloria Swanson. And so it has been. Hollywood was coming into being at that time. From California Wally received a $1,500 per week salary. It was from Keystone, a firm about to make comedy history. Wally moved out West, and soon the extra he had worked in Chicago, and many other places, was money. Wally got the youngster another job—in 1916 he married her.

Beery watched with greatest interest—he more than watched, he helped with the extra got her chance (something extras seldom do now). In two years Gloria was a top star, bigger, for the moment, than Wally. Something sensitive in him told him that his wife had reacted—all out—to glamour; that she had “outgrown” the comedian who so deeply loved her. In the stress of emotion . . . and plain hurt . . . Wally did a foolish thing: he went to Japan for a year! The excuse was to make a picture; the picture never came to anything. What Wally had really wanted was to get away, with his hunching feeling of what he knew and from all whom he knew.

When he came back from that bitter year, it, doubtless, he had been stupefied. His Music in it as well as clothes. Nobody was around because they were all dancing over at the Hotel Ballroom, so I went over to his room and Ironed away. The only trouble was I forgot and left the Iron on top of the trunk, and I went off and got dressed for tonight and now thought a thing about it until I heard the fire engines come clanging up the street and saw smoke seeping under the Door. So then of course I ran out and, Mother, it was just Bedlam, with everyone and firemen fighting their way through the smoke, and flames here and there.

Actually, his room didn't look so bad now that they're all gone away and the fire's out. But you should see his brand new Imported Leather trunk, it is ruined and burnt Black. As soon as I saw it I ran and looked over my door. But Louis came and stood outside and shouted angrily through it, adding sarcastically, “I am ordering a new four hundred dollar Imported Leather Ironing board for you at once, my dear Janet!”

Then he stamped away, and cried, and couldn't eat anything. And kept Crying all evening so they had to make Sure by dating me out at 9 o'clock came, and nine, and you received a telephone call from Saugus, or Newhall, and your husband said, “I'm sorry. I'm at the airfield here. I'll be flying around a few days.” Women get tired of that. Or . . . you might hear that he was in Wyoming, riding horses like mad . . . with real cowboys . . . and you could assume he'd be there a long time. No, he broke his neck. A restless man.

Next month we'll tell the story of Wally's astounding youth, of the incredible things he did and did well. No one could guess this character that helps explain this big, generous, easily hurt, restless man, now apparently about to begin an important new chapter in his emotional life.

The End

LETTERS FROM JANET BLAIR

(Continued from Page 47)

April 3, 1941.
MRS. FRED BLAIR LAFFERTY
ALTOONA, PENNSYLVANIA.

DON'T GET EXCITED. WE ARE NOT ENGAGED. I AM WRITING YOU THAT I HAVE LANDED A JOB IN HOLLYWOOD, AND YOU MUST HAVE BEEN WORRYING EVER SINCE THE BAND BROKE UP TWO MONTHS AGO HERE IN LOS ANGELES. LOUIS IS HERE TOO AND WORKING FOR CBS RADIO STATION WHILE I AM A MOVIE ACTRESS AT COLUMBIA STUDIOS. THEY ARE PLANNING SOME PICTURE FOR ME CALLED "MY SISTER EILEEN." NO ACTION ON THE MAJOR PROBLEM HOWEVER, SUGGEST YOU WRITE ADVICE AFTER ALL YOU ARE OLDER THAN I AM AND MARRIED, LOVE TO ALL.

JANET.

September 10, 1942.
Mother dear:
Oh, Mother, I am Heartbroken. This morning Louis left for the Army and Heaven knows where they will put him. Of course, as good I know, I cried Buckets all last night but did some thinking too, and reached the conclusion that I must take some Action, although I don't know what. But here are my reasons Itemized for taking Action:

1. Louis will probably only be in this country for awhile before being shipped overseas, so I must act quickly.
2. I am twenty-one and grown up, but he still thinks I am a Child.
3. He is thirty-one, and convinced he is older than I am.

Mother, everything's all right! He poked a note under the Door. So then of course I ran out and, Mother, it was just Bedlam, with everyone and firemen fighting their way through the smoke, and flames here and there.

As soon as I saw it I ran and looked over my door. But Louis came and stood outside and shouted angrily through it, adding sarcastically, "I am ordering a new four hundred dollar Imported Leather Ironing board for you at once, my dear Janet!"

Then he stamped away, and cried, and couldn't eat anything. And kept Crying all evening so they had to make Sure by dating me out at 9 o'clock came, and nine, and you received a telephone call from Saugus, or Newhall, and your husband said, "I'm sorry. I'm at the airfield here. I'll be flying around a few days."

Women get tired of that. Or . . . you might hear that he was in Wyoming, riding horses like mad . . . with real cowboys . . . and you could assume he'd be there a long time. No, he broke his neck. A restless man.

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The End

JANET.
I could only think of Louis. But I won't Believe me.

4. It is no use trying to convince him any longer, I will just have to go to Act. What I will do is do not know, but I will do something—this may go on for years now and might become Monotonous in his eyes if I let it continue much longer. Or else he might meet some Dangerous old Woman of twenty-six or so who would snag him away because she is the right Age. So I am going to Act—but how I don't know yet.

I will keep you informed. I just wanted to warn you. Yours with love,

JANET.

October 8, 1942.

Mother my Pet my Darling:

It is done! We are publicly Engaged! And he doesn't mind a bit. I would have wired you as promised but wanted to tell you in Detail how it came about.

You know how the Newspapers have been constantly saying for months now that Eddie Cantor and Louis Busch engaged or aren't they? It has been very Annoying. So this morning at eight when the phone rang and woke me up I really saw Red when a reporter's voice said, "Miss Blair, tell me . . ."

So I shouted Angrily, "Yes! YES! We're Engaged! Now let me go back to sleep!"

It was all kind of a sleepy accident, you see, but it was Announced in the papers this afternoon. When I read it, I was shaking in my boots . . . but you never know Miss! Instead of being Startled or upset or anything, Louis was pleased, and not only that but when he came up from Camp Santa Ana tonight he had a Newspaper in one hand and a Gorgeous diamond-and-ruby ring in the other. "As long as you Announced our engagement, dear," he said, "I thought you would want a ring."

The only fly in the ointment is that he thinks we should wait until after the War, when we can build a house of our own. This is like Camping Out, having Louis come up once or twice a week from camp to my apartment, joined in with his music arrangements for the Santa Ana Air Corps Band. Then I cook dinner, and we have a jam session of records, and play Gin Rummy with him trying to win the fifty dollar allotment I got from the Government for being an Army wife. So far he's got thirty dollars of it, which he says he will spend on a Letter-Writer.

But we cannot wait until after the War, when we can build a house of our own. This is like Camping Out, having Louis come up once or twice a week from camp to my apartment, joined in with his music arrangements for the Santa Ana Air Corps Band. Then I cook dinner, and we have a jam session of records, and play Gin Rummy with him trying to win the fifty dollar allotment I got from the Government for being an Army wife. So far he's got thirty dollars of it, which he says he will spend on a Letter-Writer.

Dearest Mother:

We have been married one month today, and I must be so Divinely Happy that we both keep wondering why I didn't Propose four years ago when we first Met. All evening we have been recalling the wonderful Wedding at Lake Arrowhead in my agent Frank Vincent's house with you and Daddy and Sister and Rosalind Russell and everyone, and the lake water and the Wind in the pine trees. And Louis, who is the most Forgetful man usually in the world, has remembered to bring me an Orchid every weekly anniversary, and tonight he brought me a ruby and diamond Wristwatch for our monthly anniversary. Everything is just Heaven!

But I cannot wait until after the War, when we can build a house of our own. This is like Camping Out, having Louis come up once or twice a week from camp to my apartment, joined in with his music arrangements for the Santa Ana Air Corps Band. Then I cook dinner, and we have a jam session of records, and play Gin Rummy with him trying to win the fifty dollar allotment I got from the Government for being an Army wife. So far he's got thirty dollars of it, which he says he will spend on a Letter-Writer.

Goodnight, Mother dear, and we both send love.

Yours with love, JANET.

August 12, 1943.

MRS. FRED BLAIR LAFFERTY
ALTOONA, PENNSYLVANIA

YOU AND DADDY COME AT ONCE TO CALIFORNIA TO LEWIS AND MY WEDDING. I FINALLY JUST RANG HIM UP AND TOLD HIM WE WERE BEING MARRIED THIS WEEK END AND HE IS DELIGHTED, AS IF HE'D BEEN WAITING ANXIOUSLY FOR WORD FROM US. INSTEAD MEN THEY ARE MYSTERIES BUT ANYWAY WE ARE BOTH WILDLY HAPPY COME AT ONCE LOVE.

JANET.

THE CHARM OF DINAH SHORE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 421)

the dime and at the weather, which was cold but clear, and decided to squander the dime on a Fifth Avenue bus, which she did, and buying and saving a nickel. When she left the bus at the apartment building, she was penniless.

As she entered his cage, the elevator man handed her a telegram cancelling the party. It was a body blow. Lonely, discouraged, and beginning to be hungry and frightened, Dinah longed for her father.

"The Negro boy who ran the elevator was the nicest person! He lent me a nickel to call Daddy and reverse the charges. I'll always remember how kind he was!

"I told Daddy how things were and offered to come home. But he was very busy, so I'd never like to work me right away,' he said. "Maybe I'm wrong. You've tried hard and you like it there; so stay and try it out a little longer. I'll give you another chance.'"

"Almost at once, luck turned for me. I was signed on the NBC network a few days later, and after a while Eddie Cantor hired me." Her records began to reach top sales. "Yes, My Darling Daughter" sold half a million copies.

When Eddie Cantor came to Hollywood SWEETHEART PIN

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PERFECT FOR POWDER BASE

Makes skin look smooth. Holds powder amazingly long. Large size at 10c counters—or send us 10c and shade wanted.

CLARK-MILLNER SALES CO.
308 W. Erie St., Chicago

THE CHARM OF DINAH SHORE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 421)

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In PSORIASIS... ZOREX Does it!

Even in the most obstinate cases, ZOREX Ointment gives most gratifying relief—there is more rapid and more complete elimination of the unsightly, embarrassing scaly red patches of Psoriasis. Moreover, with ZOREX Ointment, aching joints, stiffness, and numbness of fingers will be relieved. ZOREX may be applied to any part of the body, including face and scalp. It is easy to use and non-staining. ZOREX Ointment offers a superior formula of tested ingredients combined with the sunshine vitamin “D”, or Viosterol. Compare the skin before and after using ZOREX and discover its striking effectiveness in the relief of Psoriasis.

In Hollywood her name has been associated with that of two men, both stars, both heartbreakers. One is Lt. James S. Andrews, by whom she is engaged. The other is George Montgomery who is in the Army now, too. Dinah refuses to talk about either of them though her closest friends insist that with George she was “like a flirtatious girl as he... and that her heart belongs exclusively to Jimmy and that when the war is over, you will hear more of that.”

Right now she will only say when she marries, her marriage must be “forever.” “Our family has never had a divorce, and I want to stick to anything. If the marriage turned out to be a catastrophe, I wouldn’t be too stupid about it, but I think I’m less likely to make a mistake if I take my time,” she tells a reporter.

“We get along beautifully. We like each other. I hope I don’t grow bitter as I grow older—it would be nice to meet a girl like you, not turn sour like vinegar. But maybe I shouldn’t talk—I’ve been so lucky!”

Her first salaried job in radio paid Dinah seventeen-fifty a week. That seemed a lot after singing for nothing. But what worried the little redhead, after she had had time to look around, was that so many people who seemed to have a future faded away quickly. “Why not get a publicity man,” she told me. “I didn’t want him to do publicity campaigns on me, but I did ask him not to let me get lost. I paid him twenty-five a week, and it was the best investment I ever made. All I was getting was seventeen dollars and fifty cents, but I sang here and there for ten to twenty-five dollars every so often. I was hating getting nothing if money if things were slow. He stayed with me until recently when he got a wonderful offer. But he was so nice to me.”

When she arrived in Hollywood, Dinah had seen several movie offers, but at first she was afraid. Then Warner Brothers asked her to act as well as sing in “Thank Your Lucky Stars.” That was fun, and her work led to a long term contract.

Now Samuel Goldwyn has borrowed her from Warners to star in a picture with Danny Kaye and Dana Andrews. Another lucky break.

She’s lucky in fathers, too. Mr. Shore secret is that to her all her friends are wonderful. It would have been grand, thinks Dinah, if she could have had a romance as perfect as her sister’s.

“They played together as little children; they went to school together. When they were in trip to Europe, this usually went along. When they grew up they married, never any other sweetheart for either of them. They have two children, and they’re truly happy.”

Dinah Shore secret is that to her all her friends are wonderful. It would have been grand, thinks Dinah, if she could have had a romance as perfect as her sister’s.

“He’s in there pitchin’ me. ‘Affectionately, Daddy’ he signs his letters... and that her heart belongs exclusively to Jimmy and that when the war is over, you will hear more of that.”

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“We get along beautifully. We like each other. I hope I don’t grow bitter as I grow older—it would be nice to meet a girl like you, not turn sour like vinegar. But maybe I shouldn’t talk—I’ve been so lucky!”

The End
Over the bed is hung an Indian pennant, and on one chair a souvenier pillow from a friend at Fort Leonard Wood, Maryland. On one shelf of a bookcase are the volumes of Benjamin Franklin, Carl Van Doren, and "Renfrew," is a baseball, personally autographed by Babe Ruth, his treasured typewriter, with which he keeps up on the history of "Fidelis," the imaginary country he invented at the age of six. He's been at work on it ever since: the history of its kings and queens for a thousand years, maps of its principal cities and of the countries surrounding. Roddy has blueprints of which an architectural engineer might be proud, drawn to perfect scale, of such things as the royal palace of "Fidelis," complete down to the final details of even the maid's linen closet! He knows more about the history of "Fidelis" than most of us do about the history of our own country. For that matter, he could put many to shame in the history of Maryland, long before he came here, was one of his favorite subjects at school.

How did he come to begin the endlessly detailed saga of this country, "Fidelis"?

"I believe," he reflects, "it was in a history class where I'd read pages and pages ahead of where we were studying. I got bored and started it to pass the time and it—got me.

When the McDowalls start telling jokes, one's details, everybody bubbles at once. Roddy's favorite gag about his mother is of an incident which occurred during their recent tour. When people would ask her for autographs, she would sign, with charmingly characteristic modesty, "Mrs. McDowall—Roddy's mother."

Roddy turned the tables by signing himself—"W. L.'s son."

"The W. L.'s for 'Winifred Louise,'" he teases, "and she's got four other names, which I don't tell, if I did know them!"

Virginia's favorite tale about Roddy concerns the time a luscious peach she'd saved mysteriously disappeared from the dining room bowl. She was busy with the evening dishes, and scolding him from the kitchen. When she got no answer, she tiptoed back to the dining room, Roddy had vanished. He couldn't have left the room without being seen, for he was seated on a chair under the table. No Roddy. Suddenly she cried aloud, laughing, "No, no, it can't be!" But it was. Roddy had contrived to crawl into the buffet, shutting the doors behind him. She looked without her seeing him. She looked, and wound up by me having to shut the doors behind him.

"But not," shouts Roddy, "before I got my answer, 'It's in my stomach."

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Virginia's favorite tale about Roddy concerns the time a luscious peach she'd saved mysteriously disappeared from the dining room bowl. She was busy with the evening dishes, and scolding him from the kitchen. When she got no answer, she tiptoed back to the dining room, Roddy had vanished. He couldn't have left the room without being seen, for he was seated on a chair under the table. No Roddy. Suddenly she cried aloud, laughing, "No, no, it can't be!" But it was. Roddy had contrived to crawl into the buffet, shutting the doors behind him. She looked without her seeing him. She looked, and wound up by me having to shut the doors behind him.

"But not," shouts Roddy, "before I got my answer, 'It's in my stomach."

"I believe," he reflects, "it was in a history class where I'd read pages and pages ahead of where we were studying. I got bored and started it to pass the time and it—got me.

When the McDowalls start telling jokes, one's details, everybody bubbles at once. Roddy's favorite gag about his mother is of an incident which occurred during their recent tour. When people would ask her for autographs, she would sign, with charmingly characteristic modesty, "Mrs. McDowall—Roddy's mother."

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switched from the Variety formula with comedians, etc., to just straight music. "Your Dubonnet Date" with Xavier Cugat's orchestra and Lina Romay and Don Rodney in the vocal spotlight, is now heard over the Blue Network. This program is the only big time musical show presented during the morning hours—check your local papers for exact day and time.

It's nice to have Dick Powell and Martha Tilton back on the air—they're both on CBS's Campana Serenade, another all-music show.

David Street, the vocal boy on the Joan Davis-Jack Haley Sealtest Show over NBC, is a lad to watch. He sings a rhythm tune as well as he does a ballad, plus doing a good job on reading lines, and, girls—he's not married. Take a gander at the picture of him in this issue.... Nan Wynn, who has voice-doubled for Rita Hayworth whenever Rita has had to sing on the screen, is now concentrating on her own singing career over CBS. Have you noticed that Bea Wain has been singing with more oomph and spirit lately on the Hit Parade? Maybe it's the Sinatra influence.

SWOON STUFF:

Speaking of Sinatra, to say that Frank took Hollywood storm would be putting it mildly. He packed the Hollywood Bowl for his concert, tied up Vine Street traffic the days he did his broadcasts, and the line formed to the right outside the stages of the RKO lot when he made his picture. He sang at a big benefit concert at the ultra-smart Mocambo and was a sensation. His audience consisted of movie big-wigs, stars, executives, etc., who had paid twenty-five dollars a plate, and though they didn't swoon, they made up for it with applause. Frank came prepared to do six numbers, and wound up doing fourteen. An amusing thing happened one afternoon at Brittingham's, a restaurant next door to CBS on Sunset Blvd. Frank was sitting at the counter alone, having a cup of coffee. Two CBS secretaries came in and sat right near him, but didn't notice him. They were discussing about the fact that they couldn't understand all the hysteria over Sinatra—what did he have that was so terrific?—oh, of course he did sing wonderfully, but they just couldn't understand silly girls getting so excited over a guy who wasn't even good looking, wasn't tall enough, and he was married besides, etc. All of a sudden, Frank, who had heard the whole conversation, started to laugh out loud. They turned and saw who it was and made a hasty, embarrassed exit. Which proves that Frank has a good sense of humor about himself. . . .

JAM NOTES:

It's hard to keep up with Benny Goodman the way he has been changing his personnel. He's had five new girl singers in as many months, and his musicians barely get to know each other before Benny decides to change men again. He goes on one of these rampages every once in a while, but somehow he always manages to have a good band.

Tommy Dorsey did a little changing too, and when he opened at the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York, he had a completely new orchestra, with the exception of three or four men and vocalist Betty Brewer and Skip Nelson. . . .

Jane Pickens, formerly of the Pickens Sisters Trio of radio fame, is now soloing it and doing a swell job. She has been appearing in night clubs. . . .

Polly Kelly replaced Marion Hut¬ton with the Modernaires when Marion decided to try movies. . . .

Buddy Moreno, Harry James' singer, was given a 1A classification and a deferment until James finished his Metro pictures. . . .

The Delta Rhythm Boys, negro quartet from radio and nightclubs, have been signed at Universal. . . .

Elizabeth Tilton is with the Jan Garber band, now playing theatre dates. . . .

Mitchell Ayres doubled at the Aragon Ballroom on the Santa Monica pier while making his Universal Picture and made a hit on his first West Coast appearance.

If Harry James' baby turns out to be a little "trumpet player" he wants to name it Joshua. . . . Corky Cornelius, the famous trumpeter with the Casa Loma band, died in New York in August of an acute kidney condition after only a three-day illness. His widow, Irene Daye, plans to go back to singing, but in radio this time. She says that working with a band will keep her away from her baby too much. Irene and Corky met when they worked with the Gene Krupa band. . . .

The End
We just can’t listen!”

“No I went on for an hour and a half in pitch black night. It began to rain and poured down in buckets, but they didn’t mind that either. Just as in Alaska and the Aleutians, Joe found the boys on Rabaul, Tulagi, and the other islands literally with nothing in the way of entertainment. Even with the cruder kind went-up there were no movies because the enemy was such a little distance away—just across the water on the next island. They had no equipment for sports because no one had sent them any.

They had been actually carried away from civilization and everything to which they had been accustomed. They had been set down in a primitive life, tropic, strange and lonely. They were entirely dependent upon each other for any meager entertainment.

But out of that loneliness and often frightening strangeness, Joe found that they have developed strength and self-reliance. He found it true that there are no holes in foxholes, and many of them little more children than when they went into service, were now always ready to joke and wise-crack in the palm-thatched hospitals. Yet when the Padre came to talk with them and to pray, they joined him gladly, and they were not ashamed to be seen reading their Bibles. All they seemed to want was to be well quickly so they could get back into the wards where the boys were, and searing hate.

"They didn’t try to explain how it happened, but suddenly Joe was well. On one of the rough, makeshift, plank stages, out there in the South Pacific, he found himself dancing. He just couldn’t stop. Those boys, mothers of boys, mothers of boys in the service out there—and they all said they were praying for Joe’s safety and well being because he was trying to bring a little happiness to those in the hospital. He believes those prayers healed Joe. Or maybe it was the prayers of the boys he visited. Something did. His shortened leg has come back to normal. He’s come from that day on, he hasn’t had a twinge of pain.”

Joe’s back now. In the meantime, he’s playing in “Pin-Up Girl” with Betty Grable at 20th Century-Fox. He has a show on NBC Sunday nights over the West Pacific. And there’s a big league baseball game under way with all the big league players on the field and picture stars in the box. The proceeds of the game are going into a fund to buy sports equipment for the boys overseas.

And just so this good work won’t end there, he’s formed a corporation of business men—which they hope to make into a million-dollar undertaking and nationwide—to raise more funds for the same purpose.

And where’s Joe going next?

“Why, to Rome, of course. And when I get back from there, General MacArthur’s going to take me with him on the first plane into Manila. After that, it’s just a short hop to Tokyo.”

Some people talk about the sorrows they have left behind them, others find relief and a greater joy than they have ever known before in helping other people.

Joe E. Brown is one of those... and perhaps in the seas of laughing faces that have looked up at him so eagerly, he sees just one face that he misses very much.

The End
Fulfill your heart's desire without paying fabulous prices. The thrill of wearing glamorous Orchids or gorgeous Gardenias whenever you wish. life-like full size costume accessories day by day, these amazing creations GLOW IN THE DARKEST AS PANT! Positively enchanting with any costume—breath-taking ornaments for the hair! Perfectly adaptable for any occasion. Not metal, but soft, lacy colorfull floral reproductions of lasting beauty. Will last a lifetime, won't fade, will not chip. Order several Glowing Flowers—the cost is low!

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SONGWITERS

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JUDY GARLAND SAYS

(continued from page 35)

numbers were tunes like “Stormy Weather,” which I sang wrapped in a black shawl, sitting on a piano on a dark stage, or on my face spotlighted. At the song’s conclusion, I threw off the shawl and the lights came on. Then did my six-year-old curtsy. I wanted to do “Drums of My Heart” for my first screen song, but Roger said no. Simple songs were best for children. He wrote “Dear Mr. Gable” for me; he was right. The people liked it, and it started me on my real screen career.

I'M LEFT HANDED:

When I write, my hand smudges the ink as I cross the page. I discovered that putting talcum powder on my hand will permit it to ride along without smudging. South Paws, attention!

I'M FOND OF:

Penny candy... John-Frederics cologne... Novelty jewelry... Good Humor ice cream... Biographical Surprises... A Tuesday special (a hug and a kiss from my little niece).

I WONDER:

Where all my best answers go when I wish I could think of them... Who invents those frightful lipsticks some girls wear... Why weeds grow so much larger than anything else in a victory garden... If hair that’s flat on top of the head will really come back soon... And when the war will end.

WHEN I WENT TO SCHOOL:

At Lawler’s Professional school for children, twelve years ago, my schoolmates were Mickey Rooney, Anne Shirley (then Dawn O’Day), Jackie Cooper, Frankie Darro, Diane Lewis; they all made good, and we’re all still friends. I was always so busy trying to get out of studying that I never really learned anything.

I THINK IT’S FUN:

To wash my own hair... Dust furniture that gleams after you dust it... Go into a shop and buy what I want without tiresome delays... To cry at movies and eat candy while I cry.

MY NICKNAME:

“Judaline” was given me by Director Victor Fleming in “Wizard of Oz,” but only my family uses it. My sister, Jimmy’s baby, Judy Gail Sherwood, is also nicknamed “Judaline.”

MY BIGGEST THRILL:

Was my twenty-first birthday party last June. My sister, Jimmy, Danny Kaye, Keenan Wynn, Dore Schary, and Betty Asher surprised me by making records of a script they’d written called “The Life of Judy Garland.” It began with my first cry, which Danny Kaye gave to the tune of “Over the Rainbow” and continued in a kidding vein to tell what had happened to me in twenty-one years. It was terribly funny, but it ended with a serious little speech given by Keenan so beautiful that I cried—I was so touched and so happy.

MY SPECIAL HEROINE:

Is Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

MY FAVORITE FICTION CHAR.

Is Claudia. And I want a little farm in Connecticut like the one she had, and a little house exactly like hers.

MY SECRET AMBITION:

Is to write fiction. I’ve written a book of verse, and I love to write stories. I don’t believe I’d care for literature as a living because I can’t go into a shop and buy what I want without tiresome delays... To cry at movies and eat candy while I cry.

I'D LOVE TO:

Do a big musical show on the New York stage.

I ADORE:

Richard Tabor’s recording of “Vienna, City of Dreams.” I wish I could have seen Vienna as it was in his time. I’d like to have been part of that life where all women were glamorous, all men romantic, everything was exciting, and no one was ever dull or lonely or sad.

The soldiers address Loretta Young as “Mrs. Colonel Lewis,” and how she likes it! Since returning from her camp tour, Loretta has been band-wagoning for other stars to go out as she did—simply to meet and visit with the boys. Loretta experimented with this type of “personalized” personal appearance at the camps last spring—made no stage appearances, no speeches, no planned program patter. She simply went into the hospitals, to the training centers, posts, and on ships—met the boys, hundreds of them, face to face, talked to them individually, had mess with them, attended chapel and comforted the wounded.

“I didn’t have to sing, or dance, or be funny,” said Loretta, “and neither do other stars, whose principal forte is acting. The boys were grand, and I enjoyed every moment. I’m going out again as soon as I can.”

Ann Sothern is another star who regularly makes these tours. Ann calls them “hand shaking tours” and she concentrates on hospitals. The boys all call her “Maisie” and Ann obliges with typical Maisie cracks.
feel he is still the boss, and don’t make all the decisions yourself. It’s wrong for a wife to give her husband the impression that she is so efficient, so capable, that she can do without him. And if she is lonely for him, she should certainly tell him. In many cases, when couples have lived together only a few days or weeks, they can really get acquainted through correspondence, and build something solid and beautiful between them.

Laraine Day told the story of a young woman, “and this too comes from my experience: don’t feel sorry for yourself! Self pity is the worst thing for the morale of a war-lorn bride.”

If you’re one of the unfortunates who has a double or flabby chin, we offer another little helpful hint. Francis is far from over having such a chin, but she was gracious enough to illustrate the simple trick.

Just soak a piece of absorbent cotton in skin freshener or astringent and hold it under your chin for four or five minutes nightly, and you’ll find it beneficial.

Your morning cleansing of the neck should be made with an application of cleansing cream removed with tissue, and followed by a quick run-over with cotton soaked in skin freshener to tone your skin and remove any remaining traces of cream. Don’t allow the skin freshener to dry on the skin, but remove it, too, with tissue or a soft towel.

If you’re an all-week-at-home body, or if you’re spending Sunday in the back yard or just lounging around the house, we offer a one-day skin rejuvenation that is wonderful for both face and neck.

Dash to the nearest drugstore and equip yourself with a bottle of bay oil... and therein lies the secret. It’s a perfectly wonderful lubricant. Swoon over your face and neck and allow it to remain on as long as possible—all day, if you can. If you are in a warm winter climate, a la Hollywood, it’s good in the sun, too, but common sense must prevail here as with your use of all other oils under the sun. You are not supposed to cook in it. There’s a time limit to sun dosage, with or without oil.

Wash the oil off with warm water and soap, and feel the luxurious silkiness of your skin. Not to mention the fact that you’ll find that a goodly portion of those tiny lines have completely disappeared.

Keep this baby oil on all day and aren’t stepping out for a date, after washing it off, follow your regular nightly routine with night cream. The following morning, we assure you, you’ll present a baby face to the world.

This is a really inside Hollywood beauty secret, and we always figure that anything that’s good enough for the stars must be good enough for you, too.

Do all these things, and you’ll win the beauty race “by a neck!”

Exercise of the Month:

Here we are, back in the neck division again! We couldn’t leave the subject, though, because Ginny Simms came to the fore with such a swell, trouble-solving routine.

If you’re the possessor of a “hollow neck,” it’s for you.

Ginny crooks her elbows at shoulder height, with the fingers of her hands touched lightly together and pointed outward. Then, clenching her fists (very clench them, drawing the corners of your mouth outward!), she presses her fingers tightly together and exhales.

She relaxes while inhaling and then repeats.

After several times, Ginny varies this exercise by holding her fingers at bust height and then again at waist height.

If you like this exercise, a word to you as a beginner: To start with, don’t do the exercise more than four times in each position.

This nice Simms gal does double

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The problem of every woman today is—how to write to a dear, far-off and sometimes heart in the service, etc., etc., etc. So complete in itself, a complete set of letters that really looks and sounds just like complete letters on love, romance and marriage... There are 47 model letters from which you can make a choice for any situation and do it intelligently and effectively. You will also find poems and thoughts of love which are very helpful in creating correspondence. In many situations are discussed to create interest and get invitations such as you will consider your pet project. Read on and learn how to get your copy free with this offer.

MAKE YOURSELF DESIRABLE AND ALLURINGLY ATTRACTIVE

Down through the ages, men have been attracted to certain feminine characteristics. American women have envied their popularity and attractiveness. No longer do you have to fear any female competition because here is a book of instructions which takes you step by step showing you how to make yourself more desirable and alluring than you thought possible. It is the every woman’s personal responsibility to make herself attractive to her man, and to keep herself attractive to hold him. Between the covers of this great over 150-page book, you are taught how to have a beautiful figure, how to make the best of your eyes, how to control weight, how to dress, how to make your diet, coiffure, make-up, and feet, arms and many pictures showing just what to do for best results. You’ll be amazed at what you learn and delighted with the results in your improvement, which will help make you more attractive and alluring.

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Act at once and receive your copy of “Modern Love Letters” free with this offer. There are no strings or red tape. All you do is sign your name and address and return the coupon with the understanding that after 5 days you are to send in $1.00 (or C.O.D. $1.20) unless you wish to keep both books. If you are not satisfied with the results, you can send both books back within 5 days and get your money back. (If C.O.D., preferred mark X here and just mail coupon and pay postman $1.20 plus 20c postage.)
Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., as required by the Act of March 3, 1943, of Movieland, published monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for October 1, 1943

State of New York
County of New York )

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Phil Keenan who, having been duly sworn, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Movieland, and that he has examined the books and records of the corporation and that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, the true and correct statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown on the face hereof, is as follows:

Name and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers

Name and addresses of the stockholders and security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock.

Names and addresses of the officers of the corporation and of the general managers of the circulation.

The names and addresses of the security holders as they appear upon the books of the corporation, the names and addresses of the stockholders and security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given.

The amount of stock owned by any other person, association, corporation, or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated association, the names and addresses of the individuals must be given. If owned by a trustee, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is holding stock or securities as trustee, and of the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the corporation, the name and address of the stockholder or security holder must be given. If a corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the publication, the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given.

PHIL KEENAN, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of September, 1943.

GEORGE GORMAN.

(SEAL)

(My commission expires March 30, 1945.)

**Exciting news this month was the birth of twin sons to Jane Wyatt—arriving two months prematurely. One weighed only four pounds and the other, three. The doctors despaired of the smaller one's life, at first. But miraculously, it grew stronger daily. Michael and Nicholas, the twins have been named. Offers for new picture roles started pouring in, with Jane still at Good Samaritan hospital. It's said she'll resume work in a very short while.**

**Eye-Tagging With Tea Bags:**

Over on the MGM lot, we found that star of "Cry Havoc," Ann Sheridan, close to talk about tea, of all things, in connection with beauty.

Ann, it seems, not only drinks her tea but uses it, too, for beauty, which is a cute trick. She saves her tea bags from her luncheon tea for that period before the night's social doings when all of us, if smart, endeavor to look as fresh as possible. Then she relaxes and repeats. (Believe us, you'll be glad to relax before repeating!)

As a beginner, this exercise should not be done more than eight times daily, but we rather think you'll find out for yourself that discretion is the better part of valor.

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MOVIELAND'S NEW PICTURE GUIDE
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14)

PREVIOUSLY RECOMMENDED

LOVE FOR A BOY (Warner) a charming story of a girl's love for a boy which will appeal to wartime comedy that brings a splendid, thought-provoking drama the season, with Monty Woolley and Veronica Lake.

HER TO HOLD (Universal), a comedy about being that the screen version of the novel is being released with the same cast as the play. The novel, written by Alexander P. de Seversky, is a gay time with Ernst Lubitsch look-

FIRED WIFE (Universal) is a bubbly marital farce ingratiatingly performed by Louise Allbritton and Robert Paige, both of whom are on the high road to screen success. The plot is nothing more than a variation of a familiar theme, the conflict of marriage and career, yet it has been handled brightly enough in a sophisticated style to hand you a lot of new laughs. You can believe the majority of the comedy en-

tanglements, although it is difficult to believe Diana Barrymore in her role of an enchantress. The daughter of the late John appears much too young to be overweight enough to enchant anyone, particularly when she is sharing the screen with the slick and fascinating Louise Allbritton. Walter Abel has a good role which helps balance the fun, and the chap playing a foreign actor is a com-

parative newcomer named George Dolenz. He is likely to become im-

PORTANT.

CLAUDIA (20th Century-Fox) a slice of domestic American with Dorothy McGuire repeating the hit she made in the title role on the stage.

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount) a pretentious depiction of Hemingway's novel of the Spanish Civil War, with Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, and Katina Paxinou.

HEAVEN CAN WAIT (20th Century-Fox) a gay time with Ernst Lubitsch looking at life after an old blade seeks admission to Hades.

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER (United Artists) Walt Disney making graphic, as only he can, the argument by Alexander P. de Seversky for an immediate blow to wipe out the Axis.

HERS TO HOLD (Universal) the modern wartime comedy that brings Deanna Durbin to graceful maturity.

NEW WAY TO ROLL!...if you're wearing your hair in reverse rolls and having trouble get-

ting them to stay, here's a tip from Evelyn Ankers. Taking an under-

neath part, she makes a tiny braid which acts as an anchor for the bobby pins put into the reverse roll...Joan Leslie "sets" her make-

up and gives it extra sparkle by running a slightly dampened sponge

over the finished job...Eyes tired? Try Nancy Coleman's trick of star-

ring at an object about forehead level, then, without removing your eyes from the object, swing your head left, then right, repeating un-

til strain is gone.... For exercise, Rita Hayworth says, "Dance!"—

just simple steps to your favorite records for a half hour daily. It's

fun and it's pleasant...And Paulette Goddard is emphatic in saying that skin beauty comes from within. Plenty of milk and raw vegetables, exercise and regular sun baths, all contribute to Paulette's beautiful, clear skin...Last but not least, Alexis Smith applies vaseline sparingly over her eyelids to highlight the eyes. Judging from the beauty and sparkle of Alexis' eyes, it's a swell tip!

THE END

Good News for Asthma Sufferers

If you suffer from choking, gasping, wheezing, recurrent attacks of Bronchial Asthma, here is good news for you. A prescription called Mendaco perfected by a physician in his private practice, is being sold in drugstores through the blood within a very short time after the first dose, thereby removing the choking sensation completely wherever it usually quickly helps liquefy, loosen and remove thick strangling mucus (phlegm), thereby promoting freer breathing and more restful sleep.

Fortunately Mendaco, which has now been made available to sufferers from recurring spasms of Bron-

chial Asthma thru all drug stores and has proved so helpful and so many thousands it is offered un-

der a guarantee of money back unless completely satisfactory. You have everything to gain and no risk to lose. The guaranteed trial offer protects you.

If you suffer from asthma and have tried many remedies, this is the permanent and rapid relief you have been looking for. A prescription called Mendaco, perfec-
ted by a physician in his private practice, is being sold in drugstores for only 60c. Mendaco is new, not old-fashioned remedies. This is not a placebo, but a new way that really works. Mendaco is so new that we are offering a no-risk trial. Order from:

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 29-FR, Jefferson, Iowa

Send No Money now, just your name, address, and postage stamps, 3c each, to:

SCOTT-NELSON CO., Dept. A-14
3410 MONTROSE
CHICAGO 18, I. L.

All Things Are Possible! Are you facing difficult Problems? Poor Health? Money Troubles? Love or Family Troubles? Are you Wishing someone else dear to you! Do you ever get Lonely—Unhappy—Dis-

satisfied? Would you like to have more Happiness, Success and “Good Fortune” in Life?

If you do have any of these Problems, or others like them, dear friend, then here is WONDROUS NEWS of a remarkable NEW WAY OF PRAYER that is helping thousands of others with women and men to bring about a new happiness and joy. Whether you have always believed in PRAYER or have never given it a whole NEW WAY of thinking about PRAYER, here is a whole NEW world of happiness and joy to you—and very, very, very easy to use at any time, day or night.

Just clip this Message now and mail with 3c stamp for FULL INFORMATION about this remarkable NEW WAY OF PRAYER that is helping so many, many others and why you should be one of the first to receive it. You will surely bless this day—so please, don’t delay! Send No Money now and mail with your name, address and 3c stamps to LIFE-STUDY FELLOWSHIP, Box 2112, Noroton, Conn. This wonderful NEW Message of PRAYER and FAITH will be on the way to help you by return mail!
NEW DANCER IN FAMILY

Since Betty Grable is retiring to await the stork her husband Harry James is taking up the dancing department for the family. He is taking dancing lessons for "Mr. Coed," his M-G-M picture.

Harry Cott is the famous Jack Donahue, who used to teach Shirley Temple at Fox. Donahue was the last American to leave the Scandinavian Peninsula after the outbreak of the war. He had been in England where he had his own nightclub and appeared in plays in London. He was visiting his wife Tutta Rolfe, famous Norwegian actress, in Norway when the Germans came. They commandeered his car and made him drive them around.

How he and Tutta escaped is a harrowing story and one that Harry James is trying to get Donahue to write for the films.

STORIES ABOUT GARBO

A certain young man in town captured the fancy of the great Greta Garbo. He basked in the limelight of her favor for about two months. Friends of his asked him what he and Garbo talked about.

This is what he told.

They would sit on the terrace at her house, hold hands, and Garbo would say, "Close your eyes and let's go to Paris." They would and do. Then they would journey in their imagination to London, to Siam, and all far countries.

That is the fun of falling in love with the ethereal Swede. You go so easily to such amazing places.

Another Garbo chuckle is one she tells herself. She is ever on the hunt for a new house. One day she went to inspect the house of Producer Brynie Foy. After seeing the whole house, Mrs. Foy asked Greta whether she would like to see the swimming pool.

Garbo turned to Mrs. Foy and said, "But it might be embarrassing to him to see me looking at his house and besides 'I want to be alone.'" It was out before she knew it and she even broke herself up. She and Mrs. Foy leaned against the wall and laughed until tears rolled down their cheeks.

Then they went arm in arm down to the pool. Miss Garbo inspected the pool, spoke to Mr. Foy, and left. But she didn't rent the house!

WARNING FOR PIN-UPS

The Pin-Up girls of the motion pictures are having a run for their money. The Walt Disney studio sends out once a month a series of wonderfully drawn pin-up girls. They are sent to Disney employees now in the service and then the left-overs to whoever request them.

The trick on the pictures is that they don't have to go through the Hays office in Hollywood, thus they are very undressed young ladies. Betty Grable and Dorothy Lamour better watch out.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES

The new rave, Sonny Tufts, is safely married and very happy, although his studio doesn't publicize it. . . . Lieutenant Eddie Albert keeps the long distance wires hot at Anne Shirley's house; even if she doesn't care, he still does . . .
OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

AMAZING FORECASTER
PREDICTS THE WEATHER
24 HOURS IN ADVANCE

READ ALL ABOUT THE
"SWISS" WEATHER HOUSE
AND FREE GIFT OFFER
TO OUR READERS

IMPORTANT!
This is not a cheap undependable storm glass. The Weatherman Weather House is the original "Swiss" Weather House which actually tells you the weather in advance. Beware of Imitations.

ALL WEATHER FORECASTS DISCONTINUED FOR THE DURATION—BUT DON'T WORRY—
Since our Government has banned weather forecasts and temperature reports many folks have had to buy expensive barometers to forecast the weather. Why pay $5 or $10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature. You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in the U. S. A. . . Everyone—business men, housewives, teachers, farmers, housekeepers, and kids—can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. But you must act quickly—prices may rise.

GOOD LUCK LEAF
Lives on Air Alone
The greatest novelty plant ever discovered! Tradition is—a person owning one of these plants will have much good luck and success. Yours free—for prompt action. It will grow in your room pinned to the window curtain. This leaf grows a plant at every notch. The small plants may be detached and potted if desired. When planted in earth, it grows two feet tall and blooms beautifully. The blooms may be cut and dried and they will hold their beauty for years.

SEND NO MONEY
Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee
Simply send the FREE Gift Offer coupon below for your “Swiss” Weather House and free Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive just deposit through your Postman $1.69 (your total cost), plus postage. Then test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly in full without question. Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the “Swiss” Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature. You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in the U. S. A. . . Everyone—business men, housewives, teachers, farmers, housekeepers, and kids—can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. But you must act quickly—prices may rise.

FREE GIFT OFFER
TO OUR READERS

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SEND NO MONEY
Sent to You on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee
Simply send the FREE Gift Offer coupon below for your “Swiss” Weather House and free Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive just deposit through your Postman $1.69 (your total cost), plus postage. Then test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly in full without question. Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the “Swiss” Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use. Ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature. You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in the U. S. A. . . Everyone—business men, housewives, teachers, farmers, housekeepers, and kids—can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. But you must act quickly—prices may rise.

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY
The Weather Man, Dept.HW-3, 29 East Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois
Send at once (1) “Swiss” Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman $1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return the weather house for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

Name
Address
City State

("Swiss" Weather House and Good Luck Leaf)

"My neighbors now phone me to find out what the weather is going to be. We really need the Weather House is marvelous," Mrs. J. A., Amsterdam, Ohio.

"I saw your Weather House at a friend’s house and the way they raved about it, I decided to order one for myself," Mrs. L. R., Chicago, Ill.

"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful," Mrs. D. H., Shamburg, Iowa.
My make-up would not be complete without Maybelline Mascara, Eye Brow Pencil and Eye Shadow.

Mae B. McHenry
MOVIELAND

JANUARY

15¢

BETTY HUTTON
Fearless Story of Her Life and Loves

INGRID BERGMAN
WEAR IT—THRILL TO ITS BREATH-TAKING BEAUTY AT OUR RM-NOW!

This amazing new Glowing Orchid looks and feels so much like the costliest orchid that many are completely fooled. You know that few women in the world can afford the gigantic, exotic cut orchids as often as they wish—fabulous fortunes have been paid for a single specimen! But for this gorgeous, life-like replica you do not have to pay $10.00—nor $5.00—nor even $2.00! Under our special offer to introduce quickly, you actually pay only 94c! Think what this means! You don't risk one penny. We will send you your Glowing Orchid to see and feel, wear and enjoy—and if you are not amazed and delighted, if your friends don't envy you your splendid possession, you need only return it to us.

Others Gasp with Wonder as it Glows in the Dark

Few men or women can resist the exciting allure of your Glowing Orchid when, as dusk deepens into dark, it comes to life with soft light that some say is almost ethereal. It is not dazzling, not cheaply shining, but a beautiful glow. You can't imagine it until you actually see it in your hair or on dress or coat. Then see how lovely! And hear the gasps of wonder and admiring remarks of friends.

SEND NO MONEY—Merely Mail Coupon

By sending coupon at once you will share in one of the most astounding generous offers ever made in this or any other magazine. To introduce this gorgeous new orchid that glows in the dark, we make the unheard-of offer of one for only 94c —3 for $2.50!

CHARMS & CAIN, Dept. B-2, 407 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Yes, rush me my Glowing Orchid! On arrival I will pay my postman only 94c plus postage with the positive understanding that if I am not delighted I will return it to you within 7 days and you will immediately refund me the purchase price.

If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Orchids for $2.50, check here ( ).

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

MAIL COUPON NOW
Would you wear this number for
☐ School
☐ Dating
☐ Ping Pong Parties

Know what's what to wear for when! But how you wear your clothes is vital. For instance, with the proper posture: head up, chin in, shoulders flat, tummy pulled in. And, with that utterly-at-ease look... especially important on "those" days, when nagging little worries can change a girl from a wow to a wallflower! Trust to Kotex sanitary napkins. Those flat, pressed ends of Kotex don't show. So relax in the dating number (above). No outlines need spoil your style.

The name of this song is...
☐ You'll Never Know
☐ Day in - Day Out
☐ Sunday, Monday, or Always

A tune they swoon to—when gals are crooned to—"Sunday, Monday, or Always". A good tune, too, for a juke session—and you're there forgetting you ever flirted with the thought of missing the fun (because of "that certain time"). You're sure of yourself, for you're sure of Kotex, with its special double-duty safety center that really protects you... sends doubt scurrying eight-to-the-bar!

If he calls you "groovy"...
☐ Would you burst into tears
☐ Feel complimented
☐ Never speak to him again

"Groovy" is teen-talk for "smooth"—and that's another way of saying a girl has poise, self-confidence. How to get groovy? It's something you have to work at, full time. It's being part of your crowd—speaking their lingo—keeping your dates—even when your calendar tempts you to retreat. Of course, comfort's a wonderful ally. And most smooth girls know that Kotex is more comfortable.

Did this girl score...
☐ A hit
☐ An ace
☐ A strike

You're up on your pins if you got this one! You're in on America's No 1 sport. And if you're a good sport, you'll bowl regularly, for that's what keeps your team scoring. It keeps you scoring for Uncle Sam, too, by helping you stay fit. So don't let down on trying days. Remember, Kotex stays soft while wearing... doesn't just feel soft at first touch. You'll get greater comfort, and you can rule chafing right out of your game. (We almost forgot—she scored a strike!)

STOP GUESSING!
☐ Check here if you're teen age and want free the newly edited booklet—As One Girl To Another. You'll learn "do's" and "don'ts" for difficult days... the lowdown on grooming, sports, social contacts.

Girls in the know choose KOTEX*

Yes, more girls choose KOTEX than all other brands of pads put together.

IT'S A WISE GIRL who knows that a powder deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, was created expressly for this use. See how completely Quest destroys odors. It's unscented, safe, sure protection.

Address: Post Office Box 3486
Dept. HG-1, Chicago 54, Ill.

Name:

Address:

City: State:

[Copyright Mayfair Music Corp.]
On all the Broadways of America, there’s a milling to get into the most extravagant extravaganza in years entitled “Thousands Cheer”.

It is “M-G-M’s Thousands Cheer” if you please, for practically every big name on the big roster of that big studio is represented in the cast.

It is essentially a love story that revolves around Kathryn Grayson and Gene Kelly. But they are the baton wavers in a parade that brings the exact and thoroughly demonstrated talents of—

Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Red Skelton, Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern, Lucille Ball, Virginia O’Brien, Frank Morgan, Lena Horne—shall we go on?

Oh very well—Marsha Hunt, Marilyn Maxwell, Donna Reed, Margaret O’Brien, June Allyson, Gloria DeHaven, John Conte, Sara Haden—getting winded?

Well—Ben Blue, Frances Rafferty, Mary Elliott, Frank Jenks, Frank Sully, Dick Simmons, Ben Lesly, Don Loper and Maxine Barrat—whew!

Plus three great name bands—Kay Kyser and Orchestra, Bob Crosby and Orchestra, Benny Carter and Band.

And lest we forget, the incomparable Jose Iturbi not only plays his immortal piano, but acts like a Lunt.

This remarkable three-ringed show is photographed in Technicolor, directed by George Sidney and produced by the veteran Joseph Pasternak. It is an original screen play by Paul Jarrico and Richard Collins who dreamed up a dream of a story about Private Miss Jones.

It has the true Army flavor. That’s why the most important letters in “Thousands Cheer” are U.S.A.

You’ll be one of the millions to cheer M-G-M’s Thousands. We’re in it too—at the very beginning we roar. —Leo

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LOVE STORY OF AN ARMY CAMP

DIRECT FROM ITS WORLD PREMIERE ENGAGEMENT AT BROADWAY'S FAMED ASTOR THEATRE!

GRAND MUSICAL HIT

THOUSANDS CHEER

30 STARS! 3 GREAT BANDS!

also: Marilyn Maxwell, Donna Reed, June Allyson, Gloria DeHaven, Benny Carter, John Conte, Sara Haden, Don Loper, Maxine Barrat, Ben Blue, Frances Rafferty, Mary Elliott, Frank Jenks, Frank Sully, Dick Simmons, Ben Lessy. Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY. Produced by JOSEPH PASTERNAK. Original Screen Play by Paul Jarrico and Richard Collins. Based on their story "Private Miss Jones"
THE PEAK OF HIS CAREER!

Hit after hit...and now America's Favorite Entertainer comes to you in the topper of them all! More and greater melodies and thrills than ever! It's your first chance to greet Roy and Trigger since their record-breaking personal appearance at the famed New York Madison Square Garden rodeo! Don't miss it!

ROY ROGERS
KING OF THE COWBOYS
TRIGGER
SMARTEST HORSE IN THE MOVIES

MAN FROM MUSIC MOUNTAIN

with BOB NOLAN and THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS and RUTH TERRY
PAUL KELLY • ANN GILLIS • GEORGE CLEVELAND • PAT BRADY

ACROSS
1. Precipitate
5. Movie Western or Horse
10. "He Hired the . . . . . ."
14. Famous Italian family
15. "The Black . . . . . ."
16. Send forth
17. Floral perfume (var.)
18. Friday is a . . . . . . in "Eyes in the Night"
19. "Rip . . . . . ."
20. He is in "Moon and Sixpence"
22. He is in "Shadow of a Doubt"
24. She is in "This Is the Army"
25. Sings in "The Phantom of the Opera"
26. He is in "Shadow of a Doubt"
28. He is in "Panama Hattie"
29. "Holiday . . . . . ."
30. Movie fading out
31. Kind of horse
32. "Frau Reiker" in "They Came to Blow Up America"
33. Sylvan deity
34. Bob Mitchell Boy is in "Good Luck, Mr. Yates"
35. "Island"
36. Did you see him on "The Road to Morocco?"
37. With his deadpan face, is in "Stage Door Canteen"
38. "Island"
39. At a great distance
40. "Island"
41. Dismounted
42. "Robert Kittredge" in "They Got Me Covered"
43. Hindu princess
44. At a great distance
45. "Robert Kittredge" in "They Got Me Covered"
46. "Journey into . . . . . ."
47. Mr. Colman, familiarly
48. Jean and Greer received . . . . . .
51. "Albert Lory", in "This Land is Mine"
56. F. D. R.'s pet movie actor
57. Employing
59. The Moth
60. "Hotelkeeper in "Five Graves to Cairo"
61. "Husband" in "This Land is Mine"
62. "Wan"
63. "Slightly Dangerous"
64. "We Ve . . . . . . Been Licked"
65. Epochs

DOWN
1. Paper measure
2. Canine movie actor
3. Bud and Lou in "Hit the Ice"
4. " . . . . . . to Hold"
5. Movie fade-out
6. Movie villains often try to . . . . . . the heroes
7. "Island"
8. "Island"
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10. "Island"
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MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE

(For Solution See Page 80)
Here's the girl in every service-man's dreams... set to music, set to dancing, set to loving... in a musical you'll never forget!

Betty Grable

PIN UP GIRL

You'll laugh your head off when Martha and Joe get together again!

SONGS THEY'LL BE SINGING
FROM BROADWAY
TO GUADALCANAL!

"You're My Little Pin Up Girl"
"Time Alone Will Tell"
"This Is It"
"Once Too Often"
"Yankee Doodle Hayride"
"The Story of the Very Merry Widow"
"Don't Carry Tales Out of School"
"Red Robins, Bob Whites and Blue Birds"

by Mark Gordon and James Monaco

Another BIG one in 20th CENTURY-FOX's mighty parade of HITS!

ORSON WELLES • JOAN FONTAINE in JANE EYRE
EDWARD G. ROBINSON • LYNN BARI in TAMPICO
MERLE OBERON • GEORGE SANDERS • LAIRD CREagar in THE LODGER

Three great DARRYL F. ZANUCK productions: THE PURPLE HEART • WILSON • WENDELL WILLKIE'S ONE WORLD
WHY DEANNA AND PAUL ARE SEPARATING

Hollywood was very sorry to hear that Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul had come to the parting of the ways. It was no surprise, however, even though you may read, here and there, that it was. There had actually been trouble brewing for a long while.

The first inkling of trouble was when Deanna began appearing socially with Edmund O'Brien, her leading man in "The Amazing Mrs. Halliday." In any other town a young wife, separated by war from her service husband, might have appeared with a handsome "other man" and had that date be meaningless. But in a place like Hollywood such meetings assume a special significance, no matter how casual they may actually be. So the Durbin-O'Brien date did cause eyebrow-raising in the film colony.

It's saddening, though, that it did happen. Vaughn, now Lt. Paul of the U. S. Navy, was Deanna's first beau, her first love. They married in an aura of romance, and most certainly they intended to live happily ever after. "Ever after" turned out to be only about two years.

The separation that the war put upon them, Deanna's growing up, both in years and in her work, the handicaps that fame and fortune puts on all movieland marriages; these factors conspired to kill this romance.

SOMEbody LOVES DEANNA

There is one romantic story about Deanna that I do not believe has been told until now. It concerns a particularly nice young man about movieland. Ever since her first films, this intelligent, charming young man has been unrequitedly in love with Deanna Durbin. This story is told by an anonymous source, who has chosen to remain anonymous. The story goes like this...

(More Inside Hollywood on page 101)
YOUR HEART WILL SING

The Desert Song

STARRING

BRUCE CABOT* LYNNE OVERMAN GENE LOCKHART*

C-ED By

ROBERT FLOREY

Produced By

ROBERT BUCKNER

Based Upon A Play By Lawrence Schimdt, Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein II, Sigmund Romberg and Frank Mandel.

A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT A WAR BOND. YOUR MOVIE THEATRE IS HAPPY TO SERVE YOU.
FACTS ABOUT A VITAL PROBLEM

Your happiness — your very health — can depend on whether or not you know the real facts about the vital problem of feminine hygiene. Many women, who think they know, depend on out-dated or dangerous information ... make the mistake of relying on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures ... or risk using over-strong solutions of acids which can burn and injure delicate tissues.

Today modern, well-informed women everywhere have turned to Zonitors — the new, safe, convenient way in feminine hygiene. Zonitors are dainty, snow-white suppositories which spread a greaseless, protective coating ... and kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize — not by temporarily masking — but by destroying odors. Cleanse antiseptically and give continuous medication for hours. Yet Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful — yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet — set of intimate facts, sent postpaid. Name, Address. Zonitors Dept., 510 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PITY FOR THE MOVIE BRIDE

Girls in love in other towns, girls dreamily in love with their fine new husbands, are much luckier than the movie brides. Juliet Capulet of Cupcake, Nebraska, has a very swell chance that she'll hold her Romeo. But the Hollywood brides can scarcely hold their happiness. They have their careers and they have their money, but their homes are very lonely.

Look at that haunted, hungry look on little Judy Garland's face, for example, just in case you don't believe me.

HAPPILY MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD

There are two outstanding exceptions, however, one girl about the most provocative and charming young thing currently on screen, and the other a young American just returned from England's war zones. The first is Gene Tierney, who has just had her daughter, Antoinette Darcia Cassini, whom Gene and Oleg Cassini, her soldier-husband will call Toni.

When Gene married Olie more than two years ago, there was everything against their union, yet they have been blissful and grown steadily more devoted to one another.

Now that their first baby is born, Gene will return from Fort Riley, Kansas where she's been with her husband. She is not giving up her career, but she says she wants to have a family of six, at least.
HEAR FRANKIE SING HIS OWN HIT PARADE!


THE SINATRA SHOW!

IT'S THE SEASON'S TOPS!

in LOVE! in LAUGHS!

in SONGS! in STARS!

Wait'll you see and hear Frankie wow 'em as he woos 'em with song! It's an entertainment treat that'll make your heart skip a beat!

Michele Morgan
Jack Haley
Frank Sinatra

in

"HIGHER and HIGHER"

with

Leon Errol, Marcy McGuire, Paul and Grace Hartman, Barbara Hale, Dooley Wilson

Produced and Directed by Tim Whelan

Screen Play by Jay Dratler and Ralph Scence

Additional Dialogue by William Bowers and Howard Harris

Hear Frankie Sing His Own Hit Parade! "I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night," "The Music Stopped," "You Belong in a Love Song," "A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening."
Make-up
by the men who make-up the Hollywood Stars

Olivia De Havilland
in
Princess O’Rourke
A Warner Bros. Picture

One of the many beauty aids offered by the House of Westmore is a perfect foundation cream. It gives you a lovely, attractive, natural beauty that goes on smoothly, and really stays on. It effectively hides tiny lines and blemishes, does not dry the skin because it contains lanolin... never gives you a "masked" feeling or appearance.

The Westmores—Perc, Wally and Bud—not only make-up the Hollywood stars, but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore’s lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. You can get House of Westmore Make-up at toilet goods counters everywhere.

In 25 and 50 cent sizes—regardless of price, you cannot buy better.

Perc Westmore, Director of Make-up
Warner Bros. Studios, Hollywood

The other girl is Ann Dvorak. She’s been away from the screen three years. She left to follow her English husband, Leslie Fenton, when he went into the service of his native land. In England, Ann worked in an ambulance unit during the worst of the blitzes; was a member of the hard-laboring Women's Land Army; did camp and hospital entertainment tours in her free hours.

Now with Leslie invalided out of service and back to Hollywood, Ann’s back, too. She means to return to the screen. But if Leslie should leave the film colony, for any reason whatsoever, Ann would leave also, even if she had the chance at a role as important as Scarlet O’Hara. For that’s the way Ann loves her husband, the “whither thou goest, I shall go” feeling.

So some movie stars do know what marriage means, in the true sense of the word, but they are, I insist, exceptions.

WATCH THAT MAN—GREGORY PECK!

I may be wrong. I’ve been very wrong before, but I do believe I’ve seen the next great lasting star of the screen.

He’s Gregory Peck, very tall, definitely dark with straight black hair, and handsome in a sensitive, distinctive way that makes him stand out even in a town populated with such as Gary Cooper, Cary Grant and Walter Pidgeon.

There are a lot of handsome new young men around Hollywood these days, of course, taking the place of the departed Gables, Taylors, Montgomerys and Matures. But Peck has the advantage not only of being new and very good looking, but also of being a magnificent actor.

I saw his love scenes in “Days of Glory,” which Casey Robinson is making for R-K-O. This is another story of Russian guerrillas, but it is a simple, intense love story set against heroic action. Opposite Greg is Tamara Toumanova, straight from the Monte Carlo ballet and making her film debut.

I went to lunch with the three of them, Robinson, the excellent writer (he wrote the screen plays on “Kings Row,” “Dark Victory,” “Now, Voyager” and “This is

(More Inside Hollywood on page 81)
The story of four Fates... eight lives...any one of which could be YOURS...in "FLESH AND FANTASY" every man...every woman...will find a scene from their OWN life in this motion picture!...Strange?... Impossible?...then let it challenge your secret hate... your hidden love...your quarreled fears...with its climax upon climax of gripping drama!

"FLESH AND FANTASY" starring in the order of their appearance

ROBERT BENCHLEY
BETTY FIELD
ROBERT CUMMINGS
with EDGAR BARRIER

EDWARD G. ROBINSON
with THOMAS MITCHELL
C. AUBREY SMITH
ANNA LEE
DAME MAY WHITTY

CHARLES BOYER
BARBARA STANWYCK
with CHARLES WINNINGER

Directed by JULIEN DUVIVIER • Produced by CHARLES BOYER and JULIEN DUVIVIER
Screen Play by Ernest Pascal • Samuel Hoffenstein • Ellis St. Joseph
Based on Stories by Oscar Wilde • Laslo Vadnay • Ellis St. Joseph
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
THE NORTH STAR (Samuel Goldwyn) will disappoint all who had reason to expect a great deal more from Hollywood’s first important drama of the war in Russia. That a producer of the standing of Samuel Goldwyn spent several million dollars in bringing “The North Star” to the screen gave promise of an outstanding cinema, as did the authorship of its story by a playwright of the reputation Lillian Hellman attained with such fine dramas as “Watch on the Rhine” and “The Little Foxes.” What their collaboration brings forth this time is distinctly not up to standard.

The picture tells of life in a Russian village just before and during the first two days of the Nazi invasion. It gets off on the wrong foot by stressing the happy, carefree life these villagers led until even the children are forced to fight for their very lives. Unfortunately, the opening sequences are too much like comic opera to have any impact of reality. This spoils the force of the magnificent moments later depicted in all the harrowing details of war with a ruthless enemy.

In order to bring the grimness of the fighting closer home to Americans, the cast performs without accents. A notable film debut is scored by Parley Granger as one of the group of school children caught away from home by the Nazi attack. Other students in the party are well played by Anne Baxter, Dana Andrews, Jane Withers and little Eric. The group of school children caught away from home by the Nazi attack.

IN OLD OKLAHOMA (Republic) is a fast moving, action-packed drama of the early oil drilling days at the beginning of the twentieth century, when fortunes were made overnight and Indians still had to be fought.

Martha Scott is an attractive school teacher who has written daringly and scandalously, for that era, about romance and adventure. With the protests of the town’s offended petticoat delegation hissing her gloriously but defiantly out of town, she meets Albert Dekker, a husky self-assured oil operator, and John Wayne, an itinerant cowboy and ex-Rough Rider.

What follows then is far more romantic than anything teacher wrote in her book! Plus some unexpected melodramatic “situations” into which she gets herself. Western backgrounds, fist fights, mustachioed villains and all work with a plot that eventually gets to Washington and Teddy Roosevelt.

YOU’RE A LUCKY FELLOW, MR. SMITH (Universal) uses the marriage-of-convenience theme for an up-to-date light comedy with music. It is one of those minor offerings from the juvenile or the adult members of its audience. If Harold Peary, who is the Great Gildersleeve of radio programs, hopes to amuse the kids, his film material should not be so concerned with romantic mix-ups. If he wants to entertain the grown-ups, he will have to grow up first himself. Billie Burke has allowed herself to become involved in this unfunny affair.

WHISTLING IN BROOKLYN (MGM) doesn’t give Red Skelton time to pucker up. Strictly a slapstick affair about a crime-solving radio star, known to his listeners as “The Fox,” this is the third and latest of the series that introduced Skelton to the screen. It is also his weakest comedy. In attempts to hypo interest in the offering, the climaxing scenes are staged at the Brooklyn baseball park during a game in which “Dem Bums” participate. Actually since Brooklyn lost the pennant this year, only four of the players seen are still with the club, a fact that might serve as a warning to Skelton and others who appear with him.

GILDERSLEEVE ON BROADWAY (RKO) never makes up its mind whether it is bidding for laughs from the juvenile or the adult members of its audience. If Harold Peary, who is the Great Gildersleeve of radio programs, hopes to amuse the kids, his film material should not be so concerned with romantic mix-ups. If he wants to entertain the grown-ups, he will have to grow up first himself. Billie Burke has allowed herself to become involved in this unfunny affair.

FIND THE BLACKMAILER (Warner) could win the prize as the silliest murder mystery of the season. A detective is hired to locate a talking crow. For a finish, the writers seem to have decided that the bird couldn’t talk, after all. The crow is a victim of a ventriloquist and the players are just victims of a hoax.

THE DANCING MASTERS (20th Century-Fox) has Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy tripping the light fantastic and incidentally themselves. You have to be a thorough-going addict of these comedians to deem them funny in this show. Both try hard, with merely moderate success.
PREVIOUSLY RECOMMENDED PICTURES YOU SHOULD SEE

JANE EYRE (20th Century-Fox) Charlotte Bronte’s novel of a woman’s love comes to the screen as a classic drama superbly performed by Joan Fontaine. No woman will ever forget it.

PRINCESS O’ROURKE (Warner’s) a sparkling, modern Cinderella comedy in reverse with Olivia de Havilland, Robert Cummings and Charles Coburn.

LASSIE COME HOME (MGM) a simple and sincere story of a dog’s love for a boy. Will appeal to the whole family. Stars Roddy McDowall.

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount) the pretentious depiction of Hemingway’s Spanish story, with Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman and Katina Paxinou. Heavy-handed but worth seeing.

THIS IS THE ARMY (Warner’s) the Irving Berlin all-soldier entertainment. Terrific, songs, dances and laughs.

CLAUDIA (20th Century-Fox) a delightful slice of domestic Americana with Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young.

FLESH AND FANTASY (Universal) a series of inter-related stories of the supernatural which Charles Boyer produced. He also acts in one chapter. Distinctly different.

SO PROUDLY WE HAIL (Paramount) an enormously moving tribute to the heroic nurses of Bataan as personified by Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard, and Veronica Lake.

WATCH ON THE RHINE (Warner’s) a thought-provoking drama splendidly brought home by the fine acting of Bette Davis and Paul Lukas.

VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER (United Artists) Walt Disney making graphic, as only he can, the argument by Alexander P. de Seversky for an immediate air blow to wipe out the Axis.
Hiya, pals... Gather your wits around while I chop you out the best bit of music news this month—or a lot of months. It’s this: Part of that fight between the A. F. of M. is settled and we can all get a few recordings again.

Good news? Wow!

WHAT’S BRISK ON THE DISC:

Decca Records grab the spotlight because they were the first recording company to settle their differences with the American Federation of Musicians and thus were the first to be allowed to record with orchestras again. And the premier pressing after fourteen months of vocal backgrounds, old releases, etc., was made with great rejoicing and photographers galore on hand for the event. It’s Bing Crosby and the Andrews Sisters doing “Pistol Packin’ Mamma” and “The Victory Polka.” Vic Schoen provides the arrangements and the music. The girls also have one platter all to themselves, “Down In The Valley” and “Shoo Shoo Baby.”

On the quieter side there’s a newie, Deanna Durbin with Victor Young and his orchestra on “Say A Prayer For The Boys Over There” and “The Spirit Of The Moment.”

Save your allowances, gates, because Decca has big plans for lots of new records by their artists, including Jimmy Dorsey, Woody Herman and Frances Langford. . . .

Victor’s new release is “Hotchacornia” and “Wild Wild Women” with that King of Corn, Spike Jones and His City Slickers. “Hotchacornia” is really “Dark Eyes” but not the way you’ve ever heard it before. . . .

Columbia Records’ Xmas issue
By JILL WARREN

is not a swing record, but it's worth telling you about anyway. It's "Night Before Xmas" and "Little Jesus" rendered by Basil Rathbone with a beautiful background by the Robert Mitchell Boy Choir of St. Brendan's Church.

Johnny Mercer and Hoagy Carmichael combined talents to compose "Old Music Master," which is the title of Capitol's latest. You'll get your money's worth because Paul Whiteman provides the music and the vocal department is handled by Mercer and Jack Teagarden, both Whiteman alumni. The only disappointment is that "Big T" doesn't play his horn.

THE TUNEFILMS:

When it comes to tunes on celluloid the music makers continue to keep Hollywood on the upbeat, and the musicals are still coming. Twentieth Century-Fox' newest is "The Gang's All Here" and the most important part of the gang is Benny Goodman and his band. Of course, Alice Faye is starred (probably her last appearance before the newest member of the Phil Harris' household puts in his or her very welcome appearance), and for support Alice has such good supporters as Carmen Miranda, Jimmy Ellison, Charlotte Greenwood and Tony DeMarco. The picture has some fine numbers, the most effective of which are "Brazil" and "The Polka Dot Polka" (Cute title, yes?). Carmen does "Brazil" as only she can do it, accompanied by her own band. B.G. drops his clarinet for a few bars to join her vocally on a tune called "Paducah," and he sings a solo, "Minnie's In The Money.

(Continued on next page)
Fox has just started production on one of their biggest efforts, “Four Jills In a Jeep” (formerly titled “Camp Show”) with Dick Haymes, no less, in the male lead. He will sing three new songs with Jimmy Dorsey and his band supplying the music. Bob Eberly will be in evidence, too. This is the story of the trip which Carole Landis, Kay Francis, Mitzi Mayfair and Martha Raye took to the fighting fronts, and the girls will play themselves.

If you’re a Ted Lewis fan, be sure to see Columbia’s “Is Everybody Happy?”, the story of Ted’s life and career. Nan Wynn is in this, also Bob Haymes, Dick’s younger brother. It’s nice actually to see Nan singing for a change. We’ve only heard her before—as Rita Hayworth’s voice double. There is a fine array of “oldie but goodie” tunes in this film, including all the ones Ted made famous.

Universal’s “Hi Ya Sailor” features Ray Eberle and Wingy Manone and his band. Ray sings “Just A Step Away From Heaven,” and Wingy has a number called “Jazz Babies Ball,” which he does in typical Manone manner.

In “Crazy House,” starring Olsen and Johnson, you’re going to see your old friends, “The Glenn Miller Singers,” who are actually nobody else but “The Modernaires” and Marion Hutton. They are heavily featured along with Count Basie and his orchestra. And remember Leighton Noble, who was doing all right with his band when the war came along? He plays a straight role besides making with song. Also present and accounted for are Martha O’Driscoll, warbling on the screen for the first time, and the Delta Rhythm Boys.

Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer’s “Mr. Co-Ed” is still shooting, though Harry James has finished his chores and started rehearsing for “Two Sisters and a Sailor.” He expects to be called into the army as soon as it’s completed.

RKO certainly did right by our boy Frank Sinatra in “Higher and Higher.” He plays himself in the picture, wins a beautiful girl, Barbara Hale, and sings five songs—“You Belong In A Love Song,” “The Music Stopped,” “Lovely Way To Spend An Evening,” “I Couldn’t Sleep A Wink Last Night” and “I Saw You First.” How about those titles? When he sings them you can readily tell that they were written just for him.

**EARMARKS OF HITS:**

Phil Moore, the brilliant Negro pianist and arranger, has written a jump tune which will be one of the biggest hits of the year. It’s “Shoo Shoo, Baby,” and one of the cutest songs I’ve ever heard. I had the chance to hear Lena Horne rehearse —before she sang it on her personal appearance at the Capitol Theatre in New York. It brought down the house there and it sure laid me in the aisles. You’ll also hear it in Universal’s “Three Cheers For The Boys” and probably every time you turn on your radio...

“White Christmas,” undoubtedly will be revived every Yuletide season from now on, but this year it will have some competition from a new song by Kim Gannon and Walter Kent, “I’ll Be Home For Christmas.” This is a fine sentimental ballad as you can see from its last line, “I’ll Be Home For Christmas, If Only In My Dreams,” and if I know my releases, it stands an excellent chance of being a smash hit.

Frankie Masters introduced a novelty ditty which should make the Hit Parade ere too long—“Deacon Jones,” all about a handsome deacon who’s a killer with the gals...

Allie Wrubel’s “I Bet-cha” is a swingy thingy that should get someplace...

(Continued on page 70)
The fabulous Miss Rogers with "Lady in the Dark" all finished at Paramount and awaiting release (and it's whispered that it is utterly super) has returned to her home studio, RKO, for "Tender Comrade." This is a touching story of a war bride, and Ginger being one herself, is playing it with her suave dash and perfection. Leading man Robert Ryan is adding extra realism, too, this being his final film before army induction.
Not long ago, it was predicted that Ingrid Bergman would become the foremost actress on the screen. In a few short years, she has justified that claim.

Ingrid at nine months, and giving with a great big smile. Too young then to be treating the customers, that grin was probably just to please the cameraman.

Four years old, and going musical. Matter of fact, it was a song which was responsible for Ingrid's coming to America: the title song from "Intermezzo."
Every man who ever meets Ingrid Bergman starts talking like a love song; and our author, as you will see from this magnificent story, is no exception whatsoever.

BERGMAN, the Beautiful

By JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

SOMETIMES I think she's the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. I'm not sure. How can one be sure of such a complete and final conclusion? The thought disturbs me, and has disturbed me ever since I first met her. Her kind of beauty is always disturbing. Ordinary definitions don't touch it. Like trying to explain in a hundred words the vast and complex nature of radium rays.

In the twenty years I have been in Hollywood I've witnessed a meager procession of beautiful women: Alice Joyce, Katherine MacDonald, Corinne Griffith, Barbara LaMarr, Vilma Banky—a few others. But Bergman is of different stuff. Beauty—not of a Grecian profile or flaming hair or seductive figure.

Let's see what this beauty is made of; what are its symptoms. Several years ago, when Ingrid Bergman was a strange name to the American public, David O. Selznick predicted that one day she would become the foremost actress on the screen. Later, and not long ago, the famed producer of "Gone With The Wind" and "Rebecca," to whom she is now under contract, declared without qualification that Bergman would play Maria in "For Whom The Bell Tolls" and, moreover, would win the Academy Award by her performance. He persisted in this prognostication even after another actress had started to essay the role.

What rare human compound was this which so arrested the discoverer of Vivien Leigh, Joan Fontaine, Jennifer Jones, and many others? What is the anatomy of this beauty?

Shyly demure, for all her nine years, here we see the start of the Bergman reserve; the unaffected simplicity of her, which is more frankly appealing than the usual Hollywood glamour.

Grandma's specs make the five-year-old Ingrid rather a precocious child. Reading the news of that age, and with such serious concentration? Oh, but she's only pretending!
In a scene from a Swedish film, Ingrid's dramatic career was underway in Sweden at the age of fifteen. And successfully, we can add assuredly.

My first meeting with Ingrid Bergman was last February in Minneapolis. She was arriving there from her home in Rochester, N. Y., and I had never seen her except on the screen. She was coming there at the behest of the government to make a film about Swedes in America for the Office of War Information. It was a warm day for last February's Minneapolis—only eighteen below zero—and I was one of a delegation greeting her.

Presently the train arrived, and Bergman emerged—without benefit of fanfare and minus a retinue of fourteen pieces of luggage. Several passengers alighted, and behind them she appeared. Dressed in low-heeled shoes, a fur coat, her head encased in a red and blue knit bonnet secured by a knot under the chin. The latter was her very practical and attractive solution to the problem presented by the haircut she wore as a result of "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

I stepped forward and greeted her. "I am Joe Steele," I said. Simply, frankly, warmly she looked at me. Later I was to learn that nothing so characterizes as this way of looking at someone. The word "straight" kept recurring to me. "Hello," she said. But how can I describe how she said it?

"The press would like to photograph you here," I said. "And then they'd like to take some pictures in the U.S.O. room upstairs. Do you mind?" (Continued on page 72)
The role she played with Humphrey Bogart, in "Casablanca", was so like Ingrid really is: forthright, honest, direct and unaffected, to the point of seeming naive.

As "Maria" in "For Whom the Bell Tolls"; the Ingrid Bergman whom many critics are nominating for the Academy Award. Her producer predicted it would be so, even before she was assigned the role.

Ingrid Bergman and Warner Baxter in a scene from Columbia's "Adam Had Four Sons". Her success in this country was still to be established. Her charm was in being different; real, sincere.
IN October, 1943, the number of Frank Sinatra Fan Clubs, covering the entire country, and strictly feminine in membership, reached an even eight hundred.

"The Sighing Society of Sinatra Swooners" meets in New Jersey and starts each session with the countersign, a low breathing of the words "Moonlight Sinatra," followed by three short sighs and a long one. Its members are teen-agers.

In Manhattan there is the "Frank Sinatra Fan and Mah Jong Club," which meets to kick the gong and the ivory-pieces around simultaneously, to the tune of his records. The ladies so organized range from forty to sixty years of age.

"The Girls Who Would Lay Down Their Lives and Die for Frank Sinatra Club" will perform the supreme sacrifice, if demanded, in Flatbush, N. Y.

The "Slaves of Sinatra" all wear blouses with the first notes of his theme song embroidered on the
The Croon Prince, himself, Frank Sinatra. He did what he wanted to do, and he got where he wanted to be—and he also knows why he'll always be in that spot.
A during rehearsal snack at the CBS Studios consists of a bottle of milk and a couple of sandwiches.

FRANK SINATRA

CONTINUED

pockets. One of the Slaves claims to have seen "Ship Ahoy," in which Frankie sang two songs, one hundred and twenty times. Since the picture was undoubtedly double-featured, this gives rise to the dire thought that maybe the Civil War didn't do as much freeing as we thought it did.

Then again, there's the "Sin Not Sinatra Club," composed of young ladies who frankly admit that if they can't have Frankie, they don't want anybody, which—with the man shortage being what it is—may turn out to be a good thing.

At any rate, it all adds up to the fact that next to World War II, a small guy named Sinatra is the biggest thing that's hit American womanhood since she got the vote. There are some people who would qualify this statement by adding that if it were not for World War II, this particular type of hysteria could not have swept a nation.

To be absolutely fair, any American, male or female, croon-crazy or not, must admit that in a decade when a couple of other little fellows—Hitler and Tojo, by name—do nothing but create suffering, Frank Sinatra, who makes a nation sing-happy, deserves some of the frenzied plaudits he is getting.

Moved by this same spirit of fairness, we are pleased to announce the number of Frank Sinatra Fan Clubs has now increased to eight hundred and one. Just a few weeks ago the "We're Willing to Be Broadminded About Sinatra Club" came into being. Its charter membership consisted of Miss Ruth Waterbury, editor of this magazine, plus the above signed writer, both of whom don't mind admitting they are feminine but refuse to tell their ages.

This latest and smallest group, we believe, is the only Sinatra Club composed strictly of Bing Crosby fans, which as you know, is a breed of partisan even stubbler than a Republican. The immediate circumstances preceding its organization occurred one morning when the staff of MOVIELAND, missing Miss Waterbury, found her sitting dazedly beside a snowdrift of Sinatra fan-mail. In her nerveless hand was clutched a missive signed by some twenty females, reading:

"We love Frankie so much we don't care if he is married. We love his wife, too, and all his unborn children—"

Our first actual glimpse of the Croon Prince occurred at RKO, where they were starring him in a picture called "Higher and Higher," after the career of the same name. He was walking down a graveled pathway, a slim, grease-painted and tuxedoeued figure, sort of pulled along by two large men at either elbow and with three more pushing forward at his heels. A man on one side was saying something about the afternoon's filming schedule, the fellow on the other side was...
Just like any movie star, Frankie had to study his script for his RKO picture, "Higher and Higher."

Sinatra still looks at his hero. Actually it was after he had looked at Crosby on the screen one night that he determined on his career.

talking about a broadcast rehearsal, and one of the heel-steppers was trying to drown out the others by yelling something about a Canteen appearance that night.

The most overpowering current of personality radiated by the nation's idol at that moment was a strong aura of daze. Our very first encounter with the famous voice without its choral accompaniment, was a short sentence that said something like "Hello glad to know you tell the band I'll meet them there at eight."

The fore-part of the statement we took as our very own, and let the rest of it fall where it would do the most good. His eyes, made bluer by the greasepaint, were friendly, and the Sinatra smile, while it lasted, was of a sufficient warmth to leave us undismayed, even though Frankie, carried onward by the flying wedge, was off across the lot and we were left standing in the middle of the graveled pathway with his friend and alter ego, a gentleman named George Evans.

"Gee," said Mr. Evans feelingly, "if you had any idea of the merry-go-round that kid's been on! Eight months of it, just like this—trying to do a dozen things at once, day and night. Any other fellow would have lost thirty pounds—"

"How much has Frankie lost?" we asked, with a mind for statistics.

"Nothing," said Mr. Evans gloomily. "He was nothing but skin and bones"  (Continued on page 63)
Michael O'Shea remembers the holidays he spent at Grandmother's house. Moonlit snow; a message that made him very happy.

The true Christmas spirit went into the gift Loretta Young tells about as being her favorite. Real love, measured in "blood, sweat and tears."

Every boy wants a bike—and that includes Donald O'Connor. The way he got his was unusual, though. And say, wasn't he surprised!

Joan Crawford's Christmas present in 1942 brought her happiness after heartbreak. And behind it lies a story of love and devotion.

THEIR FINEST CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

BY ALICE L. TILDELEY
Who says that stars aren't sentimental! Roz Russell’s most prized gift came from the most unexpected source. But says she, “I never had a gift that touched me more.”

IT WAS Christmas Eve, 1940, a foggy night with rain in the wind. Rosalind Russell emerged from M-G-M Studios with that hard-pressed feeling. Christmas is the silly season! Why do we work ourselves into fevers trying to find things other people don’t want?

Late as it was, autograph hunters waited under the street lamps. One little fellow of six or seven, shivering in a shabby sweater, saw Roz and came running. “Merry Christmas!” he cried joyously, thrust something into her hand and ran away. It was a penny.

“I never had a gift that touched me more,” said the star.

That same Christmas of 1940 is the one best remembered by Annabella and Tyrone Power.

“I had been talking about having our living room decorated for months,” recalled Annabella, “but I never got around to doing anything. The Saturday before (Continued on page 83)
Katina, being puzzled. Replying to fans is something new for her. And what a lot of it she's having to do, after just one picture!

The Courage of

Conclusion of a real-life drama, written in two parts. On page 76, how the story began. Katina, refugee from the war front.

As Pilar in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," Katina Paxinou, newcomer, in the Hemingway role every actress in Hollywood wanted to play.

Separated for three years by the war, Katina and her husband (Alexis Minotis), reunited at last. Alexis tells how he escaped the Nazis, getting out of Greece.
AFTER nearly a year in California, during which time I finished the novel on which I was working, I decided to go East for a few weeks' change and rest. Needless to say, when I reached New York, the first person I phoned was Katina.

"You couldn't have come at a more opportune moment," she greeted me. "You who have been to California—you are just the person to advise me."

Of course, all this was said in Katina's usually excited way. And without giving me any further explanation, she commanded me to appear toute-de-suite at her hotel. Somehow I couldn't understand why having been in California put me in a position to advise her, but without wasting time on speculations, I started out toute-de-suite as I was told.

"Tell him to come up," Katina's voice echoed through the 'phone when the desk clerk announced that I was in the hall.

A bell-hop conducted me to an elaborate apartment where he told me Madame would see me presently. "Are you sure this is—" I stopped myself in time. Probably all those tales of Katina's hardship were pure invention. Or perhaps Katina had somehow at last managed to effect the release of some of her wealth from Greece. I was still pondering over the source of this terrific affluence when Katina burst into the room, her arms loaded with stacks of photographs and books. She was followed by a hotel maid, carrying two vases of flowers and boxes of cigarettes. "Hello, darling," she called to me, as if she had seen me the day before.

I watched her while she hurried about the room, placing a photograph here, a neat pile of books there, while instructing the maid where to place the flowers and cigarettes. I noticed that she was much thinner. She wore a wine-colored velvet house coat which fitted tightly around her slender body. Her thick coal-black hair was thrown carelessly off her forehead. Her cheeks were slightly sunken, and she was very pale. But the fire in her eyes belied these signs.

"There now," she said finally, looking about her contentedly. "The apartment looks lived in."

"But isn't it?" I asked.

"By me?" she laughed. "Goodness no. The management only lent it to me for an hour. Tommy and I share

"Tommy is more than just a dog," Katina says of this huge Great Dane companion, given to her when she needed a friend. Part II

BY TERENCE KENNEDY
a little room down the hall.” Questions were bouncing around in my brain. What had Katina been living on? Who was Tommy? What of her future? How had she survived here in America? I got no chance to ask one of them, for the ‘phone rang. “Yes, yes,” Katina called into it, “tell them to come up.”

She whirled on me, “This is what I wanted to see you about—you who know Hollywood. These men who are coming are from the Paramount Studio. They want me to test for the role of ‘Pilar’ in ‘For Whom the Bell Tolls.’”

“‘Pilar!’” I exclaimed. “Why every actress in Hollywood wants to play ‘Pilar!’”

“That’s why I’m so frightened. Why should I, who have never seen a camera, be chosen?”

“Because you are a great actress,” I said to encourage her.

“There are great actresses who are starving in the world,” she answered. “Besides, I’m not a great actress. I only know and understand the characters I portray. Oh, how I understand ‘Pilar.’ She is in my blood. You must remember my ancestors were guerrillas in Crete. And like Hemingway’s ‘Pilar’ they were rough—but inside they possessed the nobility of Kings.”

She saw me looking sceptically at her trim figure. “You can’t imagine me as ‘Pilar,’ eh?” she smiled.

“‘Pilar’ was a big woman, you are thinking. That is the first thing these gentlemen are going to say when they see me, but I will tell them what I tell you—it is first here where ‘Pilar’ is big.” She tapped her breast. “The rest is a question of makeup.”

In my timid way I must say I agreed with her. The sketch suggested anything but a Spanish peasant.

The man who was to direct the test showed interest for the first time. “How would you have her look?”

“Like a woman who has seen better days, and whose bravery and devotion to the cause leaves no time for fancy dress,” Katina began enthusiastically. “Hemingway wrote that ‘many men had loved her.’ So the actress who plays ‘Pilar’ must give some impression of a past charm and fascination. He also wrote, ‘she is all woman’. Therefore,” she added, pointing to the sketch, “she couldn’t have been this Frankenstein.”

The Director seemed pleased. “We will take you to the costumers tomorrow morning and you can choose your own costume. Now, about the test—which scene have you chosen?”

“Ah,” Katina smiled, “I was about to mention that. I will only make a silent test (Continued on page 75)
Wallace Beery in a scene from Paramount's "Fireman Save My Child," a sympathetic role of the type his public demands for him. He's been acting since he was nineteen, has made three hundred pictures.

**BY LUPTON A. WILKINSON**

In 1942 Wally Beery went to Johns Hopkins, Baltimore's great medical university and hospital, for a minor operation. When they handed him his bill, on departure day, he frowned.

"Where," he inquired, "is the surgeon's fee?"

"There isn't any."

Wally at once demanded the way to "the Doc's" office.

The Doc, it happened, used to be one of Vienna's greatest surgeons. He listened with a twinkle while Wally explained that he always paid his way, while he stammered, "Save your for-free work for cases that need it. Not that I don't appreciate—"

"This is a personal indulgence," the Viennese smiled.
There are two men in the world who have put so much pleasure into my life, during many years, that I could never accept money from them.
Wally felt embarrassed. Then he grew curious, and couldn't help asking,

"Who's the other fellow?"

"Clark Gable."

They almost had to put Wally back on the operating table. A red-hot Gable fan, both as to screen work and off-screen personality, he thought it was very nearly irreligious to compare him with Clark.

"Why—why—" he stammered, "he's handsome!"

"That's fine for the ladies," the surgeon replied.

"But you and Gable both have something that appeals to men, women and children alike. Something that seems more valuable today than ever before in history. It's sincerity."

Wally doesn't know there's anything special about his loyalty and sincere quality. What's "corn" to many people is to him merely the right way of life. Like Popeye, he is what he is.

For instance, on the set of "Rationing" I asked, "Tell me something of your mother, Wally. Wally was silent a long minute, knitting his brows over what to say. Then—very slowly he said, "All that I am I owe to my mother."

How many people do you know who are unselfconscious enough to speak that line!
Wally's Mom was a hard-working woman, in the old frame house at 18th and Paseo Streets, Kansas City, Mo. There were three boys, and Pop's salary (except on the rare occasion when the Republicans won an election and he got promoted from Patrolman to Police Captain) normally ran about eighty dollars a month. Each Saturday night Mrs. B. substracted from Patrolman Beery's pocket enough money to buy music lessons for her boys. At fifty cents an hour. The lessons couldn't have been much, but the sacrifice was genuine. Countless mothers have drawn neighborhood laughs for similar sacrifices. Yet the determination of the Kansas City Patrolman's wife that her boys should have something in the way of "cultural education" was to help raise Wally's name in stardom's electric lights—on Broadway—at 21.

Music was the only lesson this fast-growing, super-energetic boy liked. So far as he now remembers, he completed only the fourth grade. In the Beery home a boy either went to school or worked. Wally's first jobs were: furnace tender in a steel mill, $5 a week; engine wiper for the Santa Fe, $6 a week; member of a track repair crew, $7 a week. These jobs held his attention, but not all of it, from 12 years to 16. He frequently would run away and "ride the rods" down into the Ozark mountains, or even north to Chicago. Then he'd miss his Mom and come back, to hard work—and music lessons.

There is no doubt that the restlessness in her son caused Mrs. Beery deep worry. When the elder brother, Bill, became manager of Forepaugh-Sells circus, Mom said, "Take the boy along with you. At least you can keep an eye on him." So Wally became the first youngster ever to have circus life prescribed as a "reform" measure. Today in Wyoming, Utah and San Fernando Valley, California, cowboys will tell you that Wally has a remarkable knack for handling animals. "They understand him, and he knows and likes them, cussedness and all," one puncher put it. That became obvious the first day Wally walked into Forepaugh-Sells' elephant tent. Before he was seventeen, he had charge of eighteen "bulls"—the circus man's term for all elephants. Meanest of all was Topsy (Wally says, "An elephant never forgets—to be mean"); yet Topsy was mortally frightened to ride on a train at night. (Continued on page 66)
WHAT I HOPE MARRIAGE IS
by Susan Peters

WHAT I KNOW MARRIAGE TO BE
by Dame May Whitty
(As told to Eleanor Harris)
I am being married as soon as time and the Coast Guard permit. And I know it will be my only marriage, and it will last forever. I also know that it will be a complete success. In fact, it will be wonderful!

There's a reason for my assurance—and his name is Quine. You see, I've always searched for just six things in a future husband. I wanted a man who was good, who was kind, who didn't drink, who was completely honest, who wanted a family, and who dominated me. In my whole life, which is twenty-two years, I have found only one man who owned those six qualities, and I'm going to marry him. We can't fail to make each other happy.

It's funny, but when I tell people what I wanted in a husband (and found), they always say, "But how amazing! You haven't mentioned looks, social position, or money!" Well, why should I? I don't have looks, social position, or money myself. Besides, I know that all those things can disappear—because they've disappeared in my own family. In one stroke, my mother's family lost their money and she lost her husband; and she found herself working in a store for many years to support my brother and myself. So naturally those material things didn't interest me. I was looking for something that could never, never change.

But to get back to my reason for knowing that our marriage cannot miss. I know my future husband like a book, and he knows me. I know him a thousand times better than most girls know their future husbands—for the simple reason that he's lived for a year now in the same apartment house my mother and I live in, which my mother manages. During that year he's had breakfast, lunch, and dinner with us every day. Obviously I've seen him for more hours and in more moods than the average girl would, and probably one hundred per cent more than the current war brides. I know far more about him than the facts that he's six feet three, blond, once-married, twenty-four years old, and wears his clothes well. I know everything about his personality and character—and, most of all, I know that he has the ability to dominate me intelligently.

I know marriage to be the most ideal, the most practical, the most amusing, and the most tender of human relationships. It can be any of those things at any time, or all of those things simultaneously.

Yet I believe our laws on marriage should be changed. I think it should be harder to get married and easier to get divorced. I believe this because I feel if marriage is not absolutely complete, it is damaging to the human soul.

In fifty-one years of ideally happy marriage I have learned many lessons, and of these there are two very great lessons that I realize I must first master. The most important is that love must be earned. Love is a growing thing. With cultivation, it will grow into steadily greater beauty. With neglect, it will die.

The second is that too many people make a god of sex. Young people may not believe this, but I know now that the mind has more to do with creating a happy marriage than has the body. But to have an ideal marriage, the mind, the soul, and the body must be united.

I do not regard myself as a remotely perfect wife. I am not even sure that I am a good one. Of this I am sure, however. I would not have stayed married for more than half a century if it hadn't been that I married an angel. A year ago when Ben and I celebrated our golden anniversary, we appeared together on a radio program. At the time I told this truth to the script writer who was creating our speeches. "I married an angel," I announced to him firmly.

When Ben and I actually got on the air and were reading our scripts, I discovered Ben had been given this speech to say about me, and like the angel he is, he did say it.

Nothing could be less true. I was in 1890, and I still am, a strong-willed, short-tempered woman who wanted her own way, but was a little afraid of taking it—who desired a career above all things, who fought militantly for women's rights. Fighting militantly for women's rights simply was not done in 1890, and there must have been hours when Ben was very much embarrassed by my boldness. I'm sure he must have suffered
More than that, we know each other's working-personalities. We met a year and a half ago while making the movie "Tish," and we've seen each other through a handful of roles ever since. While I was acting in "Random Harvest," "Russia," "Assignment in Brittany," and a couple of Dr. Gillespie pictures; and while he was acting in "Babes on Broadway," "For Me and My Gal," "The Human Comedy," and "Stand By For Action." Also, we were brought up in the same city—Hollywood, though he was born in Detroit and I in Spokane. But none of this is what matters. What matters is that we know each other completely, and nothing that could come up in marriage would surprise or dismay us.

Therefore I know exactly what our life together will be like. I know that we'll live in a small, informal house furnished with French provincial furniture—which Dick and I have been buying together for the past year at auctions. I know that we'll have two servants and a brood of children and a healthy, happy, quiet life together.

Luckily, we both have exactly the same idea of the Good Life: outdoors all day long, to bed at ten o'clock, and up with the dawn. Neither of us likes parties or nightclubs—perhaps because neither of us drinks. Both of us love sports—tennis, golfing, riding, swimming. We can't get enough of them, except on Sundays when there are too many other people doing all those things, too. So on Sundays you'll find us working in our garden, eating an early supper (which Dick will cook, because I neither know how nor care how, and he loves cooking)—and then you'll find us planted happily in front of the radio at seven-thirty sharp to hear the Hermit's Cave. Until Dick went into the Coast Guard a few months ago, we hadn't missed listening to those three horror stories for a whole year, sitting paralyzed with attention in Mother's living room.

And while we listen, I'll be sewing. In the past year, I've made one hooked rug and half of a petit-point one, while we sat glued to our pet radio programs. I'll continue that in our own home when we're married. And Dick says we'll continue reading, too—only I'll be reading something more than murder mysteries! Dick's the intellectual of this pair, you see; and while I've been devouring "Who Killed Annie Bowers?" he's been buried in ponderous tomes on art. He predicts that after we're Mr. and Mrs. Richard Quine, however, I too will be reading books on art, literature, and politics. And he's also announced that we'll each make book reports, and exchange them every night. (Frankly, this is the one part of our married life which seems a little hazy to me! I just can't see myself digesting great volumes, and then writing reports on them! But still—time will tell.)

Dick'll run everything—me and the house, too. But always intelligently, always tactfully, always including me in every decision. The house will be apple-pie neat—time will tell.)

Dame May Whitty

CONTINUED

when I became a true militant suffragette in those pleasant days before the First World War. Yet Ben let me do as I desired because—well, as I have said, he is an angel.

I have never understood the miracle of his falling in love with me, but I shall be forever grateful for it. Ben was a barrister then, what you in America call a lawyer, and he was the handsomest man in London. In fact they called him the "Watteau barrister," so aristocratic was his handsomeness. Beautiful creatures were always hurling themselves at him, yet when his sister introduced us at the St. James Theater where I was playing, a gleam came into his eye which is still there when he looks at me.

Ben Webster spent the next seven years courting me. I truly did not wish to be married. I had "dedicated" myself to the theater and had gone on the stage when I was fifteen. Giving up parties, giving up beaux, giving up all the things young girls usually cherish, made me feel positively holy, convinced me that I had a true vocation. That vocation was the stage and all the discomforts that went with it, back there in the Eighties. I started in "The Mountain Sylph" and was a chorus girl, really. They called me "little Whitty" and babied me for that first season. And later, when I went touring, I never noticed the hardships. I have played as many as fourteen parts in twelve nights in twelve different towns. We were frequently cold and hungry, without lodgings. Sometimes we played in theaters where the snow fell straight into our dressing rooms. But it was all romance to me, and all I asked from life.

Ben's grandfather had been a very famous actor-manager, and when Ben realized that I was determined to go on with my work, his acting blood asserted itself, and he deserted the law. He, too, became an actor. He was so handsome and so fine a performer that he became an immediate success. He was leading man for Mrs. Pat Campbell. He worked with the Ivings and with Ellen Terry. But he kept on courting me, and finally I could no longer resist him.

I went through then what many a Hollywood bride goes through now. I was a plain woman married to a god-like male. Other women fell instantaneously and constantly in love with my husband. Yet I determined not to be possessive, not to be insistent, not to be full of claims. Two tremendous things we possessed in common; our very similar thoughts and points of view, our common laughter. I hoped those would be the safe-guards of our marriage. We always worked together, and we would rehearse our roles, one with the other, and read plays and books.

Thus I never knew a moment's jealousy of Ben. What I should have done if he had been a different kind of man, if he had given me cause for jealousy, I blessedly never had to find out. But I learned another truth: trust which implies freedom of thought and action binds lovers more closely than any "rights" or demands ever can.

There were many seasons when we could each have bettered our careers by separating, but we refused to do that. Daniel Frohman, the (Continued on page 90)
Coast Guardsman Quine, submitting to a cap adjusting by Susan. Below, they hold hands at a nightclub, are greeted by Gig Young.

The Ben Websters (she’s Dame May Whitty), on their wedding day; and the same pose, taken in California, on their Golden Anniversary.
Gary and Mrs. Cooper (Sandra Shaw) make a premiere night "appearance."

I REMEMBER:

A half-eaten apple in the road before my first school, and how a classmate picked it up and ate it, swaggering before a companion and myself to show how tough he was; how we were summoned to the principal's office several days later to be confronted with the young tough's mother in tears. Her offspring, in the hospital with appendicitis, had "confessed" that we had made him eat the dirty apple, and she wanted to see the two villains. At least for once we were not guilty!

Being teacher's pride and joy only in drawing class, but my greatest artistic successes came when teacher left the room, and I drew for the benefit of classmates.

Sideburns. When I first started acting, I wore them in a lot of period pictures. I'll never forget the time I had a week's leave in New York and couldn't shave off the sideburns because I hadn't time to grow others when I got home. I went around the big town looking like an actor and being horribly self-conscious.
MYSELF

I LIKE:

Kids, either sex; people who do things; that Sabino horse I rode in "The Westerner"; the smell of sagebrush in hot sun; long telephone conversations, if the right party is on the other end of the line.

Food. I can eat anything. Tartar steak and wild duck are my favorites — well-cooked outside, but cooked quickly so that they are rare inside. But give me anything, so long as it's food. I had jaundice in '31, and I still remember how good food looked and smelled, but when I'd had a couple of bites, I couldn't swallow more. I thought then that once back to normal, I'd never care what I ate, so long as I ate. And I don't.

Good looking clothes, well tailored. I guess it's that old Indian instinct for wild colors, but I like to take two or three strong vivid shades that harmonize or contrast sharply and combine them.

I DON'T LIKE:

Baby talk from those only too evidently out of the kindergarten class; nightclubs every night; worrying;
doing silly things simply because it's expected of you.

IF I'D THOUGHT OF IT IN TIME:
I'd have been a doctor instead of an actor. I'm pretty good at doing things with my hands, and I'm intensely interested in surgery. On a ranch there's always a certain amount of accidents, injuries to man or beast, creatures being born, and so on, and you learn to deal with emergencies before a doctor arrives.

This doctor in Mr. DeMille's picture “The Story of Dr. Wassell” is tops. He's a real American country doctor from Arkansas, as traditional as Abe Lincoln, the kind of man we like to think of as representative of America.

I'M ALWAYS INTERESTED IN:
Books by foreign correspondents or by people who know their background and understand current events and personalities they deal with in accounts of countries involved in this war. Lots of good stuff has come out of the Far East as well as that from European correspondents.
Traveling.
Anything new in medicine, surgery, or modern miracles of science.
Mystery stories.

I ENJOY:
Symphonic music, some of it; swing; sentimental old ballads; Irish songs; some of the current hit songs. I twist the dial on my car radio and listen to whatever comes out.
Football and baseball, but I'm not a rabid fan. I usually see several games a season, but wouldn't lose any sleep if I didn't get the latest scores.
Light pictures. I enjoyed doing the gambler in “Saratoga Trunk” because it's a nice, light part after more sombre roles.

I'VE LEARNED:
That if I get all dressed up and go to a big shindig, I'd better be ready to sign (Continued on page 38)
Everyone looks at your hair! If it's soft, lustrous and appears naturally curly—well, there's romance ahead! But hair left dry and drab by harmful permanent waving processes never won any man's heart. So insist upon a Frederics Tru-Curl Permanent. This wonderful new permanent will bring out all the natural loveliness of your hair—capture its dreamy radiance—transform your straight hair into deep, beautiful, natural-looking waves and silky curls. There is no possibility of kinks or frizzies when you have a Tru-Curl wave because this famous Frederics permanent contains NO harsh, beauty-stealing metallic salts. And while you're getting this finest of all permanents, there are no disagreeable chemical odors, no painful pulling or stretching at the hair. It's so quick, cool and comfortable, you'll hardly know your hair is being waved.

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Imitations, dangerous to your hair structure, are riding on the wave of Frederics Tru-Curl popularity. Avoid them! Insist that your permanent wave open the sealed individual Tru-Curl package before your eyes. See that only genuine Tru-Curl wrappers and lotion are used on your hair.

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Tru-Curl Permanent is given by experts.

BOOKLET— "What you should know about your Permanent Wave.

Name
Address
City  State

Veronica Lake
Co-starring in "So Proudly We Hail"

a Paramount Picture
C糊涂 of years ago someone suggested that the story of Sonja Henie's next picture be based on her life.

The front office moguls turned the idea down cold. "People would never believe it," they said. They were right.

The story of the little Norwegian girl who became her native country's national idol and then the world's greatest sports attraction; this girl who became Queen of the Ice, adored by Kings, Princes, Presidents, dictators, and then invaded Hollywood to be a full-fledged star in her first picture, a picture that earned over two million dollars—that story sounded too good to be true. People got so used to Sonja's proverbial success that they weren't surprised that her new picture broke all box office records. She then fell in love, in a most successful manner, and married a handsome millionaire—one of those sharp-profile, pipe-sucking dream boys who seem to exist only in moving pictures.

Then came the war. The Nazis captured Norway,
and, like other Norwegian families, the Henie's lost all their native-land investments, their home. In America, war touched Sonja even closer. Dan Topping, her rich husband, enlisted in the Marines. It broke the absolute flawlessness of Sonja's life pattern into small bits.

But the way Sonja has reacted to it all, become "An American Wife" as she now proudly calls herself, become a business woman as well as a glamorous athlete—well, that's this story.

An ordinary day begins this autumn of 1943, with Sonja breakfasting in her Beverly Hills home on coffee and a biscuit. ("I can't eat when I work," she explains.) She glances over some business letters, calls up half a dozen people in as many different American cities, sends wires to her business associates in Chicago and New York, devises a new dance routine for her forthcoming show, makes a decision involving thousands of dollars, drives out to the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, spends six strenuous hours doing loops, spirals, and spreads in front of the camera, goes home, takes a massage, puts on a dress (or more likely a suit, since she prefers suits), greets her husband who just
arrived on leave from his camp, and they go out for dinner and a couple of dances maybe. If you ask her how she does it all and keeps perfectly healthy, she looks at you with her big brown eyes and says in her husky, energetic contralto voice, “That’s my working mood.”

She has another side, however. And when her work permits it, she loves to be lazy. A few months ago, she took a tiny house at Quantico, Va., and later at Cherry Point, N. C., near the Marine Air Corps station where her husband, Captain Dan Reid Topping, was then on duty. They took one side of a double cottage. Unable to get any help and eager to be no exception among the other Marine officer wives, Sonja Henie, millionaire girl, got up at six in the morning, learned to cook, wash, keep house, and enjoyed it immensely—especially when Dan said, “Honey, those are the best muffins I’ve ever tasted.”

“She came back with all her nails broken,” her mother says.

“It was swell, and I’m going to do it again,” Sonja comments.

But at work, as for instance on the set of her new picture “Wintertime,” she is not only star, but also technical adviser, associate production manager, second cameraman, assistant director.

When Sonja made her first picture, “One In A Million,” the studio people resented her giving orders, displaying Garboish whims and showing a dangerous independence. She didn’t like to wait between takes while the lights had to be adjusted. She wanted to be the permanent center of interest. She got in very wrong in many quarters. But since then Sonja has learned that movie-making is a process of cooperation; and the experts have learned that Sonja knows best about skating and let her handle all the skating sequences. Thus a happy atmosphere reigns.

I talked to her on the set, and the scene I saw shooting called for Sonja to swing up into the center of the rink and go into a hair-raising spin, faster and faster, while white clouds descended upon her, finally making her disappear.

They marked the exact spot where she would spin. The piano started playing, the (Continued on page 85)
She was only a blonde baby—but Betty recalls having to spend many days alone, playing in her own backyard, while “Mom” worked in an auto factory.

Two little sisters, abandoned by their father, loved by their mother, both destined to fame. Big sister Marion and wee Betty, when they lived in Michigan.

BETTY HUTTON
Fearless Story of Her Life and Loves

A Cinderella tale that did really happen, to a star who’s frank enough to tell it.

“LISTEN,” said Betty Hutton, “if I am going to talk about myself, my life and all, I want to tell it honestly. I mean—I want to say the way things have really happened to me and not any of that old corn about how I was found under a cabbage leaf on my Pappy’s old Southern plantation—or something.

“Sometimes I talk too much. You know—I say things that maybe I shouldn’t. But if I am going to talk about my life I want to tell it the way it really has been—and the way I’ve felt about—everything!”

The face of the blonde girl in the chair beside me was turned questioningly as though she were searching out whether or not I knew what she was driving at. You can’t be with Betty Hutton five minutes without realizing the intense honesty of this kid. Her freshly scrubbed face was as open and direct as the words that had rushed out of her mouth.

There was not a trace of lipstick or powder on her face—just a layer of sun spotted freckles across the bridge of her nose. Her famous, outrageous, blonde hair was pulled back from her forehead as tightly as a child’s, braided (Continued on page 68)
Red Skelton whistles in "Whistling in Brooklyn?" Sure, because a whistle's a siren and a siren's a beautiful gal.
Beautiful, blonde Louise Allbritton
tells what she discovered about
dollars and sense from her dad

BY ALICE L. TILDESLEY

T WASN'T until Louise Allbritton,
Universal's tall, blonde discovery,
was earning her own living that
she realized that her father was
less than a meanie and a miser
about money.

Up to that time, there had been
an off-again, on-again feud about
finances between high-pockets
Louise and her dad, L. L. Allbritton,
Texas owner of cattle ranches, oil
fields, and operator of extensive
transportation systems.

Mr. Allbritton believed that the
moment a child became old enough
to spend money, that moment said
child should learn to handle it
wisely. Louise has an older sister
and brother, and all three children
were given ample allowances, but
from the age of five onward, if they
spent all their money the first day,
no further funds were forthcoming
until the next allowance date.

Even at the age of five it aggra¬
vated Louise. "Dad never weak¬
ened," she says. "No matter how
we teased or cried, no matter why
we wanted more money, he was
adamant. The only arguments I
ever heard between my mother and
father when we were little were
about his views on our spending.
Mother thought children should be
carefree. She didn't approve of our
having too much responsibility. She

Louise Allbritton is a new type and the
fastest rising star on the Universal lot.
Playing the second lead in "Pittsburgh"
opposite no less a person than Dietrich,
she scored so decisively that her second
picture, "Fired Wife," brought her stardom.

At the left you see that Louise's most
frequent date is handsome Alan Curtis.
She gets a pal to help her set her hair in exchange for doing the same for the pal.

Girls can live in the Studio Club for as little as thirteen dollars a week—that's room and two meals. But sometimes a girl likes a snack or a third meal. Then she goes to the community kitchen to prepare her own—and to wash up her dishes like a good housewife, when the meal is finished.

Louise lives at the Studio Club, which is supported by Hollywood contributions for the benefit of young girls starting out in the movie business—and not just actresses. However, life there is not all just sitting in front of a radio, writing letters.
said there was plenty of money. Why not give it to us?

"We children thought, quite naturally, that our allowances were too small and that Father was cruel. But ah, what I learned about money from him!

"I remember once when I was about six I had planned to buy candy and go to a movie on Saturday. At the same time I coveted a certain toy wagon. "Why not buy the wagon, Louise?" suggested Father. "That will last a long time and you can enjoy it forever. You will have eaten the candy and forgotten the movie by tomorrow." In spite of the fact I knew that he was right, I resented it. I gorged on candy that day . . . and cried for the wagon I didn't get."

By the time Louise was ready for college, she still resented this financial supervision. Her father sent her from her home town of Wichita Falls, Texas, to attend the University of Oklahoma. She felt grown-up, not only because she was away from home, but because her proud parents had given her a checking account. "I loved clothes," confesses Louise. "Whatever I saw that appealed to me, I bought. I felt important dashing off checks. But when I went home for Christmas, flat broke, Father was very stern. 'Since you haven't learned to handle money,' he told me, 'I'm closing your account. Henceforth I'll send you one check each month, and you'll have to make that do.'

"I thought he was kidding me and laughed. When I returned to school, I wrote three big checks for things I happened to see and like. The checks bounced! I was horribly embarrassed. I had to go before the treasurer of the University to explain and take up the bad checks with one my father sent me. I felt like a worm. I had to pinch and scrape all the rest of that year to get by."

(Continued on page 78)
The Jack Benny troop—Larry Adler, Anna Lee, Jack Snyder, Wini Shaw, Jack Benny—with General Connolly, in the Persian Gulf war theater.

Visiting the pyramids, on what Benny calls an “Egyptian taxi.” Praise be his restraint, his only comment was, “But I still like my Maxwell.”

Jack eats G.I. with the boys in Central Africa; comes back home for his chicken liver sandwich.
BETWEEN hearty mouthfuls of a chopped chicken-liver sandwich, eaten with great gusto, Jack Benny, just in from a 32,000 mile trip overseas to entertain the troops, in the course of which he had played to about 150 audiences composed of 300 to 30,000 men, said enthusiastically: "I just can't wait to do it all over again."

Whereupon the wise ones nodded and smiled. Why not . . . who wouldn't give his right hand for a jaunt like the one America's favorite comedian had just made, being treated wherever you went like royalty itself!

But what the wise ones didn't know about was Jack's undisclosed brush with death at a small hospital in Palermo, of that eleventh hour hazardous hop into Italy without protective air escort, or that precarious landing in a sandstorm in the Persian Gulf, where anything might have happened! What they didn't know was the true story behind, not only this trip of Jack Benny's, but every trip like it, and why the Jack Bennys and the Bob Hopes of the world earn a tender and deserved membership in Hollywood's army of soldiers in greasepaint.

So here, in Jack's own words, is the story. "All along the trip things had happened (Continued on page 76)"
DO YOU really know how to comb your hair?
Do you really know how to brush it?
Do you know that daily correct combing and proper brushing can save you hours and dollars at your hairdressers, that your hair and all your appearance will be immensely benefited? And do you, also, know how to care for these combs and brushes themselves? In these wartime days, those two beauty necessities spell Conservation in a big way, so we've decided it is high time to give out with words on these subjects.

Cheryl Walker of "Stage Door Canteen," and now a star on the Warner Brothers lot in Burbank, offered to help us prove our points to you.

If you have the same sort of fine hair as Cheryl, you're just as apt as she is to find it in countless little aggravating morning tangles that try your temper and the comb. Right then, early in the morning, right in those tangles, is where you start learning what's what with your hair. To remove snarls and tangles, use the coarse teeth of the comb. The best place to begin is on the lowest layer of hair at the back of the head, with one small section of hair at a time. In the illustrations, we follow Cheryl in the procedure of dressing her hair.

In your first combing, after (Continued on next page)
4. Remember this too, Miss Walker says, when you are brushing, that the strand of hair should lie firmly over the brush bristles, and the brush should be slowly lifted straight up, continuing to the very ends of the hair—no half way business.

5. The final product. And if Cheryl Walker can do it, so can you. It takes time, yes—fifteen minutes at a throw—but it gives results. And if you're really serious about this business, you ought to read our tips on brush and comb care as well.
FARM NOTES ON BEAUTY:

It's because of Hedy Lamarr that John Loder prefers "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody." He first met Hedy years ago; but they remained casual acquaintances, since each then was in love with someone else. Then one day John saw Hedy in "Ziegfeld Girl" and heard her song, "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody."

About six months ago he was working one evening as a bus boy at the Hollywood Canteen. Suddenly the orchestra started "A Pretty Girl Is Like a melody." He looked up and saw Hedy herself, working behind the snack bar. She smiled at him. Somehow the picture of Hedy and the sound of the melody blended together in his mind; and he went over to her and began to chat. It was the first time they'd really had very much to say to each other. Now when dancing together John always makes one request of the orchestra—their song.

The one sure way to ruin brush bristles and work hardon your scalp is to hold the brush flat against the head.

In brushing, the trick is again to take sections of the hair, larger than for the combing process. Cheryl places the brush with its back to the scalp so that the section lies firmly over the brush bristles, then lifts it slowly straight up, so that the bristles embrace every hair in the strand to the very ends. She repeats this two or three times, then places the brush in the same position on the opposite side of the strand and follows the same procedure. This same routine continues on around and all over the head in the initial morning hair toilette.

If your hair is dry, you can now be assured it is free from all dust and is clean and lustrous, ready for fine-tooth combing to form your curls. If your hair is brushed wet, following a shampoo and combing, it is now ready for the setting of the pincurls.

Above all, for conservation of combs and brushes, keep them clean. You should have two combs and two brushes, so that one set is clean at all times, changing over day by day.

This pays dividends. Soiled combs and brushes on a clean head are taboo. Clean combs and brushes on a head slightly greasy help keep it alive until you can dunk it.

Cleansing of brushes and combs should be with lukewarm water and pure soap. Don't be afraid to exert a little pressure on the brush bristles, as they are briskly running in between the teeth, because combs retain oil and dust more than do hairbrushes.

Combs, too, should be rinsed in warm water, then set out on their sides alternately against your rough towel and slapped out onto the towel. Your combs deserve the same glass treatment as your hairbrushes. Placing them to dry on their sides allows uncaught moisture to accumulate between the teeth for a slow-drying process that is harmful.

So treat your combs and brushes gently and well, and they'll serve your scalp and hair faithfully for beauty for the duration!

EYEING RELAXATION:

How are your tired eyes? Studio lights bring on eye fatigue quickly, and Bette Davis, starring in "Watch on the Rhine," admits to the common ailment.

Bette combines an eye exercise with witch hazel or ice water applications. She lies down with absorbent combs soaked in either one of the two over her eyes, keeps them there for a three-minute period. Then she removes them, and exercises her eyes by opening them as widely and closing them as rapidly as possible ten or twenty times.

Newly soaked pads are again placed over her closed eyelids; she relaxes again and then repeats the exercise.

Sum total: Ten minutes of complete bodily relaxation, plus eyes minus strain and fatigue.

THEIR FAVORITE TUNE

It's because of Hedy Lamarr that John Loder prefers "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody." He first met Hedy years ago; but they remained casual acquaintances, since each then was in love with someone else. Then one day John saw Hedy in "Ziegfeld Girl" and heard her song, "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody."

About six months ago he was working one evening as a bus boy at the Hollywood Canteen. Suddenly the orchestra started "A Pretty Girl Is Like a melody." He looked up and saw Hedy herself, working behind the snack bar. She smiled at him. Somehow the picture of Hedy and the sound of the melody blended together in his mind; and he went over to her and began to chat. It was the first time they'd really had very much to say to each other. Now when dancing together John always makes one request of the orchestra—their song.

NOW when dancing together John always makes one request of the orchestra—their song.

(Continued on page 89)
Three weeks' freedom in Hollywood finds Vic Mature with K. T. Stevens, on his first night out. They greet her dad, the famous Director Sam Wood, at the Mocambo.

At the Mocambo again, with Anne Shirley, the third girl he dated. And it’s said they were celebrating announcement of their intent to wed. There were even elopement rumors.

Oh, oh, the inevitable coincidence! There’s Martha Kemp Mature, busy greeting uniforms just a few tables away. (Martha, the second wife who divorced Vic. Remember?) But he has still to run into Rita Hayworth.

What of the Eddie Albert romance Hollywood had claimed for Anne, just before Mature came home? Anyway, Vic’s gone back to duty, and nothing definitely settled. Or is it?

Second night, the date was with Betty Hutton. And third night, too. However Betty (see the story on page 49) says her heart belongs to Charles Martin. If that’s the case, then Mature’s “just a friend.”
GUADALCANAL DIARY" is notable for being America's first factual picture about America's first victorious offensive in the current war. Its production had to fulfill a definite obligation to history. The United States Marine Corps, which wrote this magnificent page of heroism in sweat and blood, demanded absolute accuracy in the film that was made from the Richard Trengaskis' long-time best seller. That Hollywood fully met these demands is attested by the fact that this picture has been added to the official Marine archives in Washington.

It is an arousing and thrilling entertainment which sweeps you into hand-to-hand conflict with the treacherous Japanese enemy. Its suspense is terrific for being stated in the tragic calm of pauses between the fighting. You quickly forget that these are actors portraying roles in this strong all-male cast.

It begins simply and powerfully on a transport crowded with laughing Marines who have only the vaguest notion of their objective, follows them through the hell of shot and shell, and stops when the seasoned veterans of three months of battles are relieved by Army replacements. It does not attempt to reach a conventional ending, for such an ending has yet to be written.

There is an over-all excellence to the enactments of Lloyd Nolan's "Sgt. Malone," William Bendix's ex-Brooklyn taxi driver, Preston Foster's "Father Donnelly," Anthony Quinn's "Soose," Richard Conte's Capt. Davis, Eddie Acuff's Tex and many, many others. Yet the character most difficult to forget is the 'teen-age "Chicken" as played by Richard Jaeckel in his first screen role.

WAR-CROWDED Washington is again the background for an engaging comedy romance. In "Government Girl" Olivia de Havilland plays a clever girl secretary who knows her way through the red-taped maze of confusion in the Capitol. That is why she is assigned to help the newly appointed chief of the bomber division. A young executive from Detroit quite aware that his job of meeting quotas is impossible, but equally determined to exceed expectations, however staggering. This means cutting a lot of red tape and offending a large number of bigwigs. It is the only way that he can prove that he is not being overpaid at his salary of one dollar a year.

As Ed Browne, this social-blundering, two-fisted go-getter, Sonny Tufts demonstrates that the hit he registered as the Marine in "So Proudly We Hail" was no accident. Tufts is one of the surest bets of the year for stardom in rugged individualist roles. He has the know-how in his portrayals of Americans whose know-how is winning the war.

The de Havilland performance is gayly light-hearted for farcical emphasis. She reaches a spirited dramatic climax when she bursts in on a Senate investigating committee engaged in examining the shortcuts Browne took to fill the skies with Yankee Bombers. Her speech to the august group of Solons hasn't been equalled on the screen since "Mr. Smith Went To Washington."

The girl has two suitors with whom she is romantically involved, roles sharply played by Paul Stewart and Jess Barker. Secondary parts fall to Anne Shirley and James Dunn as a honeymooning couple coping with the housing problem.
BETTE DAVIS and Miriam Hopkins were enthusiastically received as antagonists in "The Old Maid," and another drama which would pit them against each other has since been sought. "Old Acquaintance," from a play by John Van Druten, was finally chosen. So again we have Miss Davis in this corner, and Miss Hopkins in that. They have been childhood friends, and naturally Bette is Miriam's houseguest when she returns to her home town in 1924 after the success of her first novel. Miriam has married, has a pleasant home and is going to have a baby. Yet her jealousy over Bette's fame causes her selfish dissatisfaction. She wants to be a novelist, too, in fact has written a potboiler which she asks Bette to submit to publishers.

Eight years pass. Miriam's trashy novels have earned a fortune. She has flaunted her popularity, which is much greater than that of Bette, a careful, conscientious writer with far more lasting merit. Furthermore Miriam's domineering nature has at last outraged her husband who leaves her. When we meet him ten years later, he has become a major in the Army following Pearl Harbor. Bette and Miriam have continued to be friends, and Bette is in love with a man considerably her junior. How this strange friendship almost wrecks Bette's chances of happiness brings the emotional drama to its climax.

"Old Acquaintance" will be relished more by women than by men. Without the presence of its two brilliant stars, the picture would not be among our best selections of the month. Their acting lifts it to a definite preeminence. Handsome Gig Young and John Loder are the men concerned, and the child grows up to be the attractive Dolores Moran.

IF YOU enjoyed "Air Force" which starred an Army bomber, you will find "Corvette K-225" a thrilling entertainment. Corvettes are tough little warships of the Royal Canadian Navy that have proved the Allies' most effective weapon in clearing the North Atlantic of the U-boat menace to vital shipping. As in "Air Force," the film accounts of a fighting craft told through the relationship of the crew that mans it. "Corvette K-225" is decidedly see-worthy.

Like all of the better war pictures which have arrived so belatedly from Hollywood, the feature was made with the close cooperation of a branch of the armed services, in this instance the Royal Canadian Navy. Its director, Richard Rosson, spent three months with a camera crew making repeated convoy crossings. Five different times he was aboard corvettes that were attacked by Nazi submarines and airplanes. Consequently, the picture rings with startling authenticity. The action at sea is more often real than reenacted, and the details of running a convoy very interesting. Any information the enemy may gain from this film will merely lead to his wanting to call off the war right now.

Randolph Scott heads the acting cast, impressively supported by James Brown who is fast building importance, Barry Fitzgerald, Andy Devine and numerous others. Ella Raines makes her initial screen appearance in the only feminine role and exhibits arresting promise. She is an intelligent personality who will bear watching. You may remember that she is the newcomer whose contract is jointly held by Howard Hawks, producer of "Corvette K-225," and Charles Boyer, her discoverer.

HERE is a generous slice of fine Americana, the story of Frank Cavanaugh, an inspired football coach who specialized in making winners of underdog teams. Cavanaugh taught his squads to fight for what they believed in—to glory in the spirit of their schools or get off the squads. It is a creed he personally practiced at Dartmouth, his own alma mater, and sparked others to follow when he became a professional coach at Cincinnati, Denver and Holy Cross.

So soundly did he instil the fighting spirit in his players that most of them promptly marched off at the start of World War II. Naturally Cavanaugh joined them on the field of battle where his indomitable faith in the things he believed right led to feats of valor which won him the rightful nickname of "The Iron Major."

Cavanaugh returned from the first World War a man broken in health. Yet his spirit was unbroken. He coached victorious teams at Boston College, his own Dartmouth and Fordham. The triumph of his belief in love of God, of country and of family is best vindicated by his six sons and his daughter who are at present in the armed services in World War II.

Pat O'Brien scores a resounding hit in the role of Cavanaugh, an even more appealing portrait than the one he drew of Knute Rockne. Less attention is given to this coach's gridiron triumphs than to his heartwarming successes as a husband and a father. Much is owed to the beautiful performance Ruth Warrick gives as Mrs. Cavanaugh and to the unforgettable family scenes they share with the children. There are good jobs also by Robert Ryan and Leon Ames as friends of "The Iron Major."
THE DISCOVERY
of the MONTH

Farley Granger, seventeen, who broke into filmdom as a want-ad pot of gold. From grocery boy in a California supermarket to the role of Damian, peasant lad in "The North Star," and this high school senior is on his way to fame and fortune as a screen star. With a $100,000 contract.

Farley Granger, Farley Granger, Farley Granger. Get it set in your mind, for with his first appearance in Samuel Goldwyn's production "The North Star," he's a sensation and already signed for "The Purple Heart" at Twentieth Century-Fox.

Farley is seventeen years old, 6 feet ¼ inch tall, and weighs 159 pounds. His eyes and hair are both dark brown. He has pearly, even teeth that add to his broad infectious smile. Not bad!

After Farley Granger answered the ad—"Boy, over 17, but not 18; theatrical experience desirable but not essential. Send photo brief biography"—he was given a screen test. From it, Goldwyn found his romantic juvenile for "The North Star," and a seven-year contract was signed beginning at $100 a week.

Farley had played only a small role in "The Wookie" in the Hollywood little theater, the Mary Stewart Playhouse, before that.

He's a typical American boy in his tastes and experiences. Still attending North Hollywood High School, his interests lie in the meetings of his high school gang. Farley doesn't smoke, possibly because his parents never told him he mustn't. He swims, rides, hunts and fishes and ice skates at every opportunity. Jane Withers is the only Hollywood girl he has dated so far.

Like all American boys of his age, he has the thought of going to war clearly in the back of his mind. He'll be glad when it's his turn to get into the actual scrap, for though he's making great strides in his motion picture career, he wants to get this war business tended to so that he, and all of us, can get back to living our own lives in our own way, tending to our own business which is our own privilege.
when he started in show business." Evans is one of the people who "discovered" Sinatra. We quote the word because of a private opinion that Frankie discovered himself when at the age of nineteen or thereabouts, he suddenly decided to become a singer. Among those who helped him bring his talents before the public, however, were Evans, Major (Amateur Hour) Bowes, and band-leaders Bob Chester, Harry James, and Tommy Dorsey.

The decision to become a singer was made, as you may have read, by the Hoboken, New Jersey, lad one evening when he and his friends decided to make it a heftier proposition than it had been before. The trio had taken his best girl Nancy to a neighborhood movie house to see Bing Crosby. He was a cub reporter for the Jersey Observer when he paid his ticket money and entered the theater. When he made his exit some two hours later, he was a fellow who has forsaken the business of gathering news, and decided to make it business.

Question almost any other person who has achieved vocal fame and you will find the owner speaking of his voice as a gift—of heritage, or maybe as much. He quit his newspaper job the next day.

"I knew if Crosby could do it, I could do it in my own way," he says.

Talking to him between scenes on the "Higher and Higher" sound stage, we failed to find anything of arrogance in this simple statement. Confidence, fear of failure, we think, and if there is any divine gift pulsing within his five foot ten, one hundred and forty-five pound frame it is a driving determination which, if harnessed, could no doubt solve the majority of the world's fuel problems.

The Sinatra gaze is straight and candid, coming out of eyes that are lighter than you'd expect with his dark complexion, and softer than you'd expect to find in his rather gaunt face. He gives you the unabashed glance and says he knew he could become a star. He was not afraid to imagine him as he was that night, a kid sitting in an audience looking up at Crosby on the screen in the way any American can look at a singing King. Looking at him not with hollumseness but with admiration for what he was, and determining to be as much. He quit his newspaper job the next day.

From then on, Frankie had a voice—the same outpouring from the same vocal chords he'd always had—now it was different. Now it was an instrument to be worked with and used, to be strengthened until it was well enough to take him where he wanted to go. He never seemed to have any doubt of his future, once he had decided on it.

How complete was his absorption in his chosen career is testified to by Sinatra himself, who tells you quite frankly that he doesn't remember much about his life until he started singing and shorthand in a business college, and finally went to work on the Jersey paper from which he later resigned to become a singer.

"Do you sometimes look back and wonder what your life might have been if you had become an engineer, as your dad wanted, or stayed on a paper?" we asked him. "Do you get scared when you think you might have missed all the wonderful things that have come to you through your singing?"

"No," says the Croon Prince calmly. "Because I think it would have been about the same if I had decided on any other line. I was determined to have the best. I think a person can go any place he sets his mind to. It's all in liking what you're doing. I probably wouldn't have stayed working at anything else long, because I wouldn't have liked it the way I like singing. Once I found what I really wanted to do—well, the rest was easy."

The first time Frankie ever raised his voice seriously was on a Major Bowes Amateur Hour. He won first prize with a song which, since then, has been his favorite tune, "Night and Day." The prize was a nine months' engagement with a Bowes unit, and he started out at once with a troupe headed toward the West coast. After three months of touring, he knew being an Amateur, even a paid one, wasn't what he wanted. He quit and returned to Hoboken.

Back in Jersey he started auditioning for radio and was soon heard...
The Sinatra epidemic was first recognized as virulent with his solo engagement at New York's Paramount theater. Strong men on the New York police force had come to pale at the word "jitterbug" even before Frankie.

With the advent of the Sinatra fan, however, they were up against a psychopathic phrase of youthful frenzy which pursued them force in its handling. Many of the "case histories" of these kids have already hit print, but one of the most interesting is that of the seventeen-year-old girl who sat in the front row at every performance and let out a loud banshee wail every time Frankie opened his mouth.

Various attempts were made by the management to keep the child out of the theater, but she had more ways of getting into a building than a termite. There was no use of her staying home, either. She did the same thing; just kept playing her idol's records and screaming and crying, and her parents didn't like it either.

It is a well-known fact that you have to dig pretty deep to find a press-agent's nerves, but after a while even Sinatra-ballyhooer Evans decided the young lady had to be stopped before all concerned came down with the screaming-memies. He tried reasoning with her, gently breaking the news that Frankie was a husband and a father. Her ailment, she insisted, was not romantic but rhythmic, and if she could just talk to Frankie once it might be cured.

Evans first extracted a promise of future good behavior, then took her around to the dressing room. She sat backstage, confiding her activities to biting her nails, until Sinatra finished his show. As he approached, she started going glassy-eyed. With one leap she fastened herself around his neck, clinging with the strength of a drowning person, until three men finally loosened her hold. You can still raise a sweat on the crooner's brow just by reminding him of the experience.

To get her out of the dressing room they had to give her "something of Frankie's." His bow-tie, she thought would do the trick. But that was not the last they saw of the young lady. The next performance, and every performance until the end of his engagement, she was in the front row, wearing the bow-tie. No more screams, however, from then on. She sat with a large napkin stuffed in her mouth, dutifully biting down on it, through all his numbers!

It was this kid, multiplied by a million, who has created the Sinatra epidemic of today. You couldn't talk to him five minutes without noting that although he has abandoned his zoot suits for dinner coats and Hollywood tailored sport jackets, he will always wear a bow-tie with the swagger of a fellow daring someone to try and knock 'em off. He has a toughness and a fiber the kids recognize, because of the same. But it's an admirable sort of cockiness he has, tempered with a very sincere awareness.

"I'm the luckiest guy in the world," is his most frequent statement.

"How do you like being the star of your own picture?" we asked him.

"Fine—fine. Thought I might have
a little trouble, but I seemed to fall
right in to it—"

Even with its assurance, this was an
understatement. The Warbling Wonder's
biggest personality came off so well that
on viewing the rushes, RKO execs immedi¬
ately tore up his two-picture contract and
signed him for seven years.

You take it, talking to this boy,
that his achievements have been
mental even more than material. The
ten-room home in Hasbrouck Heights.
N. J., that he and wife Nancy
decorated "just the way we like it," the
mink coat Nancy now wears, the bank
book with all its pleasingly plump
figures, all are very fine things in¬
deed. But in all that grand new
mansion, the thing which appeals to
its owner most is a clock hanging
over his desk in his den. It's hand-
made, it is expensive, but its prime
worth is in a quotation inscribed
under the dial:

"Music is the only form of art
which touches the absolute."

Us, we're not even sure if we know
what Mr. Schopenhauer had in mind
when he penned the phrase in one
of his philosophical works. We've got
a good idea what Frankie has in mind,
however, when he goes out of the
room and comes back again, as he
says, to read it over. Must to this
twenty-five year old lad who lives by
it, has become a thing of accomplish¬
ment, of pride, a common ground
whereon he can stand with people
of prestige and feel that he is one
of them.

There are two fairly new words in
his vocabulary. One is "creative,"
the other is "second." The first
is the highest praise he can bestow
on a work, the second the highest
praise he can bestow on a person.
He'd like to earn both adjectives for
himself. Someday he wants not only
to be the star of his own radio pro¬
gram, but to build it complete from
continuity to production.

Meeting Norma Shearer is a Holly¬
wood experience which stands out in
his mind above anything else.

"What a wonderful person—and so
movie-wise. Just talking to her for
five minutes makes you want to get
off on the right foot in this business,
and stay on it!"

Someday, the story will be written
of the most-wondered-about wife of
1943, the Croon Prince. It runs like a
recurrent refrain through all of
Frank Sinatra's talk of the past,
present or future. It will no doubt
be a great love story, replete with
courage and tolerance. Certainly
it is that any young man who
may have one foot on a comet and
keep the other securely rooted in a
happy home, is largely indebted to
the woman and understanding of his
young mate.

Although Frankie's tool in trade is
romantic wodgage, he uses a sin¬
cere lingo to carry on:

"Nancy is a very level-headed girl.
She doesn't let anything bother her.
We used to talk things over when
we were first married, and both of
us knew that things happened just
like we wanted them to, a lot of
things we didn't want would come,
too."

They were friends before they
were sweethearts. Nancy lived across
the street from his home; they used
to go to beach parties with the same
teen-age crowd.

"I liked her because she was quiet,
I guess. Some of the other kids were

pretty wild, me included, but Nancy
was a nice conscientious girl. She
steamed when their way by, and she
seemed to understand that, too."

That steadying influence of Nancy's
undoubtedly makes her pretty nice to
come home to after the hectic
certification of the cheering crowds. She
keeps their home on a normal, sane
plane, to judge from her young hus¬
band's conversation. They would like
their children to have a musical edu¬
cation, a harp has been decided on
for Nancy Junior. Someday they'll
have a home in California, and Mrs.
Sinatra no doubt agrees with his
rather wishful bent. It will be a long,
long time before he has a little more time to
"fool around the house and lie out
in the sun."

At the time we talked with him,
the Croon Prince had no idea what
his next picture would be like when
filming on it would start. He
had specified to his movie bosses
that he would like to be with his
wife when the child was born.
By the time this reaches print,
both events will have happened.
He says: "Of course I don't expect
tings to go on at the pace they have
been going. I wouldn't want the ex¬
citement to keep up—I couldn't

stand it, either physically or men¬
tally. I've been lucky but I've also
worked pretty hard. A lot of people
can't say I'm not here to stay. I think
I am. Luck is fickle, but hard work
is pretty dependable.

"I still say, 'Look at Crosby' and
I'm generally misunderstood when I
say it. The guy is still my greatest
hero—and the thing I admire about
him most is he's never let down in
the quality of what he does. A fellow
who gets up there and can't stay,
doesn't deserve to."

Frank Sinatra has what it takes to
win success—and keep it. He likes the
weather up there at the top of the
heap, and it'll take a lot to knock him
down. He is a stylist, and when and if
crooning becomes monotonous—as it
may any minute now if the juke boxes and radio don't give
his records a rest—he will find some
other medium to express himself.

"Someday I may try to find that
bridge between classical and popular
music," he says. "Busy people can't
sit still long enough to enjoy good
music the way it should be enjoyed.
Brainy people like something better
than a popular song. I'm going to
look for a way to reconcile the two."

The End
HALF-A-BILLION BEERY  
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 351)

Wally would swing a hammock beside her in the elephant car, and she d’
hold his hand gently in her trunk all day, as she had every day, “you
had to wake sharply at dawn. Otherwise, Topsy, having no more need
for you—she thought—would try to

When Topsy knelt on one of Wally’s successors, Beery took a long trip
back, to save the elephant from being executed. “I wrote and warned
him trembling. He had never tasted

Wally learned to take human be-
ings that way, too. He graduated from the chorus—and then the
Young actress then turned to the stage and added, Beery only

Takes a Chance,” she had one

Wally thought he knew what he was

UNIFORMED HITCH-HIKING
in HOLLYWOOD

When Joan Arthur was in Palmdale
filming scenes for “A Lady Takes a Chance,” she had one

scene to do waiting for a bus. Before the bus arrived, two cadets
from the Lancaster Air Base nearby, passed by in a car. Not seeing
the camera, set up behind a filling

station across the road, they

By the time the bus arrived, two cadets
and invited the cadets to have
dinner with them in Palmdale that

No actress worth even five dollars
would let herself be seen in a

movie company, Tanhauser, was pay-
ing $5 a day for acting in “big” roles, and $3 for small parts. That was in
connection with the new “toy,” mo-

tion pictures, and Wally continued to
work double, after he became a stage
star. Those in the theater who found
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No a...
The End
THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BETTY HUTTON
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 491)

into hard little pig-tails that barely touched her shoulders.

She had just come in from a riding lesson for her next picture, based on the life of Texas Guinan. The soft white shirt was open at her throat and the riding breeches had seen some real wear. She looked about fifteen. She's really twenty-two.

We were sitting in the apartment she rents in Hollywood which is comfortable and homelike—but not at all like a movie star's guided cage. No soft footed maid or butler disturbed the serenity of the homey sounds coming from the kitchen where Mrs. Adams, Betty's youthful and equally blonde mother, other morning sauce. For that matter, in this setting Betty didn't look like Betty Hutton, either.

Oh, she's "murder," all right. She's TNT. She's a Pep-Packin' Parcel from Paramount and the reigning Wild Belle of the air waves.

Right now they are making book in Hollywood that when the box office returns are in for 1944, Betty's name will lead the rest. She'll kill the kids at the camp shows, and she'll sell bonds for Uncle Sam as they've never been sold before. This is the personality the public has come to know as Betty (the hot) Hutton. It's her "front." But there is another Hutton—the girl who sat quietly facing me the first time I understood the way she felt—and perhaps, just how far I could be trusted with her confidences.

The only "movie star" touch in the entire room was the enormous vase of red roses—three dozen of them—on a table beside Betty. Lately, the papers had been full of her suddenly announced engagement to Charles Martin, the young radio executive who is as handsome as any movie star.

Betty said: "Betty, not to start your life story at the wrong end—but are you really planning to marry Charlie Martin?" And when she answered, I think you will understand what I mean about the unusual honesty of this girl.

"It isn't a publicity romance as many writers have insinuated," she said. "We are in love—or I am. But who knows what will eventually happen between two people rushed off their feet as Charlie and I were—falling in love at first sight—and then not seeing each other for weeks?"

"Then I had to come back to the Coast, and I didn't see him for weeks. But it was still ON—and when I went back to New York this last time, we announced our engagement. He asked me to marry him, and I said I would—right out loud in Madison Square Garden." Betty laughed.

"It isn't a publicity romance, but just as soon as he'd turn to Ensign Gay and question him even more than he was being questioned.

---

Ensign Goy and Tyrone Power

MOVIE STARS ARE FANS TOO

Ty Power was a great admirer of Ensign George Gay, the man who alone was the survivor of thirty Americans of the Battle of Midway who belonged to Torpedo Squadron 8. These men dored to attack the Jap fleet, and they gave their lives to do it.

None of the fifteen planes returned. When Ensign Gay's plane was hit by bullets, it dropped into the sea and began to sink. Ensign Gay jumped into a deflated rubber boat and floated on it for an hour and a half before he was picked-up and flown to a hospital in Midway.

"It was like a skyrocket—falling in love like that. We were like a couple of zephyrs meeting head on. I was going to be in New York only a few days. We spent the entire time gazing into each other's eyes at every night spot in town."

"I was on one of his radio shows. I thought he was the best looking and most attractive man I had ever seen—and ZOOM—it hit me just like a skyrocket—falling in love at first sight—and then not seeing each other for weeks."

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"It's funny to say it—but it's true. We don't know anything about each other—not really."

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married, and the proud mother of a year old son. Marion, too, is a singer with Glenn Miller's band and Mrs. Adams keeps up Marion's scrapbook as carefully as she does Betty's. They both show off the new snapshots of Marion's baby with far more enthusiasm than they register over the new magazine portraits of the "mad" little Hutton.

But between the vivid girl and the woman who is her mother is an inescapable bond of two people who have literally gone through hell together — and weathered it with warmth in the ten dollar a week world. They have known what it means to go hungry—not to have enough to eat—no warm clothes to wear. They can joke about it now—but they began with决定 to try their wings in the Big Town. Two of the "musicians" mothers were going along as chaperones—and Mom finally gave her consent to her wild-eyed, raging daughter to make the trip.

The first day Betty walked down Broadway she thought the little blue coat she was wearing couldn't hold back her pounding heart. Why, the place was full of beer joints! But that was all behind her, now. She was a professional! That is, she would be a professional—soon. Maybe.

The days went by—as days have a habit of doing. Every morning Betty made the rounds of the booking agents. Someone had given her a list of the bigger and better agents and she made those rounds first. Sometimes she was doing the smaller and lesser ones, as well. But if something didn't happen soon—it was just going to be too late. She was down to her last five dollars—and then the last three dollars—and then the last one—and Broadway didn't even know she was there.

That was what maddened her. She was sure if the big producers just knew about her everything would be all right. Here she was fourteen years old—and nothing in sight. No one to talk to except those tired old men of "30 or 40" in the booking offices.

It was Betty when an amateur band Betty had been with decided to try their wings in the Big Town. Two of the "musicians" mothers were going along as chaperones—and Mom finally gave her consent to her wild-eyed, raging daughter to make the trip.

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That was what maddened her. She was sure if the big producers just knew about her everything would be all right. Here she was fourteen years old—and nothing in sight. No one to talk to except those tired old men of "30 or 40" in the booking offices who seemed to think she was "just another singer."

It scares you when you are fourteen years old and you get down to your last dollar. It scares you even more when one of those tired old men of thirty or forty says:

"Listen, kid—I know you aren't twenty-one. You're just a little girl. You aren't foolin' anybody. Why don't you go home and wait awhile and start all over again in a few years?"

I can't!" she sobbed. "I haven't even got enough money to go home. I'm the worst failure in the world!"

But it was then that the tired "old man"—who didn't understand about potential Betty Huttons in the world—said a strange thing for a meanie. He dug down in his pocket and extracted a twenty-dollar bill. "It's just a loan," he said gently. "You can pay me back someday."

"I'll never be able to pay you back," Betty sobbed as though her heart would break.

"I'm just a girl!"

"Well," he said, "take it, anyway. I'll feel better about you, knowing that you're being a failure back home—where you belong!"

(To be Continued)

This is the first of two instalments on the life story of Betty Hutton—the girl you should be seeing in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek." Read about Betty's loves in the February MOVIELAND.

Mickey Rooney, the playboy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Girl Crazy" musical.

We had no movie personalities visit our camp until one came a few weeks ago.

He was Mickey Rooney. To tell you the truth, I never was more surprised in all my life. I don't know what I expected to see in him, but whatever it was, it was wrong. He is about the grandest person I've seen on the stage.

We all thought his drum playing was publicity, but when we asked him to play the drums here at camp, I wasn't the only one who sat there with his mouth open in amazement. Mickey sure gave us a real show.

He was the first star I've seen, but I hope he isn't the last.

Pvt. Donald E. Gray
Rcn. Co. 35 A.R.
A.P.O. 254
C/o Postmaster, Los Angeles.
"Dawn" was a long time in getting started, but now it looks set for a lengthy popularity run. It was written by Leon Rene, the composer of the always lovely "Sleepy Time Down South." Incidentally, there's a wonderful record of this tune, Capitol's disc by Ceelle Burke, who's been tabbed "The Sepia Frank Sinatra."

I know you've heard "Pistol Packin' Mamma" but here's a story about the song I don't think you've heard.

When Al Dexter was out in Hollywood I asked him how he happened to write it, where he got the idea, and all that. This is what he told me:

"Well, it was all the result of a dream. I dreamed one night that I left my house, telling my wife that I was going to a lodge meeting. But instead I went to a saloon and had myself a few beers. In that dream, I spied an attractive blonde in the corner, so I went over and asked her to dance."

"We had a few twirls around the floor and a few more beers, and I bade her goodnight and went home. The next night I left my house, again telling my wife that I was going to a lodge meeting."

"But I went straight back to the saloon and had some more beers. The same blonde was there, so we had a few more twirls, a few more beers, I bade her goodnight once more, and went home."

"The next night as I was leaving my house, I gave my wife the same story. But by this time she was getting suspicious of my routine, so she followed me to the saloon and caught me with the beers and the blonde. She simply pulled out a pistol and shot the blonde. Then I woke up."

I told Al I thought the story was more of a nightmare than a dream, but with his record royalties and his theatre dates at thirty-five hundred dollars a week and picture offers, all on the strength of "Pistol Packin' Mamma" I'd say it was darned nice dreamin' . . .

The record has sold over a million copies . . . it's going so big, in fact, that Columbia has stopped pressing Harry James and Frank Sinatra discs for a while to catch up on the orders for "Mamma."

ON THE BEAM:

Johnnie Johnston nabbed the vocal spot on "Duffy's Tavern" when it returned to the air. He's one of the most consistently good singers in radio, and is featured in Paramount's musical films.

The Blue Network's "What's New" program on Friday nights is one you should put on your "must" list every week. The show is sponsored by RCA-Victor and there is always a big musical star as guest, plus Don Ameche as master of ceremonies . . .

Columbia Broadcasting Company is planning a build-up for Jerry Sullivan similar to the one they gave Dinah Shore . . .

Bill Day, who has been singing with the Sportsmen Quartet, got a swell break, and is now the soloist on the Groucho Marx Saturday night show over CBS . . .

You Glenn Miller fans probably have been listening to the Captain's Saturday NBC show, "I Sustain The Wings." Glenn has a forty piece orchestra augmented by an instrumental group known as "The Tail-end-Charies," the service's phrase for the tail gunner assigned to the last bomber of a formation. The "Charies" are comprised of such familiar names as Corporal Ray McKinley on drums, Corporal Mel Powell (formerly with Benny Goodman) on piano, Sergeant Trigger Alpert (with Miller's civilian band) on bass, and Private Carmen Mastren on guitar . . .

Eddie Cantor has a real find in his new vocal miss, Nora Martin. She used to be a hill-billy singer . . . The Blue Network has signed Andy Russell with big plans in mind for him. Andy has been playing drums and singing with Alvino Rey . . . Dick Haymes continues to do a good job on his "Here's To Romance" show over CBS, and the demand for tickets when Dick came to Hollywood was something.

Which reminds me, I'm so glad Frank Sinatra has been singing "Pistol Packin' Mamma," and for
one reason—it's a jump tune. I've always enjoyed Frank on a rhythm song, but since he left Dorsey, he's done nothing but ballads, and he can swing with the best of them. . . .

Bob Crosby's Sunday night NBC effort is an all-music show that has improved considerably. Plus Bob and the band, there are the Pied Pipers and a guest canary each week. . . .

**JAM NOTES:**

When Charlie Spivak came to Hollywood Palladium, he broke every existing opening night record for the place, which was amazing inasmuch as he topped such record breakers as the Brothers Dorsey, Benny Goodman and Woody Herman, and it was his first visit to the coast.

But I suppose it really isn't so amazing, because he has one of the finest bands I've ever heard. I don't see how he can miss being Number One next year. He is billed as "The Man Who Plays The Sweetest Trumpet In The World" and it's no exaggeration.

I've never watched anyone play an instrument with as much ease and relaxation. His tone is so beautiful, yet not lacking in brilliance. The whole band swings, not just the rhythm section, and the saxes play with such a beat. Charlie, himself, is one of the nicest guys I've ever known in the music business. His beautiful wife, Fritzi, is expecting a baby and they are hoping for a little "Pin-Up" girl. They already have an eight-year-old son, Joel.

While on the coast, Charlie replaced The Stardusters with Irene Daye. Irene had planned on doing radio work only, but the Spivak offer was too tempting.

Here's an amusing thing. On either side of the large ballroom of the Palladium there are two huge statues which are as tall as the balcony. The balcony runs clear around each side of the ballroom, with smaller statues here and there.

Now Charlie had never been in the spot before his opening, and around eleven o'clock that evening the manager came and told him he had broken the record.

Charlie looked up toward the balcony and said, "Gee, those aren't all statues up there, some of them must be people." . . .

While awaiting his new trial, Gene Krupa played two weeks of USO shows with Benny Goodman, and then went home to Yonkers, New York. He has been studying piano and taking drum lessons from Sol Goodman, the New York Philharmonic drummer. . . .

Mary Lou Cook has left the Merry Macs and settled down to being a housewife. She was replaced by Marjorie Garland (no relation to Judy). The youngest "Mac," Joe, was drafted and Lynn Allen took his place. . . . Mary O'Brien, Virginia's kid sister, has been signed by Universal Pictures. She sings too. . . . Skip Nelson has left Tommy Dorsey and gone into radio. I caught him recently on a Blue Network sustainer. . . .

Bill Finegan, former Glenn Miller arranger responsible for so many of Miller's hit records, has joined T.D. He was with Horace Heidt for a short time. . . .

Don't be surprised if Helen Forrest leaves Harry James around the first of the year and goes out on her own, even though she has denied it. She has signed a managerial contract with Billy Burton, who also handles Jimmy Dorsey, Helen O'Connell and Dick Haymes.

And speaking of Haymes, when Dick arrived in Hollywood he was met at the train by his wife and a studio representative, a small reception committee in contrast to the hundreds who met Sinatra. However, that's the way Dick wanted it. When I met him at the Palladium the other night I was impressed with how much he looked like the captain of the basketball team at school. He seems like a nice guy who is genuinely thrilled with his success. He told me it made him happy to have all the waiters and doormen so glad to see him and it was just like old home week renewing acquaintances with the Palladium crowd, all of whom he hadn't seen since his Dorsey engagement. . . .

Maurice Rocco, the colored pianist, has been signed by Paramount for a spot in one of their forthcoming musicals. . . .

Harry James and Freddy Martin garnered over three million dollars for the Third War Loan Drive with their baseball game. Harry's team won, twelve to two. During the festivities Wifey Betty Grable auctioned off a pair of her nylon stockings to the tune of forty thousand dollars. Betty always ribs Harry because of his passion for baseball, calling him "Three-Bagger Harry."

Remember if you have any questions on your musical favorites, send them along. Address Jill Warren in care of Movieland, 9126 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, 46, California. And be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

**The End**
Evening we returned to Minneapolis, and we discussed the problem of dining. "Perhaps a Swedish restaurant," I suggested. Her blue-gray eyes pleaded for understanding. "I have eaten Swedish food all my life," she said, and I like it very much. But I want to know all about other foods, too. I want to try every kind of food. I want to know all about them."  

We arrived at the hotel, and I asked her what time I should call for her. "Fifteen minutes," she said. I am sure I looked incredulous, but she seemed not to notice. "Okay," I said and went to my own room, wondering how the devil I could change my clothes and be ready in fifteen minutes.  

I talked to myself all the time I engaged in the fastest quick-change act of my life. "Hmmm. She's been working all day. She's all bundled up in sweaters and ski shoes and things. She's been riding back for the last two hours. No, I must have misunderstood." She said fifty minutes, not fifteen.  

But my hearing has never failed me, and I was sure she said fifteen. Just for meanness I would call for her in fifteen minutes. And I did. And she answered the door, as bright and trim as cut glass. "You're not true!" I declared, in self-defense. You're entirely fictitious!"  

"But why?"  

"Because no woman can execute such a transformation under two hours—and for a screen star!"  

"I do not understand," she said. "Why should it take so . . . ?"  

As we descended in the elevator, I looked at her vivid coloring. I took several looks at her lips. I recalled David Selznick's telling me that soon after he first met her, he touched his fingers to her lips to see how much rouge she used. There was none. So now I knew why Ingrid Bergman was in her fifties, not thirty. I was now beginning to find out something about beauty.  

On the fifth day, our work finished, we bade goodbye to the Swensons and the accommodations and the糖尿病. We returned to our hotel in Minneapolis about five o'clock, with three hours to spare before train time. I suggested that it would be wise to pass our luggage, have dinner at leisure, and then catch the train.  

Bergman agreed, and I asked her how much she would like to spend on our hotel in Minneapolis about five o'clock, with three hours to spare before train time. I suggested that it would be wise to pass our luggage, have dinner at leisure, and then catch the train.  

Bergman agreed, and I asked her how much she would like to spend. She studied a moment, pondering the length of time it would take to pack the three bags which had been his, the year-old daughter, Pia, the child's colored maid, Mabel, and herself. "I shall be ready in forty minutes," she said. And I went to my room, proceeded to cram shaving, bathing, and packing into the allotted time.  

Precisely forty minutes later, embarrassed at an unembarrassed man couldn't achieve such commonplace functions within a reasonable length of time, my phone rang. It was Bergman. And for the first time her voice was plaintive. It was compounded chagrin, defeat, and despair. "This time I cannot do it," she said. "It is too much. I am standing on my head, and still it does no good!"  

We finally made the train and began a journey to be remembered. But for the first time during the two weeks I had tried without success to improve our Pullman reservations. No luck, we had to be satisfied with the three roomettes. One for the two members of the room, and one for me. To properly visualize the problem at hand one must picture trying to sleep in a cell about the size of two telephone booths.  

Despite a night that seemed as if I were sleeping on a streetcar that stopped at every corner, I managed to fall into a heavy slumber and awoke at ten. I dressed and immediately went to see how Bergman...
fared. Finding her door closed, I
looked in on the maid. There was
little Pia, bright and cheery.
I said, "How did Miss Bergman get
along?"
"Oh, she had a terrible time," said
Mabel. "She couldn't sleep with Pia
without crowding her, so she got up
and walked up and down the train.
Soon as Pia got up, Miss Bergman
went to bed."
Towards the middle of the after¬
noon I saw Bergman and demanded
an explanation, but she tried to make
light of her night's experience.
"Please don't worry," she said. "I
am all right. The motion of the train
kept throwing me against Pia, and I
could not sleep. So I got up, put on
my robe, and walked through the
train. Everything was blacked out,
and I could see nothing outside. So
I went to the dining car. I thought
maybe I could sleep in a chair, but
there was a nice old man there, and
we talked for about an hour. He was
interesting."
"Nevertheless," I said, in righteous
manly wrath, "tonight you will take
my roomette and

A PERSON'S behavior under stress
is the only true gauge of char¬
pacter. Nothing original or brilliant
in that observation, but one more in¬
cident happened on the journey to
Hollywood, both amusing and revela¬
tory, which throws a bright light on
this Bergman.
The endless lines of hungry sol¬
diers and civilians frequently meant
two hours of waiting for a meal
which was inevitably shrunken by
the early birds. Discouraged by our
experience and stung by our hunger,
we held a war council.
This unadmirable Crichton strug¬
gled for a solution, when suddenly
Bergman's face beamed with a great
discovery. "I have it!" she said. "The
Swensons gave me two pounds of
cheese to take home. I have it with
me, in my bag!"
But what to do about bread? We
couldn't keep eating unadorned
cheese. That was too easy. The train
stopped at every obscure village for
at least ten minutes. We would be
ready, and when the train stopped,
we would run to the station, buy sev¬
eral sandwiches, milk or cokes, and
any fruit or candy we could find. The
sandwiches, of course, would be un¬
fit for consumption. But we could
throw out the filling and eat the
bread with the cheese.
The plan nearly ended in disaster.
For when the train stopped, the sta¬
tion was about nine cars ahead. By
the time we reached the station, put
in our grub for the winter, and
emerged, the conductor was fog-horn¬
ing, "All abawd!" and the porters
were closing their gates.
Bergman looked up at me franti¬
cally.
"Can you run?" I asked.
"Try me," she said, and we ran the
length of nine cars, arms laden with
precious sustenance, and a baby on
the train utterly oblivious that her
mama was almost left behind.
This, then, was Bergman. Some¬
times I think she's the most beauti¬
ful woman I have ever seen. If what
I have told you is not beauty, ulti¬
mate beauty, then my forty years and
more have been meaningless and I
have learned nothing.

The End

BIG NIGHT AT THE CANTEEN

WHEN the several hundred British soldiers touring our country on
behalf of the War Department arrived in Hollywood, of course
they had to visit the Canteen. And equally of course, the stars,
particularly the British ones, turned out en masse to welcome them.
Here are a few scenes of that heartwarming international event.

Hedy Lamarr didn't have to entertain. No, just looking at her was enough to make
these smiling Tommies give out with some English-accent exclaiming. But raw-ther!

It's Bob Hope, down in the middle of this mob. And whatever he just said, it was
makina a hit with the boys. "Gee," says Bob. "Was I really as funny os all that?"

Cary Grant, Irene Manning, and Reimut Dantine, waiting to take part in the show.
Like waiting in line to see a movie, their fans might say. And boy, what a cast!
HOLLYWOOD

GOES TO THE 'ICE FOLLIES' OPENING

Ever since Sonja Henie brought her silver skates to Flickerville, the movie colony has been ice-ballet crazy. The Ice Follies, a yearly institution, always draws the glitter crowd. Their most recent opening was particularly colorful, as you can see herewith.
in his third attempt to escape the Nazis and was now safe in Cairo waiting for a turn to board a plane for the United States.

"God knows what he will look like when he arrives in this blessed country after being through—I dread to see him."

A few days before I was to leave for California again, Alexis reached New York. Beside wishing to meet him, I had been interested in hearing of his miraculous escape and an eye-witness account of the horrible conditions in Greece. I arranged with Katina to meet them in a little restaurant in Greenwich Village for dinner.

As I expected to see anything but a normal healthy looking man of medium height and strong stocky build, I must have shown my surprise when we were introduced. In the way that Katina said, "This is Teddy," and the warm manner that Alexis spoke, I knew that Katina had told him her favorite story—the elaborately dramatized version of how I told her to duck just in time when a bomb hit by an iron pulley which was swinging dangerously over her head when our life-boat was being lowered from the torpedoed ship. To hear Katina tell it, I thought off his two previous escapes and, like Superman, swam to safety with her in my arms, some two hundred miles away.

In any event, it served its purpose. Because you usually shy with strangers, Alexis was unusually communicative.

He told us of how, after having spent many weeks in a concentration camp, and his refusal to play in "Faust" for the Germans, he finally managed his escape in a small caique hidden beneath a pyramid of cement bags. He told of the horrors he witnessed under the new order—the mass executions, the starving children crawling through the streets of Athens, the thud of a body falling, the sound that no one turns to see who it is.

But you look so amazingly well, even less than her one hundred and fifteen pounds. Mr. Wood made no attempt to hide his surprise from me. He heaved a sigh and exhaustedly collapsed, repeating, "Such things only happen in books, my friend," Alexis replied. "I wish they hadn't happened—Katina is bound to be hurt."

While he was speaking, I saw Katina running toward us. "I have to go to Hollywood, she panted. "I have to leave tomorrow night."

Poor Alexis. Separated from his wife for more than three years, going through horrors to get to her, and twenty-four hours after their reunion she leaves for California! He was unable to accompany her because he had to report to Washington to do Greek propaganda, and there await Katina until the test was expected the following week.

Happy and gay as she waved him goodbye on the platform, Katina's seemingly high spirits left her the moment she entered the train. "Come, come, Katina," I said, "there is no need to feel depressed."

She heaved a sigh and exhaustedly dropped onto the seat. "It would be wonderful, wouldn't it?" she smiled wearily.

"What do you mean wonderful, wouldn't it?"

I looked at her aghast. "But you said that everything was already signed and sealed," she said finishing for me. She closed her eyes, rubbed her forehead, and then began to cry. "I lied—but it was worth it. You saw how he managed the submarine in Hollywood to do another test. In place of a contract I have only my expenses and my hopes."

"But suppose—I began when she put her hands over her face again. "It is better not to suppose," she said, and then clenched her fists. "I will play Pilar—must and I will!"

When we reached Hollywood, I accompanied Katina to Paramount where Sam Wood, the director, waited to test-view her. I remember Katina wore a white silk shirt and a red cardinal pullover which made her look even less than her one hundred and fifteen pounds. Mr. Wood made no attempt to hide his surprise when he returned to his office. He knitted his brow as if to say, "If this is a joke, I am not amused." Then he began the over familiar routine of asking her the characteristics of the role, making suggestions for costumes and makeup, and ended by telling her to be ready for the test in a few days.

Somewhat bewildered, but more determined than ever to play the role, Katina started out through the labyrinth of buildings on the Paramount lot to find the costume department, see Wally Westmore about makeup, and finally discuss the terms of her contract, in case she was
awarded the role.

In the following days Katina experienced the tortures of the damned, perfecting her English diction, being madeup, being costumed. Till when the day arrived for her to step onto the set and make the test with Gary Cooper, it was with superhuman effort that she managed to control her trembling limbs. Sam Wood, waiting beside the camera, was to see her for the first time as "Pilar."

Katina stopped in front of him, placed her hands on her hips, planted her feet firmly on the ground, and, almost defiantly, turned to him to give his verdict. The set was crowded with the curious who had come to watch the test of still another "Pilar," and the tense silence that prevailed while Mr. Wood studied her critically made me hold my breath.

Suddenly his voice broke the stillness as he turned and called "Camera." An excited murmur ran through the crowd. "Silence." Wood called again, and then turned to Katina. "Madame, we will now begin."

It is the scene where Gary Cooper as "Robert Jordan", meets "Pilar" for the first time. He is on the set when he hears "Pilar's" formidable voice shouting to Maria off-stage. "Who is that?" Jordan asks the Gypsy.

"That is the woman of 'Pablo,'" the Gypsy answers. And then Katina, hearing her cue, strode onto the set. From that moment Katina's fate had been decided upon.

"I hope you made a good deal when you discussed your contract," Wood remarked when she stepped off the set.

"You mean you think—" Katina stammered.

He patted her on the back encouragingly. "I wish I could find the sucker who would take my bet to the contrary," he smiled.

The other day I stopped by to see Katina in her little white house in Beverly Hills. As usual, Tommy almost knocked me over when I walked in. "Where's your mother and father?" I asked him, when I found that the house was deserted.

In reply, he bounded through the hall out into the back garden. Following him, I found Katina and Alexis busily at work in their Victory garden.

"Come, see how my corn and my carrots and my salad have grown," Katina called to me. "Her corn and her carrots and her salad," Alexis repeated, laboriously getting up from his knees.

"Well, the salad is mine, isn't it?" Katina asked. "I planted the potatoes, too."

"Sure, and look at them," Alexis said, pointing to a few drooping weeds.

Insisting that I stay to dinner, they proudly showed me the wonders of their garden, in which geraniums and roses grew in profusion. Katina contentedly surveyed the scene. "Tomato sprouts," she said at her feet, and Alexis had his arm round her waist.

"You like it here in Hollywood, don't you?" I asked.

"It reminds me of Greece," Katina answered. "I like the Greece that will soon be liberated."

THE END

KATINA COMES TO AMERICA
Summary of the story told by Terence Kennedy in Part One.

It was in London in 1939, when the bombs were falling. Terence Kennedy, author, met Katina Paxinou, actress—in a raid shelter.

His story of her coming to America is no second-hand dramatization. Kennedy was actually with Paxinou when she went through those submarine raids and bomber attacks. When she was rescued from a lifeboat, as one of the survivors from a torpedoed ship, and had the experience of being the only woman aboard an English destroyer.

Then the Duchess of Kent summoned her to Buckingham Palace, as Kennedy tells it. And the royal visit resulted in arrangements for Clamp unstuck for the pair from London to the United States.

Arriving in New York, where Katina was to make her American debut in the title role of "Electra," the Greek star had but thirty-eight cents in her pocket. And then more bad luck—the death of the producer who was to have started her career in this country.

Now continue with her story, as I take you—and Paxinou—into Hollywood. For the role of Pilar.

JACK BENNY IN ITALY
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55)

PIONEER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
1770 Broadway, Dept. 961H,
New York (19), N. Y.

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Name...  
Address...  
City... State...

JACK BENNY IN ITALY
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55)
morning. The camp was named after Nolly, and one day he asked us to come up to a new camp—Camp Giffton—which was to be dedicated that afternoon between 1:00 and 4:00 p.m. In command of this area was General Conford—what was that sudden ping? Had it, and the world we came down to actually the Persian Gulf area, where the temperature varies between 140 and 180. It was there that we went on the most revealing stages of our trip. They had arranged a series of bus-trains with seats in them—and had thrown the doors wide open—and so we found ourselves traveling in something very much like the sight-seeing trains that ply up and down rivers during a regatta.

There, in all its aspects, we saw the wonderful job these boys were doing in this non-combat zone: the feeding and keeping open of the immense supply network that made the war possible in that part of the world. No glory for these boys, who would rather be on combat duty, no decorations, no glamorous citations, but merely the knowledge that theirs is a cog without which the war could not be fought, let alone won."

Jack went on to say how glad they were to play in this section, because they soon found out that was where the boys got the least entertainment, and yet it was one of the places where they needed it the most. After each show Jack, and the other members of the troop, were surrounded by the men hungry for news from home. They wanted to know whether the girls were still wearing silk stockings, whether their hair was long, short, bobbed, or pinned up—and whether or not the hats were still crazy.

"Incidentally," chuckled Jack, "I had a line in the show, 'Fellas, nothing has changed since you left. Roosevelt is still President, and Ann Sheridan is still beautiful, and—Fred Allen is still insinuous.' Only the word wasn't insinuous. How they loved it!"

Among all his varied and exciting experiences Jack Benny will never get over his amazement at how, in such faroff places, the boys in army exile still manage to keep up with things. For instance when the Jack Benny troop, which included Wini Shaw and Larry Adler, arrived in the Persian Gulf area they were greeted by a lot of British, American and Russian soldiers leading a mule with "Fred Allen" printed on its rear end.

Several times the party had landed at some almost inaccessible, uncivilized spot only to find big signs reading, "To Waukegan." In one place an arch had been constructed with huge letters identifying it as "Waukegan Airport." To say nothing of that one spot in Cairo where the boys decorated the theater with the words, "Jack Benny Slept Here, Ate Here, Lived Here!"

Said Jack, "They all, bless their hearts, wanted to know about Rochester, and what he was doing during the summer, and whether Priscilla Lane was as beautiful off the screen as she was on, how Betty Grable came to marry Harry James and so on and so on. But in Brazil they were more worried than curious, wondering whether Orson Welles wouldn't object to wifey Rita Hayworth's being their pin-up girl!"

Then, in that all-important brief pause in which Jack Benny ordered...
A War Bond is a nest-egg.

It will hatch:
1—Safety for your boy
2—Defeat for Hitler
3—Money for you

Louise Allbritton's Life with Father

Continued From Page 53

"Next year, as usual, I considered my allowance entirely too small. I'll admit now that I was extravagant. When I couldn't meet my bills, I pawned my valuable ring, re-deeming it when Father's check came. I did this three times. At Easter, Father suddenly came to see me and found me ringless. I couldn't tell him what I'd done, so I said it was at the jeweler's, leaving him to suppose it needed some small repair. He went to the jeweler's and came back with the ring. I'm sure he must have known that it had been pawned but he said nothing, and neither did I, but I decided I hadn't been playing fair, and for the first time I began to budget my expenses."

I was about this time that the teachings of both parents suddenly blended, and Louise's mother may have cared little about finances, but she cared a lot about voices and accents. Yet her daughter had the most Southern of Southern accents, and she talked..."
at the top of her lungs. "I went screaming through life," says Louise. "I spoke too fast, and my words ran together. Mother couldn't stand it. She sent me to the dramatic coach at Junior High for lessons in diction. He made me read aloud from Shakespeare and Moliere, and I discovered I liked it."

She joined the dramatic society, played starring roles and after school studied with a small theater guild. Because her father failed to approve of her dramatic ventures, he sent her to the University of Oklahoma.

After two years in college, Universal's future star decided to go to Pasadena, California, to study for the stage at the Playhouse under Gilmor Brown. Mr. Allbritton was stunned, and raised every objection, but Louise explained that she would live on a budget, and that she'd never get into debt, that it was the only thing she cared for and life would be bleak and barren waste if she had to give it up. Finally her father consented, handing her out a very limited allowance.

For the first year, like all Playhouse students, she lived in a dormitory. It was far from luxurious. The Playhouse hours were long and arduous, but Louise was happy. The second year she took a room at a Mrs. Tea's house; both years she budgeted carefully, so much for room and board, so much for carfare, so much for school expenses and costumes. Even at that she just got by.

"At home, Father had been determined that I should learn at least one thing every summer during vacation time," confided Louise. "I had to learn how to make beds and keep house—I made every bed in the house one whole summer! I had to cook one meal a day another summer. I chose lunch because that would be easiest, but it was hard enough! I remember the cook wouldn't eat it—she cooked her own and probably provided food for the other servants, but the family ate mine.

"Then I had to learn to market, to draw up menus, to plan a budget for food. I love expensive food, so it was a good thing to learn to plan meals for a week that would keep within the amount my father gave me to spend. I discovered that if I paid a lot for filet mignon, I'd have to economize on dessert; if I went in for early strawberries and fresh asparagus, I must choose a cheaper cut of meat, and so on. I learned not to buy poor stuff, but to choose good food that happened to be in season or unusually plentiful.

"I learned how to do everything that must be done in a house, including managing servants, paying them, seeing that all work was well done, and so on. I wasn't Father's little sunshine while I was learning all this in those long summer days— I simply hated it and felt terribly abused—but I'm glad now. I wouldn't give up that training for anything."

LOUISE completed the Pasadena Playhouse two-year course and stayed on for two more years in order to play leads with Gilmor Brown in a succession of modern and classical plays. She planned to go to New York when the final production, "Philadelphia Story," finished its run. Finally her father still wanted me to give up

CHRISTMAS SOCK OF 1943!

BUY WAR BONDS FOR CHRISTMAS ★ THE PRESENT WITH A FUTURE ★ ON SALE DAY AND NIGHT AT MOTION PICTURE THEATRES
At Last! Unwanted Hair Out

Guaranteed Trial Offer

Look your loveliest... safeguard romance... don't let superfluous hair spoil your appearance! Give other women smiles behind your back! Amazing looking hair remover, made of pure all-vegetable ingredients, takes out unattractive, superfluous hair in a fifty-cent operation. Makes your skin clean, smooth, lovely—so you can wear your finest gowns, the seamless stockings without, the most expensive underwear, with perfect confidence. And, please do not think of a plus stock, for this hair remover is designed for women. Naturally, it also removes sideburns, whiskers, neck, eyebrows, etc., or enlarge.* Same price for full length or on DOUBLE-WEIGHT PAPER £

For Thousandsof Sufferers

Asthma Agony Curbed First Day

For thousands of sufferers...

This blonde, lovely, who plays heroine in Banting's new

This is a puzzle page. The end of the story is

The End
The Army among other hit pictures) and who is now turned writer-producer; Toumanova, who is flawless beauty, and Gregory Peck. After lunch, they took me to see the film’s first love scenes.

They are not cute love scenes. Nobody meets anybody in the middle of a lake or on top of a tree, or any of those other goofy places where love scenes all seem to take place in movies now. These are sincere, serious, deeply believed in, deeply experienced love scenes. Toumanova is exquisite in them, but you cannot take your eyes away from Peck.

Robinson shares his contract with David Selznick, and Peck, who only a little while ago was acting as a Radio City guide in New York, has the five best roles in Hollywood lined up before him, among them that great part of Father Chishold in “The Keys of the Kingdom.”

It’s discoveries like this, it’s producers like Robinson coming up that make Hollywood, even in wartime, such a continually exciting place. It makes you want to laugh out loud at all the silly snobs who still believe all Hollywood producers are ex-pants pressers.

Though just what’s wrong, in a democracy, with being an ex-pants presser I’ve never been able to figure, either.

(More Inside Hollywood on page 82)
Nothing gives you such a feeling of glamour as long, silky lashes and bright sparkling eyes. Longer eyelashes highlight your eyes. Make them more appealing by the new easy LASHGRO method. All you do is rub LASHGRO gently along the edges of the lids with the brush that comes with your kit. Do this until the lashes reach the desired luxuriance. 10 months supply costs only 10c per month. FREE Instructions and treatise on eye beauty care with each order. Only $1.00 complete (postpaid if remittance accompanies order) or C.O.D. plus postage. If not delighted, money back.

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WILL YOU WRITE a letter to a Prisoner of War... tonight?

Perhaps he was left behind when Bataan fell. Perhaps he had to bail out over Germany. Anyway, he’s an American, and he hasn’t had a letter in a long, long time.

And when you sit down to write, tell him why you didn’t buy your share of War Bonds last pay day—if you didn’t.

"Dear Joe," you might say, "the old topcoat was getting kind of threadbare, so I..."

No, cross it out. Joe might not understand about the topcoat, especially if he’s shivering in a damp Japanese cell.

Let’s try again. "Dear Joe, I’ve been working pretty hard and haven’t had a vacation in over a year, so..."

Better cross that out, too. They don’t ever get vacations where Joe’s staying.

Well, what are you waiting for? Go ahead, write the letter to Joe. Try to write it, anyhow.

But mister, or madam, or miss, if somehow you find you can’t finish that letter, will you, at least, do this for Joe? Will you up the amount of money you’re putting into your Payroll Savings Plan—so that you’ll be buying your share of War Bonds from here on in? And will you—for Joe’s sake—start doing it right away?

Bob went on to tell me about Gene Kelly on the day his baby was born. Gene was working, but he had arranged with the prop men, the electricians, and the script girl to signal him if they heard the director getting any sort of a phone call regarding his blessed event.

Right in the middle of a dance number he looked up to see an electrician giving him the high sign.

"Gene didn’t even stop to put his foot down," Bob said. "He ran straight off the set, right off the lot, leaving the camera grinding and the lights blazing. Nobody at the studio saw him again for two days."

Two of the most recent voyagers back from the war zones discuss the headlines—Ann Dvorak and Bob Hope. Read about Ann on page 12.
Christmas, Tyrone asked me to see his lawyer about several pieces of business. The lawyer kept me about four hours, going over and over papers that seemed quite simple. When I reached home, Tyrone said he'd sent a few of the upholstered pieces to be cleaned but that they'd be home in time for our Christmas Eve party.

"They didn't come home. But we gave our dinner, anyway, deciding to use a sitter instead. To my surprise, when we rose from the table, Tyrone said, 'Take the girls upstairs. We'll join you later. We want to try out some tricks.' I supposed that meant 'magic,' in which some of our guests were interested. But when we heard a great deal of noise going on downstairs we said to each other, 'The boys are getting childish, aren't they? Sounds like hopscotch.'

"After forty-five minutes, Tyrone called, 'Come on down, girls!'" he said softly, "but it was really freedom."

Michael O'Shea was seven when he received the ultimate in Christmas gifts. His mother was so ill that he had been sent to his grandmother's for the holidays. It was his first journey alone, his first train ride. And although the distance was only forty miles, Michael felt like a well-traveled man when he stepped off at the station. Then came his first sleigh ride to the old fashioned early American home where grandma was trimming a huge tree that he'd admired him so much before—and little has done since—as the full moon shining on the snow, the jingling bells on the sleigh, the oil lamps and open fire in the house, the air of happy adventure.

Christmas morning brought a note from his mother that she was better and he must enjoy his holiday. That note was the cue to the most wonderful time he ever had.

There are sentimental gifts. There is the golden disc with a cross on one side and on the other: "We will always be together, I love you, Bill," cherished by Michele Morgan; the gold bracelet hung with hearts given Virginia O'Brien in 1941 by the man she later married, Kirk Alyn; and Ida Lu-

COTE an amazing beauty
SEAL-COTE &r

songwriters

Hey, What Do You Think of This?

Betty Grable James is knitting! One of the most naturally undomestic girls in town is now running her honeymoon house like cuckold and gathering together baby things at the same time. With government shortages in baby dresses, and other more intimate baby things, ingenious Betty is really creating. Her baby will not lack from knitted sweaters, sacques, bootees and little embroidered dresses. Whenever Betty couldn't get materials or yarn to suit her fancy for her baby she ripped up her own soft handknit sweaters or cut her nightgowns and undies, and the James baby will come into the world looking as glamorous as Rosie O'Grady herself.

Christmas presents of the stars

(continued from page 29)

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he lived with his family in Hartford, Connecticut, and dreamed of owning a bicycle. There was a model in a shop window, chromium trimmed, with siren, rack and all the gadgets. He mentioned it to his mother, hopefully.

“But we haven’t the money, Don. We’d like to get it for you, but things are so high this year. You understand, don’t you?”

Donald understood, but he continued to press his nose against the shop window to admire his treasure. Up to Christmas Eve he worried lest some one else buy it. But there it stood, beautiful and desirable, when he took his last long look. “Goodbye, bike,” he said, trying to be casual.

Christmas morning, under the tree, there it was! Donald saw nothing else. He could hardly breathe. “Hello, bike!” he whispered at last.

Little boys, predominated in the neighborhood when Jeanette MacDonald was growing up and their toys seemed much more fascinating than the dolls for little girls. She kept telling her mother that she wanted an electric train, and they kept telling her that trains were for little boys.

Jeanette was in ecstasy when she found the train, complete with switches and tunnel, on Christmas day.

But I think about the nicest gift of all was Joan Crawford’s. Last Christmas, Christmas of 1942, brought Joan Crawford her finest gift. And behind it lies a story of love and of poignance. You would have to read the whole story to understand, first of all, that with Joan Crawford is a day of vast proportions. Her Christmas list numbers into the hundreds and she personally selects, buys and wraps every present she gives. In return, she herself receives hundreds of gifts, from other stars, from movie executives, from her family and her friends, and scores and scores of them from devoted fans, some of whom she has corresponded with since she first came to stardom.

The Christmas of 1941 was the only time there was ever known unhappiness on this festive day. For in Christmas of 1941, Christopher, her adopted son, went back to his mother.

Motherhood touches the deepest emotions of Joan’s turbulent heart. Her tender care of young Christina is pointed out in Hollywood circles as the most perfect upbringing of any former child star. Christopher, the little boy, was to have been a companion child to Christina.

Joan had been visiting in New York during the Christmas holidays of 1942 and she returned to her lovely Brentwood home depressed and lonely. She tried to turn all her great capacity of love on Christina and find her happiness there. But she knew, much as she adored the little girl, that this love wasn’t quite enough. She knew it was wrong for the child to grow up all alone. She was afraid as an only child, she would develop very selfish traits.

Early in January, she re-met Philip Terry. They had been casually introduced several months before, but it wasn’t until 1942 that they ever had a date together.

You know what happened. They were married in July. And now, a year and a half later, they are just

The millionth soldier to visit the Hollywood Canteen was a wonderful smiling Texan, Top Sgt. Carl Bell. (Groaned all the khaki and blue around the place, “Wouldn’t you know it would be a Sergeant?”)

Sgt. Bell was photographed with Marlene Dietrich, Lana Turner, Deanna Durbin and gifted by everyone in Hollywood. He lived in fairyland for two days while Hollywood made over him as a symbol of every fighting man on all our war fronts. His big blue eyes were popping all the time.

It took thoughtful Deanna to top the whole wonderful time. Her gifts to the service man were presents for his children, uncles, for he is a bachelor child in the movie colony. She helped him select appropriate gifts for his family and mailed them herself after he had returned to camp. Sgt. Bell will remember Hollywood, and rightly.
camera rolling, and Sonja came in under the light and went into her camel-skin dress. Almost at once the rink was empty. Toilet powder and kissing lotion were on the family's extensive fur business, her ability is as spectacular as her skating. Almost all the great athletes, from Eleanor Holm to Max Baer, have tried movies. With the partial exception of "Tarzan" Weissmuller, they all failed—all but Henie, whose understanding of both business and sports has in addition an uncanny flair for showmanship. She brought all Sonja's trophies, cups, chests of silver. They couldn't help observing her cute little body. — (Grable fans, please don't listen) — She decided that he must come to America. Nothing could swerve her from that decision. Left eighteen months happier than they were on their blissful wedding day. Safe in this romantic and devoted atmosphere, Joan's Christmas of 1942 should have been a happy one, under those circumstances anyway. But the climax of it all was just one year from the time she had lost Christopher, she got baby Philip Terry II to replace his image in her heart. Joan's Christmas of 1942 was on their blissful wedding day.

Terry II to replace his image in her heart. As one who has been privileged to visit Philip Terry II, let me go on record as saying he is the most exuberant, handsome and bouncing child to be found in a dozen states. But out of that little tragedy came the last lingering sad memory of the first little boy.

Christina got a party invitation the other day from Christopher Man- kowitz, producer Joe Mankowitz's son. The invitation being from child to child, it was merely signed "Christopher" and Joan wanted to be sure whose Christopher was writing.

"Who is Christopher?" Joan asked her daughter.

"Oh, Christopher is my brother," replied Christina airyly. "He's away." She paused. She thought. "He's in the army," she added firmly. The vision of the old Christo- pher togging off in a G. I. haircut and O. D. boots set Joan to laughing. And as she laughed, she knew, at long last, that Philip II had replaced his image in her heart.

And that, also, is how she happened to tell this story.

The End

SONJA HENIE—AMERICAN WIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 471
So as not to give too much away, we'll limit our answers to the scope of the question. Never a liar, not for anything; though of course we'll be limited in our answers to the scope of the question. Also, we'll always tell them the truth whenever they ask questions. Never a liar, not for anything; though of course we'll be limited in our answers to the scope of the question. Also, we'll always tell them the truth whenever they ask questions. Never a liar, not for anything; though of course we'll be limited in our answers to the scope of the question. Also, we'll always tell them the truth whenever they ask questions. Never a liar, not for anything; though of course we'll be limited in our answers to the scope of the question. Also, we'll always tell them the truth whenever they ask questions.
Frances Langford carried out a "command" given by Lieut. General George S. Patton, Jr., commander of the American 7th Army when she brought first-hand news of her famous brother to Miss Anne W. Patton of San Marino. Among other things, Frances said that "Old Blood and Guts" reserves his thirty-third degree toughness for his military life. In private life he's warm and human and just as boisterously enthusiastic about souvenirs hunting as any buck private you can find.
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You can also retard it. It has a chance to get longer and

**LONGER HAIR**

autograph books and like it. But if

**MY RHYMING DICTIONARY.**

my wife and I get hungry for good

music or a current show, we can sneak

**SUNNY BUNIONS**

into a big concert hall or movie house

where no one is expecting us. At

least this works with me. I'm not

the matinee idol type.

However, I believe it's important

for people in this business to try to live

a normal life as near to their fellow Americans' lives as they can get, if they hope to interpret life as it is.

**GET A BOOT:**

Out of tough locations—two years later. Spectacular fires, sandstorms on the desert, swollen rivers in the mountains, nothing is nothing to look forward to when you have some tricky scenes to make, but if you come through okay they're fun—looking back.

**BELIEVE:**

Luck has something to do with success. You're there at the right moment; you see the right man, say the right thing, and get a break.

You can't luck out. You must figure all the angles, try one of your comedies, and other—completely, and excluding all

**FOURTH OF JULY SPECIAL:**

taste is excellent; just as good for my

stock up on a couple of formals—

Relive one day in my life, I wouldn't

pick out a day when I was very happy

and pick out a day when I was very unhappy, watch the studio experts on pictures.

**REMEMBER:**

We like to think of Americans as

people who do pretty much as they

like, please, are intensely individualistic,

and discovered we had the same attitude on life and on living, I hate smutty jokes almost as much as Dick does; and I love a clean, quiet, outdoor life just exactly as much as he does. We don't have Cupid to thank for this ideal marriage, either—we have my mother, who first saw how perfectly suited we were, and now (I sometimes think) likes Dick even better than she likes me! She'll be there to watch us get married in a double-ring ceremony, and she'll write to us when some day after the war, we'll travel all over the world.

Because that's something else we have in common: love of traveling.

But most of all, we love each other—completely, and excluding all else. You see now, don't you? And you'll see the best of everything, won't you? Because whether you do or not, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Quine simply cannot fail!

**THE END**

**GARY COOPER EXPLAINS HIMSELF**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 421)

I REGRET:

Not going to Warsaw on my last European trip. We had our tickets all on the way but detoured back to Paris for some reason and hadn't the time later. Now the Warsaw that was no more.

Not being able to do some scenes once I see my picture in preview.

I KNOW:

Every city has its own personality, just as people are all individuals. I liked London and Paris and most of the European cities I visited before the war, and I wish I could see them once again as they were at that time.

That for all time living, Los Angeles has everything. We have the city, and everything else is close at hand. My wife loves to ski, and we can reach the snow in an hour and forty-five minutes from our house. I like to hunt and fish—I can be in the mountains or beside deep lakes in a few hours. In peacetime, that is.

I thoroughly enjoyed going on safari in Africa years ago, but I remember it took us three days to reach a mountain that looked as if it was right over there when we started out. There was no time. For all the time, give me the U.S.A.

I'M CONVINCED:

You can't do anything unless you're sincere about it. You have to believe it not only as a Sergeant York, whom I met only once, was like that. And Dr. Wassell is like that, too.

**THE REASON:**

People think I'm like the men I impersonate on the screen is that I'm nearly always cast in American roles. We like to think of Americans as people who do pretty much as they please. I'm intensely individualistic, have practically all the virtues we admire, but don't wear them on parade.
PERSONALLY:
I'm not like any of the men I play. I'm just the guy who shows through the seams of the characters on the screen, minus the virtues and plus a lot of human faults.

I'LL LIKE TO:
Come back in a hundred years and see what's happened. But what happens here in the next twenty-five years is what is really vital to me. I hope and expect we'll find a way to end wars.

It's interesting to read forecasts of what marvels we'll have in the future—helicopters and little helicopters and live in houses that are fireproof, termite-proof, earthquake-proof, and all but trouble-proof, and eat food that will keep us too healthy ever to die. But—

I THINK AMERICANS:
Should remember we are a new people—we have a terrific advantage over all other peoples because of our great heritage, and it's up to us to use widely this advantage for the benefit of all.

Every one of you should see that we don't lose what we have, that we cling to the ideal of America and not let ourselves and the rest of the world down.

We're a mixed race—we come from all races—and we have a great and precious gift to guard, forever—

MOVIELAND'S BEAUTY PARLOR
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57)

a facial, minus massage.
She uses mint for vitamin-packed tea; a brew made with thyme for an eyewash.

Before the butter shortage, she used natural cream as a lubricant and hand-lotion.

And, when eggs are plentiful, she uses the old-fashioned egg rinse on her hair for scalp conditioning and those beautiful, glowing highlights. Which all goes to show that you needn't be a city slicker to be beautiful!

BEAUTY CHATTER:
Most chatter is listed under "Sense and Nonsense." Most of ours, we think, stays under just "Sense"—good, plain and common, and all directed at beauty and well-being.

Making sense, Alice Faye says she smooths a dot of rouge on the lobes of her ears when wearing earrings, particularly pearls or diamonds. She says it's flattering—and she's right! ... Alice comes up with another hint, this time anath the bath. As an alternate for the tepid or warm bath that relieves fatigue, Alice stands under the shower with the hot spray hitting the center of the back of her neck and shoulders, then steps out and sprays her neck and shoulders with her favorite cologne.

This, coupled with ten minutes' rest, prone, is wonderful for relaxation ... You've heard us mention almond meal before? Well, here's a tip from Lynn Bari, who uses a favorite facial shampoo. She makes a rich lather of good, mild soap with her hands, and mixes a teaspoonful of almond meal. Lynn rubs the soap lather and meal onto her face, allowing it to remain for five minutes, and rinses it off in tepid water. The finishing touch is ice water. It's quick and sure way to a wonderfully glowing skin! ... Ever wiggle your scalp to cure a mild, nervous headache? Believe it or not, that's Olivia de Havilland's cure. Coming from the gentle Olivia, it must have its virtues. She says, "If you can't wiggle your scalp by wrinkling your forehead or opening your mouth, then give it a superficial wiggle with the tips of your fingers." ... In a bad mood? "Sing any song that comes into your mind," advises Irene Manning, Warner Bros. star. "You'll dissipate your anger and bad feelings from sheer concentration on the tune and the lyrics." And, remember, anger is harmful to beauty—and you don't have to be able to sing like Irene! ... Back to Lynn Bari again, and a query as to the kind of eyewash. Lynn has beautiful, shining eyebrows. Seems her secret is to massage them with a damp cloth, and sets the shape of her brows with an eyebrow brush . . . And so, until next month—

LISTEN TO THIS!
Two great hulking men bending over the glass section.
"See the beautiful Sandwich glass vase," said one. "Golly, look at this Crown Derby cream pitcher."

Hovering in the background is the owner of the shop, watching two of his best customers. Fred MacMurray and Lloyd Nolan, buying surprises for their wives. Both men have adopted the hobbies of their wives, antiques, and the girls are having a hard time keeping up with them.

Lloyd is an authority on hallmarks and histories of old English glassware, and Fred is a specialist in fruit woods and such.
great American producer, wanted me to come to New York, and I wanted to come, but not so much as I wanted to be with my husband. So we did not come until we arrived together in the Henry Irving company. It was New York where our daughter, Margaret Webster, was born. And I feel it is very charming of fate to have let Margaret's greatest successes happen to her in that same city.

I cannot exaggerate how proud I was when the King included me in his birthday honors in January, 1916, making me a Dame Commander. But I can truthfully say I am even more proud of the fine notices my daughter has won for herself in staging Shakespearean drama in the New York theater. I consider her an exception-ally fine actress, and that is the only regret I have about her—that she prefers being a producer to being an actress. Yet once again my feeling for the freedom of others functions here. If she prefers staging plays to acting in them, then that is up to her and I have no right to interfere.

Side by side, Ben and I have seen the world change drastically. The simplicity and charm of those days before the First World War are gone. The excitement and the depression of the Thirties have also passed. Hitler and his associates will pass, too. This we all know.

But when two people live through such cataclysms in history, they need a firm faith to hold to. Love is that faith. Love is stronger than death and much stronger than the most arrogant conquest of any dictator.

In fifty-one years of loving, you drop all the dross and emerge only with the qualities that endure because of their very strength and refinement. Ben always gave my love that security on which all the solid things of life are founded.

Since 1936 Ben, Margaret, and I have been in this country. Ben and I love California now, even though our hearts are saddened by the thoughts of war-time England. I have been very fortunate in my film roles, though "Lassie Come Home" is my favorite picture because in that Ben and I were able to play together. Play ourselves, really. Just an elderly couple utterly content with one another's presence.

Yet that latter isn't quite true. We are utterly content, but we are much more than that. After half a century, we are still romantic about one another.

**The End**

---

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**LODESTONE**

May Bring You MONEY • LOVE POWER

---

**BACK THE ATTACK! BUY WAR BONDS!**

---

**Ruth Waterbury and Ann Sothern on the set of "Cry Havoc." Ann wasn’t in the scene that day but was present to read off-screen lines to little Dorothy Morris. "She’s such a good actress," said Ann, who doesn’t know the meaning of the word jealousy. She’s really one mighty swell gal.**
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Do It Yourself... with Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Kit

New Easy Home Way. Curls and Waves to Lovely Beauty and Allure.

ONLY 59¢!

...N O T H I N G M O R E T O B U Y
MAIL COUPON NOW!

MONEY SAVING KIT
There is a simple, easy way to permanent wave the charm and loveliness of curls and waves into your hair. Mail the coupon, let the amazing new CHARM-KURL Home Permanent Wave Kit save you money by giving you a real honest-to-goodness machineless permanent wave right in your own home. We have certainly made it easy for you to have lovely curled and waved hair by bringing you CHARM-KURL on this wonderful 59¢ offer. But the next step is up to you.

IN THREE QUICK STAGES

This Simple Easy Charm-Kurl Way...

THOUSANDS USE CHARM-KURL

Make This Easy Test...

CHARM-KURL is guaranteed to satisfy you as well as any permanent wave costing as much as $5.00—or your money back for the asking. CHARM-KURL cleans and sweetens the hair, washes out dirt and loose dandruff scales, leaves the hair luxuriously soft and easy to manage. CHARM-KURL is soft. Contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia. There is nothing finer for bleached, dyed, or gray hair.

Mail the coupon. If C.O.D., pay 59¢ plus postage on arrival. You save by sending remittance with coupon—and we pay postage. Charm-Kurl yourself! See how lovely your hair will be, permanent waved at home, and how it enhances your beauty. Remember, if you aren't positively delighted beyond words, your money will be refunded, on request. Why guarantee like this, you can't lose. Now, mail the coupon and know the joy of glamorous curls and waves within a few short hours. Charm-Kurl is the largest selling Permanent Wave Kit in America. There is no need to pay more than 59¢.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

CHARM-KURL CO., Dept. 114, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn.

I want to save postage on my order. Red is remittance.

Canadian orders must be accompanied by an International Money Order.

□ 2 CHARM-KURL KITS, $1.18, plus postage... □ 3 CHARM-KURL KITS, $1.77, plus postage (c.o.d. charges the same as for only one kit)

Name... Address... City...

□ I want to save postage on my order, send remittance. (Canadian orders must be accompanied by an International Money Order.)
MY LANA TURNER  

By Stephen Crane
"VITAMIN LACK CAN CAUSE HAIR TO TURN GRAY" SAYS MODERN SCIENCE

Can this 2-WAY VITAMIN DISCOVERY RESTORE NATURAL COLOR to Your GRAY OR GRAYING HAIR?

New Test So Easy... It's Amazing!

If your hair is gray, graying, streaked or off-color due to vitamin deficiency, this test of the original PANATES double-action VITAMIN treatment opens up an amazing new hope! You have read about the scientific vitami-

nol proof that, while too recent for conclusive evidence, these vitamins have shown startling signs of results. It has been proven beyond doubt that a lack of certain vitamins in the daily diet may be a contributing cause for hair to lose its natural color and turn gray. Simply by improving your diet and by taking the harmless, concentrated food vitamins in PANATES each day, you may check the gray spread... you may actually see gray, old-

looking, streaked, fading hair change back at the roots, temples and parting to normal, original color! But first let me tell you what the origi-

nal PANATES can do for you, and how PANATES differs so drastically from other anti-gray hair vitamins and why so many of the thousands of women and men who once accepted PANATES on this same trial offer now continue with it because of the amazing change in hair color they testify as taking place before their very eyes!

Panates is NOT A HAIR DYE
Nothing to Fear... No Mess, No Fuss
Panates supply not only the "anti-gray" hair vitamins, but give you the "staff of life" wheat germ oil (Vitamin E) as well. Absolutely harmless. Panates actually is a healthful food supplement. Panates gives your system a source for the hair color vitamins that may be lacking in your daily diet and, no, should literally feed natural color into the hair roots to check gray spread, to help the hair to new, lively lustre and to bring new hope for restoration of normal hair color once again.

Panates isn't a hair dye. Panates is the natural way to seek natural hair color.
You can test Panates whether you already color your hair or not, because Panates is not a hair dye. Panates supply not only the "anti-gray" hair vitamins, but give you the "staff of life" wheat germ oil (Vitamin E) as well. Absolutely harmless. Panates actually is a healthful food supplement. Panates gives your system a source for the hair color vitamins that may be lacking in your daily diet and, no, should literally feed natural color into the hair roots to check gray spread, to help the hair to new, lively lustre and to bring new hope for restoration of normal hair color once again.

Panates isn't a hair dye because Panates is the natural way to seek natural hair color. You can test Panates whether you already color your hair or not, because Panates is not a hair dye. Panates supply not only the "anti-gray" hair vitamins, but give you the "staff of life" wheat germ oil (Vitamin E) as well. Absolutely harmless. Panates actually is a healthful food supplement. Panates gives your system a source for the hair color vitamins that may be lacking in your daily diet and, no, should literally feed natural color into the hair roots to check gray spread, to help the hair to new, lively lustre and to bring new hope for restoration of normal hair color once again.

"Anti-Gray" Hair Vitamins with Wheat Germ Oil Vitamin E focus the action from within. If you now dye your hair, you may notice you need less and less artificial hair color. If your hair is just starting to turn gray, you may notice the graying process checked and soon the gray strands may be less and less pronounced. That's one of the wonderful things about the "anti-gray" hair vitamins in Panates, the action is natural. No one need know you are doing a single thing for your hair. Women and men, Panates will not hurt or interfere with permanents!

When Restored Color Shows, It's Natural Color
No matter what your normal hair color might be, before graying due to vitamin lack, brown, auburn or blonde, or you may notice that the new color is the original, normal color of your natural hair. That's one of the wonderful things about the "anti-gray" hair vitamins in Panates, the action is natural. No one need know you are doing a single thing for your hair. Women and men, Panates will not hurt or interfere with permanents!

This Trial Offer Is Fair and It Calls for Immediate Acceptance
If your gray or graying hair due to deficiency in the very vitamins in Panates, we bring you a very fair money-back coupon offer that certainly makes it easy for you to test Panates treatment yourself to see what Panates the vitamin may do for you in your fight for the happiness of lovely-look-

ing, natural hair color beauty. You take no chances. You can test Panates this same trial offer now, because these vitamins are taken daily by countless thousands, with nothing to lose. If not satisfied with results from the amazing change in hair color they testify as taking place before their very eyes!

MAIL COUPON TODAY
Send coupon for your trial Panates Anti-Gray Hair and Wheat Germ Oil (E) Vitamins. You need send no money, but pay postman on arrival on the positive guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Be sure to check the coupon for a wonderful free booklet that tells you much about Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins. Whatever do you do, do it soon. We list all other day without taking steps to fight for the happiness of lovely-look-

ing, natural hair color beauty. You take no chances. You can test Panates this same trial offer now, because these vitamins are taken daily by countless thousands, with nothing to lose. If not satisfied with results from the amazing change in hair color they testify as taking place before their very eyes!

MAIL THIS SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY COUPON TODAY!

A Few of the Scores of Letters from Panates Users
Panates, different from other preparations, gives you Vitamin, E. Wheat Germ oil. In addition to Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins, thousands of women and men who once accepted PANATES on this special trial offer now continue with it because of the amazing change in hair color they testify as taking place before their very eyes!

FREE BOOKLET "Vitamins and Gray Hair"

What are the amazing, anti-gray hair vitamins in Panates? What are the vitamins, Anti-Gray Hair Vitami-

ns? What do these vitamins do? These are questions that many people are asking. This is the same question that thousands of women and men are asking. They are asking because they have read about the surprising results in their own hair, and have written to us because they want to learn more about them. The vitamins, Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins, are the vitamins, Panates. They are the vitamins that make Panates effective in the treatment of gray hair. They are the vitamins that are the secret to the success of Panates.

TESTIMONIALS
Mrs. C. E., of Chicago, says: "I have been taking PANATES regularly. My hair is beginning to darken at the roots on this plan after about three weeks. I started taking PANATES... I must confess it is a great improvement." Mrs. W. H. S., of Pensacola, says: "I have just been taking PANATES regularly. My hair is still grey. The white hair is much darker than it was... My friends have all Down the amazing, anti-gray hair vitamins in Panates. They are the vitamins that make Panates effective in the treatment of gray hair. They are the vitamins that are the secret to the success of Panates.

Mr. C. F., of Ohio, says: "I noticed results within 20 days, mostly my eye brows and at the hair line... The hair at the temples has changed..."
DOING DOUBLE DUTY?

I Suggest a Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick!
— says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

If shouldering new wartime duties—in addition to your day-in, day-out activities—has made you long for a lipstick that stays smooth and stays on... I sincerely recommend our new Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks.

Here is all you've ever longed for in a lipstick. Glorious color, of course. And, as well, an exquisite grooming... a luxuriously soft and satiny sheen... only possible with Tangee's exclusive Satin-Finish. Not too dry, not too moist—the Tangee Lipstick of your choice will seem to "smooth" itself on to your lips and, once on, stay for hours.

And, to have the utmost confidence in the perfection of your make-up, match your Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick with its companion rouge—match your complexion with your own shade of Tangee's deceptively un-powdery Face Powder.

NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED... a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light... just right.

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

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

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

BEAUTY—glory of woman...
LIBERTY—glory of nations...
Protect them both...

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Tangee Lipsticks
We’re talking about “Madame Curie”, one of the finer efforts in the annals of motion picture progress.

This adventurous romance of the woman whose love and devotion endowed us with the magic of radium is in for a run at the famed Radio City Music Hall.

Our office wag wishes to edit this copy to read “Radium” City Music Hall.

As a matter of fact Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—your favorite film company we take it—has a few pictures in the bag which are really going to cause ohs and ahs, pull in the awards, and all that sort of thing.


As a matter of course, Greer Garson is “Madame Curie”. Greer and Walter Pidgeon are the stars.

Directed by Mervyn LeRoy and produced by Sidney Franklin, the “Random Harvest” duo, “Madame Curie” can be described in a word of one syllable—great.

Its cast, typical of M-G-M, includes ten names additional to Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon—names that could grace any theatre marquee and mean something.

They are Henry Travers, Albert Basserman, Robert Walker, C. Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitty, Victor Francen, Elsa Basserman, Reginald Owen, Van Johnson and Margaret O’Brien.

Incidentally the mention of Margaret O’Brien makes us think of another fine M-G-M film “The Lost Angel” which you must not miss.

But first comes “Madame Curie” with our favorite screen couple in a screen play by Paul Osborn and Paul H. Rameau based on the book by Eve Curie.

Produced with love and attention to detail, with settings that are superbly artistic, a camera that understands, and a story that will keep you enthralled, “Madame Curie” is a real event in the theatre.

It is an event that you must usher in...
Mr. and Mrs. Miniver
together again

GREER GARSON

and

WALTER PIDGEON

give their best performance

in their best picture

MADAME CURIE

Directed by MERVYN LeROY
Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN
Presented by M-G-M

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRODUCTION
with HENRY TRAVERS, ROBERT WALKER, DAME MAY WHITTY, ELSA BASSERMAN, VAN JOHNSON, ALBERT BASSERMAN, C. AUBREY SMITH, VICTOR FRANCEN, REGINALD OWEN, MARGARET O'BRIEN
Screen Play by PAUL OSBORN and PAUL H. RAMEAU
Based on the book "MADAME CURIE" by EVE CURIE
She's the Darling of the Critics

in a sweetheart of a picture. You'll be raving with the reviewers who are saying "light and frothy...happy entertainment." (Film & Radio Discussion Guide) "Suspense, heart-throbs and laughs. Mary Lee is climbing the ladder to stardom." (Charm)

MARY LEE
America's Little Sister in
NOBODY'S DARLING
with LOUIS CALHERN
GLADYS GEORGE
Jackie Moran • Lee Patrick • Bennie Bartlett • Marcia Mae Jones
a republic picture

MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Biblical term of reproach
5. Pat O'Brien is a •••••• in "Bombardier"
10. Dips in liquid, as bread
14. Moroccan sandarac tree
15. Divided
16. "The Man ••••••"
17. "So Proudly We Hail" is a ••••••••• tribute to army nurses
18. Remove, as a hat
19. Dillon in "The Law Rides Again"
20. Pablo in "FWTBT"
22. Mr. Duck
23. Force
24. A skater in "Hit the Ice"
25. Layers
28. Kenneth Spencer is a •••••••• in "Cabin in the Sky"
33. Alphabetic letter
34. He sings in "Rhythm of the Islands"
36. Steeple
37. Rose Dibble is •••••••• role in "This Is the Army"
41. "Woman of the ••••••" Bind again
42. Monty Woolley •••••• in "The Man Who Came to Dinner"
46. Regional Teachers Union (abbr.)
47. "Wild Horse ••••••"
49. He rides in 47 across
51. "-- Great Life"
52. Anne Gwynne in "We've Never Been Licked"
53. What Fredric March does in "Foot in Heaven"
57. "The •••••••• Ymphp"
61. Sam Winston is Henry •••• role in "West Side Kid"
62. Saxhorn
63. Celebesian ox
64. You can see her in "Stage Door Canteen"
65. Most Grade A movies make •••••• entertainment
66. One who opposes
67. Suppose (archaic)
68. 8 American Beauties ••••••••• in "The Powers Girl"
69. Roger Rulledge in "She Has What It Takes"

DOWN
1. Joe Barton in "Background to Danger"
2. Jeanette can sing it
3. Undisturbed
4. She sings in "Melody Parade"
5. Judy King in "Get Going"
6. On high
7. Melvyn Douglas in "Three Hearts for Julia"
8. Away
9. Sergt. Bill Dane in "Bataan" (inits.)
10. One of the "Jitterbugs"
11. Odd (Sot.)
12. Eric Toresen in "Commando Strike at Dawn"
13. Made haste
19. A sergeant in "This Is the Army"
21. She is in "You Were Never Lovelier"
22. Henry Van Cleve in "Heaven Can Wait"
24. Made of flax
25. "Silver ••••••••"
26. Doctrine
27. Spanish lariat
28. ••• Palmer is Tanya in "Mission to Moscow"
29. Remember Kay Kyser in "My Favorite ••••?"
30. Layers
31. Poetic Muse
32. Movie revival
35. Mr. Jones is •••••••• role in "China"
38. •••••••••••• Suzie in "Tahiti Honey"
40. Dr. Mespelbrunn in "Above Suspicion"
43. "Wake Island" and "Spitfire" are war ••••••••
45. Offenses
48. Suffix of ordinal numbers
49. Red dreams he can ••••••••
50. Geo. Murphy is Lt. Bentley in "••••••••"
52. "Grand"
53. Otherwise
54. Jean Hewlitt in "Crash Dive"
59. Observe (Latin)
60. Roy Rogers' Trigger has one
62. "••• Senoritas From Chicago"
65. Kitty in "Random Harvest" (inits.)

(For Solution See Page 84)
Here is greatness . . .

wonder . . . majesty

. . . a motion picture no

human words can
describe . . . but which
every human heart can

feel . . . and share.

Franz Werfel's

THE SONG OF

BERNADETTE

with

JENNIFER JONES • WILLIAM EYTHE
CHARLES BICKFORD • VINCENT
PRICE • LEE J. COBB

Directed by HENRY KING • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG • Screen Play by George Seaton • A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
A few eye-catching scenes from the most exciting musical of 1944!

Rita Hayworth
at her lovely best

**INNIS HOUGHTUN**

by Ruth Waterbury

**TOUJOURS L’AMOUR MATURE**

Hollywood really got itself het up over the Anne Shirley-Vic Mature "engagement."

The town felt pretty sorry for this self-styled genius when Rita Hayworth married that greater genius, Orson Welles. It grinned over the fact that Vic carried that torch very visibly, anywhere the press might be present. Since the guy was honestly doing such a fine job with the Coast Guard, they easily forgave his visibly suffering over his battered heart. Vic has always been a hound for publicity anyhow, and has never hidden the fact.

When he came back to movieland on furlough it was all hunky-dory when he took out K. T. Stevens, then Betty Hutton, and then began calling up the other glamour numbers. He even tried to marry one of our leading stars, who merely grinned at his seriousness.

It just got too thick, however, when a couple of nights later he and Anne Shirley announced their intention to wed. Trouble was, Annie is supposed to be most interested in Eddie Albert but only a week previously had had eyes for no one but Edgar Bergen.

When two days after the announced engagement Anne broke it, the storm really hit. Annie has been such a popular kid up until now, but even her closest chums let her know what they thought of such headline antics. Little Jane Wyman, for instance, told Annie off in front of a whole party.

One angle on the whole thing that hasn’t been much discussed is that John Payne and Vic used to be the closest friends.

No one knows how John thinks, but everybody’s wondering.

(More Inside Hollywood on page 101)

Ann Sheridan is rumored "that way" over this smiling Irishman, Steve Honnagone, the guy who promoted Miami Beach to a big spot on the map. Now he’s trying to promote our Annie into matrimony, but she says nope—just as before, when the guy was Errol Flynn.
The Merriest Man-Hunt in KISS TORY!

She chased him clear across his map...

They're head over heels in laughs!

What situations!...
What laughs!...
What love!...
What a picture!

The Comedy Sensations of "My Sister Eileen" together again and funnier than ever!

Rosalind Russell  Brian Aherne

IRVING CUMMINGS' What a Woman!

with WILLARD PARKER
What a "Find"!...Sensation of the Year!

SCREEN PLAY BY THERESE LEWIS AND BARRY TRIVERS...A COLUMBIA PICTURE
Make-up
created by the men
who make up the
Hollywood Stars

One of the many beauty aids offered by the House of Westmore is a perfect foundation cream. It gives you a lovely, attractive, natural beauty... goes on smoothly, and really stays on. It effectively hides tiny lines and blemishes... does not dry the skin because it contains lanolin... never gives you a "masked" feeling or appearance.

The Westmores—Perc, Wally and Bud—not only make-up the Hollywood stars, but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. You can get House of Westmore Make-up at toilet goods counters everywhere.

In 25 and 50 cent sizes—regardless of price, you cannot buy better.

Perc Westmore,
Director of Make-up
Warner Bros. Studios,
Hollywood

Hollywood's Cradle Rockin' Mamas

Except for Alice Faye, I have never seen a girl more beautifully changed by maternity than Lana Turner. Lana and Steve have gone through such a lot together, but they seem to have arrived at complete, mutual happiness. When they go nightclubbing, it's plainly just to dance. Steve, having received an honorable medical discharge from the Army, is back in civvies—and on their late dates, he and Lana drink milk and slip home by ten o'clock.

As for Alice Faye, she's in seventh heaven now that she's going to have her second child. Twentieth Century-Fox has temporarily argued her into not leaving the screen, but my own hunch is that she may not stick around too long.

The plaudits of fame don't mean a thing to Alice, as compared to Phil and Alice, Jr., and now the new-expectected. She loves the domestic life, has saved her money and plans a really big family. She says when she comes back to the screen she hopes to play straight drama.

"The Gang's All Here" is no great shakes as a musical, but I still hope Alice doesn't stop singing on-screen. No one else could have sung "No Love, No Nothin'" quite as she does.

Cupid's Cutest True Stories

Being as how St. Valentine's day is close I thought you might like to hear two cute proposal stories.

Several years ago, a very small girl named Ella Raines entered for the first time the portals of the Snoqualmie Grammar School, in Washington. She was gazing in awe at this institute of learning when a boy in short pants approached her. Kenneth Trout was in the third grade and magnanimously offered to show the newcomer the ropes.

The two kids went through the Snoqualmie Grammar School and the Snoqualmie High School together, their love for each other growing with every promotion to a higher grade.

When the war came, Kenneth Trout enlisted and almost

(More Inside Hollywood on page 65)
She risked a kingdom for this one kiss!

Once—and only once—in a lifetime comes a "PERICHOLE"... singer in the streets, power behind the throne, all woman, all wonderful... From Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel... this immortal screen thrill. Don't miss it!

Benedict Bogeaus Presents

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey"

Starring

Lynn Bari • Francis Lederer • Akim Tamiroff

with Nazimova • Louis Calhern • Blanche Yurka • Donald Woods

Directed by ROWLAND V. LEE • Screenplay by HOWARD ESTABROOK

From THORNTON WILDER'S Pulitzer Prize-winning Novel

A ROWLAND V. LEE Production • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS
For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for one purpose—important to you and to every woman—there’s no room for argument.

**Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins**

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, a powder is best for sanitary napkins. That’s because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn’t retard napkin absorption.

There is ONE Powder... created especially for this purpose—QUEST* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It’s the Kotex* Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn’t merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It’s your sure way to avoid offending. Many months’ supply, only 35c.

**CRAMPS?**

Curb them each month with...

**Kurb**

THE CROSS OF LORRAINE (MGM) does not spare your feelings in depicting the sadistic cruelties practiced by Nazis in conducting a French prison camp. It is one of the most brutal, bloody and hate-arousing documents yet filmed. While it is undoubtedly true, may be even an under-statement of the horrors inflicted, such a shocker is hard to take under the guise of entertainment.

Part of the power of the picture is sacrificed by the current Hollywood notion that anyone can play a Frenchman if the character is plainly named Gaston or Francois. One real Frenchman, Jean Pierre Aumont, who has an accent, finds himself cast as a countryman of Gene Kelly, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Hume Cronyn and Richard Whorf. As the cruelest of the German jailers, Peter Lorre has a gloriously gory time.

(Continued on page 70)
PREVIOUSLY
RECOMMENDED
PICTURES YOU
SHOULD SEE

JANE EYRE (20th Century-Fox) Charlotte Bronte’s novel of a woman’s love comes to the screen as a classic drama superbly performed by Joan Fontaine. No woman will ever forget it.

OLD ACQUAINTANCE (Warners) Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins pit their acting skills in a display of friendship that is more give than take.

GUADALCANAL DIARY (20th Century-Fox) From the Richard Tregaskis book, this factual picture smashingly fulfills its obligation to history.

LASSIE COME HOME (MGM) a simple and sincere story of a dog’s love for a boy. Roddy McDowall, of course, with appeal for the whole family.

PRINCESS O’ROURKE (Warners) a sparkling, modern Cinderella comedy in reverse. Olivia de Havilland, Robert Cummings and Charles Coburn.

THE IRON MAJOR (RKO-Radio) Pat O’Brien scores a hit as Frank Cavanaugh, an inspired football coach who specialized in making winners of underdog teams.

CORVETTE K-225 (Universal) a salute to those scrappy little warships of the Canadian Navy which have been the most effective weapon against U-boats. Decidedly see-worthy.

THIS IS THE ARMY (Warners) the Irving Berlin all-soldier entertainment by which the Army Emergency Relief Fund and you profit.


CLAUDIA (20th Century-Fox) a delightful slice of domestic Americana, with Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young.

FLESH AND FANTASY (Universal) a series of inter-related stories of the supernatural which Charles Boyer produced. He also acts in one chapter. Distinctly different.

GOVERNMENT GIRL (RKO-Radio) Comedy romance set in war-crowded Washington, with Sonny Tufts to build Uncle Sam’s bombers.

Again it’s WARNER BROS!

CARY GRANT
His assignment is the answer to a submariner’s prayer!

JOHN GARFIELD
He knows how to tell a Jap—with torpedoes and TNT!

Here’s the story-behind-the-story of the bombers that plastered and blasted Tojo’s home town!

DESTINATION Tokyo

They’ve got sweethearts in every port—and girls, you’ll be among some!
SLACKS—with detachable suspenders and waistband gaily embroidered a la Mexicana! Lustrous rayon Gabardine! Sizes 10-18, $5.98, plus postage.

BLOUSE—Simple, smart! Round neck—daintily tucked! Rich, heavy white rayon crepe. 32-38. $3.50, plus postage. Send no money. We mail you C.O.D. Refund if not satisfied. Prompt delivery.

BETTY CO-ED of HOLLYWOOD
Dept. 582
6402 Hollywood Blvd.,
Hollywood, (28) CALIFORNIA

Send Slacks at $5.98, plus postage.
Mark 1st and 2nd choice. (Circle sizes wanted.)
Blouse at $3.50, plus postage. Sizes: 32 34 36 38

Before we start class this month, just a reminder about the mail. I'm always glad to get your letters, but please be good kids and stick in a self-addressed stamped envelope with your zone number. And not too many questions in each letter, yes? The address—Jill Warren, Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 46, California.

THE TUNEFILMS:

Well, here I come—on a wing and a brand new year! And from the Hollywood scene this new 1944 looks “solid” with lots of good musicals cooking.

Let's start out with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. First there's “Swing Fever,” which stars Kay Kyser and Marilyn Maxwell, the latter a handsome dish. Marilyn was Kay's real life romance for a while and is the same girl who used to sing with Buddy Rogers and Ted Weems under the name of Marvel Maxwell. Also at M-G-M there's “Broadway Rhythm,” a super duper with Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra, George Murphy, Ginny Simms, Lena Horne, Gloria De Haven, Nancy Walker, Hazel Scott, Charles Winninger and Kenny Bowers. The numbers are tops, one of the best being “Brazilian Boogie Woogie” featuring Lena Horne. For my money, Lena is one of the greatest vocal artists in America today. Ginny sings Jerome Kern's immortal “All The Things You Are,” and if it hasn't been one of your favorite songs before this, it will be after you hear her do it. Hazel Scott plays Chopin's “Minute Waltz” and "Body and Soul" in her incomparable style, and is one of the standouts of the picture. Gloria De Haven and Kenny Bowers share honors with “What Do You Think I Am?” This is the cute song from the original score of the stage production of "Best Foot Forward" but it was cut out of the movie version of (Continued on page 16)
"Give us that Big smile

You'll grin out loud when Claudette spills the secrets of a candid camera career girl!

She says she's too busy for romance that's dizzy... but when this immovable force meets this irresistible body:

And she flashes her bulbs at Whataman Mac Murray...

And the things that develop in her darkroom:

And under the bed of the East River—make this the first hilarious roar of 1944.

It's Paramount Again!

Claudette Colbert in "No Time for Love"

Fred MacMurray

It's pash in a flash. So she makes him an assistant who really loves his assignments.

— Melisse

with Ilka Chase Richard Haydn

A M itchell Le isen

Production

Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN

Screen Play by Claude Binyon

Adaptation by Warren Duff

"And a Big P.S. — Have you seen 'Riding High'? And watch for 'Lady In The Dark' and 'The Miracle Of Morgan's Creek'!"
"MOTHER KNOWS BEST"

But sometimes it's the other way round... daughter discovers the new things first

Yes, many a mother has been amazed to have her daughter come home from college or office with the news about Tampax... "It is so neat and dainty. It is worn internally, so it cannot be detected. It really sets you free every month from pins, belts and external pads."

Why not keep young in spirit by doing what the younger ones do? Tampax has real standing. Perfected by a doctor, it is made of pure surgical cotton, very absorbent and compressed in dainty, hygienic, one-time-use applicators that make insertion quick and easy. No chafing, no bulging, no odor, no embarrassing disposal problem. No sanitary deodorant required.


(Continued from page 14)

"Best Foot" and put into this film. The things that go on in Hollywood! "Meet The People" is another flier you won't want to miss. Besides Lucille Ball and Dick Powell, it contains such rhythmic personalities as The King Sisters, Virginia O'Brien, Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra, with his soloists Ziggy Talent and The Murphy Sisters, and Spike Jones and the City Slickers. Ziggy does his hysterical rendition of "I Can't Dance" and Spike makes with the cowbells, washboards, etc., to do "Schicklegruber." Virginia O'Brien sings Rogers' and Hart's "I'd Like To Recognize The Tune" in her deadpan style. And there's a swell finale number, "It's Smart To Be People." Listen particularly for the fine vocal arrangements...

Harriet Hilliard, The Andrews Sisters and Mitch Ayres and his band get the top billing in Universal's "Swingtime Johnny." The girls do two numbers which you've probably heard them do on the air, "Boogie Woogie Choo Choo" and "You'd Better Give Me Lots Of Lovin', Honey," and Harriet sings a jive version of "Sweet and Low."

Donald O'Connor's newest is "This Is The Life" with his old girl friend, Peggy Ryan, and a new one for him, Suzanna Foster. You Ray Eberle fans will enjoy his singing of "All Or Nothing At All." Universal has just started preparation on an all-star musical, "Three Cheers For The Boys," which won't be out for months, but I thought you'd like to know about it anyway. Get a load of this line-up: Charlie Spivak, Ted Lewis, Freddy Slack, Dinah Shore, Jeanette MacDonald, Sophie Tucker and The Andrews Sisters...

It's Kay Kyser again, but this time under the R.K.O. banner, in "Around The World," the story of his amazing camp show tours, including some imaginary ones to Casablanca, Egypt and other locales.

And say, speaking of R.K.O., reminds me that they have big things in mind for the Sinatra lad if Uncle Sam doesn't get him first. They gave him a seven-year contract and his next picture is "Mr. Cinderella." I hope they don't change the name because that title really fits Frank...

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

The Decca and Capitol recording studios have been the "jumpinest" spots in town, what with all the pressing going on. We'll take Decca first. Bing Crosby got into the yuletide spirit and made "I'll Be Home For Christmas" with John Scott Trotter's orchestra and then joined with the Sisters Andrews for "Jingle Bells" and "Santa Claus Is Coming To Town," but they're so good you'll want to play them all year round. Jimmy Dorsey and the band recorded "Star Eyes" with Bob Eberly and Kitty Kallen doing one of their double vocals and "They're Either Too Young Or Too Old" with Kitty soloing it. Jimmy's band is one of my favorites and I was fortunate in being at the studio the night they made this platter. What a perfectionist he is! He'll do a thing over and over until it's just the way he wants it.

On the serious side, Victor Young has made an album of his brilliant score from "For Whom The Bell Tolls." The Capitol people have been busy little bees, too. They signed Stan Kenton to an exclusive recording contract and his first disc is "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me," featuring Dolly Mitchell and "Eager Beaver," an instrumental. Johnny Mercer does "G.I. Jive" and "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself A Letter" with Paul Weston's orchestra. Johnny wrote words and music for "Jive," and it has a very cute lyric. I heard him do it at the Hollywood Canteen the other night and it nearly broke up the party. Capitol's Number One girl, Ella Mae Morse, has made a killer record in "Shoo Shoo, Baby" and "No Love, No Nothin,'" The latter tune...
Riveting
or...
Romancing

she's
America's newest,
truest Heroine...

THE "CHIN UP" GIRL!

Here is a memorable drama of today's unbeatable brand of courage and love! The brave and human and truly great story of the FURLOUGH WIVES and sweethearts who wait and wish... and work for the men who live in their hearts!

GINGER ROGERS

More loved, more lovable, more lovely than ever, in

"Tender Comrade"

ROBERT RYAN • RUTH HUSSEY

Patricia COLLINGE • Mady CHRISTIANS • Kim HUNTER • Jane DARWELL • Richard MARTIN

Produced by David Hempstead • Directed by Edward Dmytryk • Story and Screenplay by Dalton Trumbo
Be Fit and Fair
Top to Toe!

What happened to Marie Lenox can happen to YOU!

Mrs. Marie Lenox, of Detroit, Mich., weighed 150, was so large in her hips and abdomen she had to wear a size 16 dress. She was worried about her skin and hair. Today, a year ago, she weighs 116, her slender figure slips into a size 14. How did she do it? She enrolled in the DuBarry Success Course, Miss Del-afeld set a goal for her and showed her how to attain it—right at home.

Make Yourself Over—at Home!

Marie Lenox is just one of 110,000 women and girls who have found the DuBarry Success Course a way to be fit and fair. It shows you how to lose or gain weight, achieve a smooth, glowing skin, acquire increased energy. You get a program for your need—then follow at home the same methods taught by Ann Delafeld at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Get the Full Story. In these days it's important to be at your best, ready for wartime living, for war work, for personal and business success. So stand at once for the new book telling all about the DuBarry Success Course, what it has done for others, what it can do for you.

(Continued from page 16)
LAN LADD walked through the doorway of his house, followed by the four boys who had been honorably discharged along with him from the Santa Barbara Air Base Hospital.

The boys were going to stay with him and Sue for the two days until they got their train reservations that would take them back to their homes in the East. Their presence would crowd the small house that was Alan's and Sue's. But Alan was glad of that crowding. It made him feel like "army" for a little longer.

As soon as he and Sue had arranged where the boys would sleep, one on the living room couch, one on the couch in the playroom and two of them in the very small guest room, he went upstairs to change. This was a moment for which he'd dreamed over a year. He'd whiled away hours in mess halls and drill fields, thinking about putting on those smoothly tailored suits again, suits that really fit his broad chest. He'd had positive nostalgia for his ties. He had always been a nut for ties. His first money as a teen-age earner had gone for a maroon striped tie, and when he signed his present Paramount contract, he had gone distinctly wacky over two dozen Sulka numbers.

But now, as he shed the khaki and slipped into a gabardine that had cost him as much as two months of his corporal's pay, he felt no glow. To begin with, the suit no longer fitted. It hung on him like a pup tent, showing up his weight loss of twenty pounds as

The Changed ALAN LADD Who Has Returned

BY JOHN ALDERSON

An ex-corporal's eye-view on having a dream come true, then wishing it hadn't. You can take a soldier out of his uniform, but you can't take the man in the uniform out of the war—not while the fight's still on.
He knotted his favorite tie, correctly dimpling it, and that did no good, either. He did not look like the best dressed man. He didn’t even look natty. And he felt as though somebody had sliced him through the heart. The moment he had waited for more than a year had arrived, and it was very sour champagne indeed.

He was a civilian once more. He could go back to acting. He could live at home and have Susie and his tiny daughter, Alana, always close to him. It should have been a great feeling. It wasn’t.

“I suppose,” said Alan as we talked about it, “it was my realization, right then, that the war was over for me—but not for the world. I suppose any soldier when he thinks of peace, thinks in personal terms, of his wife, his child. You think of meals served on shining tablecloths, of sleeping till eight or ten, maybe in a real bed with cool, white sheets. But when you’re released as I was, an enlisted man with an honorable medical discharge, you discover being out of service is not what you really wanted. You dreamed of your freedom in personal terms, but granted it, you find

Alan’s madly possessive where these two are concerned, yet they didn’t keep him from enlisting. He’s a real family man, wanted to fight for the family of nations.
All the important things happen in theaters, far as the Ladds are concerned. Here's Sue, who married the man who proposed to her—in a theater; and her baby girl, who was almost born—in a theater.

out that what you really wanted was impersonal. You wanted out for the whole world. You wanted world peace. You wanted every man to be a civilian again, not merely you, by yourself.”

Sitting there in the small, green damask-hung living room of the Ladds, no writer could fail to recognize Alan's sincerity and sense of depression. It isn't easy to explain how a hulk of a sun-tanned guy like Alan can actually have been dangerously far from well, unless you know his type. In Alan's case, his real personality has been pretty carefully hidden up to date. He's been playing killers ever since his first click in “This Gun for Hire.” The truth of the matter is that he is really about as much of a killer as baby Alana. That cold, steely screen glance of his is a triumph of good acting. In actuality, he is a sensitive, dreamy romantic, madly possessive where his wife, Sue Carol, is concerned, infatuated where his baby daughter, Alana, is concerned, and mentally driven by a passion for acting and an almost consuming ambition.

It is like this with Alan: when he was first working on “This Gun for Hire” (that picture that was to turn the hitherto miserable tide of his career and make him the most important star discovery of 1942) he caught a severe cold. Paramount told him to stay home till he got over it. Sue begged him to let her call the doctor. Alan paid no attention to anyone's orders, until the evening when he left the studio and got such shakes in the car going home that Sue drove him straight to a doctor's office, where the medical man discovered he was walking around with a temperature of 104. The doctor announced that Alan had pneumonia in both lungs, ordered him home to bed for a week. “If you go back to work under a week, you will undoubtedly die,” the medico said.

So what? So Alan crawled out of bed on the third day, went back to work and spent the rest of the week doing the scenes where he ran up and down a railroad bridge and finally jumped off onto a moving train!

Paramount, sensing the hit they had in “This Gun for Hire,” rushed him straight into another film, after the manner of all studios when they believe they have a red-hot personality. This opus was “The Glass Key”
Alan Ladd, U. S. Army retired. His first pictures, out of uniform. Twenty pounds lighter than he was when he donned khaki, his old civilian clothes all had to be re-tailored.

No more eating in the Army mess hall for Alan. No more field drilling, reporting for roll call. Instead, he's fated to a diet of milk, crackers and cheese, must have a complete rest.
and Alan, not yet fully recovered from the effects of the pneumonia, went into it, again with a temperature. He rattled his way through it, registering on the screen all the while as though he had the strength of wild cats, and it wasn't until the film was finally wrapped up, that he collapsed. He went to bed for two weeks then, though at that time Paramount put a ban upon his illness even being mentioned. What kind of a build-up was it for an iron-muscled killer to admit colds were always stalking him, and that while working, he could very rarely eat?

The Army discharged Alan because of a stomach ailment, and it is no small wonder when you go back a bit in Alan's youth. A poverty-stricken childhood, followed by a poverty-stricken young manhood, and every day of it flaming with loneliness, misunderstanding, disappointment and that wild, fierce determination to succeed. People like that don't spend time or money on getting "the right diet." They have other more important things to do, or, so they think then.

Alan, for instance, is one of those guys who either is the best at a thing or he won't play at all. He became one of the finest junior divers in California, as a kid, by keeping a springboard in the garage and practicing on it until he nearly knocked the garage down. Some kid told him it would improve his diving form if he slept with his legs tied to boards at night. So Alan did.

When he went in for ballroom dancing, he went in for the prizes and won them. Today he won't do a rhumba in public. He actually does an excellent rhumba, but it isn't the best in Hollywood. So he sits them out. He plays fair golf and tennis, but since he isn't tops, he can't be inveigled into either game. This is merely my hunch, but I'll wager that one thing that got those stomach nerves of his jangling was that he couldn't be tops in the Army. His ambition, his talent, his charm, couldn't shoot him to the top in the Army. He had to be just another guy in the mob there.

Not that he ever tried to wangle himself promotions. Not that he even tried to go in on a commissioned basis. Alan enlisted, you know. As a father, he could have stayed out for a good long while. As an ambitious Joe, just finally started on the ascendancy of one of the most brilliant careers Hollywood has ever seen, he could have stayed out. It would have been no disgrace to him, as it isn't to some two or three million other Americans, if he'd waited for his draft board to call him. But like a couple of million different other Americans, while he didn't want to leave his job, his wife and the baby-to-be, he couldn't wait.

Another characteristic that the real Alan possesses that is completely at variance with the deadly killer he plays is that he never plans things out. He does everything by impulse. He does things like this: He often wakes in the night and decides that he wants to go dancing. Fortunately for their happiness, Sue Carol likes such impulses. Susie gets up and goes out gaily on these occasions. But Sue was anything but gay on the day Alan came home from the studio and said he had enlisted. She nearly collapsed, thinking of having to go through having their baby, alone.

Once in service, Alan never got even the hope of action, which was another thing (Continued on page 76)
IT happened at an army base. Four unfortunate recruits, detailed to K. P. duty, peered out of the kitchen door in the direction of the slim, laughing girl who was talking to a group of khakis on the drill field.

One said, “D’ya know who that is? That’s Loretta Young. She’s been my favorite actress ever since I can remember.”

Another observed bitterly, “Just my luck to draw K. P. when she visits camp. That’s me—always missing out. At Christmas time I was in the infirmary having measles.”

The first K. P. dropped his peeling knife. “Look—I

A corner of the room is enhanced by an English desk, topped by a French figurine and flanked by a pair of French porcelain candlesticks. Walls are specially blended gray-blue, giving background for the tintorial beauty of the colorful printed furniture pieces.
He was right. Loretta had asked to see the platoon kitchens. After she had shaken hands all around she said, “How about lending me a knife and a few potatoes, boys? I want to do my share toward dinner.”

Speechless with admiring awe, the mess sergeant handed her a knife and the required vegetables. Then, having accomplished the beau geste, she autographed the sergeant’s apron and the fatigue caps of his crew. “My husband is a soldier, so I sympathize with all your problems,” Loretta explained.

This crack produced a nice laugh. Her husband a soldier, indeed! A mere lieutenant colonel, a minor army character wearing simple silver leaves, that was all. The privates, first class, grinned. What a nice dame!

After she had moved on, the recruits hesitated in the doorway, staring after her through a haze of admiration. “A gingham dress—just like the one my sis used to wear on summer afternoons back home,” said one nostalgically.

“No gloves,” sighed a second.

“Not even a hat,” praised a third. “Look at that gorgeous hair!”

The mess sergeant summed it up: “There goes,” he announced belligerently “a gosh-swell girl.”

His observation, had he only known it, was not unique. There have been hundreds of persons in Hollywood who have known for a long time that Loretta Young Lewis is a gosh-swell girl.

What makes her so? What gives her the humor, the
At the side of the windowed sun room, a grouping of walnut antique chairs and a table. The brass scales hold ivy plants, notable details of decor. The charm and individuality evident in every room indicate the excellent tastes of Miss Young, her husband and her mother; all of whom took part in developing the decorative atmosphere. The white cotton string rug which she found at a mail-order house is washable and was bought for $45. That's mentioned as proof that you don't have to spend a fortune to make a lovely room. Just be inspired.

Specially built copper mantel cornering the den, with shelves for the French grotesques Loretta brought from Mexico. The "LL." on her smart frock is for Loretta Lewis, for in private life she's Mrs. Tom Lewis, wife of Col. Lewis, U. S. A.

LORETTA YOUNG CONTINUED

balance, the kindliness, which reveal her as an outstanding actress in such pictures as Walter Wanger's "When Ladies Fly," yet permit her to stand unique as daughter, wife and mother?

A friend, discussing it, said recently, "I think Loretta has worked out from unhappiness she has suffered some formula for present-day, grown-up happiness."

That unconscious formula was in the making when Loretta, in third or fourth grade at school, came running home unexpectedly one noon to secure a dime for Chinese Relief (yes, even in those days).

As she swung around the corner, breathless, she saw her mother watering the grass. Mrs. Young always wore a huge white apron over her light house dress for this task. On her hands she wore clean white cotton gloves, and on her head she wore a summery garden hat. "My mother," thought Loretta, "is the most beautiful lady in the world. When I come up to her she's going to look surprised. Then she's going to say 'Hello, honey, what are you doing home?' When I tell her about the school collection, she'll put down the hose, reach into her apron pocket and take out her little coin purse."

It happened exactly that way, even to the very words her mother spoke.

Afterward, Loretta thought—on her way back to school—"My mother always has time for me. She always knows how important dimes are for Chinese Relief..."
Relief or Armenian Relief or the Red Cross. She never scolds me for running home in the middle of the day when she knows that I think the trip is important. I have a very understanding mother.

And now, observe how that happiness formula carried forward. One afternoon recently Loretta had returned, in a semi-exhausted condition, from a grueling day at the studio. She told the housekeeper that she was going to lie down and she didn't want to be disturbed, meaning that she would like to be spared any frivolous interruption.

She was dozing when she heard seven-year-old Judy, her adopted daughter, fretting over a slight juvenile problem. "I'm going to ask Mommy," she said. "She always tells me the right answer."

The housekeeper, anxious to protect Loretta, told Judy, "You just calm yourself and wait until later to ask questions. Your mother is too tired to be bothered with you right now."

Loretta sat up with a bounce and called her daughter. "I didn't mean that I was too tired to talk to you," she explained quickly, to soothe young feelings. "I just didn't want to answer the telephone or have to make household decisions. But I'm never too tired or too busy for you, darling. I love you too much, ever to think that you're a bother."

Judy's face was suddenly (Continued on page 68)
The saddest news of the Hollywood month is that the love

IT was the kind of romance that we all love to see: Two youngsters with box office appeal. Two young actors on the road up. .. together. Then it is no more. Separation has been announced by both parties concerned. As marriage is, even in Hollywood, a private affair, only Jennifer Jones and Robert Walker know the bitter "whys and wherefores". All we have left is a twinge in our hearts, for this was a marriage we thought was secure because it was based on congeniality and earnest effort.

In January 1938 a slender, purposeful girl enrolled at the Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. Her name was Phylis Isley, and she had come from Tulsa, Oklahoma.

You say that Hollywood and careers don't mix? Well, this is one time the blame can't be placed here! The Robert Walkers are new arrivals on the horizon. It looked like a beautiful romance from afar, and it had a lovely beginning, for here is the story.

Of course, young Phylis Isley had no definite premonition that one day she would be Hollywood's Jennifer Jones, or that she would be starred in her first picture for 20th Century-Fox, "The Song of Bernadette." Nor did she have any notion that she would become Mrs. Robert Walker and that Robert Walker would, in his first screen appearance, bowl the world over in MGM's "Bataan."

All she knew that keen January day was that she had

It took only one picture, "Bataan," to wow the critics into giving Bob Walker star rating. "See Here, Private Hargrove," his second, is an even greater personal triumph. He's on the road to success and traveling at high speed.
Jennifer Jones, discovered for "The Song of Bernadette" (20th Century-Fox) is the same girl who, as Phylis Isley, was scorned by Hollywood. Now her "Bernadette" is racing with Greer Garson's "Curie" for the Academy Award!
They loved studying scripts together for they fell in love that way, originally; but they couldn’t make the marriage last. They both made a “marriage first” effort, but failed. 

a rendezvous with Fate. Fate, in those days, was wearing a substantial tweed suit and an earnest air; he was also enrolled at the Academy, and he appeared in the first class Jennifer attended. She looked at Bob and thought, “He’s handsome. He’s got the charm of Jimmie Stewart and the comic flare of Henry Fonda, only more so.”

Robert Walker was given lines to read—an excerpt from “Until Dawn.” Jennifer thought him arrestingly good. Then she was given passages to read from “The Armless Venus.” From the tail of her eye she performed a brief reconnaissance of Mr. Walker’s features when she had finished. He seemed to have found her performance highly satisfactory. There appeared to be blue-flamed candles deep in his eyes.

Day followed day, each more divine than the one preceding. There came the day when the activity on the curriculum was the combining of lines into scenes; dramatic inter-relation of play character upon play character. The play chosen for Jennifer and Bob was “The Barretts of Wimpole Street.”

For exercise, Jennifer memorized Elizabeth Barrett’s confession of faith—

“How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. I love thee to the depth and breadth and height My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.”

Not, you understand, that the little girl from Tulsa was in love with the tall boy from Ogden, Utah. Don’t be absurd. They were simply school friends, striving toward a common goal: dramatic perfection. Poetry happened to be lovely . . . and quite beside the point. (If you wish to imagine Cupid grinning in the distance, that’s your own affair.)

The next play selected was “Romeo and Juliet,” a thing written by W. Shakespeare, the Englishman, of whom you may have heard. Heretofore, Jennifer had looked upon it with favor; even, in those starry moments of one’s adolescence, she had imagined herself in jeweled cap, velvet bodice, twenty-five-yard skirt, and ecstatic mood . . . leaning over a balcony.

“Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing. Good-night, good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow That I shall say good-night till it be morrow. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast! Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!”

The only trouble was that, not Jennifer, but another girl in the class was given the soft lines with which to respond to Mr. Walker’s Romeo. Jennifer sat in the back row, lower lip out-thrust, chin sunk in palm, and glowered at the stage. The love scenes were almost too much for her; she suddenly discovered that it wasn’t a ham sandwich she had enjoyed for luncheon, but Mexican jumping beans that didn’t like their new home.

This proves that no one, up to this point, was in love with anyone. Um-huh.

On Sundays, these two earnest students decided that it would be sensible for them to spend the day together . . . so they could cue one another. They rode back and forth all afternoon on the ferry. Then leaned on the rail...
Robert Walker and Jennifer Jones—they crashed movieland at the same time; but there was something lacking in their marital relationship.

and studied the skyline. They watched the people.

"There's a character for you, Bob. I'll bet he's a visitor to New York. He's from . . . well, maybe Montana. He's a miner—notice the pork pie hat. That suit—he bought it for his son's wedding seventeen years ago. If you ever had to play a miner, Bob, you could remember him, and you'd really be convincing."

And Bob said, paying more attention to a nearby profile than to his study of a quaint character, "I'll bet you're photogenic. You have the cutest nose and the biggest eyes. I'll bet you get a chance in pictures some day."

"Don't," cautioned Jennifer . . . ruining her chances to be considered a clairvoyant, "be silly."

Sometimes, having wearied of the waves, they wandered along Fifth Avenue, window-wishing. "What is your favorite color, Bob?"

"Oh, blue, I guess. I really go for a girl in a blue dress."

Make a mental note, Jennifer: purchase one blue dress.

They rode a double-deck bus and Jennifer took off her hat to let the spring wind ruffle her hair. "You have," vouchsafed Bob, "sort of nice hair. Pretty shade of brown. Your name should have been Jeanie."

They walked through Central Park, feeding the squirrels and delighting passersby with their quips. Bob has a flare for comedy, a droll, quiet sense of humor. "Have you noticed that old people, after they've been married for years, begin to resemble one another?" he asked one day. "Imagine me," he added, glancing sidelong at Jennifer's insouciant profile, "with a lily-bud nose."

The summer holiday was approaching despite one girl's subconscious attempt to do a Lady Joshua and hold the Now forever. One day Bob announced with a grin, "I just signed on a freighter going to South America. Won't that be an experience?"

"Can you swim?" demanded Feminine Apprehension.

"Aw, sure. I've been swimming since I was knee high. Besides, I'm so tall and thin that I'd float like a plank. On land or sea, I'm still a Walker."

So Bob went south, and Jennifer went back to Tulsa and made friends with the postman. Not that she really expected a letter, you understand, but one can never tell. There just might be a port of call from which a postcard could be dispatched. Meanwhile she had the usual summer fun, dancing, working in a little theater, playing tennis and golf.

Long afterward she learned that Bob had written one letter, but it must have gone astray because it never reached Tulsa. That summer must go down in history, notable for its refusal to pass. For three months, time stood still. Only by some miracle did September . . . and the day for Jennifer to return to New York . . . finally arrive.

As it was, she arrived two weeks before school was scheduled to start. That first night back in town, her family had arranged by letter for a priest (a long-time friend of the Isleys) to take Jennifer to dinner. The priest had asked another clergyman to join them so the evening was well planned.

Jennifer had just descended to the lobby of the Barbizon Hotel for Women and was chatting with the Reverend Father when a (Continued on page 77)
I had a letter from a movie fan the other day. She is my own particular fan, and she hails from El Paso, Texas. We used to exchange occasional letters when I was a regular contributor to the film magazines—and since she hadn't seen my name in print for over a year, she thought I might be in uniform.

I am not in uniform, unless you consider blue dungarees and a sweatshirt a uniform. I am now a defense worker, and live in a coast town hundreds of miles away from Hollywood. Instead of pounding a typewriter, I am helping build trucks for the Army, whose physical test I couldn't pass.

But for my fan in El Paso, who wonders whether I don't miss talking to the glamorous ones of the screen, the answer is...yes. During my years as a magazine reporter, I had some splendid moments. Some funny, a few incongruous, but none dull. And a few scattered incidents will prove why I consider Hollywood a fascinating place, and why I hope to continue to report on its foibles...at a more peaceful day.
There was the case of Ann Sothern and her hangover. Now movie stars, although they are often photographed informally at night clubs, at tables loaded with champagne glasses, are never supposed to touch alcohol off the screen...especially at MGM, where the stars are treated with reverence and awe by their publicists.

I had mentioned to one of these guardians, on our way to a set where Miss Sothern was enacting a "Maizie" adventure, that I was acquainted with the lady. (As a matter of fact, I had first met her when, as Harriet Lake, she was leading lady of a road company of "Of Thee I Sing.") Ann greeted me warmly, exchanged a few bits of gossip about mutual friends, and then sank wearily into a chair. "Oh dear," she said sadly, "I'm really not myself today. I have the most awful hangover."

The MGM publicist, I swear, turned a pale green. Greer Garson and Joan Crawford never had a hangover. Miss Sothern, hand to brow, was oblivious to the havoc she had caused. "You know," she continued, "I practically never drink anything stronger than iced tea. All my friends know that. But yesterday at a cocktail party, something happened to me that made me mad, and I decided to get tight. I drank..." she paused impressively, "three Martinis!"

If I gasped, it was only because I had seen other stellar ladies lapping their Martinis direct from the shaker. However, I was taken aside and asked not to mention the episode in my story. Personally, I thought it was sort of cute.

Although I didn't know it at the time, I was present at the birth of a great Hollywood romance. I was chatting with Miss Lucille Ball, whom I had known before becoming a magazine writer. Lucille was waxing enthusiastic over the fact that she was at last getting good parts—she was soon to begin in "Too Many Girls," her first lead in a big budget film. Every so often she would hang out of the second story window of the RKO wardrobe department and scream a greeting to one of her many bosom pals, walking or riding on the street below.

Finally a long sleek topless touring car approached...
at a crawl. Behind a uniformed driver sat a handsome young man, dressed in gleaming white, his black hair uncovered to the California sun. Miss Ball let out an appreciative whistle. “Well!” she exclaimed.

I felt very superior, since I had seen the young man on the New York stage only a couple of months before, and knew who he was. “That,” I said smugly, “is your new leading man, Desi Arnaz.”

Lucille did not reply for a moment. There was a far-away look in her eye. “Well,” she repeated, “that’s for me!” (And Mr. Arnaz, of course, was dead duck from that point on . . . and very happily so.)

The oddest interview I ever had was with the stunning Jane Russell, who may yet go down in history as the only movie star who was never seen on the screen. This was one story I was particularly anxious to do, since Those Pictures had just begun to come out, and I was filled with a purely scientific interest to discover if the camera could possibly lie so beautifully.

The interview was to take place in the elaborate Beverly Hills offices of Russell Birdwell, who for some reason gets as many columns of space about his genius as a press agent as he does for his clients. I arrived ahead of time, and was promptly handed a “biography” of the lady. “Jane was always the tomboy type,” it said breathlessly. “She never liked to play with dolls, but preferred to romp and climb trees with her brothers and boy friends.”

I was envying brothers and the boys when Miss Russell entered the sanctum wearing a little number that Howard Green never intended to be found in the branches of a slippery elm. A quick look convinced me that the camera did not lie. Jane was a super-lulu.

Prompted by one of Mr. Birdwell’s associates, one word led to another, and soon Jane was unburdening her girlish heart. “You know,” she said seriously, “I never dreamed that I would ever be in pictures. I was too much of a tomboy. Mother never could get me to play with dolls. I was generally out playing with the boys, you know, climbing trees and things like that.”

It was the easiest interview I ever had. Miss Russell didn’t deviate one iota from Mr. Birdwell’s biography. It was his story, and she was stuck with it.

In bewildering contrast was the devastatingly frank Maria Montez. There are two schools of thought on Miss Montez. One school, mostly women, considers her a snippity witch, to put it mildly. The other group (of which I am a charter member) considers her one of the most provocative damsels to hit demure Hollywood in years. Some of her comments on various sacred cinema personalities, with right names, would have landed both Montez and me in court with libel suits, if I’d had the

Across the page—Gable smiles. Leigh doesn’t . . . and won’t.
nerve to repeat them. I still haven’t got the nerve.

Miss Bette Davis is deservedly popular with the magazine writers, as she is with workers in every other branch of the film industry. Her interviews are conducted with neatness and dispatch. They are arranged several days in advance, and Miss Davis insists upon knowing just what the topic of the interview is to be. She wants to have her answers ready, and she wants them to make sense. Bette is still a top movie lady, and she is well aware that she has a position to maintain.

Miss Davis was quite annoyed with me for several months, and I didn’t know a thing about it until a mutual friend tipped me off, and finally straightened it out. One of the last “press junkets” arranged by Warner Brothers, was a trip to Death Valley, where Bette and Jimmy Cagney were making a movie that didn’t do credit to either of them. About thirty members of the fourth estate were flown in a chartered plane to the location scene, and I was the only one of the group who wrote exclusively for the film magazines.

It was a nice trip, but with one thing and another, I had no chance to talk to Miss Davis. However, a couple of months later, a story appeared in one of the magazines I wrote for, brazenly titled “Why I Married Again—by Bette Davis.” It was quite a chatty story, full of intimate quotes from Miss Davis, answers to questions that I would never have asked.

Bette was furious, and I don’t blame her. But since I was the only “fan writer” on the trip, she figured I must be the guilty party. When word finally got to me that she was “very hurt,” I had to reply that I had far too much sincere respect for her to write a story without her authorization . . . and that at least three newspaper reporters on the trip also were contributors, under other names, to the movie magazines.

Most of the big stars take their interviews very seriously and carefully go over the manuscripts, armed with blue pencils. But for the most part, they rarely correct anything but direct quotes.

Ann Sheridan, for whom I have a far warmer personal regard than any other movie star, is one who doesn’t bother reading interviews before they’re printed in magazines. “I’d rather read ‘em in print,” she has often told writers. “And besides, I know you wouldn’t write anything I wouldn’t like.”

And with Sheridan, this isn’t a case of soft-soaping the writers. The natural and unpretentious Ann honestly feels that everyone is her friend, because she likes practically everyone. And for that reason, she had one of the most consistently favorable press careers of any Hollywood actress.

I have written a very few (Continued on page 85)
Betty Hutton is a rare kind of cutie who is a mixture of glamour and comedy. She's been a blonde bombshell, and so named, ever since her debut in "The Fleet's In."

In between more serious loves, Betty's social life is active with eligibles around Hollywood the likes of Wynn Rocamora, actors' agent, who's with her here.

Perhaps the reason that little Betty Hutton has such appeal is that she is always herself. She has no pretense in her nature. She honestly wants her public to know the truth about how she got her start, singing at the church festivities, singing and dancing for coins, getting nowhere at the age of fourteen in New York. Her straightforward frankness about the chances for her long distance romance with New Yorker Charles Martin appeals to everyone who understands that a coast-to-coast romance is likely to have slip ups. The fact that she admits her failures of the past is an interesting factor in her popularity of today. She and her sister, Marion, also a singer, were left alone with "Mom" when they were tiny girls when their father deserted them never to return. Those were tough years. Yes, it's her complete honesty and natural charm that shows up again, as this current story of the men in her life continues.

BY DOROTHY MANNERS
BETTY HUTTON is the only artist in the world who was ever a "has been" at the ripe old age of fourteen, and before she ever made a professional appearance. New York had turned her down cold without even one try-out for a show or a radio program. The final humiliation, when a man in a booking office had told her to go home and "grow up"—and had even loaned her the train fare back to Mama—was more than she could bear.

"I'm all washed up. I'm through," she wailed to her mother.

"But, darling, you are only fourteen."

"So what?" Betty wept. "Shirley Temple was a star at five!"

In spite of the spectre of old age creeping up on her before she could get started, Betty finally got a job that winter with a local band at the Lansing Hotel. The leader had known her from her kid days of singing in the beer gardens, and while there wasn't much money connected with his offer, it was a "professional" engagement.

"Mama made my dress, a little white lace affair with blue bows," Betty says, "and the effect was very sweet-girl graduate. It must have had a subduing quality, for I sang that first night with all the 'refeen-ment' of a visiting concert star."

But "refeen-ment" or not, Mr. Luck was riding with her. That very first night Betty sang with the local boys, a very interested gentleman named Vincent Lopez was eating dinner at a ringside table. Lopez was in town to fill an engagement at the best place, and he had dropped into the hotel to dine before his own show started.

He was impressed with Betty—not so much with her voice, but with her youth and freshness. Making a lightning decision, he decided to gamble on her as a featured singer with his band and offered her the job that very night.

"Did I take it? Boy, I was right in the thick of things when the Lopez band opened at the Fox Theater in Detroit the following week!"

It would be nice to report that from there on Betty was in the caviar. But it didn't turn out that way. Frankly, she was far from a sensation with Lopez. He was disappointed, because he liked the eager little kid who was so anxious to get over. But it isn't up to a band leader to argue with the paying customers, who remained on the apathetic side when she sang.

Betty said: "One of the boys in the orchestra tipped me off that I was going to get the Ax!"

As she was telling me this life story, even the memory of that black moment caused her to spring from the
chair in her Hollywood apartment and to start pacing
the floor letting off some of the steam that is part
and parcel of her makeup. She ran her fingers through
her hair and yelled, “Murder! Was I mad?”
She wasn’t mad at Lopez, nor at the boy who had
told her she was about to be fired. “I was mad at
myself! Here I was, a failure—again! And this time
I couldn’t say I hadn’t had a chance.”
The Betty Thornburg who strode onto the bandstand
that final night was a feminine wildcat. She was so
furious with herself she could hardly sing at all. But
she could yell—and she did!
She shouted, she stamped, she batted the microphone
around, waved her arms, threw vicarious punches in
the air. She raced across the stage and vaulted on
top of the piano, shrieking the lyrics at the microphone
that was at least ten feet away from her. For a finale
she made a flying tackle at the mike—and sent it
crashing. In short, she “tore up the joint.”
It was a magnificent performance of a dynamo in
action, and it brought the house down. The crowd
yelled and stamped for more, almost as lustily as
Betty had done.
Without knowing it she had given her first sensational
performance as the one-and-only Betty Hutton. “Why
haven’t you done that before?” Lopez cried, hugging
her after the show. “You were wonderful! They were
crazy about you!”
But Betty didn’t answer. She had knocked herself
out—cold!
That night marked the end of her career as Betty
June Thornburg. From there on she was Betty Hutton
—a name worked out for her by Lopez, who is some-
thing more than a dabbler in numerology. The minute
Betty clicked he had argued that the Thornburg part
of her name was “depressive.” After a week of going
into private huddles with the “numbers,” Lopez cropped
up with the name of “Hutton” for his singing star.
Betty Hutton. “It has a solid sound,” he explained.
“It will be good luck for you.”
“And it has been lucky for me—in my career!”
Betty admitted, calming down and seating herself again,
cross-legged on the divan. “Ever since I have been
‘Betty Hutton’ everything has broken right for me
where my work is concerned. I stayed with Vince’s
band and opened with him in my first big league
engagement at Billy Rose’s Casa Manana in New York.
“I was sixteen then, still tearing the place to pieces
when I sang, and everyone was wonderful to me. I
couldn’t believe some of the notices I got. Neither
could Mama—so she started my scrapbook just so we
could read them over now and then and make sure
we hadn’t dreamed them.
“And the Luck didn’t run out when I got my first
show on Broadway, ‘Two For the Show.’ After that
came a season of vaudeville, carrying my own act—
and that was a thrill, too. And still more Luck when
Buddy De Sylva offered me one of the top roles in
his ‘Panama Hattie’—a show that will probably live
on forever in revivals.
“Gosh, it was wonderful to be in a hit like that.
Ethel Merman, the star, was an angel to me. I had to
pinch myself sometimes—me, just a green kid from
the sticks, traveling in the same company as Ethel
Merman.
“Don’t ever let anybody tell you that the really big
stars are jealous of newcomers. The bigger the star, the
less you have to worry. It’s only the second raters who
try to keep you down. Ethel is so marvelous she doesn’t
have to worry about me—or anybody else. When I left
Victor Mature, home on leave, had a few dining and dancing dates with Betty, which amounted to no more than just a few pleasant evenings. She was "otherwise in love," at the time.

the show to come to Hollywood for the movies, Merman gave me a big topaz ring.

"And Hollywood has been lucky for 'Betty Hutton,' too," the ex-Miss Thornburg went on. "I mean lucky for the gal the writers call Bounding Betty, or the Blonde Blitz, or the Platinum Screwball, or Hectic Hutton. When the columnists started labeling me after my first movie, 'The Fleet's In,' the boys in the publicity department told me I was over the hurdle. I couldn't believe it when I got star billing with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope and Zorina and those people in Star Spangled Rhythm. Yeah," she repeated, "Betty Hutton has done all right up front."

"What about the girl behind the front, Betty?" I asked. "What about the Loves in the Life of the Hectic Hutton?"

I was thinking then of the long list of beaux Betty's had since she came to Hollywood two years ago. There was Sid Luft, the good-looking test pilot who, by the time this is printed, will be married to Lynn Bari. Sid was the first beau Betty had in Hollywood.

Then there was Perc Westmore, the beautician, with whom she was very much in love and who did so much to develop the chic and smartness of the Betty Hutton today.

She had a few odd dining and dancing dates with Victor Mature, when he was on leave. But it was still apparent, at that time, that "the" important man had not yet come along in Betty's life.

That's the conclusion one would naturally draw, except for one thing: except for radio director Charles Martin, of whom Betty spoke so frankly in our first interview. Direct as she was, in telling about her love for Martin, it shouldn't have been such a surprise when, just a few weeks later, the couple announced their intention to wed, to friends at a Stork Club party in New York.

As the reporters have it, Betty arrived in New York with a contingent of Hollywood stars on a war bond tour. Then bango, she breaks the news about her forthcoming marriage!

"One thing," Betty says, "I'm not the subtle type." Nevertheless, if she was planning that marriage announcement, at the time of this interview, she was subtle enough in her comments on her love life to allay all suspicion that such news was about to happen. She claimed then—and incidentally, broke all records by being one of the first women stars ever to make such an admission—that she was not lucky with men.

"Maybe it is my fault," she said. "Maybe I expect too much. Perhaps I want one man to be too many men—a pal, a dancing partner, an understanding ear for my troubles, a gag man and a serious someone who can understand me—all at once.

"I guess they don't come that way. I don't know. One thing I do know, though, is that I can't pretend with someone I really like. If I like a man, he knows it. It just isn't in me to go in for all the clever little tricks like pretending I won't be in when he calls—or calling up some other man to take me out where he will see me, just to make his jealous.

"I'm the girl who is at home right by the telephone when someone I like has told me he will call. I'm dressed and ready when he arrives to take me to dinner. If he's having a good time and wants to stay at a party, I can't drag him away by pleading an early call, or that I'm bored.

"If he wants to eat at a Drive-In instead of the Mocambo, that's all right with me. And I can't fly into a 'pretty pet,' if at the last (Continued on page 72)"
Lana and husband Steve Crane, supping at the Trocadero. They have a lot in common, these two. Among other things, they both love to dance. They like to go places, but hate the distance between points. Evenings out are fun, and they always have a good time—together.

MY LANA TURNER  By Stephen Crane

YOU know how a woman describes a man. He's "good looking," and that covers everything. Well, trying to sum up my impressions of Lana, I can't seem to do much better. All I can think of is "she's wonderful." I know that leaves a lot to be said.

I would like her even if she hadn't put some kind of spell on me, with her beauty and her all-around plain goodness as a person. The more I know the Lana behind the glamour, the more I like her as another human being.

Her beauty caught my eye, too, of course; but what really swept me off my feet was to find out that the girl is also a very complete individual: smart, intelligent, understanding and well, as I said before, wonderful.

The first time I saw Lana in person was in Chicago. We didn't meet, but after all, you don't see a girl as beautiful as that many times in a lifetime, so of course I didn't forget her. Then after I came to Hollywood, I'd see her at the West Side Tennis Club, the Palladium, and around.

Funny thing, we never met formally. I don't remember that anyone ever said, "Miss Turner, this is Mr. Crane." Considering that, in all my life, nothing as important ever happened to me, it is odd that I can't remember just when or where or how we did get together—but that, naturally, as if it were intended, we did.

I believe it was intended.

When we first started having dates, I found that Lana was different from what I had expected. I thought she'd be sweet, but superficial and—she'll shoot me for this—possibly beautiful but even a little dumb.
The Cranes at the Mocambo. Steve likes the way his wife dresses (who wouldn't?), and he likes her hair to be blonde. So she says she'll keep it that way.

Calendar Girls

Turn to pages 46 and 47 and behold the first two of the Movieland calendar girls for 1944. They are, for February, the cute package about whom this story is written, and for January, that most dramatic of the teen-age stars, Joan Leslie.

And don't think we simply fell upon those particular girls for these two particular months. Heck no. They were born in 'em.

Joan was born January 26th, just nineteen years ago came this January 26th. She dances, she sings, but she is actually the serious career girl. As yet, boys do not concern her.

Our Miss Turner, whom we photographed quite naturally as a Valentine sweetheart of a girl, was born February 8th. Her mama named her Mildred, but Lana thought up her own famous title. When it came to naming her own baby, she got fancy as all get-out. Cheryl Christina Crane, no less—but mighty pretty, we say.
Well, you can check that off as wrong. She is a smart little lady, knowing especially how to handle a husband, a baby and a home.

I found her to be a very shy person. This is because she is considerate. Both of us were lonely, and that helped to draw us together. I didn’t fall in love at first sight with Lana Turner, the glamorous beautiful screen star, but with a girl I wanted for my wife.

It is as my wife that I think of her, and, I’m humbly happy to say, that is the way she thinks of herself. By the time she gets her makeup off and the day’s work at the studio is done, she is Mrs. Stephen Crane. And little Cheryl Christina’s mother.

When Lana is at home, not working, we might as well not have a nurse for little Cheryl, for Lana does everything for her—feeds her, bathes her, and so on. If I miss Lana anywhere at home, I always know where to find her: in the nursery. Sometimes, in our living room of an evening, we’ll look at each other suddenly and say, “Gosh, we’ve got a baby now!” Then I look at Lana and think to myself, “There’s more to her, by far, than glamour alone. What a lucky guy I am.”

Now wait a minute! I do not intend to give the impression that I think she can do everything. I am going to be blunt about it—she can’t cook. No, sir; Lana is efficient in so many things—you should see her build one of her hats over the way she wants it—but when it comes to cooking, she dodges when the eggs explode in the skillet. Also, she always makes sure that I eat all I should, evidently fearing that I may be secretly starving myself to death—and yet she keeps so busy she forgets to eat her own meals. Yes, Lana has all those little feminine touches of contradiction that all husbands find so interesting.

She takes a long time to get dressed, trying on this or that outfit or looking at herself in two or three different hats before she makes up her mind which one she’s going to wear. This, I don’t mind, because when she gets everything all put together, it’s really something.

You know what a puzzle women’s clothes are to most men. Well, I like the way Lana dresses—she is definite about it. I’m in deep water here, possibly; but what I mean is she doesn’t mix a fellow up. When she wears suits, they are suits, man-tailored. When she puts on feminine clothes they’ve got that feminine something. Her evening clothes are correct evening clothes. Her pinafores and playsuits are strictly in character. Certainly I notice how she dresses, and compliment her on her good taste and appearance.

In New York a few months ago when she had to have a new dress for a broadcast, Lana sent it home for my inspection and approval. That, (Continued on page 86)
To keep lashes and brows bewitchingly dark and alluring . . . even after swimming, crying or perspiring, use "Dark-Eyes". This indelible darkener never runs, smarts or smudges. One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks . . . thus ending daily eye make-up bother. CAUTION: Use only as directed on the label. Try it! Get a package of "Dark-Eyes" today!

$1.00 at leading drug and department stores. If your favorite dealer does not yet carry "Dark-Eyes", mail coupon today!

"Dark-Eyes", Dept. P-1
2110 W. Madison St., Chicago 12, Ill.
I enclose $1.10 (tax included) for regular size package of "Dark-Eyes", and directions.

Check shades: □ Black □ Brown

Name
Address
Town
State
The cuddlesome type—one for the books. Diana Mumby is a pet little picture. But lovely though, wouldn't you say? An eyeful beauty you'll watch for in "Up In Arms."

Strictly yummy is Ruth Valmy, voted "most beautiful redhead who ever visited the Hollywood Canteen." She's a New Yorker by birth. Power's model by golly. A dainty little dilly in the beauty department, and stacked up to delicious.

Zootie cuties in these hepcat outfits are Dinah Shore and Danny Kaye. Mellow as a cello is Dinah in song, and sharp as a harp in this garb. Danny's solid, too. Together, they're murder!

Bettye Alexander is a dainty dame hailing from Detroit, Mich., where chassis are a specialty. She is five feet five inches, with light brown hair, baby blue eyes and 117 pounds of the old S. A. Definitely a very delightful dream.

Gape the gams! Gloria Anderson is a winsome gal from Rusholt, Wis. She's one of the 34 Goldwyn Girls in an all-beauty revue. The long tapering type, truly demure.
THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY

Of all the wonders Brother Juniper had encountered in the New World since his arrival from Spain, none had impressed him so much as the Bridge. For more than a century it had hung there on the highroad between Lima and San Luis Rey, built by the ancient Incas of strong vines and wood fibres and to the little friar, as to all of Peru, it seemed a symbol of eternity stretched there across the gorge from mountain to mountain.

Then that morning so golden of sun and blue of sky, that morning when not so much as a breeze was stirring, there came that horrible sound of crackling and tearing as the vines and fibres broke, mingling with the screams of the travelers about to cross the bridge and the five who had been on it, the five who looked to Brother Juniper's shocked eyes like struggling ants falling to their doom those hundreds of feet below.

Even as he stood there frozen at the chapel door, the awesome thought swept through his brain that there had been no apparent reason for the tragedy. Why had that bridge that had endured for more than a hundred years, that had escaped lightning and tempest alike, why had it suddenly snapped on that day of calm with no unfriendly elements to threaten it? And why out of all Peru, out of the hundreds of persons who used that bridge day after day, why did it happen to those five and not to those who had just crossed or were about to cross?

Why those five?

The question burned in his mind, casting all peace from him, so that at last he went to the Convent in Lima and sought out the Abbess, a woman known for her quiet wisdom and her interest in everyone.

"The thought and memory of it will be with me always," he told her. "That is why I have knocked at your door, Mother Abbess. Here in Lima you know more of the lives of people than I do at San Luis Rey."

The Abbess looked at him with troubled eyes; for among those five were two who had been very dear to her. But when she spoke her voice was calm and resigned.

"The tangled skein of human lives requires a greater wisdom than ours," she said quietly.

"But if there were any plan in the universe at all," Brother Juniper said earnestly. "Any pattern, surely there would be some clue in the lives of those five cut off so suddenly. Either we live by accident and die by accident, or there is a great plan that encompasses us all."

"Should we question the mind of God?" There was a hint of reproach in her voice. "And can we ever know the hidden things in the hearts of men?"

"You will help me," he begged.

"I know something of two whose lives touched those who crossed on the bridge," she said reluctantly. "Years ago a basket was left on our doorstep. In it were twin babies and we named them Manuel and Esteban. They were unlike any boys I have ever known. I marvelled (Continued on page 51)
"Our rehearsals have frayed her nerves to the breaking point," Uncle Pio explained to the anxious Viceroy. But the wise Pio wasn't fooled for a moment by Micaela's little fainting spell.

"If you were to kill me," the Viceroy told Manuel, "you might marry la Villegas, and then make her the most miserable of women. Why not let well enough alone, Captain?"

"I love you, dear Monuet. Come home soon, to your own Micaela." She dictated the letter so eagerly. Estaban took it down, but he resented her love for his brother.
Lynn Bari, with the costume and make-up she wears as Michaela (the "Perichole") in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."
at the close bond between them. As they grew up they were educated as scribes, but when they left us I knew that Manuel would never be content to remain a scribe but Esteban was more studious. Beyond that I know little. Of things in the world, others can tell you better than I, perhaps Don Pio Banoza."

Everyone in Lima knew Uncle Pio. Even the friar had heard of him back there in the secluded Chapel at San Luis Rey. He was a man of many talents but he preferred to live by his wits and everyone thought of him as a rascal, except one, the woman young enough to be his daughter. But Brother Juniper did not know the part she had played in Uncle Pio's life that day he sought him out and questioned him.

"Do you know of Manuel and Esteban?" he asked.

"Always thorns in my flesh," he muttered. "Manuel in love with Micaela and Esteban hating her."

"Micaela Villegas?" The friar looked puzzled; for even in Spain he had heard of her, the woman who was called the Perichole because she was half Indian, the actress who in spite of her humble birth had become Lima's idol.

"Yes," Uncle Pio nodded. "The lives of those on the bridge were strangely entangled with the beautiful Micaela Villegas."

"And your life, too?" Brother Juniper hazarded the guess.

"She was my life," Uncle Pio said simply.

Then as he talked, and as the others the friar sought out talked, the pattern began to take shape—and always it was Micaela who was the central motif of that pattern. She was beautiful, but more than that she was vivid. Even when she was little more than a child singing in the streets for the coins flung to her there was nothing of the commonplace about her. Even then she was an actress and that corner of the plaza where she sang was her own little theatre, the pavement her stage, her roof the sky. And Uncle Pio saw in this orphaned girl what he had always dreamed of finding some day, a Galatea to whom he could play Pygmalion.

So he dreamed, even in the years she still kept singing there in the plaza. So he taught her, so he nagged, driving her on with his ambition, teaching her, as even no impresario could, all the things he knew. The things that one day would be translated into her own greatness. And so he fumed, too, sometimes when he saw Manuel standing there, just staring at her, his adoring eyes betraying his heart, he knew that they had long loved each other, these two.

Esteban knew that, too, and jealousy drove him into hatred of this girl who was taking his brother away from him. But it eased the pain of parting when Manuel announced he was sailing to Spain as mate on the galleon Esperanza; for it would mean there would be no more stolen moments when Manuel and Micaela were together.

Uncle Pio breathed easier as well. With Manuel gone he would have things his own way. And it was as he thought. In scarcely any time at all Micaela was given a minor role in the theatre, and then more and more important ones, until at last she became the darling of all Lima.

It was the happiest time of Uncle Pio's life. He was determined to lift her to the heights and so he became her instructor, singing master, coiffeur, reader, prompter, voice coach, errand boy, her maid and her banker—in fact all but that which he would have wanted most of all to be, her father. Sometimes he praised her performance but always there was criticism, too, no matter how flawless it had been, for he was determined that she should not grow complacent.

Then came the greatest triumph of all, when the Viceroy who had come night after night to the theatre and sat there staring at her, invited her to be his guest at the palace the night of the fiesta. Infatuated beyond reasoning, he had sent Don Gonzola, the governor of the palace, with the message because he trusted no one else with it. And Micaela didn't realize that she incurred the noble Don's undying enmity by the casual way she received him. For Don Gonzola was a proud man and it had been hard enough to have been sent
like a common messenger without being treated like one.

Uncle Pio himself designed the dress she was to wear and stood over the dressmaker as she made it so that it would be everything he wanted. And on the afternoon of the great night itself, he himself ironed the ruffled petticoat she was to wear under it, for no one else could do things for her to his satisfaction.

"Little one," he called. Then as Micaela appeared on the balcony above he looked at her wonderingly. "Why does it take Esteban so long to copy the part?" he asked.

"He is nearly finished," Micaela said involuntarily, looking back at the room from which she had just come, the room where Esteban was supposed to be copying her new role. And she tried not to look too eager as she went back to him, for she knew Uncle Pio thought she had forgotten Manuel because she never spoke of him. But Esteban knew differently, Esteban who wrote down in his fine scholar's hand all those letters to Manuel which she dictated so eagerly, since she had never learned to write herself.

"Quick, quick!" She whispered, closing the door behind her. "Let's finish! But don't you dare tell him I'm writing a letter to Manuel."

"Every scribe takes a public oath never to betray the confidence of a client," Esteban said stiffly.

"Write this," Micaela said. And Esteban couldn't bear to look at her with her eyes shining in that eager, shameless way. "'I pray that you are safe, dear Manuel, and that you will come home before the season of the storms. I love you.' " Then as Esteban sat there uncertainly she turned on him relentlessly, for she knew in her heart he was her enemy. "Did you put that down?" she demanded.

"Yes," he muttered bitterly. "You've said that in the letter three times."

"Well say it again," she cried. "I want him to know I mean it. And say," she was deliberately taunting him now, "say: 'You are unkind, Manuel, to remain away so long and leave behind an image of you that never comes to life. Come home soon, Manuel, to your own Micaela. I love you. I love you. I love you!'"

Esteban wrote the words down. Then suddenly a strange light came in his eyes and his head lifted as if he were listening to someone.

"What is it Esteban?" Micaela asked sharply. But he didn't answer. Shutting the letter in his small portfolio, he took his hat and rushed away.

It had happened again, as it had happened so often. A message had come to him from Manuel. He couldn't hold back his eagerness as he hurried to the Inn and ordered dinner—a very special dinner for two—and Doña Mercedes, the Innkeeper's wife, couldn't help that quick exclamation.

"Bless me!" she cried. "Those are the favorite dishes of Manuel and he is far away at sea."

"Tonight he will be with me," Esteban said. And even before he had finished speaking that shout went up in the street outside.

"A ship is coming into the harbor," someone called. And there was an eager babble of voices, for those were the days when ocean journeys were perilous and uncertain, when the coming of any ship was an occasion for prayer and thanksgiving.

It was Manuel's ship and Doña Mercedes never got over the shock of it, even those years later when she told the story to Brother Juniper.

"It was uncanny!" she said. "It haunted me. Those twins! The living ghost of one always whispering to the other!"

But that night there was bitterness in Esteban's happiness, for after that first joyous greeting Manuel seemed distraught, his thoughts far away, and Esteban knew it was because his brother could hardly bear the waiting time until Micaela's performance at the theatre would be over and he could go to her.

The Viceroy's carriage was already there waiting for her and Manuel frowned as he saw it. But that was forgotten when the door of her dressing room opened and she stood there, even more (Continued on page 79)
"The plaza is packed with people," Manuel told her.
"The fiesta! Everybody is there! Music! Dancing!
Come along. You can go to the palace another night."

"Charming gown," observed the Viceroy, commenting on her unusual attire. "Is it a new style? By the way, I've come to make amends for the unfortunate behavior of some of my guests last night. I apologize for them, and suggest you try to ignore them."

"All my life men have been telling me what to do. And now you!" Micaela was angry at the Viceroy, challenging him.
He's Proud to be SGT. AUTRY

BY DOROTHY DEERE

Gene and his own autographed, made-to-order git-‘tar, and he knows how to twang a mighty sweet tune out of it, as you know.

When fire burned down Gene’s home, his playhouse, where he also has his office, was spared. Here’s Gene behind his redwood desk. In the picture on the wall (at farthest right) is Mrs. Autry, who was his boyhood sweetheart, a former schoolmarm.

Gene shows Dorothy Deere, our author, just one of the hundreds of thousands of gifts he’s been given by fans, a Texas longhorn.
In Hollywood, which raises ego-maniacs as well as citrus fruit, it is not the custom for a person to arrive wearing a normal size hat and after a successful sojourn, depart wearing a smaller one.

Gene Autry came into movietown in a ten-gallon Stetson with a brim wide enough to carry a spare troupe of Singer Midgets. He stayed eight years—five of those years fabulous with fame and riches—and when he left he went voluntarily, quietly and quickly. This time he was wearing the small-visored cap of a U. S. Army non-com.

Gene Autry could have had a commission. He was over draft age and could have stayed home. He went into service as a technical Sergeant, and it will be the proudest day of his life when he wins his wings as a pilot in the Ferry Command.

After a year in service, the Sarge admits that if he had known just what lay ahead of him when he enlisted, he might have been “scared to try it.” Then, with a grin, he admits he would have joined up anyhow, since he would have been “scared to stay out.” Since Gene has never been known as a scared guy, I asked him “how come.”

Gene was a well established Chicago radio star, when he accepted a bid from a small and struggling studio to make his first picture. Its name, although a lot of people had never heard of it then, was Republic. With no major stars on its roster, and no elaborate settings within its budget’s limits, it was best equipped to make Westerns. The miracle of sound, however, had come to the screen at that time, and smart dialogue and band music was on the upswing. The horse op’ry was on the decline.

But out from the East rode young Autry, totin’ his trusty git-tar, and ready and willin’ to take a chance. He was strong, but he wasn’t silent. He had a plaintive tenor, a lazy but friendly drawl, and a quick smile that scudded across the wide open spaces of his close-ups like the sun breaking through a smoke-filled fifth reel.

Here he is, Gene, the cowboy king, photographed for the first time in his sergeant’s uniform. He says it will be the proudest day of his life when he wins his wings in the Ferry Command.
The only mementos Gene saved from the fire, when his house burned, were those in the playhouse—like these framed songs that he's made famous (and which he uses here as a decorative frieze around the room). Eight years in Hollywood brought him stardom and fame, but nothing to compare with the thrill he's getting out of serving in the U. S. Air Force. His fans aren't forgetting him, either. No, sir!

Republic, the little unknown, gave him the lead in a serial, "The Phantom Empire." When his first picture was done, Gene took a quick look at himself on the screen and started to pack his bags.

"I thought I was so bad," he remembers, "that if there was any further shootin' it was goin' to be at Autry!"

The public, on the other hand, had decided Gene was just what was needed to take the tired formula of "a ride, a rope and a rescue" out of the doldrums.

Within a year, Gene and his git-tar had just about lifted the mortgage on the old home-studio, and for the next five years Gene Autry was Public Cowboy Number One, with a boxoffice rating right at the top. His pictures played in a larger number of theatres and broke more attendance records than those of any other star. His phonograph records still outsell those of any other singer in the country, male or female.

Most Hollywoodians have never seen Gene on the screen, and only a few of them know him in person. For that reason it came as a shock to the sex-appeal circles when the news got 'round that the Rhythm Ranger was drawing more fan mail than any mere glamour boy in the business. Living quietly with his wife in his San Fernando Valley home, spending most of his playtime at his ranch rather than in the cafe's diamond horseshoes, it is news today to most Cinema Citizens to learn that an entire town of 7,000 in Ohio depends entirely for its living on the manufacture of Gene Autry cap pistols, and that a glider base in Texas is named the Gene Autry Field.

All of which adds up to the reason why, when a war came along, Gene didn't have much of a struggle within himself. More than any other star, with the exception of Gable perhaps, he knows exactly why he traded in his expensive Stetson for a service cap.

Home on furlough, the Sergeant sat in the trophy-hung den of the home his fans helped him to buy, and told me about it:

"I got to thinkin' of how I was goin' to explain it to the kids if I didn't get in," says he. "My pictures aren't just like the other stars'. Here was I, always the outdoor fellow, always in the middle of every scrap, always on the side of law and order. Accordin' to what I've been givin' those kids on the screen, I couldn't stay out of this one. I could hear millions of youngsters sayin' to themselves, 'If Gene Autry'd get in, this war would be over in a hurry!'"

Gene talking is somehow reminiscent of Will Rogers. Lean and fit from his months in (Continued on page 73)
Margaret O'Brien, the baby Bernhardt. Though she can't read her own scripts yet (Mama does that for her), she needs no help when in front of the camera.

Tricks distinguished performers have spent years mastering, Margaret does with effortless ease. She's with Greer Garson in "Madame Curie," and Greer says the child wonder stole every scene they had together.

She was Margaret in "Journey for Margaret," the angel of "Last Angel." Here she's a six-year-old Miss Femininity, an admiring audience for Walter Pidgeon, who's telling her a fairy story.

Ain't it the truth? In Hollywood, alas, no matter how young a girl is, there's always one younger. Margaret's rival is little "Gigi" (latest child acting find)—but fortunately they adore one another.
No other actress on the screen today could have filled the role of Marie Curie quite as perfectly as Greer Garson. Nor could there have been an improvement upon the portrait Walter Pidgeon presents of Pierre Curie, her husband and collaborator in the discovery of radium. They play an exquisite and absorbing love drama, enormously gratifying in its tasteful dignity of depicting the intimacies of a great love and union of intellects. "Madame Curie" is an unforgettable motion picture.

The film is based on a book Eve Curie wrote about her mother. Marie is described as a frail, stubborn, eager woman, and we first meet her as a young honor student at the Sorbonne, Paris. Befriended by her elderly professor, she gains the opportunity of doing research in the laboratory of Pierre Curie, an unworldly scientist who is shocked by the thought that this new colleague is a girl. Within a short time, she has made herself indispensable, so much so that Pierre is driven to proposing marriage when Marie prepares to return to her parents in Poland.

The proposal is a charming incident. On their honeymoon trip Marie thinks of a laboratory phenomenon she once witnessed which seemed to indicate an unknown active element in pitchblende. She doesn't understand it, and whatever Marie didn't understand disturbed her. It was her tenacity and her husband's skill that led to the discovery of radium.

Sensitive performances by the stars are matched by uniformly excellent supporting characterizations, headed by those of Albert Basserman, Robert Walker, Henry Travers and many others. This is one of those rare screen treats you will not dare miss.

When Lew Marsh, a small-town druggist in Iowa, received word that his only son had been killed in action, he was so grief-stricken that he felt nothing was left in life now Rusty was gone. Then the spirit of his grandfather, a veteran of the Civil War, materialized for Lew. Together they strolled through town recalling and reliving events of the past twenty-five years from the time that Lew returned from World War I. They saw Rusty grow up to be a credit to his American heritage, and they remembered some of the little things about his happy childhood which caused him to want to go to World War II to protect those things for other American children. Thus before Gramp departed to go back up there, Lew found the grief softened by pride in his son.

No motion picture has more comprehensively presented the America all men in the armed services are fighting for. "Happy Land," from the novel by MacKinlay Kantor, is inspiring, simple and glorious. It is a beautiful reaffirmation of treasured American memories for our men overseas, and at the same time, the perfect home-front picture for their families in this country. It will surely bring solace for the comfort of audiences worlds apart. Besides, it's good entertainment; a relief from the grimmer war realism.

Don Ameche gives the performance of his life as Lew Marsh, Harry Carey is priceless as Gramp, and Frances Dee charming as Rusty's mother. Rusty, himself, is splendidly portrayed by Richard Crane as the grown-up boy, and by James West and Larry Olsen as the 'teen age and the five-year-old. Yet one of the finest notes of all is sounded by Henry Morgan as Tony, Rusty's orphaned shipmate returned from the Pacific.
This is a tender, heart-warming entertainment which dips so delightfully into pure sentiment that it is a joy to behold. The "Lost Angel" of the title is a tiny six-year-old foundling girl who has been scientifically reared by a group of experimenting professors. She has been schooled in subjects far in advance of her age—mathematics, history and even Chinese which is one of the several languages she speaks fluently.

At six, her I.Q. stands at genius, but there are some things she finds she hasn't learned about. A newspaper reporter interviews her and chats, as he would with any ordinary youngster, about magic and fairy tales. Her imagination, the one faculty neglected in her exhausting education, is stimulated, and as a result she sets out by herself to investigate the enchantments described. Her experiences lead to discovery of the greatest of all magic—the love for a fellow human being.

Margaret O'Brien, actually six years old, the age of Alpha, the little girl she portrays, will be remembered for her debut in "Journey for Margaret." She is an amazing dramatic figure and her natural abilities transcend acting. Her talents demonstrate a magic equal to that which Alpha wanted to investigate.

She needs no "child actor" advantage, to be rated a star. Her performances stand on their own merit. James Craig is mighty good as the newspaper man, and Marsha Hunt very lovely as the girl to whom he is engaged. Keenan Wynn, son of Ed Wynn, the stage comedian, makes an outstanding impression with a gangster he plays for a solid hit. Others in the cast are excellent under the direction of Roy Rowland, a newcomer with a great deal to offer.

Smart-set farce brings together Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray for another of their riotous film romances. She enacts a society photographer, and he a sandhog, one of those workmen who toll dangerously in a tunnel that is being dug beneath a river. She is assigned by the pictorial magazine for which she works to make camera studies of the tunnel project, but the presence of a woman is resented by the sandhogs on the job, something about an old superstition that women bring bad luck underground. Possibly she does, for Fred is injured.

He recovers sufficiently in the low compression chamber to start a fight with a couple of buddies, merely a friendly brawl but it doesn't look so good in the photo she snaps. Its publication causes Fred to be suspended, and Claudette, wishing to compensate him for an enforced layoff, gives him work carrying around her photographic equipment. Besides she wants to continue to see him until she can stop dreaming of him as Superman. From that situation, the scrappy romance builds.

Claudette takes a lot of physical punishment with her usual display of grand sportsmanship. She really gets smeared by the mud and mire in the tunnel. MacMurray punches across a two-fisted mugg character that stacks up with his best work. Ilka Chase, Richard Haydn and June Havoc add to the gaiety in supporting roles.

Now all of this is not as funny as it might have been had you been allowed to see it when it was filmed a year and a half ago. The comedy poses a problem in social consciousness which no longer exists in a world at war. To prove how dated "No Time for Love" has become, just count the number of eating scenes, pointed but not rationed.

Hey, kids! Here he is—the one and only Frank Sinatra in his first starring screen appearance. The swooner-crooner had a bit in one previous Hollywood movie, a little something called "Reveille with Beverly," in which he strolled in long enough to sing "Night and Day." But that was before he clicked and for his song he was paid only a few hundred dollars. In "Higher and Higher," Frank has a full-fledged role (he plays himself) and just to show how his stock has soared, the studio added a couple of 00 to his salary. As a matter of fact, he proves worth whatever he was paid, for without Sinatra this musical might have been a waste of time. It certainly wouldn't have rated among the top five pictures of the month.

Despite his tremendous success, Frank has remained a modest and fairly retiring chap. The camera captures his shyness and gives him to his fans as a regular guy to whom fame just happened to happen. It doesn't seem to have turned his head, and there's no noticeable change to the unique appeal of his voice that does tricks when he makes with the crooning. You cannot describe Sinatra's style anymore than you can spell that sound his followers utter when he hits a person-to-person note.

"Higher and Higher" was once a Broadway musical comedy. Frank's role of the fellow who lives next door has simply been added to the original lightweight plot about a group of servants who form a corporation to promote a scullery maid into a glamour girl—object: her matrimony and the possibility of collecting their back salaries. Michele Morgan is miscast as the maid, and Jack Haley repeats his stage part as the promoter. But there's always Sinatra!
MOVIELAND'S Beauty Hints

By Marian Longacre

From brow to chin Hedy Lamarr's face can be divided into three parallel parts. With this perfection of features, her hair can be worn with a center part.

From any angle, Hedy's face is symmetrically beautiful. Lacking this unusual regularity, however, most faces appear to better advantage when the hair is worn in a side-port coiffure. So say the experts.

TALK—just laugh and talk and be natural sitting in front of the mirror. Then you are seeing the same effect that you are giving other people. This is the advice of Jack Dawn, MGM's makeup wizard. Study your facial expressions in action. You'll apply cosmetics to show good points and diminish beauty weaknesses. This is particularly true when applying lipstick. Make up your mouth so that it is symmetrical when you are speaking. Remember, people almost never see your mouth in repose. (Not unless you're an awfully dull girl.)

NINETY-NINE percent of the women look better wearing paste rouge rather than cake rouge (Jack Dawn says this, too). Paste rouge is generally more easily blended into the skin and gives a more natural glow to the cheeks. If you just can't help but apply paste rouge unevenly, use dry rouge—but be sure to blend the edges into the pigment. The old fashion of pink tipped ears and rouge tone under the brows is out! For picture makeup, they sometimes add a touch of rouge to the chin for a youthful healthy look, but it's dangerous business; really, unless you are very subtle.

CORRECTION—is the fundamental reason for wearing makeup. If your lips are thin widen them with lipstick drawn finely beyond the natural line. If your eyes are small extend the corners with a light touch of the brow pencil, using a double line. Covering blemishes with powder base and balancing eye disfigurements with eyeshadow are priceless tricks. Experiment carefully at home before an application habit is formed.

SPEND TIME—on your face. Really study it. (Other people do.) A beauty conscious woman should test effects of cosmetics on her own skin, studying the contours of her face and the bone structure of her head. If your face is over-long or over-round, don't accept set rules but try several cosmetic colors and placements until the most flattering result is found. You are your best judge, for no one knows so well your facial shortcomings nor is anyone as interested as you are to cause a prettier you.

JOAN CRAWFORD—was the first actress in Hollywood to extend lipstick beyond the natural line of
The extended mouthline, introduced in 1931 by Joan Crawford (as "Letty Lynton"), was a sensation. According to current taste of good grooming, it looks very extreme and overdone.

Jack Dawn, head of the makeup department at MGM, on the job in his laboratory. Before applying makeup to any of the stars, he always starts by making a plaster mask of the face, studying the contours.

FOR FUN—see if your face is equally divided into three parts (like Caesar's Rome). Top of brow to center of eyes, center of eyes to base of nose, base of nose to under the chin, all should be equal. That is the standard of good facial proportion. Hedy Lamarr measures by this standard to perfection. If you don't, use your makeup or your hairdo as a means of creating this effect.

UP, UP—on the lines of your face. When penciling the brows give an upward sweep at the ends. When painting your lips blend the corners of your mouth up. All upward lines add youth to your face. As time goes by your face tends to sag by nature, so to thwart time apply all makeup upward.

MARLENE DIETRICH—will wear gold painted legs for a scene in "Kismet," her forthcoming picture with Ronald Colman. A plastic liquid has been found that will wear well and resist water. From it we may hope for more durable leg makeup that might last for a week, and could come in beige or skin tone colors besides bright shades to match costumes. Jack Dawn is working on all this.

NIGHT AND DAY—makeup must vary. A light textured, sparsely applied glow is proper for street wear. For evening heavier applied cosmetics are more flattering. As for day or night shades of powder, rouge or lipstick, choose colors which most improve your personal looks according to natural coloring.

EYEBROW—line should follow the shape of the upper eyelid. The eyelid indicates the most becoming line of the brow and should coincide. Greer Garson is a perfect example, for her arched brows make a parallel curve with her eyelashes. For sparse growth of eyebrows fill in with faint penciling and avoid freakish angles and harsh lines.
A year ago Movieland published Brian Donlevy's "Diary of an Expectant Father." Here's the continuation of that life story, concerning a perfect baby girl.

Photos by Nat Dallinger, Movieland's cameraman.
TO HIS BABY DAUGHTER (Judith Ann)

FEBRUARY 20, 1943.
You’re being born, baby, but I don’t know yet whether you’re Judith or Joe, and your Daddy’s a nervous wreck and beginning to think you’ll never get here!

Right now I’m sitting in the basement of the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood, and you’re coming into the world a few floors above me. And I’m stone sober (which I never planned on for this occasion!), and your grandmother’s sitting a few feet away, and I can’t read, or think, or do anything but wait for you and write this. But just so you won’t wonder why your old man’s hiding in the cellar here, let me explain:

The waiting room upstairs on the maternity floor is just jammed with guys waiting for the same thing I am—jammed, and hot and noisy, and everyone’s quarreling, and sooner or later there had to be a last straw. This was it: a huge, tough, 250-pounder of a guy was stalking the floor there for hours. Finally a nurse put her nose in the door and said to him, “Congratulations. Mr. Stone. You’re the father of a three and a half pound son.” Well, you should have seen that gorilla of a guy! His face grew lobster red with rage, his chest swelled out a foot, and he howls, “Three and a half pounds! Why, my wife’s bigger’n I am!” So with that he runs furiously to the door, swings on the sill and yowls, “What a hospital this is!” And bang! He’s gone.

That did it. I hurried down to the basement for peace and quiet, and here I sit, jittering, squirming and waiting. I’ll write in this thing again when I can tell you a little more about yourself.

Same day—6 a.m.
My darling little Judith Ann, I haven’t seen you yet, but I know you’re here—and I want to be the first to tell you how happy I am. Always I wanted you to be a baby girl, and here you are—eight pounds worth! (If only I knew that frustrated Mr. Stone’s number, I’d call him just to gloat!)

But right now I’m too tired to gloat. I peeked in at your mother, drove your grandmother home, and now I’m sitting in the silent, empty house, writing you. Outside my window the birds are getting up for the day, and pretty loud about it, too. But I’m going to bed—a very unshaven, tired, happy guy who has a tiny hunk of daughter he hasn’t seen yet. Goodnight, Judith Ann.

March 16, 1943.
You’ve been home with your family for two weeks now, and oh, brother! How eight pounds of you has changed two hundred pounds of me! I have deserted my big and comfortable bedroom-sitting room-dressing room next to your room, and am slumbering on a cot out in the garage! This is because you cry a lot at night, not knowing that your dad has to sleep nights and get up at dawn to work in pictures—the current one being
a swell one called "America." A title that means plenty!

But maybe, since you’re a stranger here, I’d better
tell you about your piece of the real America. It’s two
acres big, and it’s sort of a pint-sized edition of the
estates of olden times—we’ve got nearly everything to
live on right here. When your mother and I first came
here four years ago, there was just a square white
wooden house on a fenced-in lot. Now we’ve got a
complete carpenter’s shop (and I keep it full of saw-
dust, too), a chicken coop full of chickens, a big wood-
shed stuffed with twelve cords of logs and kindling
wood. Your orange juice comes from our citrus orchard,
and your vegetables from our big Victory Garden.

Doesn’t sound much like Hollywood, you’ll find out—
sounds more like the Middle West, where both your
mother and I came from.

The house isn’t square any more, either—it’s got two
new rooms hanging on it, and one new bath. The Don-
levy family practically lives in one of the new rooms—
the den downstairs where you have breakfast, the one
with the stone fireplace, and all the big couches, and
the sun pouring in. The room in which you spend
half your waking hours.

You spend your sleeping hours in the other new
room—with the crib and the blue linoleum floor. And
you want to know who put every nail and board in it?
Nobody but your old man! Same way with your bath-
room. I built it on the house—and when the plumbers
put all the permanent white furniture in it, guess who
was gawking over their shoulders the whole time, just
so he’d know how to fix anything that broke?

Yes, Judy, it’s high time you learned about your
world—and your parents. Your mother’s the pretty
girl with the red hair who always looks as if she just
climbed out of a fashion magazine. And the hired man
is not the guy with the sunburn and the faded overalls
you see puttering around the place Sundays, with nails
in his mouth and a blister on his thumb. That, my dear
lady, is nobody else but me! Who can’t wait until you’re
old enough to hold the paint bucket for him—or till you
can hop on the back of his motorcycle for a spin!

May 20, 1943.

You’re three months old today—and do you know
how often I’ve met you so far? Thirteen times! And
here you are my favorite person in all the world, after
that red-headed girl I’ve mentioned before.

The fault lies with my working so early and getting
home so late. I only see you Sundays. Oh, I see signs
of you around the house evenings—I bump into your
clothes on the line when I come in from the garage,
and every night I tiptoe in to see the top of your
sleeping head. (Just between us, though, I really like
best the gold spoon I brought you at the hospital and
shoved in your mouth—to start you off in life with
better luck than I had!)

But, baby, this casual acquaintance of ours is bad.
I’m lonely for you. Either you’ll have to quit sleeping
or I’ll have to quit working. This is a terrible life
we’re leading now, apart!

July 12, 1943.

Mostly when I’m thinking about you, I think about
the questions you’ll ask and (Continued on page 88)
immediately began piloting planes all over the world.

“Don’t do anything rash in the way of getting married,”
he wrote her.

After collecting six campaign bars and the Distinguished
Flying Cross, Captain Trout found himself in Florida, an
instructor of aeronautics. The next day Ella Raines received
a wire in Hollywood.

MEET ME IN MIAMI FOR A WONDERFUL TIME.
THIS INCLUDES A HONEYMOON.

ANOTHER STRANGEST PROPOSAL

The second yarn is just as cute.

When Martha O’Driscoll was thirteen, she had her
first date. She considered it the most important occa¬
sion of her life. She not only was wearing her first
grown-up dress, but her swain of the evening was
handsome Dick Adams. They went to the movies and
had a soda, and when Dick left her at the door, they
both had realized they were made for each other.

Dick Adams went to Annapolis and so has been in
the war since it started. On his last liberty, he and
Martha drove out along the ocean in his duration
jalopy. He stopped the car and took a small package
from his pocket.

“See this?” The moonlight fell on a plastic ring.
In the center was carved a bachelor button, framed
on each side by a sweetheart rose.

“So?” said Martha.
Lt. Commander Adams cleared his throat and took
a deep breath.

“Will you marry me so I can throw away the bachelor
button?”

“Tsk,” said Martha. “Of course.”

Martha now sports a ring of marquise diamonds,
surrounded by sapphires. Lt. Commander Richard
Adams is out at sea on an aircraft carrier. In his
pocket is a ring with two sweetheart roses, and a hole
in the center.

More Inside Hollywood on page 66

Are You a Young Wife
Who Still Wonders?

LEARN TRUE FACTS
ABOUT THIS
INTIMATE PROBLEM!

New, More Convenient
Feminine Hygiene Way Gives
Continuous Action for Hours!

Doctors know that even today the
majority of women still know little or
nothing about certain physical facts.
Too many who think they know have
only half knowledge. And they do not
realize how seriously their happiness
and health are threatened by lack of
up-to-date information.

That is why you ought to know
about Zonitors—and to have all the
facts about their unique advantages
for vaginal germicidal care. (See free
book offer below.)

Zonitors are dainty, non-greasy
suppositories, scientifically prepared
for vaginal hygiene. So convenient
and easy to use. The quickest, easiest,
daintiest way of using a vaginal germi¬
cide. No cumbersome apparatus,
nothing to mix, no unpleasant greasi¬
ness to spoil your daintiness.

Powerful, but safe for delicate tis¬
sues, Zonitors spread a protective coat¬
ing and kill germs instantly on con¬
tact. Deodorize by actually destroying
odor, instead of temporarily masking
it. They give continuous action for
hours. All druggists have Zonitors.

-FREE BOOKLET-

Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of
up-to-date facts. Sent postpaid in plain
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ington Ave, New York 17, N. Y.

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State..............................................

Bing Crosby’s a generous Joe to his pals.
He doled all the choice harmony spots to
Johnny Mercer, on this Screen Guild ainer.

Chowhounds Veronica Lake, Claudette Colbert
and Paulette Goddard, during intermission
at the “So Proudly We Hail” radio rehearsal.
LOOK OUT BELOW, CLAUDIA IS FLYING

Dorothy Maguire, who created the Claudia role on the stage and screen, is spending the winter with her husband, John Swope, in Phoenix, Arizona. Swope is a Civilian Air Instructor. To while away her time and be near him Dorothy is learning to fly, too. She says she has the worst time trying to make her instructors understand that she is not really Claudia and won’t pull one of her scatterbrained tricks. They have yet to let her solo and she is sure that it is Claudia’s fault.

GABLE, THE DRUGSTORE PATRIOT

Captain Clark Gable, now back in Hollywood, editing the films he shot on bombing missions over Germany, tells this story on himself.

A few miles from his Encino ranch, there is a small drug and candy store where he used to go for breakfast before he was in the Army. Returning home, and still needing breakfast, even though he wears a hero’s medals, he headed for the same drug store. Man and womanpower being what it is these days, there was only one waitress on duty, a new girl, and she’d got Clark all the way through his ham and eggs before she recognized him. When she gasped out his name, he beat it out of there, and thought that was that.

But a week later, Clark got hungry on the way to town and decided to invade the drug store once again. In he went, only to discover one seat roped off with red, white and blue ribbons. On the seat itself was a small American flag in a standard. On the counter before all this was a neat sign, saying “Captain Clark Gable sat here.”

Considerably embarrassed, Clark asked the waitress how she got away with it all.

She said, smiling proudly, “I let them as buys war stamps sit there.”
My favorite crack of the month comes from Walter Pidgeon. Pidge is nobody to get into a verbal duel with, as Frank Sinatra was to discover when he and Pidge, together with Danny Kaye and the music commentator, Deems Taylor, all happened to get off the same train together in Chicago.

The autograph fans swarmed all over Frankie, ignoring the other three men, who couldn't even force their way through the crowd. Frankie grinned back at Pidge, looming tall over him, and said, "Isn't it too bad you can't sing?"

Said Pidge, his voice purring, "Isn't it good you can?"

The wonderful part of it all is that Pidge can sing, magnificently. He's also a musical highbrow of the first water.

BACK TO THE OLD FOR SOMETHING NEW

Old fashioned box suppers are the newest, smartest party idea in movieland. Contests between the most glamorous actresses in town as to which can make the best potato salad and the lightest cakes are reminiscent, in this new-fashioned town, of old-fashioned novels. For example, the Walter Langs gave a "box supper" for their friends the other night. Guests were the Ray Millands, the George Murphys, the Fred MacMurrays, Ann Sothern, June Havoc, Virginia Bruce, Mary Livingston—and all in honor of Cesar Romero on his first leave home from the Coast Guard.

Imagine a box supper for the sophisticated Cesar! A number was pinned on each guest as they came in the door, another on the box they brought, and then the drawing started.

Ray Milland stood in the corner looking very glum. He was sure he was going to get a box filled with peanut butter sandwiches, his pet hate.

When the drawing started everyone waited to see which partner he or she would get. Prize for the best box went to June Havoc and her prize was a pink bed jacket. Second prize went to Lillian MacMurray, a plastic luncheon set.

Cesar juggled the drawing numbers so he could sit with his newest best girl, Virginia Bruce. Fieldies Lang figured out that for the whole party only fifteen ration points had been used. Ingenious these movie hostesses!

IT SEEMS TO BE SERIOUS

Very, very secret have been the datings between Bonita Granville and the dashing Lt. John Carroll.

Nevertheless, it has reached the stage of meetings between mothers and Bonita racing to the airport to meet planes.

John is the aide to the general in charge of fighting planes and is always flying all over the country. When the planes come in, standing at Bonita's side, also waiting, is usually Edna Skelton, the ex-Mrs. Red, whose beau Lt. Donald Zepfel is the aide to the general. Both girls lunch frequently and the couples meet at each other's houses.

Bonita and her mother save their ration points like mad so they can have a big roast ready when John comes flying in.

John's aristocratic mother is very fond of "Bun."

Something might come of this, although Bonita has said that marriage is out for her for the duration.

WAR WORKS STRANGE WONDERS

The Humphrey Bogarts, now overseas, were preparing for the trip. Mayo Bogart talked long and seriously with Frances Langford, who had recently returned from North Africa and Sicily, as to what the well-dressed entertainer should wear. Frances told Mayo that you just didn't stand a chance to get your hair washed, even do it yourself, so to take lots of snoods along.

There is one thing that Bogey gets into a towering rage about, and that thing is women's snoods. So when he came home one night to find a half dozen lying on Mayo's dressing table, the house rang with screaming howling rage, but quieted down when Mayo explained. So Bogey, who has been known to actually turn green when he sees a snood, has now traveled in five countries with his wife gaily wearing said hair-holders.

So you see!!!
So it was with Loretta's sensible, and deeply loathed, top. She thought it would last forever. She believed, to this day, that it is packed away in a trunk, spruce and fresh, and ready to be resurrected by another generation.

When Loretta and Judy went hat shopping recently, Judy's taste singled out a fragile, rather inappropriate confection of flowers, chiffon and ribbon. "But, darling," Loretta started to say, "most of the little girls are wearing hats like this one over here. This sensible navy blue. Wouldn't that be better?"

Then the half-forgotten ghost of that last personal childhood hat settled on her head. The crown pinched in remembrance. The brim cast a shadow of acute unhappy memory. "But if you really want that fancy hat," she amended quickly, "I'll be glad to buy it for you."

She will never forget the worshipful look lavished upon her by her gratified daughter.

It was the same general expression she receives from her husband after a particularly successful dinner party at which she has entertained his army friends, and the same general display of visual admiration she gets during an army camp tour when she is decorated with the accolade, "There goes a gosh-swell girl."

Titles like that have to be earned, and Loretta is the gal who can qualify. It's self-thinking that earns some stars their reputations for being aloof, egotistical, hard to get along with; it's Loretta's thinking of other people that makes her someone you'd really like to know.

The End

Two evenings of Errol Flynn's. When this dashing gentleman was south of the border, Nora Eddington turned up down there, too. Much to Errol's surprise! So after his return, he turned up at the Troc with this pretty blonde. Her name? It's Peggy Maley.

But now look! (At the right) A few evenings later, at the Mocambo. That's cute little Nora he's dating again. And regard her adoring gaze. Anyone seeing them dancing there that night would conclude that they were having a really swell time together, too. What is this, anyway?
NEW PICTURE GUIDE  
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

THE GANG'S ALL HERE (20th Century-Fox) indulges in a wealth of undeniably beautiful dance routines which make A/S/M/N and tasteful patterns in Technicolor. Yet one other bothered to provide the picture with a story worthy of the camera magic. It is merely a trifle about a soldier who marches off to war leaving two girls believing themselves engaged to him. Naturally, being a movie, the girls meet and one courageously hides her heartbreak because her man has apparently played her false.

Alice Faye is this young lady, a chorus girl on her way to stardom. She is provided with a hit tune, "No Love, No Nothing," in lieu of a role which differs not at all from what she has played in a dozen other musicals. Jannelle Wilson as the soldier and Sheila Ryan as the second sweetheart don't mean much, except that Sheila surprises even herself by dancing with Tony De Marco. Carmen Miranda gets some laughs by mixing up the English language, Benny Goodman and band do just as much music, but Phil Baker, fresh from radio, has a part that never does get to the $64 question.

GANGWAY FOR TOMORROW (RKO) goes "Grand Hotel" one better by spinning the yarns of six war-workers who are sharing a ride to an airplane factory. Their driver has imagined what his riders did before the war and what walks of life they came from. As he tells of how he read their characters, the actual stories of their lives flash across their minds. Among them are a refugee girl from Paris, the war-don of a penitentiary, an ex-hobo, an auto speedway racer and a one-time winner of the Miss America contest. Margo, John Carradine and Robert Ryan fare best in the roles assigned them, yet a novelty theme of this caliber should have been more importantly cast.

ROGER TOUHY, LAST OF THE GANGSTERS (20th Century-Fox) tells us again, in no unmistakable terms, that crime does not pay. Not for several years has Hollywood turned attention to gangster practices so familiar in the days when Cagney, Robinson, Bogart and company made entertaining faces at the law. But their films were not accurate for export to foreign countries, so Hollywood quit making crime melodramas which might be misunderstood when shown overseas. "Roger Touhy, Last of the Gangsters," however, is solely for American consumption, so punches aren't pulled in depicting the final exploits of the former Capone mobster who is

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now serving a term of 99 years in prison, all because the FBI got after him after ironically being given jurisdiction of the case because the gang had forgotten to register in the draft.

In the exciting action on a big-time scale, Preston Foster plays Touhy, and Victor McLaglen is his second in command, a formidable character named Owl Banghart, once a school teacher, who forever corrects grammatical lapses of his lawless associates. Kent Taylor, Anthony Quinn, Henry Morgan and a number of muggs you haven't seen very often since hoodlums went out of style are in the cast. There's a jail break and a climaxing capture for swell thrill stuff.

SWING FEVER (MGM) fails to allow Kay Kyser to run much of a temperature and gets nowhere fast. The band leader appears as a guy who has an "evil eye" which immobilizes anyone he glares at. It is a stunt a crooked prizefighter manager thinks will be of value in helping him win the championship for his palooka. So he keeps the guy with an eye handy by allowing him to lead the orchestra in his nightclub. Marilyn Maxwell does her first screen warbling as the singer with whom Kyser falls in love, and William Gargan is the manager who loses her to him.

THE FALCON AND THE CO-EDS (RKO) sends Tom Conway into a girls' school to solve a murder mystery. Conway, who took over the title role from George Sanders, his brother, has more to offer than such a little adventure allows him to show. Followers of the series may find it to their liking, although the mystery is as carelessly worked out as the title. The students aren't coeds, for they attend an exclusive school for girls.

MINESWEEPER (Paramount) is a shipsheaf action drama that gets where it's going—but fast. Dealing with the training of crews for Navy minesweepers, it also relates the personal story of a former deserter who returns to the service after war breaks and gives his life to save the shipmate who is his rival in love. Richard Arlen, Jean Parker and Russell Hayden form the romantic triangle.

SON OF DRACULA and THE MAD GHoul (Universal) make up a double dose of spine-chillers which are being reviewed together because they will always play on the same bill together. In the Dracula offering, Lon Chaney plays the offspring of that old debil vampire who comes to America as Count Alucard (Dracula spelled backward) and leads Robert Paige, Louise Allbritton, Evelyn Ankers and Frank Craven a merry chase. The Mad Ghoul is about a grave robber who is under the control of a mad scientist.

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GOOD FORTUNE
CAN BE YOURS
HERE'S THE LETTER WHICH TELLS HOW SHE DID IT

YOUR BOOK'. I don't know advice to any one who into pictures. The book is concise and what professionals can gain from reading it. I think you've done a fine thing for movie aspirants. The book is concise and yet you cover all the necessary fundamentals that every person should know. There are even lots of things professionals can gain from reading it. I think it's just about the most expert and complete treatment any book of this kind has ever had. Sincerely, Christine Ayres.

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LOVELY MARILYN DAY
Newest Universal Star Writes: Dear Judith: I have read your book, "How to Get Into the Movies" and my advice to anyone who really wants to is, 'Read Your Book.' I don't know anybody better qualified by experience and talent to help young people get started in pictures than YOU.
Betty Hutton (continued from page 39)

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training, his eyes very blue in the midst of his wind-weathered tan, he speaks with a homely forthrightness that is out of this day and age.

"On my radio program for a while we were makin’ a lot of government announcements. I was sittin’ up there every week talkin’ to other men, sayin’, ‘Get into the Army, fellows’—tellin’ them about their duty and the Army’s advantages. I got to feelin’ so guilty I hardly had the heart to say it any more. The people listenin’ to me every week, I knew, were all folks who liked to believe what I said. If it was true, why wasn’t I doin’ it myself?"

As a star, Autry has travelled more than 100,000 miles yearly to make personal appearances. Close contact with public adulation has left its imprint on Gene. Although sex has never been his selling point, any gathering in his honor includes the prescribed number of frenzied females of the type that causes all Hollywood be-men to pale. He could easily endow a Haven for Stampeded Screen Stars, with the price of the custom-built sombreros and shirts he has had torn from his head and back by adoring fans.

The majority of Autry fans, however, are kids—the kids who govern what he says and does both on and off the screen. Because of the kids, a Western star worth his stirrups, never drinks or smokes before the cameras. He wins his gal by deed, and his daring does not extend to the sissy practice of planting a kiss on her brow or lips. Off-screen he also watches his p’s and q’s (publicity) and outwardly. Army training is rigorous for a man of thirty-eight—even for a man born on a ranch and outwardly. Army training is for hit well-being.

"That’s the whole story of how they got shoes on me," he sums it all up.

The last statement is no exaggeration. At the time he went into service, Autry had two pairs of shoes to his name, a pair of golf shoes and a pair of tennis shoes. For all other occasions he wore boots, handmade with a long-horn steer motif of his own design. They cost $40 the pair and for many years had been the chief revenue of a bootmaker in a small cow-town near Tioga, Texas, where Gene was born.

He hadn’t a business suit to his name. His $10,000 wardrobe consisted entirely of custom-built cowboy suits, running the color gamut from brilliant purple to canary yellow, with one snow-white outfit for formal occasions, such as a visit to the White House. Part of his trappings, too, were the eight silver-mounted saddles on which he rode, two of them costing $2,500 apiece.

"Today khaki clothes him, inwardly and outwardly. Army training is for the kids—they want you to be either a General or a Sergeant. It’d take too long to be a General—but the Sergeant I could give ‘em in a hurry!"

"It’s the whole story of how they got shoes on me," he sums it all up.

"But it’s worth it to be with the greatest Army in the world," Gene says.

"It’s great because a fellow like me can get into it. There we are—"
banks, lawyers, farmers, truck drivers, grocery clerks, and movie stars—all of us in there, fighting for the same things. I’m serving a country that gives me the right to make pictures if I want to and the fellow beside me is defending his right to plow and tend his corn.”

On the whole, his Army mates have treated him like any other fellow in uniform. He finds it easy to be natural with them; on the outside once in a while a fellow soldier turns shy.

Several weeks ago he was being driven home from Santa Ana by a friend who stopped to pick up several other soldiers also. Gene was in the front seat, and the conversation went on about half an hour, until suddenly he turned to face one of the boys in the rear and flashed a smile.

“Gene Autry—reel whiz!” said the young fellow in a stricken voice.

“I’ll never forget the way his jaw dropped,” says Gene. “Spoiled the whole ride—I couldn’t get another word in, no sir out of those fellows for the rest of the trip!”

Firing bombers overseas is not what Gene considers a dangerous occupation.

“I don’t think a Ferry pilot takes time out for fear,” he says. “He’s pretty busy—they don’t waste much time on those hops any more. He knows what the best organized command in the world. If anything happens it’s not because of what he’s doing, but because his number happens to be up—so what’s the use of worrying about it!”

Pin-Up Girls, the Sarge tells us, are not the main topic of conversation in an Army camp. In fact, he can’t remember having seen a star’s picture in a barracks.

“Course, I may have been looking in the wrong barracks,” he admits, “but from where I look, it’s generally a picture of someone you see in the boys’ lockers, a sweetheart or, maybe a mother.

What all the boys want is to go home. And again, folks, think Army men haven’t much call to look ahead, but the boys themselves do nothing but long range planning. That farm they’re going to come back and buy, those kids are going to put into your letters to them, too.

Another important topics in camp are movies, a fighting man’s greatest source of entertainment. They don’t care much for war pictures, although in camp he finds it easy to look ahead, but the boys themselves do nothing but long range planning. That farm they’re going to come back and buy, those kids are going to put into your letters to them, too.

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dence for ordinary folk, for a movie star it is gratifyingly simple—low-roofed, pine-walled, a lot of windows. There is an aquamarine swimming pool in back, and a badminton court, both luxury items but simple in design and fittings. You are willing to wager that the house will be similarly solid and unaffected, reflecting the tastes of the man and woman who live there.

Gene is married to a boyhood sweetheart, a young schoolmarm he swept off her feet by sheer charm, long before she knew if he was even going to turn out to be a paying proposition. Fame and fortune so far hasn't had its alleged effect upon their happiness together.

"What I like most about my wife," he tells you, "is her grand understanding of people and their problems. She's so human, it would be hard not to be happy with her."

While Gene Autry, the soldier, is away, it is interesting to note that the business of Gene Autry, the cowboy star, goes on. There are millions of sweatshirts, holsters, chaps, spurs, cartridge belts, shaving creams, hair oil, toy balloons and other products bearing his name, still being sold. Royalties from his music publishing firm still come rolling in. Presents from admirers still arrive—the day we sat with Gene in his trophy room he was unwrapping an object knitted of khaki yarn, trying like every soldier who ever received a like package to figure out whether the darn thing was a helmet or a chest protector.

In a small building beside the pool, two stenographers report daily to sort and answer the fan mail, which shows no decrease after his year off the screen. The room in which they work is fitted up like a postoffice, with boxes for every state in the union, and every country in the world. It is a matter of surprise that New York, center of sophistication, is stamped on a large bulk of the letters. (Autry broke all attendance records at Madison Square Garden with his last rodeo.) Mail from Europe, strangely, has increased.

When the war broke out, Gene was in Liverpool, England. With Champ, he had just completed one of the most triumphant tours of the British Isles ever made by any man, picture star or politician. In Dublin he sang to what has been estimated as the largest audience ever assembled, 750,000 people who packed the public squares until they photographed not like humans, but like caviar in a can. In his scrap-book are European newspapers front-paging his coming. Typical of them is the British sheet which scare-heads his interview clear across the masthead: "Gunning For Fame, With Gene Autry." Pushed into smaller type at the bottom of the page are a few sinister sayings from a couple of other gunners, Hitler and Mussolini, and an announcement: "Roosevelt Makes Last Plea For Peace."

Gene remembers his pleasure when the little Princess Elizabeth publicly announced him as her favorite picture star, but the thrill he'll never forget was when he left Ireland. Thousands of fans lined the dock to see him off, and the last sound he heard was their raised voices, singing "Come Back to Erin."

"I'm goin' back—soon, I hope," he says. "But this time Champ will have to stay home. I'll be goin' over in a bomber!"

The End

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(T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)
ALAN LADD
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

that threw him. Not that he complained. He knew he didn't have that privileged right, and he was there to do what he was told to do, like any other good soldier.

He was proud as Punch the day he got his corporal stripes, but any sensitive, intelligent corporal knows the distance from there to General is about four generations.

"Odd enough, though," Alan says, "my year in the Army was the most pleasant one I've ever known. I wasn't so far away from Susie but that I could get back and see her occasionally. It seems as though Sue and I are always in movie theaters at the important moments of our life. I proposed to Sue in a theater. My career, of course, has been there, and there we were, when Alana started making pictures this year. We did have to make a run for that hospital!

"The Army, however, was like going back to school for me. I had had so much of that book routine before. Fighting my way up, I hadn't had much chance at close friendships. In the Army, there were both. I liked the discipline, and felt the responsibility. I liked the discussions we had. I went into the war impulsively, even emotionally, but as we'd sit around and beat our chops, I began to understand, to understand from fellows smarter than I, what this war is about and what we are really fighting for. You know how actors are—all right! "Well, in the army, there's nothing. There, not only the family, not only your family, or even the family that is America and American ideals, but the family of nations, the vast, international family of men of good-will—that's what counts and is what we are fighting for.

"With that in my heart, you can imagine how I felt when they kept hospitalizing me. Know what I mean? Living on now? A diet of milk, crackers and cheese. And that for me, strictly a meat and potato type of man, wouldn't eat lamb, and as for stew, oh brother! Strictly beef for me, it was. So now look. I could get along without teeth on my present diet.

"The doctors have demanded that Alan take a complete rest for a few months, and this time he is obeying orders. When he comes back in "A Year Tomorrow" you will not see the killer, but the tender Alan Ladd who is the dreamer and the romantic. "I think I'll be quite different," Alan said. "Certainly there's something.

"The doctors have failed to impress me with the idea that I never even thought about before I was in the Army. To provide excitement isn't enough. I want to help sell America to America. To the world!" to trade with foreigners. I want to live away beyond that, so that we can inspire the whole world."


THE END
psychic summons drew her glance
to the door. There stood one Robert
Walker, devouring her with his eyes.
In a scant second's elapse, his glance
sent; his smile sang all the love songs
wrote all those letters he had never
sent; his voice had never uttered; his lifted
eyebrows asked all the questions his
courage could never frame.
Jennifer excused herself from the
cleric and spoke to Bob in the breath¬
less half-sentences appropriate for such
a moment. Only one thing
emerged from the conversation that
she was to remember afterward: they
made a date for the following night.
As Bob didn't feel that he had
enough happy cabbage to go on to
school, he took a jack-of-all-trades
job at the Cherry Lane Theater in
Greenwich Village. Jennifer, learning
about it, decided that she should be
doing the same. "If you're going
to troupe, so am I," was the way
she put it. After all, she had done
a lot of trouping on the road in the
Isley Stock Company before that.

Entrance to this theater was via
a stairway built . . . doubtless . . . by
Senor Methuselah's grandfather. If
honor is to be attached by age, this
stairway was the most honorable
covey of steps on earth . . . and
twice as rickety.
The dressing rooms were roofed
daisy-petal style: one space leaked,
together until there was considerable
scuffling to see who should occupy
their greatest discovery since Gable.
Jennifer galloped, literally and fig¬
urally light. Get your perfect shade and glorify
your complexion the Hollywood way.

Yes, sir! There's something about a uniform! Just see the attention Rudy Vallee gets from
Ginny Simms and Carole Landis, between acts at the Hollywood Bowl Benefit for War Bonds.

**try a new Complexion**

Give yourself the glamour that makes hearts beat faster, with TAYTON'S TECHNA¬
TINT CAKE MAKE-UP. You'll know why
this flattering new make-up is a Hollywood
favorite. It veils beauty-marring blemishes
. . . gives smooth complexion loveliness
— or any skin-drying effect whatever. See
how different your face looks—how radi¬
antly alive with a soft, youthful glow!

You'll find that TAYTON'S CAKE MAKE¬
UP goes on just right in a new easy way and
stays on beautifully. Your complexion keeps
that adorable freshness for hours without
retouching! The six exclusive TAYTON
shades were created in nearest-to-skin
matching tones—tested with Technicolor
movie films, also in both daylight and arti¬
ficial light. Get your perfect shade and glorify
your complexion the Hollywood way.
I, N.W., tell you to try Glover's. Now you can use ALL THREE of Lovely Virginia Grey joins the many Hollywood artists who send "Complete Trial Application" in three hermetically-sealed bottles, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp Treatment, for easy "finger tip" application at home. Each in hermetically-sealed bottle and special carton with complete instructions and FREE booklet "The Scalp Care of Scalp and Hair." Apply, with manage for two weeks, starting with your NYMPH SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR.

GLOVER'S
Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 672, New York 1, N. Y.
Send "Complete Trial Application" in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet, as advertised.

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Simplest Home Piano Course Ever Offered!
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You don't have to hammer your fingers into a keyboard in order to play a piano. You will learn to play this beautiful instrument and make music in a surprisingly short time.

LEARN BOOGIE-WOOGIE!

"Boogie-Woogie is easy!" is the claim made by Bobbie and Mabel, two young Walkers—both boys. The Walkers had just moved into a neighborhood park. They decided to make that long distance telephone call her life work until she gained an answer.

"Come on, boys, we have to go back to the house," she called.

You have nearly three, had a bright idea. "To meet Daddy?"

Jennifer bit her lip and made no answer. Half a block from the apartment, Bobbie emitted an Indian war whoop and the street light, straight into the arms of the man who arose slowly from his seat on a suitcase.

After greetings and kisses were exchanged, Bob explained—that incredible grin creasing his face—that he had tested for MGM without telling Jennifer a thing about it, and that he was signed to a long term contract. His first picture was to be "Bataan" and was to be released around July 4th. Jennifer was delighted, and so was the Walkers' new movie star. Jennifer was delighted, and so was the Walkers' new movie star.

Tate behaved almost as exhaustively as "The Song of Bernadette" and were conducting things almost as exhaustively as "Scandal O'Hara." One look at her test confirmed the biggles.

She bundled up the two youngsters and came to Hollywood at Bob's insistence, leaving him in New York. She arrived on a Tuesday, got a room, and decided she had to have a family promptly, so that parents and children could grow up together. By October, 1942, there were two young Walkers—Jennifer, Michael, and the next, Robert, Jr. and Jennifer seemed a woman's magazine heroine in that she looked younger and more winsome than ever.

She and Bob decided that she, too, should resume her career. After taking several tests she was put under contract by David Selznick. While, 20th Century-Fox had bought "The Song of Bernadette" and were conducting things almost as exhaustively as "Scandal O'Hara." One look at her test confirmed the biggles.

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breathtakingly beautiful than he had remembered. Then she was in his arms, and for a breathless moment the world stood still.

"The plaza is packed with people," he said as he released her at last. "Everybody is there. Music! Dancing! Come along!"

She hesitated, torn between her desire and the fear of offending the Viceroy, for his displeasure could mean the end of all the things Uncle Pio had planned for her, the triumphs that had come to mean so much to her, too. But when she told Manuel and saw the hurt clouding his eyes she knew that nothing mattered except being with him.

At first she went unnoticed in the crowd. Then suddenly there was a cry of recognition.

"Look!" someone cried out. "La Villegas! It is she!" And they clustered around her feeling that for all the glory that had come to them she was still one of them, of the people. "La Villegas!" they said, and they couldn't hold back their happiness. "You have come back to us! You have not forgotten!"

They asked her to sing and it was like the old days, singing to them, with Manuel's eyes fixed on her so eagerly. Only Esteban, hovering there on the edge of the crowd, refused to be swayed by her magic and he couldn't control the hatred in his eyes nor the sickness in his soul, feeling that from then on he would always be second in his brother's heart. He knew there could never be any happiness for him again and he went back to his room at the inn wanting to escape the music and the laughter mocking his own sorrow. But his tormented thoughts were still with him. It was almost as though he could see Micaela in Manuel's arms, hear the soft words he was whispering to her.

At first it was like that. Hand in hand they wandered through the gay crowds. It wasn't until Micaela saw the Viceroy's carriage being driven rapidly towards the palace with Uncle Pio sitting so dejectedly in it that she had that pang of conscience.

"I hope Uncle Pio is not in trouble," Manuel said darkly. "It serves him right that you didn't go at his call," Manuel said darkly. "These Viceroys think everything belongs to them."

"You see I didn't go." Micaela smiled as they turned into a small side street away from the crowds. "I came with you."

"But you were thinking of going," he said. "You must have accepted or he wouldn't have sent the coach."

Micaela became indignant now, too. "Why shouldn't I? I deserve it." "Don't you know why they ask you?" His young voice was raw with his misery. "Your name is on the front of the theatre. They want to look you over, like a freak, at close range. The women will make fun of you, the men will make love to you. And between the two you will be standing on your head."

Her small chin lifted. "You think I would not be able to deal with them?" she asked indignantly.

"You have come back to us! You have longed to them."

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nantly. "Is that what you mean?"
He ignored the question.
"Do you promise not to go?" he asked.
"No," she said flatly.
"You will!" He grasped her elbow and wheeled her around. Then suddenly all his fury against her was spent. He took her in his arms but she was still resentful as she twisted away from him.

"You talk about the Viceroy," she said hotly. "You went everything you had in your arms in that way.

And as he stood there uncertainly she turned and ran away, her laughter dripping back to him, mocking him.

Micaela was roused by the movement he ran after her, but she was lost among the merrymakers. And so at last he went to the inn. And it was there he found Esteban and saw the blood spouting from the wound in his breast and the sliced knife lying beside him. And he knew it was because of Micaela his brother had tried to kill himself.

The doctor came but he did not give much encouragement as he dressed the wound. All that night Manuel listened in agony as his brother raved in delirium—and all his fury against her was suddenly all his fury against her. He ran after her, but she was lost among the merrymakers.
But she was too clever to show her displeasure. Instead, she sat back in the drawing room afterwards while the other women guests taunted the interloper, reminding her of the days they had tossed coins to her when she sang in the streets.

Micaela sat there silently, unable to strike back at them. She had played great ladies, queens, empresses and always she knew what to say because Uncle Pio had taught her the words. But tonight when she needed words as never before, no words would come. She didn't know her past. She was helpless. She was leaving, the Marquesa went to her.

"My dear la Villegas," he said. "Pay no attention to them. There's nothing like jealousy to sharpen the tongue."

And Micaela thanked her gratefully, feeling that she had found a friend.

It was at this part of the story Brother Juniper knew that he needed help again. He had recorded all that he had discovered of these lives, but the solution still evaded him, the threads were still tangled. So again he went to the Abbess, imploring her to tell him all she knew of the Marquesa. She answered reluctantly, because she still wondered if it were not impious to question the acts of God. But little by little the friar learned of the strange enigma in the life of the Marquesa. How she suffered through a love that embittered her whole nature, a love for her only child, Doña Clara, a love so demanding and possessive that it was not love at all but a selfish obsession. He learned too, how after her daughter had married and gone to Spain the Marquesa became so embittered that from then on a blind emotion colored her whole life, making her think of nothing but how she could bring her daughter back to her again.

At last she went to the Abbess, asking if there were not one of the young orphaned girls in the Convent she could take into her house to be her companion and so ease her loneliness. And so eloquently did she make her plea that the Abbess selected Pepita, the young girl she loved more than any of the others, the girl she had decided would one day be her successor. For she knew that a stay at the Marquesa's villa would be an experience that would develop the girl's mind and teach her a certain worldliness that would help her in her work in later years.

But Pepita could not take Doña Clara's place, and her presence in the house only made the mother's loneliness the more unbearable. And so the days passed, and the weeks and the months, in that agony of longing—until that night of the Viceroy's dinner when the Marquesa saw the opportunity for using his infatuation for Micaela to serve her one compelling interest.

Uncle Pio was the proudest man in Peru, as the Viceroy became more and more enamored of Micaela. But his triumph was short lived. For Micaela, finding a peace she had never known before in the company of this man so much older than herself, the first man she had ever known who

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Boro-Pheno-Form, the modern, easy simple medicated suppository method of Feminine Hygiene — ready for instant use. For years, Boro-Pheno-Form has been the choice of thousands of women who testify to its satisfaction.

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Guaranteed Trial Offer

Look your loveliest... safeguard romance... don't let superficial hair spoil your love and cause others to whisper behind your back. Amazing hair remover, made of pure vegetable ingredients, takes out unsightly, superfluous hair in a jiffy—without chemicals or heat—and makes your skin clean, smooth, velvety—so you can wear the finest gowns, the scarlet ballet suit, the dinner stockings, or no stockings at all! You apply ADIEU cold, right from the jar, and in a few seconds all the unsightly hair is OUT, not off!

So Safe, a Baby Can Use

Yes, the hair comes OUT—not merely off! ADIEU removes the entire hair with the bulb, commonly known as the "tread." New hair must grow before it reappears. Remember ADIEU is nontoxic, absolutely safe, a bleach or an abrasive. No painful plucking or tweezing. Not a razor or clipper. No wire, razor, soap, no painful preparations or heating. Absolutely SAFE! Positively NON-IRRITATING. No stinging, no burning. Recommended by doctors; used by Hollywood beauty salon catering to movie stars. You'll be delighted with how ADIEU Hair Remover makes your skin clean, smooth, velvety—so you can wear the finest gowns, the scarlet ballet suit, the dinner stockings, or no stockings at all! You apply ADIEU cold, right from the jar, and in a few seconds all the unsightly hair is OUT, not off!

Send for FREE!

FREE! Interesting and informative booklet explained Boro-Pheno Form way of Feminine Hygiene. Yours copy is FREE.

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At Last! Unwanted Hair OUT

With ADIEU ALL-VEGETABLE Hair Remover

Non-Irritating—Applied Cold

Send for FREE!

FREE! Interesting and informative booklet explained Boro-Pheno Form way of Feminine Hygiene. Yours copy is FREE.

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Diana's picture is not legible, but the text seems to advertise a product called DR. PIERS, BORO-PHENO FORM, and includes a coupon offer for a guaranteed trial.

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ADIEU Hair Remover is available at participatory Chicago, Illinois—Dept. 101.

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Movie Stars

Are Fans, Too

Several years ago Joan Crawford was shopping in one of New York's popular department stores when she was mobbed by fans. She escaped from them into a very exclusive store. As she cowered in a corner, she looked out on Fifth Avenue and saw Einstein, the discovery of relativity, walking along with thousands of tourists looking out.

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The text includes an advertisement for ADIEU Hair Remover, which is described as a non-irritating, vegetable-based method of removing hair. The ad includes a coupon offer for a guaranteed trial.
****HOSPITALIZATION PLAN****

**POLICY PAYS**
Hospital and Doctor Bills
$6.00 Each Day

**HOSPITAL**
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Name and Address of Insured

**DURATION**
Any Doctor may be selected.
Any recognized Hospital and

**DOCTOR**
$135

Any time, for any Reason, without any

**LOSS OF LIFE**
$1,000

without loss of time or earnings.

**MAIL COUPON NOW!**

**George Rogers Clark Casualty Co., Rockford, Ill.**

**Dept. 3310**

**IN ADVANCE, whether it's go¬

**SEND NO MONEY**
Just address a card. We will send you in 7 days, let your mirror prove results.

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**HAIR MAY GET LONGER**

**HAIR MAY GET LONGER**

**SEND COUPON**
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Your Own Weather Map!

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Here is the Weather Forecast you have

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**ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART**

Dept. 970-A, 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

**Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home**

Mary Swedish Massage Graduate makes $50, $75 a week in the city. Men, women, and private practice. Others make $17.50 a week. You will be independent and prepare for high paying positions. Write today.

**Collin, PROGRESS TAILORING CO.**, J. C. COMEY CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

**EXTRACTOR**

Your blackheads can be removed in seconds, scientifically and it's out. Release extractor finder over your black¬

**JUELENE**

**HAIR MAY GET LONGER**

**SEND COUPON**
Address, Name, City & State.

**Good News For Asthma Sufferers**

If you suffer from choking, gasping, wheezing, recurring attacks of Bronchial Asthma, here is good news for you. A prescription, perfected by a physician in his private practice contains ingredients which start circulating thru the blood within a very short time, and removes the danger of death, thus reaching the congested Bronchial tubes which are usually irritated and swollen. They remove thick strangling mucus (phlegm), thereby preventing further attacks, and remove the old scars of asthma.

Fortunately Mendaco has now been made available to sufferers from recurring spasms of Bronchial Asthma thru all drug stores and has proved to be a wonderful means of relief for many who have suffered for years. This guaranteed trial offer protects you.

**Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids**

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up nights, upsets your digestion, constipation, and is worst of all, an indication of kidney trouble. Acidic urine is more than likely caused by excess acids, poisons and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. An iron clad guarantee insures an immediate re¬

**VACUTEX**

Blackhead Extractor - 1 Each

**VACUTEX**

Blackhead Extractor - 1 Each

Blackheads are an annoying, embarrassing, pain¬

**SOMPOE**

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**SONG POEMS**

Send us your best poems for immediate consideration. All sub¬

**JUELENE**

**HAIR MAY GET LONGER**

**SEND COUPON**
Address, Name, City & State.

**Good News For Asthma Sufferers**

If you suffer from choking, gasping, wheezing, recurring...
about the old crow who drove her daughter away from her by her cawing and pecking only to try to bring her back by turning the palace upside down so that it would make a regal nest for her fledgling.

The old Marquesa sat in frozen silence to the very end. Then somehow from the depths of her rage and humiliation she managed to summon a dignity that she held about her like a cold, proud cloak as she left the room, as she drove through the streets to her home. But it could not protect her from herself.

She staggered as she walked up the stairs to her room, and then at the threshold a new fury seized her as she saw the girl Pepita kneeling before the Prie Dieu in the alcove, the little altar that had been her daughter's. But before her anger could be voiced, she heard the girl's whispered words. She was praying for her, the Marquesa said softly. "And my prayer shall be: 'Let me live now, let me begin again.'"

She began to weep then, and so for a little while they wept together.

When Micaela left at last her head was held proudly and all the shame of being humbled in the streets was gone. Then as she went into her villa she heard her name called and she turned to see Manuel standing there, shaking with rage because of the offer of the deal that had been forced on her. His ship had come in only that day and he had seen her in her penitent's garb, but he had been unable to reach her through the crowd.

"Come with me, Micaela," he begged. But even as they stood there, their hands clinging, the door opened and the Viceroy entered with the obsequious Don Gonzalo at his heels. Manuel had never been one for dis-
Now, at your door for either face or
Lechler's VELVATIZE in your purse. Use it
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LY! At drug or dept, stores, or send coupon
anytime, anywhere! Easy and clean—odor¬

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620 Broadway, New York 12, N.Y.

The questions burned in Brother Juniper's brain, but there was no answer to any of them.
So at last he knew that the Abbess had been right. No human mind can measure the design of God Almighty. There were the dead and there were the living, and no one could reason from them, the bridge fashioned of the love that had once held them together.

Brother Juniper recorded all of this, all that he had learned of those five who had been flung to death from the broken bridge. But still the full meaning of the incident could not be known until the真相 restored to him by the frenzied screams of the five who had still been on the bridge—Esteban, the Marquesa and the child Pepita, Don Gonzalo and Micaela.

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An interview with Bob Hope is always a memorable experience, except that unless you are a shorthand expert (which I am not) you are apt to forget half of his cracks by the time you’re ready to write your story. Bob must have a million gags stored up in that agile brain, and he can twist any of them around to suit the occasion.

One of my particular pets is the droll Helen Broderick, whose dead pan conceals one of the most devastating senses of humor in Hollywood. Some of the stories she tells about the strange happenings on movie sets are gems. No respecter of personalities, Miss Broderick is never malicious, but she is never fooled.

A still taken in the days when she played duenna to Ginger Rogers in those Astaire-Rogers musicals is one of her most prized possessions.

"You know, both Ginger and Fred were allowed to retouch their own photographs," Helen related. "Most of the big stars have a wonderful time going over their stills, marking them to the still gallery. The next time I saw them I nearly fainted. Astaire and Rogers were now about twelve— and since the retouchers had worked on me along with the others, I was a sort of Lana Turner effect of eighteen. Oh, it’s a lovely still. I look at it for hours."

"Many a studio photographer has cursed the day when a movie star was first allowed to "okay" a photograph. It has led to headaches by the score... because the stars have their own ideas, even as you and I, as to what they really look like. Vivien Leigh, for example, will not approve a picture showing her smiling. Although a photographer once prevailed upon her to pose for a whole series of smiling shots (I saw them and they were delightful) she would not allow them to be released for publication. And Claudette Colbert, for some odd reason, always turns her left cheek to the still camera. She just doesn’t like the right side of her face, although most of us know that Claudette is a dish upside-down, sideways, or backwards."

Rita Hayworth also belongs in this category. She has many of the same qualities of Ann Sheridan, only more subdued. Rita is a genuinely sweet person, always thoughtful and considerate. She is also one of the two stars who have actually thanked me for a story after seeing it in print.

My most embarrassing moment as a Hollywood interviewer came during a cocktail party several years ago. Quite a number of movie players were present, among the late arrivals being Jane Wyman and her husband, Ronald Reagan. Remembering what a cute trick Jane Wyman was on the screen, I was somewhat startled at her appearance. She was quite frankly, on the plump side, and a short silver fox jacket didn’t help any. I turned to someone on my right and said rather peevishly, "That girl certainly has let herself go!"

Unfortunately it was one of Miss Wyman’s best friends who answered ever so sweetly, "Jane is expecting a baby next week."

After that, I kept my big mouth shut.

THE END
my friends is the act of a very wise wife. She makes me feel that my likes and dislikes are important to her.

I say this is wise, because experience has shown me that a married happiness is constantly telling us, shows that a husband and wife are happiest when they manage to make each other feel important. I don’t mean for a moment that people who are married should lose their independence or their individualities. But I do think they must become interdependent—drawing from each other, and contributing to each other. Before I would consider a business opportunity or buy a pair of shoes, I talk it over with Lana, and she takes me into her confidence on everything, too. Before she starts a picture or a broadcast, she asks my opinion. I may have only a limited knowledge of the subject at hand, but—it’s the principle of the thing; we are husband and wife, and we share our concerns and problems.

One thing for which I am grateful is that we enjoy the same things. We both love to dance; we like golf, tennis, and of course—picture shows. We like to go places, but don’t care much for long trips.

A question I know you’d like to ask is, are we jealous of each other? If you love a person enough, you can’t help but have a deep fear of losing them—just as you have a deep natural fear of losing your life. Yes, we are very much concerned over each other, but, trusting each other, we laugh at the little streaks of jealousy we sometimes see in ourselves. If you have enough mutual interests—as we have—we’ll never get a chance to grow into anything unpleasant.

One mutual interest is outdoor life. My wife is really an athletic girl which, I imagine, will be a surprise to many. She is a good swimmer, a good tennis player, and she once wanted to be a designer. She can bring home a hat, rip it up, put it in the baby’s features. Lana thinks she has my eyes and brow, and I think she has Lana’s nose, chin and facial contours. The thing is, she seems to change a little every day.

Motherhood has changed Lana somewhat—caused her to grow up a little more, it seems to me, mentally and spiritually. She is quieter than she used to be. Probably what I am trying to say is that she has found a pattern she wants to follow, a way of life that is satisfying and pleasing to her as a woman. If Lana ever quits the screen, she will already have established herself in the greater role of motherhood and homemaker.

Blondes have been the subject of a lot of kidding for about ten years, but I want to say that I am glad Lana is blonde and that she wears her hair long. I fell in love with her as a blonde, and I’d like her to stay a blonde.

“I love you that way,” she says, “darling, that’s the way it will remain.” Of course, if she ever wanted to change it, she could probably talk me into seeing her way. In fact, I’ll bet she could. You see, it is these endearing qualities in her that, to me, make Lana what she is.
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IN HOLLYWOOD

A switch on that "if-I-could-only-meet-Claudette Colbert-Rita Hayworth-Lucille Ball-Linda Darnell." dream of all lads in uniform, is told by dead-pan Virginia O'Brien. Virginia picked up a hitch-hiking soldier on her way to play a show at a nearby Army camp. The soldier belonged at that particular camp. He was tremendously grateful and excited — but he confessed that he couldn't go to the show. He was late and would undoubtedly be given k.p. duty.

Sure enough, he was. But Virginia, who has a soft place in her heart for service men, didn't forget the boy. After she was through with the show, she went searching for him. She found him in the kitchen, as he predicted, at k.p. and hitch-hiking soldier on her way back. Virginia told them to cheer up. When she was ready to leave, she went searching again.

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WRITE TO DEPT. MW-2, 212 Fifth Avenue
No. Y, New York 10, N. Y.
We'll have to answer. And one of the first I know will be about my early morning habits. You'll say, "Mommy, does every man go out at 6:30 in the morning and have breakfast somewhere beside the rug?"

And then your mother will probably say grimly, "Darling, every other daddy in the world except your daddy eats breakfast with his family. Your daddy is different!"

Which will leave me in a fine hole. So I'd better explain it right now, even though you won't understand any more than your mother, because you're both women. But here it is:

Guys like to keep in shape. They like to have workouts in gymnasiums and steam baths and things, just because it makes them feel good. Most guys do it before dinner, but I like to do it before breakfast. So I hoist myself out of bed at 6:30 and drive to the Beverly Hills Athletic Club, where there are two other early birds like me. So we just work out, that's all. Then we go into the club kitchen and get ourselves breakfast of orange juice, coffee, toast and eggs, and after the dishes, and zingo! We're off to work. It's quite understandable—in spite of what you two dames may think!

But you can understand, later on in life. Because I'm going to teach you how to work out, and how to fish and hunt and swim, and I'm going to take you in my truck up to the mountains near the Mojave Desert. A girl nowadays can be just like a boy—she can do anything. And I want you to grow up that way. And I always believe you are now: natural. I know your mother is natural and I believe I am—and that is above all things the most important quality to have.

So I certainly won't sell you those doll dresses. Your dad wants to make a man of you. And I feel awful, physically, and emotionally, and I feel anthropologically, understandable—in spite of what you two thousand miles from you. And then your mother will probably say, "Darling, every other father in the world is eating with his family, too."

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you past the white iron ducks on our lawn and you said, "Duck!" just as clear as clear. Seven months old you were then.

And the time, just a week ago before I left home to go on this USO camp tour when you first stood up, hanging on to your crib for dear life—eight months old! And the way your mouth looks when you laugh, with those two silly teeth sticking out of it like a coyote's—and your blue eyes, full of mischief, and your brown curly hair as soft as eiderdown. All of it I remember now, quickly, and all of the things about your mother. The New Year's Eve we met nine years ago, when she was a singer at the Tropadero, and our two weddings—one in Mexico, one in Los Angeles—and our house and the magic she's done to all the rooms to make it into a home.

But I'll stop now. I shouldn't be writing this, only I couldn't help it. Just so you'd know some day what I was thinking, just in case.

September 1, 1943.

Well, I just built a chicken house for you, for those two funny looking bantam chickens that one of my friends just gave you. And I'm big as life and twice as healthy, and I could kick myself for the gloomy things I was writing only two weeks back in Chicago.

Honey, all I had was kickbacks from some sulfa drugs I took for a cold. It boils down to that. And when I think how they had to cart me to the Chicago station on a stretcher—and how weak as a kitten I was on the train coming west to you—and how I dragged myself off at Kansas City to buy you a teddy bear in the station, I dragged myself off at Kansas City to buy you a teddy bear in the station, and came down hollow-eyed this morning to watch your reaction. Christmas trees mean a lot to me, because I never had any until I was married. I was an only child, and a poor one, and my parents couldn't see the point—so I wanted to watch my only child see her first one, and I hoped you'd take it big.

And baby, you didn't let me down! You threw out those two-bit sized hands of yours and burst into that little hysterical yelp you give that means you're delighted, and then you said, clear as a bell, "Happy!" Just like that. So Marjorie and I both got a half-nelson on you and each other and stood there like a couple of happy idiots, laughing and hugging.

So then we let you scuttle over to all your toys under the tree. And we watched you, and held hands, and Marjorie said, "Darling, we've got every present Santa could possibly give us."

And I said, "For this Christmas, yes. For next Christmas, no."

So then she looked at me, and so did you, just as if you understood and the two of you were lining up sides against me—and I explained. I said, "For next Christmas, I'd like another little Judy. Same size, same style, same sex!"

Which is just what I would like. But for right now, my little daughter, you're everything a guy could want in all the world. And you're certainly enough for this one!
Do you know how to make yourself most attractive? How to dramatize your good points and conceal your faults? If you are short, to dress, groom and utilize optical illusions to appear taller? If stout, to appear slimmer? Do you know the little things to do to your hair? The latest tricks in applying lipstick, rouge, powder? Do you wear the kind and colors of clothes that are really most becoming to you, or because they are in style? How to keep up with current events—cultivate your mind? Do you understand MEN? How to become popular and sought after? How to win and hold a man's love?

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Part of Contents

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3. Secrets of Smart Hair-styling.
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21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do; proper weight-the right shape—tiny fish, small things. Here are best fabrics, patterns, styles, shoes, etc.
22. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; what goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—dividing your wardrobe; tiny hats, small things. Here are best fabrics, patterns, styles, shoes, etc.
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25. Six rules for being well-groomed.
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Charm-Kurl is the simple, easy way to permanent wave the charm and loveliness of natural looking curls and waves into your hair. Straight, stringy, hard-to-manage hair quickly takes on new beauty. Bleached, dyed and gray hair responds marvelously.

WONDERFUL, TOO, FOR CHILDREN’S HAIR

Thousands of delighted mothers are enthusiastic about Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Kit because it is safe, easy to use—so economical and long-lasting. If you’re a thrifty mother, you’ll get an extra kit for your daughter, she’ll be so thrilled.

You can now get Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kits at many Department Stores, Drug Stores and 5-10c stores. Be sure to ask for Charm-Kurl by name—it’s your guarantee of thrilling results.

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CHARM-KURL COMPANY
Dept. 128
2459 University Ave., St. Paul 4, Minn.

Please send one complete Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Kit. On arrival I will pay postman 59c plus postage, on a guarantee of satisfaction, or your money back on request. If you want more than one Kit, check below:

☐ 2 Charm-Kurl Kits $1.18 plus postage
☐ 3 Charm-Kurl Kits $1.77 plus postage
(C.O.D. charges the same as for only one kit)

Name: ____________________________
Address: __________________________
City: ____________________ State: __________

I want to save postage charges, enclosed is remittance.

(Canadian orders must be accompanied by an International Money Order)
Here's exciting new make-up from Movieland! It veils tiny blemishes—gives your complexion that flawlessly smooth look, without the slightest drying effect. See for yourself, today, how easily Tayton's Cake Make-up creates a glamorous new complexion! Even the shades are new and thrilling — tested with Technicolor movie films as well as daylight and artificial light, to assure the most flattering result.

There's no heavy "masked" effect. Your face has a soft, naturally looking glow... an adorably fresh appearance that lasts for hours without retouching. Bring your beauty up-to-date. Get Tayton's Techna-Tint Cake Make-Up and step out with a radiant new complexion!

LARGE SIZE 39¢

and also 10¢ and 25¢ sizes of your 10¢ counter

America's Most Glamorous Cosmetics
A legend currently circulating among airmen reveals that when General Chennault, commanding his Flying Tigers, climbed into the cockpit of a plane he said, "When I'm at the stick I'm just a guy named Joe."

M-G-M presents Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne in Victor Fleming's production of "A Guy Named Joe".


Screen play by Dalton Trumbo, adaptation by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, directed by Victor Fleming and produced by Everett Riskin.

That's the entire billing and it's an honor to be on it. "A Guy Named Joe" is a great memorable picture.

Spencer Tracy gives the outstanding performance of his career. It is way ahead of his shadow life as an aviator in "Test Pilot".

Irene Dunne surpasses her best work, not excluding "The Awful Truth".

Victor Fleming's direction makes you remember that he also directed "Gone With The Wind".

Two lovers with stars in their eyes and their eyes in the stars are Spencer and Irene. She too, you see, is a pilot.

A story of recklessness in the face of the sheerest danger and of love itself which is the enemy of fear.

M-G-M is as proud of this one as of "Madame Curie" which has met with such acclaim throughout the country.

If you care to listen in to a first class radio program try "The People's Reporter" on the Mutual Network. Need we tell you the sponsor?

But it's hard for us to mention the air without coming back to...

"A GUY NAMED JOE"

Presented by
A Guy Named
Leo

A guy named **LEO PRESENTS**

A guy named **SPENCER TRACY**

A gal named **IRENE DUNNE**

in VICTOR FLEMING's Production
of the M-G-M-Marvelous Romance

*The grandest love story since “Test Pilot”*

**“A Guy Named Joe”**
ACROSS
1. Chessman
5. "Man From \ldots Mount¬
tain"
10. A singer in "The Sky's the
Limit"
14. Vaudeville in a burlesque show
15. More inclined
16. Pro \ldots
17. "This \ldots is Mine"
18. "The North \ldots"
19. A great personage
20. "Rochester" in "What's Buzzin', Cousin?"
22. \ldots \ldots Come Home
23. Contraction of even
24. Herbert Marshall, familiarly
25. "Tom Richards" in "Johnny Come Lately"
29. "The Lady \ldots\ldots"
33. Judean king of 37 B. C.
34. Cosmetic used by movie actresses
35. "The Better \ldots"
36. Angered
37. "Yankee Doodle \ldots\ldots"
38. Heraldic wreath
39. Used for facial decoration
on the old Mack Sennett lot
40. Anatomical cavity
41. Melodious
42. "Footlight \ldots\ldots"
43. Outlet
44. Sylvan deities
45. "The Pride of the Yankees"
46. A dance (French)
47. "Thousands Cheer" is a \ldots \ldots film
50. "Sherlock Holmes"
55. Pith helmet
56. Tough
57. Pseudonym of Chas. Lamb
58. Compass points (abbr.)
59. South American quadruped
60. Playing cards
61. \ldots of the Storm Country"
62. "Power of the \ldots"
63. He rides in "Blazing Guns"

DOWN
1. "Genya Smetana" in "Hi Diddle Diddle"
2. "Boats O'Hara" in "Action in the North Atlantic"
3. "Reap the Wild \ldots"
4. "Knot"
6. Randolph Scott in "The Desperadoes"
7. Oliver's pal
8. Noun suffix
9. "Dixie Dugan's" pa ( initials)
10. Unpopular movies ( slang)
11. He is in "Girl Crazy"
12. Toilet box
13. Esther \ldots is in "Swing Your Partner"
19. Karina Paxinou in "Hostages"
22. You can see him in "Stage Door Canteen"
24. Half a dozen are in "Stage Door Canteen"
25. Robert Donat
26. Bird of prey's nest
27. Starred with Walter in "Blossoms in the Dust"
28. Mr. Ameche in reverse
29. Where the crime was com¬mitted
30. Sings "Honeysuckle Rose" in "Thousands Cheer"
31. "Ann Richards" in "Night Plane from Chungking"
32. \ldots of Freedom"
34. Dexterous
37. Daily record
38. "In This \ldots Life"
40. Gin
41. Movie based on M. R. Rinehart's stories
43. Outlet
44. Butter substitute
45. "Lt. Ward Stewart" in "Crash Dive" ( initials)
drop everything to see it!

Paramount's

THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK

(There's no Morgan in it-
There's no Creek in it-
But there is a Miracle-
And what a Miracle!)

"But it would be more fun to see
'The Miracle of Morgan's Creek'"

Eddie Bracken
starring
Alias Ignatz Ratzkywatzky, the 6F Miracle Man!

Betty Hutton
As Trudy Kockenlocker who kissed
the boys good-bye, regiment by regiment!

With DIANA LYNN • WILLIAM DEMAREST • PORTER HALL and
'McGINTY' and 'THE BOSS' • Written
and Directed by PRESTON STURGES

"When funnier pictures are made, you'll
simply collapse!"

* "Promise me you won't tell
a soul what the hilarious
MIRACLE is. They wouldn't
believe you anyway!"

Mélisse
COULD THIS BE AN OPTION ON LOVE?

Deanna Durbin (see pictures of her home, page 58) has a very new secret heart-throb. The gentleman is Robert Landry, very handsome, young and distinguished as a war photographer. Before handsome Bob went overseas he had photographed Deanna many times. Thus, while Deanna knew him, it wasn't until after her separation that she really noticed him. Bob had returned from a grizzly war assignment in Africa and Sicily, and was preparing for his takeoff to England for a new assignment, when a friend took him to Deanna's house one evening to attend a small party. After that the star and the photographer were inseparable, until it was time for the cameraman to board his plane on the first leg of his overseas hop. Deanna went to the airport with him. Frequent phone calls came through to her from New York, while Bob waited for transportation there—and finally a cable for her from England, when he arrived.

No one knows just what may happen.

Deanna's divorce will not be final until the last part of the year. By that time Mr. Landry may have returned from his assignment. But right now Deanna writes a letter every day and eagerly greets the postman when he turns up the driveway. For your information Bob Landry is about six feet, has dark brown hair, nice laughing blue eyes, and wears glasses.

MOVIEMAKING IN MEXICO

Even if it is the middle of winter, I've just taken my vacation. I went to Mexico City. I'd heard so many raves from Ann Sheridan, from Bette Davis, from Errol Flynn, and...
"I'm sure most people would have thought him an ugly man... but when his lips caressed my hair... his fingers touched my throat...

I knew he was the most thrilling man a woman ever loved!"

20th CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS

ORSON WELLES
as "Edward Rochester"

JOAN FONTAINE
as "Jane"

Jane Eyre
by Charlotte Bronte

with Margaret O'Brien
Peggy Ann Garner - John Sutton

Directed by ROBERT STEVENSON • Screen Play by
Aldous Huxley, Robert Stevenson and John Houseman

And watch for the other coming big pictures from 20th Century-Fox including

THE SULLIVANS
The story of the year about the family of the year! — in the picture of a lifetime!
One of the many beauty aids offered by the House of Westmore is a perfect foundation cream. It gives you a lovely, attractive, natural beauty... goes on smoothly, and really stays on. It effectively hides tiny lines and blemishes... does not dry the skin because it contains lanolin... never gives you a "masked" feeling or appearance.

The Westmores—Perc, Wally and Bud—not only make up the Hollywood stars, but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. You can get House of Westmore Make-up at toilet goods counters everywhere.

In 25 and 50 cent sizes—regardless of price, you cannot buy better.

Lupe Velez is very obviously "that way" about Arturo de Cordova, and it's said they'll be married, soon as his divorce is final.
$5.00 LETTER

While located in Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Arkansas, I was one of the fortunate soldiers to see Cary Grant in "Show Time at the Roxy." Before his arrival, the strong foothold he retains through the admiration of fans was exhibited in opinions regarding his personality and acting ability.

There were remarks of "A regular guy's coming to camp . . . Wasn't he tops in 'Suspicion'? . . Remember 'The Awful Truth'?"

The Field House where the show took place was filled to capacity long before curtain call. It was a gay, light, entertaining affair, with chorus girls, singing personalities, and comedians.

Finally, Cary was ushered before us. The whole place was a scene of whistling, shouting and applauding, without restraint. When the opportunity allowed him to speak, the house was intent on hearing his sincere efforts to do his part in making the armed forces happy with his showmanship.

The night was eventful. The welcome accorded to Cary shall never be forgotten. It remains as glowing proof of the appreciation the armed forces are showing toward Hollywood's all-out effort to keep up morale.

Cpl. Albert B. Manski,
Hq. Det., B. I. R. T. C.,
Camp Fannin, Texas.
When a woman puts on slacks to do her work she discovers more and more reasons for using Tampax as her monthly sanitary protection. This doctor-invented product is worn internally; so there cannot be any of the bulging or bulking which is so annoying... Thousands of other women-at-work, from taxi drivers to bank tellers, find Tampax helps them to keep active. It is quick to change, convenient to dispose of—and there is no odor.

You will find Tampax superior in many ways. Made of pure absorbent cotton compressed into throw-away applicators, Tampax is easy to insert and cannot be felt when in place. It requires no harness of pins, belts or external pads. It can be worn in tub or shower. No sanitary deodorant is needed, and no harness of pins, belts or external pads. It can be worn in tub or shower. No sanitary deodorant is needed, and it is worn so there cannot be any of the bulging or bulking which is so annoying... Thousands of other women-at-work, from taxi drivers to bank tellers, find Tampax helps them to keep active. It is quick to change, convenient to dispose of—and there is no odor.


3 Absorbencies

REGULAR

SUPER

JUNIOR

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

THE DESERT SONG (Warner's) brings back snatches of the lovely Sigmund Romberg music which Dennis Morgan and Irene Manning sing. But the fifteen-year-old operetta has had its face lifted not too becomingly. It now seems that the Nazis were behind the plot to enslave the freedom-loving Rifles, and the French were merely unwitting tools in building a vital railway line in Morocco by which Germany planned to benefit. It is hard to believe that the scheme was upset by an American piano player who masqueraded as El Khobar, the Red Shadow.

Things were much better when "The Desert Song" did not try to be an anti-Axis anthem and was content simply to give voice to the charming Romberg melodies. Dennis Morgan proves that he is just the lad to sing a love lyric with the best of them. There is also a certain amount of dash in the character he plays, a swashbuckling horseman across the flaming sands, in vivid Technicolor. It is likewise a pleasure to renew memories of that prince of comedians, the late Lynne Overman. Bruce Cabot is a formidable heavy who realizes the error of his collaboration with the villainous Victor Frangen in the Nazi-inspired slave trade. It all adds up to a beautiful, yet frequently empty entertainment which can be taken or left alone, depending on how you are feeling this evening.

JACK LONDON (United Artists) fails to satisfy what admirers of the author and his books will have reason to expect of his screen biography. It lacks excitement because it is merely a literary picture about a literary figure, and misses the lusty, roaring life of the man who was really Jack London. Glossed over are the circumstances which awakened the urge to write in the rough and ready crusader who won his reputation with "Call of the Wild." The greater part of the film is devoted to giving an audience smug assurance that London was one of the first Occidentals to learn of Japan's dream of world conquest. He became aware of the "Yellow Peril" because a Jap officer boasted, yet might have been talking through his hat. It happened when London was a war correspondent in Korea and Theodore Roosevelt was president. So all of America is indicted for not anticipating what happened at Pearl Harbor two generations later.

Michael O'Shea creates a physically able portrait of London and he is not to be blamed for the shortcomings of the drama. Nor is Susan Hayward, who plays Charmian. Yet when the movie comes to a convenient theatre, your time will be better spent with a Jack London novel.

THREE RUSSIAN GIRLS (United Artists) commemorates the heroism of Soviet women who serve as nurses in the front lines. The story was originally filmed in Russia and called "The Girl from Leningrad." Remade in Hollywood, Anna Sten, Mimi Forsythe and young Kathy Frye play the new title roles, and their performances make this a worth-seeing picture of appealing simplicity. It may well open a fresh career for Anna Sten and surely establishes one for just-teen-age Kathy Frye. Kent Smith and Alex-
PREVIOUSLY RECOMMENDED PICTURES YOU SHOULD SEE

MADAME CURIE (MGM) Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon as Marie and Pierre Curie play an exquisite love drama to the accompaniment of the discovery of radium. A picture due to be a strong contender for several Academy Awards this year.

HAPPY LAND (20th Century-Fox) an inspiring reavowal of treasured American memories, which you dare not miss seeing and remembering. Don Ameche in a performance that will surprise you.

LOST ANGEL (MGM) little Margaret O'Brien in a little tender, heart-warming entertainment that is a joy to behold.

HIGHER AND HIGHER (RKO) just because it is a musical which allows the one and only Frank Sinatra to do justice to his fame.

JANE EYRE (20th Century-Fox) Charlotte Brontë's novel of a woman's love comes to the screen as a classic drama superbly performed by Joan Fontaine. No woman will ever forget it.

OLD ACQUAINTANCE (Warner) Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins pit their acting skills in a nip and tuck display of friendship.

GUADALCANAL DIARY (20th Century-Fox) from the Richard Tregaskis book, this factual picture smashingly fulfills its obligation to history.

PRINCESS O'ROURKE (Warner) a sparkling modern Cinderella comedy in reverse. Olivia de Havilland, Robert Cummings and Charles Coburn.

CORVETTE K-225 (Universal) a salute to those scrappy little warships of the Canadian Navy which have been the most effective weapon against U-boats. Sea-worthy.


Susann (accent on the last syllable) Shaw is a versatile actress. She belonged to dramatic clubs in school at Pasadena, and has a nice soprano voice. Although she'll appeal to women, too, she's fundamentally a man's gal. A congenital rebel with a lot of fire, despite the dewy-eyed look.

B. J. Graham (her name is Betty Jane) looks like a typical American girl. She is considered by many as the most beautiful of the group. Because she is lovely without makeup, she is of a new era. Wide brows, clear eyes and a straight upper lip make her different looking. And—she can act!

Sitting on the grass is a beautiful girl, leaning with her elbows on her knees.

Here are four beautiful models who were transplanted from hurry scurry New York to the sunny coast of California. They were brought out with eleven other nationally looked-at lovelies to take part in Columbia's "Cover Girl", starring Rita Hayworth. Four out of the fifteen remain in Hollywood with contracts clutched in their little warm hands. This is a very large percentage—four out of fifteen—but for each of the girls there are special reasons for their being selected as starring material.

Eileen McClory was chosen for young college-type roles because she has no affectations. When she was given a screen test she showed considerable dramatic aptitude, though she had had no dramatic training. One of the youngest in the group, she is suitable for unsophisticated parts—the likely ingenue.
"FANCY PANTS"
Hollywood Slack Sensation!


BLOUSE—White rayon “Casenada Crepe” French smocked neck; drawstring throat and sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38. $3.98, plus postage.

Send no money. We mail C. O. D. If you are not completely satisfied, we will refund your money.

BETTY CO-ED of HOLLYWOOD
Dept 609 6402 Hollywood Blvd.
Hollywood 28, California

PROMPT DELIVERY

THE TUNEFilMS:

 Paramount has sunk a tidy little sum into their technicolor super-special, “Lady In The Dark,” but it appears to have been worth it. Ginger Rogers is the star, with no less than three leading men: Ray Milland, Jon Hall and Warner Baxter. All the wonderful music from the original New York show has been retained, plus a new one by Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen, “Suddenly It’s Spring.” The dance numbers, directed by Don Loper, are excellent. Though it’s been four years since she has danced on the screen, Ginger shows that she can still make with the feet. She does a ballroom number with Loper and also a solo Charleston. The big musical high note is the “Saga of Jenny” which Ginger sings for all she is worth . . . and that’s singing it!

 Twentieth Century-Fox” latest rhythm flicker is “Pin-Up Girl,” Betty Grable’s last film before the arrival of her baby. It’s full of fun, frolic and swing, what with Martha Raye, Joe E. Brown and Charlie Spivak and his band in the cast list. And the music is something. There are two haunting ballads which are sure to have a long stay on the hit parade, “Time Alone Will Tell,” and “Once Too Often.” Be sure to listen for the wonderful Spivak trumpet on “Time Alone.” Then there is a cute number, “Don’t Carry Tales Out Of School,” which Betty sings with the Spivak band. “Yankee Doodle Hayride” is the big swing number of the picture and be sure to listen for the effective duet Martha Raye does with Charlie. All in all it’s a film for your “must” list . . .
WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

Before I give you the hot news from the wax front, don't forget that the release dates may vary in different sections of the country due to transportation difficulties and all that sort of thing. So if you can't get the record you want just when you want it, be patient—it'll be along.

Now for the goodies. Get a load of these new ones from the Capitol Company. The result of Stan Kenton's first recording date is a happy one—"Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me," Duke Ellington's latest ballad, and "Harlem Folk Dance," an instrumental. "Do Nothing" is sung by Kenton's carrot-topped saxophonist, Red Dorris. "Folk Dance" is an original by Kenton with a typical Kenton arrangement. There are two swell trumpet solos, the first by Karl George, who was with the original Teddy Wilson band, and the second by John Carroll. Kenton just uses a three-man rhythm section so the only piano you will hear on the record is a short interlude by Stan himself. Which is unusual, considering he has nine brass, including five trumpets. Red Dorris' tenor sax is also heard on this side.

Margaret Whiting is no longer the regular vocalist with Freddie Slack's band, but she still records with him. Their latest combined effort is "Silver Wings In The Moonlight." This is the pop ballad which is number one on England's hit parade. On the reverse side of this is an instrumental, "Furlough Fling," which heavily features Slack's 88 and Barney Bigard's clarinet.

If you like good cowboy music, Capitol has it for you in Tex Ritter's newest. It's "Have I Stayed Away Too Long?" and "There Is A Gold Star In Her Window." The first tune was written by Frank Loesser and looks like a solid hit. Ritter sings the vocals for both. (Continued on page 16)

"I don't want to be an Absentee—but what's a girl to do?"

I know how important it is to stay on the job. So do plenty other women who miss work on "trying days". We know how much our plant—our country—depends on us, when every minute counts! But 'twas can we keep going, at times when we feel like this?

Here's the Answer!

You'll learn how to feel better, when you learn the simple do's and don'ts you'll find in the booklet, "That Day Is Here Again"!

It's a brand new booklet written for you by "problem day" specialists—the Kotex people. Written for every woman worker—who needs to know the facts about sleeping, diet, exercise, drinking, lifting, showers. It tells how to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Gives advice for older women; and for when the stork's expected. Tells about tampons. And how to get more comfort from your sanitary napkins.

"That Day Is Here Again" is the answer to an S. O. S. from a war plant nurse. She reports that their greatest number of absentees are women who miss 1 to 3 days every month, frequently on "trying days". To aid these workers, and the war effort, Kotex offers this helpful handbook free of charge to all women!

To War Plant Nurses and Personnel Managers. We'll gladly send you (without charge) a new instruction manual "Every Minute Counts". It serves as a "refresher" course for plant nurse or doctor—makes it easy to conduct instruction classes on menstrual hygiene. Specify whether you also want free jumbo size charts on Menstrual Physiology. Mail request to: Kotex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois.
SANITARY PROTECTION
that's 3 Ways Better!

This month thousands will experience new peace of mind—a wonderful new feeling of security! For SAN-NAP-PAK provides extra protection, with extra comfort and convenience!

San-nap-paks are SAFER!
It’s the pad with the extra “Pink Layer of Protection”!

San-nap-paks are MORE COMFORTABLE!
Designed to conform to the body... invisible under clothes!

San-nap-paks are MORE ABSORBENT!
Stay soft and fresh hours longer... or... require fewer changes.

NEVER BEFORE SUCH COMFORT—SUCH SECURITY!

(Continued from page 15)
Paul Sells does the accordion solos, and he also made the arrangements. Capitol's first album is one I'm sure you'll want to own—"Songs by Johnny Mercer." There are eight of Johnny's greatest tunes, and the titles will only serve to remind you what a great writer that Mercer is: "Jamboree Jones," "You And Your Love," "You Grow Sweeter As The Years Go By," "Nodaway Road," "Blues In The Night," "Too Marvelous For Words," "I'll Remember You," and "Dixieland Band." The vocal department is handled by Johnny himself, Jo Stafford and The Pied Pipers, backed up by Paul Weston's orchestra. . . . You jazz fans will be glad to learn that Capitol has big plans for a swell album entitled "American Jazz." It won't be released for some time but I thought you'd like to hear about it now. Just take a gander at the lineup of musicians, and you'll see what I mean. Jack Teagarden, trombone; Joe Sullivan, piano; Dave Barbour, guitar; Jimmy Noone, clarinet; Artie Shapiro, bass; Billy May, trumpet; Dave Matthews, tenor sax; and Zutty Singleton on drums. The singing duties will be divided between Teagarden and Peggy Lee.

Now we'll move over to Decca. They have made some terrific albums, the first of which is the whole score from the great show, "Oklahoma." The members of the original cast sing the songs, with the same orchestra and chorus, so if you can't afford a ticket to New York to see the show, these records look like the next best thing. My favorite tunes are "People Will Say We're In Love" and "Surrey With The Fringe On Top," but there are twelve sides in all, so I'll let you take your pick. If you saw "For Whom The Bell Tolls," you remember the sensational musical score by Victor Young. Well, Decca has put the whole thing, just as it was in the picture, into an album, with Young conducting the orchestra. It isn't swing, but it's definitely worth having.

We switch back to rhythm again with another album—all the Gershwin songs from "Girl Crazy," done by Judy Garland, and, of all people, Mickey Rooney. They're really swell. Judy does "Embraceable You," "But Not For Me," "I've Got Rhythm," and "Bidin' My Time." Personally, I think they are the best platters she has ever made.

This is the first time Mickey has ever made a commercial record, but he does a fine job of it. He sings a double number with Judy, "Could You Use Me," and one solo, "Treat Me Rough." On this one he gives out with licks and everything. The arrangements were made by Conrad Salinger, who is considered to be just about the best arranger in Hollywood. On "I've Got Rhythm" there is some terrific piano work by a colored boy, Calvin Jackson. Leo Diamond's harmonica band is behind Judy on "Bidin' My Time."

Well, there it is kiddies—break the piggy bank and buzz down to your nearest music store, and I hope you don't get stepped on in the rush. . . .

EARMARKS OF HITS:
Up and down Vine Street the talk is all about a new hillbilly tune, "San Fernando Valley," by the conductor-composer Gordon Jenkins. The wise boys say it's going to be one of 1944's biggest hits. Evidently the publishers think so too because they gave Jenkins a thousand dollar advance before the tune was even played on the air.

Private Frank Loesser of the Air Corps received a citation from Henry Morgenthau for his song, "What Do You Do In The Infantry?" It has been chosen as the official song by two Infantry divisions and will also be...
the theme for the Fifth Canadian War Loan Drive. The pair of marching shoes shown on the cover of the sheet music belong to Loesser's pal, Private Milton De Lugg, also of the Air Corps, who in civilian life was the swing accordionist with Matty Malneck's band. . . . Harry Nemo and Eddie De Lange have teamed up for a new ballad called "Have You A Love To Go With That?" Frank Sinatra has been singing it, and a song can't go wrong when that boy does it. Nemo will be remembered as the author of "Tis Autumn."

When Jeff Clarkson, Les Brown's piano player, was sixteen years old, he wrote a song with his father entitled "Home." At that time nothing much happened, but the publishers have revived it and I think you'll be hearing it a lot on the air. . . .

ON THE BEAM:

Dick Todd has been made a regular member of the Blue Network's "Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street." . . . Lionel Hampton and his band are now heard on the Blue's "Soldiers of Production" Sunday series. He has a seventeen-piece outfit and of course he features his Vibraharp. . . . I wish they'd let Stan Kenton be heard a little more on the Bob Hope program. The guy plays such sensational piano but it never appears on that show. . . . If you're a Connie Haines fan you can hear her several times a week on fifteen minute sustaining over the Blue Network. Of course she is still the songstress on the Abbott-Costello program. . . . Have you heard any of the shows from the Santa Ana Air Base in California over the Mutual Network? They have a swell jazz outfit featuring Mannie Klein's trumpet. Freddy Martin is the new music man on the Jack Carson air-frolic over C.B.S. . . . Another Martin, Nora by name, and no relation to Freddy, has been a click on Eddie Cantor's program. . . . Keep your eye on Georgia Gibbs, the vocal girl on the Jimmy Durante-Gary Moore clambake. I heard her introduce "Shoo Shoo, Baby" a few months ago and became a fan right then and there. . . .

JAM NOTES:

Red Nichols, whose "Five Pennies" were a big hit several years ago, has come out of retirement and is in Hollywood building up a new band. . . . When Helen Forrest played her first solo engagement in New York she did so with a new hairdo and a new salary. She is now a redhead and her weekly pay check is about ten times bigger than it was when she was with Harry James. Incidentally, something happened at the last moment and Helen Ward didn't join Harry. I, for one, was disappointed because she has always been one of my favorites. Tommy Ryan has been doing okay as a band leader. He took over the baton of the Blue Barron band when (Continued on page 18)
CERTAIN VITAL FACTS!

If Your Daughter Has She Should Know

• Doctors know that even today the majority of women still know little or nothing about certain physical facts. Too many who think they know have only half knowledge. And they do not realize how seriously their happiness and health are threatened by lack of up-to-date information.

That is why you ought to know about Zonitors—and to have all the facts about their unique advantages for vaginal germicidal care. (See free book offer below.)

Zonitors are dainty, non-greasy suppositories, scientifically prepared for vaginal hygiene. So convenient and easy to use. The quickest, easiest, daintiest way of using a vaginal germicide. No cumbersome apparatus, nothing to mix, no unpleasant greasiness to spoil your daintiness.

Powerful, but safe for delicate tissues, Zonitors spread a protective coating and kill germs instantly on contact. Deodorize by actually destroying odor, instead of temporarily masking it. Give continuous action for hours. All druggists have Zonitors.

FREE BOOKLET—Mall this coupon for revealing booklet of up-to-date facts. Zonitors, Dept. T22, 170 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________

(Continued from page 17)
Barron went into the army. Tommy's former boss, Sammy Kaye, gave him his blessings and a lot of timely tips on how to be a successful leader. . . .

Lina Romay, Xavier Cugat's glamorous songstress, was married in California on Thanksgiving day to John Adams, a stockbroker.

Ella Mae Morse has been doing great business on her first theater tour as a soloist. . . .

In spite of suffering terribly with arthritis and being warned by his doctors to take it easy, Kay Kyser did all his holiday broadcasts from big desert camps and played many, many shows for soldiers stationed at isolated sections. . . .

Jimmy Cash, the singer on the Burns and Allen show, has been signed for Universal's forthcoming film, "Cross Your Fingers." It will be his first appearance before a movie camera.

Teddy Powell's band has been called the "Surprise Band of the Year" and he lived up to his billing when he opened at the Hollywood Palladium in December. The band is one of the best to be heard on the coast in a long while. I was particularly impressed with the brass section, especially one Dick Mains, who plays a whistle of a trumpet. Teddy's vocalists, Gene Howard and Peggy Mann, are both fine. Powell was as excited as a kid opening night. "This is the first time we've been out here," he told me, "and just as I want the kids to like us." Well, relax, Teddy—they did. Right in the middle of the crowd in front of the brandstand I bumped into Sammy Kaye, who seemed to be enjoying the proceedings immensely. He told me he was having a lot of fun because it's so seldom he can get out on a dance floor and just be one of the customers. The Kaye band has been signed by Charles Rogers for a big spot in the new picture, "The Song of The Open Road." Calvin Jackson, formerly one of Harry James' arrangers, has joined the M-G-M music staff. Incidentally, Harry has added four fiddles, bringing his string section up to thirteen.

Billie Rogers, the young girl with a horn, has been leading her own small band around the middle west. When Billie went with Woody Herman a couple of years ago she became the first girl musician ever to be featured with a big name band.

Andy Russell, who is coming up fast as a singer, has been signed to record under the Capitol label. Capitol also signed Eddie Miller and his orchestra. This is the old Bob Crosby Dixieland bunch, and they are going to wax a series of tunes. . . . Have you heard Kay Armen? She is a new artist recording for Decca and she hails from the same home town as one Dinah Shore—Nashville, Tennessee. . . . Peggy Lee, Benny Goodman's former thrush, is the proud mother of a seven-pound baby girl, born Caesarian in Los Angeles, November 11. Peggy has named the child Nicki. The happy father is the ex-Goodman guitarist, Dave Barbour. Since leaving Benny, Dave has been working on radio shows in Hollywood. Personally, I'd like to see Peggy go back with her old boss, but I don't think she wants to travel any more. . . . Freddy Martin has been signed to remain at the Coconut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles for the duration of the war. . . .

Salutations, stoo-dents! Let's call class to order and get on with the music business of the month.

That's all for this month, inmates. Thanks much for your swell letters. I'll be glad to keep on answering your musical questions as long as you throw in the self-addressed stamped envelope. Just write to Jill Warren in care of Movieland, 9126 Sunset, Los Angeles, 46, California.

THE END

WARREN'S WAX WORKS

OLDIES BUT GOODIES:
Brunswick has brought out another album in the collectors' series. It's Bing Crosby's Early Recordings, Volume 1, and it contains some of the Bing's earliest and greatest hits. Here's a few: "One More Chance," "Goodnight, Sweetheart," "Out Of Nowhere," and "Too Late."

LONGHAIR DEPARTMENT:
From the Columbia Masterworks Label: Mozart's Concerto 512 in A Major, played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra with Sir Thomas Beecham conducting and Louis Kentner at the piano.

Also from Columbia. The eminent violinist, Nathan Milstein, accompanied by Artur Balsam at the piano, playing "Scherzo Tarantelle" by Wieniawski and "Burleska" by Suk.

THE HOT PLATE:
"It Must Be Jelly Couse Jam Don't Shake Like That." This is the lost platter Glenn Miller made before going into the army. It's typical Miller, and it's on the Victor label.

Buy yourself Capitol's "Hurry, Hurry," with Savonnav Churchill's great vocal and Benny Carter's band and tenor saxophone.
I PLAYED CUPID TO DINAH SHORE AND GEORGE MONTGOMERY

I AM a perpetual matchmaker. You've heard descriptions of "old matchmaking women." That's a description of me, at twenty-two. Let boy meet girl in my presence and I mentally start marching them to the altar. What I shall be at forty I hardly dare think. The officious, beaming Head of The Lonely Hearts Bureau, probably.

My excuse for this romantic meddling is that I am so blissfully married that I want every other girl to experience the same type of happiness. Even though my husband, Palmer Beaudette, is separated from me by the Pacific Ocean, Australia and several assorted islands, and even though I know the loneliness and fears of other war wives, I still think marriage is a perfect state.

Thus I simply couldn't restrain my impulse to be Danielle Cupid to Dinah Shore and George Montgomery. After all, Dinah is one of my very best friends and George is my good-luck hero. What's more, for months Dinah and I had been rationing one another on our conversations concerning George and Palmer. For every half hour of chatter about Palmer and my baby, I allowed Dinah a half hour of "isn't he wonderful" about George.
But to say that I led them to the altar at near dawn of the morning of December 4th, 1943, is to be too, too glamorous. What I did, together with two couples, besides the love birds (me along, the extra woman like other war wives these days, too) was to lead the bemused Dinah and George into the chilliest, dustiest office you ever saw, and stand them up before one of the nicest judges. The place was Las Vegas, Nevada, and poor Dinah was so cold that she nearly matched the blue bridal gown she wore.

If I'm going to tell this story properly, however, I'd better get back to the beginning.

It was love at first sight of George for Dinah, even though they hadn't met. George was in the screen and Dinah was in the audience, but Dinah sighed, "I'm going to like that guy when I meet him."

Today I can be very superior with Dinah by pointing out that I knew her dream man before she did. Like her, I felt I liked him from the moment I saw him. The difference was that he distinctly did not go for me.

There was a sound reason for that. It was midsummer of 1939 and I had just arrived at Twentieth Century-Fox for my first film test. George, being between pictures, had gone to his Montana ranch. So you can imagine his joy when he was called back to stand in on that test with me. He loathed me and made no effort to hide the fact.

The test, however, was okayed and I got superstitious about him. I felt as long as he was around I couldn't fail, and every time I got a role in a picture, I'd go discuss it with him. I guess he gradually decided I was an innocent who meant no harm, for he was sweet and sincere in all his advice. Mother invited him to a couple of cocktail parties. He came, and after that we were really friends.

It slays Dinah and me today but we cannot remember where we first met. We think it was at one of the Eddie Cantor broadcasts, but we know certainly it was in New York. But we never became really acquainted until we were both in San Francisco at the time of the George Gershwin memorial concert.

But the way Frances Rose Shore and Cobina Wright, Jr., cottoned to one another from that time on was really a thing. It took me about half a day to learn what a romantic girl this Frances Rose, now Dinah, was. She dreamed of The One Man and a wedding, duly presided over by her father, in which Moonlight...
and Magnolias would be prominently featured, with mint juleps flowing at the wedding breakfast faster than water over Niagara.

So what did she get? She got a wedding breakfast of dried up lettuce and tomato salad, cold toast with margarine and a glass of milk in a place elegantly called “The Failing Elk.”

Dinah met George at the Hollywood Canteen. There couldn’t be any two people more alike than Dinah and George. Neither one of them drinks. Neither one of them smokes. They care almost nothing at all for night clubs. They both are wonderful cooks. They are as completely unspoiled and genuine as it is humanly possible to be, particularly considering their fame, and they want a home and children more than any other thing in the world.

From the day of their first meeting, they dated every single night that George was home on furlough, and their letters flew back and forth every day they were separated. As Hollywood courtships go, it was a long one, continuing over more than a year, and their love was tested by both proximity and separations, and grew steadily stronger under every hazard.

I guess I started living Dinah’s life, while I was waiting to have my baby and Palmer so far away from me, because I was so lonely. We took Spanish lessons together daily, and planned the decoration of our homes, above that fifty-fifty chatter concerning the amazing virtues of the men we loved.

The Monday night before their wedding, George came back on a ten-day furlough from action in the North Pacific. I didn’t know he had returned, and expecting Dinah for dinner, I was very shocked to open the door and discover her locked in a soldier’s embrace. When I saw it was George, my matchmaking instincts really got going. Tuesday night, together with Dinah’s two girlhood chums, Rufus and Shirley, who came with her to Hollywood, and their grand men and me, that extra war wife, we all had dinner, a wonderful spaghetti dinner which George cooked without so much as a nod from any woman. I looked at Dinah sitting at the head of the table, her eyes glowing. I looked at George opposite her, beaming like a lighthouse. I decided something had to be done.

“Why don’t you two elope Saturday before George goes back?” I asked.

George just gazed at me, speechless. Dinah said, “Why, I can’t! I’d miss our Spanish lesson!”

Dinah said, “Why I couldn’t possibly. How would I get a dress?”

Dinah said, “How would we get away with it? How would we get the license and the ring?”

Said I, right in my element, “Leave it to me. I’ll fix everything.”

I really did, too. I called Las Vegas and found out the justice and all that. For something old I got one of Shirley’s handkerchiefs. For something blue, I got a blue garter of Rufus’, to (Continued on page 75)
Proving that fame, poverty, and wealth can't separate two people who really adore one another.

All the comforts of home. This is to make up for the lean, hard vaudeville days, when a living was hard to make.

IF THERE is one principal thing the trouble with love in Hollywood—and Daniel J. Cupid has a terrible time in glamour village—it is that all Hollywood romance is so new. Hollywood's great loves six days of the week are those which started yesterday and end tomorrow. Love at first sight is chronic out here, all too swiftly followed by disillusion on the first morning in the honeymoon dinette.

So here is a story that is the glittering exception, the story of a stellar love that is twenty years romantic. And it concerns not a dignified pair of character people, but a gentleman who has stayed in the top ten bracket for many a season and who is still there. It concerns a guy with whom the ladies of the audience have always looked upon with favor, and not entirely for his acting ability, either. And it concerns the star's wife who is, and always was, cute as a button.

Their names today are Jimmy and Billie Cagney, and
The lord and master at the driveway of the house he and Billie dreamed about twenty years ago before they were married.

Cut back to the early fall of 1923, to Broadway which was then the center of the theatrical world, and to a rainy night at eleven-thirty p.m.

Jimmy Cagney, a nineteen-year-old chorus boy in the musical comedy, "Pitter Patter," stood at the stage door, watching the rain pour down in torrents. Being without an umbrella and not having enough spare cash to hail a cab, he was wondering how he could get to his hotel without drenching his one and only good suit.

One of the chorus girls came to the door. Jimmy had already noticed that she was cute, but her main attraction at this moment was the fact that she was carrying an umbrella. With a little friendly conversation he discovered they were stopping at the same hotel. So naturally they shared her umbrella.

This walk in the rain was the start of the courtship
of Jimmy Cagney and Billie Vernon. By way of a big splurge Jimmy took Billie to a lunch room that night. Over coffee and doughnuts Jimmy told Billie his dreams. Some day he was going to own a farm (a strange fancy for a boy from the sidewalks of New York). Some day he was going to be wealthy. Billie listened that night and agreed with all of it. She thought it was fine. She listened night after night, in different lunch rooms, but always having the same menus and the same dreams. Billie was sure nobody had ever dreamed such dreams before, and Jimmy was positive no girl was ever as sensitive and sweet and all-around endearing as Billie.

In other words they were in love, like ten million other pairs of young lovers before and after them.

When there was no matinee Billie and Jimmy went window shopping—not at department stores but antique shops, for Jimmy was (and still is) crazy about old things. For fun they planned a Cape Cod house they would some day build and furnish with New England antiques.

They were married when the show "Pitter Patter" closed. Billie claims the name of the show and the fact their courtship started on a rainy night was a bad omen for the first years of their marriage. For those years were filled with rainy days and many meatless ones not sanctioned by the government.

Their luck was so thoroughly bad it would have wrecked their marriage if they hadn’t been such perfect companions. They spent their honeymoon rehearsing an act for vaudeville. Looking back on it now, they both realize the act was an invitation to starvation. But at that time they were young, ambitious, and over confident. At the opening of the act Billie was on stage. Jimmy, wearing a tight suit, a little straw hat, a black tie, and trick collar, made his entrance. Billie would haul off and knock him down.

“What’s the matter,” Jimmy said.

“Sorry,” replied Billie, “I thought you were someone else.”

The dialogue was all like that, which should give you an idea why they ate irregularly. After a few seasons of hit and miss bookings, Billie began to do some serious thinking. It seemed to her the James Cagneys were getting nowhere . . . but fast. She looked the situation straight in the face. She was a good dancer but nothing sensational. Jimmy was the more talented. But she knew he was a very unfunny comic. She felt, however, he was an excellent actor.

One evening she told Jimmy that they should go to New York. Here Billie would open a dancing school. Jimmy could storm producers’ offices for a chance in a dramatic show. She argued they could have a home even if it was only one room. As for starving, they could achieve this just as easily in one spot as they could roaming about the country—besides they would save the wear and tear on their clothes and bodies.

Billie told it all jokingly, and Jimmy didn’t have to be argued with to give up their tawdry existence.

Back in New York Billie and Jimmy were much happier. True, the first shows Jimmy appeared in did not pay much salary, nor did his performances cause the critics to lose a night’s sleep—nevertheless the Cagneys had now planted some roots. They had a cute, small, though very dark, apartment; they quickly made friends and Jimmy was gaining valuable experience.

When Jimmy was not working, and if the financial department could take it, they would get tickets in the gallery for all the Broadway shows, which was their idea of heaven.

Jimmy’s favorite actor was George M. Cohan. Sitting in the gallery, watching this great showman, Jimmy even in his wildest dreams would never have believed that some day he would portray this great man on the screen to the tune of twelve thousand, five hundred dollars a week.

Recently a close friend of the late star told the Cagneys an incident which was a great tribute to Jimmy. Shortly after “Yankee Doodle Dandy” was released. George wanted his wife, who has been an invalid for years, to see it. So it was arranged for the picture to be shown at the Cohan home. During the picture Mrs. Cohan was silent, but when it was finished, she got out of her wheel chair and slowly (Continued on page 85)
The bride! Lynn Bari, Twentieth Century-Fox actress, poses for a full-length view of her beige crepe wedding gown. See how the matching souffle neckline is edged with a design of French gold beads? The cardigan sleeves came to a point over each hand, and a front drape lends grace to the form-fitting line.

Their wedding kiss! The bridegroom, Sid Luft, is a test pilot. The bride, who wore a brown velvet halo-hat with her beige wedding costume, carried a bouquet of Talisman roses and white camellias. After the ceremony was over, she wore a corsage of green orchids, also given to her by the adoring beneficent. Wedding ceremony and reception took place at the Bel Air home of the William Perlbergs. (Twentieth Century-Fox producer, Mr. Perlberg.) By the way, this was a second wedding for Lynn. She was once married and divorced from agent Walter Kane.

"With this ring I thee wed"—and the knot was tied! The marriage rites were read by Judge Edward Brand (brother of Harry Brand, the studio publicity head), before an improvised altar decorated with bouquets of dusty pink chrysanthemums. Lynn's bracelet is a gift from the bridegroom. It's gold mesh, set with rubies and diamonds.

Here Movieland's editor calls on designer Howard Greer so that she can see the last fitting of Lynn's wedding dress, the fashion note of this wedding of the month. For "something borrowed" the bride wore a blue garter contributed by "Cookie" (Mrs. Mack) Gordon; her "something old", a handkerchief Sid had given her for her birthday.
Van Johnson always shines silver before eating, even when dining at friends' homes. He says he likes to see Lady Luck shine right back at him.

Alice Faye doesn't believe in retracing one single step. She never goes back to put the cat out, to bring the dog in, to turn the radio off or make certain her last smoldering cigarette has been extinguished.

Kay Francis absolutely refuses to wear orchids. Even Walter Winchell couldn't pin one on her. "Of course, they are an exquisite flower," says Kay blithely, "but let the other girls wear them—they don't bring me luck."

Maureen O'Hara has a date once a month with—guess who? The new moon, no less. She closes her eyes, bows to the moon, turns around three times and crosses her palm with silver. Do you wonder if it's an Irish custom? No, it's Maureen's. After she has performed this little ritual, she believes Dame Fortune will graciously smile upon her. With that new baby on the way she's now doing this more faithfully than ever.

Virginia Bruce will walk a mile—no, not for a Camel—but to make a wish on a white horse. This is a heck of a habit to have in Hollywood where a horse of any color is a darned rare sight. Virginia sometimes goes months without a chance at a single wish.

Dennis Morgan always puts his left shoe on first. The reason can be traced back to Dennis' struggling
days when he was singing in a Chicago night club. His success hadn't been too outstanding. So, for a change of luck, he decided to put the right shoe on first. Lo and behold, he found a razor blade—shining and sharp—parked in his right shoe. That settled it! The left shoe was the right shoe for Dennis from then on.

Barry Sullivan scoffs at the legend that the Irish are the most superstitious people on earth. But to be on the safe side he always carries a small piece of wood with him so if an occasion arises he can knock on it.

Sonja Henie won't live in any house that hasn't an even number of steps leading to the front door. An odd number puts her in a bad (Continued on page 90)

A stitch in time may save nine, but Betty Grable doesn't like to be stitched. Never permits anyone to take any stitches in her clothes while they're being fitted on her. She'd rather be a "pinned up" gal than sewed up.

Tyrone Power, before he became a Marine, believed he had a lucky parking spot at 20th Century-Fox. (Where he'd put his car the day he tested for his first important picture part.) If he found other cars there, he pushed them out of the way.

Paul Henreid never lights more than two cigarettes on one match. To avoid having anyone else take this chance, he started the gesture of lighting two cigarettes at the same time.
LUM AND ABNER NEED

The Young Men Who Play Oldsters on Screen and Radio Will

What do you think of Abner (Norris Goff) as a great new screen lover? Posed with him here is Barbara Hale, the love interest opposite Frank Sinatra in the RKO musical, "Higher and Higher."

Lum (Chester Lauck) seems to be doing all right, too! Barbara thinks he would make a top leading man. Dramatically romantic, or the old man with white wig and whiskers—which will it be?

When you're perplexed about something, ask folks to help you. Ask advice. That's what Chet Lauck and Norris Goff would tell you. That's their philosophy, and the philosophy of their famous screen and radio characters, Lum and Abner, as well.

Now Lauck and Goff are perplexed, and they're turning to you Movieland readers for the solution to their problems.

They want to find out whether their movie audience, which probably includes a big slice of their giant radio audience, as well, would like to see them on the screen as young men.

You see, sans those white wigs and whiskers, bleached brows and artificial wrinkles they wore in "So This Is Washington" and other pictures, the boys are pretty sharp. More than a bit on the leading man type. They’re quite the boys around Hollywood town.

It took the movies years to talk the boys, already famous on radio, into making a picture. Their first clicked, and then they made another. It was called "The Bashful Bachelor." That was even more successful, particularly in the smaller towns and rural districts, where Lum and Abner are top favorites on the air.

But it remained for their latest picture, "So This Is Washington," to hit the big cities between the eyes. Still, it followed a formula. It carried on the radio characters, white whiskers and all. The boys thought they ought to keep these characters intact, with their Arkansas dialect and background at least included in the movies, along with familiar sets such as the Jot 'Em Down Store.

Now they’re just about talked into appearing on the screen as themselves, either in or out of their familiar Lum and Abner pictures.

They want the advice of their screen and radio fans about this vitally important step in their careers.

What do you think? Should they start a new series of films having nothing to do with the Lum and Abner pictures, radio shows, characters or locale, in each of which they would play different characters, just as do Messrs. Grant, Cagney, Cooper, etc.?

Or should they just stay themselves?

Each method, from the boys’ point of view, has good points and bad. That’s why they’re perplexed. And that’s why they are asking you for advice through Movieland.

To make it interesting, the stars, the companies producing and releasing their pictures, and this magazine, have planned to ask for this advice in a contest.
YOUR HELP!

Pay You Money For Your Advice

Norris Goff (top) plays checkers with Abner, while Chester Lauck engages his old friend Lum. Actually, of course, it's a trick of the cameraman.

For prizes, to make the contest still more interesting, $2,000 in War Bonds will be given to the winners, with the first prize a $1000 Bond. There will be five $100 Bond prizes and ten $50 Bond prizes.

These lush rewards are offered for the best letters of advice, not longer than 250 words each, telling Lum and Abner—Chet Lauck and Norris Goff—what you would like them to do in this predicament.

Prizes will be awarded on the basis of the soundness of the advice, rather than on the literary quality of the letters.

The letters should be addressed to the Lum and Abner Contest Editor, Movieland, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 46, California.

The contest closes April 1, 1944. No letters postmarked after midnight of that date can be judged.

Meanwhile, the boys will await your response to their plea. Of course, their radio shows will be going on right along, five per week, Monday through Friday, over the Blue Network. And they may film a Lum and Abner picture.

But they'll wait for the advice of their friends before they bow to producer pressure to step before the cameras as their youthful selves. They want to hear what you have to say about it.

RULES:

1. Write 250 words or less telling Lum and Abner why you think they should keep the characters they have established intact—or why you believe they should follow the advice of their studio and appear on the screen as themselves either in or out of their familiar Lum and Abner pictures.

2. Fill in the coupon below. Be sure to print your full name and state whether you are Miss, Mrs. or Mr. If you are married use your own surname. Clip coupon to your letter and mail to Contest Editor, Movieland, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 46, California.

3. Submit one entry only.

4. All letters become the property of MOVIELAND, INC.

5. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of MOVIELAND, INC., and RKO Radio Pictures, Inc., and members of their families.

6. Entries to be eligible must be postmarked not later than April 1, 1944.

7. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Neatness and readability will be considered in selecting the winners.

8. The contest will be judged by the Contest Editors of MOVIELAND. The decisions of the judges will be final.

MOVIELAND’S LUM AND ABNER CONTEST

(Please print or type)

FULL NAME: ____________________________

STREET: ______________________________ 

CITY: __________________________ STATE: ____________

Clip this coupon and attach it to your letter.
Somewhere on Guadalcanal, Rita Hayworth fans discover a George Hurrell shot of their favorite star in a magazine. Seaman 2nd Class Helmick, of the naval photographic corps, caught the scene just as it happened. Result, this photo-within-a-photo.

"Something on the black lace side" was the request made by a group of submariners in the Pacific, and Rita sent this photo.
Big thrill! The USO conducts regular weekly tours around the Hollywood lots. Sometimes the uniformed visitors are lucky and catch a star when she has time to show them some real fun and entertainment.

HEROES, HAYWORTH AND LONELY HEARTS

By DOROTHY DEERE

The letter read:
"Dear Rita:
"This is not a fan letter, but rather a supplication from a couple of white men out here in the Far East. We're an outfit of submariners who've been in these parts ever since the start of the trouble with our little brown friends. It's all been very interesting and you might say exciting, but we do get tired of nothing but salt water with only an occasional week in port for a sack of peanuts and a short beer.

"In other words, we're growing tired of our own company and muchly desiring a change of scenery. We've already taken a step in the right direction by giving that picture of you in your night-shirt (the one that ran in a fan mag some time ago) a prominent location in our boudoir. However, as time passes, this photo, luscious as it is, is growing dull and faded as battery fumes and depth charges do their damnedest. We therefore request, with all respect, that you forward us something with a dash of color in it—say on the black lace side—that may effectively resist the wear and tear of war conditions.

"Rest assured that the photo, if sent, will be placed over the mantel with the 'God Bless Our Home' sampler—which should show you that we're really a bunch of very sentimental guys, and that picture will do more good than you could even guess.

"It's going to be a long time before we get back to the good ol' U.S.A. and find ourselves marching in that Victory Parade up Market Street in San Francisco. Until that time, keep the folks busy back there—and thanks in advance for that black lace job we asked for. Sincerely,

Lieut. , J. G.
U.S.S. Swordfish
(with the Asiatic fleet)"

How does it feel to get some nine thousand letters from service men a month—month after month—every one of them suggesting, pleading or just plain demanding that you send them an autographed picture?

What would it do to you to know that all over this gun-torn world—in muddy fox-holes, in bullet-pierced
What, and she can cook, too? One Spanish omelette, coming up! It's this sort of thing that makes several million service men think the American way of life is well worth their fighting for.

cockpits, in fever-ridden jungle hospitals, in sweltering ships' boiler rooms—your likeness is pinned or pasted, or carried in the pockets of men you've never met, whose names you couldn't even begin to remember?
The term “Pin-Up Girl,” like the words “jeep,” “G-I haircut,” “blackout,” “4-F” and other current Americana, was born of practical usage and straightaway went whimsical. It has done wonders for the radio gangsters' vocabulary, and given the movie press agent a new lease on news space. Outside of that, it hasn't earned much respect on the home front.

A “Pin-Up Girl,” as far as the general public is concerned, is a glamour gal who poses with as little between her and the camera as the Hays office will allow, and then sends out the picture to any soldier, sailor or marine who asks for it. The more curves she can pitch in one posing, the more of them are going to ask for it.

To the men in training or on the battlefronts, the “Pin-Up Girl” is something else again. The very process now dragging civilization downward has raised her to something akin to a symbol. She is glorified sex and allure, for these are the things Hollywood has always stood for. But to understand how much more she has suddenly become—confidant, talisman, dream-girl in the dreamland of fun and peace and plenty they once called home—you'd have to read the thousands and thousands of letters she receives.

Rita Hayworth, the lovely, leggy Latin who, along with Betty Grable, Lana Turner and Hedy Lamarr tops the list of favorites, says this “Pin-Up” business is something you can't explain in one sentence.

“It's flattering—and it's frightening. Practically every feminine star's mail has been increased by the war. We get great stacks of letters declaring us the favorite of this troop and the sweetheart of that one, and it's a great improvement on ordinary fan mail. Instead of a solitary fan letter, we're getting adulation on the wholesale plan.

"You hear you've been voted 'The Girl We'd Rather Whistle At in the Southwest Pacific Area,' or maybe 'The Girl We'd Rather Share a Life Raft With,' and you thank heaven for the good old unsinkable American sense of humor. Those are the letters you turn over to the publicity department—because, after all, that's part of being an actress.

"Then, there are the other kind—"

A couple of cartons of the “other” kind of letters sit in the corner of Rita's private dressing suite on the Columbia lot. The suite, as you might expect, is ex-
Rita, the "sew up girl" at Camp Callan.
Says a sailor in a Maryland boot camp,
"Soy, aren't you forgetting the Navy?"

Posing for camera fans in the Columbia still gallery. A lot of fighters appreciate the opportunity of taking their own Pin-Up pictures, and Rita is the gal who will never refuse a sitting.

Pensively movietown, jewelled with mirrored dressing tables, lush with white carpeting and flower-splashed drapery, such utilitarian objects as telephone and electric fan glammed up with a pale peach make up.

The one inescapable note of reality in the whole setup is those cartons, their dull sides bellying with the load of stacked letters. Postmarked from places the average American never heard of until a year ago, they were written by men who haven't had their feet on a carpet or leaned their heads against the upholstered back of a divan for many weary months. Men up to their ears in the grim business of war, and while they wait to kill or be killed, hungering for the softness and comfort they used to think were standard equipment for living.

A "Pin-Up Girl" can't escape that hunger written into and between the lines. To her, who is part real and part dream, the writer sets down all the things he keeps out of the letters written home.

Rita wafts one of her long-fingered hands toward a carton and picks a letter off the top. It turns out to be from a member of the Signal Photographic Corps newly moved from the Pacific to the "desolate forests of Australia," and it might be the inner voice of any soldier, anywhere. It reads, in part:

"...and it wasn't any picnic. I've seen enough filth, ruin, gore and suffering to last me a life-time. One thing I'm going to do when I get back is live—and you'd be surprised to know the little things that now make up my definition of Life—a piece of good steak, a clean bed, a drink of cold water with no chlorine or iodine in it.

"It's very funny, how many things we all take for granted until they take them away from us—the little things of personal comfort, the love and sweetness, the companionship of peaceful people, the personal touches that used to make our much too ordinary day differ just slightly from that of the mug across the street, or the newsboy on the corner.

"All those things seem to me now as if they only took place in a wonderful dream I once had, and every night I try to recapture some of it so the next day will be a little more bearable. Damn it, Rita, I'm homesick—and it makes me sound like a sissy, which doesn't matter, because after all you don't even know me.

"You see, even in these far off spots Hollywood still holds on to its enchantment. I started out writing just to ask you for a picture of yourself. Somehow I feel it would help me to remember a lot of things pretty hazy to me now—the movies and other fun, the happiness and beauty that are (Continued on page 68)
Look at this! Major Woodward Melone on a dancing date with Olivia. She's attracted by men with brains, humor and courage. Could it be that here's one who qualifies?

She's always been in love, ever since she was five years old. Olivia, the romantic gal with "three A" ambitions

MY FIRST GREAT ADVENTURE...

Occurred when I was five. We lived opposite a school, an old wooden building that had been declared derelict. The children in the neighborhood plugged the plumbing and flooded the boys' half of the basement so that water stood three feet deep.

We made rafts of boxes that were lying around, and had a glorious time poling around the basement on them.

I still feel the thrill of my tremendous excitement.

I REMEMBER...

A little boy named Abner Read, in the third grade when I was in first grade. He wore an orange and black sweater which he hung up in the cloak room. I used to come to school late so that I could kiss it surreptitiously as I passed.

I FORGET...

When I ceased to care for Abner, but I was always in love. When I was six I admired another boy who threw a rock at me. Ten years later, when I was sixteen, he proposed.

I USED TO...

Want to be an author, an actress, an artist, and something else that began with "a"—I can't think what! I believed there was something special about
Soon to be seen in "Devotion" (Warner Bros.)—Olivia de Havilland, who believes destiny plays a great part in her life. She doesn't care what people say about her, knows she is her own best judge.

all my ambitions beginning with "a". It seemed a significant coincidence.

See myself as a heroine. I saw myself saving lives by the dozen. When the Los Gatos Creek flooded the prune trees, which it did regularly every year, I saw myself rescuing people with the Australian crawl. . . . I still can't swim more than fifteen consecutive strokes!

See myself in various roles and then act out the roles. I went to a convent where the slightest deviation from conventional behavior was punished. I was distinctly feminine, but I saw myself then as a tomboy and proceeded to behave like one. Very trying for my family but I suppose I enjoyed it at the time.

(Continued on page 83)
CHECKING UP ON JAMES CRAIG

Success story, about a carpenter from Texas who dared to knock for an opportunity in Hollywood, and became a star. The future he's looking to, what he's really like

Illustrated by Nat Dallinger's exclusive Movieland photographs.

By KITTY CALLAHAN
James Craig’s acting career is astronomical at the moment, literally and figuratively. But his feet, and his hands as well, are really stuck in good old terra firma.

It’s like this. On the set of “The Heavenly Body,” during the shooting of that sophisticated comedy in which scientific astronomy gets all mixed up with pseudo-science astrology, they had an expression for Jimmy’s activities: “From Hedy to horses to cement.”

For as soon as James Craig finished his stint before the camera, making love to Hedy Lamarr, he doffed his actor’s clothes, donned his dungarees, hopped on his motorcycle and dashed back to his farm.

Properly, in California, you should say “ranch.” But Jim insists his place isn’t big enough to live up to that tremendous name.

“We were building the brooder house and feed room at the time,” Jimmy said. “There was cement to mix and the foundation to lay. With hundreds of chickens awaiting a roof over their heads, making love to Hedy couldn’t be allowed to interfere.” His dark brown eyes flashed and laugh lines sprouted deep at the corners of his mouth as he said that.

The remark explains a lot about Jim Craig. He is a rugged stalwart in a gentlemanly mold. He is not afraid of hard work. On the contrary, he thrives on it, whether it is strenuous physical labor or acting before the camera.

“In a year and a half, I haven’t even taken one Sunday off,” he says, proud of his vitality.

No Hollywood actor has made greater strides in the past year than James Craig. Ever since his vivid portrayal of the student doctor in “Kitty Foyle,” each of his pictures has been a stepping stone to greater popularity, and including every kind of acting from roles in such cowboy sagas as “Northwest Rangers,” to serious drama in “The Human Comedy,” to broad comedy in “Swing Shift Maisie.” He’s made seven pictures in the past year, which is a record for a leading man.

“I want to be able to play any kind of a role and I’ll do whatever I have to do to learn. Acting is like...
"...a trade," he says. "A carpenter, for instance, knows what tools he has, but he must also know how to use them."

He thinks naturally in terms of carpentering. One of the first jobs he ever had was that of carpenter's helper at the Dupont plant at Old Hickory, Tennessee, during summer vacations.

In high school and college he became an outstanding athlete in football and track, and for a time when school days were over he played professional football. That football physique, six feet, two and a half inches, and one hundred ninety pounds, gives him a niche among the biggest leading men in motion pictures.

From the time Jimmy had his first paper route, while in knee pants in his native Nashville, right up 'til now, his ambition for financial independence has been a driving force within him.

At various times he was on the verge of a career in medicine, professional football, boxing and oil promotion. But none of those gave him the opportunity to get ahead fast enough.

James Craig is not one to wait for opportunity to knock. He goes out and makes it thump. That's how he became an actor.

He was doing very well for himself in sales promotion with General Motors in Houston, Texas, after he had graduated from Rice Institute. By most young men's standards, he was well on his way. He had a good salary, his own apartment and a car.

However, on his first vacation he drove to California. He visited Hollywood, and once in a while he caught a glimpse of a celebrity sans makeup. He thought of all that beautiful movie money.

"Why stars are just people like the rest of us," he analyzed. "Only, they know how to act. Why can't you learn to act just as you learn anything else?"

Jimmy had no contacts in Hollywood. However, he had faith in his own salesmanship. One of his tenets of selling had always been to go to the top, to see the head man. He used the same technique to launch himself into pictures.

James Henry Meador, salesman from Houston, had never been on a stage, had never had a dramatic lesson in his life. But he calmly called M-G-M and asked for the drama coach. He was connected with Oliver Hinsdale and before he had hung up, Jimmy had been invited to the studio next day for an interview.

"I sold myself to Hinsdale, all right," Jimmy relates. "'Go home and get a good diction coach,' Hinsdale told me. 'Try to do some Little Theater work and come back next year.'"

That's exactly what he did.

The following summer when Jimmy returned to Hollywood, he located Oliver Hinsdale at Paramount now, instead of M-G-M, and again was asked to come to the studio. This time, he impressed Hinsdale with what he had learned about acting. He was soon signed to a contract, and his name was changed to James Craig.

Having come from Texas with a drawl half acquired from his native Tennessee, half from his sojourn in the Lone Star State, the studio powers—that-be identified him with the wide open spaces and Jimmy found himself assigned to horse operas.

Jim loves horses. He has ridden since he was a stripling on his grandfather's farm, but he certainly didn't want to tie his motion picture future to westerns. In vain he sought roles without boots and spurs. "You have no real dramatic experience," the studio argued, and kept him in the saddle.

"I figured the New York stage was the best place to get dramatic experience," Jimmy said, "so I headed for New York."

(Continued on page 71)
THE BOYS YOU MISS IN PICTURES ARE IN THE NEW ARMY SHOW

WINGED VICTORY," the New York stage hit, is paying off with big dividends as a cash collecting benefit for Army Emergency Relief. At a request from General Arnold, funds from the show go for medical assistance to families of soldiers. It's another "This Is the Army" deal. In the cast you will find some of the boys you have been missing in pictures—hit players in the show, many of whom have been commandeered for the Hollywood screen version now in production on the 20th Century-Fox lot. (Incidentally, of the three hundred men in the troupe, none has been called from combat duty.)

Moss Hart, who authored and directed, has heretofore rejected every offer that Hollywood has made. Now, however, he is doing "Winged Victory" for free, helping to make the movie version.

1 Here being directed by Moss Hart is Phyllis Avery, daughter of Stephen Morehouse Avery; Cpl. Mark Daniels, the writer who was once married to Fay Wray, and comedian Pfc. Edmond O'Brien, who was Deanna Durbin's leading man, also occasionally her "date."

2 Company atten-shun! Boys working in "Winged Victory" continue Army body building routine by drilling daily in Central Park.

3 Pvt. Ray McDonald rehearses his dance backstage. You used to see him in M-G-M pictures. He's Gracie McDonald's brother.

4 The three flying cadets in the show, Privates Barry Nelson, Don Taylor (ex-M-G-M-er) and Walter Reed, who scared in "Bombardier."

5 Once a Hollywood Warner designer, Sgt. Howard Shoup's doing "Victory" costumes now for pretty Elizabeth Fraser (center).
BATTLE OF THE BEST SELLERS

Katharine Hepburn read a story, liked it—result, "Woman of the Year," and an Oscar for the authors.
by WILLIAM DOZIER

There aren't a half dozen stars in Hollywood today who even pretend to perpetuate the myth that film stars pick their own stories. But behind the stars as you see them on the screen the battle of the sellers rages.

Once in a great while, in the case of an original story tailored by a Hollywood writer for some particular player, the star is the first to learn of the story and bring it to his studio's attention. Such was the case with "Mr. Lucky," Cary Grant's last for RKO. Milton Holmes, tennis playing friend of Cary, knocked out his first original story and pointed it for Grant. Cary read it ... recognized the potentialities as a vehicle for himself, waltzed into head man Charlie Koerner's office, and a few hours later RKO had traded Holmes thirty-five thousand dollars for his yarn. It was then titled "Bundles For Freedom" and later appeared under that title in a national magazine.

Then there was also the time Katharine Hepburn, while dating director Garson Kanin, heard of a story Gar's brother, Michael, was at work on in collaboration with Ring Lardner, Jr. Katie read it, rushed over to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and said if they would give her Spencer Tracy for her leading man and buy this script (for a chilled one hundred thousand dollars, by the way) she would make the picture for them. Result—"Woman of the Year," an Academy nomination for Katie and an Oscar for Kanin and Lardner for the year's best original screenplay.

But those are exceptions, and most of Hollywood's top pictures come from best-selling novels and successful Broadway plays; but since there are about three thousand books published yearly compared to about two hundred plays produced on Broadway, the minority naturally must come from the former source. And the stars are usually the last to know of these stories.

How does a story ever get to the attention of a producer and then to a star? This is how. Each of the seven major companies and several independent producers maintain an extensive story department not only in their West Coast studios but also in their New York offices. These staffs are constantly combing the book publishing market, and secure access to forthcoming novels many months before they appear between covers in the book shops. The picture possibilities of these embryonic best sellers are appraised by trained editors, by skilled producers, and shrewd executives. Nine times out of ten, the movie rights are bought by some studio long before the general public ... and the stars ... are aware of the book's existence. "Gone With The Wind," "How Green Was My Valley," "King's Row," "Random Harvest," "Pied Piper," "Frenchman's Creek," "Saratoga Trunk," "The Hour Before the Dawn," "Drivin' Woman," "The Human Comedy," and countless other important novels which have become, or are soon to become, front rank pictures, were bought by studios either from the author's manuscripts or publishers' galley-proofs, in all cases.
at least six months before publication of the books themselves.

When Elizabeth Chevalier had completed only a sixty-page outline of "Drivin' Woman," her agent took it to MGM, who in turn gambled on its prospects for best sellerdom, planked down seventy-five thousand dollars then and there, and sat back smilingly to watch the book jump to the top of the best seller list eight months later. They didn't know then what new star would be born, or what established star made to shine brighter, by playing this adventurous heroine. Now they have finally decided the star shall be Greer Garson. Likewise did MGM buy "Random Harvest" three weeks after James Hilton had finished the manuscript, and "The Human Comedy" before Saroyan himself had decided whether or not to have it published in book form. And neither Greer Garson nor Ronald Colman nor Mickey Rooney nor adorable little Jackie Jenkins had any idea of what was going on in those directions at the time.

When Paramount bought "For Whom the Bell Tolls," in this case about two weeks after publication, they had no idea who would play Roberto or Maria. Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman had been mentioned, yes, but Paramount had no contract with either at the time and no assurance they could ever get these two stars for the production. Indeed, when the studio prepared to produce the picture, it was first planned to use Vera Zorina as Maria and Stirling Hayden, its rising star, as Roberto. Stirling joined the war effort, Zorina tested for Maria . . . but finally, as the world now knows, Cooper and Bergman played the roles.

When Warner Bros. snatched Edna Ferber's "Saratoga Trunk" from the other companies (and for one hundred and seventy-five thousand) nine months before its publication, they certainly had no idea the same Gary and Ingrid would wind up in the top parts. And neither did Gary and Ingrid. Many months later, after the two had worked so successfully and harmoniously with director Sam Wood in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," all three decided to move over to Warners' and do another picture together.

When I sat at the Academy Banquet last February and watched Greer Garson accept the richly deserved Oscar for her performance as Mrs. Miniver, I couldn't help thinking of the circumstances which brought this story to the screen, and eventually the statuette to Miss Garson.

Jan Struther's little book was at the top of the national best seller list—yet every studio had passed it by. "No story," they said, or "too precious, we're afraid." But one day the author's agent, who was also James Hilton's agent, asked Hilton to read the book. He did.

"Do you think you could get a movie story out of it, Jimmy?" asked the agent. The author of "Goodbye Mr. Chips" said he was pretty sure he could. So over to the studio went the two. They lunched with producer-director Sidney Franklin and story editor Kenneth MacKenna (now Capt. MacKenna of the U. S. Army).

Next day MGM took an option on the book, James Hilton was hired to adapt it, three other writers were later called in to help, and finally from all that grist emerged Greer Garson playing the title role in the acknowledged best picture of the year. Jan Struther is now in Hollywood. Not long ago, I saw her again at a cocktail party. Jimmy Hilton was there also, and we enjoyed reminiscing along the above lines. You see, I was the agent, but that is unimportant.

Two years before, Ginger Rogers nabbed the Academy Award, and justifiably so, for (Continued on page 73)
leaves hair so lustrous...and yet so easy to manage!

Only Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap... yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

"She's gorgeous—she has the loveliest hair!" That's the kind of thing men say about the girl who keeps her locks sparkling with highlights, gleaming with lustre!

So don't let soap or soap shampoos rob your hair of its shining beauty.

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

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

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

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

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

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

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

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

THE SUIT is a winter favorite. It's warm and you can vary it with dickeys and blouses—and wear it under a top coat all winter long! The smartest hair-dos are simple and practical—with their beauty more than ever dependent on the shining smoothness only Special Drene can give!
1944 offers Joan Crawford, born on March 23rd, under the sign Aries, many opportunities to reach the greatest heights of her dramatic career, if she has learned to control a fiery disposition and lay temperament aside.

For Saturn and Uranus transit her seventh House. They twine her Natal Moon, Saturn and Mars, and oppose her natal Uranus. This dynamic combination holds better understanding of people and affairs. It gives her caution and control of her own impulses.

Her natal Sun, in Aries at birth, opposed Mars, her ruling planet, and also squared Neptune. Therefore she has an impulsive nature, is open to jealousy and deception, but has the courage to fight against all odds.

She should remember that hasty action, especially in speculation of any nature, has made many past difficulties. This applies alike to home and career. Any home problems should be settled by July.

She should control over-optimism. Desires with high motives will be realized, provided she does not drive herself—and others—to the point of exhaustion in her determination for perfection.

Even hard won rewards are hard to keep. So it is that as the Sun, Venus, Mercury and the Moon trace their paths across her chart this year, they bring their share of problems and joys. Nothing should tempt her from the path she is now traveling. If she accepts the freedoms and restraints with tact and wisdom, the year’s end should find her one of the screen’s immortals.

For all persons born between March 21 and April 20

Early in its stride the year brings some recognition of apparently unrewarded struggles. Many who seemed to turn from you will now return for help and offer help. Business and social affairs will improve, since you have far too much pride to accept help without giving it.

Persons born under Aries have difficulty in understanding and cooperating with those with whom they are in partnership, especially during April and May. It is part of your cosmic task to recognize your partners’ importance and your need of them. You can be wrong, so walk softly and with caution.

Be very sure of any investment, whether in finances or love. Caution is not your metier, but you must use it all the time. Romance beckons, but be sure of your decisions, and if you are already married and the year demands much of your partner, be thankful he or she is having the chance of fulfillment. Avoid resentment.

Forgive the infidelities of friends, but don’t forget them. Strive to stay beyond any pettiness and impatience. It is a year packed full of dynamite, so handle it with care, and the results will exceed your ambitions—which are limitless.
Bill's pride and joy, their victory garden. He put it in before his induction, left Maureen in charge. The fashion note, by the way, is Maureen's beige flannel shorts, worn with a red belt.

Late breakfast, served by Maureen. "Tell it to the Marines", Lieutenant. Breakfast at camp was never like this! They took tea, instead of coffee, Irish style.

The expectant father, suddenly concerned with new family problems. Food rationing, preparing baby's nursery, extra clotheslines, all that sort of thing.

Exclusive photos taken by Nat Dallinger, Movieland's staff cameraman.
Linda Darnell

Voted the best glamour photograph of 1943 by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Photo taken by Frank Tatum.
THEIR FIRST LOVE

BARBARA STANWYCK was fourteen years old when she met her dream man. "I was standing backstage in a New York theater," she recalls, "watching a vaudeville act in which a family friend was appearing. Standing in the wings, I was very much impressed by this glimpse of a world which seemed very glamorous to me. Then I saw the most marvelous looking man I had ever beheld. He had also stepped into the wings of the theatre. He was tall and dark haired, and had a moustache. His hair had a glint which probably came from vaseline. He was undoubtedly a typical vaudevilian, but he was my ideal of everything a man should be. I lost my heart to him immediately, and decided that this was a definite case of 'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight'?

"I swished past my dream man in the hope of attracting his attention. I succeeded. He turned to a man standing near him, and said in a whisper loud, 'Look at that petite enfant. Hasn't she the funniest face we've ever had backstage?'

"I was so hurt that I vowed I'd never fall in love again. Of course, I didn't know then that one wonderful day I was going to meet a guy called Robert Taylor."

IRENE DUNNE says, "When I was sixteen, there came to Louisville, Kentucky, one of the handsomest boys we'd ever seen in town. His name was Walter, and all the girls were crazy about him. Besides being handsome, he was so sophisticated. He treated us all like country cousins and we loved it. I lost my heart to him completely, though I pretended I loathed him.

"One day I was invited to a party at which I knew Walter would also be present. I laid my campaign plans very carefully. I knew that every girl at the party would set her cap for Walter; that they would all be chasing him. I made up my mind that I would be the only girl at the party to ignore Walter. I reasoned that a young man pursued by so many women might be intrigued by the one girl who didn't pursue him.

"My campaign worked. Walter evidently couldn't understand why I ignored him so completely; and from that time on, he began pursuing me. What would have happened if he hadn't moved out of town, I can't imagine."
The Sullivan boys had always wanted a boat of their own. What did it matter that this one was full of holes? They caulked the holes with dried mud and set sail. Ship ahoy!

All the Sullivans were sitting there on the platform in the shipyard, Mom and Pa and Gen. Funny to think of the three of them as all the Sullivans, but that’s how it was now—just them and that ship waiting to ride down the ways, the ship with SULLIVAN painted across its prow.

Mom was wearing a new hat and an orchid corsage. A short time ago she wouldn’t have known an orchid from an iris, but things were different now. She’d got so she knew a lot she never had before, travelling all over the country the way she and Pa had, seeing the big cities, New York and Chicago and now San Francisco. They certainly had done a lot of running around for a couple of homebodies. At their time of life, too.

Yet Mom wore her years surprisingly well, considering everything. Of course they’d taken away the prettiness she had when she was a girl, and they’d thickened her waist and padded her bosom and left lines on her face. But the years had enriched her, too. She’d borne six kids and she’d had the love of a good man for thirty years and she’d always had young people around to keep her...
Thirty-three years Pa had been with the railroad, and never once late. Still had a lot of vigor left in him, too. He was always a good father to his family, and a good husband.

Sequel to the ill-fated first voyage. It was a long swim to shore, and little Al almost didn’t make it. It’s things like this a mother remembers, when her boys have grown up.

These were the happiest years for the Sullivan family. Oh, the kids got into trouble now and then, and Pa scolded them. There was never much money, still Ma always managed somehow. The thing was, you see, the Sullivans always stuck together.
goodness, she could go on forever thinking of all the things they used to do. Now she had to listen to the Admiral.

"They were brothers. The Juneau's register carried their family name five times. And as the Admiral repeated the name Sullivan five times, his voice made a proud thing of it. "A world at war should know the story of the Sullivan family. Their life was a constant struggle against poverty. There were six children to feed and clothe, house and educate on the wages of a railway freight conductor. Yet the Sullivans so lived in their family, and in this country, that Death itself could not defeat them. There was . . ."

He was repeating their names now in order of their ages, but Mom didn't have to listen to that. They were written in her heart. George, first, as the oldest. Then Francis and Joseph and Madison and Albert. One after the other she had held them in her arms, such funny little wrinkled-faced babies. And of course there was Gen, too, who had come between Francis and Joseph.

The Admiral was right. There never had been much money, and no one knew as well as Mom how hard it was to stretch Pa's pay to take care of all of them. But they'd always been able to laugh. Nothing was ever so hard that they weren't able to laugh.

Like that time Pa told the boys there was trout in Miller's pond and casually suggested the best bait was the worms found under grapevines.

"Rain runnin' offa grapevines soaks into the dirt, see, an' gets a special kind of worm food in it." Pa said—and there wasn't even a twinkle in his eyes. "But you don't want to hurt the roots of the vine when you dig for them, though. If them roots bleed, see, it poisons the worms."

How the boys had dug under Pa's cherished grapevines that day! Pa had been pretty busy and the weeds had got a strong hold around them, but when the boys got finished digging and pulling up it looked as if a professional gardener had been at work—and the grapes were the best that year they'd ever been.

But the fishing wasn't. All the kids came home with one scrawny little thing hardly bigger than a minnow.

"Pa," George called as they came up the path. "There wasn't no trout in . . ."

But Pa was laughing so he didn't finish the sentence. "Trout's hard to catch," Pa guffawed. "But you can always catch suckers."

It didn't seem that long ago, remembering. It could have been yesterday they brought home that dog given them by the man who lived down near the dump. And pretty glad the man was to be rid of him, too, Mom decided, judging from the way the critter ate and tore around the house and dirtied up the big wash she'd just finished. They called him Chief and they were terribly proud of him.

"A real, genuwine Mongrel hound," that's what the man had told them he was and that's what the boys called him, too. They got in a fight with the kids who lived in the next district when they jeered at Chief, saying there was no such thing as a Mongrel hound, and who'd want a mangy old flea-bitten mutt from the dumps anyway.

"Why don't your mother cut him up for stew?" one of them had sneered. And that had been just too much for the Sullivans."

"Okay," George had said, rolling up his sleeves. "Here we go." And they lit into the gang.

It was right outside of the church, too. The four oldest had been to Confession. Al was still in there with the priest and the others were waiting for him. But by the time he was through the fight was still going on in full force, and Al forgot he was wearing his new First Communion suit and lit right in with the others.

They were a sight when they came home, and Mom sent them right back to the priest to make their con-
fessions all over again. Father Francis understood boys, though, and his eyes twinkled as he gave them penance. But the new suit had been torn beyond patching. And so there Al went through Communion the next day in his corduroy everyday clothes, and the shiner closing one eye was a beauty. But he was wearing his flowing white satin bow on one arm with the best of them.

It was after that Pa decided the boys would have to get rid of Chief. He was eating more than any one of them and it was hard enough having eight mouths to feed, without that dog, who never seemed to get his fill. The boys took it hard, but they knew once Pa had made up his mind it was useless to argue or try to wheedle him.

They picked out a nice comfortable farm first, where it looked as if food, even for a dog, would be no problem. Then, luring Chief into the barn, they shut the door on him, praying the farmer would be good to him when he found him. But they'd no sooner got home than they heard an eager yelp at the back door—and there was Chief, panting with eagerness and exertion, closing his eyes in ecstasy as he lifted one paw in frantic greeting.

After that the least they could do was to give him one heck of a time before they tried losing him again. They went down to the lake to swim and then, oh wonder of wonders, they found the abandoned row boat. It was full of holes, but it was a boat. And the Sullivan boys had always wanted a boat of their own.

It was when they decided to christen her, the boat capsized and they all struck out for shore. It wasn't until the others reached the bank that they saw Al was having trouble. They were so far away they'd never be able to get to him in time. And then they saw Chief, paddling frantically towards Al. Grabbing the strap of his overalls, the dog towed him to shore. They'd heard of dogs doing things like that, but they'd never seen it happen before. Gosh, how they loved Chief then, a million, million times more than they even had before.

Pa didn't say much when they told him. Only his eyes looked kind of shiny. And after dinner they saw him give Chief the beef bone with almost enough meat left on it to do for stew the next day.

“Well, he was a good fella,” Pa said, patting his head.

“Good dog.”

The boys knew everything was okay then. They should never have taken Bill Bascom hunting with them that autumn. Bill had big ideas. He wasn't content with trying to flush rabbits or pheasants. A deer, that's what he wanted, he said. Going further into the woods.

He hadn't been gone long when they missed Chief. At first they were sure he'd gone home, for he hadn't enjoyed the hunting. He'd cringed every time a gun went off. Then they heard a shot, followed by a frenzied yelp. The boys knew then even before they found Chief. What made it even worse was that there wasn't anything they could do for him.

“What'll we do with him?” Matt gulped. “Should we bury him here?”

“No,” George said, his voice sounding prickly and hard. “Here. In the yard.”

“Yeah,” Joe nodded. “He liked the yard.”

“Yeah,” Frank said. “He sure liked the yard.”

So there was the cross made of box slats nailed together, with Chief's name painted on it, and they gave him a funeral with flowers and hymns and a prayer and everything. And it was a long, long time before anyone dared to speak his name again.

It was right after the funeral the town saw the five Sullivans marching steadily along the street, looking neither to left nor right. It was their fighting walk and the other kids got out of their way. But the Sullivans didn't stop until they reached the Bascom house.

“We want to see Bill,” George said when Mrs. Bascom answered the bell.

“Billy's not feeling well,” she said. “Maybe it'll cheer him up to see you. He's been crying all afternoon. He killed a dog. He feels just awful about it.”

They looked at each other, their faces still stoney. They went upstairs and Bill's strangled sobs came out to them from behind the closed door. They didn't even knock but went right in.

Bill looked up at them, his face all red and splotched with tears. He didn't try to get away, just looked at them, waiting for them to leap on him. He looked as if he felt anything they did was coming to him. George cleared his throat.

“Bill,” he said, and his voice sounded strange and awkward. “We're gettin' up a football team from Oak Street. We gotta get aholt of a smart quarterback. We come to ask would you play with us.”

“Would I?” Bill's voice broke. “Gee! What do you think?”

Mom tasted the salt of old tears, remembering. That was one thing everybody had to say about her boys. They never held a grudge. They had forgiveness in their hearts.

Not that they were angels. Thank heavens, no! There was that time she was out visiting and Frank got the idea of building a wood box right against the kitchen wall, and cutting a door through so Mom could just open it and get wood anytime she needed it without having to take it in from the lean-to outside. George tried to talk Frank out of it, pointing out it wasn't an easy job. But Frank flared up.

“Just because you're fourteen doesn't make you President of the United States!” he grumbled. “You can quit worryin', because I'm (Continued on page 77)
The fighting Sullivans, off to join the Navy—all but Al. In the end, though, Al's wife insisted that he go along with the rest. "You belong with them," Katherine told him. "It's always been the five of you. I want you to go, Al."

The boys secretly resented Katherine Mary's taking Al away from them. That was just at first, though. After they got to know her, then it was different. They all loved her. She was one of them.

Here they are—George, Frank, Joe, Matt and Al—the quintet that went to work for Uncle Sam, getting special permission from the Navy Department for all of them to be on one ship. The Juneau.
SPIRITUALLY and humanly, Franz Werfel's "The Song of Bernadette" has been transformed into a screen masterpiece. It brings an inspiring and impelling message to a war-torn world, a message which shows the miracles that can be wrought by true, reverent faith. Bernadette possessed exactly such indestructible faith in her vision of "The Lady." And with the devout who shared her belief she shared the miracle. She was a child of only fourteen when her vision first came to her in the filthy grotto of a dumping ground outside Lourdes. Enchanted by the one others could not see, she returned again and again to blaze a trail for suffering humanity who found healing in the waters of the spring that gushed forth.

Among the 850,000 readers of the Werfel novel are many who will demand nothing short of perfection in a performance of the role of Bernadette. They will be thoroughly gratified by the simple, moving sincerity of Jennifer Jones as the peasant girl. It is a strangely exacting portrayal which could not countenance a single false note. Nor does Jennifer commit the slightest misstep in creating the undefended and essential spirit of one who was pure in heart—one through whom men have learned to see the eternal truths which the common day veils from our feeble eyes.

You will exult in the glorious uplift of numerous distinguished contributions that deftly recapture the mid-Nineteenth Century period in the French Pyrenees. There is space to mention merely a few of the memorable characterizations: the priest by Charles Bickford, the archskeptic by Vincent Price, and the poverty stricken parents by Anne Revere and Roman Bohnen.

IN THE windows of America hang countless little service flags of red, white and blue. This is a story about the women who are proudly privileged to display these stars in honor of their men who are off to war. Specially, the tribute is paid to a typical cross-section of service widows who have assumed the industrial duties of husbands and sons for the duration and are living in memories until their men return.

"Tender Comrade" will accord you a glowing emotional experience in the theatre. Filled with deeply moving moments of lasting beauty, the drama attains unforgettable heights. Ginger Rogers gives a magnificent performance of a girl who, with chin up, is determined to aid however she can in the fight. It is her idea that she and three other war workers pool their rent expenses and share a home as patriotically as they share a car. It is she who thinks of seeking a housekeeper when the housework at night proves a hardship to the girls who labor all day. Her memories of the man she married are those we are invited to share, from the time of the proposal, down through the little irritations of wedded differences, to the last goodbye they said. With her, too, we are stirred to accept the challenge for protecting the peace that men are dying now to deliver to us.

There is glorious understanding in the portrait Ginger offers. Robert Ryan plays her husband with an honesty that is refreshing. Ruth Hussey does a colorful role of the most brittle member of the girls' household, Patricia Collinge is the woman with two sons in uniform, and Kim Hunter, the appealing schoolgirl of the group. Mady Christians is a treasure as the German-born housekeeper they find.
SOME day, after the war is won, the Navy Department may let us know the name of the real-life submarine captain whom Cary Grant enacts in “Destination Tokyo.” His identity and that of the courageous crew have remained a military secret, even though it officially became known last May that an American submarine ran interference in Tokyo Harbor for the smashing aerial raid on Japan staged by Doolittle and his boys. Such an amazing cruise into enemy waters as the one depicted in this immensely exciting picture actually took place. It was brought off by men of intestinal fortitude spelled with a capital “G.” Hollywood has filmed no finer war adventure than “Destination Tokyo.” You can’t afford to miss its tense excitement.

Cary is every inch the distinguished naval captain he portrays. John Garfield does a grand job of portraying the richly amusing cookie; and John Ridgely, the Japanese-speaking officer in command of the landing party. Newcomers Robert Hutton, as the kid, and William Prince, as Pills the pharmacist mate, are noteworthy. The episode of the emergency operation is borrowed from a true occurrence.

According to the creed of flyers, “pilots never die.” At the elbow of every veteran or tyro in the air is the trident of “A Guy Named Joe” to help when the going gets tough. What else can account for all the unexplainable happenings which make up the stories in the airman’s lore? Amazing, unbelievable stories, but told as being true.

Call this a whimsey of the superstitious-minded, if you will. Yet somehow it is an enormously heartening notion which is widely believed by men whose bravery we celebrate on every front of this global war. There are gremlins, aren’t there—imps of evil who make things go wrong? Well, why can’t there be guys named Joe, too?

If in your enjoyment of this picture you are reminded of “Here Comes Mr. Jordan” by the cloudy-covered flying field upon which Spencer Tracy lands, it may be well for you to recall that both fantasies were produced by the same man, Everett Riskin. From Lionel Barrymore, who enacts the “general,” Tracy gets his first orders after the crash. He is assigned to be a Joe for a fresh kid just out of Boston Tech. It looks like a snap job, until the kid starts to fall in love with the charming ferry transport pilot whom Tracy loved on earth. There begins a strange and fascinating romance which has angles of the eternal triangle in the real and the supernatural.

But we’re not going to reveal who wins the lady’s hand. Irene Dunne is the lovely one in the Ferry Transport Service, and Van Johnson the kid from Boston Tech. Van had an accident on a motorcycle that hospitalized him while the picture was in production. It could be that Joe don’t ride on handlebars.

The story of Carlson’s Marine Raiders and of their stunning hit-and-run raid on the Japanese stronghold on Makin Island. Their thrilling and daring attack in August of 1942 made world headlines, not only because of the brilliant military strategy of the surprise attack, but because it marked America’s first offensive in the war with Japan.

The picture that Walter Wanger has based upon this achievement by Carlson’s hand-picked Marines is a first-class thriller that will hold you spellbound by the intensity of the battle sequences, certainly as stirring and exciting as any ever filmed. Real Marines worked before the cameras in these fights as part of their Raider training at Camp Pendleton. No tougher, rougher band of fighting men has ever been assembled than these fellows who wear the uniform of Uncle Sam. The title, “Gung Ho,” is the slogan under which they are trained. Translated from the Chinese, it means “work in harmony,” which is what they must learn to do to survive. Represented by that slogan is a whole new code of officer-men relationships. Fighting men are given democracy in the service equal to the free rights institutions they’re offering their lives to help preserve.

Randolph Scott plays the character who is the counterpart of Colonel Carlson. Surrounded him are such stalwarts in the ranks as Alan Curtis, J. Carrol Naish, Sam Levene and Rod Cameron. But there is small chance for individual performance honors in a cast that works in harmony like the men they impersonate. The story falters only when it tries to arouse interest in a pallid love thread which involves a couple of glimpses of Grace McDonald.
Every Sunday on Sunset Boulevard vendors sell maps to the homes of the stars. Many of the places are difficult to see because they are built high on the hilltops or behind secluded walls and dense shrubbery. Most interesting of all are the interiors of the homes which are never seen by the outside world. Movieland will bring to you in pictures a series of photographic features showing the rooms of the homes of the moving picture people. Here you will see their personalities as reflected in the rooms in which they live.

Herewith are pictures of Deanna Durbin's home. Here she came as a bride, and although recently divorced from Vaughn Paul, she goes on living here, surrounded by beautiful furniture and appointments. She has a particular love for fireplaces, and her fondness for rocking chairs is in evidence throughout. Because music is the background of her life there is a piano, an organ and a Capehart. Because she loves brown it is repeated throughout in decoration.

Through the paneled archway you see the entrance hall, with paneled windows flanking the Dutch door and potted plants below to give an informal note. The curtains and covered walls are of printed chintz. The woodwork is ivory; the carpeted floors, dusty blue.

Peach colored glass curtains at the bay window cast a rosy glow in the dining room. Drapes and rug are apple green, peach silk shantung upholsters the chairs. In the corner cupboard Deanna keeps the coffee cup collection her family brought from England.
The living room is paneled at one end, encasing a fireplace. Around the fireplace, a border of Dutch tiles. Deanna's beautifully carved piano is a studio grand, and on the wall next to it are floral prints hung in quaint old gold frames. The rug is blue carpeting, heavily napped, and the two chairs by the fireplace are deep rose. Drapes are blue chintz with a floral pattern.

Deanna Durbin's playroom, as in most Hollywood houses, is one of the important rooms. At one end is the paneled bar, on which is a lamp post. Above the bar is a collection of old English beer mugs and Toby jugs. The room is lighted with bronze wall lamps.
In a corner of Miss Durbin's bedroom is a dainty fireplace, with Dutch tiles for a colorful floral border. The rug is taupe colored, the arm chair is deep rose and the rocker is covered with a contrasting green and white print. The three walls we see here are brown striped paper.

Walls in the playroom, where Deanna entertains more often than in her living room, are knotty pine; ceiling beams of dark wood. The curtains and window seat cushion are red plaid chintz, and her Hammond electric organ is spinet style.
This big rock fireplace at one end of the playroom—why, it's higher than Deanna is tall! An ingenious touch, too, was salvaging an old iron hitching post for a fireside set. Iron horses to match serve as andirons. The chairs at either side are covered with nubby green material, with a large hooked rug for the floor.

Deanna's mahogany bed is a four poster, against a wall covered with chintz, red and brown predominating, to match the draperies. White organdy canopy and the quilted spread are piped in green. White shades on the Dresden lamps at either side of the bed are also green-trimmed, picking up the colors from the rocker.
ROUGE IS THE MOST ILL-USED of all cosmetics, according to leading makeup artist Wally Westmore. Rouge, says Wally, should primarily correct contours. On a round face blend rouge on the outer portion of the cheeks, carrying the color up to the temple and down to the jaw... making the illusion of a longer face. A long face, such as Loretta Young's, is rouged in circular pattern to effect roundness.

MAKEUP MISTAKE MOST COMMONLY MADE is the use of too heavy brow pencil. Brows should be penciled with a short brush-like stroke making each mark add to the appearance of a browlash. Only brunettes should use black pencil. Blondes and red-heads should use brown. Wally Westmore insists that red-heads do not add to beauty when using a pinkish red penciling. Brown is their best bet, too.

YOU WOMEN HAVE YOUR SHOULDERS TO THE RIVETER or your hand to the broom these days. For safety at work and symmetry for finger beauty, nails should not exceed one-eighth inch in length. This is a serviceable length for typists and war workers. If your job is more mental than physical then longer nails are practical. Liquid overcoats control splitting and breaking. If you wear dark polish continue the liquid coat to the end of the nail and under the nail tip for strengthening. Paulette Goddard's nails, which you see in the picture, are filed to give a tapering effect. She uses a clear colorless polish, which is a new fashion for spring. Pastel pinks are equally feminine and very wearable.

MUCH ADO HAS BEEN MADE in the past few years about matching makeup colors to costumes. Only if your clothes-color sense is correct! The idea is to suit costume and cosmetics to your natural coloring. Choose both to accent and accentuate; never to disguise. Don't use purple or orange rouges for cheeks or lips if they do not suit your complexion. Clothes are background for facial beauty, so consider your eyes, your hair, the texture and toning of your skin.

EDITH HEAD, LEADING DESIGNER at Paramount, knows more about line of clothes than slick chicks know of Sinatra. She makes a suggestion to help you while buying your Easter costume. Put a facial tissue mask over your face while trying on clothes. You then center your attention on the line of your figure. Because you more often see your mirror face than your full length figure you are inclined to put all of the attention to neckline and shoulders. Miss Head finds the mask compels us to lengthen that dumpy torso or hide that protruding derriere. Bows over skinny hipbones and corrective lines for a too-full figure make fittings more satisfactory. Hide your face, she says, till the figure is taken care of. Then you can remove the mask and beam at yourself.
FOR EVENING use a lighter powder and powder base and higher color. Electric lights pick up the contrast.

MAKE MASCARA HOLD to the lashes by powdering lightly over a first coat, then carefully applying a second.

FOR THE FUTURE Mr. Westmore predicts that pompadours will be smaller. Upsweep coiffures and long loose hairdos will lead the fashion field for civilians. Service girls will be smartly tailored with short cropped curls, simply arranged.

MR. WALLY WESTMORE shook his finger in my face and said, “You should spend fifteen minutes every morning applying your makeup.” Being the sensitive type I fidgeted in my chair. When he saw that hurt look in my eye he added . . . “every woman should.” Fifteen minutes a day gives a lasting makeup. Retouching of course is necessary but it can be kept to the minimum, says Wally, if you get off with the right start. Shown here, applying rouge to Dorothy Lamour, he forecasts a rosy complexion is the note for spring.

GINGER ROGERS' brows are thin and well shaped, giving her eyes a large wide-eyed appearance. To make facial balance, lipstick is carefully extended beyond the natural line of her lips, giving her mouth added fullness.

INGRID BERGMAN never wears makeup, even before the cameras, except a light base for color and lipstick to define the line of her mouth. Fresh natural beauty is one of the advantages she has which brought her to the attention of Hollywood bigwigs. She's one in a million, however, and it isn't advisable for you or me to follow her habit of no makeup. She can get away with it, to great advantage. That doesn't mean we all can.
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**THEY HOVER AROUND HUTTON**

When Betty Hutton checked in at Paramount for "Incendiary Blonde" after a long tour of army camps, there followed after her thanks and thanks from the boys she had seen. They honestly just love Betty because she not only dances and sings, but she's such a naturally swell girl. When she rejuvenates "Oh Bing-Jingo" you'll see her in the sexiest costume to date. Designed by Edith Head, the scanty is of nude colored chiffon with pailettes in the proper places and white ostrich feathers giving a saucy swish. Incidentally, that Hutton-de Cordova romance is definitely not a romance. Which reminds me, here is the guest list at a recent party given for Bernard Newman, dress designer: Loretta Young and Col. Tom Lewis, Ann Sothern and Lt. Bob Sterling, George and Julie Murphy, Ray and Mal Milland, Arthur Hornblow, Jean Arthur and Frank Ross, Betty Hutton and Buck Woodward, Olivia deHavilland and the Herbert Marshall.

Did you notice anything strange about the guest list? I do. Miss Betty Hutton right plunk in the middle of the quiet Brentwood-Beverly Hills set! It seems that Betty is giving up the gay gang she used to run around with and is specializing in the quieter groups, because she wants to be a great dramatic actress and thinks that one way to get producers to see her in this light is to quiet down.

**FEM FAN FAVORITES**

Top pin-up boy with the gals in the armed services is the great Coop. Gary Cooper, who has just completed a camp tour of the South Pacific, is the crowned king. Running a close second is Tyrone Power. After them comes John Payne. Both Power and Payne are in the service, but their studio sends out the pictures for them. Another favorite is Lt. Ronald Reagan, who reminds all the girls of their fellas. Alan Ladd is a close runner up as a dream man, and Spencer Tracy can sign as many pictures as he has time for.

**REPORTING ON ROONEY**

Just to keep you posted on the Mickey Rooney situation. He is dating every girl in town, including Vicki Lane and Gloria de Haven. His heart still belongs to Helen Mueller, cover girl, but she hasn't made up her mind.

Gloria de Haven is the cute trick with Mickey on this Hollywood premiere night date. It may not be love, but what a lot of fun!
MR. YOUNG GOES TO WASHINGTON

Handsome Gig Young and his charming young wife are now stationed in Washington, D. C. There is no prouder gal in the world than Mrs. Gig, who thinks her naval lieutenant husband is just about everything in the world.

The day he received his commission was to her the biggest day in her life, even bigger than the day he was announced for stardom in the movies. They are expecting a baby any minute, and things are just fine with them.

HANDSOME HUNK OF DATE-BAIT

Jess Barker, young Columbia player. He is playing the field, perhaps trying to break Van Johnson's record. In one week Jess took out glamour girls Olivia de Havilland, Julie Bishop, Anne Shirley and Bonita Granville.

DISH-PAN MARINERS, REPORT HERE

Paulette Goddard and Jinx Falkenberg have learned to swap favors with the Marines. Jinx was visiting Paulette for a few weeks while Jinx's ma'ser is vacationing in the East. The girls were doing their own housework.

On a bright Sunday morn, up to their elbows in suds, the gals were doing dishes hurriedly in hopes of getting off to the beach for the day. A knock came on the kitchen door. There stood three of the world's biggest Marines.

Autographs they wanted. Okay said Paulette—provided they would finish the dishes. While the kitchen work was done by the three Marines, Paulette and Jinx tidied up the house. They parted early, the Marines with their autographs, the brunette beauties off for a day of sun tanning. The boys didn't break a dish.

A SLIGHT CASE OF SHREWDNESS

She's sold her yacht to Charlie Chaplin. Sort of an ashes-to-ashes, dust-to-dust situation, for Paulette got her start with a nice nest egg from Chaplin when they were divorced. The Gorgeous Goddard is quite positively considered one of the wealthiest women in Hollywood. She's a business gal as well as an actress. Someone asked Chaplin how much dinero he thought Goddard has now. He said definitely more than he has. His tastes are so expensive.

ANXIOUS WIVES DEPARTMENT

Ida Lupino and Martha O'Driscoll were reacting as typical service wives. Their husbands were both on airplane carriers when one was sunk off the Gilbert Islands. Studio phones were kept buzzing when they checked on the lists. Neither husband was on the sunk carrier.

(More Inside Hollywood on page 66)
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**NO DATES WITHOUT CHAPERONES**

It has been reported that Shirley is “going steady” with this boy and that. Shirley denies it and says she is playing the field. Besides, and we quote Miss Temple, she will be sixteen in April and it will be another year before she can go out with a boy unchaperoned. So what is this “going steady” business?

**THREE-YEAR-WEDS REMARRIED**

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz were just married on January 15th.

Yes, we know they have been married for three years, but Lucille has just adopted Desi’s religion and they wanted to be married in a church. For a marriage that all the wiseacres in Hollywood said wouldn’t last, this one has done right well.

**WHAT’S WITH THE WALKERS?**

Everyone on the set of “Since You Went Away” watches the progress of the Jennifer Jones-Bob Walker situation. The first day the couple lunched together in the Selznick commissary, everyone nodded to each other in proud parent fashion.

This has happened frequently during the filming of the picture and the cast thinks that perhaps Jennifer can see her way clear for a reconciliation with Bob. The loving thoughts and wishes of Claudette Colbert, Shirley Temple and the bearded Monty Woolley might be helpful in bringing the Walkers together. Consensus is that Jennifer is heartbroken and wants her husband back, but is too proud to ask him.

**SO VEDY MUCH DOMESTICATED**

The Sonny Tufts have a house! Originally stymied with the housing shortage in Southern California, they resided in an auto court for months. Finally they found a house and bought it. It is in Beverly Hills and a small French provincial type. The Tufts have gone domestic with a vengeance.

By the way, Mr. Tufts hates this “Cinderella Man” idea on account of the gasoline situation. Mr. and Mrs. Sonny Tufts “dine out” at the Mocombo, but had to be hauled there by friends, on account of the gasoline situation.

Mr. and Mrs. Sonny Tufts were just married, according to Hollywood reports. The couple were seen dining at the Mocombo, but it was disclosed that they had been married for three years. The couple has been living together in Beverly Hills since they were married.

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The favorite eating places of your favorite movie stars are not what they used to be. Rationing has hit movieland just as it has hit your own home town. The Brown Derby in Hollywood has two voluntary meatless days, and the Derby out Beverly Hills way is closed on Mondays.

The Players, which Director Preston Sturges runs and where you dance as well as eat, makes no bones about now featuring dancing above eating. Time was when The Players had the best pantry in town, and many a movie star regretted what that extra Napoleon slice did to her hips. She doesn’t have to worry now—that Napoleon slice just isn’t there.

Lucey’s, which is across from the Paramount lot and practically the Paramount star club, originally featured Italian food. Now Lucey’s has gone back to the non-rationed type of Italian eats.

The haughty waiters at Mike Romanoff’s are even more haughty these noondays. In funereal tones they simply announce before you order just what there is and what there isn’t.

If you go to Musso-Franks on Hollywood Boulevard late in the week, just don’t count on having any butter. They don’t have any. The Cock ‘n Bull, the really deluxe spot; instead of the luscious roast beef that Garbo used to hide in the corner to eat, now features Philadelphia sausage, and not too much of that.

Favorite new, smart places are: Mrs. Weiss’s Hungarian Restaurant in Beverly Hills where the lack of food is covered up with much gravy; Peppino’s, the Italian spaghetti joint, is gaining every day in popularity; Chianti, also Italian, has a new popularity, but the saddest and greatest blow in town to all actors is that Schwab’s Drug Store has closed for dinner. It was one of the most popular spots in town, but they just couldn’t keep the fountain open, what with the lack of ice cream. Schwab’s is sorely missed.

BUT IS THERE ANY FUTURE IN IT?

John Carradine likes miniature trains. He owns and operates one of the most complete sets in the West and is mighty proud of his “railroading.” Sometimes he is called upon to defend his hobby (which is one of many), as when a director declared that “playing with toy trains is sissy business.”

...“Sir,” said John at his Shakespearean best, “they are not toy trains; they are miniatures. And only highly intelligent persons can understand their appeal. They are informative, useful, productive . . . and I understand they’ve even taken the place of sex in some of the more effete homes in the East.”

LANELL TAKES TO DECORATING

For years Linda Darnell has pasted into a scrap book all pictures of interiors of houses that she liked.

When she and Pev Marley married and started to have the decoration of their new Pacific Palisades house done, Linda carefully showed the smart interior decorator her little pictures. The decorator wasn’t as enthusiastic as Linda about them, and the result is that Linda is doing her own decoration, running from shop to shop with her book, saying “I want a sofa like this.”

Do you have any small tables like this?”

Slightly too sure, the house is taking shape and getting mighty pretty, too. Linda says it is costing just half what it would have through the decorator. Pev thinks she is even more wonderful now; so she is a happy girl.

THINGS JUST AREN’T THE SAME

Jackie Cooper is gone and June Horne, the Mocambo, The Players and Schwab’s Drug Store miss him like sixty. Jackie is in the Navy Training V-12 and is enrolled at Notre Dame University learning to be an Ensign. He completed his preliminary training at Loyola University on the coast and then transferred to the big college.

Love Department: Rita Hayworth has returned to her natural black hair, on the orders of her husband, Orson Welles. Orson, who is noted for defying studio heads, issued the ultimatum to his bride and she obeyed.
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HEROES, HAYWORTH AND LONELY HEARTS (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

I think we both were a little ashamed of the whole thing,” Rita explained, “until he started to talk about the work, and the cold, and finally the thrill it was when across the ice and snow, the two ends of the highway at last came together.

“He told me over and over how they would stand around nights and look at my picture—how they'd stand and talk to it! Do you know what I was thinking while he was telling me this? I was remembering how much I hadn't wanted to take the particular picture they had of me.

The portrait sitting came up on a very busy day. I had a dance rehearsal, a script rehearsal and a singing lesson, all in a few hours. I had been out late at a party the night before and any too good a humor. To spend the whole afternoon grinning at the 'still' cameras seemed about the last straw.

“I gave up one afternoon—but grudgingly—and that particular picture brought pleasure to 1500 lonely men for one whole, long year. It doesn’t seem possible one picture could do that much, but when you hear about it you could personally go to all the forsaken spots in the world, and humbly ask for the privilege of 'pinning it up' yourself!"

"Believe me, I'll give up any other hour, or month, I give up to posing, no matter how I feel."

A photo is not all that is asked of a Pin-Up Girl. They are the most usual requests, but other requests come and they are varied. A bombardier asks for "a lock of your hair, to carry over my heart." A parachutist writes, "All the fellows here are asking for your autograph. This is their favorite dream for Christmas—you are mine! More than anything, I want the print of your lips at the bottom of a letter."

They are very honest and most of them are quite humble, with the writer not knowing who is asking, but the question is, "Will you write me a letter?" One young chap, sent a letter to a fellow that he once was, a fellow he reverted to the young real estate man that he once was, a fellow he loved very much, and yet, didn't seem possible one picture could have brought him any more than a love letter.

But back in civilization once again, he found that the fellows were saying, "Why didn't you write me a letter?" And the fellow that had never written a letter to a movie star in his whole life, much less a love letter.

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Rita did write, be assured, by return

or the shortest letter I ever received

was from Bataan," says Rita. "It had
two lines—'One of our buddies here has a picture of you. We want to
thank you—for being so lovely!'

The rest of the page was taken up

with signatures. I've never forgotten

it. I think perhaps it's changed my

whole attitude toward life, my whole

character. When I think of those men

in the hospital, in Bataan, having

me as a—well, inspiration—I feel so

humble I can hardly bear it.

"I feel the need of every picture I

make being gay, as only America is—
or was before the war—guy. I want it
to have that unbelievable, sassy Amer-
ican humor. To show, so wonderfully,

the charm and glamour and wonder

of our way of life. And as for me,

personally—well, it makes me want
to be good, really good, in every sense

all the time." 

That's the story of one "Pin-Up
Girl," and probably the other girls are

quite similar.

They've been given war roles to

play, and they take those roles seri-
ously. There's more to this fad, it's

plain, than meets the critical eye.

So call them "Pin-Up Girls" if you

like, but you'd better smile when you

say it. There are several million of

Uncle Sam's service men to whom

they're something super-special!

The End
JAMES CRAIG
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38)

Using the same forthright approach he had used to get into pictures, Jim got a role in Guthrie McClintic's "Missouri Legend" seven days after arriving in New York. Then the usual Hollywood pattern began to operate. An Eastern movie scout discovered him and sent him back to Hollywood as a great dramatic find. Even then his roles were mediocre—until RKO tested him for the role of Mark Eisen, the doctor in "Kitty Foyle" with Ginger Rogers.

Now it just so happened that after he had finished high school, Jimmy had decided to become a doctor. He had studied three years of pre-medical at Austin Peay Junior College in Tennessee before transferring to Rice Institute in Texas. That knowledge, plus his now-proven dramatic experience, gave him something very real to contribute to his first major role.

His performance won him a long contract at RKO, and other leads followed until M-G-M borrowed him for "Omaha Trail" and liked him so well they bought his contract from RKO. By this devious route Jimmy got a long-term contract with the studio where he had first applied for work as an actor.

But he didn't really start clicking at M-G-M until "The Human Comedy," and here again was an echo out of his past.

As an enterprising youngster of thirteen, living in Florida with his family in the post-boom days, Jimmy had worked as a telegraph boy. That had all begun because he wanted a bicycle and Jim's father's farm. "I get tremendous understanding and sympathy for his boy gave him a depth of knowledge, plus his now-proven dramatic experience, gave him something very real to contribute to his first major role.

One day, seeing a crowd around the bank where he had this fortune, he investigated. A notice read that the bank had failed. "Others in the crowd," Jim thought, "couldn't get my savings now." Jimmy concluded they were saying so wasn't going to stop me.

I pushed by the guard at the door and went straight to the bank president. I told him I had to have my money; how close I was to getting the bicycle and how many telegrams I had delivered to earn it.

"Before I left I felt more sorry for the bank president than I did for myself. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he told me he couldn't pay me nor any of his other depositors."

"I never got my money, but it was a valuable lesson and has made me careful of investments ever since." Jim's own experience as a telegraph boy gave him a depth of understanding and sympathy for his role as friend and adviser to telegraph boy, Mickey Rooney, in "The Human Comedy."

"The only security there is, is in having a little piece of land," James Craig says. "The one thing I'm sure of today is that I can eat tomorrow."

And Jimmy loves to eat. That large frame of his requires plenty of stoking.

His love for the land goes back to boyhood summers spent on his grandfather's farm. "I get tremendous..."
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Satisfaction out of producing things," he says.

Jimmy's first experience entirely on
his own was an adventure the summer
he was fourteen, when he started out
to see something of the country, hitch
hiking and working at farms to earn
his food.

One night, tired and hungry, he
was run-down smoothly and a capable
hand was in charge.

Now that James Craig has a farm
of his own he is like a boy with a
new red wagon. Ranching is not a
fad with him. He did not wait until
he was financially able to buy some
proven, going concerns with all
improvements in.

Instead, he searched
untold months and years for peace
and activity disappear.
The abnormal appetite will decrease,
calling fat to disappear as pep and energy increase.

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MOVIE STARS ARE FANS, TOO

Rarely is one star an ardently fan of another's; but when she is,
the tricks to which she will stoop to meet her favorite make the
stratagems employed by ordinary fans seem pallid.

There's the case of Ida Lupino. Ida is an ardently fan of Fred
Astaire's. When Fred was appearing on the radio, she never made
engagements for Sunday afternoons. Those were the afternoons
on which Fred broadcast; and though he wasn't any great hit on
the air, Ida thought he was wonder-

But Ida had never met Fred, and
she kept hoping that some day she
would. Then one day she at-
tended a large formal affair at
which Fred was present. But so
were dozens of other stars. All
evening Ida hung around Fred,
hoping someone would introduce
them. However, all her friends
took it for granted that they had
met.

Hours passed, and still no intro-
duction. Finally Ida saw Fred
making for the door. Quickly she
gauged the distance to the door,
and deliberately bumped into him.
She said, "Oh, pardon me, Mr.
Astaire, I'm so sorry! I'm Ida
Lupino!"

Unless he happens to read this,
Fred will never know that Ida
bumped into him on purpose.
her sparkling performance as Kitty Foyle. Yet Ginger had no more to do with RKO's purchase of Christopher Morley's book than Greer Garson did of Jan Struther's.

"Kitty Foyle," like "Mrs. Miniver," was already on the book stands, and college along in about fourth place on the best seller list when David Hempstead, who had just joined RKO as a producer, read the book. He hesitated a bit. After all, the other studios had ignored it. "The same old story of an other-side-of-the-tracks romance," most of them said.

But Hempstead had what Hollywood calls an "angle." He made a trip to New York, persuaded the then president of his company, George Schaeffer, to let him spend fifty thousand dollars of RKO's then very slender assets to buy "Kitty Foyle." Several months later came the picture which not only won an Oscar for Ginger, but also put RKO back on its feet financially, being by far its most successful venture in three seasons.

No wonder a few days ago, when the same David Hempstead read an original screenplay by Dalton Trumbo (who incidentally did the screen adaptation of "Kitty Foyle") and sent it to La Jolla for Ginger to read, the little lady took time out from her honeymoon, read the script, and yelled over the phone to Hempstead that she would make an extra picture this year for RKO if it could be that story. It's called "Tender Comrade," and my leading ladies.

Mr. Hempstead calls an "angle." He made a picture which not only won an Oscar for Ginger, but also put RKO back on its feet financially, being by far its most successful venture in three seasons.

Mr. Gable: To the fact that my

Interviewer: Mr. Gable, you have been among the first five box-office stars for the past ten years. To what do you attribute this sustained popularity?

Mr. Gable: To the fact that my studio picks my stories, my directors; and my leading ladies.

Interviewer: So help you?

Mr. Gable: So help me.

The chief of one of our biggest studios has a copy of this interview, magnified many times, hanging over his desk for all to see. And it's a word to the wise.

The End
whole affair impresses as a film without false fanfare. It ranks below "So Proudly We Hail!" and above "Cry Havoc!" two films which dealt with American nurses serving in other theatres of war.

THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK (Paramount) tells a bawdy joke which will undoubtedly offend more people than Preston Sturges bargained for when he wrote and directed it. Ladies in particular will resent the smoking-room manner in which Sturges boisterously waxes gleeful about marriage and motherhood. The miracle is that a silly small-town girl named Trudy Kockenlocker married a soldier with whom she danced one night at a canteen and subsequently gave birth to sextuplets, thereby gaining international attention for the town of Morgan's Creek. Norval Jones is the patsy of the joke, and he gets into a mess of trouble by attempting to help Trudy keep the secret of her wedding to the soldier whose name she can't remember. She thinks it was something like Ratzwatski.

Sturges also hoped to keep the secret of the climax of his yarn which co-stars Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken as Trudy and Norval. The story synopsis issued by Paramount coyly announces that "the last sequence isn't on paper, as yet, but Sturges has everything worked out. He can't reveal the secret of the climax of his yarn to the world, but he can reveal the secret of the climax of his yarn to the soldiers." The story synopsis also mentions that Sturges boisterously waxed "the miracle" of Morgan's Creek, a "miracle," indeed, of his own making.

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match Dinah's blue dress, of which more presently. For something borrowed, I gave Dinah an old charm bracelet of mine. I got extra cash for the license clerk and the judge. I got a prayer book for Dinah to carry, because I knew that was one of the mementoes of my own wedding I had missed the most.

It was funny about Dinah's dress. We went wildly shopping and the only one we could find that she liked—a pale blue crepe with short sleeves and a "V" neck—was a dinner dress. We couldn't see that for a Las Vegas elopement, so we had the skirt chopped off, and told the fitter Dinah simply had to have the dress for a Command Performance Saturday night (which as you probably know, is about the most invisible of all broadcasts since it is exclusively beamed out for our troops overseas).

Dinah did make that broadcast, though, singing magnificently, while our wedding party, Shirley Mitchell and her fiance, Paul Weston, Rufus and her husband and George and I, stood there, having the shakes and watching her.

Believe me, I don't know how she did it. Never was there a more perfect example of how "the show must go on." There she was, only about to elope, and all excited about the suddenness of it, just a few seconds before she went on the air, but who'd have known? Who could have guessed that she was so soon to be a thrilled young bride?

The moment she finished we started out. Dinah was hungry. The only place we could find open was a joint where the hamburgers were smothered in onions. Such romantic food! Dinah agreed to eat them if George would. Right that moment George would have agreed to do anything.

No gas? So this is the answer! It's Robert Alda, cast to portray the late George Gershwin in "Rhapsody in Blue."
To People who want to write but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write but then listen to what the editor of Liberty said:

"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. What will happen to writing in this country? Who will fill these places? Will it be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Radiyard Kipling, and many others whose work we have published? It is also true that more people are trying to write than ever before, but talent and the writer still must learn his craft, a few of the new talent, logoff days, always willing to do. Fame, riches and the happiness of actually await the new men and women of power."

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Pin-up picture for the man who "can't afford" to buy an extra War Bond!

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The very least that you can do is to buy an extra War Bond!... and beyond the Bonds you are now buying or had planned to buy. In fact, if you take stock of your resources, you will probably find that you can buy an extra $200 . . . or $300 . . . or even $500 worth of War Bonds.
bossing this here job, get that straight."

"Okay, boss." George swept him a mock salaam. "Suit yourself, boss. Go right ahead, boss. But don't say I didn't warn you, boss."

"You get out!" Frank shouted.

"I'm gettin', boss." George grinned infuriatingly. "Me and my comic book will be right upstairs, boss. When you get in a jam be sure and don't call me."

The jam wasn't long in coming. It was awfully hard cutting through the kitchen wall and even Frank was a bit worried when he saw what it was doing to Pa's prize saw. But it wasn't until that jet of water spurted out into their faces that they realized they'd damaged the water pipes.

George wasn't aloof, though, when he saw they were on a spot. He was fixing the pipe when Pa came home. Pa had a quick temper. He started right in yelling at George and wouldn't give him a chance to explain, grabbing him and jerking him to his feet. He was about to hit him when George's own temper flared and he started slugging it out with Pa. Mom was sickened when she came in and saw what was happening.

"You shouldn't have raised your hand to your father, George," Mom said quietly. "That's him coming now. You're to ask his pardon." Then as he stood there staring, she patted his arm and whispered, "For my sake, Georgie."

After that what could George do? But Pa made it awful easy for him, even though he couldn't bring himself to say he had been wrong, too.

"Skip it, son." That's all he said. "All Irishmen see red every so often."

And then later, as he looked at the whole family sitting around the kitchen table, he cleared his throat. "I guess that oughta learn us Sullivans to stick together," he said.

There were so many, many things, so many that even Mom couldn't remember them all. But Pa was a good father to 'em. He was understanding even though his methods were a bit spartan at times—like when he found them smoking cornsilk cigarettes on the arm.

**HOLLYWOOD ARMY WIVES Step Out**

**Furloughs** and leaves are just as big events in Hollywood as everywhere else. They come just as often—or infrequently—as the ones most of us have anything to do with. Here you see (1) at the top, Jeanette MacDonald being very happy with her husband, Captain Gene Raymond, (2) below, Roz Russell Brisson straightening husband Lt. Brisson's cap.
the sly and made them smoke stories so they got so sick they didn't even think of cigarettes again till they were greatly missed more than usual. Mom wondered how they ever lived to see that day, but the Sullivans were tough and they grew up all right.

Mom had always thought she'd relax when they left, but there were different troubles then. Mom had always wanted them to be happy and find nice girls for themselves, yet she couldn't get over that feeling of apprehension every time one of them went around looking moony-eyed. And she who'd always gone on so about mothers who were jealous of their son's girl.

But not them, they had serious intentions, until Al met Katherine Rooff. It was at a dance, and at first Al didn't even see any of the girls because it was so swoll to see Bill Bascomb again. Gosh, it was funny thinking of Bill being a real sailor on a battleship. The Arizona, too!

When Al was dancing with Kath¬erine he knew she was different. She was a keen dancer. After a while, though, Al knew he wanted to get her away, and he was glad when her heel came off one of her shoes so he had an excuse to take her off the floor while he fixed it.

There'd always been a moon and stars but Al never really saw them before that night, standing by a rock outside the dance hall, hammering the heel back on Katherine's shoe.

"Don't bother, Mr. Sullivan," she said archly. "You'll miss the whole dance."

"S no trouble," Al said. "It's nice out here."

"It's beautiful," she said in a dreamy voice, "don't care much about dances anyway and a lot of people crowning around. It's funny, but in the middle of a crowd oftentimes I feel so alone.

"Yeah?" Al was impressed by the profundity of this brand new idea. "Me, too," he said. "Right in the middle of a crowd, it's like I was all by myself. Didn't care much for having gone so completely overboard, he handed her the shoe. "Try this for size," he said.

Katherine's eyes were shining as she put it on, holding on to Al's arm to steady herself.

"I didn't think anybody felt like I do about so many different things," she said.

"I do," Al blurted out. "And do you know what else? I think you're swell. I knew right off, the minute I saw you."

Sure enough, why never been around much with girls, ta say all this. But once having got started he found he had the courage to go on.

"Say, you've sure got a small wrist, he said, laying it down on her hand on his arm. "It's just about the smallest I ever saw on a girl. It's real slender. Here, look at it compared to mine."

He put his own hand against hers and the contact thrilled him. It was like an electric current going from her hand to his, and he couldn't help taking her in his arms and kissing her.

It was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to him, with her body you only just met! Only an hour. . . . I guess you think I'm com-
that way, so sweetly forgiving, there
make me think you were anything but
girl cry, especially a girl like Kath¬
mon and cheap, kissing a fellow I only
trying to sleep tonight," he said.
expected her.
how much he re¬
prove wasn't anything else to do but kiss
They even had a hired girl. Mom
vently.
asked if he could bring Katherine
van hospitality after the dinner Mom
self proud for Katherine. She'd been
was making. No one could turn a
at her side already. Well, she won't take me in with her lip rouge and
Just the same, Mom really did her¬
was cleaning house ever since breakfast,
and no little snip could go around
to settle down." Then suddenly
for him, a little snip like that.
Maybe it was because she did it so
And then with her looking at him
"No." The word was torn from Al's
"Me, too," Katherine echoed fer¬
sounded so helpless when Mom cried.
"Al?" Pa chuckled. "He'll have a
Mom thought at first it would blow
he realized Mom was crying. "Say,
up all right. She was being so stiff and
"It was so nice of you to ask me," 
and no little snip could go around
"I didn't know you knew her." "I
"Oh!" Mom's tears went in her in¬
"No sense turning on the
seldom. "No sense turning on the
"But it's going to be pretty tough
"Me, too," Katherine echoed fer¬
and no little snip could go around
"But it's going to be pretty tough
"No." The word was torn from Al's
"Weil," Pa sighed, "how come then
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your ring we will send without extra charge or obligation the serviceable, leather photo folder that has included fronts to protect pictures of your loved ones but comes to you with photos of popular movie stars. A permanent, handy, photo folder for your pocket or hand
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Use hand ring measure below. Tie string around finger, cut and mark of size on scale.
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HELP KIDNEYS IF BACK ACHES

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—In such cases Cystex (a physician’s prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief. Killing the kidney’s paralyzing excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying Cystex. An iron-clad guarantee assures a refund of your money on return of empty bottles unless fully satisfied. Don’t delay. Get Cystex (Stamps) from your druggist today. Only 35c.

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This sensational new, solid silver 14k heart-side and friendship ring is certain to please. Perfect for any lady. Deeply embossed romantic floral design on the front, trimmed with two sterling silver hearts. Delicately embossed inside—signs of love, friendship, and good luck. Wished for the first time in your lifetime, this ring is as beautiful as your loving heart. SEND NO MONEY, just name, address, and ring size. Pers. checks, Federal tax and few cents postage. Continental Jewelry Co., Dept. F-165 Beloit, Wis.

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LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP WISHING RING

Round . . . precious . . . 14k gold. The most beautiful ring for a wife, daughter, sister, or any lady. A ring for a lifetime . . . precious love. A ring for any occasion . . . love and friendship. FREE instructions and sample beauty care with each order. 10 months supply, including free brush, lac and lens covers, $2.25 C.O.D. (Sorry, no samples.) If not delighted, return within 10 days for a refund of $2.00. AYALON LANE CO., Dept. B-13 175 East Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.
Katherine looked at him. Her heart felt as if it were crying.

"Go on, honey," she said in a quiet voice. And then as he stared at her, "You belong with them. It's always been the five of you." "Listen," Al said, "I'm a married man, remember? I belong here with you and Jimmy."

"We'll make out," Katherine said. "I want you to go, Al."

"Oh, you do, huh?" Al was trying his best to kid. "Well, that's a fine thing. Tryin' to get rid of your old man!"

"I mean it," Katherine said. "Every day the war lasts you'll be eating your heart out. I couldn't have that. Hurry and catch up with them, sweetheart."

She kissed him, quickly, hard, and said, "I mean it," Katherine said. "Every"}

"We'll make out," Katherine said. "Promise you'll take care of them."

"Sure," George grinned. "I'll sing 'em to sleep every night."

"I mean it," Katherine said. "It was a puny wash, hardly anything different to say."

"Mustn't suck your thumb, old timer," he said, taking it firmly out of the baby's mouth. "Mustn't spoil the shape of your mouth. You be a good boy and look after the others."

"It was over at last and the boys were gone. The months of waiting had begun. There were the times when small things happened. There were the wonderful times when letters came.

Mom was washing that morning someone telephoned and said a man from the Navy was coming to see them. It was a puny wash, hardly worth wetting the tub for. Mom thought, wishing for those full clotheslines she used to hang out."

The Navy fellow'd better hurry on over to the Sullivan house the morning they were leaving. They were going to be there. Afterwards she never knew how she got through that morning, but somehow she did. It helped, packing lunch for them. And when the time came it was funny how there weren't any different things to say this time than there had been all the other times when they were just going away for the day. Not until just at the very end. And that part was hard. George, you're the oldest, Mom said. "Promise you'll take care of them."

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If Blackheads

Don’t Disappear

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A coat my mother gave me one Christmas. It was gray with a red tie and had a printed pattern in red and black and gray. When I returned to school wearing it, it struck the other children as very funny. They called it my "bathrobe," shrieked with mirth and made me acutely miserable.

A meal at the Lakeside Golf Club. I gained twenty pounds after my operation and was warned not to take it off until I was quite recovered. I played in period pictures where weight was no problem, but along came a modern picture and I had to reduce—but fast.

I went on the Harper's Bazaar diet, where you eat steaks, chops and tomato salad, no more. Today I'm probably the only creature in America who doesn't mind the meat shortage.

I craved all the foods I couldn't have and looked forward to Fridays because that was the day I was permitted one piece of French toast.

Our director used to take us to the Golf Club for lunch, and while I toyed with a slice of tomato the rest of the company devoured delectable dishes.

One day I came to the end of my self-control, ate every single item on the buffet.

Next day they couldn't shoot the picture—I was home in bed.

The beautiful thing a little girl did for me was ... Her name was Helen Burns. She and I were six.

Our school house had a huge standpipe that filled up when it rained and overflowed like a geyser, dramatically.

The great sport at school was to stand under the geyser and enjoy the show and excitement of water splashing down three stories upon you.

One day Helen and I, greatly daring, stood under the geyser. My mother saw me, yanked me home, gave me a good spanking and sent me back to school—not in a dress like all the other little girls, but in the khaki blouse and pants I wore for play.

I suffered horribly at having to appear different from all my schoolmates. It was simply ex-cruciating.

Helen saw me, ran home and put on her khaki outfit, came back and sat beside me.

I thought her wonderful. I still do.

I'LL HATE ...

To live any day of my life over again.

I liked some days very much in school.

I felt more relation with the children there than I do now. It was so easy to understand them. It was different.

I'LL NEVER FORGET ...

A coat my mother gave me one Christmas. It was gray with a red tie and had a printed pattern in red and black and gray. When I returned to school wearing it, it struck the other children as very funny. They called it my "bathrobe," shrieked with mirth and made me acutely miserable.

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GRAVY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE

You know that gray hair spells the end of romance—yet you are afraid to color your hair. You are afraid of dangerous dyes, afraid that it is too difficult, afraid that the dye will destroy your hair's natural lustre—afraid, most of all, that everyone will know your hair is “dyed.”

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ONE DAY SOON, you will be asked to lend your Government at least an extra $100. To put at least an extra $100, over your regular Bond buying, into War Bonds for the 4th War Loan.

Don't—don't say you can't afford it even though you may wonder how you're going to get that money. If you think that getting the money is going to be hard, why, before the doorbell rings, look at the faces of these dead cyanemori of yours. Read their stories. Then think how hard it would be to have to tell Americans like these that other Americans can't afford to lend at least an extra $100!

Seaman first class James R. Ward was stationed in a gun turret in the Oklahoma on Dec. 7th. When the order was given to abandon ship, he stayed holding a flashlight so that rest of crew could see to escape. He was drowned.

It seems to me that we each have a pattern we are to follow in life. But we also have a thread of free will. It seems to me that we each have a pattern we are to follow in life. But we also have a thread of free will. It seems to me that we each have a pattern we are to follow in life. But we also have a thread of free will. It seems to me that we each have a pattern we are to follow in life. But we also have a thread of free will.
walked to her husband. She kissed him and said, "You were very good tonight, George."

But in the days when the Cagneys viewed shows from the gallery, life was still precarious. Once when his last show had only lasted eight weeks and the waits between engagements were getting longer, Jimmy decided to call it quits and go back to being a song and dance man in vaudeville. He worked up an act with Joan Blondell, who had played opposite him in the last play.

Billie was disturbed. She felt that both Jimmy and Joan, who had also graduated from vaudeville, were taking a step backwards. But for once she was wrong. Jimmy and Joan started out on the act, and a week later they both made screen tests. With success Billie and Jimmy found themselves with the problem of readjusting their lives. Billie had heard how frequently Hollywood success killed happy marriages, and she did not want this to happen to her either.

Whereupon she made some firm resolutions, by which she still abides. Billie noticed Jimmy disappeared, and she was wrong. Jimmy of this dream, they went AWOL from Hollywood. They interviewed a hundred real estate agents. They saw a thousand places. They turned down palaces and "gentleman's estates" by the score. They knew what they wanted—a simple, old-fashioned place where they could be alone and at peace. They discovered the perfect farm at Martha's Vineyard, that pretty little island just off the coast of Massachusetts, green and quiet and definitely hard for fans to reach. Here all by themselves they found happiness in a small farm house, heated by coal stoves. Billie did all the housework and cooking. Jimmy went in for gardening. Billie thought at last they again had privacy. Unfortunately, she forgot to figure on the public.

One day, dressed in a bungalow apron and her hair tied in a knot on her head (hardly a creation for company) she went to the woodshed to get some wood for the stove. When she came out, she was amazed to find a group of people on the premises to get a glimpse of her and Jimmy and take snapshots. An enterprising bus driver had brought his passengers sightseeing.

After that, they learned to be prepared for anything. On the second vacation they spent at the farm, Billie noticed Jimmy disappeared right after breakfast each morning. Investigating, she discovered he was spending his time with an old gentleman who trained horses for sulky racing. Now Jimmy has learned to race, and it has become his principal hobby.

Recently Jimmy did some sulky racing in connection with selling war

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Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to DEAN STUDIOS. Dept. 500, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.
bonds. He lost a race and called Billie long distance to tell her about it. Over and over he assured her he did not mind losing the race—but he was better by a woman! From now on, racing with women was out!

It was not until four years ago that Jimmy and Billie built in Hollywood the house they had dreamed about when they were in the chorus of “Pitter Patter.” But they still carried out their plan of a New England house to the smallest detail.

The home is small but extremely comfortable. Downstairs is a large living room with a grand piano at which Jimmy composes the tunes that amuse him. Directly off the living room is Jimmy’s den. Here Billie and Jimmy love to spend an evening reading and listening to the radio. They both think Frances Langford is the best singer on the air and they never miss “Duffy’s Tavern.”

The dining room and kitchen complete the lower part of the house—and the upper story is divided into two bedrooms with dressing rooms. Jimmy’s is strictly New England, even to the marble top bureau. Billie’s room is furnished entirely in white, and her dressing room is crowded with all sorts of perfumes.

They have an agreement that the inside of the house is Billie’s and the outside Jimmy’s. Liking to work outdoors Jimmy made four victory gardens, built chicken coops and a duck pond. There is a swimming pool for the ducks, but none for the Cagneys. Having furnished the home they always wanted, Billie and Jimmy settled down to enjoy it. They would entertain their old friends, the Pat O’Briens and the Frank McHughes—and once a week there would be a gathering of the Cagney Clan. They did just that. It was delightful, but somehow their life did not seem to be complete. They both felt that a house could never be a home without children. So they found a little boy and girl to share their good fortune with them. Jimmy Jr. and Casey.

The adoption of children presented a new problem. They had not considered children when they planned the house. At first they decided to build a new wing, but it occurred to Jimmy that the irregular hours he kept when making a picture would interfere with the children’s routine. So they decided to build the children a house of their own directly in back of the main house. It is like a grown up doll house and consists of a kitchen, living room, and two bedrooms. Behind the little house is a combination playhouse and gymnasium.

Jimmy had two miniature director’s chairs made with Jimmy Jr.’s name printed in black letters on one and Casey’s on the other. These stand in front of the fireplace in the living room of the big house.

“It’s to make the children feel they are really the heads of this outfit,” Jimmy explains.

The adoption of children was a problem, but Jimmy and Casey’s and Jimmy Jr.’s biggest delight is being allowed to visit the studio when their father is working in a picture. And they are given this privilege whenever action and dialogue is being shot. Their parents take no chances of having them talk and ruin a perfect take. Next to going to the studio the children love to watch Jimmy practice dancing.

When he was learning the routine he did on the stairs of the White House in “Yankee Doodle Dandy,” he practiced on the wide stairway in their home. Not till little Jimmy and Casey howled with glee did big Jim think it perfect.

All in all, twenty years ago a rainy night brought Billie and Jimmy health, wealth, and happiness. And may it continue to be that way for the rest of their lives.
STARS have been born, others have fallen—all according to the fan mail indicator. Careers in Hollywood are made and broken every day. Newcomers skyrocket to success, and distinguished veterans have been known to fade into has-beens. And all according to their box-office appeal, as registered through mail from the fans. For your convenience, Movieland gives you this address book listing, with studio identification for every name in the book. Sorry, it’s agin the rules to give out with home addresses (or telephone numbers) —but your letters will reach the stars, direct, if sent as suggested here.

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This advertisement prepared under the auspices of the Motion Picture Advertising Council and the U. S. Treasury Department.
Their Favorite Tunes

When Janet Blair was a youngster of thirteen, she dreamed of being a great singer. The manager of Hal Kemp's band was a friend of the family and told her, half in jest, that if she studied hard, perhaps some day she would sing with Kemp's band. That day came, five years later. Kemp's band was playing at a dance in Altoona. They'd just heard the song "How Strange, My Love." Janet sought out the manager, reminded him of his promise, and said, "I'd like to try out for the job now. I like that song, 'How Strange, My Love.' May I sing it for you?"

In her strange, throbbing voice, she sang. And her singing of "How Strange, My Love" had won her the job. She was started on the career that eventually led to today's star-ranking success.

G: Gabin, Jean—20; Garbo, Greta—MG, MGM—Gardner, Reginald—20; Garfield, John—W; Gargan, William—MG; Garlund, Judy—MGM; Garson, Greer—MG, MGM; Gifford, Frances—MG; Gilbert, Billy—Mono; Goddard, Paulette—Para; Goodman, Benny—20; Grable, Betty—20; Granger, Farley—SG; Grant, Cary—RKO; Granville, Bonita—RKO; Grey, Virginia—20; Gwynne, Annie—U.

Continued on page 90.
WANT LONGER, STUNNING NAILS?

Ugly, ragged, brittle nails automatically mean you'll be poor in the desired life. LONGO-NAIL, the finest ever in nail polish, gives you a gentle, beautiful sheen. Nails often become dry, brittle, easily broken, due to the effects of housework, cooking, or lack of care. Moreover, manicures and nail polish, if improperly applied, often injure the nails and cuticles to crack and become ugly. Use LONGO-NAIL. It helps keep the cuticle and nail bed flexible and aids in the appearance of the nails, permitting them to grow gracefully to the desired length. Just one coat on your fingernails and cuticles before retiring. Use $1.00 today and $1.00 postpaid or C.O.D.plus postage. GUARANTEED effective or money back. BEAUTY AIDS, Dept. 3-BB, 89 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn N.Y.

HONEYMOON LOVE DROPS

Understated, as a lady's first name, Honolulu Love Drops, are the winning formula for your girl's winning frame. Just one drop of this secret elixir will end all the tears and worry. Try Honolulu Love Drops today. How to use the chart. FREE PERSONAL DIRECTIONS which will be mailed on request. FREE postman on delivery. Use one, try it, and we pay postage. Honeymoon Love Drops are used as a preventive. Write: Honolulu Love Drops, Dept. 20-C, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

STARS ARE NOT SUPERSTITIOUS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

(Continued from page 89)

Players In Service

Arnaz, Desi—MGM; Au-

mont, Pierre—MG

Ly—MGM; Ayres—

Lew—MGM; Cabot, Bruce—

Para; Carey, MacDonald—

Para; Castle, Don—Para;

Crawford, Broderick—U;

Cummins, Robert—U;

Dailey, Dan, Jr.—MGM; Davis, Jim—MGM; Denning, Richard—

Para; Douglas, Melvyn—

DMU; Duane, Michael—Col;

Fonda, Henry—20; Ford, Glenn—Col; Gable, Clark—

MGM; Hayden, Stirling—Para;

Helin, Van—MGM; Holden, William—Para; Holmes, George—20; Holt, Tim—RKO;

Howard, John—20; Lynn, Jef-

rey—W; McDonald, Ray—

*MGM; McPhail, Douglas—

MGM; Montgomery, George—

20; Montgomery, Robert—

MGM; Morris, Wayne—W;

Ney, Richard—MG

North—Ted—20; O'Brien, Edmund—

U; Payne, John—20; Porter, Don—U; Power, Tyrone—20;

Prescott, Robert—Para; Ray-

ond, Gene—RKO; Reagan, Ronald—W; Ryan, Robert—

RKO; Sheppard, John—20;

Simmons, Dick—MGM; Stack, Robert—U; Sterling, Robert—

MGM; Stewart, James—

MGM; Terry, Don—U; Tuck-

er, Forrest—Col; Webb, Rich-

ard—Para; Wright, William—

Col; Young, Gig—W.

In our opinion, these are the best dresses sold as high as $12.95. As-

sume $1.50 for 50c deposit, $3 for $1.00 deposit, $5 for $1.50 deposit, $7.50 for $2.00 deposit. Balance C. O. D., plus postage. Satisfaction guaran-


LIEPE METHODS

3284 N. Green Bay Ave.,

LIEPE METHODS, Dept. 20-C, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Do You Want the MAGIC FORMULA for POWER

Do you want to make Big Money? Do you want the love of the one you love? Do you want to win in whatever you do? Do you want to be healthier, happier? Thousands of people have learned to control their lives. You can do so too! I have a sacred book for you— it tells you the secrets of finding love, making money, telling the truth. Don't miss this book for yourself and your friends. Mail $1.00 today—now! Power is waiting to work for you. GUIDANCE AGENCY, 60 E. 42nd St., Dept. GT, Box 281, Times Squ., New York 18, N.Y. —GRACE CARSON

STARS ARE NOT SUPERSTITIOUS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

humor, and a bad humor affects her good luck.

John Garfield doesn't know if it's just a matter of his being lazy or superstitious. But one thing he does know, if he puts some of his clothes on wrong side out, he leaves them that way all day long.

Frank Sinatra has made his bed and he is perfectly willing to lie on it, but no hats, thank you, on that bed. A hat on a bed is bad luck. He's not tempting fate.

Susan Hayward has furnished quite a few ironies. When she completely furnishes them, terrible things happen. Now she sleeps in a bedroom with only one piece of furniture in it—the bed, no less—and no more. And her luck has changed as if by magic. May be lucky for Susan, but not so good for the decorator.

Jinx Falkenburg seriously avows she isn't superstitious. However, she wears a piece of costume jewelry which spells out her name J INX on everything she owns from dress to drink.

Gloria Jean knew most men liked her and she's so sentimental? Nancy Coleman, on entering a room, always completes a circle before she leaves it. This might make some girls dizzy, but it makes Nancy lucky. Or so she thinks.

Maria Montez wouldn't think of starting her daily activities without first reading what the stars have in store for her.
Very possibly, there may be other shades of nail make-up that "do more" for your nails than the color you are wearing now. Sometimes the difference is astonishing! It’s really exciting, finding which shade appeals to you most. You can get two shades of lustrous CHEN Yu, the chip-repellent true lacquer make-up, by sending the coupon from this announcement. Each trial bottle contains many, many manicures...months of new beauty.

(Regular sizes of CHEN Yu are 75¢ at better stores.)

SEND COUPON FOR 2 BOTTLES

Associated Distributors, 30 W. Hubbard St., Chicago 10, Ill., Dept. H
Send me two sample size flacons of CHEN Yu Nail Laquer, shades checked below. I enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax.

□ CHINA DOLL □ OPIUM POPPY □ OPALESCENT
□ MING YELLOW □ BROWN CORAL □ GREEN DRAGON
□ BLACK LUSTER □ TEMPLE FIRE □ DRAGON’S BLOOD
□ BLUE DRAGON □ DRAGON’S TEMPLE □ BURMA RED
□ YELLOW DRAGON □ HEAVENLY MAUVE □ BURMA RED
□ RED DRAGON □ ROYAL PLUM □ BURMA RED
□ GREEN DRAGON □ MANDARIN RED □ BURMA RED
□ BLUE DRAGON □ ROYAL PLUM □ BURMA RED
□ BLACK LUSTER □ ROYAL PLUM □ BURMA RED
□ GREEN DRAGON □ MANDARIN RED □ BURMA RED
□ BLUE DRAGON □ ROYAL PLUM □ BURMA RED
□ BLACK LUSTER □ ROYAL PLUM □ BURMA RED

Name _________________________
Address _______________________
City __________________________ State ________________
A Beauty Revelation

What gives a woman's face magnetic charm? Something more than a nice skin and dramatic red lips. Arresting faces . . . memorable faces sparkle with life and expression! Here lovely eyes are the star performers, which means that pale-tipped lashes and skimpy eyebrows are definitely passé. The most expressive eyes are accented with subtlety and taste—a blessing made possible by soft Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Lashes look *naturally* long and lavish, darkened with Maybelline Mascara. Brows are gracefully tapered with the pointed, smooth-marking eyebrow pencil. There’s luminous magic in a deft touch of exquisite eye shadow. If you have never tried world-famous Maybelline eye make-up, the difference will enchant you.

**Maybelline**

*EYE BEAUTY AIDS*

- **Maybelline Semi-form Mascara**: Black, Brown, Blue
- **Maybelline Cream Form Mascara**: Black, Brown
- **Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil**: Black, Brown
- **Maybelline Eye Shadow**: Blue, Brown, Blue-gray, Green, Violet, Gray
MOVIELAND APRIL 15¢

ANN SHERIDAN

HOLLYWOOD'S SERVICE WIVES SOLVE THE DATE PROBLEM
Now you, too, may have true "Orchid Glamour" everywhere you go and always! This gorgeous simulated Orchid creates a sensation wherever seen... it's so life-like, so exactly like the delicate color, size, form and even odor of the most magnificent, costliest orchid... AND IT ACTUALLY GLOWS IN THE DARK—Glows with a fascinating, enticing beauty almost unbelievable. You'll tingle with pride each time you place it in your hair, or on dress or coat—A night its magic, soft glow will give glamour to any costume. Have you always longed to possess expensive, exotic orchids anytime you wished? All women do. And now you can have this sensational Glowing Orchid that will give you perpetual pleasure, for far less than a single, lowest-priced, cut orchid of the commonest species would cost you!

WEAR IT—THRILL TO ITS BREATH-TAKING BEAUTY AT OUR RISK—NOW!

This amazing new Glowing Orchid looks and feels so much like the costliest orchid that many are completely fooled. You know that few women in the world can afford the gigantic, exotic cut orchids as often as they wish—fabulous fortunes have been paid for a single specimen! But for this gorgeous, life-like replica you do not have to pay $10.00—nor $5.00—nor even $2.00! Under our special offer to introduce quickly, you actually pay only 94c! Think what this means! You don't risk one penny. We will send you your Glowing Orchid to see and feel, wear and enjoy—and if you are not amazed and delighted, if your friends don't envy you your splendid possession, you need only return it to us.

SEND NO MONEY—Merely Mail Coupon

All you need do is to pay the postman 94c plus postage, when your Glowing Orchid arrives. See for yourself how lovely it is. Place in your hair, or on any costume. See it take on an exciting, strangely beautiful glow in the dark. Then, if you can bear to part with it, you can mail it right back to us, and your money will be refunded quick as the mails can carry it. That's a generous, fair offer, isn't it? Act on it today—this very minute while this is before you. Fill out and mail coupon NOW!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER MAIL COUPON NOW

CHARMS & CAIN, Dept. 1-D, 407 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.
Yes, rush me my Glowing Orchid! On arrival I will pay my postman only 94c plus postage with the positive understanding that if I am not delighted, I will return it to you within 7 days and you will immediately refund me the purchase price.

If you want us to send you 3 Glowing Orchids for $2.50, check here ( )

Name...
Address...
City... State...
Attention Please! Attention to good grooming and the good habits that keep you looking lovely.

Each month, on Page 6 of your favorite magazine, you'll find a wealth of beauty hints... often from the glamorous movieland girls. Or technical tutoring from the studio makeup men.

The cosmetic manufacturers (who work with such patience and ingenuity to improve your beauty aids) will furnish advance information on style and color. And further facts about new items.

It's going to be my exciting and responsible job to talk to these beauty-wise folks—to tell you what they do and why. Frequently to show you how.

In the meantime, I'll be experimenting with new products... testing them for prettiness and practicality. Whatever your problem, hair, hands, skin or figure flaws, I hope you'll find a simple solution in Movieland's Beauty Department. If I can help you with some personal puzzle, just write and tell me!

Now for a preview. This month, June Allyson, vivacious young starlet, finds time for some fancy finger tips. In May, Linda Darnell tells how to make the most of makeup. Look for Cosmetic Close-Ups on this page. You'll find a host of "cues for conquest".

Doing More Than Your Share?
A Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick will help you be attractive as well as efficient!

BY CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

Minutes are as valuable as ration points these days—so many of you are piling wartime duties on top of your already busy day-to-day schedule! I believe that is why women everywhere have turned to our Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks in search of a beauty aid that really lasts... smooth, soft, and flattering for hours on end.

In the Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick of your choice—Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, or Tangee Natural—you will find just what you need... vital, lively color as well as a remarkable new texture that brings an exquisite grooming to your lips. Lineless and satiny, your Satin-Finish lips will resist wind and weather.

Forget your make-up worries when you start using Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick... with Tangee's matching rouge and the startlingly new Tangee Petal-Finish Face Powder.

TANGEE Lipsticks with the new Satin-Finish
TANGEE Face Powder with the new Petal-Finish

EVERY DAY AMERICA NEEDS $140,000,000 TO FIGHT THE WAR! HELP WITH WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
A snappy salute is in order—as M-G-M brings “See Here, Private Hargrove” to the screen.

The Big Studio has made a very special issue of the best-seller G. I. story!

Robert Walker whose own private life reads like a composite biography of the average private, plays the title role!

Walker worked in a garage, punched cattle in Texas, jerked sodas on Broadway, survived a wreck at sea, then turned to the film-world for more excitement.

He made his bow to picture-audiences as the sailor-boy in “Bataan”—followed this with a role in “Madame Curie”.

His checkered past partly accounts for his splendid performance as the naive rookie.

"See Here, Private Hargrove" should be seen. It’s definitely in the nature of a command performance for every sweetheart, wife, mother, dad and kid brother.

Or even if your closest association with the service is the memory of the smiling kid next door!

M-G-M’s film is a rollicking, entertaining revelation of a masculine world!

With lovely Donna Reed providing the feminine touch—and it’s a delightful one.

Robert Benchley, Bob Crosby, Keenan Wynn, Ray Collins and Chill Wills also answer to the entertainment roll call!

Wesley Ruggles, one of Hollywood’s foremost comedy directors, pilots the screen Hargrove in top-flight fashion.

George Haight produced with great gusto.

Leo gives a hand to Harry Kurnitz for the screen play and the initial pat on the back to the newspaperman who became a private—then told the world all about it!

Our closing phrase is a paraphrase: “See—Hear—Private Hargrove”!

A Wonder Wardrobe

Cosmetic Close-Ups

Hand-Picked Talent

Inside Hollywood

Movieland’s New Picture Guide

Words of Music

Movieland’s Crossword Puzzle

Advice to Youth

Five Best Pictures of the Month

Letter From a Boy in the Service

This Was Hollywood

COVER OF ANN SHERIDAN PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR MOVIELAND BY COVER ARTIST TOM KELLEY

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE

The First Great Rookie Comedy of the War

M-G-M Presents

THE LAUGHS OF A NATION!

with ROBERT WALKER as Private Hargrove

DONNA REED - KEENAN WYNN - ROBERT BENCHLEY

RAY COLLINS - CHILL WILLS

Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES - GEORGE HAIGHT

Screen Play by Harry Kurnitz. Based upon the book by Marion Hargrove

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture
EVERY so often, a famous director looks at a young player and says "That's star material!" Luck, you think? Well, it is good fortune, but it's something more than luck. Talent with such promise is hand-picked and carefully cultivated.

Take June Allyson who acts, sings, dances—and looks lovely. With just four Hollywood appearances to her credit, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has already placed her in the enviable leading role of "Two Sisters and a Sailor."

I talked to June recently during a brief "time-out" in her New York dressing room and it's easy to see why. Her busy working schedule left little time for leisure. Yet there June sat, relaxing between shows—repairing her nail polish! It's this make-the-most-of-every-minute attitude that marks the difference between "pretty girl" and "potential star."

June uses her hands fluently, gracefully, to accent a word or complete a dance routine. Because they play an active part in her vivacious personality, she keeps them smooth and white, tipped with sparkling, colorful nails.

This doesn't mean a few quick trips to the studio manicurist. It means consistent daily care. Whenever June goes—her hand and nail helps go with her.

Hand lotion is standard equipment in every dressing room. But just to be sure, June tucks a smaller bottle in her purse where it's always handy for after-washing massage.

To help the softening and whitening process, she makes her face cream do double duty. All excess cleanser and emollient is rubbed into fingertips, around cuticles and across the thin-skinned backs of her hands.

According to June, cuticle care is entirely preventive. Instead of encouraging hangnails with scissor-snipping, she curbs her cuticles by pushing them back every time she dries her hands; by grooming them several times a week with an orangewood stick dipped in cuticle remover; and by frequent applications of cuticle oil or nail cream.

Such attention helps to promote strong healthy nails. Because June is justly proud of hers, she paints them prettily with brilliant nail lacquer. Frequent changes of costume often suggest harmonizing polish preferences. But June knows that she can preserve her polish for a week at a time if she uses two coats over a foundation and under a sealing topcoat. Daily applications of the colorless sealer help to control chipping.

With so much good and gentle care, accidents rarely occur. When they do—June is ready for them.

For a nail that tears at the corner or cracks at one side, there is special nail-mending cement. Mender is spread over the polish-free nail, reinforced with tissue and lacquered to look as good as new. In case of complete catastrophe—where a nail breaks right off—an artificial one can take its place. No one will ever know.

As you can see, June holds success in hands that look as if they were made for it. That's not good luck either—it's good care.
“AT LEAST YOU MIGHT TAKE YOUR HAT OFF”

Paulette cooks up a bed for Fred—but a job goes with it—he’s a butler!... (And is he burning!)

MELISSE throws a kiss to the two lovers in the comedy of the decade about the pretty secretary and her boss who pose as cook and butler and turn Washington-town topsy-turvy!

PAULETTE GODDARD • FRED McMURRAY

"STANDING ROOM ONLY"

Looks like Fred and Paulette are cooking on the front burner!

Roland Young’s a henpecked wolf!

Edward Arnold pours it on!

They took Washington lying down!

Copyright Paramount Pictures, Inc., 1944
Romance of the Seven Seas

The first vivid drama of the Navy's men of might! Ready to land! Ready to love! Ready to fight! The first great screen sensation of the year!

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED!

Happiest couple in town right now: Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman. Reason is that after five years of most happy marriage, there's a baby expected. Both Ronnie and Benita are much too British and dignified to discuss this blessed event very much, but the glow on the faces tells plenty.

Ronnie never had any children in his former, long-time and wretchedly unhappy marriage. He had been separated from his former wife for some dozen years when he met Benita Hume. Since this marriage, he has not been the bookish recluse whom Hollywood had known so long. Instead, he is a definitely happy, delightful person. Since 1939 both he and his wife have given up every free moment to various British war relief activities.

It ought to be the prettiest baby since Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger's daughter was born.

AWARD WINNERS ANNOUNCED

The Hollywood Women's Press Club is composed of all the writing women around town, from Louella Parsons down to yours truly—who also happens to be president. We meet every two weeks, at the Hollywood Brown Derby; have guest speakers and a general get-together, in which we discuss all the aspects of our trade. Only professional women writers who write exclusively of Hollywood can be members. The only other rule we have is that Hollywood stars can't be guest speakers. They are most welcome to come as guests, and often do come in on just that basis—but our guest speakers are always people of accomplishment in other fields. We've

(More Inside Hollywood on page 10)

The winners! Ruth Waterbury presenting Press Club awards to Annie Sheridan and Bob Hope—for being helpful 'n cooperative.
Matchless music by JEROME KERN
Lilting lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN
Dazzling TECHNICOLOR
Enchanting LOVE STORY
Entrancing DANCING
and 15 of America's most
Beautiful COVER GIRLS!

All this...

and Hayworth too!

RITA HAYWORTH
GENE KELLY

Cover Girl

in TECHNICOLOR

with Lee Bowman, Phil Silvers, Jinx Falkenburg
Screen Play by VIRGINIA VAN UPP
Directed by CHARLES VIDOR, A COLUMBIA PICTURE
had every important war correspondent, famous military figures, Washington big shots and the like, and it's all mighty fine.

The reason we decided against stars as speakers was because that savored too much of our daily work, and because we felt stars might feel under pressure on those conditions, too. But once a year, at Christmas time, we have a jamboree. We vote on the most cooperative actor and actress of the year, as regards their relationship to the press, and the least cooperative male and female, too.

This year Ann Sheridan and Bob Hope won the awards as the most cooperative stars. Joan Fontaine and Errol Flynn getting our booby prize. Personally I didn't agree on the award to Fontaine. I have always felt she was a girl who got herself easily misunderstood, but in my own relationships with her I've always found her intelligent, witty and most friendly. As for Errol, he is definitely uncooperative, won't pose for any publicity pictures, won't give interviews, won't do a doggone thing—but is so charming about it that it is still difficult to get annoyed with him.

But when it comes to the cooperative stars, what bliss! Without exception, we all love Annie Sheridan. And as for that Hope guy! Well, we also gave him our award in 1941, which certainly proves how we feel about him. At our holiday party, when I gave out the awards (as you can see on the page before this), we had a wonderful time. Cary Grant, in white cotton whiskers, came along to act as Santa Claus for all of us. (Cary won the cooperative award last year and has insisted ever since on being our only male club member.) Lucille Ball, who ran only one vote behind Annie, joined us, too. And the ribbing that went on around the table was strictly rare.

FOR THE HOUSING SHORTAGE

Archie Gardner (of "Duffy's Tavern") and his wife came to Hollywood a few months ago. They couldn't find a small house. No hotel would have them for more than two weeks, so they finally rented a great mansion in Bel-Air and were so proud of it they invited half the town each week-end to see their prize.

When they finally had to move east again, this is the ad they placed in the Hollywood Reporter, motion picture trade paper. "HOUSE FOR RENT. On account..."
Warner Bros. present once again the kind of story for which they are famed

Humphrey Bogart

As Matrac, the Outcast

Passage to Marseille

With this remarkable supporting cast:

Claude Rains, Michele Morgan, Philip Dorn, Sydney Greenstreet, Helmut Dantine, Peter Lorre, Geo. Tobias

Directed by Michael Curtiz

Screen Play by Casey Robinson & Jack Finlin • From a Novel by Charles Nordhoff & James Norman Hall • Music by Max Steiner.
Be a Beauty while you're Young!

"—and I thought I was fat for life"

—says Mary Jane Bevan, Monessen, Pa., war plant secretary at 20.

Just before her 20th birthday, Mary Jane weighed 152—and she was only 5' 4" tall. Through the DuBarry Success Course she lost 25 pounds, reduced her waist 4", her hips 4½", put to good use lessons in skin care, hair styling, and make-up.

FIT and FAIR—Top to Toe!

Mary Jane Bevan is just one of more than 120,000 women and girls of all ages from 16 to 60 who have found the DuBarry Success Course a way to be fit and fair. Today it's important to be at your best—ready for strenuous wartime living. The Course brings you an analysis of your needs—skin, hair, figure, weight—then shows you how to follow, right in your own home, the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Get the full story. When this plan has meant so much to so many others, why not find out what it can do for you? The coupon will bring you full information. Just paste it on a penny postal.

SONG OF RUSSIA (MGM) marks Robert Taylor's farewell to Hollywood for the duration. In his final film, Bob plays an American symphony conductor on tour of the Soviet just a few months before the Nazi invasion began. He meets and marries a Russian peasant girl, winsomely enacted by Susan Peters. Their charming romance dominates a large share of the picture until the German threat brings about an enforced separation. He is continuing his tour when he learns that her village, to which she has returned, is directly in the path of the invading Nazi. At intimate first hand, the American gains knowledge of Stalin's scorched-earth policy. The conviction some of these latter scenes pack owes much to the direction by Russian Gregory Ratoff, and the imposing music of Tchaikowsky and other native composers attains magnificent values as conducted by Dr. Albert Coates.

STANDING ROOM ONLY (Paramount) describes again and most amusingly the overcrowded conditions of war-time Washington. It is very funny romantic nonsense involving Fred MacMurray and Paulette Goddard, with Edward Arnold, Roland Young and Anne Revere in it to help out with the farcical gaiety. Not much of the Washington scene escapes a good-natured ribbing, all accomplished without stepping on the toes of "The More the Merrier," which you doubtless remember hugely enjoyable last summer. This is another must-see entry for your Laugh Parade.

A toy manufacturer and his secretary arrive in Washington on business with the government. (Never mind what business; it quickly turns into monkeyshines.) One rainy night spent in a park is enough to convince Paulette that something must be done—but immediately—about the proverbial roof overhead. She has no other recourse in the situation except to hire herself out as a maid and Fred as a butler in the household of Roland Young. And if this isn't enough of the plot to make you want to see "Standing Room Only," you don't deserve to.
JEANNIE (English Films, Inc.) proves that the English can be charmingly engaging when indulging a sense of humor for which Americans do not always give them credit. "Jeannie" is one of the most enjoyable fresh comedies of the year, a naive Cinderella story of pre-war vintage which tells how an underprivileged girl "splurged" her small inheritance of a few hundred pounds on a whirlwind trip to romantic Vienna. She just wanted to hear "The Blue Danube Waltz" played at "the source."

Barbara Mullen's completely unorthodox performance of the title role is a to-be-treasured gem. She alone is reason enough to seek out the film, only a couple of prints of which have reached the States. See one if you possibly can.

"But I've Never Worked Before! - what kind of war job could I do?"

"The More Women at War — The Sooner We'll Win!"

Experienced or not, there's a job you must do — you and millions more women — to save our war effort, our boys' lives! If you're married, your job won't change your husband's draft status. If he's called anyway, you'll be financially prepared!

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES (Universal) takes all of us on an Arabian Nights magic carpet back to the 13th Century to reacquaint ourselves with a fable we have known since childhood. The picture is spectacularly filmed in Technicolor, as well it had the right to be. Co-starred are the easy-to-look-at Maria Montez, the stalwart Jon Hall, and Turhan Bey, substituting for Sabu who is now training in the Army Air Corps where he is learning to fly mechanized magic carpets.

Nor does the Open, O Seasmine fable of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" entirely escape modernization by implications. Through the duplicity of a Quisling, the evil Mongol Khan seizes Baghdad from the true Caliph, and although his minions are armed with scimitars and sabers, his oppressive tyrannies have close parallel with those practiced by present-day military tyrants. Then there is an uprising of the people sparked by Ali and his Robin Hoodish band of Forty Thieves, and the damsel is no longer in distress. For the single price of admission, the extremely photogenic Miss Montez luxuriates in her bath not once, but twice.

(Continued on page 89)
3 ways to tell a Fib
(FROM ANY OTHER TAMPON)

Only FIBS* of all tampons give you all 3

1. Fibs are quilted
   ... for more comfort, greater safety in internal protection—that’s why, with Fibs, there’s no danger of cotton particles clinging to any delicate membranes. And quilting controls expansion ... so Fibs don’t stretch out to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

2. Fibs have rounded ends
   ... smooth, gently tapered ends ... for easy insertion! Unlike any leading tampon you’ve ever tried. Your eyes tell you that Fibs must be easier to use! You’ll like the just-right size of Fibs ... not too large, not too tiny.

3. Fibs—the Kotex Tampon
   ... a name you know, a tampon you can trust. No other brand is made of Cellucotton,* the soft, fast absorbent used in Kotex* and demanded by many hospitals! In Fibs, as in Kotex, there’s no compromise with quality.

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

WORDS of MUSIC
by JILL WARREN

Hi, People! Spring weather, those post-income tax blues and lots of business in the music shop. They all get me. And in addition, much mail—which I’ve been receiving, which you’ve been writing, which I like. So keep it up, but don’t forget to slide in the self-addressed stamped envelope. Some of you kids have forgotten even to put your address in your letter, so I haven’t known where to answer you. So let’s watch it. And if you have any little questions on your musical favorites, just send them to Jill Warren, Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, California. Here come the customers, so here I go ... 

THE TUNEFILMS:

Twentieth Century-Fox is really excited over Dick Haymes. He did so well in “Four Jills and a Jeep” that they have signed him on a long term contract and are going to co-star him with Vivian Blaine in “When Irish Eyes Are Smiling,” which will be one of their big 1944 musicals. Vivian is an ex-band vocalist, who got a terrific break when she was assigned Alice Faye’s part in “Greenwich Village.”

The title of Benny Goodman’s next picture for Fox has been changed from “Moment For Music” to “Sweet and Low Down” and they promise that the film will be an authentic story of a band and its musicians. It’s high time Hollywood got on with it and made a really true picture about our favorite people, so let’s hope that this will be it. I’m so weary of movie moguls taking name bands and completely mishandling them on the screen, as they did with Woody Herman in “Wintertime” ... The best thing about Columbia’s “Cover Girl,” which stars Rita Hayworth, is a great score by Jerome Kern and Ira Gershwin. Gene Kelly plays opposite Rita, plus supporters like Leslie Brooks and Phil Silvers. One of the big numbers is “The Girl On The Cover,” which features all those beautiful
WARREN'S ACADEMY WINNERS FOR 1943

BEST BAND—Charlie Spivak
Because he made such great strides during 1943, and because he does jump tunes equally as well as ballads. Also because I feel that his band as a unit is the best in the country.

BEST FEMALE VOCALIST—Helen Forrest
Because she constantly gets better, and because she was the outstanding girl soloist to go from a band and out on her own during 1943.

BEST MALE VOCALIST—Bing Crosby
Because he is still the master. He just goes on and on.

BEST SONG—"People Will Say We're In Love"
Because it had the most general appeal of any song published during 1943.

What's that? All right, I'll go quietly.

Universal has been singularly successful with its musical shorts series featuring name bands and singers. Personally, I always enjoy these rhythmical briefies because they aren't cluttered up with a plot or a love story and the bands just play and the singers just sing. The newest release, and one of the best, is the Teddy Powell short. It spotlights, besides the Powell organization, Ray Eberle, Martha Tilton and the Pied Pipers. Watch for it.

Out at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer the other day I saw a test of a girl named Marion Bell. Remember her name, because you're going to hear a lot about her. She has a sensational voice, soprano in type, plus the fact that she is beautiful to look at. She'll be a zingy addition to any screen musical. . . . Paramount has signed Les Brown and his orchestra to appear in "Bring On The Girls," in which he'll share honors with Veronica Lake and Sonny Tufts. . . . Republic Studios is planning a big thing called "Jamboree" and they have nabbed the original king of corn, Freddie Fisher and his Schnickelfritz band, for part of the proceedings. Incidentally, Freddie, who made his name and fortune playing la musique de la corne, now raises the real McCoy on his ranch in the San Fernando valley.

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

If Academy awards were given for records, I'm sure Decca would get a big one for their new album of the score from "The Song of Bernadette." Alfred Newman, who composed the great music for the picture, has recorded it exactly as you heard it in the film, with the same studio orchestra and female chorus of thirty voices. There are eight-sides, and after you've heard them, I think you'll agree with me that the album is one you'll treasure. . . . Just listen to the records and see if I'm not right.

"No Love, No Nothin' " and "Journey To A Star," the two hit tunes from "The Gang's All Here," serve as excellent material for Judy Garland's latest Decca release. The arrangements were made by Calvin Jackson with Georgie Stoll conducting the orchestra. I particularly like the way Judy does "No Love." It's the first time I've heard the song done at the right tempo. Most singers either do it too fast or too slow. If you're a Garland fan, don't forget her "Girl Crazy" album, which I told you about last month. . . . It's really worth looking into. . . . Since (Continued on page 83)
Stop a minute and check up on the list below. Do you belong to any of the groups shown there? If so, then you really must discover Tampax, which was originated and perfected by a physician to help women keep active during those "trying days" of the month.

- Housewives
- War workers
- Secretaries
- Students
- Service Women
- Sales clerks
- Gardeners
- Taxi drivers
- Club Women
- Teachers
- Nurses
- Bank tellers

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Tampax prevents embarrassment in two ways. Being worn internally it does not cause costume bulges and it does not cause odor. Tampax needs no belts, pins or pads. Made of pure absorbent cotton, it comes compressed in throwaway applicator. Insertion is quick and dainty—disposal easy. Wear Tampax in shorts or slacks or bathing suit. Wear it in tub or shower or while in swimming. It's really modern!

Three sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) provide a choice of three different absorbencies for early days and waning days. Ask at drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Or for 98¢ you can have the Economy Package containing an average 4 months' supply! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER
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ACROSS
1. Chaplain in "So Proudly We Hail"
2. --- of "Grey"
3. Greek letters
4. Robt. Young's mate in "Journey for Margaret"
5. "The ---- Came"
6. "Rowena" in "Flesh and Fantasy"
7. Jean --- the cast in "A Lady Takes a Chance"
8. Small pincers
9. Humphrey ---- the cast in "Sahara"
10. "Constance Shaw" in "I Dood It"
11. Shakespeare's king
12. "Justing" in "Flesh and Fantasy"
13. "Sophia" is ---- role in "The North Star"
14. Judy sings "----- for Me" in "Girl Crazy"
15. "What a ---"
16. "Princess ---"

DOWN
1. Danny Kaye is in "Up in ----"
2. "--- of the Rio Grande"
3. Greek letters
4. Robt. Young's mate in "Journey for Margaret"
5. "The ---- Came"
6. "Rowena" in "Flesh and Fantasy"
7. Jean ---- the cast in "A Lady Takes a Chance"
8. Small pincers
9. Humphrey ---- the cast in "Sahara"
10. "Constance Shaw" in "I Dood It"
11. Shakespeare's king
12. "Justing" in "Flesh and Fantasy"
13. "Sophia" is ---- role in "The North Star"
14. Judy sings "----- for Me" in "Girl Crazy"
15. "What a ---"
16. "Princess ---"

MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE

(For Solution See Page 76)
Anyone who has learned to write, can learn to draw! This helpful book removes the mysticism that has surrounded art. By reducing the elements of drawing to its simple steps, it teaches THE BEGINNER to draw, and then to advance into more and more difficult subjects. As you can see from the above illustrations showing the 9 sections—this complete course covers 9 BRANCHES of practical Art. Each division is explained by a specialist. No previous knowledge on your part is expected. Within a few days you will be drawing with an ease and enjoyment you never thought possible. For the experienced and professional artist, it is a REFERENCE BOOK and veritable mine of information.

This book guides you from the first stroke on paper to selling the finished art work. Includes specific instruction, advice, tricks, time-savers, special effects, on: Still Life, Animals, Anatomy, Human Figure, Faces and portraits, Lettering, Layouts, Cartoons, Animated Cartooning, advertising and commercial Art, Illustrations for Newspapers, Magazines, Books, Designing Book Jackets, The Use of Color, etc. Teaches you by sketches, diagrams and instructions, how to draw: hands, feet, heads, bodies, ears, noses, mouths, eyes—in different positions, of different sexes and ages, and with different perspectives. Shows you how to attain and indicate: action, proportion, balance, composition, shading, rhythm, symmetry, and how to express—laughter, anger, terror, grief, surprise and other emotions. Also, how to draw caricatures, cartoons and comic drawings. Also how to letter, with 37 complete Alphabets shown. Includes a glossary of Art Terms, Supplies, Type of Work, Mediums, etc. Completely and profusely illustrated with over ONE THOUSAND Instructive and Example Drawings, Sketches and Pictures.

Ordinarily a course of this scope costs much more money, but to make it available to everyone seeking a practical knowledge and enjoyment of Art, we have disregarded costs and precedents, and have established the special low price of ONLY $1.00 FOR THE COMPLETE COURSE. NOTHING ELSE TO PAY! It is undoubtedly, the greatest bargain in the art world today!
MAKE ROOM IN YOUR HEART FOR ALL OF THEM!
THE SULLIVANS ARE MOVING IN!

★ THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM ANY BIGGER!
★ THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM ANY BETTER!
★ THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM ANY GREATER!

THE SULLIVANS
Presented by 20th CENTURY-FOX

with
ANNE BAXTER • THOMAS MITCHELL
SELENA ROYLE • TRUDY MARSHALL
and
EDWARD RYAN • JOHN CAMPBELL • JAMES CARDWELL
JOHN ALVIN • GEORGE OFFERMAN, Jr. As "The Sullivan Boys"

Directed by LLOYD BACON • Produced by SAM JAFFE.
Robert T. Kane • Associate Producer
Screen Play by Mary C. McCall, Jr. • Story by Edward Doherty and Jules Scherner

WATCH FOR—
Darryl F. Zanuck's first production since his return from the fighting front:

THE PURPLE HEART
Lon McAllister, the very young, hitherto-unknown hit of "Stage Door Canteen," is being allowed to get one more picture finished before donning uniform. It's Twentieth Century-Fox's superduper, "Home in Indiana," in which he is virtually a star. The vital statistics on Lon are that he lives with his mother and grandparents at Malibu beach, swims daily. He has dark hair, very blue eyes, dates girls constantly but has never yet been in love.
THE OFF-SCREEN GAGS OF CROSBY AND HOPE

Bing and Bob are a riot in pictures—but they are even funnier on the set when their pictures are shooting.
IF YOU are like some hundred million others, you think Bing Crosby and Bob Hope are two very funny screen comedians. Brothers and Sisters, you ain't seen nothing, until you see these two in action off the screen! That's where the laughter flies. Comedy is usually funny to everyone except comedians. As a class, comedians are an embittered and jealous lot. All save Crosby and Hope, that is. They've made three co-starring pictures and are currently embarked on their fourth. They are actually terrific friends, even if they will do anything to "top" one another.

But what really delights Hollywood is the battle of the witticisms which has developed between the pair on the sets of the "Road" sprees. They can beat anything any scenario writer can think up. As good as their on-screen comedy is, their off-screen comedy is better. Everything goes, with no holds barred. If Bing puts one over on Bob, his day is complete... If Hope tops Bing his grin threatens his ears. Yet they never lose their tempers and seemingly are as happy to take a verbal lacing as to dish it out.

There's the story they tell on dark nights on the lot, when the wind whistles around Paramount's emptied sound stages, of events which transpired on the day that "Road To Utopia" was launched. Bob had done a radio show at some distant Army camp the night before, was consequently late in reporting. It has become traditional that neither, given the same hour to report, arrives on the set ahead of the other.

As a result, Bing sent a message to Director Hal Walker explaining that Dorothy Lamour would substitute for both. When they did reach the set, Walker asked Hope whom he had entertained the night before. "A bunch of Waves," Bob replied. "And I couldn't get a date with any of them."

BY JACKSON TIMOTHY
“Why not?” quipped Crosby. “They’re only there for basic training.”

It was then that Dottie tried to get in a word—and she should have known better. Bob and Bing would sooner break up Dorothy than top each other. For instance, Bob was doing a love scene with Dottie. She had been holding out bravely in the face of flip quips and caustic remarks, but Hope eventually broke her down by saying, “Why should I do a love scene with you? You always work with animals!” Then adding a seeming afterthought, “By the way, the chimpanzee which did a scene with you in ‘Aloma of the South Seas’ hasn’t worked a day since.”

The comedians are never happier than when Dottie’s husband, Capt. William Ross Howard, III, visits his wife on the set. He had his first experience with the zanies the second week of shooting “Utopia.” Bob and Bing went into a huddle on the sidelines. Then Bob said in a stage whisper which sounded more like an anti-tank gun:

“Who’s that man she’s with today?”

“Why,” replied Bing, just as audibly, “that’s her husband.”

“Huh!” huffed Hope. “Must be a publicity stunt.”

Dorothy swears that the only reason the two play golf together is to figure out means of pulling gags at her expense.

Incidentally, those golf games are a nightmare to the studio front office. The pair will seize upon any excuse to stop work and play golf. They knew this had earned the unit business manager on “Utopia” the name of being the most worried individual in filmdom. So they framed a letter to Buddy DeSylva, the Paramount head, before their new picture started, demanding one day a week off in order to play golf. They sent a carbon copy to the business manager, then thoughtfully destroyed the original. Of course this drove the whole studio nuts looking for the original—but the Terrible Kids were out making a neat seventy-two on the links.

Because of their reputation, sets on which Bing and Bob work are more crowded than any in Hollywood. This prompted Hope to crack one day that if any more visitors came on the set, Paramount would lose a fortune. “There won’t be any people left to see our picture in the theaters,” he explained.

To visit them on the sets has its dangers, however. Their flair for chorusing insults at anyone who happens along is well known to Hollywood habitues. When
they want to attract attention to some luckless bystander they huddle like a football team with a minute to go. This happened one day when Lamour appeared wearing a new hat. There was a moment of silence, the feared huddle, and a chorused "Darling! Why don't you ever pick something we don't have to get used to?"

Another time when a production man had made a mistake and was afraid that Dorothy would take him to task, they saved the day by yelling in unison, "Don't worry, Joe. Dorothy never had anything on anybody. Not even herself."

A new producer who had made sensational successes of his first two films, one day made the mistake of visiting the "Utopia" set. At the moment a rehearsal was going on. It ended abruptly as Hope spotted the producer and yelled, "Hey! Can I have your autograph? I know you're a success now so don't bother writing it. Just dictate it."

Then there was the director who complained of feeling ill when he chanced to bump into the two stars.

Bing and Bob stood off from the poor man, looked him over carefully and both shook their heads. Finally Bob asked the director to stick out his tongue. When the worthy complied, Hope advised mournfully, "You had better see a doctor right away! I've seen better coats on Crosby!"

Another producer, a smalltimer, who had once worked at Paramount, made the mistake of opening the door to the "Utopia" set. Both the lads saw him at the same time, invited him in, gave him a chair, and told him to make himself comfortable. The producer told them he was making one of the biggest pictures of his career, was evidently impressed with the idea of impressing the stars. Realizing this, Crosby turned to Hope. "Bob," he said, with admiration, "here's the man who holds the fate of his studio in the hollow of his head."

The studio manicurist, new to the lot, was anxious to watch the Utopians in action. It had been a trying day on the set. Everyone, including the stars and Walker, was on edge. Take after take went haywire. Suddenly Hope discovered the manicurist and exclaimed, "With everyone here biting (Continued on page 78)"
Do you agree with Laraine Day? Whether you are a boy on a fighting front, or a guy still in camp waiting to be shipped out, or a mother or father or a girl left behind, the lads, or any other one of working Americans on the home front—MOVIELAND would like to know how you feel about Laraine Day's opinions on the treatment of G. I.'s, and their entertainment.

Do you think she has the facts correct? Do you think she's wrong? Do you think she would have done better never to have brought up the subject, or has she been patriotic and brave?

MOVIELAND wants your opinion, and will pay for it. For the best letter received, we'll pay $15; for the next five, $5 each; for the next ten best, $1 each. Keep your letters down to 200 words or less. Address Movieland, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 46, Calif. Sorry, no unused letters can be returned.
I HAVE been publicly spanked by the Army, or that portion of it which wears gold shoulder ornaments. Indiscretion and seeking publicity are among charges made against me, and one officer has implied, backhandedly but plainly, that I am a liar. I am not a liar. I have told the truth.

I have always been an outspoken person and when I have something on my mind I like to speak my piece about it. A number of months ago when I returned from a three-weeks tour of Army camps in the southeastern states, I had something important on my mind. My natural impulse, as always, was to speak my piece.

But for a few days, I pondered. Should I blurt out what was rankling me, or should I keep my mouth shut, leaving problems that were none of my business to others whose business it was? Should I endanger my career by standing on a soap box, or shut my eyes to a condition that I knew was wrong? I decided to speak my piece.

The Hollywood Victory Committee—an organization affiliated with the USO, that sends Hollywood players out on camp tours—asked me, on my return, to send them a report on my experiences, impressions and reactions. Inasmuch as I had (Continued on page 86)
She was a model, when he was a tennis star. But she became his bride and Jim became one of the most important new men in movies.

SOBER people shook their heads and said it wouldn’t do. No romance as intense as that could last. Such adoration would burn up all the emotions and stability of two promising young people. Besides, it’s a Hollywood axiom that a young actor mustn’t marry until he has been established at least a year. Even then, it may injure his standing at the box-office.

Yet, here is young Jim Brown, the subject of all these head-shakings, proclaiming solemnly, “It’s all a sort of haze—what’s happened to me since I came to Hollywood. Mostly I guess I’ll remember it as a series of jolts. The one thing I know for certain is that if I hadn’t met Verna, and married her, I wouldn’t be in pictures now!”

This so neatly reverses the axiom that it proves there’s a story here. It’s a doggoned pleasant story, as you shall see.

Jim, you will remember, is that lad who nearly stole “Air Force” in the role of Texas. He neatly wrapped up “Corvette K-225” and called it his own, and in “Our Hearts Were Young and Gay” he proves his right to stardom.

The whole Jim Brown love story started in a sort of fairy tale atmosphere, with Jim in the role of the handsome young drifter, and Verna, the pretty girl on the magazine cover who magically came to life. But the follow-up has been rooted in reality, some of it grim, all of it thrilling.

“Y’see,” Jim explains in his easy Texas drawl, “I was by way of becomin’ what sports writers call a ‘tennis bum.’ If I escaped that, then I might have wound up being one of those fellows who works and starves and struggles and travels, trying to get a start with a ‘name band.’ I could play tennis pretty sharply. I could toot a fairly mean trumpet and I liked to sing. I was sure I’d wind up doing at least one of those things—when I came to Hollywood. I just never dreamed of what was really goin’ to happen to me!”

What has happened to him has happened so swiftly and so inexorably that it’s no wonder things seem hazy—except for the ‘jolts.’ But those were important.

Jim came to Hollywood, from Texas, in the summer of 1941 to play in the Pacific Southwest Tennis Tournament. He was good and he knew it. A tennis player, he says, meets a lot of people—especially nice girls—and he has a lot of fun. A sharp tennis player can follow the game and have a pretty soft time for himself at the same time. Jim says, “I was young and I liked
it. But then, I liked to sing, too. And I was looking around all the time for bands that might take me on. I was crazy about bands. I never thought of trying to act.

But Fate, in the person of actors' agent Henry Willson, visited the tennis tournament one afternoon and presently Jim was startled to find himself under contract to Paramount Studios to do what he described then as "an actin' job."

"I didn't know anything about acting," he apologizes now. "But I've always been the kind of guy who could be talked into things."

He didn't like acting, though. Not at first. He liked the actual work—learning lines, rehearsing, finally doing a scene. That was exciting make-believe and it was fun. "It was the waitin' around that got me down," he says. "I sat and sat and sat. I'm as lazy as the next Texan, goodness knows. But I've always been used to some kind of action, even if it was only goin' fishin'! Most of the time when I was first in pictures there wasn't anything to do but sit—and sit—and wait."

Somewhere there were tennis balls flying and bands playing, while Jim collected paychecks and waited inexplicably to recite one line. It was very easy, but it just wasn't enough. His restlessness grew.

Then came the real jolt. The big one. It was Verna Knopf, a model, then under contract to Howard Hughes. Jim had seen her picture on a magazine cover and he recognized her when she walked into the Paramount commissary. He looked at her in person and he knew, fantastic as it was, that It Had Happened. He knew it, he explains, because he felt queer and also because, for the first time in his healthy young life, his appetite failed him then and there. "I couldn't even eat ham and eggs!" he says, marveling even now.

A day or so later he contrived to meet Verna, and three weeks later they were married. The whole thing was such a stunning experience that to this day Jim can give no coherent account of how this miracle came about. But there was the reality of the apartment in Beverly Hills and there was Verna who was "so beautiful and so clever, who could cook and sew and make the most wonderful flowers grow in pots on the window sills..."

"I knew right then that tennis playin' and foolin' around with dance bands was out," Jim recounts. "But I still wasn't a bit sure about picture work. I thought we might go back and live in Waco where fifty dollars a week looks as big as five hundred does in Hollywood."

When he finished "Forest Rangers", he was still bewildered and unhappy. His pride had suffered some serious blows, so he got a leave of absence and he and Verna went to Chicago to visit her mother, while he thought it all over. Then he had a wire, offering a test for the role in "Air Force". Another jolt.

"The opportunity was so good," he says, "that it changed the color of everything. All of a sudden I saw actin' as a real job, an important job which would let me take care of Verna in style and maybe even make her proud of me. All of a sudden I couldn't stand it if I didn't get that part. We had an awful time gettin' back here for me to take that test. We nearly didn't make it on time. But we had to. It seemed to me right then that everything I wanted most was at stake."

Thus, though he wasn't aware of it then, Jim began to grow up. He began to see what his job was. He stopped being merely a handsome, talented, drifting kid. He still didn't understand (continued on page 72)
NEVER in all movie history has any month registered so many hits by so many new players as did the initial month of the brave new year, 1944. Even one potential star discovered every thirty days is an average seldom attained—but January, 1944, sang forth with seven. Count 'em! Seven personalities so incandescent that Hollywood sat back more bedazzled than it has been since sound floored the established silent stars and brought in a complete roster of new names, via stage and radio.

Movieland, always trying to give you the inside information of the newest Hollywood events, herewith presents a quick preview of these illustrious seven. Their stories prove that there is no rule for Hollywood success. Their faces prove the interesting fact: save for John Hodiak, they are not conventional star types. Of the three girls, only one—Gail Russell—has the golden glow of glamour.

** * * *

Most important, possibly because of the greatness of her title role in "The Song of Bernadette," is Jennifer Jones. Like Kim Hunter (on page 56), her contract is shared by David Selznick and an outside studio—in Jennifer's case, 20th Century-Fox, producers of "Bernadette." Unlike shy Kim, the Jones story has been so often proclaimed to the world that it needs small repeating here, other than to say she was born Phyllis Isley, child of theatrical parents, in Tulsa, Oklahoma. She got her acting training on the road, in stock companies and in radio—with one short disastrous Hollywood bout, under her real name, in Westerns.

It was in 1939. Jennifer had been varying her dramatic experience, first with work at the Cherry Lane Theatre in New York, then with an assignment to select, direct and cast plays for a Tulsa radio station. Her first tryout in films was with John Wayne, in a picture for Republic. The production schedule was a tough one, hurrying the whole picture through to be made in just a couple of weeks. Jennifer decided it was too much. If that was what a girl had to go through to get started in Hollywood, she was going to have none of it—and that was that!

Next time she went there though, of course, it was a different story.

She and Selznick put a quick one over on Twentieth, who were searching for an innocent lass for "Bernadette," for even as she signed for the part, Jennifer was the wife of Robert Walker (under contract to MGM) and the mother of two sturdy sons. Currently, the Walkers are separated.
JOHN HODIAK got his big break—the lead opposite Tallulah Bankhead in "Lifeboat," directed by Alfred Hitchcock—because Hitchcock was looking for a fine Negro actor. It happened like this. The big break came about because John had worked in a test with the distinguished Negro star, Canada Lee. The test was entirely slanted for Canada Lee and John could merely have walked through it. If he had, his story might well have ended in the crowded list of players under contract to MGM. Like numerous others at numerous other studios, John might have been one of those young unknowns who gets signed for six months, never gets within breathing distance of a camera, and then drops into oblivion.

But not Mr. Hodiak. John is made of tough stuff and he had the good sense to act for all he was worth whenever he got the chance. The Canada Lee test was a chance, even though a small one. Hitchcock, looking at the test to see Lee's work, noticed a handsome hunk of muscle in the background. He announced to MGM that he would like to borrow same. Metro did nip-ups, having completely forgotten they had anything like that around the lot since Gable went away. They found they had him tucked into the tiniest bit in Red Skelton's "I Dood It." So John was loaned to Hitchcock, and MGM sat back contemplating a most brilliant future for him.

A brilliant future doesn't irk John. He likes the idea, since his past has been more than a bit on the gloomy side.

He was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., the son of Ukranian immigrants. His father was, and still is, a factory worker. But he was also a talented amateur and the love of acting was in John's blood. He was working in church plays and parish productions, by the time he was eight years old. In high school he concentrated his efforts on school plays, even while taking life very seriously and having an idea he'd like to enter the priesthood.

Instead, though, he was to try his hand at professional baseball, with one of the Cardinal club teams. Tiring of that, he tried for entrance to West Point, and failed. He tried radio acting, worked for three years at the Chevrolet Motor Co. plant, winding up finally with a job as "Lil Abner" on the air. Hollywood grabbed him in late 1942. John is that current rarity in Hollywood, a bachelor.

He lives alone in a Beverly Hills apartment and does his own cooking. His next role is the lead opposite the high temperature Lana Turner in MGM's "Marriage is a Private Affair."

GAIL RUSSELL is a hometown girl who made good. She is a sloe-eyed, exquisitely curved young amateur who after two infinitesimal bits in other pictures finds herself, with the difficult leading role of "The Uninvited," on the threshold of stardom. Yes, she has sex appeal—also a distinctive sort of glamour. But how did she get into pictures?

As the story goes, there were two lads thumbing a ride one night, and they were picked up by Paramount's talent scout, Al Micheljohn, on his way to a preview. As he talked to the boys Micheljohn revealed his profession. Immediately the boys went into raves.

"There's a girl right in our high school you ought to see," they declared. "Is she a dish! She's wonderful. We call her the Hedy Lamarr of Santa Monica, only she's more beautiful than Hedy. Why don't you see her?"

So he did. And Micheljohn found that the boys hadn't exaggerated. Here was freshness, youth and beauty, all stacked in one very neat American package. The next day an excited Miss Russell was at Paramount taking a screen test. Later that same afternoon, she was signing a contract.

Born in Chicago, Ill., Gail Russell grew up in Glendale, Calif. She'd always meant to be an artist. Her life, save for schoolgirl parties, had been entirely filled with school work and art classes.

She made her debut in "Henry Aldrich Gets Glamour," then played a dancing bit in "Lady in the Dark." Her big break, however, came with "The Uninvited"—and that because the studio wanted Joan Fontaine for the role and couldn't get her. And also because Charles Brackett, the film's producer, had great courage.

The girl for the part had to be intelligent, sensitive and beautiful. Producer Brackett recognized that Gail was all of that. Unfortunately, the girl also had to be English. Gail is very American, but Brackett got around that difficulty by hiring an English diction coach.

There was the problem, too, with Ray Milland, the picture's name star, who was disturbed about playing opposite so untried an actress. Just until after the first day did that problem exist. Then Milland went bounding into the front office. "Congratulate me on my new leading woman," he said, with his typical exuberance. "I'm playing opposite one of the most talented young actresses in the business."

Cornelia Otis Skinner had one of the principal roles in "The Uninvited." Which makes it a coincidence that Gail plays that lady herself in her next film, "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay." And that title is a perfect description of Gail herself.
WHEN you can be an outstanding hit in a picture that stars Cary Grant and John Garfield, you're good. But past masters though they are, at the game of keeping camera attention, these stars are also generous, as proved by the fact that they allowed two newcomers, Robert Hutton and William Prince, to get their much-deserved share of spotlight glory in "Destination Tokyo."

Though the life of William Prince is interesting in the past, the vital era of his life is just begun—for if the service doesn't immediately get him he is expected to be a headliner of tomorrow.

Bill is married to a wise and pretty girl named Dorothy, and they have a three-year-old son, Jeremy. No story of Bill can be told that doesn't include Dorothy. They met during college days and married in New York, while Bill worked for National Broadcasting Company.

Wonder-man William Prince got the bug to act from his high school public speaking teacher, Walter Roberts, who had been on the New York stage and was a soldier-actor with Elsie Janis in the first world war. During his courses in elocution young Bill found that he wanted to make acting his life work. So he went to college for three years, then went to New York where he took part in the W.P.A. production of "Taming of the Shrew."

After "Shrew," he went to summer stock—but the job folded. Plugging away, Bill took time out to put some money ahead and went to work in the statistical department of NBC. Then with the money saved from his figures job, he started hunting an opening to act on Broadway. Job hunting on Broadway is tough, and Bill, like other aspiring Hamlets, found it meant drug store lunches and plenty of brush-offs. It was a period of small parts and hard work, through which he was gradually acquiring the all-important experience. Included was a job with Max Reinhardt in "The Eternal Road" and two seasons with Maurice Evans and Shakespeare.

Then Mrs. Prince sold some stocks and they went to Europe. They were in Munich when the German-Russian "pact" was signed, saw Paris during the mobilization—then managed to get out of Europe, just the day before Germany marched on Poland.

It was a year after their return from abroad before Bill's big break finally came. There were roles for him in "Ah Wilderness," "Guest in the House" and the quick-closing "Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning." Then came the "Eve of St. Mark" part, which won him his Warner Bros. contract.

Success! And a brilliant future indicated.

A YEAR ago Kim Hunter was an unknown in Miami, Florida. Today, with "Tender Comrade," she is one of the promising young actresses in Hollywood. Her story differs from the standard Cinderella yarn in that it didn't all "just happen." Since Kim was nine she has worked hard towards her career, taking advantage of every opportunity, building her own knowledge.

When Kim was four she wanted to be in the Navy. When she was six she decided to be a dress designer, but when she was nine she started taking parts in school pageants and plays—and from then on her chief ambition was to be an actress. Even at nine, though, she realized that to become an actress meant work. And work she did—taking private lessons in diction, stage movement and memory exercises. In her senior high school year she did several plays.

Next came summer stock in Baltimore, where she worked with fervor the summer following her high school graduation. Here she played Deirdre in "Old Acquaintance," Cecily in "The Importance of Being Earnest" and Ellen in "My Darling Daughter."

After Baltimore, back she went to Miami, where she stayed until her adventure trip to Pasadena, where she won parts at the famed Pasadena Playhouse. She was seen there by Hollywood agent Leon Lance, who helped her to the contract which was signed by that great actor discoverer, David O. Selznick.

When Mr. Selznick screen-tested Kim Hunter he found exceptional talent and RKO became so interested that they asked for a part of her contract, to which Selznick agreed. In her initial picture, "The Seventh Victim," she played the lead. It wasn't such shakes as a picture, but Kim performed with such sincerity that she was chosen to play the second feminine lead in Ginger Rogers' "Tender Comrade." And the result . . . she captured all critics, to the extent that quick stardom is now prophesied for her.

If you believe in the power of a name, or the power of heredity, you will see this girl winning on both counts. For Kim Hunter's first name was taken from the Kim in Edna Ferber's "Showboat." In the heredity department, Kim's mother had been a concert pianist and accompanied many well-known singers, before her retirement from professional life. Mrs. Hunter was attracted to public life. She lived and loved music, so there were lessons for Kim, too—but Kim always knew her course was acting.

Birth notices report her arrival in Detroit, Mich., on November 12, 1922. But though she is young and laughter-loving, she has a remarkable depth of feeling.
ANNY KAYE is a funny man. There'll be no doubt of it in your mind after seeing the big Sam Goldwyn musical, "Up in Arms," which marks Danny's screen debut. For he wraps it up riotously.

He's as crazy off-screen as on. He's fascinated by makeup and loves to don silly beards and dash around while he plays a long lost uncle, a Russian refugee, an ancient plumber or an escaped lunatic.

Broadway's Guthrie McClintic wanted him for "The Pirate." England's Gabriel Paschal would like to star him as Macbeth, the Metropolitan Opera's Edward Johnson described him as a perfect "Figaro." But Danny says, "A shoemaker should stick to his laffs."

Because Danny Kaye's name became famous all of a sudden, many people think he's an overnight sensation. What they don't know is that for twelve years he played every whistle stop in America and knocked himself out being funny all over the world. After high school he worked at everything from soda jerking to waiting tables. He was funny all the time. And after five years of catch-as-catch-can, he landed in a vaudeville act which was part of a show which was heading for the Orient—the Philippines, China, and Japan.

In 1935 he returned to New York and tried to break in on Broadway. When he didn't succeed he toured with Sally Rand (not as a fan), Abe Lyman, and stooged for Nick Long, Jr., from Texas to London.

In 1939, he met Sylvia. It was an important event, for later Sylvia Fine became Sylvia Kaye—and she has contributed importantly to Danny's success. Mrs. Kaye is a writer of lyrics and music, and she knows her Danny. She helps him plan routines, helps handle business affairs. Because Sylvia and Danny are opposites, they think that's what makes them happy. A balanced marriage. She's even-tempered, he's volatile. Sylvia is analytic, Danny lives by instinct. She walks, Danny runs. She talks, Danny listens. They like the same people and laugh at the same things.

Danny's friends range from old Brooklyn pals to Lady Mend, and he loves to mix them. All of Danny's contracts are purely verbal, and he's never gone back on a promise. Sylvia and Max Liebman write all his material and supervise everything he does, professionally. What he does in private life no one could supervise.

He's one of the hardest working entertainers for benefits and bond rallies. When it comes to profile he'll never give Bob Taylor any serious competition, but when he gets in action, as in "Up in Arms," you'll see an endearing quality about him, behind all his laughter, that makes him seem like an old friend.

Bob Hutton looks like a typical American boy. He isn't. His life has always fallen in too comfortable lines to be typical and his ambition has always been too crystal clear for him ever to go through that muddled period most boys experience.

Bob Winne was born in Kingston, New York, and it wasn't until he really got going at acting that he adopted his mother's maiden name of Hutton. He attended Blair Academy in New Jersey, where he attracted attention at such varied sports as tennis, track, wrestling and hockey. Athletic coaches from many colleges began swarming over him, but Bob knew what he wanted. He wanted to act.

He went up to the famous little Woodstock Theatre, which wasn't too far away from his own town of Kingston, and got himself a job there. He was only trouble—and it was plenty—was that Bob was the timing wrong on it. The winter after he left Woodstock, he came to movieland. Not a leaf stirred. No talent scouts pursued him. Not a studio cared whether he lived or died. But one thing did happen to him. Love.

Love came to him at Pickfair, the home of Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers. Bob had been invited to a party, and into same party came Natalie Thompson, a Los Angeles social belle. Bob looked at Natalie and Natalie looked at him, and the room whirled. The only trouble—and it was plenty—was that Bob was broke.

He fled back to Broadway. He couldn't get a tumble. He went back to Woodstock. They gave him a job at that coffee and cake money which may keep the wolf from the door but which keeps romance away also.

So he became a commercial photographer, And it was while he was being a busy cameraman that Louis Shurr, an agent, saw him. Shurr arranged a screen test. Warner's saw to that. And next thing Bob saw was a dotted line at the bottom of a contract, with his name all neatly affixed to it.

Back to Hollywood, back to Natalie—and thereupon life for Bob became as rosy as a postcard. Warners liked him and put him in the fine debut role of the sensitive young kid in "Destination Tokyo." Natalie put him in her heart, so completely that a week before "Destination Tokyo" was previewed she and Bob were married.

Now he's been rushed into the male lead of "Janie," and all's very much well. Hutton's on his way.
I’VE LEARNED:
To be careful with my heart.
To laugh when I’m hurt, for then the hurt heals more quickly.
Not to expect things from people and to be grateful when, unexpectedly, loyalties and kindnesses, good faith, favors and good fortune come my way.
Not to wear my shoes too tight.
Never to say I won’t do this or that because you never know about Tomorrow.
Not to let gossip bother me, for regardless of how hard you try, there is always someone to misunderstand and misconstrue.
Never to criticize other people lest before the words are out of my mouth, I find myself doing the very things I’ve deplored in them.

I’M GRATEFUL FOR:
The fact that I am not in love, and am free as a breeze.
My career; for the things I’ve done and the things I’ve seen and the people I’ve met, which the career has made possible.
My parents, for the fearless outlook on life they gave me.
My sense of buoyancy and the fact that I very seldom brood or mope.
My whole childhood, which was just a normal, “everybody’s kid” existence.
My friends and the happiness they give me.
The fact that I have no fear of old age but only the
Sing a song of Sheridan, but put new words to the music. Make it sweet and mellow, then add a dash of romance and pepper—because she’s really like that.

Gorgeously glamorous, smartly sophisticated—on occasions when she really must. However Ann much prefers the simpler sort of thing. Hunting trips, horses and digging in a backyard garden. It’s no gag—she does!
hope that I'll grow old gracefully and with a sense of humor.
The fact that when my career is over I'll be able to wave it godspeed with a grin.

I FEAR:
Almost nothing at all except small, enclosed places and dizzy heights.

I LIKE:
To eat; to laugh; to smoke; to drink champagne; to wear comfortable clothes, slacks, shorts; also to dress up very occasionally and break my neck trying to be a clothes horse.
Mexico and New York; hoop earrings; silly jokes; gags played on me; Fred Astaire's dancing and Bing Crosby's singing; Pepper Red lipstick; all Mexican songs, especially "Besame Mucho"; junk bracelets, junk jewelry of all kinds.
To sleep raw; to roll up in the middle of the bed; dogs; horses; gardening; canopied beds; compliments, if they're sincere; to have a new dress noticed when I wear one; minding my own business.

I REMEMBER:
The studio coach who said that all I had God had given me, and his advice to get rid of me because I was lazy, wouldn't work, and wouldn't get anywhere even if I did.
The hunting trips I used to take with my Dad, which were the brightest spot in my bright childhood; the spankings I used to get; the barbed wire scratches with which my legs were habitually seamed and criss-crossed and which I got from riding the heifers down the field when I'd been forbidden to do so.
My first days in school when I played sick (the most convincing performances I have ever given) and got sent home; my slow and painful convalescence from "mike" fright.
My first kiss, which took (Continued on page 76)
LUM AND ABNER ARE UP FOR THE SECOND TIME...

Did you get in on Movieland's announcement of the Lum and Abner Contest in last month's issue? If not, we're just back again to tell you that the first letters are coming in, and we want your help to answer our question "Should Lum and Abner go romantic?" Yes, that's the business at hand. So fall to, with your trusty little pen.

Lum and Abner want to know, and Movieland wants to know, should the boys give up their old series of films following their radio shows, such as the characters in their movie "So This Is Washington"—or, should they play romantic leads like Cooper, Grant and Cagney? Making such a step is serious business, and they're depending on their fans to advise them.

As prizes make a contest more interesting, $2000 in War Bonds will go to the winners. The first prize is a $1000 Bond. There will be five $100 Bond prizes and ten $50 Bond prizes.

These rewards are offered for the best letters of advice, not to be longer than 250 words each, telling Lum and Abner—Chet Lauck and Norris Goff—what you would like them to do.

Letters should be addressed to Lum and Abner Contest Editor, Movieland, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, California.

The contest closes April 1, 1944. No letters postmarked after midnight of that date can be judged. Every letter will be read and notations made of the readers' suggestions. Then the letters will be analyzed and graphed. It'll be like an election. The voice of the people will speak and the stars will be guided by the popular vote, rather than by individual suggestions, however brilliant.

While the boys wait for your response, they will go on as they have been. They will continue their radio shows, five per week, Monday through Friday, over the Blue Network. They may even film another Lum and Abner picture before the matter of their future is decided.

They'll wait for advice from their friends before they bow to producer pressure to step before the cameras as their useful selves.

They want your opinion. So write immediately to the Lum and Abner Contest Editor, Movieland, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, California.

RULES:

1. Write 250 words or less telling why you think Lum and Abner should continue with their character roles—or—why you believe they should play straight romantic leads.
2. Fill in the coupon below, attach it to your letter and mail to the Contest Editor.
3. Submit one entry only.
4. All entries become MOVIELAND property.
5. Anyone may enter this contest except employees of MOVIELAND, INC., and of RKO Radio Pictures, Inc., and members of their families.
6. The contest closes midnight, April 1, 1944.
7. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Neatness will be considered.
8. Decisions of the contest judges will be final.

MOVIELAND'S LUM and ABNER CONTEST

(Please print or type)

FULL NAME ........................................
STREET ........................................
CITY ........................................ STATE...

Clip this coupon and attach it to your letter.
High in a canyon, nestled in the hills not so far from Hollywood, a house that's not large—but comfortable, inviting. A quaint little French farm house which was designed for genuine living.

Home of a Star . . . MICHELE MORGAN'S

Movieland brings you the second in a series of pictorial descriptions of the homes where the movie stars live. And here's one that really does more than its share in indicating the tastes and personalities of the people who live there. Romantic—quaint—adjectives just trip off the tongue when describing the house where Michele Morgan waits for soldier husband, Bill Marshall. Like many Army wives, she keeps the hearth warm, knowing Bill likes to come here on furloughs. While he's away Michele lives here with Bill's mother—missing him, but busy planning for the day of that great homecoming, when they'll be together again.

When there will be other al fresco dinners, as before—

and outdoor parties, with guests served on the lawn beside this clear as crystal fish pool. There's comfort and reassurance in homes like this, tucked in between the surrounding hills and valleys, a tranquil retreat from the busy activity of the studio. The artistic detail seems reminiscent of old provincial France—a poem of simplicity.
At one side of the beam-ceilinged living room is a stone wall encasing a large deep fireplace, the rugged massiveness of which becomes doubly impressive with the addition of a solid block wood mantel. Other features include gay printed cushions for the cozy side-of-the-hearth seats, a wooden ladder for the ascent to the overhanging loft, and a well-placed assortment of growing plants. Potted vines trailing down over the edge of the loft, ferns in the wells of the custom-designed coffee table, and other greenery in stands about the room. Color is used with restraint. The two large couches are upholstered with green chenille; the chairs are covered with matching floral print chintz.

Warmth of color and detail make the kitchen a livable room, as well as functional. Red and blue checked wallpaper fills in between the knotty pine cupboards and a plank ceiling. Curtains are white dotted Swiss, with maroon and white ball fringe picking up the color accent set by the maroon tile service board and the linoleum.

There’s nothing monotonous about this house. Yet with the infinite variety of details, all are logically, thoughtfully combined and the effect achieved is a comfortable glow, warm and inviting hospitality. One has only to look at this dining room, for instance, and there’s a feeling of being included for the candle-lit dinner parties Michele presides over there, when Bill is home on leave. It may be the simplicity of the big oval plank table, the high back chairs, or the French peasant corner cupboard. Whatever it is, the room has a definite atmosphere. A charm all its own, and a certain air of serenity.
Quality things are versatile, you know. Still, who but someone as ingenious as Michele would have had the idea for making a bed out of what was originally an antique couch? The tufted blue silk covering is matched by the quilted silk coverlet—and what could be more daintily feminine, as a complement to frothy white drapes hanging full to form the canopy above? For the wall hanging behind the curtains, pink and orchid taffeta, the pink picked up again for velvet ribbons laced along the eyelet ruffle flounce. The rosettes holding the tie-backs in place are little forget-me-not bouquets. And don't overlook those barrel-like stands, with the two French porcelain lamps and white silk shades.

Make believe that you are going visiting. This is the guest bedroom that would be assigned to you at Michele's home, and it's really one of the nicest rooms of all. The many paneled windows afford the most breathtaking view. Birdseye maple desk and chest are Early American, and quite in harmony as being of the same period, note the two porcelain lamps, wired for electricity. The fringed rug is cream colored, window valances are brown and cream.
An air of openness prevails, thanks to the logical use of large windows, curtained without obstructing the view. The drapery print is red and green, with solid color ruffles. Four chairs covered with green check cotton are tufted with green buttons. French porcelain plates lining the walls, also tables and benches all typically Early American, reflect both a preference for the unelaborate in decoration and a keen appreciation for the charm of fine antiques.

It’s the dining room again, rephotographed to give you a more detailed view of the quaint drapes and wall frieze—gingham figures appliqued on a field of cream chints. Shades of reminiscence, harking back to some of Grandma’s fine old calico quilt patterns.

A corner of the living room features a bar, paneled in pine. The shelf and cupboard are Early American pieces of walnut wood, and those are real pewter jugs you see on the floor. The rug is cherry red, bright and gay but not gawdy. All of which goes to prove that dreams can come true, and dream homes do exist.

Photos by Maynard Parker for Movieland Magazine.
HOLLYWOOD'S SERVICE WIVES

Solve the Date Problem

BY ALICE L. TILDESLEY

THE beautiful wives of Hollywood have to solve the "date" problem facing millions of wives throughout America, and they solve it in the most individualistic ways.

"All my time belongs to my husband," asserted Michele Morgan, still in a lovely daze from telephone contact with husband William Marshall, cadet in the Air Corps. "He will soon be with me. I know the exact number of hours and minutes until he comes. He knows what I shall do with each hour.

"It is wrong for any girl married to a man in service to give him cause to worry about her. He has enough to worry about in his new hard life, under strict discipline perhaps for the first time, with difficult courses to study, with dreadful things to do, being trained to face—or actually facing—thirst and hunger, cold, fever or death, without having to be uncertain of his wife.

"He must have one person who lives only for him, who belongs to him and is steadfast and true. He has been torn from a familiar, satisfying, friendly existence and thrust into one that is strange and unnatural. He needs an anchor at home.

"I hear girls say there's no harm in going out with another man, having dancing dates, playing about here and there while waiting for the war to end. But I think that is dreadful!

"The wife of a man in service should be for her husband and for him alone. He likes to think she could
The Lt. Van Heflins are of the nursery tending set, proud parents for all of six months. Leisure time as a waiting wife is no problem for Mrs. Heflin—the baby sees to that!
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very occasional
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May Whitty had an anni-
(Continued on page 68)
No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap...yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

In the game of love, a girl's best trump card is lovely, shining hair. Yes, a man really falls for hair that sparkles with highlights, gleams with lustre!

So if you want to be the "Queen of his heart," remember that! Never let soap or soap shampoos dull the radiant beauty of your hair.

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

See, too, how the wonderful hair conditioner now in this new, improved Drene leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to handle...right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

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

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

Product of Procter & Gamble
THIS is the story of a young man who came to Hollywood a star and would have departed, save for a handful of preview comment cards, a bit player. It is the story of an ex-sandhog, ex-sailor, ex-salesman of cemetery lots, ex-bodyguard for a gangster, ex-photographic model who never gave a thought to acting until he was twenty-six.

It is the story of big Bob Ryan, who the day before he was inducted into the army won the lead opposite Ginger Rogers in "Tender Comrade."

It is a story of a guy who seems to get furthest ahead by getting set back.

Bob Ryan came to Hollywood a year and a half ago to star in Pare Lorentz' "Name, Age and Occupation." His hopes were high then. The lean years were past. Lorentz had seen him with Tallulah Bankhead in "Clash By Night" on Broadway, and Lorentz had decided he was film star material. So there was Ryan, whose only camera experience had been in front of a Brownie, with the lead in one of the biggest pictures of the year. There was a guy who had known what it was to be hungry and to work and sweat and slave. Now he had a dressing room of his own and a good fat pay check and a great future ahead of him.

"Look at this," Ryan said that day. He handed us a note from Corey Ford, the writer, to which was attached a check for $250.

"Wait until you've arrived," the note advised curtly.

"He loaned me that money two years ago," Ryan explained. "I was to pay it back when I hit pay dirt. I figured this was it and I sent him back his two-fifty. Look what happened."

"Maybe Mr. Ford is a cynic," we suggested, then.

"Or a prophet," said Ryan grinning. "Maybe I haven't arrived."

It turned out that Ford was something of a prophet. "Name, Age and Occupation" was scrapped and Lorentz departed from the RKO lot. (Continued on page 58)
Livvy dines with the Major, Woodward Melone. Cupid goes crazy. It's all so confusing!

a few evenings later, Claire is out with young Van Johnson, and both looking very pleased.

then next night on nightclub row, Van with Judy Garland. It looked like a thing, except . . .

WHY CUPID GOES CRAZY IN HOLLYWOOD

Livvy dines with the Major, Woodward Melone. Cupid goes crazy. It's all so confusing!

Meanwhile, Jess Barker goes places with Olivia de Havilland.

And whom should Betty date just the following week-end but glamour puss Alan Curtis!

Next night at the Macombo, Jess was playing potty-cake with a delighted Betty Newling.
WHEN Universal first got the idea of casting that hottest of hot jitterbugs, that heppiest of hep cats, Irish Peggy Ryan, as the girl who didn't get Donald O'Connor, it little knew the trouble it was creating for itself.

The studio thought it was a swell idea. The Bing Crosby-Bob Hope-Dorothy Lamour triangle had netted millions for Paramount, so why couldn't Universal have a triangle all its own? Only strictly with jive kids.

Nobody had ever kicked because Bob Hope rarely got the girl. So how could Universal guess what it was starting when the chick with the blue eyes, the brown hair and the hep manner, couldn't get Donald?

Letters began to pour in protesting this state of affairs. "Why don't you shake the dust out of your eyes?" the jive fans wanted to know. "We kids are hep, and we don't like those icky heroines you've been giving Donald O'Connor. For Pete's sake, why? He's supposed to be hep, too. Why should he make love to a square, when Peggy Ryan is around?"

Peggy has now made about nine pictures in which she didn't, etc. But now Universal has started to make amends. In "Patrick the Great," the gal who gets Donald is Peggy, who's always on the beam.

I went around to find out how Peggy was taking it. It was lunchtime and she ordered "a tomato and lettuce salad and all that jive."

"Are you going to be strictly a glamour girl from now on?" I asked.

Peggy laughed. "I should say not. I'll stick strictly to laughs, but will I have my moments of glamour! Why, I have seventeen changes of costume and look so glamorous that Maria Montez is drooling, she's so jealous. When I play Madame Zam in one number, I do a mind reading act and wear the powder blue costume, with the big georgette pants and the stunning blue jacket that Maria wore in 'Ali Baba.' And to top it, a turban Marlene Dietrich wore in 'Three Cheers for the Boys.' My midriff is bare, like Maria's. Between Marlene's and Maria's (Continued on page 80)
The infectious Stock grin, so typical of the officers of our Navy today who love the work they are doing in defeating the nation’s enemies. After many months of training, Lt. Stack is well qualified to handle the Flying Navy’s heavy artillery. Hollywood cost aside until victory and six months after, handsome but a tired Lt. Stack studies the theory of aerial gunnery. And at 1:30 in the morning!

Instructor Stack calls out orders to the men along the firing line at a U.S. Naval Air Station gunnery range. The sailor making an adjustment to his machine gun is Thomas Gudgel, an aviation ordnanceman, second class, from Springfield, Ill.
ADVICE TO YOUTH

YOUTH problems! There has never been a time when they were so important as they are today.
Are you one of the hundreds of thousands of teenagers in this country who is lonely and bewildered?
Are you one of the girls who is khaki-wacky, who goes for any guy in a uniform?
Or are you one of those lads in uniform, away from home for the first time in your life, and all mixed up as to what to do about the girl you left behind you—and the girls you see right in front of you?
Are you a service bride, with too much time on your hands, or a teen-age mother suddenly left all alone in the world with his baby to bring up, and the necessity of finding a job?
Movieland believes that as much as elders may sincerely want to help youth, actually only the generations understand one another. Youth knows youth, because it has youth's problems to face, just as age knows age for the same reason.
Thus Movieland has chosen Bonita Granville, who is just twenty, to advise its young readers on youth problems.
Bonita seems to us the ideal youth counselor because she is neither a flaming jitterbug nor a goody-goody girl. She may be a Hollywood leading lady, but she's also a typical American girl, with very typical problems.
So let Bonita advise you. Tell her what's worrying you and read her honest, forthright answers on this page, beginning next month.
Address Bonita Granville, in care of Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California. Please try to keep it down to two hundred words—and write today.
A WONDER WARDROBE

Esther Williams selects outfits that are adaptable to several occasions. To top her suit (for more formality, or warmth, or even both), she adds a finger-length white tweed jacket, with full revers and collar of gray lamb, and a wee bonnet to match.

Irene of MGM fashioned Esther's suit into a two-piece ensemble of lightweight wool, with white wool stripes for accent. Here she wears a white dickey and pearls, but colors and accessories can be varied according to mood. The suit itself is adjustable, ready for any daytime wear date and always smartly appropriate.

Now to look into the evening wear situation. Esther has this party frock of white crepe, vertically striped with alternate green and red sequins. The front drapes falls flatteringly to emphasize the split front effect. But there's the trick! That frill is detachable. On again, off again—just as you wish.
IN TWO SUPER-SMART OUTFITS
Make the most of a minimum—
Look your best but pass that test

Suppose you want to be less formal. You want to make the party dress be a simple but exquisite dinner dress. Take off said frill, use it as a scarf over your locks. Over it all, put your white pala coat (which has many daytime uses). You have green sequin cuffs which you put on the coat sleeves for evening, and presto! The change is made.

Thus a clever girl like Esther Williams always manages to appear dashing well dressed—and you can, too—without violating any rules. Our government is asking us not to buy any more than we need. That means wise buying, wise planning, careful selection.
Danny Kaye breezes in to establish himself as a solid sender in his first Hollywood picture. The fellow is a terrific entertainer, as he has proved in numerous Broadway musicals, nightclubs and as a singer of distinctive songs on phonograph records. He has a chance to do two of his most favored numbers in “Up In Arms,” that parody about the superabundance of screen credits in movies and the yammer to the strains of Rubinstein’s “Melody in F” about a draftee’s experiences in the Army. Each time he brings down the house, as well as physically knocking himself out. A very funny fellow is Danny Kaye.

He plays a hypochondriac in “Up In Arms,” enjoying his imaginary illnesses so intensely that he gets a job as an elevator boy in a physicians’ center. He is happy to be in such close contact with the doctors he patronizes. Imagine his surprise when he is found to be physically fit for Army service in the draft. Then darned if he doesn’t go out to win a medal for bravery against the Japs. How he blunders into his feat of daring should remain his secret.

There are a lot of riotous laughs in the Samuel Goldwyn farce, mostly contributed by Kaye. Dana Andrews plays his buddy in service and their best girls get to go along to war when Dinah Shore and Constance Dowling join the WACs. All of the beauteous Goldwyn Girls are WACs too. Dinah gets the chance to turn loose her soft, sweet and low voice on several songs best of which is something called “Now I Know.” Constance Dowling hardly means anything in her film debut.

Director Alfred Hitchcock has many admirers in Hollywood, but even the most ardent among them had reason to fear that he had undertaken an impossible job in filming “Lifeboat.” It was Hitch’s own idea to make a picture about a small group of survivors of a ship sinking, who are adrift on the Atlantic in an open boat. John Steinbeck, the novelist, wrote a story for him dealing with the interplay of human emotions under duress, a tale of human strengths, weaknesses and even treachery. The director insisted upon staging the action within the cramped confines of a 26-foot lifeboat, no flashbacks to the previous lives of the nine characters in his cast. He wanted us to meet them as they met one another.

The result is one of the most absorbing dramas that sustains interest without pause. Hitchcock, the master of suspense, takes you on a theatrical experience which leaves you limp with excitement.

Headed by Tallulah Bankhead in a dynamic return to the screen, the cast is all-star. Tallu is the elegant international journalist in the plot. “Lifeboat” will launch a new star in John Hodiak who makes a smashing hit as the shipwrecked oiler. The balance of the cast is equally superb: William Bendix is a sailor from Brooklyn; Walter Slezak, a German rescued from the U-boat; Mary Anderson, an appealing American nurse; Henry Hull, an industrialist; Heather Angel, a grieving young mother; Hume Cronyn, a radio operator; and Canada Lee, an upstanding Negro mess steward. It’s a film you must see...
THESE ghosts who are “The Uninvited” are taken with full seriousness in the spine-tingling suspenseful picture that has been made of Dorothy Macardle’s bestselling novel. Unlike recent screen wraiths, we are not taken to mingle with them in their lives beyond the grave. You don’t have to believe in the supernatural to accept their presence in a bleak house overlooking the Dover Cliffs in England. They simply are realistically there as spirits of good and evil, the good one unable to find rest until her dark secret is known by the daughter she has loved and watched over.

As this daughter, Gail Russell impresses as a brilliant new star in Hollywood. She gives a gloriously fresh performance in mighty fast company, playing a charming romance with Ray Milland whose sister is performed by Ruth Hussey. Then there are Donald Crisp and the priceless Cornelia Otis Skinner, to insure a case of unusual abilities in this Charles Brackett production.

The house on the cliffs has long been vacant when Milland and his sister purchase it from the elderly patrician who has determined to keep the secret of its haunting. He tries to prevent the friendship of his granddaughter with the new tenants, but inevitably her problem becomes theirs. One of the spirits is identified as that of her mother; the other a woman who was her father’s mistress. What the living do about this frightening pair is legitimately designed to give you that edge-of-the-seat feeling. Its eeriness is dramatically valid, and you should not refuse the invitation to “The Uninvited.”

ACCORDING to the empty promises of the Hitler appeasers, there was to be nothing but peace “In Our Time.” Many of us deluded ourselves that these promises would be fulfilled. That was in the fall of 1939 and before the fall of Poland. Poland is the locale of “In Our Time,” which tells of the romantic marriage of an English girl to a titled Polish aristocrat of proud family. Ida Lupino gives a soft, warm performance of the girl, and Paul Henreid is properly dashing as the Count. Their splendid love causes her to brave the wrath of his baronial uncle and introduce modern improvements in the operation of the estate. She is well on the way to pointing a new life for the peasants, who have clung to the medieval manner of existence, when the fury of the Nazi attack breaks in the first bombing of Warsaw. The failure of the counterattack in which motorized panzer divisions annihilated the cavalry is not depicted, merely described. But Poland did not fall without a stout-hearted defense. From that defense comes other promises that can be kept.

Several parts of this story lack the sharp focus in dealing with realities that distinguished such works as “Watch on the Rhine.” Yet there is no want of sharpness in the characterizations. Supporting Ida and Henreid, who are really fine, is a superb actor, one Michael Chekhov, whose Uncle Leopold will win your heart. Among others of note are Nazimova, Victor Francen, Mary Boland and Nancy Coleman. Because of their portrayals, your time will not be wasted by “In Our Time.”

HERE is the greatest motion picture that has come from the headlines of the current world war. It is not a story of conflict—there is only one battle scene in the whole film. Rather is it a glorious, heartwarming comedy of family life that honestly typifies the spirit of America for which millions are fighting.

Actually all five of the sons of Mom and Pop Sullivan were lost at the same time in the sinking of the cruiser Juneau off Guadalcanal. They died as they had lived—together in the bonds of their proud family ties. And when you are moved to tears by their loss, there will be pride in your weeping—pride in the American heritage their sacrifice allows you to share.

All baptized at the same time, they all slid down the banisters of their modest home in Waterloo, Iowa. They scrapped among themselves, but presented a united front against anyone else who sought a fight. That’s what caused them to demand that the Navy assign them all to the same ship. Al, the youngest Sullivan, was always the one for whom the other brothers had to wait. Yet he was the first to fall in love, marry, and make uncles of the others. The role of Al has a shade the best of the story, a fact capitalized upon by Bobby Driscoll, as the child, and Edward Ryan, as the grown-up. The rest of the brothers are also cleverly performed by screen newcomers, and Anne Baxter delivers a charming portrait of Katherine Mary, the bride. Thomas Mitchell is a splendid Dad. and Selena Royle a priceless Mom. Trudy Marshall is the lovely sister.
The next time we saw Ryan he was working in "Bombardier." But he wasn't the star. Pat O'Brien was. And there were a host of players with bigger parts than Ryan had.

"They tell me the part isn't big," Ryan said. "But they say it will do things for me."

"Bombardier" didn't do it. Nor did the role of the fighting Irishman in "Behind the Rising Sun," nor the role of the priest in "The Iron Major." It was the smallest bit in his short screen career that did the trick for Bob Ryan.

Producer David Hempstead needed someone to play Fred Astaire's Flying Tiger pal in "The Sky's the Limit." It wasn't. "The Sky's the Limit" was previewed. The comment cards asked the same question. So did Ginger Rogers, who saw the second preview as guest of her former dance partner, Fred Astaire. Miss Rogers had just been handed the "Tender Comrade" script and was on the lookout for a leading man. So the next thing he knew, Ryan was sitting in a hammock on set three asking Ginger to marry him, while the camera put his first screen kiss on film.

That's Ryan's Hollywood story. But it's only a moment in the story of his adventurous, rip-roaring life.

He's a big guy. Six feet three and a quarter inches tall with the sloping shoulders of a boxer and a head of unruly black hair. Six feet isn't tall for a Ryan. His father was six foot four. One of his uncles towered six feet eight above the Chicago side-walks, where Bob was born November 11, 1909. (We don't mean he was for on the sidewalk—it was in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Ryan that the event occurred.)

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Ryan immediately began figuring out what their son should do.

"I want him to be a violinist," said Mr. Ryan.

"In Chicago?" asked the shocked father. "The only thing you can use a violin for in Chicago is to carry a machine gun around in the case. Bob will take boxing lessons, not fiddle lessons."

So Bob took boxing lessons, a thing he has never regretted. In high school, Bob played football and wrote bad poetry. But in Dartmouth, he became heavyweight boxing champion, and tried to learn to write. Though Bob's father was a fairly successful contractor, he didn't believe in pampering his son. Bob had to pay part of his way through Dartmouth. He worked summer vacations, first on a dude ranch in Northwest Montana, then in the summer and winter of 1929 as a salesman for cemetery lots.

"My sales argument," he remembers, "was that I was selling something permanent."

He sold plots in graveyards, until the financial world came down around the country's ears. Then nothing would sell, not even something as permanent as a plot six by six by two. So he went back to college, and in his last college vacation he became an unwitting mobster in the Chicago underworld.

"I answered an ad," he says. "An oil man wanted a chauffeur. He took one look at me and said I was it. I ferried him around for two weeks before I discovered he was a bootlegger and that he was taking me along as a bodyguard. I wanted to stay in one piece so I resigned."

Ryan remembers 1922 as the year they handed him a sheepskin and sent him out into a world that was pretty cynical about sheepskins. The market for cemetery lots was nonexistent. The bootlegger who had hired him was in the pokey. The dude ranch business was shot to pieces. But Chicago was extending its sewer system and sandhogs were needed in the tunnels. So Ryan grabbed a pick and shovel and went to work underground. The only thing exciting in that phase of his life was when he saved himself from falling down a seventy-foot shaft by grabbing the side bar of a broken elevator.

It was hard work, dangerous and dull. Ryan got fed up. Two friends came along with a tempting idea. There was still gold in Montana. They knew a man with a placer mine who would let them in on shares. How about it?

"I thought it over," Ryan says. "I thought of being out in the sun and the wind. I thought of seeing hills and open sky again. So away we went, in a car with a top speed of twenty-five miles an hour.

For four months, they toiled for gold, ten hours a day, seven days a week. They lived in a roofless shack and food was scarce. Finally the..."
Jessica Cadwalader. She's a blonde says, "the well came in and I was partners weighed their poke of dust, found they had eight dollars to split three ways. So they crossed the border to Fernie, British Columbia, and had an eight dollar party and then worked their way home."

"That was a cold winter. Ryan lived in Greenwich Village with two other impoverished boys and they spent their time hunting work. Bob finally found it, with an advertising agency. He became a photographer's model. He posed for alcohol ads."

"I didn't like it," Ryan says. "I didn't like it at all. One of my pals got married. I went to the wedding. I met a good natured sea captain at the wedding and next morning I was on his freighter in the black gang, and the freighter was headed for the East coast of Africa."

There was a time in Ryan's life when he thought Eugene O'Neill's plays about life at sea were a trifle overdrawn. That trip in the freighter convinced him O'Neill knew what he was talking about. He worked eight-hour shifts in a temperature of 130 degrees. In Portuguese East Africa he saw native workmen eating raw sheep heads. In a storm in mid-Atlantic he saw a woman try to throw herself little boy overboard.

At Trinidad on the long voyage home, a letter from his father caught Ryan's eye. Timothy Ryan had a broken leg. There was work for his son to do. So Bob hurried home and became supervisor on a tunnel job for the Chicago drainage canal system.

An accident underground brought Ryan back to the surface of the earth for good. Four men were killed when a pick hit an unexplored dynamite charge. He got a supervisor's job on a street construction. He was so happy thinking, a whole lot of thinking. It occurred to him suddenly that he had been marking time most of his life, that what he wanted to do was act and write and direct.

How does a man who knows nothing about the theater go about getting a job? That was the question facing young Ryan. He had a young idea, as fine as a boy's, for the plays that were to come. He thought he'd like to try to throw his little boy overboard.

At 21 Ryan appeared in support of Luise Rainer in "A Kiss For Cinderella." "I thought it was just one of those jobs," says Ryan. "It wasn't. It got me my break."

For Miss Rainer was married to Clifford Odets and Odets had written a play called "Clash By Night"—and Odets, Tallulah Bankhead and Producer Billy Rose were looking for a juvenile. "Bob is it," said Miss Rainer. "Odets, Bankhead and Rose agreed. So Ryan went into "Clash By Night." Pare Lorentz saw it and for "Name, Age and Occupation." Ryan was right back."

Anna caused a riot and brought forth a salvo of hurrahs when she got a coy doggie on the improvised altar of Going Home. She did—on the chest—the same doggie that knocked out a sniper when we were entering Trena. That's what Hollywood does to a combat line infantryman."

By the way, if this letter wins any kind of prize, don't send me money because it's useless where we are. Send me a box of good Havana cigars. Cpl. Samuel Fuller, Reg. Hdq., 16th Infantry A.P.O. 1, c/o Postmaster S.F., Calif.

(Editor's Note: Ten dollars worth of cigars and our thanks are already en route to Cpl. Fuller.)
Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

So many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns." Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on school and social matters, business, household affairs, fashions, human interest stories, gardening, decorating, travels and war activities, as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of checks for $25, $50 and $100 go out to writers whose latent ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing! Newspaper copy desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The story is the thing. Every copy "cub" passes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

That is why Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on the Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. And upon the very same kind of actual assignments given daily to metropolitan reporters. Thus you learn by doing, not by studying the individual styles of model authors.

Each week your work is analyzed constructively by practical writers. Gradually the training helps you to clarify your own distinctive style. Writing soon becomes easy, absorbing. Profitable, too, as you gain the "professional" touch that gets your material accepted by editors. Above all, you can see constant progress week by week as your faults are corrected and your writing ability grows.

Have You Natural Ability?

Our Writing Aptitude Test will reveal whether or not you have natural talent for writing. It will analyze your powers of observation, your imagination and dramatic instinct. You'll enjoy taking this test. There is no cost or obligation.

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Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in Movie-Hollywood. (Continuous from Page 10)

Gary Cooper, fourteen pounds lighter since his overseas trip, chats with Joan Leslie at Warner Bros.’ big Army-Navy party.

MOVING OUT TO THE VALLEY

Marwyck has been sold again. Originally, the large ranch in San Fernando Valley belonged jointly to Barbara Stanwyck and Mrs. Zeppo Marx. It was a horse ranch and one of the show places in California. They finally gave it up as a bad business venture and sold it to Venita Oakie, Jack's wife. She raised Afghan hounds.

She gave it up and now Mary Pickford and the dress designer Adrian have purchased it. There are two beautiful homes on the place, so Adrian has moved his wife, Janet Gaynor, and his little son, Robin, out there. Mary and Buddy plan to move out there this summer with their adopted children. They are going to farm the place, and we wonder if all the hands are going to wear Adrian creations.

ALSOP'S FABLES, WITH MUSIC

Those singing commercials you hear on the radio are the brain children of Carleton Alsop, husband of Martha Scott. Alsop originated them three years ago when he was a radio executive in New York. Martha thinks they are wonderful and even sings some of them.

of Duffy’s Tavern is moving east for thirteen weeks. I would like to rent my palatial home in Bel-Air. I got a tennis court, swimming pool, a lawn so adjacent one may engage in cricket, croquet, polo (if played with Shetland ponies) and other sports. I got a victory garden, fruit trees—oranges, lemons, limes, avacarbons and them Mexican peaches. The house itself has a three-car garage, two servants rooms, three large bedrooms, with dressing rooms and separate bath, an office, a radio room, a powder room and a large living room with one of Steinway’s grand pianos. Tremendous kitchen, dining room, etc., to say nothing of liberry with a vanishing bar and a game room with a pool table and pingpong table. Here is a chance for a banker or a business tycoon to live like a wealthy bartender for three months, providing he will be kind to the furniture, the carpets, the servants and the gardener. Call Ed “Archie" Gardner for appointment, Br. 04597. This ain't kiddin'.”

They rented the house after showing it to three people, and had sixty calls begging to rent the house.

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BLONDELL GOES TO BROADWAY

Alas, there’s another parting in Hollywood of two very nice people, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. They have been married for eight years, and for a considerable amount of them there was a very happy home, what with the two children.

For once, it can’t be blamed on that old “two careers” alibi. In fact, the separation can more nearly be blamed on the lack of their two careers.

When Joan and Dick married, they were both under contract to Warner’s, both at the peak. Each had had one unhappy marriage. Both of them very much wanted to settle down to be blissful ever after. You never saw two more delighted people than when their daughter was born.

When Dick didn’t re-sign with Warners and when he decided, unwisely in my very personal opinion, that he didn’t want to sing on screen anymore, it was, in a way, the beginning of the end of the romance. An actor simply must act to be happy.

Not very long after, Joan’s career began to get sparse. She worked more often than Dick did, but still not enough to occupy all the energies of a girl who’d known the spotlight since childhood.

White lived a recent mild comeback at Paramount, Joan has been East hunting for a really good Broadway show.

The parting is not one of those “friendly” ones.

A NEW MARRIAGE FOR VIDOR

But, thank heaven, Cupid doesn’t get discouraged in our town.

By the time you read this, unless something goes surprisingly awry, Evelyn Keyes will be Mrs. Charles (director) Vidor. She is a distinctive, lovely girl, this Evelyn, and has been deeply in love with Charles Vidor practically from the day of their first meeting.

The obstacle to their marriage, long before this, was the fact that Vidor was married to the silent star, Karen Morley. The divorce became final in March.

JUST BACK FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC

I had the privilege of talking with Gary Cooper, Una Merkel and Phyllis Brooks a few days after they returned from their tour of the South Pacific war front.

I never saw three so different people so deeply moved. None of them was either funny or dramatic about the experience, but all of them—and this goes for Gary, too—couldn’t talk about our boys at all except with tears in their eyes.

Coop said, his voice ragged with sincerity, “I don’t want any publicity on this, but you can do me a service. You get around and see lots of players. You tell every actor and actress you see that to go out and play for our troops is a privilege.”

Una said, “Oh, Ruth, when you see those boys in those steaming jungles, and all they want you to sing is ‘White Christmas’... oh!”

She had gone to sick bay to get a toenail treated. The toenail had been torn nearly off, when she’d been dragged hastily into a slit trench as Tojo flew over.

The doctor was a dignified man of about thirty-five, but as she removed her heavy jungle boot, his hands began to shake. His face got white and he finally said, “I’m so sorry, Miss Merkel, but I’ll have to call someone else to treat you.”

Una looked at him wide-eyed.

He said, “You see I haven’t seen a white woman for eighteen months.”

WHAT’S YOUR RANK, DRIVER?

Not long ago, Maureen O’Hara was on her way to a party. She saw a lonely looking uniformed man standing on a corner and asked him if he would like to go with her. The guy snapped up the chance.

He was so funny and joined in so nicely that he practically made the party. His uniform was quite handsome, but not familiar to the guests, so finally someone asked him what branch of the service he was in.

He said, “I’m not a soldier, I’m a Greyhound Bus Driver.”

MORE INSIDE HOLLYWOOD ON PAGE 62
**Cinema Slack Suit**

Smart as all get-out! Bloused jacket gathers to a snug, fitted waist that makes yours the slenderest ever! Gorgeously tailored of a rich, lustrous rayon fabric—ideal all year 'round! Slacks drape beautifully! Brown, Green, Luggage, Red, Navy, Pilot Blue. Sizes 10 to 18. $7.98, plus postage.

Send no money. We mail C. O. D.*

If you are not completely satisfied, we will gladly refund your money.

PROMPT DELIVERY!

BETTY CO-ED of HOLLYWOOD, Dept. 639

**RITA'D RATHER BE WITH ORSON**

The vivid romance that brought together Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles has been made to burn the brighter by their marriage. Rita, that most unusual combination of beauty and genuine sweetness, has worked over since girlhood. Orson, as an infant prodigy, has also been before the public for a disproportionate amount of his twenty-eight years. Therefore, you know it's a very real love when two such people renounce personal ambition merely to be with one another.

Orson could have gone to London to star in a great British production of "War and Peace." He turned it down because Rita wouldn't be able to be with him. Rita could, at this moment, have anything her gentle heart desires from any studio, with her home studio, Columbia, pulling out its hair and its bankroll trying to keep her constantly in front of a camera. But Rita has run away from all the offers, to be in the East with Orson. Frantic phone calls and wires mean nothing to her. She doesn't even bother to answer them. She'll return to Hollywood when Orson returns, not before.

The Hollywood whispers have it that the stork may be hovering over Rita these days, but so far that is not officially confirmed. What a wonder child that would be! You remember the old crack when somebody discussed with the great Shaw his considering having a child with Isadora Duncan. Said Shaw, "But suppose it got her brains and my body?"

With Orson and Rita, whatever the inheritance, you'd still have an amazing personality.

**DEPRESSED—BUT DETERMINED**

Alan Ladd is determined to go overseas to entertain the soldiers. He feels deeply depressed over his return to civilian life and spends much time in the Hollywood Canteen. Doctors gave him six months to get back to normal health, and Paramount had better get their pictures done—because the quiet Ladd always does what he makes up his mind to do. Cute little Susie will be with him. They are working up an act together.

**NEAR-FIGHT DEPARTMENT**

When Mary Martin went east to appear in the Broadway hit, "One Touch of Venus," she rented her little bandbox of a home to Judy Garland.

First blows came when Mary nearly returned to the Coast and asked Judy to vacate. What with the housing shortage and a lease, Miss Garland declined. This was settled when Mary's show clicked and she didn't return.

But next, Mary started to decorate a New York apartment and decided she must have twelve Holbein prints from her Hollywood house. Judy declined to send them. Mary insisted. Judy declined, said Mary could have anything else in the house but not those prints. Mary said she wanted them.

This was all very dignified but firm on each side. Finally, M-G-M came to the rescue in the shape of Ed Willis, head decorator for the studio. He sent Judy one dozen exquisitely framed Victoria flower prints that exactly fitted the wall space.

So Judy sent Mary the Holbeins and everything is fine.

**AH, NOW AIN'T THAT SWEET?**

Pat O'Brien celebrated his birthday by presenting Mrs. Pat with a precious and unique gift—a pair of earrings in which were set, like cameos, the profiled images of their daughters, Mavourneen and Sean. Mrs. O'Brien wears the portrait of Mavourneen on one lobe and Sean on the other.

MORE INSIDE HOLLYWOOD ON PAGE 64
A HUNCH HE CAN'T EXPLAIN

The big guy known as Victor McLoglen, Provost Marshal of Bagdad, India, sat in his sparsely furnished, cloy-walled office. It was just shortly after the armistice of World War I. The man with a face like a battle-scarred native boy, accused of theft. When the Marshal had heard all the evidence, he acquitted the lad, stating there was insufficient testimony to prove his guilt. The boy fell upon his knees and reverently stroked the Provost's boot. He promised to do good. The Marshals desk said, "This is all I have to thank you—but it will bring you great luck."

Through his many adventurous years, Victor McLoglen carried the elephant hide among his trappings, more from sentiment than superstition.

It was late in 1943. Twentieth Century-Fox's he-man star had completed his newest picture, "Tampico," and was in his dressing room packing letters and papers into a case to take to his ranch in the north. He came across the small square of hide, sized hunk of elephant hide and tossed it on the Provost's desk. "This is all I have to thank you—but it will bring you great luck.

A few minutes later, Vic was stepping into his car to take off for the northern ranch, when the production department notified him he'd have to wait over for one additional scene. Vic told his driver to proceed with the car, and he'd take a plane north the following morning. Three hours later, the news came—Vic's car had plunged into a ditch. The driver was killed, the car completely demolished. The native boy's "great luck" promise to Vic McLoglen had been grimly fulfilled—twenty-three years later.

NOW—an easy, fascinating way to loveliness...

planned for YOU by the world-famous beauty authority,

JOHN ROBERT POWERS

WHAT THE POWERS HOME COURSE CAN DO FOR YOU...

A few of its 60 exclusive features:

YOUR FIGURE: Simple, easy ways to make you trim, fit, vital. Individual figure corrections. Illustrated, personalized for your requirements.


YOUR GROOMING: Complete and time-saving beauty schedule. Easy short-cuts to good grooming.

YOUR STYLE: How to save up to 10 times the price of this course and still be "best dressed." Your own Color Chart—Drama in accessories for YOU!

YOUR VOICE: Simple but effective exercises to make your voice and speech more attractive.

YOUR GRACE: How to walk and stand for beauty—as a Powers Girl. How to acquire poise.

YOU: The Man's viewpoint. Mr. Powers gives the formula for charm and magnetism—the inner beauty that reveals the lovely woman.

REAL "POWERS GIRL" TRAINING—personalized for YOU—at modest cost

Here's a way to new appeal, new happiness for every girl who really wants it! You've heard of the famous Powers School, where "just average" girls are transformed into beauties. Now you can have the exclusive advantages of Mr. Powers' training right in your own home.

Real "Powers Girl" techniques, individually prescribed for you. A highly-trained faculty works with Mr. Powers on your special problems, giving you sympathetic, personal guidance and instruction throughout the 7 weeks of the Course. You learn all the personal beauty technique that has given the world's most envied women such thrilling benefits.

You'll find every step of the "Powers Way" easy, fascinating—and wonderfully rewarding!

CLIP THIS COUPON NOW

John Robert Powers Home Course
247 Park Ave., Suite 44-K, N. Y. C.
Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I want to feel better, enjoy a lovely figure, win compliments. Please send me full details of your HOME COURSE and your free illustrated booklet, "The Powers Way."

Name: ________________________________
Number: ________________________________
Street: ________________________________
City: __________________ State: __________
Occupation: __________________ Age: ______

63
NOW YOU CAN LAUGH AT THE CALENDAR!

New Sanitary Pads give you all these 4 Great Extras!

1. **EXTRA COMFORT.** San-nap-pak is cotton-faced for extra comfort—stays soft as you wear it!

2. **EXTRA PROTECTION.** San-nap-pak has the famous "Pink Layer of Protection" that guards against embarrassing accidents!

3. **EXTRA PEACE OF MIND.** San-nap-pak is cleverly designed to fit without tell-tale bumps or bulges!

4. **EXTRA CONVENIENCE.** San-nap-pak stays fresh longer—requires fewer changes.

SOMETHING TO TELL ABOUT!

Ida Lupino was like a school girl all month, carrying that newspaper clipping of Capt. Louis Hayward’s action under fire with the marines at Tarawa, around with her everywhere she went, and proudly displaying it for friends to read.

She and Eddie Albert’s mother (Eddie was with one of the naval units covering the marines’ landing) had never met before, but the morning that news story broke on Louis and Eddie, Ida went directly to Mrs. Albert’s home and the two women got together for hours afterward to chat about “their boys” and compare letters and photographs they’d each received.

Most of us in Hollywood still can’t visualize the super-sensitive, highly idealistic actor Louis Hayward slugging it out with the marines in the toughest battle of their history. Yet thus it is.

GAGS ’N GOSSIP STUFF

Walter Pidgeon appears all through “Madame Curie” wearing a very handsome beard. In all the newspaper advertisements and billboard displays, however, he is clean shaven. Metro pondered for days about this and decided the bobby-sock trade would stay away in droves if they let them know, before they got into the theaters, that their idol wore whiskers. . . . Alfred Hitchcock lost one hundred pounds. Recently when he was in London a wag said, “We never knew the food shortage was so bad in America.” . . . Report that Clark Gable and Virginia Bruce were engaged drew them apart in a hurry and Clark’s now seeing almost daily the beauteous Kay Williams, who used to be married to the South American millionaire Macacco. . . . Irene Dunne, who has a new birth of success with “A Guy Named Joe” and “The White Cliffs of Dover,” is in private life playing second fiddle to her daughter, Mary Frances, aged about ten. Mary Frances is playing Snow White in her school play and mommy has to coach her. . . . Mickey Rooney is always late for his dates. Girls have always waited, until little June Haver waited twenty minutes, called another boy and went out. Mickey was burned, but on time the next time she gave him a date.
Do you know how to make yourself most attractive? How to dramatize your good points and conceal your faults? If you are short, to dress, groom and utilize optical illusions to appear taller? If stout, to appear slimmer? Do you know the little things to do to your hair? The latest tricks in applying lipstick, rouge, powder? Do you wear the kind and colors of clothes that are really most becoming to you, or because they are in style? How to keep up with current events—cultivate your mind? Do you understand MEN? How to become popular and sought after? How to win and hold a man’s love?

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YOUR GUIDE TO CHARM

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2. Professional Make-up Tricks.
3. Secrets of Smart Hair-styling.
4. Hands can tell a tale—manicuring.
5. Your feet should be adorned.
6. Carriage, posture, walking, equipping grace and ease.
7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Does one have to exercise?
13. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; chemicals.
14. Take care of your teeth.
15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a woman smartly dressed?
18. Know her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
19. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
20. If you are very short, here is what you can do; fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories.
21. How to dress if you are very tall.
22. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, your aim should be to do and not to do. Don’t wear tight clothes, tiny hats, shorts.
23. How to select the most becoming clothes; what goes with what.
24. Building your wardrobe; plans, don’t plunge; building around what you need most; adding needed variety.
25. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
26. Six rules for being well-groomed.
27. What men don’t like in women’s clothes or grooming.
28. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.
29. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
30. Social manners and manners of everyday life.
31. If you are tired, what to do.
32. How to keep up with current events.
33. How to select the most becoming clothes; what goes with what.
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59. If you are thin, putting on weight.
60. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
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63. Take care of your teeth.
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65. When is a woman smartly dressed?
66. Know her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
Ken Trout, today Captain Kenneth Trout, U.S. Army Air Corps pilot, a hero who has won the Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal and Presidential Citation.

At the conclusion of her junior year, Ella's parents gave her permission to spend the summer in Hollywood, to do Little Theater parts and even a scrap of extra work if it should come her way.

Ella selected a small but charming apartment in the heart of Hollywood. For company, she shared it with a chorus girl. Virginia, who was from Virginia.

The summer went by terribly fast. The days were plenty of dates, and there was plenty of work to do, too. Before we knew it, the summer was over, and Labor Day was at hand. We'd soon have to break up our little home and go to college when the University to graduate, then try for a career on the stage. So we planned a really big clambake for that fateful Labor Day.

The fateful Labor Day started out with great promise. Virginia, who did most of the cooking, went out early to shop for a ham that was to be the center of the big dinner they planned. Ella headed for the beach for a swim, taking with her a large quantity of sunburn lotion.

I returned home later, and when I found that the ham was still out, I decided to start the ham," Ella relates. "I reached into the oven with a match. There was a horrible explosion and flames enveloped me. I was thrown backward, my clothing was on fire."

With her bare hands, Ella beat out the flames before she fainted. Neighbors summoned the fire department and an ambulance. It was several days later in the hospital that Ella realized she was nearly blinded, that her hair had been burned off, half of her face was scarred, and that her eyebrows and eyelashes were gone. There were first and second degree burns all over her face. She struggled to see, but when she focused her eyes everything blurred.

"The shock was so great that physical pain didn't set in immediately. In those first horrible moments of realization, I had only one prayer; no matter how scarred I was, let me recover my sight.

"It seems that when I was placed in the ambulance, the first thing I had done was to put my hand to my cheek. The skin had stuck to it. Doctors told me later that the only thing which saved me from permanent blindness was the greasy sunburn lotion still left on my skin from the beach."

So now she lay in a hospital, her face encased in a mask. Her hands were "all wrapped up until it looked as if I had on boxing gloves." She was fed through a glass straw, and the faces of her nurses, her parents, and her friends were all a frightening blur. There was nothing left for her but thought and prayer. All her thoughts became prayers and she learned humility from them. She looked back over the tiny tint of her life and realized that she had truly been very, very lucky, and that she had not only taken this luck for granted, but that she had preened on it and credited herself with being the heroine she really was.

Now all the things which she had taken for granted had been taken away from her—her looks, her sight, her opportunity for a dramatic career, probably love itself.

"I thought about so many things," Ella says. "I thought about my childhood in Snoqualmie Falls, of fishing in the brook which ran by our home, the Lake, of skiing at Summit, Wash., and at Mt. Rainier. I'd always been active, and I loved outdoor life. Without my sight, nothing would ever be the same.

"But, more than that, I thought of the years I'd spent trying to learn to sing and act, the friends I had had on the campus at the University, and the little things I had done, and when I thought he found that I was scarred for life and probably blindly.

Time dragged by, slowly, fearfully, until finally in the fall, when she could 'drop the mask. But even then, Ella was covered with what they called "patch" bandages. Even then, she still had no assurance of recovering.

"Only after I had lost so many things, did they become valuable," she declares. "The little things I had always taken for granted became really important. I realized that I hadn't taken full advantage of all the opportunities which were afforded me, and if I ever had them again I'd make full use of them, and be grateful for them. I pledged myself to accept them as gifts from Heaven and to use them humbly.

Suddenly the autumn months went by. Winter came, and Christmas and New Year's. Ella's strength returned and with it her vision. By spring, when she went back to the University campus, she was quite a different girl from what she had been. Mentally she had acquired humility and courage. Physically, she was badly marked.

"Where once I had been elected one of the six prettiest girls on the campus," she recalls, "now I was ugly. I had only part of my hair. I had no eyebrows or eyelashes. For a while I wore the bandages. Then, when they were removed finally, I had a large red mark on my right cheek where my hand had touched it that awful day."

"I began developing an inferiority complex and I had to fight it every minute. I soon found out who my real friends were. They cared for me sincerely and liked me for what good, sound human traits I had. Yet, bitterly, I discovered that they were few and far between. The majority were quite a different girl, one look at me and then quickly looked away.

"Fortunately, I was far from Ken and Virginia. I felt as if I were then. He was stationed at Randolph Field, in Texas, learning how to be a flyer, and when he came home on a visit he could see no trace of the accident."

Before her other semester rolled around, Ella's hair, eyebrows and eye-
lashes grew out again.  

"I thought I'd never get rid of that last red blotch," Ella says, "but it finally disappeared. It is apparent now only after I've taken a very hot shower. But during that lonely year at college, I came upon an amazing thing. Bit by bit I discovered I'd found a new type of happiness. I learned to be humble and tolerant. I also learned to appreciate the real things of life. I learned to overlook the handicaps of others.

"Through the many unhappy hours of uncertainty and dread, I gained an appreciation and sensitivity that I would never have discovered otherwise, not only in regard to acting, but toward people. I began to appreciate their circumstances and their handicaps. In other words, I stopped being self-centered. I even forgot my self-pity. Almost without being aware of it, I found myself, through others, being happy again. When I thought of someone like Virginia Brooker being so constant in her kindness to me when I was more than a thousand miles from my home and my parents after that accident, I knew the depths of human devotion. It is what made an actress of me."

Of course, it's interesting to conjecture what would have happened had those marks not disappeared. Undoubtedly, Ella Raines today wouldn't occupy the envied position on the screen she does, had they remained to haunt her body. And wouldn't she be the happy wife she is today?

One wonders. A man who has won the distinction Captain Trout has earned in the field, however, wouldn't be of the caliber not to have gone through with the marriage, however marked his bride-to-be might appear—that is, if Ella herself would have agreed to the marriage.

Ella's wedding was an unexpected, hurried occurrence. An emergency ceremony, you might say.

Two days before graduation from the University of Washington, with Ella primed for this long-awaited event, she received a wire from Ken, in West Palm Beach, Florida, where he now was stationed. He wanted to know if she would be married immediately. He was about to go overseas, and asked if she wouldn't fly down at once from Seattle for the ceremony.

Forgetting everything but that the man she loved was about to leave the country, and that she might never see him again, Ella hopped a plane next day—the day before the graduation she had looked forward to all the years of her college life—and without a thought but of Ken, raced to his side. All your pre-war stars and favorites—Clark Gable, Jimmy Stewart, Robert Taylor, Bob Montgomery and all the rest. So don't forget! In next month's MOVIELAND. Watch for it!
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SERVICE WIVES
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42)

to do with them or how to spend
them.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Pasternak occa-
sionally take Frances to a play, din-
ner or a picture, but Vanna Gay is too
new a responsibility for her mother
to enjoy being away from her.

Ann Sothern had been married only
three weeks when husband Robert
Sterling joined his outfit. She asked
her sister to live with her, but her
sister’s husband was unexpectedly re-
leased from the army. So now Ann
lives alone, and loathes it.

Ann is fully occupied while making
pictures, but at times it strikes her
that she would go mad if she spent
every night in her lonely house. Bob
likes to hear that she is out with old
friends like the Ray Millonds or the
Jack Bennys. Ann does not go out
tonowseome dates, but if her hosts
invite a serviceman as an extra guest,
Ann is very willing to act as bridge
dinner partner.

Occasionally as I’ve always done,
I go shopping with Ray when he wants
advice on surprises for his wife,” she
confesses. “I am besieged by my mar-
rriage friends after he goes overseas,
and I’m beginning to suspect a conspir¬
cy to keep me busy. They know it will please Bob,
and it’s a little more personal than
my war work.”

Sergeant Lou Bush is stationed near
enough to wife Janet Blair that they
see each other every week-end. The
problem of an escort has nottherefore
arisen, but Janet is certain that she
will never date anyone while he is
away.

Janet is fortunate in that her mother
and sister are visiting her. She’s work-
hing hard at pictures, army shows and
bond tours, and in spare time times
dancing and singing lessons.

“If there was a long ominous silence
in my V-mail, once Lou was over-
seas,” she says, “and my mind insisted
on playing tricks such as: ‘Is he rock-
ing about on a rubber boat?’, ‘Has he
forgotten me?’, ‘Is he alive?’, ‘Is he hur-
ted?’, ‘Is he ill?’. ‘Will I ever see him
again?’ —as the best regulated mind
will, after a long silence from the man
you love—at least I can work at my
dancing until I exhaust myself
physically.’

She is in strong disagreement with
Michele Morgan on the subject of
dancing. “If I were serving at the
Canteen, or on a bond selling tour and
was asked to dance with service men,
I’d do so at once. My husband would
think less of me if I refused. When we
go out together, we dance with other
part-
ner—so what’s the difference? He
knows all my thoughts are his.

Perhaps it’s because we are both
so young that we have a new slant on
what’s important, but we can’t see
why marrying should suddenly make
a difference. Every time they happen to
be in the same towns, she on a concert tour or doing
“Romeo and Juliet,” he making military inspections, so they were not full days.

“I haven’t gone out on dates with other men, though I would do so if I wished, but I do go to dinners or shows with groups of friends. I go to cocktail parties or informal affairs, too. While Gene was in England he was invited to many famous places and I know I was always eager to hear about the people he met and that he thought of them, and he’s just as eager to hear about those I see here.

“He worries if I stay at home too much. He thinks I am too apt to stay in and writes my friends urging that they see I go out! Gene is growing and developing in his new world; I was always eager to hear about the people he met and those I see here. Gene was in England he was invited to many famous places and I know I was always eager to hear about the people he met and those I see here.

“One thing that probably bothers a lot of other service couples, we’ve solved—the telephone problem. When Gene is in this country and wishes to call me, he puts in a call in the morning stating the time he wishes to talk. The operator rings me and I arrange to be there to take the call, or tell the operator where to reach me. Nothing is more disheartening than to sit night after night waiting for a call that doesn’t come. And to my mind, no woman has a right to sit back, beautiful and cherished, and not do her share of war work.”

Barbara Stanwyck never misses dinner with her son. She doesn’t go out on dates, but she never was a girl to whom a “date” meant much before she married Robert Taylor.

“Perhaps if a girl is newly married and hasn’t had the opportunity of sharing joys and troubles and thus creating a background of understanding, she should take care not to add to her soldier husband’s worries by engaging in a social whirl,” she concedes.

“But a girl who has been happily married for a few years should run no risk of being misunderstood by her husband.

“He won’t expect her to stop loving him because he’s away. He knows she belongs to him and will keep faith, but he realizes also that this is no time for her to sit at home idle. If she can do her bit by knitting or making bandages at home, that may be the best way for her—but if she can help her country by going on bond tours, camp shows, working at the Canteen and the Blood Bank, he expects that of her as a matter of course.”

Capt. Louis Hayward, U.S.M.C., and Ida Lupino have a large group of friends of every age, married and single, and his absence didn’t break up the group that drifts in and out of Ida’s cottage just as they used to do at Brentwood. Her mother lives with Ida and her sister is often there.

Ida has, as always, a hundred irons in the fire. She’s making pictures, she’s writing plays, she’s composing music, she’s arranging and rehearsing skits for camp shows, she’s studying scripts, reading plays she might do, writing reams to Louis about whatever it was she was doing last, demanding his opinions and advice. She gives parties—usually the same day they occurred to her—and goes to dinners, shows or parties if she remembers she was asked in time to get there.

If Louis heard that I was sitting nun-like inside four walls while he was fighting, he’d think I’d taken leave of my senses,” she observes.

“Louis and I have a complete understanding. There isn’t a jealous bone in his body. Louis knows I wouldn’t take a second look at any other man on earth. And by the way, I think it’s very bad psychology to encourage the idea of jealousy. It’s a poison in the mind.

“I’ve always worked—I love it—and I’m frightfully fortunate that I have work to do at this time. While your husband’s at war, work, wear yourself out at it rather than worry. Really, I can’t think it matters whether you’re amused or not!”

Brenda Marshall’s young son, Peter Westfield Holden, is named for Brenda’s father, who had a sugar plantation in the Philippines where he is, presumably a prisoner of the Japanese. Brenda’s husband, William Holden, is overseas, and her daughter, age six, competes with young Susan Hayward poses with a group of Seabees at Camp Rousseau, Port Hueneme, California, during the filming of “The Fighting Seabees” (Republic), with John Wayne and Dennis O’Keefe.

Whispered Hints... Old Wives’ Tales

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If red rough hands or untidy finger-tips are making you self-conscious, send for this hand-tipped booklet. Everything you need to know about the care of lovely hands and nails.

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Check your choice on this coupon, mail it to Shirley Cook, Beauty Editor, Movieland, 1476 Broadway, New York 18, New York and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for each booklet.

LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK

Buy Extra War Bond today.
A YEAR AGO THIS MONTH:
Ginger Rogers married Jack Briggs... Henry Fonda's last picture before joining the Navy. "The Immortal Sergeant," was best picture of the month... Lana Turner and Betty Grable were top pin-up girls, with the much-photographed Jane Russell running third... Judy Garland and Dave Rose had their final split-up... William Powell and Diana Lewis celebrated their third wedding anniversary... Maria Montez hadn't met Pierre Aumont and was sitting at home evenings... John Howard was carrying a torch for Hedy Lamarr, who was doing ditto for George Montgomery... Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins were glaring at each other between and during scenes of "Old Acquaintance."

FIVE YEARS AGO THIS MONTH:
Hollywood was laying odds that Barbara Stanwyck wouldn't marry Bob Taylor, but that Merle Oberon would wed Alexander Korda... David Selznick discovered Vivien Leigh, and letters poured in from all over the country protesting against her final selection for the role of Scarlett... Cary Grant romancing with Phyllis Brooks... "Made For Each Other," starring Carole Lombard and Jimmy Stewart, ran neck and neck with "Idiot's Delight" for honors of best picture of the month... Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan were squabbling and Hollywood waited for a divorce... Laurence Olivier came to America to play Heathcliff in "Wuthering Heights"... Rudy Vallee, just divorced from Fay Webb, described the girl of his vagabond dreams. Said Rudy, "She must not be too young. A wife of twenty-five would be all right for me." Dolores Del Rio was shocked at American girls "because they are so fickle and have unbreakable hearts." Joel McCrea and Frances Dee were expecting their first baby... Love Affairs of the Month were Ann Sothern-Roger Pryor, Carole Lombard - George Raft, Kay Francis-Bill Powell.

TEN YEARS AGO THIS MONTH:
Virginia Bruce, the fourth Mrs. John Gilbert, left handsome Jack after an unsuccessful try at wedded bliss... Clark Gable appeared in "It Happened One Night," whereupon the critics remarked, "he blossoms as an actor instead of being a pawn for glittering women stars"... Garbo had disappeared again... An English star, Madeleine Carroll came to Hollywood "to make just one picture." Gary Cooper and Veronica Balfe were newlyweds... Charlotte Henry drew raves for her performance in "Alice in Wonderland." Rudy Vallee, just divorced from Fay Webb, described the girl of his vagabond dreams. Said Rudy, "She must not be too young. A wife of twenty-five would be all right for me." Dolores Del Rio was shocked at American girls "because they are so fickle and have unbreakable hearts." Joel McCrea and Frances Dee were expecting their first baby... Love Affairs of the Month were Ann Sothern-Roger Pryor, Carole Lombard - George Raft, Kay Francis-Bill Powell.

Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable in "It Happened One Night." They both received Academy Awards—which hasn't happened since, for stars acting in the same picture.
Girls—and boys too—competition in love, business and social life is tough enough without being handicapped by a complexion marred by externally caused pimples, blackheads and other skin blemishes. If you are ashamed of your complexion—if it makes you embarrassed, self-conscious—try LeCharme Medicated Cream. This remarkable preparation helps your complexion 5 ways: It soothes and heals externally caused pimples and skin irritations—it is astringent, antiseptic, and protective.

LeCharme Medicated Cream contains 5 active ingredients including Lycopodium (Club Moss) not found in other preparations. Lycopodium together with other U.S.P. ingredients helps draw out impurities from your skin. LeCharme Medicated Cream is the special formula of a well-known European skin specialist. Try it without delay.

Used as directed it should help you get a complexion every one will envy.

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SEND NO MONEY
All you do to get LeCharme is fill in and mail coupon below. When Postman brings it to you in plain wrapper, pay him $1.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges for 2-ounce jar. If you send $2 with your order, we pay all postage charges.

FREE! WITH YOUR ORDER
$2 EDITION OF JUDITH ALLEN'S BOOK: "WHY NOT BE FASCINATING?"
You don't have to be BORN beautiful to be beautiful. Beauty is lots more than mere perfection of features. And you CAN CULTIVATE charm, glamour, personality—men flock around you like bees around a lovely flower. That is, if you know the beauty secrets of beautiful women—the glamour recipes of Hollywood Stars. These secrets are revealed in a truly wonderful book by Judith Allen, considered one of screen and radio's most glamorous personalities. Judith Allen tells you ALL in her book—she holds nothing back. Space does not permit us to give you more than a glimpse of what is in Miss Allen's book. Here are a few of the things she reveals to you:
What to do for your complexion, pimples, blackheads, freckles. Dry skin, oily skin. How to make your hair your crowning glory. What to do about dandruff, what hair style will make you more glamorous. What to do for brittle nails. How to have lovely hands. Make-up. How to improve on Nature. What you should do if your eyes are too large, too small, too close together, too far apart. If you are underweight, overweight. How to use perfume and scents to change your personality. How to be interesting and fascinating to men. These are but a few of the many helpful ideas picked at random from Judith Allen's book. The book is really priceless to every girl—to every woman—who wants to be charmingly beautiful. You get it FREE with your order of LeCharme Medicated Cream.

JIM BROWN
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 271)

clearly what an acting career entailed, but he knew what he wanted out of it and he was prepared to put into it every ounce of energy and ambition that he possessed. Actually, this was the way of working out of its miracles, expressing itself in terms of ambition, but Jim didn't know that then.

The first few weeks on location in Florida with the "Air Force" company were trying. He was still floundering, the waiting still irked him and he fretted at being separated from Verna when he decided to be doing anything. People misinterpreted his restlessness and thought he was indifferent.

Then one day, when the picture was about half finished, Jim learned that he was going to be a father.

"That scared me stiff," he shudders.

"I knew that I had to make good immediately. I realized that this was the first real job I'd ever had and that I had to make it. I couldn't afford any more to take time off to feel sorry for myself if things didn't go to suit me or if I had an 'off day.' I couldn't afford to have my pride injured, no matter what happened. All I could afford to do now was to try to learn my business—and learn it well."

He was still more frightened when the doctor told him, gravely, that Verna really shouldn't try to have a baby at all. "Oh, that was a bad time!" he says, talking about it now.

None of the handicaps was that nothing in his early life had prepared Jim for the tempo of the life and the career in which he found himself in Hollywood.

He had been born in the little town of Desdemona, Texas, and the family moved to Waco while he was still an infant. His father is Floyd E. Brown, an oil salesman. He attended Waco public schools, played the trumpet and the French horn in high school orchestras, and went on to Schreiner Military Institute where he began to create some sensation in local tennis circles. Thence to two years at Baylor University, where he distinguished himself at football—and ruptured the ear drum which still troubles him to this day.

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Yet only a little over a year later he was helping Verna shop for baby things and trying to hide the shakiness beside him when he thought of what might happen if he didn't make good on the "job of actin'," which still seemed strange and was sometimes so very painful to him. The baby things were something to counter the evidence of his responsibility and his necessity.

"We went clear to Santa Monica to buy a baby buggy because we'd heard of a bargain down there," he recalls.

"Later we went to Glendale be-
Can This 2-Way VITAMIN Discovery Restore Natural Color to Your GRAY or GRAYING HAIR?

NEW TEST SO EASY IT'S AMAZING!

If your hair is gray, graying, streaked or off-color due to vitamin deficiency, this test of the original PANATES double-action VITAMIN treatment offers you amazing new hope! You have read about the scientific vitamin tests that, while too recent for conclusive evidence, have shown startling signs of results. It has been proven beyond doubt that a lack of certain vitamins in the daily diet may be a contributing cause for hair to lose its natural color and turn gray. Simply by improving your diet and by taking the harmless, concentrated VITAMIN treatment in RED DROPS each day, you may check the gray spread—perhaps by seeing a shock of gray, old-looking, streaked, fading hair change back at the roots, temples and parting to normal, original color, natural color! But first let me tell you what the original PANATES double-action vitamin method is, how PANATES differs so drastically from other anti-gray hair vitamins and why so many of the thousands of women and men who once accepted PANATES on this same trial offer now continue with it because of the amazing change in hair color they testify as taking place before their very eyes!

**PANATES** IS NOT A HAIR DYE

Panates supply not only the "anti-gray" hair vitamins, but give you the "staff of life" wheat germ oil (Vitamin E) as well. Absolutely harmless, Panates actually is a healthful food supplement. Panates gives our system a source for the hair color vitamins that may be lacking in your daily diet and, if so, should literally feed natural color into your hair. To check gray spring into the hair to new lively lustre and bring new hope for restoration of normal hair color once again. Panates isn't a hair dye. Panates is the natural way to seek natural hair color. You can test Panates when you first receive your three-month supply of PANATES. Imagine my elation when I noticed I was getting some new hair and, believe it or not, it is distinctly red. Mrs. G. M., of Illinois, says: "My hair was auburn—a very beautiful shade with a lot of red in it. It started to turn gray about seven years ago. When I started to take PANATES, the most I hoped for was to have the White hair darken a little, but after three weeks of PANATES, imagine my elation when I noticed I was getting some new hair and, believe it or not, it is distinctly red. Mrs. V. S., of Michigan, says: "I have used nearly one box of PANATES and can already see some results . . . Mr. J. M. S., of Virginia, says: "I have just used up one thirty-day treatment of PANATES. I was giving them up, but to my surprise I now see a black beard is coming out on my face and it seems like the hair on my head is getting a little darker . . . ."

THIS TRIAL OFFER IS FAIR AND IT CALLS FOR IMMEDIATE ACCEPTANCE

Is your gray or graying hair due to deficiency in the very vitamins in Panates? We bring you a very fair money-back guarantee. Early testing of this VITAMIN treatment offers you amazing new hope! You have read about the scientific vitamin tests that, while too recent for conclusive evidence, have shown startling signs of results. If your hair is gray, graying, streaked or off-color due to vitamin deficiency, this test of the original PANATES double-action VITAMIN treatment offers you amazing new hope! You have read about the scientific vitamin tests that, while too recent for conclusive evidence, have shown startling signs of results. It has been proven beyond doubt that a lack of certain vitamins in the daily diet may be a contributing cause for hair to lose its natural color and turn gray. Simply by improving your diet and by taking the harmless, concentrated VITAMIN treatment in RED DROPS each day, you may check the gray spread—perhaps by seeing a shock of gray, old-looking, streaked, fading hair change back at the roots, temples and parting to normal, original color, natural color! But first let me tell you what the original PANATES double-action vitamin method is, how PANATES differs so drastically from other anti-gray hair vitamins and why so many of the thousands of women and men who once accepted PANATES on this same trial offer now continue with it because of the amazing change in hair color they testify as taking place before their very eyes!

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MORE TESTIMONIALS

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**WHEN RESTORED COLOR SHOWS, IT'S NATURAL COLOR**

No matter what your normal hair color might be, before graying due to vitamin lack, no matter what shade of black, brown, auburn or blonde, if you see signs of hair color restoration, you will be amazed to note that the new color is the original, normal color of your natural hair. No one need know you are doing a single thing for your hair. And ladies, Panates will not hurt or interfere with permanents.

**SEND NO MONEY**

Mail Coupon To Test At Our Risk

Send coupon (or write your order on a sheet of paper) for Panates Anti-Gray Hair and Wheat Germ Oil (E) Vitamins. You need send no money, but pay postage on arrival on the positive guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Or you are invited to check the coupon for a wonderful free booklet that tells much about Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins. Whatever you do, do it now. Don't let another day pass without taking steps to see what the original Panates Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins with Wheat Germ Oil supplement, the two-way double-action vitamin treatment, may do for you. Mail the coupon today, sure.
We will enlarge to 5x7 on salon quality full length, groups, scenes, baby. Send any clear snapshot, photo, bust.

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FREE BOOK by asking for it with a postcard.

NOW soothing preparation. Thanks for such a relief! My skin is really improved since using Kleerex.

Since using Kleerex, I have found it to be the best antiperspirant ever. —Margo Foltz, Kentucky.

I use Kleerex now and never found anything better. —D. Curtis, New York, N. Y.

It's the only thing that helped half of the women weren't very cordial about in a house in the Valley, since the owner's of the Beverly Hills apartment house was prejudiced about Jews, no matter how adorable.

There never was such a baby, you may be sure. She's going to be as beautiful as her mother. "No one could be more beautiful!" says her dad. And she's as talented as Duse. At the moment Jim is convinced that she says, "Daddy!" with all the depth and emotion of intellect of the greatest actress who ever trod the boards. "You've no idea!" he repeats over and over.

When Beverly Jean was a few old, it was Alexis Smith who said, "I haven't seen Jim's baby. But I'll wager I could walk into a hospital ward where there were a hundred of 'em and pick out Beverly Jean. Jim has described her as having hair on her head, every dimple and every crease in her elbows in detail. I couldn't possibly miss her!"

Verna took the baby east to see her parents for a short stay when Beverly was a tidy eight months old, and Jim found again that he couldn't eat—"not even ham and eggs!"

Such didoes and incredible, he thinks. But there it is. And instead of barging around as he would have as a bachelor, and enjoying his freedom, bless pat if Jim didn't spend his dough on a bottle of really swank perfume for Verna and a check to buy a bond for the baby.

His performances in his newest pictures, "Corvette K-225" and "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" are being hailed with excitement, and he is working currently on "Going My Way" with Bing Crosby:

"I'm not so scared any more," he says, "except once in a while when sort of a wave comes over me and I realize that I could still slip. If anything should happen to me, I'd go some way to keep Verna and the baby from being proud of me, I'd die. But I've had a lot of help from good directors and I know what I have to do. I'm beginning to see how to do it.

"If I hadn't married when I first started, I'd have quite pictures a dozen times. Times like when I had to work for days in water in "Corvette" and my bum ear was killing me—or when I was bawled out for not understanding something—or when any number of things happened to hurt and discourage me, but I was disciplined for this sort of job in the first place, and I know I never would have stuck if I hadn't had to for Verna and Beverly."

"Well, you're all set now," I remarked.

Jim looking grim. "Nobody's ever done a better job on me. It's a lot of fun to be popular."

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**Introductory Offer!**

**to Readers of MOVIELAND**

**2 in 1 Good Luck FRIENDSHIP RING**

GENUINE SOLID STERLING SILVER

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This same design ring sells for $25 in 14 Kt. Gold in America’s finest jewelry stores.

**Clasped Hands — Symbol of Lasting Friendship!**

TWO HANDS, exquisitely wrought from Solid Sterling Silver, makes this one of the most unusual rings ever produced — And THESE HANDS CLASP AND UNCLASP exactly as illustrated! Your friends will gasp with astonishment when they see the miracle of the human handclasp brought to life in Sterling Silver. LOYALTY—FRIENDSHIP—LOVE—ADMIRATION—all are symbolized by this most unusual of all rings—a gorgeous piece of jewelry that demands attention and excites interest wherever you go.

Legend has it that good fortune comes to the wearer of a ring of this design—that good luck is a natural result of having it always on your hand—that it creates personal confidence in your own charm and personality, causing others to regard the wearer with respect and admiration.

Designed for people who aren’t satisfied with “ordinary” jewelry. The genuine solid STERLING SILVER HANDCLASP Ring answers your desire for something different, made from one of the World’s most prized metals. In New York and Hollywood, wherever the 2 in 1 Good Luck Friendship Ring has been shown, it has created a sensation! Not one ring but TWO—joined together!

AND IT CAN BE YOURS . . . for only a fraction of what you’d expect to pay, thanks to our introductory offer to readers of this magazine.

**SEND NO MONEY — Just this Coupon**

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430 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 2

Send my 2-in-1 Good Luck Friendship Ring in genuine solid STERLING SILVER at once. I will deposit with the Postman $3.95 plus 10% Federal Excise Tax and postage on arrival. It is understood that I can return the ring in 10 days and you will return my money in full immediately and without question.

Name: ____________________________

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*PLEASE CIRCLE RING SIZE: 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10*

**10 DAY TRIAL OFFER**
place in the first grade room at school—and on the cheek. How I was so shocked that I cried. (How I have changed! Now I'm shocked if I'm not kissed!)

My first “sophisticated” dress, a little slipper satin number, and my horror when I spilled ice-cream on it; my first picture, “Search for Beauty” at Paramount, and how I thought I'd never live through it; my first screen kiss, administered by Fred MacMurray, who then dropped me like a hot rock; Sir Guy Standing, who sort of took me under his wing; New York; Mexico; the Mariachos at Xochimilco, the town where the floating gardens are; the Mexican people.

I CAN'T BEAR:
People who get “hurt”; playing games in which you have to act things out; the sound of a dripping faucet; the balance and simplicity Jimmy Cagney has maintained through the years of his fame.

I'M IMPRESSED WITH:
The unerring effort and energy the film folk give the Hollywood Canteen. The music, singing, dancing, staging of “Oklahoma.” The balance and simplicity Jimmy Cagney has maintained through the years of his fame.

I'M MAD ABOUT:
Rumba music; Spanish food; dancing, especially with Cesar Romero.

Steve Hannagan's gags. Such as the time when he arranged for me to be at my hotel in Chicago, and what met me was a huge red limousine belonging to the Chicago Fire Department in which, perforce, I was driven to my hotel, sirens blowing.

Peter Godfrey's utilizing of my current picture, “One More Tomorrow”; the perfume “Sans La Nuit”; Six p.m. of every week-day because that is quitting time at the studio.

A very old, very feeble and faded pair of “bunny” bedroom slippers; the aroma of a good cigar; sweaters, but not for the reason you think.

I WISH I COULD:
Fly a plane; walk without being pigeon-toed; dance well enough to dance with Fred Astaire; go without having to make any sort of hair straightened; smell fish without feeling sick; sing like Dinah Shore.

Make an impromptu speech without aging ten years in five minutes; live in Mexico and make just two pictures a year; in Hollywood: stay mad at Ames, my French poodle, just long enough to discipline the little fiend; do my own hair in a pompadour the way my hairdresser, Helen Turpin, does it for me; take myself a little more seriously; laugh without knocking the plaster off the ceiling.

Fall in love again.

I LIKE TO READ:
The funny papers; plays, especially comedies; mysteries; the novel, “International House,” which is my favorite; some poetry—beautiful, singing stuff, not the “deep” kind. In short, light literature.

I'M GUILTY OF:
Never writing “thank you” notes; making others do the worrying for you; making my friends do the worrying for me; the funny papers; the music; the dancing; the singing; the stage design of “Oklahoma.”

The boys in the Armed Forces who have been decorated for bravery, yet who have the jitters when they ask for their autographs.

Bob Hope's endurance, his tenacity and ability to make the boys laugh. The bounce and buoyancy of people after the most grievous afflictions. Some of the wonderful notices I've got for the corny performances I've given.

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I WISH I COULD:
Fly a plane; walk without being pigeon-toed; dance well enough to dance with Fred Astaire; go without having to make any sort of hair straightened; smell fish without feeling sick; sing like Dinah Shore.

Make an impromptu speech without aging ten years in five minutes; live in Mexico and make just two pictures a year; in Hollywood: stay mad at Ames, my French poodle, just long enough to discipline the little fiend; do my own hair in a pompadour the way my hairdresser, Helen Turpin, does it for me; take myself a little more seriously; laugh without knocking the plaster off the ceiling.

Fall in love again.

I LIKE TO READ:
The funny papers; plays, especially comedies; mysteries; the novel, “International House,” which is my favorite; some poetry—beautiful, singing stuff, not the “deep” kind. In short, light literature.

I'M GUILTY OF:
Never writing “thank you” notes; making others do the worrying for you; making my friends do the worrying for me; the funny papers; the music; the dancing; the singing; the stage design of “Oklahoma.”

The boys in the Armed Forces who have been decorated for bravery, yet who have the jitters when they ask for their autographs.

Bob Hope's endurance, his tenacity and ability to make the boys laugh. The bounce and buoyancy of people after the most grievous afflictions. Some of the wonderful notices I've got for the corny performances I've given.
inevitably forgetting the tag lines.
Liking to sleep the clock around; eating fried chicken three times a day; hating to be hostess at dinner parties (in fact, I never give them, just a few friends in for informal suppers); not being able to resist buying slacks and moccasins (unrationed) when I see them in shop windows; being monotonously punctual; loving comfort, freedom and independence.

I'M ANNOYED WITH:
Anyone who says "I did this for you—remember?"; Anyone who makes a stale joke about, alas, my so-called, so-sick-makingly called "Oomph"; Certain girls who have a "great lady" complex, especially when they crook their little fingers as they drink tea; girls who lead men on and then get oh, so shocked when the boys get interested; gum poppers in back of me when I'm seeing a romantic movie; people who say I'm in love.

I'M THRILLED WITH:
The courage of my friend, and former hairdresser, Linda Cross, who was disabled by a horrible accident and is now, thanks to her grit and gallantry, walking again.
The memory of Alfred Drake singing "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning" in "Oklahoma"; Katherine Dunham's native dances; the sight and smell of golden brown, crackling fried chicken; the red sky at sunset on the desert; that magnificent show "Winged Victory" and all the guys therein; those puny radishes that came up in my puny garden; the turn of a voice, for while a voice can be trained to sound pleasing, cultured, softer than natural, the sincerity behind it cannot be faked and, if it is, is never convincing for long.

Owning my first home in the Valley; Mexican artistry of the two countries. Mexican Film Industry, and their gift of their reputations or past experiences to the public. No other keepsake is so precious and ornamental as this beautiful locket.

I NEVER JUDGE PEOPLE BY:
What they do, not what they say they do, or will do; the look in their eye; the color of the room; for while a voice can be trained to sound pleasing, cultured, softer than natural, the sincerity behind it cannot be faked and, if it is, is never convincing for long.

That it is impossible to have many close friends in Hollywood. That Hollywood stars who believe that their own publicity ought to be spoilt—well, you know. That I'm talking too much about myself, but Movieland asked for it!

I HOPE:
That I'll never lose my sense of humor; that I'll never have to wear tight corsets again as I did, for ten whale-boned weeks, in "Shine On, Harvest Moon"; to have a happy marriage and children some day; that the war will be over very soon; that I can go overseas to entertain the boys who are doing the magnificent job; that I never become bitter because of a disappointment, or a disillusioning experience; that I can always laugh.

COVER COSTUME
"China Poblana"—that's the name of the costume Anna Sheridan wears as Movieland's cover girl. And the story behind it is that years ago a pretty Chinese girl came to Pueblo, a little town near Mexico City. She loved the beauty and romance of the country and fashioned a dress which combined the artistry of the two countries. Mexican in design and Chinese in feeling, the dress was soon to become a famous costume in Mexico. And last winter when Anna vacationed there, she was feted at a gala party hosted by the Mexican Film Industry, and her gift to her was... the "China" costume.

I JUDGE PEOPLE BY:
I'll be interested if they are ofttimes shy or suffering from inferiority complexes which causes them to put on acts or anything they think may get them by.

I BELIEVE:
In living for Today as much as possible; that everything does happen for the best, though at a time of disappointment or failure, this may be hard to believe; in making mistakes, because a person learns more from mistakes than from all the successful ventures in the world.

The critics who have panned me in my past pictures. For they were one hundred per cent right.

I'M ANNOYED WITH:
I'M THRILLED WITH:
Remembrance LOCKET
Dainty, New 2-TONE DESIGN

Beautiful lockets are in style today more than ever, not only because of their extraordinary beauty but also for the reason that so many ladies want to have pictures of their loved ones near to them at all times. This exquisite, new and original locket is not only ornamental but provides a place for the pictures of the loved one. No other locket that we know of today is so quite beautiful or stylish since this one is in 2-tone with red roses and the heart design in the color of yellow gold. The 18-inch chain has a special safety lock fastener. You will be delighted to own and wear this lovely locket that is dainty, yet one inch in diameter, providing ample space for pictures of your loved ones so that you can look at them at any time.

CLOSE OUT BARGAIN

The supply of these exotic Remembrance Lockets is very limited due to war conditions so that when the present stock is gone we may have to discontinue this very special offer. On our liberal 10-day trial offer you have the opportunity of examining this beautiful locket before deciding whether you want to keep it or not. Be first to wear one or give it as a gift.

SEND NO MONEY

No other keepsake is so precious and ornamental as this beautiful locket. The front of the locket is new, 2-Tone design with sentimental heart and red roses in life-like colors. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail the coupon today. Your package will be sent immediately and you pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents for tax and mailing costs on arrival. Don't wait. Mail the coupon today.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 13-HV, Jefferson, Iowa

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$195 10 Days

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY

War conditions limit our supply of these beautiful, 2-Tone, Remembrance Lockets. Be first in your community to wear one.

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY

SEND NO MONEY

LIMITED SUPPLY

Send the New, 2-Tone Locket. I understand I can return my instillment and get my money back in 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly. No other locket is so expensive as this beautiful one. It is of the most ornamental and dainty design you can have.

NAME_________________________ADDRESS_________________________
CITY________________________STATE_________________________

SEND NO MONEY

LIMITED SUPPLY
LONGO-NAIL

Nails often become dry, brittle, easily broken, due to the rigors of housework, war work, or lack of proper care. Moreover, manicures and nail polish, if improperly applied, often cause fingernails and cuticles to crack and become ugly. Use LONGO-NAIL. Helps keep the nails soft and pliable, with the process of growth, and appearance of the nails, permitting them to grow gracefully to the desired length. Apply to the fingernail and cuticle twice daily, postpaid or C.O.D. plus postage. GUARANTEED EFFECTIVE—no salesman will call. 

FREE TRIO

LEARN BOOGIE-WOOGIE!

If you can already play piano a little, here’s a great opportunity! It’s easy to learn how to bend out the hottest notes as musicians do! Surprise and delight your friends! Want LONGER, STUNNING GLow-Flags Co., 72 W. Washington, Dept. D-77, Chicago 2, 111.

This Beautiful New Service Flag at Night!

Here is the most thrilling Service Flag you can buy. By the light of a full moon, as your home on the darkest night can see the star shine and glint to tell the world that you love on the service of your country! Made of fine quality Celanese, in rich red, white and blue colors, with a sturdy twisted cord for hanging. Sent postpaid to you. 

Send NO MONEY

Just send your name and address today, a postal card will do, telling us if you want one, two, three or more stars. Pay the price of $1.35 when the flag is delivered. If you wish, enclose without cost when flag is delivered. If you wish, enclose without cost when flag is delivered, return postage. When you order, we have in stock a large number of these sturdy Flags for you. Send name and address today to

1-STAR FLAG $1.35
2-STAR FLAG $1.50
3-STAR FLAG $1.75
4-STAR FLAG $1.95

Get BROWNATONE today.

BLOND TO DARKEST BLACK. Brownatone and a small brush are all you need to get a beautiful blend of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone Is guaranteed 1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters or money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.

IN ONE WEEK

Learn Piano in One Week

No one has ever claimed to know a simple trick of music. In one week you will play favorite melodies—with both hands! This is NOT a music lesson, but a simple illustrated course containing 120 pages of instructions. Free trial. Watch a film. Send name and address and $1.50 (postpaid) to

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Simplest Home Piano Course Ever Offered! Play From Actual Sheet Music!

You don’t have to know a single note of music. In one week you will play favorite melodies—with both hands! This is NOT a music lesson, but a simple illustrated course containing 120 pages of instructions. Free trial. Watch a film. Send name and address and $1.50 (postpaid) to

LEARN PIANO IN ONE WEEK

FREE TRIAL

EVEN THESE EASY

VACUTEX Blackhead Extractor

Blackheads are ugly, offensive, embarrassing. They clog your pores, mar your appearance. New your blackheads can be removed with VACUTEX! Literally, and easily, without squeezing or squeezing the blackhead, cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ and bacteria never touch the skin. Simple! Place the direct¬

SAFE-SURE SANITARY DAINTY DIGNIFIED

10 DRESSES $281

They're new, different, sparkling! They rug the town! Every color, every shade, 240 borsb­

UGLY BLACKHEADS IN SECONDS!

SURE VACUTEX Blackhead Extractor $1.00

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Mail this coupon to

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1500 W. Washington, Dept. 1, Chicago 7, 111.

NAME...

ADDRESS...

Money will be refunded if I am not delighted.
they visited ski-troop training camp, the lads had practiced on Bob’s nose. Getting back to the friendship thing, which is very real, it was Hope’s house which served as refuge for the Crosby clan when the crooner’s home was destroyed by fire. Later Bing had his new home completely fireproofed. Hope couldn’t resist the temptation. “What you should do,” he contended, “is have that stork fireproofed. I have it on good authority your home was set on fire by a stork carrying a man.”

One morning after visiting the Hope home, Crosby told Bob that the Hope children had made a pretty serious complaint the night before, concerning their father. Bob was immediately upset. “What did they say?” “They said,” replied Bing, “that every time you come home—which is seldom—you’re making a personal appearance.”

They like to put on an act for strangers and usually succeed in convincing the uninitiate that they are among the town’s top feudists. One of their favorite routines for the unsuspecting takes place just after a scene in which both have an equal amount of work to do. When the director calls for a cut, Bing will tell the studio or the rest of the world, “Yeah!” Crosby retorts, “I want to go ondisliking you. Do you mind?”

While they don’t spare anyone in the studio or the rest of the world, Bing and Bob are probably among the best liked trouper’s on a sound stage. They’ll poke fun at anyone, but they are also first in line when a person gets in trouble. Told that someone had made this remark about them, Bing acceded, told the story about the extra with a reputation for drinking who had made this remark about them, “Director Walker’s classic remark after a day’s work with the Damon and Pythias of comedy. “We ought to shelve the picture,” he said sadly, “and just screen Crosby and Hope.”

THE END

WE APOLOGIZE, LORETTA AND SALLY! In the February Movieland, in our story on Loretta Young, there crept in one of those factual errors that sometimes escape the most vigilant editor’s eye.

Unfortunately, our story stated that Sally Blake, one of the four beautiful Young sisters, had married Harry Joe Brown and recently divorced him to marry Norman Foster. It was Sally Elliott who was married to Harry Joe Brown and recently divorced him.

Bette Jane Young, who adopted the screen name of Sally Blake, has been married only once. Her husband is Norman Foster, their marriage is one of ideal happiness.

Make-up created by the men who make up the Hollywood Stars

LINDA DARNELL starring in René Clair’s

“IT HAPPENED TOMORROW”
on Arnold Pressburger Production
Released thru United Artists

The Westmore brothers—Perc, Wally and Bud—not only make up the Hollywood stars but actually create the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore’s lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. Home of Westmore make-up gives you a lovely, attractive beauty—goes on smoothly and really stays on. You will like the fine texture and fashionable shades. Regardless of price, you cannot buy better.

NEW UNITED-LOVE-AND-FRIENDSHIP

Clasped Hands
Ring $2.95
Send No Money

A true emblem of love, friendship and good luck wishes. The perfect gift for those at home or in the service. A beautiful, genuine, solid Sterling Silver, Clasped Hands design Ring that becomes more attractive as it is worn. Hands actually clasp and unclasp as illustrated. The newest and most distinctive ring design—be first to wear one. Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only $2.95 and 50c mailing cost. Wonderful bargain. Supply limited, so write today.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 106-FL, Jefferson, Iowa

WRINKLES

Do You Want Longer Hair?

Just try this system on your hair. It is just one of the many long popular, easy to use, really enjoyable ways of achieving beautiful, long hair. And, it has to be tried to be believed. Just try the JU FULene System. It is just like putting your hair on a curling iron. When sealed and locked, the conditions are normal and the hair remains long, strong, thick and silky. To try it, take your hair—any length—and fasten it against a table. The result is a masterpiece. JU FULene System. Dept. 4-BJ. 33 Flat Bush Ave., Brooklyn 17, N. Y.

Send $1.00. (If C. O. D. postage extra). Fully guaranteed. Money back if not delighted.

FACIAL CREAM

TRUE EMBLEM OF LOVE, FRIENDSHIP

HELPS DEFEND AGAINST WRINKLES

- For the man who likes to go along with the wish of his lady in getting a more youthful appearance. Shown here is Man-Form ABSOLUTELY FREE. No money necessary. Send name and address. Offer not to be combined with any other advertised offer. 

Send 25c and 50c at toilet goods counters.

Send $1.25 postpaid. (If C. O. D. postage extra.) Money back guarantee.

TI KOIL BALM contains Turtle Oil and other helpful substances that make the skin smooth. It prevents the skin wrinkles from appearing prematurely.

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Slender Hands

Hair May Get Longer

Making Hands bigger and more beautiful. Our system can be used by men and women. It is much more powerful than the usual kind.

Send 25c and 50c at toilet goods counters.

Send 25c and 50c at toilet goods counters.
Money Back
If Blackheads
Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening and direct it before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, muddiness, freckles, even piles of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, whiter, smoother looking skin. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug, department and 5c-10c stores or send 50c, plus Federal Tax, to Golden Peacock Co., Inc., Dept. HWG-2, Paris, Tenn., for regular 50c jar, postpaid.

Golden Peacock BLEACH CREME
30 Million Jars Already Used

PEG RYAN
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51)
clothes, some glamour outfit to come out—out even with my face. I was extremely thrilled. "I also wear a black satin dress in ‘Patrick the Great,’ I drape and slink in it. My fiancé, Sergeant Ray Hirsch, ought to be completely captured when he sees it. The boys at his camp have all been teasing him, saying, ‘What’s wrong with Ryan? Why does she always lose her man in pictures?’ Now I’ll show ‘em."

Actually, she’s shown them already. Sgt. Hirsch has been amazed many times by the men who stroll over to him and say casually, “Have I shown you a picture of my girl?” Then they drag forth one of those autographed pictures you get by sending twenty-five cents to a studio, and say proudly, “See, That’s her.” It’s amazing the number of men who claim Peggy is their girl, though she’s never met them.

Once Peggy was Donald O’Connor’s girl, but it was never serious. Peggy first met Donald casually in Hollywood. They met again when she was in the cast of ‘Meet the People.’ Donald, who wanted to go places and who always knew how to make Vaudville for years, hung around backstage at every theater, including the one where Peggy was playing. Then he invited her out. So she went straight to some drive-in. At the time, Donald pretended to be nineteen. He had quite a man-of-the-world air about him. He would hand Peggy a dime and say, “Here, blow yourself to anything—just anything at all.”

He was really sixteen, and he wanted to get into pictures. So did Peggy. To prove it, he taught her the rounds. They couldn’t get into anything. Everyone said, “We don’t need kids.” Even the juke boxes wouldn’t have them.

“Sorry say,” Donald would say, “we’ll show them.”

“Yes,” said Peggy, “I know you’ll make good.”

Peggy was born in Long Beach, California. “Mother and Dad were in vaudeville,” she tells you. “They were known as the Dancing Ryans. Mother did tap steps even when she was doing the housework, and Dad had black curly hair on which he used to use some terrific goo. Maybe he wanted to look like Valentino. Well, when I was little, Ryan was coming along, she quit vaudeville. There already was one Ryan Junior—my brother Mickey, who is six years older, and is now a sergeant in the Air Force. When he arrived, Mother felt it was time to retire. She wanted to devote all her time to taking care of us kids.

When I was three, I was bow-legged. Mother thought a few dancing lessons would fix that, so she started giving them to me. I took lessons from Monday and wonderfully, I was cured. I was so completely cured I made my first professional appearance at an Elks benefit at San Diego, doing a butterfly dance.

The affair was a smoker. When I came out, the men in their big white shirt fronts, all smoking, looked like penguins to me, and I ran off the stage, scared blue. Mother made me go back. She told me never to run away.
I hate Gray Hair

OF COURSE you do! Gray hair makes you look years older—a killer romance... might even cost you your job! Yet you are afraid to color your hair—and probably will never know your hair has been "dyed!"

These fears are so old-fashioned! With Mary T. Goldman's scientifick color-control you can transform gray, bleached or faded hair to the natural-looking shade you desire—quickly, or so gradually your closest friends won't guess! Promounced harmless by leading medical authorities (no skin test needed). Inexpensive and easy to apply—comb in a few minutes. Won't harm your wave or hair texture. For over 50 years, millions have (found new life and beauty by using Mary T. Goldman's in the privacy of their homes.

So help yourself to beautiful hair—today. Buy a bottle of Mary T. Goldman's at drug or department store, on money-back guarantee. Beware of substitutes! If you'd rather try it first, send for free test kit (give original color of hair) to Mary T. Goldman Co., 23 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul 2, Minn.

I'm not following an old feminine custom

Thanks to the improved Chi-Ches-Ters Pills—and the girls at the plant who told me about them—I no longer suffer on "difficult days". Chi-Ches-Ters are so effective for simple periodic distress because they're more than just a painkiller. One of their ingredients is intended to help it does more than just relieve. And there's an added factor tending to help build up your blood. Be sure to try them for those days! Ask your druggist tomorrow for a 50c size, and follow directions on the package.

LEARN MILLINERY AT HOME

Design and make exclusive hats under personal direc¬
tion of one of America's noted designers. Complete materials, blocks, etc., furnished. Step illustrated. You make exclusive hats, ready for the start. We teach you how to start a profitable business in spare time. Low cost and easy terms. Expert milliners are in demand. Chi-Ches-Ters are so effective for simple periodic distress because they're more than just a painkiller. One of their ingredients is intended to help it does more than just relieve. And there's an added factor tending to help build up your blood. Be sure to try them for those days! Ask your druggist tomorrow for a 50c size, and follow directions on the package.

Chi-Ches-Ters Pills

For relief from "periodic functional distress"

Welcome Relief from Asthmatic Attacks

For more than 75 years, people suffering from asthmatic attacks and chronic asthmatic conditions have been getting welcome relief from asthma-tic misery. 24 cigarettes, only 50c. Powdered and $1.00 anywhere at all drug stores. Write today for FREE SAMPLE: The J. L. Guild Co., Dept. H-12, Rupert, Vermont. Use only as directed.
way off. I plan to get married at twenty-two and have my first baby at twenty-five.'

She's a curious mixture of childish naivete and real maturity. Like Claudia, there seem to be two sides of Peggy's personality, the play suit side and the slinky black satin side.

"If you can't laugh, then how are you going to have anything but an ugly time?" asks Peggy. "It ride, bowl, fish—then once in a while I like to dress up and be very ladylike. I can't stand girls primping all the time. I stick a comb in Ray's pocket, but hardly ever use it. I think you should scrub your face, put on some lipstick, and then forget your appearance. When I try to be glamorous, Donald O'Connor says, 'You just be Peggy. That's the way I like you.'"

In the Universal beauty parlor, Peggy tried on the Dietrich turban for Maria Montez, explaining she was going to wear it in "Patrick the Great." "How do you think it looks?" she asked. "Well, darling," Montez said, "it's fine if you're supposed to be funny, but if you're supposed to look glamorous, it is still funny."

Peggy smiled. "That's all right. I'll stick to laughs."

Peggy is superstitious; wears hair ribbons for luck, is partial to blue. She loves redecorating rooms. She redecorated the breakfast nook in the Ryan home for a total outlay of eighty-five cents.

What sends her? Hot fudge sundaes. Andre Kostelanetz's "Tea for Two" steaks when they're available, and the music of Tommy Dorsey. And, of course, a curly headed Marine whom she calls "Hershey," because he mails her a chocolate bar every day. "He's keeping up my morale," she says smiling. "He keeps up his by sending her wonderful letters seven times a week."

"What do you say in them?" I asked.

She gave me a pert glance from under those long lashes. "Oh, you!" she exclaimed. "It's fine if you're supposed to be funny, but if you're supposed to look glamorous, it is still funny."

Peggy continued. "I mean outside of love."

"But there's nothing else," she said. "What else could there be?"

THE END
Helen Forrest has gone out on her own, everyone has wondered which recording company would sign her. So far there has been no announcement, but inasmuch as her manager, Billy Burton, also handles Jimmy Dorsey, Dick Haymes, Helen O'Connell and Kitty Kallen, and they are all Deco Girls, I wouldn't be surprised to see Helen under the same banner.

Columbia Records' best platter salesman, Frank Sinatra, is with us again. This time he offers two songs from his first picture, "Higher and Higher" and "I Couldn't Sleep A Wink Last Night" and "A Lovely Way To Spend An Evening." The Columbia company is still unable to record with an orchestra because they haven't as yet settled with the American Federation of Musicians, so Frank is once more backed up by a choral group—but let's hope that before long the whole thing will be straightened out and he can have some of that fine Axel Stordahl music behind him.

On an Okeh disc is that jivin' man, Cab Calloway with his band, doing "I'll Be Around," and "Virginia, Georgia, and Caroline." This was made a long while ago, but the release date seems timed well with the current success of the song, "I'll Be Around."

EARMARKS OF HITS:

On one of her recent air shows, Judy Canova introduced a ballad entitled "Goodnight Soldier," and the next day the publishers received orders for thirty seven hundred copies, which isn't a bad order after a first hearing of a tune... "The Honey Song," which had a mild success several years ago as a hillbilly song, has received a shot in the arm and is being revived as a rhythm number. "Can't You Do A Friend A Favor?"—one of the hits from the current Broadway success, "Connecticut Yankee," is the last song written by Rogers and Hart before Hart's death.

Dinah Shore introduced "Tess' Torch Song" and "Now I Know," on her program recently. They are both from her new Goldwyn picture, "Up In Arms," and were written by Harold Arlen and Ted Koehler. You'll be hearing them much, much.

Jack Lawrence, who wrote "All or Nothing At All," has completed a torch song called "My Heart Isn't In It," with a very sentimental lyric. But if you're disappointed in love, don't listen too closely.

ON THE BEAM:

Trudy Erwin, Bing Crosby's duet partner on the Kraft program, has
retired from the show temporarily to await the call of the stork in April. In private life she is the wife of Murdo McKenzie, civilian instructor with the Air Corps and formerly a member of N.B.C.'s engineering staff in Hollywood.

Tommy Dorsey was all set for a night's fifteen minute show over the C.B.S. for the Ford Motor Company, but at the last minute something happened and the deal is off.

Mary Lee, Republic star, and chaper on Columbia's Jack Carson show, was married recently to First Sgt. Harry Banan of the Army. Mary got her musical start in life at the age of twelve with the old Ted Weems band.

Jack Baker, tenor star of the Blue Network's "Breakfast Club," is another singer who took the big step. He revealed that he has been secretly married to non-professional Polly Willoughby since November 22. And here's a new twist: He sang at his own wedding. Right after the ceremony he serenaded his bride with "I Love You Truly."

Les Paul, the electric-guitarist who was heavily featured by Fred Waring for four years, has organized a small group called the "What's New?" show over N.B.C. and other network programs.

Sammy Kaye's "Sunday Serenade" over the Blue is originating from Hollywood, while Sammy and the band are making "Song Of The Open Road," for Charles Rogers.

In Columbia's "Breakfast Club's" Heat Of The Day, Jack Owens, formerly with Ray Noble, sings "Thinkin' Of The Wabash." Which is very unusual for Jack, because it's the first time he has ever been photographed singing in a picture. Up to now he has been the camera voice for many moments in his career. Jinx Miller, Jimmy Stewart, Jimmy Ellison, and John Hubbard.

Spice Jones, who is heard on the Bob Burns show over N.B.C., has added a new "instrument" to his collection of pots and pans—a musical anvil, which was presented to him by the workers of the California Shipyards after Spike and the band made a personal appearance there in a War Bond show.

If you listen to the Bob Hope show, you've probably had a chuckle over the "Poor Miriam" singing commercials. The role of "Miriam" is taken by Polly Mitchell, Stan Kenton's pretty vocalist. All the boys in the band and everybody on the program ribbed her for months, calling her "Poor Miriam." It finally got so that no one ever called her by her right name, so she decided to change it to Miriam Mitchell. "Now," she says, "if they just forget the 'poor.'"
WARRIEN'S WAX WORKS

LONGHAIR DEPT.:  
From Columbia Masterworks: "Cinderella," a fantasy in three parts, played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra with Eric Coates conducting.

Decca's sensational album of the score from "The Song of Bernadette" with Alfred Newman conducting the orchestra and a female chorus of thirty voices. Eight sides.

OLDIES BUT GOODIES:
Victor's re-issue of Artie Shaw's "Dancing In The Dark" backed with "Poinciana."  
Lena Horne's Victor Album, "Moanin' Low," including such fine tunes as "Stormy Weather," "I've Got a Right to Sing the Blues" and "Ill Wind." Some of these sides can be purchased individually, but you'd better check with your local music store.

SOFT AND SWEET:
"Old Acquaintance" and "How Sweet You Are" sung by Jo Stafford in the smooth Stafford style with good orchestra stuff by Paul Weston . . . on the Capitol label.

JUDY GARLAND'S LATEST DECCA RELEASE—"NO LOVE, NO NOTHIN'" and "JOURNEY TO A STAR," with Georgie Stoll conducting the orchestra.

THE JAZZ PLATE:

"Harlem Folk Dance" by Stan Kenton's orchestra. This is one of Stan's original instrumental, and features two fine trumpet solos by Carl George and John Carroll, plus good tenor work by Red Dorris.
LARADAYE
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

decided to reveal my true feelings on the situation, I felt that my report should also be made public. My report, in effect, stated that the tendency of army officers to monopolize film personalities and other entertainers who visit the camps is unfair to the enlisted men. I said that I had gone out to visit the camps and the non-coms—and instead, I spent at least half my time making small talk with officers and their wives. I enumerated specific incidents that had occurred, and concluded by saying that I hoped the report would help clear up this unpleasant and most unfair situation.

One of the criticisms leveled at me is that I should have made a discreet, unpublicized report, and let the Hollywood Victory Committee, or the Army, straighten things out. Let’s get that situation correct, right now!

I have made five types of tours: for bond-selling, the Red Cross, the War Chest, the Infatiate Parade, band, and camp shows. That’s quite a program to tackle. And when you do it, you wish to feel you have been one of the “big shots” and had virtually no contact with people who are “just folks.”

Before I went on this camp tour, I had already visited several west coast camps, and knew what to expect.

I was sent to the Hollywood Victory Committee, quietly, and tell them I wouldn’t go on the tour unless I could receive assurance that Joe Private would get my attention. This, I understood was as important as the War Department. I received assurances, and further understood that the War Department, acting in perfectly good faith, as you would expect them to, wrote ahead to the War Department, explaining in so perfect a manner, that Joe Private would get my attention. This, I understood was as important as the War Department. I received assurances, and further understood that the War Department, acting in perfectly good faith, as you would expect them to, wrote ahead to the War Department, explaining in so perfect a manner, that Joe Private would get my attention.

The instructions were observed in only three camps during my fast-moving three weeks!

I was sorry that a number of army officers felt my statement was a personal affront to them. I was terribly upset about this reaction, for in my report I stated, “Every officer I met met me with the utmost respect and consideration. But that was the trouble. They were all so attentive that I was given little opportunity to do the job I was sent out to do—see the boys, cheer and fun into their lives.”

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There is involved a matter of common justice—to parents as well as to men in the armed services—in this question of giving the G. I. soldier the real benefit of visits to camps. Nickels, dimes and quarters are contributed in my opinion by the general run of patrons, and are used to pay the entertainers’ and visitors’ traveling expenses to camps. It is obvious that the bulk of this money is donated by relatives of enlisted men, and that ought to have some effect on who is entertained—or my arithmetic is poor.

Let’s examine some incidents that
occurred. In one camp the C. O. said, "Miss Day, I know how you feel about meeting privates instead of officers. However, we need the cooperation of the junior officers. It's no military secret that many of them will soon head overseas. Won't you at least have one meeting with them?" This appealed reasonable. Heaven knows, officers are people, too—and any man heading overseas has a natural place in any woman's heart.

So, escorted into the mess hall by more rank than I knew existed, I was walked right past the five hundred junior officers, into another dining room where I had dined. I have no idea how many of the generals and twelve full colonels.

The thousands of men at that camp all were under the impression that I had hate and scorn for them, and the five hundred boys, however, must have taken the attitude that I felt myself too good to have dinner with them—that I preferred the company of the generals and the colonels. I felt in almost every instance that the boys did not resent their officers. They always felt that high-toned, snooty, holier-than-the-sand letters than the appreciation I got from any anonymous correspondence.

The response that came from these boys on reading my statement showed how much they appreciated something going to bat in their behalf. A soldier is likely to have much more respect for, and much more affection for, a superior officer who glibly bows out of the picture when it suits him to change it but who turns her over to him and his pals, rather than if the officer monopolizes her time during her entire stay. The enlisted man has to say that his officer is a swell guy!

I want you to read some paragraphs from enlisted men's letters. But I'll have to warn you—some of the praise for the USO is a little embarrassing. It is to me to allow even the milder examples to be printed, but the extent to which thousands of boys have gone in expressing gratefulness for what they were told to plain duty indicates the importance to them of the problem itself, and the bitterness that neglect of it by the authorities may nourish.

There are many cases similar to those you have brought to light. It happened here recently. A famous name band visited us. The enlisted men at that show were greatly outnumbed by officers, their wives and civilian friends. Many of us—we are patients—stood in line for hours, only to have the door shut in our faces. We hope that can be remedied.

"Not one private out of fifty gets to see the USO shows here. But the officers get in!"

"We feel that we express the sentiments of enlisted men in all branches of the service when we say you are tops. You risked scandal and bad publicity, and we appreciate it very much."

"Hats off to you for your blunt and honest opinion of how the USO camp tours should be conducted. Up to now I, and also my shipmates, had never suspected the truth—that you and your fellow artists wanted to be more friendly to the enlisted men."

"We would gladly fall in line for the opportunity to speak in your behalf."

I could quote enough such excerpts to fill a book for more sooting and substantiative her statement."

That must have been some check! Within two weeks after the Army rebuked me I received more than four thousand letters from three men. Exactly four letters disagreed with what I had reported, Two of those were anonymous and two were from officers—and one of the two officers afterward wrote me a handsome and generous letter of apology.

The letters have been on the ten thousand mark now, still holding to the same salutations of one supporting what I reported. Many of the letters are signed by from ten to thirty men, who took the trouble to have their letters draw up a formal statement of confidence and appreciation. Let me add, too, that a number of officers, whose careers wouldn't be helped by letters on the subject of the "record" and informed me that they recognized the situation and that it should have been exposed long ago.

Players who have gone on camp tours feel two films far afoot. Discussed this situation many times. But who wants to fight the Army or Navy? For my part, however, the enlisted men are ten to one, and I had rather have my ten thousand letters than the appreciation I won't get from any anonymous "spokesmen."

I have been criticized to the effect that my statement was ill-timed be-
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LADY IN THE DARK (Paramount) finds Ginger Rogers in the role of Liza Elliott, the lady who had difficulty in making up her mind. Gertrude Lawrence created Liza on the New York stage to much acclaim, but the part is much paler on the screen for all of its dazzling Technicolor. Ginger intelligently plays the neurotic editor of an ultra-smart fashion magazine, without ever having a chance of making the character mean much. There is no novelty to looking in on dreams in pictures, for they are old camera stuff. Gone is the charm for the slick staging of the play. Gone, too, is the greater part of its delightful comedy.

Ginger sings "Jenny," she indifferently cooed in the clouds, and her Liza hears that haunting strain of a forgotten song of childhood. Otherwise the fanciful music is replaced by stern drama, and you may quickly become impatient with Liza for not knowing that Charley Johnson is her true love. The older publisher and the visiting star from Hollywood are easily recognizable as also-rans. There is a lavish display of gorgeous feminine styles in "Lady in the Dark"—in case you care.

Ray Milland has quite a bit of the best of things because his Charley Johnson is flesh and blood. Warner Baxter appears pleasingly as the publisher, and Jon Hall is the "beautiful hunk of man" from Hollywood, the assignment in which Victor Mature made such a hit on Broadway. Mischa Auer is fairly lost as the assignment in which Victor Mature made such a hit on Broadway. Mischa Auer is fairly lost as the too-too photographer. It is obvious that the picture was made at great expense—but it still doesn't quite come off.

THE HEAVENLY BELL (MGM) has nothing to do with bathing. It is a marital farce about an astronomer's wife who has to compete for his affections with a comet he has discovered. Innocently she takes up astrology, which she confuses with the exact science her husband follows. The horoscope she has cast predicts that she will meet her real love at a specified time. And at that moment, the air-raid warden walks in!

This leads to light, fluffy complications which are expertly played by William Powell and Hedy Lamarr as the astronomer and his wife. Bill continues to get his laughs with polished smoothness, and Hedy displays a brand of beauty that should put a member of the normally stalwart Greer Garson to shame. Craig is the air-raid warden, Pay Bainter the horoscope' caster, and Spring Byington a fluttery neighbor.

THE LODGER (20th Century-Fox) misses the powerful suspense that lifted the novel by Mrs. Marie Belloc Lowndes to the ranks of mystery classics. As you doubtless recall, the book dealt with the psychological horror of a family who believed they had rented rooms to Jack, the Ripper, London's most notorious murderer who terrorized the Whitechapel district in 1888 and 1889.

This picture is very faithful to its period, but it takes the liberty of showing the capture of Jack, the Ripper, and introduces a pattern for the murders by imagining a personal vendetta against theatrical figures. Laird Cregar over-acts his role of the Ripper in the final moments, and Merle Oberon and George Sanders haven't much to do in carrying a slim love thread.
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True enough, worry never prevented lines and crow's feet. But care and foresight can. Take sun-squint—(and summer's not far off!). Always, if you're in a direct glare, wear an efficient pair of sun glasses. Professionally ground lenses tone down those blinding rays so you can face them without flinching—and screwing up your eyelids.

Remember, too, that warm winds and healthy heat are drying. Supplement stolen natural oils with dry skin cream—around your eyes and between them, on thin-skinned cheeks and flexible mouth muscles. Twenty minutes of lubrication each day, seven days a week, helps to smooth away a network of frowns.

Speaking of frowns...dead-panns are dull: on the other hand, a "crinkled" face covering is far from glamorous. Somewhere in between there's a happy medium, a combination of expression and control. Watch your favorite star. She has learned to use her facial muscles, well, but wisely, to react to emotion spontaneously, without obvious stress or strain.

Dancing 'til dawn—there's nothing like it! If you can sleep long and soundly next day. If not, that smooth young skin will suffer. Late nights can add up to early jitters—and their accompanying tell-tale signs.

Good looks stay lovelier longer if you "rest, relax and restore." Rest your body and mind eight or nine hours every night. Relax taut nerves with frequent changes of activity, refreshing exercise and soothing baths. Restore oil and moisture to weather-beaten skin with creams and lotions.

How difficult it is to keep that brilliant smile and that well-groomed look these days...especially if you have added wartime duties to your daily activities! Yet, millions of you are doing just that with the help of our Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks!

Don't misunderstand! Neither our cosmetics, or anyone else's, will make you a better WAC, or a better war-worker, or a better wife. But a Tangee Lipstick WILL save you precious time—by bringing your lips an entirely new SATIN-FINISH...a soft, exquisite smoothness that lasts longer despite weather or work!

There's no need to ration yourself...on LOVELINESS. Choose the glorious Tangee shade that suits you best...Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, or Tangee Natural...And be sure to wear it together with its matching rouge...and your own right shade of the new Tangee PETAL-FINISH Face Powder.

BY CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

Needle Hitler with your pin money—Buy war bonds and stamps
“Gaslight” is no gentle flicker.

An almost unholy light blazes about this drama of emotional conflict which comes to the screen by way of MGM.

Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman and Joseph Cotten are the incandescent threesome.

And theirs is a most unusual love story, set against a dark design for living.

For Ingrid Bergman—those bells will toll again—with a glamour of applause.

Charles Boyer, whose gleaming eye has held many a feminine heart in mid-beat, adds to his strong fascination, a strangely compelling quality.

Credit MGM for bringing out the sinister facet and adding to the Boyer drawing power.

And put another halo around the brilliant head of George Cukor for his splendid interpretation of “Gaslight”.

It’s the kind of direction you’d expect from the man who guided “Philadelphia Story”, and many other MGM triumphs.

Something else to look forward to: Dame May Whitty’s performance and that of newcomer Angela Lansbury (she’s luscious but not angelic).

While we’re laurel-tossing, we present one to Arthur Hornblow, Jr., producer, and another to John Van Druten, who adapted the screen play from the stage hit.

“Gaslight” holds the mysterious, threatening quality of a dark thought on a black night.

The undercurrents will sweep you along excitedly to the stirring end, says...

—Leo

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Cover of Lano Turner photographed exclusively for Movieland by cover artist Tom Kelley

A melodrama of
A STRANGE LOVE!

with
DAME MAY WHITTY•ANGELA LANSBURY•BARBARA EVEREST

Screen Play by John Van Druten, Walter Reisch and John L. Balderston • Based upon the Play by Patrick Hamilton
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • Produced by ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR.
IT'S A YOUNG IDEA

BY SHIRLEY COOK
BEAUTY EDITOR

To keep a natural, clean-cut lip line. If you use the brush technique, start at the corners and carry lipstick upward to center of mouth.

To apply dry rouge so that it's just a glow of healthy, vibrant color. Linda prevents any obvious line of demarcation by patting her rouge over cheekbones and blending it up and out with a soft-bristled brush.

To accentuate your eyebrows. Keep the normal arch and featherstroke it lightly, using a soft pencil for the short hair-length strokes.

To dramatize your eyes. Mascara, applied with a damp brush, and stroked from base to tips, does it.

The older they get, the younger the look! That's not double talk. It's a short short story of the development of cosmetics.

For many years, our beauty aids have been undergoing a process of refinement and perfection. The best faces no longer wear painted pouts, beaded lashes or China doll cheeks. Instead, they take to the modern practical approach.

Glamour has to be combined with grooming if it is to spell "natural combustion, 1944 style." And Linda Darnell, who stars in the Arnold Pressburger production "It Happened Tomorrow," is pictured here to prove it!

Linda, lovely as she is, young as she is, takes advantage of every trick in a well-chosen beauty bag. Make-up base protects her skin while priming it for prettifying. Powder performs effectively: to point up flesh tints, tone down shine, and set the color of her cheek and lip rouge. Her eyes and mouth remain her own, with only a discreet accent to make them even more so. Protesting parents, self-satisfied sophomores—please note. Artificiality is aging. But beauty is a young idea, the very idea today's face-flattering cosmetics can best express.

To bare a lovely brow. Linda chooses a smooth-swept coiffure and uses her rat tail comb to deepen its softening front waves.
The Author of "Of Human Bondage" and "The Letter" Paints His Most Savage Portrait of a Dangerous Woman!

She used his love to wreck his life . . . this dangerous, ruthless woman whose relentless will would stop at nothing! See VERONICA LAKE in a role that tops even her performance in "So Proudly We Hail"!

Paramounts

"The Hour Before the Dawn"

From the famous best-seller and Redbook sensation by

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

starring

VERONICA LAKE • FRANCHOT TONE

with

JOHN SUTTON • Binnie Barnes

Henry Stephenson • Philip Merivale • Nils Asther

Directed by Frank Tuttle • Screen Play by Michael Hogan • Adaptation by Lesser Samuels • A Paramount Picture
ROMANCE OF THE SEVEN SEAS!
The drama of the Navy’s supermen is thrilling the nation! They’re ready to fight—ready to love! Have you seen it yet? Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when it’s playing!

STAR PRAISES PRODUCER!

When a star raves about her producer, that’s news. Claudette Colbert can’t sing the praises of David O. Selznick high enough to equal her enthusiasm. CC has just finished work on “Since You Went Away” and regards it not only as the best pictures she herself has ever done but one of the best ever made.

“That man,” she sighs, meaning David O. “He hired great actors like Lionel Barrymore, Charles Coburn, Albert Basserman just for one day’s work. He brought out the most wonderful acting from me, from Shirley Temple, from Jennifer Jones. Monty Woolley has never been better. Whenever I thought a scene was awkward, I’d tell David and he’d quietly sit down in a corner, rewrite it and come up with something wonderful.”

The amusing part of Miss Colbert’s raves is that, while working, she and Selznick always quarrel violently, yet fundamentally they understand and respect one another deeply.

As an example of their friendship for one another, on the night before Lt. Commander Pressman, Claudette’s doctor-husband, was due to depart on military duty for many months, Selznick ran off “Since You Went Away” just for this devoted couple. The film was unscored. All the “additional” sounds, like the slamming of doors, train whistles and such, were lacking as well as many of the scenes and all the credit titles.

“But Jack and I sat there,” Claudette says, “holding hands, like any pair of kids at the movies, crying our eyes out.”

MORE INSIDE HOLLYWOOD ON PAGE 10
HERE'S WARNERS' DANDY STORY OF BROADWAY'S YANKEE DOODLE GAL!

ANN SHERIDAN
DENNIS MORGAN
JACK CARSON
IRENE MANNING

SHERIDANDY!!
Singing, dancing
as wonderful
NORA BAYES!

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON
A NEW HIGH IN THE ENTERTAINMENT SKY!

HUMPHREY BOGART in 'PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE'
IDA LUPINO and PAUL HENREID in 'IN OUR TIME'
'THE DESERT SONG' in TECHNICOLOR
CARY GRANT and
JOHN GARFIELD in 'DESTINATION TOKYO'

with S. Z. SAKALL • Directed by David Butler
Screen Play by Sam Hellman, Richard Weil, Francis Swann and James Kern • Based on Original Story by Richard Weil

Produced by WILLIAM JACOBS

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer
In every family there is usually somebody who wants to change and somebody who wants to "stay put"... New methods, new products, new habits—they all meet resistance at first, but nevertheless improvements will happen!

**TAKE THE CASE OF TAMPA**X (an internal method for monthly sanitary protection)... Nobody has taken it up more quickly than the students in the big women's colleges. Then they in turn have told their mothers and friends back home—how Tampax needs no belts, pins or external pads, how it can cause no bulges or ridges.

**PERFECTED BY A DOCTOR,** Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into dainty, ingenious individual applicators. No odor. No chafing. Quick to change and easy to dispose of. Ask for Tampax at your regular drug or notion counter.

Note the 3 sizes to suit early days and waning days—also different individual needs. Introductory box for 20¢. Economy package for 98¢ lasts about 4 months... Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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This is why. Janet's role in "Curly," while it was the feminine lead, was still so small as to be practically invisible. Cary said nothing until the shooting of the film was nearly over. Then came a scene in which he was supposed to rant and rave.

He went to Director Al Hall. "Janet should be the angry one here," he said. "Let her do the raving. Let me just sit back and take it. Scene will be much better that way."

Al Hall is an agreeable guy, anyhow, but even if he weren't Cary is so red hot at the box-office he could get away with ordering the studio burned to the ground.

So, of course, Janet got her scene. It changed her part from being merely namby-pamby into the sort that critics go for.

It takes a mighty generous guy, who not only withstands competition, but creates it.

**TIP FOR THE GIRLS**

Paulette Goddard always slays them. At a recent golf tournament (entrance fee, war bonds) Paulette was asked, along with some other glamour items, to help referee the game between Bob Hope and Bing Crosby. Other girls turned up wearing smart sports dresses. La Goddard came in a checked sport coat and matching shorts. And I do mean short.

Of course, all the photographers neglected to shoot the other glamour items and centered on Goddard. That girl always grabs the space with some unusual costume, which isn't a bad tip for other girls in other towns.

**DATING OF THE MONTH**

The dating of the month that shook Hollywood's back teeth was that of Captain Clark Gable and Betty Hutton. The debonnaire Irishman who is vice-president of M-G-M, Eddie Mannix, introduced the dynamic pair and dinner for two has been very much in order on several occasions since.

As a matter of fact, Glamour Corners has been knocking itself out trying to get Gable romanced ever since he returned from England. At first the chat-
FROM BURLESQUE TO BIG TIME!

"SHOW BUSINESS"

Eddie Cantor  George Murphy  Joan Davis
Nancy Kelly  Constance Moore

with Don Douglas  Directed by Edwin L. Marin

plus dozens and dozens of gorgeous girls

Here it is from A to Z...
...Amateur Night to Ziegfeld! The romance of American Entertainment...as sung, danced and joked to fame by the folks who built it from the Bowery to Broadway Big Time!

SONGS YOU CAN'T FORGET!
"It Had to Be You."
"Whoopee."
"I Don't Want to Get Well."
"Dinah."
"I Want a Girl."
"Alabama Bound."
"They're Wearing"En Higer in Hawaii"
and that new hit!
"You May Not Remember."

Another of the great
RKO Radio
Productions

11
For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for one purpose—important to you and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

**Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins**

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, a powder is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

There is ONE Powder... created especially for this purpose — QUEST® POWDER—soft, soothing safe. It's the Kotex® Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your sure way to avoid offending.

**BROADWAY RHYTHM** (MGM) has all the earmarks of an extravagant musical superduper. If your enjoyment of a picture depends upon the merits of the story it tells, “Broadway Rhythm” is decidedly not your dish. But if you are satisfied to accept a lightweight plot simply for what it is—an excuse to bring together and parade a wealth of clever talent—then here is a presentation that will give you your full money's worth, and in Technicolor, too.

Young Gloria DeHaven emerges to make a bid for stardom with an engaging performance of a stage-struck girl who has plenty to offer. Her ambitions are being held down by George Murphy as her producer brother and slyly encouraged by Charles Winninger as her show-wise father, a veteran of vaudeville.

**THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN** (Paramount) labors over the problem of awakening an English gentleman who fancies himself a conscientious objector to killing of any sort, even though his country is at war. His aversion stems from an incident in childhood when in target shooting he was accidentally responsible for the death of a favorite Collie dog.

He grows up to become a teacher and suffers grievous embarrassments rather than be untrue to his convictions. Not until he traps his German-born wife in a flagrant act of sabotage does he come around to a way of thinking that in a flash sends him to join his brother in the R.A.F.

The story is from a novel by W. Somerset Maugham, yet its screen transcription is excessively slow moving and unconvincing despite the fine efforts of Franchot Tone to make valid his objections to war. Purposely, real issues are treated sketchily for fear of offense, a sin of omissions which causes the drama to defeat itself. Veronica Lake is not very good as the German girl spy and frequently forgets her slight accent. John Sutton, Binnie Barnes and Henry Stephenson are among others concerned, but where did they get that stilted boy who plays the nephew of Tone? All in all, you need not stay up for “The Hour Before the Dawn.”

**VOICE IN THE WIND** (United Artists) is filled with studied effects in dim gray photography and is ponderous with long silences that are supposed to speak louder than words. The scene is the West Indies island of Guadeloupe, a haven of refugees from Hitler’s conquests; the central characters are a Czech concert pianist and the girl who was his fiancée. He has lost his mind following his escape from the captors who arrested him for deliberately playing a verboten patriotic selection. She is dying of heart-break, and there they both are on Guadeloupe, each unaware of the other’s presence.
Francis Lederer is the man, Sigrid Gurie the girl. They are surrounded by some accomplished character actors such as J. Carroll Naish, Alexander Granach and J. Edward Bromberg. For the arty minded picturegoers, "Voice in the Wind" will be a delight into which can be read meanings that will breeze right by the average entertainment seekers.

THE IMPOSTOR (Universal) is an ace war melodrama about a criminal's regeneration through joining the fighting forces of the Free French. He is a murderer awaiting execution on the guillotine who makes good his escape when the prison is bombed by the Nazis. He assumes the identity of a dead French sergeant and finds himself among a group of demobilized soldiers headed for Dakar. At the call to arms by General De Gaulle, the destination is changed to Equatorial Africa where the Impostor learns the meaning of patriotism and distinguishes himself in jungle warfare, only to face the exposure of his masquerade.

Through one of those stranger-than-fiction incidents, the star of the picture, Jean Gabin, is now actually on active duty in service of the Free French. He gives an especially strong performance in the film, sharply supported by the excellent portrayals of John Qualen, Richard Whorf, Allyn Joslyn, Peter Van Eyck and Eddie Quillan who are his companions in the adventure. You will find the drama Gabin enacts very much worth your while.

SHINE ON HARVEST MOON (Warners) is that familiar story of the small-time vaudeville team, struggling to get into the big-time. The picture sees fit to call the girl "Nora Bayes" and the man "Jack Norworth," although neither Ann Sheridan nor Dennis Morgan lends much credence to recollections of these famed real-life entertainers. But with Irene Manning, Jack Carson and Marie Wilson to help, some two-dozen old-time songs get indifferently sung for another of those nostalgic cavalcades of once popular tunes—vintage 1906.

ACTION IN ARABIA (RKO) sends George Sanders out to foil a plot of the Nazis to turn the Arab tribes against the Allies. He is an American newspaperman on vacation in Damascus. After his pal is knifed, he is plunged into a tense and complicated situation because he is never sure whom he can trust. Two lovely ladies, Virginia Bruce and Lenore Aubert, lend him aid, but he can't bank on the loyalty of the information-selling Gene Lockhart. You can take "Action in Arabia" with a tongue in your cheek, for it doesn't take itself too seriously. (Continued on page 89)
Two-tone harmony... glamour-plus tailoring! Smart nailhead trim. Two-tone idea, slenderizing waistband makes you look slim as a reed!

Sizes 10 to 18. $7.98, plus postage.

"Bow Blouse"—Flattering high neck — coquette bow! Long, full sleeves! Beautiful rayon fabric, in white only. Sizes 32 to 38, $3.98, plus postage.

BETTY CO-ED of HOLLYWOOD, Dept. 671
6253 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD, HOLLYWOOD (28), CALIFORNIA

Send no money. We mail C. O. D. If you are not completely satisfied, we will gladly refund your money.

**MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE**

**ACROSS**
1. Mitchell is a - - - - in "Flesh and Fantasy"
2. Wild
3. Cass sings "Willie, the - - - - of the West" in "Riding High"
4. Mrs. Chaplin
5. Pola burlesques - - - - in "Hit Diddle Diddle"
6. Seed coating
7. "No Place for a - - - -"
8. Tendons
9. Fissure
10. Place among
11. An extra in "In Which We Serve"
12. Kings (French)
13. "... My Darling Daughter"
14. "The - - - - Victim"
15. "Alpha" in "Lost Angel"
16. "Kitty" in "Is Everybody Happy?"
17. With force
18. Construct
19. Split
20. Superficial extents
21. Nelson sings them
22. Pertaining to the dawn
23. "Government Girl" - - - - in a satire on Congress
24. She is in "Pin Up Girl"
25. "Connie" in "Top Man"
26. "Flesh and Fantasy" has three - - - episodes
27. Tapering roof of a tower
28. "The Sky's the - - - -"
29. "The Cross of - - - -"
30. "The Heat's On"
31. Patric Knowles in "Always a Bridesmaid"
32. Constellation
33. "The Sky's the - - - -"
34. She is in "Pin Up Girl"
35. "Connie" in "Top Man"
36. "The Cross of - - - -"
37. "The Sky's the - - - -"
38. Otherwise
39. Ella's is "Joyce" in "Corvette K-225"
40. Alice Faye in "The Gang's All Here"
41. "The Victim"
42. "Moveway Tomorrow"
43. "The Cross of - - - -"
44. "Steve Wagner" in "Northern Pursuit"
45. "Tubby" in "Hit the Ice"
46. "The Victim"
47. "The Heat's On"
48. "The Sky's the - - - -"
49. "Chuck Polansky" in "Thousands Cheer"
50. Doctrine
51. "The - - - - of Darkness"
52. "The Sky's the - - - -"
53. "Flesh and Fantasy" has three - - - episodes
54. "Steve Wagner" in "Northern Pursuit"
55. "The Heat's On"
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**DOWN**
1. Nelson sings them
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(For Solution See Page 67)
"I wondered if such a thing could happen to me," says Audrey Helmer of Prospect, N. Y.

When Audrey Helmer was 16, she weighed 116 and was slim as a reed. But the last two years in high school she began putting on the pounds. She went to college weighing 129, and graduated at 145 in a size 18 dress. The college nurse told her she ought to reduce—and she tried it again and again, without much success.

Then she got her first school, and that's when the weight wears you down. On your feet all day, at the blackboard, before the class—and 30 pairs of appraising eyes. At social affairs, where everyone in the neighborhood sizes up teacher. Audrey decided to do something about it—and those DuBarry Success Course pictures haunted, tempted, convinced her.

What she liked about it was the plan worked out for her. "Eating as a beauty eats," enjoyable exercises she could do after school, beauty rituals that highlighted her mornings and evenings. Following the Course faithfully, she lost 25 pounds, won back the perfect figure that was hers at sixteen, and now she slips easily into a size 12 dress.

"The Success Course has been a revelation to me," says Audrey Helmer. "I am healthier, happier, more enthusiastic than ever before. My hair and complexion have greatly improved—and I know how to care for them always. This is more than a Course—it's a new way of living that will be the basis for my entire life."

Be Fit and Fair—Top to Toe!

Whether you work as a teacher, in a defense plant, in an office, or at home—today it's important to be at your best. The Success Course brings you an analysis of your needs, then shows you how to bring your weight to normal; remodel your figure; care for your skin; use make-up for subtlety and glamour. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York. And with your Course, at not a penny of extra cost, you receive a generous supply of lovely DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations.

Get the full story. When this plan has meant so much to so many others, why not find out what it can do for you? Use the convenient coupon to get full information. Just paste it on a penny postal.

Audrey reduced her waist and abdomen 3" each, her hips 5", through new beauty knowledge, makes the most of natural loveliness.

DuBarry Success Course

ANN DELAFIELD, Directing

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON • NEW YORK
WORDS of MUSIC

BY JILL WARREN

Hi, Characters! Music Class is in session, and there is much business at hand. So if everyone has his pitch pipe, we shall be off!

THE TUNEFILMS:

Twentieth Century-Fox had a fast change of mind in their casting office. They took Lynn Bari out of the lineup for “When Irish Eyes Are Smiling,” and gave her the singing lead in the Benny Goodman picture, “Sweet and Lowdown.” Then they switched Perry Como from “The Bowery” to “Something For The Boys,” with Vivian Blaine as his leading lady. Incidentally, Perry really had a time in getting to the coast from N. Y. He was put off the plane at practically every stop and finally made the last lap by train, the whole trip taking him a week and a half. Then the day he arrived in “sunny California” it was pouring . . .

Universal is still pitching us those good musical shorts of theirs, and the newest one is called “Stars and Violins.” Answering the roll call are Jack Teagarden and his band, Jo Stafford and the Pied Pipers, Lillian Cornell, and Jimmy Cash, the Burns and Allen troubadour. The Teagarden man and his trombone are featured on “Basin Street Blues,” and a new instrumental number, “Swing On a Teagarden Gate.”

Bob Crosby and Connie Haines are the newest additions to the Universal payroll. Bob and his band will have a big spot in Gloria Jean’s starring picture, “Pardon My Rhythm,” and Connie will appear in “Moon Over Las Vegas.”

Les Brown and his orchestra were to have been part of Paramount’s “Bring On The Girls,” but the starting date of the picture conflicted with playing dates Les had already signed for his band, so Paramount extended his contract and will use him in another film later in the year. In the meantime Les is doing theatres.

WHAT’S BRISK ON THE DISC:

The recording companies have an exceptionally large number of releases for us this month, for which
Hooray! We'll start with Decca:

Bing Crosby's latest is the David Rose composition, "Poinciana," and "San Fernando Valley," with music by John Scott Trotter. The "Valley" tune is the hit novelty written by radio conductor Gordon Jenkins... Hildegarde, with the assistance of Harry Sosnick's orchestra, has done "Suddenly It's Spring," from "Lady In The Dark," and "Leave Us Face It" (We're In Love). This is the song which jumped to popularity in such a hurry after its first appearance on "Duffy's Tavern." To quote Ed "Archie" Gardner, "It's the greatest love song in captivity."... Decca's newest album release is "One Touch Of Venus," recorded by Mary Martin, Kenny Baker, and the original chorus and orchestra from the show. There are five records in all... The Merry Macs are back with us again, this time on "Mairzy Doats" and "I've Got Ten Bucks and Twenty Four Hours Leave." They are backed up by their usual small combination... Jerry Wald, whose band is rising in popularity, has waxed "Poinciana" as an instrumental, and "Mississippi Dreamboat." Dick Merrick sings the vocal chorus on "Dreamboat," with both sides spotlighting the Wald clarinet... The Ink Spots and Ella Fitzgerald get together for the first time on records to give us "Cow Cow Boogie" and the reverse side has Ella, with her own band, singing "When My Sugar Walks Down The Street." Helen Forrest signed a three-year contract with Decca so before long we should be hearing her first disc. And I wouldn't be surprised if she did a couple of double things with Dick Haymes, which wouldn't be a bad combination at all, at all... Columbia confronts us with a fine album called "Frankie Carle and His Gal Friends." Needless to say, they are all piano solos done in the famous Carle style, accompanied by bass and guitar. Frankie's... (Continued on page 78)
THE GREATEST FIGURE
IN MOTION PICTURES
BRINGS YOU 3 GREAT
ENTERTAINMENTS!

JOEL  MAUREEN  LINDA
McCREA  O'HARA  DARNELL
in
BUFFALO BILL
IN TECHNICOLOR

with Thomas Mitchell • Edgar Buchanan • Anthony Quinn
Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN • Produced by
HARRY A. SHERMAN • Screen Play by Aeneas MacKenzie, Clements Ripley and Cecile Kramer

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S PRODUCTION OF
THE PURPLE HEART

Directed by LEWIS MILESTONE

with Dana Andrews • Richard Conte • Farley Granger • Kevin O'Shea • Donald Barry • Trudy Marshall • Sam Levene
Written for the Screen by Jerome Cady • Technical Adviser Otto Tolischus

FOUR JILLS IN A JEEP

Featuring
Kay Francis • Carole Landis • Martha Raye
Mitzi Mayfair with Jimmy Dorsey and His Orchestra
John Harvey • Phil Silvers • Dick Haymes

and the Guest Stars
Alice Faye • Betty Grable
Carmen Miranda • George Jessel

WATCH FOR THESE AND OTHER BIG HITS FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX
Other actors dream about selecting their own roles. Cary does it. Some stars think how wonderful it would be never to have a bad picture. All Cary's pictures, most personally selected, are terrific hits. Then there's that ideal of shifting from comedy to drama and back again. Few players ever manage it. But Mr. Grant manages. Finally there's that perfect stage of being blissfully married to a beautiful girl. That's a description of Cary's union with Barbara Hutton. It should add up to making him conceited and difficult. Instead, this naturalized American who was born Archie Leach of England, becomes steadily more handsome, more skillful, more unselfish and more generous. He's a very great guy, this Grant.
Mr. Big didn't believe in love at first sight—

Then came an evening back stage and a girl named Gwen

I'm going into service, a married man! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

That wonderful Gwen Carter, whom I met in January, 1943, and fell in love with at sight, is now, after a Sunday trip to Tijuana, Mexico, Mrs. Donald O'Connor.

And to top that—yes, it even tops my marriage—I'm entering the greatest show on earth, our battle for democracy.

I hope I'll be put somewhere I can best serve. For besides fighting for peace, for freedom, for a better world for me, I want to help make this world a better place for Gwen. She is my future. I'm sure Fate decided the minute I met her.

Backstage at the "Blackouts", a Hollywood stage show, I was watching a rehearsal. Gwen was there waiting for her Dad, who is the orchestra leader. She was watching too. I got myself introduced but not encouraged. I spent the following two days tracking down her telephone number. She was very popular. And the other guys she went with weren't anxious to help me out.

But finally I got a call through. We went to dinner and then to see a movie at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. That was more than a year ago. Since then neither of us ever even dated anyone else. I'd always laughed about "love at first sight", but I knew at once that this was it. From that evening on, we crowded the thirteen months with lots of fun. Our romance advanced to the engagement stage and Gwen began wearing that emerald cut diamond with baguettes on the side. Our parents thought marriage should wait. But we were earnest and kept trying to win our point. After all, my Mom married at fourteen and there's never been a divorce in the O'Connor family. They finally gave their blessings. Now Gwen wears two rings on her finger.
Gwen (right) with her closest friend, Beverly Woodcock, is a typical modern high school kid. Movieland snapped her as school day ended at Los Angeles High. She wears sloppy Joe sweater.

Gwen (right) with her closest friend, Beverly Woodcock, is a typical modern high school kid. Movieland snapped her as school day ended at Los Angeles High. She wears sloppy Joe sweater.

On her way home from school Gwen got the groceries. Married on Sunday, Gwen was right back in classes Monday. Donald had been inducted into the army on some day.

Gwen swears she's a fine cook, but being meatless Tuesday when Movieland's cameraman caught her, new bride was whipping up a patriotic omelet for dinner.

All pictures by Movieland photographer Franklin Worth.
The most recent addition is a band of diamonds that proves she's my wife. By summertime, when Gwen's school is out, we hope we'll be together, wherever I'm stationed.

Now that my future is set I am thinking of my past, saying goodbye to it really.

What a past it's been! Things like this:

When I was knee-high to a pygmy I worked with a Trampoline act in vaudeville. In case you are not familiar with vaudeville jive, trampolinists use a big table, jump on it and do somersaults. First time I tried it I came down on my head. I've been this way ever since.

Yet I've lived and learned for eighteen years, acrobatic years. My learning may have been a bit irregular—but solid.

For example: A roller-skating act taught me to roller-skate. Then I worked with an ice-skating troupe and they put me on the road to being a male Sonja Henie. When we worked circus acts, I learned how to ride, bare-back and Western saddle and on my head, balanced on my big and several other which-ways. Sleight-of-hand acts gave me speed and tempo. My brothers taught me hand-balancing. Mom put me through dance routines. From the age of nine months on, I rode in parades at fairs and carnivals, tall silk hat and all. Gives a man presence, riding in parades.

By the time I was four, I was running around with a midget in New York. He was a middle-aged midget, and a nifty dresser. I dressed like him. I strutted my stuff in spats, a full-dress suit, a cane and a flower in my button-hole. When I first got the cane, it was taller than I was. I wore my hair, blonde as Betty Grable's, Buster Brown style, with bangs. And I always sported a diamond ring—except when it was in hock.

One time a crowd of boys in Omaha, Nebraska, tried to take my ring from me after I'd got them into the theater free. I whaled the daylights out of three of the gang. Then I went backstage and cried my eyes out. I felt sick. I didn't know till years later that I was "disillusioned."

I was ten years old before I got into a real kindergarten. But when I was eleven, I was in the third grade. The gag was I had gone to school by correspondence that year. Lessons were sent to me by a Chicago Professional School and my classrooms were dressing rooms in theaters and the dingy bedrooms in the hotels where my folks stayed. I'd sit beside my mother, doing my Three R's, and when her back was turned, I'd mix lip rouge and cold cream and eyebrow pencil into a gooey mass and paint pictures on the walls. There are a lot of "Early O'Connors" splattered around the country.

Actually, of course, I was born in St. Elizabeth's Hospital, in Chicago, on August 30, 1925. One of my mother's best friends at the time was Martha Raye's mother. Martha's mother named me Donald. The family tagged me with two other Ds besides; David and Dixon. I wanted to be called Dixon because, when I was six, a numerologist told me it would bring me luck. By then it was too late, though, and the "Donald" stuck.
Age seven, all set for success, Donald was already dancing, singing, doing acrobatics and playing comedy.

At twelve, making his first big time hit in "Sing You Sinners" with Bing Crosby and Fred MacMurray.

The O'Connors as they appeared in "Bombay Unit." Donald and his niece, Patsy, are the kids in center, his mother stands at their right, then brothers Billy and Jack and sister Arlene.

Greasepaint is in my veins, to coin a phrase. My Dad, John E. "Chuck" Connors, came over from County Cork, Ireland, with his brother Bill, when they were mere brothels of lads. Soon as they got here, they went into the circus and carnival business. Then Uncle Bill got married, quit show business, worked as a miner, settled in Danville, Illinois, and had thirteen children. Uncle Bill's place in Danville is the only real home I ever had, until I hit Hollywood.

Not that I wanted a home. Even after I came to Hollywood and was able to buy one, I didn't especially want one. A house felt too much like settling down. I hate routine. I hate having to be here at six, dinner at seven, there at eight. So I bought a house, sure, that's right, and live in it with my mother. But I bought it for Mom.

After Uncle Bill married, my Dad went on alone. As "Chuck" Connors, he starred as a professional strong man and boxer, working a circus with the great English pugilist, Peter Maher. He married my mother, Effie Irene Crane, when she was fourteen years old. After he married, he changed his (Continued on page 72)
MY EARLIEST AMBITION:

Was to design clothes.

When I was nine, I sketched a dress and explained it to my mother, who got the idea. I used to love to watch my mother dress; she had pretty things and knew how to put them on. My favorite occupation throughout my school days was dreaming up lovely clothes. I still design some of my own wardrobe.

I USED TO WISH I COULD:

Wiggle my ears. My grandfather could wiggle his, and so could his son, my mother's half-brother.

Whistle through my teeth; my mother can.

Win a tennis tournament. I finally won a tournament—perhaps because I had a grand partner, but I still can't whistle or wiggle my ears!

MY EARLIEST RECOLLECTION:

Is an Easter egg hunt.

The memory is blurred but we were hunting colored eggs all over a green lawn, falling over each other, putting our finds into rainbow-hued baskets. Then we had to hunt for the bunny that had hidden the eggs. I remember I didn't find it, and was much—and vocally—annoyed.

I LIKE:

Sweaters, but I seldom wear one; if I do, people are apt to look at me and say, "Oh ho, Sweater Girl!" So I'm self-conscious about putting one on. But I loathe those Sloppy Joe sweaters. What they do to the kids who wear them isn't funny!

Milk with ice cubes in it (especially on a hot day); white-walled tires; Irish stew; murder mysteries; luscious-looking clothes, and Gossip—sometimes, when it's just among close friends and isn't malicious and lots of other people know it. I don't like the feeling that I have a terrific secret and mustn't spill it. Oh—just nice, silly, gay gossip.

I DON'T LIKE:

Polka dots; grease paint; sea gulls; cold plunges; cider; going fishing. I used to hug the idea of barracuda. My fishing partner hauled in one after another, and all I could catch was mackerel. I wound up by falling into the ocean and vowing I'd never fish again.

I HATE:

Parsnips; mustard greens; being hurried; oatmeal, if I have to eat it. (My mother still says sternly, "You eat that oatmeal!"—and my baby eats hers like a hungry angel.)

I'M CRAZY ABOUT:

Home-made bread.

If I can't get any, I'll settle for a drive past a good bakery, just for a whiff of hot bread as it comes from the oven.

(Continued on page 26)
I REMEMBER:

A meat stew my mother made when I was seven. We were traveling by car from our home town in Arkansas out to California. We had no money and the trip was a sort of "Grapes of Wrath" affair. For several days we had been hungry, and on this particular day my stepfather had sold his painter's ladder and some brushes and bought the meat. I could smell the fragrance of it as I waited outside our tent while my mother cooked the meal.

Across from us in the shabby little camp was another family with a couple of babies. Perhaps they also had

someone old or ill. I remember they called my mother over, and she seemed troubled when she came back. We were gathered around the stove, being served with the delicious-smelling stew, when my mother suddenly decided that the people over the way needed food more than we did. She took the pieces of meat off our plates, left us with bread covered with thick gravy, and gave the meat to them.

That old song, "The Long Long Trail." I was very small. My father, a public accountant in Cleveland, Oklahoma, was away and my mother wanted to surprise him by having me sing his favorite song when he came home. I learned every word of it, could keep the tune, and my mother was quite proud of me. But when my father arrived, I was suddenly smitten with stage fright and crawled under the bed.

Later, I remember something my stepfather said to me; I was big enough to want to earn some money and I asked him to teach me how to paint and let me go out with him on one of his jobs. He wouldn't.

"I don't want you to learn a poorly paying trade like this," he said.

"I want you to know how to make good in a fine position. If you can earn just enough to get by on, at this sort of thing, the time will come when you'll be hard up. You'll decide to do it for a couple of weeks, and at the end of twenty years you'll still be doing it, as I am. No, you must learn to do something better."

I LIKE:

Sunshine; hot weather; singing in the shower; dark brown eyes; my boxer puppy; swimming; a garden full of fresh green things; dancing; white shirts and the color red.

I DISLIKE:

Phoney people; black shoes; new suits; making still pictures; disorder; jelly doughnuts.

I HATE:

Schemers; hats; diamonds; anything smothered in thick gravy; lamb in any disguise.

I'M GUILTY OF:

Being sensitive—maybe too (Continued on page 27)
LANA TURNER
CONTINUED

I HAVE FUN:
Creating things.
I couldn't buy lights or ornaments for my baby's first tree, so I made them for her. I got a silver tree and a bolt of red satin ribbon and tied bows to every branch. It took me three and a half hours to tie them all. Then I scattered silver icicles over the tree, topped it with a white angel above a great green bow, and set a spotlight below to light it. It was but sensational.

I USED TO:
Dream of being able to fly a plane in a coast-to-coast race. I saw myself tearing into a field and calling, "Fill her up, boys!" while I snatched a milkshake or a sandwich and watched them with an eagle eye, then I'd take off like the wind, just a hair's breadth ahead of the next contestant.

Act on impulse. I'd say to myself, "I wish I could go to Palm Springs—Why don't I?" and I was off. Having my baby cured me. Where yesterday I'd be packed and away at a moment's notice, today there's the baby. Will it be good for her? If she goes, I must take her nurse; if I take her nurse, I must take the cook; if I take the cook, I'd better get a house or an apartment. By that time, it's simpler to stay home.

Take things to heart terribly. I'd let things bother me. Now I know what's important, and lesser worries can't get close to me. I won't let myself get upset for the baby's sake.

I LOVE:
Macaroni and cheese. We have it always Tuesdays and Fridays, and we're mad about it.

Fortune tellers. But my husband doesn't like them so I don't go any more. I used to get a kick out of them, not actually believing anything, but I've given it up.

I DON'T LIKE:
A man to walk around with his hands in his pockets.
To hear a woman swear. I'm not prudish. I can forgive it in a great emergency. I used to use bad words myself in the modern fashion. One day I happened to listen to a girl with a sweet, gentle face swearing like a fishwife. I thought: "Is that how I sound to other people?" and I stopped.

My husband never swears; he said nothing when I did, but when I'd cured myself, he was delighted.

And do you know, I discover I'm learning a whole new vocabulary! Instead of a lazyman's curses, I hunt for words to express exactly what I mean. Steve and I play games with words—I'm a pushover for games! We open a dictionary, put a finger on a word with our eyes shut; then we use the word, properly pronounced in a sentence. We time each other and keep score.

I'VE LEARNED:
From my husband—how to consider others; the give and take of marriage.
From my baby—patience. When you're expecting a child, there's nothing you can do to hurry matters. You must wait. I'd never had any patience before, I wanted everything in a hurry. And when I had to wait I had time to think. I realized that my life must be changed—a mother needs endless patience and I vowed I'd learn to have it.

From making pictures—how to meet important people. I've met the President, governors, great writers, artists, musicians, people who do great things, whom I'd never have met on my own.

I'M GUILTY OF:
Being late.
I'm never late on the set; I'm there at nine o'clock always. But I'm late for appointments and engagements. I try to be on time but I never (Continued on page 64)
"If I could live over one day of my life," says Alan, "I'd choose my wedding day. I adore my nine-months-old daughter, Alana."

I LOVE:

People. I don't subscribe to that saying: "The more I see of people, the better I love dogs." Susie and I are so close that we haven't any frightfully intimate pals, but we have lots of friends and we love people. I wish I always understood them. I try to. I never judge them when they don't behave exactly as I'd like, because I'm convinced there's always a reason behind what people do.

If this sounds stuffy, I don't mean it so.

I USED TO:

Hate fog and dark days. They depressed me terribly. I don't mind them now.
Be cynical, during the years I was so often broke, but I'm never cynical now. Oh yes, I still occasionally have the feeling that I may last in pictures only for another two or three weeks, but I'm not bitter about it any more. That's due to Susie.

THE TURNING POINT IN MY LIFE:

Was the day I met Susie. She was just starting out in the agency business, and I was just beginning my film career. She heard my voice on the radio—I was doing a scene in which I played two people, an old man and his son. She was impressed and asked me to come in to see her.

Before I walked into her office, we were just two bewildered people, fretting about the bad breaks we'd been having, uncertain of the future. After we met, we seemed to know where we were going. We fit into each other's lives, and know we were meant for one another.

IF I COULD LIVE OVER ONE DAY IN MY LIFE:

I'd choose my wedding day. Susie and I slipped off to Tia Juana, Mexico, for the ceremony. It was a hot day, and I mean hot. We waited for an hour in a dusty, smothering little office for the man who married us. Then we waited again for things that had to be signed. There wasn't a good place to eat and the food was awful. Our hands were sticky and there was sand in our hair. But for the first time in my life I was ecstatically happy and it seemed too wonderful to be true.

SUSIE AND I—

Are both impulsive. Before gas rationing, we used to get up at 2 a.m. and start off for a drive because one of us happened to say how nice it would be to take a look at the spring wildflowers near Bakersfield, or what about a swim up at Lake Arrowhead, or why not run down to San Diego to watch Bing Crosby's horses?

Seldom hear any gossip and practically never know what's going on. Yet we always seem to have so much to tell each other that we never run out of things to say.

Never make detailed plans. We take life as it comes and love to be surprised.

I ENJOY:

Writing letters; music—any kind, including loud music; digging in my garden; cutting back hedges and shrubbery; changing things around. Susie says I enjoy change for its own sake.

We live in a house Susie bought when she was with Fox Studios. Ever since we've (Continued on page 65)
It was all so romantic.

Young Kim Hunter, just twenty-one, was making stills with her friend, Ruth Hussey, for “Tender Comrade.” A couple of Marine fliers wandered into the portrait gallery and watched the proceedings. They were both handsome boys, wearing battle ribbons and one of them, Captain Bill Baldwin, also wore the presidential citation for valor in action in the South Pacific.

The boys had been permitted into the studio because they already knew Ruth Hussey, and presently, Ruth was introducing Kim Hunter to Captain Baldwin, and right then and there, Cupid began fluttering his wings like crazy.

You see the result on this page: Kim, aged twenty-one, getting the wedding license with Bill, aged twenty-three. They were wed in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in Beverly Hills just a week later and now they have a little house in the seaside town of Laguna Beach, some twenty odd miles from Hollywood. There Bill is trying to recover from the recurrent attacks of malaria that are keeping him out of action and there Kim is learning all the housewifely arts and loving them—and Bill.
Here is the amazing, heart warming story of what happens to returning stars when they deliver the messages our fighting men send back home

BY CONSTANCE PALMER

The roar of the motors is louder, the gray bulk of the Army plane deadly and efficient as the ship touches the good American earth with the delicacy of a ballerina. The doors open.

A girl in flier's pants and too-big wind-breaker jumps down with a clatter of infantryman's shoes. The clothes are all borrowed and obviously weren't meant for a woman in the first place. Her face is dirty, her hair hangs in wisps, she is tired. Dog-tired.

But you don't notice the clothes or the dank hair because of the smile shining through the dirt on her lovely face.

Then another girl jumps out—a man with a concertina—another man whose civilian clothes hang loose from shoulders that sag with a great physical weariness.

And they're all smiling too, with a kind of proud happiness that sets them apart from you and me.

Though this plane came from the North, yesterday one landed here from across the Pacific. Last week another flew up to Miami from Brazil, shuttling across from North Africa.

And so they come back—the players who have been overseas bringing a little of home and America to our fighting men everywhere and who are bringing back messages, messages to loved ones waiting in surroundings empty and unseen.

"Tell Mom you saw me—"

Those are the words that cover everything. Just call Mom up or write her a letter and tell her that and she'll feel better about everything. She'll listen with all her heart to that voice coming across the miles of wire and be comforted to know that that same voice talked to her boy. She'll take the letter and smooth and caress and treasure it, because that same hand shook her boy's hand and now writes news of him to her.

The stars back from overseas have all delivered—and are still delivering—this simple message. But sometimes there are messages more particular and personal.
Gary Cooper, in the South Pacific, had to recall, by request of Marines, the Gehrig farewell speech from "Pride of the Yankees"—but that was nothing to what he had to hand out when he got home.

Neil Hamilton takes time out for his Christmas dinner—the very same sort many of the boys had!

A little girl in pig-tails and a red gingham dress cried when Frances Langford handed her a champagne-cork with a note tied to it. Frances cried, too, standing there on the steps of a tiny honeymoon cottage in Van Nuys, a little town just out of Hollywood.

The little girl was so young she should have been going to high school, swooning over Sinatra, but she wasn't. She was a wife, waiting and hoping and lonely for her husband who was flying in Italy. He'd given Frances the cork one raw and rainy night in a dismal little inn in Palermo on the island of Sicily, when he and his squadron were celebrating their return from a successful mission over Naples.

And a mother and father in South Pasadena were happy with a pair of pants. It doesn't sound like much of a present, but they belonged to their son who was flying in Italy, too. He had given them to Frances one day in Messina when the wind was so strong it just wasn't possible to appear decently in skirts on the high wooden platform they'd built for her.

These are some of the little things that make the great effort easier to bear.

"The boys up there in Alaska have been gone such a long time—some of them 40 months," Martha O'Driscoll told me, "that they've become so shy they hardly know what to say."

The desolation of snow and ice, the monotony and the loneliness have blotted out for awhile their easy American friendliness.

"But one of the boys in Sitka did manage to ask me to send flowers—with his New Year's love—to his fiancée in Gainsville, Florida," Martha said. "Another in Attu wanted me to take a bouquet of flowers to Long Beach, to his baby he'd never seen.

"Still another just wanted me to call his girl in Riverside, California. He explained apologetically—as if

With four girls, one of whom was Ingrid Bergman, Neil Hamilton toured Alaska. Ingrid was a big hit, but what slayed the lads was the curvy number who did hula!

Anna Lee, Larry Adler, Wini Shaw and Jack Benny somewhere in Sicily. The girls all travel in G. I. clothes such as Anna wears.
such a little thing might be too much trouble for me—that it wouldn't be hard to reach her because she was the long-distance operator there!"

One rainy afternoon the phone rang in a little house in Pomona and a crisp Australian voice asked to speak to Don's mother.

"This is Errol Flynn. I've just seen your son in Alaska—"

Don's mother, when she could get her breath, at the sound of such a famous voice, poured a torrent of entreaty into Flynn's ear. Would Mr. Flynn, please, please come and have dinner with her—and talk about Don?

Mr. Flynn did, and stayed all evening, looking at baby pictures and school trophies and doing a great deal of listening.

But what touched him more than anything was the dinner: it was cooked—not for

(Continued on page 71)
They resumed their war-interrupted honeymoon in Boston, Ensign Richard Ney and Greer Garson. They had a brief few days together in California, before Richard set sail.

**GREER GARSON,**

That is her proud title. It is also the secret of her present greatness—as this story proves...
The very beautiful, very weary actress glanced, with tired anger, at the ringing telephone. The place was Montreal, Canada. The setting was one of those pleasant but excessively impersonal rooms characteristic of the best hotels. Even if the calendar had not recorded the November 7th date, the cold rain that beat ferociously against the window panes would have been sufficient winter warning.

The actress had finished her last day touring for a Canadian War Loan Drive. She was tired as you can only be when you have talked too much, and smiled too much, and shaken too many hands. Her natural friendliness made it impossible for her not to shout heartily in answer to any shouted greetings from the crowds that had lined the streets of her whole tour. Given a smile, no matter how goofy, she always had to attempt a reply. So now she was practically ill with fatigue, heartbreakingly homesick and lonely, and she had given specific orders that the phone was not to be rung.

But there the phone was, ringing madly, practically bounding off the bedside table in its shrill demand. She let it ring, thinking perhaps by ignoring it, she could silence it. She couldn’t. It kept right on. Finally, she tore the receiver off the hook.

“I thought I gave orders...”

“Oh, Miss Garson,” the phone girl interrupted. “It’s your husband. It’s Ensign Ney calling.”

It was the first time Greer had heard her husband’s eager voice since two days (Continued on page 69)
Salute to MovieLand's HEROES

Carole Lombard, Hollywood's heroine of the war, died in a plane crash, January 15th, 1942, returning from a bond selling tour.

Sergeant Gene Autry . . . A.A.F.
Captain Clark Gable . . . A.A.F.
Lieutenant (j.g.) Henry Fonda . . . U. S. Navy
As you read this, our country will have been at war approximately two years and five months. To no community in our great land, has the war wrought more changes than to Hollywood. To the fight for freedom, Hollywood has given not only its manpower and its money but its time, its talents, its dreams. The men are in uniform, but the girls have gone to battle in their own way, on bond tours in this country, over the air on Command Performance, out in the mud of the South Pacific, the fiery deserts of North Africa, the snows of Alaska on entertainment tours.

Movieland herewith honors the male stars in uniforms, not because they are braver than all the millions of lesser known men in uniform, nor because they have given up more glittering lives. Movieland honors them because we do not want you to forget them. It's because there's this about an actor: great as his talent may be, it cannot exist without a public to appreciate it. So here's to them, heroes all, and certainly the handsomest bunch of fighting men the world has ever seen.
Ensign John Howard ... U. S. Navy

Captain Gene Raymand ... A.A.F.

Lieutenant Wayne Morris ... U. S. Navy

Cesar Romero ... Seaman U. S. Coast Guard

Lieutenant William Helden ... A.A.F.

Lieutenant Jeffrey Lynn ... U. S. Army

Lieutenant Don Dailey ... U. S. Army

Sergeant George Reeves ... A.A.F.
There are also 38 Hollywood producers and executives who have gone into service. There are 132 directors, assistant directors and unit managers who have left the picture industry for military service. There are also hundreds of machinists, prop men, electricians and photographers. Members of the Screen Writers Guild, that is, scenario writers, publicists and the like, number 215.


Some players have served in the armed services but are now released. These men are Freddie Bartholomew, George Brent, Lt. Hugh Enfield (Craig Reynolds), William Haines, and Alan Ladd.

Lt. Enfield, U.S.M.C. (Craig Reynolds) is the first Hollywood hero wounded in action, he having been in that heroic band who were in the first landing barge on Tulagi Island, a landing that was made on the same day and under the same fearful conditions as our landing on Guadalcanal.
WILL not write a column on any grown-up man who goes around letting himself be called ‘Sonny’!

The newspaperman was positive, and to the point. Nevertheless, the Paramount publicist tried again.

“He’s got another name—but it’s, uh—a little heavy to lug around. Bowen Charleton Tufts III—son of Bowen Charleton Tufts II, the banker, you know.”

“How ducky!” said the columnist.

“Aw’fly good background,” persisted the publicist, “Boston Back Bay Society—and, and stuff—”

“That does it. I never learned to typewrite with my little finger lifted. Nope, no column.”

Two weeks later the same newspaperman was back, to see the same publicist. He was wearing an everything-happens-to-me expression.

“Okay—I’m licked. My wife went to a preview of ‘So Proudly We Hail’ last night. She came home and woke me up out of a sound sleep—’I’ve just seen the most terrific guy!’ she said. Well, you’re married—you know a man can’t fight forever. Lead me to your Sonny Tufts.”

They walked across the lot to a sound stage where a picture called “I Love a Soldier” was shooting. Paulette Goddard was taking instructions for a scene from Director Mark Sandrich. With her was a big fellow wearing rumpled khaki, sandy hair, and a gentle, sort of per-
petually puzzle faced. He was filling in his time with a kind of three-way operation—listening to the director, shifting his large feet, and using one of his big hands to give himself a half-hearted scalp-rub, all at the same time.

"Stand still," said Paulette, "you fidget around more than Shirley Temple!"

Sonny gave her one of his big, slow grins.

"If you had hands and feet the size of mine, what would you do with them?"

The newspaperman stared. "Why, he's a mug!" he said happily. The publicist nodded, also happily. A little later, the newsman spoke again. "He's even better than that—he's an intelligent mug!"

There may be a better anecdote with which to summarize the case of Sonny Tufts, social scion and screen sensation, but if there is we don't know it. Unless, maybe, we left out the "social" stuff altogether—the way Sonny does in real life. If there was ever a fellow born to be liked just for his own great, good-looking, good-humored self, this Tufts is the boy. Good birth and background are things that happen to people; simplicity and naturalness, humor and honesty, the immediately likeable qualities that made Sonny an instant hit on the screen, are things he achieved strictly on his own.
Paramount’s new pride and joy has been credited with the world’s easiest crash into the cinemas. It has been told how he was led into the studio offices one morning by one Jack Donnelly, hotel man, who walked up to Joe Egli, casting executive, and pointed: “Meet my friend, Sonny Tufts,” said Donnelly. “He wants to be in pictures.” Mr. Egli, indicating that the feeling was mutual, pulled out a contract and they took turns writing their names on it.

It has also been told how Sonny’s Hollywood trip and living expenses were financed by millionaire sportsman Alexis Thompson, in return for a percentage of the salary Mr. Thompson knew his six-foot-four friend was bound to get. And also, how Thompson, now in the Army, has sometimes gotten caught in a crap game without any of his millions handy in his pockets, and faded his opponents with Sonny’s contract instead. (There’s a rumor that the Tufts guy is putting in a little secret practice with the dice and when he gets good enough with the sevens and elevens, will challenge Alex and win himself back).

What with one story and another, it’s got so the first thing a stranger says on being introduced to him is, “Gosh—are you lucky!” Sonny is practically non-combustible, or this remark would burn him. He doesn’t believe in so-called “luck as far as success is concerned.

“I hate to sound like a stuffed shirt,” he says apologetically, “but there never was a career based on pure luck alone. The yarn about my quick contract is true—but with reservations. On behalf of the thousands of ambitious kids who are apt to sit around waiting for the same kind of miracle to happen to them, I’d like to explain it.

“The truth is, I made up my mind to be an actor when I was six years old, and spent some twenty years working up to it. When Mr. Egli asked me what qualifications I had for the entertainment business, I could tell him that I’d sung all my life—maybe not so good, but loud—and all the way from church choirs, to glee clubs, to night clubs and the Broadway stage. I had studied voice and dramatics, here and abroad—owned five college bands of my own—and had learned the difference between good and not-good movies by reviewing pictures on the Yale Record for a couple of years. I hadn’t ever worked in front of a camera—but at least I wasn’t going to be gun-shy when they yelled ‘Shoot’!

“You see, there’s always been a lot of fellows who looked at Taylor or Gable and thought, ‘I’m as good looking as he is—I’m a cinch for the movies.’ Now, they’re going to look at me and (Continued on page 81)
No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap... yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

A bright spot on the horizon to a man far away is the memory of his girl's lovely hair... gleaming in the sun or in the pale moonlight.

So don't dull the shining beauty of your hair by using soap or soap shampoos!

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

See, too, how the wonderful hair conditioner now in this new, improved Drene leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to handle... right after shampooing.

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

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

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

Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner Product of Procter & Gamble

Forecast for summer... Gay cottons for every occasion! And for playtime hours this new, off-the-shoulder neckline inspired by Mexico! Those pearl-studded combs are Mexican, too—and the lovely new "upswep" hair-do reflects the same influence. Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner deserves the credit for the shining smoothness of her hair!

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap. Switch to Drene Shampoo! It never leaves any dulling film as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!
GLORIA JEAN is a gifted child of Aries and should find 1944 a most amazing year. It is destined to bring someone into her life who will help her follow her most idealistic impulses and teach her to listen to her inner self.

Her natal Sun in Aries and her natal Moon in Virgo promise exceptionally good judgment and the desire to perfect herself in her profession. The Aries Sun trines her natal Neptune in Leo, providing will and inspiration to work hard and wait with a modicum of patience until her talents are developed to their fullest.

Hers is a naturally generous disposition with keen appreciation of music and drama, sharpened by a desire for absolute perfection in herself and others which should mellow into a tolerance for others. She has a humorous view of her own limitations as critic.

Saturn in Sagittarius and Uranus in Aries give mental vigor which can be somewhat outspoken, independent and disputative, combined with ambitions which must be wisely used to avoid future loneliness. Jupiter in Pisces brings help from others, and she is fast learning to control her restless Mars in Gemini. Her mind is quick and clever and she is at the same time ably guided by those who clearly see her potentialities.

An affectionate nature is the open road to her confidence, and she is capable of keen judgment and discrimination, shown by her cooperation with those who are her tutors and in whom she has a well founded faith. She must trust these, for they have had glimpses of the fire and beauty with which they are working. They are earnestly working for her future.

Her progressed Sun and Moon conjunct this year. This is sometimes a position where the Native is so close to herself that it is hard to see events or persons clearly and impartially. Patience is her keynote for 1944, and if educational matters in some ways seem too restricting, she must realize that she is preparing for a place being made ready for her. With poise and completed talents she may fully enjoy the responsibilities of great stardom.

She should grow up slowly, keeping her feet on the ground and showing generosity toward those who do not possess her talents or good fortune. Her career is assured by wholehearted cooperation during 1944, so she should forget and forgive whatever has seemed to hold her back in the past.

Born April 14
ARE THESE YOUR FAVORITE LOVE SCENES?

Fourteen Stars Chose These Seven Tender Moments—and Give The Most Revealing Reasons Why

The Five Star Final: the champagne scene between (right) Bergman and Humphrey Bogart in "Casablanca" (Movieland's Own Favorite Love Scene, too, we assure you). Such highly different performers as Alan Ladd, Judy Garland, Helmut Dantine, Maureen O'Hara and Ginger Rogers all proclaim this the romantic masterpiece. Said Helmut Dantine: "The scene is outstanding for two reasons. Here is reality, rather than the usual sweetness and light. Then it's a mature love scene played by two mature people expressing mature emotions, with Bogart's manly Americanism and Bergman's Continentalism making a superb combination."

Said Ginger: "I prefer it for Ingrid Bergman. She is my favorite actress." Said Maureen O'Hara: "Because the words were logical and real, I regard it as the most beautifully written love scene ever screened, and Bogart and Bergman played it with such consummate art it seemed as real as it was written."

Little Judy Garland said almost what Maureen O'Hara said. Judy declared, "All the love scenes in 'Casablanca' were so authentic that I felt as though I were part of them myself. That is because of their wonderful simplicity."

But it remained for that romantic-threat man, Alan Ladd, who recently played "Casablanca" on the air, to give the best reasons of all. Murred Laddie: "The emotions of strong people are the only ones that really thrill the world. The reason the love story of Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara intrigued us all was because they were equally mated when it came to toughness. But in 'Casablanca' you had a man of physical toughness against a woman with the greatest spiritual strength."

"That made the love story both subtle and powerful, a wonderful combination. And exquisite as Bergman was, I say that Bogart's was the greater performance. As another screen tough guy, I know how difficult it is to sustain such a characterization as Bogie gave. In fact, until I saw him do 'Casablanca' I would have said it was impossible. But Bogie did it magnificently and flawlessly."

Well put, Alan—and so intelligently discriminating.

The three-star winner: Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne in the boat scene in "Love Affair". Such diverse personalities as Maria Montez, Paulette Goddard and Ida Lupino chose this one. Says Montez, "Ah, such haunting tenderness." Says Goddard, "There is no screen lover to compare with Boyer." Says Lupino, "I want to be the woman Boyer loves."
The two-star winner: Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor in "Camille". Olivia de Havilland and Deanna Durbin go for this. Says Deanna, very simply, "It's the most beautiful, most romantic and most effective love scene I ever saw." Remarks Olivia, more poetically, "It wasn't like seeing a movie at all. I felt as though it was actually happening and as though, in watching it, I was really trespassing."

Miss Turner, however, who before the war was Captain Gable's film tootsie pie, remembers Bob Taylor, particularly in this love scene between him and Vivien Leigh in "Waterloo Bridge". "They were shown dancing together by candlelight—remember?" asks Lana. "I think that was the most romantic, charming and different love scene I ever saw."

Lastly, a note of tragedy—tragedy inspired by the bright memory of the lost, lovely girl who played this scene. The choice is Barbara Stanwyck's. "My favorite love scene is this one from 'Honds Across the Table'," says Stanny. "We always thought of Carole Lombard as a great comedienne, and she certainly was. Yet, with all that gift of comedy know-how, she could put across a love scene superbly."

By way of getting a really he-man opinion on love scenes, we sought our cowboy hero Roy Rogers. By cracky, he did have a favorite. "The scene between Henry Fonda and Ginger Rogers in 'Tales of Manhattan'," said Roy, "I go for it because it's the romance of a shy boy. I used to be shy and Henry Fonda reminded me so much of myself."

Miss Colbert sides in with half the feminine population of the world in remembering Gable. This love scene in his final picture before enlistment, "Somewhere I'll Find You" with Lana Turner, makes Claudette say: "Any love scene with Clark is my idea of the best love scene."
THE LITTLE WOMAN starring

MRS. JOHN LODER, also known widely as Hedy Lamarr, was reading the evening paper. "Here it is," she said to her husband, indicating a bit of fine print with her fingertip. "The Gorilla Man is playing at our neighborhood theatre."

John unclenched his perennial pipe. "For goodness sake," he begged. "You wouldn't enjoy it, and I'd be embarrassed by having you see such a thing."

"I've heard several people say that for a B picture, it's excellent and that you are well photographed. Come on, John," said the little woman.

So the Loders, despite continued protest from the taller half of the family, went to see The Gorilla Man. Afterward Hedy observed with great decision, "I knew it! You're good even in a bad picture. Now you must insist on better pictures. If your studio hasn't a picture ready for you, you should ask them to let you go."

John, the easy-going type, demurred. He was inclined to view the delay in casting with philosophical calm.

"They'll have something for me soon," he prophesied. "After all, Old Acquaintance hasn't been released yet and I feel certain that it will do me some good."

Hedy, combining reason with her strong conviction of John's talent, agreed to be patient a bit. When Old Acquaintance was released, John went to the Brothers Warner and asked what they had lined up for him next. He said he was tired of loafing (Continued on page 87)

Hedy and John met at the Hollywood Canteen on Christmas Eve, 1942. It was love at first sight and a date that began that evening has lasted up to and including the minute you are reading these lines. Being so indebted to the Canteen, they appear there each Friday in celebration. Washing dishes is quite in order, but the other activities, here recorded, are extra-curricular—but sooo pleasant.

HERS IS THE FACE... that launched a million sighs of envy from other less fortunate women. She looks mysterious and sirenic. Actually, Hedy Lamarr really likes the simplest existence: a little house, her handsome husband and her adopted son.
Mrs. James Durbin, who started things rolling when she sent Deanna to sing in a choir loft.

MOTHERS OF HOLLYWOOD

With Mother's Day approaching, Movieland herewith gives a bow to the group of lovely ladies who gave some of our most charming stars to the screen.

The Mutual Admiration Society—Mrs. Nina Garson and her devoted daughter, Greer.

George Montgomery's Russian-born mother, George calls her Mamachka, says she's world's best coak.
Lucille's Dad died when she was two. Mrs. Ball was eighteen. So they've grown up together.

Mrs. Fred Chapman, with her only daughter, Marguerite. Her four sons are in the service.

Lela and Ginger Rogers, the proverbial two peas in a pod, enough alike to be sisters.
Mrs. Davis arrived with her daughter, Bette, and has staved to see her conquer Hollywood.

Judy Garland and Mom, her guiding light through the years. See where Judy got those eyes?

The presiding hunk of man in Hollywood, Jon Hall, is the perfect son to his mother, Mrs. Locher.

Mrs. Davis arrived with her daughter, Bette, and has staved to see her conquer Hollywood.

MOTHERS OF HOLLYWOOD
CONTINUED
Mrs. Eduardo Cansino, who watched her small dancing daughter grow up to be Rita Hayworth.

The most devoted mother-daughter combination in all movieland, Claudette Colbert and her beautiful, chic mother.

Look-alike Department: Two Cobina Wrights, senior and junior, very proud of each other.

Mrs. Adna Brantingham and her cute little dotter, who took the screen name of Barbara Britton.
TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX has stolen a march on the rest of Hollywood with a smashing war drama called "The Purple Heart." It was produced behind locked doors, and the cast sworn to secrecy about the plot, which was generally assumed to concern the proud history of a military award for "valor beyond the call of duty." To the surprise of most of the other studios came the revelation that Twentieth had made a story telling of the shocking trial of eight flyers who were captured and beheaded by the Japanese following the bombing of Tokyo.

"The Purple Heart" was completed in January, just a few days after the release of authenticated accounts of cruel, inhuman and uncivilized treatment of prisoners in Japan, atrocities which shook the whole world with anger. Coincident with the news came official orders to rush "The Purple Heart" into the nation's motion picture theatres. The United States government wanted to use every medium to acquaint the public with the real nature of its enemies in Japan.

The feeling you will take home with you after seeing it, and see it you must, is one of respect and honor for eight average Americans who withstood horrible tortures, and faced death, rather than betray their country. Their strength is so much greater than the enemy's that you won't let them down either, and that's the way these stout-hearted heroes are enacted by Dana Andrews, Farley Granger, John Craven, Sam Levene, Richard Conte, Kelvin O'Shea, Donald Barry and Charles Russell.

"PASSPORT to Marseille" is played by the majority of the adventurous cast that you met in "Casablanca," but don't mistake this trip for a sequel to the earlier yarn. It opens with the visit of a reporter to the camouflaged flying field of the Free French in England. Inquiry about the men who are even then off on a bombing mission causes a talkative captain to reveal his experiences with five of them. So the story flashes back to the time these five men were picked up in an open boat at sea, then again flashes back to the scene from which they came. All were convicts on Devil's Island who escaped to try to join the Free French in fighting for their country. They have to deal with some traitors on the freighter that rescues them, and there's action every minute.

With Humphrey Bogart, Philip Dorn, Peter Lorre, Helmut Dantine and George Tobias playing the five convicts, you should be able to draw a fair idea of the kind of hard-bitten portrayals that abound in the drama. No less expert is the playing of Claude Rains as the teller of this story to John Loder. Then there are Sidney Greenstreet and Victor Francen, as officials on the freighter, and Vladimir Sokoloff, unforgettable as the old convict who engineers the escape. A quite unnecessary note of a love story is added by Michele Morgan, as the wife who waits in vain for Bogart's return.

Nordhoff and Hall of "Mutiny on the Bounty" fame are the authors of the original novel which has been given a big-scale production by Warners. You will want to see it if you can take your adventure undiluted.
YOU, yourself, doubtless have used the expression, "I can't tell to save my life." Well, neither can a young architect charged with the murder of his wife. He has an alibi that no one will believe because substantiation of it cannot be found.

He tells of having spent the evening with a strange woman he met at a bar, and of having taken her to a theatre where she caused a disturbance because her hat was an exact duplicate of one worn by an actress on the stage. He never learned this "phantom lady’s" name, nor can the police find witnesses who will admit seeing the architect, the lady or the strange hat. And the victim of circumstantial evidence literally can't tell more to save his life. It remains for the pretty secretary who is in love with him to untangle matters by interviewing a bartender, a taxi driver, actress, drummer and the phantom lady. The murderer has to be tricked into making a confession.

Joan Harrison, a woman producer new to Hollywood, brought this absorbing surprise mystery hit to the screen. She is a former associate of Alfred Hitchcock, a recognized master of suspense, and she has given much to this thrill-packed story. The three central roles are excellently performed by Franchot Tone, Ella Raines and Alan Curtis, and every minor characterization is an outstanding work. Take the drummer played by Elisha Cook, Jr. He is the swing-mad kid who escorts us to a basement jive session unequalled by any such scene in memory. Don't miss “Phantom Lady.”

FIRST highly enjoyable comedy of rookie life in the training camps of World War II, “See Here, Private Hargrove” will be relished both by the service men and the families they left behind. At least such was the reception of the best-selling book about his misadventures as a draftee, by Marion Hargrove. And the very funny picture based upon it aptly catches the same spirit.

As the blundering Private Hargrove, the performance of Robert Walker is a joy. You will remember him as the unattached sailor who stole the show in “Bataan.” Yet he has to divide honors in this with Keenan Wynn, the fellow who did that grand gangster in “Lost Angel.” Here, the accomplished son of comedian Ed Wynn, plays a G.I. promoter whose money-making schemes complicate things for Har-grove. The boy, however, has a genius for trouble that needs no help—and regardless of his best intentions, he almost always ends up by polishing garbage pails on K.P.

The fun in “See Here, Private Hargrove” stems from the natural circumstances which plague all draftees in training. Perhaps the only movie “touch” is the casting of such a looker as Donna Reed in the role of the canteen worker with whom Hargrove falls in love. Robert Benchley has a delightful bit as the girl’s talkative father who monopolizes the conversation with recollections of World War I. As sergeants, Chill Wills and Donald Curtis enforce military regulations to the discomfort of the rookies. It is an army of regular guys who can laugh about their discomforts and invite you to do likewise.

"IT HAPPENED TOMORROW" is a gorgeously imaginative farce having to do with hilarious impossibilities. For three days in succession, a young newspaperman finds himself in possession of copies of tomorrow’s papers. At first, he can hardly credit his good luck in reading of a robbery hours before it happens. But on the second day, he capitalizes upon his preknowledge of the news to double his salary as the paper’s ace reporter with a by-line.

Despite the jams he gets into with the police, he plans his marriage to a girl who has been working as a medium with her uncle in a theatrical clairvoyant act. On the third day he decides to clean up at the race track with sure bets on the winners. In looking up the results, he reads his own obituary on page one. How he avoids his fate brings fantastic events to a riotous close.

Had the makers of “It Happened Tomorrow” been given the power of reading reviews of their picture in advance, it would not have been quite fantastic. It is set in the 1890s, and the cops are right out of the Keystone Comedy School. The period is not excuse enough for the attention given to the unfunny scene of the girl sneaking home in male attire. While the film could have been improved with more imagination, it is more amusing than most.

Dick Powell is at his easy best as the newspaperman, and Linda Darnell is a very lovely heroine. Jack Oakie plays the mind-reading faker for a solid laugh-getter, particularly at the races. And the character of little old Pop Benson is delightfully performed by John Philliber, under Rene Clair’s direction.
Seven girls to one man, after the war!

So warns Reader’s Digest. Here’s how four of Hollywood’s youngest stars plan to get a man of their own

“SUPPOSE I should be worrying about that,” commented Susanna Foster, lilting along a Universal City street, “but I’m a fatalist. I’m convinced Fate will see that I get my man, when the time comes.

“As long as I can remember, I’ve had the dream that someday I’d meet and fall in love with the One Man, that everything in my life would lead up to that day, that we’d marry and live happily ever after. Now that I’m eighteen, I know life isn’t like that, but still I can’t give up the illusion. No matter how much I say to myself, ‘I know it isn’t so’, somehow I can’t help believing it can happen that way.”

Susanna has grown slim and tall—too tall, she thinks. “It’s a handicap. Men are getting shorter as girls get taller, and there’s nothing I hate worse than a tall girl with a little man,” she says.

She believes that every girl should be honest with herself, first of all. People used to fool themselves.

Susanna Foster (Universal) admits that she has a bad temper, also that she’s temperamental—and if she falls in love he’ll have to be very special.

Gail Russell (Paramount) worries not at all, for a very personal reason. She has quite definite ideas where marriage is concerned.
and where did that get them? Pretty silly, wasn't it?
“Now take me—” and who wouldn't?—“I could never fall in love with a poor man. That is, I couldn't go for one who couldn't make his way in the world, because to me, much of the charm of a man is his ability to succeed in his own line. He needn't make as much money as I do, for I realize that this business is fantastic—but the man for me must be a success. Of course if, after we were married, he ran into bad luck—or a world-wide depression, as my father did when Insull crashed—I'd stick by him, because I know that a man who had it in him to succeed once could do it again.”

After Susanna's father came upon hard times, his daughter knew at first-hand what poverty was, and being poor holds no glamour for her.

“It's one thing to have lived through years when all you could look forward to was buying a new pair of shoes once in six months, and (Continued on page 75)
A HUSSEY IN LOVE

Critics are raving about the "new Ruth Hussey" in "Tender Comrade," "The Uninvited," and "Marine Raiders." If you, too, have wondered about the change in her—well, it's the nicest reason in the world.

BY KATHERINE LAKE

"I'M GOING to have a baby!" And by that simple little announcement Ruth Hussey has played havoc with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production schedule. She is cast for a new role, and makes a leave of absence request which can't very well be refused. That Ruth is very delighted about the whole thing—that goes without saying. But it's plain, too, that having had her loaned out to other studios for the last year—making "The Uninvited" for Paramount and "Tender Comrade" for RKO—Metro had plans for Ruth's returning to her home lot. Fact is, they had called her about an assignment to appear in "Mrs. Parkington."

It was then came the news, "Sorry, I can't." And you know the reason!
Oh, she'd love to be back on the home lot again. She's sorry to hand MGM this new headache, after their having had to go through the same thing with Lana Turner, and just now getting Lana back from motherhood and safe in front of the cameras. "But really," Ruth murmurs sweetly, "how can I worry about anything—when I'm so very, very happy?"

She's happy—and, too, she's very much in love. You may not know it, but Ruth Hussey's is perhaps one of the most romantic love stories yet to come out of Hollywood. It happened like this:

He was a tall, deeply interested young man, and he exclaimed quietly about the beauty of Santa Paula mission—one of the most historic—established on the inland road that lies between Oceanside and Los Angeles, on Fra Junipero Serra's El Camino Real. This smallest of missions is situated within the confines of an Indian reservation, and is in its miniature way very beautiful.

This particular tourist was newly arrived from the east, on that particular day several years ago, and he was enchanted by the lace-like pepper trees, the pineapple-like palm trees and the adobe walls like nothing on earth except adobe. He told the lay brother who was explaining the history and current life of the mission, "I should like to be married here."

The lay brother said there was only one requirement for such a ceremony: a bride. (Continued on page 84)
Beautiful, and instinctively dramatic, Ruth Hussey's the girl from New England—considered very much the type.
Dear Bonita:

I am working and earning twenty-five dollars a week. My father makes me give him my check each week and then gives me enough for carfare and lunches.

I live with my mother and father and two sisters. They have the same lunches. My father makes five dollars a week. My father makes family expenses, but we hate to have to go to Dad everytime we want to buy a hat or go to a movie. This is the twentieth century and he treats us like the gay nineties.

We all want to leave home and take an apartment. Between us we earn enough to do this, but we hate to leave our mother. Besides even if he is strict, we love our father. What do you think we should do?

HELEN

Dear Bonita:

I notice that your fingernails are very short in pictures and wonder if you have the same trouble I do about them breaking. I saw you in “Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble” and they seemed to be a bit longer. How did you do it? My nails split and crack around the edges. It's no wonder. I seem to be a bit longer. How did you do it? My nails split and crack around the edges. I keep them short, did them myself and kept all the rough edges filed off. I soaked my nails in warm oil every night and massaged the cuticles. They are beginning right now to look like something, but it took a full year.

I drink lots of milk and eat leafy vegetables. Do you have some new Hollywood trick or do you wear false fingernails in pictures?

ELAINE

Dear Jane:

You are a very observant young lady. My nails were short. I kept them that way deliberately. They kept breaking off on the corners and it was very distressing. Following diet advice from my physician and common sense on my own part I finally licked my trouble.

I kept the nails short, did them myself and kept all the rough edges filed off. I soaked my nails in warm oil every night and massaged the cuticles. They are beginning right now to look like something, but it took a full year.

Why don't you consult your physician, perhaps you have some deficiency? If not, perhaps more care of your nails and hands, personally, might do the trick.

Sincerely,

BG

MARRIAGE NOW?

Dear Miss Granville:

I am nineteen and very much in love with a soldier who is about to go overseas. I have known him six months and we love each other very deeply. My parents are very fond of him and I met his parents when they came to visit him a few months ago. In fact, my mother had them for lunch one day. We were both raised in the same type of home and have had equal schooling and advantages. I work in a dental office and can support myself after he goes. My parents want me to wait but we both want to get married immediately. Why can't we grab at a little happiness while we can? What would you do in my case?

JANE

• Dear Jane:

You may not like my advice, but you asked for it. I think you should wait until after the war to marry. Hasty war marriages are many and it is rare when they turn out happily.

If you are sincere in your love for each other you should be strong enough to wait. Strong enough to send him off knowing that you love him and will wait for him. Strong enough to go on with your job with a happy heart, planning your future life together. A few short weeks together is not a basis for a happy marriage.

Separation does strange things to people. Neither of you know how you will feel about each other after this is over. Right now you think your love is deathless but so much can happen to change both of you. You owe it to yourself and to him and perhaps to your future children to wait until times call for all that makes for happy marriages.

Go on with your plans. Write to him daily, if you possibly can. In your letters plan your future. Let him know that you are true to him, that you love him and that you will be there when he comes back. Get to know his parents better, invest your money in war bonds for the future. Both of you working together in this way can guarantee the future that you have dreamed of.

My every good wish for your happiness.

Sincerely,

BG
TO DATE OR NOT TO DATE

Dear Miss Granville:

My fiance has been overseas for the past year. I love him very much and we plan to marry when he returns. I am in great trouble with my family and friends. I went out with a boy, an old friend of my sweetheart's and myself, and now everyone thinks I am being untrue to my fiance. This is not the case. I love him more now than ever before, but I don't see any harm in going out with friends.

What is a girl supposed to do, go into hiding? I told my mother that she was almost forcing me into sneaking out once in a while and can do it without being untrue to their sweethearts, don't you?

ELEANOR

Dear Eleanor:

I agree with you thoroughly. I think you should have the companionship of young men even if your fiance is overseas. However, I think I agree with your family and friends that you shouldn't be seen out too much with any one man. Why not compromise? Why don't you plan little parties in your own home and invite your friends in? Why don't you, whenever you do go out, make sure that you are in the company of other people?

It is true that your fiance doesn't have the opportunity to go out with girls where he is, but if you have his permission (which I reflect in your letter), then I see no harm in your having men friends.

One thing you should make sure, even if you have the permission of your fiance, is that he wouldn't misunderstand your motive. Make sure that he hears about your activities from yourself, rather than from scandal-mongering friends. Then confine all of your activities to groups and refuse the lone dates in which people might misunderstand and might lead you into unhappy situations.

Sincerely,

BG

FRECKLES ARE FUN

Dear Bonita:

I saw you in your picture "Hitler's Children" and could see that you have red-headed. My skin is freckled and very nice skin. I am nineteen and am envy girls with clear skins. Did you I could to help the freckles and I it bothers me. I have tried everything do about them? What do your friends on the screen do to not show them.

should realize that they can be made than a hindrance. Many movie stars have freckles and love them. Joan Macdonald are all Freckle faces. When they are not in front of the cameras they don't wear makeup. They proudly display their freckles and look very cute. Girls I know with freckles wear makeup in the evening. They use a light powder base and matching powder. Why don't you try this evenings? Why don't you, whenever you do go out, make sure that you are in the company of other people?

It is true that your fiance doesn't have the opportunity to go out with girls where he is, but if you have his permission (which I reflect in your letter), then I see no harm in your having men friends.

One thing you should make sure, even if you have the permission of your fiance, is that he wouldn't misunderstand your motive. Make sure that he hears about your activities from yourself, rather than from scandal-mongering friends. Then confine all of your activities to groups and refuse the lone dates in which people might misunderstand and might lead you into unhappy situations.

Sincerely,

BG

Herewith are the first letters answered by Bonita Granville which we promised you last month. Do you have personal problems that you feel only youth can solve? If you do, let Bonita Granville be your counselor. Address Bonita Granville, in care of Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset, Los Angeles 46, California, and try to keep letters down to two hundred words. Watch for her replies such as the ones we print in this issue. You can see that Bonita is serious and wise for her years, and because she considers herself just another of the "younger generation" she may be able to help you with your problems.
Unhappiness Threatens
The Young Wife
Who Ignores This
Intimate Problem!

New, More Convenient
Feminine Hygiene Way Gives
Continuous Action for Hours!

Doctors know that even today the
majority of women still know little or
nothing about certain physical facts.
Too many, who think they know, have
only half knowledge. And they do not
realize how seriously their happiness
and health are threatened by lack of
up-to-date information.

That is why you ought to know
about Zonitors—and to have all the
facts about their unique advantages
for vaginal germicidal care. (See free
booklet offer below.)

Zonitors are dainty, non-greasy
suppositories, scientifically prepared
for vaginal hygiene. So convenient
and easy to use. The quickest, easiest,
daintiest way of using a vaginal germi¬
cide. No cumbersome apparatus,
nothing to mix, no unpleasant greasi¬
tiness to spoil your daintiness.

Powerful, but safe for delicate
tissues, Zonitors spread a protective
coating and kill germs instantly on
contact. Deodorize by actually de¬
masking it. They give continuous ac¬
tion for hours. All druggists have
Zonitors.

I AM MAD ABOUT:
My baby. She wakes up smiling, she
never cries, she does the things
babies should do, cheerfully. She’s
beautiful, adorable, perfect. And I
don’t think I’m just being maternal
when I say so!

THE FIRST THING THAT AT¬
TRACTS ME:
Is a person’s mouth. I find it fasci¬
inating to watch a lovely mouth, see
how it shapes words, how it curves
into a smile.

MY FAVORITE SONG:
Is “Embraceable You.”

MY FAVORITE PICTURE:
Of all my pictures is “Ziegfeld
Girl.” I worked hardest in that pic¬
ture. I had the best time making it; I
liked it best. Director Robert C. Leon¬
ard directed “Ziegfeld Girl!” He’s di¬
recting my new picture, “Marriage is
a Private Affair,” so I’m happy about
that, too.

SOME DAY:
I’d like to travel in Europe. But
not until the world has recovered
from war and scars have had a chance
to heal.

I HOPE:
I’ll be a good mother, first of all.
I’ll be a good actress. I admire Bette
Davis. I’d love to do her type of char¬
acter work, but I’d prefer my parts
not quite so brittle and hard.

I NEVER:
Turn back to look at the past. What
is over is over and I forget it. I’ll
admit I like to peep into the future,
and hope and plan for good things
to come, but—

I LIVE
Now!

What happens when
your hat comes down?

Someday the War will be over.
Hats will be tossed into the air all
over America on that day.
But what about the day after?
No man knows just what’s going to
happen then. But we know one thing
that must not happen:

We must not have a postwar Amer¬
ica fumbling to restore an out-of-gear
economy, staggering under a burden
of idle factories and idle men, wracked
with internal dissension and stricken
with poverty and want.

That is why we must buy War Bonds
—now.

For every time you buy a Bond, you
not only help finance the War. You help
to build up a vast reserve of postwar
buying power. Buying power that can
mean millions of postwar jobs making
billions of dollars’ worth of postwar
goods and a healthy, prosperous, strong
America in which there’ll be a richer,
happier living for every one of us.

To protect your Country, your fam¬
ily, and your job after the War—buy
War Bonds now!

Let's all
KEEP BACKING THE ATTACK!

The Treasury Department acknowledges
with appreciation the publication
of this message by

Movieland
been married we've wanted to buy a new home, but first we couldn't find what we liked and now we realize that this is the time to buy. I sankered around, trying to remodel the place, but Susie thought it was too bad to sink more money into a house we didn't intend to keep. She suggested that we sell every stick of furniture we had and with the money refurbish the entire place. We got a good price for our period furniture and had the time of our lives finding exactly the width, length, height, and whatnot. There was enough money from our sale to do some remodeling, too.

IN THE FUTURE:

Say, twenty years ahead, I'd like to direct pictures. But not until I know my present job of acting inside out.

I ADORE:
My nine months' old daughter, Alana.

MY BIGGEST THRILLS WERE:

When Bette Davis selected me over all other candidates to play opposite her in a Silver Theater radio show. Working for the first time on a Lux radio program under the direction of C. B. DeMille in "Return of Peter Grimm." Getting the small role in "Captain Cautious" at the Hal Roach Studios.

Being chosen for big parts in "Joan of Paris" at RKO and "This Gun for Hire" at Paramount on the very same day, each studio offering me a contract. Susie and I were in seventh heaven that day, after the years of plugging away trying to sell me for parts that went to other actors.

And the day, after I joined the Army, when I finally got my uniform. It didn't fit, and I stood in the rain at the line with all the others who had just received their uniforms, all of us looking alike, all of us bursting with pride. I'll never forget it.

I LEARNED IN THE ARMY:

That none of us ever quite grew up. It was like going back to school, with all of us rooting for our own outfits; all of us looking forward to the end of the war. And look forward to the end of school; that being thrown together in camp brings about a companionship between men different from anything in civilian life.

How lucky, how very lucky, I was to have had Susie.

I BELIEVE:

In Fate.

I'm sure there's a definite reason for everything that happens, and that things will work out as they are meant to do.

And look how very lucky when Susie is around. She has such firm faith in the rightness of the universe that if I get off the track and go back to worrying, one look at Susie can jerk me back in line.

I KNOW:

Nothing is certain but change. But I can wish, can't I?
Do you have that constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the editor said on this subject:

“There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling, and many others whose work we have published? It is also true that more people are trying to write than ever before, but talent is still rare and the writer must still learn his craft, as few of the newcomers nowadays seem willing to do. Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power.”

THE Newspaper Institute of America offers a FREE Writing Aptitude Test. Its object is to discover new recruits for the army of men and women who add to their income by fiction and article writing. The Writing Aptitude Test is a simple but expert analysis of your latent ability, your powers of imagination, logic, etc. Not all applicants pass this test. Those who do are qualified to take the famous N. I. A. course based on the practical training given by big metropolitan dailies. This is the New York City Copy Desk Method which teaches you to write by writing. You develop your individual style instead of trying to copy that of others. You “cover” actual assignments such as metropolitan reporters get. Although you work at home, on your own time, you are constantly guided by experienced writers. It is really fascinating work. Each week you see new progress. In a matter of months you can acquire the coveted “professional” touch. Then you’re ready for market with greatly improved chances of making sales.

Mail the Coupon

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Miss
Mr.
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To People who want to write but can’t get started

People around town are still hoping that the Bob Walkers may get together again. Their close friends insist that Bob is one of those grown-up babies, not quite knowing what he wants from life and that exquisite Jennifer Jones got tired of having to be the person to shoulder all responsibilities always.

But of all the separated people who will not come together again, the John Waynes lead the list. It’s a sad shame. They were boy and girl sweethearts, those two. They went together for years before their marriage. They have four fine children.

When they came to parting, their friends were most unhappy for charming Josephine Wayne. Now, however, they feel sorry for John, also. For John wants to return home again, but Jo will have no part of it. "I’m sorry," she says, "but it is just over."

John is steadily dating Esperanza Bauer, a pretty thing he met south of the border, meanwhile.

She Goes for Writers

Also you want to watch those John Gunther-Miriam Hopkins meetings. Mr. Gunther is the author of all the "Inside" books, “Inside Europe,” “Inside Asia" and such. Miriam always has gone for writers. Austin Parker, her ex-husband, belonged to that gentry.

On the other hand, don’t take those Veronica Lake-Jean Negulesco rumors too seriously. There are a couple of other gentlemen in the Lake picture, besides Director Jean who has romanced as many girls as that other director, Anatole Litvak, now a Colonel.
What does a fella give his girl? We can tell you that press agent beau Steve Hannagan gave his girl Annie Sheridan twelve hats.

It seems that Mr. Hannagan had ideas about ladies' hats, which didn't coincide with Miss Sheridan's ideas. Finally she told him that if he was so smart to go and get her some hats, but she wouldn't guarantee to wear them. However, she was wearing the twelve and adores each and every one.

Can this be love?

Speaking of Annie, her enthusiasm for all things Mexican has grown to include even jam sessions. The Sheridan is a swing fan of no mean proportions and jam sessions are a regular event at her home for Annie and her small crowd of chums. But now she makes it all south-of-the border. She particularly likes to have Carmen Miranda come and bring her own band, and the music starts at nine and keeps on long past the dawn's early light.

You don't realize what kids a lot of stars are until you hear stories like this.

When Ann Miller and Linda Darnell had been in Hollywood only a short time, they got their first invitation to the Mocambo. It was to be a double date, and as the Mocambo is the smoothest of Hollywood night clubs, both girls went into a twitch as to what they would wear. They got the dresses, coats and accessories settled, but the question of hats stumped them.

Their hairdresser told them it would be silly to pay a lot of money for new hats. She suggested that they buy artificial flowers and feathers, and after the job was done, decided in great glee that they looked devastating.

But they had all day before their dates, with the result that they not only spent the remaining hours moving exclusively from the shoulders down, but had to peel off their clothes, take their baths and dress again without disturbing one forget-me-not on their respective noggins.

Elyse Knox has a club that is an echo of many suburban communities. Laundry is a wartime problem in movieland as in every large city. Elyse discovered that Mrs. Noah Beery Jr. had no convenient way to wash her babies' clothes. Then rooting around she found that Ann Gwynn and new bride Martha O'Driscoll also had the washing problem. And there Elyse was with a perfectly good washing machine—the Mocambo is the smoothest of Hollywood nightclubs, both girls went into a twitch as to what they would wear. They got the dresses, coats and accessories settled, but the question of hats stumped them.

Their hairdresser told them it would be silly to pay a lot of money for new hats. She suggested that they buy artificial flowers and feathers, and after the job was done, decided in great glee that they looked devastating.

But they had all day before their dates, with the result that they not only spent the remaining hours moving exclusively from the shoulders down, but had to peel off their clothes, take their baths and dress again without disturbing one forget-me-not on their respective noggins.

Guaranteed Chic

No Men Allowed

Elyse Knox has a club that is an echo of many suburban communities. Laundry is a wartime problem in movieland as in every large city. Elyse discovered that Mrs. Noah Beery Jr. had no convenient way to wash her babies' clothes. Then rooting around she found that Ann Gwynn and new bride Martha O'Driscoll also had the washing problem. And there Elyse was with a perfectly good washing machine in her house.

So now the girls all congregate at Elyse's home one day a week and do their washing. It's all an all day affair with each girl bringing her lunch and sewing. While they wash and iron they help each other with manicures, hairdressing and sewing. Each girl puts in a dollar, which is donated to Red Cross. The day of maids is over and these little women are applying themselves strenuously to meet the current problems. Men are not allowed and the girls have a great gab fest.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 14

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX—The new velvety-soft, flesh color, soothing, cushioning, protective foot plaster. When used on feet or toes, it quickly relieves corns, callouses on bottom of feet, bunions and tender spots caused by shoe friction or pressure. Helps ease new or tired shoes and "breaking-in" discomfort. Prevents corns, sore toes and blisters if applied at first sign of irritation.

Cut Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX to any size or shape and apply it. Ever so economical. Splendid for preventing blisters on the hands of Golfers, Tennis Players, etc. Sold at Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10c Stores. Free sample and Dr. Scholl's Foot Booklet, write Dr. Scholl's Dept., Chicago.
NEWS ABOUT
MARIA MONTEZ
CHARLES BOYER
INGRID BERGMAN
BOB HOPE
GAIL PATRICK
K. T. STEVENS

INSIDE
HOLLYWOOD

WAITING FOR THE MAIL

Oddly enough, the last girl you would expect to be the most love-sick war bride in town is the very one who is. None other than Maria Montez haunts the letter box waiting for news from her Pierre Aumont.

EVERYBODY LAUGHED

And speaking of the unexpected, never did I expect to hear that the vast dignity of Mr. Charles Boyer had been upset by that Swedish goddess, Ingrid Bergman. But thus it is.

To say that Mr. Boyer took himself seriously on the set of "Gaslight" is treating it most politely. He threw more temperament than Pola Negri ever did in her best day, and she set an all-time Hollywood high for dodos.

Came the day, however, when M. Charles had to do a scene where he had to bend and expose that spot where Mother used to apply the hairbrush. Things went wrong, so that the scene had to be made four different times.

Three times Ingrid resisted that impulse. The fourth time she did not. She kicked her co-star and hard. Everybody laughed, very loudly.

Life was much easier on the "Gaslight" set after that.

A CAREER TO REMEMBER

Years ago, a gentleman named Ralph Staub took some pictures of the late Carole Lombard. Through these pictures Carole always said she got her opportunity to work in the Mack Sennett comedies that started her on her career. Ever after that Miss Lombard took pictures with Mr. Staub at least once a year. Now Staub is producer of Screen Snapshots and is getting together all of the pictures for a memorial reel on Carole. Even at the height of her fame Carole always took one day a year to do these pictures and thus there is a full length short subject of her career. You will be seeing it soon in your theaters.

UNANSWERED QUESTION

Gail Patrick is wearing a diamond ring on the third finger, left hand, which brings speculations as to whether it's an engagement ring from Freeman Gosden (Amos of "Amos and Andy"), but she won't say "yes" and she won't say "no."

NICE NOISES FROM NICE PEOPLE

K. T. Stevens and her director father Sam Wood just beam when they look at each other. I was stumbling over the electric wiring on the Columbia set of "Address Unknown," where K. T. is the feminine lead. Papa, daughter and I were having conversation. "Dad's the wizard in our family," piped Miss Stevens. And Mr. Wood, with that mellow twinkle in his eye, quipped, "I'm not ashamed of my dotter." Well, you expect nice noises like that between nice people, but there was something so homely and companionable about them that I just patted them both on the head and went smilingly on my way.

NEW ONE VIA HOPE

The whole world is aware of how truly brave and generous that greatest of guys, Bob Hope, is. But you can't make Bob make a hero of himself. For instance, when asked about his trip to Sicily, Bob said, "We crossed by plane. All the way across the Atlantic to England, we followed a path left by Churchill's cigar ashes. He crosses so often I wonder if he isn't delivering Eleanor Roosevelt's laundry."
after their marriage on July 24, 1943. A star, a beauty, an intellectual, love had made her just one of the hundreds of thousands of Navy wives, living through the tiring weeks when not a message got through, followed by some ecstatic morning when the mail would be stacked high on her breakfast tray. Like other Navy wives, she only knew from the Fleet Post Office address on which ocean he was sailing. But whether he was in battle, whether he was well or ill, she could only guess.

Now she said, "Oh, Richard! Oh, darling, where are you?"

He was, it seemed, in Boston, his ship undergoing some sort of check-up.

"But how did you find me here?" He had called California first, discovered she was on tour, and then called the Canadian Victory Drive headquarters, who had given him the name of her hotel.

"We're in port in Boston for a few days," he said. "Then we go to New York, where I get a short leave. Oh, darling, oh, darling, waiting, the suspense.

Of course, Greer was in Boston the next morning. She and Richard went on to New York together. They had ten enchanted days there, touring the city, peering into shops, seeing the plays, eating in the fabulous restaurants. They ignored the diminishing days on the calendar, until the best news of all came to them. Ensign Ney had been transferred to another ship, one that would sail from San Pedro, California. This meant that they could journey to the Coast together, and that Richard could have a day or so at home on the beautiful estate that Greer had purchased only a few months before she had finally decided to marry.

Greer told me this story as we sat together in the drawing room of that house. Having known her since the early days of her career in Hollywood, I saw that this story, this love, was responsible for the change now so marked in her. It is responsible, too, I do believe, for her becoming first lady of the screen in so short a time. It will be responsible, also, I think, for keeping Greer in that coveted spot for a long time. But one cannot merely make a statement like that. It has to be proven. So listen. I was lucky enough to find a nice couple to run the house. I was reassured about my mother, who now blessedly is completely recovered. But what really hit me low was the news that my uncle, who has been my guardian ever since my father died, years ago, had died in active service. He was a doctor on duty in the Navy. And my youngest cousin, the baby of our whole family, who is just twenty, had gone to take his place.

The story was, with Richard so miraculously home, but due to sail so soon again. I thought of last summer, our three day honeymoon, and then his leaving. I went out on a bond tour. I had no idea that his ship was due in port in San Francisco some time that month, and we planned to meet there, if only for an hour. Well, his ship did come into San Francisco, but it came sooner than we expected. I was still touring the United States, helping to sell bonds—so we missed one another by three days. Once upon a time, I would have what really hit me low was the news that my uncle, who has been my guardian ever since my father died, years ago, had died in active service. He was a doctor on duty in the Navy. And my youngest cousin, the baby of our whole family, who is just twenty, had gone to take his place.

"I was gone on that tour for the entire month of September. I had, of course, finished 'Curie' after fourteen months of steady work, in August. I came home for two weeks and then went out on the Canadian Victory Drive. But now, with Richard beside me, to get the news concerning my uncle and the last of my men folk, so peace-loving, so all my men folk, so peace-loving, so all my men folk, so peace-loving, so all my men folk, so peace-loving, so all my men folk, so peace-loving, so all my men folk, so peace-loving.

Greer stopped, and the tears shone...
in her eyes. The Casino was a twilight stole into the room.

Greer started speaking again.

"Those bond tours were a revelation to me. I was not aware of the power of movies and the people that the movie industry employed. I think we've worked so steadily in the past two years—from Mrs. Miniver' and 'Harriet the High' to 'Madame Curie'—that I have seen almost no one here in Hollywood circle of friends, and since Richard has been gone, I've had only a few occasional small dinner parties—my mother, my producer, Sidney Franklin, and my wife, Moray LeRoys. But on the bond tour, I saw not only America, in all its glory, but I met many of my colleagues in this industry. I got to know that wonderful person, the producer, in the art of doing. I met the girls in my own studio, little Kathryn Grayson, Judy Garland, Lucille Ball. Did they make me feel abashed? There they were, with those exquisite costumes designed for them—I made large it was the musical comedies, which are certainly the most ravishing costumes ever created. There they were, able to sing and dance and bring any house down. And there I was, with no costume to guide me, having played drab 'period' ladies for so long, and merely making a speech. But that speech did help. It brought me into the train, starting out, and it did sell some bonds, at least.

"When I came home and knew I had missed Richard, I went visiting hospitals and wards that are very hard to go into, wards of which we are not permitted to tell too much. But there are suffering, lonely boys in these wards, and the act is there.

"I was happy when I was asked to go on a second Canadian bond tour because of my being British by birth, and because they are great people up there, and it was a special thing to do there. And it was a real joy for me. It was kind of giving something back to the place that I came from.

"I am humbly thankful that I so readily accepted the invitation. I knew that, if I would go, it was a belated profession with me. I have always been happy in the work I have chosen, but now—well, I think I'm doing my best. The motion pictures are such a wonderful medium in the world in which a woman can act."

"One kind of fighting, I mean. The other is helping to make pictures that will radiate cheerfulness, knowledge, good will and help. It is not the first time the world has been in a crisis. When I was there before, I found that the bond tours were a revelation to me. They were a revelation to me. They were a revelation to me."

"Those bond tours were a revelation to me. They were a revelation to me. They were a revelation to me."

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"Those bond tours were a revelation to me. They were a revelation to me. They were a revelation to me.
him, but for Don. Everything the boy liked best—barbecued spareribs with apple-sauce and candied yams, touched off by a huge chocolate cake—was put before him. Flynn was honored to be one sitting in for a soldier in a parka.

Like everyone else, Jack Benny came back from his trip to North Africa, Iran, England, Ireland—loaded with messages for wives, sisters, sweethearts. And, of course, Mom.

But Jack, himself, has a message for you and you and you.

"While Anna Lee, Wini Shaw, Larry Adler and I were in London visiting the hospitals," Benny said, "I noticed we were never allowed in Ward & 8. We were quite free to go into any other ward, so, finally I asked why that particular one was closed to us.

"The reason I got was such a sad one—and so useless," he went on, "that I can help it. Ward & 8 was filled with boys who couldn't take it. The mental cases. And psychiatrists had found that some of these cases were aggravated by the letters from home.

"So be careful what you write. Don't tell of domestic troubles, of family quarrels or illnesses or infidelities." He was intensely earnest about it.

"There's a law against writing letters to ask for a divorce but—have a heart—don't do it. Mothers, don't write that your son's wife is stepping out, that there's more than hair under those natty hats, accepted the offer with every ounce of his strength and courage. If he cracks, don't let him. Mothers, don't write that your son's wife is calling and names of people she's writing letters to. In her travels, she met one fiver times in as many different hospitals.

"And speaking of writing to ask for a divorce, Joel McCrae, to his own astonishment, played Mr. Fix-it for a sailor he met in North Africa. The boy, almost in tears, showed him a letter that had just come from his young wife in Atlanta. Flatly, with no holding back the tears as we

Joel spent more than an hour in the humble flat, listening to stories of the boy's childhood told in an accent so heavy it was hard to understand—and he finally asked the lad that the mother was well, meeting her bravely and had found a job which supplemented the income lost when the lad was taken.

Bob Hope long-distanced Dallas and startled the wife of a soldier he'd met in Algiers by calling her a pet nickname that only she and the soldier knew.

Una Merkel and Phyllis Brooks were with Gary Cooper on that trip to the Southwest Pacific and Una discovered in tears when she talked of the bravery and staunchness and fine spirit of the lad.

"There just weren't any eggs in Bizerte," said Adolphe Menjou, "but a mess sergeant made me an offer of an omelette in exchange for a telephone-call to his grandmother when I got back."

Menjou, well-known for the fact that there's more than hair under those natty hats, accepted the offer with alacrity, as well as another in Casablanca by which he was richer one red-felt fez in exchange for a letter to the seven-year-old daughter of an infantryman.

"Lovely Anna Lee, just back from more than five months overseas, could well take the prize at this point for the Little-but-oh-my Club. She outlasted two troupes of entertainers—eight weeks with Jack Benny and another stretch with Menjou—and then went off on her own for six weeks, hitchhiking by plane through Sicily, Italy, North Africa, Iran, Egypt and down the Gold Coast.

Her address-book is full of names, that she is calling and names of people she's writing letters to. In her travels, she met one fiver times in as many different hospitals.

"I'd had a piece of shrapnel through the jugular vein," she said, "and was a pretty sick boy. But each time he was back the better he got, until finally toward the States, he was a little better."

The last time they met was in a hospital in Dakar where he was waiting to go home.

"We'd become very good friends by this time," she went on, "and he told me how worried he was about his mother in Miami. She had heard nothing since the official War Department notification and of course had no idea where or how badly he was wounded."

"I was so glad I got to Miami a little before she did, so I could tell her just what his condition was and how well he was getting on."

These are a few of the stories the big planes bring back. Other ships are bringing back very few days with other troupes. When these people come home, they will say just about what the others have said:

"It's a privilege to go. We can hardly bear to tell the boys and the tears as we stand on those makeshift stages and look into the faces of those boy's childhood told in an accent so heavy it was hard to understand—and he finally asked the lad that the mother was well, meeting her bravely and had found a job which supplemented the income lost when the lad was taken.

"But Jack, himself, has a message for you and you and you.

"While Anna Lee, Wini Shaw, Larry Adler and I were in London visiting the hospitals," Benny said, "I noticed we were never allowed in Ward & 8. We were quite free to go into any other ward, so, finally I asked why that particular one was closed to us.

"The reason I got was such a sad one—and so useless," he went on, "that I can help it. Ward & 8 was filled with boys who couldn't take it. The mental cases. And psychiatrists had found that some of these cases were aggravated by the letters from home.

"So be careful what you write. Don't tell of domestic troubles, of family quarrels or illnesses or infidelities." He was intensely earnest about it.

"There's a law against writing letters to ask for a divorce but—have a heart—don't do it. Mothers, don't write that your son's wife is stepping out, that there's more than hair under those natty hats, accepted the offer with every ounce of his strength and courage. If he cracks, don't let him. Mothers, don't write that your son's wife is calling and names of people she's writing letters to. In her travels, she met one fiver times in as many different hospitals.

"And speaking of writing to ask for a divorce, Joel McCrae, to his own astonishment, played Mr. Fix-it for a sailor he met in North Africa. The boy, almost in tears, showed him a letter that had just come from his young wife in Atlanta. Flatly, without giving reasons or explanation, she demanded a divorce. The lad was so bewildered and so unhappy and helpless that McCrae, with no explanations, could only promise to help him.

As soon as he got back to the States, he started out on a bond-tour which eventuated in a marriage. As a result of the experience, he looked up the address given him and was met at the door by a very young girl, very, very expectant.

To see Joel McCrae, the movie star, standing there was almost too much to believe and to find out he was trying to help her was beyond imagination. But, with great patience and skilful cross-examination, he finally found out the truth.

Oh, yes, she loved Ralphie; no, there wasn't anybody else. Then why did she want a divorce? Now hold on your hat: it is the reason. At the reason she'd heard that sailors have a girl in every port, so she wanted to get herself and the impending child out of the way so Ralphie could have his fun where he wanted it.

After mending this slightly-cracked romance, Joel stopped off in Chicago between trains to visit the mother of a non-commissioned officer he had met in Italy. The boy's father had just died and he was worried about the mother's state of mind and her finances.
name to O'Connor. Mom went into show business with him. As soon as one of our kids was born, Mom carried us out on stage at the earliest possible moment and took bows. This was always good for several curtain calls. The moment we could walk we were in the act.

First, I had a bow, in my mother's arms, I was four months old. When I was eight months, my Dad carried me out on the stage of the Blackstone Theater in Chicago. He held me in the middle of the stage, between the angles and I did the Black Bottom in mid-air.

There were seven of us kids, born in many towns scattered over the eastern part of the United States. Five are dead now. Three died at birth. My brother Billy, who would be thirty now, died three years ago last Christmas. My sister Arlene, who would be twenty-three, was killed when I was sixteen months old. She was pushing me along the street in my baby buggy and, right in front of the theater where our act was playing, an automobile struck her. She died instantly. I don't know how I escaped.

After Arlene was killed, the family pulled itself together, changed the act and went on. Nine weeks later, in Brockton, Massachusetts, my Dad dropped dead of a heart attack. That left Mom, my brothers Jack and Billy, and me. Again the act was changed. Mom took in an acrobat, name of Lou Fletcher, to replace Dad. It didn't work. Only an O'Connor can replace an O'Connor. Soon Fletcher was out and the remaining O'Connors carried on.

Mom was so lonely for Arlene she tried to make me look like a girl. She dressed my hair, grew my clothes, dressed as long as she could, and I would. That's how I came by the Buster Brown haircut which I wore until I was forty years old. Then I got rid of it by charging into a barber shop, on my own, and demanding a "man's haircut." Mom wept like that character, Nobe, when she saw it.

Thus, you can see, I really grew up back stage. When I was thirteen months old, I was doing hand stands. When I was six months, I was doing comedy routines with my brothers. When I was five, I was hooping. I started singing when I was six. The first song I sang on "any stage" was "Keep Your Fancy Side Toward the Sun." And after that, "I'm Looking At The World Through Rose-Colored Glasses" was my best number for some time. And like I said, I thought I was working circuses, did a spot of trouping with Trampoline acts, animal acts, jugglers, wire acts, the works.

This made me no Little Lord Fauntleroy. It wasn't the theater part. First thing I can remember (I must have been three) was an impulse I had to run across the stage while the act was on, just to see what it looked like in the air. What happened was a licking. Later, I broke windows, hid props and make-up kits, heckled the stage-hands and performers generally.

For example, at one theater in Detroit, we were working with an
Once in Buffalo, New York, just as Jack invariably bought a swanky car. Of money. When we did, my brother then to 45, then 25 in the space of an thermometer dropped to 65 degrees, we were about to die of exposure when a snow plough came along. We yelled, “My name's Murphy—and they ignored us. We left town, a storm came up. The men driving it. They ignored us. They shouted, “My name's Murphy—and through, we usually had quite a bit of the ups and downs the act went very unprofessional. It didn't really seem what's yours?” It didn't really seem the time for formal introductions but it was just about to start production on “Singing in the Rain.” Murphy came back to you at special family rates by big, strong company-styled INSURANCE CO, with over $2,600,000.00 in assets. Investigate! Send no money, but mail coupon below quick for full details.

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His going changed the family’s plans—and the act. It needed me now, so out I went for another two years. I began to grow up in earnest. I had responsibilities now that Billy was gone. I began to realize what I was up against. Taking off the assembly line everything I saw others do and everything I had done myself in the past, I began to develop my own individual style of working.

I know I was at my best then, yet our fortunes were at their lowest. Patsy joined the act, making it a threesome with Jack and me, but work was very scarce. For the first time in the history of the O’Connor family, we thought we were stuck. Just as we reached the all-time low, my agent wired me that Universal wanted me for a part in “What’s Cooking?”

I didn’t really want to go back to pictures. I hate routine, prefer the chance life, a one-night stand to the road to fixed salaries and the thing that practical folks call “security.” But I didn’t have any choice. I did the picture. It didn’t do anything except feed me. It made you made two others and they fizzled like firecrackers, too.

Someone said to me, “You can’t get back in pictures. You’ve been away too long.” That roused the challenger in me. I told him in no uncertain words, “I’ll get back!”

I started going when I got a good part in “Get Hep to Love.” I started going, and I guess, because it was such a faith in me. Kent Goldsmith. Kent died six months ago, but if it wasn’t for him, I wouldn’t be anywhere now.

After “Get Hep to Love” there was an After that, I really started going. “Mr. Big” was a solid one. Ever since, I’ve been in there pitching. “It Comes Up Love,” “Top Man,” “This Is The Life,” “Three Cheers for the Boys.” “Patrick the Pimples Disappeared Over Night.

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even at that looking at price tags three times before you dared spend the money," she recalls. "It's a thrilling thing to have your own salary—a big one—to spend on whatever appeals to you.

"I'm ambitious or something. I hate to think of going back to counting pennies, to taking something I don't like because it costs $2.98 less than the thing I want."

Susanna threw back her head and took swift dancing steps, so that her long fair hair streamed after her like a banner.

"I'm happy!" she cried. "I'm on top of the world! I've been happy so long I'm afraid. I'm either right up on top or so far down I'm buried. I'm temperamental. That's not the same thing as temper, because I have a bad temper, too—but I know I can control that. But temperament is mood. If you are low, you are low, no foolin'! If you are happy, there you sit, on top of the world!"

Susanna hopes to meet that One Man and marry before she's twenty-two.

"If he had to go to war, I'd marry him right away, not wait for him to come back. Then at least we'd have a little time together. If he came back wounded, I'd still love him—maybe more than ever, because I'd be so sorry, and I'd feel my love could help cure him. And perhaps it could. If he came back a different man from the one who left a man grown so far beyond me that we had no meeting ground, we'd separate.

"I hate the thought of divorce—that's all that would hold me back from marriage. And I'd never go around with a married man or try to take one from his wife. If I'm unlucky enough to fall in love with one, I'll make myself forget him."

Susanna drew a deep breath and checked up on herself sharply. "That's what I think now. You never know. But I can't imagine myself breaking up a home. In the first place, I wouldn't let myself get involved with a man who was married. I shan't handicap myself by going with married men, with men who are failures, or who couldn't make me happy. I know what I want, and I think I'll recognize My Man when he comes along.

"I couldn't live if I didn't sing. It's not my career I care for, it's my singing. And you can't do my kind of singing unless you have a career. The man I marry must understand that. Oh, I want a normal life—I want a husband and children—but I just can't live unless I sing!"

The temperamental young star of "The Phantom of the Opera" and "Angel" lives alone in a small apartment, because her music is all-important.

"When I can afford a large house, my family will live with me," she says, "but on his present job my father must get up before dawn and go to bed very early, so we can't work it out. Sometimes I have to go early to bed too, because of a studio call—but generally I can stay up late playing my records. If my family lived with me—I'd keep Dad awake. He'd say, 'Go ahead, it doesn't bother...
The girl's eye view of Youth's 1944 problems differs. Over on the Paramount lot, the co-stars of "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" considered them. Dressed alike in pale blue satin dresses, modeled 1925, with low waistlines and long front panels, they were still as different as mignonette proofed.

Diana Lynn, seventeen and too sunny to have moods, is a little girl still, in spite of stardom. Her parents have a charming home, are in comfortable circumstances, and Diana is a daughter in that home and pays no board. Her father takes care of her money, investing half of it in a trust fund for her future, and the rest, except for an allowance which Diana spends on clothes and studio expenses, goes into war bonds.

"I love clothes," she sighs, "but I don't think I'm extravagant. Every season I plan my wardrobe carefully, trying to spend as wisely as possible, so that my hats and accessories will go with different outfits. I'm too young to wear things that are too expensive. It wouldn't be good taste!

Even if tremendous success suddenly catapulted Diana into a high income bracket, she wouldn't leave home until she married.

"I'd hate to live alone. We're so happy at home that I'll never want to leave. But I can understand how a girl in an unhappy home might feel she must get away and be independent. It's probably right for her, for living where people aren't sweet and kind must be dreadful!"

Diana has no special Fellow in sight. She isn't much concerned with the prediction of a male shortage for she's romantic enough to believe there will be someone for her when she's ready.

"I wouldn't marry a boy who is going into the service now, because I'm not old enough to consider marriage yet," she declared. "A good many of the boys who are going to war are also very young and they'll have to finish growing up in frightful conditions. They'll live through experiences we can't even imagine. When they come home they'll be beyond any little girl who stayed here. They'll need a woman to straighten them out. I'm sure I'd not be capable of understanding a returned soldier as a wife should."

"As to the seven girls to one man ratio if I can't have a man, I'll never take the second best. Not that my man is a definite person, he's merely an idea. He needn't be handsome. Looks aren't important to me. But he must be kind. Cottiness, a sense of humor—these are important. Above all, I must respect him and he must respect me. Then our marriage will succeed."

"He needn't have money, but I wouldn't care to support my husband. The chances are he couldn't earn picture money, but as a rule a star has a short career when she reaches the fabulous-money stage. If a man had a useful career and could support himself, I wouldn't complain. If he had nothing he'd hesitate to marry him until he got started on his career, because a single man will often take a chance and get ahead—he can afford to fail, if necessary—while a married man is afraid to take it and so loses.

"I wouldn't like to hamper any man. The trouble with young marriages often is that the boy hasn't had a chance to get a start on his career and to work out what he wants to do. First thing you know he's stuck in a round hole, though he's a square peg. He and his wife go into debt, and are overwhelmed before they can build a life together.

"I'm sensible enough to know you can't plan your life completely. You can't always do this and not that, and never change. Life decides for you. But I can dream, can't I?"

Gail Russell admits that her plans don't include marriage before she's at least twenty-five. She owes too much to those who have helped her get her start in pictures. Not money debt, she says with a flash of her startlingly blue eyes, "but encouragement, advice, trust and confidence in me when I had none in myself. I must succeed to justify their faith in me. Marriage means divided effort, and that's not for me—yet."

Ultimately, Gail hopes to marry a dark-haired, blue-eyed man (her own coloring), not too good-looking, who can kid her out of her moods, who is reliable, self-confident, and able to cope with the world. If she can't find one, she'll take nobody, but go on like Kipling's cat-who-walks-by-herself—all-on-her-wild-lone.

"I have black moods. They come down on me without warning. Then I have a good cry and run off to walk around the block," she confessed. "My great ambition is to buy acres and acres of land and have horses to ride when I get into those lows. I want lots of space and a fast horse."

"First, though, I want to buy a home for my family—a nice, big, comfortable home with things the way my family would like them. After that, comes the ranch for myself."

Gail wouldn't dream of marrying a soldier before he went off to war. "Girls take too great a chance if they marry now, and no girl in her teens is old enough to marry," says this nineteen-year-old. "I know I feel too unsettled myself."

For example, a girl friend a year younger than Gail fell madly in love with a soldier a year older. They wanted to marry at once and the girl made life miserable for her family until they consented. The marriage was made, but the soldier had his wedding gown and they'd planned the honeymoon, when the boy was ordered to the South Pacific. He called to say he had decided not to marry the girl.

"He said he loved her too much to do it," related Gail. "She might have a baby and have to bring it up alone. He might come back crippled and she'd be stuck with him. He wanted to protect her. Now her family is crazy about him because they know from that that he really loves her. But it's too late. He fell in love on that girl, just sitting, waiting."

Gail's special pal is her father, just as happens in the picture, "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay."

"I wouldn't want an apartment
away from home if I had all the money there is. In a career, you need advice and help that nobody can pay for, and your family will give you that. They don't mind telling you for your own good when you're wrong. Other people hesitate, either because they like to flatter you, or because what's it to them?

"I'm too ambitious, maybe. I like clothes, but they don't matter. Nothing matters except my career. There's so much work ahead, so far to go, much to learn, that I want to give my career my undivided attention—and that wouldn't be fair, if I married.

"Yes, I hope to marry someday. But if I'm one of the seven who finds no man she really wants, I'll take nobody!"

* * *

After the sneak preview of "Broadway Rhythm," M-G-M officials smiled at each other and said, "We're afraid we have a new star on our hands!"

That new star is Gloria de Haven, sweet and eighteen, with a long, fair bob and great gray-blue eyes.

She's not in love yet, even though she's very steadily dating Mickey Rooney, but she believes that love is the only reason for marriage, and nothing else counts.

"It would be wonderful if I happened to fall in love with a man who had plenty of money," she said, "but if not, I expect love will be marvelous anyway.

"I might marry money and my husband would lose it. Then I'd give him whatever I had, or go to work until the band would lose it. Then I'd give him wonderful anyway."

"I'd hate to be like that. I'm old-fashioned. I believe in love—maybe not at first sight, but I think you know. No one would ever persuade me that it isn't necessary to fall in love, and your husband will teach you to love him afterward! I'll fall in love or I won't marry!"

As to money, Gloria belongs to a theatrical family that has had its share of ups and downs. She's tried doing without money, and she didn't find it a pleasant experience.

"But money in itself isn't important to me," she asserts. "I can get along. I don't care to have people give me big things. I like a man to remember to call me up when I'm ill, to recall that I like a certain kind of rose and to send a single one rather than a truckload of orchids or gardenias, to know my favorite song or color, to find the book I've been looking for, or even just to say some lovely thing to me at the right time."

Gloria can't imagine living alone. Her mother and sister are always there to hear her lines, help her select clothes, tell her what to do.

"If I marry and have children," says Gloria, "I'll give up my career while they are small. No one can take the place of your mother when you're little. But I hope not to have babies right away. My husband and I should have time to get acquainted so we can work out our problems without complications. In that case, I'd continue my career. My husband would be away daytimes, so why not work?

"I don't know about love yet," she said thoughtfully. "Maybe it's stronger than you are and I'd be helpless against it. If the man and his wife were unhappy together, and there was no point in giving him up, I'd be tempted to go on with it. But if there were children, if the wife still loved him and he was just sort of straying, I'd surely step out of the picture. It would be up to any girl to sacrifice herself if she measured her own happiness against the wife's and family's. I hope I'd be big enough to do that.

"Somehow, I don't think that problem's going to come along!"

**THE END**

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**AT THE OFFICE.** Help your company devise methods to reduce the amount of paper, stationery, etc., used in carrying on its business. If you're employed by a package goods manufacturer, help him figure out ways to save on vital paperboard.

**AT HOME.** Make paper stretch! Use smaller sheets of writing and wrapping paper. Share the printed word; give this magazine to a neighbor. Never burn used paper; prepare it for your local committee on paper salvage.

This advertisement, contributed to the war effort by this magazine, was prepared by the War Production Board in cooperation with the War Production Board and the Office of War Information.
girl friends turn out to be "Ida," "Margie," "Louise," "Josephine," "Rose Marie," "Diane," "Charmaine," and "Liza." The band of Les Brown and the voice of Butch Stone are doubled up on "A Good Man Is Hard To Find" and "Bixet Has His Day." "Bixet" is a novelty and "Good Man" is the oldie which has had a shot in the arm lately . . . You people who like blues will want Columbia's Okeh release of "I'm Going To Move To The Outskirts Of Town" and "Hard Hearted Woman" by Big Bill and His Chicago Five . . . The VICTOR company hasn't as yet settled differences with the Musicians' Union, so they are still unable to use bands. But their number one gal, Dinah Shore, has done a good record with a background of mixed voices. The tunes are "Now I Know" from her picture, "Up In Arms," and "I Didn't Sleep A Wink Last Night." CAPITOL Records offer us "Mairzy Doats" once more, but with the Pied Pipers and Paul Weston's orchestra. They also do "A Journey To A Shell." The best part of the pressing is the finesse tenor saxophone work by one Eddie Miller . . . Andy Russell's first commercial effort comes off very nicely. He does "Besame Mucho" and "You're The Dream" with Albert Sack conducting the music. Andy is the boy who is getting such a big buildup on the Blue Network . . . That Blue Network is front and center with "San Fernando Valley" and "Someone's In The Kitchen With Dinah." Both sides are right up Johnny's alley. Paul Weston is the leader man and The Barries, a female threesome, assist on the lyrics. Johnny displays his skills on a Cleveland Radio station last year and was instrumental in bringing them to Hollywood.

ON THE BEAM:

One of the best musical programs on the air is the "Connie Boswell Presents" show over the Blue Network on Wednesdays. It's nice to be able to hear her regularly again . . . Guy Lombardo and The Royal Canadians are doing a Sunday series over the Blue with a different guest each week. You will have to check your local papers for time and station.

Spike Jones, Bob Burns' "maestro," was elected King of Corn again whenever you wish! Life-like full size costume accessories by day, these amusing creations GLOW IN THE DARKNESS at night! Positively enchanting with any costume—breath-taking ornaments for the hair. Perfect for every occasion. Not metal, but soft, leafy colorful floral reproductions of lasting beauty only $2.00 or $5.00. Order several Glowing Flowers—the cost is low! For GIFTS—Perfectly exquisite-ultra-smart!

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on NBC with a wonderful record to look back on. During his radio career he has never missed a single broadcast. If you listen to “One Man’s Family,” you’ve heard their pretty theme song, “Patricia.” The producers of the show have had so many inquiries as to where the song could be purchased that they have published it and you may now buy same in sheet music form . . . There is a rumor about Hollywood town that Alice Faye may soon have her own half-hour radio program on which she would sing and do a dramatic spot, with musical help of hubby Phil Harris . . . Ray Anthony, the twenty-one-year-old trumpet veteran from the Jimmy Dorsey and Glenn Miller bands, has donned a sailor suit. He is heard each Friday over the Blue Network on the “Meet Your Navy” broadcast . . . The Sportsmen Quartet is just about the busiest musical foursome in Hollywood. They are heard on the Seal Test Show, and with Burns and Allen, Ginny Simms, Groucho Marx, and Eddie Cantor . . . Horace Heidt is featuring a remarkable vocal group on his “Heidt For Hires” airings. They are The High-Lights, seven voices composed of a girls’ quartet and a men’s trio . . . If “Pistol Packin’ Mamma” is a hit with the boys overseas, Herbert Marshall should get some of the credit. When he was a guest on the Eddie Cantor program a few months ago, he sang the tune and brought down the house. When his pals, Gary Cooper and Spencer Tracy, were looking around for musical material to do on their overseas trips to entertain our fighting men, Marshall suggested the song to them and ended up teaching it to them. Both did the tune in their acts and when they returned recently they told Marshall that they had been “wows” with it. George Raft is also using “P. P. M.” on his present tour in England and Martha O’Driscoll and Errol Flynn sang it together for the boys in Alaska.

Kitty Kallen cut out from the Jimmy Dorsey band and joined Bing Crosby on the Kraft Show. Her parting with Dorsey was entirely friendly and Jimmy is pulling for her to make a success on her own. Billy Burton, who is managing Kitty, also guides the destinies of Helen Forrest, Dick Haymes and the King Sisters, so he should have an easy time of making the Kallen lass a big solo attraction.

JAM NOTES:

Artie Shaw is no longer leading Navy Band No. 501, the outfit with which he made his South Pacific tour. The band is still together, however, under the leadership of Sam Donahue, the tenor star who had a pretty good band of his own in peacetime. At this writing Artie is in a Naval hospital in San Francisco recuperating from dengue fever which he contracted on one of the islands where his band played. Buddy Moreno has a new suit, done

Make-up created by the men who make up the Hollywood Stars

PEGGY O’NEILL starring in
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Ring Size

Name
Address
City
State

Empire Diamond Co.
Dept. 87-D, Jefferson, Iowa

Send the Genuine Diamond Solitaire Ring and the Bridal Wedding Ring in lovely gift box. (Check rings wanted.) I understand I can return the rings within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.
in a nice shade of olive drab, and he is singing his songs to a march tempo, being that he is now Private Moreno of the United States Army. His place with Harry James was taken by another buddy, Buddy De Vito, former vocalist with Eddie Oliver's band in Chicago.

When Harry knew that Moreno was going into the service, he started casting about for a new singer and one night he heard De Vito with Oliver's band on a Coca Cola show. He decided right then and there he was the boy. So he placed a long distance call to Buddy D. V. and was the boy. So he placed a long distance call to Buddy D. V. and asked him if he would be interested in joining the James band. De Vito was so thrilled and excited that he accepted the job without even asking about salary. All Buddy De Vito wanted to know was when

The Sportsmen, one of the busiest male quartets in Hollywood these days. Reading from left to right, the boys are Bill Days, Max Smith, Marty Spersel and Gurney Bell.

Harry James wanted him to start.

Ray Eberle is on a short leave from the movie camera and is playing theatre and night club engagements in the east. While he is away from California he is subleasing his house to Hal McIntyre. Hal and Ray are old friends from early Glenn Miller days... * * *

Well, Kiddies, that does it for this time. Thanks once more for all your swell letters, which I'm trying to get answered as fast as possible. But please don't ask too many questions in each one and don't forget to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. You know where to write me, but if you've forgotten, it's Jill Warren, Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, 46, California.

WARRIN'S WAX WORKS

SOFT AND SWEET:

Dinah Shore doing "Now I Know" and "I Didn't Sleep A Wink Last Night" with a background chorus of mixed voices, Victor Label.

"Bésame Mucho" and "You're The Dream" as sung by Andy Russell for Capital.

Jerry Wald's instrumental, "Paintciano" for Decca.

THE JAZZ PLATE:

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say, 'I'm better looking than he is—gosh, there's nothing to it!' Meantime, those kids don't think about getting any training or experience, and they're going to wind up pretty disappointed. That's why I wanted to explain it."

The Tufts explaining something, we'd like to add, is a much more delightful process than it appears on paper. It comes out, not all in one piece, but in pleasantly lazy phrases, mixed up with grins, shrugs, an occasional head-scratching or ear-pulling, and a frequent "Hi'yah, Bing," "Hi'yah, Laddie," and so on, as acquaintances stroll by.

That "Hi'yah" gesture, performed with a vague sort of waft of the hand past the forehead, is destined to become as distinctive a trademark as Gable's dimpled smile, Paul Henreid's two cigarettes, Bogart's stiff-lipped voice the audience screamed, "Hi'yah!" and so on, as acquaintances stroll by.

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Sonny tips the scales at 208 pounds, all of which is at present conveniently distributed for handling with the grace and awkwardness which makes his audience love every hunk of it. Since Veronica, eye-bang and all, weighs a well-stacked 103, their screen appearance together is going to have all the novelty of a tug-boat trailing after its dinghy—which is exactly the producer's idea, of course. In this picture, too, will come the culmination of Sonny's twenty years of vocal effort and training. He sings, but not the seriously-studied operatic arias which at one time won him encouragement from the Met, nor even the sophisticated ballads which once earned him a living in night clubs and on the stage. His song will be "Egyptian Ella," a little number with which he used to sometimes delight, and always surprise, family friends at the age of six. "Ella" is a parlor song, depending on whose parlor you are in, and with her "widdle and shake, like a nervous snake," she is sure to become a favorite with film fans.

Bowen Charlton the Third has always been a tradition breaker. His parents hoped to have him go into finance, a line the family had followed ever since Peter Tufts trailed the Mayflower into Boston in 1638. At the age of eight, however, he accompanied Tufts pere to an Eddie Can-"purr" pondo-ter's parlor concerts. Be-

That was when Sonny really started warming up with the parlor concerts. His first public appearance was as a boy soprano in a church choir. Be-

"Once Fat! Now Has a Model's Figure"


ANY TRAINING OR EXPERIENCE, AND THEY'RE SAY, 'I'M BETTER LOOKING THAN HE IS—GOSH, THERE'S NOTHING TO IT!' MEANTIME, THOSE KIDS DON'T THINK ABOUT GETTING ANY TRAINING OR EXPERIENCE, AND THEY'RE GOING TO WIND UP PRETTY DISAPPOINTED. THAT'S WHY I WANTED TO EXPLAIN IT."

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THAT "Hi’YAH" GESTURE, PERFORMED WITH A VAGUE SORT OF WAFT OF THE HAND PAST THE FOREHEAD, IS DESTINED TO BECOME AS DISTINCTIVE A TRADEMARK AS GABLE’S DIMPLED SMILE, PAUL HENREID’S TWO CIGARETTES, BOGART’S STIFF-LIPPED...
just about the wisest father in the world. He never asked for anything in his life that he didn’t get, but always he had at least part of it by his own efforts. He prepared at Phillips-Exeter, and earned his own spending money by organizing his first band. He played piano well, but drums were his specialty, since he could sing best from the drum corner.

When he enrolled for his college education at Yale, he broke another tradition. The Tufts tribe had two scholastic “musts.” One was that a Tufts must always attend Tufts College, founded by a forbear. Usually, the Tufts tribe there. The men invariably went to Harvard—Sonny’s father, eight, uncles, and later his younger brother, were all Harvard men. So Sonny went to Yale and straightaway became a legend.

He started out by spending two years as a Freshman. This was mostly because he had tackled so many activities: studying was extra-curricular. He went out for football and crew. He landed two columns to write for the Yale Daily News and made the staff of The Record. And by this time he had five bands, all of them money makers. When all five bands were busy at various events, he did a sort of perambulating performance, showing up at various times of the evening to sing a few numbers with each.

He kids his college athletic prowess with complete frankness. “In football, I was what you call a ‘waiting’ forward; I was the tackle.” As a matter of fact, he was a whiz at kicking off, usually starting the game by booting the ball and then retiring while the finest tackle on the other team lined up. He rowed fifth oar, usually referred to as the “power house” position, and once beat Harvard—but it was on the third crew. He was a racing cyclist, and a good skier until he went over a sixty foot cliff and sustained a broken pelvis.

Among the business ventures spasmodically attacked, was a summer of selling refrigerators, door to door. When he won a sales contest for unloading the most ice-boxes, he put the refrigerator business along with it. Usually he spent his summers shipping with his orchestra on Mediterranean crossings, making twenty-five Atlantic crossings in all. Once, he missed the boat and worked his way back on a freighter, chipping iron rust off pipes to earn his bunk and board. When he enrolled for his college education at Yale, he broke another tradition. The Tufts tribe had two scholastic “musts.” One was that a Tufts must always attend Tufts College, founded by a forbear. Usually, the Tufts tribe there. The men invariably went to Harvard—Sonny’s father, eight, uncles, and later his younger brother, were all Harvard men. So Sonny went to Yale and straightaway became a legend.

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He was sure tough on my morale," he remembers.

In 1937, Sonny met and married Barbara Dare, a recital dancer from California. He still doesn’t remember how he ever got up courage enough to propose, except that Barbara’s announced intention of going to Mexico to study scared him into it. The proposal scene was staged in the doorway of her apartment, with one foot inserted in the door (ice-box salesman style) and he used his now-familiar technique of saying something like "How about it, kid?"

After six years of married life, he answers all questions as to his preference in shaving. It turned out that Sonny didn’t like the apartment but sat down to talk with the owners, and by the time dinner was served the tuxedoed trio played extra places on as a matter of course. They stayed for dinner, and left without the people ever knowing they had entertained a Hollywood living quarters, they answered an apartment ad. It turned out that Sonny didn’t like the apartment but sat down to talk with the owners, and by the time dinner was served the tuxedoed trio played extra places on as a matter of course. They stayed for dinner, and left without the people ever knowing they had entertained a movie star.

The worst thing about being in pictures, he thinks, is being in pictures. Unlike those lofty creatures who claim they never see their films and abhor the sight of themselves on the screen, he admits to a certain pleasure in seeing himself in this spectator’s row after a screen job is done.

"Sure I like myself on the screen. I keep thinking how much I look like my brother, Dave. I like him, and everything he does—so how could I help it? Did I tell you he’s a hero now?" he adds proudly. "The folks just got word he was decorated in North Africa."

"Who’s Who" and "Sing For Your Supper" were Sonny’s Broadway shows, and before that there were night club engagements at such swank spots as The Glass Hat, the Famous Door and the Beachcombers. All of this came after his audition at the Met, when he learned he had an operatic future, all right, but it wouldn’t pay much. He prefers a movie career because it allows him to get up with a sumptuous, four-course dinner and go to bed with it.

And about that name, "Sonny." He likes it better than "Junior" or "Brother," which might have been his fate.

"When I was a kid, I used to think it was my real name. Summertimes I used to have my head shaved, and when someone would run their hand across it—like people always want to do with shaved hair—they usually say something like ‘Hello, Sonny’ or ‘How are you, Sonny? I’d run home and tell my mother ‘Gosh, it’s sure funny how everybody in this whole town knows me—they call me Sonny even before I tell them!’"

"I never thought of being any other name. I never forget, when I graduated from Yale, the president read off ‘Bowen Charleton Tufts III’—and then he looked up at me, as astonished as I was. ‘Sonny’ was good enough for him, it’s good enough for me!"
“And that,” observed Mr. Bob Longenecker, “I still have to find.”

Any relationship between this incident and the fact that, on the morning of December 20, 1941, Mr. Bob Longenecker was preparing to have breakfast, is purely coincidental. Not one reliable witness, to date, has been able to swear that Cupid—in costume violating all Hays Office restrictions—was present that cold, brisk morning, or had been present in the mission when Mr. Longenecker first referred to marriage.

Definitely the Brown Derby was Miss Ruth Hussey of the sugar candy voice and the impertinently-nosed tilt. She had met two girls friends for brunch, and one of the girls was a magazineretailer who presented that cold, brisk morning, or had been present in the mission when Mr. Longenecker first referred to marriage.

In the Derby, everyone goes visiting. To fail to table-hop at Vine and Hollywood is to be a social outcast with all those advertised ailments. Quickly, Mr. Longenecker joined the three girls. Two of them were dated for the pro football game that afternoon, so they had to scampers. Ruth Hussey, however, had a morning radio rehearsal, so she was in no hurry at all. She had been in no hurry since she first clapped eyes on Mr. Longenecker.

“Will I see you until you’ve finished your breakfast,” she announced in samaritan tones.

“Even unto the fifth cup of coffee?” asked Bob.

She said yes, so they turned to other topics. They discussed Miss Hussey’s radio program; they discussed Mr. Longenecker’s radio program. They didn’t have the only denominational fact that it was something for a Hussey to have met a Longenecker. They talked, at length, about good books they had read recently, and from that they comfortably attacked the question of first editions. “If you really want to see something handsome,” Ruth suggested, “come with me to the book store next door.”

The move was seconded and passed unanimously.

What she wanted to point out was a twenty-volume set of Dickens, all first editions, all in perfect condition. The bindings, were rich and rare, the paper and the music was a nonchalant $750. The price for this array was a nonchalant $750.

They agreed that this was evidence of the great convenience of being rich folks, they sighed and turned resolute backs. They said, “The Dickens with it!”

Ruth said, “I have my car parked in the Derby lot. I’d be glad to drop you off wherever you wish.”

Bob was going down to the broadcasting station which was next door to the studio awaiting Ruth’s appearance when he had hechope the Hussey coupe. Not until many months later did Ruth learn that Bob’s car had also been parked in the Derby lot. He simply rode with her because she wasn’t rationed in those days, and six good tires were to be had by walking into the nearest dealer’s and slapping cash on the counter, so there must have been moonlight reasons shining at high noon that day.

Came Christmas and a package for

When you say “Thank God for the Red Cross” remember this . . .

it is your Red Cross . . . your bandages . . . your blood.

Yes, and your money too!

Of course, you have given generously. Before of course you will give again.

But this year, when the need is greater than ever before . . . when it’s your own sons we serve . . . this year dig deep and be glad.

For wherever he is, the RED CROSS IS at his side and the Red Cross is YOU!
Miss Hussey from Mr. Longenecker. It much of Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend" in a two-volume first edition. An accompanying card explained that the $750 set was a trifle beyond his scope—but that, knowing how much she treasured fine books, he hoped she would enjoy adding these volumes to her library.

Immediately after Christmas Ruth came down with a heavy cold and had to cancel her social engagements. Glowering from her bed, she addressed the telephone, "Well, why don't you ring now?" She and Bob had missed telephonic connections repeatedly; she was in the habit of returning after a brief rush to the post office, the market, or the beauty shop, only to find a note to the effect that Mr. Longenecker had called and would call again.

However, in keeping with its usual exasperating deportment, the telephone refused to ring. The doorbell was much more satisfactory. It rang! When the housekeeper answered, a pleasant voice wanted to know if Miss Hussey were at home.

"But I'm not asleep," protested a husky contralto. "Ask Mr. Longenecker to wait a moment and I'll see him ... if he isn't afraid of common cold bugs!"

She slipped into the warmest (and most dazzling) robe she owned, tied a ribbon around her head, and asked the surprised housekeeper to usher in the guest.

They talked and they talked. Bob was born in a small town in Pennsylvania. Longenecker regaled her with tales of the Pennsylvania Dutch. He cited the instance of the sign posted on a front door: 'Bell don't make—Bump.' Meaning, of course, that the bell was out of order, so the caller must knock. And he told about the child explaining to a younger brother, "When the little red car comes, the train is all a'kin!"—which, when translated, sums up the startling information that a caboose is found at the end of a train.

In exchange, Ruth told Bob about her girlhood in Providence, Rhode Island, and about her grooming days on Broadway. All things considered it was a wonderful visit, ending with Bob's saying he'd see her as soon as the cold was better. He was going to be pretty busy, but he'd telephone.

Before he had a chance to exercise a dial, Ruth was rehearsing at the radio station one afternoon—and in came Senor Longenecker. He waved. She waved. He approached a friend, talked in muted tones for a few moments, then left the studio. Very dull rehearsal. In a few moments he returned and found a seat. Very interesting rehearsal.

Someone entered, tapped him on the shoulder. So, grinning at Ruth, he again left the studio, horrible rehearsal. Cues off, timing off. He returned and assumed his observer's post. Wonderful rehearsal.

Ruth was much better behaved, however—so he regaled her with tales of Miss Hussey's company. "But, in the instance of the sign posted on a front door..."

"I have another idea." His other idea turned out to be the Huntington Hotel in Pasadena. There, glittering and indented by the shadows of pepper trees, and glazed by the sheen of a full moon, Ruth was positive that the hotel must have some sort of contract with Diana, Olympian vice-president of the long moons. Because every time she has been there a full moon has been a feature of the night. (She has been there only twice.)

So, what with the delicious dinner, the candlelight, the music, the moonlight, and the pepper tree shadows, a solemn pact was made. Bob and Ruth were married seven weeks later (August, 1942)—in Santa Paula Mission, thus fulfilling a long-remembered dream.

They went to Arrowhead Springs for their honeymoon, for they had been there only a few days when the studio, oblivious to romance, ordered Ruth back for rehearsals. The retakes finished, Bob and Ruth hastened again to Arrowhead Springs, where they unpacked their bags when Bob was called back for final physical tests before being inducted.

Since that time, married life for the Longenecker has been quite similar to that of any other wartime wedded pair. Bob went through basic, qualified for O.C.S. and was shipped to Port Monmouth, New Jersey, where he was wedded. Three months ago he attained his promotion, so his title is now 1st Lieutenant Robert Longenecker of the Signal Corps.

While he was taking his basic, he spent as many weekends as possible in the house he and Ruth were perfecting for a post-war matrimonial career. Ruth made it a practice to set aside all managerial household tasks for him. Because he was studying electrical theory and application, preparatory to entering O.C.S., she supplied him with a bulky vacuum cleaner to test his mechanical skill. He took it to pieces, polished, oiled, and rewired parts of it, put it back...

Bird voiced Ginny Simms has several men on the string. But shown dancing with Ensign Scollard Moos it looks like the Fete's in.
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Now a long period between pictures is likely to perforate the average man with serious doubts of his value. Not John, however, but bringing a judicial attitude to bear, John smiled at Hedy and said, "Perhaps you’re biased in your opinion of my ability. Maybe I’m not so hot after all!"

Hedy simply stared at John. "How long have you been in this business?" she demanded in astonishment. "I simply will not talk to you if you are going to say things like that. It’s ridiculous. You know you have everything you need to be a big success in pictures. Don’t say such a thing to me again. Not ever!"

Of such wifely partisanship is marriage made.

Somewhat later, Hedy said tentatively, "You should go to your agent and tell him your wish. He can do some radio work. You have the voice and the diction for it. Even though you might do only small shows at first, it would lead to something good. I’m sure of it."

So John went on sustainers and found that he liked radio work very much.

At the end of the two-month Warner waiting period, John returned to his studio with lifted eyebrows. A friendly, "You should go to your agent. Mr. Loder is being considered for the name role, and wanted to get back to work. At that time it seemed that John was being considered for the name role in Mr. Skeffington, but tests indicated that he didn’t fit the part. So, once again, he asked for a release from his contract. "Wait two more months," he was urged.

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John had been eager to go, but Hedy had demurred. Yet, when a friend of John's who lives in Mexico City combined his persuasions with those of the importers, John agreed to send the arroyo program. Hedy not only went, but occupied the box directly above the entrance to the ring, and had a bull dedicated to her.

Meanwhile it began to rain, so a giant umbrella offered its cape to Hedy. Gratefully, she draped it over her head and shoulders.

After a series of passes and feints, the toreador killed the bull dedicated to Hedy and tossed it in the ring. This was in accordance with the grand tradition. Hedy caught it. From her wrist she unclasped her gold identification bracelet, placed it in the hat and returned it to the toreador; it was a great moment, colorful, romantic and exciting.

Some time later Hedy received a letter from the mother of the toreador saying that he had been gored in a subsequent fight because of her bracelet which he wore always as a lucky charm, he feels his life was saved. Of such is marriage made: shared careers, shared business ventures, shared household habits, and shared vacations.

Yet one small word is quite adequate to express the happiness of John and Hedy. Susan Hayward, working with John on The Hairy Ape, said one morning, "I haven't seen you at the Canteen on Friday night lately. How come?"

John explained that his radio was always on listening for the Canteen on my way to the broadcasting station. Then, when rehearsal is over, I pick her up." Very much the suburban husband speaking.

Susan howled. "To think that I should live to hear that glamorous, gorgeous creature referred to as the wife," she said.

It is not rare. She asks John each morning "Well, how's the wife?"

"The finest in the world," is the contented rejoinder of the head of the house of Loder.

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\# Without success? Don't give up hope and turn it to the toreador; it was a great moment, colorful, romantic and exciting.

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RATIONING (MGM) gets a lot more fun than you would imagine out of a subject that frets most Americans. Wallace Beery is the confused proprietor of a small-town general store, and the point system drives him nutty. There is a minor excursion into a black-market expose, but in to help Beery with the laughs are Marjorie Main, Donald Meek, Connie Gilchrist and Gloria Dickson.

CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK (Universal) gives Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan a light musical romp. Their co-star is the brightly promising 17-year-old Ann Blyth in her screen debut. She is a more talented young lady than her part in the back-stage comedy allows her to be. For another film debut, Quiz Kid Joel Kupperman bounces in for a couple of scenes and wins your heart just as he does on the radio.

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY (United Artists) is a plodding, old-fashioned drama completely out of key with the present times. You doubtless remember the Thornton Wilder tragedy about the interrelated lives of five strangers who died in the crash of a bridge in Peru in 1772. Among the leading characters are Lynn Bari, Francis Lederer (playing a dual role), Akim Tamiroff, Nazimova, Louis Calhern and Blanche Yurka. They should have helped the shaky "Bridge" more than they do.

PREVIOUSLY RECOMMENDED

THE SULLIVANS (20th Century-Fox) the true and gloriously inspiring story of the home life of five lovable, scrappy American boys.

UP IN ARMS (Goldwyn-RKO) for its musical comedy introduction to a terror entertainer named Danny Kaye. There's Dinah Shore, too.

LIFEBOAT (20th Century-Fox) an all-star drama in which Hitchcock takes you to sea with nine survivors in an open boat. Much discussed.

THE UNINVITED (Paramount) Gail Russell is a shining new star in a legitimate ghost story that will keep you on the edge of your seat.

SONG OF BERNADETTE (20th Century-Fox) a spiritually uplifting screen masterpiece that tells of miracles wrought by indestructible faith. Jennifer Jones gives a beautiful performance.

MADAME CURIE (MGM) Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon play an exquisite love drama to the accompaniment of the discovery of radium.

TENDER COMRADE (RKO) Ginger Rogers in a glowing tribute to the service widows whose men have left them at home to carry on for America.

DESTINATION TOKYO (Warners) one of the most exciting adventures in courage of this war. Cary Grant commands the submarine crew.

A GUY NAMED JOE (MGM) dedicated to the heartening notion that "pilots never die," but return to earth as poetic angels to do duty in the great unknown. Jane is in love, and Frank Craven is excellent as gramps.

CHARLIE CHAN IN THE SECRET SERVICE (Monogram) marks the return of Sidney Toler in the Earl Derr Biggers character that was dropped as a series by one studio, only to be picked up by another. The welcome resumption of the Chinese sleuth's movie cases finds him in Washington where he brings to justice the murderer of an inventor of a secret weapon against U-boats. Two of Chan's large family of children enter the plot in the persons of Marianne Quon and Benson Fong. Damn clever, these Chinese.

CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE (RKO) tries to follow the success of a picture that started a vogue for psychological horror stories. Kent Smith and Jane Randolph, the couple who found love despite the terrors visited upon them by a panther woman, now have a six-year-old daughter. She pales around with the spirit of Simone Simon who has been transformed into a kindly, sweet ghost. It all goes to prove that sleeping cats, like dogs, should be left to lie.

MY BEST GAL (Republic) is a small pleasanctly which presents Jane Withers in her most grown-up role. The granddaughter of an ex-song-and-dance man, she has no stage ambitions and is content with her job in a drug store. But she does help Jimmy Lydon find a producer for a comedy he has written on the eve of his Army induction. Lydon is the boy whom the growing Jane is in love, and Frank Craven is excellent as gramps.

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If backache and leg pain are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

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Do you know how to make yourself most attractive? How to dramatize your good points and conceal your faults? If you are short, to dress, groom and utilize optical illusions to appear taller? If stout to appear slimmer? Do you know the little things to do to your hair? The latest tricks in applying lipstick, rouge, powder? Do you wear the kind and colors of clothes that are really most becoming to you, or because they are in style? How to keep up with current events—cultivate your mind? Do you understand MEN? How to become popular and sought after? How to win and hold a man's love?

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To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly only once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forgot they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

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Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

Attention!—all you folks who have gray hair! Did you know that in many occupations a more youthful appearance is a necessity, and that just a whole lot of people are let out of work every year because gray hair makes them look older than they really are? Now, you don't want that to happen to you, do you? Then, why not try KOLOR-BAK, that marvelous solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm to gray hair and makes you look years younger? All you have to do is to follow the simple, easy directions and sprinkle a few drops on your comb and comb it through your hair. If you would like to easily overcome your gray hair worries and handicaps, then decide at once to

Make This Trial Test...

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under the positive Kolor-Bak guarantee that it must make you look years younger and often far more attractive, or your money will be paid back in full. Make this wonderful no-risk Kolor-Bak test without delay, and see if you too are not quickly rewarded with hair that has color and charm, and free of the tell-tale gray that may now worry you.

FREE GIFT OFFER
MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

New War Edition
Webster's Practical Dictionary

This big desk size 412 page beautifully bound special war edition of Webster's Practical Dictionary is yours absolutely free and postpaid, just for sending in the top flap of the Kolor-Bak carton. Contains full page colored maps of the countries of the world, 16 pages showing 132 pictures of the insignia of men and officers in all the armed services, salaries paid, and other timely and valuable information every citizen should have. Mail the coupon and the Kolor-Bak carton top today!

KOLOR-BAK, Dept. I-H, P.O. Box 1725, Chicago, Illinois
Enclosed is the top flap from the Kolor-Bak carton for which rush me absolutely FREE and POSTPAID your 412 page Dictionary, War Atlas and Service Insignia Guide.

Name
Address
City, Zone State
Watch a Man’s Eyes when he looks at your complexion. Do they light up and shine with new adoration at your glowing loveliness? Glamour that once was Hollywood's alone — can now be yours with STARLET make-up-cake. Tonight (before he arrives) apply a thin film of STARLET to your face. See how radiantly beautiful you can really be this evening with a soft, natural STARLET complexion. Notice how it stilly winks away beauty-marring irregularities... how it brings smooth, teen-age freshness to your skin. STARLET helps to keep your skin delightfully soft too, because the Lanolin in it protects your complexion. Select from six heavenly shades and perform a mirror-miracle tonight with STARLET.

fifty cents and one dollar fifty

There are STARLET lipsticks too... three lush colors... Starlite * Starbrite * Stornite... 50c and 1.00

Beverly Lloyd
Hollywood Starlet

Kodachrome by
Shiney Wright for
LOOK magazine
Cover

PARFAIT POWDER PUFF COMPANY  CHICAGO 10
MY DAY WITH
FRANK SINATRA

By
Jill Warren

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

MODY LAMARR
Others Gasp with Wonder as it Glows in the Dark

Few men or women can resist the exciting allure of your Glowing Orchid when, as dusk deepens into dark, it comes to life with soft light that some say is almost ethereal. It is not dazzling, not cheaply shining, but a beautiful glow. You can’t imagine it until you actually see it in your hair or on dress or coat. Then see how lovely! And hear the gasps of wonder and admiring remarks of friends.

CHARMS & CAIN, Dept. 1-H, 407 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

By sending coupon at once you will share in one of the most astounding generous offers ever made in this or any other magazine. To introduce this gorgeous new orchid that glows in the dark, we make the unheard-of offer of one for only $1.00—nor even $2.00! Under our special offer to introduce quickly, you actually pay only $1.00! Think what this means! You don’t risk one penny. We will send you your Glowing Orchid to see and feel, wear and enjoy—and if you are not amazed and delighted, if your friends don’t envy you your splendid possession, you need only return it to us.

SEND NO MONEY—Merely Mail Coupon

All you need do is to pay the postman $1.00 plus postage, when your Glowing Orchid arrives. See for yourself how lovely it is. Place in your hair, or on any costume. See it take on an exciting, strangely beautiful glow in the dark. Then, if you can bear to part with it, you can mail it right back to us, and your money will be refunded quick as the mails can carry it. That’s a generous, fair offer, isn’t it? Act on it today—this very minute while this is before you. Fill out and mail coupon NOW!
It's nothing new under the sun to find that fuzz grows faster. Extra summer sunshine has a way of stimulating superfluous hair. As far as we know, creams and lotions have no effect on these unwanted hair cells. But Vitamin D has. That's no reason to give up your sunbathing—not when there are so many ways of checking it.

Let's Face It: A light growth of facial hair functions to flatter. That's because this downy fluff gives a smooth, dull finish to the skin surface. Heavier, darker hair is something else again. For a mannish mustache or some starting sideburns, try peroxide and ammonia. Your druggist knows the proper percentage. Bleaching insufficient? Well, you can remove the hair with a rosinous wax (epilator). As the mixture hardens, it closes firmly over the hairy area. You lift the epilator off—and all superfluous hair comes with it.

Eyebrows and chin whiskers respond best to tweezing. This stiff, stronger hair can be plucked out painlessly as frequently as necessary.

Forearm Fuzz: Up in arms over that "sooty-sleeved" look? Then remember that hair bleach can mean any kind of hair—anyplace! The same preparations that assist a blonde, help superfluous hair do the disappearing act. Or you can "erase" the hair with a special toilet abrasive. These come in pad or mitt form for easy handling.

Legs in the Limelight: So keep them sleek and shadowless. A razor is quick and effective, but several other methods of hair removal are just as efficient and somewhat pleasant. Epilators (those lift-off waxes) do a long-lasting job. Depilatories “dissolve” the hair by chemical action so it can be washed off with cool water. Erasers rub the growth right off. And bleaching makes fine, sparse hair practically unnoticeable.

How Long Will It Last? The only way to remove superfluous hair permanently is to have each hair root treated individually with an electric needle. This method is known as electrolysis. It takes time—and money—and it must be done by an expert. If you decide to submit to electrical treatment, be sure the hands that hold the needle are skillful and experienced.

Giving all your time all the time?

Tangee’s Satin-Finish Lipsticks will keep you Lovely, Longer!

By CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

With wartime duties and your regular activities monopolizing more and more of your energy, it's no wonder that you are eager for any suggestion that will save you both TIME and WORRY. Here is such a suggestion: choose your next lipstick from among Tangee’s Satin-Finish “quartet”...Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, Tangee Natural.

Whichever shade you choose, the gorgeous color will have a depth of tone, a softness of texture you've never known before. Thanks to Tangee's Satin-Finish your lips will stay lovelier...longer! Yes, a Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick will save you all-important TIME by keeping your lips exquisitely groomed—despite parching weather or lip-biting nervous tension.

And it will end your make-up WORRIES as well...especially if used together with the matching Tangee rouge and the new TANGEE PETAL-FINISH Face Powder!

TANGEE Lipsticks with the new Satin-Finish
TANGEE Face Powder with the new Petal-Finish

EVERY WAR BOND YOU BUY—SHORTENS THE WAR!
No more stirring tribute to the dauntless British spirit has been written than the vivid lines of Alice Duer Miller's "The White Cliffs".

In filming this living symbol of British heart and heroism, the Studio which produced the great "Mrs. Miniver" continues a tradition—making of "The White Cliffs of Dover" another great and important picture.

This is magnificent MGM entertainment—but it is also a contribution to the hope of the future in the partnership of nations, especially those which share a common language.

For it is a story of a way of life and shows how that way of life dovetails with the American Way.

The canvas is large—the story is simple and personal. Centering around an American girl—played by the charming Irene Dunne—and the love she finds among the stately homes of Britain, in the person of Alan Marshal.

Adventure, excitement, bravery, action and infinite tenderness are all woven into "The White Cliffs of Dover"...in the screen play by Claudine West, Jan Lustig and George Froeschel.

The cast of supporting players contains names that in themselves deserve supporting casts. Among them are...Roddy McDowall, Frank Morgan, Van Johnson, C. Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitty and Gladys Cooper.

Primary credit should go to Clarence Brown who gratified a strong ambition in planning and directing this production. He was admirably spurred on by the able cooperation of a man who has emerged as the screen's greatest producer, Sidney Franklin.

Together, they have showered loving care on this new, momentous MGM enterprise.

The cast of supporting players contains names that in themselves deserve supporting casts. Among them are...Roddy McDowall, Frank Morgan, Van Johnson, C. Aubrey Smith, Dame May Whitty and Gladys Cooper.

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Together, they have showered loving care on this new, momentous MGM enterprise.
M.G.M.'s SHIP-SHAPELY MUSICAL!

Two Girls and a Sailor

Big! Beautiful! Romantic! Joy ahoy!
"See the world" of fun and love and melody in this mighty musical!

Hear these song-hits:
"Sweet And Lovely"
"Granada"
"The Trembling Of A Leaf"
"Take It Easy"
"My Mother Told Me"

Van Johnson
June Allyson
Gloria DeHaven
Jose Iturbi
Jimmy Durante
Gracie Allen
Lena Horne
Harry James
Xavier Cugat

And His Orchestra
With Lina Romay

TOM DRAKE  HENRY STEPHENSON  HENRY O'NEILL
BEN BLUE  CARLOS RAMIREZ  FRANK SULLY
ALBERT COATES  DONALD MEEK  AMPARO NOVARO
VIRGINIA O'BRIEN  WILDE TWINS

Original Screen Play by Richard Connel and Gladys Lehman
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by RICHARD THORPE
Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
A GIRL who ankles up the ladder of fame has to stand on her own feet. According to Gale Robbins whom you'll see in the 20th Century-Fox picture "In The Mean¬time, Darling," this is literal, not figurative fact.

Movie methods require plenty of foot and leg work. And it's not all cheesecake! After you've stood and walked through a few miles of film, you learn the importance of flexible feet—and of legs that are sturdy as well as slim. The correct combination is care, comfort and camouflage.

Fit Feet. Before starting for the studio, Gale dusts her tootsies with antiseptic foot powder. Another film of powder keeps shoe linings fresh and sweet. After-work relaxation includes warm water washing and a brisk massage with special foot balm or lotion. Once a week or so, Gale varies the treatment and uses skin-softening hand lotion topped off with a dry skin cream rub.

Leg Lure. Legs get a lift—right over Gale's head—as she bicycles them to beauty. Fifteen minutes of exercise, each and every day, and nothing can undermine her under¬pinnings!

To slick the surface, Gale depends on soap and water and a stiff brush. Her regular hand lotion keeps the skin smooth and silky. Weekly workouts with face cream supple¬ment sun-robbed natural oils.

Dress Parade. The final fixings are strictly for show. A complete pedi¬cure (to groom cuticles and give nails shape and sparkle). And finally, leg make-up, stroked on evenly for "sheer" durable flattery.
4...COUNT 'EM...4
HEAVENLY HONEYS
(And One Lone, Wolf)
In A Heavenly
Musical Laugh Hit
FROM PARAMOUNT

WITH THE STARS OF 3 GREAT
1944 PARAMOUNT COMEDIES
UNITED IN ONE SUPER SHOW!

DOROTHY LAMOUR
of "Riding High"
FRED MACMURRAY
of "No Time For Love"
BETTY HUTTON
of "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek"...with
Diana Lynn
Sassy Sensation of "Morgan's Creek"...and
Mimi Chandler

AND THEY SING AS PRETTY
AS THEY LOOK!

"It Could Happen To You" • "For The
First Hundred Years" • "His Rocking Horse
Ran Away" • "How Does Your Garden
Grow" • "Bluebirds In My Belfry" by
Burke & Van Heusen — 3 Other Songs

The swingy, zingy story of 4 singing sisters
and the big, bad band leader who tried
to make love to the whole darn family!

with
RAYMOND WALBURN • EDDIE FOY, JR.
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Screen Play by Melvin Frank and Norman Panama
Based on a story by Claude Binyon
Romantic
as Texas moonlight!
Thrilling
as a stampede!
Big
as the mighty state it honors!

Here's America's favorite entertainer in a musical adventure you won't want to miss!

ROY ROGERS
King of the Cowboys
and
TRIGGER
Smartest Horse in the Movies

Yellow Rose of Texas

DALE EVANS
George Cleveland
Harry Shannon
Grant Withers
BOB NOLAN
and the SONS OF THE PIONEERS

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD
by Ruth Waterbury

NEAREST BABY

Happiest girl around town this month is Loretta Young who has just revealed the pleasant news that the stork will arrive at her house about August first.

Loretta hopes for a big family, and by that she doesn't mean just two or three. She means six or more. She grew up in a big family and she likes life that way, and since her marriage to Col. Tom Lewis is such an ideal one, her dream will probably be realized.

LAMENT FOR LULU BELLE

All that show-must-go-on routine has always seemed pretty silly to me when applied to movies, which after all can be shot another day. So this note is to tell you that Missy Colbert stayed home and wept her pretty eyes out and refused to so much as face a camera the day Lulu Belle died.

Lulu Belle, in case you don't know, was a toy French poodle that Claudette's husband, Lt. Commander Pressman, gave her four years ago and which had been the star's very small, black shadow ever since. Thus, with her husband serving overseas, Claudette felt heartbroken on that awful day that Lulu Belle got some bad food somewhere and couldn't recover. If you're a dog lover you know what the feeling is.

The only pleasant touch was the way practically all Hollywood tried to make it up to Claudette. There's no girl whose friends love her more and every one of them tried to do something. It remained for her brother to do the perfect thing, however.

He got another puppy, just Lulu Belle's breed, just as black, almost as cute and brought it around to Claudette's house, late afternoon.

That did it. Claudette began to smile and next morning was right back in front of that camera again, her chic sparkling self.

MORE INSIDE HOLLYWOOD ON PAGE 10

Three on a match . . . oops, no just two. Glamorous Alexis Smith is referee. Errol Flynn and Ward Bond re-enact the famous Corbett vs. Sullivan fight over C. B. S., only this time it was comedy.
that as we go to press, in the 200 cities known as the nation's principal amusement centers, theatre programs have been switched to make way for immediate special limited engagements ahead of the regular runs later in the season!

So lovable and so laughter-filled

that when it comes your way you'll cherish it in your memory along with 'Sergeant York' and 'Yankee Doodle Dandy' as one of the very, very best of all WARNER BROS. entertainments!

THE ADVENTURES
OF MARK TWAIN

Starring
FREDRIC MARCH
ALEXIS SMITH
with
DONALD CRISP, ALAN HALE
G. AUBREY SMITH, JOHN CARRADINE
BILL HENRY, ROBERT BARRAT
WALTER HAMPDEN, JOYCE REYNOLDS
Directed by IRVING RAPPER

JACK L. WARNER
Executive Producer
Produced by
JESSE L. LASKY,

Screen Play by ALAN LeMAY • Adaptation by ALAN LeMAY and HAROLD M. SHerman • Additional Dialogue by HARRY CHANDLIE • All biographical material based on works owned or controlled by the Mark Twain Company, and the play "Mark Twain" by HAROLD M. SHerman • Music by MAX STEINER,

This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.
Provocative
as the hint of a wink
... bold as a beckoning
finger . . . Varva's "Follow Me" has
become the leading fragrance of girls
who lead where others follow. You'll
love its lastingness! Extract, $1 to $15

The Fragrance That
Leads and Lasts
Face Powder with
6 guest puffs, $1
Talc, 55c
Sachet, $1 & $1.75
Bath Powder, $1
Bubble Foam, $1
(plus taxes)

VARVA
CREATORS OF
FOLLOW ME • NONCHALANT
19 West 18 Street, New York 11, N. Y.
THIS IS THE LOVE STORY OF G.I. JOE!

20th CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS MAXWELL ANDERSON'S

THE EVE OF ST. MARK

with ANNE BAXTER • WILLIAM EYTIE
MICHAEL O'SHEA

VINCENT PRICE • RUTH NELSON • RAY COLLINS

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL • Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG • Screen Play by George Seaton
THE good word about Tampax spreads quite rapidly among the members of the Modern Set... Not only do these young women want to be up to date but they are particularly interested in clothes and style and "costume silhouette." And Tampax comes to their aid in a timely way, for this form of monthly sanitary protection is worn internally and cannot cause a single bulge, ridge or wrinkle!

Tampax is dainty, convenient, doctor-invented. Made of pure absorbent cotton, compressed into neat patented applicators. No belts, pins or external pads—and no odor. It comes in 3 different absorbencies to meet varying needs: Regular, Super and Junior. It may be changed in a jiffy without any embarrassing disposal problem.

Discover Tampax for yourself; that's the only way! So dainty your hands needn't touch it at all. And so comfortable it isn't felt while worn!... Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Average supply for one month, 29¢. Economy package for 98¢ provides 4 months' supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies

REGULAR

SUPER

JUNIOR

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

LADY LET'S DANCE (Monogram) owes its position on any recommended list because of Belita, the dazzling ice skater who has become Monogram's brightest star. The story is a trifle about a refugee waitress from Holland who gains her start on the stage through becoming the discovery of a breezy hotel entertainment promoter, then can't locate the guy to thank him or tell him of her love until the final curtain is ready to be rung down. There is just enough of this Cinderella plot to serve as an excuse for the lavish musical numbers for which four orchestras are recruited headed by Henry Busse and Mitch Ayres. Through the proceedings, the lovely Belita has opportunity to match her known ability on blades with a further display of grace in ballet, ballroom and rhythm dancing. Therefore the title. It's strictly a one gal show, but what a gal!

UNCERTAIN GLORY (Warner's) begins with the same situation that started a film we had last month called "The Impostor." A French murderer, condemned to be guillotined, escapes after the prison where he is being held is bombed. The development of the two stories is entirely different from that point. In "Uncertain Glory," the murderer is recaptured by a clever policeman and is on his way to being taken back to face his sentence. Then an act of sabotage is committed, the Nazis seize a hundred hostages, and the prisoner talks his captor into allowing him to confess to the sabotage that a hundred innocents may go free.

Errol Flynn performs the murderer, and Paul Lukas does the policeman for another personal hit. Very impressive in her promising film debut is Jean Sullivan, a 20-year-old former UCLA student. Lucille Watson, Faye Emerson and Sheldon Leonard are others of note in rather fanciful war melodrama. From its players, the picture gains all of the glory it has.

FOUR JILLS IN A JEEP (20th Century-Fox) is based on the actual experiences of Kay Francis, Carole Landis, Martha Raye and Mitzi Mayfair in their tour of military camps overseas, a tour that ended with their being under fire in North Africa. The four principals appear as themselves in the picture which deals more intimately with the entertainment of our men in service than does "Follow the Boys"—which is reviewed this issue on page 61. It is nonetheless a bright and entertaining show that benefits from the fact you know in advance that the trip is a fact. Kay, Carole, Martha and Mitzi really suffered discomforts on their tour. But they gloriously did the job they set out to do. And there were some romantic interludes for the "Four Jills in a Jeep."

John Harvey plays a character named Ted Warren who is the prototype of Capt. Tom Wallis whom Carole married in England. Dick Haymes, the radio singer, is introduced to films as the boy who was in an act with Mitzi before he went into the service. He has what it takes to make a place for himself on the screen and you'll be screen-hearing more of him. Guest appearances are made on Command Performance broadcasts by Alice Faye, Betty Grable, Carmen Miranda and George Jessel as m.c. And Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra are on hand in England to supply the accompaniments for some four new tunes by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, all of them first rate. Be sure to hitch a ride with "Four Jills and a Jeep."
They could plan no tomorrows... for life was theirs to give... not to keep. Yet this night was theirs... and love was not to be denied... by two so young, so vital, so eager to live out each reckless moment!

Days of danger... one night of love

A CASEY ROBINSON production

DAYS OF GLORY

Starring the screen’s fascinating NEW lovers

TAMARA TOUMANOVA

GREGORY PECK

with ALAN REED • MARIA PALMER • LOWELL GILMORE

Directed by JACQUES TOURNEUR • Produced and written for the screen by Casey Robinson
MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Speedily
2. More infirm
11. "Joe", the steward, in "Lifeboat"
13. "Brad Barton" in "Wintertime"
14. "What a Woman!"
16. Cornelia goes ... in "The Uninvited"
17. Den... sings "The Desert Song"
18. Highest notes of the gamut
19. Alice sings "No ... No, No Nuthin'" in "The Gang's All Here"
21. "Kathleen Corrigan" in "Gung Ho!"
23. She sings in "Swing Fever"
24. Cary's family name
25. "Kitty", the intended victim of 6 down
29. Grace ... is in "Johnny Come Lately"
31. Stephen is ... mate.
32. Mr. Abel in short
33. "Gil Carter" in "The Ox-Bow Incident" (inits.)
35. Claudette is "Katherine ..." in "No Time for Love"
36. Massey's famous role
37. More merry
40. Three-toed sloth
41. "The Phantom of the Opera"
45. "She's for ..."
50. Lost color
51. Locale of "Lifeboat"
52. "... to the Rangers"
56. Place of refuge.
57. Ravage
59. You can hear him in "Higher and Higher"
61. Walter is ... mate in "Madame Curie"
63. Revolved
64. Joan is "Jane ..."
65. Abounding in wild plants

DOWN
1. Land measure
2. "Kurt Muller" in "Watch on the Rhine"
3. A loop (anat.)
4. "Tess Connors" in "Riding High"
5. "Wild Horse Stamp-..."
6. Laird Cregar
7. "Buzzy" in "His Butler's Sister" (inits.)
8. 6 down is a ...  
9. "Dr. Von Harden" in "The North Star"
10. "Della" in "The Mad Ghoul"
12. Alice is "Fadie ..." in "The Gang's All Here"
13. "Jim Smith" in "Minesweeper" (inits.)
15. "Count Alucard" in "Son of Dracula"
16. "She's for ..."
20. There are four in "Sway Out the Blues"
21. "...s - - -land is in "Girl Crazy"
22. ...s - - -land is in "Girl Crazy"
23. "... Angel"
24. Where a movie is made
25. "Mme. Daruschka" in "Claudia"
26. "The Perichole" in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey"
27. Victoria Eugenie, the last Queen of Spain
28. "...-dom Harvest"
30. Frances Gifford is "H..." in "Cry Havoc"
32. Pottery
33. Chas. Starrett rides ... in "Cowboy in the Clouds"
34. "Flight for ...-dom"
37. "Adrea Spedding" in "The Spider Woman"
38. ... Brown is in "Stormy Weather"
39. Judy sings "Embraceable ..." in "Girl Crazy"
41. Wrath
43. He is in "Madame Curie"
44. Mother of "Peer Gynt"
45. "... of the Deadline"
46. ...-e stars, with John in "Stagecoach"
47. He is in "A Guy Named Joe"
49. Bronze or copper (Rom. Antiq.)
50. Movie studio messenger
51. "Popoff" in "His Butler's Sister" (inits.)
52. "Cookie" in "Destination Tokyo"
53. Tamarisk salt tree
54. Provoked to anger
55. "... in the Dark"
58. "Pat" in "Cry Havoc" (inits.)
60. "... Voyager"
62. Charlotte's mate in "The Gang's All Here" (inits.)
63. Reference for 27 down is the Encyclopedia Britannica.

(For Solution See Page 86)
Of course it couldn't happen...

But it did!

A Part-Time Broadway Genius Muffs His Cue!

...Since the first time a guy sold the Brooklyn Bridge, and another guy the Aquarium, this is the most fabulous of all fame-and-fortune ideas... whimsical...different...chucklesome...and you'll never guess what it is!

Screen play by
Lewis Meltzer and Oscar Saul
Directed by ALEXANDER HALL

A COLUMBIA PICTURE
**WORDS OF MUSIC**

**BY JILL WARREN**

**HELLO**, you individuals. What's doing in music these days? Ooops, sorry, I forgot—I'm supposed to tell you. Well—

**THE TUNEFILMS:**

When the movie companies start signing opera stars to do their stuff in screen musicals, you can be sure that swing is here to stay. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has contracted two of the biggest biggies of the Metropolitan, James Melton and Lauritz Melchior. Melton will be in “Ziegfeld Follies,” and Melchior will warble in “Thrill Of A Romance.” Melchior makes his first appearance on the Hollywood sound stages, but this is trip number two for Melton. Seven years ago he made a couple of pictures for Warners.

The “Follies” promises to be a real super-super. Ninety-nine and forty-four one hundredths percent of the film will be devoted to songs, skits, girls and numbers, with the balance left to “plot.” The cast is composed of a few kids who ought to do fairly well in pictures—Lana Turner, Judy Garland, Fred Astaire, Lena Horne, a few name bands, and practically every star on the Metro lot thrown in. The thing has just gone into rehearsal and will take approximately a year to make. So if you’re not too old to walk when it is released, try to catch it.

If you’re a Bing Crosby fan, and who isn’t, don’t miss “Going My Way.” It’s one of the best pictures Bing has ever made. He plays a priest, but don’t let that confuse you, for there is plenty of music in evidence. Bing’s singing team includes Rise Stevens, Jean Heather and the Robert Mitchell Boychoir . . . Charlie Spivak and his band, who did right well by themselves in their first picture, “Pin Up Girl,” are the newest additions to Twentieth Century-Fox’s “Something For The Boys.” This is the opus in which Perry Como makes his first movie appearance.

Columbia’s latest musical clambake is “Jam Session.” And it’s just about that. All kinds of bands, including Louis Armstrong, Alvino Rey, Teddy Powell, Glen Gray and Charlie Barnet, plus your old friends “The Pied Pipers.”

Universal changed the title of “Three Cheers For The Boys” to (Continued on page 76)
Here's the kind of important career every girl graduate dreams about!

YOU'LL SECURE YOUR FUTURE — SERVE YOUR COUNTRY NOW —
WHEN YOU QUALIFY FOR FREE PROFESSIONAL TRAINING IN THE

U. S. CADET NURSE CORPS

IMAGINE stepping out of high school into a proud profession that promises lifelong security—and pays you for the privilege! It can happen to you! Are you at least 17 years old? You and 65,000 high school graduates, from 17 to 35, are needed now to help replace nurses who are serving our fighting men. Joining the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps is your chance to prove your patriotism, help win the war on the home front. And, it's your chance for a career education at no cost to you. With pay, besides!

All this — And a Fascinating Future, Too!

The nursing school you select will provide you with free tuition, room, board, books, laundry, and smart new uniforms. Plus a cash allowance monthly! While training, you'll have time out for your personal interests. For social life . . . dancing, dating, sports. Even for marriage (it's permitted now in some nursing schools)!

When you graduate, you may choose a career in any essential nursing position. In a civilian hospital, or in public health. You may be an industrial health nurse, an executive, an instructor, a hospital director, an airplane hostess. Your lifetime job may be in one of many specialized fields!

What To Do

Today, ask at your local hospital for information about the Cadet Nurse Corps. Or write U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps, Box 88, New York, N. Y. And before you decide on your school of nursing, get full details from at least two nursing schools.

Remember, now is the time to start serving your country—establishing your future—with the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps of the U. S. Public Health Service!

See if you pass this test!

Are you between 17* and 35 years of age?
Are you in good health?
Have you graduated from an accredited high school with satisfactory grades, or have you had some college education?
Are you interested in people?
Are you interested in science?
Have you a sense of humor?
Have you an orderly mind?
Are you neat?
Are you dexterous with your hands?
Are you quick to grasp what you see, read and hear?

*Minimum age requirement in some nursing schools is 18.

Published in the interest of the war effort by the distributors of Kotex* sanitary napkins.

We take pride in being able to bring this message to high school graduates. And we take pride, too, that Kotex is helping women in war plants, in the Services, in professional life, to keep going—in comfort.
Learn something about your War Bonds from this fellow!

The best thing a bulldog does is HANG ON! Once he gets hold of something, it's mighty hard to make him let go!

And that's the lesson about War Bonds you can learn from him. Once you get hold of a War Bond, HANG ON TO IT for the full ten years of its life.

There are at least two very good reasons why you should do this. One is a patriotic reason ... the other a personal reason.

You buy War Bonds because you know Uncle Sam needs money to fight this war. And you want to put some of your money into the fight. But ... if you don't hang on to those War Bonds, your money isn't going to stay in the battle.

Another reason you buy War Bonds is because you want to set aside some money for your family's future and yours. No one knows just what's going to happen after the War. But the man with a fistful of War Bonds knows he'll have a roof over his head and 3 squares a day no matter what happens!

War Bonds pay you back $4 for every $3 in 10 years. But, if you don't hang on to your Bonds for the full ten years, you don't get the full face value, and ... you won't have that money coming in later on when you may need it a lot worse than you need it today.

So buy War Bonds ... more and more War Bonds. And then keep them. You will find that War Bonds are very good things to have ... and to hold!

WAR BONDS to Have and to Hold

The Treasury Department acknowledges with appreciation the publication of this message by MOVIELAND
What promises to be one of the greatest productions set for early summer showing is "Gaslight," a thrilling tale laid in London of the 1880's and concerned with missing jewels, mystery and murder. It brings together for the first time luminous Ingrid Bergman, the romantic Charles Boyer, also Joseph Cotten. Distinctly a thing, this!
My Day with

FRANK SINATRA

by JILL WARREN

Behind the scenes with a regular guy with a winning smile and a grand sense of humor you know him as "The Voice"

IT'S no secret that for the last few months the subject of my story has been whispering over countless loudspeakers, with proper musical accompaniment, to Miss America and her brother the details of what makes "A Lovely Way To Spend An Evening". To hear him sing it, there's no doubt it's something wonderful. But you can take it from me, even a day with Frank Sinatra is not to be sneezed at. There is more truth than poetry in this observation, and I might as well tell you right here and now that the word sneeze is no mere figure of speech in the description of my day with Frank.

With humble apologies to the Chamber of Commerce and all loyal Californians, let it be recorded that there has never been so little sunshine and so much "unusual" weather in such a short space of time as there was the day I sallied forth to follow "The Voice" on its daily routine. California papers announced, with a mixture of surprise and resentment, that a storm of equal ferocity had not been recorded for many a year, probably back to the time when Frank Sinatra was still playing cops and robbers on the docks of New Jersey.

I was supposed to meet Frank at his apartment at eight o'clock. But, believe it or rot, I overslept. Imagine any girl in her right mind not hearing the alarm clock when she has a date to spend a whole day with the nation's number one dream boy!

Sinatra lives at the Sunset Tower, a sky-high for

(Continued on page 22)
Frank refuses dessert from Jill Warren and Gloria de Haven.

Fred MacKaye, director of the Lux Radio Theatre, in a last-minute confab with Frank Sinatra before broadcast goes on air.

"The Voice"—Sinatra to you—turns around for the cameraman.
Frank, on the other side of a camera for a change, asting Gloria de Haven and Tim Whelan, his director, to give him lots of feeling.

FRANK SINATRA CONTINUED

California), swanky building on Sunset Boulevard which overlooks the city below. He lives with Hank Senacola, his personal manager, in a six-room apartment on the sixth floor.

I hurled myself into my clothes and headed for this elegant rendezvous, but it was eight-thirty when I made it, and as I whipped my four-cylinder crate up to the doorway, there was Sinatra rushing RKO-wards in a job that was distinctly twelve more cylinders than mine.

I fled after him.

The fog-dampened studio cops at the RKO gate didn't seem to care too much this "bright" Monday morning whether I had a pass or not, but I did, and with little resistance they let me in to wade my way to Stage Eleven, where the Dream Boy was making his new picture. I entered the stage looking like I had come by way of the Pacific Ocean.

While the rest of Southern California was worrying and explaining about the showers, Frank was faintly collapsing on the side of the set, studying his lines for the day's first scene. He was really beat from the day before. His Sabbath had been spent rehearsing for the Lux Radio Theater during the day and doing a benefit at Earl Carroll's in the evening. But his only "beef" was that he hadn't had a chance to read the Sunday papers and find out, until early that morning, what gave with Buck Rogers and Superman.

Frank was draped around a canvas-backed director's chair on which was printed in large type "The Voice."

"This is the second one I've had," Frank explained. "Some visitors lifted the first one as a souvenir, so now the boys who made the original as a gag when I made 'Higher and Higher' tell me if this one disappears I'll be the voice without a back, because they won't give me another."

Somebody yelled from the background that coffee was ready. I tagged along while Frank had java and two cinnamon buns. I didn't think this was quite enough breakfast for a growing lad who was trying to gain weight. But he assured me that if I had appeared on time I would have known that this was really breakfast number three.

"I had prune juice and coffee when I woke up, and then after I dressed I put away orange juice, eggs, plenty of toast and jam, and coffee." He opened the coat of his gray tweed suit to show he had added a bit of flesh to the Sinatra body. "I weigh a solid one-thirty-six now. I feel swell except for a slight sore throat."

At that precise moment a tall, stunning, dark-haired girl appeared and handed Frank a small bottle of cough medicine. She is twenty-two-year-old Jerome O'Shea, pretty enough to be in pictures herself, and probably
one of the most envied girls in America, because she is Frank's secretary. "The Voice" took the bottle and dutifully proceeded to lubricate his tonsils. Over his shoulder, like a fog-horn, came the booming blast of the assistant director's voice, "Come on, Frank, you're holding up production." Miss Tall and Dark, entirely unmoved by the assistant director's Hollywood wolf-whistle and stage whisper that followed, "Some secretary, Sinatra," calmly retrieved the bottle. Frank is no slouch when it comes to retorts. "Yeah," he replied, "and I've got a quick switch—I can sit on her lap."

The set was the foyer of a theater. There were pictures around the walls of Shakespeare, Tolstoy and other famous authors, in large gold frames. Frank was to walk around the foyer and stop and look at each picture. Then a little boy buzzed up to him and asked if he wanted a shine. The dialogue was played over for the business of the shine. It seemed ages before they got a good take. Each time something went wrong. Frank would forget and put his downstage foot on the shoe box, a light would blow out, the cameramen would have to reload, or Frank would fluff his lines, which happened more than anything else. This is only Sinatra's second picture, and it's natural that some scenes should be a little difficult. But his own dialogue, when he made a mistake, was funny enough to keep the crew from getting upset at the time (Continued on page 66)
EARLY that afternoon the torrential rain that had been drenching southern California for two weeks had stopped for an hour or two while the frustrated sun tried to get in a beam edgeways.

Betty and Harry James stood in the door of the pink-and-blue nursery looking for the 'teenth time at all the presents from the "shower" Virginia (Mrs. Daryll) Zanuck had given for her.

"Won't be long now until this room is completely furnished," Betty said, "IT will be here."

"You mean, he'll be here," said Harry. He had called it "he" from the start.

"Harry, you haven't really got your heart set on a boy, have you—I mean you won't be disappointed?"

"I'll accept a girl if she looks exactly like you," he kidded.

"Punkie," the James' spoiled, petted Poodle, came racing down the hall from Harry's room and barked jealously at the nursery door. Punkie had been jealous—and barking—ever since Betty had come home from the "shower," her arms loaded with white woolly toys and big, exciting boxes.

Over in a corner, all in place and ready, was the white lace-trimmed bassinet Lana Turner Crane had given them. (Betty had immediately put both a pink and blue satin bow on the bassinet so "It" wouldn't get its feelings hurt whichever it was!)

The pink-and-blue high chair that could be made
Harry and Betty are shown opening their mail the day after they were married last July 5th. The famous couple always planned to name their first girl baby Victoria Elizabeth.

Harry James, the proud papa. He had to pace hospital corridors through two long nights before Betty's and his beautiful daughter was born.

to slide up high or down low was from Alice Faye Harris. (Harry fooled with the mechanism so much Betty was sure he would break it before the baby could.)

Hanging in the blue wardrobe with the pink Storks was the cutest gift of all—a beautiful bed jacket for Betty and a miniature one, an exact replica, cut in a baby's size—from Virginia.

Outside the nursery the baby's sun porch faced onto the 100 orange, lemon and avocado trees in the front yard that hid the James' home from sightseers on the Coldwater Canyon road. The back view gave onto the swimming pool and the shady mountain.

It was a comfortable "homey" house that Harry James had bought for his bride, "done" in chintzes
Harry was playing at the Hollywood Palladium just before the blessed event. Betty stayed close to him, called the baby "it."

Harry was playing at the Hollywood Palladium just before the blessed event. Betty stayed close to him, called the baby "it.

and mahogany—a house not for big Hollywood parties, but rambling, with unexpected wings, as if it had been built for a big family. It was a very private, very personal place to them.

They seldom even gave interviews at the house. After their front page elopement and midnight marriage in Las Vegas, last July 5th, they had met reporters at the studio, or at Betty's mother's home. When they had moved into their home they seldom gave interviews at all. The Jameses had moved off the front pages and settled down to domesticity with their hearts in it!

"Punkie" ruled the roost—and at the moment he was going mad trying to get either Betty or Harry to close the door on the hated "place."

"We're going to have to see that Punkie gets a formal introduction to the baby," said Betty, "He's going crazy being jealous of something he can't locate!"

Harry looked at his watch. "I have to hurry, Honey" (they never called one another "Mama" or "Pappy" or any other of the pre-blessed event terms). "It's time for my radio rehearsal—almost two o'clock."

"I'm going, too," she said. This had been one of the really swell things about the whole—waiting! They were together all the time. Ever since Betty had notified her studio that she was in "retirement" and ever since Harry finished his engagement at the Palladium, Hollywood's most deluxe and super favorite dance hall, they spent every hour, day and night, together.

Harry went to get the car. From the driveway he sounded the signal, two long, one short on the horn. But Betty didn't come out.

He yelled, "Ready?"

Maybe she couldn't hear him. When he went to see—she wasn't ready at all. Not to go to a radio rehearsal. She was lying on the divan, her long bobbed hair (the way he liked her to wear it) spread fan-shaped on a pillow.

"Betty! You feel all right?"

"Yesss. I guess so."

They looked at each other. A look of surprise, wonder, questioning crossed her face. But her voice was calm, Betty's old slightly kidding voice when she said: "I think, Harry—you had better call the doctor."

That was 2:30 p.m.—the afternoon of March 1st. It was 4:30 a.m. the morning of March 3rd before
BRAIN TEASING IN STAR-LAND...

The Game's the thing! Slap us happy, all Hollywood's playing it. These Sullivan party funtimers are champs at it. What is it? Grandma used to call it charades. The moderns call it Indications.

Host Barry Sullivan argues votes with Betty Hutton regarding the "up" of "Upton Sinclair." What happens in the game is that two teams are chosen, each side tries to guess the other's pantomime, and the fastest guessing team wins. These two share low score.

Betsy (Mrs. Gene) Kelly was the best indicator on either team. She's a non-professional, but her acting gave the best cues. Don't judge by "Frenchman's Creek" Cardona—he's no audience!
There are romance rumors in Hollywood about Dorothy Gish and Louis Calhern. Here she's giving undivided attention to Eddie Bracken's pantomiming of "So Big."

Gene Kelly, Louis Calhern ("Life With Father"), Bill Carter and Eddie Bracken, stumped on the indicating of "You just know she wears them." Look wise, guys! Kelly sneaks a cue from Tom Keating. Things like this aren't supposed to be allowed, but Gene was desperate. How can he figure out a sketch meaning "Bless your little heart, honey?"
Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken do a sing-song silly to give a clue for "Sing a Song of Sixpence." It's the duo that twosomes in Paramount's mirthful "Miracle of Morgan's Creek." Serving it solid, that's what they were, while the crowd roared on. That's what "the game" does to 'em. Makes everybody sill-jill.

Bracken does "Hold Back the Dawn," guessed as being "pushover," and "Pale Hands I Love." Catch on? It's just as goofy as it looks. Guaranteed to make you guess-tappy, but the stars say you'll love it.

Tain't funny to anyone but Betty. Barry guesses, but Mrs. Ronald Graham (she's Florence Sundstrom on the N. Y. stage) just can't get the hang of it.
The Big Four of 1944's Academy, left to right, Paul Lukas, Jennifer Jones, Katina Paxinou, Charles Coburn. In the dim background between Lukas and Miss Jones, you may discover a bespectacled gent. He was from the public accountants who held the votes inviolate until the big moment.

The dramatic Katina Paxinou saying, "I take this award, thinking of my comrades of the Royal Greek Theatre, whom I hope are alive but whom I fear are dead." Theresa Wright and funnyman Jack Benny watch.

All the hope, the heartbreak, the glitter and sparkle of a fabulous community center on a cheap, rather ridiculous-looking gold leaf figure that wouldn't bring five dollars in the most sanguine Gift Shoppe. Out of affection and respect, people in the motion picture business call this figure Oscar. The coating of gilt that makes Oscar shine for a while is thin, and the expression on Oscar's face is cryptic, to say the least. (Of course, before the war, Oscar was actually of gold and will be again, once peace is restored.)

But it isn't Oscar himself who counts. It is what Oscar symbolizes. Once a year Hollywood's house
By CONSTANCE PALMER

All pictures by Movieland Photographer Bill Dudas

How It Feels to Win an ACADEMY AWARD

divided unites to do honor to its chosen great. Stars and property-men, producers and grips, extras and make-up men, secretaries, assistant directors, press-agents, script girls, cutters, character-women and directors have all said, with one mighty voice, that these two actors, these two actresses lead all others for one particular year.

For sixteen years, as a happy Hollywood bystander, I have wondered how it felt to be one of these gloriously chosen people. Thus this year, on the morning of March 3rd, to be exact, I journeyed forth to ask the distinguished four.

I chose to visit Jennifer Jones first. As you know, she won for her wonderful work in “The Song of Bernadette,” for which the producer, David O. Selznick, chose and groomed her. Jennifer, just in her twenties, sat tense and quivering beside Selznick in that packed theatre. On his other side sat Ingrid Bergman, another very strong contender. A few seats away were Jean Arthur, Greer Garson and Joan Fontaine, all contenders and all seasoned actresses of great motion picture experience.

When Jennifer heard “Casablanca” instead of “Bernadette” chosen as the (Continued on page 34)
Helmut Dantine must have told a new Nazi story to so horrify Constance Dowling. They were a twosome at the Academy Award.

ACADEMY AWARD
CONTINUED

With Paul Lukas is his charming Doisy of whom he speaks so tenderly in our Academy story.

Ginger Rogers was nominated for "Tender Comrade" and attended in this crepe and fringe creation with feathers draped on her head. Later at the Mocambo she dined with Mark Daniels.
Montgomery and Dinah Shore were able to go to jubilee together when George got unexpected furlough.

(Right) Frank Sinatra watched the Award presentation with his present leading lady, Gloria De Haven. That’s an Academy program he’s holding in his hand and it’s very super elegant.

(Below) Shirley Temple came to the fancy function with a handsome “date.” He’s Dare Harris and you can see that he takes those camera flashes like a real movieland veteran.

(Below) George Montgomery and Dinah Shore were able to go to jubilee together when George got unexpected furlough.

Mickey Rooney usually totes some sweet, tall thing; but to the Academy Award he took his mother, Mrs. Nell Pankey.

Jack Carson and his wife arrived in full fashion to congratulate the Award winners.
outstanding picture of the year, she began to relax a little. If the production she was in were not chosen, she couldn't believe she had much chance.

Then——

"For the outstanding performance by an actress in 1943——"

Greer Garson, the 1942 winner, tore open the sealed envelope just handed her and read, "Jennifer Jones!"

"It was like a dream," she told me. "I'd hoped, of course, and knew I had some chance. But I believed that Ingrid Bergman deserved it far more than I did. Why, she has taken parts not nearly as fine as Bernadette and has put so much into them that they became alive and vital and real!"

The day itself had been filled with simple domestic cares. Jennifer had just brought her two little boys home from a visit to her parents and had no nurse or maid to stay with them.

Besides, she wanted to be busy. She's been lonely since her separation from Bob Walker and the trip back home was a relief and a release. For a whole week she'd been just Phylis Isley again, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, being given luncheons and parties by the girls she'd gone to school with, showing off her babies and forgetting such things as prestige pictures, production schedules—and Oscars.

"On the way to the theatre," she said, "I suddenly remembered I'd forgotten to send on a chain-letter that had been in the mail when I got home. Well, I just knew then I was going to lose! But I touched the Lady of Lourdes medal I wear always and opened my purse and took out the Chinese paper money a boy I knew at school sent me for luck. After that I was sure again that everything would be all right. It just had to be, because the boy's a flier and had carried the money on all kinds of dangerous missions."

After the Academy there was a gala party at the Mocambo.

"The names of the winners were already printed in gold on the menus when we got there. It was wonderful!" she said happily. "Just everybody was there. I'd never been out before in Hollywood and I just couldn't look around enough. I was so afraid I'd miss someone or something. I just loved it!"

When it was all over, she went home to her two little boys, put Oscar under her pillow and fell into a dreamless sleep.

All this, as you can see, is a "young" reaction, but Paul Lukas' was romantic.

Paul Lukas got the Award as best actor for his performance in Warners' "Watch on the Rhine." When he was called to New York to do the part on the stage, the breaks had been decidedly against him in Hollywood. But to call his position now a "come-back" is a mistake, for he was just as good five or seven years ago when no one would give him a chance.

"I wanted to win so much that it is almost impossible to express in words my hope that I would," he said. "When I was nominated, I told myself, "That, at least, is one step forward."

"Then I began to be afraid that some of those who voted might not like the subject of the play—that it might be distastefully politically. I did not sleep for three or four nights before the Award. I could eat nothing.

"To make it worse, I had had 'flu' for ten days before and went to the theatre that night ill and with a temperature. But I felt that I must go—particularly if I do not win. For then people might say I was a bad loser.

"So Daisy—my dear wife of seventeen short years—and I sat there, trying to look calm and, well not too concerned. It was like waiting in the ante-chamber of the room where they keep the electric chair.

"Because the honor of an 'Oscar' is a very real thing. It is not only the the bread-and-butter the actor eats, but the very oxygen he breathes. Professors are given awards for outstanding achievements in education; surgeons for achievements in medicine. The Academy's citation can mean just as much to the actor.

"In spite of all my hopes, though, I was taken aback when my name was called. (Continued on page 64)
Walter Pidgeon makes a social call on Greer Garson at the Academy. Greer was nominated for best actress. Two gallant losers, certainly.

One of the handsomest couples in all Hollywood—Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne. When they arrived at the Academy Award cameras clicked like crazy.

Jack Benny was m.c. for the presentation and was photographed out front with Mary Livingston, Dot Lamour and Captain William Ross Howard III.
Greer Garson’s urge is toward poetry, written by Miss G. herself in impulsive, inspired moments.

The trouble with you is that you expend too much energy on people who don’t really interest you, who can’t actually mean anything to you! You scatter your interest and your energy all over the place and it’s wasted. If you would learn to direct it and concentrate it, you could accomplish so much!”

“Listen to Dr. Sothern! She always knows what’s wrong with you and she knows the answer. I must say she’s usually right, too. She’ll prescribe for a broken heart or an infected sinus. She knows what to do about a bad case of sniffles and she knows a lot about a bad case of disappointment. She can nearly always help.”

The foregoing, as you may have gathered, was a conversation during which Ann Sothern had been advising a friend about a current problem. The comment, from a bystander who is fond of Ann, speaks for itself. It’s true.

Ann has one of the broadest maternal streaks in
Joan Crawford, herself a shining example of self-improvement, is forever "improving" her friends.

EXPRESSED DESIRES

Nothing suppressed about movie stars. When they're not acting they express themselves in a dozen different and goofy ways.

Hollywood and it expresses itself by Ann's prescribing for anything which seems to ail anyone whom she likes. It isn't an academic reaction, either. She means it. And her offers of assistance are practical, genuinely friendly and earthy.

When a friend announced that he was going to the hospital for a minor operation on his throat, she inquired instantly, "Shall I go with you? I know it's easier, sometimes, to have someone who isn't family. Families make such an ado. I could go along and stay until you came out of the anaesthetic. I'd be a sort of familiar face. And then if you wanted any errands done, or any messages sent, I could attend to them."

Anyone in trouble or anyone with a worry is interesting to Ann. She diagnoses them and tries sincerely and oftentimes successfully to help. "She's missed her vocation," someone said of her. "If she hadn't gotten into pictures, she'd probably be a one-woman, all-purpose clinic by now. And she'd be good at it!

Nearly every successful person has a hidden talent or a suppressed one or a yearning (sometimes a shame-faced one) to be doing something entirely different from the thing at which he has succeeded. Some of these are funny and some of them are wistful; some are useful or amusing, or just plain incongruous. A good psychoanalyst could tell you what these things mean. I can't. But I can tell you about some of them.

Take Barbara Stanwyck. Barbara is convinced that she can, by now, qualify as a fairly expert dance instructor on all the latest steps. This is a surprise to Barbara herself. It came about because Bob Taylor didn't like to dance very well. Not only that, but he was sure that he wasn't good at it. Barbara said that was nonsense. He had a sense of rhythm and he'd be fine at it, if he would only try.

Came the evening, not very long before Bob went into the service, when Barbara felt that she must have a little dancing in her life. Bob demurred and stalled.
Screen tough guy, Lloyd Nolan, is on off-screen collector of such dainty things as milk class.

There is a Hollywood group who yearn to write. Another group yearns to sing. Jim Brown yodels.

and finally, with what he thought was great good humor, and not meaning a word of it, suggested, "Why don't you call Central Casting and get a partner?"

Barbara rejoined, "A swell idea!" And she did just that.

Presently a nice looking, but slightly bemused, young man was on the Taylor doorstep and the next thing he knew, he and Barbara were prancing and twirling like crazy to victrola music in the living room, while Bob applauded—a mite wistfully.

That didn't last long, though. (Barbara isn't dumb.) Next thing Bob was being shown some steps, and pretty soon he was doing the twirling—while the professional young man applauded. (The latter was still bemused. Can you imagine being paid to spend an evening dancing with Barbara, in her own house?)

Anyhow, Barbara took up the lessons from there, and in no time people were noticing Bob's improvement and eager souls were enticing Barbara into quiet corners at parties to get her to show them "just that very difficult little twist . . . the one Bob does so well."

"I flatter myself," says Bob's wife, "that I'm pretty hot stuff when I make with the dancing instruction. If pictures ever let me down, I'll know what I can do."

Claudette Colbert would have been an important executive, if she hadn't been a fine actress and (on second thought) if she hadn't been so beautiful. She

THEIR EXPRESSED DESIRES CONTINUED
"manages" naturally, and gracefully. If it's a dinner party and the group is going on to a theater afterward, it's Claudette who says briskly, "I think it's time to get our coats now. Let's see. We'll take two cars, and if one leaves five minutes before the other, the first one can unload and reserve parking space for the second. That will save time later, because they'll be parked together. And if some of us want to go dancing and the others don't, we shan't be cluttered up with trying to get part of us home and part to a nightclub." And so on. No one could possibly arrange it more neatly than Claudette. And certainly no one around her is going to try.

She always manages to make everyone feel that the evening has been an especially smooth one, and your being in the party has produced this delightful effect. You're never aware, unless you concentrate, that she has been running things. They just seem to develop. It's a valuable knack.

Joan Crawford diagnoses you, too. But only if she knows you very well and is really fond of you. You can assume that you have really been taken to the Crawford heart if Joan leans back, slants her eyes at you and remarks, thoughtfully, "Y'know, I think that if the lapels on that coat were an inch wider they would really do something for you!" Or, "If your hairline were a little bit higher and your lips emphasized with a color—just a shade lighter—you'd bring out those wonderful cheekbones of yours. Why don't you try it?"

But just give one of those boys or girls his head where his pet and latent talent is concerned, and see what happens to you! When the Jack Carsons bought a new house, Mrs. C. asked Jane Wyman for a little advice about buying things for it, because she thought Jane had done such a grand job with her own. So Jane offered to go up to the Carsons'. And she did, too—although they were explaining a little wildly that they hadn't really bought anything yet, just a chair here and a stool there. "When I got home later," Jack relates, "Jane had moved every stick of our sparse furniture. She had put everything where it hadn't been before. And darned if it didn't look better. Even the room that had just two chairs and a coffee table. She'd grouped 'em or something! Jane can make furniture say 'Uncle!'"

A lot of actors seem to have ideas, some of them good, about interior decorating. A few are real collectors and know their stuff. Experts will tell you, for instance, that Loretta Young has a real eye for good furniture and a way with her when it comes to arranging it. But Loretta tells this on herself.

Her mother gave her a particularly valuable French Provincial book case. Loretta (Continued on page 81)
The delightful story of Charles Coburn who won the 1943 Academy Award for his supporting role in "The More the Merrier."

Master Charles Coburn, tintyped at the solemn age of seventeen. Note that neckwear department!

The old Savannah Theater, where Coburn started as a messenger boy and ended up as boy manager. (Some kid, eh Charlie?)

Not a glamour boy, but perhaps the finest example of how to succeed when you're not! His latest picture, "My Kingdom for a Cook."
RECENTLY, in that epic of bedlam-and-bath titled "The More The Merrier," Mr. Charles Coburn brashly gave out with a statement that could be used to start a debate that would range all the way from Catherine the Great to Eleanor Roosevelt.

"Young lady," said Mr. Coburn to Jean Arthur, "it has been my experience that there are two kinds of people. Those who don't do what they want to do—so they write down in a diary what they haven't done. And those who haven't time to write about doing things, because they're out doing them."

Let that statement stand unchallenged as an introductory note to the story of Charles Coburn himself. In all his crowded life, Mr. Coburn has never kept a diary. He has always done things. The thing he is busiest doing at this moment is revising the movie makers' idea of box-office.

Box-office up till now has been largely a matter of heart-throbs like the hard hitting Gable, Taylor and Ladd; heart-stimulants like Hayworth, Grable and Lana Turner; or even heart-aches like Spencer Tracy and Bette Davis. All of these, you will note, have been reasonably young and photogenic.

Not until the deluge of fan mail that followed "The More The Merrier" did anyone realize something new had been added to this "heart" business. Not a twitch, not a tingle, not a thump—but a Dingle! Most amazing, this new kind of a tremor had nothing to do with glamour or sex, but was the special property of Mr. Coburn who, you will agree, would never be picked as a pin-up boy by either the WACS or the WAVES.

"Dingle," you may remember, started out to be a character in "The More The Merrier," but became instead a sort of rascally charm pervading the whole picture. "Dingle," naturally, was impersonated by our hero, Mr. Coburn, himself.

In essence, the "Dingle" is a kind of inner laughter which wraps itself around the affections of women both young and old, and causes them to characterize Mr. Coburn as "cute." In practice, it is probably the most comfortable attribute owned by any actor on the screen. Its possessor can let his waist line roam where it may

IS REALLY A Character

BY DOROTHY DEERE

A bicycle built for one, and here's Coburn at 20 years, riding as a professional racer. He rode with "Monarch" teammates, matched against the champions of the period.

Ivah Wills with Coburn in a scene from "As You Like It." They were married soon afterward, and their friends nicknamed them Rosalind and Orlando. Theirs was an ideal marriage. (Mrs. Coburn died in 1937.)
and let his most arduous muscular feat be that of keeping his monocle in place. Consider the glamour boys who, behind closed doors, clandestinely glue their hair pieces on. Then consider the peace of Mr. Coburn, who during the making of a recent picture, happily walked the lots with his thinning tresses curled by bobby pins and held in place by a pale blue snood!

Charles Coburn and "Mr. Dingle" were fated to meet and merge ever since the beginning of his career. He has been rehearsing for the role, you might say, since the age of 13, when he pushed his way into professional life in the same opportunist manner employed by Dingle to enter the apartment of Jean Arthur in "The More, the Merrier."

Destiny, says Mr. Coburn, got him his first job. It happened in Savannah, Georgia, where surprisingly this English mannered actor was born. He tells it thus:

"One matinee afternoon I arrived a little tardy at the Savannah Theater, prepared to buy a ticket to the gallery. A large crowd was massed solidly against the theater door, which was constructed to open outwardly and which, at the moment I arrived, was being shaken from within. Someone inside the theater was making mighty efforts to open the door, a few inches at least.

"I wormed my way as near the front of the crowd as possible. Finally the door opened, just enough to let a man's head appear through the opening. He looked at me—I looked at him—and our souls clicked.

"'Young man,' he called, 'do you know where Robinson's Printing Shop is?'

"'Yes, sir!' I answered, most eagerly.

"'Then run down there and get the programs for the performance. Hurry, we are waiting!'

Mr. Coburn contends the sidewalks of Savannah still bear a slight scorched mark along the route his feet travelled to get those programs that day. He distributed them when he came back, and for that saw the show free. From that day on he practically glued himself to the theater, and soon graduated to the position of an usher and the conviction that the place couldn't run without him.

He was evidently right, for at the age of seventeen, Charles took over the management and was publicized as the youngest house manager in the United States. This eminence, naturally, convinced him that he was an authority on things histrionic. As a mere tot he had been taken by his mother to see such "greats" as Joseph Jefferson, Richard Mansfield, E. H. Sothern, Otis Skinner and Minnie Maddern, who afterwards became Mrs. Fiske.

"As long as I could remember I had thought of the theater as the royal court, the palace, the home of grace and beauty and chivalry, the field of heroism—peopled by kings, queens, courtiers, knights—with romance and human character exhibited at its noblest and most majestic. Now, in my capacity as manager of one of the most important houses on (Continued on page 87)
EYELASH DARKENER

To keep lashes and brows bewitchingly dark and alluring... even after swimming, crying or perspiring, use "Dark-Eyes". This indelible darkener never runs, smarts or smudges. One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks... thus ending daily eye make-up bother. CAUTION: Use only as directed on the label. Try it! Get a package of "Dark-Eyes" today!

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2110 W. Madison St., Chicago 12, Ill
I enclose $1.10 (tax included) for regular size package of "Dark-Eyes", and directions.

Check shades: □ Black  □ Brown

Name: ........................................
Address ...................................
Town .................................... State ...............
After all the mystifying setbacks of 1943, you have realized that impatience and mistrust breed only confusion and unhappiness. People born under this sign are over-sensitive where friends, and relatives and their affections are concerned. But the past year should have brought you understanding of your own strength and importance to them. With this power of influence over others you are important to the world. Guard this power. With it you should be well on the way to finding, at last, a definite goal.

The passing of Saturn, Uranus and Mars through your natal Sun sign have helped you to grow up, even though it has been the hard way. Life cannot be all fun, and one must have a deeper motive than curiosity to understand it and get the most out of the adventure of daily living.

For Gemini people security seems to lie close to home in 1944, and home can never provide irksome duties unless you allow those duties to irk you. You may be able to do exactly the things you desire this year. Remember sacrifice of freedom is sometimes necessary, for that freedom may be for your own growth. After July, responsibilities will be much easier, and property troubles or confusing issues should clear up.

The path of romance is not clear as you demand only the best. Gemini people are not practical in affairs of the heart. For their own happiness it would be wiser if they were a bit more so.
Lady Korda graphically describes one wonderful way to help heal our wounded boys brought back from the front lines of war.

I found courage in a hospital ward, and I found a war work that every woman can do. It takes no money to do this work, no beauty, no talent. All it takes is time and a generous heart. It is because I hope I can persuade every woman to do this work, for whatever number of hours per week she can spare, that I am writing this article.

It wasn’t my own courage that I found in a hospital ward, for I had none.

It was their courage—row on row of them, lying quiet and patient and still alive. Boys from Pearl Harbor; boys from Guadalcanal; boys from the Hornet and some from Attu and North Africa and Sicily and Italy.

What I did was such a simple thing. It appeared to be so easy when it first occurred to me and was so quickly arranged. I only wanted to walk around the wards where the wounded were and talk with the boys a little while. When I called the Victory Committee for permission, they said it would be quite all right and set a day and time when I was not working at the studio.

It was only when this hospital visit was all arranged that I began to have doubts. What did I have to offer those boys? I had no patter of jokes, no little songs to sing that would make them laugh and forget for a moment the burden of what had happened to them.

I actually had nothing planned. My only thought was to stop beside a boy’s bed and talk with him.

When the hour of my first visit came and I stood in the doorway of the ward, I was in a state of panic such as I have never known before or since.

There, looking at me across the room, was a pair of eyes that symbolized the spirit of the whole place—eyes so alive, so glowing, so eager that my heart caught in my throat and I had to turn away for a moment to find strength to go on. For the eyes were the only part of that suffering boy not bandaged.

A nurse whispered how very ill he was—that it was almost impossible to graft skin on the completely burned surface of his body. Yet there he was, so very brave. He had every reason to have abandoned hope and bravery, but his courage surged up and flowed into my heart in such a mighty flood that I felt at once humble and proud.

I just started to talk about whatever came into my head. I was shy, really, and those boys were shy. I was pitiful, but I saw at once that pity wasn’t what they wanted. They just wanted to talk—about anything.

So talk we did. They read a lot, and so intelligently. They are extremely well-informed. They follow politics with the greatest interest and (Continued on page...
HE men go hatless, but the ladies of Hollywood are definitely hat-happy. Their humor goes to their heads, and nothing picks a glamour girl up more than a perky brim, shielding one eye.

Hollywood abounds with hat shops and private hat designers, but the place to go for an alluring lid is still John-Frederics in Beverly Hills. Every smart girl in town turns up there eventually, and many of them haunt the place a good three days a week.

The five greatest hat buyers in movieland are Joan Crawford, Irene Manning, Claudette Colbert, Loretta Young and Ginger Rogers, about in that order, with Roz Russell a hot sixth.

Crawford goes in for high colors and big brims. The government is cutting in on her a bit, with its restrictions against extra-large size headgear, but nothing can stop Joan from adding veils, scarfs dotted with jet and sequins, and bits of lace and nonsense scattered here and there. With her terrific dramatic flair, she gets beautifully away with it all. The glamorous Crawford also has oodles of tricky hair ornaments, flowers...
and Hats

and many varieties of head draperies for evening wear.

Colbert, the conservative but ultra-chic, accents her head wardrobe with small hats which do not interfere with her hair style. She also likes intricate small hair do-dads. Claudette probably spends more on hats and gets less for her money than any star in Hollywood. That's because she wears only tiny chapeaux for the very short time they are super-fashionable. She is perfectly capable of whipping up her own small toppers, and often does.

Irene Manning couldn’t tell you to save her why hats are a matter of necessity to her, but if she's to be happy she has to have beautiful headwear. Like Crawford, she prefers large hats, the bigger the more alluring, but she buys all types, and adores them all.

Loretta Young buys pretty hats with a touch of flattering color or veiling, but artful in their simplicity. No one need tell Loretta what is becoming to her. She knows to the tiniest detail.

Ginger Rogers is a passionate hat lover. She has a yen for tricky designs and all sorts of trims. She won't wear a hat that doesn't stay firmly on under all circumstances. When she tries on a hat, she dances around in it. If it sticks despite the wildest waltz or rhumba, the hat is hers. Ginger like brilliant colors and because she's pretty much of a tailored person off screen, she chooses many tailored hats. She's seldom the first girl out with the latest fashion, for she wears her new hats late in each season. She dotes on being jaunty in a light colored straw in mid-winter. She's absolutely insane on the subject of snoods and wears them so deep that they dangle to the middle of her back, and the pet Hollywood crack is that she must fill them with old fan mail since no one since the Seven Sutherland Sisters has had hair enough to fill such snoods.

GREER GARSON is a pushover for greens, chartreuse and "shocking" shades, but Olivia deHavilland chooses a great deal of pink, and like Ann Sothern, specializes in "pretty" styles. Ann, in private life as in her Maisie pictures, is a wow in off-the-face types. Ann has scores of hats in different colors, but all are designed to reveal her rounded features and smooth brow. Norma Shearer, once she finds a hat that does something for her, has twelve or fifteen of the same model whipped up in as many colors. Her opposite is Maria Montez. Maria simply dotes on fussy and fancy fashions with plenty of color and an abundance of feathers.

When Marlene Dietrich shops these days she has a practical plan in mind. Her hats usually fits close to the head, but are tricky and eye catching. She wears her fanciest bonnets when she's going to army camps, for no matter how much fun they make of women's fashions, the boys love hats with allure.

Lana Turner, who makes up her mind quickly, has a hat enthusiast for a husband. Steve Crane buys surprise hats for Lana. This spring Lana is topping her costumes with a red creation made like a Valentine. It was built like a heart, being her Valentine gift from Steve.

Ray Milland is mad about hats, and the saucer the better. He buys them, all unassisted, for his beautiful wife Mal, who fortunately thinks they're just as swell as Ray does.

A little bird's nest concoction has been gracing the head of Judy Garland this season, and it's all in blue with pastel accents in bird feathers. Judy always goes for feathers.

Irene, that fashion genius at MGM, is rabid on the subject of hats. She says, "You might as well go without a skirt as go without a hat. You are equally as undressed either way." She agrees with most of the smart girls in Hollywood that a hat finishes a costume, and she wouldn't venture to the corner for a sarsaparilla without headgear. Edith Head, Paramount's pride and joy in the fashion department, is equally enthusiastic about hats, and she can't resist buying them. She feels they are an important part of her wardrobe. But Edith never wears all the hats she buys. She carries them. Oh yes, she carries the right ones to match her suit or complement her dress ... but she doesn't put them on. They complete her costume all right, but clutched in her very active fingers.

Bette Davis, though, doesn't even make that pretense. She hates hats. That's all there is to it. She won't wear them off screen, and that's that.
Jinx Falkenburg
THE DRAMA BEHIND

RANDOLPH SCOTT'S Marriage

W e were just getting ready to fold up and leave for the day when the tip came in that Randolph Scott was being married in Riverside, Calif., to "Pat" Stillman.

If we hurried the call through, we might be able to reach the bride and groom for a statement before they left the office of Judge R. A. Moore.

The Best Secretary I Know, and I, took off our hats and coats, picked up a telephone apiece and started what usually turns out to be a timeless job. Trying to get hold of movie actors who have just married is like trying to get a statement out of a mirage.

The "happy couple" have usually just left—or have not yet arrived—or won't talk even if they happen to be on hand.

The call went through to Riverside—to Judge Moore's office, and you could have knocked me over with anything handy when Randy got on the phone when asked for.

"Congratulations, Randy," I said, after giving my name.

"Thanks," said Randy in a drawl. He's played so many Westerns and cowboy parts he sounds like one even though he is far from being the genuine article. Randy? He's a So'then gentleman, from Virginia, ma'am—and one of the best families.

After a few pleasantries were exchanged I asked:

"What's the bride wearing, Randy?"

"Wearing? Oh!" A slight pause, as though, man fashion, he had turned around to take a look.

"Sort of a suit," he described helplessly. "I guess."

"What color?"

Another pause. Another look. Then, "Beige—I guess. Pretty, though."

"Are you happy, Randy?"

"Happy?" he laughed. "There's a question I can really answer. I was never happier in my life!"

There could be no doubt about that. You had only to hear his voice to know that. (Continued on page 84)

JINX—She is the most decorative member of the famous Falkenburg family of tennis terrors. Her real name is Eugenia but no one has ever called her that yet. She was born in Barcelona, Spain, speaks Spanish like a native, but grew up in and around Los Angeles. Under contract to Columbia, she is still to find the role that does full justice to her talents. Her latest is "Cover Girl."

In the romance of one of Hollywood's most social actors and the beautiful San Francisco heiress there lies an amazing story

BY MARSHA DENTON
If you were Shirley Temple
EXPLAINING WHAT IT'S LIKE
TO BE SWEET SIXTEEN, AN
EX-CHILD STAR—AND A
BEAUTIFULLY BUDDING
DRAMATIC ACTRESS
BY JANE REID

If you were Shirley Temple, you wouldn't think it a bit remarkable. It wouldn't seem strange, or even worthy of note, that you had been a movie star for eleven full years.

But that's natural. You got used to being a star just about the time most little girls were getting used to bands on their teeth. And you took it just as calmly.

If you were Shirley Temple, today, you'd be glad you had your sixteenth birthday in April but you really wouldn't be able to see why there was all the fuss about it. After all, you would think quietly to yourself, everyone has to be sixteen some time or another.

And you'd remember back, not even ruefully now, because you're the kind of a girl who takes life pretty much as it comes, to the time you found you had lost a whole year. That was your—you had supposed—12th birthday. Only Moms had waked you early with the news that it was really your 13th birthday because the studio had held out on you eight years before, and sworn your mother to secrecy. But she, being the sort of an understanding mother she is, knew that getting into the 'teens is a Moment in a girl's life—and she told the truth to give you the Moment you deserved.

So no other birthday will ever seem important again, except maybe your thirtieth—as that's a landmark in every woman's life!

If you were Shirley Temple, you'd be proud every time you overhear people say, "What a wonderful woman and mother Mrs. Temple must be—to have raised Shirley not to be a prime movie-brat!" And you might wonder a little what being a brat would be like—and if it would be any fun.
But you wouldn't be conceited because people ask for your autograph, and stare at you and whisper, "Why, there's Shirley Temple", because they've been doing that ever since you can remember. And if you never knew any other reactions, how could such behavior seem anything but normal, anyway?

But if you were Shirley Temple, you'd feel a little sorry for your escorts, especially the ones who never faced a flash bulb at a big premiere. You wouldn't even blink any more when they snapped cameras and burst lights in front of you, but you would feel for the boy with you as he squirmed and looked away.

And you'd laugh at him, and tell him not to mind, not bothering to explain that you had worked out a philosophy which included the flash bulbs. They are all a part of the game, the working game of being a Hollywood character and an actress, and the minute they stop flashing, and people stop asking for autographs, then the actress is slipping. And better think of a new career.

But you have that all worked out, too, in that sharp little mind of yours. If the public doesn't like you in this last picture of yours—when you play Claudette Colbert's daughter, the screen sister of Jennifer Jones, and the child of a father who has gone off to war, in "Since You Went Away"—then you will go on to college with the rest of your class at Westlake.

But you really hope the public does like you. You like acting. You like taking direction, and working out a character, and playing it on the screen. So, you've got your fingers crossed—but you're not frightened of the future.

In fact, you've never been frightened of anything—even bugs. Moms laughs when anyone asks if Shirley was ever scared of anything. You just never were—and you think maybe you've had a lot of luck.

If you were Shirley Temple, you'd live in a biggish, sprawling French Provincial stone house in Brentwood, where you had lived for some years. And you'd love the smell of acacia in the springtime, and the cut-grass scents, and the look of the wild garden—planned to look unplanned.

It would seem quite natural to you to know that there was a whole room full of dolls downstairs. And that two wardrobes held every costume you ever wore in a picture. Where other little girls kept a couple of tattered dolls, you have several thousand, all because the fans showered them on you. And, where the mothers of other little girls treasured a single baby shoe and had it cast in metal, your mother kept whole wardrobes—because she liked to be able to remember all the pictures you made—and how cute you were.

But you never go down there and look at the dolls—there are too many other things to do, too many things to think about. And, anyway, you're not a backward-glancing girl.

If you were Shirley Temple, your best friend would be your stand-in, the same one you had the year after you started in pictures, Mary Lou Isib. And you'd go off into gales of giggles with her that grown-ups could never understand. But you know and Mary Lou knows, and who cares about the others?

And you'd have some pretty definite ideas about love.
and marriage, if you were Shirley Temple. Like the annoyance you feel when any of the columns come forth with little notes, usually wrong, about whom you are dating and who's calling you long distance. You feel that you ought to have some privacy, and you'd be a little embarrassed for the boys, and worry what their mothers think, and feel perhaps that being in the public eye was just a little bit of a disadvantage—for you as a girl with dates!

And so, because you'd never say that out loud, you would just announce when faced with that old love-question (which seems the first one to pop up in interviews now that you are sixteen) that you expected to be twenty before you thought of marriage. Yes, and when you did get married, you intended to have children—several of them. And would you stop making pictures—well, that would depend on your husband's notions and yours, when the time comes.

If you were Shirley Temple, you would be interested in clothes, but you would dress very simply. You would like formals and the feel of long skirts swishing around your ankles, but you would agree with the rest of your friends that formals are not patriotic with a war on, so you would wear the ones you owned before the war. You would, because you would be a Junior at Westlake, wear a white cotton uniform at school and a blue cardigan over it on your way back and forth to school.

(And most of this year you would have had all your lessons on the set at the studio where you were making "Since You Went Away" because you were in practically every scene of the picture from the time it began in September to mid-February. And your teacher would have been the same one you used to have as a little, little girl! And your marks would be good—an average of B plus.)

You would wear very little jewelry, except lapel ornaments and that gold ring, with the sapphire and the tiny heart tags on it—about which you are very mysterious.

You would know how to do your own hair, set it yourself, and you would experiment with it in new styles, drying with your own, most professional dryer. You would wear very light lipstick, and not much of it, and pale, colorless polish on your fingernails.

If you were Shirley Temple, you would spend most of your time at home in your own small den beside your bedroom. And there is the desk where you do your homework, with the radio blasting away. All the older people have been yapping at you for years to find out how you study with that racket going on—but you do, and so do all your contemporaries, and all you can think is the older generation missed out by not getting used to radios early.

And in the desk drawer would be a store of chewing gum, which you hoarded a little because you have a sweet tooth and try to curb it where candy is concerned. It's the gum your brother Jack brought you from the PX, where he is stationed, as a Sergeant in the Army Air Corps. Your brother George is the one who enlisted in the Marine Corps before the war and was in Pearl Harbor when the Japs attacked (you don't like to remember that unhappy time until you heard he was safe) and now he's stationed in the Mojave desert.

In your den, too, are all the books that bring forth so many comments from visitors. They don't believe you read them all, but you do—the serious war books and the light, kid stuff too.

If you were Shirley Temple, you would have just experienced a disappointment. Your brother Jack eloped (with family permission) and that did you out of a chance to be in a wedding. Then, the other day, you were invited to your first wedding. It was Kim Hunter's and you were very excited. But the two mothers did not cry—and somehow that seemed very sad to you. And so you cried for them—just a little, one solitary tear creeping out between your lashes. And your boss, David O. Selznick, who was sitting in front of you, turned around and patted you—and you felt a little silly.

And there was no champagne. You weren't sure if you would have been offered a glass, had there been any—but the chocolate ice cream soda seemed an anti-climax. Anyone knows there should be champagne at weddings!

If you were Shirley Temple, you'd be very popular on sets and at school, and even at home. You wouldn't have any of that dreaded "temperament." And your own friends would know that you are very polite indeed when you don't like someone and that the ones you like, you tease unmercifully. It's a mark of favoritism with you when that almost rapier wit is turned toward anyone nearby. But that poise of yours never seems to be shakeable and you've answered so many questions in your much-interviewed past that there isn't a question today that you can't answer or parry with the skill of anyone many, many years your senior.

If you were Shirley Temple, you'd be very feminine. You'd never waste a moment interest in fashion. You'd never waste a moment. You'd fill idle time with needlework or cooking. You'd be a very feminine, and you'd take a big interest in fashion. You'd never waste a moment. You'd fill idle time with needlework or cooking.

The END
ACCOMPLISHING a humanized biography on the screen is no small trick in movie-making. The Warners are experienced in bringing to film life such men of exciting scientific achievements as Pasteur and Dr. Ehrlich. It remained to be seen whether as much could be done for a literary character like Samuel Langhorne Clemens, who wrote under the pen name of Mark Twain. The answer is an unforgettable picture which vividly demonstrates that another aspect of our great nation’s story can be told through imperishable records of the love, laughter and tears of humble folk.

Clemens’ life began in 1835 with the appearance of Halley’s Comet. In 1910 he died as the Comet again emblazoned the skies. During the years between, the wit and humor of Mark Twain brightened the earth for his fellow human beings. His creation of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn are traceable to his boyhood on the Mississippi. His “Celebrated Jumping Frog” was born of adventures in the gold rush.

Fredric March’s impersonation of Mark Twain is the finest performance of his brilliant career. As Olivia, the woman he loved for years before their meeting and marriage, Alexis Smith comes charmingly into her own as a topflight actress. The rest of the characters are incidental although they number important personages of the period. For warm, delightful entertainment, don’t miss this.

THE effect upon women who sacrificed their loved ones to the horror of today’s war is magnificently depicted in “The White Cliffs,” which was inspired by Alice Duer Miller’s eloquent poem of the same name. Inasmuch as the stirring emotional drama was produced by Sidney Franklin, who sponsored “Mrs. Miniver,” you will naturally compare the two. They are tastefully fashioned of the same valiant cloth and bound in the traditions that have brought England deserved respect and esteem.

Irene Dunne, in a most memorable portrayal, appears as an American girl who is courted and won by an Englishman. He is Sir John Ashwood and his young wife has difficulties in adapting herself to British customs. The year is 1914 and, shortly after their marriage, he goes away to give his life in World War I. His son grows up to follow in his father’s footsteps. The boy is a casualty of World War II. As he dies, his mother is left to pray for a “good peace—a peace that will stick—for God will never forgive us, neither in England nor in America, if we again break faith with our dead.”

The English-speaking races have never been closer than they are today, and pictures of this calibre will solidify that understanding. In support of Irene Dunne’s beautifully sensitive performance, Alan Marshal gives a splendid portrayal of Sir John. There are priceless characterizations by Roddy McDowall, Frank Morgan, C. Aubrey Smith and Dame May Whitty.
THIS is the inspired entertainment in which Bing Crosby departs from the crooner's road to undertake the role of a Roman Catholic priest. Bing draws a superbly honest character with rollicking good humor and heart warming fidelity. His intimates call this priest "Father Chuck" and he shows the true precepts of a religion he preaches by joyously living it. He is a choirmaster who teaches his boys to sing "Three Blind Mice" before they learn "Silent Night," a sympathetic curate who withholds the information that he has been sent to take charge of the parish and replace the lovable old Father Fitzgibbon.

Barry Fitzgerald is wonderful as Father Fitzgibbon, a gruff stubbornly aging gentleman to whom the modern methods of "Chuck" are a trial. But St. Dominic's is a heavily mortgaged church in a New York neighborhood that no longer supports it. And "Chuck" has been charged with lifting that mortgage. How he achieves the task comprises a story that is a sheer delight, presented with rare delicacy under the direction of Leo McCarey, who is also credited with the original idea. "Going My Way" is a picture you will have to see or you will miss out on many discussions of cherished memories of its exquisite merits.

Music is effortlessly introduced by making Bing an amateur song writer and bringing in Rise Stevens to enact a star of the Metropolitan Opera, who helps him sell his songs. The youths he teaches to sing are played by the Robert Mitchell Boy choir.

HEY, fellers, Injuns! Breathes there a man with youth so dead that he cannot remember the joys of playing cowboys and Indians. Today the boys of America are more taken with the exploits of Commandos and Marine Raiders. Yet the stories of the noble redmen offer thrilling chapters of Americana that will never be dimmed. And here in the saga of Buffalo Bill Cody, the most famous Indian fighter of history, is one of the very best of them all.

Naturally there is an air of excitement in any well-made tale of the Old West. This "Buffalo Bill" is a freehand portrait of the frontiersman in all of his strength and his weakness. At the start of the film, Cody is a scout at an Army post. He rescues the beautiful Louisa, daughter of a visiting senator, and after she traps him into an admission of love, they are married. Eastern "sportsmen" invade the West to shoot buffalo from passenger trains and bring about an Indian war. In a magnificent hand-to-hand battle at Hat Creek, the uprising is put down and Bill personally obtains the scalp of Yellow Hand, the Cheyenne chief. But his reputation is besmirched by the hunting powers he has offended, and much drama results.

Joel McCrea is swell as the picturesque Cody, Maureen O'Hara lovely as his wife, and Linda Darnell an interesting Indian girl. Also worthy are Thomas Mitchell as the fellow who wrote dime novels about Buffalo Bill, Edgar Buchanan as an old sergeant, and Anthony Quinn as the honorable antagonist, Yellow Hand.

AT long last here's a picture that will give the general public some idea of the vast Hollywood volunteer enterprises which constitute the story of "soldiers in greasepaint," naturally not all of the story, but as much as could be told by more than fifty stars of screen, stage, radio and nightclubs. "Follow the Boys" is almost documentary in showing the mobilizations of talent to entertain our armed services at home and abroad.

George Raft plays an ex-vaudevillian who marries a filmland dancing star portrayed by Vera Zorina. In his character, Raft becomes one of the most active members of the Hollywood Victory Committee.

That brings us to Jeanette MacDonald singing for wounded men in an Irish hospital, Dinah Shore broadcasting around the world on the Command Performance programs, Orson Welles and Marlene Dietrich making with magic in a tent show, and W. C. Fields doing his billiard-table routine. At USO camp appearances, near and far, the diversity of talent runs from Artur Rubenstein, the concert pianist, to The Andrews Sisters; from Sophie Tucker's "Some of These Days" to Carmen Amaya's Gypsy troupe. The specialty you see Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan performing happened exactly as it is filmed. Equally true is the reenactment of what Martha O'Driscoll did to entertain the boys on her recent trip to the Aleutians. You must see "Follow the Boys" for your own morale, and for sheer fun.
CONVERSATION PIECE
Dear Miss Granville:
I am a girl who will soon be eighteen and people say I am pretty, but I am shy and suffer from an inferiority complex. Especially with boys. I have had very few dates and each one was awful for me to go through. Somehow I don't seem to be able to talk and can't find things to talk about.

My education is average, and I know conventional subjects to talk about, but they never seem to fit into what the others are talking about.

I want to have a good time, but somehow I don't seem to fit, and I don't want to miss the "teen age" fun. It seems I will if something isn't done about me soon.

Can you help me?

Sincerely,
Madeleine

Dear Madeleine:
I well remember when I felt just like you do, and sometimes even now that same old feeling still happens to me.

I am eternally grateful for the advice given me by my mother on this subject. It has worked out beautifully and which I hope will help you too.

Mother carefully explained to me that an "inferiority complex" was the sign of a selfish and lazy person. She said that to meet people and to have them like you meant you must make a tremendous effort to please them. She told me how to be a good listener. This isn't easy, for you must be able to listen intelligently and to be able to ask the right questions. To be able to ask the right questions means you must be well informed on the subject under discussion.

I know a "date" is a very important thing to every girl. However, remember when you go on a date that you are going for mutual fun and your pleasant reaction to the happenings of the evening are your way of showing the young man you are happy in his company.

If you are natural in your reactions to things going on about you, you will have a good time and so will your companions. Try harder, be more natural, and if you don't know everything they are talking about, ask a few questions. Remember, everyone likes to be an authority. Work at being a friend and I am sure you will find your "inferiority complex" and shyness will vanish.

Cordially,
Bonita

FRIENDS TOO CAREFUL
Dear Bonita:
I am a girl suffering from infantile paralysis. The disease left me with one leg shorter than the other and my left arm is not as mobile as it used to be. I am luckier than most people who get this dread disease. I have taken good care of the leg problem with built-up shoes and no one notices my arm too much.

However, I do have a problem. It is one of pity. Everyone is especially careful around me not to call attention to my infirmities. It is very embarrassing for I would not notice them myself except that everyone is always making a special and noticeable effort not to notice them, which really does call attention to my trouble. Thus I find myself not wanting to go out and meet new people.

My family do everything to try to make things easier for me. Here, and I am perfectly capable of doing my share, but when I try, I suddenly find myself sitting down and being waited on. I don't want to hurt people's feelings for they are trying to help me, but they are more of a hindrance than a help.

What would you suggest that I do.

Sincerely,
Marie P.

Dear Marie:
Your attitude is to be admired and I am sure you can work out your problem yourself. If I can help you in this letter I shall be very happy and hope you will let me hear from you again.

I would talk frankly to my family about their desire to help you and explain your wishes more thoroughly.

Don't let them make a cripple of you.

Your fine spirit proves that you are not.

Another thing I would suggest is that you find some charitable work. Perhaps you could answer the phone at a USO or Red Cross, anything that will get you out of the house and meeting people who will help you be more independent.

I feel that your activity will give you the freedom from the hindering help of sympathetic people.

My kindest wishes to you.

Cordially,
Bonita

YOUR PROBLEM and
BY Tonita Jeanville

Here's happy Bonita—Bun to her chums—leaving Movieland's offices with her first pile of letters from you to her.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING
Dear Bun:
I am sixteen and have a problem to ask you about. I have been going out a lot for the last six months, and people are beginning to talk about me.

You see I neck with the boys. Nothing bad really—just kissing. I don't see any harm in it. It really doesn't mean anything and I can't see why people think it is so terrible. After all what is the harm of giving a boy a couple of kisses after you have been necking with him? I think you should show him that you had a good time and then he will ask you to go out again. My girl friend thinks I am a gull and her she is wrong. What do you think?

Yours truly.
Geraldine

Dear Geraldine:
I think there is no harm in kissing a fellow you like very much. However, I do think it is right to be choosy whom you kiss. Remember, you may like another fellow tomorrow, and another the next day, and your life will become a kissing bee unless you watch out.

I always believe that a man places a woman on a pedestal. It is the woman who climbs down, not the man who drags her down. Men are notorious creatures and like their women to be fine, pure and clean. It has been this way since the world began. Who are we to change it?

Goody-goody girls are dull, but a nice natural girl who is a good companion is what the boys really want. I am afraid if you go on kissing all the boys you know—finally you will lose the other girls out. Save your kisses for your nice future husband and learn meanwhile to be a companion.

Sincerely,
Bonita

LOVELY SKIN
Dear Bonita:
I am having skin trouble. Your skin on the screen and in your pictures in the magazines looks lovely and I thought you might have some beauty secret that keeps it that way.

My skin seems to break out all the time and I have blackheads that are very embarrassing and unsightly. I don't know what to do, for something is wrong. What do you think?

Don't let them make a cripple of you. Goody-goody girls are dull, but a nice natural girl who is a good companion is what the boys really want. I am afraid if you go on kissing all the boys you know—finally you will lose the other girls out. Save your kisses for your nice future husband and learn meanwhile to be a companion.

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Sincerely,
Bonita
If you are in your teens or early twenties you have problems, too. You may be a big one, involving love, sickness or marriage, war loneliness or even an injury. It may be a small one, one concerning make-up, or how to dress, or how to wear your hair. But certainly being young, you have a problem, because youth never has quite time enough to work everything satisfactorily, as some times ago does.

Whatever your problem, Bonita Granville is here, using the pages of Movieland to help you. Bonita, as you know, is a wise, attractive young thing, who faces many of your some problems and who solves them intellectually.

Address your problem to Miss Bonita Granville, Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

**FIRST INTERVIEW**

Dear Miss Granville:

I am graduating from high school this year. I'm a commercial student, and I am going to look for a job. With the shortage of good office help I am sure I can get a salary of thirty dollars a week instead of starting at the usual eighteen-fifty.

One thing that worries me though, is how to apply for a job. I just don't seem to be able to bring myself to even apply. There are so many dos and don'ts in the instructions our teacher gave us that I am scared.

Another thing, I am not as pretty as most of the girls and I am sure that I will have a handicap in that. What do you do when you go to interview for a job in pictures?

Sincerely,

Caroline H.

Dear Caroline:

The foremost thing you must remember is that you are looking for a job, a good one. Go objectively in your statements. Rather than say, "I type well, but my shorthand is only 100," simply tell him that.

"Your typing is excellent and your shorthand is 100" is far better than "I type well, but my shorthand is only 100." Only say what you mean. Be objective in your statements, and be objective in your statements, and be objective in your statements. You have a problem, because youth never has quite time enough to work everything satisfactorily, as some times ago does.

Your future employer is looking for someone who is objective, who can work quietly and efficiently.

Your future employer is looking for someone who has quite time enough to work everything satisfactorily, as some times ago does.

Address your problem to Miss Bonita Granville, Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

**Yours truly,**

Bonita

**WANTS TO HELP**

Dear Bonita:

My name is Ralph and I am ten years old. I wondered if you knew of anything that I and the boys in my gang could do this summer vacation to help the war effort. My mother says we can't go away on vacation this year but that we must stay home because of the war.

I thought you might know of something that little boys could do. We may be little in age but we are strong enough and big enough to do something that would help the war and keep us busy and maybe even earn some money.

Could you think of something we could do?

RALPH AND THE GANG

Hello Ralph:

You sound like the boy who lives down the street from us. He had your problem and this is how he solved it. He has been collecting paper for the scrap drive. He helps with his school collecting and then does work with the neighborhood group.

He told me the other day that he was working hard on his arithmetic so he could work in the grocery store this summer helping in the vegetable stand. He is doing various errands and does lots of things this summer that the older boys have done before.

Talk to your mother. Perhaps she will have some suggestions, or perhaps your daddy may be able to tell you what you should do. Discuss this with them; and I am sure they will be able to tell you what you can do.

My love to you,

Bonita

**BETTER LETTERS**

Dear Bonita:

This may seem strange to you but I want to know how to write a good letter. Most of my friends are overseas and I try to write to them all the time but I don't get answers from them. My girl friends get replies and I know it is because I don't know how to write a proper letter. I have read your answers in Movieland to the letters sent in to you and they seem to hit the point, so perhaps you could tell me what is wrong with my letter writing. Enclosed is a letter that I wrote to a boy overseas. What is wrong with it? I think my problem is one that many other girls have and maybe you can help us.

Thank you sincerely.

Mary R.

Dear Mary:

The trick on a good letter is to be interested in your subject. In a friendly letter you should write as you talk. If you talk well then your letter will be interesting.

Don't write letters unless you really feel the urge. Write with a sense of humor and with your mind on the things that will interest the person who is going to receive it.

It seems to me when you write to boys overseas, you should tell them what has been happening at home. Write the things that are cheerful and forget the sad or unpleasant things that are going on. Try to be breezy and interesting.

Your encased letter was a good one, but a bit stilted. The next time you write make believe you are talking. You'll find that a big help.

Write often. The boys overseas need the letters.

Yours truly,

Bonita

**ORDER BY MAIL FROM HOLLYWOOD**

Charming, diaphanous! Full, flaring skirt—tightly fitting waistband to give you the slenderest waist ever! Vivaciously trimmed with new, different scroll embroidery in white wool.

Lovely "Harvard Square" Gabardine, by Reliable, Sizes 10 to 16. $3.98, plus postage.

"Peanut" Blouses—Darling square neck and puffed sleeves trimmed with gay peasant embroidery! Lovely cotton poplin. White Only. Sizes 32 to 38. $2.98, plus postage.

If you are not completely satisfied, we will gladly refund your money.

**WHY YOU MIGHT KNOW OF ANYTHING THAT I AND THE BOYS IN MY GANG COULD DO THIS SUMMER VACATION TO HELP THE WAR EFFORT. MY MOTHER SAYS WE CAN'T GO AWAY ON VACATION THIS YEAR BUT THAT WE MUST STAY HOME BECAUSE OF THE WAR.**

**Betty Co-Ed of Hollywood**

Prompt Delivery

Buy with confidence from Hollywood's pioneer mail-order fashion house!
ASSORTED STYLE QUEENS

Joan Crawford tells this story on herself and I love it.
One of our most deluxe dressmakers is the very amusing
Howard Greer, who is also an honorable gent who doesn't like
to sell too many copies of his exclusive gowns to too many
rival queens.

Joan had bought his newest bare-midriff gown, a very
sophisticated number for a very sophisticated lady.
A week later, Howard called to say another star wanted
a copy of the gown and was it all right if he sold it.

Joan asked who was the star.
"Shirley Temple," said Howard.
Joan said go ahead, but she can't wait until she and Miss
Temple walk into the same room somewhere wearing that
same dress. She wants to watch the men's faces.

We've told you before that Sonny Tufts and his wife
lived in an auto court for months before they found a
house. But then came the problem of the telephone.
Sonny says he used to think that being a movie star
could work wonders with anything. But the Telephone
Episode changed his mind.
Mister Tufts asked the phone company to make an
installation. They were sorry, but no. Then he wheeled
him, then he coaxed, then he went to Buddy DeSylva,
Paramount head. Mr. DeSylva tried, and the telephone
company was still sorry, but no.

One day the Tufts had a carpenter doing some repair
work around the house, and Sonny mentioned his tele-
phone problem.
"I'll fix that, bud," said the carpenter. "Don't you
worry. I'll speak to my girl friend."
The next day the Tufts had a telephone.
The carpenters girl friend works for the telephone
company.

CATCHING UP ON CROSBY

The thing about Bing is that he doesn't tell everything
he knows. He wants to make a bond tour, but the powers
in Washington have too much on him for him to do right in
Hollywood. But what doesn't get into print are things like
these:
There are many, many times when Bing takes an unauthor-
ized trip to the hospitals. He just drops in and sings for
the wounded boys. More money goes from Bing's pocket for
charity than even Bing has counted. No cash paid for sacred
songs sung by Bing goes into the Crosby bank account. That
money goes to the church. And as for helping the other fel-
lovers—well, at one time when Sinatra was just another
singer, Frankie was singing at a radio station next door to
Paramount. He had a friend by the name of Crosby who
boosted Sinatra into the Paramount lot where Sinatra got
some jobs for awhile.

BLISSFUL WEEKS

Before George Montgomery was transferred to duty in
Texas, he and his lovely bride, Dinah Shore, spent three
blissful weeks hunting antiques for their new tiny house
they had purchased. Now Dinah is hanging the curtains
by herself. Her letters to George contain snapshots of the
progress of the house and his to her are filled with sug-
gestions as to things he would like. One thing she has
dutifully done. She has planted six rows of onions in the
victory garden. They are George's favorite food. Inci-
dentially, Dinah is a really superb cook.

Pounds Off Hips, Etc. Positively Safe, Easy

Science now shows that most fat people don't have to remain overweight any
longer. Except a comparatively few cases, every one of these thousands of
persons can now reduce quickly and safely—without unwarranted
exercise, discomfort or diets.

Something New & Quick

Are you one of these thousands, most of whom have tried to re-
duce by following food fads, menus, etc.—and failed? If you are, here's
something new, what modern science has discov-
red on reducing foods, drugs, and devices. Here's how you can re-
duce scientifically, with new health and attractiveness — and without
unnecessary exercise, dieting, massage, etc.

Simple Directions
Guaranteed Harmless

The "Complete Weight Reduc-
er," a wonderful new book,
has just published these mar-
vellous reducing revelations.
No matter how overweight you
may be from non-glandular dys-
function, these measures will
help slim you considerably in
a few short weeks. Just follow
the simple directions on gen-
eral reducing and spot reduc-
ing on abdomen, double chin,
lips, neck, blata, arms, legs,
etc.; at once and your reducible
pounds and inches of excess fat
will go down, down, down . . .
until you feel like a different
person, with new pep and self-esteem.

Send No Money—Examine It FREE

The COMPLETE WEIGHT REDUCER

Send me at once in plain package, for 5 days free
examination, the COMPLETE WEIGHT REDUCER.
I will be considered payment in full. enclosed $1.98 now. Same refund guar-
entee. I will return the deposit
upon 5 days of following its simple
instructions. I am not completely satisfied.

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secure in the knowledge that you have

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Every lovely coiffure deserves invisible Blend-Rite Bob Pins

Because supply is limited, you may not find Blend-Rites the first time you try. But they're worth asking for... worth waiting for.

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YOU CAN NOW HAVE STUNNING EYELASHES

Nothing gives you such a feeling of glamour as long, silky lashes and bright sparkling eyes. Longer eyelashes highlight your face. Make them more appealing by the new easy LASHGLO method. All you do is rub LASHGLO gently along the edges of the lids with the brush that comes with your kit. Do this until the lashes reach the desired luxuriance. FREE Instructions and treatise on eye beauty care with each order. 10 months' supply. Including Federal tax and postage, only $2 complete or $2.35 C.O.D. (Sorry, no samples.) If not delighted, money back. (No C.O.D. outside of U. S. & Canada)

AVALON LANE CO., Dept. B-44
220 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 7, N.Y.

NEWSPAPER

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

SPECIAL INGREDIENT

You’ve no doubt noticed that men in professional or private life who are killers with the ladies usually go over like a lead balloon with the men. There are exactly two gents in Hollywood who are exceptions. The first is Captain Clark Gable who, with all the ladies charmed to a frenzy, still gets an enthusiastic okay from all the men. The other notable is Cary Grant. On a set at RKO just recently, I watched the whole crew drop their work and give Cary the handshake. It's a special ingredient that can't be put into words. Gable and Grant have it.

Incidentally, when Gable had to visit Paramount the other day, in connection with the war films he is making, every girl in the place left her work. They lined up across the lot to see Vitamin G. Clark just grinned and saluted.

PURPLE HEART FOR HERO

There's a very handsome star that you saw up until four years ago as one of the top-notchers at Warner Bros., Craig Reynolds by name. Before we went into war he could see the war clouds forming and enlisted in the Marines to do his bit.

He had a lot of tough times. He was in the original landing on Guadalcanal. He worked his way up from the ranks, from Pfc. to First Lieutenant. Then he got too close to a bomb. Today he wears the Purple Heart, the good conduct stripes and two Presidential Citations.

Today, with his leg in a brace, he's been honorably discharged, and has just signed a seven-year contract with RKO.

While he was recuperating in Navy hospitals, he put his story down on paper—double spaced. A book titled "I Came Back" by Craig Reynolds is the result. Craig is now hoping to sell the picture rights to RKO and hopes to play the lead himself. Now that he is a civilian again, now that he has a new pretty wife (Barbara Pepper), now that there's enough food and rest and no fear of bombs bursting around him, he looks back on the days when he never expected to feel American life again, and says, "It's all like a dream. It's funny, but I can't believe this normal life is mine."
Spring had nothing to do with this love affair. It’s the happy Brian Donlevys. They have already progressed to a family.

Still more Hollywood love birds, those sophisticated Joan Crawford and Phil Terry. Note Crawford’s new hair-do. Isn’t it chic?

LETTERS TO HER HUSBAND

Ginger Rogers writes a diary which any magazine would give their eye teeth to get. It is assembled once a week and sent to her husband, Jack Briggs, in the South Pacific.

Ginger clips together lots of pages of V-mail and carries them in her purse, and whenever she has a moment she adds a sentence or two. Jack wrote her one week and said everything sounded very interesting and it was like a serial, and by the way, pages four and seven hadn’t arrived yet and he wondered what had happened to the people Ginger had been writing about.

Ginger is proudly showing a snapshot of Jack taken on duty. He is sprouting a mustache and looking very dapper. Ginger prefers him plain-shaven, but he threatens to come home with a full beard.

SMALL FRY FLURRY

The sub-deb darling of all Hollywood right now is Margaret O’Brien, out at M-G-M. With her “Lost Angel” knocking the box-office gay, young Margaret is getting the real star treatment.

The other day a very pretty girl came calling on her set. Margaret, like any other child about a studio, is accustomed to very pretty girls, so she barely glanced up at this particularly sweet one. Her director introduced them, Miss Sixteen-Year-Old to Miss Less-Than-Six.

“Margaret,” said Director Clarence Brown, “this is Shirley Temple.”

Margaret said how-do-you-do and that was that. She was too young to have heard of Shirley.

The following day, remembering the Temple episode, no one expected the small bombshell that hit the place when a pale, thin young man appeared.

Margaret rushed over to her mother. “Oh, why didn’t you tell me?” she demanded. “Here I am, with my old dress on, and Frank Sinatra comes calling!”

LETTER CATCHES UP

When players go overseas they are given an APO just like any member of the armed services. Traced through an APO number, Ray Milland caught up with John Wayne in New Caledonia. That same day Ray received a V-mail letter from Jimmy Cagney, somewhere in the European theater of war. Jimmy’s letter contained diagram for dance routine for Ray, which Jimmy hadn’t had time in Hollywood to map out for

GEE WHIZ DEPARTMENT

Deanna Durbin is becoming, or determined to become the town’s fashion plate. Recently at the Howard Greer dress opening, she ordered thirty-eight complete changes, then marched across the street to the Kenneth Hopkins hat show and ordered twenty-eight hats to go with them.
ACADEMY AWARDS
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

My wife has two brothers, one fighting, unfortunately, in the Hungarian Army, but the other with the United States in the South Pacific. So, as I stood up, she whispered, "Say hello to Joe."

"And when I made my speech, I felt I must thank Miss Helmam, who wrote the play, and Mr. Shumlin, the producer. It was a real opportunity of being in it. For, as you know, the play's the thing and good parts make good actors."

"Daisy and I stayed awhile at the Modern, which men went home and talked until four in the morning. We discussed our years together—all that had happened—and how far I had come from the little village in Hungary where I was born."

"We talked, too, about a place to put Oscar and decided, in the fullness of the moment, that the apartment would be just too good enough for him. We would want to build a fine house for him."

"Then, as this led into a discussion of how many bathrooms and how many bedrooms and how beautiful the rooms and how elaborate a play-room and how grand a swimming-pool he would need, Oscar gradually assumed the proportions of a monster, so we sensibly decided to put him up on the mantel in the modest and very comfortable place we are now."

So Charles Coburn went the greatly deserved Award for the best performance by an actor in a supporting role. (See page 40 for more details on Mr. Coburn.)

"I really was surprised," the jovial Charles said. "As a matter of fact, I didn't think too much about it beforehand. I was up for it another year, but a disappointment then, I was prepared to lose this time. That other time, though, my regret was much tempered by the fact that I lost the honor to that wonderful actor, who I think should have won the Award. Of course, as a running joke, I feel very much worse."

"So when Jack Benny called my name, I was startled. I had prepared no speech and must admit butterflies were fluttering around inside me on my way up to the stage."

"But I was saved by the jokes Jack made. I always knew he had a good sense of humor."

"As for my future, I feel very much worse."

Believe It Or Not, There's Something In It!

Have you tried all kinds of "charms"—which have been used for hundreds of years to prevent accidents, evil conditions, and disaster—and obstacles, protect against sickness, heartache, and misfortune, and attract good fortune. This so-called "brass ring" or "lucky coin" is inscribed with Ancient Mystic Symbols believed to have power over life, health, and wealth, and which were thought to bring happiness, love, success and power. Still only 75c. We make no claims of superhuman power. Complete with full information, only $.49 postpaid. Order now.

FREE on mantel in the modest and very comfortable place we are now.
Adrian. It is of the color of Pilar's
lovey! Of course.
s-o-o long—and so short. I kept
eentire day in the beauty parlor get-
tweel tell you the truth: I spent the
dress, but it is draped in the Greek
feature, eef, eef whispering my leetle speech—iust in
eat. I could not rest. The day was
of the Award? Should I tell you I
threeled—threeled to the very inside
of me! And why should I tell you a
beeg lie about what I did the day
Mrs. Cobum might have shared
their pictures taken together.
For Miss Paxinou is a refugee from
America again proves her
great heart and genuine fairness.
For Miss Paxinou is a refugee from
Greece and her portrayal of Pilar in
Twelve stunning shades to
match any color hair. Try it today!
match any color hair. Try it today!
look alive
Natural Hair Color
It enables you to achieve the particular effect
you desire—to enrich your natural hair color
or to give it a "warmer" or "cooler" tone
Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse frees your
hair of dingy soap film, gives it that glamorous
"look alive" look!
Not a bleach—not a permanent dye
Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse goes on and washes off as
easy as your facial make-up. And it's abso-
ately harmless! Twelve stunning shades to
match any color hair. Try it today!
Mr. Minotis, was even more upset than I all that
day. I would tell him to be calm. I
would say, 'Eef we get it' and he
would say, 'But we must get it.'
*tiny* with us, but engaged two seats in another
case, eef, eef
whispering my leetle speech—iust in
fed. I could not rest. The day was
of the Award? Should I tell you I
beeg lie about what I did the day
knees shaking so that even Adrian's
beautiful gown must have trembled,
Katina—it's
ing, 'Go
theatre is
ephemeral, but the art of the screen is
permanent. It is a definite, pres-
servable record that may be seen and
re-seen, to be judged on its
merits as it stands.
"I only wish——" he paused and
his eyes reddened with quick tears,
that Mr. Obi might have shared this
happiness with me."
and the time of the
clock to see eef it took the thirty
Secrets of One of America's
erudite salable hats right from the start. We teach you
how to start a profitable business in spare time. Low
cost and easy terms. Expert milliners are in demand.
LEARN
MILLINERY
AT HOME
Design and make exclusive
hats under personal direc-
tion of one of America's
noted designers. Complete materials, blocks, etc.,
furnished. Every step illustrated. You make exclu-
sive salable hats right from the start. We teach you
how to start a profitable business in spare time. Low
cost and easy terms. Expert milliners are in demand.
LOUIE MILLER SCHOOL OF MILLINERY
235 W. Wabash Ave., Dept. 46, Chicago 1, Ill.
GAS OFTEN SEEMS to be at its worst during the night. Frequently it seems to work up into the chest and throat when one falls down, which makes one feel soothless and breathless in bed. Some people try to sleep sitting in a chair. Others "keep rising out of bed to get their breath easier."

Try KONJOLA, the medicine which acts in 3 ways to help ease gas misery. Sluggish digestion often promotes the accumulation of gas in one's intestinal tract. Bowel sluggishness may help to hold the gas inside to torment one with awful bloating. So KONJOLA not only con-

tains Nature's herbs to help bring up gas from stomach, but also contains ingredients to aid digestion, and mildly helps to open constipated bowels and release gas.

Many users write their thanks and gratitude for the satisfactory results it produces. So when you feel bloated "clean through"...when stomach expands, intestines swell and bowels "balloon" way out, due to gas accumu-

lation in one's intestinal tract. Bowel breath easier.

Please send me Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample.'

U. S. School of Music, 1586 Brunswick Bldg.,......

SM/vSCuSFl favorite instrument. U. S. School of Music,

N. Y.

SWELL and Bowels "balloon" way out, due to gas accumu-

lation of any part of troop boat form, croups, tamiscspes,

ment* of any part of troop boat form, croups, tamiscspes,

∗not animal*, etc., or enlarge¬

ment.

send 10c for

Hit Parade next week," he said blush-

edly. "I can just hear Barry Wood on the

Hit Parade."

Lunch chit-chat took us back to

California for good, unusual

day. "Vitamins, my good man, those

lovin' vitamins." It got, somehow, to be noon. Gloria de Haven, who is the Swooner's lead-

ing lady, was back to work for the first time since a bout with the measles. We three, Gloria,

Frank, and I bravely went to the counter, and Elvis arrived quicker than a rowboat. It took us

fully five minutes to get to our table. Frank stopped every few feet to answer to "hello's." The

waitress seemed to have her own private cam¬

paign to make him gain weight. She suggested all manner of things hip-

enlarging, but he settled for chicken

broth, frankfurts and baked beans, and

coffee.

A group of advertising men connected with the Hit Parade program were eating at the same table and one of them called to Frank and shook his finger at him. Frank looked at the package of cigarettes he had abs¬

ent-mindedly picked up at the table. "I can just hear Barry Wood on the Hit Parade next week," he said blush ingly.

You need help with this one, too. Either Gloria or Frank would step off their

little daughter Nancy on the telephone, which she had asked for. "When are you coming

home, Daddy?" Please come soon, because my baby brother is so cute!

He plans a good basic founda-

tion for Nancy in music and perhaps study the harp, one of his favorite instruments.

"I'm probably guilty of spoiling her, but I can't help it," Frank added.

He hopes to buy in the

nearby valley and move the whole

family to California for good, unusual

weather notwithstanding.

An unusual climate out here is so good for kids, he believes a swell place for them to grow up.

He plans to keep his home in New Jersey, however, which he calls The

Home That's Very Easy.

The conversation shifted to Bing Crosby. Frank told us how much fun he had had doing a Command Per-
formance broadcast with Bing and

Dinah Shore. There was one gag in the script that "broke" him up com-

pletely. Dinah and Bing were discuss-

ing Sinatra and Dinah said, "You

know, Bing, a singer like Sinatra

only comes along once in a lifetime."

the thing was taking.

In the next scene, Gloria de Haven

arrived in a taxi and rushed up to

Frank and dragged him away before

his shine was finished. They had

trouble piling into this one, too.

Either Gloria or Frank would step off

their mark, or Gloria would come in too

soon, or too late, or the cab would

enter at the wrong time, or once more,

Frank would miss his lines.

Sinatra has always said that he

would rather sing anything in the

world, and it must be true. While

he was being lighted, and every time

there was a scene change before the

camera, he sang little snippets of new tunes. He cut up with the

electricians and grips. One of them

asked him how he happened to have so

much such a horrible day. "Vitamins, my good man, those

lovin' vitamins."
It is impossible to imagine Frank without his temper. In most social situations, he is calm and measured, but the slightest provocation can unleash his ire. He has been known to fly into a rage when dealing with Hollywood executives or when his father, Louis, suggests a change in his career path.

Frank's dedication to his craft is unparalleled. He has worked tirelessly to hone his craft, often working long hours and neglecting his personal life. Despite this, he is devoted to his family, especially his son, Frank Jr., and his daughter, Nancy.

Frank's reverence for "The Groaner" is something that has never been matched. "I don't know how that ridiculous feud business ever got started," he said. "I always knew Bing was a singer, and I was actually because of him that I decided to take it seriously."

Frank has been a fixture in the music industry for decades, and his influence is still felt today. He has been inducted into multiple halls of fame, and his voice remains one of the most recognizable in the business. He continues to tour and record, and his fans are loyal and devoted. Frank has been a true icon, a legend in the music world, and a true-blue American.
sample, he told me, "One thing that really upset me—and it wasn’t a big thing at all. The laundry situation out here is horrid. Last Christmas I received two dozen beautifully monogrammed pure linen handkerchiefs, and I’ll be darned if they didn’t lose every single one of them. I hit the ceiling!"

On the other hand, The Voice knows how and likes to kid himself. Just before a closeup, the cameraman called to Frank that his nose was shiny. The lusty Sinatra baritone scowled, "Rembrandt—the paint!"

As the makeup man began to make with the comb, Frank warned him, "Don’t touch that lock on my forehead; I just finished it." It was four now, and time for Frank to leave for rehearsal for his Lux Radio show at six. The character from the previous week, Frank’s station wagon to the wrong gate. So we waited, trying as best we could to stand under the narrow shelter from the unwelcome moisture above the gatehouse. The RKO schoolroom is a few steps from the gate.

When the inmates looked through the window and discovered that Sinatra, in person, not a motion picture, was there, they came in a body for autographs. Frank signed every book, and when the last child had scurried back inside and the car had not yet arrived, the Sinatra temper began to seep through. We had been there almost ten minutes. Frank, like his rebellious lock of hair, began to look a bit ruffled. The whole Lux was waiting for him to rehearse. P.S.—the car came and we were off before any fireworks started.

It’s only about a mile from RKO studios to the CBS Playhouse on Vine Street. When we got there, as we drove, that probably nowhere else in the world, have so many careers and success stories had their rise and fall and within those few short blocks in the heart of Hollywood.

"You’re on top of the ladder today, Frank, but how does the future look to you?" I asked him bluntly. "Do you think you’ll last?"

"I don’t think about that," he answered simply and honestly. "I just always do the best job I know how and if, as time goes by, something should happen, I’ll do something else and do that the best I know how. I think the most important thing is to be a good human being." He said it with such sincerity you couldn’t doubt it. He was right that day. He sang directly to you and you and you, when his voice comes over your radio whispering of moonlight and roses.

In the parking lot adjoining the Playhouse, where Frank regularly parks his car on broadcast days, a loyal, steadfast Sinatra fan, dressed exactly as a Sinatra fan should look, came up to the car and handed him a single Cecil Brunner rose, wrapped in tissue paper. Frank told me that "come hail or high water," she is always with a rose.

"Don’t be embarrassed by a flat, undeveloped or sagging bust. Do as thousands of other women just like yourself are doing. They have learned how to bring out the loveliest contours of their figures, whatever their bust faults. Now you too, can do the same. ... safely, easily and positively."

Highly Endorsed by Many Doctors

Don’t be embarrassed by a flat, undeveloped or sagging bust. Do as thousands of other women just like yourself are doing. They have learned how to bring out the loveliest contours of their figures, whatever their bust faults. Now you too, can do the same. ... safely, easily and positively.
had barely finished with the word "tea" when a mob of song pluggers, those unnamable heroes of popular song successes, who prefer to be called music representatives, descended upon him like a host of hungry locusts.

"Listen to this lyric, Frank."—"Did you hear Bing sing this last Thursday?"—"Frank, here's a natural," came in a profusion of words, snatches of tunes and gestures.

"Yes, I know,"—"I'll try,"—"Okay, Happy,"—"Sounds good," said Frank as he kept edging toward his dressing room and the orange pekoe.

With a few sips of tea under his belt he went into dress rehearsal of the show and then the broadcast itself. The echoes of Frank's last goodnight to the radio audience died away in the countless millions of loudspeakers across the great nation.

It was seven o'clock in California.

"Well, that's that," said Frank. "Now for a fast steak."

We headed for Chasen's, one of Hollywood's better beef emporiums. At last, I thought, this poor guy can have some food and a few minutes in peace. But I was wrong. We were no sooner in the door than confusion was upon us. The ever-present photographers snapped pictures as we went to our table. As the waiter handed Frank a menu, he also begged for a couple of autographs. All through the dinner people descended upon the tired swooner. We grabbed mouthfuls for a couple of autographs. All through the dinner people descended upon the tired swooner. We grabbed mouthfuls.

"Frank, I've been trying to see you at CBS, but I was wondering..."—"I took the day off, just to get acquainted, we will make you a beautiful profession bargain offer for having your picture and wedding rings set in precious metals..."

"Whew!"

The crowd closed in about The Voice, not remotely noticing my departure. I crawled to my car and headed for home.

Whew!

THE END
THE NAVY WAY (Paramount) will give you a comprehensive glimpse of what goes on at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, an institution with traditions that match those of Annapolis and West Point. Yet Great Lakes is a location new to the screen.

Here Robert Lowery, a cocky prize fighter, Bill Henry, a son of wealth, Roscoe Karns, a mild-mannered clerk, Richard Powers, a sturdy Westerner, and Larry Nunn, a kid whose family has always been Navy, go through boot camp. Jean Arthur has a brief part as a Wave, and Robert Armstrong is a C.P.O. As the result of his performance, Lowery looks like a grade A bet for stardom.

THE FALCON OUT WEST (RKO) never rises above the average in this fairly popular detective series. Tom Conway continues in the title role. He gets out West on the trail of the killer of a millionaire rancher who seemingly drops dead from snake bite in a New York nightclub. There's a second murder before the case is solved, but none of it is particularly exciting.

LADIES IN WASHINGTON (20th Century-Fox) are not very ladylike, if we are to believe this program picture. One of the girls in Mother Henry's overcrowded boarding house gets a nice doctor involved in a shooting. The victim, however, turns out to have been a foreign agent, so all is forgiven. Trudy Marshall, Sheila Ryan, Anthony Quine and a newcomer named Ronald Graham. You can forget all about it.

You Can't Ration Love (Paramount) is one of those minor college musicals which tries being funny. It is supposed to be hilarious when the girl students work out a point rationing system to combat the shortage of male dates. Betty Rhodes and Johnnie Johnston, whom you know to be engaging kids, are the leading co-eds. Marjorie Weaver, who has been absent from Hollywood for some time, gives them trouble. Marie Wilson is in to act dumb.

BERMUDA MYSTERY (20th Century-Fox) should have been so much better than it is. There is a first-class problem in detection proposed when members of a group of six old cronies start dropping dead from poisoned cigarettes. The suspicions of Ann Rutherford, whose uncle Arthur has a brief part as a Wave, and Preston Foster, a big-time detective, in the case. He solves it, of course, but not until there has been a lot of painfully playful dialogue.

PREVIOUSLY RECOMMENDED

THE PURPLE HEART (20th Century-Fox) a smashing depiction of Japanese atrocities in the shocking trial of the eight captured Americans who bombed Tokyo.

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE (MGM) first highly enjoyable comedy of rookies in training. Robert Walker a hit in the title role.

PHANTOM LADY (Universal) a little murder mystery that is scoring a surprise success which it richly deserves.

THE SULLIVANS (20th Century-Fox) the true and gloriously inspiring story of the home life of five lovable, scrappy American boys.

A GUY NAMED JOE (MGM) dedicated to the heartrending notion that "pilots never die," but return to earth as guides to tyro aviators. Distinguished fantasy with Spencer Tracy, Irene Dunne and Van Johnson.

UP IN ARMS (Goldwyn-RKO) for its musical comedy introduction to a terrific entertainer named Danny Kaye. There's Dinah Shore, too.

THE UNINVITED (Paramount) Gail Russell is a shining new star in a love story of the supernatural that will keep you on the edge of your seat.

SONG OF BERNADETTE (20th Century-Fox) a spiritually uplifting screen masterpiece that tells of miracles wrought by indestructible faith. Jennifer Jones gives a beautiful performance.

MADAME CURIE (MGM) Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon play an exquisite love drama to the accompaniment of the discovery of radium.

JANE EYRE (20th Century-Fox) Charlotte Bronte's classic novel is filmed unforgettable. Superbly performed by Joan Fontaine.
LOSE FAT

by the

SLEND-HERB

Method

No thyroid ... no exercises ... no dangerous diet ... Only Nature's finest combine in this delight¬ful formula to give you what you have been looking for—something mild to help eliminate fat-producing glands. Thereby, you can be absorbed by the body and turned into ugly fat.

BE SLENDER . . . ATTRACTIVE!

Do you know any glamor girls that are FAT? Of course not ... the most glamorous figure a girl can have is a slim, graceful figure that makes the simplest dress look beautiful. The most glamorous feature a girl can have is not . . . the most glamorous feature a girl can have is not . . . the most glamorous feature a girl can have is not . . . the most glamorous feature a girl can have is not . . . the most glamorous feature a girl can have is not ... the most glamorous feature a girl can have is not . . . the most glamorous feature a girl can have is not . . . the most glamorous feature a girl can have is not . . . the most glamorous feature a girl can have is not . . . the most glamorous feature a girl can have is not . . . the most glamorous feature a girl can have is not . . . the most glamorous feature a girl can have is not . . . the most glamorous feature a girl can have is not . . . the most glamorous feature a girl can have is not . . . the most glamorous feature a girl can have is not . . . the most glamorous feature a girl can have is not . . . the most glamorous feature a girl can have is not . . . the most glamorous feature a girl can have is not 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handed. It doesn't matter as long as you take along friendliness and cheerfulness and a genuinely sincere smile, and never any pity.

If it's not possible actually to visit the hospital, do it by letter. Adopt a boy, or two boys, or three, and let them know you're a friend and thinking of them. Write to them—clip funny or interesting items or jokes and send them along.

Find out their birthdays and mail them a card or small present. Remember them on holidays. Ask their advice sometimes about your own affairs. It will help make them feel they're one of your family, that they belong.

Perhaps it would make it easier to remember this little truism: There's always room in your life for one more friend.

I don't mean to preach. I don't even mean to insist. Neither I, nor the boys I plead for, would want you to make conscious "sacrifices," to be "noble"—to be patronizing. That isn't the idea at all.

But if you can find a boy—a boy who has, perhaps, fought his last battle and must now look to a future which for him isn't so very hopeful or so very bright. If you can find a boy like that, and can help him even a little bit to become a normal, useful citizen once more, I know you will have done him a service and you will have done your country a service.

More than that, you will have done something very wonderful for yourself.

THE END

"We're scrimping on paper for Jim!"

Corporal Jim is in Italy doing his fighting job for Uncle Sam. The food he eats, the weapons and ammunition he uses, the blood plasma and medical supplies which may save his life, come to him in perfect condition because they are protected in shipment by paper and paperboard.

Jim's mother knows this. That's why you see her carrying her own market basket to save the grocer's precious paper bags. That's why she uses fewer paper towels and facial tissues. She conserves paper by "making each piece stretch."

Jim's father knows this. That's why he keeps figuring out even smarter ways of cutting down on paper consumption in his office. That's why he never asks store clerks to put extra wrappings on things that are already packaged and ready to carry. He conserves paper by "avoiding useless wrapping and accepting simpler packaging."

Jim's kid brother knows this. That's why he collects all the family's used paper for the local salvage drive. That's why he borrows and lends books, papers, magazines with all his friends. He's conserving paper by "sharing the printed word."

Yes, Jim's family knows what scrimping on paper means to Jim.

And you do, too. That's why we know you are using less paper. That's why we know you are joining with all the other patriotic Americans from coast to coast who have vowed to save a million pounds of paper for the war effort!
the baby is lucky," she figured it out. They bought a pink and blue Pig Bank and promptly labeled it: ITS FIRST NATIONAL PIG BANK. Deposited in ITS First National Pig Bank all the money they won playing poker and all the money that changed hands between them playing Gin Rummy. During the time that she was expecting the baby she felt like a million dollars. Because she is a level headed little person she seldom talked to her closest women friends, even to May. SPECIAL! She wanted the baby to be when It grew up. "I just want a healthy, happy little baby" is about as far as she would go.

Or she would talk about getting back to work after the baby was born. "The studio is just waiting for Alice (Faye Harris) and me to have our babies—and then we'll do the 'Dolly Sisters' together. Who said 'sister act'? It will be a 'mama act' everything considered!"

No, it never crossed Betty's mind that she would have a bad time of it until the operation was over. Those endless, suffering hours however, Betty will mercifully forget. Women do. But they are strong along Harry's memory with the shock of a long nightmare.

The moment when the doctor had come out and said there were "complications" he would like to call in another doctor for consultation to await a normal birth might be another eight or ten hours...he advised a Caesarean. Mrs. James was showing amazing courage and strength—but it was becoming dangerous for the baby!

It was up to Harry to make up his mind—Harry with Betty's mother crying beside him. Harry had to give permission for the operation—if there was to be one.

He had lost track of time. He remembered—back that rainy afternoon when after taking Betty to the hospital, he had arrived too late for the rehearsal that preceded the broadcast. He hadn't made any explanation to the boys in the band. Couldn't.

Not until Betty was safe. The boys had just looked at him and left him alone.

And then the moment the rehearsal was over, he was back to the hospital, the Cedars of Lebanon, and nothing had happened—yet. He walked up and down the floor of the famous "Father's Room"—even flipped through the hair of all the other fathers, going through the same thing, had written some of their thoughts or signed their names. Harry didn't write anything in the book.

This fles of Lebanon, this thing was supposed to be funny. But it was far from funny when they would come and say: "You may speak to your wife for a few minutes now." Betty didn't speak. They didn't want her to. They wanted her to conserve every ounce of her strength.

But it broke Harry's heart the way she looked...with her face painted up though the nurse had to wipe off her face with a cool cloth for the effort the smile cost her.

You should say the same thing when he came back to Betty's mother. "She is the most wonderful
kid in the world. No one could be so brave—so courageous."

And still the endless hours went by waiting . . . waiting . . . waiting. At midnight Betty's mother sent him across the street to get a cup of coffee. He couldn't swallow it but brought back a sandwich for her. Some of their friends called. No, there was no news yet. Just waiting.

Then the doctor had told them he advised the operation. The other doctor came for the consultation. Both doctors advised it. Harry just nodded his head.

At 4:30 a.m. that Friday morning of March 3rd, they came and told him it was a little girl. The doctors and nurses said: "Congratulations! A lovely little girl. Seven pounds, ten ounces. Blue eyes, blonde hair—just like her mother. A regular Pin-Up Girl already." And they said Harry could stand outside in the corridor and speak to Betty as they wheeled her down to her room below.

The first thing she said when she saw him was, "Honey you aren't disappointed because it's a girl, are you?" And then in a voice barely above a whisper, "I'll have a little boy for you—honest I will!"

"Disappointed!" Harry almost choked on the word, "Baby—I wanted a little girl all the time!"

But he was so excited he forgot to ask to see his daughter, Victoria Elizabeth James. He had been thinking of Betty so hard he didn't remember to ask to see the miniature edition of her until after he had been home, changed his clothes and returned to the hospital.

The reporters were around now—hot and heavy on the trail of an interview with the new father. But Harry didn't want to talk.

Because he is a nice guy and the newspaper boys are his pals, he put it this way: "You see, we have sort of agreed that whenever we talk about the baby for publication both of us will be around. I don't want to talk about "my" baby until Betty is strong enough to be present. It's always to be 'our' baby."

And that's the way it will be until Mr. and Mrs. Harry James can talk about "their" baby together!

Merle Oberon, in private life Lady Korda, wife of Sir Alexander Korda, arrives in New York to meet Sir Alexander. See page 46 of this issue of Movieland for excellent Women's war work story by this glamorous lady.
DO your feet often burn, feel tired? Do your feet stick to your shoes when you go without stockings?

Don't use ordinary talcum powder: Blue-Jay Foot Powder contains a special ingredient that makes it wonderfully soothing and refreshing! Deodorizes, too.

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ON THE BEAM:

If you like an all-music program, you'll be glad to know about the new fifteen minute show, "Top Of The Evening," every Monday, Wednesday and Friday over the Blue Network. Ken Darby directs the chorus of sixteen men, there's a fine double piano team, plus "The King's Men," and Sally Sweetland. Sally's name may be new to you, but her voice isn't. For some time she was the "Miss" with the "Six Hits" and her vocal chords have done the screen singing for Joan Fontaine in "Constant Nymph," and for Joan Leslie in the soon to be seen "Rhapsody in Blue.

You amateur song writers shouldn't miss the new "Song Is Born." Monday series over N.B.C. It's a contest deal and the winning song will be published by B.M.I. Pat Kaye, the girl vocalist on this program, shows promise of hitting the big time.

Harry James didn't re-sign with Chesterfield when his contract was up in March. They wanted him to travel but he wanted to stay in Hollywood until the birth of his daughter, Victoria. Harry is 1A and probably in khaki by the time you read this.

Dinah Shore and George Montgomery moved into their honeymoon home, or at least into two rooms of it. That's all the furniture they have so far. Dinah's arranger-accompanist, "Ticker" Freeman, has been accepted by the Oldie Army. So far she hasn't made any decision on a new boy.

Spice Jones and His City Slickers introduced a new ditty on the Bob Burns show. It pokes fun at this land of sunshine and flowers as you can tell by the title, "It Seems Like We Ain't Never Had Weather Like This Before." Very funny. . . . And have you heard Cass Daley's hysterical version of "I'm Getting Corns For My Country At The Stage Door Canteen?"

Kay Kyser has had a bomber in England named after his radio greeting, "Evenin' Folks, how'ya all?"

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

Music from below the border is well presented on Columbia's Xavier Cugat album, "Mexico." There are eight sides, including "Chiapanecas" and "Mexican Hat Dance." Vocals are handled by Carmen Castillo, Lina Romay, and Miguelito Valdes... Ginny Simms gives us two good tunes, "Suddenly, It's Spring" and "Irresistible You," with the accompaniment of a vocal group. "Irresistible" is from Ginny's starring Metro picture, "Broadway Rhythm." Moving over to Capitol, we find a new release by Jo Stafford. "I Love You," the Cole Porter tune from "Mexican Hayride" and Jerome Kern's "Long Ago and Far Away," from the picture "Cover Girl." Paul Weston made his arrangements and conducted the orchestra. Incidentally, Paul has just been made recording director for Capitol... That solid King Cole trio has done "Straighten Up and Fly Right" and "I Can't See For Lookin'." Cole does the singing and there is good guitar work by Oscar Moore. Paul Weston holds the baton again on Johnnie Johnston's "Spring Will Be A Little Late This Year" and "Irresistible You." Weston has made an excellent arrangement of the "Spring" tune which Deanna Durbin sings in Universal's "Christmas Holiday." Who did all right on her theatre tour, has done more than all right on her latest record, "Tess' Torch Song," and "Milk Man, Keep Those Bottles Quiet." Her husband, Dick Walters, gets orchestra credit... Betty Hutton and Jerry Colonna have signed contracts to wax for Capitol. Betty will do her usual stuff and Jerry is going to make a series of his amusing musical monologues...

Decca seems to have cornered the market on New York musical show albums. Their latest is the score from the Air Force production "Wings In Victory." Four sides with the "Vixlory" chorus and orchestra...

The Herman Herd is upon us once more. Woody and the boys do "The Music Stopped" and "I Couldn't Sleep A Wink Last Night" with Frances Wayne in the singing department. Frances has plenty on the ball...

Fred Waring, who doesn't often record pop tunes, has done "Now I Know" and "Tess' Torch Song" with Donna Dae and the Waring Glee Club.

I'm not a Lombardo fan, but for those of you who are, there's his...
Men! Ladies!

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LADIES' JACKET

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Take this jacket for carefree ease—and for that certain poise which being "in the know" on style gives you! That new low hipline is a "flash" from the fashion front. Perky shoulders! Suave yoke! You will adore its smart distinctive lines... you will always enjoy its caressing warmth. It's tailored of favorite Spun-Rite, justly popular for its wear... for its beauty! It will be your prop and mainstay, season in, season out. Select yours from one of these season's latest shades: Liberry Blue, Camel Tan, Teal Green, or Stop Red. Sizes 12 to 20.

MEN'S JACKET

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Here's a sturdy "he-man's" jacket of a thousand and one uses that will keep pace with the fastest tempo of your busy day. Cut for real comfort—of Spun-Rite—magically flexible, water-repellent and shape-retaining as well as warm. Snappy yoked back. Genuine leather buttons for looks and wear. Grand, deep, saddle pockets. Split sides—so stride along as you will. You'll live in it from dawn 'til night. Choose Camel Tan with the following choice of harmonizing colors: Forest Green, Harbor Blue, or Luggage Brown. Check your size from 36 to 50 on the order coupon to the right. No extra charge for over-size.

Special Combination Offer, Both for Only $7.95

Save 95c! Everyone—wife and husband, son and daughter—will want to order matching jackets in combination on this special bargain offer. YOU SEND NO MONEY! We'll ship C.O.D. plus a few cents postage. If you don't agree this is the greatest Jacket Bargain you've ever seen for any price, return it within 10 days and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

SAVE NO MONEY! Everyone—wife and husband, son and daughter—all want to order matching jackets in combination on this special bargain offer. YOU SEND NO MONEY! We'll ship C.O.D. plus a few cents postage. If you don't agree this is the greatest Jacket Bargain you've ever seen for any price, return it within 10 days and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

MEN'S only $4.95

Hurry! Quantities Are Limited

LADIES' only $3.95
TRIAL SIZE includes: GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE—coupons today for easy "finger tip" application at home. Each and Excessive Falling Hair... GLOVER Beauty Shampoo— you have ALL THREE famous Glover's preparations—use how loveliness to your hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative booklet, as advertised.

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ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS DRUGS USERS SAY "Doctor approved." "Make one feel wonderfuL" "lost 15 pounds in 4 weeks." "lost 21 pounds in 4 weeks." A A WEEK, YET EAT starchy foods, just CUT DOWN on fatty, spoonful of KEIP-I-DINE with A' Simply take a half teaspoon of KEIP-I-DINE with any meal (preferably at breakfast) EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO. DON'T CUT OUT fatty, storby foods, just CUT DOWN on them. That's all there is to it!

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JAM NOTES:

Artie Shaw is out of the Navy with a medical discharge. No one seems to know what he's going to do, but it wouldn't surprise me if he organized a band... Ray Eberle has been on a successful theatre tour in the east. He is coming back to Universal, but on a picture to picture deal rather than a term contract... Remember Ray Bauduc, Bob Crosby's sensational drummer? He is now the leader of the 211th Coast Artillery Band in Vallejo, California... Danny O'Neill, the tenor who created quite a stir in Chicago radio, has been signed by Columbia Records. Judy "Lovely" tenor who created quite a stir in Chicago radio, has been signed by Columbia Records. Judy "Lovely" singer with "The Revuers," was signed by Twentieth Century Records, which seems to know what he's going to do..."The Revuers," were signed by Twentieth Century Records, which seems to know what he's going to do... Here's the latest Draft Report Card: Woody Herman, 1A, Charlie Spivak, 4F, Dennis Day, 1A, Johnnie Johnston, 4F... Eddie Miller is in the US Army in California... Snap on your favorite negative practically as little as 5c a week! 10c gal Reserves, to suit your pocketbook! You don't have to have money on hand you can afford for relatable protection... provided that you for as little as $2 a week! 10c a week pays double benefits if you claim for double indemnity... 15c pays triple benefits, etc. So economical, easy to own, you and every member of the family can afford an individual Pioneer Life Insurance Policy! No Red Tape—NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION! No agent will call. Get complete details FREE! Write PIONEER LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY 1134 Pioneer Building 9 Rockford, Illinois.

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American Studios, Box 216, LaCrosse, Wis.
Dick Haymes and Jill Warren enjoying a good laugh at the Hollywood Palladium.

a two-day illness of pneumonia. Bob won fame when he played piano with the old Bob Crosby band and made such great records as "Milk Cow Blues" and "Honky Tonk Train." . . . Gene Krupa is still drumming it with Tommy Dorsey at this writing, awaiting appeal on his trial in San Francisco. Gene says he will not reorganize his own band until after the war. If he is cleared of the charges he may go into service.

At the stroke of the chimes it will be . . . I mean, that’s all for this time. See you next month with lots of New York news. I’m going back to the big city and see what’s doin'. In the meanwhile, if you have any little questions on any little things musical, drop me a line. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope and send them to Jill Warren, Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 46, California.

**WARREN’S WAX WORKS**

**LONGHAIR DEPARTMENT:**

From Columbia Masterworks Series—


**SOFT AND SWEET:**

Kenny Baker’s “Marianne” and “Easter Sunday With You.” Harry Sosnik’s orchestra—Decca Label. “Suddenly It’s Spring” and "Irresistible You" by Ginny Simms and vocal chorus. Columbia.

**CROONER CORNER:**

Dick Haymes, backed up by Toots Camarata’s orchestra and The Song Spinners, singing “If You Were The Only Girl” and “Home.” Decca release. “Spring Will Be A Little Late This Year,” and “Irresistible You” again—Johnnie Johnston sings and Paul Weston’s orchestra and arrangements. Capitol.

**SOLID AND JAZZY:**

Ella Mae Morse and “Tess’ Torch Song” and “Milk Man, Keep Those Bottles Quiet.” Dick Walters’ orchestra. Capitol label. King Cole trio on “Straighten Up and Fly Right!” and “I Can’t See For Lookin’.” Piano, bass and guitar with vocals by Cole. Capitol.
Give yourself this EXTRA SANITARY PROTECTION!

San-Nap-Pak is made with an exclusive pink "Layer of Protection," to guard against accidents. How you'll appreciate that extra margin of safety when you're away from home—especially at the office! Try San-Nap-Pak on your difficult "first day"—and experience the wonderful feeling of comfort and security this napkin gives you!

San-Nap-Pak Gives You All These 4 Great Comforts—At No Extra Cost!

1. San-Nap-Pak is cotton-faced for extra comfort—stays soft as you wear it!
2. San-Nap-Pak has the pink "Layer of Protection" that guards against embarrassing accidents!
3. San-Nap-Pak's new tapered design is invisible under clothes—no tell-tale bulges!
4. San-Nap-Pak stays fresh longer, makes frequent changes unnecessary!

"Flat-Tops" are a familiar theme. It's the variations that make them new and exciting.

Take this interesting hairstyle which Helen Turpin of Warner Bros. has designed for Virginia Patton to wear in "Janie." It's simple, forthright and becoming—good for busy daytime hours or gayer, dancing evenings.

Like all the current coiffures, it demands hair that shines with health and cleanliness. And it requires a firm hand with the hairbrush.

If you would copy Virginia's coif, sweep your hair up and back from the right temple. Now fasten it securely with hairtainers. One catches the heavy side hair just off-center in the back. The other anchors the smooth left-side hair to keep it firmly, sleekly in place.

Virginia's back hair has been parted off in sections and waved to the ends.

This brushed-round-the-head swirl is firmly held in place of left side back.
thanked her politely, but Mother sensed a certain lukey warmthness about it all. 'You don't really like it, do you?' she probed.

Loretta acknowledged that she wasn't exactly mad about it, and Mrs. Belzer suggested briskly and good-naturedly that Loretta send it right over to her house.

It was done. So (maybe you've guessed)—a week or so later an ex-naturedly that Loretta send it right over to her house. Mrs. Belzer said, quietly, 'Do you want it back, daughter?'

'It's that book case.'

Loretta's mother said, quietly, 'Do you want it back, daughter?'

Loretta, quick as anything, gulped, 'Yepl please!' Afterward she added, 'I was completely shameless about it!' Loretta has always been quick to learn, but her nicest characteristic is her ability to kid herself!

Some of the most astonishing people really know their antiques. One of them is Lloyd Nolan—who collects rich glass, for heaven's sake! Another is Pat O'Brien, who owns some of the most valuable furniture in Hollywood, but who admits that the only thing he knows about how a room should be arranged is that he always thinks everything should be changed in any room he looks at. "Let's move everything!" he suggests, happily, and starts shoving pianos and sofas.

Lillian MacMurry, who knows her winks and nods at the best auctions, was astounded when Fred began to show some astuteness of his own at picking up a gem-of-a-chair in an unexpected place. His taste runs to early American, and when they were furnishing their house, he demanded free rein when it came to furnishing his own special room. "He calls it an 'assembled job,'" his wife says. "He acquired a chair here and a table there, without any discernible plan. But when he was through, the whole room was right. The things all belonged together. Fred is really good!"

Greer Garson is good, too, and she did a really lovely job on her own home. It expresses her. But it may be a trifle surprising, to anyone who tries to interpret her by a casual glance, to see the things with which she has surrounded herself. For Greer is no true "Madame Curie."

"Interesting, beautifully balanced living room she has determinedly put two grand pianos. She loves luxury, soft lights, soft velvet and vivid, contrast-coloured. Greer adores music, and what's more, she likes to play duets. And what is still more, she proposes to be prepared in case anyone strays in who might be willing to play one with her. Fortunately her drawing room is large enough to swallow up the two pianos and yet have plenty of space to spare. Her typewriter is likely to appear on the dining table, on a hall chair or in the patio, at any moment—for Greer writes. She writes little poems and brief, humorous sketches. She never does anything with these, except to paste them in a book or occasionally include one in a letter to an intimate friend. But she has had the conviction that she must try to write, ever since that first job of hers in London, writing advertising. Her first assignment, she recalls, was to make a survey to discover how many cakes of toilet soap were used per year in India. To this day, the sight of a cake of soap causes the Garson eyebrows to rise with a speculative expression. "Now ... I wonder how many . . . ?" she wonders.

To get back to antiques, the most wistful and perhaps the most triumphant enthusiast in Hollywood is Vincent Price. He maintains that he can't afford to buy and own the precious objects which absorb him. So he maintains a small and very discerning shop in Beverly Hills, where he takes rare objects on consignment to sell to more affluent people. "I can have them around for awhile," he explains, "and then I can touch them, look at them, enjoy them. I can even sit on them, if I want to!"

There is a man who knows how to compensate for suppressed desires and make a neat profit on the deal! About one actor in three wants to write and avers that he will—some day. Those two Navy bigshots, Lt. Commanders Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Robert Montgomery, belong in this class. But just as many seem to want to make with music, and they want to do it right now. And a lot of them will do it too, in spite of anything you can do about it. George

Give Yourself a Glamorous PERMANENT WAVE at Home

Simple as Putting Your Hair Up In Curlers, COOL—Comfortable, Long-Lasting Results

Imagine being able to give yourself a lovely Charm Kurl Permanent Wave, in 3 quick steps at home! Think of the time and money you can save—and the result is guaranteed to please you as well as any professional $5.00 permanent wave or your money back on request. Your hair will have the sparkling lustre and smart styling that will be the envy of your friends. Bleached, dyed or gray hair takes a marvelous wave. Ideal, too, for children's hair.

DO IT YOURSELF WITH Charm to Kurl Only 59c

The Charm Kurl way to permanent wave natural-looking curls and waves into your hair is sheer magic. Each Charm Kurl Kit, which costs only 59c., 6,000,000 Charm Kurl Kits have already been sold. Here's why . . . Charm Kurl is safe—easy to use—contains no ammonia or harmful chemicals—requires no heat, cleftiness or prong experience—requires no machines—ideal for women and children. Get a Charm Kurl Kit today, color you'll be thrilled with the natural-looking curls and waves it will put into your hair.

At Your Dealer
Charm Kurl is for sale at drug stores, department stores and 5c and 10c stores. Be sure to ask for Charm Kurl by name . . . it's your assurance of complete. Over 6,000,000 Charm Kurl Kits have already been sold. Here's why . . . Charm Kurl is safe—easy to use—contains no ammonia or harmful chemicals—requires no heat, cleftiness or prong experience—requires no machines—ideal for women and children.

JUNE LANG Glamorous movie star praises Charm Kurl. "It makes my hair absolutely gorgeous! Charm Kurl Permanent Wave.

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Canadian address: 107 Richmond St., E., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
Sanders wants to croon or play a sax, and he isn't particular about where he does it or whether anyone urges him, as you'll find if you know him for just a little while. Jim Brown wants to sing on the radio, and he has what he calls "a sure hunch" that he'll "be doing just that—if the picture business doesn't hold up." Robert Alda wants to lead a band. He had a perfectly charming performance when they let him take that little stick and wave it about in front of a real "name band" at a bond show. He was so excited he even forgot what number was that he was supposed to be leading. But he thinks he kept time with the music.

But he didn't have any more fun with his stick than Betty Davis had with hers. Betty, you understand, doesn't imagine that she can sing. She just wants to. Ever since they let her twirl—"They're Either Too Young Or Too Old, Old Man! They're Your Lucky Stars," Bette has had a lurking look in her eyes of evenings, at the Hollywood Canteen. At the slightest suggestion, a hull in the chatter, that's Betty, ready to go out with her specialty. "Maybe I can't really sing it," she admits. Then she beams. "But I can sort of sell a song, now can't I?" Yes, Senator Garfield.
THIS WAS HOLLYWOOD

By JANE WILKIE

A YEAR AGO THIS MONTH:
Legs Grable, reigning box-office queen, came to a parting of the ways with George Raft ... Rita Hayworth confided to friends that she would marry Vic Mature as soon as he got his divorce ... Bob Taylor enlisted in the Navy ... Hedy Lamarr and John Loder were gaga ... Mickey Rooney was still adoring Ava ... Susie Peters and Dick Quine said, "No marriage for the duration" ... Errol Flynn was finding life one big trial ... Franco of Spain officially protested "For Whom The Bell Tolls" ... "The Human Comedy" far and away best picture of the month ... 

FIVE YEARS AGO THIS MONTH:
Clark Gable threw a housewarming party at his new ranch, and Carole Lombard presented him with a sack of fertilizer ... Jean Crawford and Charles Martin were cooing at each other ... Hollywood was producing anti-Nazi and anti-Fascist films, and Adolf and Il Duce were all steamed up about it ... Annabella said, "I marry Ty? But that is silly. He is a nice boy, but that is all." ... Hollywood worried about Shirley Temple's approaching awkward age ... John Barrymore was experiencing domesticity with Elaine Barrie ... "In Riptide, best picture of the month, with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery and Herbert Marshall ... Doug Fairbanks Jr. was in love with Gertrude Lawrence ... The main issue in the United States was whether Garbo or Hepburn would win out — and who was imitating whom ... Out of thirty girls chosen from a beauty contest for "Search For Beauty," one stayed in Hollywood; a sultry Texan named Clara Lou Sheridan, later known as Annie the Oomph Texan cookie of month 10 years ago. ... Bing Crosby appeared in "Going Hollywood" with Marion Davies, whereupon critics remarked "the lad is also an actor" ... Rudy Vallee dating Peggy Hopkins Joyce" ... Jean Harlow was lighting up the town with her platinum hair, and unimportant Bette Davis, let out by Universal, followed suit ... Gail Patrick wowed the town with her coiffure, a grim arrangement of hair plastered flat over the brow, followed by anchovie-like ringlets to the ears and neckline. ... Shirley Gray was considered fashionable wearing the following ornaments, all smothered in black satin — bracelets, earrings, belt, and necklace down to here. ... Columbia was filming an unimportant little comedy, "It Happened One Night," and its stars, Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, were thought to be all washed up ... Yes, this was Hollywood.

TEN YEARS AGO THIS MONTH:
John Barrymore was experiencing domesticity with Dolores Costello ... Ida Lupino, a new starlet at Paramount, was bothering that studio with her temperamental tantrums ... Cary Grant was married to Virginia Cherrill ... Gertrude Michael setting some sort of a pace by wearing a sixteen-inch dagger in her hat ... "Riptide" best picture of the month, with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery and Herbert Marshall ... Doug Fairbanks Jr. was in love with Gertrude Lawrence ... The main issue in the United States was whether Garbo or Hepburn would win out — and who was imitating whom ... Out of thirty girls chosen from a beauty contest for "Search For Beauty," one stayed in Hollywood; a sultry Texan named Clara Lou Sheridan, later known as Annie the Oomph Texan cookie of month 10 years ago. ... Bing Crosby appeared in "Going Hollywood" with Marion Davies, whereupon critics remarked "the lad is also an actor" ... Rudy Vallee dating Peggy Hopkins Joyce" ... Jean Harlow was lighting up the town with her platinum hair, and unimportant Bette Davis, let out by Universal, followed suit ... Gail Patrick wowed the town with her coiffure, a grim arrangement of hair plastered flat over the brow, followed by anchovie-like ringlets to the ears and neckline. ... Shirley Gray was considered fashionable wearing the following ornaments, all smothered in black satin — bracelets, earrings, belt, and necklace down to here. ... Columbia was filming an unimportant little comedy, "It Happened One Night," and its stars, Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, were thought to be all washed up ... Yes, this was Hollywood.

They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring ... they last and last.

Stronger Grip

If the Store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today, try again next time you're in. Shipments are received regularly but quantities are still restricted.

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SAFETY PINS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SNAP FASTENERS SANITARY BELTS
RANDOLPH SCOTT WEDDING
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51)

I’ve talked to Randy several times during the past year—usually over a telephone—when he hasn’t been so happy. His troubles were an open secret in Hollywood.

For the past two years, everyone knew that Randy Scott, the popular cowboy actor, had been in love with the lovely Patricia Stillman, San Francisco socialite. They were everywhere together. Sometimes with their good friends, the Fred Astaires, in the smart cocktail lounges. Or dancing quietly at a table for two at the Mocambo. Or in their regular Friday night seats at the fights.

Ever since her brilliant debut in San Francisco several years ago, the russet-haired, brown-eyed “Pat” Stillman had been as vivid a socialite as Brenda Frazier had been to West Coast social circles as Brenda Frazier had been to New York.

Like Brenda, Pat comes of a tremendously wealthy family, the Stillmans of banking circles. What Pat said and what she wore was ardently copied by other less glamorous ladies of the social world. She was pretty enough to be a movie actress and when she visited Hollywood, which was frequently, she spent much time with the movie people. But she was never interested in a career for herself.

In due time it was almost inevitable that she should meet Randy Scott—for Randy moves well in the fore of Hollywood’s best social sets. Don’t let his silent hero, pistol packin’ Western roles fool you. The silent, sun-tanned Mr. Scott has long been one of the most “accepted” members of the movie colony with the “Who’s Who” of the West, East and South.

So, in due time, Pat and Randy met a few years ago at the beach home of Townsend Netcher. If it wasn’t a case of love at first sight, it was so close that the difference wasn’t noticeable.

Here were two people who seemingly had everything—looks, position, money, success. But in the beginning everybody was afraid that this was one of the most ill-fated of all Hollywood romances.

For some reason it looked as though Randy’s estranged wife, Marion Dupont Somerville Scott, might not give him a divorce, even though they had lived together for a few months following their marriage five years ago.

If ever a marriage mystified Hollywood, it was the one between Marion Dupont Somerville—member of the famous Dupont family—and the reserved Mr. Scott, of Hollywood fame. Soon after their wedding, during the height of the Santa Anita season, she had made her first and only visit to the West Coast. Apparently Marion Dupont Scott did not care for the movie “crowd.” They in turn found her to be an unusual woman. She dressed more conservatively than any school teacher. Her long, narrow face was always free of makeup. Perhaps because she had no real interest in pictures and no common ground on which to base an acquaintance with movie people, she seemed reserved almost to the point of coyness with those she met.

Her only interest seemed to be in horses (she has bred and raised them for years in Virginia) and when the Santa Anita season was over that year, Randy’s bride quietly departed. To the best of available knowledge, she hasn’t been back since.

Randy’s career kept him in Hollywood—or it seemed to—after that first year. He never discussed his amazing marriage with the press—not even with his closest friends. One of his pals once said:

“As close as I have been to Randy, all I know about his romance and marriage with Mrs. Somerville is what I have been able to piece together from mutual friends. As I understand it, they had known each other a long time. Their families are friends back in Virginia, and they were neighbors.

“Marion Dupont was older than Randy, but when he was a kid she was a glamorous and idealistic figure to him. She was deeply interested in the things that interested him—for this was long before he ever dreamed he would be a movie actor.

“Randy’s father was an administrative engineer and he hoped his son would follow in his footsteps and become an engineer, too. But at Woodbury Forest, Virginia, with engineering in mind, but his real interest was in horses, breeding and raising them.

“Marion Dupont had the reputation for being one of the finest horse-
women in the South. She must have known of Randy's admiration and infatuation for her, for they were close friends and spent much time together. But he was much younger and perhaps she didn't take him too seriously. Anyway, she married Somerville and when the first World War came along, Randy enlisted and was sent to England and later to France.

"After the war, Randy came back home and took up engineering again—mostly because his father wanted him to. Or maybe he wanted to come back to Virginia because he never quite forgotten Marion Dupont.

"Meanwhile, her marriage was over, and she and Randy resumed their life-long friendship. But the years and the war had brought about changes. Randy had lost interest in a future engineering career. He didn't know exactly what he wanted to do. He was restless.

"So he took time off to travel, trying to decide how to carve his future course in life. He became interested in acting from attending small theaters across the country. When he reached Hollywood several years later, he decided to give acting a fling and joined the Pasadena Community Players. You know the rest. The movies soon claimed him and because he was the personification of the tall-silent-lanky-Westerner-of-the-Gary-Cooper-school, he wasn't long in forging to the top.

"But even though he was in Hollywood, he wasn't exactly of it. He is a great fellow, one of the most popular men I know. But his private life, even where his great circle of friends was concerned, has always been strictly his own.

"About five years ago—without telling even his best pals his intentions—he went back east and married Mrs. Somerville. The years had changed the two people involved more than either suspected. He never told anyone anything about it. Certainly, no one ever heard him going into romantic rhapsodies. His very closest friends could only guess that this had been one of those flames that once upon a time had flared high; but when the time came to make it real, it was obvious their interests were no longer the same. After that first year, it was just sort of generally understood that Randy and his wife were estranged."

And perhaps it would have remained merely an estrangement, become one of those marriages where the partners separate but do not part, legally, if Randy had not met and fallen in love with the beautiful Pat Stillman.

Hollywood believes that many times after that meeting that meant so much to him, Randy asked his wife to divorce him. A year dragged by without any legal action from her. And then another year.

Pat and Randy had begun to believe their romance was hopeless. Six months ago they had a long talk and decided not to see each other any more. Those were the most miserable months of Randy's life. The handsome Mr. Scott was seen nowhere after that, or if he was briefly glimpsed at any party, he was always alone.

Once in a while we would get a false tip that Mrs. Scott was filing a divorce suit in Reno, or Las Vegas. But every time I checked with Randy he would say:

---

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“Please don’t print anything. I have received no information that Mrs. Scott has any plans for divorce. She hasn’t been in either Reno or Las Vegas.”

Without Pat, Randy’s life was hardly worth living. But one of the salvations was his work. He was making “Gung Ho” at Universal, and during the filming of that picture he struck up a friendship with Lt. Colonel Evans F. Carlson—on whose exploits (the Carlson’s Makin Island Raiders) the movie is based.

Randy lived almost continually with the Marines assigned to the picture. He believed firmly that his personal life was on the rocks. He was past the age of joining up for Uncle Sam whom he had served in the last war. But he wanted more than anything else to do his bit entertaining and cheering our fighting men “down under.” It was both an escape and a patriotic obsession with him and, as usual, he did a grand job.

The minute the movie was finished, the Victory Committee sent Randy to an “undisclosed destination.” For six weeks he visited the hospitals, entertained our camps in the Pacific and, in a measure, forgot his own troubles in the talks he had with the injured and fighting men. When he came back to Hollywood, finally, he had no inkling that anything in his personal fortunes had changed. But he was due for a surprise. Marion DuPont Scott had sued for, and obtained, a divorce! Randy was as surprised as anybody—but here it was at last!

Typically, when Randy’s wife did make up her mind to divorce him, she did it as quietly and mysteriously as she had done everything that concerned her marriage. Outside of Randy and herself, no one is yet quite sure where the divorce was obtained or on what grounds it was secured.

But this much is known: Less than twenty-four hours after Randy learned he was a free man after five years, he re-married. The lovely Patricia Stillman became Mrs. Randolph Scott.

He is honeymooning at his beach house with the brand new Mrs. Scott—two people who had come through two years of doubt and uncertainty and heartache to become, as Randy said over the phone, “the happiest people in the world!”

The End

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the “road.” I met on intimate and friendly terms the fine actors and actresses I had so long admired. I was fired with an ambition to become one of them.

He was nineteen and he went to live frugally in a New York theatrical boarding house, to wait for the stage to discover him. When things became just too frugal, he eked out his money with such odd jobs as theater ushering, bundle wrapping at Altman’s department store, and professional cycling.

There was no particular affinity between Charles and bundle-wrapping, but he was good enough at the racing to have continued in it as a career.

Came the break, our hero got his chance just before starvation as Ursus in “Quo Vadis.” The event was unheralded by the stage world, taking place in a dusty little midwestern town under the auspices of a traveling stock company. A year later, the year 1900 to be exact, young Coburn hit Broadway in an appropriate production titled “Up York State.”

It is most interesting to include the entire career of Charles Coburn in one story than to squeeze the half-dozen volumes of Gibbons’ “Rise and Fall” between one set of covers. Some historians of the theater will one day chronicle Mr. Coburn’s 37 years in greasepaint, and find them lush with achievement. The story will include his marriage to young actress Ivah Wills, and the thirty years during which the classic works of Shakespeare, Moliere, Maackaye and the popular masterpiece “The Better ‘Ole” of Bruce Bairnsfather, came to the boards under the co-production of Mr. & Mrs. Coburn. For the present, however, we are going to have to stick to Dingle who was present in Charles, if not in name, at least in spirit, even in his pre-Hollywood days.

There was, for instance, Mr. Coburn’s innate talent for match-making. There were more marriages taking place among the young actors and actresses of the Coburn Players than in any other repertory company in the business. Let a couple turn shy in each other’s presence and Coburn, who knew all the preliminary symptoms, soon had them saying “I do” as naturally as one were an entrance cue for “Midsummer Night’s Dream.” The list of examples is long, but one of them you will recognize as character actor Thomas Mitchell who met and married Anne Brewer Mitchell thirty years ago, under the sly prompting of Coburn.

Dingle’s penchant for getting into trouble was also an early trait in the Coburn make-up. There was that hectic night on a New York stage, for example, when Charles did some of the most earnest acting of his life—at the point of a madman’s gun.

The play was “Diplomacy,” featuring an all star cast including Margaret Anglin, Tyrone Power (our Ty’s Dad), Cissie Loftus, Frances Starr, Helen Gahagan (now Mrs. Melvyn Douglas) and others. At the opening of the second act, when Coburn and Miss Gahagan stood alone on the stage, there was a sudden cry from the aisle.

“Get off that stage, or I’ll kill you!”

There were the days before Olsen and Johnson, when a disturbance from the audience was the exception rather than the rule—but let Mr. Coburn tell it.

“I looked over the footlights and there stood a red-faced fellow, wild-haired, measuring about six foot two, and pointing his revolver straight at me. ’I’ll kill you,’ he repeated, and I had no reason to doubt him. I considered a jump into the orchestra pit, but discarded the idea as an un gallant way to take my leave of Miss Gahagan.

“We went on with our lines. The young man never moved either the revolver or his gaze and seemed only to be quietly considering what part of my body the bullet was going to pierce. Mentally I held a very faint debate as to the advantages of being hit in the chest, over those of being hit in the abdomen. I couldn’t see any use in trying to argue with the gunman, since it might only enrage him more.

“Finally, my bad tempered friend said: ‘You’re going to get it—’ But just at that moment, at the back of the theater, I could see an ushers’ posse of six forming to sneak up to him. My only chance was to keep his attention averted until the posse could grab him without any danger of shots going wild into the stricken audience. Never, during the run of any play, were lines read with such emotional fervor. Miss Gahagan was a trouper clear through, but her nails bit into my hands so deeply I had the marks for weeks afterwards.

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87
"The posse caught him. It turned out he was in love with Margaret Anglin, though it was no fault of hers since she had never seen him before. The boy was quite mad—and just why he was mad at me, no one has been able to figure out. Perhaps I may have appealed to him as a more amiable target than Margaret. I tell you, it was the worst of my life. I really longed to be the Thin Man!"

Or consider an episode which took place one summer season when the Coburn Players were holding their annual dramatic festival at Columbia University. The play was "Macbeth" and it was staged outdoors in a grove of trees which grew right outside the school's boiler room.

The Shakespearian saga had progressed to that seventeenth century forerunner of the chiller-diller, the Witches scene, and Mr. Coburn had just made inquiry of the world at large:

"What is that noise?"

"Bang, as if on cue, there came a thunderous roar that shook the audience nearly out of its seats—and surprised the actors almost out of their skins.

—and why sinks this cauldron?"

quavered Mr. Coburn."

Swish, a great all-enveloping cloud of steam spread over the stage!"

The actors stood rooted to the turf."

Beware of McDuff—dinted a witch tending a second roar lent emphasis to her threat.

When the last rumble had died and the vapors subsided, the spectators broke into a loud applause, and the actors realized that in some miraculous fashion they were still alive. The audience crowded round to congratulate Mr. Coburn on the marvelous off-stage effects. "How did you do it?" they asked.

Having learned by then that one of the school's boilers had blown a cylinder-head during his show, Mr. Coburn modestly passed the whole thing off as an experiment, adding his regret as to its being unable to repeat it at every performance.

Coburn's favorite stage role of them all was that of Oll Bill in Bairnsfather's "The Better Ole," a classic of the last favorite era. Coburn's roles include his first, which was that of the reprobate Dr. Shingle in "Of Human Hearts"; the sadistic Dr. Gordon in "Kings Row"; the devilish millionaire "Devil and Miss Jones," you-know-who in "The More The Merrier," and the broad-minded grand-pop of the current "Beware of McDuff."

His introduction to the screen came in 1937, when MGM invited him to play the medico's role in "Of Human Hearts." (With Walter Huston, Jimmy Stewart, Barbara Stanwyck and a beautiful brown horse, remember?)

He will never forget his first day as a movie actor. The troupe, under the direction of Clarence Brown, was shooting on location at Lake Arrowhead. The ex-New Yorker was horrified to find Hollywood had a heathenish habit of getting up to go to work before the sun was up. Groping his way into his costume and gargling a quick cup of coffee, Charles managed to hop into the company's motorboat just as it was leaving the hotel pier.

On one side of the lake, MGM had lavishly erected an entire Civil War village. At sight of it, Mr. Coburn
The village was a half mile square—Charlie knows, because he tramped its length and breadth many times that day, watching for Director Brown to signal him to go into his act. At three o’clock that afternoon, Mr. Coburn made his debut before the cameras. He was one of the extras who had the backs of their heads photographed as they watched a steamboat depart!

“It was then,” he says, “that I formed my entire philosophy and creed for a motion picture actor. Thou shalt have infinite patience!”

The creed stood him in good stead when making "My Kingdom for a Cook." In his first starring vehicle he plays a sort of British cousin to Mr. Dingle, a white bearded English author who out-Shaws the great Bernard in his meddling with international and domestic relations. The filming of the story required him to run the gamut of his personal emotions from "Ouch!" to "Ooof!" In the action he was kicked down a subway stairs, trampled, and crowned with an irate lady’s umbrella. He received hot flapjacks in his face in one scene, and rode a motorcycle in another.

Considering that Mr. Coburn is sixty-six years old, with a poundage to show, he answers crustily.

Charles Coburn’s private life—what there is of it—is spent mostly on the golf links and in his Sunset Strip apartment. He has been a widower for some years. The day this writer visited the apartment it was filled with wires, with assorted males at the end of each. The pipe smokers were fellows of the Masquers Club, with whom he was plotting a special entertainment session. The telephone men were attempting to solve the traffic jam on two phones by adding a third instrument.

The philosophy of Charles Coburn, of course, is his belief in acting as a profession, his love and faith in the theater and its newer form, the screen. The story of his Mohawk Drama Festival and Institute, founded at Union College in Schenectady, New York, in 1935, would make a long article in itself. Colleges all over the country are considering his teaching methods for regular dramatic classes after the war.

He is against present college dramatic methods in which he contends, "Amateurs turn out more amateurs." His pupils start with trained actors from the very beginning, for acting comes, he believes, not from books but from actual practice. The actor’s real job, says Mr. Coburn, is to make his audience believe and cry. But a genuine emotional display is any good if it does not release the emotions of his audience. He is only the instrument through which the spectator can enjoy the vicarious thrill of loving, hating, and laughing, adventuring in tragedy or romance.

Forsaking the abstract for the concrete example at hand, all we can say is that Mr. Coburn’s methods will bring us a new and unending supply of Dingles—we’re for it!

THE END
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M-G-M was born in 1924. The bells were ringing, the birds were singing and the faint roar of a lion was heard in the nursery.

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The stars that have risen from the Culver City studios form a constellation, the like of which has never embellished a trade mark.

The Big Parade, The Merry Widow, Ben-Hur, Trader Horn, Grand Hotel, Mutiny on The Bounty, San Francisco, The Good Earth, Boys Town, Gone With The Wind, Mrs. Miniver, Random Harvest, Madame Curie—all and many more were released under the M-G-M aegis.

Truly an anniversary to celebrate.

And the celebration will reach its flower in June's end when almost every theatre in the land—every theatre—will play some film produced by M-G-M. Feature pictures and short subjects will be scattered onto the screens of all the houses.

As part of the celebration, there will be displayed for first showing, a picture that literally required this twenty years of background to produce.

It is "The White Cliffs of Dover".

Directed by Clarence Brown, produced by Sidney Franklin, based on the poem by Alice Duer Miller, M-G-M presents—

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This story of love—Irene Dunne and Alan Marshal—is played on a background that clasps hands across the seas connecting, not dividing, America and England.

The screen play by Claudine West, Jan Lustig and George Froeschel has skillfully translated this poem to the screen, intensifying its realistic drama, impairing a mightiness of action in purely screen terms.

The poem remains, a thing apart, of great beauty. The film emerges as one of the most exciting emotional experiences the screen can provide.

We're twenty and just a little shaver.

Next year we'll be twenty-one! —Leo
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One of the most misunderstood of Hollywood characters is Red Skelton. Definitely an okay guy. He can’t resist clowning and he’ll work for any audience, whether it’s electricians on the set or service men he picks up on the corner.

It’s Red’s love life that is really the goon department. Apparently he can’t be happy without his ex-wife Edna, nor happy with her. She always wrote Red’s material and she still, after the divorce, is his business manager.

Meanwhile, Red’s been dating the glamour cuties of Hollywood. They were all the same blonde, full-blown type. But it was pretty tough for him when he actually was ready to march to the altar with Muriel Morris to have her walk out on him.

Nobody seems to know just the reason for that, and Red least of all. He’ll go into the army—and about that he’s very glad, as he’s long wanted to serve—still bewildered. Hollywood likes Red and hates to see this happening to him.

Danny Kaye’s wife, Sylvia Fine, writes Danny’s material, just as Edna Skelton writes Red’s. Sylvia also manages most of Danny’s career. But Danny says “Sylvia’s got a fine head on my shoulders.”

Maybe it’s that humor about himself that will make Danny always a happy husband as well as a star. And maybe, being himself in the Army, and not a clown, Red will find some lasting rules for personal happiness. Hollywood hopes so.

LINE FORMS TO THE RIGHT

Poor Claudette Colbert is in hot water these days. She recently purchased Peyton Hall, smart Hollywood apartment house, complete with swimming pool and all. The minute it appeared in the papers who the new owner was, all her friends with friends arriving from the East called and asked her to get them an apartment.

Claudette, of course, under OPA ruling cannot rent an apartment to anyone. Under the ruling the only way she could get an apartment there herself is to move in and re-do it. The place is jammed full and there is no vacancy until next year.
BING'S BEST PICTURE!

Great Songs...
"The Day After Forever" "Going My Way" "Swinging On A Star" plus "Ave Maria" "Silent Night, Holy Night" and 3 Other Old Favorites

Great Fun...
as Bing tames the toughest gang this side of Sing Sing!

with

BING CROSBY
BARRY FITZGERALD • FRANK McHugh • JAMES BROWN
JEAN HEATHER • GENE LOCKHART • PORTER HALL

And
FORTUNIO BONANOA

Risë Stevens Famous Contralto of Metropolitan Opera Association

Produced and Directed by Leo McCarey

B. G. DESYLVIA, Executive Producer
Screen Play by Frank Butler and Frank Cavett

Barry Fitzgerald, as Father Fitzgibbon who thought the Bishop had played a joke on him when he sent him Bing!
A flattering Stadium Girl Complexion

There's a new thrill waiting for you...a fresh, captivating complexion!

With Stadium Girl Cake Make-up your complexion appears lovelier, more romantic than ever...a truly enchanting skin beauty that remains soft and natural for hours. Then, too, remember Stadium Girl Cake Make-up hides those tiny, annoying skin faults and brings about an overall complexion of warm overtones—thrillingly glamorous.

Try this sensational new cake make-up. You'll find new glamour in one of these flattering shades — Natural, Rachel, Brunette, Golden Tan.

The modern plastic, waterproof Stadium Girl case makes a beautiful purse accessory. You'll want to carry it with you at all times.

Wherever you find Stadium Girl Cake Make-up, you'll find these other equally fine cosmetics — Stadium Girl Lip Make-up, Stadium Girl Cheek Make-up.

STADIUM GIRL CAKE MAKE-UP, full ounce, 25¢
STADIUM GIRL LIP MAKE-UP, six shades, 10¢-25¢
STADIUM GIRL CHEEK MAKE-UP, four shades, 10¢-25¢

Available at 5¢ and 10¢ stores

STADIUM GIRL
Campus Sales Co., Distributors
Milwaukee 2, Wis.

WANTED: LARGE APARTMENT

Ann Sothern finally has sold her house and is moving into a small apartment. For the past year Ann has threatened to do this, but somehow never could make herself sell her dream house. Now she has sold it to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Schwartz. Mr. Schwartz is the producer of “Cover Girl,” song writer of most of those songs that dance through your head. The move takes place whenever Ann can find an apartment large enough to fit her crystal chandelier that is the pride of her life. With the housing shortage, this will take some doing.

BOY GETS GIRL

For the records, Elyse Knox goes down as one of the frankest brides in a coon's age. Under duress from her studio she gave out interviews of her marriage to war hero and ex-football player Tom Harmon. Tom, under instructions from the War Department, could not talk of his wartime adventures and whenever a reporter tried to get any of them from bride Elyse they came up against a stone wall.

But the story of their romance is like a Hollywood script.

Cover girl Elyse participated in the ceremonies to greet the Michigan football team when they came to California in 1939. She met the hero Tom Harmon, thought he was very nice, and smiled when he said that someday he would marry her. Then Mr. Harmon made All-American and after his graduation from college was signed by Columbia Pictures to make “Harmon of Michigan”. Again the two met and had dates, but Miss Elyse didn’t take anything seriously.

Soon after Tom left California, Elyse married dashing Paul Hesse, cover photographer. Their romance didn’t last and ended in divorce about a year later. Mr. Harmon by this time was in the Army and Elyse added him to her list of men in the service that she wrote to regularly. These she swears were friendly letters, such as one who would write to any friend at war. When Tom was reported missing in action she was genuinely upset, and when he came back she was overjoyed for him and for his family. Newspapers played up the romance angle, but to Elyse there wasn’t any.

Then off to war again for Tom and more letters. Then again he was missing and turned up again. This time Elyse met him in Chicago for a bond tour together. This time it was love.

Tom got the girl he had said he would marry and Elyse finally found the man she truly loves. Tom will report back to duty in a few months and she will continue her picture career until he comes back. Then there will be no more pictures, just Mrs. Tom Harmon.
SHARE THE REAL THING WITH OUR SUPER-COMMANDOS! IN ACTION! IN LOVE!

This is it! The hot-with-excitement story of our fighting Paramarines, who are making our hearts and our headlines sing with pride! You'll love the way they thrill you! You'll thrill to the way they love!

MARINE RAIDERS

Starring

PAT O'BRIEN · RYAN · HUSSEY

with FRANK McHUGH · BARTON MacLANE

Produced by Robert Fellows—Directed by Harold Schuster—Screen play by Warren Duff
1944 marks twenty years—exciting years—epic years—that M-G-M has been producing your greatest entertainment! To celebrate its anniversary—the studio of hits now pours into one magnificent picture all the mastery at its command—and gives the screen the romance that is destined to be remembered forever!

The White Cliffs of Dover
NOW THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL!

HUR 1928 TELL IT TO THE MARINES 1929 BROADWAY MELODY 1930 MIN AND BILL

1932 GRAND HOTEL

1934 DINNER AT EIGHT

1936 SAN FRANCISCO

starring

IRENE DUNNE

A CLARENCE BROWN Production with ALAN MARSHAL and with RODDY McDOWALL • FRANK MORGAN VAN JOHNSON • C. AUBREY SMITH • DAME MAY WHITTY • GLADYS COOPER • Directed by CLARENCE BROWN • Produced by SIDNEY FRANKLIN • Screen Play by Claudine West, Jan Lustig and George Froeschel • Based on "The White Cliffs" by Alice Duer Miller

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
Tayton's cake make-up has become popular among Hollywood beauties because:

- It goes on quickly and evenly.
- It does not dry the skin.
- It does veil tiny blemishes, giving a petal-smooth look that lasts for hours.
- It does even more! Those exquisite new shades lend flattering color with a soft, natural-looking glow.

Get your own lovely shade of Tayton's TECHNA-TINT CAKE MAKE-UP for a glamorous new complexion. You'll love it!

MINUTES TO NEW LOVELINESS WITH TAYTON'S CAKE MAKE-UP

Why have so many Hollywood beauties fallen in love with Tayton's TECHNA-TINT CAKE MAKE-UP?

- Because it goes on quickly and evenly.
- Because it does not dry the skin.
- Because it does veil tiny blemishes, giving a petal-smooth look that lasts for hours.
- Because it does even more! Those exquisite new shades lend flattering color with a soft, natural-looking glow.

Get your own lovely shade of Tayton's TECHNA-TINT CAKE MAKE-UP for a glamorous new complexion. You'll love it!

GLAMOUR FROM THE HOLLYWOOD HOUSE OF TAYTON

(For Solution See Page 69)
IT'S smart to be smooth under the summer sun. This year, to make it easy, hairstyling takes to high-styling. Sleek simplicity is the keynote; nets and knowing touches are the tricks of the trade. No more excuses for back-of-the-neck birds' nests. Sweep your locks up or under. But put a neat head on your shoulders and hold it high!

To be really smooth, of course, your hair must be shining. So keep it clean with a weekly shampoo and daily brisk brushwork.

Ends needn't be short to look slick. Long damp stragglers can be controlled completely if they are caught up in a colorful net. Bright hairnets, silky-thin or ropey-thick, are interesting costume accessories too, if they're chosen to match or contrast with summer prints.

Then, chignons are chic—and so very dramatic—especially with a center-parted coiffure. Cool, too, if the front hair is drawn softly back, leaving ears bare to the breezes. For evening excitement, try studding a chignon (true or false) with fresh fragrant flowers.

Braids make a backview that's simply bewitching. They bring a novel note to your beloved and oh-so-comfortable upsweep hair-do.

What is she doing?
- Playing with dolls
- Studying Fashion Design
- Learning puppetry

Each answer is right, and here's why. Any active sport unshells the timid soul... pares down excess poundage. And for date bait, it's wizard! So, play up—even on "trying days". With Kotex sanitary napkins you can say goodbye to little nagging worries. For Kotex has no wrong side to cause accidents. And the special Kotex safety center gives you worry-proof protection.

Know your napkins —

More women use KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*U. S. Pat. Off.
PIN UP GIRL (20th Century-Fox) capitalizes upon the latest survey of Hollywood’s top money-making stars wherein the name of Betty Grable, (like that of Abou Ben Adhem) led all the rest. Part of the reason for her supremacy at the box-office is the tremendous following Betty has built up among the G.I. Joes who have named her one of the armed forces favorite pin-up girls. Therefore what could be more suitable than that her studio star Betty Grable in a Technicolor musical frankly labeled “Pin Up Girl?”

She might have been provided with a little better story than the flimsy plot that ties together these songs and dances. It is about nothing more important than a pair of girls who set out for Washington to take government jobs. En route they stop off in New York where they are mistaken for musical comedy stars and Betty meets a returned Naval hero with whom she falls in love. The rest of the yarn concerns their misunderstandings before true love triumphs.

But “Pin Up Girl” has at least eight hit tunes by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren: “They Tug at My Heart Strings,” “Shore Leave,” “Here’s the Scoop,” “Get Out of My Life, Woman,” “Try a Little Tenderloin,” “I’d Rather Take a Hike,” “It’s a Long Way From Home,” “Let’s Have a Banana Party.”

TAMPCIO (20th Century-Fox) is one of those hard-bitter adventure melodramas which may please those who do not expect too much of it. Edward G. Robinson plays a Merchant Marine captain whose ship is torpedoed by the enemy. Acting on the assumption that the sinking is traceable to Nazi waterfront agents, the captain seeks revenge. Victor McLaglen is his second officer, and the flashing Lynn Bari the girl who might have been guilty but—surprise, surprise—isn’t.

HER PRIMITIVE MAN (Universal) starts out to be a very funny picture of the wacky sort. But it grows tired of its own insanities and ends up by tiring you. Robert Paige, wanting to get even with Louise Allbritton for exposing a literary hoax, masquerades as a Lupari head-hunter, so that he can embarrass her in her study of a primitive man’s reactions to civilization. The supporting cast, headed by Robert Benchley, Edward Everett Horton and Helen Broderick, stays in there pitching.

COBRA WOMAN (Universal) serves merely as another excuse to parade the visual charms of Maria Montez in an exotic setting. She plays twin sisters, one good and one evil, who struggle over the island throne of snake worshippers. Jon Hall and Sabu are again her co-stars, the Hindu boy in a last appearance before joining the U. S. Army Air Force.
Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble (MGM) turns out to be twins who are the attractive Lee and Lynn Wilde. As you remember, the previous Hardy Family film ended with Andy aboard a train headed for his first year in college at his father's Alma Mater. He began a flirtation with a girl who was recognizable as Susan Peters. Somewhere along the line Susan must have changed trains, without doubt to a faster one, for she is no longer on the scene when Andy allows his roving eye to catch that of Bonita Granville. Then begins a pursuit of the aforementioned Wilde twins, whom Andy believes are one and the same girl.

As Hardy Family pictures go, this is probably the weakest one in the series. Not enough happens to Andy in college to give matters an expected bounce. Mickey Rooney is held down to a single situation which is not very bright, despite his best efforts to keep it amusing. So we have to go back to Carvel to pick up Lewis Stone as the Judge and Fay Holden as Mrs. Hardy. They have some business in disposing of Andy's jalopy to the courteous Chinese doctor who is Keye Luke. He is also a mechanical genius and proves it by making the heap run. Meanwhile, the able Herbert Marshall as a college dean is trying to help Mickey out of his double blonde trouble. It just isn't as funny as it should have been been.

And the Angels Sing ( Paramount) vainly tries to be entertaining about the misadventures of a quartette of sisters who vocalize well together but whose ambitions are respectively to follow careers as (Continued on page 87)

The Westmores—Perc, Wally, and Bud—not only make up the Hollywood stars but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face-powder and foundation cream. House of Westmore offers the perfect make-up. It gives you a lovely, attractive beauty—goes on smoothly and really stays on. You will like the fine texture and fashionable shades of Westmore Make-up.

Regardless of price, you cannot buy better.
Plan TO GET SOME Sun

BY SHIRLEY COOK
BEAUTY EDITOR

HERE are few girls who always burn but never tan! Our authority is Miss Ann Blyth, youngest pride of Universal Pictures. Ann recently left New York's footlights for Hollywood's sunny splendor. Climatically, she went through just what many of us do when we come out of steamheated homes into the searing summer sun.

This is her plan—to take to the sun; but to take advantage of it. She doesn't aim for a mahogany hue; but she does believe in bronzing a bit.

Before bathing or badminton, Ann applies a sun-filtering lotion (very necessary for her fair Irish skin). Frequent applications shut the burning rays out, let the vitamins in.

All-over rubs with hand lotion after outdoor exposure replace dried-out natural moisture. Lavish applications of emollient cream soothe and soften her wind-whipped face. The result—a golden glow. The kind that you and I can have, if we plan to get some sun.

Don't take my word for it! Watch Ann Blyth in "The Merry Monahans" and see what sun with sense can do—even to the sensitive.

With protection on your program, you'll be tinted to taste, with a tan that's really tonic.

Play is part of the perfect plan for every healthy, slim-trim body. So get your fun—but make it work for a better figure too.

Anti-sun stroking: this is the proper procedure for tanning without any pain or peel. Special lotion shuts out the rays that burn.

Taking chances on outdoor-dry skin lines? Not Ann! After sunning, she smooths her pretty face with a film of emollient cream.
No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more luster than soap ... yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Love at first sight is no surprise when a girl has lovely, shining hair! So don't let soap or soap shampoos dull the lustrous beauty men adore.

Be beauty wise! Change to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. See the dramatic difference after your very first shampoo ... how gloriously it reveals all the lovely, sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

See, too, how this new, improved Drene containing hair conditioner now leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage ... right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness!

So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner ... or ask your beauty shop to use it.

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

Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble

Soap film dulls luster—robs hair of glamour!
All cake soaps and liquid soap shampoos leave a dulling film on hair. Drene never leaves any dulling film.

That's why Drene reveals up to 33% more luster!
Based on the Saturday Evening Post Story "The Phantom Filly" by George Agnew Chamberlain

Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY • Produced by ANDRE DAVEN

SCREEN PLAY BY WINSTON MILLER

POUNDING HOOF
THROBBING KISS
THUNDERING THRILL!

IN GLORIOUS
TECHNICOLOR!

LOVELY WOMEN! FAST
HORSES! PROUD MEN!
FIGHTING TO WIN...
NO MATTER THE ODDS!
LOVING FOR KEEPS...NO
MATTER THE COST!

HOME in INDIANA

Based on the Saturday Evening Post Story "The Phantom Filly" by George Agnew Chamberlain

Featuring Walter BRENNAN
Lon McCALLISTER • Jeanne CRAIN
Charlotte GREENWOOD • June HAVER

Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY • Produced by ANDRE DAVEN
SCREEN PLAY BY WINSTON MILLER

ANOTHER WINNER FROM 20 CENTURY-FOX!
She was ushered into this world in the dark hours that precede the sunlit California dawn... Victoria Elizabeth James... Betty's baby... seven pounds, ten ounces... blue eyes, blonde hair... just like her glamorous mother. Harry James had paced the floor of the Father's Room at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital for hours... and when the doctor said, "You can see her now" Harry rushed to Betty's side. Her first words were, "Honey, you aren't disappointed are you?" And he replied, "Disappointed? Baby, I wanted a little girl all the time." Can you blame him after seeing these first pictures of Hollywood's newest starlet?
WHAT’S WRONG WITH MARRIAGE

What’s wrong with marriage in Hollywood? Why is it that next to war and taxes, there is nothing so sure to hit the headlines at dependable intervals as a new skirmish on the Hollywood domestic front?

To be up-to-date and specific, what happened—after five years of idyllic companionship—to cause a rift in the Brian Aherne–Joan Fontaine union? Its principals contend that the subject is “too painful even to talk about”. And why, with the printers’ ink scarcely dry on avowals of recaptured happiness by Lana Turner and Steven Crane, did the whole thing go off again like a delayed-action bomb?

We'll, these aren't private questions—anybody can get in with the answers, providing they know them. Meantime, those of us who sit in the spectators’ row are free to create our own version of the truth, and its consequences.

As this writer sees it, there is nothing wrong with marriage in Hollywood that isn't wrong with marriage anywhere else. Marriage is the too close confinement of two people who, because of their love for each other, try to think, act and feel alike. They're not always successful at it because, in the same way that no two humans' fingerprints are the same, minds and emotions are apt to have highly individual whorls and convolutions.

Marriage, as an institution, is a great deal like democracy—full of soft spots and imperfections. But, like democracy, it is worth fighting to keep, simply because it is so much finer than any other form of human relationship the world has yet been able to devise. And in spite of the frequent front-page splash of some Hollywood marriage newly sunk, there is no reason to believe that a film colony husband and wife do not put up as brave a struggle in the pursuit and preservation of their happiness as a couple in any other city.

The plain truth of it is that the state of California,
Behind the news comments on what has upset the five years' happy
Joan Fontaine-Brian Aherne love story, and an inside what-goes
with the new Lana Turner and Steve Crane romance rift

which for news purposes is bounded on all sides by
Hollywood, actually has a much more respectable divorce
rate than many other states in the union. From the
Federal Department of Foreign and Domestic Commerce
come some statistics that are surprising.

Figures compiled in 1940 show that 2 percent of the
total population of the United States secured divorces
during that year. California's divorce rate, based on
its population, was 3.5, which for a moment might
seem to indicate the glamour state was way ahead of its
share of legal separations. On the other hand, Florida
came through with a plump 5.9, the comparatively un-
sophisticated states of Texas and Oklahoma stacked up
4.3 and 4.2 respectively, and the state of Washington
topped the Western coastline with 3.7.

Whether the government became discouraged with
these figures, or has simply busied itself with matters
more important, is not known. But there has been no
official check-up since 1940. However, the conditions
today are the same as they were four years ago. In
Deland, Florida, and in Yakima, Washington, and
Wichita Falls, Texas, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Dokes are al-
lowed to go quietly about their personal troubles, but
Mr. and Mrs. Screen Star, living their gold-fish bowl
existence in Hollywood, enjoy no such privacy.

Any attempt to analyze the Aherne-Fontaine or
Turner-Crane split-ups must be based on purely per-
sonal opinion—but there are certain facts with which
to substantiate these opinions. In Yakima, or in Wichita
Falls, those facts would be facts known only to a few
close friends and neighbors. In Hollywood, they are
town property.

When Brian Aherne married Joan, he was one of the
film colony's most dashing eligibles—well established
as Katharine Cornell's favorite partner for stage ro-
mance, and portrait of such colorful screen roles as

"The Great Garrick" and "Captain Fury," Joan was
known mostly as the rather "plain" little sister of Olivia
de Havilland. In fact, it was the more vivid 'Livvy' whom
the tall young Englishman had first come acourtin'. He
and Joan first struck sparks at a garden party, where
they met by coincidence, and people were more or less
surprised when they married.

The Ahernes lived unpretentiously, in a medium-
sized Beverly Hills house that would never be picked as
a "movie star" home. Joan, who was born in Japan of
English parents, and Englishman Brian shared a Con-
tinental background and found it a good background
for similar tastes in reading, conversation and other
pleasures of quiet living. They never made any attempt
to become members-in-good-standing of the cafe set,
buted preferred instead to entertain close friends in their
home.

Brian, while endowed with a good bit of British re-
serve, is an easy-going fellow, a brilliant raconteur,
with a solid strain of humor flashing behind his very
blue eyes. His hobbies before the war ran to piloting his
bride in his own plane on cross-country trips, and whip-
ning remote mountain streams with a trout rod. These
days, he likes to spend his spare time at his date and
alfalfa ranch just outside of Palm Springs, and return
to the movie sets tanned and relaxed.

Joan, fragile in her childhood, seemed to gain enjoy-
ment from these slightly rugged activities. There is no
question but that this marriage was, for awhile at least,
 extremely beneficial for the quiet girl who, with a new
sprinkling of freckles across her nose and a very obvious
happiness in her eyes, took on a new sparkle to her
personality.

Meantime, the public status of the two underwent a
gradual change. The just slightly-known young actress
became an overnight star in "Rebecca," and eventually

The Ahernes were seldom seen in Holly-
wood's night lights. This was one of their
very rare appearances at the Palladium.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH MARRIAGE
in HOLLYWOOD?

CONTINUED

brought home a golden Oscar to decorate her side of the family mantel. As her roles become increasingly spectacular and important, her husband's screen career lost color. In the last couple of years, Aherne has suffered from the dull fate which seems to overtake actors who prove themselves so adaptable they can be shoved into any spot to furnish a dependable foil for a co-star's comedy or drama.

Today, Joan Fontaine is one of the screen's top dramatic actresses, being rushed from one news-worthy vehicle to another. And if there is any actor in Hollywood in immediate need of a good, meaty, picturesque role to revive his very fine talents, it is Brian Aherne. Whether this changed standing has made any real difference in their private relationship can only be guessed at, but it's a fair bet that the situation has added its share of emotional strain.

In Yakima, Washington, Joe Dokes might find it irritating if Mrs. Dokes suddenly got herself a more important job than his own, but in Hollywood the thing can be downright awkward. At Columbia, Brian's home studio, there is an unspoken rule that publicity stories on Brian must be written on subjects other than those concerning his wife, lest when they hit the paper they turn out to be Joan Fontaine stories. When making a picture, Aherne is pleasantly cooperative, yet he is apt to sit quietly pulling on his pipe, his blue eyes reflective, and say, "Well—after all—what can you write on me? I'm just a happily married fellow, leading a settled sort of life. The only kind of hey-hey I pitch is alfalfa. How are you going to make any exciting gossip out of that?"

When Brian began work in Columbia's "What A Woman," the occasion was marked by a large basket of roses, with a congratulatory message from Joan—an old Hollywood custom between mates in the acting profession. Conversation in the dressing room, where the roses were prominently displayed, was largely motivated by Brian's unrestrained enthusiasm for his wife's...
recently premiered interpretation of "The Constant Nymph."

"She did do a splendid job of it, didn't she?" he would remark with pride.

Mutual esteem would seem to be a solid basis for contentment in any marriage. But then again, there was the day when a soldier, visiting the set on a USO tour, approached the actor and with some excitement asked, "Say—are you married to Joan Fontaine?" Being answered in the affirmative, he continued,—"And that makes you Olivia de Havilland's brother-in-law, doesn't it? Sa-ay, can I have your autograph?" With a good-natured grin, Aherne took a piece of paper and solemnly inscribed, "Regards, and the very best of luck—from Joan Fontaine's Husband and Olivia de Havilland's Brother-in-law.

It developed later that the soldier was the son of a woman who had been the two sisters' nurse in their childhood, but the incident continued to be a favorite story with its victim, who repeated it to others on the set.

Outside the home, at least, Aherne gets a nice red mark for good sportsmanship. The case is not so good for Joan. There have been rumored feuds with fellow players. Some of her leading men have been known to make emphatic comment on the completion of a picture, saying they would not care to repeat the experience. It's an oft-proven truth, however, that the higher you rise in any business, the better target you present. And in all fairness to the Fontaine it is well to remember that pot-shotting is a favorite Hollywood sport. To mix a metaphor, however, it must also be remembered that two birds can be hit with the same pot-shot.

For many months a certain prominent columnist refused to take any item on Brian Aherne unless she could give it an unfavorable twist. Her reason was not a dislike of the actor, but rather that he persisted in misunderstanding her feud with his wife—for which the columnist had a quite justifiable basis.

These are the public facts. The private ones, whatever they may be, added up for a while at least, to a sum of mutual understanding and love between this Movietown Mr. and Mrs. The Ahernes, along with you'd be surprised how many other cinema couples, have long regretted the childless state of their marriage. It may be that a small Aherne might have added new interest to this marriage—and then again, it might not have made a difference.

The only sure conclusion is that for five years these two had something very precious between them, and there's no question but that they made a gallant effort to preserve it. The same is undoubtedly true of Lana Turner and Steve Crane, whose marriage, divorce, remarriage, and current separation have exploded into print with the spectacular rapidity of a string of firecrackers.

Steven Crane (as told to Movieland for its February issue) first saw Lana in person in Chicago. "We didn't meet then," he recalls, "but after all, you don't see a girl as beautiful as that many times in a lifetime, so I didn't forget her. Then, after I came to Hollywood I'd see her at the West Side Tennis Club, the Palladium and around—"

"Funny thing, we never met formally. I don't remember that anyone ever said 'Miss Turner, this is Mr. Crane.' Considering that, in all my life, nothing as important ever happened to me, it is odd that I can't remember just when, or where, or how, we did get together—but that naturally, as if it were intended, we did. I believe it was intended."

Hollywood itself, first "saw" young Crane when he began showing up as the lovely Lana's escort. The little Turner, with her beauty, her talent, her flair for sudden loving—or leaving—has always been a prime romantic item. There had been goodlooking attorney Greg Bautzer, who found himself with a broken engagement on his hands when she suddenly (Continued on page 88)
So you're worried about Junior? He brings home a report card, you say, that reads like Charlie McCarthy's average weekly allowance after deductions for window breakage, mumbly-peg losses, and income tax.

Junior spends most of his school hours in the principal's office; he runs away at the slightest provocation; he is shy, moody, unpredictable. Your closest neighbor insists that he is a drip from the brow of Satan.

Cheer up. He is undoubtedly a genius and will grow up to bring fame and fortune to your family. Like, for instance, Robert Walker.

You surely remember the brilliant characterization that made the sailor in "Bataan" an unforgettable boy? That was the work of Bob Walker. Surely you have been among the millions laughing at the side-splitting comedy, "See Here, Private Hargrove." That reluctant convert to khaki was this same Bob Walker in the title role.

Bob was born in Salt Lake City, the youngest member of a quartet of Walker sons. Reading from bass to tenor, the boys were Wayne, Walter (currently an army major in North Africa and in former times Bob's champion and confidant), Richard, and Robert.

Bob was knee-high to a Sunday edition of your favorite paper when his family moved to Ogden where Bob's...
father became affiliated with a bank. Ogden was not so much a home for Bob as it was an embarkation point. At the age of seven, being unable to sleep because of the sparkling rush of gypsy blood through his veins, Master Robert took a blanket from his bed, climbed out of the window, and slunk mysteriously to the barn, keeping to the enveloping shadows cast by incidental buildings and clumps of trees. Once in the barn, Bob climbed to the hayloft, spread his blanket, and went to sleep. This made him a tramp, junior grade.

Thereafter, he explored every remote corner of his home—frequently on school time, which made a great many people very, very unhappy. Bob tried to explain that keeping him cooped up was like trying to catch quicksilver on a fork. Life was continually wonderful and terrible to him; wonderful in his moments of mad discovery and exploration; terrible in those moments when he had to take the punishment for this adventurous spirit.

Therefore, he went through that phase most adolescents hit at sometime or another—the running away period.

When Bob was a gangling character of thirteen, he and a boy friend hopped a freight and bummed their way south, heading for Los Angeles. The first person they met was a cordial (Continued on page 61)
Here's the finest story you ever read
(as told by her best friend)
about the girl on Movieland's cover.

I CAN'T think of any happier time to be asked to
talk about my pal Paulette than when she is off
on an overseas camp tour, and too busy to interrupt
me. Conversation, when we're together, is a sort
of perpetual marathon, with both of us sitting on
the edges of our chairs, ready to grab the subject and
run the minute the other stops to draw a breath—or
so I've been told by people who sat around hopefully
trying to get in a word of their own.

Anyhow, if this is talking behind a pal's back, I'm
going to love it.

Friendship, I think, is swellest when it springs from
a seed of circumstance and just sort of grows up by
itself, uncultivated and uncoaxed. Ours had it beginning when a Los Angeles Tennis Club staged a tournament and made up its teams by pairing a tennis player and a movie star to play in the doubles. To this day—and that was about seven years ago—I can remember the thrill when I saw my name posted on the bulletin board along with Paulette Goddard's. To me, a Kleig light was still just a word I'd read in movie magazines, but Paulette was already covered with glamour as Charlie Chaplin's leading lady. I had seen her around the club and wondered if someday, somehow, I might get a chance to meet her.

I remember how I rushed home that day, practically kicked in the back door and bounced through the house yelling, "Mother—Dad—everybody—isn't it exciting? I'm going to play the doubles with Paulette Goddard!"

No sooner had I made my amazing announcement than the depression set in. Maybe Paulette wouldn't want to play with me—maybe, being a movie star, she'd be haughty and insist on someone more impressive for a partner. I was afraid to look at the bulletin board the next day, expecting any minute to see the names changed.

Next afternoon, as Mickey, my mother, tells it, she went through her second whirlwind. She was sitting on the club porch knitting, when someone with a lot...
of brown hair and a lot of blue eyes, tore up to her.

"Isn't it thrilling?" she said, "I'm going to play the
tournament with Jinx—unless, well, do you suppose
she'd rather have someone else for a partner?"

It was Paulette, of course, and she said she and her
mother had been dying to meet me and my mother.
Well, maybe we two didn't do the most brilliant play¬
ing in that tournament, but it's a cinch no one had
any more fun that we did. Dad shot color films of
the match, and Paulette came up to the house to see
them—and anyhow, that's how it began.

The most exhilarating thing about Paulette, of course,
is her capacity for enjoyment of everyday things—a
meal, a date, a color, a dress, a hike, a swim, a joke,
just an ordinary evening spent studying scripts and
eating apples becomes important under the Goddard
treatment. She is one of the gayest people you'll ever
encounter. When you first meet her you're apt to
think, "No one could possibly be that happy, all the
time—" After a while you catch on she's the kind
of person who hides her real feelings—what I mean
is that the time something's really bothering her is the
time she makes an extra attempt not to let anyone
else be distressed by it. The thing that keeps on aston¬
ing you, as long as you know her, is that under¬
neath this seemingly casual exterior is a mind that
works like a clock.

Paulette believes if anything is worth doing at all,
it's worth making an event of. Other glamour gals
may face a radio audience, for instance, with a shiny
nose and wearing a little sports number wilted by hours
of pre-broadcast rehearsal. She arrives at the studio
(1) spic and span for rehearsal and (2) carrying a
completely packed suitcase. In it is a formal gown,

My PAL
Paulette

CONTINUED

The hair is parted from the center
front, right straight back to the
nekt. The braids are
started above and behind the ears.
You choose the woot to match the
colors of your individual costume.

Jinx Falkenburg proves that her pal, Paulette, isn't the
only hair-style setter in Hollywood. From Mexico, Jinx
borrowed this gay, warm-weather hair style; bright colored
wool braided right into the glamorous star's alluring locks.
matching jewels, flowers for her hair, and a fur wrap for her "mike" appearance. The listening audience may not be able to get the full effect, but that small "looking" audience in the studio is going to see something pretty terrific.

Recently the Falkenburg tribe, my mother, two brothers and myself, played a benefit tennis match for the Red Cross in Dallas, Texas, with Paulette acting as guest score-keeper. We went into conference—my kid brothers adore her, by the way—and planned special costumes. We reasoned that not all the spectators attending would be sport fans, but some of them would be people who were just contributing to a good cause, and Paulette thought they ought to get a good show for their money. Instead of regulation tennis whites, it was decided I should wear a red Tyrolean shorts outfit, but believe me, it was Goddard who really made history.

The highlights of her score-keeper's outfit were black velvet shorts with sequins, a white satin blouse, and white carnations in her hair.

How a COVER is Born

See that cute shot of Goddard on our cover this issue? Do you think we just called up Paulette, shooed her over to Tom Kelley's studio, that Tom moved a couple of lights, snapped that one-shot color camera of his and that was it?

Yuk, yuk, yuk, are you innocent? There's much more in any cover that meets a million eyes. Like this, for instance.

You start, first, by co-ordinating Miss Goddard's free time and Mr. K's. Then you decide on the theme of the cover. Because of the new war bond drive, we wanted to work out something with bonds and stamps. That's when Missy Goddard got going into high. She consulted her hairdresser, Hedvig Mjorud. Movieland thought that was just dandy. The only thing was Paulette and Heddy were busy; so was Movieland's editor and the stamps had to be got. So Movieland wished this job on Lindsay Durand, a charmer in the publicity department of Paramount. Poor Lindsay is always getting things like this wished on her, maybe because she always comes through, no matter what the demand.

Miss Durand galloped away to AWVS only to discover that they had stopped making war-stamp corsages, but she tracked down the woman who had originally made them and came back with two corsages of the type that Paulette and Movieland now hope girls will want to feature in their July patriotic hair-do.

So finally the appointment was set for a Tuesday at two. But at ten that morning, Paulette was at the Paramount make-up department having Heddy shampoo and set her hair. While her hair dried, the make-up man put on Paulette's camera face (which is no more beautiful than her natural own, we assure you). This took till one-thirty. Paulette grabbed a hasty sandwich and got to the Kelley doorstep right on time.

Then Tom's work began. He had to maneuver drapes and lights. Heddy put the final adjustment on the stamp corsages. Paulette changed costumes twice.

The back shot shows how the hair is center-parted, with the curls held forward by pins. It's cute; it's comfortable, and don't forget it's a mighty chic way to help our wonderful Uncle Sam.

The high-lights of her score-keeper's outfit were black velvet shorts with sequins, a white satin blouse, and white carnations in her hair.

We both have a passion for bright red or all-white, you know, and have to take turns wearing it. If we didn't plan ahead when going places together, we'd probably wear the same thing and show up looking like a forest fire, or a blinding snow storm. Sometimes the combination works out very happily. Christmas Eve at the Masquers' service-men's party, I wore red with white, she wore white with red, and we both felt very Christmasy. I especially wanted to mention this party, because it'll show you some of the things I mean about Goddard. Holiday nights aren't too easy to "sell" to a lot of stars, because like other people they have plans of their own. Paulette specially wanted to spend her evening with the service men, (Continued on page 85)
Ray and Mal are shown having fun together. They’ve been married for eleven happy years. Small Danny Milland will grow up to be even more handsome than his witty Dad.

BY DEE OFSTIE

The Romances of

RAY MILLAND

He learned about life from eleven ladies

one of whom was the Queen of England!

He was Jack Mullane when he guarded England’s Queen, and he was, as you can see quite a stout fellow. He made thirty-five dollars a week—and spent hundreds.

IN “LADY IN THE DARK,” Ray Milland tosses off some pretty snappy sarcasm having to do with the wiles and weaknesses of women. In the catcher’s box for the fair sex is Ginger Rogers (and, we might ask, who is fairer?), and for a few reels she really grabs herself some stingers.

The major difference between Milland in the film and in the flesh is his attitude toward the ladies. In private life, Ray is a fellow with an ingratiating sense of humor who doesn’t need anyone to write his dialog. He has his own rakish thoughts on life in general, and can express them with even more charm than the camera catches. Like many California males, he is better in natural color than in photographic grays. A nicely sunned look shows his eyes a little bluer and his smile a little brighter than you're prepared for, and an occasional early gray hair makes the blackness of the rest of it even more authentic.

He has an inner gallantry that comes out something like this: “Women—they’re wonderful!” Any man is the sum of the women he has known, Ray believes, and a man’s life that hasn’t been pretty well mile-stoned by the opposite sex is a life without direction or fullness.

This, then, is the summing up of Ray Milland, adding him up by his own standard of measure, on the
Ray Milland, whose current picture is Paramount's "Lady In the Dark" murmurs, "I'm a very fine fellow. My wife thinks so, which proves it."

I'm a very fine fellow," says Ray, grinning. "My wife thinks so—and that proves it. She's a woman of charm and intelligence and character, and therefore her belief in me is my greatest asset. No one could ever make me completely lose confidence in myself. My wife found good in me, so it must be there."

You know, under all his kidding, that his beautiful wife is the most important person in the world to him. But the other women who have contributed to his life run all the way from the family laundress, through Queen Mary of England, to Claudette Colbert of Paris and Hollywood.

The laundress takes precedence in his memory even over his mother. Ray was born in Neath, Wales, so rather unsurprisingly, the laundress was a Welshwoman. She was very fat. Her chief charm, since she smelt mostly of suds, and because she was bent over all the time so that Ray's not sure she even had a face, was that she allowed him to poke the fire under the huge pewter boiler.

"She made me feel like a man, even at that early age," he recalls. "She let me play with fire—a habit I've been following, figuratively at least, ever since."

His mother, he thinks, looked exactly like he does and when he was too young to be modest about such things, he decided she was very beautiful. His earliest recollection of her has to do with a swing she bought and placed him in. It was a self-propelling affair for self-efficient young men of three or four years, and the harder you pushed on a certain bar, the higher it flew. Ambitious even then, he soon was swinging so high that suddenly he had left the swing behind him. Results could have been disastrous, except that his mother's arms were there ready to catch him.

"I flew clear across the room, but I wasn't afraid because somehow I knew she'd be there. It might have taught me to leap without looking, but it didn't. Seriously, the greatest lesson a fellow learns from his mother is to appreciate those one or two people in his life he can always depend on."

The very first romance in his life was his school teacher. Her name, and Ray will never forget it, was Evelyn Davis, and it was definitely a case of love at first sight. She had large purple eyes and she dominated all his thoughts from the age of eight to eleven, since they went through four grades of school together. He was much too shy to ever bring her an apple, but his grasp of the three R's today is undoubtedly due to his great desire to please her.  (Continued on page 70)
How to Write "An Original"

Second only to the number of people who want to act in movies are the number who want to write for them. Here is some highly unorthodox advice from a master craftsman.

Past my window walked a stately old Chinese in a mulberry robe. Then came a soulful Arab in a burnoose. Then two pretty girls in sheer black tights and spangled skirts, fully three and a half inches long.

All day, every day, a parade as strange, or stranger, passes my window. I am not a denizen of an opium den. What am I? And where? And, perhaps, why? I'll shed a little more light. The Chinese was Walter Huston going to work in "Dragon Seed." The Arab was Ronald Colman en route to an ancient oriental palace (built yesterday) to dally with La Dietrich (in Technicolor) for the picture "Kismet." The two little girls in tights were June Allyson and Gloria DeHaven on their way to play a scene in "Two Sisters and a Sailor"; and I hope they know their lines, for I wrote them, with my collaborator, Gladys Lehman.

By now you must be getting warm. Here are a few...
more clues. The girl who just passed in a dress forty
years out of style is Judy Garland, who is in “Meet
Me in St. Louis,” laid in 1904. There go Hedy Lamarr
in skirts and Katharine Hepburn in slacks, and Spencer
Tracy in trousers, and Mickey Rooney in a hurry——
You are right. My window is in a movie studio, the
one whose pictures begin with a lion roaring at you.
To let the lion out of the bag, the studio is Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer. And I am a writer there. There are,
at M-G-M, 107 other writers. Their job is to make
up the things you see and hear the actors and actresses
doing and saying on the screen. No doubt you know
this. But there are still some people who think the
actors make up the pictures as they go along; and
there are still some pictures which look as if they did.
I turn from my window to confer with Gladys Lehman
about the new picture we are writing. She wrote
“Little Miss Marker” which started Shirley Temple on
her career; and “Back Street” (the old “Back Street”) and
dozens of other pictures. We did “Hired Wife”
(with Rosalind Russell) together; and “Nice Girl” (with
Deanna Durbin); and “Presenting Lily Mars” (with
Judy Garland and Van Heflin).
The picture we are now bringing out of the every¬
where into the here is a love story. It is called “Arrow-
head Inn” or “The Thrill of Romance,” or “Lost in the
Woods,” or “Can a Bride Fall in Love on Her Honey-
moon—and Should She?” What the title will be when
you (we hope) see the picture late this summer or fall
sometimes, we do not now know. Hollywood is a Land
of Uncertainties. Before this picture gets to you there
will be many changes. The title is about the last thing
decided on. This is particularly true if the story is an
“original,” as this one is. An “original” is a picture story
which is not based on a book (like “Dragon Seed”) or
a stage play (like “Kismet”) or on a published short-
story.
Now, what are your chances, John or Jane Doe of
Nowhere, Ohio, of selling an “original” story to a studio?
Dim, I’m sorry to say, very dim. And this is so, even
if your story is a good one.
True, studios do buy some “originals”; but they are,
nearly always, or in 99,999 cases out of 100,000, written
by experienced screen-writers. Most originals are
brewed, distilled and bottled on the premises by the
hired hands—the regular, professional studio writers.
They often start with an idea, a mere mouse of an
idea, and develop it into an elephant; or, sometimes, into
just a slightly larger mouse.
For this, writers are paid from fifty dollars a week to
five thousand.
But pause, John or Jane Doe, before you hop a train to
Hollywood.
There are already more than a thousand screen writers
here now, and there are jobs for only about 400 of
them at any one time.
So don’t come here, John or Jane, unless you have
a very great deal of patience—(Continued on page 81)
IF I WERE A POLITICIAN

By IRENE DUNNE

As told to Peter Sherwood

IRENE DUNNE remarked recently: "If I weren't a movie star, I would enter politics!"

Not, mind you, that Miss Dunne has thrown her glove into the political arena. She will tell you with a twinkle that her interest is merely a cursory and utterly feminine one. But she is a staunch believer that the professional woman of the stage and screen has a chance in politics.

"I think perhaps that the stage actress may have the edge," she told me. "For one thing, she is more mature. She is not necessarily more intelligent, or more gifted, but she has had more direct contact with the public. And while I think women are eminently suited to politics, I also know that those with a professional background will find that a great disad-

vantage toward earning the respect and confidence of the people. That will have to be overcome the hard way. She will have to prove that although she may be publicity-conscious, she is not publicity-wise. And that alone will take a lot of doing."

It was on a balmy spring afternoon in the panelled and flowered library of her tastefully decorated home in Holmby Hills that Miss Dunne talked with me of politics and people.

"To capture the spirit and backing of the American public is a matter of not only intelligence but great human, believable qualities," she said. "Naturally I feel there is no height to which a woman cannot rise in politics. A woman could be President, and a woman might make a better President (Continued on page 72)
THIS should be a happy and progressive year, for there are many chances to increase your position. Your popularity will amaze you as you are wise and keep clear of all gossip by never passing any on, and by carrying on your life in such a manner that no one can concoct gossip about you, your home or any of your business affairs.

Fulfill home duties as usual, but do not expect to retire, because this year brings expansion provided that you will overcome your natural timidity and develop a self-reliance which you possess. You are apt to become the center of a storm, the all within a tornado, so build up faith in yourself and keep your conscience clear and your life an open book.

Poise and indifference to what others think will naturally follow such a course, and the things you desire will emerge with no effort on your part save that of inwardly knowing your rightness.

Romance seems certain, and there should be more than one choice. You seem settled in your choice, so allow obstacles to remove themselves. Take your time and admit nothing. Avoid overwork, for your energies will be taxed to their limit and there are many demands on your time. Let gossip fly as an ill-wind whistling by a closed window, and accept this year's great gifts with humility and wisdom.
Fathers of Hollywood

Joe Yule, appearing with that chip off the old block, the ever-muggin' Mickey.

Robert Paige's father, veddy British, and retired from Britain's navy is proud of his son's place in movieland's hall of fame.

Proving what American upbringing and opportunities achieve: handsome George Montgomery and his foreign-born father, Mr. Letz.

Roddy McDowall is awfully proud of his father and he has a right to be, for dad's a First Officer in the British Merchant Marine.
Now here's a bevy of pappies who, for many years, bought the shoes of their now glamorous offspring.

This was taken on the day pretty Janet Blair's dad gave her away to Sgt. Busch.

Gloria DeHaven and father, Carter DeHaven, famous on stage and screen.

Eduardo Cansino was his daughter Rita's first dancing partner at the old Caliente.

Walter Withers and Jane. Those broad smiles tell the story of a happy family.

Judge Cooper used to pat Gary on the head without straining a ligament. Now look!

These two sorta like each other. It's Marguerite Chapman and her adoring dad.

Bing and his father, very much alike, even in the fact that they both have four sons.
William Eythe
Warner Bros. expect long-legged, beautiful young Alexis Smith to become one of their greatest stars. She made a brilliant debut in "Gentleman Jim" and followed it up with "The Constant Nymph"; but "The Adventures of Mark Twain" proves her talent authentic, her future brilliant.

Why I'm Waiting Before Marrying

BY ALEXIS SMITH

As told to Marcia Daughtrey

There is no doubt in my mind that there are still a great many girls living in these United States who really prefer a long engagement, despite wartime pressure and the inclination to spontaneous marriage. I'm one of those.

Most girls are never called upon to discuss their marriage plans with any but their intimate friends, yet because I'm an actress (that has always sounded odd to me, and it sounded doubly odd when I had to tell a policeman my occupation the other day because I had overparked)—as I was saying, because I'm an actress, a great many people are interested—and thank goodness they are—in my reasons for not marrying just yet.

Craig Stevens and I have been engaged for well over a year. It's a wonderful state—I wouldn't have missed it for anything. We became engaged just before Craig went into service. We said at that time that we wouldn't marry until the war was over and we had some chance of setting up and maintaining a normal home, and we meant it.

After Craig had served a year he was given an honorable discharge—like thousands of other men who are now returning to their home towns—because of a rather serious physical condition. He will recover completely, of course, but it will take time and patience, because it is the recurrence of an old back injury.

The moment Craig returned to civies, dozens of people said, "Well, now, I suppose you two will soon be married." And when I answered that we wanted to wait for a number of reasons, most of the inquirers looked surprised.

One of the best reasons that Craig and I have agreed upon for waiting is that he has a number of adjustments to make to civilian life. Everyone has assured us—all the world loves a lover and (Continued on page 75)
Civilian Air Patrol instructor since Pearl Harbor, Bob is now training Army Air Force pilots.

Stubborn and Charming

ROBERT CUMMINGS

Stubborn is Bob's word for himself. Upon reading his opinions on life, women and dogs, we think you will call him charming.

BREEZY. Bumptious. Informal as a gym shirt, and unpredictable as a champagne cork. That's Bob Cummings in person.

"Wonder what he (or she) is really like," is a thought that's been voiced by fans about their favorite stars ever since D. W. Griffith invented the first close-up. And in all those years, it suddenly strikes us, there has never been a star who more completely lived up to his screen personality than this same young Cummings.

Gun-man Cagney in reality is scared to death of fire arms; tough-guy Bogart's pet hobby is raising petunias; great-lover Boyer has been quietly wed to one woman for years; adventurer Gary Cooper is the sleepiest fellow on the lots; belligerent Pat O'Brien wouldn't slap a gal down if he had to. All of these are true facts, as expounded over and over again by movie-land biographers.

In contrast, we doubt if there is much Cummings has performed before the cameras that he wouldn't duplicate in real life if his healthy young spirits so moved him. The headlong hero of "Princess O'Rourke," with his rash romanticism, his flair for fun and his clean-cut patriotism, is as good a running portrait of the real Bob as any you're apt to encounter. Likewise, the deep-thinking, seriously emotional young man of the recent "Flesh and Fantasy" is also more than a reasonable facsimile. Perhaps it's because, whatever the plot, Bob is essentially a normal young American on the screen—which is exactly what he is off it.
Putting this many-faceted fellow into words isn’t an easy job. He doesn’t care a lot for interviews. “Seeing my remarks in print abashes me,” is the way he puts it. “I have never been able to kid myself into thinking that anything Bob Cummings has thought up strictly for his own amazement is important enough to be spread around to thousands of other people.

“I’d never make a writer, I guess, because to me, even a best seller is still only one man’s opinion.”

On the other hand, he’s amazingly cooperative, and his conversation, once started, is totally unlike the usual movie-actor’s cautious talk. He never pulls a punch-line, nor muffles an answer. With one of the liveliest minds in Hollywood, he has a lot of very positive and pungent theories—and when he gets going on them all a reporter has to do is hang on to her chair and thank Heaven for a good strong writing arm.

His real life dialogue flows as refreshingly as any that was ever written for him. Romance, acting, flying, politics, dogs, diets, or himself—he’ll give you an intelligent and highly individual theory on each.

For example: “Romance? There isn’t any hard and set rules for it. A man doesn’t stop to analyze just why he’s falling in love with one particular woman. Emotion isn’t a cold and calculated procedure—if either of them stops to get so darned intelligent about it they’ll probably never get as far as real love.”

Women? “There’s something about a man that needs a woman to bolster his ego. If she insists on proving she’s smarter than he is, she’ll find herself way outside of his affections. A woman who beats him at golf, beats him at tennis, and maybe beats him at life, gives him an inferiority complex. He likes her to be intelligent enough to talk—but he appreciates it most when she listens. He wants her not too bold—but not too timid to learn the things he wants to teach her. Me, I think the most charming woman is a well balanced one.”

Dogs? “They’re a lot like people. Inevitably their innermost characteristic shows in their faces. Take Rodo, my bull dog. He’s ugly as sin but he’s managed to acquire a certain kindness in his fat old jowls that lets you know he means you no harm. Countess, my police dog, has a patrician nose and tapered ears, but her morose nature shows in her eyes. She has been known to take meat, when offered it—in the shape of a hand.”

Himself? “I’m the stubbornest guy in the world. I was born in Missouri and I can make that other native, the mule, look like a nice pliable creature. Just tell me I can’t do anything, and it’s practically done! My stubbornness is my weakness, but it’s also my strength.”

As a recently appointed Flight Instructor to the U.S. Army Air Force, however, Bob prefers planes to all other topics. He considers them a much safer subject than women, for instance.

“After all,” he grins, “there are only about two thousand things you must know about a plane and you can consider yourself a fair authority!”

His frankness has never been violated but once. That was when a certain male interviewer filled in his statements with some highly colored fabrications of his own.

“It came out with the title, ‘The Lies and Loves of Robert Cummings,’” the victim remembers, “and quoted me as saying my unstable character was inherited from my father, ‘who once romanced a Baroness on the banks of the Danube’—or words to that effect. Since my Dad’s whole life had been spent as a quiet, small town doctor in Joplin, you can imagine the time I had explaining the article to my very amazed mother!”

Much as he does on the screen, Bob makes friends with you—if he’s going to—in ten minutes. If he doesn’t, just don’t bother waiting around. He’s the sort of chap who calls you by your first name, and expects you to do the same. An invitation to “run out” to his five acre ranchito in Ventura, California, includes a detailed description for getting there, plus a suggestion that you bring along a couple of friends to try out the swimming pool, plus the frank statement that he won’t shave unless you insist.

Twice divorced, Bob is about to marry again. And this is the Cummings house, simple and unpretentious but so very much a home. Visitors welcome, and they love it.

*By June Lawrence*
There's something about a man's ego that needs a woman to bolster it... And that, from a bachelor!

ROBERT CUMMINGS

CONTINUED

The Cummings menage is a rambling white house almost hidden by trees. Its driveway is entered by a gate which operates on the Cummings system for people who don't want to get out of their cars. There are four poles, two by the road and two inside the fence, and each is equipped with an ingenious system of cords and pulleys. The sign on the gate mistakenly read "Please Pull Cord" when delivered, and has stayed that way for laughs. You aim your car at a pole, hang the body heavily on the cord and, reluctantly, the gate opens. Ditto inside, and the gate closes. It's the kind of device most any fellow you know is always rigging up, and like theirs, it's only about twice as much work to operate as if you had climbed out of your car in the first place.

On the day we successfully maneuvered the aforesaid gate, the ranchito's owner was home on leave—a furlough which his joyous dogs seemed to think was especially arranged in their honor. The Army uniform he wears so jauntily had been temporarily hung on a peg in favor of swim trunks and a bathrobe, striped like a rainbow gone out of its mind. He's a completely unselfconscious host, even handsomer away from the cameras than in front of them, but willing to forget it if you will. His face is well tanned, and a generous white smile lets you know there's more where that one came from.

The walk to his charming, comfortably furnished ranch house leads past the garage, and if you don't mind, he'll stop a minute to see if that left front tire is holding up as it should. The house is cool, gracious with old wood and pewter, as pleasingly homelike to a stranger as it is to the fellow who takes you on a tour of inspection. In the master bedroom is a huge canopied bed with white candlewick spread.

"Hope you don't mind if it looks a little lumpy," he grins. "I made it up myself this morning. An Army man's pay is a little different than a movie star's—I've let the servants go."

The story of Bob's Army service is as good a word picture of his character as any you'll ever read. It began shortly after Pearl Harbor, when he announced to his studio and friends that he was placing himself on Army call. Since his acting career was at its high point, a lot of people wanted to know, "What's your hurry?"

With no apology for repetition since we think his words, like your dentist, should be seen once a year, we reprint some of the statements he gave interviewers then:

"If any possible good can come out of something as horrible as war," he said, "it's going to be the awakening of a lot of Americans to the fact that this country is not only worth taking from, but giving to. We've all enjoyed such darned good lives we haven't bothered to think about it much. We've just taken all our privileges for granted and kicked like steers when some little things went wrong."

The fact that Cummings once posed as an Englishman to get a start on the stage, and in the movies, is pretty well known. It was a fast and funny bit of deception, and it worked. When his country went to war, however, he made wry comment on that early masquerade.

"Only a jerk kid would have done it—no matter how hard the going was. At that age you don't know much about reverence or respect. Since then I have met and worked with people who came to this country from other places—Germany and Austria, for instance—who found the difference so great they almost wanted to get down on their knees and kiss our good old taken-for-granted American soil.

"I know now that being a United States citizen is something worth fighting for."

Ever since his teens, Bob felt at the time of these remarks that he practically had one foot in the sky. What no one guessed was that it would take a year and a half to get the other foot up alongside it. Being half in the Army and half out of it might have been an uncomfortable straddle for some fellows. But not for the Cummings character who, as we have chronicled, admits he's a very stubborn guy. (Continued on page 66)
The Alan Marshal family—Alan, beautiful Mary and four-year-old "Kit"—in the informal garden of their home, scanning through the daily mail.

Outside the stage at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer it was 99 degrees hot; on the set under the lights, the thermometer hit 120 and then stopped, having no place further to go.

Alan Marshal, playing a scene with Irene Dunne, was bundled up to the ears for winter—muffler, heavy duty overcoat, thick gloves. The action for "White Cliffs of Dover" ran its elegant, suave way.

Then the lights clicked out. Everybody sighed with relief. Marshal walked off the set, threw open the overcoat.

He had nothing on underneath but a pair of trunks. That's what Alan's like—a study in contradiction.

You see him as a composed and serene man-of-the-world and then you discover that his favorite columnist is K. C. B and that, in his early career on the stage, he tore about madly—complete in goggles and gauntlets—all over New York on a motorcycle bought with money he'd saved to take a trip to England.

You hear of his dining with circumspect aplomb on breast of guinea hen under glass at Perino's—and then you find out he's just as fond of hamburger laced with onion, is a nightly ice-box raider and a neat hand at flipping a flapjack.

As an actor, Alan Marshal is well equipped to play his first real leading role on the screen. He has had years of experience on the stage, where he served his apprenticeship with such masters as Fritz Lieber and George Arliss in Shakespearean drama.

Later on he played a year of stock in Montreal and Toronto, came to New York to be leading man for Margaret Anglin and, after that, for Frances Starr in "Lady Jane."

High tea is served, English style, from a round mahogany table. Mrs. Marshal pours, sitting on the green cushioned window seat before large windows curtained with green and rose printed chints.
Then followed “Michael and Mary,” “Fool’s Cap,” “Berkeley Square,” “The Royal Family,” “Private Lives,” “Best Sellers” and “On Stage” with Osgood Perkins.

Alan got the impression that he was rapidly getting nowhere, which gave rise to a nightmare listlessness. He dreams he is still in “Royal Family” and discovers to his horror that he is standing—completely nude—on a barrel in front of a crowded house.

In 1936 David O. Selznick saw and signed him for the picture “Garden of Allah.” Alan thought this was—it—that he was really set. He shortly discovered he was set—but in a very different manner than he had anticipated.

Selznick is known as one of the most astute showmen in the motion picture business. His judgment of star material, through his discovery of Vivian Leigh, Joan Fontaine, Ingrid Bergman and others, has been vindicated so many times that his very name seems to hold magic.

Selznick’s keen eyes saw in Marshal a great deal that the screen could use. His sharp ears heard the beautifully modulated speaking voice, the clipped English diction, and his acute business sense told him that here was a good investment.

“Marshal,” Selznick said when they discussed the contract, “you won’t come into your own for perhaps ten years. You are the type of man who will be more attractive in maturity than in youth. And if you will follow my advice and be convinced that what I say is best for you, I am sure I can make you a star.”

After “The Garden of Allah” was finished, Alan found himself receiving a generous weekly salary—and not much else. At times he was heartsick as he saw role after role for him turned down. But when he became restless, Selznick consoled him.

“Take it easy,” he counselled. “You are still a young man. You’re a good actor and you will become a better actor—not worse—with time. As I told you when I signed you, you will develop into a surer personality with maturity, because maturity becomes you. But you have the right roles only. Don’t you worry—I’m not!”

To prove his good faith, Selznick kept picking up options on Alan’s services for seven solid years. However, not all the seven years were spent in marking time. After “The Garden of Allah,” in the next two years he did “After The Thin Man,” “Parnell,” “Night Must Fall” and “Conquest” at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and “I Met My Love Again” for Walter Wanger at Universal.


In 1940 he did only “Irene” for RKO-Radio and “He Stayed for Breakfast” for Columbia. In 1941, “Howards of Virginia” for Frank Lloyd and “Tom, Dick and Harry” for RKO. There was just one picture, “Lydia,” in 1942—and “White Cliffs of Dover” is his only activity so far in 1943.

But if you will examine closely this rather short list of pictures which cover a seven-year period, you may glimpse the method used in planning Marshal’s career. With the exception of “White Cliffs,” he has never been a leading man on the screen. In all the other pictures he has played good parts, some more important than others, to be sure, but all actually secondary.

Now, in “White Cliffs,” he has reached a point in his planned career which will quite probably lead to actual stardom.

“I never thought of doing anything except acting,” he said, when I asked how he felt about what had happened to him so far. “When I was a little boy I didn’t long to be a fireman or a policeman or a cowboy. I just wanted to be an actor. My mother and father were actors in Australia and later here in the United States. I wasn’t quite five when they came to this country, so they put me in boarding school because their tours were too long and hard for such a small child.”

He joined them wherever they happened to be during his vacations and absorbed the atmosphere of backstage and stage people as an impressionable child would. At school he thought of becoming an architect, then later of painting and still later, for a short time, of being an accomplished pianist.

But, one by one, these distractions dropped away from his main goal in life and he uses what he learned then only for his own amusement. Today he paints a bit, sketches when he feels like it, and runs over the classics on his piano as the mood strikes him.

“Possibly because my mother and father were so active on the stage while I was growing up,” he explained, “I never felt it necessary to go to a dramatic school. The old saying, ‘The best way to learn to act is to act’ was good with them—and it was with me, too. “When I was 15, I got a job—all on my own—with
Dining by candlelight is gracious routine at the Marshal house. From the green twelve-sconce chandelier sparkle crystal and pink prisms. The table is cherry wood, with spindle carved legs, and chairs to match. Special note, the wallpaper touch in the alcove.

Eva La Gallienne in Gilbert Miller’s company of ‘The Swan.’ It was only the small part of the boy-prince, but I was so frightened on the train going to Detroit for the opening that I was almost ill. Everyone was very kind and I got through well enough to go on playing it for the New York run.

“But it shows that just because a boy has had stage parents, he isn’t an actor. That has to be learned the only way there is to learn—on the stage before a paying audience.”

Although he was educated in American schools, he retains the clipped British accent learned from his parents. This is fortunate because his fine diction has been largely responsible for many of the parts he has played.

Gasoline rationing has seriously cut down his love of speed. As a matter of fact, like millions of others, he’s practically grounded. But back in 1930, when he was playing in “Michael and Mary,” he tore around New York on the motorcycle mentioned earlier, to and from the theater—and not getting many tickets because he went too fast.

Later, in 1938, he met Mary Grace Borel while she was visiting in Beverly Hills and—in a low-slung, custom-built model with the top down—practically scorched the road between there and San Francisco when she went back home. He made the trip not less than twice a week and always (Continued on page 80)

The Marshals are a nice bookish couple. They actually read these volumes in the well-filled book cases lining the wall in their studio type living room. Mrs. Marshal’s black slacks have wool designs appliqued on concealed pockets; the blouse, mustard yellow.
I think I started to learn about this right after that terrible party, when I was about fourteen. But I've gone on learning about this special, this very important thing right up to now. And I still have a great deal to learn about it. I guess everyone has and I guess no one ever learns all there is to know about it. . . . It has so much to do with happiness!

You see, I was a small, rather plain child. I had fractured a leg and it had left me with a limp and I never had the kind of clothes I wanted. I would have been proud of my hair which was "naturally curly,"
if my mother hadn't insisted that I have “sensible” haircuts which prevented any frivolous ringlets. I thought of myself as plain and awkward and drab. I used to imagine that the girls (and the boys, too) who passed me in the halls at school were whispering unkind things about me. They probably weren't paying the slightest attention to me! Never-the-less, that's what I thought about myself and that was why it seemed such a miracle when I, a sophomore, was invited to a senior class party.

I had my first professional hair-do and manicure at a real beauty shop and my mother sewed for days on the frock which I was sure would be a devastating success. We were “paired off” at the party. After my partner had danced with me, politely, once and disappeared no one else asked me to dance. I sat and sat and sat. And then I stole out through a side door and fled into the night. I crept home and went to bed and I didn't mention the party to anyone for weeks. It was considerate of my family that they didn't mention it to me, either. No one asked how it had gone or whether I had enjoyed (Continued on page 83)
GOOD day, children. Here is your jivin' Jill screaming at you from the big mad city of New York. I've been tearing around the town digging all the good stuff and with the exception of the couple of days I got lost in the crowd at a Sinatra broadcast, I don't think I missed too much. So if you care to take up pencils and make notes, I shall step to the podium and give out with a few thousand words:

My biggest musical thrill was seeing and hearing Capt. Glenn Miller and his terrific Army band. Glenn is stationed at Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut, but he comes to New York every Saturday for his "I Sustain The Wings" broadcast over NBC. And let me tell you, you have never heard a large band swing like this one. It's really amazing when you consider that there are fifty men, including a twenty-two piece string section. But Miller, the master arranger, has done it. The orchestra sounds not unlike Glenn's civilian band, but so much fuller and greater. And you all remember that his old group was a bit of all right. It wouldn't surprise me to see Miller organize a big band similar to his Army aggregation after the war.

I attended Duke Ellington's opening at the New York Hurricane Restaurant, and it was sensational, to say the least. The place was packed with band leaders and singers who admire the Ellington talent, including Georgie Auld, The Andrews Sisters, and the new record sensation, Kay Armen. The band was fine, as usual, and I particularly enjoyed Johnny Hodges' wonderful alto solos. Wini Johnson, the Duke's new songstress, is as cute as a bug's ear, and although vocally she isn't up to Ivy Anderson, she makes up for it in appearance.

I spent another evening at Cafe Society Uptown listening to Mildred Bailey and Teddy Wilson. Mildred panicked the people with her jump arrangement of a little patriotic ditty called "Scrap Your Fat." I hadn't heard Wilson since he was in Hollywood about three years ago, but the guy is still great. There may be better band pianists, but for solo work there are few who can touch him.

You Benny Goodman followers will remember Lee Castaldo, who used to play trumpet with B.G. He has changed his name to Lee Castle and now has a band of his own, and a pretty good one at that. He is playing around New York and gunning for a big hotel spot. Lee plays a solid horn and has the looks and personality to make the grade as a leader. Incidentally, he is a disciple
of Louis Armstrong and owns every record Louis ever made.

Speaking of trumpet players, I saw Charlie Spivak just before he opened at the New York Paramount Theater. He was the happy kid because he is a father for the second time—another boy, Steven, at five and a half pounds. Jimmie Saunders is the new male vocalist with Charlie. You'll recall him with Harry James a couple of seasons back.

And was I surprised to see Bob Allen in the crooner's chair with Tommy Dorsey! Bob recently broke up his band because he was going into the Army. But he was rejected and the headache of reorganizing was too much, so Bob accepted Tommy's offer.

No, I didn't miss Fifty-Second Street, the avenue that really jumps. I happened to hit it on a Saturday night, and the music was solid, solid. I found Billie Holiday at the Onyx Club, with Oscar Pettiford's orchestra. Billie sounded fine, as always, and seemed happy singing with a small combo.

The most exciting spot was The Yacht Club, where I heard Billy Eckstine, a colored boy who really sings a song. He has been working solo, and very successfully so, since leaving the Earl Hines band. Billy might well be dubbed the "Sepia Sinatra." He was backed up by a swell five-piece outfit led by Trum-mie Young, ex-Charlie Barnet and Lunceford sideman. Young plays a whale of a trombone.

The Pennsylvania Hotel was on my list because I wanted to give a listen to Frankie Carle's new band. The Carle piano has never knocked me out, but I must say his orchestra is one of the best I heard in New York. They were well rehearsed, phrased excellently, and the brass

(Continued on page 89)
This is the story of Susanna Foster, whose honesty was misunderstood until she learned that little white lies are honestly fair.

BY
DORA ALBERT

This was Susanna Foster when she was 12 years old, the unimportant property of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

When Susanna belonged to Paramount she looked like this, but she talked too much to the wrong people about the wrong things.
HEN I was thirteen years old," said blonde, fragile-looking Susanna Foster, "everybody said I was a brat. I had opinions about practically everything and didn't need any coaxing to air them.

"I air my opinions just as freely now. But when you are nineteen and express opinions, people take it for intelligence. When you are thirteen, people don't think you have a right to opinions.

"But I had been on my own then for two years. I felt I had a right to say what I thought."

She said it. Loudly and thoroughly. She was Paramount's little problem child. They had signed her and were stuck with her. Sure, she had talent. But just the same, she was swiftly driving them mad.

Interviewers didn't know how to take her. When she sat down to lunch with people four times her age, she talked like a Quiz kid. When they stated their opinions, she stated hers. Or she talked first; she didn't care. If they disagreed with her, she (Continued on page 63)
WHEN stars of the calibre of Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer join forces to bring you a thriller, you are assured of an extraordinary picture. It grips and holds your interest from the moment that you become aware that the husband intends to drive his wife insane by psychological suggestion.

The period is the early 1880's. The tragedy of her aunt's mysterious murder has deeply touched a young girl. She leaves London to study singing on the Continent, only to give up her studies when she falls in love. Returning to live in the aunt's house, a subtle change begins in her husband's attitude. He plants the thought in her mind that she does not always know what she is doing, that she loses things, that her sanity is becoming impaired. It is a diabolical campaign to drive her to doing away with herself and the frantic woman is saved only by the timely intervention of the police, who have never been satisfied about the mystery of her aunt's demise.

Bergman is indescribably lovely as the wife, quite the youngest girl you have ever seen, in the prologue. Boyer's portrayal of the husband is a far cry from his usual romantics. His first villainous character, but a brilliant acting job. Joseph Cotten plays the Scotland Yard man, and Dame May Whitty adds a note of comedy as a busybody neighbor. A stunning debut is registered by Angela Landsbury as the Cockney maid. You can't miss "Gaslight."

PARADOXICALLY, Hitler asked for it when his Nazi propaganda machine ground out a film called "Oom Kruger," starring Emil Jannings, once a Paramount star before his talents were perverted under the Swastika. This lying picture was a bald-faced distortion of the facts of the Boer War which might be twisted to the discredit of the British. Looking at it gave the Paramount boys the idea of dramatically telling the truth about "The Hitler Gang." Thus came into being Hollywood's first fully authenticated review of contemporary history's blackest pages. It is "the inside story of an inside job by a gang that stole a nation," or as much of the story as could be told "with decency." Every scene has been substantiated by at least three reliable sources.

The role of Hitler is no novelty for Robert Watson. He has never, however, played Der Fuehrer with the complete seriousness which he now maintains for a compellingly powerful portrait. Appearing in all but two scenes of the picture, Watson's performance is one of the most exhausting in memory. No punches are pulled in revealing Hitler's unbalanced mind. Nor is anything left to imagination in depicting reasons behind his rise to power.

Splendid, indeed, are the portrayals of every member of the cast, led by Victor Varconi's Hess, Alexander Pope's Goering, Martin Kosieck's Goebbels, Luis Van Rooten's Himmler, and Reinhold Schunzel's Ludendorff, to mention only a few.
 SELDOM is a second filming of an early success successful. That “Between Two Worlds,” formerly known on the stage and screen as “Outward Bound,” is an exception to the rule can be attributed to the care with which the finer elements of the original play were retained in the new version. You probably recall “Outward Bound” as the account of a strange ocean liner’s voyage from one world to another and the startling realization by its oddly assorted passengers that all aboard have died. This knowledge was formerly withheld as a first-act curtain punch. Now it comes very early, following a fresh prologue that introduces the characters while they are alive and trying to embark from wartime England for America. A

CERTAINLY no more fantastic notion has been filmed in years than “Once Upon a Time.” Frequently chucklesome, when it could have been consistently hilarious, the basic idea triumphs over its shortcomings. When the third straight flop of a big-time Broadway producer closes, he is reduced to his last nickel, washed up in show business. Then sudden good fortune smiles upon him. The big-shot meets a poor kid carrying a shoe box. Inside the box is a pet caterpillar trained to dance to the strains of “Yes, Sir, That’s My Baby” played on a harmonica. In the boy, or rather in the caterpillar called “Curly,” the desperate promoter sees an answer to all his problems. He will publicize the fuzzy dancing worm, ballyhoo it into an overnight sensation and capitalize upon Curly’s popularity. The stunt captures the imagination of America. But when the time comes for the boy to part with his beloved pet, the youngster blandly announces that he wouldn’t sell Curly for all the money in the world. It brings a split-up in the partnership, the man turns all-out heel, and coincidentally, Curly vanishes.

Cary Grant is unfortunately required to be too-much of a heel to allow his promoter to be numbered among his better performances. Young Ted Donaldson is grand as the kid. Janet Blair hasn’t much to do as the boy’s sister. Your friends will be talking about “Once Upon a Time,” so you’ll have to see it, too.

HERE is the most sincere tribute yet paid by Hollywood to Russian indomitable who have fought a glorious fight in the defense of their homeland against the Nazi invaders. Unlike previous American pictures dealing with Russia, “Days of Glory” has a sense of reality that attains an almost documentary quality. This is achieved by casting the story with new screen personalities, from stars to extras. The result is a drama about a small band of men and women guerrilla warriors that you can believe. They live and breathe as they would not have done had established film familiars played these roles.

Gregory Peck as the comrade-commander makes one of the most interesting Hollywood debuts of the season. Dividing the love theme with him is Toumanova, formerly premier ballerina of the Ballet Russe. She suffers momentarily from the fact that her introduction in the story seems to be forced. Not until later in proceedings does her talent rise above the characterization.

The screen “veteran” of the troupe is Maria Palmer, who was formerly seen for all of three minutes as Litvinov’s daughter in “Mission to Moscow.” Lowell Gilmore as Semyon, keeper of the records, has an unfortunate similarity to the late Leslie Howard in appearance and delivery. Alan Reed, better known to radio listeners as the amusing Falstaff Openshaw of the Fred Allen program, creates a sterling impression as the quarrelsome drunkard, Sasha.
WAR WIFE

Dear Miss Granville:

I am one of the many war wives with a problem. I am nineteen years old and have an eight-months-old baby. My husband is overseas in the army.

I know my problem is an old one, but it is very important to me. Do you think it is bad for me to entertain soldiers in my mother's home? After all, I want fun, but I don't want people to misunderstand.

I am very much in love with my husband and respect the marriage code. I am not an immoral girl and am not looking for a man. I just want companionship and some fun. My husband is a clean, decent man, and I don't want to do anything to hurt him, especially while he is doing such fine work for our country.

My husband is very jealous and wouldn't want me to go out with men, but I can see no harm in having friends in and think we can entertain soldiers. After all, I want someone where my husband is to see that he has nice companionship too.

What do you think about my attitude, and what do you think I should do about it?

Sincerely,
Mary June C. (Mrs.)

Dear Mary June:

I think your attitude about wanting companionship is only natural. Your first and primary thought should be to explain it carefully to your husband. Tell him how you feel, that you want to entertain the boys at home with your mother. You should have his full permission before you do anything. It might be well also to have your mother write too.

Perhaps you could invite a few of your young friends in once a week and give a small informal party for some of the soldiers in your town. Surely the USO would welcome sending the boys in to a nice home atmosphere.

You didn't mention whether your husband's family live in your town. If they do, it might be nice to ask them also, so they can see and report to your husband. After all, many miles separate you both, and misunderstandings can arise that are not easy to patch up. However, your letter to me was so earnest and honest that I am sure, if you wrote the exact kind to your husband, he would give his permission.

If more war wives thought of this plan, they would be happier. I hope you get your husband's permission. If you don't, you should try going out

Boy-Crazy

Dear Bonita:

I wonder if you can help me? Could you tell me whether everyone goes through a boy-crazy stage? My brother, who is two years older than me, says I am crazy to write and ask you that, but I am sure you will answer me.

I am in love with so many boys, and it worries me. I wonder, when it is time for me to be married, how I will know if I am really in love. Another thing that worries me is, when I get married if I will see another man and fall in love with him. How do people know when they are really in love?

Perhaps you think I am too young to be thinking of this, for I am only fifteen, but this is a problem that bothers me and which I know some day I will have to face. Most of the other girls my age think of the same thing, so if you do answer this, you will also be helping a lot more girls than me.

Love to you,
Barbara

Dear Barbara:

Of course I can help you. Remember it was only a few years ago that I wondered just as you do.

Everyone goes through a boy-crazy stage. It follows the time when you have a crush on your teacher. There is no harm in it, if you keep your head. The only thing I can tell you is, now is the time for you to think about the type of man you eventually will want to marry. Plan in your mind the kind of person he should be. Think of the qualities of fineness, tenderness, honesty, ability to get along with other people, and everything you most admire about your father and your family's friends. When you have your mental picture, think of it when you get a "crush" on some boy.

When you are thinking of the man you eventually want, take stock in yourself and think how you can build yourself to become the kind of woman the man of your choice will want. Think of your appearance, your education, your activities and how they will build yourself for your future life.

As far as your association with the boys right now, try to be a friend with them rather than be a sweetheart. The way of the world is that love ripens out of friendship, and love at first sight is seldom and rare. Be natural and friend-
LADIES'

You'll Love It!

Take this jacket for carefree ease—and for that certain poise which being "in the know" on style gives you! That new low hipline is a "flash" from the fashion front. Perky shoulders! Suave yoke! You will adore its smart distinctive lines—you will always enjoy its caressing warmth. It's tailored of favorite Spun-Rite, justly popular for its wear...for its beauty! It will be your prop and mainstay, season in, season out. Select yours from one of these season's latest shades; Liberty Blue, Camel Tan, Teal Green, or Stop Red. Sizes 12 to 20.

MEN'S

Ideal for Sports-Leisure

Here's a sturdy "he-man's" jacket of a thousand and one uses that will keep pace with the fastest tempo of your busy day. Cut for real comfort—of Spun-Rite—magically flexible, water-repellent and shape-retaining as well as warm. Snappy yoked back. Genuine leather buttons for looks and wear. Grand, deep, saddle pockets. Split sides—so stride along as you will. You'll live in it from dawn 'til night. Choose Camel Tan with the following choice of harmonizing colors: Forest Green, Harbor Blue, or Luggage Brown. Check your size from 36 to 50 on the order coupon to the right. No extra charge for over-size.
Dear Bonita Granville:

I am a soldier in the Army returned from active service of over a year and a half. I have a definite problem which you as a young woman can help me. Your advice will definitely help me in the unusual decision I must make within the next few weeks.

While overseas, I was disabled and am being discharged from the Army. My disability is an arm injury, which makes me not fit for service. My girl doesn't know about this, and we had been planning to marry whenever I got a furlough and could come home. We had planned to marry, even if I had to go back to service the next day, for we have waited so long.

She doesn't know anything about this, and I wonder what she is going to think. I am not the same man who went away. How will she feel, what do you think she will do when she finds out, and what do you think I should do about our marriage plans? Should I go home and find out, or should I tell her first? I don't want pity, but I don't want her to marry me out of pity.

Thanks a lot from,
Bob

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Dear Bonita:

You boys returning from overseas need all the understanding we who stay here can give you. We try very hard, and hope that we can make you comfortable and happy. You too have a duty toward us. Give us the chance and we will prove we are ready.

Trust your girl; give her that chance. Naturally, you are upset about what happened to you. It has changed your life pattern, but you have picked her to be your wife, and she must be given the opportunity to be a good one.

Write a letter first and tell her what has happened. Then go home and talk to her. Don't use the fact that you are disabled to give you an excuse to doubt her.

If I were your girl, I would expect you to tell me and to give me the opportunity of helping you work out your problem and mine.

I hope my advice has helped you. Thank you for writing me.

Bonita

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OVERSEAS VET

Dear Bonita:

I have just returned from overseas and have a very great problem. I am twenty-one years old, and the girl I am engaged to is eighteen. We have been going steady with one another for a year before I went into the service.

Before I came home, her letters became fewer and fewer, and I couldn't understand, for she used to write to me about three times a week.

When I came home, she welcomed me as if I had never been away. She was still in love with me. Finally I got her to admit the reason she hadn't been so prompt in her letters. It seems that, after I went away, she went out with a boy in the army stationed near our home. She swears nothing happened, but people in town talked. She finally didn't go out with him any more, but people kept on talking about her. She swears they were just friends, but somehow I doubt her, and I wonder if we should get married. I haven't told her how I feel about it, but I do think I should tell her I don't believe her. After all, marriage is based on mutual trust, don't you think?

Yours sincerely,

John A.

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Dear John A:

Yours is not a pretty problem, and it makes me a bit cross with you. It is hard for a woman to make a mistake and admit it, and your fiancee has done it. Are you going to depend on idle gossip to settle your life path or the girl you are in love with?

Remember, you yourself, sometime in your life have done things that you regretted, but when you owned up to them, you found yourself a wiser person.

It seems to me that your girl has been honest, and it is your duty to admit this. Your doubt is hurting your relations with her.

Why don't you sit down and talk to her? Tell her of your doubts and that now you know she was honest, and you regret the feelings that you felt you must tell her. Through this, you should have a new understanding, and your marriage will work out.

Bonita
gentleman who welcomed them to that tight little band of bindle stiffs operating in empty freight cars all over the land. He had, he said, a brother in Los Angeles replete with cars, summer and winter houses, and jobs for boys of ability.

He would, he added genially, be glad to line things up for the boys with this imposing brother. For a slight consideration. They were to secure, by and means his food supply during the trip. The boys decided it was a fair brokerage fee. Whenever they reached a small town where the freight trains were reorganized, Bob and his buddy hurried through the districts near the tracks.

The method was simple. They knocked. A housewife answered. They said, "Please, ma’am, do you have an odd job I could do for you? I’m hungry and I’d like to earn something to eat."

The housewife, confronted by such youth, ambition and obvious appetite, she was fresh out of jobs, but how about taking this sandwich, or this loaf of bread, or this hunk of cake? How about a glass of milk and some fresh fruit?

It is approximately 700 miles from Ogden to Las Vegas, Nevada, and—traveling as they were—this distance represented quite a few meals for these growing boys of the roof. The boys noticed that a good many of their traveling companions were dropping off, but the train seemed to be moving very fast for amateurs to abandon. They remained huddled in their car.

What they didn’t know was that the railroad cops at Las Vegas have a reputation for being rugged. The itinerant gentry, well aware of the dangers, left the innocents to fend for themselves. They were found by the plutocratic brother—excused himself from their car on the pretext of getting a breath of fresh air on the roof. He noticed that a good many of their traveling companions were dropping off, but the train seemed to be moving very fast for amateurs to abandon. They remained huddled in their car.

You kids get away from the railroad yards and beat it back to your home," the officer ordered. "Get going before I turn you over to the juvenile authorities and they raise Cain in your parents."

They got going. They found a grassy square in the center of town, and there they slept away the night. The next morning, after cinching in their belts beyond the breakfast line (they were afraid to beg), they trudged out on the highway to thumb their way to Los Angeles. Surely there, they would find their vanished friend and his munificent brother.

Nine o’clock scorching into ten, and ten blazed into noon. Noon scorching into two o’clock, and two blistered into four. No riders.

Giving up their thumb-trip to Los Angeles, two perspiration-soaked, dust-encrusted, grumbling-stomached boys trudged achingly back to Las Vegas and their haven of the public square.

Bob pulled off his shoe and lifted cut a shining object; a silver dollar
that he had been holding in reserve for just such an emergency. He and his side-kick repaired to the nearest counter and each ate fifty cents worth of cake and ice cream. They slept in the park that night and caught a freight, Ogden-bound, the next morning.

Bob’s family, unfortunately, couldn’t bring themselves to look upon his adventure with anything but a hint of revulsion. His mother had spent several days in tears, and his older brothers had promised, resolutely, to produce billets on a certain part of the Walker flesh. Yet they were so glad to see him—all in one hungry hunk—that they forgave him on sight.

However, he had been at home only a few days when his interest in one conversation took a U-turn. He enjoyed him considerably. His aunt, Mrs. Hortense Odlum of New York, had suggested repeatedly that Bob be sent to a private school. The teachers would study him and develop the innate ability that she believed he possessed. She had mentioned in frequent letters that she would be glad to pay for his tuition, and it had been a part of several of Bob’s cousins. So, having agreed that Bob was a problem child, his parents decided to send him to the San Diego Academy of Dramatic Arts.

Bob, his sharp elbows akimbo, his thin legs busy with distance, hurried to his boy friend’s home to impart the news: “Hey, kid, I’m being sent to a military school. How’s that like that? I’m too tough to handle. They’re sending me away.” He was hastily impressed with his own potentialities as a desperate character.

This bravado lasted for a week—until he was thoroughly settled at school. Then he discovered that he was just a hick kid from the big outback. His name had come from Eastern schools, some from private tutors (all rather sophisticated in an adolescent sort of way) looked him over and decided he was of no particular interest. He was too long for his trousers and his sleeves; he lacked the easy mingling knack of the initiates. His complexion was at its worst.

Then two things happened: he was given the responsible (and active) post of second drummer in the school band. And Mrs. Virginia Atkinson, the drama teacher, noticed him. There was something about his intensity over the tympani, something about the mobility of his freckled, sensitive face that convinced her of Bob’s dramatic possibilities.

“Robert, how would you like to be in the next school play?”

He looked at her incredulously. “Me? Gosh, Mrs. Atkinson, I don’t know anything about acting.” But his eyes rested hungrily on her face. At last someone thought he could do something about trouble.

“Would you like to have me coach you? I think you’re just right for the lead in our next play. It’s a dramatic thing about a boy in private school who learns that his baby is dying. He prays that the child will live until morning, and promises that if his prayer is answered he will go straight.”

Bob looked at Mrs. Atkinson. “You think I could do that? Honest?”

“Why not?” she wanted to know, her lips curving into a smile. At that moment Bob wished he was on a railroad track to be bisected by a locomotive if Mrs. Atkinson had suggested it.
argued louder and better than ever.

Once an interviewer tried to give her some advice. "Listen," he said, "I'm old enough to be your father."

"I'll say," she said.

When producers tried to tell her how to sing, she told them they didn't know what they were talking about. Usually they didn't—which made it worse. Paramount couldn't understand that Susanna would take singing instructions from a $100 a week singing coach who knew his stuff, but wouldn't pay any attention to a $10,000 a week executive who didn't know Beethoven from boogie woogie.

Worse than all this was the mind-speaking.

"The studio kept telling me," confesses Susanna, "Don't go around airing your opinions." What was I supposed to do when people asked me what I thought? Say, "I don't know?"

She grins now, remembering it, this girl who at last and at Universal is on the road to major stardom. She says, "I have learned not to be cruel. I won't let a hypocris see to save somebody from being hurt. I've grown to like more people, to be more tolerant."

She likes everybody on the Universal lot. She is very emphatic on the subject of Donald O'Connor. "I like him terrifically," she says. "He has many talents lying dormant. Some day they will show in a picture, and you'll see him winning an Academy Award."

Yes, Susanna has grown up. She still doesn't conform to the Hollywood idea of a star—she doesn't walk like a star (her steps are too jerky); she doesn't talk like a star (when she gets excited, she still shouts); and she doesn't act like a star. She still bursts into song, any time, any place, whenever she feels like it.

Some well-meaning people have said to her, "For heaven's sake, Susanna, maybe you'd better stay silent a while."

"Maybe they're right," says Susanna. "Maybe if I have no voice left in ten years, I'll do something else. When you feel like singing, you should sing. You should sing because it's part of you, because you're happy or unhappy. You sing to express your feelings. If I stopped singing, I would be miserable."

When Susanna made a personal appearance in Minneapolis, for the premiere of "Phantom of the Opera," she didn't sing. She didn't even talk like a star—her steps are too jerky; she doesn't talk like a star (when she gets excited, she still shouts); and she doesn't act like a star. She still bursts into song, any time, any place, whenever she feels like it.

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Send "Bow Blouse," at $3.98, plus postage. (White only.)

Size: 32 34 36 38 (Circle size)

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Another Betty Co-Ed offering on page 14.

After his return from the overseas tour Ray Milland went Mocambo-ing with Mrs. Milland. The strain of the trip definitely shows on Ray. See story "Romances of Ray Milland" on page 30.
within six weeks, I'll quit myself."

Just to play safe, however, Susanna made out an application for a job at Lockheed. But Myron Selznick lived up to his promises. Within forty days he got Susanna a job. Universal needed a singing star to play opposite Nelson Eddy in "Phantom of the Opera."

Technicolor brought out the haunting, delicate loveliness of Susanna's features. She clicked. Universal put her into a couple of triangle pictures with Peggy Ryan and Donald O'Connor. She clicked again. Universal bought a story called "Angela" and changed the title to "This Is the Life" and put Susanna in it. It looks like another sure-fire hit.

At the present time Susanna is acting in "The Climax," a drama which takes place around 1890. She plays an opera singer; and has Turhan Bey and Boris Karloff for her leading men. When I saw her, she was wearing her costume in the picture, a floor-reaching affair of apricot wool with a shoulder cape. There was cream-colored Cluny lace at the neckline—and mink trimming on both the dress and the cape. Susanna looked like a vignette from the year 1890. But she didn't talk like one. "I've always been a tomboy," she said. "I can't swim or climb, but mentally I'm a tomboy."

"To accomplish anything, you must retain your individuality. You must be yourself. You must use your own judgment. No two people are alike, and the rules that will work for one won't work for another. Don't follow in someone else's footsteps. The rules that are fine for Mamie Jones won't work for Mary Smith."

Susanna admits she's impulsive. "If you do things based on something that comes out of your feelings, out of your hunches, you can't go very far wrong. I do impulsive things at surprising moments."

There was the time when she was appearing in a radio show and a heckler in the audience began to yell that the commercial she was reading about soap was a fake. Instead of ignoring him, she interrupted the commercial, turned to the heckler and shouted, "I do too use that soap and it is good."

Another time, she was giving out with a song on a radio broadcast and she had to sing some very difficult notes. When she finished, Susanna mopped her forehead and said, "Whew!"

When she made her personal appearance tour for the opening of "Phantom of the Opera," she and her studio representative stopped off at Chicago. They got there late (you know how late trains run these days), bathed, rested and then gave out with the interview. When they got through, it was six. At eleven they were to catch a train for Minneapolis, where the Mayor was waiting for them.

"We have five hours," said Susanna. "I have a grandmother in Aurora, just outside Chicago. I'm going to visit her. She's old and paralyzed and couldn't possibly visit me."

The studio representative began to worry. "I'll be back at ten," Susanna said, "in plenty of time to catch the train."

And off she went. She not only visited her grandmother, but all her other relatives in Aurora. But Susanna was back at ten, as she had promised. Susanna believes in doing many things on impulse, but says she will not marry on impulse. "I'll think and think until I am sure. Maybe I'll be sure the minute I meet him."

"I am not in love now. I have never been in love."

"I go out on dates only once in a while. I won't go out with anyone I don't like. Turhan Bey? I have gone out with him. He's one of the nicest people in Hollywood. And a swell actor! We're great friends.

"I like records and music. 'La Boheme' is my favorite opera; 'Thanks for the Memory' my favorite song."

She also likes spaghetti with cheese, watermelon, "Mairzy Doats" and Richard Tauber, the Viennese tenor. "And I'm a sucker for Viennese Waltzes. I also like Lin Yutung's books, Cyrano de Bergerac, and the sayings of Confucius—the real ones, not those silly Confucius say 'gags of a couple of years ago.'"

Susanna is definitely not attempting to play the Big Star. But unless all signs fail, she is going to be one.

The End

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**QUEST POWDER**

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, a powder is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

There is ONE Powder... created especially for this purpose—QUEST POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex® Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. QUEST Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your sure way to avoid offending.

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**QUEST TABLETS**

COMPounded ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE! Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you! Good for headaches, too.
While he waited that call to active duty, which came only recently, he fought things out in his own dogged way. By day he made pictures by night he taught flying classes, aeronautics, navigation and so on, to Civilian Air Patrol members. In his own home, at his own expense, he supervised helping other men to be ready to take over the controls for defense.

Meantime, it was not by coincidence that his last two pictures happened to be two of the most performances of any exhilarating screen jobs he has turned out. He planned them that way.

"Too many people told me I couldn't keep up the pace—and that the mule out in me. I was so tired most of the time we were making "O'Rourke" I was afraid to look at the camera. Up late every night, on the set all day, the way I was beginning to feel. What really kept me going was laughs—Jack Carson, Jamie Wyman and Olivia were good for a howl a minute on the set. Those kids were a shot in the arm to me."

Since it was to be his last picture for the duration, Bob was glad it was a comedy. "Leave 'em laughing, Cummings, I kept telling myself—and you can always come back again!"

The screen colony has always had its quota of private pilots, fellows with enough money to own their own planes, and enough time to ride a hobby in the clouds. Cummings, on the other hand, has never been a playboy as far as flying is concerned. He has held a civilian instructor's rating for fifteen years, the first such rating ever to be issued in this country. His current rating of Army Flight Instructor outranks that of any other military man he happens to be teaching. This is a necessity, he explains, when his pupil might possibly be a Colonel or a General.

An instructor, this one averas, has the dog's job of the Army. That's why he likes it. Mostly the trainees are youngsters.

"You get awfully fond of those kids, you realize you have to make men out of them, as well as pilots. The job is mental as well as mechanical—you almost have to be a psychologist. I think the reason so many actors make good flyers is that they are both highly individualistic and capable. No one can act for you, or fly for you, but yourself."...

Thirty-two today, looks younger, thinks older. From the beginning, Destiny marked him for a two-career man. He learned to fly in high school, kept it up while studying...
What point a pretty figure without poise? asks the lovely Evelyn Keyes, one of Columbia’s popular stars. Easy grace and perfect posture begin with smooth, relaxed muscles. And, as Evelyn says, tenseness is apt to start in the shoulders where nerve centers become taut and tired. So loosen up—and take it easy. Try a few simple exercises like these, for instance.

Their purpose is twofold. The sharp-snap motion throws tight muscles into “release.” The wind-up, a smoother, rolling movement, develops rhythm—which, in itself, is soothing and makes for a more graceful carriage.

Try them yourself! And you’ll see why these setting-up stints are part of Miss Keyes own pet prescription for the jitters.

A NEW outlook on the whole problem of monthly hygiene is provided by the invention of Tampax, the patented internal absorbent. This principle of internal absorption has long been used by doctors, but the physician who perfected Tampax has ingeniously made it available for women in general.

Tampax is so comfortable you forget you are wearing it. As it involves no belts, pins or external pads, there is of course no bulk to show, even with sheer formal evening gown or modern swim suit. Another advantage: no odor can form. Tampax is made of pure, genuine surgical cotton and a month’s supply will go into an ordinary purse. Each individual Tampax is wrapped in patented applicator. Easy to insert, quick to change—and no disposal problems.

Buy Tampax at drug stores and notion counters. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. An average month’s supply costs 29¢—or 4 times the quantity in the economy box for 98¢. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
STRAIGHT FACTS ABOUT AN INTIMATE PROBLEM Which Still Puzzles So Many Wives!

New, More Convenient Feminine Hygiene Way Gives Continuous Action for Hours!

- Doctors know that even today the majority of women still know little or nothing about certain physical facts. Too many who think they know have only half knowledge. And they do not realize how seriously their happiness and health are threatened by lack of up-to-date information.

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Zonitors are dainty, non-greasy suppositories, scientifically prepared for vaginal hygiene. So convenient and easy to use. The quickest, easiest, daintiest way of using a vaginal germicide. No cumbersome apparatus, nothing to mix, no unpleasant greasiness to spoil your daintiness.

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INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

MOST ARDENT FAN

When Charles Boyer recently went to New York, he was met by his most ardent fan. Well, the fan is almost his own. The fan is the fan of Mr. Boyer's agent representative, Bill Smith.

Mr. Smith and Mr. Boyer have been associated in business for a long time, and Smith always accompanies him on all trips. He is quite a handsome young man and this young lady spotted him in New York and always comes down to meet the train when Boyer comes in. The first question she asks the great lover is, "Is he with you?" Then when Smith alights from the train she is happy and follows him around New York the whole time he is there.

Boyer gets quite a toot out of it.

COFFEE PROBLEM

Most frustrated wife in town is Mrs. Lloyd Nolan. Frustrated about coffee, and it isn't even rationed.

It seems that Mr. Nolan is particular about only one thing, hot coffee. His breakfast coffee can set the house in such an uproar if it isn't just right, and Mel Nolan, being the wife she is, tries very hard to please her lord and master.

Experimentation has been going on with Lloyd's coffee. First a mammoth cup was bought, placed on the table, the cook stood poised in the door with the coffee pot when she heard his footsteps come down the hall. When he sat down, she poured. Lloyd gulped and smiled.

Then as he read his paper the coffee cooled and nothing was right again. Next a heavy earthenware cup, to hold the heat, was purchased, but this didn't work. Then a thermos was purchased and heated, filled with coffee and placed on the table. This was poured in small quantities into a regular coffee cup of fine china. Still it wasn't right.

The final outcome, at this reading, is Mr. Nolan with the precious coffee kept hot in the kitchen, walking out there himself with a small demi-tasse, pouring it himself and gulping it down.

FAMOUS COMBINATIONS

Olivia de Havilland spends her spare time with Dwight Whitney, representative for a national magazine. . . . Veronica Lake with Paul Hesse, handsome color photographer.

Ronnie could become the next Mrs. Paul Hesse, for he loves 'em beautiful and temperamental. Paul's last marriage with Elyse Knox, shortly to become the wife of Tommy Harmon, was just one of those things. . . . Ava Gardner with Howard Hughes. This has gone on for months and Ava is determined to become the next Mrs. Hughes. Bets are on that it won't happen, for Hughes is quite elusive. But Ava has a way with her, so this will bear watching.

HELPING HAND

Linda Darnell works at least four hours a day at St. Johns Hospital in Santa Monica. She isn't a nurse's aide. She just does lots of dirty work. She washes instruments after operations, cleans up the operating room and similar unpleasant tasks that take time but not much skill.

It all started when Linda discovered they are very short of nurses and nurse's aides at Santa Monica, and she volunteered to help. Little Nancy Gates visited Maureen O'Hara when Linda and her husband Pev Marley came to dinner one Sunday, and thus Linda got a new recruit. Nancy, just eighteen, now works regularly at these same unpleasant tasks.
Join our Soldiers with Wings

"IT'S WONDERFUL... the easiest-to-apply, smoothest leg make-up I've ever used!" says Martha O'Driscoll, currently featured in "Ghost Catchers," Universal Picture starring Olsen and Johnson.

SUNDAY WITH A MOVIE STAR: Take a trip with us to Northridge to spend Sunday on her ranch with Lucille Ball and her guests. You are greeted by Lucille's mother, holding a baby and explaining that Lucille will be back soon. The baby is only one of two who live at the ranch, one being Lucille's brother's child and the other the child of a friend of hers.

Stay around a while and Van Johnson will come around the corner in swimming trunks and holding the other baby. Charles Ruggles will drop in with a quart of buttermilk for Lucille's mother, and Martha Scott and her husband, Carleton Alsop, stop by with their little son. Lucille's husband, Desi Arnaz, will come in about noon from working in the lower field, as he is home on leave from the Army.

Still no Lucille. You will have lunch, swim in the pool, help brush the dogs and tend the babies. About sundown a ratchet station wagon will come to a stop in the yard and out will pile Lucille, home from a camp appearance and ready for a swim, chatter and a game of poker after dinner. Dinner is served on the enclosed porch with everyone helping—and the poker is for fun, not money. This is an average Sunday at the Ball-Arnaz ranch, and it's all swell!

When Bill Holden came home on leave and found his infant son, Westy Holden, wearing dresses he hit the ceiling. Poor Brenda tried to explain that all young babies wore dresses, but Bill didn't like. Taking a tape measure he measured Westy from stem to stern, drove to Hollywood, walked into the baby department of a big store and began ordering knitted rompers fourteen inches long. When asked by the saleslady what size, he simply said that these were the measurements. Finally he emerged from the baby shop triumphant, armed with "boy's" clothes.

Westy wore them while his daddy was home, but as soon as Bill left, Brenda put him back in his dresses.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 12
Science now shows that most fat people don't have to remain overweight long. Except a comparatively few cases, every one of these thousands of persons can now reduce quickly and safely — without unwarranted exercise, discomfort or diets.

**Something New & Quick**

Are you one of these thousands, most of whom have tried to reduce by following food fads, recipes, etc.—and failed? If you are, here's something new and necessary: what modern science has discovered in reducing foods, drugs and devices. Here's how you can reduce scientifically, with new health and attractiveness — and without unnecessary exercise, dieting, massage, etc.

**Simple Directions Guaranteed Harmless**

The "Complete Weight Reducer"—a wonderful new book—has just published these marvelous reducing revelations. No matter how overweight you may be from new familial disfunctions, these measures will help slim you considerably in a few short weeks. Just follow the simple directions on general reducing and spot reducing in abdomen, double chin, hips, neck, thighs, arms, legs, etc., at once and your redundent pounds and patches of excess fat will go down, down, down — until you soon feel like a different person with new pep and popularity.

**Send No Money—Examine It FREE**

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Illinois Medical Journal says: "Can be used quickly and easily."

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Mississippi Valley Medical Journal says: "Physicians can recommend to their overweight patients."

Also praised by many editors and columnists all over U.S.A.

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Send me at once in plain package, for 5 days free reducing instructions, the COMPLETE WEIGHT REDUCER. When it arrives, I will deposit $1.98 plus postage with the postman. If within 5 days of following its simple reducing instructions, I am not completely satisfied, I may return it and you will refund my full deposit of $1.98. Otherwise, I will keep it and the deposit is my money back! Name______________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________________
twists fate is always fashioning.

dark-haired lya de putti, continental charmer who appeared briefly in american films, was next to be important in the world. she was starring in an english-made thriller in which she had to have a mirror shot out of her hand. ray, who had learned expert marksmanship in the army, got the job.

"miss putti's hand was very valuable at the time," ray says, "and the studio was grateful when i left the part. when the leading man in another film got sick, they gave me the role.

that really started him acting and he was an established screen and stage success. after he was spotted by a talent scout he was asked to go to hollywood, where his bus came to a stop. he was the only one of the four men who was seriously ill and i had to go home to see him. it was an impressive story, especially when i had never set foot in iowa in my life.

the picture was "bolero" with george raft and the late carole lombard. when it was over, ray went into "we're not dressing," and after that, paramount gave him a contract—which he has been renewing, with tails, white tie and topper. the lovely muriel had a disturbing experience—even if the picture didn't!

that really started him acting and success in britain when a hollywood picture was made the same demand for "sky-angled producers joyously agreed.

but no woman, past or future, has ever meant to ray what muriel weber milland means to him. when i first met ray in chicago, some seven years ago, he told me happily, "i am married to the most beautiful woman in the world!" lunching at lucey's in hollywood, just a few weeks ago, he told me just as happily, i am married to the most beautiful woman in the world!

this can practically be classified as perpetual emotion in hollywood. besides, it's true that muriel, who is "mal" to her husband, and friends, is one of hollywood's great beauties.

they met at a bridge party in new york. muriel was brought to his attention by actress martha sleeper, who had introduced ray. ray was an instant hit, because, as his wife explains it, he was the only one of the four men who stood up.

"it's the only reason i won a second look," he insists, "but it took me six months to convince her i was really an upstanding young man.

the lovely muriel had a disturbing habit of taking his frequent proposals as just part of the fun they were having. then one week, another young lady of ray's acquaintance telephoned and asked him to take her to the circus. he would. the next day muriel's sister called him. seemed that he had asked muriel to take some circus, a few days before.

"i forgot," said ray, "and muriel won't care anyhow."

"that's what you think," said sister, "she's been crying all day!"

so they've lived happily ever after, with one small daniel david milland now making it a threesome.

next time you hear this heckling hero making with the pointed persiflage on the screen, just remember he's reading lines he personally doesn't subscribe to. the inside dope is, he thinks women are wonderful.

we have just this statement to add. it's "vice versa!"

the end
than a man. For one thing she would better be able to avert war. Women, and she added this with a smile, "like to talk. One night when a friend at dinner wanted to start such a discussion we played bridge instead. Altogether, we don't believe in going into for much discussing of politics, be- cause the subject is a little and I know what we're talking about."

"Take the Wacs, Waves and Ma- rines," said Miss Dunne. "Their whole heart and soul is in the holding down or ever continual struggle against the thinly-disguised feelings of the men in uniform who won't recognize their value, or ever associate with them—purely because they're women. These are the same girls they would go all out of their way to make friends with if they were in an evening gown or a sun Bon in uniform, it's a different matter. I have hundreds of them, and they all have the same story to tell. They were all lovely girls, every one of them. I was im-pressed by their attractiveness and the poise with which they have battled the critics and the continual resentment of the men in uniform.

I think these girls will be able to adjust themselves much better and much quicker, after the war, than the men will. The men will come back—superior, and heaven help the women who will show them may. "Women's great problem will come after the war, but its solution will be somewhat simplified by her domestic state. If she has married during the war her problem will be less acute. Miss Dunne thinks she will be glad to go back to simple, domestic duties. On the other hand if she occupies a position of importance, commands a large salary and has a taste for power—luxuries she has never before known, and an emasculated free- dom of spirit, the solving of it will be hard and harsh.

"It will be difficult to imagine that the average American woman, having taken up masculine work and carried it off so admirably, can revert naturally to her more feminine accomplishments. Recently," went on Miss Dunne, "I talked with one of the heads of the big war plants, and he couldn't disguise the seriousness with which he contemplated the postwar period as far as women are concerned. He envisaged a period of readjust- ment which he likened to the war. When it comes to deciding future campaigns. There won't be cause to say, 'We've broken faith with the dead,' as Susan did in White Cliffs of Dover."

"Oh, I know that the die-hards feel that the women cannot adjust themselves to meeting and discussing things with the men on their own ground," she said, "but the atmosphere of the studio, where men writers constantly refuse to work with wo-

omen writers because they imagine they haven't the freedom of speech, gesture and opinion that they have among themselves. While the women insist on being treated as equals, they are, and will always be, women. This is doubly so in politics. It is true that while some of them have had no access to the women writers constantly refuse to work with wo-

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music at home without a teacher. Mention your favorite instrument.

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IF I WERE A POLITICIAN (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34)

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music at home without a teacher. Mention your favorite instrument.

S. School of Music, 1587 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. 10, N. Y. Please send me Free Booklet and Print and Picture Sample. I would like to play (Name Instrument).
Educational system censoring certain entertainments, stage shows that have knowingly had an adverse effect on the after-the-war period to put an end to a great deal of the bugaboos that arose to is not necessarily by title, but by achievement. Irene Dunne explained, "If I were to go into politics seriously, I know I would want to do everything I could for my community. My interests would be local, rather than national. I would have prominence for my town, rather than prominence for myself. There are other more competent authorities to take care of world development and world improvement. Although I wouldn't want to be blind to what is happening in the rest of my country, because that would affect my own interests, and the interests of the people in my own community. "Employment for everyone will be the first and gravest problem we will have to meet; housing, the next one. How grave this is can best be explained when I tell you that I was explained when I tell you that I was talking to one of the biggest builders in America, the programs, movie said, 'I don't expect to be able to build for ten years after the war is over.' The government will have to take a hand —and what a hand, in this matter alone.

"Child welfare is one of the important matters that a woman in politics will have to face and solve, although I think that this is one problem that will rather take care of itself. For instance, the women will be able to go back to their families, stop paying other women to look after their children, and devote all their time to their own proper upbringing. There won't be the chaos there is today. I have great hopes myself for the after-the-war period to put an end to a great deal of the bugaboos of today."

In the matter of postwar education, Irene Dunne would like to see an educational system censoring certain parts of radio programs, movies, and ture entertainment, stage shows that have knowingly had an adverse effect on their time to their proper upbringing. I have great hopes myself for their time to their proper upbringing. And what a hand, in this matter alone.

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The way I want it. I want to be

Meanwhile, we’re engaged and en-

rest, you know, go winter night club-

I am not going to mention, so don’t

We had walked about thirty blocks

There are two very delicate subjects

He had to have his suits all

Another genuine problem is that

WHY I’M WAITING BEFORE MARRYING

Continued from Page 43]

gives him advice—that the first year

Of course there are a lot of big and

For the first two weeks, he was hav-

But I think the little rearrangements

The only trouble appears to be that

If your man has come home from

He looked at me with an incredu-

Most of the time, believe me, I don’t

Another genuine problem is that of

I have never yet met a G.J. Joe who

He looked at me with an incredu-

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Have you ever tried?

I am not going to mention, so don’t

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Our free Live Test Aptitude Test tells you whether you

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training,

Or have you been sitting back, as is so easy to

How do you KNOW you can’t WRITE?

Have you ever tried?

If you have been shopping for a writer's book, you

If you have been shopping for a writer's book, you

If you have been shopping for a writer's book, you

If you have been shopping for a writer's book, you
might as well look at a step-ladder and say, "Now there's a natural implement for ice hockey." I never had time for games; I was always studying for school, or taking part in plays, or practicing my music lesson. More of that later.

However, Craig insists that his wife has to play good tennis and passable golf. He has started to teach me some tennis—at which he is a streak and I am a ghost. So far the golf lessons haven't begun, but I have a feeling that by the time the difference between a niblick and the nineteen hole, Craig is going to endure some exasperating moments.

In turn, I sometimes get a little exasperation with his romantic sort of way. As I mentioned above, I studied piano for eight years. Currently, if supplied with the music, I can manage "Narcissus" or some little thing from Chopin. But, deprived of my music, I am as useless as a needleless record player.

As for Craig—well, he and I were guests at a party recently. The hostess, thinking a little of the various things, enlivened things, asked me to play. "Could I have some music?" I asked. Well, she couldn't find any. Several others made a tentative effort to deliver some song. Finally Craig sat down at the piano.

He plays entirely by ear; once he has heard anything—he can reproduce it. It's easier, I think, than this. I always shake my head. "It doesn't do me any good to hear it down here on the keys, I have to see it up there on the rack.

Craig and my family get along like moon and June. One afternoon he came over and caught my mother watering the lawn. Mother is a pixie, let's face it, for some reason she was doing Chippens. She has, so far, defeated my music, I am as useless as a needleless record player.

After we had shot the scene, Craig grinned at me. "When we do get married—actually—I have a feeling that something like that will happen." That's a challenge, and one that I intend to meet with great calm. Personally, I'd bet Craig forgets the ring.

And I hope that we both laugh at the incident when we celebrate our golden wedding anniversary.

THE END
the craning of necks as one model after another appeared. I was bored to tears. I hadn’t recovered from that afternoon when I ran into Mr. Kaufman and his pretty daughter at a party. He wondered how I enjoyed the show. I told him what I thought. When he was able to walk again, he asked me what I suggested. I said, ‘Inject a little sex into it, a little music, and some pretty girls.’ The next thing I knew I was appointed producer of the dress shows at Kaufman’s.

‘I never forget that first opening. We had gathered together the prettiest freshman girls in town, constructed a runway like those at Minsky’s, and to soft, sinuous music, had the girls parade along the runway. Then I made my entrance. I was in tails, silk hat and carried a cane. Only I had forgotten to roughen the soles of my new patent shoes. My entrance was so striking to say the least; my progress along the runway was like that of a bowling ball making unerringly for the frame of pins. Only the pins were the gams of the lovely ladies, and as we gathered, and then I remember was that it was a perfect ’hit’ and I fell into the lap of an Eastern buyer. Otherwise, the show was a great success. Women bought, as mad, and I managed to stay on and do six shows for the next three years. But my shoes got a retreat such as no pair of dress shoes ever received before.

Later on, while appearing with the incomparable Sheila Barrett, the impersonator, in summer stock, Bill began to think about Television. He told Sheila about his dream. Sheila agreed that there might be something in Television—for both of them. Thus it was that Bill and Sheila, as a team, went in search of a job.

‘We got it all right, by the grace of a false courage hypo’d by several Scotch and soda’s and the unwitting cooperation of three sponsors who should have known better. We signed for three, and were fired after the second show—because we couldn’t just seem to get around to doing the commercials seriously. Shoes were our commodity, and we insisted on things like: “When you take off Blank’s shoes, you know you’ve been wearing Blank’s because your feet hurt.” Or we’d say, “Build your height, with Blank’s shoes and grow four feet.” The audience loved it, but the sponsors felt that something was wrong somewhere.

Now all William Eythe’s experiences have been on the humorous side, however. There was, for instance, the run of “The Moon Is Down,” where “Varieties of 1942” was playing and take in the show night after night. On one of these expeditions a blackout was proclaimed. You can imagine our feelings when one of the wardens flashed a light, us all slinking along the street to our own theater—the three of us in Nazi uniform!”

Bill got out of that one all right.
3 months to 65 years. No medical examination. Pays the Expense Policy you need and want! One policy insures every person insured. Family Hospital and Surgical Policy issued DIRECT to you at special family rates by big, strong company with over $2,750,000.00 in assets. Investigate!

EVERY person insured. Pays up to $100 doctor’s fees and cost and easy terms. Expert milliners are in demand. Free National Placement Dept. Send for free catalog. How to start a profitable business in spare time. Low furnished Every step illustrated. You make exclusively. One when he once took leave of Ruth and sun themselves. They quickly put a bunch of cards in his hand. Bill did and sure enough, he was invited to join the Bund! Ralph Morgan, who suggested that he might be able to play. He studied, he adds with a touch of despair, “I’m not 28 years old by any means, without knowing who’s coming to the stage set. ‘If that girl eats pickles at ten o’clock in the morning, then she’s for me.’ And we’ve been friends ever since.”

In beautiful all-plastic holiday case at your favorite chain, department or drug store. Carole Anne De Luxe One Dollar

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In beautiful all-plastic holiday case at your favorite chain, department or drug store. Carole Anne De Luxe One Dollar

The End
Lum and Abner Contest Announcement

THE WINNAHS:

FIRST PRIZE WINNER
OF A $1000
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Sgt. Charles L. Mersich
Camp Crowder, Mo.

Mr. Torkel Gundel,
5018 Wilson Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.

FIRST PRIZE WINNER
OF A $1000
WAR BOND

Pvt. Fred P. Powell,
Keesler Field, Miss.

Mrs. Maude W. Sipson,
310 West First Street,
Oil City, Pa.

TEN THIRD PRIZE WINNERS
OF $50 WAR BONDS

Sgt. Charles L. Mersich
Camp Crowder, Mo.

Pvt. Fred P. Powell,
Keesler Field, Miss.

Mrs. Maude W. Sipson,
310 West First Street,
Oil City, Pa.

Mr. Torkel Gundel,
5018 Wilson Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Floyd Miller,
5772 Baum Blvd.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. Ethel B. Stratton,
1235 N. Delaware #110,
Indianapolis 2, Ind.

Mrs. Irene D. Williams,
Rear 25 Porter Street,
Taunton, Mass.

Mr. Arthur W. Schlichenmaier,
Roosevelt Jr. High School,
Warren and Eckley Streets,
Peoria, Ill.

Mr. John Thayer,
18 Creighton Street,
Cambridge 40, Mass.

The overwhelming public sentiment expressed by 10,000 persons from all over America was in favor of Chester Lauck and Norris Goff remaining Lum and Abner—the loveable, rural characters who have won the hearts of millions of Americans.

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Mrs. Brown learns why she must use less paper!

Mrs. Brown couldn't understand why Grocer White didn't wrap her loaf of bread in the usual paper bag.

Grocer White gave her the reason: because our Army needs paper for its great invasion drive.

He explained that nearly every one of 700,000 different kinds of items shipped overseas must be paper-wrapped for protection.

He told her that a Signal Corps radio, for instance, takes 10 pounds of paper to manufacture.

He told her that each propelling charge for a 155-millimeter shell takes three-fifths of a pound of paper.

He told her each 500-pound bomb takes 12 pounds of paper.

He told her the Army considers paper one of the top essentials of victory.

Mrs. Brown thanked Grocer White and vowed to help him and all his fellow merchants in their drive to use less paper.

Mrs. Brown even carries a market basket or a shopping bag now to help save precious paper bags.

Mrs. Brown has enlisted her whole family in a family paper-conservation drive. Yes, there's not a single piece of paper wasted at the Brown house.

Magazines, like this, are passed along when read so that the greatest possible number of folks can share the printed word. A mighty important aid to us magazine people who, in spite of using only 5% of the entire paper output, are managing to save more than 450 million pounds of paper by our own conservation methods.

This advertisement contributed by this magazine and prepared by the War Advertising Council in cooperation with the War Production Board and the Office of War Information.
ALAN MARSHAL
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

arrived with at least two tickets—and that after having stopped to put up ball at Ventura and Oxnard.

Of course, there were other film people in town. Most of them are unattached, and some of them must have been unattached when they arrived. But the town has its own life, and everyone who is no one else is a somebody. And that's a fact.

Alan's whole life, outside his career, is devoted to his wife and little boy. He is a working man with little time to spare. But when he is free, he can play a very presentable game.

And so, with the end of the season, Alan returned to the city. He was a happy man, one who was satisfied with his life. He was a happy man, one who had found his work, his love and his family. He was a happy man, one who had found his peace.
and eating money. The California
cLimate is swel—wiitam—no but it
makes a very inferior breakfast-food.
the largest outdoor loopy-coop in the
world. Here, one and one do make
two. They make nothing—or a scan-
dal.
You might come here tomorrow and
next week be a well-paid writer. You
might also go fishing in the Pacific
and catch the only gold fish in the
whole ocean.
One rule, though, seems fairly well
established: The surest way not to
get a writing job in Hollywood is to
establish: The surest way to get to
Hollywood is to
go somewhere else. Or to stay where
you are.
If, John or Jane, you remain in Ohio,
you have a novel published, a tender
story, let us say, of the love of a little
boy for a moose in Colonial times, you
will wake up to find yourself out here,
whacking away at a picture called
"The Streamlined Fiend and the Lady
Werewolf" or "Dracula's Mother-in-
Law."
The best plan is not for you to dis-
cover Hollywood, but to let Hollywood
discover you. And it will, if you have
what it wants.
Into the making of a screenplay
goes a lot more talking than writing.
We are talking now, Gladys Lehman
and I, of a scene in which the Boy
and Girl get lost in the woods and
have to spend the night there. We dis-
cuss the problem of how to make this
scene realistic enough to please you,
and yet, not so realistic we'll get a
stern note from the censors.
We are having quite a time with our
Boy and Girl. It was easy to get them
out of the woods. We are having quite a time with our
Boy and Girl and what they do,
and yet, not so romantic we'll get
them out of the woods.
Will we talk and talk, and some-
time a new angle, and sometimes we
roar. This process is known as "kick-
ing the story around". At last, some-
times after months, the story, to use
"licked," meaning it has a beginning, a middle
and an end, and is, more or less
believable, dramatic and antiseptic.
Some stories just won't be "licked".

Ted Fio Rito, bandleader and songwriter, celebrated his silver anniversary in show business
this past month. Here the famous composer is looking upon a Movieland Magazine scroll
awarded to him by Richard H. Roffman, right, of Hillman Periodicals. On the left is Dick
Gilbert, popular singing troubadour of Station WHN on whose program citation was made.
even though fresh shock-troops of writers are rushed to the front to attack it. You have, perhaps, seen it
announced that presently you will see a picture, starring Garbo, or Kathryn Grayson, or Margaret O'Brien, called
"Miss Pepper's Peculiar Past." But you never see it. That usually means that the story defied all efforts to
lauk it and retired to the limbo of defeated stories. Every studio has thousands of these tough tales,
whose heads are bloody but unbowed, in its dungeons.

Happily, we have got our present story licked. It gave us a hard fight for a while, but we got it groyggy
with punches to the heart and finished it off with a few comedy hooks.

Our next step is to write an outline or "treatment," which is a sort of blueprint of the action of the story.
For example, we will say of the em¬
brae Boy and Girl—Tommy and
Cynthia come out of their clinic, and
slowly, sadly start to wend their way
out of the woods. They have decided
that, though they cannot, they must not
have a love-affair, but must say 'good-bye'
and never see each other again."

Of course, they will see each other
again in the last reel, but they don't
know it. They cry horribly, sadly, etc.

However, we, the writers, know it,
and we're telling you in case you were
worried that the week they spent in
each other's arms made them sick
and tired of each other.

From this outline, the screen-play
will be written.

When the screen-play is at last done, it will be about 140 typewritten
pages long. Then there will be con-
ferences with the producer and direc-
tor. The script will be "cut"; that is,
lines of dialogue and scenes will be
omitted from it till it is the right
length, about 125 pages. Writers enjoy
cutting their pet scenes about as much
as you'd enjoy chopping off your
toes. They howl and protest; but the
operation is performed—without an
anesthetic. And, usually, this cutting
makes for a better picture. Most pieces
of writing can be cut, to advantage,
including this.

After the picture has been cut, and,
possibly, rewritten and rewritten,
it will be shot. Sometimes this rewriting
goes on while the picture is a the picture is actually being shot. Mrs. Lehman and I
have written scenes in the morning for
Deanna Durbin to play that afternoon.
Naturally, he rushed to the boy and
warned him away. "Don’t touch him,”
said the director. "Don’t do it that way,” said the
producer. "Don’t touch him."

"But,” said Walter, "I'm supposed
to love the lad!” The script says so.
And I've been looking for him for
three reels—"

"Don’t do it that way,” said the
director. "Don’t touch him.”

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three reels—"

"Don’t do it that way,” said the
director. "Don’t touch him.”
it. I suppose no one needed to.

Finally I plucked up the courage to ask one of the girls at school what had been wrong with me. She was kind and frank. "You did look a little 1910-ish," she explained. "And then, you were probably a little young. Anyway. You know how boys are?" I didn’t know at all how boys "were." But I wanted to. All I knew was that I had been wrong, my clothes had been wrong, everything had been wrong. And somehow I thought that other girls had had something to do with the boys seeing how wrong I was. I kept hearing imaginary whispers.

When I was good at it, I was proud of my growth, made you happy — by liking you, by paying attention to you, by flattering you. Well, they can’t. Happiness comes from something inside you, something that you create for yourself. No one can give it to you.

I began to chant, somewhere inside of me, “Happiness — happiness is a thing called you.” That was the thing I wanted to talk about. Because that’s what it is and that’s where it is. It took me years to learn. But I began right then.

First I began to learn to do things. My older brother taught me golf. I wasn’t very good at it and I still am not. But it gave me one interest which was outside myself and that was necessary for my growth. Make you happy — by liking you, by paying attention to you, by flattering you. Well, they can’t. Happiness comes from something inside you, something that you create for yourself. No one can give it to you.

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It was wonderful. I was at ease, it was happy and I knew I had another woman friend whom I liked and trusted.

Then, of course, Ronnie really came into my life. It was his easy friendliness which attracted me to him first. Everyone liked him and it seemed to me that he liked nearly everyone. I began to try to analyze what was
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because she thought it was one time they needed all the cheer and entertain-
ment they could get.

My favorite recollection of my pal
Paulette is always going to date back
to the recent surprise "coming-out
party" my appendix staged in New
York. Wrapped up in those hectic
two weeks are all the things I value
most in my best friend—her clear-
headedness, her staunchness, her ca-
pacity for putting other people's
troubles ahead of her own—and most of
all, the way in which she manages
of keeping all these sterling qualities
from getting stuffy.

Right after I attended the Presi-
dent's Birthday Party in Washington,
I planned to go to New York to see
Paulette before leaving for Holly-
wood. Paulette was busy with the
final preparations for a plan she'd
cherished for some two years—to go
overseas to Cuba and Haiti, and all
the most difficult spots our boats are
stationed.

Immediately following my last meal
at the White House (and I hope this
won't disgust you, as it didn't dis-
gust me) I began to feel badly, and by the
time I got to New York, the going was de-
initely rocky. I remember Paulette
coming into my hotel room, taking
one look at me, and uttering this
shocking phrase: "You're
you're sick—I'm going to get a doc-
or."

She got not one, but three—
standing doggedly up to the first fel-
low and saying, "If you say the ap-
pendix has come out, I believe you—but I'm going to check with a
couple of other doctors, too. Things
like this are important—"

Which is how it happened that when
I went to see the doctor, it wasn't not only
Paulette's personal physician, but Constance Collier's and Barney
Baruch's, too. And I might say that
my entrance into that hospital was
really the peak of those Godard
"events." She was scared white when they car-
ried me out of the hotel room on a stretcher, but with complete presence
of mind she insisted they carry along
a big warm blanket and prepare for a
possible operation.

Punctuality—for herself—is an un-
breakable rule. Yet, you can bounce
in a half hour late and she'll never
fix you with a sad eye and say, "Why,
didn't you call?" No, you can't take
her with you—only after you've seen the smooth
way it works out, you're willing to
subscribe.

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My favorite recollection of my pal
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to the recent surprise "coming-out
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SHOW BUSINESS (RKO) marks Eddie Cantor's initial effort as a film producer. He also plays a leading part in the story, which is not his own biography, although it might well be. So closely do the incidents parallel many actual experiences of his thirty years as an entertainer. The picture opens in 1914 when burlesque was in its heyday. Cantor is discovered on an amateur night in Minner's Bowery Theatre by a performer with whom he teams and graduates to vaudeville. There is a serious romance for his character, but of course it is Eddie as the act gathers momentum and gets to the big time, eventually to Ziegfeld's musical smash, "Whoopee."

The camaraderie of show folks, which is the underlying theme of the story, is actually demonstrated by the presence of George Murphy in the role of Cantor's teammate. It was Eddie who gave George his start in pictures with a part in "Kid Millions," and Murphy never forgot the obligation. His singing and dancing do much to carry this show over its weaker moments, and there is that priceless clown, Joan Davis, for sheer hilarity. She is without equal in making something out of nothing. Constance Moore, just back to Hollywood from a solid hit on Broadway, is not flattered by the unbecoming pre-WW1 costumes, but does well enough with song and dance. People who have never liked Eddie Cantor on the screen will revise their opinion of him in this down-to-earth portrayal.

PREVIOUSLY RECOMMENDED

GOING MY WAY (Paramount) inspired entertainment in which Bing Crosby draws a superbly honest character of a Roman Catholic priest. Of cherished memory is Barry Fitzgerald's performance.

THE WHITE CLIFFS (MGM) stirring emotional drama that warns England and America to fight on for a good peace—"a peace that will stick." Sensitive portrayal by Irene Dunne.

THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN (Warner) humanized biography of America's beloved humorist who left a heritage of fun for all mankind. Brilliant impersonation by Fredric March.

BUFFALO BILL (20th Century-Fox) Hey, fellers, Injuns! Joel McCrea really swells as the picturesque Cody in a film that does justice to the noble redman.

FOLLOW THE BOYS (Universal) a picture that gives the general public a comprehensive idea of the entertainment world's contribution to the war.

PHANTOM LADY (Universal) a little murder mystery that is scoring the surprise success it richly deserves.

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UP IN MABEL'S ROOM (United Artists) harks back to the era of the popularity of bedroom farces in the New York stage. Actually this one is twenty-five years old and was later followed, in the days of A. H. Woods and Avery Hopwood, by such items as "Getting Gertie's Garter" and "Murphy never forgot the obligation. His singing and dancing do much to carry this show over its weaker moments, and there is that priceless clown, Joan Davis, for sheer hilarity. She is without equal in making something out of nothing. Constance Moore, just back to Hollywood from a solid hit on Broadway, is not flattered by the unbecoming pre-WW1 costumes, but does well enough with song and dance. People who have never liked Eddie Cantor on the screen will revise their opinion of him in this down-to-earth portrayal.

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MARRIAGE IN HOLLYWOOD
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

married bandleader Artie Shaw. And after her divorce from Shaw, there was Tony Martin's dark handsome-ness to complement her luscious blondeness at the cafe tables. Then, after rumors of reconciliation with Shaw who suddenly, saw fit to write to Tommy Dorsey's brand of romantic music.

The town looked at tall, intelligent, young Steve when he appeared and liked what they saw. Lana is well-loved around the Metro lot. Most of the grips and technicians "would die for her," and many of her fellow players would be willing to make a scene for her, including Miss Swanson, who was thought to bring happiness, love, success and power. Sold only by us. We make no claims of super-

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MISS ALMA, 103 Park Ave., Dept. 18-B, New York 17, N. Y.

My Bad Skin
Changed Overnight

Only a woman who has suffered with bad skin can know what joy came over me when I awoke to see my face so fresh, clear, and smooth again. It seemed like a miracle--IT WORKS! Big pores, oily skin eruptions and other troubles magically vanished. I was thrilled with gray, messy makeup wash-offs. Let nature help you. Use my private secret skin formula. See the amazing effects start overnight. I call it NATURE'S BALM OF BALSAM. Try it for seven nights. If it doesn't do anything, you only tried and back and get your money. This may seem far too good to be true but the test will tell. My MONEY-BACK guarantee protects you. SEND NO MONEY; unless you wish. When postpaid, delivery pay only 25c plus charges. BILL 100 TIMES, only 82. (Orders with CANADIAN mailers neglected.) See if you don't agree. Send 82c to—————NATURE'S BALM OF BALSAM. Write today—NOW.

MISS ALMA, 103 Park Ave., Dept. 18-B, New York 17, N. Y.

LUMBER for Training Planes
and reed sections stood out particularly. Betty Bonney, former Les Brown oriole, is the featured vocalist, and good, too. The band is only a few months old, but if they keep up their "We gotta make good" spirit, they should do all right. Frankie was very happy because he was signed for the new CBS, and will be so-starred with Allan Jones. It was quite a coup for Carle to land this program, because several big name outfits were auditioned.

New York’s "older" set is hysterical over Carl Brisson, the extravert movie star, now singing at the Club Versailles. The grown-up gals sigh and swoon for Brisson just as their younger sisters do for the bobby sox crooners. He is laughingly tagged "The Matron’s Sinatra."

ON THE BEAM:

Paul Whiteman has taken over the baton on the "Connee Boswell Presents" program over the Blue Network . . .

Baritone Barry Wood is the star of the new "Palmolive Party" Saturday show over NBC. It’s a half-hour variety dish with Patsy Kelly and a guest star each week, and replaces the "Million Dollar Band" clambake previously heard at that time.

Your old friends, "The Modern-aires," are working several New York radio shows and making lots of transcriptions. Their interpretation of "Holiday for Strings" is one of the most thrilling vocal arrangements I’ve ever heard. Lillian Lane is pinch-hitting for Paula Kelly while Paula takes time off to welcome Dr. Stork . . .

Remember Harry Cool, one of the mainstays of the old-Dick Jurgens band? He has replaced Dick Haymes on Columbia’s "Here’s to Romance" show, a few weeks ago. I believe Dick went off the program after some dispute between the sponsor and Dick’s new boss, Twentieth Century-Fox. Anyway, I hope he’ll be back on the air soon.

WHAT’S BRISK ON THE DISC:

The Victor Company has a couple of killer albums you’ll want to own if you’ve followed the bands for any length of time. The first one is "Up Swing" and presents the bands of Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Artie Shaw (his old outfit) and Glenn Miller. The tunes are the eight big swing hits from 1936 to 1943, starting with Goodman’s "Stompin’ At The Savoy" and ending with Miller’s "String of Pearls". Another good thing about this set is that the complete band personnel is listed on each disc. A lot of the sidemen
Don't be embarrassed by a flat, undeveloped or sagging bust. Do as thousands of other women just like yourself are doing. They have learned how to bring out the loveliest contours of their figures, whatever their bust faults. Now you, too, can do the same — safely, easily and positively.

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Your flat bustline can be amazingly beautified into full and swelling contours. Or, if you are the pesky type, it can be rounded into high and rounded contours. All you have to do is follow the easy directions on新疆, massage, bra, dress, etc. (See the proof given in the endorsements of doctors and patients below.)

Adopt these simple self-help measures at once and your bust will positively appear full, firm and shapely . . . the proud glamorous curves which your flat bustline can be amazingly beautified into.

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- Makes plate fit snugger.
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From Columbia Masterworks:

- Haydn: Symphony #103 in E-Flat Major ("Drum Roll").
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- Two old Sinatra vocals with Harry James' orchestra, "Every Day Of My Life" and "A Little Street In Singapore." Columbia reissues.
Orchid—At Night a Shimmering “Butterfly Jewel,”
Glowing with Beauty—Most Alluring Effects You’ve Ever Seen—Makes Your Every Costume Gorgeous...

Now you, too, may have true “Orchid Glamour” everywhere you go, and always! This gorgeous simulated Orchid creates a sensation wherever seen... it’s so life-like, so exactly like the delicate color, size, form and even feel of the most magnificent, costliest orchid.

AND IT ACTUALLY GLOWS IN THE DARK—Glows with a fascinating, enticing beauty almost unbelievable. You’ll tingle with pride each time you place it in your hair, or on dress or coat—At night its magic, soft glow will give glamour to any costume. Haven’t you always longed to possess expensive, exotic orchids anytime you wished? All women do. And now you can have this sensational Glowing Orchid that will give you perpetual pleasure, for far less than a single, lowest-priced, cut orchid of the commonest species would cost you!

GARDENIA
Here, in this amazing, life-like simulated Gardenia, tropical symbol of tender romance, the delicate, pure beauty of the natural flower is brought to a new peak of thrilling beauty! During the day and at twilight, this rare Gardenia replica is a realistic flower, to wear on dress, coat or in the hair. But, when evening falls, strange, mysterious “activated light” causes the Gardenia to emit a gentle, romance-inspiring glow!... Only $1.00.

WEAR IT—THRILL TO ITS BREATH-TAKING BEAUTY AT OUR RISK—NOW!
This amazing new Glowing Orchid looks and feels so much like the costliest orchid that many are completely fooled. You know that few women in the world can afford the gigantic, exotic cut orchids as often as they wish—fabulous fortunes have been paid for a single specimen! But for this gorgeous, life-like replica you do not have to pay $10.00—nor $5.00—nor even $2.00! Under our special offer to introduce quickly, you actually pay only $1.00! Think what this means! You don’t risk one penny. We will send you your Glowing Orchid to see and feel, wear and enjoy—and if you are not amazed and delighted, if your friends don’t envy you your splendid possession, you need only return it to us.

SEND NO MONEY—Merely Mail Coupon
All you need do is to pay the postman $1.00 plus postage, when your Glowing Orchid arrives. See for yourself how lovely it is. Place in your hair, or on any costume. See it take on an exciting, strangely beautiful glow in the dark. Then, if you can bear to part with it, you can mail it right back to us, and your money will be refunded quick as the mails can carry it. That’s a generous, fair offer, isn’t it? Act on it today—this very minute while this is before you. Fill out and mail coupon NOW!

INTRODUCTORY OFFER
By sending coupon at once you will share in one of the most astounding offers ever made. To introduce these gorgeous new flowers that glow in the dark, we make the unheard-of offer of one for only $1.00—3 for $2.50!
This remarkable discovery, Tintz Color Cake Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don’t put up with faded, dull, off-color hair a minute longer, for Tintz Color Shampoo works gradually — each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, and easier to manage. No dyed look. Won’t hurt permanents. Get this rich lathering shampoo, that gives fresh glowing color to your hair, today.

SEND NO MONEY...

Send one full size TINTZ COLOR SHAMPOO in shade checked below. On arrival, I will deposit 50c plus postage charges with postman, on guarantee that if I’m not entirely satisfied I can return empty wrapper in 7 days and you will refund my money.

A NO-RISK OFFER YOU CAN’T AFFORD TO MISS—ACT NOW!
IS IT FATE WITH FLYNN? Errol's own story, as never before revealed
New Street Wear Make-up for Screen Actresses...and You!

A special cake make-up created for screen actresses to make it possible for them to look as perfect on the street as their professional make-up makes them look on the screen . . . now YOU can have it too. CINEMA CAKE is an extra-smooth sponge-on make-up that does the seemingly impossible in covering minor blemishes and imperfections to give you a flawless, startlingly beautiful look . . . ultra-sophisticated!

If you want a genuine but delightful shock, CINEMA CAKE MAKE-UP is for you. Buy it now at better stores ($1.50 in a stunning case). Or, you can get a three-week cake in an adorable compact by sending only 25¢ and the coupon from this announcement. You'll use CINEMA CAKE MAKE-UP always after you've once tried it. Be sure to mark shade desired.

Associated Distributors, 30 W. Hubbard, Dept. 115, Chicago 10, Ill.
I enclose twenty-five cents for which please send me 3-week trial compact of CINEMA CAKE MAKE-UP, shade checked here.

☐ Cameo Cream (Cream)
☐ Cinema Beige (Rose Tan)
☐ Spotlight Rachel (Natural)
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☐ Stardom Tan (Rose Beige)
☐ Rhapsody Rose (Deep Rose Tan)

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CINEMA
CAKE MAKE-UP
THE smile that's sincere is completely spontaneous, entirely unhampered by any selfconsciousness. It's a very important part of your personality! But a grin that's warm and ready calls for tidy looking teeth. So "brush up" on your dental duties—personal and professional.

There's no need to dread the dentist if you see him often enough. Two or three times a year, depending on how rapidly your teeth collect stains and tartar deposits, have a thorough cleaning and examination for cavities.

Tooth decay and disaster, if left uncovered, may result in serious disease, particularly of the digestive organs. So when X-rays or examination discover damage, take your treatment—promptly.

It's precaution that prolongs—not just the lustre, but the life of your teeth. A little filling now and then can prevent extremes of extraction. The tooth that can't be saved should usually be replaced, whether or not you have a space that shows.

Don't depend on your dentist to do it all! The daily dos and don'ts of dental care are up to you. For one thing, bring your brush technique up to date.

Your trusty toothbrush should be firm and dry. Buy two at a time and give them a breathing spell between workouts. Choose a dentrifice that appeals in taste and texture. Just be sure the brand is one of the best, known to and recommended by dentist and druggist.

Beginning with perfect props, you must continue with the correct kind of stroke, one that will cleanse all surfaces and stimulate the gums. Here's how. Use a slightly rolling motion that starts from the base of the gums and sweeps right over the teeth. Always move the brush in the direction that your teeth grow—down over the top row, up over the bottom.

Follow through with dental floss to take out stubborn specks of food. Insert it gently between the teeth, keeping a firm grip on the floss so that it doesn't jam up against the gums and bruise or tear them. Finish off with refreshing mouthwash. Slosh it about, around and around, to carry away all those dislodged particles of debris.

Remember, your dentist twice a year or more. Your own mouth hygiene habits twice a day or oftener. The result will be perfect teeth—and a prettier you.

For All-Out Loveliness try the New Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick

A recent portrait of Constance Luft Huhn

By CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

Whatever you're doing—in or out of uniform—you're terribly busy these days—and you want a lipstick that really stays! We've found that women everywhere are grateful to find a smooth, soft, flattering lipstick that clings to their lips for extra hours.

Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks give your lips that exquisite perfection you've always wanted. Not too moist, not too dry, they make your lips glow with a satiny, lineless finish. Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks come in four exciting shades—Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, Tangee Natural. So remember to try a Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick. And match it with Tangee Petal-Finish Rouge, and the remarkable new Tangee Petal-Finish Face Powder, for all-out loveliness!

Buy That Extra War Bond Today

TANGEE Lipsticks with the new Satin-Finish
TANGEE Face Powder with the new Petal-Finish

SAMMY KAYE IS ON THE AIR IN TANGEE SERENADE. Listen Every Sunday at 1:30 P. M. (EWT) Coast-to-Coast... Blue Network


King Vidor, who directed "The Big Parade", the first outstanding MGM picture twenty years ago, now delivers to the American dream come true.

This film is the flesh and blood story of the American dream. It is about a guy called Steve Dangos, a young immigrant who came to this land of freedom with his bare hands and a shining hope. (Brian Donlevy gives all his sincerity to this role.)

It is also about a girl called Anna O'Rourke. Who shared in the struggles, the tribulations, the dreams of her man, as he made it the hard way, from iron mine worker, steel puddler, factory worker to great industrialist.

While their story is intimate, personal, glowing, it is also symbolic of the fight, the love, the surge, the drama, that has made our way of life the wonder of the whole wide world.

"An American Romance" is the big adventure, told in wonderfully human and exciting terms—in a robust screen play by Herbert Dalmas and William Ludwig.

It is dramatic fiction. It is also the truth. For this story in its scope parallels the life stories of many men who have helped to make America great.

King Vidor has found the movie material that many directors have been reaching for ever since the beginning of films. What he has done with it is magnificent.

"An American Romance" is photographed in perfected Technicolor. Red brown earth tones of Mesabi; fiery reds and yellows of Steel Town; the bluish-gray colors of the automobile factories; the bright sky-blues of America's conquest of the heavenly skies above, follow in storied sequence.

"An American Romance" has caught the mighty cadences of the American dream. Something of you, yourself, is surely in it.

Presented with pardonable pride by

DORIS CLINE, Editor

AUGUST, 1944

STORIES

"I, Burgess, Take Thee Paulette ..." by Marcia Daughtrey
Is It Fate With Flynn? by Marion Cooper
Her Heart Is Young and Gay by Dora Albert
That Haymes Boy by Jill Warren
Bringing Up Baby by Alice Leslie
The New Van Johnson by Alice L. Tildesley
The Farmer's Daughter by Constance Palmer
Box Office Bill Bendix by Evelyn Kalm
This Is Sonny Tufts by Rilla Page Palmborg
So You're in Love The Wonderful, Wacky Life of Robert Walker

PORTRAITS

Ronald Colman
Van Johnson
Marilyn Maxwell

FEATURES

A Little From Lots
Marilyn Maxwell Horoscope
Shooting The Stars With Bill Dudas
Country Carnival
Sub-Sixteen
Those Glamorous Newcomers

DEPARTMENTS

Cosmetic Close-Ups
Inside Hollywood
Movieland's New Picture Guide
Movieland's Crossword Puzzle
It Makes Scents in Summer by Shirley Cook
Words of Music by Jill Warren
Your Problem and Mine by Bonita Granville
Five Best Pictures of the Month
Do You Have A Fascinated Following?
This Was Hollywood by Jane Wilkie


MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Cover of Sonny Tufts photographed exclusively for Movieland by cover artist.
WORKING GIRL

NAME: Bette Davis

OCCUPATION: Actress

EMPLOYER: Warner Bros.

NATURE OF DUTIES: Helping to maintain the Warner standard of great entertainment.

REMARKS: We at Warner Bros. have been proud of Bette Davis, of her magnificent artistry and enormous talent, ever since she came to work with us. (And no matter how easy it looks on the screen, "work" is the word — with a very large "W")! But we've never been so proud of Bette as since we (and she) finished making MR. SKEFFINGTON!

MR. SKEFFINGTON is the enthralling story of a very rich man and a very beautiful woman, and of their life together ... and apart. A love story? We think that even when you've seen it, you won't be sure!

But you will be sure that MR. SKEFFINGTON is one of the finest motion pictures ever made — by anybody, anywhere . . . and that Bette Davis has no peer among screen artists!

You'll be sure, too, that the company which produced MR. SKEFFINGTON can be counted on always for the best in entertainment!

WARNER BROS.

JACK L. WARNER

Executive Producer

BETTE DAVIS GREAT AS ONLY SHE CAN BE, IN "MR. SKEFFINGTON"

Produced by JULIUS J. & PHILIP G. EPSTEIN - Screen Play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein - Story by "Elizabeth" - Music by Franz Waxman - Directed by VINCENT SHERMAN
There's joy ahoy for every girl and boy!...

Hop on board the show-boat for gay, exciting entertainment!...

a full cargo of romance, adventure, songs and dances, and guys and gals!

WE'LL GIVE YOU A TIP

Rita Hayworth, perhaps the happiest expectant mother in Hollywood, will have her baby before the announced November. Her studio put out the far away date so that people wouldn’t think she shouldn’t do another picture. Rita and Orson want a little girl, and are planning it that way.

BELYING THOSE RUMORS

Betty Grable, cooking for her husband Harry James, in a tiny kitchenette in the Hotel Astor. Harry was in New York on tour, and it was the first separation the Jameeses had had since their marriage. When Betty got her household settled, and her mother to take care of little Vicky, she tied herself off quick to join him. (P. S.—Harry gained at least five pounds, which speaks well for his wife’s cooking!)

FOR THE WISTFULS, HOPEFULS

You might as well give up, for they’re both going to marry. Major Clark Gable (note the promotion) now openly admits that he is more than interested in the very beautiful Kay Williams, and this is the first time he’s even mentioned anything serious about any woman for a long time. Meanwhile, the way is also being paved for Olivia de Havilland to marry Captain John Huston. Mrs. Huston is securing a divorce. The couple had been separated before Livvy met the dashing captain, but the settlement had not been made. Now it has, and Livvy will be a bride at last—much to the sorrow of every bachelor in movieland.

COMES IT NOW, AT LAST

Dave Rose has finally consented to Judy Garland’s getting a divorce. Ever since their separation Judy has wanted to be legally free, but Dave wouldn’t give the necessary approval. Some say Gloria de Haven has something to do with his changing his mind—in which case, you’d call it “a change of heart”?

YOU CAN COUNT ON

Ann Sheridan’s marrying Steve Hanagan, when she returns from her trip overseas. Ann stopped off in New York before she left the country, and authoritative circles report that two plain gold bands were chosen at that time.... The continuation of the Lupe Velez and Arturo de Cordova romance. They plan to be married as soon as Arturo can secure some release from his marriage in Mexico.... Marlene Dietrich’s usually getting what she’s after. When she went overseas to entertain the troops, she wanted to see Jean Gabin. And she did—in Africa.

(Continued on page 8)
“The Kiss-off!”

“Yes, it was the kiss-off for both of them. They had gone too far... they had tried to get away with murder and they found they couldn’t get away from me!”

— From the best seller and Liberty sensation by JAMES M. CAIN

author of “The Postman Always Rings Twice” and “Serenade”

Paramount
presents

FRED
MACMURRAY • STANWYCK
EDWARD G. ROBINSON

in

“Double Indemnity”

BARBARA

WITH PORTER HALL • JEAN HEATHER • BYRON BARR
RICHARD GAINES • JOHN PHILLIBER
Directed by BILLY WILDER
Screen Play by Billy Wilder and Raymond Chandler
IT'S SURE TO HAPPEN

No matter what they say, Kathryn Grayson and John Shelton will get a divorce, almost before this is printed. Her studio will have a big sigh of relief when this is finally settled, for they have been more than understanding in the Sheltons' marital mixup. However, when it finally happens, Metro will start to build Kathryn in the big roles they think she can handle. Heretofore, although they knew they had a valuable property in the little singer, they never knew from one minute to the next what was going to happen in her private life—and that isn't the way movie stars are made.

SO SORRY, MISS STANWYCK?

Barbara Stanwyck, who is not readily recognized when she goes out in public, called on the manager of an apartment house to try to locate living quarters for some friends arriving from the East. The manager gave her the usual third-degree.

"Have you any children, dogs, other pets—such as a canary?"

"No," said Stany, strictly straight-pan, "but I have a pair of shoes which squeak a little!"

YOU'LL SEE A DIFFERENCE

Watch for an improvement in Veronica Lake. Someone has finally taken Miss One-eye and read the riot act to her, and she is beginning to behave. Ronnie has never been one of the easiest people to handle, and for a couple of months gave her bosses lots of trouble, But a certain executive finally told her off—or else—and she listened. Now she can begin to see the light of day from beneath that peek-a-boc bang again.

WHERE TO FIND THE STARS

Frank Sinatra, driven by his gentleman's gentleman, can be caught each day in the early morning and early evening, driving over Cahuenga pass to and from his Topuca Lake home. Frankie bought a charming farmhouse set right on Toluca Lake, and has lots of movie stars as his neighbors. . . . Walter Pidgeon, going to Finlandia Baths about three times a week, about four-thirty in the afternoon. . . . Dennis Morgan, shopping at least once a week for gardening equipment. . . . Hedy Lamarr and John Loder, at the Hollywood Canteen EVERY Friday night, without fail. . . . Dick Arlen, in a gas station on Sunset Blvd. and Clark Street, tinkering with his station wagon. . . . The Robert Youngs, with their little daughters, at the Cock and Bull on Tuesdays for lunch. . . . Brian Donlevy, at Malibu Beach mending the fence around his house and doing general chores. . . . Alan Ladd and his Susie, at the first table at the Hollywood Brown Derby, entertaining about twice a week. . . . Errol Flynn, at the Beverly Hills Tennis Club, winning practically every set from the professional.

MORE INSIDE HOLLYWOOD ON PAGE 69

Director Eddie Sutherland and his missus, the Bob Hopes and Anita Colby. Anita came to movieland as a cover girl and was snapped up by the Selznick studio for a big publicity job.
TOMORROW’S ENTERTAINMENT Today!

starring
ELEANOR POWELL
with
DENNIS O’KEEFE
C. AUBREY SMITH
EUGENE PALLETTE
THE CHRISTIANIS
DOROTHY DONEGAN
DAVID LICHINE
W. C. FIELDS

ANDREW STONE'S
Sensations of 1945
Damsels and Dances,
Music and Mirth plus
the Greatest Stars of the
Entertainment World
in One Gay Package
of Romantic Fun

Produced and Directed by
ANDREW STONE
Released thru United Artists

SCREENPLAY BY DOROTHY BENNETT from an ORIGINAL STORY BY FREDERICK JACKSON • ASSOCIATE PRODUCER, JAMES NASSER
And now the gala that began with continues with these

KING VIDOR'S PRODUCTION

AN

American Romance

IN TECHNICOLOR

starring

BRIAN DONLEVY

Here is the fight, the love, the drama, the adventure that is America! It's the story of a million guys like Steve... and a million girls like Anna who believe in their dreams!

with ANN RICHARDS • WALTER ABEL • JOHN QUALEN • HORACE McNALLY • Photographed in perfected Technicolor

Screen Play by Herbert Dalmas and William Ludwig • Produced and Directed by KING VIDOR • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

☆ LISTEN IN: "M-G-M SCREEN TEST" ON THE MUTUAL NETWORK, MONDAY THRU FRIDAY, 9:15 P. M., EWT ☆
Anniversary Celebration
The White Cliffs of Dover
Magnificent MGM Triumphs...

DRAGON SEED

KATHARINE HEPBURN
Walter Aline Akim Turhan
Huston-MacMahon-Tamiroff-Bey

Not since "The Good Earth"... a picture such as this! The mighty drama of a brave people and a great love... flaming from the pages of the novel that thrilled millions!

with HURD HATFIELD - J. CARROL NAISH - AGNES MOOREHEAD - HENRY TRAVERS - ROBERT BICE - ROBERT LEWIS - FRANCES RAFFERTY - JACQUELINE de WIT
Screen Play by Marguerite Roberts and Jane Murfin - Based on the Novel by Pearl S. Buck - Directed by JACK CONWAY and HAROLD S. BUCQUET
Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN - A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
OH, WHAT A NIGHT (Monogram) seems a fitting title, in that the story of the fabulous Kimberley King diamond really takes place all of an evening, at what started out to be merely a dinner party. The scene, the fashionable California Hotel; the cast, a lot of international jewel thieves; and the action—plenty! Jean Parker, Edmund Lowe and Marjorie Rambeau are all very much involved in the whole situation, which turns out to be that after much competition among the thieves as to who's going to steal the precious bauble, it's returned to its rightful owner.

SUMMER STORM (Angelus-UA) is Producer Seymour Nebenzal's adaptation of the stage drama安东 Chekov originally titled "The Shooting Party." As Russian as Chekov himself would have been able to make it, but making no attempt to propagandize for the U.S.S.R. That in itself is enough to recommend the picture, in the opinions of some.

But better yet, it's a masterpiece of good casting, excellent photography, and effective psychological climaxes—of which there are several. George Sanders gives one of the finest performances of his career, and there could have been no better choice as the judge, who's torn between the code of his class and a mad desire for a girl (Linda Darnell). Anna Lee is Sanders' fiancée, loving him but not able to understand the spell which is destined to bring about his destruction. Edward Everett Horton is the decadent nobleman on whose estate the story takes place, and Hugo Haas is the patiently put-upon overseer.

THE EVE OF ST. MARK (20th Century-Fox) Maxwell Anderson's play, turned into 96 minutes of waiting for something to happen. William Eythe being the nice young Private Quizz West, in love with Janet Feller (Anne Baxter), the neighbor girl he leaves behind when he goes off to war. His furlough visits back to the farm, and tender welcoming by his family—his mother, Ruth Nelson, his father, Ray Collins, and his kid brothers, Dicky Moore and Jimmy Clark.

But whatever's the motive—a cross section; a simple selection of a few people to show what war is, how it's changed the lives of so many and how they react to those changes—the nearly forgotten comment of "too little, and too late" sums up the net result. There's too little in the story that we don't already know, and it's come too late to make any very vivid impression. For all that it's an artfully done production, Better than the plot itself, is the mood injected by the film, beginning with the opening scene and sustained faithfully throughout. It is somber, menacing and packed with suspense. Full of intrigue, throat-slitting and shooting, it's guaranteed to give you a super case of spinal chills—all very enjoyable, if that's what you like.
SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD (United Artists)

A picture with the accent strictly on youth, it’s a story woven around the youngsters who go from farm to ranch during the summer, harvesting crops and staying at the youth hostels.

It introduces Jane Powell, fourteen-year-old newcomer with an amazing voice, who promises to out-Durbin Deanna. Jane portrays a child movie star who, after having made a government short with a crowd of the young harvesters, decides to run away and join them. It ends with Jane’s saving an orange crop, through putting on a show for volunteer pickers. And her show includes such talent as Edgar Bergen and Charlie, W. C. Fields, and Sammy Kaye’s orchestra.

The whole story is unfeasible and weak, but there is some good entertainment, with Jane’s songs enough to make the whole thing worthwhile.

ADDRESS UNKNOWN (Columbia)

An extremely faithful film version of the Kressman Taylor story, which caused such a sensation about two years ago.

Aryan Paul Lukas, in Berlin on business, becomes inoculated with the Nazi creed, breaks off relationship with his partner back in America, who is a Jew. When Lukas refuses to aid his partner’s daughter, an actress in Germany, the Nazis execute her. His partner brings about revenge in a subtle and terrifying way.

The musical background is much too loud, and the photography gives the impression of trying too hard to be effective, but the performances of the cast make up for these defects. The film introduces K. T. Stevens, who portrays the daughter exceptionally well. Lukas is excellent, as always.

The picture seems to come a year too late, adding nothing to our knowledge of Nazism. But maybe you won’t think so.

(Continued on page 83)

Are You in the Know?

What’s wrong with this picture?

- The rose is on the wrong lapel
- The Lieutenant is allergic to roses
- He’s forbidden to wear non-military ornaments

Your rose may be as precious to him as a campaign ribbon. But—only military ornaments are permitted on an officer’s uniform. Be sure about military etiquette! And to be sure of yourself, on “trying days” choose the napkin that doesn’t show even under your filmiest formal. With Kotex, you needn’t fear telltale outlines, for the ends of Kotex are pressed flat—different from other napkins because they’re not thick, not stubby. Thanks to this patented Kotex feature you’ll pass inspection always!

This type of coat is a good bet if you are—

- Pleasingly plump
- Long and lean
- A “packet edition”

Shopping for back-to-school togs? The short box coat is just your dish if you’re long and lean. It breaks your height, adds “heft” you need. Wear it with dash, any time. Breeze through “that” time, too—with the special confidence Kotex sanitary napkins give. For this is the napkin with the patented safety-center that keeps moisture away from the edges, gives extra protection exactly where you need it most. And with Kotex, there’s no wrong side to cause accidents. . . . no chance to make a mistake!

Would you say she was—

- Planning an elopement
- Practising fire drill
- Slimming the fatted calf

Climb up the ladder to bareleg beauty! Daily sprints up stairs or ladder will trim chubby calves. And try this: Lie on your right side, raise left leg high, touching ankle with left hand. Then reverse. Mild exercise is good for you on “problem days.” And you’ll find Kotex different from ordinary napkins. . . . far more comfortable. For rather than just “feel” soft, at first touch—Kotex stays soft while wearing. Unlike flimsy pads that bunch and rope, Kotex is built to hold its shape—to give you longer-lasting comfort.

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ACROSS
1. “Follow the - - - -”
5. Screen impersonator
10. Opera singer in “Hi Diddle Diddle”
14. Plant of the lily family
15. “Virginia” in “Up in Arms”
16. “The - - - - Major”
17. Innuendo
18. Pronged
19. “Peggy Evans” in “Slightly Dangerous”
20. Robert Walker
22. “Col. Wm. Jones” in “Thousands Cheer”
23. Joan Fontaine
24. Prominent prop in “Lifeboat”
26. “Armand Tesla” is - - - - role in “Return of the Vampire”
29. “Alfred Monroe” in “Happy Go Lucky”
30. City ways (abbr.)
33. He is in “Phantom Lady”
34. Opposite of aweather
35. Cerebral membrane
36. Narrow openings
38. The sheriff in “Highway Dragnet”
39. She sings in “Broadway Rhythm”
40. The golden - - - -
41. Suffix denoting agency
42. “...Matrimony”
43. “Dead - - - -”
46. “Gee Gee Graham” in “Lady of Burlesque”
47. A hit movie is sometimes a star - - - -
48. And others (L. abbr.)
49. Ole and Chic are a - - - - of zanies in “Crazy House”
51. He is in “Voice in the Wind”
54. Paul’s mother in “In Our Time”
58. “Glory Marlow 3rd” is - - - - role in “Chip Off the Old Block”
59. “Uncertain - - - -”
61. Arrow poison
62. Refined
63. Revoke a legacy
64. Genus of the maples
65. Beverages
66. One of the “Nine Girls”
67. Roman emperor

DOWN
1. Strike heavily (slang)
2. - - - - pod rid a - - - -
3. “Swing - - - - Partner”
4. Peter Lorre is “Berger” in “The Cross of Lor- raine”
5. “Hyllary Jones” in “Thousands Cheer”
6. Plant allied to the onion
7. “Chas. Gerard” in “His Butler’s Sister”
8. Metallic rock
10. Loretta is one in “Ladies Courageous”
11. Spoken
12. Solitary
13. Collections of anecdotes
14. Suffix denoting agency
19. “Peggy Evans” in “Slightly Dangerous”
20. Robert Walker
21. Common carriers (abbr.)
22. Ann Sheridan in “Shine On Harvest Moon”
24. A Disney movie actor
25. Poem
26. He leads in “Crazy House”
27. She is in “The Impostor”
28. “Mr. Slade” in “The Lodger”
29. “Capt. Freycinet” in “Passage to Marseille”
30. One of “The Uninvited”
31. Paul has one in “In Our Time”
32. Sylvan deity
37. “John Hill” in “Three Russian Girls”
38. “Stella” in “The Uninvited”
39. “Kitty Evans” in “Slightly Dangerous”
40. Susan Hayward in “Jack London”
43. Period
47. 1002
48. Alphabetic symbols
49. Apparel (obs.)
50. Paschal loaves
51. “Mrs. Mulvaney” in “Princess O’Roarke”
52. Indigo
53. Old-time movie director
54. Lee Bowman in “Cover Girl”
55. “...Upon a Honey- moon”
56. Change direction
57. Go by aircraft
59. Herd of whales
60. 451

For Solution See Page 81
A happy hit parade of gags, gaiety and glamour in a sparkling music-filled story that will send your spirits soaring! All this and song-hits, too!

FRANK SINATRA • GEORGE MURPHY
ADOLPHE MENJOU • GLORIA DEHAVEN
WALTER SLEZAK • EUGENE PALLETTE

Produced by Robert Fellows • Directed by Tim Whelan
Screen play by Warren Duff and Peter Milne

Songs!
7 NEW SONGS AND SINATRA SINGS 5 OF THEM!
IT MAKES

Scents

IN SUMMER

BY SHIRLEY COOK
BEAUTY EDITOR

bathe for beauty: to rest and revive in the refreshing depths of a tepid tub. If you do as Jean Sullivan, Warner Bros. starlet does, you’ll toss in a handful of scented salts for that sweet-smelling sensation. Maybe a bit of beneficial bath oil would be your choice. Or perhaps you’d rather be a bubble-bather and do your lolling in a froth of foam. Whatever the preference, the point is this. Twenty peaceful minutes in perfumed water, followed by a lavish lathering, will leave you feeling fresh and feminine, even at the end of a hot, hard day.

acquire a second, scented skin. The bath is the beginning. A reliable deodorant or antiperspirant the second step that preserves your daintiness for hours on end. Finally, cologne or toilet water, smoothed all over your clean cool body. Clear colognes (they’re Jean’s favorites) have a toning tingle. The creamy ones help to soften the sensitive. Choose either or both in something light and flowery, please. And follow through with fragrance by finishing up with dusting powder. It helps absorb the excess moisture that causes summer stickiness.

face the heat with a smile. It’s a “pretty” easy habit, Jean Sullivan tells us, if you make the most of make-up and supplement it with skin freshener. Jean likes to pat her face lightly with a cotton pad that’s been saturated in freshener before she applies her basic cake make-up. She always uses powder, whatever the base beneath, to add a film of flattery and make for a sheenless surface. To keep it clinging, she takes another cotton pad, moistened with ice water, and presses it gently over her finished face. This is the way to stave off shine!

relax for restoration, whenever you can. Especially after the cooling comfort of your luxurious cleansing. So, if it’s “too hot to sleep,” lie back in a chair, shut your eyes, and let the drifting waves of your own faint fragrance soothe and satisfy you. Half an hour of such nighttime dreaming, and off to bed. The bed that’s made for rest is made with crisp, clean sheets, scented, too, with summery sachet. Then, a drop of perfume on your pillow, and you’re ready for the sweetest possible slumber—the kind of sleep that keeps a starlet starry-eyed.
DAVID O. SELZNICK presents:

CLAUDETTE COLBERT  JENNIFER JONES  JOSEPH COTTEN

SHIRLEY TEMPLE  MONTY WOOLLEY  LIONEL BARRYMORE  ROBERT WALKER

The screen's most distinguished cast in

"Since You Went Away"

The producer's first picture since
"Gone With The Wind" and "Rebecca"
WATCH FOR THE BIGGEST EVENT IN THE 50 YEARS OF SCREEN ENTERTAINMENT... Darryl F. Zanuck's WILSON in Technicolor!
From tweeds in “Random Harvest” to turban in “Kismet”. We admit the get-up doesn’t look very funny, but it is Mr. Colman’s costume for a comedy role, that of Hajj, the crafty beggar-magician in the Technicolor film version of Edwin Knoblock’s famous stage play.

After more than twenty years in motion pictures, Ronald Colman retains a top spot in the affections of his public, who will be charmed by his uniquely colorful role in “Kismet”. Right now, he’s spending anxious days at home with his lovely wife Benita Hume, awaiting the arrival of his first child.
“I, Burgess, take thee Paulette...”

BY MARCIA DAUGHTREY

Married on Sunday, back to work Monday. There was no time for a honeymoon, because busy Paulette had commitments to do three radio shows, the week following her wedding to Burgess Meredith.

OUR years ago, on the set of “Second Chorus,” Miss Goddard was having a wonderful time rehearsing dance routines with Fred Astaire. At one side of the stage, draped comfortably in a canvas chair, was another member of the cast—reading. Once in awhile he joined in the general hijinks. When he perpetrated a wise crack, it was likely to be the best of the day; when he perfected a rib, it was likely to be the best of the week.

“That Burgess Meredith,” observed Paulette, “is a deep one. I’m not sure that I get his message. How can so intellectual a guy be so witty?”

One day Paulette strolled over to find out what he was reading. Neither of them remembers the title of the book at this remote period, but it was a serious work: one of those heavy volumes with narrow side margins, fine print and no pictures. “I read that about a month ago and liked it,” volunteered Paulette with complete nonchalance.

Mr. Meredith glanced up with a quiet accusation of perjury in his eyes. He asked several questions and received swiftly glib answers. His expression changed, first to belief, then to respect. Afterward he observed, “That licks me. How do you suppose that a beautiful chassis like that ever got attached to a 24-carat brain?”

And so they became, not sweethearts, but friends. It may be that they had read, somewhere, the best of all definitions of love: “A friendship caught on fire.” However, it is extremely doubtful that either of them gave it much serious thought.

When they met occasionally at Hollywood parties they had a wonderful time, both in banter and in sincere conversation. Then came the war, and Burgess was among the first to go. As landed gentry, he had a problem. Some time earlier he had acquired a farm in Spring Valley, New York. Now, with his future uncertain and with the responsibility of the farm heavy on his mind, he turned to the one person in whose business ability he had the greatest confidence. “It’s never amounted to anything but a deficit, this farm of mine,” he explained. “But maybe you could do a favor for me and keep an eye on it, whenever you happen to be in the East.”

“Sell it to me and I’ll show you!” said the girl who would doubtless win the (Continued on page 84)
It's almost too good to be true! That Paulette's next picture should be titled "I Love A Soldier," and now it turns out she really does! Captain Burgess Meredith is the co-star in this romantic real story.

Love in bloom, in the garden of Paulette's Coldwater Canyon home. They've also a farm in Spring Valley, New York, which Burgess sold to Paulette, not realizing that he'd be "keeping it in the family."
ERROL FLYNN was out on location, doing a jungle scene for “Objective Burma.” Loaded down with standard army equipment, and wading hip deep in a river, he looked hot and dusty and unshaven. Not at all what you'd expect of the dashing young Romeo as he's described so frequently in the news headlines.

Well, to be quite fair, maybe he isn't. They say you can never really know a guy—know what he's really like, that is—till you pry into his past. What are the things he remembers? His most unforgettable moments—happy, dangerous, amusing or just plain human?

One experience Errol says he'll never forget dates way back to the first time he left home. He was ten at the time, living with his family in Antrim, Ireland. Deciding it was high time he saw something of the world, he ran away. He got a job at a dairy, milking cows. Meanwhile, the whole countryside was combed, looking for him. But it was two days before they found him.

"My mother was in tears when I got home," Errol says. "And all the neighbors made such a fuss over me. I was flabbergasted, that I'd been missed at all. Why all the excitement? I just couldn't understand it."

Then comes that slow teasing smile, and he adds, "Naturally, I milked the scene to the bitter end, once I realized they were so glad to have me back. Nothing terrible was going to happen to me. The sensation was definitely pleasant."
Eight years in pictures, and Errol Flynn has been cast in most every role possible. He's been loved, hated, poked in the nose. "Uncertain Glory" makes him a hero.

The prodigal son in the Flynn family, Errol thinks of home only as a nice place to come back to. He was born in Ireland, lived six adventurous years in New Guinea, and has managed since to "see the world."

Errol back in Hollywood with the blue fox presented to him by the soldiers at Amchitka, Alaska.

Eight years in pictures, and Errol Flynn has been cast in most every role possible. He's been loved, hated, poked in the nose. "Uncertain Glory" makes him a hero.
He's not even bored, but hunting boars is his specialty. Errol likes the excitement of the hunt and the final kill. The thrill of anything that involves a certain amount of danger, that's for this adventurous man of the world.

Skipper Errol Flynn aboard his yacht, "The Sirocco," which took the sportsman on many a glorious pre-war vacation cruise.

Provisioning his boat for cruises, Errol has always stored away fresh fruit and vegetables.
The sequel to that story, though, came many years later—when, as a grown man, the prodigal son again returned to Antrim, after six years in New Guinea. That childhood memory of his being missed still vivid in his mind, he burst in on family and friends unannounced, expecting to take them all by surprise. And perhaps he did. "But they acted as though I'd only been away for the weekend," Errol says, in telling about it now. "The best I got from them was 'Well, hello—you're looking well'."

So far, you see, the Flynn boyhood fits in pretty much as what you'd expect. Ask him if he remembers any outstanding "puppy love" romances, however, and the answer is "No." It seems that, in those days, Errol had no interest in girls. He went in for hero worship, instead. And his particular hero was a man who lived at the end of his street.

He had a glass eye, which he would remove upon request. "I used to bring the kids from school, to watch him do it," Errol says, "and became something of a hero myself, basking in his reflected glory."

But to cite another experience, in which he was anything but a hero—his first Hollywood party. What's not generally known, and something rather hard to believe unless you know him, is that Errol is shy. That to him there's no worse fate in the world than to find himself surrounded by a lot of strange people.

"I hadn't been in Hollywood very long," he explains, "and I knew very few people. I didn't know a soul at the party, except the young lady who had asked me to escort her there. I found myself alone for long periods during the evening, and I was much too reticent to force my way into any of the little groups that had formed. It was torture. I wandered around, trying to look as though I were having fun. But believe me, the unhappiest wallflower had nothing on me that night!"

"Finally, when I was standing alone in a corner, a waiter came by. I practically trapped him there, trying to engage him in 'old pal' conversation. But he was busy. He'd have no part of me, and escaped in no time flat. I spent the rest of the evening wishing I could escape, too!"

Errol has since learned to cover up his shyness, so that now few people even suspect it. There was a time, however, when his manner toward strangers was mistaken for snubbing. When he had an unmerited reputation for being "high-hat."

Yet, surprisingly enough, the things that would embarrass other people don't faze Errol in the slightest. There was the time, for instance, when he was an actor on the London stage, before coming to Hollywood.

"I was a spear carrier in 'Macbeth,' " he'll tell you, "and I came on to announce the news of defeat. I had exactly two lines to say in the whole play, but I managed to blow up. I said one line, and then stopped—completely at a loss. Finally, after thinking hard for a moment, I gave up, turned to the audience and shrugged. 'I've run out of words,' I explained. Everyone was delighted, I'd say—except the very famous actor playing Macbeth. He had me fired!'"

They say you can know a man best by the company he keeps, by the books he reads—or by his dog. Some of the most pleasant memories in Errol's life have to do with his schnauzer, named Arno. (Continued on page 66)
Her Heart Is Young and Gay

She's been everybody's kid sister. But at seventeen, Diana Lynn is ready to start sending it solid with real honest-to-goodness drama.

By DORA ALBERT

REMEMBER the sophisticated, knowing brat in "The Major and the Minor"? Remember Betty Hutton's cocky younger sister in the slightly loony house of the Kockenlockers, in "Miracle of Morgan's Creek"?

Yes, the girl who's been playing the younger sister of almost everybody on the Paramount lot—she's fresh-faced, slim-curved, blue-eyed, blonde-haired (by special request of Preston Sturges) Diana Lynn. Seventeen years old she is now, and graduated from
high school all of a month ago. "Oh, but I'm trying desperately to grow up!" she'll tell you. "I've been playing fourteen-year-old girls for so long that sometimes I myself can hardly believe that I'm really seventeen."

Actually, Diana is gay and young. Being a member of the bobby sock brigade, she swoons (but not literally) at Frank Sinatra. She also swoons at Brahms, modern Russian composers, good jive played on a good piano, Charles Boyer sometimes, Helen Hayes always, chocolate cake and chocolate ice cream. "I go on ice cream binges at every excuse—when I have lost a part, when I have been given a part, because I'm blue, because I'm happy."

She loves to bake chocolate cake. At eight-thirty at night she will often get a yen to bake a cake, get to work immediately—and at midnight she'll be eating the frosting.

Because she plays fourteen-year-old kids so convincingly she is always getting letters from fourteen and fifteen-year-olds who think that she's the Beatrice Fairfax of the slick chicks.

"Dear Diana," they say, "I am afraid no boy will ever take me out. No one has ever asked yet. I'm not bad looking, but the boys just pass me by. How can I become more popular?"

"I know just how they feel about it," Diana, who is today completely in the groove, confesses. "When I was fourteen years old, I felt exactly the same way. Gee, fourteen was an awful age for me. I thought no boy would ever want to take me out.

"Actually, I started having dates just after I was fifteen. Oh, I went to parties before that, of course. But I had no actual dates. I'm glad I didn't date till I was fifteen. I think that's young enough. It's not such a good idea to start any younger, because then by the time you're sixteen or seventeen, you've been everywhere and nothing gives you a thrill any more. Me, I get an enormous kick out of everything."

In spite of the man shortage in Hollywood, Diana has as many dates as she knows what to do with. Usually on Saturday nights. She doesn't have any one special boy friend, but dates different ones on different Saturday nights—with special preference to a favored two or three.

"I like a boy to be good-looking, of course, have brains, and be able to talk about something besides Woody Herman and moving pictures. Although I adore movies, and would like to go to them five times a week. I like a boy to have

(1) This was Diana Lynn as the perennial fourteen-year-old, the smart-alec, wise kid with a grand flair for sparkling comedy.

(2) Portals of the Loehr home, and the Loehr's daughter, Dolly. She was renamed Diana Lynn—because it sounds more dramatic.

(3) Suppose to be on a diet, is she? But there are still these occasional secret secret treks to the icebox, all the same.

(4) Could be Diana's being talked into a Saturday night dote. But she's still looking for that creature on the white horse.

(5) Despite her longhair stuff at the piano, Diana's hep to the jive, cuts a mean rug, and is a great fan for Frank Sinatra.

Exclusive photos by Bill Dudas
consideration— to show intelligence and courtesy, but not in the sense of giving in to a girl all the time, like a pup. I wouldn’t like that. I’m still looking for that creature on a white horse.”

There is a kind of gentleness about Diana that you don’t expect from the brat you see in pictures who tells people to ”go suck a lemon.” Diana isn’t brazen. She isn’t knowing, she isn’t cocky. The truth is that she’s a bobby socks kid set to Brahms music. Still, she isn’t a square—nor is she strictly a cat. She can play boogie woogie, but she plays classical music better. She hasn’t always been on the jive.

Time was when she couldn’t jitterbug. She used to go down to the Hollywood Canteen and a jitter-mad kid would take her in his arms. She would try to scream above the music, ”I can’t jitter!” But the bands played so loudly that the boys she danced with couldn’t hear a word she was saying. They swung her madly across the room, while she wondered just which ear she was going to land on. Above the music once her jive partner shouted, ”Gee, you’re the cutest reed I’ve seen in a long time!”

As of the present, Diana can classify as an alligator from way back. She learned at Big Bear. “If you weren’t able to jitterbug there, you just weren’t there.” And today she can cut a rug with any kitten, and swing to all the riffs and licks.

In “Out of This World,” one of her forthcoming pictures, she’ll play boogie woogie like mad. But she’ll also play classical, longhair stuff. She’s glad of that. She thinks she doesn’t play boogie woogie well enough to be introduced as just a boogie woogie piano player—not after all the years she’s given to practicing the long underwear stuff.

Diana, who is definitely on the upbeat over at Paramount, was born Dolly Loehr, in Los Angeles. Louis Loehr was an executive with a Los Angeles oil supply company, and Mrs. Loehr could make music on anybody’s piano. She taught piano, too; and Dolly learned to play in the days when people would have thought that smoky joe was the name of a cigarette, and barrel-house jive the name of a dive. Dolly practiced five or six hours a day. Of course, she didn’t groove it. Who did, way back then?

But even though it was all long underwear stuff, Dolly’s playing was out of this world. Dolly herself was a shy, mousy kid who always took a back chair—except when someone shoved her in front of the piano.

“I did read a lot of books,” she says. “There’s no use pretending I was ever a brain child, but when I went to grade school I had hay fever and sinus, and that restricted me a lot. I’d have liked to go out with the other kids. You know you feel as if you’re going to die at that age, if you can’t do everything everyone else does. But when the hay fever got bad, Mother insisted on my staying in bed. Then what was there to do—but read?

All this time, though, Dolly was studying piano like mad. And it looked like a career on the concert stage for her. She was good enough so that her fame began to spread among other musicians. When she was eleven, the Los Angeles Junior Symphony was started, and she became pianist with the group. At twelve, she got the thrill of her life when Leopold Stokowski visited the kids and let them play for him.

Other child musicians began to think a lot of Dolly’s playing. The juvenile violinists noticed that when Dolly accompanied them on the piano, they always rated a lot more applause. So when they had to go on musical tours, they’d often ask her to play for them.

And that’s what took Dolly to Paramount! She was thirteen then. It was when the Paramount nabobs got what they hoped was the bright idea of building a picture around child musicians. A thing to be called “The Hard Boiled Canary” (title later changed to “There’s Magic in Music”), which was to be all about the Interlochen, Michigan Summer Camp for juvenile musicians. The news spread, and drew all the child
Rarest of the species, a California native! Also she's a sun-worshipper; thinks any girl looks better with a tan.

musicians for miles around. Among them was a rather sweet young girl violinist. She'd asked Dolly to accompany her on the piano, and Dolly did.

Dolly never expected to get a chance to do anything else. For though there was a spot for a violinist in the picture, there was none for a pianist. Still, when she'd finished accompanying the other girl, she was asked to play a solo. She did—and then forgot all about it.

Time passed, and the powers-that-be at Paramount decided that maybe there ought to be a spot in the picture for a pianist as good as Dolly. So they called her up and said, "Do you think you could play the Grieg Concerto?" Dolly thought that with a little practice she could.

"But that's too difficult a piece for a child," protested Mrs. Loehr. "Dolly, don't you think you'd better get out of it? That's a piece for grown-ups."

But Dolly went to work. And within a week, she knew the Grieg Concerto by heart.

Eventually "There's Magic in Music" was released upon what Paramount hoped would be a waiting world. Unfortunately, the picture wasn't what the world was waiting for. It was a flop.

But as a public-winning attempt, the studio sent little Dolly out on a cross-country tour. Dolly and Susanna Foster—they went together.

When they got back to Paramount, the girls found that the bad news had preceded them—their picture hadn't clicked. Previously everyone had been making a fuss over the two girls. But Hollywood is one place in the world where it's awful not to be B. O. (Box Office).

(Continued on page 75)
Honest, this is really as it happened! Dick had just rushed his wife to the hospital, and was the anxious father frantically trying to locate the family doctor. Baby Helen was born, three hours later.

The Haymes family three—and now they are four. Joanne, Dick and little Skipper. As of exactly three days later, Skipper has a little baby sister, Helen Lane Haymes.

By JILL WARREN

WHEN Twentieth Century-Fox signed Dick Haymes, a few months ago, they thought they were lucky in getting one of the country's top singers on their contract list. The crooner craze was the thing, and Dick had ridden in on the crest of the wave—with a little help from the juke boxes. The bigwigs figured he'd be a good bet for a couple of songs in their musical, "Four Jills and a Jeep." They didn't count on his being an actor, however—at least not such a good actor that they would be starring him in his second picture.

But he was, and they did—with the result that one Richard Haymes is now the fair-haired boy on the Fox lot, with a big, bright future (Continued on page 77)
Point and counterpoint! The two Richards, Senior and Junior, go in for a little serious home study on the piano.

Bill Burton, Dick's manager, gives out with vocalizing. Joanne accompanies him. Dick indicates that being their audience—it ain't good!

Rover Boy Richard—crooner by chance, adventurer by choice and favored by fans for a big rosy future

Dick's favorite indoor sport—playing with his son. They've a schooner cruise planned—for after the war.

Skipper tries on his pint-sized life preserver, in preparation for his first swimming lesson. Papa Dick knows a lot about such things, and he'll take over in the instruction department for the little Skipper.
BRINGING UP

By ALICE LESLIE
Meet the proud parents of Hollywood; their children, and their theories for rearing same

IT WASN'T until Betty Grable arrived at the hospital for the advent of her daughter that it occurred to her to worry about the infant's future.

What did our number one Pin-Up-Girl know about bringing up a baby? Practically nothing! She spent her recumbent ten days devouring books on child psychology. The more she read, the more it seemed that authorities differed, and the more puzzled Betty became. She learned about diet and infant regimen, but she still has no theories about rearing children.

"Except," she emphasizes carefully, "I'll never make her take singing or dancing lessons, unless she asks for them. I had enough of that sort of thing when I was a kid. My daughter won't be dragged from one dancing school to another, forced to give up her playtime to rehearsals and amateur shows. She'll not be a prodigy if I can help it!"

The present crop of babies is the biggest in a quarter of a century, so there are thousands of young parents now soberly considering the problems of Junior's guidance. Hollywood's fathers and mothers are no exceptions.

"Children are not animals," asserts Dennis Morgan. "You can't say: 'Don't touch that!' and 'Stop that at once!' without giving reasons. If my children are to obey me, I expect them to (Continued on page 87)
BETWEEN the twelve of us,” as Van Johnson likes to say, Van seems the same ebullient boy who arrived in Hollywood three years ago. He’s changed outwardly less than any man who ever made a smash hit in the film city.

If he knew you then, he knows you now. He hasn’t affected an accent, become a glamour boy, or gone Hollywood. He’s almost appallingly modest for being one of the hottest young names in pictures. Except for the faint and ragged scar on his forehead, easily covered with make-up, he looks the same: sturdy six-foot-two, topped with tousled hair that’s fair in the shade and red in the sun, bright blue eyes that regard you with shining interest, a dynamo of energy and enthusiasm.

But he’s not quite the same.

“He’s matured since his accident of a year ago,” observes Director Mervyn LeRoy. “Naturally he knows his business better and is a finer actor, but he has acquired assurance without losing any of his boyish verve. There’s nothing selfish or mean about Van. There never was. But now he’s thoughtful and considerate, too.”

Everyone remembers the tragic accident that struck Van down a year ago, just as (Continued on page 67)
DONNA REED didn’t choose the movies; the movies chose her.
She’s done eleven pictures in her two years at MGM: “Dorian Gray” is her twelfth. She’s a star-in-the-making, but what do you really know about her?
She’s an Iowa farm girl who knows how to milk a cow and bake a fine batch of bread. She’s not superstitious about anything—but, whenever she wants something very good to happen to her, she wears a Bundles-for-Britain pin given her by her agent and says it’s “for luck.”
She likes people and the world in general—with the exception of long telephone conversations, chain-smokers, nightclubs, table-hoppers, glitter, insincerity, bridge and four-flush.
Born and brought up on a farm in the Iowa cornbelt, near Denison, Donna’s real name is Mullenger. And she’s the wife of William Tuttle, assistant to the head of Metro’s makeup department.
They live in an apartment in Westwood, a suburb of Los Angeles, and as Mrs. Tuttle, Donna does the cooking. Not because she likes it, but because they don't enjoy eating out, and their apartment is too small to accommodate keeping a maid.

Donna thinks her mother, who is still on the farm in Iowa, makes the best apple pie in the world.

Her favorite color is aquamarine, and she likes serious books best. Has just finished Upton Sinclair's quaternjon—"World's End," (Continued on page 79)

The FARMER'S Daughter

By CONSTANCE PALMER

The Tuttles at home, in their Westwood apartment. With a note about the portrait—which was a little something Bill painted for Donna.

Nice gal, nice autobuggy. But what's wrong with this picture? No gasoline! And that kayos Donna's driving to the beach.

Romance at MGM! He was a studio make-up expert, she was a talent find, there for her first screen test. They met and were married. May the story end—"And they lived happily ever after."

Donna Reed, Iowa farm girl. Sixty dollars brought her to California, and her picture in a Los Angeles paper brought three offers for movie tests.
A LITTLE FROM LOTS

Candidly "on set" and putting you
production-wise with what's new
and cooking on the studio lots

Blonde and beautiful Virginia Mayo. Samuel Goldwyn discovered her
a year ago at Billy Rose's "Diamond Horseshoe." Now comes her
big chance—she's featured feminine lead in "Sylvester the Great."

Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens (engaged and may-
be Mr. and Mrs. by time you read this). They're on
some lot, lunch together, working on same picture.
One sock very much under discussion, and three Warner "Doughgirls" relaxing between scenes. Jane Wyman, Alexis Smith, Annie Sheridan—you know which!

From "Early To Bed" on New York stage to "Cinderella Jones" on screen. That's Angela Green's story. The sleep-before-midnight title indications are simply a funny coincidence.

SOME call it "the luck of the Irish." That Jimmy Dunn should be getting the coveted role of Johnny Nolan in the 20th Century-Fox "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." Remember? He zoomed quickly to stardom on the wings of a lucky break—playing opposite Sally Eilers in "Bad Girl." And now, after years of being practically off the screen, he's done it again!

They met on the set of a thing called "Steel Against the Sky" (which was hardly a good thing, speaking critically of the picture). Now Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens are together again, in "The Doughgirls." (Craig's first picture, since his release from the Air Corps.) And what's more, they're romancing—on the screen, as in real-life.

"You'll be all right," they told Bob Hutton at Warner's, "if you never learn to act!" And that, believe it or not, was the condition on which he was given a contract.

Faye Emerson, in Hollywood three years since she was discovered in the San Diego Little Theater, and doing little or nothing, may very well credit her sudden good breaks to an accident. Feeling depressed one day, she took Ann Sheridan's advice and had her hair bleached. It was defying a studio rule, which says "don't bleach without permission." But it's taken her off the inactive list—but definitely!
Aha, this is more like it! Bill complains that he never gets kissed except on the forehead. Surrounded by a bevy of cuties, it looks like better luck for Bendix.

Bill Bendix came to Hollywood with a determination to make good and a mug that made it almost certain he wouldn't. But just look at him now.

Bill Bendix is hot box office without being either handsome or romantic. He's just a good guy.
Besides his own radio show every Sunday, Bendix frequently guests on other programs. Here we see him at the mike with Victor Moore, doing a skit for drive to get voters to register.

Armed for love, and courting blonde Helen Walker in Edward Small's new comedy, "Abroad With Two Yanks." He knows he's no glamour boy, but Bill thinks he should get the girl just once!

It is a face—isn't it?

Yes, it's a face. It may not be the kind of face that launched a thousand ships, and burnt the topless towers of Ilium—but it's the face of an actor who's a big name in Hollywood right now. Writers are revising their pet plots with William Bendix in mind. Producers are looking with gimlet eyes for a story suitable for the very solid talents of this simple, tough guy, who, in three years in Hollywood, quietly and unobtrusively rose from a part so small that nobody remembers it, to a spot in the Hollywood hierarchy where his weekly salary exceeds even that of the king of the soft-hearted tough guys, Humphrey Bogart. The experts are even talking about his getting the Academy Award for his work in "The Hairy Ape," when that picture is released.

For a new star, Bill gets an amazing amount of fan mail—around two thousand (Continued on page 63)
Marilyn
Maxwell
1944 BRINGS Marilyn Maxwell, born under the sign Leo, the opportunity to solidify her growing popularity and prove beyond doubt that she has a right to a permanent place among the stars.

Jupiter and Saturn, planets which give and yet restrict, placed side by side at her birth and in difficult relationship to her natal Venus, brought their share of trouble, which she can now count as definitely in the past.

She will now have more freedom than has ever been hers before.

It may be a bit heady at first, especially since some personal duty will also be lightened, but her great sense of dignity will protect her from the usual errors. She has a keenly sensitive and affectionate nature which demands certain approval. Her planets give her discrimination to daring, endless patience, and a wisdom in avoiding the pitfalls of vanity and insincerity.

As much time as possible should be spent out of doors, and rest is essential. For though her energies seem boundless, there is a nervous tension at times, due to her capacity for driving herself. Riding is a sport she should enjoy, though it is suggested her mounts be chosen for dependable dispositions rather than for spirited action or high breeding.

Since her Venus relationship to Mercury adds great charm and an apparently superficial fondness for amusement, few understand the intelligence and fundamental honesty which place her beyond the reach of any who might try to take advantage of her. No one may come between her and her ambitions, which are high.

1944 is kind to her, and, through a difficult role inherited at a moment's notice, the end of the year may find her established as its most outstanding discovery among the younger stars. Hers tends to be a long and steadily mounting career—if she so wills it; and she will honestly earn every success which comes her way.

This is a bright year for Leo—especially after spring has cleared up the confusion and difficulties. If you have discovered that patience is necessary, and you have learned to be quiet and let things take their natural courses, the year is bright for you.

Yes, this is a year of great opportunities. While they begin to appear as rewards earned, don't for a minute stop being on the alert for ways of improving your talents. Don't be shy about letting it be known that you have talents, and, above all, scrap all fear, and follow your chances, no matter where they seem to lead you.

Much that has been almost too hard to bear will be released, but don't let the sudden independence make you shortsighted. Expand channels of education, for learning will be much easier than ever before since you are now keenly responsive. Family matters are emphasized, either by a closer drawing together, or by a complete separation, which may be brought about by travel. Very helpful offers come to you, and friendships expand to include interesting people. You may benefit through the legal loss of another.

Partners will work with you and share their gains, and their advice is in general good. Your own generosity and understanding will set you very solidly on the road to future security. Whatever your career, or whatever new career you choose, you should aim at its greatest heights this year. Achievement is in your grasp and success, if you do not overlook your own shortcomings, yours to take and hold.
Oh, for the life of a Hollywood cameraman! Snooping for the glamour, spotting the celebs. Where the stars go, he goes—and his “night out” is every night. Every time the stars appear—at the premieres, at movieland parties, from night clubs to the show “openings.” He covers everything that happens in Hollywood. Is there when it happens, and takes the picture. And the pictures tell the story—and here you have it. Click that shutter, flash that bulb—that’s “shooting the stars.”
Adept at most anything he cares to attempt, Sonny Tufts was a good skier—till he slipped over a sixty-foot cliff, struck a large tree and broke his pelvis.

The Tufts don't go much for family portraits, so this 1934 snapshot is doubtless one of the few pictures you'll ever see of Sonny Tufts with his mother and Dad.

At home with the family at Indian Ridge (near Boston), and with his two dogs. Sonny's next ambition is to start an aviary and raise a lot of rare tropical birds.
There's never been another guy like him in Hollywood. Discovered by the public in "So Proudly We Hail!" Movieland fans may know him better as "Kansas."

Sonny, all six-foot-four of him, when he was a life guard one summer, between school terms. He's a tireless swimmer and very often stays beyond the breakers for hours, spearing fish.

"I Love A Soldier"—and confidentially, who wouldn't! Paulette Goddard plays opposite Sonny in the new and exciting Paramount picture.
"LET'S FACE IT," said Phyllis Brooks. "Almost every man of marriageable age is in the army. Our male population has moved out since the war started. Statisticians predict that after the war, fifteen percent of the girls now eighteen years old will have no chance to get married."

Phyllis, with Una Merkle and Gary Cooper, had just returned from a thirteen weeks entertainment tour of the army bases in Australia and New Guinea.

"Most of our service men in Australia have been there for from two to three years. Long enough, in many instances, for the girls they left behind to have become vague memories. Why, some of these young
Attention all waiting wives and
service sweethearts! Advice from
the stars on holding your man, and
how to avoid having "heart trouble"

folks tied themselves up, scarcely knowing one another!

“When our boys arrived, Australia was practically
manless, you know. They had been pouring men onto
the European battle front since the war started. And
constantly in fear of Jap invasion, the Aussie women
looked upon the arrival of our soldiers as the coming
of saviors.

“Nothing was too good for the Yank. ‘Good on you
Yank,’ they all say—it’s the equivalent of our ‘Hiyah
boys, good to see you.’ And after the Aussies’ first
glimpse of our boys, the American gals were up against
some keen competition, let me tell you.

“We American girls never pamper and baby our men;
these Aussie women do. They shower them with praise
and hero worship. What’s more, the gals aren’t lacking
in eye-appeal; many of them are startlingly beautiful.
Tall and slim, with coloring much like ours. Oh yes,
let’s not kid ourselves. There have been many mari-
rages and engagements between our boys and the
Aussies.

“I don’t mean that every soldier falls for these gals.
With the man who knows that the only girl in the world
is waiting back home, it’s different. Once they get back,
there is likely to be a change of heart—at least for

(Continued on page 81)
Robert Walker, six feet tall, weight 145 pounds, brown-haired, blue-eyed, named by MGM as their ace screen discovery of 1943.
WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

Bob Walker grew up in Salt Lake City, a gangling kid with an urge to run away from home. He satisfied this urge so often that an aunt in New York financed his being sent away to a military school. There he was encouraged to act, appearing in several school plays. His aunt, delighted that Bob had finally found an anchor in life, brought him to New York to see him through the Academy of Dramatic Arts. The first day there, Bob met Phylis Isley, the future Jennifer Jones—and also the future Mrs. Robert Walker. The story continues:

Part Two

It was September, 1938. Robert Walker and Phylis Isley were enrolled in the same class at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. That first day each member of the class read lines. Afterward, Phylis approached Bob Walker to say that she thought he had done an excellent job. “I thought you were swell too,” Bob said quickly.

That’s how it started. They read hundreds of plays together; they worked out thousands of scenes. Together all day in classes, they often went on until late in the evening. One night Bob put down his script and looked at the girl who was eventually to become Jennifer Jones in Hollywood. “Do you realize that we’ve never had a real date?” he demanded. “I mean a terrific evening of dinner and dancing and that sort of thing?”

Jennifer smiled at him. And when she smiles, apple blossoms sprout from broomsticks. “I think just reading a play with you is a terrific date,” she said.

“Tell you what. When either of us gets a big break, we’ll really cover New York. We’ll celebrate,” Bob said. Then he told her about his chance to read for Hammerstein. “Maybe this is it. Maybe tomorrow at this time we’ll be out getting acquainted with the better head waiters.”

He read for the part. It was a comedy role and the view was held by the producer (Continued on page 71)
Words of Music

BY JILL WARREN

GREETINGS, girls and boys. Here I am, back, in Ye Olde Hollywoode after a whirl in New York. The big city was lots of fun, but I must admit that Sunset and Vine looked pretty good. I've been the busy character picking up little tid-bits for you, so if you have nothing to do for the next few minutes, and your reading glasses are handy, you might waltz through the assembled stuff.

THE TUNEFILMS:

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is getting better and better with their musicals. Their newest release, "Two Girls And A Sailor," has enough talent for a couple of pictures. The two girls are June Allyson and Gloria De Haven, and the sailor is Van Johnson. There's lots of good music, too. And why not? With such melody dispensers as Jose Iturbi, Lena Horne, the Xavier Cugat band and vocalists, Virginia O'Brien, Harry James and his orchestra and Helen Forrest and Buddy Moreno. Lena Horne sings "Paper Doll," Jimmy Durante sings "Inka Dinka Doo"—and all the way through for the first time—and Iturbi and his sister, Ampara, do a double piano number. But that isn't all. Harry James and June Allyson are featured with the James band in a big number, "Young Man With A Horn." And Helen...
Forrest and Buddy Moreno each sing a song. Incidentally, Buddy is now stationed down in Alabama, and is assigned to the Special Service division of the Army.

Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey are both working on the Metro lot—Jimmy in the Abbott-Costello picture, "Lost In A Harem," and Tommy in "Thrill Of A Romance."

Perry Como is going to sing two ditties in his first picture, Twentieth Century-Fox' "Something For The Boys." The songs were specially written for him by Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, who wrote Sinatra's tunes for "Higher and Higher" and Dick Haymes' numbers for "Four Jills And A Jeep." The composers now laughingly (Continued on page 73)
By cracky, it's Hollywood going rustic! Not exactly Hollywood, that is, but the stars showed up at a barn out Encino way, where the glitter and glamour of movieland have their ranches. There were games and fiddle music, booths and refreshments—all good old-fashioned corn—and the benefits went to the Birmingham General Hospital, filled with war wounded.
The way we look at it, the younger generation has just as many problems as the oldsters. We think they’re even more important—because when you’re in your teens or twenties, you haven’t much past experience to guide you in your trouble. If you are young and have a problem, write to Bonita Granville, Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California

Dear Bonita:
I am not yet fifteen and very tall for my age. I am five feet nine and a half inches tall, and very self-conscious about it, especially since all my friends are shorter and it makes me feel out of place. Since you are a Hollywood star, I thought you might be able to give me some suggestions about overcoming this complex.
I will appreciate your advice and promise to follow it.
Thank you very much.
Carrie L.

Dear Carrie:
I am very happy to try and help you with your problem. I think the main thing to remember is your posture. Don’t try to hide your height by stooped shoulders or poor carriage. You will only accent it all the more and present a careless appearance.
Do what such famous tall Hollywood girls as Bunny Waters and Helen O’Hara do: Stand up to your full height, walk proudly and correctly, forget your height, and others will do the same. These girls even wear high heels, and dress as normally as their friends of medium height. In short, think of yourself as normal, and then dress and act that way. They’ve succeeded, and there is no reason why you shouldn’t.
Sincerely,
BC

Dear Bonita:
I am very unhappy and wish that you could help me.
You see, I am quite a pretty girl but weigh at least fifty pounds more than I should.
All my life I have suffered from being overweight, being so lonesome and never being invited to parties. Even if I were, I feel so ashamed of myself I hate to go anywhere. I’ve tried diets, but they seem so slow and never get me anywhere. I haven’t even enough energy to get a job, and am always blue.
Please tell me something to do and give me a new lease on life.

Yours,
Alice T.

Dear Alice T.:
I have read your unhappy letter, and believe your case is both mental and physical. You must adjust yourself to the right frame of mind, and then go and consult a reputable physician.
Since you speak of a lack of energy along with the excess weight, it occurs to me that yours might be a glandular problem, and one that the great advance in medical science should be able to help. But this is only provided you have implicit faith in your doctor, and follow his instructions to the letter. If he prescribes a diet, stick to it, and determine to whip this problem of yours. In that way only will you succeed.

Cordially,

Dear Lucy:
Of course you did the right thing in writing those letters to your favorite stars. We all get a thrill out of fan mail, and need it very much. It is your way to show your appreciation for the effort we make to please you.
As to the ribbing, I speak not only for myself, but for all my friends in pictures in saying Thank You for taking the time and effort to tell us you enjoy our work.

Cordially,

Dear Bonita:
I am being teased terribly by my family for something I did, and I want you to tell me if I did the right thing.
Last month I read in a Hollywood magazine that motion picture stars like to receive fan mail because it helps them to know how popular they are. So I sat right down and wrote to several of my favorite stars. But when their answers came, my friends and family just ribbed and ribbed me until I felt awful about it. Please tell me if I did the right thing by writing letters to the stars.

Yours truly,
Lucy K.

Dear Lucy:
Of course you did the right thing in writing those letters to your favorite stars. We all get a thrill out of fan mail, and need it very much. It is your way to show your appreciation for the effort we make to please you.
As to the ribbing, I speak not only for myself, but for all my friends in pictures in saying Thank You for taking the time and effort to tell us you enjoy our work.

Cordially,

Dear Bonita:
I am engaged to a soldier overseas. Is it alright for me to have male companions while he is away, or shouldn’t I.

(Continued on page 62)
Cecil B. DeMille has done it again! With his "The Story of Dr. Wassell," he has overcome all the usual objections to "war pictures"—or, if not all, at any rate he's managed to sacrifice none of the drama of a war situation, in making it primarily a story of people rather than events.

Based on the true-to-fact accomplishments of Lt. Commander (now Commander) Corydon M. Wassell, it gives you the life-story highlights of an Arkansas doctor, representatively American and convincingly so; traces his career through the years of his medical research work in China, and even manages to sketch in his one great romance.

For it's more than a story, complete within itself. It is heroism, made truly glorious and depicted with a minimum of self-consciousness. While focusing attention on individuals—men wounded in Pacific area combat, whole military units caught in the escape trap of fleeing from Burma—there's sheer drama, stark and effectively real, in any number of bombing scenes, in Dr. Wassell's refusal to abandon his charges, his desperate determination to "bring 'em out alive," and the series of desperate situations which arise to defeat and discourage his every attempt.

Gary Cooper's "Dr. Wassell" is adequate all the way through, and at times transcends being just an excellent living character interpretation. One assumes that Laraine Day, as the pretty young nurse who's in love with him, is intended to give romantic-interest relief to an emotionally stricken audience, and she does—just that.

The Hairy Ape is to be the most discussion provoking adaptation of a play ever to come to the screen, "The Hairy Ape" will either go down in film history as something comparable to any of the best European productions, and thereby start a new trend in Hollywood—or, it will be a remarkable failure. Between those predictions, the critic must base his judgment on three quite separate analyses.

First, does it succeed as a story? Presenting Bill Bendix as the coal-stoking sailor of more brawn than brains, and Susan Hayward as the spoiled "rich girl," it might be considered to protest against social class differences. The social-consciousness conclusions, however, aren't definitely drawn, only suggested. So the picture version of the Eugene O'Neill play serves more the purpose of the honest observer than the would-be crusader.

Second, is the photography and striving for effect really as masterful as was intended? The realist might not think so, but the artist would applaud the success with which "the obvious" is so regularly avoided.

Third, what is the final impression gained as the sum-total result? Eliminating the John Loder and Dorothy Comingore performances, as being no more than contributions, one can say it's an amazing presentation of psychological conflict. The Jules Levey variations from the original beauty and the beast theme, as O'Neill created it, make for a more happy ending. They distract nothing, and add a great deal. But it's "for adults only."
ON McCALLISTER, the kid who made such a hit as "California" in "Stage Door Canteen," comes back to the screen for a last picture before going into service.

"Home in Indiana" is a story of sulky racing in Indiana, in which Lon plays the role of an orphan boy—a stubborn, wayward but lovable kid who's sent to live with his aunt and uncle, played by Charlotte Greenwood and Walter Brennan.

Primarily a tale of fine horses—the breeding, training and racing of them—the plot runs somewhat "according to formula," but is really only incidental as such. You have the longstanding feud between a couple of top racing stables. How the owner of one succeeded in besting and breaking the other, so that the barns on one farm are full of blue-ribbon entries, and the competing farm is run-down and the owner (Walter Brennan) left bitter with memories of past triumphs, no hope of staging a come-back.

That's the situation and "what has gone before" when Lon arrives on the scene, and sets out to do something about it. He gets into a series of difficulties, of course, all with the determined good intentions of a kid who's "crazy about horses." He also gets himself involved in a youthful love triangle, with two pretty girls (June Haver and Jeanne Crain) from the rival farm next door.

Filmed in Technicolor, the picture is scene-beautiful for all. For those who like love stories, horses, pathos, comedy with just a touch of tears, it's completely charming.

"IT'S murder!" Murder committed by the hero (Fred MacMurray), who's a super-smart insurance salesman, and the heroine (Barbara Stanwyck), the victim's wife.

But it's a far cry from the usual "whodunit." Laid in Los Angeles, it's the sort of yarn that could come from most any newspaper front page. Real people, saying real lines. A man who knew as well as the next guy that there's no such thing as "the perfect crime." A coldly calculating gal who knew she could make him fall in love with her, and that together they'd be "playing it smart."

So what you see is more than just a plot about killing a man to collect on his insurance policy, and planning it so that the claim would be for "double indemnity." It's the scheming of a shrew, the destruction of a man's conscience. No maudlin despair, no weakening, no regrets.

It's something that could happen to you, or to the people you know. And you're made aware of that, which doesn't necessarily make the experience a to-be-dreaded one, but it sends you away with plenty to think about. Fred MacMurray gives you that man. And he tells the story, as a confession. Tells every step in the development of the plot, just as it happened. Rather, as it accumulated, till he was trapped beyond escape.

Settings, timing, photography and incidental music on the sound track—everything contrives to make it more intense than the Dostoevsky "Crime and Punishment," more revolutionary than anything Hollywood has ever turned out.

A REALLY socko musical—and the first one in a long time that has a plausible and entertaining plot running throughout. The title is a give-away; it really is about two girls and a sailor. Two sisters, in fact, played by June Allyson and Gloria De Haven.

They grow up in show business and become a successful song and dance team in the swankier night clubs. Their ambition is to have a canteen for the servicemen, and that's where the sailor comes in—enter Van Johnson. The girls don't know that Van is the happy possessor of several million dollars, which accounts for their surprise and bewilderment when their canteen is bestowed on them, anonymously.

The night clubs and the canteen give opportunity for plenty of talented entertainment, and Metro has certainly taken advantage of it. Gracie Allen plays "Concerto for Index Finger"; Jose Iturbi plays the "Ritual Fire Dance"; Jimmy Durante scored a big hit by singing "Inka Dinka Doo" (all the way through); Helen Forrest sings "In a Moment of Madness"; Virginia O'Brien gives out with her dead pan rendition of "Take It Easy"; Lena Horne sings "Paper Doll"—and there are Harry James and Xavier Cugat with their bands, plus Helen Forrest and Lina Romay. Gloria de Haven and June Allyson loom as definite star material, and June's rendition of "Young Man With a Horn," featuring Harry James, is one of the best numbers in the show.
Presenting Miss Peggy Ann Garner

HE'S twelve years old, has a prodigious appetite and a definite sense of humor. You have seen her in many films, more recently "The Pied Piper" and "Jane Eyre." If you're the sentimental type, you were spilling tears over her portrayal of young Jane Eyre as the unwanted waif. But Peggy Ann doesn't give the impression of being a dramatic actress, when you meet her. She's gay and carefree, and much like any other twelve-year-old girl—except for an exceptional wit, and a very mature grasp of what it's all about. (The picture industry, we mean.)

We talked to her just after she had been told she will have the part of "Francie" in the 20th Century-Fox production of "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." It's perhaps the biggest role offered a child in 1944—so far, at least. But Peggy isn't showing any great excitement. Taking it all as a matter of course, is she? But we suspect that deep down inside she's in a turmoil of happiness.

Peggy Ann was born in Canton, Ohio, and since then has made eight trips across the country. She first played in summer stock, at the age of five, and has been acting ever since. Oh, and encouraged by her parents. She lives with her mother, near the studio. Her father, who came to this country from England when a young boy, is now in service as a lieutenant in the United States Army. Miss Garner is immensely proud of her dad; carries his picture in a locket around her neck, displaying it enthusiastically to anyone who shows even the slightest interest.

"I have only one boy friend," states Miss G. "My father."

But she has another love, besides acting. Five months ago she donned ice skates for the first time, and now executes figure eights and serpentines with the greatest of ease.

To Peggy goes the coveted role of Francie in 20th Century-Fox's production of "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"—perhaps the biggest and best role offered a child in 1944—so far, at least.
Their Names will be forever Secret—

You'll never meet them face to face. You'll never shake their hands. Their names, their homes, their families are closely guarded secrets.

But these 10,086 women went out of their way to tell you one special secret. Honestly and frankly they wrote why they switched to Modess.

And 8 out of 10 said "So soft!" “So safe!” or “So heavenly comfortable!”

They'd all been users of most every type of napkin. Yet they rated Modess tops! So try Modess—it costs no more! Just read what women say . . .

Discover the Difference! Switch to

Modess Sanitary Napkins

Modess Regular is so highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, ever-size pads unnecessary. In boxes of 12 napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. Modess Junior is for those who prefer a slightly narrower, but equally absorbent napkin. In boxes of 12.

FREE! Send today for new booklet "Growing Up and Liking It!" Tells more about the "why" of menstruation than any booklet of its kind. Lively, packed with pictures. Helpful for mothers, daughters, teachers. Simply mail name and address today to Martha Steele, Box 346, Milltown, N. J.
Continued from page 8

**REHEARSAL FOR HAVING A BABY**

Gregory Peck and his wife expect the stork, come some day in August. The only hospital reservation Gregory could get for his missus was August 16th. They fervently hope the baby will oblige and arrive on that date, or shortly thereafter. Gregory is so worried about it that he made a "trial run" the other night to the hospital, figuring out the shortest way to get there, and timing himself to the second.

**WITHOUT LOVE MAYBE**

Six weeks in the East, after finishing "Dragon Seed," and Katie Hepburn is back in Hollywood. Having visited her family (the first time in nearly a year), and done a few radio shows, she's waiting now to see what will be decided about "Without Love." (Her last stage play, which MGM is considering as a next picture for her.)

If the screen writers can come up with a way of bringing the "Without Love" Irish situation up to date, Katie may make the movie version. And, Spencer Tracy is nominated to play opposite—if the Greer Garson bid for wanting to do a picture with him doesn't conflict.

**CARY'S FUNNY THAT WAY**

Cary Grant's best "happily married" testimony is the fact that he's worse than a superstitious young bride, when it comes to removing his wedding ring. No, never! If it's not to show in a picture, he covers it over with adhesive plaster, camouflages it with make-up. And he's sentimental, too, about keeping a picture of Barbara in his dressing room—but doesn't like people to comment about it. So pull-ease!

**REDSKINS ON BORDER FOR MAGGIE**

Assigned to make little Margaret O'Brien's between-pictures vacation in San Francisco all cozy 'n pleasant, the St. Francis Hotel publicity manager reported Margaret's arrival with her mother. "Yes, they're here," sez he frantically, over a long distance wire. "But the kid wants Indians! And where in the - - - am I going to find Indians? It seems she's seen "Buffalo Bill." And if you ask me, it was a mistake! Next thing, I suppose, she'll want me to round up a herd of buffalo!"

**BACK FROM THE FRONT**

Paulette Goddard came back from her tour overseas, greatly excited and wanting to return again as soon as possible. She traveled through India, Burma and China, getting to within five miles of the Jap lines. She brushed her teeth in grapefruit juice, but says it isn't so bad once you get used to it. The Chinese, appreciating the Goddard chassis and gams, called her "Madam Cheesecake.

**WRITING HIS OWN NOTICES?**

When 20th Century-Fox sent the company of "Sunday Dinner for a Soldier" to Tampa on location, they couldn't find a press agent to go with them. Hollywood was scoured thoroughly, but no one could be found who was publicity-minded, and who would consent to go to Florida. In desperation, the studio asked Bill Eythe, star of the film, if he would take over the job. So Bill not only worked at his acting from eight to six, but composed long daily wires to the studio, filled with juicy tid-bits of gossip about the cast and crew.

**CUPID NEEDED A HOSTESS**

Carole Landis got a call the other day from the pilot who flew her from North Africa to Gibraltar, when she was overseas entertaining the troops. He told her that his girl was coming to Hollywood, where they were to be married. He'd tried all the hotels, but hadn't been able to get accommodations. Would Carole mind playing hostess to the girl for one night?

Miss Landis not only bedded down the prospective bride, but gave her a luncheon and swimming party the following day. Just one of the reasons why the servicemen think Carole is so swell.

**FONTAINE TAKES A DATING**

Joan Fontaine has lost no time in going the rounds of the night lights, since her separation from Brian Aherne. The latest escorts have been General Mike Scanlon, Harry Crocker, John Beck and Bill Borsinde.
Turkey's remaining "a neutral." He hopes it will be with the Turkish army. He's cavalry trained, ready and willing to serve when and if the call comes. And one gets the impression that he hopes it will. He's very much concerned about Turkey's remaining "a neutral."

Peter Lorre, the chiller actor, frequents Finlandia Baths regularly, and for fun sometimes answers the phone for the proprietor. The other day he picked up the phone and a voice said, "Is this Peter?" "Yes, it is," said Peter softly. "When will you pick up my cleaning? Today?" "No, not today," answered Peter. "Why not?" asked the voice. "Because I don't feel like it." "Is this Peter the Cleaner?" "No, this is Peter Lorre." The woman finally hung up, non-plused with the remark, "Well—this is war!"

That Shore-Montgomery liaison looks as if it's here to stay. Dinah and George have eyes only for each other. And to prove our point, take a soldier who's been dragged out of bed in the early dawn for months, and when he gets leave, what does he do—drives his wife to the studio at 7 a.m., sits and watches while her make-up is applied, and stays on the set all day. That's George—and that's love.

Errol Flynn recently donated money to sponsor a room in a local hospital. Honest, the hospital staff didn't know the identity of the beneficiary! And so it turned out that Mr. Flynn was the donor of a room—in the maternity ward.

In "National Velvet," Jackie Jenkins wears a small bottle suspended by a cord around his neck—receptacle for all sorts of the objectionable things collected by small boys.

For the sake of realism, Director Clarence Brown told Jackie he would give him a nickel for every bug collected and placed in said bottle. Jackie went to his beach home that night, and next day appeared with 180 sand fleas, safely ensconced in his bug bottle. Mr. Brown signed and handed over $9.00.

Tea every afternoon—it's the daily ritual that makes the "Dorian Gray" set a little different from most others. And it could be that Durd Hattfield (who has the lead in the picture) had something to do with initiating the very nice custom. He's spent "a great many years" of his young life in England, you know. Was studying over there with the famous Chekhov players, till the school was blitzed and he got a job on the radio program since May, emanating from Chicago.

AMONG THE UNDRAFTABLES

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GAG OF THE MONTH

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Sells Story After 5 Weeks of Training

"After the fifth story-writing assignment, one of my feature stories was published in the Fort Worth Press. Then Sodo Fountain Magazine accepted o feature. By the third assignment I had a short story in the mail."—Cloyce Carter, 4140 Seventh St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

date other fellows but just sit at home? You said it is easier to discuss problems with someone your own age, so that is why I am writing to you for advice. Eloise S.

In the first place, I believe you should have a complete understanding with your fiance on this matter. Find out what his sentiments are, and then if he does not agree to everything you have to think of, then if he is willing to go along with your going out with a group of friends.

Try not to be seen with the same man too often, however, for it is not a good policy. People will talk, regardless of the circumstances, and when it eventually gets back to your fiance it will not be kind talk.

Why not occupy yourself with Red Cross work, and renew the acquaintance of your girl friends, who may be in the same plight?

Sincerely,

NO LONGER A CHILD

Dear Miss Granville:

I am very unhappy, because although I am almost fourteen, my mother still treats me like a baby, and won't let me go out anywhere without her.

She says the streets are a dangerous place and I can't ride a bike or skate, and she says I am too young to go out with my girl friends even. What does she expect me to do? I am no longer a child, and yet she treats me like one.

Help me please.

Virginia.

Dear Virginia:

I know it will sound very trite and old-fashioned for me to tell you that sometimes, and most of the time, Mother Does Know Best, but that is part of the answer to your problem.

It is very true that the streets are dangerous, and especially in big cities. I remember resenting the same advice when I wanted to skate in the streets, but now I know my mother was right in forbidding this.

Why don't you try to plan a group of your girl friends AND your mothers, and have a little club out of it? You girls could skate at a rink if there is one nearby, and the mothers would enjoy watching the sport. This would be a compromise, and may be the answer.

Try it and let's see how it goes, and then write me about it. I will be anxious to hear from you.

Sincerely yours.

Dear Maria:

There are all kinds of dramatic schools, and it is true that many motion picture players attended such schools. However, I would suggest that you gain your dramatic schooling in your regular high school. Undoubtedly, there are classes or clubs in drama in your school, and these small plays and readings are an excellent method of learning dramatic work. As a matter of fact, during dramatics, I discovered my real serious interest in this field.

Also, be sure and concentrate in your English work, for your accent trouble. If you ask the support of your English teachers, I am sure they will be glad to help you get rid of your accent.

WANTS TO SERVE

Dear Bonita:

Ever since a very dear friend of mine was killed in action I have wanted to get into the service in some branch. I am sure there must be some spot for me somewhere, and of course I think the uniforms are very becoming to most girls.

What do you think I should do?

Yours truly.

Dear Mildred:

I am always glad to hear someone say she would like to go into the Service, and I know there are many positions that might fit you.

First of all, however, you did not state your age, and whether or not you are still in school.

If you are in high school, you are probably too young for the WAC and WAVES and other branches of the Service, but there is still much you can do for your country. There is the Red Cross, the U.S.O., many local Defense groups, and I understand the girls often want girls as Junior Aides, to train for real jobs as nurses. This would be something useful for your future, as well as patriotic. Also, remember that a lot of hard work goes with every attractive uniform!

BUDGET

Dear Bonita:

I earn thirty dollars a week and never seem to have any money left at the end of the month. I work in an office and it is embarrassing to me to see the other girls with their pretty clothes that they buy out of their income that is no greater than mine. I pay board at home and that takes quite a bit, but I don't seem to know where the rest of my money goes. Do you know of a good budget plan that I could use to help me save money so I can buy the things I really want?

Yours truly,

Dear Kay:

I am going to advise you to become a bookkeeper. Each week take your salary and divide it into separate piles. So that you have a lunch allowance, money for contribution to Home Front, one pile for war bonds and savings and one pile for clothes. This is the only way you can manage. If you don't know what your monetary obligations are, what your monetary obligations are, your money will continue to go out the window and you will continue to envy the other girls. You must be firm with yourself about your money, if you want to save more, walk to work, or save on lunch money, but make a decided effort to save your money for what you want, and not spend too much on things you can't afford.

Bonita
letters a week, which is three-quarters of the way up to the mark set by that Hollywood veteran, Shirley Temple. He spends a lot of his time personally autographing pictures requested by his fans. "Nobody likes to get a printed autograph," he says. "I know I wouldn't."

Bill is grateful to the public and the press for the recognition he has received. And no one, try as he might, can detect anything the least bit high hat about Bill. He has created a large reservoir of good will in every studio he has been connected with, and the typical comment on him is: "Gee, Bendix is a nice guy. He's really a sweet guy."

Fame didn't come to Bill because of a cute pair of dimples, a classic profile, or a Tarzan-like physique. It took talent, plus faith, plus hard earnest work in the theatre. You wouldn't expect a guy who looks like Bill Bendix to have become interested in the theatre, yet he can't remember the time when he wasn't planning to make acting his career.

It was an uphill fight, and there were times when living became a little less than a joy. Like the times he was a grocery clerk, a singing waiter—or even worse, neither a grocery clerk, nor a singing waiter, but a man out of a job.

But he was determined, refused to be discouraged.

Bill had been acting since he was a boy. Had danced as a chorus boy in Knights of Columbus theatricals. Then the Federal Theatre took a chance on him.

He perfected his acting technique, during his seven years on the New York stage—his last appearance before coming to Hollywood being in the Saroyan hit, "The Time of Your Life."

Bill is half Irish. He was born in New York—140th Street and Edgecombe Avenue, to be exact—thirty-eight years ago. He went to Townsend Harris High School. Perhaps that's one clue to his success. Bill Bendix may play simple-minded roles on the screen, but he is no dope. Townsend Harris students had to qualify on the basis of high scholastic achievement.

He realizes, as every actor of importance should, that he is the cynosure of all eyes and ears; that his slightest remark may be magnified out of all proportion, or misconstrued out of all semblance to actuality.

He spends most of his waking hours working, and thrives on a schedule that would kill anyone less inspired. "I love my work," he says, sincerely. "If I couldn't act, I think I would die."

He has even become reconciled, finally, to the Hollywood regime of getting up early in the morning—a particularly hard thing for people accustomed to theatre hours to get used to. On some particularly fine California mornings, he almost enjoys it.

In addition to his picture work, which takes six full days a week, he has a radio show every Sunday—"The Life of Riley," a comedy series about a defense worker and his fami-
ily. He entertains at the Hollywood Canteen every Saturday night, makes guest appearances on other programs. And during the one week off he has between pictures, he made an OWI short, without pay, and gave fourteen camp shows.

But despite this constant activity, Bill never seems nervous or preoccupied, never “too busy.”

A hairdresser working on his set brought over a tablecloth she was embroidering with the autographs of various stars, and asked Bill to put his name on it. After he’d signed his John-henry, she asked “What’s your favorite color?”

Bill quickly noted the colors already on the piece—red, blue, green, yellow, orange—and supplied the missing one.

“Purple,” said Bill.

“Now isn’t that lucky?” the woman said, busting off to find the purple thread.

Bill is courteously but impersonal in his dealings with leading ladies. He hardly has a chance to be anything else. He never gets the girl, or hasn’t thus far, and about the nearest he gets to screen affection is a fond kiss on the cheek.

His fans don’t like that at all. Writes one girl: “I don’t see why you never get the girl. You’ve got something the pretty-pretty boys haven’t—sincerity. A woman could really love a man like you.” Bill is saving that one to show the script writers for next time!

That sincerity is the outstanding thing about Bendix, unless he is an even better actor than Hollywood thinks he is. In an otherwise homely mug, his soft, steady eyes reflect a definite spirit of kindliness and deep courage.

He likes to do things for people, and the younger actors who get the chance to work with him are indeed fortunate.

“I ain’t done it for me,” says Bill, “but I try to help. The most important thing is to give the young, inexperienced player a feeling of confidence in himself just before he plays the scene.”

That Bill maintained his confidence in himself, through the trials and disappointments of his career, is another example of the kind and quantity of courage it takes for a man to succeed in this business.

When the “Time Of Your Life” company played Los Angeles, Bendix was the only one who didn’t get an interview. When Metro finally did sign him to a contract, and had nothing for him after the small part in “Woman of the Year,” it was Bill who had the courage to ask to be released from his contract if they didn’t have a part for him.

It took plenty of nerve to take that face of his from casting office to casting office, and get nothing but brusque refusals. But that’s Bill. He could take it.

At the Hal Roach studio he got what looked like a slim chance. The studio was experimenting with a four-reel streamlined comedy series.

The first of these, “The Brooklyn Orchid,” brought Bendix recognition from the major studios, and his triumphs in “Wake Island,” “China,” “Guadalcanal Diary,” and finally in that great hit “Lifeboat” have followed in quick succession.

Bill, as an actor, is nothing if not proud of his work. He can do a scene ten times, while the director and the cameraman fuss about the lights, the chalk marks on the floor, or what exact point the girl comes in to interrupt. And each time he has that apparent spontaneity, the perfection of business, down to the number of times he blinks his eyes, or gapes in amazement.

“Why so hard about that?” asks Bill. On the stage you give the same performance hundreds, maybe thousands of times, night after night.

He subscribes to the school of acting that he can do a scene ten times, while “feels” the scene he plays just isn’t using his bean—Bill says that such an actor would be all burned out after a few performances.

Bill’s only departure from that theory was in “Lifeboat.” Whenever the director said, “You’re thirsty—your tongue is swollen—you can’t stand it anymore. Stop, take a drink, and get up and take a drink. And we all know what a swell job Bill did in “Lifeboat.”

When he hears something funny, Bill’s only departure from that humorous little giggle that’s very endearing. He has his share of those illogical masculine ideas, which may or may not be endearing, depending on how indulgent a man’s wife is. Here’s one good example of this.

“Oh, don’t you know ashes are good for the carpet?” he said, liberally sprinkling them over the luxurious rugs in the “Abroad With Two Yanks” set, where he was working at the time. He will agree, however, with sweet reasonableness, that he has never met a woman, including his wife, who saw eye to eye with him on this little matter concerning rugs and ashes.

If Bill’s one man who enjoys paying his enormous income taxes—makes him feel important, he says—but doesn’t feel that qualifies him as an authority on how the country should be run. When he says that this is the most wonderful country in the world and I don’t want to see it spoiled.”

He feels no such hesitancy, however, about saying that he loves California, thinks it’s the most beautiful state in the union, although he hasn’t seen all of it yet.

That’s his one post-war plan—to fill his gas tank and see California.
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FREE

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or initials for it gives distinction—exclusiveness—class. Often, however,
 imprinting service costs much extra. Think what it means then that under
this great offer, you can thrill with pride not only over the smartness of
your brand new model pen, but also over your own name or initials im-
printed on it in gold. Then, too, your name or initials serve as identifi-
cation, helping to guard against loss. And this service, remember, is
absolutely FREE of extra cost for prompt action. So simply PRINT in
the Coupon the name or initials you wish imprinted. If you order more
than one pen, write names or initials on separate sheet of paper and
attach to coupon. But don't wait. Get the coupon in the mail today.
It's a funny thing, but from the moment the two set eyes on each other, Errol claims that he knew this was "his dog" and Arno knew that this was "his man."

But Arno has a gift for getting into trouble. That, as a matter of fact, is how Errol happened to get him.

"Arno belonged to a friend of mine," Errol says, "one day winding. Thus was a pup about a year old, he came across a woman carrying a small dog in her arms. Arno didn't like the pup's looks, I guess. Anyway, he jumped him, taking a knocking down the wrong as well as the offending pooch. So my friend decided Arno was too great a liability, he'd have to get rid of him. He did—and I took him."

Of all the things Arno's done, all the fun they've had together, the one thing Errol likes most to tell about is the look on Arno's face when he went to see Elia Kazan in Alaska on his practical jokes. It seems that Arno had buried a bone in the backyard, and then gone on about his business. Errol replaced the bone with a rubber one, and then made sure he was around when the dog came to dig it up. "And if you think Arno didn't get the joke, you're very much mistaken."

Errol, himself, is known to have had many narrow shaves. He seems to have a talent for them. But there's one he won't forget. It happened recently while he was up in Alaska on his trip to entertain the boys in service.

Twenty minutes before he was due to put on a show, he talked a pilot into taking him piggy-back riding in a P-38. That kind of piggy-back riding, you must understand, is quite different from the kind with papa. You sit back on the pilot's seat, and with your arms around his neck, and hold on for dear life. "It was great while it lasted," Errol says. "He gave me the works."

They landed just in time to start the show, but before Errol could say the first words, or crack his first gag, he found himself almost in the middle of an air raid. Had the Japs come over even two minutes sooner, he'd have been up there in the sky to greet them. All of which, according to those there at the time and reporting the incident, made Mr. Flynn more than a little upset—because he'd come down too soon!

Even more by chance though, probably, was the escape he tells of in the making of "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

"I was supposed to be shot while on horseback," Errol says. "I took the fall and then lay face down in the dirt, playing dead. So I didn't see that the horse was dancing around nervously, coming dangerously close with his hoofs. As he was about to step, just any horseman on the sidelines realized the danger and rode to my rescue, just in time."

But Errol isn't the kind of guy to worry too much about these near misses with death. He's a fatalist. Or as he himself puts it, "When you believe that everything that happens to you is inevitable, you can't get very sad or worried about anything. Today is beautiful, yesterday was lovely. There's no such thing as tomorrow."

Explaining why he's a fatalist, he goes back to his childhood again, and tells the story of what happened to his uncle.

"The old boy had just returned from India, having resigned his commission there after years of active service. The family talked a lot about what a miracle it was that he'd never been killed, and not thank goodness he was safe at last. Then, the first week after his return, he fell down a flight of stairs in our nice safe house, and injured his spine so that he never able to walk properly again.

"That made a deep impression on me," Errol admits, "and convinced me that nothing ever happens until your time comes."

That's his philosophy, and that's what you'll remember every time you hear of his taking what seem like unconnected with Errol, was to be hearing reports like that, because Flynn's life is just one endless series of exciting adventures.

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3 Absorbencies

REGULAR

SUPER

JUNIOR

"Is it Fate with Flynn?" (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 251)
he'd won his first big role with Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne in "A Guy Named Joe." If ever a man needed friends, Van needed them then.

And they rallied. There was Keenan Wynn, bruised in the same accident, stubbornly demanding aid for Van; Irene Dunne joining him; and Dick Haymes, MGM's chief of police, rushing to the rescue; there was Spencer Tracy, offering his own blood; Irene Dunne joining him in pleas to hold up the picture for Van's recovery. And there was Victor Fleming, his director, standing outside the operating room as they took Van in. "No use waiting—nothing you can do," said the doctor. "I know," said Vic, "but when a man goes through a door like that one, he likes to think there's someone pulling for him on the other side."

After the operation, during the long weeks in hospital, Van was doted on by flowers, fruit, books, letters, cards, telephone messages. No one forgot him. The Keenan Wynns took him to their home for his convalescence. The picture was held up until he was ready.

"Things like that you never forget," says Van. "I'm a man with a debt to pay."

And he's paying it; in every way possible. For one thing, he contributes confidence to younger players. "We have so many kids in Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," said Mr. LeRoy, "that it was like running a school of acting. And they were all crazy about Van. Why? Because he put them at ease. He doesn't do anything in particular. I think it's simply that he's natural, he helps them relax, makes them think it's easy. He's passing on what Tracy did for him."

The picture wasn't easy. The company was in Florida for months, living in barracks with the cadets, working hard. "Unusual weather" held up production at times. Once they were working on a scene, the noise of engines and propellers was so great that even a casual visitor on the fringe of the set went home with a screaming headache. His doctor, he went to bed every night from recurrent headaches. Obeying his doctor, he went to bed every night at nine, ate simple food, didn't drink, relaxed between scenes. But he never spared himself while working, or when he could help anyone.

During the big scenes when fleets of planes were taking off, one after another, the noise of engines and propellers was so great that even a casual visitor on the fringe of the set went home with a screaming headache. His doctor, he went to bed every night at nine, ate simple food, didn't drink, relaxed between scenes. But he never spared himself while working, or when he could help anyone.

As the party wore on, came a lull. During the big scenes when fleets of planes were taking off, one after another, the noise of engines and propellers was so great that even a casual visitor on the fringe of the set went home with a screaming headache. His doctor, he went to bed every night at nine, ate simple food, didn't drink, relaxed between scenes. But he never spared himself while working, or when he could help anyone.

But Van never complains. Only his closest friend knew how he suffered. His instruction is planned individually—for you.

Mr. Powers believes no two women are alike in their beauty. His instruction is planned individually—for you. A few of the Powers beauty secrets you learn:

**YOUR FIGURE**—How to streamline it. Simple, easy ways to make you trim, fit, vital. *Your Face*—Your Style—Your Grooming—Complete and time-saving beauty schedule. *Your Voice*—Exercises to make your speech more attractive. *Your Figure*—How to be "best-dressed" yet save dollars on your wardrobe. *Your Grooming*—Complete and time-saving beauty schedule. *Your Voice*—Exercises to make your speech more attractive. You—The man's viewpoint. Mr. Powers' formula for charm and magnetism. Begin your Powers training now!

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"POWERS GIRL" training—right in your own home! Mr. Powers believes no two women are alike in their beauty. His instruction is planned individually—for you. A few of the Powers beauty secrets you learn:

"YOUR FIGURE"—How to streamline it. Simple, easy ways to make you trim, fit, vital. *Your Face*—Your Style—Your Grooming—Complete and time-saving beauty schedule. *Your Voice*—Exercises to make your speech more attractive. You—The man's viewpoint. Mr. Powers' formula for charm and magnetism. Begin your Powers training now!

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See how it helped her to achieve new loveliness. Diane Parker's personalized Photo-Revise showed her a new hair arrangement. Little make-up tricks that gave her real glamour!
from each other. Many a love sequence consists of an able battle to keep the back of the beloved’s head to the camera. Phyllis Thaxter, newer to films and playing opposite Van in “Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo,” had no such trouble.

“I made my screen test with Van,” she told me. “I’d played Claudia for two years on the stage, and that was with Lucille and Fontanne. But this was my first movie work and I was a little nervous. Right away, something clicked between us. I felt at ease. We went to each other. We always talked over our scenes. Van thought of little things for me to do. We worked them out, then went to Mr. LeRoy.”

Van and Phyllis are enthusiastic about each other, but there’s no romance in the offering.

Now concerning his amazing modesty. The other day, Van handed me an impressive piece of mail. Written on good bond paper, heavily embossed with names of officers, it was headed: JOAN CRAWFORD’S OFFICIAL FAN CLUB. The business letter announced that Van was being given the opportunity of joining the club, dues fifty cents a year. He’d get a picture of Joan, autographed, plus regular bulletins detailing her doings. “Please sign application and return,” it ended briskly. Van signed, enclosed fifty cents, and returned as directed. He hadn’t received the first bulletin yet, but intends to read it when it arrives. He’s still a fan, elated because he saw Joan pass in a long, low, important-looking black car the other day. She glassed and a trimmed hat, but he recognized her and got a cordial “Hello.” He tells about it, proudly.

Van speaks Joan names as a fan speaks them. There was a squib in a Hollywood paper recently, intimating that Bette Davis was interested in Van Johnson. “Imagine—Bette Davis!” he groaned, reading the item. “I’ve never even met her. She’s probably saying, ‘Who on earth is Van Johnson?'”

Every so often when Van drives into his garage, his car’s headlights fall on a note pinned to the wall.

“Dear Van Johnson: (it reads in a child’s scrail) Irma Jones (or somebody) wants a picture of you. Can you spare one?”

Nancy.

Before he goes to bed, Van selects a photograph, signs it, and places it under his young neighbor’s doorknob. “I’m flattered stiff,” he confesses. “I’m a fan myself, and it’s great having people want a picture. I hurry up and give it to them, before they change their minds.”

“When I was in school, fan magazines were important to me. I used to cut out my favorite stars and pin them up on my walls. My father would look at them and say: ‘You must clutter up the place like this?' But I got a kick out of them. Times when things weren’t going so well, I’d buy a ticket to a picture show. Maybe I’d see Tom Mix. Pretty soon I’d be wetter bothered. I’d be up there in the cheap seats with Tom, riding the range, leaping over cliffs, shooting villians, ending up with a yah-yah-ti-tah, and feeling swell. ‘I’d go home thinking how grand it must be to make other people feel good that way. But I didn’t expect to get a chance to do it. I knew I wanted to. I never thought I’d get to Hollywood. I went to New York, did a little of this and a little of that, and pounded the pavements looking for jobs in between.’

Once he got nine dollars a week, room and board in a boomer circuit in the Catskills. Out of that he managed to pay off all his debts. Another time he and Lucille Page, an acrobatic dancer, developed some good routines and were offered an engagement when Lucille’s husband, Buster West, closed with his show and decided to put an act together, using Van. This combination was broken up because of the stock’s arrival. Van was in the chorus of “Too Many Girls” when George Abbott called for understudies. Van volunteered and got the Dick Kollmar, Dezi Aranaz and Eddie Bracken roles to understudy. One day he ate something peculiar and felt so ill he decided to notify the stage manager that he wouldn’t be on hand for his call got through. Van received a frantic call to go on for Dick Kollmar. Nobody ever recovered more quickly.

After that he did the Bracken role, and he did the Kollmar. The company reached Chicago. It was in “Pal Joey” that he caught the eye of MGM’s talent scout. He turned down the offer because he wasn’t ready. But the conclusion of “Pal Joey” shifted him to the ranks of the unemployed. Things were tough and got tougher. Van went home to visit his father, who engineered a position with the但是在 the train for Hollywood.

Van never “courtesied friends.” That seems like angling for something, he thinks, and is definitely not for him. You’ll never find out from Van that he does any more than receive favors.

“Ginger Rogers was the first star to invite me to her house,” he tells eagerly. “Gosh, was I thrilled! I was awfully down that day, and she went out of her way to be nice to me.”

He won’t mention it, but it was Van who helped cheer Susan Peters when she took her turn in a hospital cot. I happened to be there when Van was given an address he’d requested of Herman. Van was out of room and board, for a summer circuit in the Wynn family group (which included Thomas Meighan and Madge Evans). Van, who considered himself the fourth member of the Wynn family group (which included himself, the three Wynn’s and Van) sent out of his way to be nice to me.”

Happy recipients tell me that Van never forgets that Bette Davis was interested in him, but the conclusion of “Pal Joey” shifted him to the ranks of the unemployed. Things were tough and got tougher. Van went home to visit his father, who engineered a position with the United Service Organizations. Van was in the chorus of “Too Many Girls” when George Abbott called for understudies. Van volunteered and got the Dick Kollmar, Dezi Aranaz and Eddie Bracken roles to understudy. One day he ate something peculiar and felt so ill he decided to notify the stage manager that he wouldn’t be on hand for his call got through. Van received a frantic call to go on for Dick Kollmar. Nobody ever recovered more quickly.

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SONNY TUFTS  
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

MY FATHER:  
Was a famous Boston banker, and I knew his heart was set on my joining him at the bank; in spite of everything, he expected it. Educated me at Philips-Exeter and at Yale. But before he sent me to Exeter he made me go two years to high school. He went to high school, so I must go; he hated snobs and thought I'd avoid being one that way. Wanted me to go to Harvard as three generations of Tufts had done, but he gave in when I held out for Yale. Had theories about teaching me the value of money. I had to dig dandelions and mow lawns for pocket money, as a child; I had to work my way by tramp steamer to study in Paris, although he was more than willing to pay handsome sums for my voice lessons over there.

I USED TO:  
Resent having to slave for money when I knew my father had plenty; but I understand now. Do long distance swimming; fish off the sea wall at our home outside Boston; write two columns for the Yale Daily News; sing in the glee club and have five bands at once.

I ENJOY:  
Ski-ing; swimming; Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco; listening to people who know what they are talking about; bouillabaisse; Thomas Wolfe's books, especially Look Homeward Angel.

I BELIEVE:  
Man worships in his own image; I usually like those who resemble me—Thomas Wolfe was six foot six inches, too.

I GET A THRILL:  
From the kids who wait for me outside the studio. A dozen or so are usually on hand to say hello. They all have autographs, so they wave or talk a little and then run home. When the papers were full of the Death March on Bataan those kids were concerned. The first night they asked me: "Did you get away from Corregidor?" (They meant in So Proudly We Hail.) I replied: "Well, there was a question about that." Then I saw they were upset at the idea, so the next night I said: "Come to think of it, boys, I did get away!" And the smallest boy said: "I thought you wouldn't—you look like Flash Gordon, and I know he'd have got away!"

I LIKE:  
Flash Gordon and Joe Palooka, because I think they look something like me. Goggle-fishing under water around Santa Monica; we go down and spear fish—I caught a sheephead weighing fifteen to twenty pounds; The Last Puritan by George Santayana.

Rounded ends make FIBS Tampons easier to use!  

You can see why more and more women prefer Fibs—the Kotex tampon with the smooth, gently-tapered ends for easy insertion. And you'll like the just-right size of Fibs: not too large, not too tiny. Your own eyes tell you that Fibs Tampons must be easier to use!

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Only Fibs are "quilted"—to give more comfort, greater safety. That's why, with Fibs, there's no danger of cotton particles clinging to delicate membranes. What's more, Fibs don't fluff up to an uncomfortable size which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

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New "Make-Up" for the Hair gives exciting effects...youthful color tones

Your hair is, quite literally, what you make it. Make it look nice! Give it a chance to express itself, to become a crown of radiant beauty...young, glamorous, color-bright!

It's really amazing what miracles of loveliness you can perform with Marchand's marvelous new "Make-Up" Hair Rinse. Delineated in 12 enchanting shades, Marchand's Rinse enables you to obtain a variety of interesting effects.

With it, you can enrich and enliven your true hair color to accent its natural beauty. Or you can give your hair a "warmer" or "cooler" tone, whichever is more becoming.

Even more amazing, you can blend little gray streaks so that they become practically unnoticeable! Not a bleach—not a permanent dye—Marchand's Hair Rinse goes on and washes off as easily as your facial make-up. It removes all trace of soap film from your hair. And it's absolutely harmless! Try it today!

I'm Guilty Of:
Losing things. I keep most of my valuables in a strong box and never wear jewelry—I'd be sure to lose it.

Breaking up glasses playing on them at the piano! Yes, my wife is buying me a set of drums now in order to preserve our glassware.

I'd Like To Live Over:
Days I spent in Europe. During college summers I used to take my bands as orchestra on Mediterranean cruises. I made twenty-two crossings. We played in Naples, Rome, Florence. Now when I see pictures of Italian battlegrounds, I recognize bombed buildings, water-fronts, even little side streets where we used to have good times. I knew the territory around that monastery near Cassino.

Those five months I studied in Paris. It was such a free and easy life, yet I got so much done.

The Turning Point Of My Life:
Came when I made up my mind not to go into the bank. I could have gone in as vice-president, walked into a wonderful living, although I knew nothing of banking and can't even keep my own checking account straight. I decided to be an opera singer.

My Operatic Ambition:
Began when I heard Tito Schipa, opera star, sing an aria from Rigoletto during an Atlantic crossing. I was tired of swing, tired of knocking myself out to put over a song. I thought: "If he can sing opera, I can!"

Was the incentive for my five months' studying under Gogona in Paris. I had a small studio, did my own cooking, lived on forty-eight cents a day, concentrated on my music and learned eight roles in French operas.

Was furthered when I returned to New York and a friend got me an audition at the Metropolitan Opera House, where they sent me to study with Madame Florence Easton. I took a room in a brownstone front on 76th Street, got a piano and played my scores with one finger until I learned six French roles. They called me the Hermit because I refused to go out.

Ended when I was persuaded to sing in Elsa Maxwell's show, Who's Who. I meant to go on studying, but I never did. The Broadway stage led to m-c-ing at big hotels in New York and Florida, and thence to Hollywood.

I Can't Stand:
Stupidity, people who can't make up their minds, the life of the party if he's merely a show-off. I enjoy the real kind.

I Love:
Football, rowing crews, skiing and acting;
Stories of the days of the knights; Interesting people;
Changing seasons.

I Recall:
My father, when I smell a pipe filled with fine tobacco;
My mother, when I see a dahlia—my father named a horticultural triumph for her;
Those orchestral cruises, when I hear A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody;
My Paris studio, when I taste vegetable stew. I didn't know how to cook meat.

Once In My Life:
I'd like to break the world's downhill ski record.

I'm Proud Of:
My brother. He's a hero, commander of a destroyer, just back from Africa with decorations. He won't wear his decorations or talk about his exploits. I think he's wonderful.

I Don't Care For:
Gambling. The only time I tried it, I lost $80 at Monte Carlo;
Symphonic music, but...

I'm Mad About:
Wagner, Art Tatum, Debussy and Louis Armstrong.

The First Thing I Notice:
About a man is the way he wears his clothes.

About a woman is her eyes—I fall for pretty eyes! Then style, figure, and so on. It's always the eyes first.

I Don't Believe:
In Luck. Back of what's called Luck is talent, hard work, tremendous effort or long experience. I get angry when people think it was luck that gave me success in my first picture. I'd been entertaining since I was six years old, when I began to sing; I'd put in long hours—years of them—studying, working; I'd had experience on the stage, in night spots, at big hotels in New York and Palm Beach.

I Won't:
Blame it on Luck if I'm not good in my new pictures. I Love a Soldier and Bring On the Girls. So why should Luck take the bows for my first screen appearance?

I Think:
Snobbery is stupid. So is aloofness. I'm not above liking important people, if they're not stuffy; but my friends include anyone I find interesting; I know the less important waiters, doormen, three or four hundred extra players, picture crews. Why should I bore myself sitting aloofly in my dressing room instead of joining the gang on the stage?

I'm Looking Forward To:
Living up in Hidden Valley. My wife and I have bought a new home there—a little place with a few fruit trees, lots of chickens, and a pair of mallard ducks.

My Life's:
An open book. No one can find out anything about me that the world's not welcome to know!
that a very thin boy—a qualification that Bob possessed in superlative degree—would be very, very funny. This viewpoint persisted for two days, while Bob and Jennifer kept their fingers crossed and avoided black cats. Then the news filtered through: the viewpoint had changed. Now they wanted a very, very fat boy for the part. Funnier.

The celebration was postponed. A month or so later, Jennifer had a chance to read for Hammerstein, but nothing came of that, either. So the celebration had to be re-postponed.

Then, abruptly, it was summer time. Jennifer's plans called for her to go back to Tulsa, complete her stock company and go on a Southern States straw-hat circuit. Bob had decided to see the world. This was the summer, you may recall, when it was considered adventurous to sign up on a freighter or a tanker and rough it from port to port. Bob hadn't been feeling very well; he decided that he needed to build himself up by some rugged manual labor. Then, too, there was that acquaintance ship with the world that he wanted to make. His aunt wanted him to remain in New York and go on with his theatrical training. She said so, rather flatly.

Bob said just as flatly that he needed muscles, to be supplied by freighter work, and adventure, to be supplied at cargo loading points. His aunt said that if he persisted in his attitude she wouldn't be responsible for any more schooling. Bob said he could look out for himself, thank you very much.

Ask Bob about life on a tanker some day. Then back away quickly. The story is likely to need asbestos binding. By the end of the summer Bob had lost all interest in the salty seven-eighths of the world. All he wanted to investigate was New York in the vicinity of the Academy of Dramatic Arts, particularly if there happened to be present a returned Oklahoman with wide blue eyes.

Before he called at the Barbizon Hotel for Women, where Jennifer was living, Bob went down into the village to secure quarters for himself. He looked and he looked. He wound up in Yonkers at the Wallace Co-Operative Lodge, a frugal spot where a man living on ten bucks weekly, borrowed from his brother and duly recorded in an account to be repaid someday, could be sheltered if scarcely cradled in luxury.

The housing problem solved, Bob proceeded to the Cherry Lane Theatre—one of those very small, very arty theatres down in Greenwich Village—talked the owner into giving him a job. He was to do a little scene-shifting, a little painting, some wiring, some re-roofing, and a fat share of acting. When receipts warranted it, he was to get fifty cents per night for his pains.

Ten dollars a week and fifty cents (sometimes) a night! He was set. On his first paynight he got in touch with Jennifer. He took her to Nodick's (a spot that will be recognized by New Yorkers, or any other person who has ever frequented an open air juice-and-sandwich stand). Standing in a corner that suddenly seemed like a South Sea Island—remote, balmy, and romantic—Bob and Jennifer drank orange juice, ate hot dogs, and exchanged a breathless conversation.

"If you aren't going back to school, I'm not going either," Jennifer declared partisannly. "I'll get a job at the Cherry Lane, too." In addition to her plushy fifty cents per day, Jennifer was getting an allowance from home. In this manner the station wanted her to organize her own company. And—oh, Allah is good—to bring along her own leading oklahoman with wide blue eyes. Before he called at the Barbizon Hotel for Women, where Jennifer was living, Bob went down into the village to secure quarters for himself. He looked and he looked. He wound up in Yonkers at the Wallace Co-Operative Lodge, a frugal spot where a man living on ten bucks weekly, borrowed from his brother and duly recorded in an account to be repaid someday, could be sheltered if scarcely cradled in luxury.

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You'll be astonished to know that he was a lean and able gentleman named Robert Walker.

On the way to Tulsa, Jennifer and Bob had one of those half-shouted club car conversations. To wit:

Bob: I've never want to settle down, do you?

Jennifer: Goodness, no. The Gypsy life for me. You know—road shows, repertory companies, summer stock.

That sort of thing?

Bob: I've always said I never wanted to own property. I can't see this thing of being harnessed to a house and a load of furniture neatly embroidered with mortgages.

Jennifer: Just the sort of people in the world live out of suitcases.

Bob: Gosh, we think alike about everything. You're really a wonderful girl, Phyl.

And so they were married, on January 2, 1939, and set forth boldly in the resplendent red Packard Convertible Coupe that was a wedding gift from Jennifer's parents. They were headed for Hollywood—with confidence and, of course, a sheaf of (they thought) persuasive letters of introduction.

In Hollywood, it soon wasn't. Several picture people took an interest in Jennifer, but not in Bob for he simply wasn't the picture type. Jennifer could have signed several minor contracts, but she wouldn't have it that way.

"I don't like this town," she confided one night. "Let's go back to New York. There, you can at least get a break in radio, Bob."

They did. They went.

At first they took an apartment in the Village. One of those deals where—in the kitchen and dining room occur simultaneously, while the living rooms double by night. House of Leland. 360 Lafayette Street.

Bob began to get a little radio work. Then a little more. Then a lot more. They bought a seventy-five dollar Ford. One day Jennifer said thoughtfully, "You've got to have a Ford."

She was going to have one, because we can't go on living in such cramped quarters, after the baby comes. Children need space and fresh air—don't you think?"

Bob: I think we'd better get along where we're going to live. Jennifer: Goodness, you can't have it both ways."

Eventually they located a small house, away out on Long Island, unfurnished. They went to the second hand store and bought the unavoidable items of furniture. Loading same onto the Ford, the Walkers carted the possessions they never intended to have, out to their house.

On the last trip, Jennifer turned to Bob unsteadily. "I think we'd better have a baby,"

"I think I've been joggled," said Bob.

"Oh, I think we'd better have a baby,"

"Somehow Bob managed to get a break."

Jennifer: The happiest people in the world live out of suitcases.

The End
call themselves "The Tuners For The Crooners." Incidentally, when Carmen Miranda met Perry for the first time, she said, "He is so cute. I think they should call this picture 'Something For The Girls!'"

Charlie Spivak, who was originally announced for the "Boys" production, has been switched to "Diamond Horseshoe," which will be Betty Grable's first film when she returns to the lot.

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

Things really jumped at the Capitol Studios the day Betty Hutton made her first recordings. The blonde human dynamo has done two tunes for her initial commercial platters, "His Rocking Horse Ran Away" and "It Had To Be You." "Rocking Horse" is from Betty's Paramount musical, "And The Angels Sing." Paul Weston is the man with the baton.


And Andy Russell's first record for Capitol, "Besame Mucho," was such a success that he has chosen another Latin song for his second offering. It's "Ave Verum," backed up by "The Day After Forever," with Al Sack's orchestra.

Martha Tilton is back among us, and high time. I could listen to her every day in the week. Her newest Capitol release is "I'll Walk Alone," from the picture "Follow The Boys," and "Moonlight Serenade." Capitol releases this time. Bing Crosby, with Herbert Fields, is from Betty's Paramount musical, "And The Angels Sing." Paul Weston is the man with the baton.

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due to low blood-iron—try Lydia Pinkham’s
you are pale, feel tired, weak, “dragged out”—
who lose so much during monthly periods that
You girls who suffer from simple anemia or
blood-iron tonics you can buy to help build
up red blood to give more strength and energy
TABLETS
at once!

JAM NOTES:
JESS STACY, who had planned to
organize a band of his own with several
musicians from the folded Benny
Goodman outfit, changed his mind and
joined Horace Heidt . . . Mrs. Clifford Smith, Helen O’Connell to
you, is expecting a baby sometime in July . . . When Jan Garber opened at
the Hollywood Palladium, he was
billed as the “New and Exciting Jan
Garber.” I must say you’d never
recognize the Garber band—at least
I didn’t. His aggregation now jumps
with the best of them. He doesn’t
have one old arrangement left . . .
KITTY KALLEN has joined Harry Jay Haymes, is featured on both sides
of Barret’s latest Decca disc, “My
Heart Isn’t In It” and “Salting Away
My Sweet Dreams” (Until My Sugar
Comes Home To Me). The Hoosier Hotshots, that rooty-toothy bunch, offer two amusing
novelties, “Don’t Change Horses” and “She
Broke My Heart In Three Places” (Seattle, Chicago and New York).
The Hotshots, by the way, have been
design to do a series of eight pictures for
Columbia.

STOP Scratching
Mosquito—Other Insect Bites
Relieve the itching caused by insect
bites, addle feet—other itching
troubles. Use cooling, medicated
D.D.D. Prescription. Creamless, stain-
less. Quicks itching fast, 35c trial
bottle proven—worry back. Ask

One Best Home Way To
BUILD UP
RED BLOOD
To Get More Strength
If You Lack Blood Iron!
You girls who suffer from simple anemia or
who lose so much during monthly periods that
they are pale, feel tired, weak, “dragged out”—
due to low blood-iron—try Lydia Pinkham’s
TABLETS at once!
Finkham’s Tablets are one of the greatest
blood-iron tonics you can buy to help build
up red blood to give more strength and energy
—in such cases.
Just try them for 30 days—then see if you,
too, don’t remarkably benefit. Follow label
directions. Well worth trying!

Lydia Pinkham’s TABLETS

WARRIOR’S WAX WORKS
LONGHAIR DEPARTMENT:
Barber: Overseer to School For Sealand—Janssen Symphony of
Los Angeles, Werner Janssen, conductor.
Strauss: Die Fledermaus, Laughing Song (Act II) (Mein Herr
Marquis). (Sung in Spanish.)
Pardave: The Nightingale (Waltz). From the film, “Caballeria
del imperio.” (Sung in Spanish.)
Kitty Carlisle, with a salon orchestra, singing “I’ll Get By” and
someone else, replaced him. Anita O’Day is
also now with Kenton.

Jack Owens took over the vocal
choruses on the Blue Network’s Breakfast
Club show, where Jack Baker went
into the Navy . . . Trudy Erwin, Bing Crosby’s former
singing partner, and singer, went into the service, and
drew around. Miss Warren, former
stable of organized a band. But he is an
unpredictable guy, so I wouldn’t be
surprised if he did get an outfit togethertogether all of a sudden . . . Red Dorris,
Stan Kenton’s saxophonist and
singer, went into the service, and
Gene Sharpy, Edward Powell’s
crooner, replaced him. Anita O’Day is
now also with Kenton.

Decca Records have signed Virginia
O’Brien, Metro’s dead-pan singer, and
Eileen Farrell, the popular radio so-
dromo heard on numerous CBS pro-
gams . . . Dennis Day went into
the Navy with an Ensign’s commis-
sion and is now stationed at the Naval
Indoculation School in Tuscon, Ariz-
a . . . And Harry Babbitt will
probably be in the Navy by the time
you read this . . . Dinah Shore still
hopes to go overseas to entertain the
boys. She prefers the South Pacific area . . . Frank Sinatra fell for the
California climate (it’s really good
most of the time) and purchased
Mary Astor’s home in Toluca Lake.
He has moved Nancy and the children
out from New Jersey, but he is keep-
ing his house in Hasbrouck Heights,
too. His new home is very near the
Lakeside Country Club—and know-
ing The Voice’s passion for golf, I
would say he’ll be spending a lot of
time here knocking that little white
ball around. *. *

That’s it for this time. Thanks
again for all your swell letters. You
ask the musical questions and I’ll an-
swer ‘em. But please, not too many
inquires at a time. And don’t forget
to enclose a self-addressed stamped
envelope. And hey, if you have any
suggestions or ideas on what you’d
like to read in the column, let me
know. Just write Jill Warren, Movie-
land Magazine, 9129 Sunset Blvd.,
Los Angeles 46, California.
Susanna alternately wept and raged. Dolly felt lost. She hated to ask anyone for a part; but worse than that, she hated sitting around idle. 'Gosh, wasn't she getting older by the minute?' If things kept on that way, she might get to be a real old lady of sixteen or seventeen, and never have a decent part. Already, she was fourteen.

Maybe she could get a part as an ingenue. She put on her highest heels and almost tripped into William Meiklejohn's office. (He's supervisor of talent and casting at Paramount.)

"I was at the awful age then," says Diana. "I hated to talk to anyone. It almost killed me, but I begged Meiklejohn to put me in something." He smiled gently, said, "Don't worry about it," and kept dismissing her.

Another year went by. Then finally Bobby Mayo, the casting director, said to her one day, "Put on your youngest clothes and wear no make-up. I know of a part you can play, if you look young enough."

The part was that of the kid sister in "The Major and the Minor" at Paramount lot, they were all very much excited about the possibilities of that picture. Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder, who were to write the script, had written "Fall of Fire" for Barbara Stanwyck, and it was a sensation. They were the men of the moment, the day, the week, the month, the year. They could have anything they wanted. One of the things they wanted was a fresh-faced kid of twelve for the role of Rita Johnson's younger sister.

By this time, Dolly was fifteen. "They'll never take you if they know how old you are," warned Bobby Mayo. "I'll tell them you're fourteen. At least they'll look at you then. Remember, put on your youngest outfit."

"Don't you think that maybe if I told them the truth, they'd give me a chance anyway?" she said. Bobby Mayo shook his head. "For heaven's sake, youngster, didn't you ever tell a lie?"

Dolly walked limply into the sacred presence of those two masters of the box-office, Wilder and Brackett. With her marched Bobby Mayo. "How old did you say she was?" they asked. "Fourteen," said Mayo firmly.

"I thought you said thirteen," said Wilder. "Fourteen is kind of old for the part."

"Anyways," said Charles Brackett, surveying Dolly approvingly, "she certainly holds her age well."

And because she did, she got the role. When she went into "The Major and the Minor" Paramount changed Dolly's name to Diana Lynn. They said they hoped she'd become a dramatic actress some day—and Dolly was no name for a dramatic actress.

"The Major and the Minor" was gloriously box-office. Diana was so perfect for the role that the next time a kid sister part was called for in "Miracle of Morgan's Creek," Preston Sturges was sure no one would do but Diana.

When "And the Angels Sing" was cast, there was a part in it for a kid sister. Guess who got it? By this time Diana was getting a little tired of playing kid sisters.
"I play the youngest sister in a group of four girls. That hurt me terribly, but it is my first musical and I wore evening clothes with gold sequin trimming. That helped."

When Diana heard that "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," she was cast, her own heart almost did a flip-flop.

She told Jim Davies, the masseur on the Paramount lot, how much she wanted the part.

Jim Davies looked her over sympathetically. He noticed the fresh, appealing heart-shaped face; the slim figure, the dreamy blue eyes, the charming smile. "Cornelia Otis Skinner, Emily Kimbrough and Sheridan Gibney, the producer, come to me every week for massages," he said. "I'll talk to them about you."

He was as good as his word.

Finally Sheridan Gibney surrendered. "All right tell her to come to my office tomorrow."

She came. She knew that for this part she was expected to look about twenty. "So I got all dressed up and wore my hair on top of my head to look as old as possible. But it didn't make me look nearly as old as I had hoped it would. Because when Mr. Gibney saw me, he said, "I guess you can look older than that, can't you?"

"Oh, yes, this is a young outfit."

She racked her brains trying to figure out how to look older. But she got the part.

After playing: "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," Diana heard she was being considered for an even older role—the orchestra leader in "Out of This World." This time the wardrobe department helped her. They gave her a blue suit of Claudette Colbert's, with a string of sables and a diamond clip. They gave her a hat out of "Lady in the Dark"—it couldn't have come from anything else. Diana Lynn is no longer chanting those "I'm either too young or too old" blues. She is a happy fugitive from kid sister roles, and loving it!
ahead of him.

Most actors have some sort of formula to which they can attribute their success, a job or action which they’ve followed—dramatic school training, little theatre work, summer stock, something or other. But not Dick. He didn’t set out ambitiously with a big goal in mind, for utter determination and drive. He just set out—period. To see the world.

And such adventure as he’s packed into his twenty-seven years! Experience, told over, to make a movie plot, all by himself. All just things that have actually happened to him.

Dick started batting about the earth at a tender age. Most life stories do “start young,” you will say. But that doesn’t account for a childhood spread all over the whole geography book—New York, Paris, Switzerland, Cannes, Spain, Madeira. And it means that there’s a story here, which must be started at the beginning.

Dick was born in Buenos Aires. His father was an Englishman who’d gone to Argentina, with his bride. The bride (whom we introduce now as Dick’s mother) was an Irish girl, brought up in the United States. Under her maiden name of Marguerite Wilson, she’d been a musical comedy artist, singing in such New York productions as “Blossom Time” and “The Merry Widow.”

Professional people usually return to Broadway, once they’ve been there. And so it was with Mrs. Haymes. Separating from her husband, and with young Richard in tow, she exchanged life on an Argentine cattle ranch to return to the bright lights.

But in deciding to resume her career, she thought of the concert field, as a recitalist. She was handy at the piano, and she’d met a promising pianist at Madeira and met a kid whose father owned a winery. He showed me around the place, and getting interested in testing all the different wines, I forgot all about the boat—when sail without me. Stranded there, without any money, I worked at the winery then for three weeks, and waited until the next boat came by.

But he didn’t think then of singing seriously, making a living at it? No, he was “having too much fun tearing around the world.”

“Counting the times I went with Mother,” Dick says, “I think I made about twenty trips across the Atlantic, on everything from a tramp freighter to the Leviathan! Mother didn’t worry about getting into any serious trouble, because I knew my way around. But I’ll never forget my last visit to Spain.

“I’d gone across the Basque border from Biarritz to San Sebastian, to see the bull fights. While I was there, the Spanish revolution broke out, and I literally had to crawl along a wall to escape the gunfire.”

Back in America again then, Dick decided to come out to Hollywood. And he all but starved to death.

Dick left Harry a few months later, because the band was going to Europe, and taking Dick with her. “It was a case of love at first sight,” says. “I’d drawn way ahead of my salary, and I owed a lot. Harry gave me five hundred dollars on loan, to pay for my wedding—and was also my best man.”

That was the beginning. Dick caught on with the James band, and stayed with the outfit almost three years. He’s quite sentimental, too, about his association with Harry, because it was while they were playing the Paramount Theatre in New York that he met the gal he was to marry.

Joanne Marshall, her name was then, a dancer who was appearing in a revue on the same bill. They met, and it was a case of love at first sight for both of them.

“But I didn’t have any money,” Dick says, “so I had to stay way ahead of my salary, and I owed a lot. Harry gave me five hundred dollars on loan, to pay for my wedding—and was also my best man.

Dick left Harry a few months later, however, because the band was going on the road. Mrs. Haymes was expecting a baby, and Dick didn’t want her to travel. So instead, he joined Benny Goodman’s band, and stayed in New York until after their son “Skipper” was born.

In 1943, that was. Then, wanting to return to California with his family, Dick accepted an offer from Tommy Dorsey to replace Frank Sinatra, when Frank hit out on his own. Frank, by
the way, had previously replaced Dick with Harry James!

"Frank stayed on with Tommy for a couple weeks after I joined," Dick says, "and we shared the same dressing room. He's got a lot of good friends ever since. Every time I bump into him now we rush out and eat spaghetti together."

After Dorsay finished his engagement at the Hollywood Palladium, Dick left the band. "Joanne and I figured I'd gone about as far as I could go, singing with dance orchestras, and that it was time for me to strike out for myself."

So he tried to get engagements in Hollywood as a feature singer. But no luck. His money was running out, so he sent the only baby back in New York, where they lived in a furnished room.

Helen O'Connell (the singer) was a good friend of Dick's and Joanne knew that Dick was having such a tough time, she talked her manager, Bill Burton, into handling him. "Bill was wonderful," Dick says. "He moved Joanne and Skipper dressing an apartment in New York, and wired me a hundred and seventy-five dollars to go east. And he didn't even have my signature on a contract yet! He sent me several thousand dollars to all kinds of people—strings, tailors, stores, everybody. And Bill paid off all my debts. I just never had any sense of money at all. I still haven't. But it made me take care of everything and it's all right."

When Dick arrived in New York, things began to happen—and fast. Burton booked him into the La玛Goula, a hotel where Dick could be comfortable and he could work overtime. Then he signed for Decca. All quite by accident, you might say. Jack Kapp, president of the Decca company, was listening to the radio one night and heard Dick on a record he'd made when he was with Harry James. Kapp called the radio station to find out the name of the vocalist. No experience needed to start. Over 200 easy. No ex-

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WOMEN WANTED

You can make money supplying con-

sumers with the well known Realweigh Products. We supply stocks, equipment on credit; and teach you how. No

surance. Over 200 easily sold home necessities. Large repeat orders standard. Independent, de-

fined. Many women making splendid income. Full or spare time.

As well as her room and board.

Donna's taste in literature, however, is widely varied. Book-of-the-Month Club selections, Ernie Pyle's 'This Is Your Life,' and Louis B. Montgomery's 'Gay Illiterate' are all grist for her mill. Just in the last couple of years she has become interested in art as a study, and is following a prescribed course in art—ancient art, the masters, straight through to the moderns.

But besides reading, she likes to play records. She and her husband have a complete collection of phonies and operas, as well as many piano concertos. For exercise, Donna likes bowling, playing badminton and sailing a boat.

Her conception of a perfect day begins with getting up at exactly eight in the morning, no earlier, no later. The alarm goes off at six, though, when she's working in a picture—just as it did when she lived on the farm. So eight o'clock is an hour of luxury.

The next step in her perfect day is her favorite breakfast. Strawberries and waffles. Then a trip down the coast to Laguna Beach. But that, too, is on the luxury list now, what with gas-rationing. It's been a long time since she's actually been there, but she tells you 'I'm in it.' "I can't be anywhere, anywhere, as beautiful," she'll tell you. "Not even in the south of France, or in Italy, could there conceivably be a shore line and water that wonderful color!"

Then next, on that happy, hypothetical day, there'd be a picnic lunch on the beach, a short sail, and a long drive home up the coast in the sunset.

It would be a good day, for anyone. And particularly for Donna Reed, for she's a fine girl, level-headed and hard-headed.

As a child, Donna's parents would never allow her to go to movies. Until she was fifteen, she'd never been in a theater. But she and her sister used to move later into a furnished room, nearer the college. She put herself through school by working afternoons and Saturdays as a stenographer, paying her tuition as well as her room and board.

Donna Reed is a hard worker, efficient and cooperative. But she's had disappointments, too.

The only star to whom Donna ever turned it down. She'd rather make up—and she married the man, Mr. John Reed, an attorney.

It was the wise girl keeping her feet on the ground. Why, she practiced her pot-hooks even after she'd received her diploma and been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Even with her name on the dotted line of a contract, she was keeping a weather-eye on the eventual eventuality that she might not make good in pictures.

But she did make good, and rose to quick success in "The Courtship of Andy Hardy." The greatest thrill she's ever known in her life came when, as an extra, she drove past Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood and saw her name out in front, in letters ten feet high.

But she's had disappointments, too, since starting her screen career. Probably the most disheartening feeling she's ever had was the first time she saw herself on the screen. It was in "The Getaway," a B-picture, quickly made and not too well.
New, More Convenient
Feminine Hygiene Way Gives Continuous Action for Hours!

Doctors know that even today the majority of women still know little or nothing about certain physical facts. Too many who think they know have only half knowledge. And they do not realize how seriously their happiness and health are threatened by lack of up-to-date information.

That is why you ought to know about Zonitors—and to have all the facts about their unique advantages for vaginal germicidal care. (See free booklet offer below.)

Zonitors are dainty, non-greasy suppositories, scientifically prepared for vaginal hygiene. So convenient and easy to use. The quickest, easiest, daintiest way of using a vaginal germicide. No cumbersome apparatus, nothing to mix, no unpleasant greasiness to spoil your daintiness.

Powerful, but safe for delicate tissues, Zonitors spread a protective coating and instantly kill germs with which they come in contact. Deodorize by actually destroying odor, instead of temporarily masking it. Give continuous action for hours.

All druggists have Zonitors.

FREE BOOKLET

Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of up-to-date facts, sent prepaid in plain envelope. Zonitors, Dept. 792, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

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Zonitors SO CONVENIENT

Wishing on a star? Parfait Powder Puff Company offers a more positive plan for prettifying. Their lush lipsticks take a bow in a choice of three shades — Starlite (light) Starbrite (medium) and Starnite (dark). Ivory tinted plastic sticks are $1 each and you can have creme rouge to match.

Prescription for the pale pale blonde! Dana suggests Platinine, a fabulous new perfume created for the fairest of the feminine. The bottle is sleek and slim, sizzling with shining fake platinum dust. Priced at $22.50 an ounce.

Another innovation from the Hollywood House of Tayton. Since nothing can be more personal than daintiness, Tayton's Deodorant now comes in individualized jars, clearly marked like so: "Mrs. Guest, Senorita," and on down the Roll Call. 25¢ for your own labelled jar, or $1 choice of four.

Make midsummer magic, says Yardley. Like tinting your skin with rosy-tan tones. Their new Rose Rachel powder was made to compliment all sun-kissed complexions and prove a dramatic contrast for pretty pastels or our snowy white playclothes. The powder come in a Bond Street box. Costs $1.

Cutex cops honorable mention with a new shade of polish. Called Honor Bright, it's a potent, rosy red. Right for slick chicks, say they, with its gayety and glitter. 10¢.
You can always tell the boys who are in love, when the mail arrives. The way their eyes light up when their names are called, the way they steal off by themselves to read their letters—it's a dead give-away.

I want to say something, though, to the girl who writes her soldier a DEAR JOHN letter. These letters all follow the same pattern, and go something like this: I don't know quite how to tell you. I hope it won't hurt you too much. But you have been gone so long, I was so lonely, and I have found someone else.

This happens all too often. When she's the only girl in the world for him, it's pretty awful. It's tougher to take than bullets or malaria. If she could only see how the heart has been scooped out of the man—well, at least she might have waited until he got home.

The women at home who think they're having a tough time should have been with us behind the front lines, or seen a jungle army base. And if they could know how their men worry about them. Hear them saying: 'I wonder if she is well? Has she enough money? I hope she is having a good time.' While they themselves are living in hell holes and putting up with every imaginable discomfort and disease.

The girls' letters would contain nothing but good cheer, if they really knew how the English, Scotch and Irish girls fell for our soldiers.

Carole Landis, too, has some sound advice to give her American sisters. Carole, who's seen how the English, Scotch and Irish girls fell for our soldiers. ("Four Jills and a Jeep," 20th Century-Fox, is a movie version of the story based on her African experiences.)

When I found myself headed back home, before Tommy and I had time for a honeymoon, I knew the fear that comes to all women who deeply love a man who may be killed in battle. And the thought of my handsome Tommy surrounded by those attractive London girls during his hours of leave—well, it wasn't too comforting.

It is a well-known fact that American girls have the reputation of being spoiled darlings, as far as their men are concerned. I had seen how these overseas gals went for a little of this spoiling!

But what to do about it? Away from your man, letters are the only connecting link you have. Unless you work hard at it, he can forget everything about you that once enchanted him.

Don't pester him with little troubles. Believe me, your worries look darned little to him, from where he sits.

After leaving Tommy, I tried to make my letters so personal that they brought him right to my side. I always described where I was, while writing to him. The studio, my dressing room, or at home. Since he had never seen my home at Santa Monica, I made a rough sketch of the floor plan. I marked in the windows, the chairs, the fireplace. I described the books and flowers and intimate things around the house. Later, I had interior photographs taken for him.

And in writing to him, it was always the future—the time when we would be together. I made it seem that it was only that I planned for, that everything meanwhile was just marking time. You see, the future is the only thing a soldier has to go on.

Most of our letters were full of plans for our ranch that we expect to buy as soon as the war is over. It must be near an airport so Tommy can have his plane. We have figured out the number of stock, right down to the last horse and cow. The house plans will never be finished, I guess. We are always revising them.

And we never tire of writing about the honeymoon trip we didn't get—to Ipswich, England. The one we intend to take, after the war.

Always I enclose a few snapshots. Tommy has pictures of me at home, at

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**Don Juan Million Dollar Lipstick Stay on!**

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**ANSWER TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 14**

IN

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DO YOUR FEET STICK TO SHOES when you go without Stockings?

THE NEW ZEALAND GIRLS REMINDED me a lot of the British. Same accent, same good looks and charm. Several boys in our unit were married there. There were quite a number who came home engaged.

But Lieutenant Reynolds came home to his Virginia girl—she’s the only girl in the world for me,” he says. She waited for her soldier to come home.

The End
ALLERGIC TO LOVE (Universal) is about a situation that shouldn’t happen to a dog. Martha O’Driscoll and Noah Beery, Jr., make the trip to the altar, and the bride discovers upon her first kiss that she is allergic to her husband. He gives her hay fever, and every kiss causes a spasm of sneezing.

The couple honeymoon in South America, and their unusual problem is added to by their doctor friend, who keeps reappearing as a rival to the bridegroom. Miss O’Driscoll, it should be added, is definitely not allergic to the medical.

The fun moves a little slowly at times, but on the whole you’ll find it a nice way to spend an evening.

THREE MEN IN WHITE (MG M) The newest “Dr. Gillespie” film is a departure from the usual formula. Lionel Barrymore turns into a lovable old cupid, and instead of bending his efforts exclusively toward medicine, devotes himself to smoothing out relationships between Van Johnson and Marilyn Maxwell. Whether or not the Gillespie series fans will like the injection of this new note, we don’t know. But “change is progress,” and any such series is usually benefited by a new twist every now and then.

At any rate, it’s refreshing, if not feasible, to find a cheery new note of romance and gaiety floating through the halls of Blair General Hospital.

THIS IS THE LIFE (Universal) marks the twelfth time Donald O’Connor and Peggy Ryan have appeared together on the screen, and the second with this pair for Susanna Foster. It’s a young comedy-romance, with lots of music and a jump or two of jive. Donald loves Susanna, but she’s struck with an “I’m a big girl now” complex and finds an older man more romantic. (Said candidate being Patric Knowles.) Louise Allbritton, as the sophisticated fem photographer, and pretty little Peggy — they’re threatened, till a happy-ending unraveling in a last scene finale of being the “also rans.” But you’re never really very worried, because you’re almost certain the whole thing will come out all right. And it does.

MAKE YOUR OWN BED (Warner’s) is strictly slapstick fare, for those who like their comedy dealt them straight between the eyes. Jane Wyman and Jack Carson are the couple who, wanting to solve a big crime mystery so that they can start marriage with a bank account, hire themselves to the Whirlies (Alan Hale and Irene Manning) as a cook and butler combination. Carson can’t “bottle” and Jane makes no pretense of knowing how to cook—but that’s where the fun comes in. Another “servant problem” story, with a few Nazi agents thrown in just to keep the plot boiling in just the right way.

PREVIOUSLY RECOMMENDED

GOING MY WAY (Paramount) inspired entertainment in which Bing Crosby draws a superbly honest character of a Roman Catholic priest.

GASLIGHT (MGM) Charles Boyer portrays a villain, trying to drive his wife to suicide by psychological suggestion. Ingrid Bergman plays the wife, which is all you should need to send you off to see it.

THE WHITE CLIFFS (MGM) stirring dramatic tale, that warns England and America to fight on for a good peace. Sensitive portrayal by Irene Dunne.

THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN (Warner’s) humanized biography of America’s beloved humorist who left a heritage of fun for all mankind. A great picture.

THE HITLER GANG (Paramount) the authentic and shocking story of Hitler, his beginnings, his rise to power and his henchmen. No American can miss this.

ONCE UPON A TIME (Columbia) Cary Grant in a delightfully whimsical story about a hard-boiled producer and a small boy with a pet caterpillar. If you have an imagination, you’ll love this fantasy.

DAYS OF GLORY (RKO-Radio) a realistic story of the Russian guerrillas fighting in defense of their homeland. Introducing Gregory Peck and Toumanova.

COVER GIRL (Columbia) one of the best filmsmusicals ever made. A gay, lilting extravaganza with wonderful music and excellent dancing by Rita Hayworth and Gene Kelly.

UP IN ARMS (Goldwyn-RKO) for its musical comedy introduction to Danny Kaye, a terrific entertainer. Between Danny and Dinah Shore, it’s a great show.

SONG OF BERNADETTTE (20th Century-Fox) a spiritually uplifting screen masterpiece that tells of miracles wrought by indestructible faith. Jennifer Jones won her Oscar for her portrayal of Bernadette.

NEW PICTURE GUIDE
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13)

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I TAKE THEE PAULETTE
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

nomination for the personality who least reminded people of a farmer's daughter.

The suggestion was too good to pass up, so the deal was made and Paulette (by long distance contact with her friend, Constance Collier, who took up residence on the farm), began to grow potatoes and other vegetables. Also, a thousand chickens were imported and dutifully set about creating an egg record.

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Burgess said. Later in the evening he gave her copious advice about how to take care of herself while overseas. He mentioned certain ways he had learned to be as comfortable as possible.

Paulette grinned at him. "You're fussing over me," she said.

Burgess wagged his head. "When a man has asked a girl to marry him as often as I've asked you, he begins to have a proprietary feeling, I guess," he explained.

"Going to ask me again?" the lady teased.

"I'll wait to see if you're as good-looking when you get back from this tour as you are now," he laughed.

So she went overseas and the newspapers began to carry glowing ac-

counts of Miss Goddard's tour.

One dazzled correspondent observed that she swallowed through mud and performed in rain, but still managed to be glamorous and beautiful. Captain Meredith cut that one out and sent it to Paulette with the marginal notation that he was encouraged.

And then, after a delay for hospitalization due to complete exhaustion, Paulette was back in New York. She telephoned Burgess the instant she arrived. "I'll be right over," he said.

"Wait for an hour," sighed the traveler. "I'm going to get into a beautiful white bath, in beautiful hot water with plenty of beautiful bubble bath—and I'm going to sit there and look at the beautiful big bath towels for at least an hour."

Eventually, this beautiful bath took. Paulette joined Burgess for dinner.

"I'm going to be hungry all the rest of my life," she announced. "The army gave me the best it had—but oh, I, am I going to have a steak. And broccoli with Hollandaise Sauce. And potatoes (possibly from Paulette's farm) au gratin. She gazed admiringly at the filet mignon, then lifted her eyes to Burgess' face. "I'm trying to make up my mind which looks best to me: a bathtub, a steak, or your funny face," she wisecracked. Then she looked down quickly to deny the meaning of the tears. She had seen, remember, a great deal: men in mud, men in rain, men beneath the blistering sun, men always lonely. Men in hospitals aware of pain, and men beyond the touch of pain. Human tenderness and the unguarded warmth of a man's eyes had become very important to her.
"Tomorrow I have to start telephoning wives and mothers and sweethearts of men who gave me their addresses and telephone numbers while I was over," she said. "I want to help."

So the next day they set to work. Paulette had over five hundred women to call in the New York area alone. Burgess handled the notebook in which the information was written. He would call out a number, Paullette would dial, then explain her call.

"Are you the mother of Corporal Pat O'Malley?" she would ask. Sometimes the answer was a quiver in quick apprehension, so Paullette always explained hurriedly, "He's alive and well. This is Paullette Goddard, and Pat asked me to tell you...."

Burgess, sitting a few feet away, was an intimate part of this sentimental drama. When the mother or wife who had received the message suddenly burst into tears, Paullette's eyes swelled to Captain Mer- dith, sensing the reaction on the other end of the wire, swallowed hard.

Sometimes the person who answered the telephone, and was told that Miss Goddard was calling, simply couldn't believe it.

It took almost three weeks of steady work to finish the list. When the task was over, Paullette and Burgess went shopping. She had returned to New York with just one item of outer clothing—her uniform. Starting out with six dresses (some Hattie Carnegie models, some Valentina), she had given all of them away.

One day Burgess pointed to a bit of finery with the remark, "That would be nice if you wouldn't mind, Paullette smiled into his eyes. "Yes," she said. Perhaps that wasn't all that was said between them—after all, that is their secret. But when Paullette left New York, it was with the knowledge that, on May 21, 1944, she was to become Mrs. Burgess Meredith.

For the five o'clock ceremony performed in the garden of the David O. Selznick home, Paullette wore a long, empire-style dress of natural linen. About the neck and the sleeves were bands of gold embroidery that she'd purchased in Palestine. Her slipper was matching natural linen. In her hair she wore a flat gold chain, and on her left arm she wore a bracelet. Her ring (the single ring ceremony was used) was a circle of diamonds with two outer bands of rubies.

Mrs. Alan Goddard (the bride's mother), wore a striking Hattie Carnegie suit that Paullette brought her from New York. The background was black, and upon this were embroidered sequin plums. She wore a large black hat.

Mrs. David Selznick was matron of honor and Mr. Lewis Milestone was best man. Chaplain Capt. O. Stanley Brown, U.S. Army Air Force, made the man-and-wife pronouncement, and the wedding party guests (only truly intimate friends) were Mrs. Lewis Milestone, Mr. Selznick and the Selznick children.

Captain and Mrs. Meredith have settled down in the home formerly occupied by Miss Paullette Goddard. They are planning time for a honeymoon because the bride had agreed, in a letter a few days after finishing up her duties following her wedding, to do three radio shows for the army.

And so this story ends, as all love stories are supposed to. They lived happily ever after."

**THE END**
know why, I expect them to do it.” Dennis believes a child should find his goal in life early. He didn’t, and feels he wasted much precious time floundering around trying this and that. He was resolved to help his sons decide early and give them the kind of education necessary to further the ambition. Already, Stanley has confided that he wants to be a pianist. Dennis is giving him piano lessons. “Maybe that’s what he wants,” Dennis says, “but he may as well be given the chance to find out.”

Brenda Marshall agrees with Dennis’ premise there, but sagely remarks that you never know how long a child’s enthusiasm will last. Her six-year-old daughter, Virginia, also expressed an interest in music. But Brenda, with some object, her parents pay no attention, and the baby has learned to take bruises in her stride. One day at Jack Oakie’s, Kathy was playing around the swimming pool, and she tripped over something and came down with such a whack it seemed she must have cracked her head open on the cement. Dana and his wife held their breath, but the Andrews never make a fuss and their daughter doesn’t expect it. “She gets things for herself, if they are within her reach, and every day she learns to do something new. It’s much harder to teach a baby to do things for herself. It’s easier to do it for her. But in the end, both child and parent benefit,” Dana believes.

“Whenever my daughter Pia does something wrong, I punish her for it. But first we talk it over and I make sure she knows why she is being punished. I seldom have to worry about her making the same mistake,” Dana Andrews’ chief idea is that children should be self-reliant. “My daughter Kathy is eighteen months old. She has been taught to dress herself, feed herself and wait on herself as much as possible. She recently went to a child’s birthday party where she was the youngest guest and the only one present who could feed herself.”

When Kathy falls down or collides with some object, her parents pay no attention, and the baby has learned to take bruises in her stride. One day at Jack Oakie’s, Kathy was playing around the swimming pool, and she tripped over something and came down with such a whack it seemed she must have cracked her head open on the cement. Dana and his wife held their breath, but the Andrews never make a fuss and their daughter doesn’t expect it. “She gets things for herself, if they are within her reach, and every day she learns to do something new. It’s much harder to teach a baby to do things for herself. It’s easier to do it for her. But in the end, both child and parent benefit,” Dana believes.

Goil Russell and Diana Lynn, young co-stars of "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" asked D. W. Griffith the $64 question when all three turned out for Phil Baker’s CBS broadcast from Hollywood Canteen.
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Alice Faye agrees with Dana about teaching a child self-reliance, and thinks a child should be disciplined but not inhibited. She never says, “don’t” without an “expect,” believing a child never threatens a punishment without carrying it through.

“As I’ve said before, I hope Alice junior will grow up to be an actress, but I certainly don’t think she will. When Phil began to rehearse his numbers at home. In the beginning, we thought that very funny. But presently the boy took to it and was higher in the opinion of the professionals. Now Phil shuts her out of the room. I explain that Daddy is working and daughter must be quiet, that we will have free time for her when I am not at the office. She is not now. She wasn’t very happy about this at first, but now she seems to understand and to have absorbed the lesson of give and take.”

As of April 26th of this year, Alice Jr. has a small sister, Phyllis. Their mother confides that she will follow the same rules with her younger than she did with Alice. For the elder one, “I think it is a little soon to know whether or not Phyllis will be the zestful, talented little person that Alice junior is,” she says thoughtfully. “Perhaps it is a bit too soon, but she needs greater encouragement, and if so I’ll try to give it to her.”

“The great difficulty in many families is to keep hands off in children’s quarrels. I hope I’ll have sense enough to let my children work out things for themselves and settle their own differences, once they’ve passed the kindergarten stage. I would like them to be companions, not rivals. I emphatically don’t want one girl to be the star of the family, and the other the satellite.”

Progressive education is highly favored by the John Garfields. Daughter Kathryn, now five and a half, has attended progressive nursery school since she was a year old. Kathryn about.

“We’ll continue our children’s education in public schools rather than in private ones,” says John. “We want them to be with all kinds of children so that adjustment to different individuals will come naturally.”

Kathryn goes to bed at 7:30 p.m. David Patton, the boy, is in bed much earlier. We pick up on children’s interests as much as possible. We believe you have to work with a child. It’s more difficult for them to grasp reasons for doing or not doing things than it is for us. We never order Kathryn about, but we don’t give her too much freedom.

We don’t make an issue of things. If Kathryn breaks a cherished bowl, she explains how it happened. She likes us well enough not to deliberately destroy something we prize, and we understand events can happen. She is distressed that she has hurt us and never repeats the mistake that caused the accident.

“When we build our home after the war, we shall have a children’s room for children can play safely in every room. We don’t believe in isolating them. Kathryn has always been permitted to come and go as she pleases, whether we have company or not. She has always been exceedingly, never interrupting or distracting us. I believe the baby will do the same.”

Military education is strongly favored by Don Ameche, whose two older boys are in military school.

“My sons are learning to be observant, resourceful and capable,” he points out. “If the boys in the present war had all had military training, things would have been much easier for them. I think at least a year of military school would have given every boy after the war the not that we expect to take on the enemy again, but for the advantage of being prepared.”

“I grown up normal, average American kids, not pampered darlings. At home, they all have chores. Each chore rates a certain pay—the harder it is, the more money, and the less it is paid at the rate. Instead of allowances, the boys get only what they earn, and are free to save it, spend it or waste it, thus learning about money first-hand.”

The military system devised by their mother, in bringing up tiny Vanna Gay. Frances was never spanked. They had an honor system whereby if you behaved like a star, you were rewarded, if you misbehaved, you were deprived of something you coveted.

“Van and I agree that a child should learn self-discipline, so we hope to allow Vanna Gay freedom of choice whenever possible. She’ll choose her own schools, college and career, and insofar as we are able, will help her make wise decisions and learn how to weigh arguments for and against each choice.”

“You can’t raise kids by books,” is Jane Wyatt’s dictum. Before their first son was born, Jane and her husband tried to be very modern and even went so far as to take lessons in psychology. Chris was permitted to “express himself” according to progressive ideas. Presently, Chris was running the house and no one else had room for self-expression. They reverted to old-fashioned rules, entailing obedience, good manners, discipline and respect for the rights of others.

“We realize we don’t know the answer to many problems of child-raising,” admits Jane, “but we hope to meet each one as it comes along. Chris is mad about classical music and we have given him an entire room for his music and for his hair. He listens at the hour. We encourage this and will see that he follows up his musical interest, if it continues. We think it is wise to educate the boys as much as possible, since the choice is in their hands from the start. If they want to become doctors we’ll help him. Therefore, it’s up to us to teach her to make wise decisions and learn how to weigh arguments for and against each choice.”

Penny Singleton declares that war has made work essential for everyone, so every child should be educated to do the same. Diji, her daughter, is learning to cook and sew. She keeps her own room neat, puts away her clothes and makes all small repairs on her own. When she’s older, she’ll choose a profession, gets married and be trained for it so that she’ll have tools at hand, if necessity demands.

Right now, Diji and Penny spend some of their time in reading and listening to radio programs. They follow the current news and have great maps of battle-fronts on the wall, marked with tiny flags they have made and which they label as the warring nation. As troops move, Diji replaces flags to indicate the move-
Here is something new, different and altogether charming in a ring that in a few short months has become the rage from Broadway to Hollywood. A beautiful ring to wear on all occasions that is also a true emblem of love, friendship and good luck wishes. This genuine solid, Sterling Silver Ring becomes more attractive the longer it is worn. When the ring is worn it shows the two hands clasped in love and friendship, exquisitely wrought from solid Sterling Silver and beautifully embossed. Hands actually clasp and unclasp as illustrated.

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Send the United-Love-and-Friendship Ring in beautiful, solid Sterling Silver in lovely gift box. I understand I can return the ring within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

**Hollywood Photo Folder**

For prompt service we will include a beautiful, 4 x 6-inch Leather photo folder. Comes with pictures of two popular Movie Stars.  

**Empire Diamond Co., Dept. 166-PR, Jefferson, Iowa.**

For Your Ring Size: The this handy ring measure. It shows around fingers, note and mark off size on scale below.

**Ring Size:** State.

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Here is something new, different and altogether charming in a ring that in a few short months has become the rage from Broadway to Hollywood. A beautiful ring to wear on all occasions that is also a true emblem of love, friendship and good luck wishes. This genuine solid, Sterling Silver Ring becomes more attractive the longer it is worn. When the ring is worn it shows the two hands clasped in love and friendship, exquisitely wrought from solid Sterling Silver and beautifully embossed. Hands actually clasp and unclasp as illustrated.

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These photos are printed on heavy coated paper, 8 x 10, in FULL COLORS. Your choice of any eight listed above for fifty cents—entire set of 24 only $1.50. DON'T WAIT. Mail your order NOW.

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209 EAST 14 ST

New York City 3, N. Y.
A YEAR AGO THIS MONTH:

Dorothy Lamour and Capt. William Howard newlyweds... Spencer Tracy was taking dancing lessons from Arthur Murray for "A Guy Named Joe"... Orson Welles found Rita Hayworth, and Vic Mature didn't like it... "The More The Merrier" best picture of the month... Betty Grable married Harry James... Fascinators appearing on feminine noggins from coast to coast...

Van Johnson, recuperating from auto accident, dating Judy Garland, Pat Dane and Claire Trevor all in one week... Film folk betting against the Montez-Fatum dating becoming final... Mickey Rooney impounding Ava Gardner to remain Mrs. Rooney.

FIVE YEARS AGO THIS MONTH:

Loretta Young dating David Niven... Elsa Maxwell was giving those parties, with champagne, flowers, glamour and steak... Ty Power married Annabella... Katherine Hepburn appearing in stage production of "Philadelphia Story"... Van Heflin, unknown to Hollywood, played the part of the reporter... Hollywood question mark was two-some of Joan Fontaine and Conrad Nagel. Joan said, "No. Two people in this profession can't be happily married."... Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan made up again...

"Goodbye, Mr. Chips" best picture of the month—and Garson was discovered... Frances Farmer and Lief Ericson were happily married... Jitterbugging was the rage... "Tarzan Finds A Son"... Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow famous for their Sunday afternoon parties... Lana Turner adoring Greg Baut-zer... Alice Faye had a picture on her bedroom wall of a bare patch of floor—the spot where she and Tony Martin stood to be married... Doug Fairbanks Jr. dating Ginger Rogers... Warner Brothers couldn't find Errol Flynn again... Deanna Durbin romancing with her assistant director, Vaughn Paul... Hedy Lamarr married Gene Markey, leaving Reggie Gardiner on the loose.

TEN YEARS AGO THIS MONTH:

Mary Pickford planning to divorce Doug Fairbanks... Jean Parker voted as having "the most perfect figure in Hollywood"... best picture of the month was "Little Man, What Now?"... with Margaret Sullivan and Douglas Montgomery... Half Roshov hit up with Jean Harlow... Lilian Tashman died... Ruth Chat-terton and George Brent admitted rift... Gene Ray... sending orchids daily to Janet Gaynor... Jean Arthur came back to Hollywood from Broadway... Rumor was ripe of a Chaplin-Goddard marriage aboard the Chaplin yacht, but Paulette and Charlie wouldn't talk... Ginger Rogers had a twenty-inch waist... Dick Powell's heart belonged to Mary Brian... George Raft started plans to divorce his wife... Ted Fiorito's band wowimg them... Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez throwing things at each other... Kay Francis cooing... What month was... "The More The Merrier"... best picture of the month was "Little Man, What Now?"... with Margaret Sullivan and Douglas Montgomery... Half Roshov hit up with Jean Harlow... Lilian Tashman died... Ruth Chatterton and George Brent admitted rift... Gene Ray... sending orchids daily to Janet Gaynor... Jean Arthur came back to Hollywood from Broadway... Rumor was ripe of a Chaplin-Goddard marriage aboard the Chaplin yacht, but Paulette and Charlie wouldn't talk... Ginger Rogers had a twenty-inch waist... Dick Powell's heart belonged to Mary Brian... George Raft started plans to divorce his wife... Ted Fiorito's band wowimg them... Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez throwing things at each other... Kay Francis cooing... What month was... "The More The Merrier"... best picture of the month was "Little Man, What Now?"... with Margaret Sullivan and Douglas Montgomery... Half Roshov hit up with Jean Harlow... Lilian Tashman died... Ruth Chatterton and George Brent admitted rift... Gene Ray... sending orchids daily to Janet Gaynor... Jean Arthur came back to Hollywood from Broadway... Rumor was ripe of a Chaplin-Goddard marriage aboard the Chaplin yacht, but Paulette and Charlie wouldn't talk... Ginger Rogers had a twenty-inch waist... Dick Powell's heart belonged to Mary Brian... George Raft started plans to divorce his wife... Ted Fiorito's band wowimg them... Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez throwing things at each other... Kay Francis cooing... What month was... "The More The Merrier"... best picture of the month was "Little Man, What Now?"... with Margaret Sullivan and Douglas Montgomery... Half Roshov hit up with Jean Harlow... Lilian Tashman died... Ruth Chatterton and George Brent admitted rift... Gene Ray... sending orchids daily to Janet Gaynor... Jean Arthur came back to Hollywood from Broadway... Rumor was ripe of a Chaplin-Goddard marriage aboard the Chaplin yacht, but Paulette and Charlie wouldn't talk... Ginger Rogers had a twenty-inch waist... Dick Powell's heart belonged to Mary Brian... George Raft started plans to divorce his wife... Ted Fiorito's band wowimg them... Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez throwing things at each other... Kay Francis cooing... What month was... "The More The Merrier"... best picture of the month was "Little Man, What Now?"... with Margaret Sullivan and Douglas Montgomery... Half Roshov hit up with Jean Harlow... Lilian Tashman died... Ruth Chatterton and George Brent admitted rift... Gene Ray... sending orchids daily to Janet Gaynor... Jean Arthur came back to Hollywood from Broadway... Rumor was ripe of a Chaplin-Goddard marriage aboard the Chaplin yacht, but Paulette and Charlie wouldn't talk... Ginger Rogers had a twenty-inch waist... Dick Powell's heart belonged to Mary Brian... George Raft started plans to divorce his wife... Ted Fiorito's band wowimg them... Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez throwing things at each other... Kay Francis cooing... What month was... "The More The Merrier"... best picture of the month was "Little Man, What Now?"... with Margaret Sullivan and Douglas Montgomery... Half Roshov hit up with Jean Harlow... Lilian Tashman died... Ruth Chatterton and George Brent admitted rift... Gene Ray... sending orchids daily to Janet Gaynor... Jean Arthur came back to Hollywood from Broadway... Rumor was ripe of a Chaplin-Goddard marriage aboard the Chaplin yacht, but Paulette and Charlie wouldn't talk... Ginger Rogers had a twenty-inch waist... Dick Powell's heart belonged to Mary Brian... George Raft started plans to divorce his wife... Ted Fiorito's band wowimg them... Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez throwing things at each other... Kay Francis cooing... What month was... "The More The Merrier"... best picture of the month was "Little Man, What Now?"... with Margaret Sullivan and Douglas Montgomery... Half Roshov hit up with Jean Harlow... Lilian Tashman died... Ruth Chatterton and George Brent admitted rif...
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This remarkable shampoo discovery TINTZ Creme Shampoo Hair Coloring reconditions, lathers and washes out grease, dirt and loose dandruff as it gives your hair a real smooth, colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. If your hair is gray or graying, faded, streaked, or off-color, don't wait a minute longer. For TINTZ is easy to use—works quickly. The first application leaves your hair completely tinted, soft, colorful, lovely, easy to manage. Order TINTZ now on our easy to test, money-back offer.

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Use TINTZ' amazing new home shampoo-tint for obtaining fresh, glowing natural-appearing, colorful hair. One test will convince you that at last you have solved your hair color worries. TINTZ contains Paraphenyline Diamine, the best hair coloring agent known! It instantly colors gray, streaked, faded hair to a natural-appearing lasting color that matches and defies detection. Won't wash off. Will not affect permanent waves. Now being introduced from coast to coast at the amazing low price of $1.20, 8 beautiful shades to choose from.

Test TINTZ now. Send no money, just clip the coupon, check your shade and mail today. On arrival, deposit $1.20 plus postage with postman; then shampoo-tint your hair right in your own home. We are sure one trial will convince you that, here at last, is the hair color of your dreams! But you are the judge. If you are not 100% satisfied, just return the empty container, and we will immediately refund your money. Don't delay—mail today!

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Send one full size tube Tintz Creme Shampoo Hair Coloring in shade checked below. On arrival I will deposit $1.20 plus postage charges with postman on guarantee I can return the empty tube for any reason within 7 days, and you will refund my $1.20. If $1.20 comes with this coupon, Tintz pays the postage.

□ Jet Black □ Dark Brown □ Med. Ash Brown □ Auburn (Titian)
□ Black □ Med. Warm Brown □ Light Brown □ Blonde

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"...My figure is now what it should be and my clothes look twice as expensive, because I've learned how to wear them."

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"...After only 5 fascinating weeks of doing the right things, so easily, sensibly and with such fun, my figure is just right. I've lost 10 lbs!"

(above quotations from letters in our files)

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We made lots of promises about what to expect in this year of grace and the Number Twenty anniversary of M-G-M.

One of the promises was "The White Cliffs of Dover." And from the success and the opinions, guess we've a right to say—promise fulfilled.

Another—and what another!—is the forthcoming "Dragon Seed." You'll see "Dragon Seed" on the billboards. You'll read about "Dragon Seed" in your newspapers. You'll hear about "Dragon Seed" on the "M-G-M Screen Test" radio program.

And all the shouting will be about something that deserves the shouting.

Pearl Buck's best-seller is the story. M-G-M, you may recall, is the producer of her "Good Earth." But "Dragon Seed" makes this former remarkable production pale into whatever things pale into.

Katharine Hepburn as "Jade" gives one of the outstanding performances of this or any year.

But others—Walter Huston in particular—Aline MacMahon, Akim Tamiroff, Henry Travers—are right up there. As is the splendid direction of Jack Conway and Harry Bucquet.

Pandro Berman produced. Misses Roberts and Murfin did the screen play. It's all a wonderful package.

This tremendously dramatic, unquestionably tender personal narrative stands in the foreground of China's magnificent resistance to inhuman aggression.

Other publications are calling "Dragon Seed" the Picture of the Month. Certainly that. It is really the Picture of the Year. * *

But even more—it is the Picture of the Hour.


Barbara Britton Horoscope. Movieland's "Wilson" $1,125 Prize Contest.


Cover of Margaret O'Brien photographed exclusively for Movieland by cover artist Tom Kelley.
Pearl Buck's best seller has become one of the truly fine motion pictures of our time...

The glorious story of a girl with a fighting heart and the man who fought by her side...

Katharine Hepburn as the brave and lovely "Jade" gives THE performance of her career...

For its tremendous drama and great enderness, a triumph that exceeds even "The Good Earth"!

M-G-M’s

DRAGON

SEED

KATHARINE HEPBURN
WALTER HUSTON
ALINE MacMAHON
AKIM TAMIROFF
TURHAN BEY

Hurd Hatfield - J. Carrol Naish
Agnes Moorehead - Henry Travers
Robert Bice - Jacqueline de Wit
Frances Rafferty - Robert Lewis

Screen Play by Marguerite Roberts and Jane Murfin • Based on the Novel by Pearl S. Buck • Directed by Jack Conway and Harold S. Bucquet • Produced by Pandro S. Berman
Ladies and Gentlemen—
It's a Sweetheart of a Picture!

Yes! It's gay with that youthful romantic spirit! It's reckless with the kind of abandon that makes for swell fun when you join in the joy! It's a grand cast in a grand screen treat!

Robert LIVINGSTON
and RUTH TERRY

with HENRY HULL
GRANT WITHERS
THURSTON HALL
LLOYD CORRIGAN

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

HAPPILY MARRIEDS

By FREDDA DUDLEY

Even in April, 1944, Alexis Smith and her fiance, Craig Stevens, told their friends (including writers, because everyone likes this pair very much) that they had made no wedding plans. They had met three years earlier when they worked together in an Errol Flynn opus titled "Dive Bomber," and promptly fell in love. A year after this meeting they announced their engagement. Then the delays began.

Craig joined up and went off to camp. Because of painful recurrence of old athletic-event injuries, he was given a medical discharge from the army. Even then, the pair agreed, they couldn't marry. For one thing they couldn't find a house in the length and breadth of Burbank, Glendale, Hollywood, Beverly Hills or Rabbit Burrow Gardens. Lackadaisically, they placed their names on some of the waiting lists, but they were usually forty-ninth in line so they didn't give their chances much hope.

Then one morning Craig answered the telephone, to be informed by a Beverly Hills apartment house manager that his name was next on the list.

Result, on June 18, a radiant Alexis Smith marched down the center aisle of The Church of the Recessional in Forest Lawn Memorial Park, on the arm of her father, Mr. Alexander Smith.

So now Craig and Alexis have practically everything their hearts could desire: love, marriage, good parts in the forthcoming "Hollywood Canteen" and a charming home. Everything, that is, except a telephone.

CALL IT A PROPHECY?

Many weeks before June 6, Jean Pierre Aumont had made correspondence arrangements with a Hollywood florist to have dozens of roses delivered to Maria Montez on the morning of the sixth, to celebrate her birthday. In thanking him, Maria cabled that June 6—D-Day—was a date to be remembered forever by all the world, whereas previously it had been important only to them. And she added that, because Jean Pierre is French, it would be grand if Paris could be liberated as a long-distance wedding anniversary celebration on July 13. The French as a nation, she concluded, would probably find July 14 more to their liking.

MORE INSIDE HOLLYWOOD ON PAGE 8

Between them, Alon and Frankie have captured most of the feminine hearts in the country. Rehearsing for a broadcast, they relax for a few moments to talk over the respective merits of their offspring.
Preston Sturges... your favorite humorist... with LOVE and LAUGHTER gives you the greatest comedy to come out of this war!

"HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO"

Paramount's "Miracle" men are at it again

EDDIE BRACKEN
the unwilling father of "Morgan's Creek" becomes the unwilling hero of Oak Ridge

Ella Raines
Life's new candidate for a girl who'll go far!

William Demarest
Papa Kockenlocker becomes a Marine Sergeant—and on him it's becoming!

Raymond Walburn • Franklin Pangborn
Elizabeth Patterson • Bill Edwards

Written and Directed by PRESTON STURGES

The story of a man who didn't go to war... but became a hero to his home town!
As practically everyone knows, Miss Phyllis Harris arrived at St. John's Hospital, Santa Monica, California, on April 26, weighing eight pounds.

Alice, Jr. had been told some weeks before that the stork was planning to leave a baby at her house, and she promptly decided it would be a little brother. The reason for this assumption was simple: she can say "brother," but she can't manage all the sibilants in "sister."

When the new baby was brought home and installed in the crib in Alice's nursery, where that young lady sleeps in a twin bed, she looked over the newcomer with ill-concealed delight. "My brother!" she observed to the nurse, beamingly.

"No," corrected the nurse gently. "This is your baby sister, Phyllis. Your mother and daddy are going to call her Phyl."

"Oh," said Alice, Jr. wagging her curly head. She toddled out to the play room, laid hold of her miniature piano on rollers, and shoved it into the nursery. While the baby was enjoying its bottle, the elder Miss Harris played with one finger and sang, "Pop Goes The Weasel."

When Kay Kyser and Georgia Carroll eloped to Las Vegas, they intended to keep their marriage a secret for a few months. Great was their chagrin when they were tagged for speeding (they were exceeding the limit by only a few scant miles per hour), because they were convinced that the officers would give them away. However, the cops—the soul of gallantry—agreed, not only to keep the secret, but even offered to make hotel reservations for the newlyweds under an assumed name so that hush-hush could be maintained.

The following day Kay and Georgia returned to Los Angeles. He went to his apartment and she went to hers. They were secure in their feeling of having outwitted the town. The next morning they were each awakened, in their separate living quarters, by the telephone calls of reporters who had been hepped to the situation by some mysterious, unidentified informant. Sic semper secrets in Hollywood.

When Donald O'Connor and Gwen Carter were married in Tia Juana, the nuptial ring was a dime store band, secured in the haste of the moment. However, Don had ordered a matching ring to wear with Gwen's diamond, several weeks before the trip to Tia Juana. In time for Gwen's commencement day activities, the custom-made ring, resplendent with twenty small diamonds, was delivered. This made her the utter, super envy of practically (Continued on page 58)
NOW YOU CAN SEE IT AT POPULAR PRICES!

If you like ROMANCE with your ADVENTURE—you'll love

THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN

WARNER BROS:
story of the man who made the Wild West wild with laughter and the girl he crossed a continent to find!

Starring
FREDRIC MARCH • ALEXIS SMITH • DONALD CRISP • ALAN HALE • C. AUBREY SMITH • JOHN CARRADINE
BILLY HENRY • WALTER HAMPDEN • ROBERT BARAT • JOYCE REYNOLDS • Screen Play by Alan LeMay • Adaptation by Alan LeMay and Harold M. Sherman • Additional Dialogue by Harry Chandler • All biographical material based on works owned or controlled by Mark Twain Co., and the play "Mark Twain" by Harold M. Sherman • Music by Max Steiner

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer • Produced by Jesse L. Lasky • Directed by IRVING RAPPER
Don't keep it to yourself!

When you discover a good thing like Tampax (for monthly sanitary protection), don't keep it to yourself! Give your friends the benefit of your experience and they will probably want to put an end to their pin-and-belt troubles too. For Tampax, which is worn internally, requires no supporting harness—no external pads whatever!

This is good news especially for those office girls, nurses, war workers, saleswomen and others who feel they must keep going whenever there is work to be done... Millions have turned to Tampax to help them through "those days of the month" they usually dread so much. No pins or belts. No odor or chafing. Quick to change—easy to dispose of—perfected by a doctor—that's Tampax.

Tampax consists of pure surgical cotton compressed in one-time-use applicators. Neat, handy and hygienic—your hands needn't touch the Tampax. Three sizes to suit early days, waning days and different individual needs. Sold at drug and notion counters. Month's supply will go into your purse. Economy box holds 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Their Favorite Tunes

DINAH SHORE was rehearsing for a broadcast on Eddie Cantor's program at NBC when we talked to her. Her dark eyes smoldered when I asked her what her favorite song was.

"'Blues in the Night' is a favorite of mine for no reason I can put my finger on," Dinah said, "but 'Stars Fell on Alabama' is the song which brings back to me the most potent of memories.

"During my first year at Vanderbilt College, I got a chance to make my first appearance on a radio program—over station WLAC in Nashville. I was going to sing 'Stars Fell on Alabama' but I didn't get around to learning the words.

"That night was also the occasion for a first date with a fellow who was a year ahead of me at school. I had decided to make notes of the words of the song and sing from them, but he said, no, that I wouldn't make a good impression that way. So, for the entire trip to the station he had me repeating the song until I knew 'Stars Fell on Alabama' perfectly.

"From then on we were pals. After school we went our separate ways. A few years passed. He joined the Naval Air Corps.

"One day I received a letter from him, telling me he expected to get a furlough shortly, and would I save a date for him? He wrote that he heard my broadcasts from where he was stationed, so I planned to sing 'Stars Fell on Alabama', knowing he'd recognize the tune and now it was my way of saying 'yes.'

"Two days before the program went on the air, I received a wire from his mother. He had been killed at Pearl Harbor.

"And so I didn't sing 'Stars Fell on Alabama' that night. I never have since."
The McGees Un-Cap the Capital!

Fibber and Molly storm Washington to start a crusade in Congress! McGee raises voice in Senate... Senate raises McGee off the floor! Your top radio comics' funniest adventure!

Fibber McGee and Molly
IN
Heavenly Days

WITH

Eugene PALLETTE • Gordon OLIVER • Raymond WALBURN
Barbara HALE • Don DOUGLAS • Irving BACON

Produced by Robert Fellows • Directed by Howard Estabrook

Screen Play by Howard Estabrook and Don Quin
Original Story by Howard Estabrook

To Families and Friends of Servicemen:
This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.
Mr. Skeffington (Warner Bros.)

Bette Davis once more gives an excellent character portrayal, devoting all her boundless energy to a difficult role.

It is difficult because of its sameness; a woman who thinks of no one and nothing but herself, from the time she's a young belle of the town until she is old and unloved. Miss Davis has excelled as unpleasant women many times before this, but always heretofore they have afforded an opportunity to display a variety of moods. In "Skeffington," the heroine is frivolous and thoughtless in every scene. Special mention, however, should be made of Miss Davis' voice, controlled throughout this picture so as to be utterly devoid of emotion, and never varying from its light, metallic clink.

The film revolves around Fanny Trellis, orphaned debutante, who continues to live with her brother in a well-equipped mansion, even after the family fortune has dwindled away to mere memory. The brother swindles money from his wealthy employer, Job Skeffington. When Fanny discovers his plight, she marries Skeffington to protect her brother, and to gain access to the Skeffington bank account.

Throughout their married life, particularly after her brother is killed in the World War, Fanny ignores her patient and adoring husband and travels in her own group of socially prominent men friends. Divorce comes years later, and Skeffington goes to Germany, where eventually he is interned in a German concentration camp. Fanny contracts an illness which takes away her preserved beauty, leaving her old and haggard. In no other respect, though, is she changed—even after the forcefully dramatic scene which is the finale.

Claude Rains, as the "mister" in the story, gives a dignified interpretation, sensitive, and not without humor. Walter Abel, Richard Waring, Marjorie Riordan and Jerome Cowan support the principals.

THE GREAT MOMENT (Paramount)

Preston Sturges, noted for productions streamlined with riotous comedy, makes a departure in "Great Moment," proving his versatility.

The story deals with Dr. Morton, a dentist one hundred years ago who discovered anesthesia and gave it to the world, thereby freeing from pain his own generation and those to come. The story of Dr. Morton is interesting, not only because of the usual tribulations of a scientist seeking the answer to a problem, but also because he was not recognized as the benefactor of humanity that he was. After experimenting with ethers and finally learning to control the time element, he works doggedly to prove his discovery can triumph over pain in the operating room.

The "great moment" comes when he sacrifices all personal gain to give his discovery to the world. He died in poverty, unrecognized for his labors.

Joel McCrea gives a convincing performance as Morton, Betty Field is responsible for the frothy romance in his life, and William Demarest is fine comedy relief as the doctor's guinea pig.

The film is well done, interesting as well as educational, and is particularly timely during these months when so many of our men overseas are being wounded and benefiting from the work of this unsung hero.
MINSTREL MAN (PRC) is Benny Fields' introduction to the screen, after thirty-five years in vaudeville.

As Dixie Boy Johnson, greatest blackface artist of all time, Fields plays a mourning husband. His wife dies, in giving birth to their daughter, and Fields leaves show-business, later to be reported dead. Having been aboard the Morro Castle, he's among the missing and it's assumed that he went down with the ship.

Friends bring up the child, who follows in her father's stage footsteps.

Fine direction, artful camera work and considered casting with catchy songs put over in the imitable Fields style, make it a musical that rates being called "unusual." It's a touching story, with a quota of tears; a debut performance for Judy Clark (singer from "Meet the People"), and includes your old friends Gladys George, Roscoe Karns and Alan Dinehart.

MARINE RAIDERS (RKO-Radio) Another war picture, if you can take it. Robert Ryan plays a Captain and Pat O'Brien, his senior officer, on one of the Pacific islands. When they finish off one island and go to Australia for a rest, Ryan meets Ruth Hussey—and comes love.

They are on their way to be married when Ryan is injured in an air raid, and O'Brien, thinking the love angle is the bunk, has Ryan shipped back to the States.

This leaves the girl pining away, back in Australia, and promotes no love between the two men, as you can imagine! They are "stuck" for months training Marines at a U.S. base, then eventually get back into the battle. The marriage takes place, then the men leave once more on a big scale operation.

The acting is fine, and the story moves along at a fast clip.

(Continued on page 90)

Mrs. M. E. wrote, "Modess' downy softness and remarkable fit make it indispensable."

And thousands of letters from young marrieds, business women, and high school girls echoed hearty agreement. Users of all types of napkins—they voted Modess first place! There's extra-gentle comfort in Modess' special soft spun filler. (So different from close-packed layers!) Extra, full-way protection, too, with Modess' triple, full-length shield at the back.

So get this wonderful luxury napkin—and discover, as thousands have, the difference it makes. It costs no more!

Discover the Difference—Switch to

Modess SANITARY NAPKINS

MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes over-size pads unnecessary.

In boxes of 12 sanitary napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. MODESS JUNIOR is a slightly narrower, but equally absorbent, napkin. In boxes of 12.
It's a woman's privilege to change her mind

...so I changed to FIBS* the tampon that's easier to use!

I never dreamed there could be such a difference in tampons...that a tampon could be so easy to use—till I tried Fibs, the Kotex* Tampon for internal sanitary protection!

Compare Fibs with any leading brand and you'll see that Fibs alone have rounded ends...smooth, gently tapered ends to make insertion easy. Compare the just-right size of Fibs: not too big, not too tiny.

And only Fibs, of all tampons, are quilted for greater comfort and safety in internal protection!

Yes, if you're tampon-minded—try Fibs. See for yourself why so many women are changing to the tampon that's extra safe...more comfortable...easier to use!

(T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Glazed pottery
10. Bitter vetch
13. Moroccan sandarac tree
14. Efface
15. . . . . Errol
17. "Rusty Parker" in "Cover Girl"
18. She escapes from Germany in "Women in Bondage"
19. Behold (Latin)
20. "Tom Mulvihill" in "See Here, Private Hargrove"
22. Irene Dunne in 5 across (imgs.)
23. Anita Louise in "Nine Girls"
24. "Flashy Logan" in "Salute to the Marines"
26. Geo. Sanders is one in "Moon and Sixpence"
28. . . . . After Dark"
31. Metal decorated with black alloy
33. Plant of the lily family
34. Alan is " . . . . John Ashwood" in 5 across
35. "Sylvia" is " . . . . " wife in "It Happened Tomorrow"
39. Rhea (ref. spc.)
40. Czech pianist in "Voice in the Wind"
42. Ordnance officer's orderly (abbr.)
43. " . . . . Comrade"
45. Not (Latin)
46. Star in, "Address Unknown"
47. She is in "Phantom Lady"
49. "Marius" in "Passage to Marseille"
50. "In Our Time" has it
53. . . . . Business"
55. Make suitable
56. Movie capital's locale (abbr.)
58. "Sen. White" is . . . . role in "Rationing"
62. "Maria" in "Submarine Base"
63. Jennifer received one
65. Spoils
66. Chinese dynasty: 249-210 B.C.
67. "The . . . . of the Town"
68. "Riders of the Dead . . . .
69. Actor's catchword
70. Administrator extreme unction to
71. "The . . . . of the Cross"

DOWN
1. "Lady in the . . . ."
2. Penn. lake port
3. The . . . . Lynne Overman appears in "The Desert Song"
4. "The Voice" in "Higher and Higher"
5. Reginald . . . .
6. "Mouths (Latin abbr.)"
7. Sam Bennett" is . . . . role in 5 across
8. "None Shall . . . . . . ."
9. Alvino . . . . and band are in "Jam Session"
10. She taps in "Thousands Cheer"
11. Made another slash
12. Molding at foot of column
16. Adjacent
21. Bronze (Rem. Antiq.)
23. Katina Paxinou in "FWTPT"
25. Geraint's wife in Arthurian legend
27. Star of "Love Thy Neighbor"
28. Margarita has a leading . . . . in "Los Angel"
29. Opposite of aweather
30. Yellowish-red color
32. "Blanche Mallory" in "Shine On Harvest Moon"
34. Silken
36. Bellow
37. "Where are . . . . Children"
38. One and only
40. Rested
41. The . . . . Sisters are in "Broadway Rhythm"
44. Arranging in folds
46. Hedy is . . . . wife in "The Heavenly Body"
48. "Brom Broeck" in "Knickerbocker Holiday"
49. "Sparkle Thornton", in "Home in Indiana"
50. "Tony West" in "Follow the Boys"
51. Lyric poet
52. Sicilian secret society
53. She sings in "Broadway Rhythm"
54. Culmination
55. MXI
56. " . . . . . . Voyage Home"
57. Kent Smith's nurse in "Three Russian Girls"
58. Many movies . . . their popularity to their stars
60. Indian mulberry
61. "The Desert Song"
62. "Blanche Mallory" in "Shine On Harvest Moon"
63. "Passage to Marseille"
64. "Home in Indiana"
65. Lyric poet
66. Metal decorated with black alloy
67. "The . . . . . . of the Cross"
68. "Riders of the Dead . . . .
69. Actor's catchword
70. Administrator extreme unction to

(For Solution See Page 86)
Bob Hope met one of those blase soldiers at his radio broadcast one night. He liked the boy and invited him home—then asked him to come to the studio to watch him work. The soldier said no. He didn't want to go to any studio lot, he explained. He knew exactly what would happen. The first movie actress he saw would throw her arms around his neck and exclaim: "Oh, isn't he cute!" to the rest of the actresses. Bob laughed at this. Motion picture actresses were just as blase as the soldier, said Mr. Hope. The soldier needn't fear.

So the boy went to the studio with Bob. When they got on the set, the first girl the soldier saw was Betty Hutton. She promptly threw her arms around the soldier's neck and yelled, "Ain't he cute!" to the rest of the gang.

The soldier turned and fled.
THE face you face the fall with needs a fitting frame. And it's not too soon to consider a change of coiffure. But what goes on, on your pretty head, needs careful consideration. Because this year, there's no rigid rule. It's all a matter of suit yourself, and suit yourself to the occasion.

That's why Signe Hasso, lovely Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer actress whom you'll see in "The Seventh Cross," takes to the convertible coiffure. The longer length back hair (about seven inches) goes up or down with equal ease. The shorter three-to-five-inch front can be worn in a froth of fluff or reversed in deep wide waves.

This is our idea, and Miss Hasso's, of a basic hairstyle for the girl with a view toward versatility.

Choosing a coiffure is only part of the picture. To make a hair-do work, your locks must have a look of lustrous luxuriance. And that, after a casual, carefree summer, is going to take some doing!

First, then, comes, conditioning. If you've never used a tonic, this is the time to begin. There are all types for all troubles, so linger over the label and find what's right for you. Then, several times a week, give yourself a "treatment."

Part the hair in inch sections and apply your tonic with fresh cotton squares. As you rub along each little part, dust and dandruff come away, leaving the scalp more flexible and, with a lubricating lotion, less dry.

Gentle massage and vigorous brushing come next—massage to stir up circulation, a bout with the brush for a prettier polish.

The healthiest hair is the very cleanest kind and weekly shampoo is the secret of more sheen. To be effective, it must be thorough. Two separate applications of shampoo are not too many; some people like to use three. However, if you choose any good cleanser that's specifically made for hair, and use it exactly according to directions, you can be sure it will remove every trace of dulling grime.

Your crisp clean curls will be easier to arrange if you use a light setting lotion; if you soften and subdue dry ends with a touch of pomade or brilliantine; if you anchor an upsweep with lacquer and invisible combs.

Finally, when your hair is back to its best and you've settled on the styling, you're ready for a fall permanent, the firm foundation for any convertible coiffure. This year, you'll probably consider a cold wave. And you'll probably find that its cool comfort results in the softest, strongest kind of curls.

For further hints on hair, turn to Page 81.
No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Men notice and remember the girl with glamorous, shining locks! So don't let soap or soap shampoos dull the lustrous beauty of your hair.

Be beauty wise! Change to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner. See the dramatic difference after your very first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely, sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

See, too, how this new, improved Drene containing hair conditioner now leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage . . . right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness!

So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner . . . or ask your beauty shop to use it.

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

Nothing lovelier, nothing smarter than this simple classic hair-do—particularly if your features are regular and your face is small. It's a wonderful hair-do for a snood with a perky bow on top. Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner deserves the credit for the extra lustre and silken smoothness!

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

All cake soaps and liquid soap shampoos leave a dulling film on hair. Drene never leaves any dulling film.

That's why Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!
Five women in love!
Intrigue in Washington!
Flaming passions at Versailles! Famous stars . . . 12,000 players . . . surging through 200 sets . . . echoing with 87 beloved songs!

Darryl F. Zanuck's

WILSON

in TECHNICOLOR!

ALEXANDER KNOX • CHARLES COBURN
GERALDINE FITZGERALD • THOMAS MITCHELL
RUTH NELSON • SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
VINCENT PRICE • WILLIAM EYTHE • MARY ANDERSON
AND A HUGE CAST OF 12,000

THE MOST WARMLY HUMAN STORY . . .
THE MIGHTIEST PANORAMA OF THRILLS EVER FILMED!
His first movie role was that of "Chicken", the kid marine who stole your heart in "Guadalcanal Diary".

Reluctant Richard, they call him—the boy who took plenty of persuading before agreeing to a film career. Having finished his second role, in "Wing and a Prayer", wherein he will charm you all over again, he joined the Merchant Marine. Dick won't say he'll come back to the screen after the war—insists on deciding that when the time comes.
Now It Can Be Told

"YOU can't do this to us!" So said the letters which came in dozens to Joan Blondell when the end of her marriage to Dick Powell was announced.

For you see, the marriage of Joan and Dick was a symbol of ideal marriage. It was conceived in the public mind as something steadfast and lasting which could weather the storm of dual careers, and the shock of adulation, and the stress of living in a highly tense, emotional environment.

There were other sharp comments and admonitions. "It's only a spat. Don't take it seriously." "Think of your children." And by inference, that another man had usurped Dick in Joan's affections.

Because of these letters, this story which was not to be told, is given to you. Perhaps it is as well. The slate should be clear. For Joan, as a person, is entering a new, fresh life. Professionally, her picture career is sharply ascendant, with her role as Cissy in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," now in the making. The truth about her personal story may lessen disillusion, reduce that sense of bewilderment in the minds of all those who comfortably accepted the marriage of these two as nothing less than a perpetual idyll.

Joan knew shortly after her marriage to Dick that it...
"AUNT CISSY"—as portrayed by Joan Blondell in the 20th Century-Fox film version of "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn." This is the beginning of the new Joan Blondell, free of personal problems and beginning a new phase of her picture career.
Joan knew shortly after marriage that it was a mistake. Theirs were wholly unlike personalities and temperaments. Even Joan's sister Gloria (shown here when she visited the "Cry Havoc" set) had no idea how unhappy she was.

Refusing to follow the migration to Beverly Hills or San Fernando Valley, the Powells lived in a home just off Hollywood Boulevard.

was a mistake. Theirs were two wholly unlike personalities and temperaments. Their values, their attitudes, their reactions to people and situations were diametrically opposed. Small frictions grew into major differences.

Time, Joan thought at first, would bring adjustment. Instead, it increased the gulf between them. But never once by word or gesture did she betray her confusion, her desperation, and her heartbreak. She read accounts of her perfect marriage in newspapers and magazines with a stifling, trapped feeling. Her mirror reflected her unhappiness. When a woman is content in her marriage she is alive and vigorous and forceful. There is an aura about her. She is an in-

Now It Can Be Told
CONTINUED
individual and not a carbon copy of anyone—not even of her husband. In Joan, the spark flickered. She saw a stranger in the glass.

The years went on. Norman, who is nine now (Joan's son by a former marriage), grew from babyhood into sturdy boy self-reliance. Ellen arrived at the increasingly adorable stages of two and three and four. Joan was mad about the children. She lost herself in them, and tried to fill her life completely with them. Through them she sought compensation for whatever lack of unity there was in her marriage.

Whenever the word "divorce" entered Joan's mind, as it must have many times when their differences became more and more apparent, she violently tore herself away from the thought of such action. But something was happening to Joan. Physically and mentally, as well as emotionally.

When her contract with Warner's was finished—that was in 1940—she was glad. That would give her more time at home. Perhaps if she gave her concentrated attention to making adjustments, perhaps if there was only one urgent career in the family, the gaps would close. They didn't.

Joan's health was beginning to suffer noticeably. That knot in her solar-plexus became a permanent resident. Her hands were not quite steady.

In 1942 she began a year-long Victory Committee tour. She entertained at army (Continued on page 85)
He's a comedian, he's a great romantic actor, he's a swell guy—but you sum it all up when you say . . .

There's Only One

Everybody has a good time on a Grant set, and you can see why.
CARY GRANT was standing in the doorway of his dressing room at the studio, one morning not long ago. An electrician passed by.

"Hiya!" said Cary.

"Hiya!" said the electrician. Then he started on his way. All of a sudden he did the most beautiful doubletake you've ever seen.

"Hey . . . ! Wait a minute!" the electrician said. "You're not working today."

"Nope," said Cary.

"Then why the heck are you hanging around?" The electrician scratched his head.

"I like it here," Cary answered, with that voice that isn't still English, yet isn't quite American, and with a grin from here to there.

The electrician scratched his head again. Then he shook it and wandered on his way. Cary threw back his head and laughed.

So maybe he likes it here. So all right! Can't a guy be nuts about his work and not be nuts himself?

Do you want to know how a man behaves who's nuts about his work? All day long on the set, Cary's teeming with vitality, like a race horse champing at the bit. When the director calls him to go into a scene, he leaps onto the set, with his eyes shining, ready to act. In between shots he's everywhere, talking to everybody and deeply interested. You see what I mean? You don't? Well, come out to RKO with me and I'll show you.

You get past the gate man, if you're lucky, and wander up the studio street. You pass some Aussie soldiers, but that's another picture. You near the dog wagon where some technicians and actors are ordering hot dogs and cokes. Then suddenly you are almost hurled off your feet by a figure zooming by on a bike. You are about to hurl back a few choice words, when the bike stops, a guy gets off, and the air is filled with apologies. So you grin. After all, the bike didn't really touch you, and you really weren't hurt, only startled. And after all, what can you do in the face of apologies from Cary Grant? Not with that grin staring in your puss!

Then off he goes down the street again, yelling back that there're shooting on stage fifteen and he'll be back in a second, after he makes a telephone call. By the time you've vaguely caught the last (Continued on page 64)
SUMATRA'S LEADING LADY

Daughter of the Carter DeHavens, stage favorites of a generation ago, Gloria gives with the glamour.

Bandstand performance, back two years or more ago, when Gloria was getting her professional start as a singer with the Bob Crosby orchestra.

George Murphy, Gloria and "The Voice" sing out the finale of "Step Lively."

Gloria and Jill Warren, giggling when the cameraman takes their picture during lunch at the Brown Derby.

(Left) Gloria and Frank being the coasame twosome for a scene in their new picture. Gloria's lucky theme song has been "Embraceable You." Meaning Sinatra?
BEFORE RKO studios started production on Frank Sinatra's starring picture, “Step Lively,” they had a momentous problem. Who would be his feminine vis-a-vis?

They couldn't find the right girl for the lad with the glamorous tonsils. Practically every starlet in Hollywood was beating her brains out trying to get the part, and RKO was testing dozens of aspiring beauties in their search for a lass with looks, voice, personality and charm enough to share honors with “The Voice.” It was beginning to look like another “Gone With The Wind” routine, when the studio master minds scratched their collective heads and came up with an unanimous decision and a “Why didn’t we think of her before” expression—Gloria De Haven!

Gloria didn't come from any great distance—just across town from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where during the past year she has been rapidly climbing the star ladder. She jumped from a bandstand to one of the leading roles in “Best Foot Forward”—and, a seven-year contract! Her subsequent appearances in “As Thousands Cheer,” “Broadway Rhythm,” and “Two Girls And A Sailor” have proved that Gloria is not just another cutie with a voice and a figure. She can act, too!

Gloria's father, Carter De Haven, was well known in the theatre, and her mother was an actress; so she naturally inherited some talent. But her success is not an inheritance; it's a culmination of much hard work, lots of ambition, and many disappointments.

She was in a reminiscent mood the day we met for lunch at The Brown Derby, and as two girls will, we sat there long after the fashionable hour and just gabbed and gabbed. I have known Gloria for about two and a half years, having met her when we both tried out for the vocalist spot with Jan Savitt's orchestra. We still laugh about the fact that we auditioned with the same song, “Embraceable You.”

“My heart sank when I heard you go into the tune, Jill, but I decided I'd do it too, because I had sung 'Embraceable' when I got my first band job with Bob Crosby, and it had sort of become my lucky song.”

The charm worked. Gloria won out over all the other girls, and stayed with the Savitt band until she was signed by Metro.

“How did you happen to get into the music business, anyway?” I asked Frank Sinatra's new leading lady.

“It's a funny thing, but I never had any ambitions in that direction at all. I was sixteen years old and still going to high school, with a few months to go to graduation. I attended Mar-Ken, which is a private school for kids who work in pictures and radio. I only went half days, which left my afternoons free to make the rounds of the studios. At that time I wanted more than anything to get a contract. But the best I ever got were a few small bit parts, and most of the time I got nothing.

“My brother, Carter Jr., used to play golf all the time with Bob Crosby, and one night he took me out to the Trianon ballroom where Bob was playing. Bob came over to our table and Carter introduced us. Bob told us he was auditioning girl singers that night, and all of a sudden Carter said: ‘Why don't you get up and sing a song, Sis?' I had never even been on a bandstand before, and the idea was frightening.

“But they teased me into it. So I went up and sang ‘Embraceable You,' and I was scared to death. I received very mild applause and Bob smiled and said ‘Thank you.' But before we left he told me to change to the radio station the next day. He wanted to hear me over the speaker system.

“Mother didn't think too much of the idea, but I went down and sang 'Embraceable,' and I was scared to death. I received very mild applause and Bob smiled and said ‘Thank you.' But before we left he told me to change to the radio station the next day. He wanted to hear me over the speaker system.

“Mother didn't think too much of the idea, but I went down and sang 'Embraceable.' Bob was sitting in the booth, and before I was halfway through the song he waved his hand at me to stop. I felt simply sick, and was sure that I had done terribly; so home I went, terribly dejected. But about an hour later I got a phone call from Bob's manager, asking me to start with the band that night. I was just about the most excited girl in the world. At last, I had a job—even though it wasn't in front of a camera.

“I worked with Bob three months, and during that time I graduated from high school. Pictures were still uppermost in my mind, so when I finished with Crosby I tried once more to get a break at one of the studios. And once again, no luck.”

How the talent scouts ever passed up Gloria, just on looks alone, is beyond me. She has a natural, fresh beauty which doesn't need false eyelashes or a lot of goo. Her hazel eyes and blonde hair are set off by one of those peaches and cream complexions. (Gloria has that “ivory look,” if you know what I (Continued on page 72)
If someone were to come up to you and ask: “What was the most important day in your life?” you’d probably have to stop and think a bit before answering. And the chances are ten to one that the day you’d select would be the last one any of your friends would have selected for you.

It’s the same with movie stars. What’s important to a person is purely a personal matter.

“The most important day in my life,” Gene Tierney will tell you, “was the day I eloped to Las Vegas with Oleg Cassini.

“It was an exciting and romantic elopement. We wanted to keep it secret until after the ceremony, so we didn’t use our real names when we bought the plane tickets. I used ‘Belle Starr,’ my character name in my new picture, and Oleg used an unpronounceable Russian name.

“It was fun, sitting across the aisle from each other, pretending we were strangers. Oleg was better at it than I was; I couldn’t resist winking at him now and then. Once I caught the stewardess’ disapproving eye on me. She definitely thought I was flirting!

“We would have gotten away with it too, if it hadn’t
been for a taxi driver at the airport. When we descended from the plane, he rushed over and asked: 'Where to, Miss Tierney?' I was startled, but I tried to bluff it out. 'You're mistaken,' I told him, 'my name is Belle Starr.' 'Oh, no, it isn't,' he said, 'it's Gene Tierney. You see, my name's Tierney, too, so I follow you pretty closely. You can't fool me.' He pointed to Oleg, named him too. 'You're here to be married,' he said.

'So the news was out.'

The day Claudette Colbert selects as the most important in her life had nothing to do with romance. Easter Sunday of last year—it was the day she went down to the Wilmington Shipyards of Consolidated Steel, to christen the U.S.S. Apling, a Naval combat transport.

'I was the first motion picture star ever to enter the shipyards,' Claudette says proudly, 'and the reason it meant so much to me was because being a star had nothing to do with it. I was honored that way because I'm a navy wife. My husband, Lieutenant Commander Joel Pressman, is a navy doctor. It was a wonderful feeling to get completely away from being a motion picture star, and for one day to be just a wife.

'I was nervous at first, but I soon overcame that by concentrating on the importance of what I was doing. It was one of the most thrilling days of my life.'

For Janet Blair, it was Thanksgiving day of 1939. That was the day she met Lou Bush, now her husband.

To explain how it happened, we have to go back a bit, to when Janet was living with her family in Altoona, Pa.

The manager of Hal Kemp's band was a friend of the family. He had always promised Janet that some day she could sing with the band. When the band played her home town, shortly after her high school graduation, Janet tried to hold him to his promise. He urged her to wait a little while longer, said he would get her the chance.

Sure enough, she received a wire one day, telling her the band was in Pittsburgh, and she could come there and audition. It was Thanksgiving day.

'I rehearsed all day,' Janet says, 'so nervous I was sick. The boys invited me to join them at Thanksgiving dinner and I went along, but I was so sick I couldn't eat. They all tried to (Continued on page 74)
The mirth-maker and his missus, Sylvia Fine, in the den of their home at Beverly Hills. Danny is on the phone talking over an important scene for his next picture which is titled "The Wander Man."

They lived across the street from each other, as kids. Were introduced years later by a shoe-string producer. Danny, odds-job boy; Sylvia, soup demonstrator.

Ace comedian of the Broadway stage, Danny Kaye made his screen debut in Samuel Goldwyn's "Up In Arms."
AT HOME

If Ever

It's been five and a half years since I met Danny Kaye.

There I was, a child prodigy, so help me, training to be "a great concert pianist." But having no money to finance such a career—even the preparation for it—I was demonstrating soup for $12.50 a week one winter, in a Brooklyn grocery store. Came a call from a then shoestring producer, saying he'd heard I "wrote songs," and would I come over and see if any of my numbers fitted into a revue he was throwing together. Would I?

There was a supple-and-snappy blond at the theater when I arrived—a boy giving a playing-all-the-roles performance for a show that almost didn't last till opening night. No funds, no money to put up for the city license "to give a public exhibition," so the cops came and closed the doors. That night, after dress rehearsal, Danny and I rushed around town rounding up the dough, discovered we'd lived across the street from each other as kids, and—well, I guess you know the rest.

We were married about a year later, flat broke: Danny hit the jack-pot in a New York night club (La Martinique), won national fame in a three-page part in the stage play, "Lady in the Dark," starred in another stage play, "Let's Face It," and there we were—trying to make good in mankind's maddest endeavor, a Goldwyn musical revue. ("Up in Arms" was the title. Remember?)

As you can see, for part of our lives together we were rehearsing in the morning, matineeing in the afternoon, giving an evening performance (Danny was, that is), and then night club work till 3 A.M. Home managed to rear its lovely head, but with difficulty. For I was busy, too—thinking up and helping to write skits, goofy numbers, and scat and jive songs for the versatile young man who's so fast he has a reputation for making speed seem old fashioned.

Realization of the speed with which everything has happened to Danny and me came during a recent conversation about that old subject—money.

"Danny," I opened, "I want to talk to you."

He ducked, but I went right on.

"We don't need this big house," I said.

"Oh," Danny muttered, "it's not so big. Kinda nice."

"It's larger than two people need," I persisted. "We're going to hunt for a smaller one."

"All right," Danny agreed, cheerfully.

"Danny," I said, "do you know what rent we're paying?"

"No," he still sounded cheerful—and uninterested.

"Danny, have you heard about taxes?"

"Well, yes," he admitted.

I was winding up then for a general lecture, but Danny cut in. "Listen, honey, three or four years ago I was making fifty dollars a week. We got along fine. I can always make a living. When I'm eighty years old I can make fifty dollars a week, singing in a saloon, if I have to. Do what you want about the house, but if we're going to worry all the time about this money..."
Danny's mother died when he was thirteen. He was a wandering boy, ran away to Florida once with a total capital of only twenty cents!

We're said to be making, I wish we were back to the fifty bucks. What does it mean? I was able to fix things so my Dad could quit work. That's swell. What else? When I earned one hundred dollars a year, I wore a suit. Now I wear a suit. What else can a guy wear but a suit?“ Danny flatly refuses, you see, to worry about money. Has no sense about it, whatever. As soon as we got into good income, in “Let’s Face It,” I made an agreement with him. We’d let our two salaries be paid in to our lawyer. We’d each draw an allowance of fifty dollars a week. I’d pay household expenses, except rent, and buy my clothes; he’d have his allowance to buy meals out, gas for the car, gifts for the “touch-boys” he can never refuse, and his clothes. Plenty for both of us, I thought. (And we live on that basis, now.)

But there was something wrong with the system I'd worked out. I soon found out that Danny thought signing checks didn’t count. He’d take three or four fellows to lunch or dinner, and sign the check. The bill would go to the lawyer. He’d buy gas for his car, sign the check, and that bill would go to the lawyer. As for clothes, when Danny says, “All a guy can wear is a suit,” he isn’t kidding. He buys one outfit, wears it till it’s almost shiny, then buys another. He’ll never change that habit, any more than he’ll substitute “prosperity” friends for his old buddies back in Brooklyn.

Yet he was always broke—not a nickel in his pocket come Saturday night. What was he doing with his money?

“Danny,” I said, “I don’t care what you do with your allowance. I don’t want to know. But you should know. If you spend something for stamps, you should know it. If you buy a fancy necktie, you should know you’ve done it. You’re broke all the time, yet you’ve no idea where your money has gone.”

He’d just stand there, looking like a very good-natured puppy who’s being scolded, and say, “I know, Hon, I know.” Never any defense.

One day I came home, finding Danny there before me, and he said, “Hon, where have you been?”

“Oh,” I said, a little wearily, “just batting around Greenwich Village with a girl friend, looking into antique places and old bookshops.”

“What did you see?”

Enthusiasm conquered my basic worries, for the moment. “Danny,” I told him, “I saw the most beautiful old fashioned garnet necklace. Really, it’s beautiful!”

He turned on his heel without a word and went, light-footed, upstairs. When he returned he had an old pair of shoes in his hand. Taking the trees out of the shoes, he began to pull out fifty-dollar bills. “I’ve been saving this,” he said, “to buy you something when I sort of found out something special you wanted. I guess this is it . . . this garnet necklace you saw today.”

What would you do about a guy like that?

What people quarrel about is always fun to know, and really tears the veil—Salome’s No. 7. In Danny’s case there’s one delightful feature: he never gets angry about anything important, but little things cause all that flexed coordination and energy of his to explode.

He can’t stand to see things done wrong, or sloppily. If you say, “I don’t know how to do this, but I’m going to try,” he’ll be patient. But if you start out with conceited complacency or nonchalance, and then it turns out you don’t know what you’re doing, heaven help the neighbors’ ears.

The long distance record for a Danny-to-Sylvia yell was set over an event simple enough to seem silly: I pulled down a Venetian blind. All the way down. (You get very little training about Venetian blinds, in Brooklyn.) “Blank, blank, blank!” yelled Danny, who seldom swears. “When you don’t know how to do something, why don’t you ask someone to do it for you!”

I understand Danny pretty well now, and his tempers merely amuse me—though I hope I stay too smart to laugh while he’s mad. (Continued on page 83)
A GIRL can look like a limp lean when she comes out of the water, her favorite hair-do sacrificed to the fun of the swim. Unless she's smart, like the ingenious Esther Williams, who knows a thing or three about solving the problem—and does. Magic for the mermaids, you can call it. A clever little trick, and all so easy—with the knowing how, as Esther demonstrates it.

**Making Yourself a Sand Witch**

Now the co-star of "Bathing Beauty," beautiful Esther once was star of Billy Rose's Aquacade. As such she had her lovely tresses soaked two or three times a day. There wasn't time for hairdressing, but Esther wasn't going looking like a goon. She invented the towel turban.

**Making Yourself a Sand Witch**

Taking any medium-sized Turkish number, Esther pulls it tight across the back of the head, bringing the ends forward, then crossing them over the crown of the head. She folds fullness flat across the sides.

Here's the finished result, neat enough to get by through a whole afternoon, if you like. Esther often sets her hair in pin curls first, then dons towel turban, and has slick coiffure for evening.
CAST as sweethearts in “Doughgirls,” Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens became happily married in real life before starting their next picture (“Hollywood Canteen,” Warner Bros.). Reverend Stuart P. MacLennan performed the ceremony; Mrs. Virginia Agnello, school friend of the bride, was matron of honor in the wedding party. Captain John E. Horton, from Kansas City, Missouri, served as best man for the happy bridegroom. There were no bridesmaids. As late as last April, the couple told friends they anticipated a long engagement. The advancing of the wedding date had to do with their being able to find an apartment, which was more than they’d dared to hope, what with living conditions in Southern California being what they are in these twentieth century war times!
The Greatest
Romantic Comedy
of All Time

If you think
Mr. Deeds
Went to town
Keep an eye on
Casanova Brown

International Pictures, Inc.,
presents

GARY COOPER • TERESA WRIGHT
in Casanova Brown

"A great lover in spite of himself"

Directed by SAM WOOD
A NUNNALLY JOHNSON Production

with FRANK MORGAN • Anita Louise

PATRICIA COLLINGE • Edmond Breon • Jill Esmond

Produced and written for the screen by Nunnally Johnson • From a play by Floyd Dell and
Thomas Mitchell • Presented by International Pictures, Inc. • Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

"GOOD ENTERTAINMENT IS INTERNATIONAL"
Living up to her name, "Character" Emerson demonstrates how not to dive if you want to avoid an all-points landing.

You've seen the face, but it's different every time you see it. Whether in the role of a native girl in "The Desert Song" or in "Between Two Worlds" with John Garfield (below) the girl movieland calls "Character" is in character.

By VIRGINIA KING

When Ralph Waldo Emerson penned his immortal classic, "Essay On Character," little did he think that one hundred and forty years later his grand-niece would garnish the simple but powerful Hollywood title, "Character."

She is not just Faye or Miss Emerson; she's "Character." Directors and fellow players who have worked with her in many of her film successes hail her with:

"Here comes 'Character!'"

And rightly so.

One day she'll show up in pigtails and no makeup. Another day she's a sophisticated lady with long, drooping lashes and carefully painted lips. She may round a corner on the studio lot astride a messenger's bike, ki-yiing and hell-bent for election. Or she'll be the Grand Dame and inveigle a studio driver into taking her from one stage to the next in his big black limousine. She usually shows up in a shorts outfit and play sandals when she's to make portraits. But doggoned if she isn't rigged up like the first lady of the screen meeting the President, when she's assigned to make leg art. Day in and day out she's something new, something different.

At Warner Brothers studio they have cast her, among other things, as an axe killer, a slinky Nazi female spy, a gal gone wrong and a gal that has been wronged. She played the role of a native girl—plenty easy on the eyes—in "The Desert Song." She waited on tables in "The Hard Way" and was one tough dame that could take it as well as dish it out. She's been the charming wife who awaits the return of her submarine commander husband from his Tokyo destination. (And who wouldn't, when that guy is none other than Cary Grant!)

In "Mask of Dimitrios," Faye plays a double edged role—that of a good girl who winds up as a woman of few virtues. While in "Between Two Worlds" she reaches the heights of dramatic acting.

No wonder, then, that she has developed the habit of automatically autographing her photographs for her host of friends and fans as "Character" rather than just plain Faye.

"Character" was born Faye Margaret Emerson, in the little deep-south town of Elizabeth, Louisiana. Just as she reached the toddling age, her parents trotted her off to Chicago. And then in rapid succession the Emersons moved to El Paso, to Beaumont, and then on to Houston. Tiring of the Lone-Star state, the nomadic family trekked next to Torreon, New Mexico, later to Carlsbad. From there they wandered to San Diego, and thence to Hollywood.

In all of these various states Faye attended the public schools. She wound up her scholastic efforts at Point Loma school near San Diego, and at the San Diego State College.

"My brightest moment in my hop-skip-and-a-jump days of schooling," she recalls, "was being selected by the senior class in high school as the most vivacious freshman. That, for some unknown reason (maybe because I was showing evidence then of being a character), gave me the enviable role of the school cheer leader."

In college Faye grabbed off another honor. She became the school's song leader.

As for acting experience gained from her schooling, however, it may be told in one terse sentence of two words. "Yell leader." It left her, she explains, with a "good strong voice, emphasis on the strong." Funny thing, though, if "Character" is being interviewed in the studio Green Room (where the Stars and Press lunch on the Warner cuff), her voice is so softly modulated that she is suspected of being shy.

In commenting on the start of her acting career, Faye pays high tribute to (Continued on page 87)
LIGHTS,  
CAMERA,  
ACTION!

BEHIND THE SCENES of every motion-picture are the hundred and one invaluable people who contribute their talents, knowledge and immeasurable experience toward making that picture a success.

Some of them get screen credit, most of them don't. They are that large and for the most part unknown family, each contributing importantly to your movie entertainment, each with a part to play, and all working toward that one goal: the saving of temper, time and money. Neglect of any of the three can cause havoc.

You think of a movie as being the star, the story, the director and the producer who brought them all together. You forget the assistant director. It's his job to maintain complete coordination throughout the set, while a picture's in production. Arriving before the director, he sees that everything is in place, knows every extra by his first name, helps in the casting of the minor characters, and often handles units of his own.

Probably you didn't know that the sound man, with volume control at his fingertips, can accentuate the perfections of a voice, or erase the weaknesses. Many a star has the sound man to thank for discovering his right voice (Continued on page 89)

Kathleen Fagan, script girl, tells Michael O'Shea of change in scene. It's her job to catch production errors, keep record of props.

Lou Witte, in charge of special effects, sets up explosion bomb for use in "Keys of the Kingdom." Don Flick, one of Hollywood's top sound men, at work on "Something For the Boys." Pretty miss looking on in silence is Vivian Blaine.

Over 100,000 small jewelry items in this collection at 20th Century Fox, and rarely is anything lost. Si Shelley's stock is valued at thousands of dollars.
How movies are made. A Production-eye view of Hollywood, or who's behind the man who's behind the studio camera

First step in making lifelike resemblance to one of "Wilson" politicians. Guy Pearce, head 20th Century Fox make-up man, makes plaster cast.

Jess Wolf, special effects man for twenty years, prepared a square mile of cobwebs used in "The Song of Bernadette," also makes fog from dry ice.

Charles Perrin, master of the studio mint, is 20th Century Mr. Morgenthau. He provides currency of any nation.

Nurse Ruby McLaughlin administers first aid to a Chinese extra, injured on the set. Her first-aid kit comprises everything from iodine to cold pills.

Let 'em roll! And cameras start shooting scene for "Keys of the Kingdom." Gregory Peck (in priest's uniform is star. Asst. Director Johnny Johnson (curly head seated in the foreground) supervises all the extras.
The new sensation of the M-G-M lot, Hodiak rarely has a chance to amble down a studio street, without admiring femmes trailing.

Producer Joe Pasternak has a role for Hodiak in his next picture. Who doesn’t! Writers are even creating characters for him to play.

The handsome hunk o’ Hollywood who promises by Eleanor Harris to be the most stariffic find since Clark Gable

It all happened quite unexpectedly, as so many Hollywood events do. The audience settled itself, half-curious, half-belligerent, to see Director Alfred Hitchcock’s new picture, “Lifeboat,” starring Tallulah Bankhead. Shortly after the film began to unreel, a tall, brown young man with a big mouth, a white grin and a terrific torso became noticeably present in the story. By the time the picture was half over, the feminine half of the audience was obviously gasping every time he appeared on the screen. And by the time the picture was finished, a new male star had been born. For those women came stumbling out of the theater dreamy-eyed, with a thousand questions to ask.

“Who is this John Hodiak? Where did he come from? What’s he like?”

You women had discovered what Hollywood hadn’t suspected—that John Hodiak is potential box-office dynamite. It goes under the heading “Sex Appeal.” You can count on five fingers the male stars who have it, beginning with Gable; because it almost never happens. There are plenty of attractive men on the screen, and “cute” ones, and interesting ones. But those with that “certain something” are rare gems, indeed.

So—presto! Mr. Hodiak shook hands with stardom, thanks to you women. Thanks to you, after a Hollywood past full of bit parts in “Stranger in Town,” “I Dood It,” and “Song of Russia,” he is now playing the lead opposite Lana Turner in “Marriage is a Private Affair.” Thanks to you, John is a coming star of gigantic magnitude.

But you still don’t know anything about him, do you? John is a tall young man with green-yellow eyes, dark brown hair, and a wide mouth set above a square chin. When he’s standing still, he supports his six-foot length on spread-eagled legs, with his feet gripping the floor. He has long, sensitive fingers and a deep voice—and he carries with him an air of simplicity and sincerity. You’d be willing to leave any problem to him, sure that he’d solve it. He wears casual sports clothes, but dresses conservatively. He wears shoes that are shoes, not a few leather straps in search of a sole. And his skin has the healthy glow that (Continued on page 69)
Up until now, this has been a very
exacting year for Miss Britton.
Uranus, which brings its gifts in
devious and unusual ways, has
squared her Natal Uranus and Natal
Mars until the middle of June. This
alone would create many trying and difficult situa-
tions, which she could have met more easily had not
Saturn, the planet which says ‘you may not pass
until perfect,’ also squared her
Natal Sun, Na-
tal Saturn and
Natal Jupiter.
This is enough
to bring bewil-
derment and
discouragement
to the most even
dispositions.
But Barbara
just gritted her
t e e t h a n d
worked twice as
hard and kept
her own coun-
sel. It has been
a round of hard
work, denial
and nervous
strain. Relief is
in sight, though,
after the middle
of August, when
Saturn releases
its influence and
she can carry out more fully the plans laid through
the last of June and during July.
If proper rest and relaxation were not taken, there
was some added confusion during the latter part
of July, possibly engendered by a natural wish to
make that bank account grow a little faster. By
August the vision is clearer, for she knows that any-
things begun must be finished, and that all gain does
not show in a dollar sign. The gain she knows is
hard work and sincerity of purpose. Barbara Britton
is well aware that success in the difficult profession
she has chosen does not come easily. Her intelli-
gence also tells her that once gained, success is an
elusive possession. With these facts in mind, Barbara
can be counted on to take all necessary precautions
to secure the continuance of the present course of
her life. Through hard work and sincerity of purpose
Barbara's future is assured.

Virgo for those persons born between August 24 and September 23.

Up until the summer months, this may have been one
of the most difficult years you have known. But those
Virgo people who have had the courage to accept added
responsibilities, the patience to solve puzzling condi-
tions and the wisdom to refrain from being overcritical
or overworrisome, have won through to big things.
If you did not rush things or allow resentment to
cloud your usual good judgment, legal and marital
affairs should have settled themselves for the better
by July.
The public has an eye on your talents, and even if
the money seems plentifully rolling in, use that natural
caution. Budget yourself and those dependent on you.
Be especially wary of schemes guaranteeing you can
become a millionaire overnight. Things come in twos
this year, so even as you stand to double your resources,
you can, by mismanagement, lose twice what you could
afford to.
Because of social or financial difference of opinion,
romance may be hard to understand. An old romance
could ripen into real love. If married, allow your part-
ner the liberties you yourself expect, and take. Make
all decisions privately, with a canny consideration of the
future, preparing for better times—for 1944 is a critical
year, the watchword for which seems to be “double
or nothing.”
Her name is Margaret O'Brien. A little girl of seven, already getting star billing, and already being described in Hollywood as the hottest name on the MGM lot.

And she can right well take care of her interests against any and all comers, too—including such cinematic giants as the gifted Charles Laughton!

Making a picture with a child isn't easy. Assigned to "The Canterville Ghost" with little Margaret, the veteran Mr. Laughton might naturally have been expected to apply the deepest resources of a cunning mind to the problem of how best to filch a scene from a fellow player. On the contrary, she won him completely.

It all began during the first weeks of shooting. Her being a child limits Margaret's working to four hours a day. And when free of the camera, she made it a practice to hurry to her dressing room and there to engage in one of the accepted hobbies of the great: she dallies with art.

Having finished what she considered a good drawing, Margaret presented it as a gift to Mr. Laughton. The next day she gave him a second, and the following day, a third. Mr. Laughton had been very much amused by the first

Discovered in "Journey for Margaret," starred as little Alpha in "Lost Angel." They call her the child Sara Bernhardt.
Little Miss Margaret

One in a million, and millions are wishing they had one just like her

BY MARCIA DAUGHTREY

sketch, but by the time he had received three he became seriously interested. He is keeping the drawings because he believes that, as some child psychologists would be quick to agree, the key to Margaret's remarkable histrionic ability may be hidden in her art work.

She likes crayola, but she would rather use paint. As paint is likely to be tough on costumes, her work on the set is confined to non-runny materials. Her technique is early-kindergarten, with a "Lady In The Dark" influence—as she nearly always manages to insert a dream sequence with angels in the upper right hand corner of her works. She has a great fondness for architectural drawings, specializing in houses with one door, two windows and violently smoking chimney. Picket fences to keep her fantasies on the proper pages are another tour de force.

But there is one genuinely remarkable thing about the drawings: Margaret's characters have expressive faces. It is normal for a child of her age to insert round eyes, a line nose, and a choice of straight or half-moon mouth, into the oval face of any figure. Margaret is not content with that. She sometimes looks at herself in the mirror, lifts
Paying a friendly visit to Marsha Hunt's dressing room, Margaret entertains Marsha and Bob Walker, "reading" lines from her next starring picture, "Music for Millions."

CONTINUED

Time out during Movieland's cover sitting, while Margaret's mother (Mrs. Gladys O'Brien) assists Tom Kelley with posing the pet spaniel, Maggie.

her eyebrows and ovals her mouth, then transfers the expression to the character she has drawn. She scowls, and her drawings get straight eyebrows, fierce little eyes, and dagger mouths.

One morning Laughton arrived on the set carrying an important package, and presented it, with great formality, to Miss O'Brien. Like any little girl, she set to with a whoop and tore the wrappings from an antique Polish statuette of the Virgin Mary. "Oh, Mr. Laughton," she sighed, "it's so beautiful. I'll make you a drawing every single day."

On another occasion, Margaret was answering questions directed by two newspaper women who were visiting the set. She was getting glibly, as she obviously sees no difference between her mother's friends and her own contemporaries. Everyone is a proper person, and Margaret loves people. It is as simple as that. While she was chatting, Mr. Laughton was striding back and forth in the background—not exactly eavesdropping, you understand, but fascinated by Margaret's poise, and eager to be a non-participating witness.

Without pausing in her conversation, and without turning her head, Margaret extended a small hand upward and backward in an affectionate gesture. Mr. Laughton took the chubby paw, thereby being drawn into the circle. This presented a problem in social usage which Margaret perceived and prepared to handle. She couldn't remember the names of the two visitors, but she passed over this with aplomb. "You know Mr. Laughton, of course," she said. "He is the ghost in this picture. He goes around scaring people."

During one scene in the picture, Margaret was supposed to say to the ghost, explaining the action of some callous earthlings who had chased the poor cowardly ghost up a chimney, "But they wouldn't have done anything to you, if you hadn't tried to frighten them."

This is an awkward bit of dialogue, as any adult will discover after saying it over several times. Margaret was having trouble with the intonations. The director wanted her to accent the second you and the final word, them. She tried, but she wasn't getting it. Finally they gave up rehearsing and decided to shoot the scene. Margaret was obviously concentrating very hard on the sentence, mulling it over to get the sense of the thing. When she spoke the words, the sequence had been changed in her analytical young mind. She said, "But if you hadn't tried to frighten them, they wouldn't have done anything to you."

That makes more graceful sense than the way the dialogue was written, which proves that being an actress involves a good deal more than parroting lines. However, the scene was cut, and the camera rolled on a second take. That time Margaret repeated the lines as they were originally written, laying stress on the proper words. She had worked it out her own way, and that done, was capable of giving it back to the mike in any form desired.

So much for her remarkable ability, which cannot be denied.

In the main, however, she is a perfectly normal little girl who is fortunate in having a sensible and sensitive mother. Margaret's father died four months before she was born, so she has been the entire emotional focus of her mother's existence since that time. Were Mrs. O'Brien not the calm and intelligent woman that she is, and had she not previously reared her younger sister, this fact might have created a serious "silver chord" situation. However, Mrs. O'Brien views her amazing offspring with deep affection, amusement, and frequent astonishment.

(Continued on page 78)
Just a moment...
DEAR DAD:

Since my twenty-fourth birthday is coming up shortly, I've decided it's high time I vanquished a few ghosts that have been haunting me. And the biggest one is you! For years now, people have been saying, "That girl's career is a cinch—any daughter of Director Sam Wood's has it plenty soft. After all, isn't he one of Hollywood's top directors—didn't he do 'For Whom the Bell Tolls,' 'Saratoga Trunk,' 'King's Row,' 'The Devil and Miss Jones,' and any other picture you can think of? Why, his daughter could get acting jobs if she were two-headed!"
Well, Daddy, you haven't been any more help to me than if you'd been Mr. Grocery Store or Mr. Automobile Salesman. Your being Mr. Director didn't add anything at all to my career. Oh, you helped me immeasurably with your interest, dear; and with the money you slipped me during my threadbare periods. But Mr. Grocery Store would have done as much. Do you see what I mean?

So on with my battle cry of freedom.

I always wanted to act, ever since the day Mother took me on one of your sets when I was just a tiny baby. I kept on wanting it, all through Los Angeles High School. And when I graduated—a sixteen-year-old gawky creature, with straight hair strained into a knot and big spectacles—I remember I said to you, "Now I will act!" Then do you remember what you said? You said, "Not in the movies you won't; you need too much training!"

It was then that my first secret hope that you'd throw me an acting life-line vanished. It was also then that I first began brewing what was to be my only Family Revolt... and that wasn't due to you at all! It was

Mother. If you recall, she wanted me to be a social butterfly—I guess because she had been one herself, and because you came from a pretty snooty family in Philadelphia, years ago. She pictured me as drifting from tea-party to dinner-party in long fluffy dresses, being a debutante to end all debutantes. But I had other plans. I enjoyed reading, or going to a movie alone, more than any party ever given—and I still do! I was determined to be an actress. Yes, determined!

I went to the University of Southern California for one year, acting; then to Neely Dickson and the Bliss-Hayden Dramatic Schools for another (Continued on page 67)
DO YOU RECOGNIZE A STAR

1. This ninety-nine pound bundle of Southern charm made her first appearance in "Gone With The Wind". Now cast as the youngest daughter Nell in the Darryl F. Zanuck production "Wilson." This starlet has been seen in such notable productions as "Song of Bernadette," "Lifeboat" and "The Women."

2. This veteran character actor, former Academy Award winner, plays Joseph P. Tumulty, the President's confidential secretary, in Darryl F. Zanuck's production, "Wilson." His most recent pictures have been "The Song of Bernadette," "Lifeboat" and "The Women."


4. This screen and stage actor has been seen innumerable times on the screen as "Theodore Roosevelt." His latest appearance as that character was in "Buffalo Bill." In the new Darryl Zanuck 20th Century-Fox Technicolor production, "Wilson," he portrays Josephus Daniels, famous World War I Secretary of the Navy.

5. This veteran character actor, former Academy Award winner, plays Joseph P. Tumulty, the President's confidential secretary, in Darryl F. Zanuck's production, "Wilson." His most recent pictures have been "The Sullivans" and "Buffalo Bill." You may remember him for his roles in "The Long Voyage Home," and "Our Town."

6. This screen and stage actor has been seen innumerable times on the screen as "Theodore Roosevelt." His latest appearance as that character was in "Buffalo Bill." In the new Darryl Zanuck 20th Century-Fox Technicolor production, "Wilson," he portrays Josephus Daniels, famous World War I, Secretary of the Navy.

7. She was absent from the screen for some time. You last saw her in "Watch On The Rhine." She has also appeared in "Dark Victory," "The Gay Sisters" and "Flight From Destiny." This beautiful Irish girl will portray the role of "Edith Bolling Galt," the second Mrs. Wilson in Darryl F. Zanuck's 20th Century-Fox production, "Wilson."

8. This veteran character actor, former Academy Award winner, plays Joseph P. Tumulty, the President's confidential secretary, in Darryl F. Zanuck's production, "Wilson." His most recent pictures have been "The Song of Bernadette," "Lifeboat" and "The Women."


10. This screen and stage actor has been seen innumerable times on the screen as "Theodore Roosevelt." His latest appearance as that character was in "Buffalo Bill." In the new Darryl Zanuck 20th Century-Fox Technicolor production, "Wilson," he portrays Josephus Daniels, famous World War I Secretary of the Navy.

"WILSON." This is one of the most spectacular and costly productions to come out of any studio since the inception of pictures. Out of the more than 13,000 actors who appear through the 88 impressive sets in "WILSON," the Editor of MOVIELAND MAGAZINE has chosen the ten (10) outstanding ones. Several of them are familiar faces to you—others are comparatively new but have given outstanding performances in other pictures.

Test your movie memory and see if you can recognize all ten of these players. A thumbnail clue to the identity of the player appears under each picture. The names of the ten players appear below. Study the pictures and the captions below each one and then write the correct name opposite correct number in box provided on opposite page.

Executives of 20th Century-Fox and the Editors of MOVIELAND MAGAZINE are anxious to get your reactions and opinions of these performers. Write a letter of not more than 100 words, telling us which performer you like best and why. Also include in your letter how you would like to see this player cast in the future.

These are the players whose pictures appear above:

WILLIAM EYTHE
CHARLES COBURN
ALEXANDER KNOX
THOMAS MITCHELL
MARY ANDERSON

VINCENT PRICE
SIDNEY BLACKMER
SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
GERALDINE FITZGERALD
FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN
WHEN YOU SEE ONE?

6. He won an Academy Oscar for his support of Jean Arthur in "The More the Merrier." One of his latest outstanding roles was in "Heaven Can Wait." He is scheduled to appear in Darryl F. Zanuck's 20th Century-Fox production, "Wilson," in which he portrays Professor Henry Holmes, a life-long colleague.

7. He went to France as a lieutenant; before World War I was finished, he was a captain and the last British officer to leave France. You've seen him recently in "The Moon Is Down" and "The Lodger." This versatile actor will portray Senator Henry Cabot Lodge in Darryl F. Zanuck's 20th Century-Fox production, "Wilson."

8. His voice is literally his fortune, for it was from a recording of his voice played back with numerous others that he was given the plum role of the year—that of Woodrow Wilson. Achieved first stage success in London, then New York. Had memorable part in "This Above All" and was the Nazi schoolmaster in "None Shall Escape."

9. A Yale graduate, this actor has had a colorful career on Broadway, played opposite Helen Hayes in "Victoria Regina." Among his most memorable screen roles was that of "Dutau" in "The Song of Bernadette." He is married and has one child. Watch for him as William Gibson McAdoo in the forthcoming production, "Wilson."

10. This once famous "pin-up" boy of a generation ago has returned to the screen to play Bernard Baruch, celebrated philanthropist and Presidential advisor of the production "Wilson." Teamed with his former wife Beverly Bayne back in silent days he was known to millions of fans as the "handsomest man in the world."

RULES:
1. Study the ten pictures at the top of these pages and the identification information below each picture. You will note that each picture has a number. Write the correct name opposite the correct number in box provided at the bottom of this page.

2. Write a letter of not more than 100 words telling which performer you like best and why. Include in your letter how you would like to see this player cast in the future. Attach this letter to the coupon containing checked names.

3. Submit one entry only.

4. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of 20th Century-Fox Pictures and Hillman Periodicals, Inc., publishers of Movieland Magazine.

5. Entries must be sent to Contest Editor, Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif., postmarked not later than midnight, September 5th, 1944.

6. In cases of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Neatness and readability will be considered in selecting winners.

7. All letters become the property of Movieland, Inc.

8. The contest will be judged by the contest Editors of Movieland. Decisions of the judges will be final.

MOVIELAND'S "WILSON" CONTEST
(Please print or type)

FULL NAME
STREET
CITY
STATE
1. 6.
2. 7.
3. 8.
4. 9.
5. 10.

(Clip this coupon and attach it to your letter)

To the lucky 2nd Prize Winner goes this beautiful I. J. Fox natural skunk greatcoat lustrous with highlights! This outstanding Movieland prize is smartly styled with flattering L-shaped front and wide sleeves.
Born Lester Alvin, nicknamed Smiley when he was a kid, and tagged inelegantly as "The Frog" by adoring Western fans.

Smiley celebrates his tenth year in films with his current starring feature, "Border Town Trails." Has made nearly a hundred pictures, always wearing same old black hat.

The cowboy of San Fernando Valley, his wife and kiddies. Dark-haired Linda, red-headed Stephen, and baby Caroline.

Smiley can make music on more than fifty instruments. Likes the novachord best of all because it's all in one.
ACCORDING to the Motion Picture Poll, he’s America’s Number Two Cowboy. But you've never seen him wearing a ninety-dollar shirt slashed with embroidery, tottering about in elaborately embellished boots, and pants seven sizes too tight.

You've come to know Smiley Burnette as the friendly face grinning over an accordion, or cuddling a banjo while he sings twangy cowboy ballads in a smooth, whimsical voice. You know him as the big guy who’s always the lovable comic, stringing along with the handsome hero—and the handsome hero’s horse.

But after ten years with Republic Studios—years as second lead and being the funny man with his best friend, Gene Autry—get ready, you lovers of Hitching Post Hoss Opera, to welcome him in his new role. For here comes our newest Western star—our oldest cowboy friend—Smiley Burnette.

He's rated today as the highest salaried star on the Republic lot—and all because he loves to see people laugh. He started making them laugh when he sold hotdogs on the campus of the University of Illinois, as a sixteen-year-old kid in his hometown. He clowned and sang to his customers, and they forgot that his name was Lester Alvin Burnette and christened him “Smiley.”

When the second oldest radio station in the United States (WDZ) opened in Tuscola, Illinois, they needed a janitor and handyman. Smiley went to work, broom in one hand and window-washing bucket in the other. He loved it—and kept right on smiling and singing and making people like him. And it wasn’t long before he was station manager, announcing and filling in when-ever necessary, and his salary raised to the fabulous sum of $12.50 a week.

One night he was called to the telephone for a long distance call from Chicago. “This is Gene Autry,” came the voice at the other end of the wire. “I want you to come to Chicago to be on the WLS Barn Dance.”

Smiley laughed. “If you’re Gene Autry,” he said, “I’m Annie Laurie! I'm going to call Gene Autry and check.”

Which is exactly what he did. The same voice answered, asking him how much he was making at WDZ. “Twelve bucks-fifty a week,” Smiley said proudly. “And it’s there every week, like clockwork!”

“I’ll raise it to thirty-five a week,” Autry told him, “and it will be there also like clockwork.”

Smiley gasped, and yelled into the phone: “Look around, pal—that fat boy standing in the doorway will be me!”

For three years on the WLS Barn Dance in Chicago, Smiley was Gene’s right-hand man. He endeared himself to a public wanting cowboy music. He gave it to them—the cowboy musician who plays more than fifty instruments, and still can’t read a note of music. Asked how he learned to play, he just shrugs and grins and says, “Oh, I shoved my older sister off the piano stool when I was four, and just sorta picked it up.”

He never found time to “learn” music—never needed to. All the same, he can write it. Smiley writes all the songs used in his pictures—over three hundred of them, to date, with several published song books thrown in for good measure. Among what he’s written are such favorites as “Mamma Don’t ‘Low No Muscle Playin’ Here,” “Riding Down (Continued on page 16)

Being a hillbilly comic is only one of his jobs. Smiley’s also a handy man with tools, spends hours in his workshop making toys for his own kiddies and tots in the orphanage he helps support.

His mother and father were both ministers of the gospel.

Smiley, at the moment, is playing stand-in for a horse. Any resemblance to Blackeyed Nellie is only a coincidence.
WELL, Kiddies, it doesn't seem possible, but I've been throwing "Words of Music" at you for a whole year. It's been wonderful fun and I hope you've enjoyed it as much as I have. Your letters have been swell and I've loved receiving them. Your suggestions and ideas have been a real help in putting the column together each month. I won't bore you, being sentimental about the whole thing. I'll just say a big "thank you," throw a ribbon on the typewriter, and get going.

"Bathing Beauty" (formerly titled "Mr. Co-Ed"") is another one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's super-extravaganzas, this time in technicolor. The picture stars Red Skelton, now Private Skelton of the Army, and for the first time you'll see him in a semi-serious role. Not that there aren't plenty of laughs. The film is full of exciting stuff—Harry James and Xavier Cugat and their bands; Ethel Smith, the "Hit Parade" organist; and a lavish water ballet with Esther Williams, the swimming star, and dozens of mermaids. In the tonsil department we have Carlos Ramirez, Helen Forrest and Lina Romay. Helen sings "I Cried For You" as only she can, and Lina cavorts with the Cugat band. Incidentally, it was her appearance in this picture that landed Lina a long term contract with Metro. She has been given the lead in a forthcoming rhythm flicker, "The Kissing Bandit." (They can do better than that for a title).

Marion Hutton, who has been appearing in theatres and clubs since the Glenn Miller band broke up, has been signed by Universal. After her debut in "Babes On Swing Street," she was given the romantic lead in "Abbott and Costello in Society." I wonder how long it will be before someone gets the bright idea of putting Marion into a picture with sister Betty.

Martha Tilton, who, for my money, is one of the best of the girl singers, finally got a swell break as an actress. She has the lead in "Swing Hostess," which will be released by P. R. C. When she finished the picture, Martha went overseas with the Jack Benny troupe.

Over on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot everyone is raving about the new team of Dick Haymes and June Haver in "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." After seeing them together, Darryl Zanuck ordered two weeks of additional scenes on the picture.

Paramount has signed five bands for their forthcoming musical revue, "Out Of This World." Ray Noble, Henry King, Ted Fio Rito, Carmen Cavallero, and Joe Reichman. The boys will be featured in a piano number in addition to appearing with their orchestras. Paramount also grabbed Stan Kenton and his band for "Duffy's Tavern."

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

Before telling you about the records—just a reminder. Some of them will have already been released in your community and others you may not be able to purchase for a few weeks. Because of the terrific labor shortage, factory difficulties and transportation problems, it is not possible for the recording companies to adhere strictly to schedule, as they did before the war. So don't get hysterical if you can't get a record the very minute you want it.

COLUMBIA:

First off we have an album by Count Basie—"Blues By Basie." Eight sides of the (Continued on page 76)
Marion Hutton has been signed by Universal, and does her stuff in a “take” for the movie cameras.

Buddy Rich, out of the Marines and back at the drums for his old bass, Tommy Dorsey.

Helen Forrest (she’s a blonde now) relaxing in her Hollywood apartment.

Perry Como and Jill Warren, taking a stroll on the 20th Century-Fox lot, where Perry’s working.

The King Sisters get a new addition to their quartet, namely Jerry Lester. There for a recent show at Slopsy Maxie’s in Hollywood.
It's Deanna Durbin's fourteenth picture, and marks a climactic turning point in her career. As the sweet, unspoiled young girl who becomes a hardboiled hostess in a New Orleans roadhouse, Deanna makes her first bid as a dramatic actress.

The W. Somerset Maugham novel, from which the picture is adapted, is a story-within-a-story. Opening with an Officers' Candidate School graduation, and giving you Dean Harens as the young officer who receives his commission, then a wire from his fiancée telling him that she has married another man, the primary plot doesn't start to develop till several reels later.

It's Christmas Eve. The young officer has boarded a plane, intending to spend his holiday furlough in San Francisco, but the plane was grounded—in New Orleans. And there he meets Jackie LaMonte, and Jackie tells him that her real name is Abigail Manette. How she met, and married Robert Manette (Gene Kelly).

And then comes the stark melodrama, in review, of Manette's having committed murder, the vain attempts made by his young wife and his mother (Gale Sondergaard) to prevent a conviction.

The tragedy of the story takes an unexpected twist, stemming more from the characters themselves than from the actual happenings in which they're involved.

All the same, good direction and excellent performances can't be denied, in rendering a sum-total verdict.

Suspenseful drama covering the period from 1922 to 1938 and five different countries, with Peter Lorre playing a writer of mystery stories and finding himself involved in a plot, the complications of which make it not just one crime, but a whole series.

Lorre's adventures start in Istanbul, Turkey, in 1938, with the reported discovery of a stabbed body that has been washed ashore on a beach of the Bosphorus. Routine investigation by the Turkish police identifies the body as that of Dimitrios Makropoulos (Zachary Scott), a Greek fig packer when first known to the police 16 years before, but subsequently a political assassin, jewel smuggler and French boulevardier—until last heard of, in 1929.

Scenting a story, the writer takes up the trail of Dimitrios. It leads him to strange places (Smyrna, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and Paris), catches him up in a web of intrigues, and leaves him confused after his meetings with a big Englishman (Sydney Greenstreet) who calls himself Mr. Peters, a beautiful woman turned middle-aged cafes owner (Faye Emerson), and Grodek (Victor Franzen), a scheming internationalist.

The Eric Ambler best-selling mystery novel, "A Coffin for Dimitrios" (from which this Warner Bros. screenplay is adapted) drops clues which weave in the conclusion, without giving it away.

Adult fare, but masterfully done. And definitely more than "just another mystery."
THE problem: what to do when you're the son of a Marine hero, wanting nothing so much as to serve the same motto and march to the same song and give your life, if need be, for the same cause—but you're turned down, because of hayfever?

The victim of this sad predicament: Eddie Bracken. And what's more, he's the guy things keep happening to; embarrassing situations, a well-intentioned deception that makes him the perpetrator of the most disgraceful sort of fraud.

Rather than admit his disqualification, he has sent letters to his mother, leading her to believe that he's a Marine, seeing active service over in the Pacific. "It's not right," decide a sextette of would-be good Marine Samaritans. So they forcefully persuaded him to don uniform, notify his mother that he's a war hero returned and on his way home—and there starts trouble!

Home town trouble, with bands welcoming their boy who made good in the service, a mob of enthusiastic smalltown citizenry at the station to greet him—including the girl he left behind (Ella Raines), who's engaged to marry another man.

Catapulted through a series of predicaments, not the least of which is the campaign nominating him for mayor of the city, Bracken is given no chance to explain. All of which makes for a lot of fun, a lot of laughs, and sympathetic tears.

NOT only faithfully representative, but vividly so—"I Love A Soldier," perhaps more than any other picture made since Pearl Harbor, rates the All-American award. For being, just that.

It's the American scene, the contemporary American homefront. A girl (Paulette Goddard) who works as a welder in a shipyard, by day; and very patriotically does her bit, as do a lot of other girls, dancing every night with men in uniform.

Set in San Francisco, it's a story that's taking place all over the country. There are the romance-starved schoolteachers like Paulette's rooming house friend (Mary Treven), who are meeting their men and marrying them. There are girls waiting for their young husbands to come back, and praying they will.

To Paulette, kissing the boys goodbye was a "for the duration" assignment. And she was determined to keep it at that, believing that to fall in love with any of these handsome soldiers would be just plain silly.

Which is her contention, even after the right man comes along. But which was not taking into account that the right man would be Sonny Tufts, a personable, persistently persuasive corporal back from many months of active service in the South Pacific!

Gives comedy, gives some heartwarming love scenes, gives some situations that are outrageously funny. But all so real, so convincing, so completely delightful.

STRICTLY speaking "Step Lively" classifies as most any other musical, with comedy running at a fast and furious pace. But seen through the eyes of the hep cats and jive trade it's an out of the world hummer sending all that's expected.

Songs there are, and Frank Sinatra to sing them. What's more the swoon kid latches on to his first starring role and comes off at his best. In this version of the "Room Service" story, Sinatra plays the bewildered but good natured young playwright from Oswego who comes to New York, tangles with Producer George Murphy and manages to hold down the series of slapstick situations which follow to a pitch of boundary line credibility.

It's a story about twenty-two starving actors rehearsing a show that needs financing and a dithering hotel manager (Walter Slezak) worrying all the way through about who's going to pay the bill. Assisting ably on the melody side is Gloria De Haven, main queen for Sinatra and as sweet a little canary as you'd ever hope to see. Add Anne Jeffreys for the chirp department (which means she sings, and it's good); Adolphe Menjou as the heavy and Eugene Paulette as the angel's agent.

Set decorations are lavish, and the musical numbers fall splendidly into being "Hollywood productions." Dancing girls, dazzling effects, trick arrangements galore.

Good fun all the way, though it's slightly off the cobb if you're judging critically.
Recently the pooch was given a third boost. He is now Major Nugget in honor of Major Kenneth Trout.

Bey DISMAY:

This is a story of practical devotion and dates in the 1944 manner. Susanna Foster lives in a penthouse on the very summit of one of Hollywood's highest hills. Halfway up to this aerie the pavement ends, and the subsequent dirt road is circuitous, rutted, and cliff-hanging.

Whenever she has had a date with Turhan Bey, she has issued an ultimatum: her tires are good and she knows the road very well even in the night blacker than a song written exclusively in flats, so she has driven her car down to the pavement-end, and there has parked. When Turhan arrived, she transferred into his car and away they went. At the end of the evening, she would leave Turhan, drive up the precipitous highway, then—having reached home safely—she would signal with a flashing of house lights that all was well. Romantic, huh?

One night a suspiciously long time elapsed between the time Susanna left Turhan and the time her car should have appeared on the hairpin turn just above, so Turhan set out hotfoot up the road. He found Susanna still sitting in her car, too afraid of disturbing the delicate balance of her car to move. Somehow she had killed her engine (bad gas) on a grade, and the car had almost backed off the highway into the canyon below. Turhan steadied the front of the car, gave Susanna a hand, then checked the situation: both rear wheels were spinning over space, but the differential was firmly snagged by undergrowth.

From now on, bad tires or no, Turhan is chauffeuring Susanna to her very door... it's much easier on his nerves.

RIB OF THE YEAR:

Much of the picture "Having Wonderful Crime" was shot at Del Monte Lodge, a magical spot on the Monterey peninsula. Pat O'Brien, Carole Landis, and George Murphy are the stars, and Eddie Sutherland directed, and reported in all verily below, is one of the highlights of the location trip. Living at Del Monte Lodge is that entreprenuer of soft watches, peripatetic crutches and insect-covered landscapes, Salvador Dalí. When Pat arrived, he was domiciled in half of a double bungalow, the other half of which was permanently occupied by Senor and Senora Dalí. Pat, as everyone knows, is convivial; Del Monte is filled with officers, many of whom have returned from foreign service, so Pat set up a local Officer's Club and held open house at all hours, much to the consternation of painter Dalí.

Senor Dalí complained to the management, which apologetically transferred Pat to another, distant, bungalow. That night, after Pat had told everyone how bitterly he had annoyed genius at work, it occurred to George Murphy and Eddie Sutherland (who were roommates) that they could have a little fun with Pat.

George, a mimic of all-American stature asked the hotel telephone operator to ring Pat's bungalow.

Pat answered somewhat foggily, as he had been asleep, and George—in a rich pseudo-Spanish accent—said that he was Senor Dali and that it was with extreme regret that he had learned of Pat's removal to other quarters because of complaints about the noise.

Pat was courteous. He said it was okay. No harm done. Sorry he had been a bother in the first place.

On the other end of the wire George's eyebrows went up, and George—to add a rich pseudo-Spanish accent—said that he had caused Senor O'Brien so much trouble, would it be possible to earn his forgiveness perhaps, by joining Senor Dali the following afternoon for an aperitif—how do you say cocktail?

The next morning Pat was in the hotel, dining room when Eddie Sutherland arrived.

“Y'know,” Pat said warmly, “that fellow Dali is all right. He telephoned me last night and apologized—he really did—for his beef...
mg to the management about my officers' parties. Asked me to have cocktails with him this afternoon. Pretty swell, huh?

At that moment Dali entered the dining room.

"There he is now," beamed Pat. "Think I'll hop over for a word with him."

He leaned over Sener Dali's table and said heartily, "Good morning! Say, it was really swell of you to call last night. I appreciate that."

Now the fiction is that Dali speaks no English. French he speaks fluently. German, yes. Italian, somewhat. Spanish, like a machine gun. But English—no. He stared at Pat. He tossed out a few rapid French sentences.

Pat swallowed hard and explained that he didn't speak French.

Dali answered again in French.

Slowly, the crimson of embarrassment crept over Pat's open and honest countenance. "I beg your pardon," he said, bowing away. "I strongly suspect that there's been a misunderstanding."

When he returned to his own table, he gave Mr. Sutherland's extreme devotion to his cereal a searching glance. Said Mr. O'Brien, "Some blankety-blank so-and-so has just pulled the rib of the year on me, and I can guess what two so-and-sos are responsible."

Then he leaped back and laughed until the dining room rafters rang.

FAVORITE ITEM:

Hattie McDaniel, Academy Award winner and superb actress of many a difficult role, will become—at 46—a mother early this fall.

TIME'S SIGNS:

Being a public personality has never been an assignment to be carried off lightly. Being a man in uniform, hence invested with a certain dash and glamour, has complicated the problems of many a man.

Soooo. Captain Burgess Meredith returned to the home he was sharing with his new wife, Paulette Goddard, and was admitted by the maid. "Could I have a private word with you?" said the maid to the bridegroom of two days.

Mr. Meredith, being both captain and public personality, said with a smile that she certainly could.

The maid straightened her shoulders and assumed the expression of Labor Militant. "Sir, I should like an advance in salary," she said.

Afterward, Burgess told his wife, "That clearly establishes me as the head of the household, my dear." Incidentally, his wedding gift to Paulette was the commissioning of celebrated portraitist Paul Clemens to preserve her in oils, the picture to be hung above the mantel. And a second gift was a huge globe. "You're going to be talking about your overseas trip for a long time," he opined with a twinkle, "so you might as well make it an illustrated lecture."

They were married, as you probably know, by an army chaplain who employed a ceremony devised for members of the Air Corps. Paulette secured a copy of the text and has placed it in her wedding book, which should prove that the girl who has been called Hollywood's most sophisticated also has her sentimental side.

(Continued on next page)
Two weeks after Ann Sothern announced that she and Air Corps Lieutenant Bob Sterling would parent an infant in November, she received a set of napkin rings for the anticipated heir, the gift of a foresighted fan.

FIRST BIRTHDAY

The tabulation is finally complete. Miss Alina Ladd, in honor of her first birthday, received 2706 birthday greeting cards. She now has her own stationery, her name printed thereon beside her most recent photograph, and her own secretary to answer the fan letters which pour in to Paramount Studios in numbers to exceed the amount of mail received by some of the stars of the lot.

TOOTH MYSTERY:

All during the filming of MGM's "National Velvet" 6-year-old Jackie Jenkins had a loose front tooth, but his mother, Doris Dudley, devoted a good deal of time and persuasion to keep him from shedding it. She might have succeeded except for the interference of a financial crisis.

Junior-wolf Jackie has a 10-year-old girl friend whose smiles fall most softly on our hero after he has purchased an ice cream bar for her. In order to earn the dime which this courtship costs, Jackie has long been assigned certain household duties, one of which is the periodic raking of leaves from the yard.

After having raked leaves for five minutes, he retired to the hammock and gave the entire situation some solemn thought. He had just remembered that when his older brother, Skipper, lost a baby tooth, he used to place it under his pillow. The next morning the elves would have put the snatch on the tooth (what elves wanted of a shed baby tooth Butch couldn'tathom), but they would have been gentlemen enough to have left a dime in payment.

That night, after Doris Dudley had put the children to bed, she went next door for a brief call on a neighbor. When she returned, she glanced into the boys' bedroom to check their welfare, only to be horrified by the great crimson blotch on Jackie's pillow. Frantically she awakened him, asking him what had happened.

"If you'll look under the pillow," mumbled an annoyed Jackie, "you'll find my tooth. In the morning it will be gone and a dime will be there."

Doris examined her son's dental condition. "But, darling, you pulled the wrong tooth," she protested, having caught sight of a pair of pliers at the side of the bed. "Your baby tooth on the other side wasn't even loose. This one," touching it lightly, "was the one that has been bothering you."

Butch closed his eyes and sighed in the manner of man sorely tried by the obviusness of womankind. "I'm saving that one," he explained, "for a dime on Saturday."

CHILDREN'S HOUR:

Early this summer Edgar Bergen appeared at the 1. Walter Thompson office to say a temporary goodbye to his friends there. He was going to Mexico on vacation.

"What about the children?" someone asked. "Are they all ready to go?"

"I'm not taking them," said Mr. Bergen. "I'm going on this trip because I need the rest. Any harried mother will tell you that there's no rest for a parent who takes youngsters traveling. My pair, particularly, would be showing off all the time and I'd have to spend most of my vacation sightseeing with them. No, this time they have to stay at home."

The "children": Charlie McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd.

DENNY MURPHY DEPT:

Many children are beautiful; most children have charm. But occasionally a child abundantly gifted of the gods is granted to astonished parents and eventually finds his way to a radio show. Such a character is Dennis Murphy, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Murphy. He is an entire Quiz Kid show without assistance: now six, he is the author of comments so adult, delivered with such sang froid, that—until further notice—he is
Myrna Loy, back in movieland to do a Thin Man picture with Bill Powell, has been spending a bunch of evenings with Helmut Dantine, entitled to a department of his own in this column.

Item: His mother recently acquired a hat best described as ultra chic. When she was modeling it at home, the night of purchase, her son turned grave eyes to his father. "She should have tried that bonnet on before she bought it," he observed. "Even on Melissa (aged 11 months) it would be more head than hat."

Item: When he broke his arm by falling off the moderately-sized dog house in the back yard, his father asked Denny, "What are you going to tell the kids at school?"
Denny chewed his lower lip judiciously. Then he shook his head in renunciation. "Nope," he said, "I guess I couldn't get away with that old one about being in a fight with a bear."

WOLF CALL:

As overseas entertainers, must travel exceedingly light. Ann Sheridan had Milo Anderson, witty Warner Brothers designer, prepare a series of costumes made of thin, non-crushable, easily cleaned materials. As everyone knows, Annie is the relaxed type; probably no actress in Hollywood causes less furor and confusion in the wardrobe department than she. She always likes the clothes designed for her, never fusses nor feels that her "personality has not been properly expressed." She tells Milo what she needs, and doesn't even return for a fitting. A dressmaker's form suffices.

So Milo, devoted to Annie as most of her fellow-workers are, really went to town on his designing job. He dreamed up a series of bra-sarong numbers featuring bare midriffs and v-necklines. The colors were luscious, the tailoring impeccable, the result devastating. Then, after a telephone conference with Ann, Milo packed the clothes. She didn't see them until she unpacked for her first camp appearance, at which time she sent Mr. Anderson a one-line v-letter of appreciation expressed in terse Sheridan-ese: "Wolf calls all the way to Africa."

(Continued on next page)
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Marlene Dietrich wrote to a friend, from somewhere in the European Theatre, “I have had pneumonia, but penicillin brought me out of it in a few days. I ran into Jean Pierre Aumont who is looking very well and who is doing fine work. Can you believe it—everywhere I went I saw that picture from Life Magazine showing me in the ‘Kismet’ costume with my gold legs! The boys seemed to like it. And now that the invasion has started perhaps I will have the great honor of following the troops into France and putting on shows as near the front lines as possible.”

LETTER FROM DIETRICH:

Marlene Dietrich wrote to a friend, from somewhere in the European Theatre, “I have had pneumonia, but penicillin brought me out of it in a few days. I ran into Jean Pierre Aumont who is looking very well and who is doing fine work. Can you believe it—everywhere I went I saw that picture from Life Magazine showing me in the ‘Kismet’ costume with my gold legs! The boys seemed to like it. And now that the invasion has started perhaps I will have the great honor of following the troops into France and putting on shows as near the front lines as possible.”

LETTER TO THE EDITOR:

I’m just a happy buck private expressing my thanks to John Garfield and the Ritz Brothers whom I’ve had the pleasure of meeting after both their performances.

When I first saw John Garfield on the screen, I really liked his acting more than some actors I have seen. Whenever I saw him, I’d get a feeling as if I had known him all my life, and you can imagine the thrill I received when I actually started talking with him after his performance. He wasn’t at all independent as I expected him to be; it seemed as if I were talking with an old friend. He’s a wonderful man, both on the screen and off. If there is any one who can build up a soldier's hope as well as he can, I think he’s a wonderful and good soldier, and I hope to see him again before I leave for battle.

As for the Ritz Brothers, there is no limit to my appreciation for their remarkable performance. When they arrived at my camp, I went to see them the first night the show opened up, and I enjoyed them so much that I saw the show four times in the two days they were there. The Ritz Brothers and many other fine actors like them are part of America’s morale, and they certainly live up to it.

So, I give my thanks and devotion to the Ritz Brothers and John Garfield and also to the actors and actresses on stage and screen who are helping to make this world a better place to live in.

Pvt. Johnny Russo
Co. "A"—311th Inf.
Camp Butner, N. C.
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word, he's disappeared into a whirling cloud of dust.

So you reach stage fifteen and step out of the California sunshine, and into the cavernous depths of a sound stage.

Suddenly you find yourself standing in a dirty, dingy street in the heart of London Town. Not that you've ever been in London, but you know now, once and for all exactly what it's like. A deep fog settles over everything. You feel that any moment Cockney Englishmen will step from the shops and go about their work. At your right is a newsstand and magazine shop. A fish and chips stall is there across the street, and down the road a ways, a grocery store, with a tank of live gold fish swimming behind the glass. The cobblestones are worn down by the traffic of centuries. Oh. It must be that way—they couldn't be made so real! Then you find yourself walking down the street, and peer through the dense fog up at the sign above the shop: “Motts—Old Furniture and New.”

"Hey!" a voice pops up to startle you again. And again. And again.

"Did you make your telephone call?" you ask.

"Yes," he replies.

Knowing Cary's dislike of talking about his private affairs, you fancy yourself as being enormously subtle when you say: "I understand your wife's out of town."

"And am I lonely!" Cary explodes, and he grins at you sort of wistfully and your heart does a couple of nips all by itself.

"But say, isn't this fog terrific!" The wistful note has left his voice and he's all teeming enthusiasm for the work at hand.

"Yeah," you answer with a grim voice, because by this time the fog is beginning to seep into your skin and hair and clothes, and you feel grimy and your eyes burn.

"It's just like the real thing," says Cary.

Another figure floats into your vision out of the mists. It's Jack Lannon, one of the best special effects men in Hollywood—and the non-actor, you. The "sweet potato" to his mouth and toots the Marine Hymn. Cary goes into a school boy, humble and solemn all at once. But no. Perched high behind the camera is the assistant cameraman, who at this moment puts the "sweet potato" to his mouth and toots the Marine Hymn, if you want to know the truth.

You look at Cary's thoughtful face and realize again what a deeply serious worker he is. He's all teeming enthusiasm for the work at hand.

"Tell her about it," says Cary, and then listens himself, fascinated, as Mr. Lannon explains that the fog is made of Nujol, an oil he insists will fix the lights for the next shot. Clifford Odets is there conferring with the cameraman, George Barnes. Odets is the famous playwright, author of many other Broadway hits. Cary remembers the scenario of "None But the Lonely Heart," Cary says. "Cary, "Hey, Jack!"

"Now I can learn still more, working with Ethel Barrymore," he tells you. "I think she likes working with Cary, but not with me. I hope so."

At that moment you hear the sound of a "sweet potato" playing. You're slightly startled. Cary is suddenly a bundle of vitality again. He leaps up, saying, "That's for me!" He grabs your hand, says, "Come on. Watch the scene." And all in a brief wild second you find yourself catal¬

ized out of the dressing room and practically on the set. Your head is in a whirl all over again. They talk about Betty Hutton! Listen, she's got the voice that'll knock anyone out of the way. Cary whispers, "Wait till you see her!"

The great lady appears. A silence falls upon the entire gathering. Odets offers his arm and leads her onto the stage. Ethel Barrymore, the First Lady of the American theater, walks like a queen to her work, with a gold ring on her finger and a personality shining about her; while Cary Grant stands watching like a school boy, humble and solemn all at once. For Cary is an actor who knows what it means when another actor has greatness that has been acquired through fifty years.

So in this atmosphere of theatrical magic, you go with Cary into his cool, green dressing room after the sound of your voices won't be picked up by the microphone.

"It's one of the great experiences of my life, to work with an actress like that," Cary says.

And he says, "And am I lonely!"
Barrymore, sitting in a canvas chair, puts back her head and laughs a lusty, full-throated laugh that reminds you of all the Barrymores rolled into one. "Cary sure is an entertainer," says one of the stage hands. "Say, they tell me the show he puts on for the soldiers out on Coney Island, the camps is tops. He's got a hypnotist act that'll kill you. Hey, Cary!" he yells. "Don't the soldiers like your show?"

"Well, I have a good time, anyway," Cary grins evasively.

You feel the warmth and friendliness of the set surrounding you. It's a good feeling. It must make a swell atmosphere in which to work.

"Somebody broke his leg the other day that was sure typical of Cary," your friend the stage hand continues. "A couple of servicemen came onto the set. They were standing off in a corner, and I sort of got to talking to them. I asked them, didn't they want to meet Cary. One of the soldiers acted kind of funny about it. Finally he broke down and said he used to work with Cary way back when he was a soldier on Coney Island. When Cary was a still walker this guy was a Barker. The soldier was afraid Cary wouldn't remember him. Or that maybe, if he did remember, he'd be embarrassed.

After all, why shouldn't Cary forget? It was a heck of a long time ago, and Cary had made a big name in the meantime, and married Barbara Hutton, and a lot of things had happened.

Just then Cary saw them across the stage. He made a running dive, yelling out the soldier's name and grabbing his arm. The scene was held up ten minutes while Cary and the soldier hatched over the happy old days they'd spent working for peanuts on Coney Island.

"Maybe it was just peanuts, at that," the stage hand laughs.

Just then Odets calls everyone to work. The scene is the back dining room-kitchen of Ma Mott's shop, and Ethel Barrymore is serving Cary his supper.

Hanging on the wall beyond the table is a picture of a man in the costume of another year. "Did you love my old man?" asks Cary, as they start the first rehearsal. "Love's not for the poor, son," Miss Barrymore answers, and she looks up at the picture. Then Cary bursts out laughing. You're kind of surprised by that.

It doesn't seem to belong to the scene they're playing. Cary says, "Hiya, Pop!" And that seems stranger still. You look more closely at the picture. This man is tremendously hand-some, much more so than Cary, if truth must be told. Cary turns and sees your troubled expression. "Meet my Dad," he says. "Mr. Leach, Senior."

"Whaaaat?" you mutter, really confused by this time.

"They couldn't find anything they thought looked like me, so I brought Pop down to play in the scene," Cary explains.

"Silence!" yells the assistant director. "Roll 'em!" yells the second assistant. A pause. Cary and Miss Barrymore are ready to begin.

When it's over, a deeply tragic scene, the people on the set are quiet. Cary walks away, and seems lost in his thoughts. Odets gives Miss Barrymore his arm again, and leads her down from the stage back to her dressing room. She pauses in the doorway and looks towards Cary. "There," she says, nodding her head in his direction, "there is a real actor."

Cary looks up. He has overheard what she's said. A big grin spreads over his face as she goes into the room and closes the door behind her.

There's one more thing, however, before we leave. About this business of Cary's standing in the doorway of his dressing room, that day he wasn't working. Remember?

Business is booming these days over at RKO. They're making a raft of pictures, which means a lot of actors working. There's a shortage of building materials and carpenters, as you all know. Well, put two and two together and what do you get? Right! A shortage of dressing rooms.

So what happens? Well, you don't think they can let a dressing room stand idle when an actor isn't working, do you? And these actors are funny people. They're superstitious about having strangers in their dressing rooms.

So ... I don't mean anything really. But after all, possession is nine points of the law—isn't it, Cary?
the Canyon," and many others you've heard Autry, Bing Crosby and other favorites singing.

In 1933, Mascot Productions (now Republic) plucked Autry from his hillbilly band to star in a Western serial called "The Phantom Empire." Smiley naturally came along. They made the picture, saw the rushes, and one Gene Autry and Smiley Burnette became 'Phantoms' themselves—but fast! Leaving Hollywood with flaming faces, vowing 'never again'. Louisville, Kentucky, and more Barn Dances, was their refuge.

But "The Phantom Empire" was released, and swept the country like a prairie fire. It opened a new era for Westerns—for the roughriding cowhands, hardbitten sheriffs and silver-spurred heroes carried on their chores with a background of music. Western music.

Autry and Smiley were hastily recalled and placed under contract. For ten long years then, the Westerns continued, with ever-growing popularity. Hitching-post theaters sprang up and there were not enough good Westerns to fill the demand. Smiley went right on playing lead comic to the star, his pal Gene, writing songs for Gene to sing, and just being himself—the smalltown boy who kept his head and liked making people laugh; Acquiring the screen name of "Frog," he wore it like a medal on his broad chest. He should care what the kids called him, as long as they liked him!

When Autry joined the Army, Republic had Roy Rogers ready to take over the cowboy star spot. And Smiley, being Smiley, still went right on playing lead comic.

He took the perennial tours, made the bond drive appearances. And since he'd acquired a wife and a growing family, from whom he hated to be separated, he took them right along on the tours with him—in a big car with a trailer attached. (Until gas rationing.) To see Smiley really enthusiastic, to make him smile that infectious grin, just ask him about his family. His six-year-old daughter, little Linda! Stephen of the red hair, who is the in-between; and Baby Caroline who can't quite talk yet, except with her eyes.

In his professionally equipped workshop, Smiley makes teeter-totters and toys for the children's private playing yard. A born mechanic and "fixer," he's always busy making things for his friends—things made of metal and leather and beads, or whatever else happens to be handy. Usually what he turns out, if not for his own youngsters, are toys for his special kid-pals; cowboy belts are his specialty.

And besides his workshop, Smiley has an "office"—a combination recording and projection room, where he goes into seclusion when he feels like that. There's no telling when that will be. Likely as not, he'll be in the midst of tending one of his famous barbecues, and have to leave just when the special sauce is most needing his attention. But grabbing the nearest handy instrument, he starts working out the new tune, singing it into his recording machine, and another hit is born. The studio musicians or orchestra players who record he's made, and when Smiley sees the results on paper he looks at the notes with his big round eyes and marvels—"Gosh, it must be wonderful to be able to write music down like that!"

"And believe it or not, the guy means it. He's that awed; full of admiration, sincerely humble. He's the number-one pin-up boy with the G.I.'s. And why? Because most of the boys he entertains are kids who grew up watching him on the screen. He knows what they wanted as kids, so he knows what they want in lonely camps, in foxholes and hospitals. They want to laugh. They want a few minutes of fun and happiness. Smiley gives it to them.

And that's the secret of his success, which he claims is no secret at all. The magic of Smiley's self-taught fingers, the spell of his haunting, lilting songs, the charm of his honest, simple, cheery personality and the enchantment of watching him recreate the old Wild West—that's his box-office value, that's what makes him Smiley Burnette.

THE END
year, acting; then I determined to head for a summer of stock in the East—and then Broadway. To my horror, Mother downright refused. I'll never forget that evening. I was insisting on going with my career; Mother was refusing; and you sat twitching uneasily over a book you were holding upside down, and saying nothing at all. But I could read your mind. You were thinking, "Better leave the women alone—it'll all blow over!"

But it didn't blow over. How I got the will-power I'll never know, but the next morning I quietly packed my clothes, sneaked out of the house, and drove away without a word to anyone. I drove to my married sister's home, of course; but I wouldn't let her tell either of you—and for a week neither of you knew where I was. At the end of that time I was as much of a wreck as I later discovered both of you were, for I adored both of you; so I called Mother up. You know the rest—how she cried, and I cried, and I came home again. You know the rest—how she cried, and I cried, and I came home again.

This time, you were ready to offer all the help you could. You sent me a picture, out of worry over me. I looked—haggard and worn, and you'd -ed both of you, for I adored

And so you very well added, "We've got a part for you in Our next!" And so you very well added, "We've got a part for you in Our next!" And so you very well added, "We've got a part for you in Our next!"

I was. At the end of that time I was

I dropped the name Gloria Wood, which I'd been wearing all these twenty years, because it hadn't seemed to help me much—if you forgive me saying so, Daddy dear! So I took the name of K. T. Stevens—because it was different for a girl, to have initials, and because I didn't want people to think I was using K. I'll never forget that evening. I was acting; then I determined to head for a summer of stock in the East—and then Broadway. To my horror, Mother downright refused.

But you met him almost as soon as I did. You and Mother came to Chicago to be with me at Christmas time. Being an incurable cook, I had bought an enormous turkey to roast in my small apartment ... and Al Vanderbilt and his friend, Ronald Brogan, volunteered to sit over it all during my matinee performance and see that it was basted correctly. Remember? Then I came dashing home, and tossed the rest of Christmas dinner together—and we sat down to the best holiday meal I think I've ever had!
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GOLDEN GLINT

Where, and a fireplace that my friend
sit over half the night. But you made
it complete with those seven color
portraits from "For Whom the Bell
Tolls."

My friends work hard when they're
my guests on week-ends. I'll never
forget your astonished expression
when you walked in once and found
Victor Mature washing dishes, while
Al Vanderbilt and Sheila Ryan and
Julie Warren and Johnny Forsythe
and Barry Sullivan and John Ham-
bleton all dried together! Anyway,
you must know how I love that house
—more even than steak (my favorite
dish) or "Tabu" perfume (the only
kind I've ever had on my dresser).
In it, when I'm there alone, I read of
an evening. Then I take my black
poodle, Satin, for a walk. And then
I come back and make myself Oval-
tine and fall into bed for nine or ten
hours. And just before I go to sleep
every night, I think again that I want
to be acting up until the day I step
into my grave. And I also think of
you, and the unique place you've had
in my life, and . . .

Daddy, you know what? I just
read this Declaration of Independ-
ence over, and I discovered that may-
be my career has been Without Fath-
er. But you were around it, and be-
hind it, and over it the whole long
time! Without your friends, I'd never
have met the man I will probably
marry; and without your backing, I'd
never have been able to go to all
those dramatic schools that helped
me so much; and without your
thoughtfulness, I wouldn't even have
the beach house roof over my head!

Maybe it was because of my ging-
ham-girl tastes that you gave me the
small beach house next to your big
one. You couldn't have delighted me
more! I immediately went color-
mad on my new bedroom — it's a mass
(or mess?) of the dubonnet, dusty
pink and chartreuse. But I certainly shied away
from parties, in favor of four movies
a week. And I still preferred ham-
burgers and malted milks to hard
liquor of any kind. And lying on the
beach all day all summer, instead of
going to the tea-parties Mother
turned up — getting brown as Boston
beans, and never wearing a cap in
swimming. Braids did just as well.

Yes, you met Al over food; and it
seems to me you said goodbye to
him (when he left for Naval duty)
over food, too! Remember how thin
he was when he applied for the
Navy? He was under 130 pounds,
which is pretty skinny for a young
man almost six feet tall. And I fed
him bananas and milk six times a day
out at the Wood beach house in Cal-
ifornia, until he finally weighed 134
pounds and got admitted!

By that time I was in Hollywood
and the movies, at last. I was in
"Kitty Foyle," and then "The Great
Man's Lady," and then "Address Un-
known." And I was being as un-
glamour-girlish as I liked. (Which
you thoroughly approved of and
Mother was resigned to!) I mean, I
was still staying away from parties;
and I still wore no make-up except
lipstick and mascara, and no nail
polish, and no hats. Of course I was
as mad about clothes as I'll always be
—shoes and bags and gloves in par-
ticular — and any odd color from
dusty pink to purple, and char-
truese. But I certainly shied away
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WHO IS HODIAK?
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41)

comes from swimming, golf, tennis and fishing. There is nothing artificial about this brown young actor. He’s just a man—just as you suspected, just as you hoped!

But despite the fact that he was discovered by you women, you play a very small part in his life right now. He is a bachelor, and the kind of a bachelor any mother craves for her daughter. He has no heart-interests of any kind—unless you can count Roberta Bailey, whom he dates most steadily. She is three years old, and the daughter of his best friends, the Robert Baileys. And their dates, the tiny girl and tall young actor, are invariably at ice-cream parlors!

Otherwise, John looks like a ready mark for any determined huntress. He lives alone, in a two-room apartment in Beverly Hills for which he pays seventy dollars a month, and which he keeps so shipshape that the daily maid mutters happily, “He makes his bed so neatly I’d hardly know he slept in it!” In this tidy apartment John stays hibernating far more than any sensational bachelor should. Evening after evening, if you peeked through the windows, you could see him sitting there over books (detective, fiction, biography), while the air vibrates with symphonic and gut-bucket music from the radio. And if you waited at the doorstep, you would often see him starting on a three-hour tramp—provided the night was rainy. Walking in the rain is the only time to walk, according to John.

Often, too, he takes out his three-year-old gray convertible, in which he arrived in Hollywood, and drives to a Beverly Hills movie house to sit alone, concentrating on a picture, studying it. Of course, some nights he takes out grown-up girls—but not movie stars. They’re radio friends he knew in the East. Usually he takes them to the Brown Derby or Romanoff’s for dinner. And then, natural, to a movie. Never a night club. Night clubs leave him cold.

But if you’re interested in understanding John, the better to land him, you’d better know his history. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, thirty years ago. His father and mother were Ukrainian peasants who came to this country just before John’s birth—Walter and Anna Pogorzeliec Hodiak. Walter Hodiak got a job at once in the coal mines, and they lived in Pittsburgh until they had four children—first John, then Walter Jr., then Ann and Mary. Eight years had passed when they moved to Hamtramck, the foreign section of Detroit where all the factory workers and farmers live. Here, in a world made up of Poles, Slavs, Greeks and Italians, John grew up.

It was the happiest of worlds to him. Every morning Father Hodiak went to work on the assembly lines of the Ford Motor Factory, swinging his dinner pail, and his four children went off to grammar schools with their smaller dinner pails. They came home at night to find Mother Hodiak singing Ukrainian songs in her immaculate kitchen, while she stirred Ukrainian food on the stove. Shashlik, and meat and rice wrapped

Are You in the Know?

In WAVE slanguage, she’s—

- A destroyer
- On see duty
- Being convoyed

WAVES have words of their own! For instance, "being convoyed" means being on a date. "See duty" means the movies. The girl above is a destroyer (pretty WAVES) and busy at her job. Any girl can sail through dates or duty with confidence, on calendar days—when she chooses Kotex. Because Kotex is the word for protection in sanitary napkins. That special 4-ply safety-center gives extra protection where you need it most. And Kotex has no wrong side to confuse you and cause embarrassing accidents!

Is she headed for—

- "Heart" trouble
- A high date quota
- Complexion blues

Snacks at the hamburger hangout are fun! But too many “fries” and double desserts may bring complexion blues. Go easy on rich foods. With sensible diet, daily scrubbing, your face can defy the keenest ogling. You can challenge costume closeups, too, on those days. Kotex sanitary napkins outwit tell-tale lines—for those patented Kotex ends are pressed flat—they don’t show, because they’re not thick, not stubby like some napkin ends. They’re scientifically designed to keep Kotex snug-fitting...smoother!

Which is most likely to get the job?

- The girl on the left
- On the right
- In the center

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in hot cabbage leaves, and a huge kettle of thick soup which simmered on the back of the stove all day and all night. The whole family rotated around her brisk gingham-clad figure. All summer she went bare-footed, and all winter she wore slippers and a sweater. And always the family spoke Ukrainian at home.

They owned their own house, a white frame one, which Father Hodiak bought for very little during the Depression. He also bought the lot next door. And the whole family pitched in to work on their home and make it livable. The six of them painted it, inside and out. And dug the ground up for a big vegetable garden, and made a chicken coop, and adopted three stray dogs who adopted them. Nighttimes, Father Hodiak acted in Ukrainian and Russian plays put on by the parish. And when his eldest son, John, was eleven, he too became an amateur actor.

He enjoyed it. But more than anything else, he enjoyed movies. Every Friday afternoon he ditched school to see the movies. Some films he saw over and over again. He saw Douglas Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad" thirty-four times and "Robin Hood" twenty-one.

Then he was going to Hamtramck High School, and trying to make up his mind what to do in the world. He thought of the priesthood for awhile, but dismissed that. Then professional baseball, since he was offered a job by the St. Louis Cardinals after they saw him in action as a third baseman. Then Northwestern University offered him a dramatics scholarship, based on his acting in the high school and parish plays. But he turned that down, too, in favor of an appointment to West Point.

For he had decided at last: he would be an Army man. On this he based all his dreams and plans. And when his appointment fell through, he was heartbroken. He was also determined never to grieve again over what he wasn't intended to have. He graduated from Hamtramck High, and walked promptly into a Detroit radio station, an eighteen-year-old fatalist.

"I want a job acting," said he. "We'd suggest plumbing," said they, after listening to his fumbling diction. So then the fatalist walked out again, shrugging, and landed a job caddying at a nearby country club. The Depression was in full swing, and apparently all his great plans had degenerated into carrying some one's else golf clubs over the green.

But it all depended on whose clubs he was carrying, as it turned out. Several of a businessman who was the budget director of the Chevrolet Motor Company. And one day the director asked John how he'd like a job in the office there. Now to a citizen of Hamtramck, a white-collar job was on a par with being president. An office man was a man of great stature. John snapped at the job. And for the next three years he left home in the morning dressed in a business suit, with a white shirt and a conservative tie, and went to work with his pride high within him. For all the neighbors said to Mrs. Hodiak, "You have a great boy there, Anna. A boy who can work at a desk, without having gone to college!"

His pay was forty-five dollars a week, and he was in their central business office. All day long he read aloud figures—expense sheets and production schedules. And unbeknownst to himself, all this reading aloud was steadily improving his diction. His fellow office workers knew that he was an amateur actor, and one morning one of them was waiting at the door for John, flapping a newspaper excitedly. "It says here there's an amateur radio audition, John. Why don't you try for it? Tonight?"

John did. He played a senator being interviewed on politics—and he won the audition. In his triumph, he rushed back home that midnight and rapped out a letter to the radio station which had turned him down, three and a half years before. It was quite a jeering letter, and the burden of its tune was, "In spite of you, I have succeeded!" He got a smashing letter back in the next mail. The manager of WXYZ called him a boastful upstart, and a number of other things—but he also challenged John to come in and show off his great improvement as an actor.

John was there after work that
night, with the letter smoking in his hand, and was told to keep coming back. Because after all, he had promised. Not enough to be on pay, of course, but enough to learn the radio game by watching broadcasts in his spare time.

John’s spare time was after five in the afternoon, when he finished work at the office. For the next six months, he spent every evening at the radio station. At the end of that time, he’d been a few voices in a few mob scenes, and he was offered a radio acting job at thirty-five dollars a week. It meant a ten-dollar weekly loss, but he accepted! And promptly!

Then he went home and broke the news at the family dinner table. “Well, son, it seems to me you’d better try it,” said father, and was told to keep coming back. Because after all, he had promised.

But John stuck to his guns, and for the next two years he played gravel-voiced villains in Detroit. Then, thinking he’d gone as far as he could in Detroit, he decided to push on to bigger radio things. Again, he went home to break his news to the family.

“I have decided to go to Chicago and try my lot in radio there. The radio station here offered me seventy-five dollars a week to stay, but I’m going. I have made up my mind.”

Pandemonium again—the Hodiak family was horrified! In Hamtramck, nobody ever left town. If a man married, he stayed in Hamtramck. A few lawyers and doctors away; but certainly nobody ever left town.

“What will the neighbors think when you leave us?” said members of the family. “Whatever they will think,” said John firmly, not too concerned.

So he took a bus to Chicago the next day. And his mother clung to him, and gave him only one piece of advice: “Always be well fed.” He didn’t tell her that he would reach Chicago with only enough money to be well fed at one meal. But fortunately, right after that meal (lunch), he got his first radio job in this strange, noisy metropolis full of towering buildings.

From then on, he did all right. He was a little homesick, of course. But he made money—enough to buy himself that gray convertible he still has. And better yet, enough to send money home for a new frigidaire, a new radio, a new stove. Mrs. Hodiak wrote him about it. “All the neighbors have been in to look at the new things,” she wrote. “They are wild with triumph over their native son.

But so far he’s always been able to elude you women. Not two of you, of course; two who disillusioned him so that he swore he’d never believe in you again. But with those two in the past, he no longer wants to elude you. He very much wants to be happily married. So do his parents. “Only you, the eldest, is still single,” they write him mournfully. “And we want so much to see you settled!”

Well, John’s busily trying to find the girl who’ll be the right Mrs. Hodiak. He even has his specifications. “She must be at least five feet two, lovely to look at, very intelligent, fond of music, a wonderful housekeeper—and the future mother of dozens of children!” says he, just as if these dream-girls are standing on every street-corner.

Meanwhile, he’s keeping busy. He sees his friends, the Balleys, and their sub-debutante daughter, and film-cutter Watson Webb, and business manager Louis Melcher. He learns his lines in the hellzapoppin confusion of movie sets, and reads the newspapers when the lines are learned, thumbing mainly through the sports pages and the two comic strips, “Terry and the Pirates” and “Li’l Abner.” And he’s very happy. Happier than he’s ever been in his life, even though he’s still too nervous in his new success to eat more than one good meal a day. Coffee he calls breakfast, a wolfed sandwich is lunch, and only at dinner does he put away all the correct courses. At night he’s too wound up to sleep more than four hours. The rest of the night he dreams, wide awake.

He has plenty of dreams, you see. One is of the fishing lodge he wants to own some day in the wettest part of Michigan. Another is of the day, after the war, when he can make a few Russian and South American movies. Another deals with the time, years from now, when he can combine acting with a complete study of music and history. But mostly he plans the house he will build in Hollywood for his parents, so that they can spend their winters in California.

The next week—and every week since then—he has called them from Hollywood.

Which has been almost two years now. Two years of oblivion, until...
mean.) As for her figure, she’s on the petite side, being five feet two and weighing one hundred and eight pounds. And her curves, shall we say, are in the right places. I could go on and on, but you get the general idea.

Gloria continued, “When I had a chance to go with Jan Savitt, I took it. We opened at the Hollywood Casino, which was sort of a mini-Palladium. A short while Jan told me the band was going on the road. I didn’t want to leave Hollywood, so I gave my two-weeks notice and left just in time for the picture. It happened to be on the day of Frank’s broadcast, so after rehearsing they took me down to meet him. He was very nice to me and told me how much he enjoyed this—especially having to do some—opposite him. When it was time to go on the air, I asked Frank if I could sit in the audience instead of in the booth. I had heard the kids at home were going to be listening, and I thought it would be fun to watch them. A couple of little girls sitting next to me asked if were Gloria De Haven and I said yes. After the broadcast, I turned and stomped away.

‘Gloria, you’re supposed to be a trouper. You’re not going to let me down, are you? After all, you’re surely enough of a performer to do this—it’s not that hard.’

‘‘Frank stopped dead still and looked me right in the eye with, ‘Don’t be silly,’ he said. ‘Come on, we’re going to run through it once in a hurry, and before you know it we’ll be on the air. You won’t have time even to think about being scared.’"

“Don’t be silly,” he said. “Come on, we’re going to run through it once in a hurry, and before you know it we’ll be on the air. You won’t have time even to think about being scared.”
Ramsay Ames, Macamba—dancing with Major Alan Martini, war hero with a record for having downed twenty-seven Jap airplanes.

"That's a sure sign of success, Gloria. How does it feel?"

"You know," she said honestly, "I get the biggest kick out of it. I think I always will."

"Let's get back to romance a minute," I prodded. "Now that your career is going along so smoothly, do you ever think about getting married?"

"I certainly do," she replied. "What young girl doesn't? But I don't think you can have both. A career and marriage, I mean. It didn't work out in my parents' case. They were both in the theatre, but they divorced when I was practically a baby. I've made up my mind that when I find the right boy I'll settle down and just be a wife. Because I want everything that goes with marriage—a home and children and all that. And you can't very well be on a sound stage and home with a baby at the same time."

"But right now I'm in no hurry. I know that when the right person comes along—well, he'll just come along, and I'll just marry him. I'm a bit of a fatalist, I guess. Why, I might even walk right out of the Brown Derby and meet him! Who knows?"

"Which reminds me," I hinted. "It might just not be a bad idea if we left, anyway — whether we find your Prince Charming or not. The waiters must be beginning to think we're here for the night!"

As we left the Derby and walked up Vine Street, the lane where so many careers have had their start and finish, I couldn't help thinking that here was one kid who would do all right—whether it be leading lady to Frank Sinatra, or just plain Mrs. to some lucky guy. She's okay by me.

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Ring Size
cheer me up, especially the piano player, Lou Bush. Just the same, I wasn't able to sing the first show. The second one, I did, and later joined the band. That was important, too—but not nearly so important as the fact that Lou and I became friends that day.

For Irene Dunne, it was the day she met Dr. Francis Griffin, who is now her husband. It happened at a penthouse party in New York. Irene was the star of "Sweetheart Time," Dr. Griffin was a dentist from New England who preferred not to fall in love with an actress. He weakened enough at the party to ask someone to introduce him to Irene and to ask her for her telephone number. Then he changed his mind again, and didn't call her for three weeks.

"I was furious," Irene said, "because I liked him from the start. I made up my mind that I'd really tell him off, when he finally did call. Then when he did, I found myself suddenly saying very meekly: 'Yes, I'll be happy to go out with you.'"

The most important day in Dana Andrews' life was one back in 1931, when he decided on a theatrical career:

"I was chief accountant for a firm in Austin, Texas," Dana tells, "and I realized I was making less money than I'd been used to and that I was bored. I decided to take a gamble, if I decided not to accept. I weighed one prospect against the other—should it be business executive or a problematical future as an actor? Finally I decided to take a chance—and with $25 in my pocket, set out for Hollywood.

For Gail Russell, it was a day at Technical High School in Santa Monica, when she found a note on her desk: "Please telephone Milton Lewis of Paramount Studios, regarding screen test."

"I thought it was a practical joke," Gail says, "and threw the note into the wastebasket. They weren't going to catch me with any gag as fantastic as that."

It was the Hollywood party of the month. Sam Goldwyn was the host, entertaining on the "Belle of the Yukon" set. Gypsy Rose Lee (the belle) was wide-eyed for Gary Cooper.
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great Basie piano accompanied by his rhythm section: bass, guitar, and drums. The tunes are all in the indigo mood, including his famous "How Low Can You Go?" and "Tico-Tico." During the recording of this album Basie requested the Columbia boys to turn off all the lights in the studio. He had always appeared with a full band and he felt lost in the large room. So instead of turning all his numbers in the dark. But the engineer has to see his control board, so some poor character stood by and struck thirty-five packs of matches during the session. The result was a burned finger or two, and a heck of a good Basie album.

Xavier Cugat is in again, with a single record of "Amor" and "No Te Importe Saber." This disc was cut way back in August of 1942, but Cugat, who knows his Latin ditties, prophesied that "Amor" would one day be on the hit parade. And he was right.

Here's Harry James with "Memphis Blues" and "Sleepy Time Gal," both instrumentals and both heavily featuring the James horn. This was also made a couple of years back and James frequently heard an amusing story about this record. When some of the hot jazz collectors found out it was going to be released they put in advance orders, offering as much as $3.00, delivered for the platter. And some of them actually paid that much, not knowing that the O.P.A. ceiling price was a mere fifty cents plus tax.

DECCA:

We have another show album, this time the Cole Porter score from the New York hit show, "Mexican Hay-ride." The artists are June Havoc, Corinna Mura, Wilbur Evans and the original chorus and orchestra.

Morton Downey, a new addition to the Decca Company, is heard on his first record in a long time. It's "Spring Will Be A Little Late This Year" and "Chang's Prayers." "Spring" is the beautiful Frank Loesser tune from Deanna Durbin's picture, "Christmas Holiday." If you're a Dick Haymes fan, you'll want this re-release of "How Blue The Night" and "How Many Times Do I Have To Tell You?" These are two of the tunes Dick sang in his first picture, "Four Jills And A Jeep."

Decca has issued another album in its Collectors' Series—"Ellingtonia," Volume II. There are eight sides in all, including such old Ellington favorites as "Jumpin'," "Two Sleepy People" and "Swing High." There are some fine tunes with such stars as Flip Phillips, "I'm In The Mood," "Amor," and "Awful Sad." All the tunes were originally recorded on the Brunswick label. There are some fine solos by Johnny Hodges and Cocteau Mitchell, with Duke's piano. We have another show album, this time the Cole Porter score from the New York hit show, "Mexican Hay-ride." The artists are June Havoc, Corinna Mura, Wilbur Evans and the original chorus and orchestra.

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Benny Goodman a few years ago, is in for two vocals, “That Old Feeling” and “Ain’t Goin’ No Place.” The latter tune was specially written for her by Dick Larkin, and she sings it in her very best “Why Don’t You Do Right?” style. I happened to be present the day she recorded this one and the first thing I did was to ask her what everyone has wanted to know—why she gave up singing. She told me that after her baby was born she felt she just wanted to stay home and be Mrs. Dave Barbour. (Dave is a fine guitarist and also plays on this album.)

JAM NOTES:

Capt. Glenn Miller spent his furlough on his ranch in California. Rumors still persist that Miller will be retired to inactive duty. But his intimates say that Glenn would like to go overseas with his band. . . . Lt. Vallee may be back in civilian life by the time you read this. If he does leave the Navy, he will have a radio show in the fall. . . . Still more news of music men leaving the service: Dean Hudson was discharged from the Marines and helped Tommy Dorsey reorganize his present band. Then he got together an outfit of his own. . . . Buddy Rich is also out of the Marines . . . After several false starts from the Garber band went on the road. She wanted to be near her soldier-husband, who is stationed in California. . . . After several false starts from his draft board, Vido Musso finally left Woody Herman and was inducted into the Marines . . .

Kay Armen is the center of discussion when it comes to new singers. Her Decca disc of “You’re The Dream” sold close to a million copies. Kay got her start demonstrating songs for music publishers in Chicago. One publisher thought her voice was so wonderful he got her a job on a sustaining network show in Nashville, Tennessee. The Decca people heard her, signed her to come to New York.

Jimmy Van Heusen, who wrote the score for the picture, “Going My Way,” recently wrote a tune called “Nancy, With The Laughing Face” which he dedicated to Frank Sinatra’s four-year-old daughter. The tune has been published and all the royalties will be put into a trust fund for Nancy.

That’s it for this month, my good friends. If you have any musical questions, send them along, with a self-addressed stamped envelope, and I’ll do my best to answer them. Address Jill Warren, Movieland, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.
Her current problem is calling to Margaret's attention that fantasy is very useful in its place, but its place is in the studio. Margaret went to a party recently. And, when Mrs. O'Brien called for her daughter, the hostess said, "Well, goodbye, Margaret. I'm so sorry you weren't hungry. I'm sure you would have liked the ice cream and cake." Mrs. O'Brien asked in some surprise, "Weren't you hungry, Margaret?"

Smilingly, the hostess interposed, "She said she had eaten two bowls of tomato soup just before she came to the party, so I imagine that was the reason she wasn't hungry. Margaret stared virtuously into the middle distance.

In the car, on the way home, Mrs. O'Brien asked severely about the fictitious tomato soup. "You hadn't had a bit of luncheon, so that was a story. Why did say say such a thing?"

The mendacious one couldn't think of a good reason, but agreed that she mustn't dream up a quart of soup simply for purposes of drama hereafter.

Once Margaret's contemporaries get accustomed to the idea that, despite her cinematic career, she is just like any other little girl, they accept her wholeheartedly and with the loud iconoclasm of childhood. She gets kidded, shoved around, and called down along with the rest of the gang.

But before this free masonry is established, Margaret sometimes goes through a few bad moments. Last winter, when she was in New York, she was allowed to go "skating" in Central Park. She simply joined the other kids on the juvenile ice pond and slid around in galoshes that had grown pleasantly slick from dampness. The other skaters looked her over, and accepted her; they pushed her around, included her in crack-the-whip, and laughed when she took a spill.

Then one afternoon two of the children approached her with a question. "Is your name really Margaret O'Brien?"

"Yes," she said, in a meek, wishing-she-could-deny-it little voice.

"We went to a movie yesterday and saw "Lost Angel." Was that little girl really, truly you?"

Margaret, still more uneasily, admitted the charge.

"Oh," said the kids. They passed her again.

After that she was treated with great formality. She wasn't pushed nor shoved nor included in the roughest games. She had become something strange and rare and fragile. It puzzled Margaret and made her uncomfortable. Skating ceased to be fun because she had to do it alone, before the staring eyes of her erstwhile friends. She was glad when she boarded the train headed for Hollywood, where even big people play games with her.

Margaret adores Jimmie Craig who played opposite her in "Lost Angel." Jimmie has a son of his own, somewhat younger than Margaret, who is the very core of his being. He understands children. On the set he had used to tell Margaret stories about Bud, his own little boy, and about Texas
It's nice work if you can get it and comic Lou Costello is getting it. In addition to having bankrolled Biltmore Production's "A WAVE, a WAC and a Marine," which gives him this opportunity to be surrounded by screen lovelies, Costello is also surrounded by gorgeous femininity in "Lost In A Harem.

where Jimmie grew up.

They went into a huddle on the hopscotch situation and purloined some chalk to draw a course on the cement ramp just outside the stage. Instead of the flat stones that most children use for markers, Margaret used the backs of cigarette matchbooks, courtesy of J. Craig.

In addition to being the hopscotch champion of Culver City, Margaret is probably the only female feather-weight collector of guns in the state. Mrs. O'Brien has never approved of children owning guns of any sort, but her young daughter cherished other ideas. She became engrossed in the history of Belle Starr and went around telling people about it. Well, you know how eager adults are to frequent toy departments. Margaret's hobby gave them an excuse to look into the gun situation. So Miss O'Brien now owns seven, and can play Belle Starr with everything from a water pistol to a wooden machine gun.

Some of her dramas are borrowed from the comic strips, although she doesn't take the doting interest in such books that many children do. She is likely to ask her mother, when they are shopping, for one comic book rather than the half a dozen which is par for most juvenile demands.

When they have reached home, she will seat herself quietly in a corner and look over the book, page by page, very carefully. That done, she is through with the book forever.

She is just learning to read, but she seems to have a spare sense of sentence structure already. She likes to have her mother read stories from current periodicals. So, before complying with this request, Mrs. O'Brien usually scans the stories to be sure that she will know where any statement or passage that Margaret might not understand, occurs. Then, when reading, Mrs. O'Brien calmly skips the paragraph. But this system is no longer in good working order. Lately, Margaret has interrupted coolly to
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Rarest shot of the month. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Muni. These two aren't seen very often in the social whirl, but they came out of hiding to attend "Story of Dr. Wassell" premiere.

She learns her dialogue for motion pictures by having the lines read to her. She repeats them once or twice and they are hers for the duration of the lines. Sometimes she confronts afterward by an actual situation approximating one she has acted in a picture, she will produce a half-forgotten line of dialogue in true theatrical tradition. She knows what she is doing, too, and gets a kick out of it.

There is every chance that she will one day be the best-dressed woman on the screen, because she has a well-developed clothes sense even at this early date. Her bright hazel eyes scan every big girl she sees on the Metro lot. Recently she has been snapping her mother's precious bobby pins to fasten her beret to the crown of her head. She is crazy about sweaters—sloppy joes—and, if Mrs. O'Brien doesn't see her when she is dressing, she will wear her sweaters over her jumper straps to hide them. Or she will tuck the straps inside her skirt and pin the band tight.

She fell in love with the "Brownie" shoes (Brownies are the junior branch of the British Girl Guides). She is the ambition of every big girl she sees on the Metro lot. Her bright hazel eyes scan every big girl she sees on the Metro lot. Sometimes, when confronted afterward by an actual situation approximating one she has acted in a picture, she will produce a half-forgotten line of dialogue in true theatrical tradition. She knows what she is doing, too, and gets a kick out of it.

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interest in drawing, and people say I am very much to get a few
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Page 471 (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

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To complement this smooth front hairline, you must settle for a simple, well-controlled back view. You'll notice that while Marie wears curls at the nape of her neck, they are closely clustered—neither casual nor untidy. Vicki's super-size chignon is another neat and knowing solution. Her shoulder length tresses have been ruffled a bit, then brushed over a filler of wool crepe. A thin net, over all, holds this big bun firmly in place.

Suppose, though, your hair isn't quite as plentiful as it might be. There's still a way to make it look more luxurious. The trick, in case you don't know, is to "layer-brush" it. Part your locks in one long sweep, from back to front. Then wield a hairbrush briskly, lifting the hair up at the ends for an effect of fluffy fullness. Continue parting, brushing, parting until you have finished both sides. When you re-arrange your hair-do, you'll seem to have twice as much and three times better-behaved hair.

However, you can't fake length without some assistance. What you can do is add on and fill out with matching pieces. These are made of natural hair, exactly the same shade as your own and come in lovely chignon effects, coiled or twisted to simulate full-length luxuriance. Such hair pieces are as easy to put on as a bow or a flower. They are simply attached with invisible, non-slipping combs to hug your head in a sturdy, steadfast way.

---

**The Long View**

Marie McDonald, now in Hunt Stromberg's "Guest in the House."

Vicki Styles, appearing in David O. Selznick's "Since You Went Away."

—BEAUTY AIDS, Dept. 9-BD
89 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn 17, N.Y.
Kayne's a many-sided sort of guy, come to think of it. And probably that's what makes him so interesting and fascinating. There's, for instance, Kayne the Athlete. As most people know, he's baseball mad. Greatest Dodger fan in the world, he's a bosom pal of Leo the Lip Durocher, the Brooklyn manager. Once Leo asked him to work out with the team, in uniform! (Even the Goldwyn kiss of fortune couldn't mean as much to Danny.)

Almost everywhere that Danny goes he takes two gloves and a baseball. (They barred those weapons from backstage of "Let's Face It," after casualties.) Danny invites everybody to play catch. And he doesn't work off his baseballitis anywhere else, where he brings it home. There's a 60-by-60 plot behind our house (Danny insists on calling it the "backyard") on the little strip of green between the pint-sized swimming pool and the kitchen door, Mrs. Kayne, when Danny has time off, plays catch with him. Though I weigh only 111 pounds, I've got to claim all Mr. Steelmuscled Kaye can send.

An English airman, son of a famous London publisher, was asked by reporters, as he sailed home from New York, "What do you remember best that you saw in America?" He answered, "Danny Kaye's muscle." It was a good gag, because if Danny knows you thirty minutes he's likely to say, "Feel my butt cold.

He is whipcord and steel from head to foot. His pride in that, and in his perfect coordination (he achieved "form" almost at once in the little golf and tennis he has had time to play—and he sleeps in Ballet Position No. 3) stems from a very human reason. When he was fifteen, he was injured seriously in an automobile accident. Then later, working in summer-camp shows for bare eating-money, another injury.

I'd handed him two new numbers, one night, both of which required violent and lightning-like contortions. During the first, at the show's very opening, Danny took an unscheduled fall—hard. The audience hollered, thinking it was funny, and the rest of us didn't pay much attention. But an hour and a half later, when Danny didn't come out for the final curtain calls, we found him backstage, passed out cold.

He had fractured a vertebra in that fall, gone through the long show afterward on sheer nerve. As a matter of fact, he still requires frequent back massages when undergoing a heavy schedule, and doesn't always work without pain.

But Athlete Kaye isn't the only one of Danny's personalities that overflows into the home. There's the frustrated Actor Kaye! Not that he wants to play Hamlet, but he has a wild passion to do character parts. Is so sure that he could, and to prove his point.

Danny worked sixty-four days in "Up in Arms," with a total of only four days off. Once, though, he was unexpectedly let go for the duration at 3 o'clock. After spending an hour with the make-up expert of "The North Star," Danny arrived home, set to test his powers.

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The End
of patriotic rallies. However, she was

But you can’t run away from

troubles. They pick up their legs and

never away from the children longer

tied into knots. Then shortly after

improve the home situation. And she

received an offer from Producer Mike Todd to

return to the Broadway stage in "The

Naked Genius." Dick urged her to

The Naked Genius" was still play¬

ing after six weeks, when the show

closed due to Joan’s illness. She re¬

turned to Hollywood and spent ten

weeks in bed.

It was during those weeks of physi¬

cal wretchedness and complete heart¬
sickness that she faced the issue

squarely.

"I’m sticking because of my chil¬
dren," she told herself. "But what

good am I to them, in this condition?

What good can a sick, maladjusted

mother be to them? They’ve always been there—but they’ve never penetrated

to my inner vision.

"I am aware of things and people.

I look closely at everything around me and see them in focus. I

have learned to listen and really

hear what is being said. It seems as

if all my senses had been swathed in

defeating wool — and all sounds and

impressions came from a very great

deadening. Now I see and hear and feel,

all different and made over inside.

"I am not afraid of anything any

more. I know that I can be true to

myself and still fulfill all my respon¬
sibilities to my children. My new five-

year contract with Twentieth-Cen¬
tury-Fox will enable me to provide

for them well. After all, money isn’t

tremendously important. If I teach

them humility, and how to live intel¬

lectually, they will have inner re¬

sources far more useful than mere

material things when they come in

contact with the world.

"My chief concern during all the

tiring weeks of finally cutting the

threads of our mutual lives has been

the effect of the break on the children.

Ellen, who is six, is too young to

understand or be touched by the situ¬

ation. A serenity, a sense of

cal wretchedness and complete heart¬
sickness has been achieved.

When she left Hollywood to go into

At Dick’s suggestion, and with his

complete knowledge and approval, she

accepted Mike’s escort frequently.

She dine together. They danced

the road company of “Something for

the Boys,” she still had not reached a

final decision.

Rubicon. She would seek a divorce.

Goldwyn-Mayer. However, she was

good am I to them, in this condition?

What good can a sick, maladjusted

mother be to them? They’ve always been there—but they’ve never penetrated

to my inner vision.

"I am aware of things and people.

I look closely at everything around me and see them in focus. I

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uation. A serenity, a sense of

cal wretchedness and complete heart¬
sickness has been achieved.
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William Emery Shepherd, head of the drama institute at Point Loma. "He gave me my first opportunity," she says. "He personally steered me through my initial role on the stage—in a play called 'Saint Cecilia.' It was religious in character—quite a contrast to my first film role, which was in a rootin' tootin' shootin' western epic titled 'Bad Man of Missouri.'"

Faye loves all music, and has collected enough popular and symphonic albums to stock a record shop. But—she can't sing a note, and consistently muff "Chopsticks" on the piano. "is poker—but how many times do I get to play it? Once every two years!"

"Character," true to her acclaim as stage actress, excels so at this sport that she was chosen by the Warners to play Miss Davis, on her way to see "rushed," went into the wrong projection room by mistake. She found herself looking at a test in which Miss Emerson was assisting. Her interest immediately aroused, she saw the test through, then sought information about Faye. Learning that Faye had been under contract for some time, she said, "But why aren't they doing something with her? That girl has more talent in her little finger than half the name stars in Hollywood. Where can I see her? I want to talk to her. Maybe I can do something for her."

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4650 Irving Park Road
Dept. 26, Chicago 41, Ill.
pitch. Today, the sound man also plays detective, having to ferret out all the objectionable noises and put a stop to them. Sometimes it’s the tinkling of a Celanese slip that sounds like a waterfall in the recording booth, or a loose heel that sounds like machine gun fire and has to be padded with felt, or the whispering of a careless extra.

And who makes the rain fall, who plans the earthquakes and explosions? These are jobs for the arsenal and special effects department. Hardly a day passes when they aren’t busy setting fire to a 2000-acre forest, wiping out an entire town with floods, or drowning a whole regiment of Nazi soldiers.

And when bombs drop, roofs fly off buildings, horses charge, and tanks attack, in the topical pictures of today, it is not unusual that someone is hurt. In a crowd of several thousand extras, there is no more useful member of a production unit than the pretty nurse over at the doctor’s building. In a single picture it is not unusual for her to be kept on her toes extracting splinters from a damaged hand, removing particles of dust from a star’s eyes, bandaging a cut toe, or applying ice packs to a bleeding nose. For major cases, she can call an ambulance and have it on the spot in three minutes.

Thinking of the prop department’s job, has it occurred to you that there are several subdivisions of the work? For example, there is the man who handles the money. “Prop money,” it’s called, because it isn’t real. Other than the Mexican dollars used, the paper money is all counterfeit. Even so, it’s quite a responsibility to be prepared to supply any amount, extending into the millions, and make sure that it’s always safely returned.

In the jewelry section of the small props department is a stock valued in the hundreds of thousands. Wedding rings and engagement rings—enough at 20th Century-Fox studio alone to occupy 110 ministers for three weeks for a nominal fee. Such valuables need protection, of course. And that’s a job for the studio cop. Besides which, he has extras coming to him who’ve forgotten their handbags or wallets and need carfare to get home; he has visiting celebrities to direct around the studio, and law and order to keep.

But probably the most unique of all is the job of the cowweb-constructor. The expert who manufactures artificial cobwebs of Latex and blows them into position by means of a spray gun. Good for only twenty-four hours, the webs then have to be replaced, for they grow fuzzy, wilt and droop with sudden age. When they look old they don’t photograph well.

Meanwhile, the make-up department has the job of creating disguises. They’re always being confronted with what’s seemingly the impossible—reconstructing as many as ninety-six historical characters for one picture alone. According to Guy Pearce, head of the Twentieth Century-Fox make-up department, the hardest task he ever had was to make young Alexander Knox look like good Woodrow Wilson. But miracles being part of his everyday chores, he wasn’t even stumped with that one.

Giving you an idea why picture-making is so expensive, too, creation of the lavish wardrobe for the five main principals of the $4,000,000 Technicolor production of “Wilson” required no less than 179 different outfits. And because all five of the women were fashion leaders in their day, each individual gown had to have allure and distinction. It cost $35,000 to dress the second Mrs. Wilson, played by lovely Geraldine Fitzgerald, and the entire wardrobe bill for the picture was $200,000.

All so that the movie-going public will have characters that are convincing, scenes that are real, productions that are perfect. And without these people—the prop-man, the studio nurse, the make-up genius, the sound expert, the script girl, the special effects wizard, wardrobe mistress, and all the rest—the wheels wouldn’t turn. For each is a small gear, meshing with the rest and becoming the tremendous machine that is a complete motion-picture unit.

THE END

Shirley Temple gives the eye to David Archer of the United States Navy at the premiere of “Show Business” at Grauman’s Chinese Theatre.
LOSE WEIGHT
3 TO 5 LBS. A WEEK

Just Follow the Safe Case Way

Here's how you may quickly and safely lose 3 to 5 pounds a week by following the easy-to-follow rules of the Safe Case Way. It is a diet that is both safe and help keep you feeling healthy too.

Tablets. They are absolutely essential for your health and well-being. You are getting enough of vitamins — after each meal between meals. You don't follow the easy-to-follow rules, you will be amazed at the difference you will see.

Just Try the JUELNE System on dry bak and let your mirror prove and see for yourself if you are really/entities and the dry, brittle hair can be broken. The stars are Michele Morgan and Charles Boyer in an intense picture which was released just three days before the outbreak of World War II. The plot revolves around Room 40, where a group of people are held hostage by Nazi agents. The story is told from the perspective of the workers who are forced to work in the factory and are subjected to harsh conditions.

THE HITLER GANG (Paramount) An authentic and shocking story of Hitler, his henchmen, his rise to power and his eventual downfall. No American can afford to miss this.

DOUBLE INDEMNITY (Paramount) A gripping story of murder and betrayal, starring Fred MacMurray and Barbara Stanwyck.

GASLIGHT (M-G-M) A character study of a husband and wife, portrayed by Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer, in a psychological conflict of beauty versus the beast.

PREVIOUSLY RECOMMENDED

GOING MY WAY (Paramount) An adult picture, adapted from the Eugene O'Neill play. William Bendix and Susan Hayward in a psychological portrait of a family in conflict. The true escape story of the film was well done, is suspenseful, and actually does keep you guessing.

THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL (RKO) The true escape story of Commander Wassell and his men. Contrary to most war pictures, it deals with people rather than events.

HOME IN INDIANA (20th Century-Fox) A charming story of sulky racing, featuring Don McCallister in a triangle love story, wonderful horses, and colorful scenery.

THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER (M-G-M) Stirring emotional drama that warns England and America to fight on for their freedom. Sensitive portrayal by Irene Dunne.
Can this 2-Way VITAMIN DISCOVERY RESTORE NATURAL COLOR to Your GRAY or GRAYING HAIR?

If your hair is gray, graying, streaked or off-color due to vitamin deficiency, this test of the original PANATES double-action VITAMIN treatment offers you amazing new hope! You have read about the scientific vitamin tests that, while too recent for conclusive evidence, have shown startling signs of results. It has been proven beyond doubt that a lack of certain vitamins in the daily diet may be a contributing cause for hair to lose its natural color and turn gray. Simply by improving your diet and by taking the highest concentrated food vitamins in PANATES each day, you may check the gray spread . . . or you may actually see gray, old-looking, streaked, fading hair change back to the roots, temples and parting to normal, original color, natural color! But first let me tell you what the original PANATES double-action vitamin method is, how PANATES differs to determine whether your gray hair vitamins and why to many of the thousands of women and men who once accepted PANATES on the same trial offer now continue with it because of the amazing change in hair color they testify to taking place before their very eyes!

Panates IS NOT A HAIR DYE
Nothing to Fear—No Mess, No Fuss
Panates supply not only the "anti-gray" hair vitamins, but give you the "staff of life"—wheat germ oil (Vitamin E) as well. Absolutely harmless. Panates actually is a healthful food supplement. Panates gives your system a source for the hair color vitamins that may be lacking in your daily diet and, if so, should literally be a natural color into the hair roots to check gray spread, to help the hair grow, livelier and to bring new hope for restoration of normal hair color once again.

Panates isn't a hair dye. Panates is the natural way to seek natural hair color. You can test Panates whether you now artificially color your hair or not, because Panates "Anti-Gray" Hair Vitamins with Wheat Germ Oil Vitamin E, feeds your system from within.

If you now dye your hair, you may notice you need less and less artificial hair color. If your hair is just starting to turn gray, you may notice the graying process is checked and soon the gray strands may be less and less pronounced. That's one of the wonderful things about the "anti-gray" hair vitamins in Panates . . . the action is natural.

No one need know you are doing a single thing for your hair. And ladies, Panates will not hurt or interfere with permanents.

When Restored Color Shows, It's Natural Color
No matter what your normal hair color might be, before graying due to vitamin lack, no matter what shade of black, brown, auburn or blonde, if you see signs of hair color restoration, you will be amazed to note that the new color is the original, normal color of your natural hair.

This Trial Offer Is Fair and It Calls For Immediate Acceptance
Is your gray or graying hair due to deficiency in the very vitamins in Panates? We bring you a very fair money-back coupon offer that certainly makes it easy for you to test the Panates treatment yourself to see what Panates can do for you in your fight for the happiness of lovely-looking, natural hair color beauty. You take no chances. You can test Panates in the confidence these vitamins are taken daily by countless thousands the nation over. Our money-back guarantee is your protection against loss of a single penny. Now, today, mail the coupon. Who knows . . . perhaps your hair is gray or graying because of vitamin deficiency and perhaps gloriously soon your hair will show its restored to its original, youthful color. It's up to you.

MAIL COUPON TODAY
Send coupon for your trial Panates Anti-Gray Hair and Wheat Germ Oil (E) Vitamins. Whatever you do, do it now. Don't let another day pass without taking steps to see what the original Panates Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins with the Wheat Germ Oil supplement, the two-way double-action vitamin treatment, may do for you. Mail coupon today, save your hair and Wheat Germ Oil supply, the nation over. Our money-back guarantee is your protection against loss of a single penny. Now, today, mail this special trial coupon today.

Mail This Special Introductory Coupon Today!

PANATE COMPANY
DEPT. G-207
310 S. Michigan Ave.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

No Matter What Shade Your Natural Hair Color May Be. . . Black, Brown, Auburn or Blonde . . .
Make This Convincing Test

SEND NO MONEY...

A Few of the Scores of Letters From Panates Users Panates, different from other treatments, gives you Vitamin E, Wheat Germ Oil, in addition to Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins. Thousands of women and men the nation over are now taking PANATES. The following are but a few of the many letters we have received:

FREE BOOKLET "Vitamins and Gray Hair"
What are the amazing new "Anti-Gray" Hair Vitamins? Whether you color PANATES or not, check coupon and mail it for a free booklet. It's not of, check coupon and mail it for a free booklet. A booklet tells about the latest scientific facts your hair vitamins and how to get them. It's free. The booklet tells about the latest scientific tests your vitamins for gray hair. It tells why the vitamins for gray hair may have proved distinctly gray. It can result from the vitamins for gray hair vitamins for gray hair. It can result from any other gray hair vitamins treatment and help you. Send for your free booklet today.

TESTIMONIALS
Mrs. C. E., of Michigan, says: "I have been taking PANATES regularly. . . . My hair is beginning to darken at the roots. . . . This began about three weeks after I started taking PANATES.'
My complexion is much smoother . . . ."
Mr. C. T., of Ohio, says: "I noticed results within 20 days, mostly my eyebrows, and at the temples. The hair at the temples has changed . . . ."

Mail This Special Introductory Coupon Today!

PANATES company
DEPT. G-207
310 S. Michigan Ave.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET "Vitamins and Gray Hair"

Mail This Special Introductory Coupon Today!

One Month's Supply, Special $1.79
Three Months' Supply, Special $4.79
100 Day Supply, Special $5.00

HOW TO TEST AT OUR RISK
Read Our Guarantee. Present the coupon today. You are offered a special guarantee. Now you can test amazing PANATES Vitamins yourself on our special guarantee. . . . If not satisfied with results from the first treatment follow the positive guarantee or money refunded. Don't wait. This is your chance to test the original Panates 2-way vitamin for restoring color naturally to your gray or graying hair. Mail this special trial coupon today.
Maybelline light the way to new eye beauty

Always

Elyse Knox
Movieland

OCTOBER 15¢

Exclusive Stories About
Lucky Ladd • Gregory Peck • Gene Kelly
A recent portrait of Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

WE ARE STILL THE WEAKER SEX

by CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN
Head of the House of Tangee

Many of us may be serving shoulder to shoulder with America's fighting men—but we're still the weaker sex... It's still up to us to appear as alluring and lovely as possible.

So remember, ask for the aids to beauty made by THE HOUSE OF TANGEE—TANGEE Petal-Finish Face Powder and Rouge and Satin-Finish Lipstick. You'll find you were never lovelier!

Whether you're in or out of uniform, you'll want to be completely appealing and feminine—you'll want delightful satin-smooth lips and all the glamour of a silky, petal-smooth complexion.

The House of Tangee has created just what you need to keep you as lovely as you should be. For your lips, we have world-famous TANGEE Satin-Finish Lipsticks to give your lips long-lasting satiny smoothness. And with TANGEE Petal-Finish Rouge and the extraordinary new TANGEE Petal-Finish Face Powder, your complexion will take on a silky, radiant petal-smoothness that clings for many extra hours!

SAMMY KAYE IS ON THE AIR IN TANGEE SERENADE... Listen Every Sunday at 1:30 P. M. (EWT) Coast-to-Coast... Blue Network
19

**Only daring women** bobbed their hair. People cranked cars by hand...sang "Over There". Women in suffrage parades. It was 1918 and army hospitals in France, desperately short of cotton for surgical dressings, welcomed a new American invention, Cellucotton* Absorbent. Nurses started using it for sanitary pads. Thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.

19

**Stockings** were black or white. Flappers wore open galoshes. Valentino played "The Sheik". People boasted about their radios...crystal sets with earphones. And women were talking about the new idea in personal hygiene—disposable Kotex* sanitary napkins, truly hygienic, comfortable. Women by the millions welcomed this new product, advertised in 1921 at 60¢ per dozen.

19

**Waistlines** and hemlines nearly got together. Red nail polish was daring. "The Desert Song". Slave bracelets. The year was 1926 when women by the millions silently paid a clerk as they picked up a "ready wrapped" package of Kotex. The pad was now made narrower; gauze was softened to increase comfort. New rounded ends replaced the original square corners.

19

**Platinum Blondes** and miniature golf were the rage. Skirts dripped uneven hemlines...began to cling more closely. Could sanitary napkins be made invisible under the close-fitting skirts of 1930? Again Kotex pioneered...perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they are not stubby—do not cause telltale lines.

19

**Debutantes** danced the Big Apple. "Gone With the Wind" a best seller. An American woman married the ex-King of England. And a Consumers' Testing Board of 600 women was enthusiastic about Kotex improvements in 1937. A double-duty safety center which prevents roping and twisting...increases protection by hours. And fluffy Wondersoft edges for a new high in softness!

19

**Service** rules today. Clothes of milk, shoes of glass, yet Cellucotton Absorbent is still preferred by leading hospitals. Still in Kotex, too, choice of more women than all other brands put together. For Kotex is made for service—made to stay soft in use. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents! Today's best-buy—22¢.

---

More women choose KOTEX* than all other napkins put together!
All through 1944 it is the Twenty-Year Anniversary of M-G-M. In one recent week 16,449 theatre-owners—every movie house in these U.S.A.—showed an M-G-M picture.

We bow, we blush, we thank you, kind motion picture showmen. The best way to show our gratitude is to continue to deliver satisfying hits as in the past.

Two great films await your attentive eyes and ears—"An American Romance" and "Mrs. Parkington".

Of "An American Romance", King Vidor's great epic of our soil, you have heard great praise. Watch for it while we pause to impress you with a current triumph.

"Mrs. Parkington".

Or, rather, Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon in "Mrs. Parkington".

This excellent film is a superb adaptation of Louis Bromfield's best-selling novel and gives that talented pair a vehicle that is more than a vehicle.

Many of our screen artists have looks, many can act, many have personality. Greer Garson is a triple threat. And "Mrs. P." gives her the chance to prove it again.

Her deft transition from the naive daughter of a mining-camp boarding-house proprietor to a dynamic cosmopolite is one for the book. Or better still, one for the screen.

Greer's "Susie" finds an excellent dovetail in the "Major Augustus Parkington" as played by Walter Pidgeon. Ruthless, dashing and with a roving-eye.

The dream-like cast includes such stars as Edward Arnold, Agnes Moorehead, Gladys Cooper, Frances Rafferty, Tom Drake, Selena Royle.

Tay Garnett, director of "Bataan", has also performed brilliantly— with the megaphone.

We suggest you park yourself in a seat at "Mrs. Parkington".

---Leo

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JANE WILKIE, Western Editor
BOB BECKER, Art Editor
BILL DUDAS, Staff Photographer

GREER GARSON is Great! as the boom town beauty who knew what she wanted... and got it!

WALTER PIDGEON is Perfect! as the rich romantic two-fisted rogue!

M-G-M presents

Mrs. Parkington

EDWARD ARNOLD • AGNES MOOREHEAD • CECIL KELLAWAY
GLADYS COOPER • FRANCES RAFFERTY • TOM DRAKE • PETER LAWFORD • DAN DURYEA • HUGH MARLOWE and the Saint Luke's Choristers

Screen Play by Robert Thoeren and Polly James • Based on the Novel by Louis Bromfield • Directed by TAY GARNETT • Produced by LEON GORDON • An M-G-M Picture
PUBLIC ACCLAIM
for his private life!

His romantic roistering story is being hailed as great entertainment all over the country! Don’t miss it!

MICHAEL O’SHEA
Anne Shirley

IN

Man from Frisco
with
Gene Lockhart

DAN DURYEA - STEPHANIE BACHELOR
RAY WALKER - TOMMY BOND

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

AS WE GO TO PRESS

Mickey Rooney, in G.I.s, is bucking for corporal.
Maureen O’Hara has named her new daughter Bronwen FitzSimons Price.
Sergeant and Mrs. Glenn Ford (Eleanor Powell) have announced their anticipated parenthood for January, 1945.
No plans have been made for a divorce (nor even a legal separation), but Ida Lupino and Capt. Louis Hayward are “living apart.”
Major Clark Gable, back in civies and looking terrific, is doing the night spots with fragile, blonde Kay Williams.

WHOLESALE TYPE:

A national columnist recently suggested in print that Van Johnson and June Allyson had eloped. The two most astounded persons to read this scoop were Van Johnson and June Allyson. Reasons: On Monday night preceding the announcement, June had gone dancing with Dick Powell. On the previous Wednesday night she had been the dinner guest of John Hodiak. On the previous Friday noon she had enjoyed luncheon with Hurd Hatfield. Not for months had she and Van (good friends but not breathless about it) been out on a date together.
Incidentally, about two-thirds of June’s service fan mail comes from Air Corps personnel who pay her a repeated compliment. “You are,” they say, “such a wholesome type.”

SPARE TIME:

When Lon McCallister was ordered by the army to report to a camp in Santa Monica, preparatory to working in the army show “Winged Victory” being filmed at 20th Century Fox, he uttered a whoop of delight and began to make plans during those scrimped moments of privacy that a G.I. Joe has between K.P. and the obstacle course.
Santa Monica is only a few miles from the home that Lon bought for his family last fall. Since the house was purchased, the McCallisters have gone about the job of furnishing in a most realistic manner. The living room was decorated first, in a smart and comfortable

MORE INSIDE HOLLYWOOD ON PAGE 8
you've wondered why so many people are going around with large, happy SMILES and their hearts going bumpety-BOOM... it's because they've just seen the HAPPIEST picture ever!! It's the National JOY Show (why, even the star is named JOYce Reynolds!)... it's from WARNER BROS.... it's...
Her presence is dynamic... her attraction undeniable... her impression unforgettable. In a word—a new word—she's varvacious, with Varva's exciting perfumes "Follow Me" and "Nonchalant." They've made her very very... Varva extracts—$1 to $1.15 • Bath Powder, $1 Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, $1 • Bubble Foam, $1 • Sachet, $1 and $1.75 • Talc, 55c (plus tax)

HEADLINES ABOUT HEADLINERS:

Errol Flynn, with the help of Nora Eddington on the typewriter, has finally finished his widely publicized book and is now seeking a new title. It has had two temporary titles: "One Man's Life" and "Johnny Bowtie Comes To America."

TWANG IT SWEET, LEM:

Remember Mary Anderson, the gifted young actress who played the role of nurse in "Lifeboat?" Well, it seems (Continued on page 58)
Mr. and Mrs. Soldier

This is your love story!

To the impatient girls and soldiers who rush into marriage:

For the first time, the screen brings you the story of marriage before combat...and combat after marriage!

Columbia Pictures presents

Jean

Arthur

Charles

Lee Bowman

Charles Coburn

in

Irving Cummings' The Impatient Years

with Edgar Buchanan • Charley Grapewin • Jane Darwell

Original Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp

Produced and Directed by Irving Cummings

A prediction

With this picture, an exciting new star joins your favorite leading men. Lee Bowman is a name you're going to look for...a star you'll go for!
HER mother is a marvelous mother, but a little inclined to cling to habits already formed. If her mind were just a shade younger, how much better she could understand her daughter's modern point of view... Take the subject of monthly sanitary protection, for instance, and the use of Tampax. Here the mother might well learn from the daughter, both being of "Tampax age."

Isn't it worth a good deal to you to be free from the harness of belts, pins and pads? Then try Tampax, which is worn internally. No odor, no chafing, no bulges, no sanitary deodorant. Quick changing. Easy disposal. Originated and perfected by a doctor, the wearer does not even feel it... Pure surgical cotton... Dainty patented applicator for quick and easy insertion.

Tampax comes in 3 different absorbency sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. It is neat and convenient. May be worn in tub or shower. Sold at drug stores, notion counters. A month’s supply will go into your purse. Economy box contains 4 months’ supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
This is the MAN
...these are the Women!
...you'll meet in this
dark tale of love and
cflict...of a man
who tried to divide
his heart...of three
women who broke
theirs!

CARY GRANT
IN
"None
but the Lonely
Heart"
WITH
ETHEL BARRYMORE

BARRY FITZGERALD • DUPREZ • WYATT
Produced by David Hempstead Directed by Clifford Odets
Screen Play by Clifford Odets

From the novel by Richard Llewellyn,
author of "How Green Was My Valley"
I went from size 40 to SIZE 14!

Loses 55 pounds, gains a sparkling new vitality

Gladys Altmann weighed 180, wore a size 40 dress, thought she was "fat for life." Then she started the DuBarry Success Course. In 6 weeks she reduced her weight to 158, in 8 months to 149, in 12 months to 126. Now a size 14 fits her perfectly. "I lost 55 pounds and an inferiority complex," she says. "Best of all, I know I need never be fat again."

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE (M-G-M)

was originally to be called simply "America"—which, although a presumptuous title for a motion picture, is exactly what the film tries to portray. It is a fine and sensitive thing, depicting through the life of one immigrant to our shores, the opportunities afforded in America to any man who has the wish and the determination to achieve success.

As Steve Dangos, Brian Donlevy gives the outstanding performance of his career. Dangos is a Slovenian immigrant who comes to America in 1898, and walks a thousand miles to work in the iron mines of Minnesota. He meets a young school teacher (the new Ann Richards) who helps him in his search for knowledge. They marry and have a family—a big one—with Steve never losing sight of the fact that one of his sons can become President.

Through the years, he becomes a wealthy man, and current times find him manufacturing airplanes for the war.

Attempting so much—to tell the story of America, and to give the whole saga of the American steel industry, from the conversion of iron ore into steel, and from steel-making to the manufacturing and assembling of automobiles and airplanes—it's all but inevitable that the picture result is overlong. Which it is.

BATHING BEAUTY (M-G-M), a starring vehicle for Esther Williams (her first) gets our vote as being one of the best musicals so far this year. With Harry James, Helen Forrest, Xavier Cugat, Lina Romay, Carlos Rameriz—and Ethel Smith, formerly the "Hit Parade" organist, doing some fine and fancy demonstrations on the keys.

Red Skelton, in the male lead, shows up for the first time in his film career as a likeable—and believable—guy. No slapstick, no mugging.

For the plot, Red marries Esther early in the film, but through a misunderstanding Esther becomes the indignant wife and leaves Red to go back to her position as teacher in a girl's school. Red follows in pursuit—and his appearing as the only male student in the school, makes for a whole series of hilarious situations.

He sticks it out, though, until his love life is straightened out and all is happy once more.

The finale is a grand scale production in itself, with Esther showing fine form (two kinds) in a colorful water pageant, aided by scores of able and graceful mermaids.

Take the whole family, and settle down for an evening of magnificent entertainment.

ABROAD WITH TWO YANXS (Edward Small-U.A.) is strictly from slapstick, but chuck-full of laughs.

The plot is the well worn one about the two buddies, this time in the Marine Corps, who go all out for the same girl, and in doing so, break about every existent rule in the Corps.

Bill Bendix is the quiet soul, loving poetry and the finer things of life, who tangles with Dennis O'Keefe, a wolf of the first water, for the affections of Helen Walker.

O'Keefe shows a definite ability for comedy, and Bendix is fine as the stolid citizen. Their antics are rib-tickling from beginning to end, particularly when they're dressed as women. Bendix in satin, lipstick and a wig, yet!

The picture is light and lufly, and filled with corn, but well done and amusing.

(Continued on page 14)
Free to work with all your heart. Or play hard as a five-year-old. Free to live every day to the hilt.

Sound good to you? Then listen . . .

Out of 10,086 typical American girls who wrote why they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins—8 out of 10 said, "So soft!" "So safe!" or "So comfortable!" . . .

For gentle Modess is so much softer—with its downy, softspun filler! So much safer—with a triple, full-length, safety shield at the back that gives real full-way protection!

As Mrs. M. D. sums it up, "Now I have real peace of mind, no worry about accidents—real comfort, too!"

So be in on the secret of wonderful freedom—try Modess. It costs no more!

FREE! Send for New Booklet
"Growing Up and Liking It!" Tells the "why" of menstruation. Bright, lively, picture-packed.

Mail name and address to Martha Steele, Box 346B, Milltown, N. J.
to keep your complexion smooth, fresh, romantic!

Not a liquid—not a solid cream! It's like bottled velvet—this creamy pure white skin balm! Just dab it on, rub it in. Dry, rough skin feels softer, smoother instantly!

Balm Barr contains anhydrous lanolin, nature's own skin care! Use Balm Barr for hands, face, arms—for all-over complexion care! Give your skin that thrilling touch of romance! At drug and dept. stores, beauty shops. G. Barr & Co., 1130 W. 37th St., Chicago 9, Ill.

WING AND A PRAYER (20th Century-Fox) is the story of an aircraft carrier and the men who manned it—heroes, every one. Tragic, in that the whole strategic plan of the American Navy, in preparing an offensive attack in the Pacific, was dependent on the mission assigned this one carrier. A mission necessarily kept secret, even from the men themselves.

Save for the carrier captain (Charles Bickford) and the air officer in charge of flight operations (Don Ameche), no one could know that in seeming to flee before the enemy—to refuse combat, even when their refusal was costly in terms of lives and equipment—actually they were setting a trap, preparing a more important victory.

Sharing honors for making this a likely nomination as one of the most real, and the most vivid, pictures to come out of the war are Dana Andrews, as the squadron commander; Richard Jaceckel, Kevin O'Shea, Richard Crane, Reed Hadley, William Eythe, Murry Alper, B. S. Pully, and George Mathews.

THE IMPATIENT YEARS (Columbia) is the intriguing title for Columbia's newest Jean Arthur vehicle—the story of a wartime marriage in which husband and wife are "just like strangers."

It's comedy with a liberal dash of pathos, with husband returning after a year and a half overseas, to wife (with whom he'd lived only four days) and his infant son.

Wife Janie (Jean Arthur) lives by a schedule now. The stars in her eyes are gone. Husband Andy (Lee Bowman) hasn't yet pulled his feet out of the clouds he's been fighting in. No happy medium presents itself—so, they make the trek to the divorce court.

The judge, upon the advice of Janie's always helpful father (Charles Coburn), refuses to grant the divorce until the couple re-enact their original four days together in San Francisco.

Here's a case of "if I had it to do all over again" coming true! And it's fun to watch what happens as Janie and Andy reluctantly retrace their meeting, their courtship, wedding and honeymoon.

A slap-happy situation, tagged with a happy ending. And you'll like it.

ATLANTIC CITY (Republic) is the story of Brad Taylor (played by Brad Taylor), a young man who knew much of ambition and little of love and friends. His dream is to build Atlantic City into one of the world's gayest playgrounds, and the woman he finds little time to love is Marilyn Whitaker (Constance Moore).

In the process of securing a "nest egg" for the two of them, he almost loses the nest itself.

Louis Armstrong and his band are featured, plus Belle Baker (herself), Van and Schenck (Gus Van and Charles Marsh), and Gallagher and Shean (Jack Kenny and Al Shean).

Starting just prior to World War I, 1915, the story carries through to 1922.

THEMERRYMONAHANS (Universal) They had a good idea for this one, but somehow it doesn't come off. The cast is fine—Donald O'Connor, Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie, and Ann Blythe—but the picture tries a little too hard to be entertaining.

Oakie and his fiancée have an act, (Continued on page 70)
Before—SELF-CONSCIOUS! Now—SELF-CONFIDENT!

"I felt sorry for myself," says Laine Solg. "I was unhappy about my figure, my hair, my face. And I didn't know what to do about it all!"

Lame Solg was named "Miss United Nations" shortly after finishing her Powers Training. "I felt like Cinderella when the Prince came," she says.

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FREE

Get this free, revealing booklet, profusely illustrated.

Skin care, in the movieland manner, is a regular routine, the very same one that you, and you, and I should follow. And the delightful result of such sound and simple skin service is an enviable complexion—the kind so many of the movie maidens have.

Because Mimi Forsythe’s skin is the ideal normal, not too dry and not too oily, we went into a huddle with her to get the normal point of view. Here (with the expert prompting of her studio make-up men) is what she has to say.

According to Mimi, whom you’ll be seeing in the Andrew Stone production “Sensations of 1945,” the perfect plan comes in four parts:

1. **No matter what its type, dry, oily or in between, your skin must be kept completely clean.** Cream cleansings work most satisfactorily to remove make-up. They melt it off like magic and take the surface grime along. For your soap and water clean-ups, every night and morning, lather with a lavish hand. Work the suds firmly, especially around nose and chin where blackheads like to lurk. Mimi makes the most of her mild toilet soap by massaging it in for a moment or two. The suds have a longer, better chance to work and the massage furnishes her face with some of its necessary stimulation.

2. **Why so necessary to stimulate the skin?** For color and contour, it must be nourished from beneath. That means a method to keep the bloodstream bounding. There are several. Ice or icy water as a splashing final rinse; or the excellent astringents and skin fresheners that make flesh seem firmer, pores seem finer. Once a week or more, a facial mask to put you in the party-going pink.

3. **Softness is essential.** And so is the lubricating cream that achieves it. Since an emollient cream soaks into the skin in about fifteen or twenty minutes, you can fit a daily softening session into the busiest schedule. Cream your complexion while you read, bathe or do your nails. Always, last thing before going to bed, stroke it with a film of softener.

4. **Once you have a skin that’s clear and fine and soft—safeguard it.** Use a make-up base to protect your complexion from wind and weather, dirt and dust. You’ll find that it not only keeps your skin in condition, but makes it look even smoother, clearer and more colorful than it normally is.
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Heeding the old adage, "out of sight, out of mind," few actresses would have the courage to stay off the screen for more than a year, as Joan has done. Her last picture, "Above Suspicion," was made at M-G-M early in 1943. Shortly after, she left Metro to sign a contract with Warner Bros., and has held out all these months until she found a picture that she considered right for her. It will be "Mildred Pearce," in the making at the time you read this.
IT COMES UP MARRIAGE

On Sunday, July twenty-third, at five o'clock in the chapel of St. Thomas Episcopal Church, the Reverend Howard joined in Holy Matrimony redheaded Susan Hayward, Hollywood's best portrayer of vixen roles, and Jess Barker, actor, long reported to be the heartthrob of the town, Port Susan, playing the role of a demure bride, clad in a turquoise blue frock and with her answers to the holy service softly spoken. Dashing Jess, in a sober suit, answering firmly and seeming to give support to the shaking girl. Does this sound like two sophisticated Hollywood movie greats? We say no! These were two earnest people who knew each other well, who were taking the vows of matrimony for better or for worse in every way that it is meant.

But to bring these two to this flower clad altar you must go back to last November and the setting of the Hollywood Canteen. See on the famous stage dashing Jess Barker, master of ceremonies for the evening. He is introducing such singers as Ginny Simms, for this is the night that Metro players entertain at the Canteen. In the background is Harry James' band, and after Ginny finishes on comes Red Skelton for a half hour turn that makes the boys down front howl with laughter. Over behind the snack bar and frankly standing on a stool is Susan, watching the proceedings. Her work at serving coffee and signing autographs behind the snack bar is through until the show is over, and she wants to see the entertainment. Suddenly she looks down into the laughing eyes of the master of ceremonies. Jess had taken a brief respite from the stage to come.

Co-starred in Republic's "Hit Parade of 1943," there was heavy betting that wedding bells would eventually ring for Susan and John Carroll.

Here is the love story of movie-town's "Number one bachelor," and the gal he married—redheaded

Susan Hayward

Robert Lowery figured for a time in the romantic rumors persistent where Susan was concerned, all concocted for her by the columnists. Then like the others, he dropped out of the picture: Jess came back.
There's a hectic courtship, with frequent misunderstandings and separations—though you'd never guess it, to see them now. Susan Hayward and Jess Barker, Hollywood's "So very happy" newlyweds!
over and meet the beautiful redheaded girl he had seen as he did his announcing.

Banter followed and Susan found herself being invited to share a sandwich with the gentleman after their evening’s stint. Drawing her little self up to her full height, she informed him that she didn’t go out with men to whom she had not been properly introduced! Right back the gentleman she had never been introduced to said, “Scaredy!”—and she accepted the challenge.

Thus a sandwich turned into dancing at the Mocambo, and they found they danced well together and had fun. A second Friday night found the same pattern, and then both went to work in a picture. In fact Susan in two—“And Now Tomorrow,” at her home studio, Paramount, and “The Hairy Ape” at United Artists.

She was then, as the columnists report, “Bicycling between studios.” Each day on the set she received phone calls from Jess or called him on the “Jam Session” set at Columbia. Nightly dinners in a quiet corner of Lucey’s restaurant were in order. Not many people noticed this phase of the courtship. Yet it went on, firmly and steadily.

Hollywood’s number one bachelor girl was that in name only. Just look back through interviews given out by Susan through her whole career and you will find that she only mentions one man seriously, and that man early in her five-year period in filmtown.

To this day the man is one of her best friends. He did publicity on one of her first pictures, and Susan always referred to him as her “ideal man.” She still sees him—and his wife.

Illustrator Jon Whitcomb, now in the service, had been her only other heart interest, and that was way back in her New York days of modeling. They, too, are good friends—and Jon’s cable of congratulations from overseas was one of the highlights of Susan’s wedding.

Susan went about a bit with this and that eligible Hollywood bachelor, but nothing seemed to come of it. Before she met Jess she was seen steadily with John Carroll, but although the papers reported them engaged, Susan swears it was “just friendship” and we are inclined to believe her.

Career conscious is the word for Susan. She wants to become a top movie star and is adamant that she will. In Hollywood sometimes she was called “snooty,” because instead of joking on the set she would disappear between scenes into her dressing room to work on her lines. She never has been noted for being a “good fellow” on the set, although many a prop man or electrician will consider it fighting words if you say she is “stuck up.” Her friend and hairdresser, Josi Elliot, says she is the nicest person she has ever worked with—and notice that Josi didn’t say “film star,” she said person.

There has never been a breath of scandal about Susan, in a town where scandal is rampant on the lips of gossips. She has always lived quietly, within her means, and conducted herself in a typical hardworking white collar girl fashion.

Until last fall she lived with her mother, in a tiny house in Hollywood. When her sister came from the East with her baby, Susan moved out of the small house to make room for them. She took a small apartment at the Town House (quite (Continued on page 91)
It's like this now—see? During the last year, Jess has dated most every girl in town. Yet his heart was always Susan's and their trip to the altar was truly inevitable.

For better or for worse . . . and they meant every word of it! The first Canteen meeting to become marriage since Hedy Lamarr met hubby John Loder.

Picture of two people very much in love and hoping to stay that way. Many times proposed to, it took a sentence from a book to make Susan give Jess the right answer. Gee, ain't it romantic?
Comes the new era in leading men, and comes this man Peck—brilliant new star from the Broadway stage.

What-a-find Gregory Peck! Dark haired, blue eyed, 6 feet 2 1/2 inches tall, weighing 170 pounds and 28 years old, he's signed to four contracts. Proud father announcements are now in order, too. As of July 20, the Pecks are parents of a fine baby boy, weight 6 lbs., named Jonathan.
The REAL Gregory Peck

By DOROTHY DEERE

GREGORY PECK belongs to the Real Fellow era in leading men. Hollywood has trends in personalities as well as in pictures, as you realize in recalling a few.

You'll remember the Latin Lover trend led by Valentino and Navarro, when leading men had dark cheeks and inflammable eyes; and the Pretty Boy era which had Taylor and Power scampering through life and love without ever getting their hair mussed. The Tuff Guy reign, beginning with Cagney and Gable and working up to Bogart and Ladd, had the heroes making love like "What am I, man or menace?" And then there were International Complications—Boyer, Flynn and Grant; and the Blithe Bobbies, such as Montgomery, Young and Cummings.

Today the picture trend is for realism, whether it be comedy or drama, and the urge is to have very believable young men doing believable things. Look them over—Robert Walker, Van Johnson, John Hodiak, Robert Ryan, Sonny Tufts—not too typed, not too handsome. The kind of fellows you might actually expect to meet outside a collar ad, actually climbing into a lifeboat or flying a plane over Tokyo, or doing any of the things real fellows are doing all over the world today.

Of them all, Peck can be voted The Boy Most Likely to Start a Trend Of His Own.

In appearance and personality, he has a touch of early Gary Cooper, a dash of pre-war Jimmy Stewart, and a slight hangover of Abraham Lincoln. And it would seem that he also has "a certain something" for which none of these three other fellows were especially noted. Put them all together and you have what publicist Jerry Breckenbridge describes as "a keen swordblade of a man"—and we're willing to acknowledge the phrase as more truth than publicity.

Originally signed by Producer Casey Robinson, he is the first actor to begin his Hollywood career with a four-studio contract. During the next four years he will make twelve pictures, and his "home" lot will be practically anyplace he hangs his makeup mirror—at RKO, Twentieth Century, with Casey Robinson or David O. Selznick. Too, he is the only actor to work up to such prestige by virtue of a career of distinguished flops on Broadway. Although
Gregory Peck (CONTINUED)

Seven-year-old Gregory leans on the family chariot (model 1924) and gives out with a self-conscious grin. (No wonder; pipe the pants!) Peck tells us that, as a kid, he was painfully shy, often lonesome.

Gregory himself managed to be adjudged a sensation in each one of them, his plays had a habit of opening and closing so fast the critics hardly had time to walk out on the last acts.

In spite of his choice for Father Chisholm (a role so highly regarded it has been considered equivalent to a burst of applause even to be rumored for it) Peck is rather amazed at the speed with which he has become the big buzz around Hollywood. For awhile, with two pictures completed (RKO's "Days of Glory" was his first) he was being dubbed The Phantom Actor—because he had yet to be seen by the public.

"It was an odd feeling," he says, "especially when I found my kid brother David wearing two very black eyes, both of them won at school in defending his statement that his big brother was a 'movie star.'"

The rapidity with which Sex has reared its highly-salable head in his screen career is also a bit disconcerting. Peck has never thought of himself as anything but a character actor—a lead, maybe, but never a "big lover." The truth is, he is happily and devotedly married to one blonde and petite Greta, Finnish by birth, and "the gayest person imaginable."

Recently a quite attractive young lady columnist followed up her introduction to Peck by an invitation to a party.

"My wife will love it, I'm sure," said Gregory innocently.

"But I asked you," said the columnist frankly, "I don't need wives for my party—I need men!

"I assure you I wouldn't be any fun without her," said Mr. Peck, which seemed to wind the matter up successfully.

Intense as only a twenty-eight-year-old chap can be, he has a quick and generous smile. But conversation is a serious matter. Getting him to talk about himself—as
anything but an actor—is like diving for pearls. By working just a little bit harder than usual at the question and answer game, however, you gradually get the picture of a person who is very worth knowing.

The most beautiful sound in the world to him is the beat of the ocean. "I was born where I could hear it, you know—in La Jolla, California. It made me dream dreams when I was a kid—and it still does. To me, the motion and sound of the surf has always been a challenge."

The most beautiful sight he ever saw was New York, the first time he looked down on it from the top of the RCA building.

"It was early Winter," he remembers, "and early evening. The offices in buildings had lights in them. I watched them blink out, one by one, like eyes closing. I stood up there all by myself for an hour and a half, filled with mixed emotions. It was such a big city, so full of life and drama. To be one of seven million was a humbling thought, but a comforting one; there were others as small as me. It was also an exciting thought—because I knew that to be one who stood out from the seven million would be a fight, and it was the kind of fight I liked."

The smell of train-smoke may not be an inspiring odor to some, but it is to Gregory. "It's a smell with both nostalgia and promise to it—memories of the places I've been, even of those I've only been to in my imagination, and a promise that some day I'll really get to all those places."

From his youth, his favorite books have been adventure books. He was close pals with King Arthur and Robin Hood, as a boy. His favorite music is both classical and jazz. "I like big, swelling, inspiring symphonies. Or if it's jazz, I like it really 'dirty,' the kind you hear in the little dives in Harlem where jazz is really born. I don't care much for music that doesn't go any place."

A fellow who likes powerful, restless sights and sounds, pungent odors, music with motion to it—who senses deep and moving things in what ordinary people might pass over with no sensation at all. The man talking is, after all, not unlike the actor who brings strength and sensitivity and tenderness to the screen. For an off-screen glimpse of that quieter emotion, you get it when he talks about his wife.

"I met Greta when we were both on tour with Guthrie McClintic; she was Katharine Cornell's hairdresser. I noticed her at once because she was so pretty, but what really attracted me was that she smiled so much. And what I liked most was that every time she smiled she meant it—it wasn't one of those 'prop' facial gestures. I've found out since it's a smile that doesn't come off very easily—even when she's feeling badly you have to be pretty close to her to guess it."

"Our first date? Well, I asked for it pretty quick, I remember. We went to the Copley-Plaza bar, and while we were sitting there I read her palm—it was the quickest way to hold her hand, I guess. She didn't know I'd never read a palm before—but I felt capable of anything, out on my first date with the first girl I'd ever really fallen for. I guessed a lot of things right, too—about her family, and the way she felt about her brother."

"I proposed in New York, and was finally accepted in San Francisco, and we had dates all the way in between. It's always been wonderful being married to Greta. It was fun even when we were poor—we found hard luck exciting. We had so many friends in the same spot it was a (Continued on page 82)"
“Off the Record”...

Many of the best stories are never told—and that’s a fact. Much that is forbidden news finally gets into print—and that’s what you have here.

By DEE OFSTIE

DON'T print that—” “This one's off the record—” “Not for publication—please!”

Someday some follower of Freud is going to get around to investigating what makes a reporter wake up screaming, and he’ll find the answer in one of the three phrases above. One of the sad truths a movie-newsgatherer learns in her profession is that the best stories she'll ever get are the ones she won't be able to print—not right away, anyhow.

Just what makes an actor (or actress) suffer an unfair story in silence, then grow skittish over a true tale you'd think he'd be glad to have his public know, is not always understandable. Often, however, the reasons are human enough to make the reporter want to be human, too. Then, there's that second great truth that can be classified as the newsgatherer's reward: The fact that times change, people grow into or out of their careers, and sometimes those "off the record" yarns grow all the mellower for the holding.

We've seen few movie males cry—large, limpid, but very ashamed tears—and each time, out of respect for the genuineness of the emotion, we've forborne exposing it in print.

But there comes a time—and it's time now, for example, to tell how we sat through a session in Boys' Court with Jackie Cooper. Jackie, then at the ripe old age of fifteen, was about to embark on a picture called "Boy of the Streets," and the courtroom visit was in the interests of atmosphere. It was a good day for it, with a steady stream of incorrigibles coming to the bar.

Sulky, snarling little animals they were, hurling their piteous stories defiantly in the face of their adult captors. Then, gradually, a strange fact became apparent. Although their dirt, their poverty nor their crimes could shame them, the (Continued on page 75)
Bogie and Mayo—the good-fellow Bogarts, according to the story told about their "services rendered" on a premiere trip.

It's Jack Cooper (at right). He's in the Navy now. At fifteen, reporters were fair enough to look the other way and not see something he didn't want seen.

Bogie and Mayo—the good-fellow Bogarts, according to the story told about their "services rendered" on a premiere trip.

James Cagney, photographed as he arrived in London when he went to tour the various American Commands entertaining the U. S. Forces. What few of his service audiences know is that for many years he refused to perform in public—because he was too shy.
A Marine and his missus. Formerly the Robert Ryans of Hollywood, but come Bob's induction and they were just like any other couple—saying brave goodbyes.

The 34-year-old motion picture star assumes make-up that is strictly regulation. A GI haircut is just one of the many phases experienced as he's transformed into Private Ryan, candidate for boot training.
MARINE RYAN

By His Wife, Jessica

THE day was dismal and gray. The dreary building in downtown Los Angeles was dismal and gray. The streets were gray, too, and quite deserted, for it was that ungodly hour of the morning, at which time all good men seem to have to go to the aid of their country.

"So long," said he. "So long," said I. Then I drove off up the street, bawling to my heart's content.

Bob went into the Recruiting Office of the United States Marine Corps.

"So, you're Ryan," said the Sergeant.

"Yes," answered Ryan, with a slight tremolo in his voice. He suddenly discovered his knees were knocking together in what seemed like a fine drum roll. He suddenly realized that he'd never had such a bad case of stage fright in all his life.

The Sergeant looked at him oddly. "They recognized me," Ryan thought smugly to himself, and felt bucked up, momentarily. But it was a funny look. Something was fishy.

"Sit down over there," the sergeant said. So Bob joined the other recruits on the row of benches. Then he realized the guys around him were giving him that same fishy stare. He turned to the fellow next to him and smiled tentatively. The man looked back at him, seemed to be taking his courage in his hands, and said: "Say, what's that get-up you've got on?"

Bob looked down at his clothes. So, all right! The pants didn't match the coat. So, okay! The work socks and shoes (on which the soles were practically flapping off) didn't go with the navy blue pin stripe trousers. So what? Someone told him you junked your clothes at the end of the line. And anyway, who said you had to be elegant entering the Marines?

"Aren't you an actor?" his new found friend inquired doubtfully.

"Sure," said Bob.

"Well, you sure don't look like one!" the guy exploded.

Bob laughed. "Most actors don't," he answered. "You should see Bing Crosby!"

But this didn't completely reassure his friend.

"Well . . ." he started off, tentative again. "Where's your stuff? I mean, didn't you bring anything with you?"

"Nope," Bob replied, this time really smug and pleased with himself. To think he'd gotten away from the female clutches of his mother, his wife, and his mother-in-law, quite free of money belts, stationery, writing portfolios, leather picture frames, sewing kits, toilet kits, cigarette cases, pen and pencil sets, and bill folds, all nicely marked with Marine insignia.

"Yeah, but how do you expect to shave in camp?"

"Oh, they give you all that stuff," Bob replied.
Bob had a foretaste of the real thing—only for his starring role in the "Raiders," he wore Captain's bars and hobnobbed with officers.

"Say," the guy on Bob's left joined in, "didn't they send you a list of directions?"

"What list of directions?"

"The list that tells you what to bring!"

"No... A terrified look was beginning to appear on Bob's face. He'd never received any list. A whole drama was suddenly being enacted in his mind's eye. An unshaven face, an angry Drill Instructor, an irate Sergeant, a stern M.P., a cold and lonely brig.

"Hey!" He made a dive for the pleasant looking P.F.C., standing near.

"Back to your seat, Ryan!" came the Sergeant's emphatic voice, "and address your superiors as 'sir'."

"Yes, sir," came the small, weak answer.

But the P.F.C. was still his savior. "I'll get you some stuff," he said. "Give me some dough."

Bob rummaged in the pocket of his frayed suit and came up with a dollar bill.

"This is all I have," he said. "I didn't think we'd need any money, either."

So when the Los Angeles recruits piled off the bus in San Diego, the boys were carrying a variety of bags and suitcases—but Ryan stepped off clutching a crumpled paper sack.

The Marine Base was a familiar sight. Only a few months earlier he had been there with the "Marine Raiders" company, doing location scenes for the picture. But what a difference! Then he'd worn a Captain's bars and had hobnobbed with officers. He and Pat O'Brien were figures of glamour as they moved around the Base for various scenes.

"You ain't glamorous to me," was the look in that Sergeant's face, the one with hash marks half way up his sleeve.

An encouraging Marine had told him when he was here before: "You may run into trouble at first, Bob. People are sort of suspicious of actors." Bob wasn't nervous. He's a big guy and can take care of himself. But, he didn't want any trouble.

So the days passed in a confused and hectic daze, yet there wasn't any trouble. One day Bob confessed to a bunk mate about the warning.

"Listen," said the fellow Boot, "most of these guys saw you bat that Jap around in that movie, 'Behind the Rising Sun,' and they're afraid you might be as rugged as you look."

Bob smiled to himself, because that was the ultimate compliment one Marine can give to another. So he was content. He felt he was "in."

They were too busy to get homesick, at least that's what Bob thought. The other "old men" of the platoon seemed to agree. (The "old men" were called "Pop" or "Grand Dad" by the other Boots, and ranged in age from twenty-nine to thirty-four.)

But the kids were different, Bob found out. There was one kid. He was just eighteen.

"I ran away from home when I was fifteen, to join a circus," he told Bob. "I tended elephants." From then on he was Elephant Boy—or if they wanted to be fancy, Sabu.

"Say, my elephants are wonderful! I have three of them to take care of. They love me. They're my friends," the boy would say, and look wistful and sad.

One night Bob was lying on his bunk. The rest of the guys were asleep, he thought. Then he heard a noise. It sounded like someone crying. He crawled out and listened. It was "Sabu," crying his heart out and trying desperately to stifle the sound in the blanket.

"What's the trouble, kid?" Bob asked. The boy didn't answer. "Come on. Spit it out. It'll do you good." And all the time he was thinking: Lord, he's just a kid. He looks about ten years old. "You're homesick, I'll bet," he said, jabbing his fist at the boy's arm.

(Continued on page 89)
Do CASANOVAS Make the Best Husbands?

Disguised as a doctor, Casanova Brown (Gary Cooper) invades a maternity ward, kidnaps his own daughter.

CASANOVA, the historians tell us, was an Italian author who wrote his memoirs, probably little dreaming that he'd become such a legendary figure and his name applied, hundreds of years later, with such romantic meaning.

Being a Casanova today, as you know, is synonymous with being "a ladies' man."

Scenario writer Nunnally Johnson has created a character called "Casanova Brown." Gary Cooper plays the title role, in the International picture soon to be released by RKO-Radio.

There was a time when Hollywood felt Cooper could play only serious "he-man" roles. But here he is, a screen father for the first time, and the center of this hilarious plot wherein he's a small-town teacher pursued by not just one—but three—beautiful girls, intentions matrimony.

Which brings us to the point of our question. Starting with the premise that men labeled as Casanovas are popular with the fair sex, International Productions and the publishers of Movieland magazine want your opinion: Do Casanovas make the best husbands?

Letters should be addressed to Contest Editor, Movieland Magazine, 1476 Broadway, N. Y. C., and should not exceed 100 words.

Rules:
1. Write a letter of not more than 100 words explaining why you think Casanovas do (or do not) make the best husbands. Give reasons.
2. Submit one entry only.
3. Anyone may enter the contest except employees of International Pictures and Hillman Periodicals, Inc.
4. Entries must be sent to Contest Editor, Movieland Magazine, 1476 Broadway, New York, N. Y., postmarked not later than midnight, October 5th, 1944.
5. In cases of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
6. All letters become the property of Movieland, Inc.
7. The contest will be judged by Contest Editors of Movieland, and Teresa Wright and Gary Cooper. Decisions of the judges will be final.

MOVIELAND'S CASANOVA CONTEST

(1st prize . . . . . . . . . . . . . $500 war bond
2nd prize . . . . . . . . . . . . . $300 I. J. Fox fur coat
3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th prizes . . $25 each in war bonds
7th Lucky Prize . . . . . . . $225 in War Stamps in packets of
1$1.00 each for the next best 225 letters
500 War Bond donated by International Pictures
For coat donated by I. J. Fox, 5th Ave., New York

This beautiful I. J. Fox black Persian lamb tuxedo coat, to the 2nd lucky Prize Winner.
The worst thing about turning points in your life is that you rarely recognize them as such, until after they've happened. Or maybe that's the best thing about them—at least for a worrying kind of guy like me.

I get into a stew about every decision I have to make. If I could have known in advance that certain decisions were to change the very course of my life, I'm sure my hair would be snow white by now.

I guess the logical place to start is with the first big change in my life, when I was seven. We were living in Denver, when my mother and stepfather decided to move to California. Not just like that, though. There had been months of debate, with Mother against the idea. I sided with Father, because to me the proposed trip across country in our ancient Ford represented Adventure.

I'd already had a taste of adventure, with quite disastrous results, the year before.

It happened on the Fourth of July, when Mother made the mistake of going downtown with a neighbor, and leaving me to my own devices. The neighbor's little boy had no reputation for great goodness, so his mother had prudently tied him to a tree (Continued on page 79)
A CHANCE FOR ROMANCE

Too young to be old, Deanna claims the right now to be gay and carefree. She wants dancing and romancing, dates that aren't serious. It's catching up on things she has missed.
Deanna takes time out for her teens.
It's as simple as that . . . she wants
to recapture the youth she never had

Celebrating her twenty-second birthday, Deanna gave a party on the "Christmas Holiday" set.

The rule is that Canteen workers can't make dates with service men. All the same, when Durbin is there (which is usually on Tuesday nights) she gets many invitations.

"Goodnight, Dickie boy"... it was a message intended for her three-year-old nephew. But the columnists picked it up and made their own guesses.

Deanna has many things in common with Anne Shirley, who's her best friend. They agree on all subjects, enjoy shared confidences, have the same interests.

When Miss Deanna Durbin actually falls in love again, and decides to marry the lucky man, the announcement will come formally from her parents. It will be attended by the same dignity and restraint as characterized her first engagement and marriage.

Meanwhile, you may discount all the questioning little lines printed about her being enamoured of this or that highly interesting citizen.

That many eligible gentlemen are interested in beautiful Deanna is only natural. But as for marriage, the facts are these: Deanna's interlocutory decree was handed down on December 14, 1943, so matrimony until December 15, 1944—at the earliest—is an impossibility for her.

As to re-marriage in California there are two laws: first, one must be legally free; second, one must have a party of the second part.

Those who know Deanna well, hence respect her fineness and general integrity, will be glad to take your sizable bet that she won't marry for at least another two years. She has some very important girlhood years to replace. After all, she grew up as a business woman.

At an age when other girls were worrying about what to wear to the high school sophomore prom, Deanna was working half a day before the (Continued on page 86)
While Miss Arden's living room can hardly be called quaint, the simple cotton print couch covering was a logical selection. Gay and bright, still it's consistent with the end tables (which are copies of French plant tables); with the French oil lamps and Yorkshire Windsor chair.

While Miss Arden's living room can hardly be called quaint, the simple cotton print couch covering was a logical selection. Gay and bright, still it's consistent with the end tables (which are copies of French plant tables); with the French oil lamps and Yorkshire Windsor chair.

A fabric scheme of glazed chintz in two shades of green gives freshness, serenity to the dining room furnished with an early Victorian maple set. Drum table by the window is a Revolutionary War drum; Spode china on the sideboard of Mayflower pattern; the glassware is Bohemian.

HOLLYWOOD has turned a new trick—with "period homes" that are modern. And probably with no better result, for being completely pleasing and at the same time in tune with the demands for modern living, than has been accomplished by Eve Arden, Warner Bros. star, whom you'll see next in "The Doughgirls."

Miss Arden did the entire decorating and furnishing job for her Hollywood "house on a hill" in less than three months, so that her husband (Ned Bergen) might see it complete before he went into the Army. But rushed as she was, working so against time (and she did much of the painting and drape-making herself), you'll note that it's thoroughly consistent. Which is the important "do," if you're striving for an inspired effect from using old furniture pieces in a modern setting.
Ingenious conversions are a specialty in this house, which is what makes it so charming. A child’s sleigh serves both as a table and magazine rack; copper mortar and pestle on the bookshelf is a place to deposit mail. The yellow seat is a restored Hitchcock bench; maple table is an old converted washstand. The sampler on the floor is new.

Eve Arden’s home is Country Victorian all tied together in cheerful uniformity. Her antics with antiques are original but cozily practical.

It’s no chance accident that this old straw hat should be hanging in the entrance hall. The parasol, too—they’re part of the decor. The yellow seat is a restored Hitchcock bench; maple table is an old converted washstand. The sampler on the floor is new.

Close-up view of the Welsh cupboard in the living room, showing how Miss Arden displays her fine old pewter plates and collection of Jean Mannley pottery (top row); red and white plates (center) are new; the white plates with green (bottom row) are old French.

A Victorian bedroom, with mahogany bed made from a Victorian sofa; round night tables (Victorian commodes); an old music box, which really works. Italian pinewood cupids at either side of the green glazed chintz swag are a century old.
WE NOMINATE

Dane Clark

BECAUSE he's a man who's been through much, who now knows what he wants, and what he wants is acting. . . . BECAUSE he walked quite serenely into "Destination Tokyo" and "Action In The North Atlantic" and took scenes away from the likes of Cary Grant, John Garfield, and Humphrey Bogart. He will be seen shortly in "The Very Thought of You" and "Hollywood Canteen" . . . BECAUSE after a very successful career on Broadway, he came to California to see what pictures were like, and whether he enjoyed them before he was taken into the army. Born in New York City about 30 years ago, Dane worked his way through high school, Cornell University, and St. John's Law School. Among his many methods of acquiring tuition money were playing professional baseball and football and boxing in amateur circles. The watches he won in four or ten rounds of scrapping were invariably hocked as soon as the competition was over. . . . BECAUSE, after passing his New York Bar examination, he discovered that the one legal opening he had been aiming for through school had been given to a relative of the boss. His introduction to acting came when he was dared to try for a part on Broadway, and he not only got the part but found that the stage paid more dough than he had made up to then. He subsequently was George in "Of Mice and Men," Babyface Martin in "Dead End," and appeared in "Stage Door," "Golden Boy," and "Panic," among other plays. . . . BECAUSE, four years after he had light-heartedly slapped on greasepaint for the first time, he fell in love with his profession with a passion and humbleness which we have seldom seen equalled. . . . BECAUSE he has a definitely mad sense of humor, is 5'10", has brown eyes and a shock of brown hair, and claims "a Joe Doakes appearance." . . . BECAUSE we think his sincerity will reach motion picture audiences. . . . We believe that these things will eventually bring him to stardom.
FOR STARDOM

Jeanne Crain

BECAUSE in "Home in Indiana" her performance portraying a young girl has seldom been equalled for sweetness and naturalness. And she is actually in real life pretty much that same girl. BECAUSE her studio, 20th Century-Fox, feels she has such capabilities that they've put her into "In the Meantime, Darling," "Winged Victory," and are now in the process of buying five years' worth of stories for her. BECAUSE she is that legendary quantity, a native Californian, and was brought up in Westwood, a mere ten minutes from Fox. She had a happy, commonplace childhood, went to St. Mary's Academy and UCLA, and took care of a sister two years younger than she. She was in high school plays and never intended to go into pictures. BECAUSE she was seen in the audience of a Max Reinhardt production by studio talent scouts who had come to see the actors on the stage, and was so attractive that they promptly forgot everything but getting her telephone number and her signature on a contract. Off-screen, she does portraits in oils and pastels and takes Spanish lessons "in case I ever go to Mexico." BECAUSE she is 5'4", has wide-set hazel eyes that look dreamy, and abundant reddish-brown hair. She neither smokes nor drinks. Her ambition is to "play people with character," and she'd have died with happiness if they had let her do Francie in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." BECAUSE her favorite thespians are such able men and women as Gregory Peck, Ingrid Bergman and Vivian Leigh, and she hopes one day to do half as well as they. BECAUSE she is well-bred without being dull, a young girl without being a child, and has a freshness about her which has not been seen since her idol, Miss Bergman, first stepped across a set in "Intermezzo." We think that, with these attributes, she should go far.
You can call it the luck o' the Irish.
Happy at home, his career going great guns—
everything Gene dreamed of wanting, he has!

She descended the stairway leading to Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, with a pert swish of brief velvet skating skirt. She was very proud of her outfit, which consisted of the underpinning just mentioned, topped by a snug, padded black velvet jacket. On her dark auburn hair she wore a mere gesture of a hat consisting of a bunch of deep purple violets. She was just sixteen.

She saw a pleasant-faced man with smooth black hair and an air of good-humored relaxation. His white shirt was unbuttoned at the throat, and his sleeves were rolled up.

"Is Mr. Rose here?" the visitor asked with great authority.

The gentleman in shirt-sleeves shook his head. "Sorry. Is there anything I can do for you?"

There is nothing so cool as the peremptoriness of a lass of sixteen. She indicated an appointment card that she had received through the mail. "Mr. Rose sent me this," she said in the tone of a prosecuting attorney, "asking me to be here at one o'clock. I've given up my lunch hour to come here, so I should think the least he could do . . ."

"Why don't you come back tomorrow?" asked the
Bicycle built for one... but it accommodates two when Gene takes the day off for a spin.

Life on the Kelly plan: guests every Saturday night; a friendly game of croquet when Gene's schedule at the studio will permit. All fun, and without fuss.

CONTINUED

Miss Betsy Blair (born Betsy Boger) said with some asperity that she would try to return the next day. And she went back up the stairs, her skirts bristling with exasperation. She had no way of knowing, of course, that she had just met her future husband, and that, in the summer of 1944, she would be telling him goodbye each morning as he left to work for M-G-M in "Ziegfeld Follies."

What concerned her far more, at the time, was her discovery the next day that she had met—in the person of the open-collared gentleman—Mr. Billy Rose's dance director, one Gene Kelly. She had been plainly snippy to him, and she spent several uneasy moments in the chorus lineup, wondering if he might consider that a lady's annoyance affected her dancing ability.

She breathed her first sigh of relief when she was told to step out of line and execute a few standard dance steps. These, she breezed through. She was then ordered to the sideline chairs to await the second winnowing. At the end of the final series of tests, Miss Blair learned that, for several months, she was going to be taking instruction from the man she had upstaged. Oddly enough the prospect intrigued, rather than dismayed, her.

It is standard procedure for chorus girls to have a crush on the dance director, so Betsy pursued this normal course, disguising it as best she knew how. When, after several weeks rehearsal, she happened to be leav-
ing the building at the same time Gene was and he said casually, "Going out for lunch? Well, then, let’s have a sandwich together," she managed to nod impersonally.

After that, they began to spend their noon hours together. However, there were usually other people with them, making up a group. Betsy celebrated her seventeenth birthday at one of these gatherings and, upon being drawn out, admitted that she had been graduated from High School when she was fifteen. "Precocious little wench, weren’t you?” someone observed.

"Darned right," grinned Betsy. "I was smart. I skipped grades. I loved school... everything, even math. Then, when I wanted to go to Sarah Lawrence College and was interviewed, can you imagine how I felt at being told that, not only was I merely fifteen, hence too young—but that I was a young fifteen. So I got a job in the chorus, where youth is no handicap."

Gene Kelly laughed. He had always liked pretty girls with sparkle, but this one had other attributes as well: intelligence and a sense of humor. When the Diamond Horseshoe closed, he kept in touch with Betsy. He went to work in "Pal Joey" and Betsy got a job in "Panama Hattie." When "Hattie" closed, Betsy went on to Saroyan’s "Beautiful People."

After their respective shows, Betsy and Gene met at Louis Bergen’s and had steaks highly flavored by the conversations of theatrical people who made the spot their rendezvous. It was there that Betsy came to know Gene’s food phobias. His idea (Continued on page 68)
TO BE intensively individual, and yet to need the close cooperation of those with whom she is surrounded, is the biggest problem 1944 is solving for this lovely daughter of the Sign Libra.

Through bitter disappointment, the last four years have been teaching her to be discriminating without losing trust, to be equal to the big plans of those who hold her interests at heart, and to develop a personality of her own which will, before the next year is half over, find her suddenly at the top, through the fulfillment of the most demanding role of her career.

This is partially because she has helped others, as well as taken the opportunities presented her with firm decision and rare good judgment.

Partnership matters have been upsetting because her own keen mentality has given her the knowledge that she was usually right in her attitude and actions; but a natural unrest occurred because others entered into a partnership relation which was not always either pleasant or profitable.

This was especially prominent during the first of 1944, but should have been well adjusted by now. June brought a better understanding around the 20th, and any separate angle was then cleared up and, in the light of her career, which means so much to her, adjusted on a more permanent basis.

With Uranus in her first House at birth, she will always do the unexpected—usually with good results, since Uranus is ruler of that House, and her basic character is one of honesty and a real desire to help others on their way. Few stars have the opportunities 1944 brings the beautiful Laraine, especially after June, in the realization of their dreams and ambitions.

Jupiter conjunct Neptune in the sign Leo has brought her a steady ambition regarding her profession, the fulfillment of which has meant far more to her than the financial advantages involved. This may seem strange, but it is the fire back of all true genius. Laraine is a genius, for she has sublimated much at a great cost, to gain the chance to prove herself worthy of the place she holds today—and of the high place she will occupy in some near tomorrow.

This amazing year has wrought such big changes, with such rapidity, that doubtless most Libra natives are still pinching themselves, wondering if it is just blind luck, or a more lasting quality which has made for their success.

Courage, especially commendable on your part, has brought you your rewards. Naturally timid by nature, desirous of harmony and happy cooperation, it is difficult for you to make your own judgments and demand what you know you are worthy of having, and at the same time please everybody concerned as well as yourself.

If you have not allowed others to coerce you into promises beyond your ability to fulfill, if you have accepted new freedoms and kept your head during any sudden rise to prominence, you are nicely set for a long time on that fulfillment of your personal goal.

New friends add to your appreciation of the nicer things, and old friends will still add zest to living if you forgive whatever seemed so bewilderingly unfair in the conduct of someone dear to you during the first of the year.

However, do not be too trusting in matters concerning signing of papers, especially concerning property deals. Remember, you have your own future to consider, and plan it to be as peaceful as it promises—not trusting entirely to others to do so for you.

Don't allow your mental worries to affect your health, and you are sure of having a continuous prosperity during the year to come.
When the problems get too tough, Bonita's mother is always standing by to aid with the advice rendering.

It's no fun to have a problem you can't solve, especially when you're in the early 'teens. Then it seems as if all the advice you get from grown-ups is pretty dull and mostly wrong. But here's someone who wants to help you: Write to Bonita Granville, Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California

Dear Miss Granville:

I am almost sixteen years old, and I would like you to help me with my problem.

You see I am in love with a boy who lives in Boston, and I know he likes me very much. But twice he has broken a date with me, and then later on those same evenings friends of mine have told me that they have seen him with another girl.

He is going into the Army this summer, and he says we can be engaged then.

Should I just forget about those broken dates and go ahead with the engagement?

Thanks for your help. I'll be looking for your answer.

Sincerely,

Catherine P.

Dear Catherine:

First of all, I definitely believe you are too young to be engaged. And secondly, those broken dates you speak of should act as a warning to you to refrain from getting too serious with the boy.

Instead, why not try to ease your relationship with him into one of friendship, and play 'hard to get' with him. That always works out because if he is seriously interested in you he will value your dates that much more, try harder to get them, and then keep them.

Remember that a boy never respects a girl who runs after him—so give the new method a try.

Sincerely,

BG

Dear Lucy:

The best and only way to get along in this world is to start by getting along at home. After all, if you can't get along with the members of your family, don't you think there may be some blame attached to you?

I suggest that you try to see the other person's point of view the next time you are involved in arguments at home, and you will be surprised to find that you may have unconsciously always placed yourself on the "right" side and everyone else on the other side of the fence.

This is excellent training for the future, because in business you must get along with people even if you KNOW you are right, while here at home you have a fair chance in an argument.

Sincerely,

BG

Dear Bonita:

I am so miserable at home that I must write to you and ask your advice on my problem.

Although I am seventeen, I just don't get along with anyone at home. Everyone argues with me, and my sisters and brothers make fun of me and nag me all the time, and then my parents take their side of the argument all the time.

This makes me so mad and unhappy that I don't know whether to quit school and go away or just what to do.

Yours truly,

Lucy S.

Dear Lucy:

The best and only way to get along in this world is to start by getting along at home. After all, if you can't get along with the members of your family, don't you think there may be some blame attached to you?

I suggest that you try to see the other person's point of view the next time you are involved in arguments at home, and you will be surprised to find that you may have unconsciously always placed yourself on the "right" side and everyone else on the other side of the fence.

This is excellent training for the future, because in business you must get along with people even if you KNOW you are right, while here at home you have a fair chance in an argument.

Sincerely,

BG

Dear Miss Granville:

My boyfriend is in camp in the South, and I write to him every day.

He writes wonderful letters to me, saying he still loves me and all that, but the problem I have is that he also writes the same kind of letters to my sister.

Also, he always mentions her in the letters he writes to me, and it makes me furious.

Do you think that it is right for him to write love letters to my sister when he is engaged to me?

Sincerely

Anne.

Dear Anne:

Evidently the boy is not in love with either of you if he continues to write love letters to both of you simultaneously.

Why not try answering his letters with a lighter, more general style the next few times, making them less personal and less personal and newsier and chattier, the way you would write to an old friend—and then see if he answers in the same style.

If so, then you can be sure he is glad of the opportunity to slip out of a serious relationship with you, and you will be spared the unhappiness of having this happen during your next meeting with him.

Sincerely,

BG

Dear Bonita:

I have fallen in love with a soldier, and although I am only sixteen, I love him

(Continued on page 90)
Girl from Portland makes good! Jane Pawell, 15-year-old new singing discovery. (Below, pictures of her hometown visit.)

By KATHERINE LAKE

Singing over Oregon's station KOIN.

The sail of Portland, from the mayor.
NOT DICK, NOT WILLIAM ... JANE POWELL!

THE SINGING, DANCING

They are still telling the story around NBC. It happened last spring, during one of the late April Bergen-McCarthy-Snerd broadcasts. One of those Olympian women with the chest expansion of a hippo, told her next-seat neighbor in a gargantuan whisper, "There's Jane Powell, sitting over at one side of the stage. She's going to sing in a minute. They say she's only a little girl, and they dress her that way, but when she stands up and begins to sing, you'll note that her voice is mature. She's no adolescent."

Just in front of this omniscient one was a slim, quiet woman who had obviously reached the end of her patience. "I happen to know Jane Powell and her father and mother," she said hotly. "I happen to know that she's only fifteen!"

The ample one simply glared.

Those of you who have seen "Song Of The Open Road" will understand both sides of the controversy. Jane is obviously a fifteen-year-old girl with starry blue eyes, a dimpled face, and a shock of chestnut hair. She is also owner and operator of an astonishingly mature voice, supple with curves of gold, rich with a distillate of rubies, soft and sweet like custard pie.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact in a short and remarkable life to date is that Jane's career happened to her in much the same manner that a venison dinner happens to the average family: by courtesy of the neighbors.

Jane was born in Portland, Oregon, on April 1, 1929 (a birthday that has always caused her considerable embarrassment among her school mates). Her legal name is Suzanne Burce. Her father, Paul E.
Jane's first introduction to Hollywood was as guest soloist on the Bergen-McCorrty radio show. Metro soon had her name on a contract.

Burce, was a salesman for a company manufacturing infants' food; Mrs. Burce had always wanted to be an actress, but had married too happily and too young to give a post-wedding career the slightest consideration.

Naturally, she decided that young Suzanne was to learn dancing. Suzanne showed early ability along those lines and participated in her first dance recital when she was four; she was a terrific success. She seemed to have a natural sense of rhythm and an indigenous understanding of music. In the evening, after she had practiced dance steps until she was weary, she made it a habit to sit on the floor in front of the radio and sing with the vocalists. Before long she knew the lyric of every popular song and could cling to a band accompaniment without flaw.

Enter: the neighbors. One evening a family friend happened to pause in the midst of a bridge game to direct a searching glance toward Suzanne. Once having made certain that it was really Suzanne who was uttering those delightful sounds, the neighbors said with energy. “That child has a remarkable voice. It should be trained.”

Mother and Father Burce were pleased that their daughter made comfortable music but they didn’t take the Galli-Curci suggestions very seriously. A few
weeks later a second neighbor, stopping in for a brief chat, caught Suzanne at her radio ritual and told Mrs. Burce that it surely wouldn't do any harm to give the child vocal lessons along with her dancing. "Remarkable voice," said the neighbor. "Remarkable!"

So, when Suzanne was eleven, Mrs. Burce took her to a vocal teacher who had been highly recommended. Rather tentatively Mrs. Burce said that "many people seemed to think" that Suzanne had a pleasant voice. Would the teacher listen to her, to see if she had any possibilities? The teacher, plagued no doubt by many shrill and adenoidal young hopefuls, motioned Suzanne mechanically to the piano, explained what was expected of the human larynx, and pounced on a few chords.

Suzanne pounced, too. Her nimble voice leaped its way prankishly from height to height like a monkey in a ladder factory.

After applying to Suzanne the most arduous of tests, the teacher said cautiously that with training and application Suzanne might well develop a remarkable voice. The teacher did not stand and shout "Excelsior," but residents of the district remarked afterward that something strongly resembling (Continued on page 72)
By KATE HOLLIDAY

A flattering curvette of velvet bows and pink gardenias, pink gloves, pearls high on the neck and gold bracelet—It's these little touches that make you look finished.

THE FACE

Anita Colby is to modelling what Frank Sinatra is to his racket. His nickname is The Voice—hers is The Face

Fashions are fun to Anita Colby and beauty is her business. She qualifies for advising the stars, having been a model once herself.
A

NITA COLBY broke into the "pretty picture" field in 1935. Then twenty, she was seen, signed, and extolled to advertising agencies by John Powers. Previous to this, she had absorbed a snatch or two of education at St. Agnes Seminary in New York and Miss Madeira's in Washington, D.C. There she majored in French, English and Art, with the emphasis on design and illustration.

With the first quick flash of the Colby pics before the guys who are interested in such things, Powers found he had a winner. Anita began appearing on more magazine covers and in more advertisements than she could have attempted to count. She wound up as the top model in the business.

But that wasn't enough for Colby. Neither was starting many other models in the trade and seeing them make good. Neither was assisting Harry Conover, himself a model, in the formation of his own agency. Neither was a contract with RKO for a year's work on such films as "Mary of Scotland," "The Bride Walks Out," and "Walking On Air." (Continued on page 84)
HI, GOOD people. Though summer is over, music is still here. So if you'll stop admiring your tans for a few minutes and sound your “a’s,” I'll give you the downbeat, and we'll get on with the business at hand.

HOLLYWOOD STUFF:

Bob Crosby finished "My Baby Loves Music," his last picture for Universal, packed away his baton, said goodbye to his pals and was off to the Marines. He is now Lt. George Robert Crosby, and is stationed at Camp Elliot in San Diego. He may take a Marine band overseas.

Harry James is back in Hollywood after his record-breaking engagement at the Hotel Astor in New York and some very profitable one-nighters. His next picture for M-G-M may be "Trumpet Man," a semi-biographical story of Harry's life. Incidentally, "The Horn" was sued in Los Angeles recently by Helen Ward, his ex-vocalist, who claimed Harry broke his year contract with her after only five months. Helen says she isn't mad at Harry personally—but, after all, "business is business."

The Jimmy Dorsey band finished their chores in Metro's "Lost In a Harem" and trekked over to Warner Bros. for a big musical spot in "Hollywood Canteen."

Dick Haymes will be Betty Grable's leading man in "Diamond Horseshoe," her first picture since becoming...
a mamma. Dick's beautiful wife, Joanne Marshall, has been turning down movie offers on the average of one a week. Richard says "No."

Deanna Durbin is all smiles because her new picture, "Can't Help Singing," will have a wonderful score by Jerome Kern.

Frank Sinatra really started something with his swooner crooner business. In "Here Come The Waves," the Bing Crosby-Betty Hutton picture now shooting, Bing plays a Sinatra-like character who joins the Navy to escape the girls. And Paramount has started production on "Out Of This World," in which Eddie Bracken will portray a crooner boy. But when you see Eddie give out with the sighing tones, you'll be hearing Bing's voice—for "The Groaner" is doing all the recording. Speaking of Sinatra, wait until you get a load of him in a sailor suit dancing a horn pipe with Gene Kelly in his Metro picture, "Anchors Aweigh." Frank plays the part of a lonely gob who can't get a date with a girl. (That's a switch). Gene has been teaching Frank his dance routines. Tripping the light fantastic must agree with "Glamour Boy" because he has gained weight. Or maybe it's the California climate.

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

Decca: Lots of choice things on the Decca menu this month. First we have another New York show album, "Connecticut Yankee" with (Continued on page 74)
PRODUCED on a large and impressive scale, "Dragon Seed" runs two hours and 25 minutes and depicts the drama of Chinese peasants rising to resist the Jap invaders.

There are stirring climaxes aplenty, and tense moments more vivid than any warfront newsreel, as gradually the people are led from a general attitude of passive resignation to one of active resistance, combining in force.

One witnesses the revolt of the old against the new, the progress forged in the gigantic struggle for self-preservation. The film picks up the theme of the Pearl Buck story and develops it even further—giving a title, "All Men Are Brothers," to the unnamed book mentioned in the novel.

But if setting the mood and interpreting the people was the intent of the rather slow to unfold preamble to the real first act of the drama, we must question the success of the attempt; for the Occidental representation of Chinese characters—however fine their acting and their costumes and make-up—is not always convincing.

Katharine Hepburn, Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon, Akim Tamiroff, Agnes Moorehead, Turhan Bey and Henry Travers have the principal roles. Mr. Huston is the farmer Ling Tan; Aline MacMahon, his obedient wife; Miss Hepburn is Jade, the wife of Ling Tan’s second son (Mr. Bey); Tamiroff is the son-in-law who becomes the local Quisling; and Miss Moorehead, the wife of a third cousin.

J. Carrol Naish, Hurd Hatfield, Robert Bice, Frances Rafferty and Robert Lewis handle the supporting roles.

TAKEN from Cornelia Otis Skinner’s book of the same name, the film version of "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" is authentic for the most part, and the incidents which have been added are every bit as "really funny."

Gail Russell portrays Miss Skinner with a smooth finesse and a flair for deadpan comedy not revealed in her two previous screen appearances. Diana Lynn breaks out of her kid-sister roles in the part of Emily Kimbrough, and her brand of chatter is delightful.

The story, as probably you know, is of two teen-aged American girls who tour England and France, after the last war, without much benefit of chaperones. The complications that arise are unbelievably, rib-ticklingly mirthmaking: the measles on board ship, the innocently stolen pocketbook, the bout with the "geyser" in the English boarding house bathroom, the purchase of the rabbit coats, and the night spent atop the steeple of Notre Dame.

Light romance is provided by Jim Brown and Bill Edwards, two completely bewildered young males who become entangled with these unpredictable sub-debs on board ship, and follow them on their tours.

The film moves at such a rapid pace that it seems much too short, although it is of standard length. There just aren’t enough adjectives available to describe "Our Hearts." We can only say that it is an extremely funny picture, and recommend it highly.
MORE often than not, in the past year, the "long anticipated" movies have come off being something less than was promised. So even if "Since You Went Away" seems not to compare as we were led to expect with David Selznick's two previous epics—"Gone With the Wind" and "Rebecca"—you won't be too disappointed.

Nor will it further or detract from the movie careers of any one of the stars in the all-star constellation. Jennifer Jones, whose Academy Award-winning Bernadette performance left many critics wondering whether or not the young lady could handle a more conventional role with equal brilliance, and Shirley Temple, who's playing her first really important part since outgrowing her tiny-tot successes—in neither case does this render a verdict.

The three-hour story is an emotionally effective though ramblingly overdrawn study of an American family in wartime. In 1943, to be exact, when Mrs. Hilton (Claudette Colbert) says goodbye to her army captain husband. Jennifer and Shirley are the Captain's young daughters, Jane and Bridget. Joseph Cotten is the dashing naval lieutenant, friend-of-the-family "uncle"; Robert Walker, the squirmingly shy young corporal who falls in love with our sweet, girlish Jennifer; Monty Woolley, the crabbed "man who came to dinner," paying lodger; and Agnes Moorehead, the venomous matron-about-town.

Especially consistent and thoroughly convincing are Hattie McDaniels, the family cook, and Soda, the dog.

BASED upon the novel of the same name, this is one of the most gripping stories of Nazi Germany to come out of Hollywood. It is a deeply powerful, intense film—not a war picture, but rather the story of Germany in 1936, under the iron heel of the Nazi rule. It concerns seven men, all anti-Nazi, who escape in that year from a notoriously cruel concentration camp. The camp officials build seven crosses in the courtyard, and eventually six of the men are captured, beaten and tied to the crosses.

Spencer Tracy portrays George Heisler, the man for whom the seventh cross is waiting, and the picture traces his efforts to find someone who will help him to escape the country. Before his internment, George Heisler was a great man—a man who was a leader—but the tortures of the camp have dulled his brain, and more important, his faith in human nature. He is desperate, hating his countrymen, and ready to commit murder to escape. He is incapable of understanding the motives of the few who help him. Gradually, though, he learns that there is, in some men, a spark of decency that cannot be quenched.

As a film about Nazi Germany, it is a relief that the Nazis, although brutal, are not depicted as super bogeymen. Instead, it is a more authentic portrayal of human beings under the Nazi rule.

Everyone in the picture deserves special mention for a job well done. Hume Cronyn, as the naive and boyish Paul Roeder; Signe Hasso, as the girl Heisler leaves behind; Jessica Tandy, as Roeder's wife.

WITH "Janie," Warner Bros. have turned out one of the gayest and most amusing pictures ever to revolve

(Selected-United Artists)

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY

(M.G.M)

THE SEVENTH CROSS

(Selected-United Artists)

(Selected-United Artists)
that for nearly a year she was by way of being the juke box queen of Los Angeles county. She had inherited a string of fifty locations when her husband, Leonard Behrens, went into the Navy. Manfully she tried to purchase recordings, secure a reliable service man, and increase her chain of nickel snatchers.

To do this she marched boldly into Victor's (celebrated Hollywood steak house) one night and tried to sell the maitre d'hôtel the notion of installing a juke box. He roared.

Not in the least discouraged, she made the same suggestion to the swank Copa de Oro management. No, they said, they weren't interested. Grinning, Mary skipped it. The whole enterprise was costing her a nice hunk of her motion picture salary each week, and still not keeping all boxes in running order, so she sold out.

Offhand, what would you say had been the unchanging top juke box favorite during the last five years? Chances are, your guess is wrong. The answer, according to Mary, is "San Antonio Rose."

**DIET FOR BACHELORS**

When Mrs. James Craig, with The Bub, went east for a long-delayed visit with relatives, Jimmie's last words, shouted from the railway platform, were: "Don't worry about me. You know what a good cook I am. I can take care of my own meals."

When Mrs. Craig returned, she regarded her husband's figure suspiciously. "Haven't you put on a little weight?" she asked.

"What can you expect of a diet of spaghetti and hot cakes!" countered Jimmie.

"You know what I like to cook."

**NEWCOMERS YOU SHOULD KNOW**

The name Joyce Reynolds may not mean much to you at present, but when "Janie" is released (the picture in which Miss Reynolds gets her picture break), you will probably agree with Warner Brothers that Joyce's is a fancy face with a future.

Joyce has always wanted a fur coat, so after she had collected several fat pay checks she went importantly down to a swank furrier and bought a fox stroller. A few weeks later she was told that she was to go to New York to make personal appearances in connection with the release of "Janie." Blissfully she commented on the news: "Now I'll REALLY get some good out of my fur coat."

Her studio advisers gawped. "A fur coat in New York in Summer!" they gasped, quickly turning on the nearest electric fan.

"Oh no!

"Oh yes," said Joyce, and away she went to New York, resplendent in her foxes.

**EXACTLY RIGHT**

When Bette Davis was preparing to play "Miss Moffatt," the austere school teacher in "The Corn Is Green" she read an article by author Emlyn Williams telling something of the book's background as related to Mr. Williams' own experiences. Reproduced with the article was a picture of the Welsh school teacher who had served as the unconscious model for the fictional Miss Moffatt. Bette clipped the picture, took it over to Perc Westmore, and asked that her hairdo and makeup parallel as closely as possible the appearance of the teacher.

Handsome six-footer John Dall plays "Morgan." He was recruited from the New York stage production of "Eve Of St. Mark." Incidentally, William Prince was first enticed from the cast by a picture contract. Then Bill Eythe, who replaced Prince, was signed. Then John Dall, who replaced Bill, was contracted. Snatch Four will doubtless be repeated.

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Ever since her daughter was a little kindergartner—her devoted mother has endeavored to be her confidant and guide to see that she gets the right start.

As "her baby" grows older—mother helps select that thrilling "first party dress", the new wall paper for that "very own" bedroom—she consoles about braces on teeth, runs in stockings—lost hockey games.

And then comes an eventful day—a day when mother explains how many girls and women on "certain days" of the month often suffer distress from female functional monthly disturbances and how Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound is so effective to help relieve monthly pain and accompanying tired, nervous, restless feelings—due to this cause.

She tells her daughter to try Pinkham’s Compound to relieve such symptoms. Taken regularly it helps build up resistance against such distress. A wonderful suggestion which daughters everywhere should pass on to their daughters.

Buy Lydia Pinkham’s Compound today. Follow label directions. It’s well worth trying.

Lydia E. Pinkham’s

VEGETABLE COMPOUND
SENSATIONAL FREE OFFER FOR OUR READERS!

MAIL COUPON TODAY
HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. 378
7021 SANTA MONICA BLVD., HOLLYWOOD 38, CALIF.

Enclosed find_____.

Please make_ (specify number, limit 2)
snapshot or negative.

Handling & Mailing charge of 10c each is enclosed.

Name___
Address_
City_
State__

Important! Be sure to include color of hair, eyes, and clothing, and get our Bargain Offer for having your enlargement beautifully hand-colored in natural, lasting oil colors, with life-like quality, and mounted in your choice of handsome frames. Artistic hand-coloring adds character, beauty and personality to your enlargement!

Here’s all you have to do! Just fill out and mail the coupon below to us today! Be sure to include all information. Limit 2 to a customer. Please enclose 10c to cover cost of handling and mailing each enlargement. Your original returned. Offer limited to U. S. A. If coupon should be missing just send all information in a letter and enlargement will be sent to you. Act NOW! If you want any of your friends to receive this free enlargement offer, write their names and addresses on a separate sheet of paper and send to us.

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7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.
Enclosed find_____.

Please make_ (specify number, limit 2)
free enlargements.

Handling & Mailing charge of 10c each is enclosed.

Name___
Address_
City_ ( ) State

Fill out description below.
Mark backed picture 1 & 2
Color - Picture No. 1
Hair___
Eyes___
Clothing___
COLOR: Picture No. 2
Hair___
Eyes___
Clothing___

Yes, we mean exactly what we say! Just to get acquainted, we will make you a beautiful 5x7 enlargement of any snapshot, photo or negative absolutely FREE! So look through your album RIGHT NOW! Pick out that cunning picture of baby . . . or that unusual “snap” of the boy in service, or that striking picture of yourself. You will be thrilled beyond words when you see your cherished small picture made into a gorgeous enlargement.

5x7 enlargement ABSOLUTELY FREE of your favorite snapshot, photo or negative!

Fill out description below.
Mark backed picture 1 & 2
Color - Picture No. 1
Hair___
Eyes___
Clothing___
COLOR: Picture No. 2
Hair___
Eyes___
Clothing___
asks to be taken on the set to see Miss Goddard; at times this held up production, so Mr. Leisen decreed that his was to be a closed set. To prove that he meant it, he had huge badges struck off and issued to those who were necessary to the process of the picture. Even the publicity department personnel, badgeless, were turned back at the door. An error.

Probably the most open set on the lot is that on which jovial producer-director Mark Sandrich is shepherding Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton and Sonny Tufts through the script of "Here Come The Waves." When Mark and Bing decided to visit the "Kitty" set during a lighting change for their own picture, THEY, too, were put in their places—only those wearing badges were to be admitted, no matter how familiar the face.

Bing and Mark rolled their gum to the other side of their mouths and exchanged long glances. Then they got busy on Bing's dressing-room telephone. The next morning every member of the crew and cast and any visiting official from whatsoever department was equipped with a magnificent armband initiated M.S.P.—Mark Sandrich Productions. Then the cameraman shot several feet of activity on the set and certain arrangements were made in projection rooms, etc. That night, when Mr. Leisen viewed his own rushes for the day, they were interrupted by a sequence from "Here Come The Waves"—armbands rampant.

LULLABY:

Alec Templeton has spent as much time as possible for the past year, visiting government hospitals to play for the wounded. His very presence and performance—since he sees with his heart and not with his eyes—is a tremendous morale builder.

Recently he toured a hospital in which most of the patients were vigorously convalescent. The boys greeted Alec's ability to switch from Cow Cow Boogie to Beethoven with cheers, whistles, and frantic applause. In word after word he was given a vociferous ovation.

Finally one of the nurses said, wheeling his portable piano into what was—to judge by the echoes—a large room, "Play in here for a moment, will you?" Templeton, smiling toward the beds, gave them jive interlaced with Rachmaninoff. When he lifted his hands from the keys there was no sound from any direction save the dying echoes of the piano.

The nurse said casually, "Something soft." So Alec, a small perplexed frown furrowing his forehead, played Brahms, then Bach, then two or three ballads. He lifted his hands, turning his head toward the direction from which he usually heard applause. Only silence.

He turned to suggest to the nurse that he leave when he heard a sound: faint, weak, pleading. "More," it breathed in the still room. And from another direction sighed the same word: "More."

The sensitive Templeton muted his keys, but swung into his regular routine: boogie woogie that augmented into Chopin. Debussy that lapsed into swing. Then he paused, and once again the almost inaudible gasp said, "More."

For nearly an hour he played, then the...
nurse once again moved the piano.

In the corridor, she explained. The ward was filled with patients so mutilated or so intimate with death that no other visitor had ever been permitted to enter. It was known that the least excitement might sever the thin strand that still trembled with life; but, also, it was felt that, through the music, one of the men might be recalled... that was the chance worth taking.

The whispered, fragile word, breathed from the scattered beds had been the answer.

LETTER OF THE LAW:
Jane Wyman and her subdebutante daughter, Maureen Reagan, were spending an afternoon in the backyard recently. Maureen has been cautioned repeatedly about the dangers of the swimming pool, so usually she doesn’t approach it unless accompanied by one of her parents. On this afternoon, however, she was fascinated by the reflection of an airplane lazily crossing the sky. Jane glanced up to see her towhead, standing precariously on the small cement walk that borders the pool. She called sternly, “How many times have you been told that you must stand on the GRASS, Maureen?”

With a nod of obedience, Maureen stepped away. Several moments later, Jane scanned the scene to find that the young lady had repaired to a mound of newly cut grass, gathered a great armful, placed it near the edge of the pool as possible, and was standing on it while she grimaced at the ingenuous water sprite reflected in the pool.

ROVER BOY:
When the original press releases were planted on Richard Jaeckel, the cotton-top who played “Chicken” in “Guadalcanal Diary,” it was stressed that he had been “discovered” while he was working in the studio mail room. To add oak leaf clusters of fantasy to this statement of fact, some Horatio Alger dreamed up the canard that Dick Jaeckel was supporting his mother.

As a matter of fact, svelte, witty, social Millicent Jaeckel could, if she cared to sell them, live for years on the proceeds from the disposal of her furs, alone. (No one ever understood why motion picture millionaires would want to live in a house which they were paying to keep warm.)

When the original press releases were made, Mr. McCrea was long admired Mr. McCrea from a distance, so week-ends, but during week-ends, they have taken a house jointly at the beach for the summer. The Ladds are to have it for six weeks, and the McCreases are the other six weeks, but during week-ends, they will make a huge family group and occupy the house together.

Guess what they talk about. Ranching. Everyone knows that Joel McCrea has made a great success of what started as a hobby. Alan would like to emulate him.

But to get on with our story: during the recent bond drive, the employees of the mail room hit upon a novel plan to put their department in first place in the studio contest; they telephoned Mrs. Jaeckel and asked her if she would buy, say a few thousand dollars’ worth of bonds. Yes, agreed Mrs. Jaeckel with alacrity. She had been planning to invest three thousand dollars, and she would make her purchase through the mail room.

The mail room, arising to dash the ice water from its revived face, went hurtling through the halls of 20th Century Fox, spreading the news and suggesting that an item be planted in each of the syndicated columns, applauding Dick’s mother.

Arose, then, the publicity department to protest. How were they to represent their fair-haired boy as a sturdy provider, if news leaked out that his mother was investing lavishly in bonds for the benefit of her son’s old alma mammy, the mail room?

Well, the mail room got credit, but—in publicity released for the event—Mrs. Jaeckel was described simply as “the mother of a former employee.”

DAMON & PYTHIAS DEPARTMENT:
One of the most pleasant new friendships around town is that between the Alan Ladds and the Joel McCreases. Alan Ladd had long admired Mr. McCrea from a distance, so when they went to work on adjoining sound stages at Paramount, Alan went over and got acquainted. Now they have breakfast together each morning in the Ladd dressing room, and they have taken a house jointly at the beach for the summer. The Ladds are to have it for six weeks, and the McCreases the other six weeks, but during week-ends, they will make a huge family group and occupy the house together.

Guess what they talk about. Ranching. Everyone knows that Joel McCrea has made a great success of what started as a hobby. Alan would like to emulate him.

TAG LINE:
If you want to spend a little time worrying about the strange fellowships arranged by motion pictures, you might reflect on the situation that places Jimmy Durante and Jose Iturbi in the same picture.

Someone asked The Schneckle what he thought of The Keyboard Master. Answered Mr. Durante in his breeze-over-an-open-bottle baritone, “What a straight man, that Iturbi! What a straight man!”
There's a day coming when the enemy will be licked, beaten, whipped to a fare-thee-well—every last vestige of fight knocked out of him.

And there's a day coming when every mother's son of us will want to stand up and yell, to cheer ourselves hoarse over the greatest victory in history.

But let's not start the cheering yet.

In fact, let's not start it at all—over here. Let's leave it to the fellows who are doing the job—the only fellows who will know when it's done—to begin the celebrating.

Our leaders have told us, over and over again, that the smashing of the Axis will be a slow job, a dangerous job, a bloody job.

And they've told us what our own common sense confirms: that, if we at home start throwing our hats in the air and easing up before the job's completely done, it will be slower, more dangerous, bloodier.

Right now, it's still up to us to buy War Bonds—and to keep on buying War Bonds until this war is completely won. That doesn't mean victory over the Nazis alone. It means bringing the Japs to their knees, too.

Let's keep bearing down till we get the news of final victory from the only place such news can come: the battle-line.

If we do that, we'll have the right to join the cheering when the time comes.

Keep backing 'em up with War Bonds

MOVIELAND
To People who want to write but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the editor of Liberty said on this subject:

"There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest writers men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling? It is the true story that more people are trying to write than ever before, but talent is still rare and the writer still must learn his craft, as few of the newcomers now a days seem willing to do. Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power."

Mother of 4 Earns

$1000 on her Writing

"Without jeopardizing our home life a bit, I have been able to earn $1000 since graduating from N. I. A. If I had not the responsibility of four small children, home duties, hospital and hospital work, I am sure I could have made much more. After only two lessons, I sold a garden series to Baltimore American. The N. I. A. way makes writing child's play." — Gladys Carr, Annapolis, Md.

Writing Aptitude Test—FREE!

NEWSPAPER Institute of America offers a free Writing Aptitude Test. Its object is to discover new recruits for the army of men and women who add to their income by fiction and article writing. The Writing Aptitude Test is a simple but expert analysis of your latent ability, your powers of imagination, logic, etc. Not all applicants pass this test. Those who do are qualified to take the famous N. I. A. course based on the practical training given by big metropolitan dailies.

This is the New York Copy Desk Method which teaches you to write by writing! You develop your individual style instead of trying to copy that of others. You "cover" reporters get. Although you work at home, on your own time, you are constantly guided by experienced writers. It is really fascinating work. Each week you see new and exciting work. Each week you see new and exciting work. You are constantly guided by experienced writers. It is really fascinating work. Each week you see new and exciting work. You develop your individual style instead of trying to copy that of others. You "cover" experienced writers get. Although you work at home, on your own time, you are constantly guided by experienced writers. It is really fascinating work. Each week you see new and exciting work.

Mail the Coupon Now

But the first step is to take the Writing Aptitude Test, which requires but a few minutes and costs nothing. So mail the coupon now. Make the first move toward the most enjoyable and profitable occupation — writing for publication! Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925)

Joan Davis is the number one comedienne of radio and screen. In 1944 she has achieved star rating in motion pictures, having been signed to a two-picture-per-year contract at RKO-Radio and Universal studios.

This year also marks the first in which she has starred on her own radio show, during which time she has amassed a Crossley rating of 32.4 —the highest rating ever achieved by a woman.

Of course, Joan has helped destiny along by experimenting with her career. "Something inside me kept saying that I could find a new type of comedy that would be an improvement over the slap-stick stuff," she explains. "So I started trying out what they call situation comedy. I worked with the writers on the show to get a new character that would be a believable Joan Davis."

The hunch was right!

But aside from radio, Joan has wanted to be a motion picture actress as long as she can remember. Attractive though she is—and she does have dramatic possibilities—she decided that her best chance lay in the field of comedy.

She has studied diligently the style of every stage and screen comedian. From this she has been able to develop her own individual style, which no one to date has imitated successfully. It's Joan's excellent sense of timing, her deft combination of sight and sound, which gets her laughs.

Her first screen role was that of a hillbilly in a short entitled "Way Up Thar," directed by Mack Sennett. This was in 1943. Next came "Millions in the Air" and a long-term contract with 20th Century-Fox. At Fox she starred in "Love and Hisses," "George White's Scandals," and about thirty other major films.

Her latest picture is "Show Business," in which she co-stars with Eddie Cantor.

Her radio career, which began in 1941, has made radio history. She "guested" on eight major broadcasts in one week—actually appearing on nine, when her own show is included. In that one week she visited "People Are Funny," "National Barn Dance," "Hedda Hopper's Hollywood," "Blondie," "Al Pearce Fun Valley," "Duffy's," "Eddie Cantor's Show," and the Bing Crosby program.
7 in. high
6 in. wide

GOOD LUCK LEAF
Lives on Air Alone
The greatest novelty plant ever discovered! Tradition is—a person owning one of these plants will have much good luck and success.

NOW YOU CAN BE YOUR OWN WEATHER FORECASTER

★ ★

ALL WEATHER REPORTS DISCONTINUED FOR THE DURATION—BUT DON'T WORRY—
Since our Government has banned weather forecasts and temperature reports many folks have had to buy expensive barometers to forecast the weather. Why pay $5 or $10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature. You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, housewives, teachers, farmers, school boys and girls, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and collerges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. But you must act quickly—prices may rise.

SEND NO MONEY

HERB'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY—

"My neighbors now phone me to find out what the weather is going to be. We certainly think the Weather House is marvelous.

Mrs. I. S., Amsterdam, Ohio.

"Please rush 6 more Weather Houses. I want to give them away as gifts. They are wonderful."

Mrs. I. F., Booth bay, Maine.

"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they raved about it, I decided to order one for myself."

Mrs. L. H., Chicago, Ill.

"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful."

Mrs. D. L. B., Shenandoah, Iowa.

AS YOU RECEIVE IT

AS IT GROWS FOR YOU

EACH TINY PLANT PRODUCES THIS

HERE'S WHAT WEATHER HOUSE OWNERS SAY—

"I saw your Weather House at a friend's home and the way they raved about it, I decided to order one for myself."

Mrs. L. H., Chicago, Ill.

"Ever since I got my Weather House I've been able to plan my affairs a day ahead. It's wonderful."

Mrs. D. L. B., Shenandoah, Iowa.

AS IT GROWS FOR YOU

FREE GIFT ORDER

AND IF YOU ACT AT ONCE

NOW YOU CAN BE YOUR OWN WEATHER FORECASTER

★ ★

All Weather Reports Discontinued for the Duration—but Don't Worry—

Since our Government has banned weather forecasts and temperature reports many folks have had to buy expensive barometers to forecast the weather. Why pay $5 or $10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to 24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out in front. But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature. You can depend on knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, housewives, teachers, farmers, school boys and girls, laborers, doctors, lawyers, ministers, clubs and collerges can now predict the weather in advance. Here is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made. But you must act quickly—prices may rise.

Double Value Coupon—Mail Today

Simply send the FREE GIFT OFFER coupon below for your "Swiss" Weather House and free Good Luck Leaf. When they arrive just deposit through your Postman $1.69 (your total cost), plus postage. Then test the Weather House for accuracy. Watch it closely, see how perfectly it predicts the weather in advance, then if you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return your Weather House within 10 days and get your money back promptly in full without question.

Almost every day of your life is affected in some way by the weather, and it's such a satisfaction to have a reliable indication of what the weather will be. With the "Swiss" Weather House and easy-to-read thermometer you have an investment in comfort and convenience for years to come. The Weather House comes to you complete and ready to use, ideal for gifts and bridge prizes. It will bring new pleasure to everyone in your family. The price is only $1.69 C. O. D. You must act now to secure this price.

Double Value Coupon—Mail Today

The Weather Man, Dept. WWA
29 East Madison Street,
Chicago 2, Illinois

Send at once (1) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On arrival, I will pay postman $1.69 plus postage with the understanding that the Weather House is guaranteed to work properly. Also I can return the Weather House for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

□ Send C.O.D. □ I Enclose $1.69. You Pay Postage. □ 2 for $2.98

Name...

Address... (Please print plainly) City...

State...
Far different from others," say women every¬
tried them you'll find FIBS so
changed to Fibs, the Kotex* Tampon for in¬
where who have changed their minds and
that only Fibs have the smooth, gently tapered
you'll never go back to others.

Fibs' rounded ends and quilting are —to your
comfort, your confidence!

Look at all leading tampons and you'll see
that only Fibs have the smooth, gently tapered
ends for easier insertion!

Dear Bonita:
Although I am just in my 'teens, I am
deeply in love with a boy I have gone all
through school with.
He exasperates me sometimes because
he is so "slow," but my friends say he
really does like me a lot.
One night he brought me home from a
date and tried to kiss me. He was awfully
embarrassed about it, and as I had never
been kissed by a boy before, I just sort of
changed the subject.
The trouble is that he hasn't come back
or called me since that night, and I am
nearly crazy wondering what to do.

Yours truly,
June.

Dear June:
I wouldn't worry about this situation
too much. You are inclined to make
a mountain out of a molehill about it.
He sounds like a wonderful boy, and he
is probably shy and wondering if
he offended you by trying to kiss you
that night.
You say he was embarrassed about
it, so you can guess that he must be
remorseful in thinking you like him
less for it.

Include him in your next gathering
of a group of friends—sort of cas¬
ually—and I am sure he will be a
happy friend of yours again.

Sincerely,
BG

Dear Mary K.
In the first place, I think you should
forget how pretty you are and concen¬
trate more on your sociabilities.
You can try and overcome this lack
of conversational ability and shyness by
getting out with a lot of people and
making more friends rather than spend¬
ing your time and thought trying to
win back a boyfriend.
The old adage that "beauty is skin
deep," may sound trite, but it still holds
true. You must have more to offer
a boy than good looks if you want him
to come back and date you again.

Sincerely,
BG

Dear Mary:
In the first place, I think you should
forget how pretty you are and concen¬
trate more on your sociabilities.
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of conversational ability and shyness by
getting out with a lot of people and
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win back a boyfriend.
The old adage that "beauty is skin
deep," may sound trite, but it still holds
true. You must have more to offer
a boy than good looks if you want him
to come back and date you again.

Yours truly,
Mary K.

Dear Bobby and Gerry:
Yes, you should definitely take your
mother's advice and tell your friend
you can not go around with her any¬
more.
As you grow older, you will come to
realize that people judge you by the
friends you have and are seen with.
Hence, if this girl is not the right
kind for you, do not hesitate to come
right out and tell her. It is a hard
thing to do, but you are old enough
to make these decisions and carry
them out.

Sincerely,
BG

Dear Miss Granville:
My problem concerns my hair, and I
do hope you can give me some advice as to
what to do with it.
You see, although I am not yet seven¬
teen, I have gray hairs on my head. Yes,
real gray hairs, and although I tried pull¬
ing them out with tweezers they only grew
in that much quicker.
What can I do about this? Should I dye
my hair from time to time? It is dark
brown now, and I try to part it so the gray
won't show but I haven't much luck.

Hopefully,
Bernice.

Dear June:
I wouldn't worry about this situation
too much. You are inclined to make
a mountain out of a molehill about it.
He sounds like a wonderful boy, and he
is probably shy and wondering if
he offended you by trying to kiss you
that night.
You say he was embarrassed about
it, so you can guess that he must be
remorseful in thinking you like him
less for it.

Include him in your next gathering
of a group of friends—sort of cas¬
ually—and I am sure he will be a
happy friend of yours again.

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Yours truly,
Mary K.
Rest On The Run

Rest On The Run, the sleepy stretch that feels so good. Hands are locked, arms are up, diaphragm pulled in. Sounds strange, doesn’t it, to put your muscles to work when you—and they—are tired. Yet this is the magic-making formula that helps to keep graceful dark-haired Tamara Toumanova in the pink of vivacious condition.

For thirteen years, Tamara has been in the public spotlight. Since she was seven years old (when she made her dance debut with Pavlova in the Paris Opera), she’s lived a life as busy as a presidential candidate and as rigorous as a circus acrobat. So you’ve got to admit she has to know how to relax.

Tamara’s relaxing routine is a one-two-three process that takes about five minutes. The first step is the stretch. When muscles are fatigued, they become limp in some places, tense and tight in others. A good stretching evens out these muscular hills and valleys.

How to stretch? There are a hundred ways. You can stretch one muscle at a time—or ten. But for the quickest kind of pick-up, be sure to breathe deeply as you do it.

For the second step, relax one muscle after the other, starting with the neck. Let your head slump forward on your chest. Then let your arms fall limp. Relax the diaphragm muscles, the legs and the feet. Of course, by this time you’re on the floor. And not even slightly shaken up! For when you’re completely relaxed a fall can’t hurt you.

Finish the formula by sending a rush of blood to your head. Lean over the side of your chair, or fling yourself on a couch with your head hanging over. The blood will course down to stimulate the brain, enliven the skin and wake up weary nerves.

Do you wonder how it works, this five minutes of rest on the run? Well watch Tamara Toumanova in RKO’s “Days of Glory.” You’ll see the lovely litheness that only a well trained, well balanced body can achieve.
of a good meal, then as now, was a steak, plenty of bread and butter, and a spot of tea. If he never saw another vegetable as long as he lived, he admitted that he wouldn’t be lonesome. As for Betsy, she liked everything and ate it without adding more than 110 pounds to her five feet seven inches of height.

When “Pal Joey” closed, Gene went to work at directing the dance routines for “Best Foot Forward.” The company was opening in Philadelphia, so Betsy went down to visit, since she was free of commitments at the time. Gene had big news; he had signed a picture contract, he was going to Hollywood. And, he added, he didn’t intend to go west alone.

They thought they would have six weeks in which to prepare for their wedding. But Hollywood, in typical fashion, wired Gene a request to be in California on a certain imminent date. He made some quick calculations and decided that their wedding couldn’t even wait for the New York opening of the show.

Betsy and her mother went on a frantic shopping expedition. They bought an RAF blue suit with matching hat, a white blouse and a pair of white gloves. They also bought a beige afternoon dress. And that was the extent of Betsy’s trousseau.

She wore the same shoes she had worn down from New York, and she borrowed an exquisite handmade handkerchief that had been sent to her aunt, many years earlier from Ireland. Thus she satisfied the traditional demand for “something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue.”

They set out upon a honeymoon the like of which any girl anticipates. First they drove to New Orleans; they dined at Antoine’s, they strolled through the narrow, mysterious streets of the Old Quarter and peered into the sunlit windows of frozen lacework of their grilled iron gateways. They heard stevedores singing at their work, and saw by moonlight groves of oak festooned with Spanish moss.

From New Orleans they took a freighter, shipping their car on the same boat, and landed at Vera Cruz. They motored over some highways that were mere oxen trails, and some that were modern marvels. They visited markets where peppers and mangoes and dozens of varieties of native fruits were spread out like a lush mosaic on the native blankets. They passed through towns with names like spiced honey: Orizaba, Tlaxcala, Puebla, thence to Mexico City.

Along this route, Gene impressed his new wife by producing an efficient knowledge of Spanish. He could bargain effectively and he could usually get what he wanted to eat—the tests of success in any foreign country. Both Gene and Betsy had studied Spanish in New York the previous winter, but Gene swore he had to have a natural aptitude for language, making it easy for him to grasp instantly and with ease that for which Betsy had to struggle. (Currently, she is studying Russian.)

From Mexico City, they drove to Los Angeles, then to San Francisco. They had crab cocktails at Fisherman’s Wharf, and wandered for an entire day along Grant Street’s Chinatown. They exclaimed over the view from the Top of the Mark. They strolled through Golden Gate Park. In general they had a wonderful time, and they developed a convert in this trick that has now become household habit. “Oh, look, Geney,” Betsy would breathe. “At what, Sweeney?” Gene would answer, simply because it rhymed. Both nicknames have stuck.

When they returned to Hollywood they rented a tiny house on the side of a hill. The living room was so small that, when the ping-pong table was up, guests and Kellys had to scoot underneath to move from one room to the other. As if this weren’t enough, exercise, access to the Kelly home was about forty-seven of them. None of these reducing agents seemed to deter guests, however, because there were always dozens of them around.

There came a day when Betsy thought she ought to see a doctor. Gene was testing for the part in “Me And My Gal” opposite Judy Garland that day and he had a stormy time of it. He couldn’t keep his mind on the routines. He blundered and he apologized until the set telephone finally rang. “I hope it will be a girl,” said Betsy, but I suppose we should think up a lot of boys’ names,
just to outwit the stork.”

After Gene had received the announcement, he returned to work like an inspired Nijinsky. Within an hour, practically everyone on the Metro lot knew why the dance test on Stage 14 had been choppy in the morning, but was now as brilliant as sun on a smooth sea.

Gene was deep in the photographing of the big production number for “Dubarry Was A Lady” when he received word that Betsy needed him. She had gone into the hospital the night before, but the doctor had thought it might be some time before Gene would be needed.

Upon arriving in the traditional waiting room, Gene set about what he described as “walking around,” but which is more accurately termed “pacing.” He smoked. He trotted, perspiring, down to the drug store for cokes. Finally he told Betsy’s mother with some asperity, “I’m acting just like a father in a B picture.”

A nurse thrust in her head to inquire, “Would you like to see your daughter, Mr. Kelly?”

His feet had left a note reading, Back In Fifteen Minutes, but he somehow managed to follow the nurse anyway. For a long time he stood looking down at the plump citizen with the softly-curling brown hair. “Say, is she bowlegged?” he asked, worriedly. “All newborn babies are bowlegged,” smiled the nurse. “She’s absolutely perfect.”

“Her name is Kerry,” announced the lady’s father, rising to the occasion with full Irish responsibility.

In December, Kerry’s mother will be twenty-one. Next year she will be able to vote in municipal elections, but she will have to wait four years for another presidential election. In preparation for such citizenship, she has been reading Charles and Mary Beard’s books on American history—an activity started by Gene, whose reading is usually quite serious.

In addition to their dual reading habits, the Kellys maintain a two-some Casino tournament that has been going on throughout the three years of their marriage. When questioned about scores, Gene is eloquent on the subject of his superior card playing; he is positive that he must be about ninety games ahead of Betsy. Betsy thinks that, in the long run, they break even.

When guests are being entertained, which is practically every Saturday night in the Kelly home, a comfortable rented house in Beverly Hills, the gang plays Categories, or The Game, or they sit around and talk. Betsy sets out, buffet style, cheese and crackers, sliced cold turkey, olives, pickles, potato chips, and invites everyone to eat when and what he wishes.

This easy pattern is the only rule of the Kelly way of life: enjoyment without fuss. Gene doesn’t fuss at Betsy if the house hasn’t been dusted or if things aren’t properly hung up, and she doesn’t fuss at him if he doesn’t shave for two or three days when he isn’t working in a picture. Both of them hate to go to bed at night, and hate to get up the next morning.

And both agree that the next thing they want is a home of their own, which they will build after the war. That accomplished, they think it would be nice to have enough junior Kellys for a mixed quartet.

HOLLYWOOD STARS YOU KNOW

USE

**Overglo**

BY WESTMORE

FROM HOLLYWOOD . . . COMES THIS SENSATIONAL

NEW MAKE-UP FOR A LOVELIER YOU!

FOR the flawless-looking complexion of the stars . . . one drop of Overglo . . . and presto! Quickly, evenly applied with your fingertips, this new liquid-cream foundation of the Westmores camouflages large pores and little lines. Adds youthful smoothness under powder and rouge. Keeps make-up fresh all day. Never gives a masked appearance. Non-drying, definitely! Its emollient lanolin and oil base helps defy dust and weather, too. One bottle lasts for months. Six flattering shades. $1.50 plus tax.

FOR WESTMORE PERFECTION in a heavier cream-type base—Westmore (the largest-selling and original) Foundation Cream. Fifty cents, plus tax. At all good stores.

Complete your make-up with Westmore’s famous Lipstick, Rouge, Face Powder and Creams.

PRODUCTS OF THE HOUSE OF WESTMORE

69
back in the vaudeville days, but split up before they get to the altar. Jack marries another girl and fathers two children, who grow up to be Donald and Peggy. Years later, his ex-fiancé appears on the scene, with Ann Blythe as her daughter. Of course, Donald falls for Ann, but there's an obstacle to the romance in the person of a ham actor who influences Ann and her mother.

There's some fine dancing by Donald and Peggy, and Ann Blythe contributes songs to the film. But on the whole, does it measure up to the previous O'Connor-Ryan pictures? We think not.

BRIDE BY MISTAKE (RKO) Rich girl seeking romance (Laraine Day), and concerned lest her money be more loved by marital aspirants than her own lovely self.

So, she switches identity with her secretary-companion (Marsha Hunt). Follows the rest of the all so familiar formula, with complications developing when a handsome army captain (Alan Marshall) starts courting Miss Hunt, supposing her to be the heiress.

Neither Miss Day nor Miss Hunt's new groom (Allyn Joslyn) like this turn of events. But Miss Day struggles determinedly on, refusing to drop the disguise. With resulting situations—augmented by the dismayed Mr. Joslyn's jealous spying on his wife—which keep the plot lively with amusing dialogue.

As light entertainment, this one rates being recommended.

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT (20th Century-Fox) is comedy, simple and sweet. The short, short story of Phil Baker and the $64 question versus a young sailor (Edward Ryan), whose wife (Marjorie Mas- saw) is about to have a baby. "About to," in this instance, means the most immediate future.

When Phil learns that the sailor is a papa-to-be, and needs a thousand dollars to pay the doctor, he gives him a break. After practically spelling out the answers up to $64, he gives him a chance at one more big pot after another.

Comes the climax: a seven-pound baby boy!

Includes interesting sequences from old films: a number from Shirley Temple's "Baby Take a Bow," a dance routine by the flying Nicholas brothers, and a riotous duet by Alice Faye and Betty Grable.

And there you have it!

DIXIE JAMBOREEE (PRC) The plot centers around a couple of crooks, played by Lyle Talbot and Frank Jenks, who, to escape capture, hide aboard the last of the Mississippi showboats.

Romantic interest is furnished by Mr. Talbot and Eddie Quillian, a dumb trumpeter, who vie for the affections of Frances Langford, niece of the showboat owner. Dumb as he is though, Quillian comes out in the end as the hero of the picture, when he spoils the efforts of the two crooks to take over what they think is a priceless stack of liquor.

Guy Kibbee, as Miss Langford's uncle, and Charlie Butterworth turn in their usual good performances, although the lines they have to say don't do them justice.

It is regrettable that the dialogue doesn't succeed in being funny, but there are several entertaining musical numbers in the picture, and if you are one of Miss Langford's fans, just hearing her sing will make it all worth while.

PICTURES IN THE MAKING

WARNER BROTHERS:
ROUGHLY SPEAKING will create roughly laughing when Roz Russell deals with Jack Carson.

OBJECTIVE BURMA is the Errol Flynn special, featuring an all-male cast.

HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN has a cast worth $6457249 million dollars, because it includes everyone on the Warnor lot plus a lot of patriotic influences.

CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT has a L Dream Girl Barbara Stanwyck, and Dream Boy Dennis Morgan is right there to help her trim the Christmas Tree.

THE CORN IS GREEN is Bette Davis' current starrer.

RKO:
FAREWELL MY LOVELY, a bang-up murder mystery, with Dick Powell and Anne Shirley.

THE BRIGHTON STRANGLER, seeking to show up the foregoing as merely a mediocre murder mystery, this picture is begemmed by gorgeous June Duprez, and suave John Loder.

20TH CENTURY-FOX:
THUNDERHEAD, SON OF FLICKA is another love affair between Roddy McDowall and a horse.

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN gives Peggy Ann Garner as "Francie" the part of her life. Dorothy McGuire is "Katie," and Jimmie Dunn is lovable Johnnie.
WINGED VICTORY—the Air Corps show with Lon McCallister, Jeanne Crain, and a flock of others.

SUNDAY DINNER FOR A SOLDIER with Anne Baxter cooking on the front burner.

UNITED ARTISTS:
DARK WATERS, starring Merle Oberon, Franchot Tone, Thomas Mitchell and Fay Bainter.

UNIVERSAL:
IN SOCIETY, a peculiar place to find Abbott and Costello, hence something to bear in mind for close scrutiny.

QUEEN OF THE NILE, a confection in Technicolor which will have Jon Hall getting braver and braver, Maria Montez getting lovelier and lovelier and Turhan Beying and beying.

CAN'T HELP SINGING is what Deanna Durbin can't help doing in the direction of Robert Paige.

AT COLUMBIA:
TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT (story set in England during the blitz) starring Rita Hayworth, Janet Blair, Lee Bowman and Steve Crane.

MGM:
The ZIEGFELD FOLLIES in Technicolor, starring every big name on the lot, to wit: Astaire, Lucille Ball, Fanny Brice, James Craig, Jimmy Durante, Judy Garland, John Hodiak, Lena Horne, Van Johnson, Gene Kelly, Rooney, Skelton, Esther Williams and the Wilde twins. Incidentally, Lyn Wilde is to become a mother this winter.

THE THIN MAN GOES HOME, starring William Powell, Myrna Loy (who has been looking sweeter than a 21-day furlough while night-clubbing around town).

SON OF LASSIE in Technicolor with Peter Lawford (Lana Turner’s most frequent escort), Elsa Lanchester, Nigel Bruce and Donald Crisp.

MUSIC FOR MILLIONS with Margaret O’Brien, Iturbi, June Allyson.

ANCHORS AWEIGH in Technicolor with Gene Kelly, Sinatra, Iturbi, Kathryn Grayson and Carlos Ramirez.

PARAMOUNT:
TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST with Alan Ladd, Bill Bendix, Brian Donlevy and Barry Fitzgerald, plus a regimental cast of additional males, and two (only) girls: Esther Fernandez and Kathleen Lockhard (Gene’s pretty daughter.)

FEAR, with Joel McCrea (who makes practically any picture good), Gail Russell, and Herbert Marshall.

HERE COME THE WAVES—boop, boop, boop—Crosby, Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts, etc.

KITTY, with Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, Patric Knowles and others.

OUT OF THIS WORLD in which Diana Lynn is making boogie-woogie out of Chopin, assisted by Veronica, Eddie Bracken, and that picture-stealer, Robert Benchley.

Yes! Meds’ internal protection is different! All the modern freedom and convenience of this method—with the special Meds’ features perfected by a woman’s doctor!

- Real COTTON for extra comfort
- “SAFETY-WELL” for extra security
- APPLICATORS for daintiness

Meds only 19¢
FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS
Economy package—four months’ supply—40 for 65¢!

Meds’ exclusive “SAFETY-WELL” absorbs so much more, so much faster! Extra protection for you!

* * *

Meds’ fine soft COTTON can absorb up to three times its own weight in moisture! The scientifically-shaped insorber expands gently and comfortably—adapting itself instantly to individual requirements.

Because of these dainty, carefully designed applicators, Meds insorbers are easy-to-use!
a roseate glow arrose from the house for days.

In no time at all, Suzanne was singing over station KOIN. Overjoyed Oregonians voted her the State Victory Girl, a position which imposed the obligation of singing at every possible public function as well as at nearby army camps. Then Suzanne's radio work found a sponsor—the owner of a jewelry store—so she became a full-fledged professional. Currently she wears a handsome black onyx ring set with diamonds, which was a gift from this sponsor.

By this time the entire family Burre was little boat on a spring flood; something tidal was happening to them, but they weren't quite sure what. The owner of station KOIN, with true altruism, decided that Suzanne should be in Hollywood and so sent the entire family south to appear on Hollywood Showcase.

They had never been in California before; that one. After reaching the entire situation on mental tip toes, they took a modest apartment in a conservative district in Hollywood (being properly grateful that considering current housing conditions, they didn't have to pitch a pup tent in the Civic Center) and made an appointment at NBC. Could Suzanne, they wanted to know, please have an audition? They had a letter of introduction from Portland.

In Hollywood, good manners and diffidence always astonish officials in the entertainment business because they have grown so painfully accustomed to the bumptious arrogance of tyros. When the Burre family, soft-voiced and gently-bred, arrived with letters of introduction the station authorities were Ingratated. When they heard Suzanne sing, they became genteeely hysterical with delight.

The next thing the Burces knew, Suzanne had been signed to appear on the Bergen show, and Metro had secured her name at the end of a contract. That done, they promptly chose. Suzanne Burre became Jane Powell, and Jane Powell went into the starring role of her first picture, "Song of the Open Road." Long before the picture was released, Jane (nee Suzanne) had added transcriptions of all her songs in the picture to her collection of recordings. Incidentally, she has a collection that would inspire many more-seasoned collectors with envy.

She had listened to the transcriptions again and again, noting minor flaws and working to correct such. Then, one afternoon, she and her parents were notified that "Song of the Open Road" was to be sneak previewed that evening in a neighboring town.

During the screening, Jane sat raptly, her hands tightly clasped in her lap, her lips moving over every line of dialogue. After the picture self-spoke, her vocal chords tightening over each note joyously sung by her cinematic prototype. When the lights flashed on, Jane's mother turned to the young singer to say, "I thought it was good, didn't you?"

JANE POWELL
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51)

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, velvety-ly relieves Corns, Callouses, Bun
tion; eases pressure. Economical! At Drug. Shoe, Dept, and 1 Otf Stores.

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man Salve contains a full 4 ounces of this

SAYMAN SALVE

The big new Economy Size Sayman Salve contains a full 4 ounces of this grand medicated ointment and sells for only 60c. That means a big saving every time you need real help in curing the pain and itch of externally-caused eczema, chapped, rough or red skin, simple piles, minor burns and scalds. Look for—ask for—the big new Economy size for 60c.

Crawford Watches for men and women combine the accuracy of fine watch-making with the beauty of rich jewelry. Ask for Crawford fob and wrist watches at your favorite shop.

New FOOT RELIEF

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, velvety-soft, soothing, cushioning foot plaster; when used on feet or toes. quickly relieves Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Tender Spots. Stops shoe friction or pressure. economical. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10c Stores.

Thrifty with hair color?
...
.

The Clean, Odorless Way to

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BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR

JANE POWELL

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BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR
But she had no voice. Only after she had swallowed a glass of water did she regain partial use of her voice, and she worked harder getting that picture sneak previewed afterwards. She had made the original recordings.

She had entered the theatre as an unknown high school girl. She emerged as a celebrity, but the transition was a bit too rapid for her to grasp. A group of autograph hounds had remained in the lobby and grounds, and when Jane straggled out from behind a shergen broadcast one Sunday, Ray Noble was kidding Jane.

"I'll tell you confidentially," he said in mock confidence to a group that had come backstage to congratulate her on the show. "That Jane deserves a lot of credit. Why, she wasn't even wearing shoes when she first came to Hollywood."

Without a break in tempo, Jane took it up by pointing to her spectacles. "And now look at the progress I've made: Shoes with even more pomps. "And now look at the progress I've made: Shoes with even more pomps."

Jane never drinks milk. She is mad about anything chocolate: candy, cake, ice cream sodas.

Second to her enthusiasm for chocolate is her admiration for murder mysteries. She can read one an evening and still not surfeit her appetite. Aside from that reading she tries to absorb "some really good book" about once a fortnight. She loved "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" and she is now in the midst of "A Bell For Adano."

Ordinarily the greatest problem of feminine teensters is self-consciousness in one form or another. Jane is no exception. She can walk out before thousands of utter strangers and feel not the slightest qualm or stage fright. They are an Audience, hence as unreal as a motion picture audience is to the projecting screen.

But it is almost impossible for Jane to sing before an assembly of boys and girls her own age; she simply goes to pieces. Her voice has to be controlled with all the rigidity of the technique she has learned: fingernails become those things she had before she was notified of her date to sing for her fellow ingenues and juveniles.

The things she wants most in the world at present are, in the order of their desired appearance: first, to learn tap dancing "and to be as swoopy as Fred Astaire"; second, to lose her baby fat, of which she has very little; third, to complete her charm bracelet, which is now heavier than a ton of elephants; fourth, to appear in many, many more Metro pictures; fifth, to fall in love and get married, preferably to a lieutenant in the Air Corps.

Lucky future man.

The End

Lt. Rudy Vollee returns! Back to movies, and back on the air. Sept. 9th. Here he and Bob Hope inspect a captured Jop truck.
New Sanitary Pads give you all these 4 Great Extras!

1. **EXTRA COMFORT.** San-nap-pak is cotton-faced for extra comfort — stays soft as you wear it!

2. **EXTRA PROTECTION.** San-nap-pak has the famous "Pink Layer of Protection" that guards against embarrassing accidents!

3. **EXTRA PEACE OF MIND.** San-nap-pak is cleverly designed to fit without tell-tale bumps or bulges!

4. **EXTRA CONVENIENCE.** San-nap-pak stays fresh longer — requires fewer changes.

**NEW BEAUTIFUL TRUE-LOVE BRACELET**

When you try on this bracelet, exquisitely wrought in solid Sterling Silver, you wouldn't part with it because of its novelty and sparkling beauty. Wear on 10 days' Money-back Guarantee.

**EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.**

**SEVERAL STORES TO CHOOSE FROM**

**CAPITOL:**

That Mercer boy, John, who can always be counted on to come up with something solid, has recorded his newest composition, "Duration Blues," with "Sam's Got Him" on the reverse side. The orchestra isn't credited on the label, but it's Eddie Miller's.

Benny Carter's new offering is "I'm Lost," a beautiful tune written by King Cole, and "Just a Baby's Prayer"
with Savannah Churchill on the vocal chorus. This is Savannah’s last record with Columbia. She is second Engineer, and will work as a single. June Richman and replaced her. Ella Mae Morse has done a good job on “The Patty Cake Man” and “Invitation To the Blues.” The “Cow Cow Boogie” girl is now on her second theatre tour, and doing very well. Stan Kenton is with us again, this time on “How Many Hearts Have You Broken.” The “Herrera’s Face” in the heart of Berlin. He has V-Mail cards of his arrangement of the tune and took them with him to give to service bands.

Dinah Shore bought a tiny portable piano for her overseas jaunt. It has only three and a half octaves and weighs about the same as an accordion, so it can be carried around easily. Dinah has made another trip to the battle fronts with Bob Hope. She took along a glamour wardrobe which should more than please the G.I.’s.

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JAM NOTES:

Les Brown’s former vocalists are doing all right for themselves in Hollywood. Roberta Lee was spotted by a Twentieth Century-Fox talent scout while singing at the Trocadero and was told she had the perfect voice for the role of a young, beautiful woman. She has a new name, Harriet Gershon. The Town Criers have been regulars on the Sunday night “Old Gold” program over N.B.C. They’re one of the best quartets on the air today.

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were entertained at a luncheon by a local advertising club, the groom was unable to attend because of a sore throat. The toastmaster, explaining the fact, made a heavy-handed attempt at humor:

"His bride will tell you about him," he said. "The former Mr. Regan is now Mr. Jane Wyman, you know!"

Janeey popped to her feet like a cork out of a fizz-water bottle, and turned directly to the press table.

"Please, people," she said, her brown eyes blazing. "I hope you'll skip that introduction. Why, gosh—Ronnie would just break my neck if he thought I'd take a bow on a statement like that!"

Well, Janeey still has her pretty neck, hasn't she?

Wiliest of all actresses, showwoman supreme, is Tallulah, the Great Bankhead. We are reminded of the time when, after having ignored the cornbelt for years, Taloo suddenly brought her latest legitimate hit to Chicago, and immediately tossed a large cocktail for the press. With her guait, rather hungry face contrasting her generous red mouth, and restlessly pushing a lank lock of hair back from her forehead as she talked, the Bankhead gave the impression that she was not a subscriber to sophistication, but rather, its inventor.

When the flash bulbs popped—at a time when most stars hurriedly push a drink out of sight—Tallulah calmly raised her "old-fashioned" to her lips, taking the only sip she took all afternoon. "I drink—" she said in that voice which can sometimes make you feel you're way down beneath her blouse buttons, "—or I don't drink. It's so unimportant—really!" Her suit, a little short, "—or I don't drink. It's so unimportant—really!" Her suit, a little short, "—or I don't drink. It's so unimportant—really!" Her suit, a little short, "—or I don't drink. It's so unimportant—really!" Her suit, a little short, "—or I don't drink. It's so unimportant—really!"

It was along about here that Miss Bankhead's secretary tiptoed importantly across the room and with no apology for her advent, whispered in her ear. At once Tallulah broke into husky amusement.

"I don't need it this time, darling, really I don't—" she said. "You see, she went on, "so many of these parties turn out to be such terrific bores—you know the kind of thing I mean—so my secretary and I have developed a little ruse. She pretends I have a long distance call, and rescues me. But not today—uh-uh, I'm having too good a time! Thanks, anyhow, darling—"

The secretary tiptoed apologetically away—and the press, glowing with the warmth of their own unsuspected charm, dashed off to write their stories. Of course, there was always the chance that the "long distance call" was a ruse—within a ruse, with nothing but flattered reporters ever left in Tallulah's wake, but nobody thought of it until later.

Then there's Spencer Tracy. One midwinter when Spence was traveling from sunny California to blizzardy New York, he found it necessary to spend his Chicago between-train, time doing a little shopping. Mr. Tracy had goose-pimples, and the press was perfectly welcome to come along while he bought himself some long underwear—red flannels preferred.

The department store he visited was fresh out of flannels, and there was even some difficulty in fitting their

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distinguished customer in just ordinary, pale woolen britches. Meanwhile, unknown to Tracy, the news of his presence had spread through every floor of the store with the legendary rapidity of a prairie fire. All of a sudden Spence, holding a baggy-seated union suit up under his chin, looked up to see the aisles crammed with females, their eyes fastened on him with worship slightly diluted with horror.

Non-plussed? Not Tracy! He threw back his head and laughed loud and long.

"That's where I've got it on those glamour-boys," he told us. "Now if it was Gable or Taylor who got caught like this, you could make something out of it. Me, I don't look any better out of a union suit than in one—so where's your story?"

One of our favorite unprinted stories about a Hollywood he-man concerns Jimmy Cagney. Nowadays Fatty Arbuckle is busy making personal appearances for his country's sake, few of his audiences realize that for many years he turned down thousands of dollars for doing practically the same thing. A vaudevillian for seven years before coming to the screen, Cagney nevertheless had an innate distaste for the footlights.

After one of his earlier pictures, however, he won first prize for a stage appearance with Joan Blondell, his co-star in the film. Traveling toward their engagement, Cagney worked up a fine case of jitters, thinking about that moment when he would have to dash out on the stage and go into the tough and cocksure action the fans would surely expect of him.

It was the zero hour—the time of their opening performance—and the pair stood waiting in the wings, ready for their cues. Jimmy got paler and paler, in the manner of a guy waiting for the sign to go, ever the imp to a barrage of machine-gun fire. Finally, came the cue—and coincidentally, up came the luncheon Jimmy had eaten a short time before, and parked itself unbecomingly all over Joan's brand-new dress front.

We were not present at the christening, but we got the story from Chester Morris, who got it from Joan. Chester's imitation of Joan's imitation of herself, taking bows in front of that surprised audience whilst brushing off the remnants of Jimmy's table d'hote, is something to see.

"How do you do," said Joan (says Chester, with brushing gestures), "It's a pleasure to be here. (More brushing.) I am sorry to tell you that it's an inevitable introduction these days for a Bogart anecdote.

It happened on Warner Brothers' gilded caravan to Dodge City (from the picture of the same name), at which time they took a private trainful of movie stars, picture executives and press representatives to premiere the film, and to stir the whole state for a Bogart anecdote. It was a crowded, exhausting day for the stars who attended—parading, speech making, pushing their way through thousands of autograph-seeking fans—and all of it with the thermometer about to blow.

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before starting. Nobody’s having taken any sensible precautions with little Alan, the first thing I did was to help him get loose. Together, we decided to celebrate the Fourth by burning matches in a closet.

We kept burning them, then blowing them out. When we went to get more matches, we didn’t notice that one was still burning. By the time we got back there was a sheet of flame in the closet. The house burned down.

By the time the firemen arrived, my little playmate had wisely tied himself up to the tree again. I received the whole blame, and the fireman gave me a sound spanking. Mother just looked at me—she never spanked me for anything—but it was worse than the physical pain.

I was about to say that I haven’t been spanked from that day to this, but I take my sounds from flogging from Bill Bendix, the other day, for a scene in “Two Years Before the Mast.”

Anyway, to get back to the episode of the fire, it taught me something besides caution. I found that I loved excitement. So when the trip to California was proposed, I was all for it. We finally made the move, and without benefit of the Hit Parade decided to make the San Fernando Valley our home.

Times were tough and I had a lot of odd jobs: polishing vegetables in a market, working in a gas station, sweeping out a confectioner’s shop. Maybe you could call that last a sort of character turning point.

I was ten years old, alone in the store at five in the morning, mopping up. It was the greatest temptation of my life, being exposed to all that luscious candy. But I never gave in and took any.

Not that I was a model child, by any stretch of the imagination. I was always getting into trouble at school, and always insinuated that the teachers take me to see the principal. I had discovered that my discovery made me a “big shot” in the eyes of the other kids.

There was nothing I would have become of me, if it had not been for a young teacher in high school who took a personal interest in me. I know now that meeting him was a turning point in my life. He had understanding, and soon set me straight. Because of him, I took my first interest in the school administration; I went in for athletics, I joined the Glee Club and the dramatic society. Soon I was much too busy with school activities to have any time for mischief.

It was my appearance in a school production of “The Mikado” that brought about the next turning point. Universal was looking for talent, and a scout remembered seeing me in the school show. I was asked to audition. Lasting until the finals in the elimination contest, I began to think I was definitely on my way to an acting career.

We rehearsed two weeks, then put on a sketch. Producers and writers sat in the audience, deciding which of the candidates should be tested, and which ones discarded. I got along fine and was in the final group of ten.

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**GET YOURS TODAY!**
Four of the group won contracts, but I wasn’t one of them. Carl Laemmle, not looking particularly like a turning point, was seated in the first row. He said just one sentence: “I can’t hear that boy.”

I thought the world had come to an end, although now I realize it was the best thing that could have happened—I wasn’t ready for acting yet. At the time, though, I thought I was through with acting for good.

I tried to get interested in something else, without much success. In turn I became a newspaper reporter, a restaurant owner, a salesman for a cash register company. Then came the next turning point. A friend asked me if I’d like to work as a gripper at Warner Bros., and I took the job.

For two years I went around in my overalls, carrying a hammer and crowbar, content with my $42.50 a week. Then I began running into kids I’d met nights, trying to make up my mind. I listened to them, and the $42.50 a week began to look sicker and sicker.

I went to dramatic school, determined to do the thing right this time. While I was a student at Ben Bard’s, came the next turning point.

I was rehearsing for my first play, when my next door neighbor—I had moved to town by then—offered me the most wonderful opportunity that had yet come my way. He was with the Associated Press, and there was a position there for me if I wanted it.

I lay tossing in my bed for three nights, trying to make up my mind. Finally, the night before the play opened, I gave my answer. I would take a chance on acting!

I’d never stuck to anything before, but this time I meant to see it through, come what may.

The day that I had to start was the day they decided to stop and see Sue Carol. It certainly seemed I was right when CBS offered me a contract. I set out for their office to sign, post haste, before they had a chance to change their minds.

In the meantime, Susy (she was just a name to me then—Sue Carol, an actress who had once been a star) had heard me on the air and asked a mutual friend to tell me to see her. I wasn’t interested; I had decided on radio.

But on my way to CBS I suddenly decided to stop and see Sue Carol. I thought it was just curiosity, but maybe it was Fate. Whatever it was,
I reached the second greatest turning point of my life the day I met Susy.

I had gone to see her only to tell her the screen was not for me. Instead, I heard myself asking for ten days to think it over. It was only a couple of weeks later that she was talking a deal with Paramount.

I decided that I should do "Joan of Paris" without a contract, go away from each other. The precious Sterling Silver ring is now that so many good friends, pals, and sweethearts are far away from each other.

She looked up at me. "Where's your contract?"

I heard myself answering: "Where's your contract?"

A spur of the moment decision. For the first time in my life, I stopped stewing and fretting about every little thing. I knew the minute I looked at her that she was talking a deal with Paramount.

"May I reach the second greatest turning point of my life the day I met Susy."

"Where's your contract?"

For the first time in my life, I stopped stewing and fretting about every little thing. I knew what the directors wanted, and I knew what the directors wanted. I had the part.

"Where's your contract?"

For the first time in my life, I found that I couldn't control my own destiny. It would do me no good to stew; I had to take it.

It was a valuable lesson, and one I profited from since returning to civilian life.

The End
GREGORY PECK
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27)

companionable state, and there was always the stimulation of working and waiting for that big break.' Peck's first acting venture occurred at about the age of sixteen, when he took part in a high school revue. He was one of a chorus who added a few fancy touches to "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean," with gestures and dance-steps. He used to think of it, was really enough to give even an insensitive soul a complex. "It was a terrible experience," he recalls. "I acted for three days before the performance. "I was really a lonesome and painfully shy kid from about twelve to eighteen. I don't have any pleasant memories of those years except of my parents, of course. My mother always was very young and gay—and she is still. My Dad knew just how to deal with me. He gave me advice instead of order. "I remember that I decided to quit school when I was eighteen and go to work. I got a job with an oil company, and bought myself a Ford—felt pretty big. But when it came time to enter college, Dad didn't have much trouble talking me into it. He didn't have to come joust with the fortunates until he was forced into college theatricals through a series of disappointments. Enrolled in a premedical course at Berkeley's University of California, he discovered he lacked "the eagerness every good doctor should have." The world was robed of the perfect bedside manner, no doubt—but in the light of subsequent events, we can't imagine anyone's kicking. His next major interest had always been athletics. Rowing combined his love of the sun and of the water, and he was rapidly becoming a re-gatta star when a spinal injury wrote hims to all but the mildest sports activity. If it is true that life has a definite and destined pattern, this last mishap, which made him pretty bitter at the time, was the beginning of the design for Gregory Peck. It was also why his army medics turned him down when he volunteered for military service shortly after Pearl Harbor. The second time he stepped out in front of an audience was vastly different from the first. "I was too young to analyze it then, but that was when I started to grow up. I ceased being afraid of people and the creative urge took hold instead. It wasn't Gregory Peck out there with hundreds of eyes staring at him—it was a character in a play they were looking at, and it was exhilarating to realize I could make that other person come alive for the people out front. Undoubtedly, Peck had found himself, and when college was over he decided to give Broadway the privilege of making the same discovery. His debut consisted of a six foot-two-and-a-half-inch lead played by a restless shock of black hair and highlighted by that contagious smile, and one letter of introduction from his father to a business friend. Outside of that, he rode at the windmills of New York with only the thin lance of his courage. For awhile, New York didn't even

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know it was being attacked. During this period he worked as a banker at the Fair, and quit when his voice began to take on an Andy Devine tinge. He applied for a position as guide in Radio City and quit when he realized that although he did plenty of walking, he was still in a stationary spot. Meantime, he'd won an audition for a scholarship at the Neighborhood Playhouse School of Dramatics.

After school came two years of stock, including an award engagement at the famous Barter Theater in Abingdon, West Virginia. The customer pull-off in favor products—a dozen eggs, a pair of young hens, or even a hog. It was at the Barter Theater that he was discovered by McClintic for road play. It was a long "road" that led to Broadway, it was McClintic who finally gave him a big-time lead in "Morning Star." But in spite of a distinguished cast, "The Star" soon disappeared behind the cloud of public indifference. Ditto for his next two Broadway ventures. Whatever his future program calls for will find him perfectly agreeable, he says—"as long as they allow me to stick to human beings." His pet aversion is "people who act—you know, make faces—and put on or take off a mood as if it were an overcoat.

His favorite real-life heroes are Commander Scott, author of "God Is My Co-Pilot"; Roosevelt, Wendell Willkie, and the late Lou Gehrig. As a "dream leading-lady" he picks Ingrid Bergman, Teresa Wright or Claudette Colbert.

He's getting one of these "dreams," too, as the next picture you will be seeing him in will be the David O. Selznick production of "House of Dr. Edwardes," playing opposite Ingrid Bergman.

Gregory and wife Greta live in a house perched atop Coldwater Canyon where they were christened "Wuthering Heights." They like to take walks, go horseriding, entertain small groups of favorite friends. And unlike most husbands, this one loves to go along on a shopping tour. His favorite costume as lord of the manor is a pair of seven-year-old pants, a red-flannel shirt that "can almost stand up by itself," and sheepskin boots.

His favorite menu when he can get it—is a charcoal broiled steak, a green salad with garlic dressing, lyonnaise potatoes, and ice cream. (No banalities—all essentials, see?)

His best fault, he admits modestly, is forgetting to comb his hair unless his wife reminds him.

When Gregory and Greta were married, he opined as how about six children would make the situation perfect. Greta, mindful that everything is being rationed nowadays, said she thought they could get along on three or four. They compromised, by agreeing on Greta's suggestion, and are currently wildly happy because the first of the young Pecks has arrived—a six-pound son.

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THE FACE SPEAKS
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53)

What Colby wanted was something more lasting and substantial than either mere beauty or a slip of closely-printed publicity to her signature on it. So, after a glimpse of Hollywood, she returned to New York and joined the gang on one of the top-ranking fashion magazines.

She was in and out of every department in the book. She was a dynamo and no kiddin'. She was night club editor and motion picture editor, to start with. She also dabbled in the promotion department, made lay-outs for the advertising department, created new fashions, secured new advertising relations, handled public relations for the newspapers, and took care of a special entertainment and fashion shows. During all this, too, she also continued to model and appeared once in a while on the radio.

This went on for a couple of years—until March, 1942, to be exact. At that point, Colby was signed by Columbia Pictures to publicize and exploit and generally overcome a thing to be called "Hollywood." While you have no doubt cheered in your local theatre by now. She did this so well that she was ultimately hired by David Selznick, who had now created especially for her. The title of this show is Feminine Director of Selznick and Vanguard Productions. In simpler terms, it involves styling and grooming all the actresses under Selznick's wing: Jennifer Jones and Shirley Temple, and a lot of recently signed lesser-knowns. She acts as talent scout, and takes on special picture exploitation assignments. And present, it's Mr. S's new show, "Since You Went Away."

Not all women can be in pictures, of course; not all ideas go just as well in the main for a gal in an office, or a housewife. Her strongest cry is for the simple, basic, well-cut "dress" which can be changed by accessories. She says:

"Get a good black or brown dress," Anita says, "with a boat neck; perhaps, or a neck that is cut square. Both are very good now. And, with that as a base, you have five or six costumes in one. You can wear the dress with clips and a mad little hat for formal occasions. Or, you can put on a gilet or a collar, white gloves to the office. Or, you can get a white pique curvette, and wear a snood with flowers on the band. Or—"

She wanted to follow the hat, gloves, stockings, while not nylon or silk, are at least better than they were a couple years ago. And with the new styles in hats—curvettes, bandeaux and snoods—there is no reason why every girl should not have as many as she wants.

"She can make her hats herself.

SHE CAN MAKE THEM HERSELF.

THE FACE SPEAKS
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53)
For instance, she can do it this way. Get some velvet ribbon and some flowers which are striking and good as to color, sew the blossoms on the ribbon at the point which is most becoming to her and tie the ribbon under her back. I think this, believe it or not, makes a hat. A very good hat for 1944, and a very cheap one.

"Oh, she can take the crown of an old lady hat and add a layer of tulle or eyelet on it, and wear it either on the back of her head or in the New York straight-on fashion. Or, she can have a half-hat by cutting the brim off and kind of folding it into a bonnet shape over a tea-kettle, binding the back with velvet ribbon, hanging a few flowers on one side so that they brush her face—and presto! You have.

"I am very partial to flowers, if they are not worn in the same old ways. A big bunch of violets is lovely, for example, just under a girl's chin. They may be placed in the belt of a suit or a simple dress. They are fine on hats, near the face. And I'm very partial to new uses for jewelry. For instance, instead of small bumblebee pins on the top instead of a suit instead of the lapel. I twist a long gold chain over my shoulder and under one arm and fasten it with gold pins like a guardsman's decoration, instead of using it across my chest.

"The answer to all this is that I try new ideas and make the girls I work with try them. I put on an old hat straight instead of on one side, and thereby give it a modern look. I sit in front of a mirror and figure out different hair, such as braiding my hair in two pigtails with colored ribbons of two shades to match the colors on a playdress. I experiment with new combinations of color."

Anita has worked with expensive, high-style clothes for years. But how can a gal on a small budget follow fashion trends without losing her financial shirt? "I read the trade magazines," she advises. And watch the things they advocate. But don't buy something simply because they mention it once. Remember that the style-setters are feeling their way, many times. They are waiting to see whether or not a new idea catches on. Without them, a woman is like Rita Hayworth when they look nothing like her, instead of dressing as themselves and creating a coherent whole.

"This doesn't take a lot of money. With the basic dress or suit that I spoke of, and good accessories, any girl can look really well. Accessories are the trick, and I try to keep them in mind, and always pick the wrong person. They try to be like Rita Hayworth when they look nothing like her, instead of dressing as themselves and creating a coherent whole.

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DEANNA DURBIN

(Continued from page 17)
cameras, and spending the other half in a studio school room.

While other girls were deep in the problem titled, "Why doesn't Bob ever stay out late—why does Homer pester me to death?" Deanna was busily studying a radio script and taking vocal lessons.

She wasn't allowed even the normal vainglories and faddings of puppy love; because of her very prominence, her first love interest matured into marriage. Now, with that phase well over, she is catching up on the light-hearted dancing and romancing the other girls enjoy at sixteen, seventeen, and twenty-four.

Another girl might well manage such a "return to her teens" without comment from that large, but Deanna is public property, which makes for complications.

Recently, when closing a broadcast, she said softly into the mike, "Good-night, Dickie boy!" The following day a Hollywood gossip columnist quickly, and without research, announced that this "Dickie boy" might well be Dick Powell. That was an unfortunate suggestion—because Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, as moviegoers all know, had just separated.

The Dickie" of Deanna's fond grins was actually her thirteen-year old nephew, Richard Heckman, who had been allowed to remain up late to hear Auntie May Pole, as he calls her, sing.

Such absurdities are bound to vex Deanna in quest of her youth. Whenever she appears in a supper club with such a close friend as Felix Jackson, her longsleeved son, someone is going to hear the rustle of Cupid's arrows, no matter how businesslike the conversation may be. The truth is, Deanna has junced with Mr. Jackson's working days since she began as a little eater girl at Universal. Such long acquaintance is anything but romantic—by trying to evade the eager columnists of that fact!

When she has a new leading man, such as Dean Harens in "Christmas Holiday," eager-beaver journalists will unerringly pick up the scent, and Deanna must go to the trouble of clearing up the usual rumor that her working days are over. It is a problem titled, "Why doesn't Bob ever stay out late—why does Homer pester me to death?" for Bob doesn't like to go dancing and why does Homer pester me to death?"

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and destroy a chicken sandwich and conversations when time permits.

There is, naturally, an unalterable Canteen rule which forbids any Canteen worker from dating any service man. If it should be proved that even a telephone number had been bestowed upon a petitioning G. I., the luckless girl could never return to the Canteen. However, our Army works on the theory that a guy was never ruled off for trying.

In general, these requests are of two types: the first is the sincere, courteous, genteeel sort who would be an eligible escort if Deanna met him under non-war circumstances. Such a chap usually signs by apologizing, "I hope you won't think I'm fresh or presumptuous, but it would certainly make me happy if you would do me the honor of letting me take you to dinner some night."

When such a khaki is reminded of the rules, he usually says, "I completely forgot. Please forgive me. I only asked because I have admired you for so long that I feel as if I know you."

The hepatic type, junior Casanova division, usually gives out with the old personality smile, leans over confidentially and inones, "Sure! I'll sign my book, she continued to use him the first writing instrument they had access to. When this is over, Toots?"

One evening recently, Deanna was handed a fountain pen by a boy who wanted an autograph. After she had signed his book, she continued to use the pen for several additional signatures. Then, in the confusion and noise and jostling crowd, Deanna lost sight of the patient pen-owner. She continued to chat and sign.

With amusement she noted that she was using a pencil, then a pen, then a pencil. Ordinarily the boys hand over their pens to women. Deanna swallowed hard. "Didn't I hand a fountain pen by a boy who wanted an autograph?"

Finally the original G. I. pen-loaner came back and said apologetically, "I hate to trouble you, Miss Durbin, but are you through with my pen yet? I wouldn't bother you, but I have to go now."

Deanna swallowed hard. "Didn't I return your pen to you?" she asked in a small voice. He shook his head.

And here, all ye planting swains, is the twist on the Canteen rules: Deanna secured the fellow's name and address, meanwhile thanking her lucky stars that she happened to have a beautiful, unused, neatly-boxed fountain pen at home. This was soon shipped to the G. I., who is now a regular correspondent.

Another of Deanna's merry contacts was with the Armed Forces resulted in a letter from a boy stationed in Australia. He had visited the Canteen just before he had been shipped out; that time he had avidly read the public press and had come to the conclusion that, due to gas rationing, meat rationing, canned food rationing, make do or mend taxes, the absence of butter, Bobby pins, girdles and eyebrow tweezers, the home front situation was grave.

So he sent Deanna several sticks of gum, saying that his morale had been galvanized by his visit to Hollywood and that he hoped to repay the favor by the chewing supplies which he understood were unobtainable by civilians.

Hollywood Remembrance LOCKET
Dainty-New-2 Tone Design

Send the Coupon, today

Beautiful lockets are in style today more than ever, not only because of their extraordinary beauty but also for the reason that so many ladies want to have pictures of their loved ones near to them at all times. This exquisite, new and original locket is not only ornamental but provides a place for two pictures on the inside. No other locket that we know of today is quite so beautiful or stylish since this one is in 2-tone with red roses and the heart design in the color of yellow gold. The 18-inch chain has a special safety lock fastener. You will be delighted to own and wear this lovely locket that is dainty, yet one inch in diameter, providing ample space for pictures of your loved ones so that you can look at them any time.

SEND NO MONEY SUPPLY LIMITED

No other keepake is so precious and ornamental as this beautiful locket. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail the coupon today. Your package will be sent immediately and you will pay only $1.95, plus a few cents for mailing cost and 25% Federal tax on arrival. On our liberal 10-day trial offer you have the opportunity of examining this beautiful locket before deciding whether you want to keep it or not. Be first to wear one or give it as a gift!

Empire Diamond Co., Dept. 72-HV, Jefferson, Iowa

Send the New, 2-Tone Locket. I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Each locket has period and a substantial hinge. Opens easily and provides two spaces on the inside for pictures of loved ones. All conditions limit our supply.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO. Dept. 72-HV, Jefferson, Iowa

REDUCE
LOSE 3 to 5 lbs. A WEEK
NO EXERCISE—NO DRUGS—EAT PLENTY

THOUSANDS OF USERS REPORT REMARKABLE RESULTS WITH NEW KEL-RAY METHOD. MANY LOSO 3 TO 5 LBS. A WEEK, YET EAT PLENTY. NO RESTRICTED DIETS, NO EXERCISES, ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS. YOU CAN'T LOSE.

FOOTY FOODS, YOU MERELY CUT DOWN ON THEM. TAKE KEL-RAY (A NATURALLY VEGETABLE PRODUCT) DAILY...

MAIL COUPON

McRAE HEALTH PRODUCTS CO., 1457 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

I enclose $1 for Kel-Ray method for reducing and money supply of Kel-Ray to be sent postage paid. If not satisfied I return unused portion and my $1 will be refunded. (C. O. D. orders accepted. Same guarantee) 5 weeks. 202}

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY
"For my elephants," said "Sabu.
"I worry if that new guy is treating them right. I know they're unhappy. I'll be the one to write a letter so I'd know how they are.

After a while Bob went back to his bunk. He was awake a long time. Visiting hours are on Sunday afternoons, from one until four. We had planned it was best for me not to go down. After all, Basic Training only lasted eight weeks, and Bob was the one preoccupied.

"Think of the wives who haven't seen their husbands for years while they're overseas," we said. "We have to make a bed, the correct system of trousers and sew buttons on shirts.

I learned all about the proper way to make a bed, the correct system of washing clothes, how to iron, the expert way to shine shoes, the professional way to lengthen the hems of trousers and sew buttons on shirts.

"I sew better than anyone in our platoon," Bob expanded.

"Is that good?" By this time I was feeling quite weak.

"You're darn right it's good," he answered. Only he didn't say darn, thus saving himself a bad pun.

The high point of Marine Basic Training is record day at the rifle range, where they spend three weeks.

I made Sharpshooter! Bob was yelling to me over the telephone, three weeks after my excursion to San Diego. I gathered from the tone of his voice that Sharpshooter was a fine thing. "And now we're off to the P.X. There's a big evening ahead!

"Can you have a big evening at the P.X.?" I asked.

"I'll be a night of debauchery on candy and cocoa cola. It's a tradition of the Marine Corps. And that's really an orgy, believe me!

But there was tragedy ahead. Something was amiss. The Post Exchange was closed!

As they wandered back to their huts, the mournful faces of the boys were something impossible to bear. They trudged along in heavy silence. The day was spoiled. Suddenly an idea struck Bob. He made a dive for the Recreation Hall, and a leap into the telephone booth.

"I'd like to speak to Pat O'Brien," Bob said.

An hour later the grinning Irish mug of Pat was hidden behind an enormous stack of packages, as he stood in the doorway of the hut. He had boxes of candy, boxes of cigarettes, ice cream, cocoa cola, gum.

The next day they returned to the Base. Their camp days were nearly over. But they ended on a high note, thanks to Pat O'Brien. That day Bob wrote me in a letter:

"When we were out at the range, we'd start out early in the morning. It was dark when we left our huts, and we'd march five miles out to the firing range, over the rolling hills. Gradually it would grow light. The air was something out of this world. There's been a lot of rain and the hills are green. The sun would begin to rise behind the low clouds. We'd march along in perfect rhythm, feeling strong and alive in body and soul. In eight short weeks we have become friends for the rest of our lives. I'll miss those friends when we get sent off in a hundred different directions in the next days. But there's something that ties us all together and connects us with all the other men in the Service. I think it's, well... comradeship. It's a feeling of connection with other human beings. I wish the whole world had it. Perhaps the war will help."

FIVE YEARS AGO THIS MONTH: John Barrymore shed Elaine Barrie, whereupon Ethel Barrymore took John back into her good graces. . . . Dottie Lounan dating John Howard, Wynn Rochamora and Randy Scott. . . Eleanor Powell waiting for Abe Lyman to propose to her. . . . Madge Evans left Hollywood to marry playwright Sidney Kingsley. . . Garbo making "Ninotchka". . . Cary Grant followed Phyllis Brooks to Europe, from where Brookie stated, "Our married life together will be one great party!" . . . Loretta Young on witness stand for William P. Buckner. . . . Rooney and Garland dating. . . . Peggy Ann Garner tested for role as Carole Lombard's kid sister in "The Kind Men Marry". . . Janet Gaynor and Adrian was engaged. . . Nelson Eddy taking tap dancing to reduce. . . and denying rumors of approaching blindness . . . Eligible bachelors in town were George Brent, David Niven, Jimmy Stewart, Richard Greene, Cary Grant, Jeffrey Lynn. . . Niven was going with Olivia de Havilland. . . George Raft was already a grandfather. . . Dorothy Lamour and Pat Morrison, leading. . . Olympe Bradna wore first midriff bathing suit, and Joan Crawford wore a very interesting gown to musicale. . . "Bachelors" best picture of the month, with Ginger Rogers and David Niven . . . Hollywood watching the Joan Bennett-Walter Wanger romance. . . Con¬nie Bennett divorcing the Marquis to wed Gilbert Roland.


Ray made comeback in first film since 1927. . . Madeleine Carroll went back to England, saying "no more movies for me."
expensive) until she could find something more within her means in the overcrowded town bothered with a bad housing situation. Finally she got an apartment (rented from Claudette Colbert), which place she immediately filled with flowers and her paintings (a new hobby she recently took up), and continued with her film work.

Jess, on the other hand, as Hollywood's number one bachelor, roamed the town with the most eligible girls. There is a list to prove and show you what we mean: Marguerite Chapman, who has a beau at present, and who we dropped here; Anne Shirley, who is carrying the torch for an unnamed gentleman; Olivia de Havilland, who has received publicity about her heart's belonging to Major John Huston. The popular Jess has been pictured with are career star who recently took up), and continued with her film work. The others are looking for a good dancing partner—-which makes it obvious that they are looking for a good dancing partner, not a life attachment.

Susan and Jess, although actually attracted to one another, were afraid to commit themselves. Theirs was a hectic courtship of misunderstandings and separations. Yet each seemed not to form any other lasting attachments. Words were never spoken, but each knew it was inevitable.

Which brings us again to that flower of friendship and good luck, the service flag. This is the part Susan and Jess played in their courtship. Susan was on leave and called down there asking to see her. Susan said she was sorry, that she would see him next time she came. Jess took heart.

Jess Barker stays home nights (that's news) to receive phone calls from Susan Hayward. She returned and Jess proposed for the first time. Susan asked for time to make up her mind. She departed on another camp tour before she gave her answer. Another column reported, "The romance of Susan Hayward and Jess Barker is as cold as a head waiter's rod," and it was true. Susan had picked her way of saying no, Jess complained to no one but carried his torch.

When Susan returned she and Josie Elliot went to Palm Springs for a week and Jess journeyed down to see them. Again he pried his suit, but gently, and nothing seemed settled. At that time Elizabeth Whelbourn came to Hollywood on leave and called down there asking to see her. Susan said she was sorry, that she would see him next time he came. Jess took heart.

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YEAH, TWO GREAT BOOKS—both among the year's biggest, most sensational movie hits—NOW BOTH YOURS FREE, as a Double-Gift!

You get Since You Went Away, a story so rich and true that you will carry it in your heart always ... and so great that it took millions of dollars, seven famous stars, and a Hollywood cast of 5,000 people to bring it to the screen! This is the story of Mr. Selznick's long-felt home-front triumph with Rebecca and Gone With The Wind.

And, ALSO FREE, you get Jane Eyre, the most banned book of its time, now the thrilling Orson Welles-Joan Fontaine screen triumph! Accept these two books FREE now!

Since You Went Away
and
JANE EYRE

Her Husband Was a Thousand Miles Away ... but the Handsome Lieutenant Was Not!

Since you went away is the throbbing, heart-warming story of a real American family's gallant fight in the Battle of the Home Front. Their enemies are fear and doubt—and the terrible emptiness which filled their house and hearts the day the father left for an Army camp a thousand miles away! Their ONE friend is—a too handsome Army officer!

But was not their old colored cook wiser than the self-respecting landlady in town who rented him a room—because he insisted on making ends meet! Will Anne ever be able to look her daughters in the face again if she gives in to these seemingly wanton impulses? Still, isn't there a danger of needlessly offending Tim's best friend by contradicting herself too "priggishly"?

Thousands bought and read this great book at $2.50. Millions are now flocking to see the lavish smash-hit movie version! It is YOUR story—and now here is YOUR chance to get and read it FREE!

Also FREE... JANE EYRE

You ALSO get—Jane Eyre, one of the greatest novels of passion, hate, romance and mystery ever written—now the 20th Century-Fox super-production starring Orson Welles and Joan Fontaine! Jane Eyre was the most banned book of its time. Your gift copy will bring you the complete unabridged text.

Why didn't Jane Eyre fling herself at Edward Rochester? Why did they both cherish a love stalked by the most terrible secret that ever cursed two haunted hearts? You will understand when you read this great story. And on this Double-Gift offer you can get Jane Eyre and Since You Went Away—both free!

JANET JONES, ROBERT WAGNER, in SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL'S MOTION PICTURE, "SINCE YOU WENT AWAY"
Gray hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!"
To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is
comb it once a day for several days with a few drops
of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly only once or twice a week to keep
your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for
artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and
charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness
disappears within a week or two and users report the
change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends
forgot they ever had a gray hair and no one knew
did a thing to it.

Attention!—all you folks who have gray hair! Did you know
that in many occupations a more youthful appearance is a
necessity, and that just a whole lot of people are let out of
work every year because gray hair makes them look older than
they really are? Now, you don't want that to happen to you, do
you? Then, why not try KOLOR-BAK, that marvelous solution
for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm to
gray hair and makes you look years younger? All you have to do is
to follow the simple, easy directions and sprinkle a few drops on
your comb and comb it through your hair. If you would like to
easily overcome your gray hair worries and handicaps, then decide
at once to

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risk-
ing a single cent? Then, go to your
drug or department store to-
day and get a bottle of Kolor-
Bak. Test it under the posi-
tive Kolor-Bak guarantee
that it must make you look
years younger and often far
more attractive, or your money will
be paid back in full. Make this won-
derful no-risk Kolor-Bak test
without delay, and see if you
too are not quickly rewarded
with hair that has color and
charm, and free of the tell-tale
gray that may now worry you.
NEW 15 MINUTE HOME TRIAL TINTS HAIR

BLACK • BROWN • AUBURN OR BLONDE

As It Shampoos

This remarkable discovery, Tintz Color Cake Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, as it safely gives hair a real smooth colorful tint that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don’t put up with faded, dull, off-color hair a minute longer, for Tintz Color Shampoo works gradually—each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, and easier to manage. No dyed look. Won’t hurt permanents. Get this rich lathering shampoo, that gives fresh glowing color to your hair, today. In six lovely shades. Only 50 cents each or 2 for $1.00.

Send no money... Just mail coupon on guarantee results must delight you or your cost...

Take advantage of this offer and mail your order today. On arrival of your package, just deposit 50c ($1 for two), plus postage with postman and Shampoo tint your own hair right in your own home. But if for any reason you aren’t 100% satisfied, just return the wrapper in 7 days and your money will be refunded without question. Don’t delay, order today!

THE TINTZ SIXTET... A SHADE FOR EVERY TYPE

TINTZ Color Shampoo

Now you can get Tintz at leading department stores, Walgreen’s, Whelan’s, most drug stores and 5 & 10c stores

TINTZ COMPANY, DEPT. 73-C, 205 N. Michigan, Chicago 1, Ill. Canadian Office: Dept. 73-C, 22 College St., Toronto, Ont.

Send one full-size TINTZ COLOR SHAMPOO in shade checked below. On arrival, I will deposit 50c plus postage charges with postman, on guarantee that if I’m not entirely satisfied I can return empty wrapper in 7 days and you will refund my money.

☐ 1 CAKE 50c ☐ 2 CAKES $1

(Tintz pays postage on orders with $1)

Check shade:
- Blonde
- Black
- Light Brown
- Medium Brown
- Auburn (Titian)
- Dark Brown

NAME ______________________
(Print Plainly)

ADDRESS ______________________

CITY ______________________ ZONE ___________ STATE

7-DAY TRIAL COUPON

If Not at Your Dealer’s... Mail this Coupon Today

No Risk Offer You Can’t Afford to Miss—Act Now!
Special Combination Offer, Both for Only $7.95

Men's only $4.95

Hurry! Quantities Are Limited

IcS

14

6

2

10

6

0

8

3

IcS

Special Combination Offer, Both for Only $7.95

Men's only $4.95

Hurry! Quantities Are Limited

You'll Love It!

Take this jacket for carefree ease—and for that certain poise which being "in the know" on style gives you! That new low hipline is a "flash" from the fashion front. Perky shoulders! Suave yoke! You will adore its smart distinctive lines...you will always enjoy its caressing warmth. It's tailored of favorite Spun-Rite, justly popular for its wear...for its beauty! It will be your prop and mainstay, season in, season out. Select yours from one of these seasons latest shades: Camel Tan or Stop Red. Sizes 12 to 20.

Ideal for Sports-Leisure

Here's a sturdy "he-man's" jacket of a thousand and one uses that will keep pace with the fastest tempo of your busy day. Cut for real comfort—of "Spun-Rite"—magically flexible, water-repellent and shape-retaining as well as warm. Snappy yoked back. Genuine leather buttons for looks and wear. Grand, deep, saddle pockets. Split sides—so stride along as you will. You'll live in it from dawn 'til night. Choose Camel Tan with the following choice of harmonizing colors: Forest Green or Luggage Brown. Check your size from 34 to 50 on the order coupon. No extra charge for over-size.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

LADIES' JACKET Sale Price, $3.95
Camel Tan
Stop Red

CHECK SIZE WANTED
Lady's, Must have this jacket "boy" you've been waiting for. Here's quality, style comfort and durability all combined in one to give you the finest, smartest jacket you'll find anywhere, a jacket that you'll know and love. Order the two together—one lady's and one man's jacket— you get two jackets for only $7.95. Save 95c! Everyone—wife and husband, girl-friend and beau will want to order matching jackets in combination on this special bargain offer. You SEND NO MONEY! We'll ship C.O.D., plus a few cents postage. If you don't agree this is the greatest Jacket Bargain you've ever seen for the price, return it within 10 days and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

MEN'S JACKET Sale Price, $4.95
Camel Tan with Forest Green or Luggage Brown

CHECK SIZE WANTED
Men's, Here's the Jacket "buy" you've been waiting for. Here's quality, style comfort and durability all combined in one to give you the finest, smartest jacket you'll find anywhere, a jacket that you'll know and love. Order the two together—one lady's and one man's jacket—you get two jackets for only $7.95. Save 95c! Everyone—wife and husband, girl-friend and beau will want to order matching jackets in combination on this special bargain offer. You SEND NO MONEY! We'll ship C.O.D., plus a few cents postage. If you don't agree this is the greatest Jacket Bargain you've ever seen for the price, return it within 10 days and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

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SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

I. LADY'S JACKET Sale Price, $3.95
Camel Tan
Stop Red

CHECK SIZE WANTED
Lady's, Must have this jacket "boy" you've been waiting for. Here's quality, style comfort and durability all combined in one to give you the finest, smartest jacket you'll find anywhere, a jacket that you'll know and love. Order the two together—one lady's and one man's jacket—you get two jackets for only $7.95. Save 95c! Everyone—wife and husband, girl-friend and beau will want to order matching jackets in combination on this special bargain offer. You SEND NO MONEY! We'll ship C.O.D., plus a few cents postage. If you don't agree this is the greatest Jacket Bargain you've ever seen for the price, return it within 10 days and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

M. MEN'S JACKET Sale Price, $4.95
Camel Tan with Forest Green or Luggage Brown

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THERE'S no closed season for perspiration control. Like every other phase of femininity, it's a year round daily duty.

Whether or not you are as aware of it, the presence of perspiration can be more of a problem in winter than it is in summer. That's because activity and excitement are apt to increase in the busier, colder season. Not only that, contrasting temperatures step up glandular reaction. So, going from a very cold outdoor atmosphere to a very warm steam-heated room may cause underarm perspiration in excess of the slight all-over stickiness you feel on a summer day.

Every season, a daily daintiness program begins with a thorough soap and water cleansing.

However, to maintain this sweet-scented freshness, one more thing is needed—an efficient underarm deodorant or anti-perspirant. Without one or the other, you can expect that, within ten or fifteen minutes after your bath, some hint of underarm odor may occur. Only the prevention of such odor can preserve your charm.

There are two courses open for control. You can permit perspiration and prevent odor by using a deodorant to absorb or neutralize it. Deodorants are available in cream, liquid or powder form. They can be used any time, anywhere. They should be used at least once a day.

You can check the perspiration itself with an anti-perspirant, either a cream or a liquid. If you prefer to keep underarms dry, you can be sure that the moisture will seep out through some other section of skin where it can dry readily without offensive odor. Three or four applications of anti-perspirant a week should be sufficient for perfect peace of mind.

Just be sure, though, when you choose your favorite "check-mate" that you know which kind of control you are getting. And be sure to use it according to directions. Then, day in and day out, you and your self-confidence will be secure.

BUSY -- BUT BEAUTIFUL

by CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN—HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF TANGEE

Women everywhere these days are rushed for time—they've taken on war-activities in addition to their usual duties...and they just haven't got hours to spend on make-up anymore. That is why our new Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick is such a boon ...at last busy women have found a lipstick that smooths and flatters their lips for extra hours.

Neither too moist nor too dry, Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks give your lips that well-groomed loveliness you've always wanted. In four exciting shades—Tangee Red-Red, Tangee Theatrical Red, Tangee Medium-Red, and Tangee Natural. Remember, try one of the new Tangee Satin-Finish Lipsticks. For complete beauty while you're on duty, match your new lipstick with Tangee Rouge and Petal-Finish Face Powder, the powder that stays and stays and stays.
In Collier’s, Good Housekeeping, McCall’s, Woman’s Home Companion, American Magazine and Cosmopolitan, the Picture of the Month is “An American Romance”.

The Picture Company of The Year is—

Getting downright serious, M-G-M has put a lot of laurel on this leonine mane in this Anniversary Year of 1944.

King Vidor directed “An American Romance”. One of the first pictures made by the company was his “The Big Parade”. That was in 1924.

“An American Romance” is a Big Parade of our time, our country, our struggles, our loves. It is a “must” picture and is to be ranked along with those other recent “musts” “The White Cliffs of Dover”, “Dragon Seed” and “The Seventh Cross”.

We’re not going to expand further about the glorious and forthcoming

“Mrs. Parkington” which stars Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. We’re going to leave this expansion to kismet.

Did you know that kismet means fate in Arabic? Well you will when you see the dazzling romance, the swirling orgy of panoramic color that stars Ronald Colman.

“Kismet” is about the biggest eyeful that has ever happened on the screen.

Marlene Dietrich who dances her way to romance is clothed in Technicolor.

James Craig is in it, Edward Arnold is in it, Hugh Herbert, Joy Ann Page, Florence Bates, Harry Davenport and thousands of others are in it.

William Dieterle has directed his outstanding film. The producer is Everett Riskin.

We think you’ll have a swell time at this moon-drenched escape from reality. You’ll come out of the theatre singing an Oriental chant—

“Leo be praised”.

NOVEMBER, 1944

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BILL DUDAS, Staff Photographer


MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS
Of two lovers —
Sieve who had great dreams —
Anna who believed in them!
He fought his way
Across the breadth of America
To power and riches!
She followed his star
With a woman's tender courage!
Their is a romance
That you will
Remember forever!

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE

Starring
BRIAN DONLEVY

with
ANN RICHARDS • WALTER ABEL • JOHN QUALEN • HORACE McNALLY

Screen Play by Herbert Dalmas and William Ludwig • Produced and Directed by KING VIDOR • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Philip Dunn, made up for his part in "Petrified Forest", entered the Commissary and seated himself in an inconspicuous corner. He was a gruesome sight with a simulated black eye and numerous makeup department cuts, bruises and contusions. A friend, not realizing that the picture had started, rushed up in consternation and demanded, "What on earth happened to you?"

"Just ran into a band leader," said Phil.

Twelve o'clock.

Bride of the month was lovely Tamara Toumanova, former star of the Ballet Russe and more recently the star of RKO's "Dancing Girls" and "They Came from Wizard Island". By New York, even two weeks ago the dark-eyed dancer (who is known to her friends as "Tee-Tee") was introduced to tall, brilliant Casey Robinson writer-director of "Sky Eyes".

Mr. Robinson had been a practical bachelor for several years, but it was a loyal individual at holidays. When we heard the word Russian and described the banquet at the Russian Christmas celebration, he mentioned that one day he would like to have someone to whom he could say "I'm Russian for the moment!"

Toumanova accompanied a group through a far more solemn and touching Russian marriage service. When we saw the bride, what Russian marriage service without an crown is supported above the heads of the bride and groom by their attendants. Tee-Tee wore an original Sophie gown of white taffeta, distinguished by a golden crown is supported above the heads of the bride and groom by their attendants.

For his wife's birthday, Zachary Scott had ordered a pair of custom-built earrings consisting of a thick gold circlet (like a wedding band) upon which had been tossed a shower of rubies. Traubert & Hoetler were executing a pair of custom-built earrings consisting of a thick gold circlet (like a wedding band), and when the deadline date was to be on the east coast for a hurried report to headquarters she hopped the first plane available and shortly thereafter be arrived, only one earring was completed so Zack wrapped it carefully and presented it with a note reading, "This is for your right ear; a left earring is useless because a woman always has to remove it to answer the telephone."

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Other lake-borne inhabitants watched this character every Sunday. He certainly had a passion for his pet. First he painted the small landing at the foot of his pier, then he painted the hull of a dory; then he swam out to an anchored boat and set to work on it. His method of transporting a can of paint and his brushes was exciting: he swam float on his back, then on his side, hauling himself along with one arm while the other held his equipment high and dry. The color he chose was bright blue, and the name he painted on the bow of the boat was "Nancy II."

"All true devotees of The Voice will at this point utter a shrill outcry of recognition. The ardent aquatic Van Gogh was Frank Sinatra, filling up his Toluca Lake property.
“Paramount’s ‘TILL WE MEET AGAIN’
is a lovely romantic story that is so realistic it could be happening to your
soldier boy in France this very minute!" — says MELISSE

Meet Barbara Britton in ‘Till We Meet Again’

"Well, Paramount does it again! This time they picked a budding young star out of the Pasadena tournament of roses, and bloomed her into a beautiful leading lady... Some people have all the luck—but not so quick! Barbara waited over two years for the Big Break.

"This young lady is something to write about... Remember the pretty girl in ‘So Proudly We Hail’ who tries on the big straw hat with the cherries?... Well, that’s HER!

"She starts out in this picture wearing a nun’s robe, from then on wears nothing but a plain blouse and skirt, but still looks like an angel! For hers is a natural sort of beauty... soft blond hair, baby blue eyes, with the longest eyelashes—and they’re real!

"It’s no wonder that in this past year she’s been the cover girl on eight issues of the greatest women’s magazines!"

“A fascinating picture of what happens when a beautiful young French girl leaves the nunnery and faces earthly temptations and dangers... risking her life to save the life of an American soldier by posing as his wife.”

"Till we meet again"

starring

RAY MILLAND and
BARBARA BRITTON

with WALTER SLEZAK • LUCILE WATSON
A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE
Screen Play by LENORE COFFEE
WEATHER REPORT: SQUALLS OVER BEVERLY HILLS

First squall was occasioned by the arrival of Juliet Colman, daughter of Ronald Colman and Benita Hume. The young lady's name gives her a titular start in the perennial race of blossoming actresses to die beside Romeo.

Second squall was brought about by the arrival of 7 pound 12 ounce Mr. Christopher Paul Lewis, lusty son of Loretta Young and Lieutenant Colonel Tom Lewis. One of the baby's gifts was an ornate, hand made pink bonnet. Loretta put it away with the explanation that Chris was a trifle too rugged for that type of heddahopper, and that eventually it would be most appropriate for the kid sister which the Lewis family would like to add to the nursery. Most enthralled member of the family, to be found misty-eyed watching the baby sleep, was Judy, Loretta's eight-year-old daughter.

SHORT SNORTER:
Margo, who made such a hit in "Behind The Rising Sun," has just sold a short story to The New Yorker, further proving her versatility.

SPLASH CRASH:
Dorothy Parker once wrote:

Yes, I loved you Tuesday
But what is that to me?
That I don't love you Friday
Is very plain to see.

This was Esther Williams' theme as she announced her separation, after four years of marriage to Dr. Leonard Kovner. This rift didn't surprise Hollywood, which has long suspected that there might be another person in the swim.

As fan to fan, Jane Wyman turns the tables. She gave a lot of autographs, while in N. Y. for a 10-day visit; here, she requests one!

QUOTABLES FROM NOTABLES:
Alfred Drake, nimble dancing star of "Oklahoma," was brought to Hollywood to star opposite Rita Hayworth in "Chautauqua," the picture Columbia had planned to make as soon as Rita had finished "Tonight And Every Night." Because of Rita's expectations, "Chautauqua" has been indefinitely postponed, of course.

When Mr. Drake appeared on the Old Gold show, someone asked him—before the broadcast began—what was to become of his picture career. "It has laid an egg," he said. "But I'll tell you this: it's the first time that a Drake has been given the bird by a stork!"

Gracie Field, the beloved English comedienne, appeared for her broadcast gowned as simply as usual, but wearing a gorgeous bracelet. In time-conscious Hollywood, the ideal condition is to be extremely young, yet in possession of some priceless antiques.

With this in mind, someone said to Gracie, "That lovely bracelet! I presume it's an antique—a family heirloom, perhaps?"

Gracie hooted. "Lor' love me, no! This bracelet is as modern as a neon sign and almost as dazzling."

POSTOFFICE:
Steve Crane and a friend joined Lana one afternoon on a shopping expedition for Miss Cherry Crane. Cherry had reached the stage of development in which she needed her first walking shoes, so the parents decided to collaborate on the purchase as they want to have the shoes done in bronze after they

It's rumored that June Allyson will marry Dick Powell when his divorce becomes final. But nothing is certain, till the time comes.
History waits while they make love!

HEDY LAMARR AND PAUL HENREID

WARNER BROS.

THE CONSPIRATORS

with

SYDNEY GREENSTREET • PETER LORRE • VICTOR FRANCEN • JOSEPH CALLEIA

CAROL THURSTON • Directed by JEAN NEGULESCO

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer

Screen Play by Vladimir Pozner & Leo Fasen • Additional Dialogue by Jack Moffitt • from the novel by Frederic Prokosch • Music by Max Steiner

Produced by JACK CHERTOK
You don't find de luxe dates falling from trees ... So you make each one count ... You wear your best dress, your slickest hair-do and jack up the feminine charm ... Why not use the same common sense about Bob Pins? You can't count yours by the dozens, any more than you can count your men that way—for a while, anyway.

So use DeLong Bob Pins because they hold that line! They have a Stronger Grip, a longer life—and when you can't have quantity, you've got to have Delong quality.

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

DeLong

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES SANITARY BELTS

have been properly stub-toed. One perpetual shoe will be kept by Lona, one by Steve.

Steve carried his thriving daughter during the shopping tour and had a great time with her. When time for leave taking came, Steve said “Tell your Daddy bye-bye, darling,” and started to kiss her cheek. That young lady, having observed the habits of grown-up babies, turned her small mouth up and kissed her father’s lips. Then she laughed, obviously liking the experience, and kissed him again. “Dada,” she crowed, smearing his mouth with dewy kisses.

Steve relinquished his daughter to Lona, managed to observe all the courtesies, then walked quickly away, fumbling in his pocket for a handkerchief to dry swift, inexplicable tears.

**GOING WILD AND WOOLLEY**

Keenan Wynn arrived at the broadcasting station, preparatory to appearing on the Kraft Music Hall, garbed in—among other civilized essentials—a beard and a pair of fleece-lined flying boots and gloves. A gruesome sight if you ever saw one!

This was not a gag. He wears the padded boots and gloves as part of his motorcycle outfit. He had purchased the boots in Karachi, India, while he was on his U.S.O. camp tour. Those who imagine that buying boots in a concession stand, preparatory to appearing on the Kraft Music Hall, garbed in—among other civilized essentials—a beard and a pair of fleece-lined flying boots and gloves. A gruesome sight if you ever saw one!

In the Indian market place, the boots, unmatched, are lined up row after row. The customer moves around, trying on gear, until he finds one boot that fits. Then he tries to locate the mate.

The beard was part of his character makeup for his part in “Seattle,” and Keenan solemnly stated that he would like to wear a Van Dyke at all times as it would allow him ten minutes of additional sleep each morning, and it would serve as a priceless conversation starter.

**NOW IT CAN BE TOLD DEPARTMENT**

Last winter, while George Montgomery was stationed in Alaska with a company making an army training short, word reached camp that a man in an isolated district had been attacked by a bear; his leg was badly lacerated and it was necessary to evacuate him to a hospital with all possible speed. His camp was accessible only by boat; the channel was choked with ice and subject to grindingly dangerous jobs of war. In Alaskan waters men have been known to freeze to death in an hour, but George and the men with whom he worked were in and out of the frigid water in shifts all night long. They salvaged the boat, towed it to port, and got their man to the hospital.

One of the crew, who knew that George had just recovered from a siege of pneumonia, awarded the actor the only medal that a man really wants: the respect of a fellow who has shared the same experience. “You sure looked good on that job, George,” the man said fervently, using the careful understatement characteristic of fighters. “You sure looked awful good.”

**LEBENSRAUM**

The house in which vivacious Doris Dudley was living in Santa Monica was sold; she and her family, including Butch Jenkins (who became America’s favorite freckled friend in The Human Comedy) had to move ... before August 1st.

Eventually they purchased another house, larger and more convenient, but unavailable until the latter part of September. So, during the waiting period, Doris finally found—after weeks and weeks of search—a very cramped one-room beach apartment. In it moved Doris, Skipper (Butch’s older brother), Butch, the maid and her small baby. Butch’s full-grown St. Bernard, and (whenever he could get a weekend leave) Doris Dudley’s husband, Lt. Dick Leahy.

Butch returned one Sunday afternoon from a small along the vast, lonely beach upon which breaks the limitless, horizon-stretching ocean, and noted the family coagulated in the single room. “Gosh,” sighed Butch, waggling his head, “we sure do live together, don’t we?”

John Scott Trotter, celebrated native of North Carolina, suave and cultured gentleman and eminent authority on music, recently bought Louella Parsons’ valley farm. “The thing that decided me to buy the place,” he confessed, rubbing his exquisite musician’s hands together, “was the sight of that wonderful tractor-oh!”

**FLOX OF SOX**

She knitted and she purled; she knitted and she purled. This went on for weeks and weeks, months and months. Finally some one couldn’t stand the suspense longer and asked Catherine Craig what on earth she was making and whether she ever finished the item.

The answer was no idle yarn: she was, she said, knitting sox for her husband, Lieutenant Robert Preston, now serving in England. The current pair on the needles was No. 16.
Laughs HO on the Horizon

Tropical islands, treasure, Adventure, and Pirates too, beautiful Goldwyn girls, and Hope with a cargo of roaring comedy!

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents

BOB HOPE in

THE PRINCESS AND THE PIRATE

in

TECHNICOLOR

with

VIRGINIA MAYO

and

WALTER SLEZAK

WALTER BRENNAN

VICTOR MCLAGLEN

Directed by DAVE BUTLER

Screen Play by DON HARTMAN

MELVILLE SHAVELSON and EVETTE FREEMAN

Released thru

R.K.O. RADIO PICTURES, INC.
Betty talks to herself!

Betty: I wonder if this Tampax really is the marvelou improvement they say it is for monthly sanitary protection... Why not try it and find out? Your reasoning mind says O.K. It appeals to your common sense... Are you hesitating only because it seems so different? Perhaps you're right... Come to think of it, the more alert and progressive among my friends are the ones who use Tampax!

Herself: Anyway, how can all those millions of Tampax users be wrong? Especially with a doctor-invented product like this?

Betty: That's a challenge! Why should I be the one to hang back from adopting a modern, scientific improvement? I'm going to use Tampax this very month!

Tampax is worn internally and absorbs internally. Made of pure surgical cotton compressed in dainty applicators. Tampax is extremely compact, handy and comfortable. No belts, no pins, no external pads. Causes no bulges or ridges under even the sheerest dress. Quick to change. No odor. No chafing. Easy disposal... Sold in 3 sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) at drug stores and notion counters. Whole month's supply will go into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER
JUNIOR

MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. "Patsy" in "Two Girls and a Sailor"
2. Kid sister in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek"
3. "... Lively"
4. "Song of the... Road"
5. Composer in "South of Dixie"
6. Heraldic bearing
7. Can you... this?
8. "Mrs. Mulvaney" in "Princess O'Rourke"
9. "... Angel"
10. Engage for service
11. Loiters
12. Old school...
13. Toilet box
14. Designer on metal
15. Gary Cooper
16. "Lifeboat" 
17. Turkish title
18. "The Rise of... Lapsham"
19. "Dr. Watson"
20. Points
21. Jinx is a... of Ann in "Nine Girls"
22. "... Shall Escape"
23. Preston Foster
24. The color pearl blue
25. Collection of anecdotes
26. South African fox
27. More inept (rare)
28. He and Charlie are in 14 across
29. Jewish month
30. Period of time
31. He directed "It Happened Tomorrow"
32. A frozen drip

DOWN
1. Pianist in "Two Girls and a Sailor"
2. "Once... a Time"
3. "Nurse Parker" in "Three Men in White"
4. Covers
5. "Jackie" in "Christmas Holiday" (init.)
6. Shakespearean trouper in "Casa Nova in Burlesque"
7. Grandparental
8. "Days of Glory"
9. Salsa
10. The sun
11. Fidelity
12. Holmes' heroine: "... Yenner"
13. "Leyden" in "The Mask of Dimitrios"
14. Park in the Rockies
15. "You wore a..." is sung in "For Me and My Gal"
16. "Natasha" in "Three Russian Girls"
17. Enlighten
18. Author of "Double Indemnity"
19. Eddie sings "... a Girl" in "Show Business"
20. Currency exchange premium
21. "Kado" in "Cobra Woman"
22. "Want of appetite (Med.)"
23. "The Hairy..."
24. "Syr" in "Watch on the Rhine"
25. "Jean Picard" in "Uncertain Glory"
26. "Mr. Skeffing on"
27. Anagram for Mr. Errol
28. Roof edge
29. The redshank
30. Theater box
31. "A Yank at..."
32. Edible seed
33. "Peggy Evans" in "Slightly Dangerous" (init.)

(For Solution See Page 61)
BENEDICT BOGEAUS PRODUCTIONS presents

"Dark Waters"

...from The Saturday Evening Post's most thrilling story success, starring

MERLE OBERON

FRANCHOT TONE

THOMAS MITCHELL

with FAY BAINTER

JOHN QUALEN • ELISHA COOK, JR.

Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS

Directed by ANDRE DETOTH

Original Story by FRANK and MARIAN COCKRELL • Screenplay by JOAN HARRISON and MARIAN COCKRELL

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS
PRACTICALLY YOURS (Paramount) has a double meaning as the title for the new Fred MacMurray, Claudette Colbert comedy. The practical business is taken all very literally by Gil Lamb, identified as the “accounts receivable” would-be bridegroom of a girl named Peggy (Claudette). And at the same time, what starts everything rolling for this funny situation that makes the plot is having Peggy “practically” (meaning almost) married to a surprised war hero (MacMurray).

Responsible for everything that happens is having the hero say loving things intended for his dog, which he calls Piggy. Piggy is mistaken for Peggy, and the returned flying ace finds himself pledged to please a whole nation of romantic sympathizers by being about to marry someone he hardly knows.

It may sound crazy, and it is. It may sound confusing, and it's that too—most especially to Mr. MacMurray! But what a lot of laughs, and the fun lasts straight through.

SWEET AND LOW-DOWN (20th Century-Fox) is the latest Benny Goodman musical, with Benny and the band boys playing themselves. The story excuse for treating us to all this fine King of Swing music has to do with a marriage arranged for Peggy “practically” (meaning almost) married to a surprised war hero (MacMurray).

The happy ending is assured, however, by the fact that these plots never miss carrying along a Mr. Fix-it, who unravels all the complications and makes everything okay. The character so to be identified in this case is Benny’s sidekick, Popsie (Jack Oakie). If given by Benny gets Johnny, Popsie gets the prize for being No. 1 peacemaker, and the swing fans get a batch of swell new tunes: “I’m Making Believe,” “Ten Days With Baby,” “Chug, Chug, Choo-Choo, Chug,” and “Hey Bub! Let’s Have A Ball.”

(Continued on page 16)
The boldest love story ever told!

From the daring Broadway stage hit, Hunt Stromberg has made a daring picture. The story of a lovely girl driven by strange desires... and the emotions she unleashes in the lives of gay and charming people!
New non-drying cake makeup brings you glowing beauty in 2 minutes.

**CASANOVA BROWN** (International), with Gary Cooper in the title role, is like nothing you might expect it to be. Fact is, it’s a story so full of the “unexpected” that you almost have to see it to appreciate it. For look what happens…

Professor Casanova, teacher of English, is about to wed his hometown sweetheart (Anita Louise), but just hours before the ceremony is to take place, there’s a curious message delivered, sending the about-to-be-a-bridegroom off to Chicago to visit a maternity hospital.

In the meantime it’s explained that the professor is not new to this thing called love and marriage, but he had assumed that the vows he’d exchanged with a pretty little Barnard college student (Teresa Wright) were made null and void at the request of the girl’s parents.

There are more than a few times during the course of the picture when the “who’s married to whom” question becomes all too much to solve. Cass plunges into the responsibilities of “being a father,” confuses everything even further by becoming a formula-mixer, and adds even a third marriage proposal before the merry mix-up is unmixed.

That the whole thing is a farce is very much by intention—by the fine direction of Sam Wood, getting A-l performances from the principals, and with credit to the fine comedy support of Frank Morgan.

**GREENWICH VILLAGE** (20th Century-Fox), technicolorful musical with Don Ameche and Carmen Miranda, introduces a new singing, dancing heroine—red hair, a pretty face, nice figure and voice—named Vivian Blaine.

The story takes place in 1922, which was about the time Greenwich Village was at its best, according to them as waxes sentimental and nostalgic about all this and artists too.

Don Ameche, musical instructor at a midwestern college, comes to New York to sell his piano concerto, stumbles instead into meeting a lot of screwy characters who labor under the delusion that Ameche is a moneybags and urgently set out to take his dough away from him.

Gives it glamour, a new set of the Miranda head-dresses, and Bill Bendaix in a Tuxedo. Add Felix Bressart as a broken down violinist, and a fine set of musical numbers.
It was the look in her eyes that did it!

How could he resist?
How could he know it meant MURDER?

EXPERTS BAFFLED!
Five minutes before the close of this suspenseful picture we stopped the screening... and CHALLENGED THE LEADING MYSTERY EXPERTS to solve the story!

Not one could give the answer to the Greatest Mystery Ever Filmed!

INTERNATIONAL PICTURES, INC., presents

"The Woman in the Window"

DIRECTED BY FRITZ LANG
A NUNNALLY JOHNSON PRODUCTION
New Shampoo Discovery

AN AMAZING CREAM SHAMPOO THAT BRINGS NATURAL LUSTROUS LOVELINESS TO YOUR HAIR

A single Lustre-Creme shampoo will reveal breath-taking beauty you never dreamed your hair could possess! Gently rub a wee bit of Lustre-Creme into your scalp and Presto—a burst of lather quickly cuts away grease and city-soot that makes hair drab and unmanageable. Lustre-Creme lathers instantly—even in hardest water. There is no waste of shampoo—no messy dribblings to trickle down your neck.

Whether hair is dry, normal or oily, Lustre-Creme alone does a thorough cleansing job. No after-rinse is needed. Lustre-Creme is rich in precious Lanolin to help keep your hair soft, fresh, and irresistible. Change to new Lustre-Creme and you'll never use old-fashioned shampoos again!

This marvelous shampoo is selling so quickly throughout the nation that you may not be able to obtain it at your favorite cosmetic counter immediately. But Kay Daumit wants you and every member of your family to experience the thrill of using Lustre-Creme. She has packaged a limited quantity of generous size trial jars, available upon request. Sorry—but only one jar to each family.

BARBARY COAST GENT (M-G-M) has Wallace Beery playing "Honest" Plush Brannon, getting into a shooting scrape and having to leave town. In bidding goodbye to his fiancée (Binnie Barnes), he promises to "go straight." But when he discovers a gold mine, sells stock to everyone in town only to have the money stolen from him by one of his erstwhile partners in crime, being honest becomes too very complicated.

To get the money to work his mine, Plush returns to his original trade—which is robbing stage coaches.

Things look pretty bad for awhile, till the gold mine comes through, paying off royally to all the stockholders. And Plush pays his debt to society in the town's new jail, supplied with cigars, beer, and fine food.

All of which makes the film good fare, all the way through—especially for the Beery fans.

A WAVE, A WAC AND A MARINE (Monogram) is strictly hokum, interspersed with corny vaudeville routines. The plot is a comedy of errors in which two understudies for a Broadway production are mistaken for the stars of the show and signed by a film agent. When a rival agent signs the real stars, trouble begins—for the understudies, and for Henry Youngman, the agent who made the mistake.

Elyse Knox, the one bright spot in this picture, distinguishes herself as a beautiful and talented young actress who, with the proper breaks, should go places in Hollywood.

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY (Monogram)—A finely drawn psychological murder story, done in the suspenseful style of Alfred Hitchcock and starring Kim Hunter and Dean Jagger.

A girl from a midwestern town meets and marries a traveling salesman. A few weeks after their marriage, said husband leaves for New York—allegedly "on business."

Wondering what it's all about, and being told nothing, the little wife goes to New York in pursuit, is given a not altogether "glad to see you" reception and has reason to suspect murder.

Comes then a tour of moving from one dingy rooming house to another, till eventually the pair is discovered by the police. As for what it's all about, and how things turn out—see for yourself. We can't tell 'cause we'd spoil it for you.

(Continued from page 16)

HEAVENLY DAYS (RKO) makes points that will make plenty of arguments. But novel as the idea is, having Fibber and Molly McGee, with their flair for down-to-earth homely comedy, turning to "things socially significant," they handle the assignment with the greatest of ease. They're the "home folks" from Wistful Vista, storming Washington Quiche-fashion to level an attack against the red tape formality and bureaucracy of "government." Taking good-natured but not to be mistaken pokes at the theory and practice of isolationism, and reminding Mr. Average Man of his "n responsibilities via the ballot box.
Now Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins... and All Other Beauty Vitamins, too!

Yes, science offers an easy natural way that may help make you more beautiful. It is so simple you will marvel why no one ever thought of it before. It isn't a drug, it isn't a cosmetic. Just improve your diet and to be sure your beauty faults are not caused by a lack of "beauty vitamins" in the food you eat, take healthful PAN-8's. PAN-8's combine so-called "Anti-Gray Hair" Vitamins and Wheat Germ Oil (E) Vitamins with all other vitamins you may need for real glamour and beauty. You can test PAN-8's VITAMINS yourself at home on the positive guarantee of full satisfaction from a 21-day trial, or your money back.

VITAMINS for Gray Hair Now Reinforced with Vitamins You May Need for a Beautiful Skin, a Beautiful Figure... A More Glamorous YOU!

PAN-8's contain not only Calcium Panthenate (commonly called the "anti-gray hair" vitamin), but Wheat Germ Oil (Staff of Life) E Vitamins as well.

Graying, streaked, ageing hair may be caused by a lack of vitamins in your daily diet, and if so, Pan-8's may help keep hair color pigment cells healthy... you may soon see gray spread checked and actually see gray hair take back its original natural color at roots, temples and parting. Besides Pan-8's help hair retain its natural sheen and lovely lustre. YOU CAN USE PAN-8's WHETHER YOU NOW DYE YOUR HAIR OR NOT. Soon you may notice you need less and less artificial coloring. And, best of all, your friends won't know you are taking a single thing for your hair! While "anti-gray hair" vitamins are still too new for conclusive evidence remember, Pan-8's is the reinforced "Gray-Hair" Vitamin formula. No matter what you have tried before, mail the coupon for the new Pan-8's on the very fair try-at-your-risk guarantee.

Pan-8's contains Vitamin B₂, sometimes called the "beauty vitamin" because it helps clear up sallow skin, muddy complexion and skin disorders, when these skin troubles are caused by a lack of vitamin B₂ in the daily diet.

Pan-8's also contains Vitamin B₆. A lack of B₆ in your daily food can make you feel tired, rundown, older than your years... and YOU MAY LOOK JUST AS tired, rundown, weary as you feel. Make up your mind beauty is more than just skin deep. Mail the coupon on the assurance of satisfaction from only a 3 weeks trial, or money back.

Vitamin B₃ is often helpful in promoting clearer, healthier, more youthful looking skin and Pan-8's contains Vitamin B₃. Remember, it often is much easier to correct the diet and get enough skin beauty vitamins daily by taking Pan-8's, than it is to try hopelessly to cover a bad skin appearance (due to vitamin lack) with expensive cosmetics.

IF YOUR HAIR IS TURNING GRAY... YOU MAY NEED PAN-8's EXTRA VITAMINS!

Vitamins for appearance? That's new, isn't it! But so logical! True beauty comes from inside, from proper food or from the vitamin supplements of Pan-8's. So why not decide now to try Pan-8's for 3 weeks. Simply check package desired on coupon below and mail today. Send no money, Pay postman plus postage on arrival. No matter what size Pan-8's you order, try for 3 weeks. Then if you aren't entirely satisfied, return package and your money will be refunded, in full. That's all there is to it... satisfaction or money back. Don't wait, but mail coupon today.
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(Your Secret Weapon)
The Devil-May-Care Perfume

Her presence is dynamic
... her attraction undeniable
... her impression unforgettable. In a word—a new word—she's varvacious, with
Varva's exciting perfumes "Follow Me" and "Nonchalant." They've made her very very...

Varva extract—$1 to $15 • Bath Powder, $1
Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, $1 • Bubble Foam, $1
Sachet, $1 and $1.75 • Talc, 55c (plus tax)

VARVA
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

PICTURES IN

AT COLUMBIA:
A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE sounds like another Columbia comedy winner. Irene Dunne is the dowdy mayor of a Vermont town, serving in the stead of her deceased husband. During a thunderstorm, her husband's bronze statue in the square is hit by lightning and sundered. Irene goes to New York to commission a sculptor to replace the statue, walks in on sleeping Charles Boyer (the sculptor). He awakens with a start, presumes that she is his new model, and asks her to repair to the next room to remove her garments for posing purposes. Take it from there, Jackson.

AT MGM:
THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES in Technicolor is nearing completion. This opus has seven more of everything than almost any other picture ever made. The hats alone are like ten years of a Hedda Hopper dream; in the beauty department there is Lucille Ball, Judy Garland, Lena Horne, Marilyn Maxwell, the blonde Wilde twins (Lee will soon be pushing a perambulator) and Esther Williams; in the brawn department we have Astaire, Edward Arnold, Jimmie Craig, John Hodiak, Van Johnson, James Melton and a role enacted by Rooney before he was inducted.

AT MONOGRAM:
LITTLE DEVILS, a story using Gloria Ann Chew, Fred Mah, Hayward Soo Hoo, Philip Ahn—among others. Headliners are Harry Carey and Paul Kelly. Kelly rates your interest because he is such a swell person. He hasn't missed a Friday night at the Hollywood Canteen for months.

ARMY WIVES, with Elyse Knox, who has just become the army wife of Tommy Harmon.

AT PARAMOUNT:
OUT OF THIS WORLD has Eddie Bracken, Diana Lynn, Veronica Lake, Robert Benchley and Phyllis Brooks cavorting through a picture based on the Sinatra Swoon tradition. Eddie Bracken is the singer, and the glorious gag is that Bing did all the singing, which will be dubbed into shots showing Eddie going through the motions.

AT RKO:
EXPERIMENT PERILOUS is George Brent's first picture since he returned to Hollywood from his work as a civilian Flight Instructor. What makes it such nice work is the presence of Hedy Lamarr as his leading lady.

BETRAYAL FROM THE EAST stars another veteran: Lee Tracy. Nancy Kelly is the lady in the close-ups with Mr. Tracy.

AT REPUBLIC:
BRAZIL is another proof that as long as there are hit songs, Republic will
THE MAKING

buy the titles, put them on the hoist, and run a six cylinder plot beneath. Virginia Bruce, Tito Guizar, E. E. Horton, Veloz and Yolanda are in this one, so it should be good.

FLAME OF THE BARBARY COAST stars John Wayne and Ann Dvorak; this is Miss Dvorak’s first picture since her return from England.

AT 20TH CENTURY-FOX:

NOB HILL is distinguished by Joan Bennett, George Raft, Vivian Blaine, and Peggy Ann Gardner.

CZARINA should be one of the pictures of the year, considering its cast: dynamic Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn (who was so determined to play his role that he almost came to blows with Columbia, in that there was danger that he might not be through with his part in “A Woman’s Privilege” in time to fulfill the 20th commitment), William Eythe (who is terrific in wig, epaulettes, skin-tight trou, and cavalry boots), Vincent Price, Mischa Auer, and Sig Ruman.

AT UNITED ARTISTS:

TOMORROW THE WORLD, in which Skippy Homeier terrorizes Fredric March, Betty Field, and Joan Carroll, who hasn’t made a picture in a long time, but who is maturing into a brilliant actress. (Title temporarily changed to “The Intruder.”)

THE GREAT JOHN L is Bing Crosby’s first producing effort. Linda Darnell, Greg McClure, Barbara Britton, Wallace Ford, Robert Barrat and Otto Kruger are enthusiastic about the script. It nearly broke Jimmie Craig’s heart when he learned that Metro wouldn’t loan him to do the title role, now making Greg McClure famous.

HOUSE OF DR. EDWARDES is the current occupation of Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, etc.

AT UNIVERSAL:

CAN’T HELP SINGING is also being shot in Technicolor, and gives Deanna Durbin a role that everyone will like. Robert Paige, Akim Tamiroff, June Vincent and Leonid Kinsky added to please the cash customers.

THE MUMMY’S CURSE has nothing to do with the exclamation of a young mother who discovers at 3 a.m. that all the formula is gone. It does have to do with Lon Chaney’s dark doings.

AT WARNERS’:

OBJECTIVE BURMA has the distinction of being the only picture in years that, to date, has spent not ONE day on a sound stage. It is one hundred per cent location, and the press is having a rough time covering it—but they do say that a trip to see Errol Flynn, James Brown, George Tobias, Craig Stevens, William Prince and Johnny Mitchell is worthwhile.

OF HUMAN BONDAGE is the remake of the classic, with Paul Henreid in the Leslie Howard role and Eleanor Parker re-creating the catamount, Millie.

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High road to ease...

- Discover a new freedom . . . step along with lighthearted ease any day of the month.

It’s simple—when others show you the way . . .

Look! 49,701 women who recently switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins gave as their reasons “So soft!” “So safe!” or “So comfortable!”

What’s true for them will be equally true for you.

Modess is far, far softer—with its gentle, softspun filler. Far, far safer—with its triple, full-length safety shield at the back, giving fullway protection!

Says Mrs. P. C. D., “Modess’ extra protection gives me the peace of mind I’ve dreamed of”—and you’ll feel the same way. Now—more than ever—you should try Modess! It costs no more.

Discover the Difference—Switch to

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SANITARY NAPKINS
Winning Hands!

amazing new skin care makes hands feel softer, smoother—instantly!

Not a liquid, not a solid cream. Just dip your fingers into the creamy whiteness of this soothing balm. Rub it into your hands, face, neck, arms—all over you! Even rough, dry skin responds. Balm Barr contains anhydrous lanolin, nature’s own skin care. Try it today—for that touch of romance! At drug and dept. stores, beauty shops. G. Barr & Co., 1130 W. 37th St., Chicago 9, Ill.

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If you're worried about your problems, take heart. You can become the person you want to be ... the sparkling, attractive, desirable person you ought to be.

In the privacy of your own home, you discover the personalized beauty secrets that have given figure-perfection, style, grace and loveliness to thousands of "just average" girls ... made them "Powers Girls," the world's most envied women!

Through the Powers Home Course, in as little as 7 days, you see the REAL YOU begin to emerge from your mirror.

In less than two weeks, many Powers Home Course students have astounded their friends with new attractiveness, new appeal.

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"Powers Girl" Creator

Before she started the Home Course, Alice "bulged" in all the wrong places.

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Zone _______
WIDE
AND HANDSOME

By
SHIRLEY COOK
BEAUTY EDITOR

It's not surprising to know that eye make-up plays an important role in the movies. But Carol Thurston, the wistful Three Martini of Paramount's "The Story of Dr. Wassell," has an interesting two-way theory about an actress' need for such extra eye appeal.

She feels that it's not just for beauty's sake alone (for of course any eyes are much more beautiful when they are accented by shadow, pencil and mascara) but for depth of expression. And that's probably why one of the first things any aspiring actress must learn is the correct use of eye make-up.

Correct doesn't mean complicated. It's simply a question of the right technique and the right restraint.

Eye shadow, for instance, must be applied ever so lightly if it is to live up to its name. Yet the merest hint of color on your lids—skillfully blended from the lash line up and out to fade away completely a bit below the brows—will make eyes seem larger and more luminous.

Eyebrow pencil also should be handled with care. The idea is to give the brows more body by building up their natural arc. To avoid a harsh-looking straight line, the pencil is wielded in hair-length strokes and touches the skin only when it is necessary to extend the brows to an ideal quarter-inch beyond the outer corners of the eyes.

Perhaps the most glamorous eye cosmetic is mascara. You can make the most of it by using a not-too-wet brush and coating the lashes from base to tips. While they are still damp, go over them with another dry brush to remove any surplus. That finished, you will have a frame of flattery around your eyes that stays just where you put it, without re-doing or retouching, until cream or soap and water cleansing time.

No sparkle here, is there? Even such naturally lovely eyes as Carol's lack much of their appeal when they are minus all make-up. The first form of flattery is a faint touch of shadow lightly touched to lids. Color is faded up and out from lash line toward the brows. Eyebrow emphasis comes next. Pencil applied in short feathery strokes darkens each hair and fills in any sparse spots that spoil the line. Mascara, swept generously along the entire length of every lash, makes a curly fringe of natural-looking dark, lustrous luxuriance.
No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap... yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Does your hair look dull, slightly mousy?
Maybe it's just because you're washing it with soap or soap shampoos... letting soap film hide the glorious natural lustre and color brilliance. Change to Drene with Hair Conditioner. Drene never leaves any dulling film. That's why it reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap shampoo!

Does your hair-do require constant fiddling?
Men don't like this business of running a comb through your hair in public! Fix your hair so it stays put! And remember Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair wonderfully easy to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Sssssshhhhh!
But have you dandruff?
Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing flaky dandruff the very first time you use it!

Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

The gayly colored woolen "waisten" is new and smart. Wear it with an equally gay shirt, in contrasting color! And try this smart new hair-do, with the very low side part which starts 'way out at the end of the eyebrow. For glamorous, shining-smooth hair—use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!

Make a Date with Glamour
Tonight... don't put it off... shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of beauty benefits that only this wonderful improved shampoo can give! Extra lustre... up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos! Manageable hair... easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! Complete removal of flaky dandruff! Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner.
20th Century-Fox...
The company that has everything in entertainment!

Darryl F. Zanuck's
WILSON
in Technicolor

Directed by
HENRY KING
Written by
LAMAR TROTTI

"GREENWICH VILLAGE" in Technicolor
"Irish Eyes Are Smiling" in Technicolor
A. J. CRONIN'S
"The Keys of the Kingdom"
"WINGED VICTORY"
by MOSS HART

BETTY SMITH'S
"A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"
ROY ROGERS
Republic’s cowboy star with romantic appeal, fan mail-registered as polling right with Sinatra in the hearts of the young love trade. Besides which, Roy gets 3000 letters every month from overseas service men. carries on regular correspondence with scores of pigeon-raisers—on accounta they’ve discovered he has a pigeon farm producing trained carriers and prizewinning feathered racers—and to thousands more, he’s the Rodeo King, presiding (with his horse, Trigger) every October at the big Madison Square Garden “roundup,” in New York. His current picture, “San Fernando Valley.”
DEAR MISS SKINNER—

Strangely enough, you and I have not seen each other, nor even talked together, since it was decided I was to play the role of you in "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay." In fact, you hadn’t even thought of me, much less approved of me to play the part, when we last met. And, oh—how much I wanted that part!

Since then, of course, the picture has been finished. I was hoping for a chance to see you when I was in New York recently. I wanted to thank you—to tell you how much it has meant to me—and to share with you some of the experiences we had in making the picture. For our hearts were “young and gay” then, too—and we had so much fun, Diana Lynn and I, making believe we were you and Emily Kimbrough, and living again all the funny, fantastic and wonderful things that happened to you. What a pair of babies you were! (Says Russell from her hoary old age of 20!)

In one way it is strange that I should have played you, for our backgrounds are as different as night and day. You, of course, were “born” to the theater, what with the famous Otis Skinner for (Continued on page 79)
My friend Carmelita Lopez and I, on our trip last spring to Arizona. Here we hold down a mule, with our combined weight of 216 pounds. Some of our experiences were far more eventful, really embarrassing!

I was ten when this snapshot of Papa and me was taken, in Chicago. A movie-crazy kid, little dreaming that I'd be in pictures one day, myself. One never knows!

Remember this? The day we first met. You and Producer Charles Brackett and I, on "The Uninvited" set.
Giving her autograph to a G.I. fan at Fort Bragg, N.C. Betty's ambition after-the-war is to take a world cruise.
I LIKE: Steak—pre-war, thick, perfectly cooked; my new black suit which looks so simple and yet is so striking; Bellodgia perfume; the color blue; those pocket-sized books you can read in an hour; swimming; playing poker with people who enjoy the game but don't get grim about it; bowling; surprises, especially those someone thinks up just to please me.

I HATE: Going to the dentist; Having to eat non-fattening foods while the rest of the party devours spaghetti and meat balls, frog legs dipped in butter, chocolate eclairs or other delectable dishes forbidden to me; Being alone when I feel blue; Messy-looking rooms; Losing my temper.

I REMEMBER: How much we used to laugh at home when I was little. My mother playing her guitar while my sister and I clowned. She'd sit on the bed or perch on the arm of a chair and play for us and sing and laugh while we made up routines. There was always noise and I used to ache from laughing.

(Continued on page 64)
By SONIA LEE

They met briefly in London, caught up with one another again at a Hollywood party and were married at Lake Arrowhead. With them here, Mlle. Tocquet, the bride's companion.
What's behind the Grant-Hutton break-up?

Unfortunately "the truth" is that their marriage had too many counts against it, at the start. It just couldn't last.

Cary's wife should have been a self-assured woman, emotionally adjusted, free to cater to his every mood, ready to help solve his every problem. Barbara wasn't such a woman.
Something's always happening in Hollywood! To some people—we'll even go so far as to say most of us—it's all synonymous with fantasy. But pull up an exclamation point while we show you the pictorial record of a Hollywood party that was strictly Turnip Corners or Painted Post, or even as you and I would plan it. The party was a Hallowe'en affair, staged by seventeen-year-old Jane Withers—held at her home, which is ideally equipped for parties, having a large rumpus room with a soda fountain bar, phonograph-radio and plenty of room for the slick chicks to go the limit in rug-cutting without bumping into the furniture. The most astonishing feature of the party is that there was nothing at all astonishing about it. However, the pictures tell the story.
So much depends on the viewpoint, we always say! Jane gives the impression of being so charmed by Dave Street. His hat, mebbe?

Identifying from left to right: Jane, Mary Alice, Jeanne Howlitt, Eric Sinclair, and Street; back row, Ross Hunter, June Carlson.

We take you behind the bar at the soda fountain to show you that there is nothing phoney about this set-up. The bar has all the flavors and Jane knows all the recipes.

Distaff side of the party pitches in to fix dainty little morsels that pass for show of such affairs. And who says it ain't good?
What gives here is an old-fashioned horse race. Proof that the time-honored games invented by our grandparents are still much remembered—in movieland, just as down at Prairy Corners.

Ross Hunter and his hostess take the floor for a smooth 'n easy rhumba, while the rest of the gang makes with the music and the cheer-section.

They had dunking for apples, too—but of course. And here Jane and Jeonne Howlitt dive together, with Ross Hunter appointed to judge the winner.

One, two, three—umps. What would a modern party be without a Congo? Even Mr. Pumpkin thinks it's fun!
Hail and farewell, with a very feminine squeal for a last bit of scarcestuff about witches and goblins. Had a nice time kids? Well then, thank the lady!

Pretty Miss Carlson had a ripping bit of fun—too ripping—and her obliging hostess is applying the stitch in time with what appears to be a grim thread of determination. Right you are, too—it’s Von Johnson in the photo at right.

The evening ends with a Hollows’en joke played on Eric Sinclair—his family chorot gets sooped up, but pullently!
MY PAL PAT

And the other said, "I sure like him in pictures. I wonder what sort of a guy he really is."

The answer to that question, as those having the golden opportunity of meeting Pat and getting to know him would inevitably discover for themselves, is that he is one of the friendliest, most generous, most amusing and jovial men on earth.

I met Pat when he was one of the top stars at Warner Bros. and I was one of the stock players.

BY CAROLE LANDIS
1. Fair damsel with pursuers! It’s Carole Landis with George Murphy and Pat O’Brien in a scene for RKO’s “Having Wonderful Crime.” Location shots were taken at Del Monte.

2. His heart belongs to Mama, for Pat classifies as “the devoted husband.” When away from home (bond tours ’n’ things) he telephones his wife regularly twice every day.

3. Get three Irishmen together and if their names are O’Brien, Murphy and Eddie Sutherland, you’ll know why Del Monte has never been quite the same since they were there.

4. Pat may seem a little dubious about what Charles Brown is telling him, but he’s a regular guy. Doesn’t steal camera advantages, never goes high-hat, always a friend.
It's really Pat O'Brien and he does really fall into the pool for his next picture, as you see it happening here. First the prop men set the cameras, then the scene is rehearsed, then O'Brien takes the plunge.

No one, excepting a college freshman who has just been through initiation week and who has been befriended by a senior, can appreciate what it means to a newly signed actress to be noticed by an established actor. Noticed, I mean, in a friendly, utterly impersonal way.

Pat was like that. When we played scenes together he always gave me the camera advantage. I blew my lines in one scene and nearly died of chagrin. About three takes later, Pat—who is a fast study and a one-take man—blew his lines. Gallant is the word for Mr. Pat O'Brien, and the loikes of 'im ye'll seldom find.

I had friends in Colton (a small California town) whose six-year-old daughter was a pet of mine. Because I enjoyed her so much, I brought her to Hollywood for a few days' visit and took her out on the set with me. Pat walked up at once and made friends with the child, to her intense delight. The three of us had luncheon at noon in The Green Room, and by 3:30 p.m., that little girl was all set to marry Pat as soon as she got out of High School. The average man, confronted by her wide-eyed proposal, would have laughed—or worse yet, explained that he was already married and a father.

Not Pat. He agreed solemnly to her plan, saying that if she still felt that way about him when she was graduated, he would consider himself engaged.

My option was dropped by Warners', so I went to New York hoping to do a stage play. Although I was given several rather good parts, the plays were ill-fated. So, back I went to Hollywood, still looking for a break.

Now much as I love this town, I am forced to admit that there are times when the Hollywood attitude toward the down-on-luck could be improved. A person whose option has been dropped by a major studio, and who has failed to score in Manhattan, is due for some rude shocks. I was astonished to discover how many myopic "friends" I had made; I was further hurt to discover how short were the memories for faces of those "friends." It would seem that I had acquired a quaint ailment distinguished by two symptoms: either I was quite invisible; or, when visible, I was quite unrecognizable.

I was just becoming reconciled to that state of affairs when, as I was seated in a night club one evening, in came Pat O'Brien. He spied me, made a B-line for my table and yelled, "Carole, baby, glad to see you! Swell to have you back in town. What's new?" And he sat down with that air of finality which indicated that he had joined us for the evening.

A good many people spoke to Pat that night, and then perforce to me, while I sat there batting back tears of gratitude and saying in my soul, "God bless all the O'Briens everywhere."

When I heard recently that Pat had organized his own producing company (Terneen Productions) and was planning to make "Secret Command," I wondered fleetingly if there might be a part in it for me. I was soon notified that I was to have the feminine lead.

It turned out to be one of the best parts I have ever had. When the picture was previewed the critics were wonderfully kind in their comments on the job I had done. I hope that doesn't sound conceited. I wanted to make the statement because it has a sequel: it would be almost impossible for an actress to give a bad performance opposite Pat O'Brien, because he is an impressive craftsman, a thoroughly expert dramatic technician.

There is a persistent rumor around town that, even if a man is a brilliant actor, it doesn't necessarily follow that he is a great gentleman. I might go so far as to admit that I have met a few impressive Thespians who thought Lord Chesterfield designed sofas.

However, Pat O'Brien's (Continued on page 87)
Jane Wyman, Alexis Smith and Ann Sheridan are the "Doughgirls" in the new Warner Brothers picture.

Jack Carson and the bride he thought he'd "married." But there was a hitch in their hitching ceremony.

AMERICA's women have gone to war. The question now is: what place will those women assume in the post-war world?

Those who have donned uniforms and gone into service. Those who have put on coveralls and gone to work in the defense plants. Those who have entered fields previously dominated by men. Are they merely doing jobs which needed doing, or have they started careers in which they will expect to continue?

Consider, on the one hand, what it means to some, having acquired the independence of earning their own paychecks. How others, who might have preferred to marry, rear their children and maintain their homes, will be discouraged by the fact that the war has decreased their matrimonial opportunities.

The assumption, in some cases, may be that their defense jobs are a way of marking time for the duration, and they'll be only too glad when their men come home and they can go back to their kitchens, to their bridge clubs and peacetime community service projects.

Which, in your opinion, will be the choice of the majority: will the American "doughgirls" resume their pre-war places as "homegirls"? Will those who have never had their own homes take marriage in preference to a career?

Possibly you can speak from your own experience, or from knowing women who will have this decision to make. Or, you can accept this as an opportunity for merely stating your opinion. But give reasons for your recommendation, whichever it is.

MOVIELAND'S DOUGHGIRLS CONTEST

(Please print or type)

FULL NAME..............................................

STREET...................................................

CITY....................................................STATE

Clip this coupon and attach it to your letter. Entries submitted without this coupon will not be considered.
The Terrific TURHAN

He's young, unmarried and believes in
love at first sight. He's six-feet-one
and goodlooking, the modern Valentino

By ALICE TRAINE

Turhan Selahettin Schultavy Bey attracted
fan attention long before any studio took him
seriously.

I don't know what caught fans' fancy in the first
flashes of him in other people's pictures. Maybe it
was those Valentino eyes. They are warm, brown and
properly mysterious; he has a habit of half-closing
them when he looks at you, just as the Sheik did years
and years ago.

They are talking of starring him in the role of Rudolph
Valentino, you know. Not that he's in favor of it—he's
superstitious and thinks it unlucky to step into a dead
man's shoes. He'll do it, if requested by his studio—
they've been kind to him and he trusts them—but he
won't throw up his hat at the chance.

Maybe fans had better write in and tell him what
they think about it. It was their enthusiasm that brought
Turhan from bits to featured roles, and from heavies
to romantic leads.

Boys and girls saw the young Turk flash across the
screen, remembered him from single scenes and de¬
dmanded more of him.

"When I put up my black-out curtains" (wrote
a girl in England under the blitz of 1941), "I won¬
der if THEY are coming (Continued on page 62)
As a little girl in England Angela Lansbury always dreamed of going to Hollywood. She's eighteen now, and that dream has come true.
ALEXANDER KNOX... without Wilson

He's really young enough to be his screen son, which is how thoroughly his personal identity has been confused by the roles he's played.

ALICE ALEXANDER KNOX...

The picture "Wilson" was in the process of production at 20th Century-Fox Studios for five months. During that time, Director Henry King became rather thoroughly acquainted with the star of the work, Alexander Knox.

They conferred daily from early until late on bits of business, methods of handling a scene, and other items of technique. The sight of Wilson's flat-topped coiffeur, his spectacles, his ascetic, scholarly face became as familiar to Henry King as his own image in the shaving mirror.

Two days after the picture was completed, Mr. King attended a social gathering. Across the room, a young man waved at him. Mr. King furrowed his brow in a bewildered attempt to place the chap in memory, both face and physique were arresting. His hair was light brown and somewhat tumbled. His eyes were the forthright blue of deep Canadian lakes. The contours of his face were somewhat rounded. He was dressed in impeccable gray flannels.

Mr. King gave it up. He knew he had seen the gentleman somewhere... or, better, he must have known his father. The young man insisted upon approaching the vague Mr. King. Not until the director's shoulder was firmly slapped did he recognize the man with whom he had been working for five months. "Great guns!" he gasped. "Alexander Knox... without Wilson!"

This was not Mr. Knox' first knowledge of the confusion between his aged dramatic identity and his young actual self. When he was doing a part in "Romeo And Juliet" the omniscient Brooks Atkinson observed in his critical column that great praise was due "those seasoned veterans, Halliwell Hobbes, Dame May Whitty, and Alexander Knox."

The histrionic power which enables Mr. Knox—who won't have a gray hair for twenty years—to portray oldsters with such phenomenal success has been generated both by training and by an extraordinary background, including several noteworthy aunts.

His maternal Aunt Sarah was a forthright creature distinguished by great presence of mind and fortitude of conduct. She taught literature to the daughters of nice local sultans in a girls' school in Smyrna. Upon arriving on the dock one day, after a wearying journey from England, she turned from viewing the city in time to see a thief making off with her bag. With one hand she firmly clasped her elegant Gay Nineties hat; with the other she clutched a rugged British umbrella, cudgel fashion. Wasting no time, she shot in pursuit of the thief, her bustle abob.

Shrewdly he turned into the native quarter, a place into which police ventured only in threes. Undaunted, Aunt Sarah charged after the miscreant. Lighter, fleeter, and with higher morale than he, she overtook him, rapped him soundly with her umbrella, retrieved her bag and returned to the dock a perfect gentlewoman in command of her environment.

From this aunt, Alexander Knox inherited his presence of mind, a quality that stood him in good stead while he was working with Laurence Olivier in "Romeo And Juliet." (Continued on page 85)
To make the picture more convincingly real, it's important that Knox have no identity other than as the screen Mr. Wilson. So you're shown no photos of him, as himself.

It was Warner Bros. who first brought Knox to Hollywood. He played in "The Sea Wolf," with Edward G. Robinson. "This Above All" was his next, and then "None Shall Escape."
GREAT things are afoot out at 20th Century-Fox Studios where Moss Hart's Air Force show, "Winged Victory," is being immortalized in celluloid. As you probably know, the idea for "Winged Victory" emanated from General Arnold himself, as he felt that a rousing show, dramatizing the training given the Air Force, would be morale-building for both the military and civilian populations.

Working in "Winged Victory" are such cinemen as Staff Sergeant George Reeves, late of "So Proudly We Hail," Sergeant Edmund O'Brien, esteemed for his work opposite Deanna Durbin in "The Amazing Mrs. Halliday," Staff Sergeant Mark Daniels and Corporal Don Taylor, Metro contract players—and Private Lon McCallister, whom you know as "California" from "Stage Door Canteen," and as Sparke in "Home in Indiana."

The manner in which Lon was cast in "Winged Victory" is a struggling young actor's dream: he was ordered to report for the part. No tests, no wangling by agents, no dickering for terms—just the terse military command, and he was on his way from Camp Crowder (where he had been working with a unit ordered on the road for the purpose of recruiting WAC members) to Santa Monica, where the "Winged Victory" company is quartered.

(Continued on page 61)
The house that “Flicka” built, used now by 20th Century-Fox for a movie sequel. Roddy McDowall, Diana Hale in foreground.

This is no rehearsed scene on a Hollywood movie lot. It’s Thunderhead, photographed at Kanab against a real blue sky backdrop.

The “Little Hollywood” of Utah. Population, 1200; situated 133 miles from the nearest railroad; principal industries, cattle-raising and moviemaking. Location for the filming of more than 40 motion pictures.

By Kolma Flake

This is no rehearsed scene on a Hollywood movie lot. It’s Thunderhead, photographed at Kanab against a real blue sky backdrop.

The house that “Flicka” built, used now by 20th Century-Fox for a movie sequel. Roddy McDowall, Diana Hale in foreground.
KANAB sits, rather sleepily, about as far from a railroad or telegraph office as it’s possible to get, in these United States.
Most of the year, it’s a quiet, elm-shaded, lazy Southern Utah town of 1200 people. Cows raise dust down the main street as they are herded in one’s and two’s to and from the milking barns behind compact little homes and pastures.
Yet with increasing regularity, Mrs. Della Pugh parks her children with a neighbor while she stands in for movie stars—Maureen (Continued next page)

Time out for chow, and a hungry bunch it is, too! Preston Foster, Rita Johnson and Roddy McDowall, lined up all in a row.Extras at the table opposite the stars are local ranch hands hired as movie horse wranglers.

Everybody else in Kanab gets a chance to be in pictures, says Roddy’s pal Pullman. So what about a Dachshund?
O'Hara, Linda Darnell or some other. Postmaster Clair Ford steps onto the screen as a typical small-town business man or a middle-aged farmer. "Cowhide" Adams, a rancher, displays his roping ability for Hollywood dollars. Bishop Daniel Frost and Bishop Joseph Johnson of the Church of Latter Day Saints—it's Mormon country—put on chaps and are movie cowboys or stuntmen.

It would be a surprised Brigham Young, were he to pay a visit here now. Back in 1861, he sent Jacob Hamblin down to make friends of the Indians so the Mormon empire could use the fine grazing land for cattleraising. After the Indians had one or two massacre parties, Jacob Hamblin succeeded in accomplishing his mission. And 95 per cent of the town's population today carries one or another of eight family names—Hamblin, Pugh, Judd, Johnson, Chamberlain, Brown, Adams or Stewart—indicating that descendants of the original settlers thrived. Yes, and prospered.

Cattle grazing, of course, doesn't explain why 20th Century-Fox Studios paid a board and lodging bill of some $6,000 a week on their picture "Thunderhead" last summer in Kanab. Nor why four other studios sent casts and crews up there from Hollywood.

But beside land for cattle grazing, there are untold numbers of vividly colored canyons climaxd by Zion and Bryce National Parks and Cedar Breaks. There are great pine forests, Indian reservations—and the Parry Bros.

While a student at Utah State University, Chaunce Parry was in a surveying party working in Southern Utah. Being so impressed by Zion and Bryce Canyons.
Roddy goes truly "western" when he's at Kanab; likes to collect stories from oldtimers about the early days.

"This is the life," testifies Preston Foster, strumming a ukulele and making with a cowboy song for the amusement of little Diana, Rita Johnson and Roddy. Foster often comes back to Kanab, when his picture assignments are through, to hunt deer and lions.

he quit college and obtained a franchise from the state to take tourists through the two canyons. Later Arizona gave him the franchise for the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. In 1919, he succeeded in getting the two Utah canyons declared national monuments. His two brothers, Whit and Gron, joined him in setting up a transportation system through the parks. Up to that time, less than a thousand persons had seen the canyons. In 1920, they were declared national parks and tourists flocked there. In 1927, the brothers sold their franchise to the Union Pacific Railroad for a healthy sum.

The three brothers set out then to make their life elsewhere, but were drawn irresistibly back to the spectacular country. They hit upon an idea. Because Zane Grey had written his first successful novels in Kanab, Tom Mix and Buck Jones (among other Western stars) had asked the Parry brothers to arrange a few location trips for them.

Why not make this a regular business?

In 1931, they purchased the (Continued on page 74)
HAVING a baby is the greatest thing that ever happened to me," said Gene Tierney.

We were lunching at 20th Century-Fox studio. Gene is playing the title role in “Laura,” her first picture in over a year. Slim, beautiful and exotic as ever, Gene took little notice of the exciting gaiety of the studio cafe or the admiring glances turned her way. Baby Daria is always an all-absorbing subject to her mother.

“If I live to be a hundred I’ll never forget the elation and thrill of holding my baby in my arms for the first time,” Gene continued. “The fact that she was a girl instead of a boy (I had been adamant about wanting a boy) never entered my head. She was just what I wanted.

“With the first thrill, though, there was disappointment, too—when I wakened after the baby was born and discovered that no one but my nurse was with me. It had always been uncertain about my husband’s getting there. But Mother! Where was my mother? It didn’t help when the nurse said the doctor had asked her to leave—that I must rest. Didn’t my family know I had a baby? I had to talk about her! I wanted to shout my news to the world!”
She kept house for her husband, until just before the baby came. He was stationed at Fort Riley and they had a little cottage nearby.

"I thought I would never hear from Oli. He didn't receive my telegram about the baby for a week. As sometimes happens, he couldn't be reached at the army base, where he was stationed as a cavalry instructor. But I consoled myself, realizing how lucky I was that he was still in the United States.

"When the wire reached him Oli was so upset and worried over the baby's (Continued on page 72)
Bing's last program rehearsal, just before he went overseas, with Sonny Tufts and Marilyn Maxwell getting a big kick out of his antics.

words of music

By JILL WARREN

COME on in, Individuals, and we'll cut up some musical stuff. As usual, I have been snooping around for news, so put the homework aside for a short spell, and I'll give forth with some tid-bits.

First off we have mail from some of our music makers who are giving out with American jive in far away lands and places. From “Somewhere in England” comes a letter from Captain Glenn Miller, dated August 3, 1944.

"Dear Jill:"

"Your letter was forwarded to me here. We left the U. S. A. last month. It's the 'Flying American Band..."
Tom Breneman, emcee, Bandleader Frankie Masters and Jill, guests on the "Breakfast at Sardi's" show recently

of The Supreme Allied Command's now. We have been playing a seven-day-a-week broadcast schedule over the Allied Expeditionary Forces Network, which is beamed to the Allied troops in Normandy and the entire ETO (European Theatre of Operations). In addition, we fly the whole band, comprising forty-seven pieces, to the air bases all over the ETO, and the reception accorded by the pilots, navigators, bombardiers, and ground crews is terrific. For most of them it's the first entertainment in a musical vein they have had.

"We spent some time in London and we can tell you all about the famous flying bombs! (Reporting from all too direct personal experience.) However, I'm not permitted to reveal more than that now.

"We've heard from Tex Beneke since we've been here. He is still Chief Bandmaster at a naval base in Norman, Oklahoma.

"Thanks for your letter and I'll look forward to hearing from you again. Send a copy of MOVIELAND, too. Sincerely, Glenn."

(Continued on page 68)
FIVE BEST PICTURES
OF THE MONTH

DARCYL F. ZANUCK’S Technicolor drama—the film biography of Woodrow Wilson—is picture making at its best.

A biography of the 28th President of the United States, on the one hand—tracing Wilson’s career from the day he was asked to run for Governor of New Jersey to the noon of March 4, 1921, when in saying goodbye to his Cabinet he acknowledged his personal defeat but declared that “The ideals of the League of Nations aren’t dead”—it is at the same time a history of World War I, with some scenes made particularly effective by being actual newsreel clips.

Technically speaking, the story was made difficult to handle by the very reason of the fact that it attempts to accomplish so much. In the main, however, the picture excels—in brilliancy of production, cast, sets. More important, it serves a well-intentioned purpose, being a story that commands and highly commendable purpose, being a story that commands and highly commendable attention—and timely—that attention is, too—to the nationwide attention—and timely—that attention is, too—to the nation’s history.

It is no more “political” than that, and there is no actual basis for partisan antagonists to ascribe a propaganda intent.

Alexander Knox is superb in the title role, prominently supported by Geraldine Fitzgerald, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Vincent Price, Ruth Nelson, Mary Anderson, and Charles Coburn.

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
(Warner Bros.)

CARY GRANT, it’s readily agreed when we see him in a farce play, is “at his best” in light comedy. It’s a most unusual “funny picture,” for madly enough it’s the story of how two sweet but completely crazy old ladies living in an old house in the strangely secluded Heights section of Brooklyn manage to commit murder on such a wholesale scale that the score-keeping becomes almost as great a problem as making room for the corpses.

Detailed for the gravedigging assignment, as each of the murder victims finds his way into the Brewster cellar, is Teddy “Roosevelt” Brewster (John Alexander), who performs his burial tasks with no questions asked, being convinced that the deceased are merely yellow fever casualties.

Among other reasons for Cary’s finding this a troublesome family in which to be a nephew, he’s in love with his brand new bride (Priscilla Lane) and wanting to protect her from knowing what he himself so belatedly discovered: that he’s saddled with an assortment of relatives who are murderously insane.

Not to be outdone by the old aunts, there’s another Brewster nephew (Raymond Massey) claiming a “stiff” total of thirteen, crazy but me”—and you won’t be so sure about “me”!
"KISMET," a movie for the third time since originating as a stage play for Otis Skinner, gains much from the addition of color and modern dimensional effects. Lavishness of production, innovations in the story treatment, and conscious striving for a fairy tale effect all contribute to making the picture essentially a fantasy.

With Ronald Colman in the romantic role as Hafiz and Marlene Dietrich as Jamilla—reigning queen, so to speak, in the Grand Vizier's household—the new version introduces a second love theme, and the scenes with Miss Dietrich, though limited in number, are as if specially created for displaying the golden legs "all as advertised."

Meanwhile, as Papa does a-wooing go, the heart of his lovely daughter Marsinah (played by Joy Ann Page) is being romantically won by the handsome young Caliph (James Craig), disguised as a raggedy gardener's son (all but his Swannee accent) and deserving of "best performance" credit. His charm transcends the humble garb and demeanour of a mere beggar, adds much to the magic of being a magician, and blooms forth in full force when it is revealed that the Prince fulfilling fantastic promises to his daughter for making her the most envied young woman in all Arabia.

PROVING that the stories to come out of the war are still coming, and that it's possible to thread a fine theme through a war situation, needle without having it come out in knots of exploding bombs and noisome front line activity, "Till We Meet Again" is both inspiring and inspired.

Barbara Britton as Sister Clothilde, a young novice in a French convent, makes the most of her first starring role, turning it into an agreeably modernized version of Joan of Arc. In risking her occupation of France, she willingly and knowingly sacrifices the personal peace and security which had compensated for belonging so little to the world beyond the convent walls. But this is no ordinary escape story—nor is the bond that develops between the pretty Clothilde, and the pilot who misses the wife he loves back in the States, an ordinary romance formula. It was a deft and discerning hand that directed the scenes where these two build a bridge of understanding and courage, without trespassing beyond what is their right to claim. It's done so simply, yet what is obvious is merely apparent, not exaggerated.

In addition, the picture is a fitting and remarkably well-timed dedication to the accomplishments of the brave French patriots.

"MARRIAGE is a private affair," this film title claims—but the problems of Theodora Scefeld (Lana Turner) and Lt. Thomas West (John Hodiak) are representative of fears for happiness common to many young couples in the real life of wartime. A brief romance begun at the Officers' Canteen in Boston, culminating in a marriage not approved by the bride's much-married mother and based on the assumption that the bridegroom is about to be leaving for overseas duty. Instead, Tom is discharged from the Army and kept at home. Theodora had planned to continue her essential war job. Theodora had planned to continue her essential war job. Theodora had planned to continue her essential war job. Theodora had planned to continue her essential war job. Theodora had planned to continue her essential war job.

An approaching visit from her husband is an approaching blessed event. Her young husband has no such initial handicaps to happiness, for she is the daughter of a famous physician, with a specially mentionable supporting player performance.
Do you have a problem? Are you in need of advice?
Write to Bonita Granville, Movieland Magazine,
9126 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California

YOUR PROBLEM
AND MINE

By
Bonita Granville

Dear Miss Granville:
I have been engaged to a soldier for three years, and twice when he was home on leave he begged me to marry him. I wanted to wait until I graduated, however.

Now this is my problem: he no longer writes to me—the last letter I received being in April—and an old friend of mine just came in town and he tells me that my fiancé is married to a girl near the camp where he is stationed.

I have cried and bitterly regretted that I didn’t marry him when he asked me to. What do you think I should do? Jean

Dear Jean:
First, you were perfectly right in waiting until you finish school before thinking of marriage.

I can’t believe that this boy sincerely loved you if he married another girl. Perhaps you are really better off being rid of him, under the circumstances.

Why not go out with other boys and enter into a new social life in your town? It may be hard for you now, but you have to forget him and that is the best way to start.

Good luck.

Sincerely, BG

Dear Miss Granville:
My problem includes a boy friend and my brother. You see, my brother is just a year older than I, and he is my boy friend’s pal. This boy is a swell fellow, but he is terribly shy, and whenever we go out on dates he always includes my brother. Then the evening is ruined because they talk about airplanes and being married with two different religions in the same house.

What do you think we should do? Sallie

Dear Sallie:
First of all, I want to tell you that I admire your common sense in realizing that you are indeed too young to be going with boys. There are so many sports and activities that a young girl of your age can participate in; and I assure you can certainly use up any extra time you have left over after your studies and War Effort activities are taken care of.

You should discuss the problem with your mother. There can be no set rule for when a girl is old enough to start dating. And take my word for it, “Mother knows best!”

Sincerely, BG

Dear Miss Granville:
This may sound silly to you, but I have a burning ambition to fly—yes, I am completely air-minded, although I am not yet fourteen.

I don’t know of any school where I can get the necessary training for this career, and I wonder if you could suggest something for me, because I am really serious in wanting to learn all there is to know.

Nora

Dear Nora:
No, I don’t see anything silly in your ambition to study aviation and learn to pilot a plane. As a matter of fact, I believe it is a fine thing for a girl of your age to have a goal in mind and then proceed to work toward it.

Why not read all the books available in your schools and libraries on aviation, and take your teacher into your confidence? She may let you do class projects on aviation to further your studies. Then, when you are old enough to go to a special aviation school, you will be that much better equipped.

Sincerely, BG

First of all, make an ally of your brother and try to arrange a foursome with another girl the next time you all go out together.

Try and become interested in their conversation, even if you have to study up on the subjects, and then you can bring the boy out of his shyness by getting him to converse with you on the same subjects that he has confined to your brother. From then on, it is up to you to keep up an interest in his hobbies and sports activities.

Your problem is one that can be solved so easily, you see—but you must work at it.

Sincerely, BG

Dear Bonita:
I am engaged to a soldier, and he is nineteen and I am seventeen. But his folks think we are too young to get married. Also, we are of different religions, and my folks say we can never be happy being married with two different religions being married with two different religions.

What do you think we should do? Catherine

Dear Catherine:
You are very real in realizing these problems that face you, and in not marrying at such a young age.

It is always happier to discuss such problems with both parties’ parents, and try to reach an amicable decision. While people do marry without their parents’ blessing, I am sure it is a happier situation to try and discuss the many phases of these troubles together with your parents and reach a happy compromise.

Sincerely, BG

Dear Bonita:
This is a very personal problem, but I read in Movieland about your column, and I feel sure you can help me. Please try to.

You see, I am only fourteen years old, but I do look older, and now the boys keep asking me to go out with them. But I don’t think I am old enough to go out on dates with boys yet. And yet, how old should I be to go out?

Sallie

Dear Sallie:
First of all, I want to tell you that I admire your common sense in realizing that you are indeed too young to be going with boys. There are so many sports and activities that a young girl of your age can participate in; and I assure you can certainly use up any extra time you have left over after your studies and War Effort activities are taken care of.

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Why not read all the books available in your schools and libraries on aviation, and take your teacher into your confidence? She may let you do class projects on aviation to further your studies. Then, when you are old enough to go to a special aviation school, you will be that much better equipped.

Sincerely, BG
"CALIFORNIA" IN KHAKI

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

But let’s go back to the early days of “California’s” military career. In January, Lon got those Greetings, and a few days later he was working his way through Fort MacArthur, which is the local induction center. Numerous recruits remain there only 24 to 48 hours, and are then assigned to a camp for basic training.

Lon, however, promptly distinguished himself by becoming an Old Settler at MacArthur. At the end of the usual 24 hours, he and a few others were still inmates of the Fort. One of these others should be explained.

While Lon was going through line after line on induction day, he noticed an impressive man with prematurely silver hair. “You’re ‘California,’ aren’t you?” the man asked guardedly.

Lon admitted his identity. “I know you from the days when I was doing radio work, don’t I?” he added.

“That’s right,” said the man, looking very substantial. “I was ‘The Shadow.’ Legal name, Bill Johnson.”

So California and The Shadow became good friends. The Shadow inductees tagged them as the father and son of the Fort. In honor of Bill’s mane of white hair, Lon began to call his pal “White Savage,” and Bill countered by calling Lon “Bud.”

Each immediately was assigned to impressive new duties. The White Savage was Barracks Orderly and “California” was a Latrine Orderly.

At the end of 48 hours the two orderlies were established and apparently permanent residents of the district, and at the end of a week, they were aboriginals. By this time both of them was so familiar in a nauseous sort of way with his duties that he was given three inducements to instruct in the delicate responsibilities of order and cleanliness.

A week went by—eight days, nine days, ten days. One night there were only five standbys sleeping in barracks normally housing ninety men. The White Savage were approached by a pretty girl, twirling a drenching downpour of a lashing.

“Have you examined your G.I. footwear in which they tiptoed around and their voices were carefully lowered lest they awaken the echoes that, once drenched, flew around the rafters like bats.

“Have you examined your G.I. footwear?”

Lon glanced toward his gang. “They pick up their autograph?”

“Six G.L’s” she called over her shoulder. “We’re going to get shipped out tomorrow.”

“Not especially,” Lon said without emphasis, but pleasantly.

“I’ve got a car. Do you want to go for a ride?” she pursued.

Lon glanced toward his gang. “There are six of us,” he said.

The girl gave him a look that Sonja Henie could have made four skating pictures. She wasn’t asking SIX G.L’s, she said over her shoulder as she strode away.

A few moments later, Lon and The White Savage were approached by a bozy soxer. “You’re ‘California,’ aren’t you?” he asked, recognizing.

Lon turned to Bill with pretended pride. “That’s the third time tonight that someone has asked if I were Lon McCallister,” he said, implying that a mistake recurred even worse than history.

The girl was not to be put off so easily. “Well, I know you’re ‘California,’ she announced triumphantly, “because of that little scar on your upper lip. It was made by your dog, nipping you. I read all about it in a magazine, so there. Now, how about your autograph?”

So he complied, remembering how many hours he had spent traveling from Hollywood to Missouri, yet thinking how little different they were, really.

Lon celebrated his twenty-first birthday just before he left Camp Crowder. His mother joined him (having traveled entirely by day) coming from Los Angeles, and the troupe gave him a big party, complete with a package. When he opened the box he found a smooth pair of sun tan trousers with shirt to match. Lon’s mother had chosen a real birthday gift until the war is over, gave him a big, businesslike clothes brush.

When he had finished his basic training, Lon was assigned to the troupe ordered to tour the central states on a WAC recruiting drive. The outfit traveled in two huge army buses and a couple of command cars. They had a thirty-piece band, strictly Dixieland, distinguished by some hot combos. The music was augmented by a series of skits. Mostly the outfit played colleges and their recruiting efforts were so successful that the area in which they were working has the highest national induction quota of college WAC recruits.

It was in Omaha that Lon received orders to proceed at once to Santa Monica, to report there for work in “Winged Victory.” He read the orders and issued a Comanche yell that would have made Sitting Bull’s ten fiercest warriors sound like a case of laryngitis.

A few moments later, his jubilation diminished considerably. He would be leaving kids with whom he had spent a good many wonderful weeks; he would be leaving The White Savage.

Top girls in Lon’s life are still Jeanne Crain and Nancy Walker, and his best boy friends (since the White Savage is in the East) are Bill Blythe and Ray Spero.

When he gets a week-end pass, he still drives his battered Pontiac out to Malibu to see his Mom, his Grandmother and Grandfather; he romps with Mac along the beach, works in the garden, and paints furniture.

In summation, the word is that “California” in khaki is very much okay.

The End

Answer to Puzzle on Page 12
over tonight. Then I think of you Turhan, and know you wouldn't be afraid. That makes me brave, too."

That's a sample of the kind of mail arriving at Universal Studios, addressed to Turhan Bey. Mail comes in at the rate of 2000 letters a week. It has kept pace and increased with each step in his career.

War doing what it does to spur romance, Hollywood screen heroes are nearly all married. Turhan is our most eligible bachelor—and likely to remain so, so he says. He has spent four happy years in Hollywood and never really fallen in love. Once, long ago, when he was sixteen, he fell hard.

"Too bad my first love had to be what it was," he comments, with a wicked little smile. "I have such a keen sense of the ridiculous I can never look back on it sentimentally, as I'm told is the rule.

"I was very young. She was thirty-five—beautiful, glamorous, very much the sophisticate. Her husband was one of my father's friends, and we met while she was trying to get a divorce. She was restless and unhappy; I was gay and... hard as you may find it to believe, as you gaze on this hardened old character beside you—said to have a certain charm. I could also make her laugh. And so, we fell in love.

"We were being entertained at a country house outside Vienna, and for two weeks the whole thing was romantic, hectic, intense. Then my mother heard of it, and arrived in great haste. There was much sound and fury, we all vowed this and that, and eventually, the house burned down. Fortunately this event occurred after we had all left, but somehow whenever I think of a great love I see a tremendous burst of flame and a house going up in smoke.

"And then I laugh..."

"You perceive that I am an embittered man, hard and moody. I pity the girl I marry, if ever I do marry."

Little devils danced in his eyes. Like as not, his heart is set on some lucky girl this minute. But he says: "I've heard there's such a thing as love at first sight—the lightning striking you suddenly so that you say: 'She's the One!' and don't know why."

"If that ever happens to me, I shall succumb at once. I wouldn't miss the great experience. But I feel that NOW is no time for love, and Hollywood no place for it."

Turhan was born in Vienna. His father was Turkish military attache there when he met the Viennese belle who became his wife. Turhan, however, is considered to be a Turkish subject; as such, he's just received notice to return to Turkey for his eighteen months' military service, which must be served before he's thirty. The "Bey" in his name was formerly a title. In ancient days, the Bey of a city or province was its ruler, the title handed down from father to son. Later it degenerated from its original meaning and a man who owned forty mules called himself "Bey," until everywhere you met Mohammed Bey, a rug merchant, Abdul Bey, who kept a night club.

The title the young Turk really cherishes is "Sheriff," meaning spiritual leader. This comes from his father, too. He won't use it here. People would expect him to come dashing out on an Arab horse, wearing a ten-gallon hat, stirrups, spurs, a badge with stars, shooting with both hands, he believes. Secretly, though, he hopes some day to live up to this title.

His parents separated while he was small and his was a turbulent childhood, half of it spent with an indulgent, adoring mother, half with an impatient, autocratic father.

"My father lost an arm in the first World War and is now president of Turkey's war veterans, a powerful organization comparable to your American Legion and wielding great political influence," said Turhan. "Father's exactly like me. You'd take him to be perhaps twenty-nine or thirty. I look like his not-so-much-younger brother. We're both obstinate, positive, uncompromising, so that we are best apart."

Always in revolt against discipline, Turhan had no formal schooling. At seven, he was entered in a school in Vienna, where he lasted a week. Tutors came and went rapidly during the next eight years. At fifteen, he was persuaded to try another school, but neither the school nor Turhan could stand the association long. His father gave up and he was free.

Money was no problem. His mother had her own fortune, his grandmother, a Czech, was also wealthy in her own right. His father had vast...
estates near Ankara and Istanbul. For five years the young rebel roamed where he willed, living in Budapest, Paris, Prague, Vienna during the half years he was not due in Turkey.

For the leisured classes before the war, life as he saw it was one long holiday. From fifteen to twenty he sailed yachts, danced, hunted and rode in many famous cities and countries. He found a strange sense of peace pervading Budapest then, a dreamlike peace that had no feeling of lethargy. "In this country," he interpolated, "a restless pulse is always beating. You can't rest, you must go on. That is exciting to me and I love it."

By this time, everyone knows how a letter from a Parisian lawyer sent Turhan, his mother and grandmother, to California and Arthur Lubin, Universal director. Four years ago, none of the three could speak more English than it takes to order a meal. Mr. Lubin enrolled Turhan at Ben Bard's School of Speech, and a compulsory dramatic course led him swiftly to pictures.

In his first roles, he spoke with an accent. Now, as leading man to Susan Foster in "The Climax" and "Bowery to Broadway," there's no trace of an accent. He goes swiftly from picture to picture. He worked for months on "Dragon Seed" with Katharine Hepburn, now he's making "Queen of the Nile." His only week-long holiday in two years was last Christmas week.

Turhan and his Turkish friend went to the mountains to ski. It was raining when they arrived, but it snowed that night and by morning the trails were white and the sport was exhilarating. Turhan says he's not an expert ski-er. (He claims he's not an expert anything.) But he took his first ski lesson when he was seven.

"There was nothing to do in the mountains at night," relates Turhan, "so we joined the hunt for zoot-suiters who had taken possession of summer cabins in the deep woods. The kids were hiding out from police and the great night sport was catching them. Exciting to creep up to dark cabins and make a rush—just like pictures. We found traces of them, fires that hadn't gone out, but never a zoot-sitter. I'm afraid I was a little on their side, because I felt that if the cabins were empty all winter and zoot-suiters needed shelter, why not use them? Fortunately, I wasn't around when any of the kids were caught."

Turhan feels that it's a mistake to underestimate film audiences. They are ready for intelligent, interesting pictures. True, they won't accept the straight "message" film, because they find it dull—which it is. They'd rather have straight entertainment than that. But they prefer a combination of the two.

His favorite fan letter came from a woman in Philadelphia, who wrote to thank him for her pleasure in "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves."

"As I watched the picture" (said she) "I forgot I had a husband, three children and a home to care for, that my funds were limited and my problems plentiful. I was a little girl again, hearing a fairytale, believing once more that the world is a lovely place, the future full of beauty and excitement."

"That," says Turhan, "is what pictures are meant to do."

The End
BETTY HUTTON
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

My first public appearance. It was in Bath, Michigan; I was seven and wore my first party dress, brown velvet, and sang The Song of the Nile. It was a Waltz and my teachers expected me to sing it straight; I expected to sing it that way, too, but somehow there was something going on in my audience, until they got to liking it and began to clap. I remember how relieved and delighted I was that they took it so well.

The first time I saw Robert Taylor in a picture and how I fell for him. Till then I'd had a baby crush on John Gilbert, but when Bob Taylor came leaping in through a window on the screen, I took one look and—barn! I was done for. I was just like a Sinatra fan of today. Boy, can I sympathize?

The first time I went to dinner with Vincent Lopez, after he'd engaged me to sing with his band. I was almost fifteen, it was my first formal dinner. I was dismayed at the array of silver on my plate. I looked at it—I'd never seen so many knives, forks and spoons for one dinner—and everything ran together. I couldn't imagine how to use them. I held back and watched people from under my lashes to see what they picked up before I chose anything. I was dreadfully embarrassed. I thought the whole party was looking at me, I didn't know what I was eating, and I wasn't old enough to make a joke of the affair.

I'M GUILTY OF:

Never answering letters;
Spending too much money;
Flying into a temper, speaking my mind, then rapidly cooling off and wishing I'd controlled myself.

I HAVE:

An inferiority complex—a bad one. I don't like to meet new people. At least I don't like the thought of meeting new people, but if I were up to them at once, I enjoy it.

MY IDEAS ARE ALWAYS CHANGING:

Maybe I can't tell you much about the real ME, because I'm not sure, myself. I used to love to go out dancing every night. In New York, the evenings were never long enough. I'd go night clubs, meet all my friends, have a wonderful evening. I'd go to night clubs, meet all my friends, have a wonderful evening. In Hollywood, I'm usually tired by the time my friends, have a wonderful evening. In Hollywood, I'm usually tired by the time
time, and hate to go home.

In Hollywood, I'm usually tired and hating pictures all day. I go to my dressing-room and relax with a coke, if it's hot, a cup of tea or coffee, if it's chilly, while Doris, my hairdresser, fixes my hair. We run over to Lucey's for dinner. It's like a gathering of the clans there. We know each other, everyone kids and has fun, there are no candid cameras snapping. Then perhaps a friend or two will go home with me to my apartment. I've

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Another Betty Co-Ed of Hollywood offering on page 72

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Keep your hair alluring with Ogilvie Sisters CREME-SET, delicate hair make-up. SCALP POMADE, for full-bodied hair loveliness. JUMBO HAIR PENCIL, a discreet disguise for greying streaks. SPECIAL PREPARATION, refreshing in-between-shampoo cleanser.

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To Relieve Miseries of Your Baby’s Cold

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Now most young mothers use this modern way to relieve miseries of a child’s cold. Even as you rub it on, Vicks VapoRub starts to soothe irritation in nose and throat, loosen up the phlegm and coughing. Then, as baby sleeps, VapoRub penetrates to upper bronchial tubes with its special medicinal vapors.

Vicks VapoRub

I CAN COOK:

Yes, I’m a good cook, not a modest one. I get up the best dinners you ever ate. I make the most wonderful baked ham, basted with gingerale and sherry and served with candied yams. I’m an inspired cook because I love — gosh, how I love to eat!

I USED TO:

Think I’d die if I couldn’t go out every night. I believed it was the candid cameramen who took the joy out of night life in Hollywood. Those frightful pictures they take of the best-looking people! Girls chewing, with their mouths open; men looking all but cross-eyed. I was always terrified when they came toward me. I got so nervous I stopped having fun. Then I began to stay home and was surprised to find I liked it.

I’M FICKLE:

About music. Today I like romantic ballads, yesterday it may have been something fast and snappy, tomorrow it’s likely to be a crazy new song or an old lullaby. I love change.

I’VE LEARNED:

From my mother, that you never get anywhere unless you work hard, but you must laugh a lot and have fun on the way. From a nervous breakdown, how to relax. I’d never been ill in my life when my breakdown came. I was doing “Incendiary Blonde,” the story of the life of Texas Guinan. I wanted to do it terribly, was afraid I wouldn’t be good, so I worked too hard, forgot about rest. I’d get to the studio at 6 a.m. to have my hair dressed in period styles. I’d stay until 9 or 10 p.m. to have fittings for my period clothes. I’d give up my luncheons to rehearse new songs, and I’d work every single Sunday on dance routines. The picture was shooting four months. I forgot I was only one girl with just my share of strength and endurance. I began to crack and if anyone looked at me, I cried. Before they spoke to me, tears would run down my face. I didn’t know what I was crying about, but I couldn’t help it. That taught me you have to take care of your body, treat it right, give it rest, play fair with it, or you can’t go on. From my first day at the races, that I’m no gambler. I thought I had to bet on every race, which I never did. I put $2 on each of the horses I liked. Then I spent the afternoon worrying myself sick for fear I’d lose, and I lost enough so I couldn’t have any fun. Now, if I attend a race—which I seldom do—I put $2 on each of the horses I like.

Why worry about the calendar? Why be uncomfortable, distressed, ill at ease—wishing desperately you could escape for a few minutes and change.

NOW! Sanitary Napkins that give you an extra margin of safety

San-Nap-Pak is made with the famous “Pink Layer of Protection” that guards against accidents. A highly absorbent napkin, requiring fewer changes. And cotton-faced for extra comfort! San-Nap-Pak stays soft as you wear it. Get a package today.

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SEND NO MONEY

At last—a slack suit with glamour-plus to keep you looking slim and trim no matter how hard you work or play! Exclusively styled from crisp, fine quality all-season material with belted back jacket, pleated slacks, real pockets and built-up shoulders. Deftly tailored in masculine lines to make you more feminine than ever. Order your Cruiser slack suit right now and know real comfort with style. Fill out coupon and mail. Upon arrival, just pay postman $8.95 plus postage. After 10 days if you aren't satisfied, return for full refund. A Bonnie Gaye original.

I'M FOND OF:

Teddy bears or any soft, stuffed animal that can be squashed close in my arms;

Sour cream floating on good rich borscht, even sour cream spread on fresh coarse bread;

Good murders, especially those by Erle Stanley Gardner that make your hair stand up straight on your head and chills do a rhumba up your spine.

I WISH I DIDN'T:

Gain weight. Then I could eat all I wanted of every delicious dish.

I wish I didn’t.

I'D LIKE TO:

Go on a world cruise, after the war, with plenty of time and money.

Learn to play golf. It sounds fun when golfers talk about it. I never had time to learn to play games.

THE TURNING POINT IN MY LIFE:

Came when Vincent Lopez walked into the Continental night club in Detroit, Michigan, where I was singing. I was 14, going on 15, and I was making lots of noise as usual. He heard my number, said: "That's the girl I want!"

And I was in!

THE FIRST THING I NOTICE:

About a man, is how he is dressed.

I like immaculate-looking men, who seem just to have stepped out of a shower, freshly shaved, clear eyed.

MY MOST EXCITING MOMENT:

Was the first night of my first Broadway play, "Two For The Show," when I had to take seven curtain calls. Making my first picture took so long and it was so many months before it was released that the edge of excitement had dulled.

But, anyway

I FEEL:

That I haven't yet experienced the high points in a woman's life.

One of the days I want to marry and have a family. I can imagine that falling in love, being engaged and getting married would be the peak moments in any girl's life. Her first baby's birth would be a time of great happiness, too.

But all these things are in the future for me— I hope.

MY MOST VIVID EXPERIENCE:

Was the birth of my sister's baby. I worried and walked the floor and nearly died until it was over. Then it was a glorious feel-

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S O many people with the "perm" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step. Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

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Army Wife

Wins Writing Success

After 2 Months' Training

"I am an army wife who followed her husband South to his military post. Two months after enrolling for N. I. A. training, I wrote a position as a reporter on the Columbus Enquirer. In four months I had two raises. Also I have over 25 'by-lines' to my credit, and the prospects of becoming City Editor look very promising."—Mrs. Marion M. Bland, Columbus, Georgia.
ing to know she was all right, the baby was fine, and life was going on again. But I know that was only the shadow of the way I'll feel when I'm a mother.

I HOPE:
To marry some day.
To love a man who is successful in his own field. He needn't be a great financial success. He might be a doctor, brilliant, with important work to do—but he must be mentally superior to me. I've never had time to cultivate my mind, and I like people who can teach me something. Some men have shallow minds. When you first meet them, they seem clever, but next time they have nothing new to say, and presently they bore you. To look up to my husband, to have him always a step ahead.
To have at least two children, a boy and a girl.

I ADMIRE
Claudette Colbert, because she represents the kind of woman I'd like to be.
Director George Stevens. He's at war now, but I hope some day he'll direct me in a picture. His little touches slay me! Honesty.

I ENJOY:
That drive from Hollywood to Arrowhead, when orange blossoms are in bloom.
Firelight in good company.

I USED TO:
Act on the spur of the moment. I'd get mad, rush to the front office and rave. That was bad. The front office wasn't mad, but calm and able to outthink me fifty ways.

NOW:
I wait till I'm calm, then go in casually and discuss the matter. It works.

I BELIEVE:
In luck, but that's because I'm a fatalist.
I never got anything by going after it. What I have always came to me. It just happened, with no effort on my part, that Lopez dropped in at that Continental that night; it just happened that I called on Buddy de Silva's lawyer about a law suit. He saw me and thought I'd be good for a part Buddy had open. I've never even had to take a screen test!

I feel that I'm not yet a complete person, that I'll never be complete until I have become a wife and mother.

I'D HATE TO THINK:
I'd fall down in these two most important parts, and

I HOPE AND PRAY:
I'll be a success in both roles.

Are You in the Know?

If you were this junior hostess, would you say—□ “I hate games” □ “Let's join in” □ “I'd rather watch”

Everybody on the floor for a mixer! (Just when you're snaring that handsome Marine!) But a successful USO hostess forgets about herself—lets her guests have the fun. So you join in. At certain times, forgetting about yourself is easy when you trust your secret to Kotex. It's Kotex that has those patented ends—pressed flat—not thick, nor stubby. That's one important reason why Kotex is different from ordinary napkins. Skylark through a "calendar" evening, confidently. No outlines show... with Kotex sanitary napkins!

If this happens to you, should you blame—□ Your waxed floors □ Your scatter rugs □ Yourself

Tain't funny when falls cause 15,750 casualties a year! If your scatter rugs slip—blame yourself. Anchor them with rug cushions. And for safety's sake on difficult days, why not choose the only napkin with the 4-ply safety center... choose Kotex... and get plus protection? You'll like the dependable softness of Kotex. Unlike other pads, Kotex does more than just "feel" soft at first touch. Kotex stays soft while wearing—keeps its shape, keeps you more comfortable—longer!

Which do you need, for this "trim" effect?
□ Scraps of felt □ Two weeks' allowance □ A milliner

You can do it yourself! Just cut out simple flower shapes from scraps of felt... tack 'em with snappers to your gloves and beanie. Vary the flower colors, and have matching accessories for every outfit! They go together. Like daintiness and smooth grooming. Like Quest and Kotex. For Quest Powder, the Kotex deodorant, answers the urgent need for a powder deodorant on "those" days. Used with sanitary napkins, safe, unscented Quest Powder banishes fear of offending.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other napkins put together

I was ashamed to ask other women—

these intimate physical facts!

"There was so much about intimate feminine hygiene I wanted to know but didn't. And I was ashamed to let other women find out how ignorant I was.

How glad I am now I didn't ask them because I've learned since so many women know only "half-truths"—old-fashioned misinformation.

Instead I went to my Doctor. He told me about a newer, modern, scientific method of douching with Zonite—the discovery of a world-famous surgeon and renowned chemist. He explained how feminine hygiene is so important to a woman's charm, beauty and health, and how Zonite helps solve one of woman's most serious deodorant problems.

Smart Women No Longer Use Weak Or Harmful Preparations—

Old-fashioned mixtures of soap, soda or vinegar do not and can not give the germicidal, deodorant action of Zonite.

On the other hand don't use old-time over-strong solutions of harmful poisons which can actually burn, severely irritate and damage tissues—in time may even impair functional activity of the mucous glands. With modern Zonite you take no such risky chance.

So Powerful Yet So Harmless

No other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is so powerful yet so safe to delicate tissues as Zonite.

Zonite actually destroys odor. It instantly kills all germs and bacteria it touches. Of course due to anatomical barriers it's not always possible to contact all germs and bacteria in the tract, but you can be sure of this! No other germicide kills as completely as Zonite! Zonite kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Yet Zonite is so harmless, positively non-poisonous, non-caustic, non-burning. Use Zonite as often as needed without the slightest danger. Follow directions.

Zonite for Newer Feminine Hygiene

FREE BOOKLET Gives Frank Intimate Details of Newer Feminine Hygiene FREE!

Tear this coupon out and send to Zonite, Dept. 473, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., and receive in plain wrapper, enlightening new book edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name ____________________________

City State ____________________________

It has been rumored that Miller and his Army band will continue to play for the troops in different theatres of war for the duration. But Glenn is one bandleader whose long absence from the nation's ballrooms hasn't hurt his popularity one bit. When the war is over, I look for him to step right back into his top place among the name outfits.

Here's another V-Mail—from Martha Tilton, who went to the South Pacific with Jack Benny, Carole Landis and Larry Adler.

"Dear Jill:

"Believe it or not, I am writing this about umpteen thousand feet in the air on Larry Adler's typewriter, which you can see by all the mistakes I'm making, I can't use very well. We've had a wonderful trip so far, and everywhere we've gone the boys have liked our show. Jack Benny wows them, and of course they go for Carole in a big way. I don't have to tell you that Larry stops the show. He plays encore after encore. Although I have been singing mostly new songs, I was very surprised and thrilled to have the boys request a lot of the numbers that I recorded with Benny Goodman a few years ago.

"We stopped at Hawaii on our way out here and it is everything they ever said about it. Really beautiful. The Special Service officers were wonderful to us and showed us a lot of the place in a short time. I wish I could give you more news about everything, but the censors are very strict on this way. I'll have a lot to tell you when I get home.

"Jill, I can't tell you the sensation of flying over such large expanses of water. I can't say I am frightened, because I'm not—but it certainly is different than flying from Los Angeles to San Francisco.

"Please excuse all the question marks where the commas should be, but I'm not much of a typist, especially in an airplane. I have a sneaking hunch we won't get a P.O. address, so I'm sure you can be sure of this. No other type of antiseptic—germicide kills as completely as Zonite! Zonite kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying.

Yet Zonite is so harmless, positively non-poisonous, non-caustic, non-burning. Use Zonite as often as needed without the slightest danger. Follow directions.

From Spike Jones, who took his "City Slickers" and his collection of cow bells, washboards, bird whistles and ratchets overseas, comes this note:

"Dear Jill:

"Well, here we are in England. London has been our headquarters, but we have been all around the country and to Scotland. So far we have been restricted to playing hospitals and I am very glad because, with our small band, we can cover every ward in each place. A few times we have been pressed to go small and, believe me, it is something to see the faces on the boys when they receive news from home.

"I was so excited when I left that I completely forgot to bring any instrument oil for the horns, and none of the musicians remembered it
either. However, the resourceful Army came to the rescue and we discovered that jeep oil worked fine. Incidentally, we have added peep and jeep horns to our "musical" collection, which makes us louder at least. And our washboards have come in plenty handy. We have been living in pup tents and doing all our own laundry.

"I am now firmly convinced that it is a small world. Our vocalists, the Nilsson Twins, located their brother, Jack, who is a P.F.C. attached to a public relations unit just outside of London, and he was able to spend a couple of days with us. He has been over here three years, and the twins had grown up so much since he left home that he hardly recognized them. It was a great reunion.

"Well, Jill, I guess I had better close, because we are leaving in a few minutes and I want to get this off in the mail. I have a lot of interesting things to tell you, but I'll have to save them until I get home. See you sometime in October. Say hello to everybody on Vine Street for me.

Sincerely,
(Signed) Spike."

When Bing Crosby went to the South Pacific to sing for the G.I.'s, he broke a fourteen-year old promise to himself. When his close friend, Knute Rockne, was killed in a crash in 1930, Bing vowed he would never fly again. But he has long wanted to go overseas and the only way he could do it was by plane.

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC:

Capitol:
The King Cole Trio have a swell new coupling in "Gee, Baby, Ain't I Good To You?" and "I Realize Now." Nat Cole sings both vocals. Keep an eye on this trio—they're going places. Eddie Miller and his orchestra have recorded "Stomp, Mr. Henry Lee" and "Yesterday." Eddie's tenor saxophone and Stan Wrightsman's fine piano work are featured on the "Stomp" side. On "Yesterday," the old Jerome Kern song, there is some good clarinet by Matty Matlock. This record was made a few months ago, before Eddie went into the Army. (He recently received a medical discharge and has returned to Hollywood.) Andy Russell, whose records of "Amor" and "Besame Mucho" were big sellers, has a new offering, "What A Difference A Day Made" and "Don't You Notice Anything New?" with Paul Weston's orchestra.

Paul Weston's band also backs up the Pied Pipers on "The Trolley Song" and "Cuddle Up A Little Closer." The "Trolley" thing is the cute number from Judy Garland's new picture, "Meet Me In St. Louis." Jo Stafford is the feminine voice with the Pipers on this platter. It was recorded before she decided to concentrate on solo work.

Decca:
Dick Haymes and Helen Forrest have recorded "It Had To Be You" and "Together" as a duet with Victor Young's orchestra.

Jimmy Dorsey and the band are in for two new ballads, "An Hour Never Passes," sung by Glady's Tell, and "Two Again" with Paul Carley on the vocal. Glady's has since left the band to get married and Anity Boyer has taken her place.

Glen Gray and the Casa Loma
WHEN HER HUSBAND JOINED THE NAVY!

"This is my chance to make myself over," said Mrs. Lial Eddy, of Oklahoma City—and she did! When her husband left for camp, I enrolled.

"When I'd lost 30 pounds, he had his first leave. Meeting him was a thrill! I was so proud of my new figure and make-up. And the look on his face was my reward!" says Mrs. Eddy.

Today Mrs. Eddy weighs only 130, ideal for her 5 feet, 7½ in. Her skin is radiant. "I'm really a different person, and life is far rosier! Now all my friends want to take the Course!"

HOW ABOUT YOU? Maybe you don't need to lose 34 pounds. But the DuBarry Success Course will show you how to bring your weight to normal, how to care for your skin and hair, and make-up for glamour. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York. Why not use the coupon to find out what this famous Course can do for you?

DuBarry Beauty Chest included! With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

Admiración OIL SHAMPOOS

Get relief from the pain and discomfort of simple piles or hemorrhoids. Use Unguentine Rectal Cones, made by the makers of Unguentine. Easy to Use, Sanitary, Inexpensive.

If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician. Druggists will refund price if you are not satisfied.
phonist with Duke Ellington, is featured on a tune called "Passion Flower," with "Going Out The Back Way" on the flipover. The band is composed mostly of Ellington men.

Before Dinah Shore took off for her G.I. jaunt overseas, she waxed two sides with a vocal chorus "Together," and "I Learned A Lesson I'll Never Forget." I'll bet singing in person for all the thousands of boys she has sung to over "Mail Call," "Command Performance" programs will give Dinah a thrill she'll never forget.

Victor recently signed David Street, the romantic baritone on the Joan Davis air show, to an exclusive recording contract. Martha Stewart, former Claude Thornhill thrush, is another who landed a Victor deal.

Jam Notes:

Trumpet-playing Billie Rogers, who worked with a small combination when she left Woody Herman, has formed her own large band and has been playing around New York. Her husband, Jack Archer, formerly road manager for Herman, is managing Billie's outfit.

Gene Krupa's new twenty-six piece band boasts eleven strings, and an extra drummer. Gene is handling the baton and only beats the skins on solo numbers. The band has been signed by R.K.O. for a spot in "George White's Scandals." And when Gene comes to Hollywood for the picture, he and his divorced wife, Ethel, may remarry.

Though previously announced, Stan Kenton and his orchestra won't appear in Paramount's "Duffy's Tavern." When the script was finished, Paramount decided they didn't want a band in the picture, after all, and Stan was paid off. The same thing happened to Les Brown after he was all set for "Bring On The Girls."

After a year of retirement, Marilyn Duke has rejoined her old boss, Vaugh Monroe . . . Artie Shaw and his wife, Betty, daughter of Jerome Kern, have separated and are planning a divorce . . . Ella Mae Morse and her husband, Dick Walters, are also divorcing . . . Hal McIntyre has had all of his arrangements microfilmed, processed the same as V-Mail, in the event he ever loses his library.

Benny Goodman is doing guest shots on New York radio shows and still insists he will not reorganize his band until his contract with the Music Corporation of America has run out . . .

Andy Russell's crooner stock is rising. He took over Bob Crosby's singing chores on the Old Gold show when Bob went into the Marine Corps, and was such a click the sponsors signed him to a long-term contract. The show now originates from New York, so Andy will probably play an engagement at one of the big clubs there . . . Orson Welles was gifted with a beautiful gold cigarette lighter by his number one fan, Frank Sinatra . . . After the Tommy Dorsey-Jon Hall fracas, Al Jarvis, on his popular Hollywood disc program, dedicated "Swingin' on a Star" to Tommy.

So long for now playmates. Remember, if you want to be smoothed out on any little musical things, just drop me a line and enclose a self-addressed envelope, and I'll do my best to give you the dope. I'll plant you now, but I'll dig you right back here next month. Oh yes, the address: Jill Warren, Movieland Magazine, 9126 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif.
Do you envy those other girls... who find internal sanitary protection so easy to use? Why not learn to use? Find internal sanitary protection. See there is something between Fibs, and other tampons you’ve tried! The Kotex* tampon, gives you greater safety, greater comfort. The tampon is not too big, not too tiny. And Fibs alone are “quilted” to the woman, which only Fibs, to other kinds. . . . so easy to use . . . you’ll never go back to otherwise.

Rounded ends make Fibs’ Tampons easier to use!

Do you envy those other girls... who find internal sanitary protection so easy to use? Why not learn to use? Find internal sanitary protection. See there is something between Fibs, and other tampons you’ve tried! The Kotex* tampon, gives you greater safety, greater comfort. The tampon is not too big, not too tiny. And Fibs alone are “quilted” to the woman, which only Fibs, to other kinds. . . . so easy to use . . . you’ll never go back to otherwise.

Fibs have rounded ends, gently tapered for easier insertion. The just-right size of Fibs means this tampon is not too big, not too tiny. And Fibs alone are “quilted” to give you greater safety, greater comfort. These are features, important to every woman, which only Fibs, of all leading tampons, give you!

So, try Fibs. Once you’ve tried them, you’ll find Fibs so comfortable and safe . . . so easy to use . . . you’ll never go back to other kinds.

(T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Of.)
TRIAL SIZE GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE - treatment" for easy "finger tip" application at home. Each in ized" hair that gives you the radiance of the leaves hair soft, lustrous, manageable! GLOVER'S Imperial at any Drug Store-or mail coupon today!

It's so easy to have soft, lustrous "Glover- Hair Dress - Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic! A delightful "oil

2 Benefits applying to children are 50% of those of your family doctor. Simply present your Fam-

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old Jeston Johnson house, built in 1883, and converted it into a lodge. They supplied Hollywood studios with a catalogue of every beard and blonde, every horse, cow, mule, buckboard, covered wagon, buggy, ranchhouse, scenic wonder and other assets in four counties. They invited studio location managers to look the situation over.

Kanab has definite disadvantages. It is 155 miles from the nearest railroad, 100 miles from the nearest telegraph office, and the great vermilion cliffs interfere with radio reception. And 1931 was a year of dark depression.

But the town's co-operativeness, the Parry Bros.' fine management and the country's spectacular beauties caused the project to gain such headway that today a studio has to plan almost a year or a year and a half in advance to make reservations in Kanab.

In the year 1943, five pictures were made there. 20th Century-Fox alone spent $101,000 on the Parry Bros.' transportation facilities, besides a lodging and board bill for some 200 people for that box-office breaker, "Buffalo Bill." In 1944, 20th Century-Fox sent the company of "Thunderhead," starring Roddy MacDowell, Preston Foster and Rita Johnson, to spend many weeks there shooting in Technicolor.

To the Parry Bros., who are the only capital investors in the project, their expenditure of approximately $90,000 on the lodge, $70,000 on cars, wagons and camping equipment, pays off neatly. On the "Buffalo Bill" trek they netted about $30,000 in one month.

Chaunce's death in 1943 left only Whit and Gron to carry on the business. But the whole town benefits by the studio activities.

Sheriff George Swapp doubles as camp cook for stars, technicians, crew and extras outside the village. Mayor Verne Lindquist chauffeurs the station wagon assigned to movie directors. The City Councilmen work as horse wranglers. Ranchers get the best available help because hands know they'll have an opportunity to earn movie money, too. Ranchers themselves don greasepaint or build sets.

Girls of the domestic science classes work in the kitchen or dining room of the lodge, while the boys of the manual arts classes get practical experience keeping up the vast amount of equipment maintained by Parry Bros. or the motion picture companies.

And when the lodge overflows, the townspeople double up to free enough homes for the use of the Hollywood visitors.

H. Ackerman, proprietor of Kanab's general store, sums up the benefits thusly: "Most ranchers raise cattle in this country's spectacular beauties caused the project to gain such headway that today a studio has to plan almost a year or a year and a half in advance to make reservations in Kanab.

The women buy household

new Foot Relief

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, velvety-soft, soothing, cushioning foot plaster, when used on feet or toes, quickly relieves Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Tender Spots. Stops shoe friction; eases pressure. Economical! At Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores.

D! Scholl's KUROTEX
Lack of Pep/Poor Appetite and Dull Coat May Be Due to Insufficient Vitamins in Your Dog's Diet

DOG OWNERS! Is your pet listless? Does he eat poorly, lack his usual glossy coat, his friskiness and pep? Inexcess of full daily minimum requirement of four vital vitamins, A, D, B, and B6, plus Nicotinamide and Wheat Germ Oil. Dogs love the taste! Try VITA K-9 for thirty days. Then if you are not completely satisfied with your pet's improvement, our full cost will be promptly refunded. 30-day or more supply (depending upon size of dog) costs only $1.98 postpaid. You risk nothing, so send coupon today!

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6300 W. Western Ave., Chicago 45, Ill.
Enclosed is $1.98 for 30-day or more supply of VITA K-9, on money-back guarantee.
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YOUR hair is of its radiant best when it's naturally lovely! Help keep it that way with the mild but thorough cleansing action and the lustre-restoring qualities of regular Gerber's shampoos. Gerber's work naturally - leaves your hair gloriously clean, sparkling with a loveliness all your own!

It's the Natural Shampoo for Lovelier Hair

GERBER'S OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
At Drug and Cosmetic Counters Everywhere

A Product of R. GERBER CO., Chicago
Packers of Famous Gerber's Olive Oil

Lack of Pep, Poor Appetite and Dull Coat May Be Due to Insufficient Vitamins in Your Dog's Diet

DOG OWNERS! Is your pet listless? Does he eat poorly, lack his usual glossy coat, his friskiness and pep? Insufficient vitamins may be the reason! Just like growing children need sufficient vitamins, too. Particularly now, with wartime dog foods. If your dog is listless, eat poorly, lacks pep... Make it different from most country towns. And the unspotted of it was, they decided to stay. He gets special orders from museums all over the country. And she nurses movie stars as well as kids with hives. Might get to take Clark Gable's pulse some day. You never know, here in Kanab, who you might meet.

Are the stars bored by this small-town atmosphere? Not so you'd notice! Joel McCrea, Maureen O'Hara and Linda Darnell loudly advertise that time, too. And Walt as a guide on a hunting party. Walt has photographs to prove many of his stories, too. Both of them doing well. Viola got homesick, but liked the excitement of New York and its opportunities.

"Well, they came here on a visit with her folks. The movie people were here. Makes us look different from most country towns. And the unspotted of it was, they decided to stay. He gets special orders from museums all over the country. And she nurses movie stars as well as kids with hives. Might get to take Clark Gable's pulse some day. You never know, here in Kanab, who you might meet."

Roddy MacDowell listens avidly to 76-year-old Walt Hamblin, son of the town's founder, tell about the early days when Indians stormed their home. About the days when Buffalo Bill Cody brought a party of titled Englishmen for a hunting trip. About that time, too, Teddy Roosevelt had Walt as a guide on a hunting party. Walt Hamblin likes this acting business. He gets up and acts it all out. Has photographs to prove many of his stories, too.

Preston Foster, John Wayne, Roy Rogers and other stout male stars plan hunting trips for deer, lions and other game, all so pleasant in Kanab. All of them longing for an invitation to see the inside of one of the old Mormon homes built during the polygamous days. They all join in the village's twice-weekly dances, where small children dance right along with their parents. They all enjoy visiting "Little Hollywood."

THE END
THE AWFUL TRUTH
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

for neither their backgrounds, their temperaments, nor their emotional and psychological structures can be brought to dovetail sufficiently for a sturdy marriage.

Love between a man and woman is over-rated as a miracle worker. Undoubtedly, both Barbara and Cary thought it would build bridges between them and each take on the inner being and resources of the other.

It didn’t work that way. Their love for each other when they married cannot be questioned. For two years they’d been seeing each other constantly. Because Barbara wanted to make charitable bequests which would have been impossible if she were the wife of a British subject, as Cary was then, they both served an apprenticeship to love.

They wanted the marriage so eagerly, so absorbedly, that it’s doubtful whether they stopped to analyze their own temperaments, and the insoluble differences between them which would become apparent with marriage.

To understand this separation, and to evaluate it properly, it is well to remember what had been their individual paths which would make marriage adjustment problematical.

Barbara was singularly alone from childhood. Her mother died at her birth, and her early years were a succession of governesses and private schools. Physically, she had the care of a princess. She had everything money could buy—but nothing which has a price.

As she grew older, her emotional isolation grew apace. Unconsciously, she began to search and reach for something to rescue her from the Ivory Tower where she was so frighteningly lonely.

Prince Alexis Mdivani had great regard for a fortune counted in millions, so he drew close to her. He entertained them. He married Barbara in Paris, shortly before she came into her inheritance, after following her halfway around the world to lay calculated siege to her bank-book.

Perhaps if this first time Barbara had married a man who truly loved her, to whom her wealth was merely an impediment, one is inclined to think that today she would not be known as the “tragic heiress.”

For if Barbara would have matured in the confident knowledge that she was loved as a woman.

It wasn’t long before Barbara knew why Alexis had married her. Almost immediately she is said to have remarked, coldly, bluntly, cruelly, “You are too fat.”

The dagger sunk deep. The hurt inflicted remained in her consciousness forever.

It was then she began the self-imposed regime of starvation which almost cost her her life when her son was born.

For a year she virtually lived on black coffee. But at the end of that year she was no longer plump and strong. She weighed less than a hundred pounds.

Barbara is as long remembered as strangely beautiful, with an ethereal, exotic loveliness which later to intrigue and enthrall Cary Grant, to whom exquisite women were no novelty.

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don’t just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature’s chief way of taking excess acids and waste matter out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day. If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don’t work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood.

These poisons may start menacing backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, headaches, and colds. They may combine with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don’t wait! Ask your druggist for Doan’s Pills, recommended by thousands of doctors and nurses.

Don’t wait! Ask your druggist for Doan’s Pills, recommended by thousands of doctors and nurses.

Don’t wait! Ask your druggist for Doan’s Pills, recommended by thousands of doctors and nurses.

Don’t wait! Ask your druggist for Doan’s Pills, recommended by thousands of doctors and nurses.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 12 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood.

Get Doan's Pills.
Send snapshot or negative—get it back enlarged 5" x 7"—beautifully hand-colored; in striking Gold Metallic Patrician Frame, 9" x 11". Deeply embossed insignia, embossed 12-cent tax included. No risk, if not 100% satisfied, return for full refund. Limited to first 1000. WHITE FLOWERS—full color—$5.00. Yellow finish—$7.00. Seven days shipping. Prices quoted plus 20% Federal Tax. In ordering give No. and size.

ACT NOW! 3-IN-1 MILITARY FRAME SPECIAL!

**MILITARY FRAME**

**ENLARGEMENT**

**OIL COLORING**

ALL 3 FOR 

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NO EXTRAS Value 5. -

Send snapshot or negative (will be returned unhorizontal); indicate color of hair, eyes, branch of service. Pay postman $1.49 plus small postal. ARDSLEY STUDIOS 1501 BROADWAY Dept. R-P New York.

DELPHI REPLICA DIAMONDS

Delphic replica diamonds have the bewildering life of diamonds. Fine quality modestly priced. Prices 18-35 cents per stone. Fine color, cut and quality. Many sizes. 15.75, 86.00, 43.00, 82.95, lighter yellow or yellow, 80.75, similar in quality to real diamonds. Earrings—Semi-precious stones, simulated plus 50. Federal tax included. Send NO CASH. WRITE PLEASANTLY for free folder—no obligation. No salesman will call. Send complete order. All items sent by registered mail. Lecherite—41 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill. 347, Northwestern Station, Dept. 3930, Detroit, Mich.

At this time began that lack of proper self-evaluation as a woman which was to haunt Barbara Hutton for the rest of her life. In self-defense she acquired a reserve, a dignity, a withdrawal from people which was later to be labeled callousness towards public opinion. By nature Barbara is warm. By circumstance she had been forced to be cold.

The second phase of her development, as a result of this first marriage, began now. And that phase was also to reverberate through her second marriage and in her marriage to Cary.

If Barbara, shortly after coming into her millions, could have retired from the public view, it would have served her well.

Unfortunately, Alexis was a public hound. He thought that being in the newspapers, day after day, with the center of the spending of vast sums, was a parameter of his importance.

The American public resented Barbara and her Prince and his millions. Whenever her name was spoken, it was in derision. Whenever reporters had a chance to tap a crack at her, they did. She lived under a barrage of criticism.

It made her afraid of people. It added to her psychic scars.

So now you have two deeply developed traits, which were to become part of the death of a man she loved—a self-abnegation, a distrust in herself as a woman, and a deeply-rooted fear of contact with the world at large.

Instead of coming along with marriage, she became less mature. For maturity implies coordination of the personality, an ability to take whatever comes, in criticism and disappointment, and stand. She began to seek escape in anonymity. She developed a dislike of large parties which became virtually a phobia. She became sensitive. She was hurt easily.

After she divorced the Prince—with the attendant publicized financial settlements—and married Count Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow, the process was briefly arrested and she bloomed, because she thought herself a woman beloved. But then the process continued. Again she was dominated and mastered.

She gave up her American citizenship on the advice of her husband. For love, she became a woman without a country.

But she had her son now. And for the first time in her life she had a great and a sure and satisfying love. When she divorced the Count in 1941 she did not precipitate the kind of court struggles for his custody which is even now a current chapter in her confused life.

So here we have a girl—wealthy, sensitive, afraid of people, suspicious of their motives, quiet and passive with few intellectual interests, with distrust in her heart towards men who profess love, and with not too much physical stamina. A girl afraid.

And this was the girl Cary Grant met. Floating in London, and again two years later at a Hollywood party given by the Countess di Frasso.

From the instant their eyes met, they both had a sense of coming home—of being warmly received. But never, the wholly ceased loving Virginia Cherrill, to whom he had been married briefly. She was the melody which

CASH WHEN YOU NEED IT

AMAZING NEW GOLD SEAL POLICY COSTS LESS THAN $1 a month

**PAYS**

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repeated itself in his heart.
For approximately five years he had never quite reached the point of marriage with the three or four women to whom he was linked romantically. But when he looked at Barbara, one melody was finally stillled and another began.

Barbara was so gentle. Barbara was so vulnerable. Barbara was so evidently unhappy. She was different from any woman Cary had ever known. Even though she was protective and strong and solid and good in Cary responded, instantly and completely.

But that Barbara needed for happiness, Cary needed too! And they couldn't give it to each other.

Like every creative artist, he requires deep understanding, almost complete intimacy. Dark, depressed moods when he worries about his work and his worth.

He requires someone to listen to his troubles, to give him a sense of perspective, to help him achieve mental and emotional balance.

Only a completely adjusted woman—positive, sure of herself, serene—can give these things to Cary.

Cary is not an intellectual, in the accepted sense, but he has a keen mind. It sparkles and scintillates—and at the same time there are problems of time and situations. He seasons his comments with pungent humor, and it takes an alert, gay, vital woman to keep pace with him.

In view of the tribulations which had beset Barbara all her life, a vivacious wit, sparkling repartee, the give-and-take of lusty argument was not constantly within her capacity.

There was a very great simplicity about Cary. Some years ago when he bought a Cord, he sold it within three days because he felt too ostentatious in it. His idea of a wonderful time is to go to Vineyard Haven, the California Conrey Island, and systematically panic a boat out to sea. Cary, conversely, is accustomed to pomm and glory and orderliness. She may follow an impulse to buy something and, for the sake of the label alone, send it back. She is a woman who is always willing to try something new. Cary is not an intellectual, in the accepted sense, but he has a keen mind. It sparkles and scintillates—and at the same time there are problems of time and situations. He seasons his comments with pungent humor, and it takes an alert, gay, vital woman to keep pace with him.

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For although she is a woman who can laugh at Cary, laugh with him, and laugh at herself!
a father. On my part, there was no theatrical tradition in the family. The idea of being an actress had somehow never occurred to me. I was going to be an artist—and if I may say so, in all modesty, I still am pretty good at a drawing board, and frequently amuse myself by sketching people between scenes on the sets at Paramount.

We don’t even look much alike, you and I, except that we’re both dark. Mutual friends have told me we are alike in temperament and personality, however. And I know we had another common denominator: we both worshipped our fathers (mine is still living with me, fortunately) and turned to them for everything. And we both were an ancient eighteen when we made our film debuts. (Yours was a bit part in “Kismet,” I believe, with your father as the star, while mine was even less of a role, in “Henry Aldrich Gets Glamour.”)

The first time we met was on the set of “The Uninvited,” remember? And I don’t mind confessing that I was mighty impressed that first day you walked on the set and auditioned your rehearsal for a scene. You were a great name to me, of course—but what I remember most was your reaction on others. Usually, during a rehearsal, there is a great amount of banging and noise by the carpenters and electricians and other actors, but once you started to speak there was a sudden and complete silence. Everyone was looking at you and listening to you.

“Some day,” I said to myself, “I hope to be an actress who commands that kind of silence and respect! Believe, Miss Skinner, I mean to try. But did you ever play a role of a living person? If so, you must know what a funny feeling it gives you, and why I was a little envious all the time we were making “Our Hearts.” Mostly I was afraid I wouldn’t do you justice, and that unconsciously I might saddle the screen “you” with some of the bad habits of the real me.

For instance, I know I have the very bad habit of walking with my head down. Every once in a while, there comes a moment of self-appraisal and wonder. “Gosh, did I have my head down in that last scene? Miss Skinner would never be guilty of that.”

Or maybe it was the way I was wearing the clothes, or the way I was dancing, or the way I played the young love scenes. Would you like it? Would you approve of the “you” I was creating for public inspection? Believe me, it was a responsibility.

There were lots of scenes, however, when I felt a very close identity with the girl you were when you were my own age and made your famous beginning to be “Frenchie.”

The time, the place and the people were different, but so many of your experiences paralleled things that have happened to me.

Remember the scene at the beginning when you were stuck with a mousy-faced, sawed-off little guy at the Prom, while the tall and handsome man I was gradually wafted by with another girl? How well I knew your sense of disgust and frustration! Not so very long ago, you see, I was in...
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The best fun in making "Our Hearts" undoubtedly came in the dance scenes where the girls—yours truly, and Diana—kept bumping against their partners. It was a funny scene and fun to do; all of us laughed so much we were weak of our knees. Several times the bags dropped off during the shooting, and Diana and I would have to scurry off behind some scenery to get them fastened on again. By the time it was over we were as much concerned

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Angela Lansbury (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44)

innumerable curtain calls, the glow of enthusiastic applause. Important people like Sir Gerald duMaurier made a great fuss of the blonde atom who watched from the wings and never made a nuisance of herself. She adored the flowers, the lights, the attention and the everlast-

ing stir of Things-Going-On. No won-

der she made up her mind to be part of it all some day.

When Angela was five, a miserable creature referred to as the Stork brought a pair of baby sons to Moyna MacGill. Much to Angela's disgust her mother retired from the stage to bring up the twins, and the little girl had to settle down to nursery and school routine. It was all very, very dull.

As they grew older, Angela and her brothers relieved the monotony of schoolrooms by attending "the pictures." They preferred American films, and presently became familiar with the New York skyline—Broadway, Fifth Avenue, California, the mountains, prairies, rivers and deserts of the fascinating country overseas. They knew about Hollywood and read every item they could find that concerned the film city, American cowboys, New York night life, and dreamed of the day they'd see all these things for themselves.

Their father had died in 1934, leaving very little money, and realiz-

ized the huge dreams seemed most unlik- ily—except to Angela, who never doubted that they'd come true. She was thirteen when the Ger-

mans moved into Poland and war began. The school she was attending in London was evacuated.

"Mummy, do let me go to dramatic school, Margaret," she begged, seeing a bright side to calamity. Why should she go poking off to the country in the wake of a dull school? Why not learn her future business?

But dramatic schools, it appeared, are expensive.

"Never mind, Mummy, I'll get a scholarship, Angela reassured her mother, and began work at once on that wellworn balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet." She wasn't as old as Shakespeare's Juliet, but she won the scholarship and was paid for a year's dramatic training.

The war roared on. Country after country was overrun by Hitler's steel-clad hordes. Then came Dun-

kirk, and the fall of France. England stood alone, expecting invasion. A horrified America began asking for little English cousins, and small refugees were assigned to eager foster-parents.

Angela's elder sister, known on the London stage as Isolde Denham, had married a well-known young actor, writer, and had decided to remain in England for the duration. Moyna MacGill allowed herself to be persuaded to take charge of ten chil-

dren, of whom three, who were to be sponsored by a generous American gentleman, C. T. Wilson of New York City. Mr. Wilson had arranged that Moyna and her young refugees were to live at Lake Maho-

pac, New York, and it was considered advisable for Moyna and her family
More nieces shiningly eager to swear allegiance. Have two more nephews and two prospective citizens. Just as soon as family re-entered this country as lovely, sequiny ones—and I sang for some of her evening gowns for me—six weeks at the Samovar."

The second shipload of child refugees had to go to Canada for our quota to get her a job in Montreal. Else in for an audition heard Angela's to come on at once. They sailed with the second shipload of child refugees to reach this hemisphere. "We went up the St. Lawrence River to Montreal, then to New York by train. You can imagine how marvelous it was to board an American train, to get off in an American station, to see streets and taxis and high buildings we'd seen so often on the screen."

"Why, it's just the way it was in the pictures!" we kept telling each other. It was like living in a movie."

Angela at fourteen felt herself far too old for school, too old for school, one, and talked ceaselessly of more dramatic training. One day she and her mother took a train for New York City. Knowing nothing of New York dramatic academies, they searched through a directory, saw the name FAGAN, in Rockefeller Center, and decided to apply there. There remained the matter of what to use for money, but Angela was a sudent. She mounted Juliet's balcony once more and won another scholarship. You can get anything you want. Remember that.

Her first school role was that of an old Texas woman. Just what she wanted! She knew that Texas drawl from watching American Westerns, and added doing it. "Acting has different aspects according to where you are," she asserts. "In England you are content to learn ever so tiny thing about your profession; you work long and hard, perfecting each scene. An expression, a gesture, an inflection must be exactly right. In New York, you don't even think about the stage: you devote yourself to pictures, which are quite different."

In March, 1942, Angela graduated from the Fagan School. The twins were at the Choate School, and her mother was touring Canada for the RAF with Herbert Wilcox and Anna Neagle, who had organized the benefit.

"I wanted to make some money," Angela confesses. "We had our keep and my tuition, but there was no money coming in. A friend coached me in a take-off on Beatrice Lillie called 'I Went To A Marvelous Party.' I heard they were giving auditions at a New York night club, and decided to try for one. I was sixteen but I said I was nineteen so they'd listen to me."

She was a big girl for her age and could pass as nineteen, but she hadn't the experience for the New York spot. An agent who had brought someone else in for an audition heard Angela's act, liked it, and told her he could get her a job in Montreal.

"I was thrilled!," related the young actress. "Of course I told Mother, and she agreed. She knew we had to go to Canada for our quota numbers, anyway."

Angela cut some short evening gowns for me—lovely, sequnyoning ones—and I sang for six weeks at the Samovar."

Quota numbers came, and the little family re-entered this country as prospective citizens. Just as soon as Uncle Sam will accept them, he'll have two more nephews and two more nieces shiningly eager to swear allegiance.

Eventually, Moyna Macgill arrived...
in Hollywood on tour, and wired her daughter to join her. In November, 1942, an elated Angela descended from the train, in California at last! They were to be in a motion picture. She went the rounds of studios, doing her Bee Lillie stunt, but nothing happened. She wasn't discouraged, but was busy living.

A friend of her mother's mentioned that Angela might be good as the unhappy young girl in "The Picture of Dorian Gray," which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, to whom Virginia's agent made an appointment for Angela. Mr. Lewin thought her not right for Dorian, but what about the cockney maid in "Gaslight," also being cast by John Van Druten, long-time friend of the family, was sure she could do the maid role, but George Cukor, who was to direct the picture, said she was young.

"We thought everything was over," Angela tells now, her lips curling happily altogether over how wrong they'd been. "When we'd called the agent, he said, 'Don't worry about me. Never mind. You'll hear from me.' Then one night he asked us to come down to his office. We sat outside his door for an hour, while he was gone, then he came out and announced that he'd signed me to a wonderful contract with M-G-M. I wouldn't get the part, I'd tested for, but I had a contract!"

Presently, however, they got out Angela's screen test, rewrote the part of the cockney maid in "Gaslight" and gave her the screen test. Her mother helped her, and the next thing she knew she was playing with Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman.

Following "Gaslight," Angela with her hair longer and no heels, did a fifteen-year-old girl in "National Velvet." Then M-G-M had a change of heart. Maybe, after all, she could do the unhappy girl in "Dorian Gray." (She's doing it now.)

Angela has lived with older people so much that she doesn't feel at ease with girls of her own age. She doesn't understand them yet, and can't join in chatter with dates, etc., and so forth. Girls wearing six silver foxes, slinky, sophisticated gowns, and faces practically smothered in make-up aren't like her. To Angela her "totem poles," she giggles. "Not believable, but fun to watch."

Hollywood works hard, much harder than outsiders imagine. "Life isn't easy," declares Angela. "But I love it. People say: 'What do you do? You have your hair fixed, lipstick put on by Perc Westmore, and you sit there and look pretty.' I'm too busy writing a book word here and there. What's hard about that? They don't know how early you get up. Yes, I have my hair fixed, I've never seen Perc Westmore!"

"My mother plays the Duchess in 'Dorian Gray,' which is nice. We have no scenes together, but we talk every other day about pictures in England, but her experience was mostly in the theatre. On the stage you can act, but on the screen everything must be real; you think a thing and it's reflected in your face."

Hollywood is a dream come true. Even nicer than the way she thought it would be, for people are so good to her. No one forgets to help.

So far, so good.

And Angela will keep on dreaming.

THE END
Mr. Olivier was feeling jovial on this particular evening so indulged in a little horseplay, a very trying thing for other actors in the cast. He was supposed to make his entrance upstage left through a small door. However, he called from the wings at the right, so Mr. Knox presumed that the entrance—for a change—was to be made from that point and so adjusted himself on the stage, flinging his line to the right.

To his consternation, the answer came from the left. So Mr. Knox reversed his field, locked the small door through which a checkmated Mr. Olivier was supposed to make his entrance, and opened the small wicket. This quick thinking neatly turned the trickster tables on Romeo, who was forced to play the entire scene offstage, shouting his lines through the window at Mr. Onstage Knox.

Returning to the importance of female relatives in early training, the paternal Aunt Agnes of Mr. Knox was, in her day, happily classed in dramatic ability with Bernhardt and Duse. However, in those days the daughter of a small town ministerial family did not go on the stage. She gave dramatic readings of the classics instead.

Up and down the length and breadth of Canada she traveled, earning the distinction of having Lake Agnes at Banff named in her honor because she was the first white woman ever to view it. At one time she was reader in Philosophy at Edinburgh University, but once she married, she settled happily in Boston. There she lived during the winter, teaching English at Boston University. Summers, however, were always spent on the Canadian family farm—which brings nephew Alexander into the scene.

She encouraged him to read Shakespeare. That is, he was placed in an apple orchard and ordered to hurl the cadences of Macbeth, "King Lear," and "Merry Wives Of Windsor" with such clarity of tone and perfection of diction that he could be heard and understood a quarter of a mile away. After this artistic exercise he frequently drove the binder during the grain harvest, or milked several cows.

In this way he learned early to combine an artistic undertaking with the practical aspect of living, an accomplishment that stood him in good stead while he was running a repertory theatre in Boston some years later.

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trousers in the morning, while Mr. Knox remained in bed. A scant few minutes before Mr. Knox was due at his luncheon engagement, the roommate arrived, divested himself, and occupied the bed, while Mr. Knox assumed a position below the bed. The roommate then reached down the street, an artist about to discuss an artistic problem while clothed in practical compromise.

In this Boston stock company Mr. Knox—his Canadian accent—played British juveniles, with the aid of a constantly-carried tennis racket. Bearing this fact in mind, he decided that the American theatre being being produced (during one depression week there were exactly seven plays open on Broadway) he would try his luck in London. There, because of his accent, he was able to work playing American juveniles, with the aid of a turtle-neck sweater bearing huge football numerals.

This was very discouraging to Alexander Knox, but he decided that perhaps the stage had no place for him. He returned to his home (London, Ontario, a lovely city of eighty thousand population and settled down to write.

He produced first a romance entitled "Bride of Quietness," with which he had a considerable success. Because this book was produced as a work of art—and even a purely artistic effort is supposed to be a financial failure—its monetary triumph confused everyone, most of all Mr. Knox.

Promptly he turned to another field: detective fiction. He wrote and published five murder mysteries under an assumed name (an alias that he was to choose thinking that, if an artistic effort made money, a commercial venture in writing should make him a Croesus kid. Came the disillusion: his first two who-dunits together netted less than "Bride of Quietness.

In order to recover from his boredom with creative fiction, Knox returned to the stage to do, as noted previously, "Jupiter, Sool and Juliet" with Heathcliff and Scarlett, and followed that with a brilliant stint in "Jupiter Laughs." Warner Brothers liked his work so well that they made a deal to cast him as the intellectual van Weeden in the Edward G. Robinson starer, "The Sea Wolf."

Memorable was the scene in which the blind and brutal captain (Robin¬ son) was watching this film thinking that his bullet had not been effective, so saving the life of another member of the crew. When the picture was finished, the cast were so Knox-conscious that they were pestering their grocers for Alexander instead of gelatin. Fan mail poured into the studio, and the executive staff announced great plans for their new star. But, unfortunately, they had no story script prepared at that time.

A month went by—two, three. Knox had gone down to Malibu, there to digitize his latest for fishing. As the beach at Malibu is long and gently sloped, fishing is not good, but Alexander perfected a system whereby he could sell a thousand fish while on his feet, dropped a baited hook, then sat on the line in to shore, connected it to a fishing rod with an oversize reel. And, completely baffling critics of the system, he actually caught an occasional sea bass.

Tiring of this sport he went north
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father's attention. "I could do that part," she said in the vernacular she has learned from her dad.

Pat stalled. "That little girl is supposed to only be eight—two years younger than you are," he explained.

When the picture was well in production, Mavourneen visited the set one day and learned that the little girl who was actually playing the daughter part was only five. Pat explained that it hadn't been possible to find a suitable boy of five for the part as originally written, so the ages of the children had been exchanged. Whereas the script Mavourneen had read called for a boy of five and a girl of eight, now the picture was being shot with a girl of five and a boy of nine.

"It's a funny Miss Mavourneen bitterly, "that a big change like that could be made in a script, but a little change like two years in the girl's age couldn't be made." Relationships between father and daughter were strained for several days, until Pat made a camp tour and returned from the trip bringing souvenirs for all three children. In addition to Mavourneen in the O'Brien household, there is Sean, aged eight, and Terence Kevin, aged three. Because of Terry's initials, his father usually calls him Junior.

Like most Irishmen, Pat is a superb storyteller. He has a repertoire that a month on a speaking tour would barely dent. One of my favorite yarns has to do with a picture made several years ago, in which Pat was supposed to fly a plane without ever having had an hour of flight training.

"Don't be silly," he told the director. "People with nerves of steel can fly an airplane if you put enough gasoline in it!"

The director felt that this bit of dash would add so much to the story's value that he persisted in his notion, taking it as being proof that the director who, in turn, took it up with an aircraft mechanic. That expert decided that the plane's controls could be so arranged that a person could assume a minimum of responsibility, while a seasoned pilot (invisible to the camera) would be tucked into the passenger seat and from there would handle the dual controls on a blind basis.

Just as the scene was to be shot, the fellow who drives for Pat arrived. He knew nothing of the flight plans made by the director, but he was entirely aware of the fact that Pat was not a pilot; he couldn't even drive his own car (and didn't learn until a few years ago).

With bulging eyes and sagging jaw, the chauffeur watched Pat rush to the plane, leap in, and take off. He took four or five great strides forward and lifted the startled pilot in mid-stride. "Hey, hey! Come BACK!"

"You're making me nervous of my insurance company," he yelled.

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The chauffeur yelled.

"You're making me nervous of my insurance company," he yelled.

In closing, I know I should say something about Pat's unfailing wit. In fact, there was one occasion when Pat had to do a scene in a picture where the character had to be shot at by a German. Pat explained that this was the first time in his life.

"I think this is the first time in my life," he observed, "that I've kissed a girl under an old Caruso record!"

The End
Anyone who has learned to write, can learn to draw! This helpful book removes the mysticism that has surrounded art. By reducing the elements of drawing to its simple steps, it teaches THE BEGINNER to draw, and then to advance into more and more difficult subjects. As you can see from the above illustrations showing the 9 sections—this complete course covers 9 BRANCHES of practical Art. Each division is explained by a specialist. No previous knowledge on your part is expected. Within a few days you will be drawing with an ease and enjoyment you never thought possible. For the experienced and professional artist, it is a REFERENCE BOOK and veritable mine of information.

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Director Mervyn LeRoy and Producer Sam Zimbalist have imbued it with mounting excitement, gripping tension and warm human understanding.

M-G-M has provided an ace cast—Van Johnson, Robert Walker (great roles for two rising young actors), Phyllis Thaxter, to name a few.

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—Leo
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The Potentates of Comedy in an Enchanted Paradise—playing tag with the Sultan’s Darlings and his Evil-Eye Headsman! How'd you like to be in their turbans?

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A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Ah! That Music!
"It Is Written"
"I Know It’s Wrong"
"What Does It Take?"
"Sons of the Desert"
"John Silver"
"Noche de Ronda"
Played by Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra

Screen Play by Harry Ruskin, John Grant and Harry Crane. Directed by CHARLES RIESNER. Produced by GEORGE HAIGHT
PARTY AND A PARTING

The occasion was what is termed "brilliant" in Hollywood. It was also somewhat funny. RKO had imported Cantinflas, gifted Mexican comedian, to star in a picture with George Murphy, and the studio had decided to give a rally for him.

Everyone was there, starting with Mr. Koerner—head of the studio—and ending with five Mexican bus boys who had read in their Spanish language newspapers that Cantinflas was to be honored and decided to lift a Bravo in his honor. Jinx Falkenburg and her vivacious, lovely mother were surrounded by admiring males, and Cugat.

Lupe in a gorgeous chartreuse hat, Margo Lucille was wearing a black dress, a huge black hat, and a chianti wool coat, stroller length. She looked like a Technicolor dream. Desi looked pretty sharp himself, outfitted in a staff sergeant's suntan uniform. Everyone said Lucille looked wonderful and she said she was crazy about "Ziegfeld Follies." which she has just finished at Metro. Desi said he had never felt better, and that he liked his work at Birmingham General Hospital because it was possible for him to get back to the ranch regularly.

On the following night they went dining and dancing at Ciro's. and the following morning Lucille filed suit for divorce. The dailies described Hollywood's attitude as "stunned," which was naive. A good many persons have known for a long time that there would be fireworks in the Arnaz menage unless a miracle protected Lucille from her own family. 

"Her "Insider" had the brief privilege and pleasure of talking to Senor Apollo himself. stoutly encouraged by the entire Mexican embassy, arrived.

Your "Insider" had the brief privilege and pleasure of talking to Senor Cantinflas (in English), and would diagnose his attitude as bewildered but beguiled.

The two happiest persons at this clam-bake would have seemed to be, to the uninitiated observer, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. Lucille was wearing a black dress, a huge camelia phone, a call came in for her. It was Louis. "She says," she reported, "that Louis is going to figure in an automobile accident. I think I’d better telephone him and warn him."

But before she could reach the set telephone, a call came in for her. It was Louis. "Wait until you hear this," he announced in disgust. "I've just had the craziest automobile accident. Nothing serious, but it barely escaped being horrible."

It was Alfred Hitchcock's 44th birthday, on the set of "Spellbound" (Vanguard pic), and Lucille had decided to give a rally for him.

NO MIKE FRIGHT

When that much overworked bird, the stork, delivered a lusty son to Mr. and Mrs. William Marshall (Michele Morgan) there was no hesitation about his title: "Michael William Marshall" was instantly posted on his birth certificate and he will be called Mike.
Two 'innocents' decide they have to 'go places' if they want to get anywhere!

Did they meet men - did they have fun! Those petticoat safety-pockets make the boys dance to a hilarious tune!

It's a 'sinking sensation' when they think the ship's awash because the decks are being scrubbed down.

It's the shock of the said London Savoy when the girls arrive with 'bunnies' on. A rarebit of humor.

Gail and Diana get tangled up with 'Geezers' and geysers before they're all washed up!

And who else could get stranded on top of Notre Dame and flag the Boulevard with their "undies"!

They didn't get home until morning one night — giving you a gay idea of "the next time you see Paree."

Nothing can stop the flood of laughter and romance when these light-headed travelers set out to take the world by storm!
THE SEA-SIDE, SONG-STUDDED STAR-SHOW OF THE SEASON!

More thrills, songs, stars and beautiful girls than there are grains of sand on the beach!

SHOE, SHOE BABY:

Angela Lansbury, the brilliant British actress who was plucked as the maid in "Gaslight," says that, in line with the current practice of calling motion picture personalities by their most noticeable feature (Anita Colby is called The Face, Sinatra is The Voice, Betty Grable is The Shape, and Tony Seven is The Number), she will shortly be known as The Heel.

When she was being considered for the "Gaslight" part she was ushered into the office of a famous casting director. "Hmm," he mused. "You're rather tall. Hmm, take off those high heels and let's see how you look."

She complied, and was given the nod. Not too tall, according to his visualization of the maid. So Angela was forwarded to another studio official for scrutiny.

When she was ushered into this second office, the S.O. studied Miss Lansbury critically and harumphed, "You're pretty tall, aren't you? Well, get off those heels and let's see how you look."

In stocking feet she didn't seem too tall to him, either; so she was sent on up the executive line to one of the highest studio officials. This H.S.O. regarded Angela over the top of his glasses. "Tall girl, aren't you?"

"Now if you'll just . . ."

Angela stepped out of her pompoms, but she had reached the end of feminine endurance. "I'm five feet seven inches tall, in stocking feet!" she announced. "Just an inch shorter than Miss Bergman, who has the stellar role in the picture."

AND THEIR TEARS FLOWED LIKE WINE:

The current era may sometime in future be designated as the Season of Suspended Tradition. Take that Brown Derby Gin Rummy situation, for instance. For years it has been customary for George Raft to bring a partner or an entire party into the Derby at noon for luncheon and a protracted game of gin; Ken Murray is another deck devotee who liked to mix salads and spades; so is Dick Powell, and so is Don Ameche.

But six weeks ago a regretful ukase was handed down by Bob Cobb, operator of the Derby restaurants—and incidentally an intimate friend of each of the handhounds: no more rummy could be played at the Derby tables.

In a town where a vicious rumor constantly circulates, saying that persons have been known to marry and have children while waiting in line for luncheon and dinner, tables must be used for dining only.

JUNIOR JIVE:

For several years Metro and Jenkins friends have celebrated Jackie's birthday on August 19. Recently an interviewer asked Jackie the date of his birth. "August 29," said Jackie. The studio publicist, sitting in on the interview, voiced a correction.

"August 19 is right," she said. "I have your studio biography here, Butch." Butch sighed in the way children have with an obdurate, though mistaken elder.

Several weeks later Doris Dudley, Butch's pixielike mother, flashed through the studio and was buttonholed by this publicist who sought to get the date situation clarified.

Miss Dudley giggled. "August 29 is right," she said. "I happened to be going through some old papers in the safe deposit box the other day, and noticed that we had been celebrating the wrong date for years."
HERE'S A SCREENFUL OF HUGGIN' AND KISSIN' WHERE EVERY HUG AND KISS FEELS LIKE IT'S MEANT FOR YOU! WANT TO HAVE SOME FUN — WHAT WE MEAN FUN? THEN HURRY OVER FOR SOME HEAVY ROMANCIN' WITH

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Screen Play by Alvah Bessin and Delmer Daves • Original Story by Lionel Wigram

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer
Directed by DELMER DAVES
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THE WAY A PANTY
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Ellen Powell, aged six, who has been called since her birth by the formal title, "Miss Powell," even in the depths of her family, was out walking her dog when it was assaulted by a much larger dog. Without an instant's hesitation, Miss Powell undertook to separate the belligerents, to the serious injury of her own small face. It was necessary for surgeons to take seventeen stitches in her cheek, neck and forehead, but it is believed that no scars will result.

**BEAU GESTE:**

As you remember or have read repeatedly, Bette Davis' big break came with her superb portrayal of Mildred in "Of Human Bondage."

Warner's are currently engaged in re-filming it, with Eleanor Parker in the Mildred role. On the first day of shooting, Bette sent Eleanor a lei of gardenias with a card saying, "I hope this part does as much for you as it did for me."

**WAR IS SHELL:**

Jimmie Cagney, the favorite actor of plenty of people in Hollywood, excused himself from a small conversational group gathered on a studio street, walked to the curb, and turned out his coat pockets. A cloud of peanut shells fluttered into the gutter. Grinning, Jimmie explained: "I went to the cigarette machine the other day—no cigarettes. Then I went to the gum machine—no gum! But I found a peanut machine filled, so now I'm a peanut fiend."

**JULIET'S FIRST BALCONY:**

Miss Juliet Colman, beautiful daughter of the Ronald Colman's, is currently residing in a cradle with a society consciousness. This rockered chateau is a French Provincial job about 175 years old and was discovered in an antique shop, then was subsequently scrubbed and sterilized by Constance Moore when she was anticipating her own daughter, Gina, now three years old. When Gina was too big for the cradle, it was loaned to the Herbert Marshalls for their daughter, and then loaned to the Lee Bowmans for their son. On the side of the cradle there is a large silver plaque, and the name of each user is engraved thereon.

**FEELING NO PAYNE:**

As you undoubtedly know, John Payne has been given his honorable discharge from the army. His first free-civilian act was to take his handsome young daughter, Julie, to Carmel (some three hundred miles north of Los Angeles) for a holiday. As John had neither car nor gas in the resort, he was traveling by taxi when it was necessary.

One night John and a group of friends were journeying around the celebrated 17-mile drive, John in front with the taxi driver. "You just out of the Army?" the driver wanted to know.

John said he was, and added, "How does it happen that you, since you are in uniform, are driving a taxi?"

"I'm on a three-day pass," the driver explained. "I always do this every chance I get. Now, about you: still got your clothes?"

John said he did have. Promptly the driver began to list the items and to quote prices. A brisk exchange took place, so that, before the drive was finished, the driver had made arrangements to purchase John's tailored khaki wardrobe. Even when John gave his name, it meant nothing to the merchant. As far as he was concerned, the character riding in the front seat was just a source of supply of goods that could be resold to fellow G.I.'s at a profit.
A LONE WOLF WITH Woman Trouble!

His business is taming bad men... but when two females—one bad, one good—lay siege to his heart... he finds that pretty faces can be the more dangerous!

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Produced by Robert Fellows • Directed by Edwin L. Marin
Screen Play by Michael Hogan and Paul F. Fix
To People whom want to write but can't get started

Do you have that constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the editor of Liberty said on this subject:

“There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the public scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling, Fannie, riches and the happiness of personal achievement await the new men and women of power.”

SELLS STORY AFTER 5 WEEKS OF TRAINING

“After the fifth writing assignment, one of my feature stories was published in the Pittsburgh Press. The Soda Fountain Magazine acquired a feature for me by the twelfth assignment I had a short story in the mail. Copy Carter, 4110 Seventh St., S.W., Washington, D.C.”

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MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

| 1. Byron •••• is in "Double Indemnity" |
| 2. "Explosive" in "Tropicana" |
| 3. "Tutone" in "Slightly Terrific" |
| 4. "Sasha" in "Days of Glory" |
| 5. On display in "Pin-Up Girl" |
| 6. "LING"’s wife in "Dragon Seed" |
| 7. Payment for money’s use (abbr.) |
| 8. Before |
| 9. Johnson, columnist, is in "Troccadero" |
| 10. "The •••• Gange" |
| 11. Golf term |
| 12. "Paddy" in "The Hairy Ape" |
| 13. "Arizona ••••" |
| 14. "This Land - - Mine" |
| 15. She sings in "Jam Session" |
| 16. Gladys George in "Minstrel Man" |
| 17. Bette Davis in "Watch on the Rhine" |
| 18. "••••-S for Me" |
| 19. "Connie" in "Top Man" |
| 20. On her mind |
| 21. Snakelike fish |
| 22. Pendleton |
| 23. "Nancy" in "And the Angels Sing" |
| 24. He is in "The Hour Before the Dawn (ints.)" |
| 25. "Col. Smallett II" is •••• role in "Since You Went Away" |
| 26. Regiment in the Turkish army |
| 27. Furtile |
| 28. Noun suffix denoting action |
| 29. Small heaters |
| 30. Interpreters |
| 31. Tap, Tap and -- are in "The Purple Heart" |

DOWN

| 1. Kathie" in "Tampico" |
| 2. "Rangoon" in "The Hairy Ape" |
| 3. "Pardon My •••••" |
| 4. Female ruff |
| 5. Author of "Dragon Seed" |
| 6. -- - Whelan |
| 7. "The -- Wolf" |
| 8. "Maine -- --" |
| 9. "Submarine ••••" |
| 10. "Check" in "Minstrel Man" |
| 11. "Marie Gruber" in "Make Your Bed" |
| 12. "Steve Lockard" in "Hail the Conquering Hero" |
| 13. Movie studio term |
| 14. "Col. Smallett II" is •••• role in "Since You Went Away" |
| 15. "Tuttle" in "Slightly Indecent" |
| 16. "Miss Burke" in "Take It or Leave It" |
| 17. "J. Boggs-Robinson" in "Your Own Bed" |
| 19. "Steve Lockard" in "Marriage is a Private Affair" |
| 20. "Marie Gruber" in "Make Your Own Bed" |
| 21. "Tuttle" in "Slightly Indecent" |
| 22. "Marie Gruber" in "Make Your Own Bed" |
| 23. "The Purple Heart" |

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"AND NOW Tomorrow"

with Susan Hayward • Barry Sullivan
Beulah Bondi • Cecil Kellaway • Directed by Irving Pichel
Screen Play by Frank Partos and Raymond Chandler
THE MOMENT she enters, all else stops; she wins eyes and hearts effortlessly, without seeking them . . . for she is varvacious! Varva’s perfumes “Follow Me” and “Nonchalant” are the subtle reasons she’s so very scary.

Varva extracts—$1 to $15
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• Face Powder, 6 guest puffs, $1
• Bubble Foam, $1
• Sachet, $1 and $1.75
• Talc, 55c (plus tax)

NONCHALANT (Your Secret Weapon)
The Devil-May-Care Perfume

FOLLOW ME (Salves Noi)
The Perfume That Leads and Lasts

DARK WATERS (United Artists) is a psychological drama dealing with dark and sinister plottings.

Leslie Calvin (Merle Oberon), one of the few survivors of a ship torpedoed which killed her mother and father, arrives in New Orleans and is escorted by Dr. George Grover (Franchot Tone) to the plantation home of her “aunt and uncle” (Fay Bainter and John Qualen).

The somberness of the surrounding bayou, and the strange manner of a “family friend”—a Mr. Sidney (Thomas Mitchell)—give Leslie a feeling of impending doom. And quite rightly, too, for thereafter begins a series of strange, unexplained happenings: lights going mysteriously on and off, and a voice calling her name. Already in a distraught condition, Leslie is easily convinced that she is going mad, and that the lights and voices are but the products of a mentally upset imagination.

So far so good, and all is going as the villains would have it.

Then Leslie calls Dr. Grover for help, whereupon they’re both captured and taken to the swamp: next step, murder!

And murder stories are better not advance-described beyond this point, so your reviewer will leave you to fill in the rest for yourself, when you see the picture. Our verdict is that you’ll be thrilled and chilled and go home thinking about this one long after you’ve seen it.

THE PRINCESS AND THE PIRATE (Goldwyn) A highly implausible fairy tale, of the zany comedy variety, with a gang of pirates at their swashbucklingest and replete with cutlasses, boots, knives—and Bob Hope.

You won’t believe a scene of it—but you’re not expected to—so just sit back and relax.

Bob plays a ham vaudeville actor of the seventeenth century, who flees England by popular demand. Virginia Mayo is the Beautiful Maiden, and what’s more she is beautiful! She, too, is taking quick leave of Britain, for reasons that have to do with her father’s not allowing her to marry the man of her choice.

Alas, their ship is scuttled by pirates, led by the ruthless Hook (Victor McLaglen). And from there on in the laughs come tumbling over themselves, as Hope tries to outwit the naughty pirate and protect the lovely maid.

Comes then the English navy to the rescue, the girl and her father are reunited, The Hook gets his just deserts, and Hope gets no dessert at all. This refers to the ending of the picture, which is laugh-delightful—and anybody who tells you about it before you see it should be made to walk the bloody plank.

IN THE MEANIME, DARLING (20th Century-Fox) A hotel so crowded with officers’ wives that everyone lives on a rigid eating, bathing, and sleeping schedule is hardly the ideal spot for a honeymoon. Especially if the bride is a wealthy young college girl (Jeanne Crain) and the boy, a young, about-to-be alerted lieutenant (Frank Lattimore).

This is not so much a drama of how a young couple adjust to one another as how they adjust to the abnormal conditions of wartime living. Jeanne, as the girl from the lap of luxury, does all the wrong things—such as using the bath at...
BOTH LIVING A SECRET...

EACH AFRAID TO TELL!

They came from different worlds, these two... living a lie... fearing their past! The screen's newest romantic pair... on the strangest holiday two people ever shared!

GINGER ROGERS
Challenging her "Kitty Foyle"

JOSEPH COTTEN
from his triumph in "Since You Went Away"

SHIRLEY TEMPLE
with grown-up glamour

"I'LL BE SEEING YOU"

Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE • PRODUCED BY DORE SCHARY
Screen Play by Marion Parsonnet
From a story by Charles Martin
A VANGUARD PRODUCTION - RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS
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FOR WESTMORE PERFECTION in a heavier cream-type base — Westmore (the largest-selling and original) Foundation Cream. Fifty cents, plus tax. At all good stores.

Ann Baxter star of "SUNDAY DINNER FOR A SOLDIER" a 20th Century-Fox Picture

BUD WESTMORE, who with his brothers, Wally and Perc, comprise the famous trio of Hollywood make-up artists, the Westmores, creators of Overglo and House of Westmore Cosmetics.

THAT'S MY BABY (Republic) Betty Moody (Ellen Drew) takes on the assignment of digging her father (Minor Watson) out of his deep well of being mad at the whole world and despondent. Desperate enough to try anything, Betty calls in Dr. Svatsky (Leonid Kinskey), famed but funny psychiatrist, whose prescription for the patient is—laughter.

In search of this medicine, Betty and her boyfriend (Richard Arlen) make a vaudeville-musical out of the picture by calling in a lot of magicians, musicians and gag men. They also go around tearing paper from night club walls, having learned from Betty's mother what they think is the right clue. And as the whole thing turns out, that is the right clue, and it's Mr. Moody's "baby" — the cartoon he'd drawn twenty years before.

It's all rather labored, as comedy film fare, but Ellen Drew and Richard Arlen do the best they can with the material at hand.

THE CLIMAX (Universal) is an old story ("The Phantom of the Opera") not in the least improved upon by this re-doing of it, except for the addition of sweet-voiced Susanna Foster.

The suspense, if any, is almost accidental and the thrills and chills it gives you will be to the credit of Boris Karloff, as the demented opera house physician, doing the best he can with a formula plot which drags heavily, with all its faults obviously exposed.

On the tenth anniversary of the mysterious disappearance of Mar-
cellina (June Vincent), greatest opera star of her day, Dr. Hohner thinks he hears the dead voice singing again. Actually, it's not Marcellina reappearing from the grave, but a pretty newcomer, named Angela (Susanna Foster), with a voice so like Marcellina's that the similarity is uncanny, even to the impresario who makes the discovery, gives Angela her chance, and arranges for her to sing Marcellina's old roles.

Dr. Hohner, resenting this intrusion on the memories he holds sacred, is determined to still the voice that's like his Marcellina's. The conflict then is true love (Turhan Bey's) versus the hypnotic powers of the doctor-villain, with "will Angela ever sing again" the question that's to be decided in "the climax."

Filmed in Technicolor, the picture is pretty in a sceneful sort of way—but stripped of its feathers and finery, it somehow comes out being as mild as a milkshake.

THE MASTER RACE (RKO), or so they call themselves, may not completely give up their ideas of world dominance when finally they lay down their arms on V-day. We are warned here that they plan to disseminate over Europe to sow their seeds of hatred and distrust. And truth or fiction, the idea commands "suppose it is true" consideration.

The story starts with Col. Von Beck lecturing a group of German officers on how to conceal their true identities, biding their time until Germany can again re-arm. Von Beck has himself shipped to a Nazi concentration camp in Kolar, a small Belgian village, and is subsequently liberated by the advancing Allied forces. When free, he goes about his fiendish plan to confuse and disunite the townsfolk. Kolar is fertile field for the colonel, and it is easy, indeed, for him to twist the issues in the minds of these battle-dazed and war-weary people.

But as it turns out, one of Von Beck's own soldiers gives the evidence that sends him before the firing squad.

A thought-provoking and interesting film, with especially capable and convincing performances by George Coulouris as Col. Von Beck, Osa Massen, Morris Carnovsky and Carl Esmond.
SAN DIEGO I LOVE YOU (Universal) is the story of school professor Philip McCooley (Edward Everett Horton), amateur inventor; his four small sons, and his lovely blonde daughter, Virginia (Louise Allbritton).

When father's latest invention, a self-inflating rubber life raft, brings an offer from the Caldwell firm to demonstrate in San Diego, it seems that at last opportunity is knocking on the door. But the sole support of five doesn't want to forfeit the security of his teaching job for a purely speculative proposition. Daughter Virginia, however, is more of the adventurous type, with the result that not many scenes later we find the whole family warming the seats of a San Diego hotel lobby.

And as if housing troubles were not enough to complicate the lives of our little family, another blow descends. John Coldwell (Jon Hall), owner of the firm, is not favorably disposed to Mr. McCooley's invention, since it was the McCooley menace who evicted him from his train compartment on their recent trip. All a mistake, of course, but not one conducive to everlasting friendship.

Eventually, though, love finds a way, and Mr. Hall and Miss Allbritton get together in many amusing scenes, such as the “Can't Take It With You” one in which she persuades a dead-pan bus driver (Buster Keaton) to drive the long way home, via the beach road, in the interests of beauty.

Amusing this one, all the way through.

BRAZIL (Republic) co-stars Tito Guizar and Virginia Bruce, and has Veloz and Yolanda introducing a new dance (akin to the Samba) which they call—that's right, the Brazil!

Miss Bruce, it should be explained for reasons of plot, is a writer. She has written a best-seller called “Why Marry a Latin?” then goes to Rio, meets Mr. Guizar, comes through a confusing mix-up involving an entirely imaginary twin brother (the same Guizar) and finally finds she can answer her own question.

All of which is good fun—plus the comedy of Edward Everett Horton, the songs of Ary Barroso (the celebrated Latin American composer), and a Rio de Janeiro carnival sequence.

DANGEROUS JOURNEY (released by 20th Century-Fox) is a feature film record of the Armand Denis-Leila Roosevelt expedition through Africa and Asia. Essentially a travelogue, it's not entirely without a message as such. On the contrary, the purpose, as explained, is to acquaint us with the lands and peoples the war has made familiar to our men in the services. And one suspects that the views shown—particularly as regards the representation of India—are not altogether objectively, impartially scenic. Picture propaganda, intentional or otherwise, should be judged and recognized for what it is—and we are by now much too familiar with the deceptive device not to recognize it.

MY PAL, WOLF (RKO) will remind you canine-lovers of the old Rin Tin Tin series, being a story about a dog and a little girl named Gretchen (Sharyn Moffett) who meet at the bottom of an old dry well and are fast, fine friends until the Army authorities do them separate.

The point is, you see, that Wolf is a runaway from a dog-training camp and has to be returned thereto. But Gretchen's visiting Washington to present her case to the Secretary of War is not entirely in vain, for she's given a police-puppy to stand in for Wolf while he's away to the wars.

THE BATTLE FOR THE MARIANAS (Warner Bros.) is a significant document of startlingly real shots taken during the heat of the battle to re-

(Continued on page 78)
A charming wife and mother who is in her "40's" (although she doesn't like to admit it) has lately found herself confronted with embarrassing symptoms due to the functional middle-age period peculiar to women (often designated as the menopause). What is she to do? This problem has bewildered many a woman!

In case you are annoyed by hot flashes and feel nervous, restless, irritable, highstrung, so tired, weak, and a bit moody at times—all due to this cause—why not try famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms?

For almost a century—Lydia Pinkham's Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands of grateful women—rich and poor alike—to go smiling thru such middle age distress.

Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such symptoms. It helps nature! Just see if you, too, don't remarkably benefit! Follow label directions. Worth trying!

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VEGETABLE COMPOUND
**Pageant Magazine**

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**SOLDIERS' MOTHERS DON'T CRY**

When the telegram came, a mother hid her tears in order to give hope to other mothers and sweethearts — a true, heartlifting story by the famous doctor-author, Frederic Loomis, M.D. In December Pageant Magazine.

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**BOB BENCHLEY AT HIS BEST**

After having said, "Thanks a million, toots!" to your hostess, you leave her apartment and bump into a stranger at the elevator — and then the fun begins, as Benchley tickles your ribs with one of the funniest yarns of his wisecracking career.

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**AN ORIENTAL HAREM IN AMERICA**

Read "Sultan's Favorite Vanishes" — one of the most astounding stories ever told — a still unsolved mystery of old New Orleans. A true story of murder and intrigue in the Creole city.

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**NEW HOPE FOR THE STERILE**

Babies are now possible for many a couple who thought their case incurable, as doctors learn more about sterility. Read this intimate, informative discussion in December Pageant Magazine.

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**PICTURES IN**

**AT 20TH CENTURY-FOX:**

**NOB HILL,** in Technicolor, with Joan Bennett, George Raft, Vivian Blaine and Peggy Ann Garner. Miss Bennett has been working on the picture with muscles stiffened by cleaning her basement, washing windows, and indulging in similar non-actressy activities. She couldn't get a man to do this work, so calmly did it herself. She's quite a gal. And note, too, that this casting puts George Raft on the 20th lot at the same time that Betty Grable is working here. Argus-eyed studio employees have, to date, been intensely disappointed by the fact that the ex-sweethearts haven't met in the commissary!

**HANGOVER SQUARE** has Laird Cregar, George Sanders, Linda Darnell and the inimitable Reginald Gardiner (wittiest man in Hollywood). Sanders is the author of a tome entitled "Crime On My Hands" which is now available at your local bookshop. George is currently using time between picture shots to work on another book. Remember when Somnambulistic George spent all his spare time sleeping?

**BILLY ROSE'S DIAMOND HORSESHOE** is the new Grable-Dick Haymes opus being shot in Technicolor. In the Acapulco number Betty wears so scanty a costume that she has been having luncheon exclusively in her dressing room, as she felt a trifle too gypsy-rose-lee to appear in public. Members of the armed forces please note, for future reference.

**WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE** is a comedy, in Technicolor, with Fred MacMurray (making his first appearance at 20th), Joan Leslie (making her first appearance on loanout from Warner's) and a pretty little 20th Century native called June Haver.

**CZARINA** is probably going to be this blase reviewer's favorite picture of the month for five reasons, to wit: Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter, William Eythe, and Vincent Price. Story has to do with the escapades of Russia's celebrated Catherine, and it is replete with the celebrated Lubitsch touches. In one delightful sequence Bill Eythe, as the bearded Dragoon, leaves his regiment as a lieutenant and returns twenty-four hours later, a colonel. Unfortunately, the title of the picture will probably be changed, because officials at 20th don't feel that the single tab "Czarina" conveys the full comedy content of the production. A one-hundred-dollar reward has been offered by the studio to any member thereof who submits a satisfactory title. So far "Affair of State," "The Empress Proposes," have been suggested seriously. Frivolous minded members of the department have offered, after viewing Bill Eythe's sparse chin wavers, the title "The Reluctant Dragoon." And what's wrong with the label, "The Reluctant Dragoon?"

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**AT REPUBLIC:**

**LAKE PLACID SERENADE,** with Vera Hruba Ralston, Brad Taylor, and bril-
**GRISLY'S MILLIONS**, with Paul Kelly and Virginia Grey.

**THE GREAT FLAMMARION**, with Erich von Stroheim, Mary Beth Hughes, and Dan Duryea (who did an excellent job in "Mrs. Parkington" as Edward Arnold's dissolve, caddish son, and who will win a supporting Oscar one of these days, if given the proper role).

**A SONG FOR JULIE**, which should be music in arabesques because of the presence of dancers Anton Dolin and Alicia Markova.

**AT UNITED ARTISTS:**

**SPELLBOUND**, with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck and John Emery.

**HIGH AMONG THE STARS**, with minced Jane Powell, saturnine Arthur Treacher, and lovable Louise Beavers.

**HOLD AUTUMN IN YOUR HAND**, the story of Texas farmers and their struggles to elicit production from 60 acres of river bottom land, has Zachary Scott and Betty Field in the lead with deadpan Percy Kilbride likely to catch them in the stretch.

**IT'S IN THE BAG** is also in the gag—courtesy of Fred Allen, Binnie Barnes, and John Carradine, a recent bridegroom who liked his wife so well that he married her twice in succession.

**AT UNIVERSAL:**

**SALOME, WHERE SHE DANCED** introduces the spectacular Canadian girl, Yvonne De Carlo, who was selected because she sang, she was an accomplished ballet dancer, and she could ride horseback. The picture is being shot in Technicolor, and Salome in the title has reference primarily to a small western town by that name.

**FAIRY TALE MURDER** is Gloria Jean's current picture; story deals with a girl who has been vigorously sheltered from knowledge of the world outside her home by an uncle, John Qualen. Her introduction to the wickedness of portions of mankind is by way of murder, drastic but dramatic. Romantic lead was won by a newcomer with the impressive label Keefe Brasselle.

**THE SUSPECT** is another psychological murder chiller, directed by the man who gave you "The Phantom Lady"—Robert Siodmak. Cast includes Charles Laughton, Ella Raines, Dean Jarens, and Henry Daniell.

**AT WARNERS:**

**OF HUMAN BONDAGE** is still in production, with Paul Henreid, Eleanor Parker, Alexis Smith, Patric Knowles and Edmund Gwenn.

**PILLAR TO POST**, with Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet, and William Prince, also introduces 64" Johnny Mitchell, who is a frightful problem to the hairdressers. While working in a wind scene, the director asked the hairdresser why better care was not taken of the Mitchell hair, which was

(Continued on page 23)

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**DuBarry SUCCESS COURSE**

**ANN DELAFIELD, Directing**

"Every new mother will know what I mean!"

"I worried about the weight I put on after the baby came. Then I discovered a practical way to regain my slender figure," says Mrs. Lois Cameron of Chicago, Ill.

Be Yourself at Your Best!

Yes, every mother knows what Lois Cameron means. For added weight "after the baby comes" only makes you tired at the very time you want to feel your best. Thousands of mothers have found the DuBarry Success Course a simple, practical way to lose unwanted pounds, gain vital energy, improve skin and hair, and look and feel like a new person. More than 150,000 women and girls have followed this plan in making the most of themselves. Through the Success Course you learn to use at home the same methods taught by Ann Delafield in her classes at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

When this Course has meant so much to so many—at home, in school, in business, in war work—why not use the coupon to find out what it can do for you?

---

**Richard Hudnut Salon, Dept. SM-54, 603 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.**

Please send me the booklet telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.

Name________________________

Street________________________

City__________________________

Zone No.______________________

State________________________

(Continued on page 23)
**FRANCES GIFFORD’S Horoscope**

**DREAMS** began to come true for this unusually gifted young star this year, largely because she has learned to adapt herself to situations as well as to people.

At birth, her Sun in the fiery, idealistic sign Sagittarius and her Moon in the feminine, emotional sign Cancer indicated high nervous tension with an extremely receptive mentality, since Mercury, the Planet of Mind, is in close conjunction to her Sun and in favorable position to Neptune, the Planet of Intuition.

Born with a deep respect for education, she has never neglected to learn. There are several indications that, with understanding cooperation or the right partnership, she will sooner or later surprise us with some very interesting literary contributions of her own.

Hers is a calm and penetrating view of living, although because she is sometimes living "on edge" there are swift reactions and short-lived anger. Her enthusiasm and alertness are unflagging; she feels everything, be it joy or sorrow, and conceals a most mental attitude to outward appearance alone; whatever of it she will accept is that which is due to her (Continued on page 89)

**THIS** should have been an outstanding year of personal achievement for those people born under the sign Sagittarius, bringing an entirely new understanding of themselves and of living, through new and unusual contacts with interesting people and unexpected situations.

It was far from smooth going all the way, and many a hurdle has been almost too high to take. But you have certainly developed the ability to be quiet and wait instead of giving in to your usually impetuous temperament. If you have been entirely honest with the other fellow, you have gained greatly. If not, even with the best of advice, your losses have proved that honesty in everything is the only course a Sagittarian may safely follow.

Things moved slowly until August, when many a hurdle has been almost too high to take. But you have certainly developed the ability to be quiet and wait instead of giving in to your usually impetuous temperament. If you have been entirely honest with the other fellow, you have gained greatly. If not, even with the best of advice, your losses have proved that honesty in everything is the only course a Sagittarian may safely follow.

For those born between Nov. 24 and Dec. 23...
fluttering in the breeze in a manner contrary to the tradition of leading men. "Because," sighed the exhausted hairdresser, 5'2" tall, "I can't reach his head without cooperation and he won't bend down to have his hair combed because he says it's silly. That in a wind storm he would be messed up."

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT, with Dennis Morgan, Raymond Massey, Dane Clark, and John Ridgely, whom you remember as the pilot in "Air Force."

NOBODY LIVES FOREVER is being directed by Jean Negulesco, who turned in a brilliant directorial job under the title "Mask of Dimitrios." His stars in this one are John Garfield, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Walter Brennan, Faye Emerson and Ruth Donnelly.

SAN ANTONIO stars Errol Flynn and Alexis Smith. Alexis and Craig Stevens recently moved into a new apartment which they thought needed to be redecorated. They consulted the manager, who suggested that they get in touch with the apartment owner. Alexis telephoned the number given and had begun her explanation when the deep voice of the apartment owner asked, "What did you say your name was?"

"Alexis Smith—or Alexis Stevens, I should say."

The voice laughed. "This is Fred MacMurray," he said.

AT COLUMBIA:

TOGETHER AGAIN, a frothy comedy with Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, Charles Coburn (who must have a pogo stick to get from picture to picture so fast), and Elizabeth Patterson.

SONG OF TAHITI, with Jinx Falkenburg and Dave O'Brien.

COUNTER ATTACK, with Paul Muni and Margaret Chapman.

SING ME A SONG OF TEXAS, with Pinky Tomlin, Rosemary Lane, Guinn Williams and the Hoosier Hot Shots. This is one more indication that Hollywood has discovered Texas, as pictures with Lone Star locales are now being produced by Columbia, United Artists, and Warners.

EADIE WAS A LADY is keeping Ann Miller, Jeff Donnell (a girl), and Hal McIntyre's band busy.

AT MGM:

SONG OF LASSIE, with Peter Lawford, Nigel Bruce, Donald Crisp, June Lockhart and Lassie, is still in the making.

THE CLOCK is taking up the time of Judy Garland, Robert Walker, and Hume Cronyn.

THRILL OF A ROMANCE is running down the spines of Van Johnson (who is going to become a godfather in December, when the second Keenan Wynn child is born), Esther Williams, Lurrtritz Melchior, Spring Byington, Frances Gifford (who is a regular Friday nighter at the Hollywood Canteen) and Tommy Dorsey.

You can order this romantic Hollywood fashion by mail and be assured of perfect fit and satisfaction.
Five assorted lipstick shades plus cake make-up. Don Juan gift set. $1.50.

This cut-glass decanter is filled with fragrant Old South bubble bath. $1.50.

A handsome fitted case of DuBarry creams, cosmetics and lotions. $7.50.

Evening in Paris rouge, powder, lipstick, talc, perfume by Bourjois. $5.50.

Chen Yu's smart Cruise kit holds all the essentials for a good manicure. $3.50.

Hampden's Matched Make-Up Kit. Face fixings, gaily boxed. 50c.

Vorvo's "Nonchalant" angel encloses perfume and a bar of talc. $1.65.

Max Factor's lavish Hollywood Color Harmony Make-up ensemble. $4.55.

All prices subject to 20% Federal tax.
No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Does your hair look dull, slightly mousy?

Maybe it’s just because you’re washing it with soap or soap shampoos . . . letting soap film hide the glorious natural lustre and color brilliance. Change to Drene with Hair Conditioner. Drene never leaves any dulling film. That’s why it reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap shampoo!

Does your hair-do require constant fiddling?

Men don’t like this business of running a comb through your hair in public! Fix your hair so it stays put! And remember Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair wonderfully easy to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Sssssshhhhh!
But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing flaky dandruff the very first time you use it!

Drene Shampoo
with Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Youth dines and dances in a street length dress like this lovely little number with its charming Mexican neckline. The stunning plastic combs add after-dark glamour to the simple but lovely hair-do. Credit for the extra lustre and shining smoothness of her hair belongs to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner!

Make a Date with Glamour

Tonight . . . don’t put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of beauty benefits that only this wonderful improved shampoo can give! Extra lustre . . . up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoo! Manageable hair . . . easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! Complete removal of flaky dandruff! Ask for Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner.
NEVER BEFORE HAS THE SCREEN SO DARINGLY UNLOCKED
THE SECRET SANCTUARY OF A MAN'S HEART!

20th CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS
A. J. CRONIN'S
THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM

with GREGORY PECK • THOMAS MITCHELL • VINCENT PRICE • ROSA STRADNER
RODDY McDOWALL • EDMUND GWENN • SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
PEGGY ANN GARNER • JANE BALL • JAMES GLEASON • ANNE REVERE,
RUTH NELSON • BENSON FONG • LEONARD STRONG

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL • Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ,
Screen Play by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and Nunnally Johnson

FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX... The Company that made "WILSON"
THE PICTORIAL LIFE STORY
OF
Anne Baxter
1. Born in Michigan City, Ind., May 7, 1923, Anne began her drama career at the age of 5.
2. She started studying dramatics at 7; made her stage debut at 13 in "Seen But Not Heard."
3. Next came Broadway, experience in summer stock, and then in February, 1940—Hollywood!
4. She has since made 10 pictures. Lives with her mother, in a Beverly Hills apartment.
5. Her hobby is food. She collects recipes that are rare, likes eating in unusual places.
6. Granddaughter of Frank Lloyd Wright, she is 5' 3"; weighs 111 lbs., wears a size 5½ shoe.
7. Bill Eythe was her "Eve of St. Mark" boyfriend—in real life, too, for the last year.
8. She’s just made "Sunday Dinner" and is seriously doting the "Soldier," John Hodiak.
9. Producer Hunt Stromberg borrowed her from 20th Century for "Guest in the House."
This is Myself - Van Johnson

Breakfast with the Wynns; a bit of unrationed "ham."

"Two Girls and a Sailor," washing their tea dishes.

A collector of records, classical music preferred.

In Florida while making "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo."
I LIKE:
Saturday nights, lobster dinners, navy blue, any Garbo picture, tennis, Chopin’s Waltz in C-sharp minor.

I HATE:
Telephones. I never remember to call back. I’m always saying: “I really must call So-and-so; he’s in town and he was swell to me in New York,” or “I ought to call Mary and tell her how good she was in that last picture. I’ll give her a ring tonight.”—and I never do. I hate telephones.

MY FIRST AMBITION
Was to grow up. I wanted to make my own living, not be dependent, have things my own way. Now that I’m grown up, I often wish I were little again... Anyway—

I’D LIKE TO LIVE OVER
Those Saturdays my father used to take me to the seashore. We’d go to the beach at Newport, Rhode Island, taking the trolley. We’d go in swimming, eat (Continued on page 64)
Ann Sheridan... A MISS ON A MISSION

"She's a super duper
This G.I. trouper . . ."
So say the men in the forces

By JOE GOOTER

A MODERN Aladdin bearing gifts of entertainment, Ann Sheridan soared off to distant lands on a magic carpet (C-46 version) to write a wondrous saga for eight weeks. No magic lamp was rubbed to make it come true—just a green light given her by the USO.

A USO Camp Show entertainment trip to the CBI Theater. Take it from Annie, the CBI Theater is not a new radio network! Those magic initials stand for China-Burma-India, and represent a lot of sweating, sacrificing, homesick American heroes in uniform, many of whom have been in service two years and longer, and this was their first show.

With Ann on the tour went Ben Blue, movie comedian; Jackie Miles, Broadway funmaker; Mary Landa, dancer; and Ruth Denas, accordionist-singer. Actually theirs was not the first unit assigned to the CBI Theater, but only two troupes had been there before them—Joe E. Brown's outfit and the show headed by Paulette Goddard—and don't forget, there's a lot of territory to be covered. No one troupe could possibly get to all those difficult-to-reach and far-flung places, some of which are hardly more than unidentified dots on a war map.

After traveling 60,000 miles, playing in Casablanca (from the picture of the same name), Oran, Algiers, Cairo, two weeks in India, flying over The Hump (the Himalayas) into China, and from there to the Burma jungles, Ann arrived back in New York on September 6, flashing the famous Sheridan smile, and saying, "Gee, it was swell. Only getting back after a trip like ours isn't the big thrill that it might be, because you wish your own homecoming could be shared by all those men overseas."

Not a word of complaint about the rigors of traveling minus civilization's comforts—only this: "It's good to be back where there are toilets that flush!"

And apologies for the rainstorm which greeted her arrival back in the States drew the Sheridan light touch of dismissal: "Oh, this couldn't bother me. Not after the weather I've seen!"

In (Continued on page 63)
Janie’s name is Joyce

She’s Joyce Reynolds, college co-ed who took a career instead

BY MARION COOPER

JOYCE REYNOLDS came to Movietown from Texas, but not for the usual reason. She came, if you please, for a college education!

Although she’s just nineteen, Joyce is one of the most level-headed, poised young women in Hollywood. She’s been here three years, and she has yet to attend her first Hollywood party. She’s heiress to a sizeable tract of land deep in the heart of you-know-where.

But shouldn’t we start at the beginning?

The beginning was in San Antonio, where she was born Helen Joyce Reynolds. From all accounts she was anything but the little angel you’d naturally, ex-
It might be a scene from her current movie, "Hollywood Canteen."
But no—these are GI Joes who met Joyce at Mitchel Field.

Highlight of her recent N. Y. trip was a visit to LaGuardia.
And the wings she wears? They were given to her by a Marine.

The "Junior Miss," and cast for the role of the same name.
Born in Texas, and she hopes to own a ranch there someday.

Joyce is an "outdoor girl" in the real sense, not just for the benefit of the studio photographer. She also fishes and hunts.
Janie's name is Joyce

A little devil in school, always talking and disrupting the class, Joyce thinks it was her memory of how she made her own teachers suffer that discouraged any ambitions she might have had for teaching as her own career.

Her mother wanted her to work toward a degree for teaching when she enrolled at U.C.L.A., but Joyce would have none of it. And when Miss Reynolds makes up her mind, you might as well know, it stays that way! "No," she told her mother, "that's out. That's settled. Let's not talk about it."

She majored in dramatics instead.

Which proved to be a wise choice, because she was discovered by a Warner Brothers talent scout while playing Alice in a school production of "Alice in Wonderland."

It was only after she was tested, and offered a contract, that Joyce suddenly discovered she had a yen for the movies. And then that little maker-up-of-minds made up her mind once more.

"I'll give an acting career three years," she decided. "Then if nothing very special happens, I'll go back to college."

Of course plenty did happen, as you know—"Yankee Doodle Dandy," "George Washington Slept Here," "The Constant Nymph," and "Janie." (And she's been under contract only two years.) As if that weren't enough, she'll play "Junior Miss" very soon.

Joyce likes to tell how she got the part of Paula in "The Constant Nymph," her first important role. She was assisting another young actress who was testing for the part of Toni in the same picture, when Director Edmund Goulding decided he'd like to test Joyce, right then and there.

"There was no time to study the part," she says, "so Mr. Goulding told me just to go ahead and talk about anything. I said the only thing I could think of:
‘I’m testing for Paula in ‘The Constant Nymph.’

“The funny part was, I wasn’t the least bit nervous. I guess the honest truth is I knew so little about acting then that I just didn’t know enough to be nervous.”

But getting the plum role of Janie was quite a different story. She made test after test for it, and so did a number of other promising young actresses. The only reason Joyce wasn’t nervous then was because she was positive she hadn’t a chance in the world of ever winning the part.

If there’s one thing that makes her nervous, however, it’s having to make a personal appearance—especially since something that happened on her last visit to Texas.

“I made an appearance at a Canteen,” Joyce said, “and when I stood up to face the boys I got the jitters. For a minute I couldn’t think of a thing to say. Then I had an inspiration. I beamed on them and said: ’Hello, all you wonderful Texas people. I’m so happy to be back with my own home folks.’

“Every face froze,” Joyce said. “I could feel the chill, and I stopped dead. I couldn’t understand it at first, and then suddenly light dawned. Not one of the boys was a Texan. They were just stationed there!”

Joyce has better luck with her own service man, who is a Texan. He’s First Lieutenant Robert F. Lewis, a Marine flier in the South Pacific.

Bob is from Houston, where Joyce did the major part of her growing-up—but oddly enough they didn’t meet until a year ago, when Bob was stationed in Southern California.

“Bob’s cousin is one of my best friends,” Joyce explains, “and when she came out here to visit her Marine husband, she brought him and Bob over one evening. We went out on a double date, just four Texans seeing the town. As a matter of fact, I made my first visit to the Mocambo with them that night.

“Bob and I didn’t pay much attention to each other that first evening—or even on our second double date, a week later. It took a month for us to fall in love.”

Now Joyce and Bob—who is six-feet-two, with blond wavy hair, and just one year older than she is—are “unofficially” engaged.

They haven’t seen each other since January, when he went overseas, but Bob has taken good care that Joyce won’t forget him. (“As if I could!” Joyce will tell you.) Before he left he placed a standing order with a local florist. Every month a large bouquet of roses arrives with his card.

It will be time enough to think about marriage, Joyce feels, when the war is over. She’s reconciled, meanwhile, to their separation. “It’s always been like that,” she says wistfully. “All my romances leave town. Either the Army takes them away, or they go back to school.”

Always before, she took that matter-of-factly. She makes no bones about it’s being different this time. This time she’s positive it’s the real thing, not just “puppy love.”

But while she’s waiting she concentrates on career. Joyce loves her work. To her the studio spells excitement, and she never becomes bored. Even after two years as an actress, she finds Hollywood glamorous. “Something’s always happening,” she says. “New people to meet, or new parts coming up. It never gets dull.”

She’s still wide-eyed at meeting celebrities, still very much a fan. As a matter of fact, she spends much of her free time at the movies. Whether a picture is good, bad or indifferent, you never have any trouble persuading Joyce to sit through a four-hour (Continued on page 82)
I AM HITLER . . .

If you want to interview Adolf Hitler you don’t go to Berlin, to Munich or to Berchtesgaden. You go to Hollywood.

Right up in the hills back of Hollywood on a street called Whitley Drive. In the rear of one of the houses you’ll find an auto trailer, and inside will be Adolf Hitler.

At least a lot of people thought it was Adolf Hitler for quite some time, and phoned anonymous tips to the FBI, the Sheriff’s office and the county cops—which all caused Robert Watson no end of trouble.

“Finally,” said Watson, “I just kept out of sight. Small boys were throwing rocks at me, my friends yelled ‘Heil, Hitler!’ while giving the Nazi salute, and total strangers threatened to punch me right in the nose or commit other bodily harm.”

Robert Watson not only looks like Adolf Hitler, but is of the same size and build and can, when necessary, duplicate Der Fueh-
in Hollywood

You think we're kidding? So did the FBI! But a lot of people believed their own eyes, and this is what those people believed.

By WILLARD SHAW

—The Hitler Gang”, photographed in a New York hotel lobby! (What a riot that must have caused!)
CUSTOMERS in the quiet Sunset Boulevard tearoom could scarcely eat their luncheon. For there at a table in a corner sat Franchot Tone, wearing a coat with a torn sleeve, his clothes wrinkled as if they'd been drenched and had dried on him, his hair on end, and two black eyes!

You know Franchot. He's the high-silk-hat, suave sophisticate, immaculately groomed from the top of his dark head to the heel of his shining shoes. The tearoom buzzed with speculation.

The object of curiosity read a book and ate his leisurely way through a vegetable plate. Apparently he didn't feel the eyes upon him. When he'd finished, he went out with his usual detached air, and the buzzing became louder.

It just goes to show you how convincing skillful make-up can be!

Franchot was working in the swamp sequence of "Dark Waters," Ben Bogeau's production, in which the actor and Merle Oberon are in and out of water for days and are badly beaten by a band of ruffians. The black eyes were temporarily applied for that purpose.

And that's a sample of what Hollywood doesn't know about Franchot. He's been in (Continued on page 74)
Dear Miss Granville:

This is a personal as well as family problem. You see, although I am only fifteen, I know my life's ambition is to become an actor. I have acted in many school plays and want to go to dramatic school when I graduate from high school. But my father thinks it is all ridiculous, and that I should go to college instead. Also, we are devoutly religious, and he says no one can lead a religious life in Hollywood as an actor. Is this true?

Sincerely Yours,
Leon

Dear Bonita:

In my outfit there are a 'lot of us soldiers who have just returned to the front from furloughs home, and who have found out a very unhappy truth. Our girl friends are no more. In short, they have given us up for a bunch of civilians and camp commandos who are on the spot to press their case, and that lets us out just beautifully.

I know there isn't anything you can do about this problem, but we just thought we would like to know your opinions on the subject.

Unhappily,
John T.

Dear John:

Needless to say, this is a problem that worries me very much. I have tried to overcome it by following the smallest natural line of the eyes. The fact is not very much I can say that will do any good. However, it seems to me that the really nice girls, even though they are under a difficult and confusing emotional strain these days, will not stray off the path they have chosen to follow with you boys. Never forget there are many of these girls waiting for you to come home—maybe not the same one you are thinking about now—but nice girls will be here for you when you get back. Also, don't let your emotions run away with you. There is a certain enchantment about letters that often tends to cause one to take too much for granted.

In the long run, John, try and diminish the size of your lips with your local U.S.O., for they, too, are particular in choosing the young girls who act as hostesses. Remember that there are many young girls today who are looking for nice young men; it is just a matter of not becoming impatient. I admire your attitude in this matter, and do believe you will one day find the right girl.

Sincerely,
John T.

Dear Betty:

I am in the Marines and located near a large city, and during my free time I want to try and meet some nice, decent girls to spend my leaves with. But that is really a problem for us fellows, because we would really like to meet girls like the ones we left back in our home towns, but they just don't seem to be available around here.

Can you suggest any way I can meet such nice girls?

Sincerely,
James

YOUR PROBLEM AND MINE

by Paula Granville

Dear Miss Granville:

She is a personal as well as family problem. You see, although I am only fourteen, I know my life's ambition is to become an actor. I have acted in many school plays and want to go to dramatic school when I graduate from high school. But my father thinks it is all ridiculous, and that I should go to college instead. Also, we are devoutly religious, and he says no one can lead a religious life in Hollywood as an actor. Is this true?

Sincerely Yours,
Leon

Dear Leon:

First of all, are you sure you really possess the necessary ambition and talent to become an actor after intensive study and experience, or are you merely enthralled with the idea, as many young people today become? In any event, a college education would only help you become a better actor as well as a better person. It can never hinder your career.

As far as religion is concerned, perhaps you can point out to your father that religion plays a very important part in the lives of most actors and actresses in Hollywood, as well as in New York. I know this to be a fact.

Sincerely,
Leon

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Leon

Dear Leon:

First of all, are you sure you really possess the necessary ambition and talent to become an actor after intensive study and experience, or are you merely enthralled with the idea, as many young people today become? In any event, a college education would only help you become a better actor as well as a better person. It can never hinder your career.

As far as religion is concerned, perhaps you can point out to your father that religion plays a very important part in the lives of most actors and actresses in Hollywood, as well as in New York. I know this to be a fact.

Sincerely,
Leon

Dear Bonita:

In my outfit there are a lot of us soldiers who have just returned to the front from furloughs home, and who have found out a very unhappy truth. Our girl friends are no more. In short, they have given us up for a bunch of civilians and camp commandos who are on the spot to press their case, and that lets us out just beautifully.

I know there isn't anything you can do about this problem, but we just thought we would like to know your opinions on the subject.

Unhappily,
John T.

Dear John:

Needless to say, this is a problem that worries me very much. I have tried to overcome it by following the smallest natural line of the eyes. The fact is not very much I can say that will do any good. However, it seems to me that the really nice girls, even though they are under a difficult and confusing emotional strain these days, will not stray off the path they have chosen to follow with you boys. Never forget there are many of these girls waiting for you to come home—maybe not the same one you are thinking about now—but nice girls will be here for you when you get back. Also, don't let your emotions run away with you. There is a certain enchantment about letters that often tends to cause one to take too much for granted.

In the long run, John, try and diminish the size of your lips with your local U.S.O., for they, too, are particular in choosing the young girls who act as hostesses. Remember that there are many young girls today who are looking for nice young men; it is just a matter of not becoming impatient. I admire your attitude in this matter, and do believe you will one day find the right girl.

Sincerely,
John T.
Man about Home

Photo-visiting Walter Pidgeon—candidate for movieland's domesticated hero award, being the perennial "screen husband."

MARRIED to Ruth Walker, a non-professional (his first wife died when their daughter, Edna, was born; he remarried in 1931), Walter Pidgeon lives on a quiet, tree-shaded street in Beverly Hills. His home is a haven for leisure time hours, and gives that impression—of being a place that's lived in and enjoyed. Books that look read, fireplaces that are invitingly cozy; every room decorated and arranged in comfortable good taste.

Born in St. John, New Brunswick, "Pidge" is 6'3", got his first break in show business when Elsie Janis needed a singing partner, followed with a series of Broadway musicals. He refuses singing pictures now but still vocalizes at home.

His special hobbies: Backgammon (played here with Rupert Lucas, CBS producer and personal friend) and the arts. He's an authority and a collector; has many rare paintings in his home.

His being "the man who smokes a pipe" has been much exaggerated, Pidgeon says, though he admits having two favorite pastimes—pipe-smoking and gardening—and feels that the two go naturally together, somehow.
One of the most popular men's men in Hollywood, he's still an adventurer at heart. Has a yen to sail a boat to distant ports, post-war.

Going over a radio script (Pidgeon frequently appears as a guest star on CBS shows), with this pretty red-headed secretary to take notes on corrections he wants made. On contract to MGM, his current picture is "Mrs. Parkington", with Greer Garson.

Oranges right in his own back yard! A profusion of flowers, too, in Pidgeon's Beverly Hills garden. He had snapdragons last season soaring seven feet high. Seems like a tall tale, but it's a fact!

The charm of these Spanish-style homes is that every ground-floor room opens out of doors, either onto a garden or a tiled patio. Pidgeon is a sun-worshiper, which is one reason he deserted Broadway for Hollywood.
BEFORE the war, famed Paris couturiers were acknowledging the importance of Hollywood as a style-setting center gaining prominence in the fashion world—because Hollywood had Irene. And Irene was attracting many of the international set clientele who'd formerly made Paris their shopping center.

Today, Irene devotes her attention exclusively to costuming motion picture stars—Lana Turner, Greer Garson, Hedy Lamarr, Irene Dunne, Marlene Dietrich, Laraine Day and other "big names" on the M-G-M lot. The contract she signed in July of 1942 gives her complete authority for the costuming of a picture; she designs wardrobes for the entire cast, from stars down to the most (Continued on page 86)
Every Hollywood career is hitched to the dream of one day being a star. The wish is the same in every case, yet the ends are quite as varied as the means.

DIRECTOR Sam Wood tried to discourage his daughter from wanting to be an actress. If K. T. Stevens is a star, he'll claim no credit.

Carlos Ramirez, Gloria de Haven and John Hodiak, during a CBS radio show. Gloria's star aim is Broadway.
Leslie Brooks (Col.) wants to be financially able to "angel" her very own flower shop.

Dolores Moran ("To Have Or Have Not") has some very definite notions about what it would be like to be a star. She knows exactly what she wants, and that includes everything but a plush swimming pool!

John Garfield could give Bob Hutton tips about Hollywood; he's been there longer.
SOB STORIES are written about underprivileged boys who, lacking education and advantages, get into the big money through various shenanigans and proceed to step from there into trouble.

Eddie Bracken might have fitted into that pattern. You know Eddie—he’s that crazy kid who’s currently slaying his public in “Hail, the Conquering Hero.”

Eddie was born at Astoria, Long Island, to parents who had to count every penny. Two older brothers crowded the cramped family quarters when he arrived, and the problem of feeding five seemed all but impossible of solution. The Brackens got along just “somehow.”

At three, Eddie was an altar boy. He wasn’t beautiful but his impudent little face, twinkling eyes and beaming smile arrested attention, especially when coupled with his high soprano.

He was a knockout in his first amateur play. One Jack Noble, seeing him, persuaded the Brackens to let him take the four-year-old to the coast to appear in the first Our Gang comedy.

This was in the days of Sunshine Sammy, before Joe Cobb and Farina took over. Eddie was a miniature gangster for three months, before returning to New York to join an outfit called Kiddie Troupers.

Nobody seems to know how (Continued on page 83)
She keeps everybody guessing, does Missy Veronica—whose evenings out lately have been regularly but still not exclusively with Director Andre de Toth.

Cute kid cut-ups! Bob Walker (his next is "The Clock" for MGM, with Judy Garland) and Peter Lawford, who's London-born, 21, and in "Dorian Gray."
Currently "a thing"—though who's to say it will last—is the Bey-Turner steady dating.

At a CBS rehearsal: Dennis O'Keefe, the Jinx, Marjorie Reynolds, Mischa Auer.

At the Stork just before he left to go overseas, Bing with movie stylist Anita Colby.

Jeanne Crain on a Ciro's date. With Errol Flynn? No, Paul Brinkman, his double!

Al Bloomingdale is said to be getting serious about Betty Newling—here, it's Deanna.
words of music

By JILL WARREN

1 Axel Stordahl, Frank Sinatra and Eileen Barton learn about items of G. I. Wardrobe from a couple of the boys at Camp Hoon, Calif. The Voice did one of his Vimmers broadcasts from the desert base.

2 You may think it's a dental ad, but no—it's Stan Kenton and Jill, making with the big smiles at the Aragon Ballroom in Santa Monica, Calif. Stan is scheduled for an engagement soon at the Palladium.

3 Staff Sgt. R. E. Payne of Marion, Iowa, and T/Sgt. Gerald Hanschild of McCullough, same state, show Spike Jones how high the "corn" grows back where they come from. The pic was taken "somewhere in France."

4 Ava Gardner ("Maisie Goes to Reno") and Artie Shaw, on eyetem one evening at Hollywood's Clover Club. Since his divorce, Shaw has been going with glamour. Ramsay Ames is also being "seen with."
SALUTATIONS, Customers! I've been the busy kid this month, packing my pitch pipe, musical note¬books and other trivia, preparatory to hopping the choo-choo for New York. “Words of Music” will be coming at you from the Big Town for a while, but don’t think I’m forsaking Hollywood completely. My spies are going to keep me informed on all the studio low-down and the Vine Street gossip.

Well, let’s see now, there was one more thing. Oh yes, the column for this month. And we have big business at hand, so here goes:

Firmly believing that you lads and lassies who follow my clambake every month are very hep characters and that you really know what’s solid, I thought it would be a swell idea if we had our own musical popularity contest and let MOVIELAND readers pick their favorites. So Abracadabra—here it is: “MOVIELAND’S MUSICAL POPULARITY POLL OF 1944.”

There are five divisions: SWING BAND, SWEET BAND, CORN BAND, GIRL SINGER AND MALE SINGER. You all have your special pets, so now is your chance to speak up. Flip to page 72 for the rules and what to do, clip the coupon and mail away!

HOLLYWOOD CHIT-CHAT:

Frank Sinatra and Tommy Dorsey have patched up their feud of long standing. Although they are not bosom pals yet, they at least talk and shake hands when they meet, which is an (Continued on page 72)
Lauren Bacall

She gave herself ten years to become a star.

"In ten years," sixteen-year-old Miss Bacall observed to her mirror, "you'll either get somewhere, or you'll get OUT!"

Even at sixteen she was a girl who knew what she wanted, so it's not surprising that she's creating a flurry in Hollywood before her twentieth birthday. When "To Have And Have Not," in which she makes her screen debut, was sneak-previewed, the audience reacted with excited whispers: "Who is she?" "What's her name?" "Where'd she come from?" More important: producers threw up figurative hats, drew up new contracts, and began sending wires demanding a speed-up campaign for the "greatest discovery since Greta Garbo."

Lauren has the sort of face you can't forget. It's not classically beautiful but it's extremely photogenic. Her hair is a combination of ash, pale gold, light brown, plus a strand or so of chestnut. She won't have it bleached. Her eyebrows are darker, with an odd crook in them which she refuses to have changed. Her teeth are slightly irregular, and she intends to leave them that way.

"I want to be ME!" she declared. "This is the way I look!"

Her eyes are long and gray-green with untouched-up lashes; her mouth is well-shaped, generous and expressive; she has acquired a creamy tan.

Oh, what's the use? In the course of five minutes she bewilder you as to which is the real "ME." Is she the straight-forward, honest young American girl? Is she the woman of mystery? Is she the coltish schoolgirl, all long slim legs, slender arms and blowing hair? Or the graceful, poised, ageless creature who knows all the answers?

Ever since Lauren can remember, her mother has worked. Because she wasn't on hand to make decisions for her daughter, she encouraged her child to make them for herself.

Lauren can't remember when she didn't want to act. As a child (she was Betty Bacall then—"Lauren" is a family name adopted with her screen career) Bette Davis was her idol. She saw every Bette Davis film, planned to see her in person some day, to be like her.

"I don't want to be another Bette," she points out, however. "We're not the same type, and I'm not 'another' anybody. But I want to be as good as Miss Davis, if I can."

A native of New York City, Lauren attended private schools, graduating from Julia Richman High School at the age of fifteen. She dreamed of enrolling at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in her home town, but that, she supposed, (Continued on page 66)
"Who, me?" asks the lady fair. Kibitzing Ish Kabibble's proposal are Wally Pierce, Mrs. "Ish," Marv Lou Dix, and Betty Kern.

Action speaks louder than words, believes Lionel Barrymore, explaining this by-hand application of his Happy Birthday greeting.

Buster Keaton minds his manners—yes, wherever! But was he a bathing beauty, or just a bather? He refused to say.
Lucille Ball celebrated her birthday (we won’t mention numbers), and the completion of her role in “Ziegfeld Follies,” with a Gay Nineties swimming party. The guests all came in suits strictly suitable, as you can see—all save Charlie Ruggles. (Who claimed he was too bashful!)

The fun lasted all day—with swimming (in these outfits? But why not!) and dancing, and then at midnight, a barbecue.

About the MGM “Follies,” though—it’s that musical without a story, but with so many “names” in the cast that the list reads like a Hollywood Who’s Who! Lucille does a number called “Meet the Ladies,” with Fred Astaire, and another, “Glorifying the American Girl,” with a song ensemble.

Add note about that last item: George Petty, ranking as an authority on said very glorious subject, was brought to Hollywood for advice-rendering purposes. Queried about his assignment, Petty said, “They don’t need glorifying; I’m just here to bring them down to earth!”

Going the rounds, too, is Lucille’s quip about her whip (the diamond-studded whip she cracks as the ringmaster in the Merry-go-round number). Did she learn the technique from some South American gaucho? “No,” says the lady, “from the Hollywood wolves!”
MORE of a philosophical character study than is usual in films, this is the story of Ernie Mott, a cockney English boy who strives to find happiness in his sordid world. He spends his life as a wanderer, owing no man, and reveling in his freedom from the world and its petty troubles. Coming home after one of those nomad spells, though, he has sharp words with his mother, when she hints that he should stay at home and help her with her shop. Angered by this threat to his independence, even as it's merely suggested, he is about to leave once more; but is made to change his mind, when he learns that his mother is ill and has but a short time to live.

Ernie Mott stays home, then; helps about the shop, falls in love with a girl, and is on the verge of becoming a settled man with a secure future, when he's suddenly sickened by the efforts of those about him to keep body and soul together.

His life is finally shaken, then—by the death of his mother, and by the infidelity of his girl.

Ethel Barrymore and Cary Grant, as the mother and son, give two of the most impressive performances ever drawn on the screen. June Duprez, Barry Fitzgerald and Jane Wyatt are superb. The film is "different," involving considerable legitimate stage technique in its effects; it's deeply stirring and highly recommended.

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART
(RKO)

TAKING the title literally, there's much more than a song to be remembered, after seeing this Technicolor screen story of the Life of Chopin.

There's the memory re-created of a gay, music-loving Paris; of composers like Franz Liszt (Stephen Bekassy) who, in addition to contributing their own music, were helpful in contributing what was offered by the unrecognized newcomers, like Frederic Chopin (Cornel Wilde).

But more important than the fine music—which would, of course, be expected—the picture makes a strong appeal for our remembrance that there was an oppressed Poland of an earlier day... and that then, as now, there were brave patriots willing to fight, and die if need be, for their "cause."

Wilde makes a sensitive, altogether satisfying and delightful Chopin, even challenging Paul Muni (who plays the music teacher role of old Prof. Elsner) for first honors. This reviewer is inclined to be less liberal with praise for Merle Oberon, as George Sand (who, having acquired Wilde's love via the salon route, insists on dominating his life to the exclusion of all else). It's possible, though, that for being a much prettier Sand, Miss Oberon feels she must try to keep the similarity illusion convincing by being more than necessarily stern and gruff-voiced and stiffly (though nonetheless beautifully) disagreeable.
RARELY does an unknown, as yet unidentified screen player (like Lauren Bacall) make a story by an established and popularly acclaimed writer (like Ernest Hemingway) into such a strictly incidental vehicle that audiences come away saying, "That girl—she's wonderful!" while having only this to say of the picture, "Yes, there were some good lines." Nevertheless, that's what happens here. And with the able, dependable help of Humphrey Bogart, who's once again "the tough guy with a good heart."

The part for Miss Bacall didn't really exist, as Hemingway wrote it. In all fairness, though, it should be mentioned that the author's "skillful touches" survive the rewriting for the screen version and, if not ever-present, are at any rate responsible for giving a certain flavor to "all this and Bacall, too."

The romance which develops between Bacall and the Bogart, in these dimly lighted, suspenseful scenes laid on the island of Martinique, deals strictly with fundamentals; the repartee that flies between them makes for a lot of appreciative laughs. The cop and robber incidents that pass for a plot are more or less usual—nevertheless, it's good movemaking, with innumerable little vignettes like Hoagy Carmichael's scenes at the bar-room piano, the rummy Eddie (Walter Brennan) jerking his way up the docks, and... but didn't we say, they're innumerable!

FRANKMEN'S CREEK

(Paramount)

COME aboard the good ship Romantic Adventure! Let your fancy run free, free as Daphne du Maurier's when she wrote this novel that tempts us all into the land of merry escapism and Joan Fontaine's, when she decided she'd like to be "the Frenchman's" screen heroine.

Which she is: the beauteous English matron in the time of good King Charles, who fell romantically and daringly in love with a French Pirate (Arturo de Cordova).

The picture tells the story more or less faithfully, though with less emphasis on the boudoir. It's diverting, at times, almost disconcerting—having the Fontaine we've known best through "Rebecca" and 'The Constant Nymph' suddenly kick up her heels, don a red wig and a lavish wardrobe, and go off in a dizzying cloud of brave deeds and sword fights. But for all her previous roles have called upon her fine ability to emote, this assignment requires that she be a beautiful actress. And for that, too, she most definitely qualifies! His coming to Hollywood from Mexican pictures would seem for de Cordova, to have been for the express purpose of being this dashing, derring-do pirate. (There couldn't have been a better reason!) And Nigel Bruce, Basil Rathbone and Cecil Kellaway are assuredly good "others in the picture" selections.

GREER GARSON and Walter Pidgeon are once more teamed together, giving in "Mrs. Parkington" one of their finest-yet joint performances. Miss Garson, as you may have suspected, is the 84-year-old wealthy widow of the ruthless yet charming Major Mrs. P.—wealthy widow of the ruthless yet charming Major Parkington. The film covers the space of only one night; during the night Parkington left behind him at his death the fortune Major Parkington left behind him. The story is the romance of the fortunate Major Parkington and his future wife. You are shown the romance of the Major and the Mrs., who meet in a small mining town when the Major is starting his rise to power as a financial tycoon, and who grow toward each other in love, both having a future that is going to be wonderful.

MRS. PARKINGTON

(M-G-M)
I

Potatoes are added and four or five peeled, quartered tomatoes.

For Veal a la Killarney he cuts the steak in inch-square pieces.

The squares are rolled in flour then browned in a pan of butter.

Onions are fried with the meat, then he transfers to a stew pot.

Potatoes are added and four or five peeled, quartered tomatoes.

Salt and pepper to season, add cloves, bay leaves, and—beer!

Simmered about 1½ hours, the dish is ready to serve.

He's Irish as the Blarney Stone, is Kevin O'Shea—but he can cook a lot of other things beside Irish Stew.

ORN in Chicago but thoroughly Irish, Kevin O'Shea is six feet one, has dark brown hair and eyes, weighs 170 pounds. Sure and he's as handsome as any Son o' Erin who ever set foot on American soil!

Surprisingly enough, though, he's still a bachelor. Keeps house for himself—and cooks for himself, too!

Maybe you'll find that hard to believe, having seen him in 20th Century-Fox's "The Purple Heart" and "Wing And a Prayer," but as an actor this O'Shea guy is also a darned good cook.

If it's proof you want, what about these O'Shea specialties? Try them, and you'll find you are "cooking with gas."

First, there is his Veal a la Killarney, an O'Shea concoction named for Kevin's mother who was born and raised at Killarney, in Ireland's green County Kerry. You make Veal a la Killarney like this:

Cut veal steaks into pieces about an inch square;—any cut of veal will do. Roll the squares in flour and brown in butter.

Slice and fry slightly four or five onions and place in a heavy iron frying pan—or a Dutch Oven—along with the meat.

Add four or five peeled and quartered tomatoes, six or eight cloves, several bay leaves, salt and pepper, and last of all, beer—enough to cover; a very small amount of Guinesses Stout may be added along with the beer, but it is not necessary.

Simmer the whole about an hour and a half, occasionally stirring.

Serve with new potatoes.

(Continued on page 73)
A MISS ON A MISSION
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73)

Karachi, India, she was caught in a four-day monsoon, at jack Abadan, on the Persian Gulf, the troupe sweltered in 135-degree heat.

"Actually, we were lucky," explains the beauteous Miss GI Pollyanna. "Our jeep was in motor trouble at five o'clock in the morning, when it was comparatively cool. The temperature there has been known to reach 180, and the place is on the way both by water and sand. The men stationed in that area work only at night and head for shelter as soon as the sun comes up. They drink no water, that hasn't been boiled (and is often still hot when they drink it).

"That's why I considered I'd really done something," she says, when General Stilwell, to the surprise of the audience, came up, too. 'We prefer you to get into the spirit of the thing. The most of the time. 'We prefer you to get into the spirit of the thing. The most of the time. 'We prefer you to get into the spirit of the thing. The most of the time. 'We prefer you to get into the spirit of the thing. The most of the time. 'We prefer you to get into the spirit of the thing. The most of the time. 'We prefer you to get into the spirit of the thing. The most of the time. 'We prefer you to get into the spirit of the thing. The most of the time. 'We prefer you to get into the spirit of the thing. The most of the time. 'We prefer you to get into the spirit of the thing. The most of the time. 'We prefer you to get into the spirit of the thing. The most of the time. 'We prefer you to get into the spirit of the thing. The most of the time. 'We prefer you to get into the spirit of the thing. The most of the time. 'We prefer you to get into the spirit of the thing. The most of the time. 'We prefer you to get into the spirit of the thing. The most of the time. 'We prefer you to get into the spirit of the thing. The most of the time. 'We prefer you to get into the spirit of the thing. The most of the time. 'We prefer you to get into the spirit of the thing. The most of the time. 'We prefer you to get into the spirit of the thing. The most of the time. 'We prefer you to get into the spirit of the thing. The most of the time. 'We prefer you to get into the spirit of the thing. The most of the time. "That's why I considered I'd really done something," she says, when General Stilwell, to the surprise of the audience, came up, too.

"They want to laugh and enjoy gags, but they also like to wrap themselves up in singing, something that reminds them of home."

No audience was considered too small, getting back to that talking about numbers. The troupe frequently went miles out of their way—detouring from their regular camp-to-camp circuit—to visit hospitals and entertain the wounded who weren't able to leave their beds.

Long trips between shows would be made by air and the shorter hops, in a jeep.

"You'll never know what torture is," Ann laughs, "till you ride a Chin- ese road in a jeep. It's so rough you can't even talk until the trip's over—and then you're not sure you want to."

But plane travel was all to her liking. Except for the trip over The Hump that is—the stretch of the Himalaya mountains jutting into China.

"There we had to use oxygen tanks, because of the altitude. "That's what that nurse's account tells. "But that was nothing, I discovered later, talking to an army nurse who'd survived the experience of bailing out—not over the Himalayas, but over a stretch of not very inviting jungle."

Even after all the careful instructing of the party, in preparation for their trip, Ann isn't all sure that, had the emergency arisen, she'd not have been checking her parachute!

Fortunately, neither was necessary. Thrilling as that nurse's account was, though, Ann likes even more to talk another story about the Florence Nightingales she met in the China areas. "They'd been so kind to us," she says, "and I admire them so—many of them over there for two years, and living under the same tough conditions as the men. As we were leaving, I asked what they'd like me to send them, after I got back to the States—thinking they'd want cosmetics, or stockings, or some of the many things they don't have over there and have no way of getting. But no, do you know what they asked for? Canned mince meat! It was only August then, but already they were asking, 'how nice it would be if they could bake mince pie for the boys, for their Christmas dinner.'"

One comes home with many treasured souvenirs, after such a trip. Ann has a scroll from "Uncle Joe (Stilwell) and his Dead-Enders," an assorted collection of enemy rifles, bayonets, helmets, swords and Japanese battle-flags. (The flags rate most highly on the barter market—probably because each represents an extinct Jap—the current market price being $100 in American gold.

Mementos she regrets not having been able to bring back included the many elaborately festooned cakes served at mess tables decorated in her honor. "You couldn't find anything prettier in any of our own confectionary shops."

On one occasion, the chief at a camp in the interior of China had apparently anticipated the visitors' arrival by several weeks. "It must have taken at least that long to prepare the centerpieces he had us use. Running the full length of the table was a design made from various colored dyed rice; a hand-lettered scroll of greeting, ornamented with a complicated and truly beautiful pattern of flowers."

Mentioned as her most difficult to come by souvenir is a copy of the list of instructions issued to the GI's at the camps, prior to her arrival. Typical item: Cussing with ladies present must be reduced to a minimum and won't be allowed at a range closer than 500 yards.

To provide souvenirs for the men, Ann was kept busy signing shorts, repeatedly ran a pen dry in autographing every conceivable object on which her name could be written, and she promised to send a lot of pin-up pictures. "Not of any one star," she reveals. "Just as long as the girl's pretty, the boys say she'll do for a pin-up."

Adding up to a tall figure, too, are the telephone calls she has promised to make for servicemen who asked her to say hello to their folks back home. They cover almost every state in the union, but those calls will be made!

Most vivid impression of the trip was the troupe's nearness to the actual fighting, while giving shows for Merrill's Marauders, Stilwell's men and Chennault's Flying Tigers. "In Myitkina, Burma," Ann recalls, "we could still smell the dead Japs—and they DO SMELL!"

Summed up for what made the whole thing infinitely worthwhile is the comment one GI made, coming over to her car as she was leaving New Delhi: "This was worth waiting 29 months for, Miss Sheridan," he said.

The End

Diana ("Our Hearts") Lynn can make mighty fine music. Did you hear her CBS concert?
You can order this beautiful Hollywood fashion by mail and be assured of perfect fit and satisfaction.

Excitement from Hollywood!

NAILHEAD JUMPER

Two-tone harmony ... glamour-plus tailoring! Smart nailhead trim. Two-tone idea, slenderizing waistband make you look slim as a reed!
Sizes 10 to 18. $7.98, plus postage,

Powder and Navy
Green and Brown
Gold and Brown
Red and Navy

"BOW BLOUSE"—Flattering high neck—coquette bow! Long full sleeves! Rich rayon fabric, in white only.
Sizes 32 to 38. $3.98, plus postage,

VAN JOHNSON
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 311

hot dogs, ride the Ferris Wheel, buy popcorn and salt water taffy, build sand castles, take a whirl on the merry-go-round, look over the concessions, lie on the beach watching people in rented bathing suits jumping the waves.

The high point was going home at 6 p.m., when the sun was getting low and seaweed was pungent. . . . I still love that awful smell of seaweed because of the memory! . . . We'd take the trolley home and I'd be so hot, so red with sunburn, my hair so full of sand, my dad so proud and me so happy! . . . The sea and the beach had a different look when we left, empty and quiet and a little lonely, I thought, because we were leaving.

I REMEMBER

The first picture that made an impression on me. It was "Galloping Fish"—Louise Fazenda and Chester Conklin. It was so funny I was hysterical all night, and I can still laugh when I think of it. To me, Louise Fazenda is the funniest comedienne of the screen.

I saw her at a party one night not long ago and thought I'd like to tell her about that picture—but I weakened.

I LOVE:

Driving up the coast to San Francisco—in the days you could get the gas;
Sundays;
Getting into a tub;
Going to dinner in odd little restaurants I've discovered myself;
Talking a lot of nonsense to people I like;
"Miracle in the Rain," "Snow Goose," "We Took to the Woods"—whatever good book I happen to be reading.

MY FIRST FAVORITE BOOK

Was "Swiss Family Robinson." I suppose we all want an island of our own, a refuge in the wilderness, a sort of Shangri-La.

I DISLIKE:

Malicious gossip;
People who want the windows closed. I'm a fiend for fresh air, like the breeze blowing in, the curtains fluttering, that grand fresh air feeling.

I'M ANNOYED BY:

People who talk in theatres when I want to enjoy the picture;
Baby talk;
Women—or men—who deliberately try to be another Garson or Gable. But—

I DON'T STAY ANNOYED

Things roll off the back; nothing bothers me long.

I LIKE:

To see a woman in a startling hat. I think: "She felt terribly down so she peped herself up with that amazing hat—good girl!" People who spend money foolishly on themselves once in a while.

Another Betty Co-Ed offering on page 23
It makes them feel pleasant and it's a pleasure to be with them.

I USED TO:

Dream of a house of my own. I still look at houses as I pass and say: "There's a honey—that's for me!" and mentally furnish the place. I decide to have lots of good heavy furniture, leather stuff, the bigger and heavier the better. Dark red leather, knotty pine walls, lots of bright color—everything comfortable, indestructible, to be lived in and used.

And then I pass my wonderful house again and think: "Now why would I burden myself with all that?" And I realize that I'm happiest with just a few—very few—possessions, and nothing on my mind.

PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS HELPING ME

For example:

Jerry Whyte, stage manager for George Abbott, used to get me into the theater at 8 a.m. and have me go through every man's part. "Think of the back row!" he'd cry. "Think of the gallery! Speak out!" He's stage manager at 20th Century-Fox now. I got frightfully mad at him sometimes in those days, but he was good for me.

Mary Martin saw me in the Rainbow Room, took the trouble to tell me I had promise and ask if I was serious about wanting to succeed. Then she got a picture contract and left, so we lost touch; but she gave me a boost when I badly needed it.

Buster West had me with him in a vaudeville act for a year. He taught me a lot I'd never have learned any other way.

June Havoc in "Pal Joey." I had had experience on the road and expected a big part in the play, but they put me in the chorus. I was furious and went in with a chip on my shoulder. June, a star, had a terrific sense of humor and showed me how to develop one.

Harry Bucquet. Until he saw me, they'd had my hair dyed dark; I felt strange and lost. He had the dye washed out and let me be myself for the first time.

Irene Dunne, Spencer Tracy, Victor Fleming, and all those lovely people who helped me when I had my accident and through the dreadful days in the hospital.

Mervyn LeRoy, who chose me for "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" and gave me the confidence to do the part.

I'VE LEARNED:

To like vegetables.
To enjoy radio serials—soap operas—because they helped me through my hospital stay.
To do without what I once took as a matter of course—like jumping in my car to drive miles and miles for no reason.

That Dad was right about a lot of things. He believed in the Golden Rule, in never speaking ill of anyone, in old maxims like: "Never put off till tomorrow what (Continued on page 67)
couldn't happen. So when her mother said, casually, one morning: "Let's run down to the Academy and see what it's all about," she thought she was still dreaming.

"Oh, I laughed, I think I fell down then. I think I was telling myself I mustn't get my hopes up too high. It'll be one of those things—too expensive, or they won't have me. They might say I'm too young," she said. "I saw it for a laugh, actually, and I think they saw me for a laugh." And then she said, "It's one of the things you mustn't get your hopes up too high about."

She remained at the Academy for a year, learning stage technique, body movement, and the art of stage training, all of which she thought was extremely important. Students are not given stage experience until the second year.

"So when her mother and father and brother, and presently I was accepted," she said.

"And so on. Students are not given stage experience until the second year. Lauren was impatient. Here she was, sixteen years old, no time to waste. You learn things by doing them, don't you? Good heavens, she wasn't going to spend her life in school! She'd go on the stage, you know, and get in the newspaper, and get rich."

"It was then that she informed her mirrored self that she had ten years to GET SOMEWHERE.

"She pounded pavements looking for a walk, no such thing as a haunted theater. So then she decided that wasn't the way to do it. She found out that producers were casting plays and tried them down on themselves. She walked after a producer on the street, catch up with him and say: "You need me!" in that low, throaty voice of hers."

"When she repeated this performance with Max Gordon, he was so intrigued by the novel approach, and so pleased with the girl's unusual approach to a role, that he gave her a role in "Franklin Street," a play then being produced at the time. The part was that of a young girl, so Lauren wore low-heeled shoes, flattened her hair, emphasized her youth. She was certain she wasn't the ingenue type, though, and when the play completed she went to work. She's been busy all her life and she's not going to sit around idly merely because her only chance of success has failed.

"No pets!"

"Droopy, the cocker spaniel who banned the Bacalls from so many homes, is welcomed to a new home in a Beverly Hills apartment court, where he is now a resident with Lauren and her mother. "He's my best friend," confesses her mistress. "I tell him all my troubles, because he never repeats them, is sympathetic and affectionate and always seems to be saying: 'Never mind, what do we care about him—or her—or them?'"

"Once settled, Mrs. Bacall promptly went to work. She's been busy all her life and she's not going to sit around idly merely because her only child has a picture contract.

After the excitement of settling in, came—nothing. For eight months, Lauren found herself constantly kept asking: 'What are you doing?" "When do you work?" Lauren grew very tired of murmuring that she thought something was coming up soon, and trying so hard to believe it if it didn't matter that she was getting older and older, and would be nineteen in the near future.

Age didn't bother Mr. Hawks. When he found the right picture and the right part in "To Have and Have Not," he gave his discovery another screen test, showed it to Jack Warner, who suggested that the two feminine leads opposite Humphrey Bogart, under Mr. Hawks' direction. When the picture was previewed, Warners' asked for a share in the contract of newly christened Lauren Bacall.

"There is a man in Lauren's life, but she refuses to talk about him. She's not married, not even engaged. She doesn't wish to be married for two or three—maybe four or five years or more. But when she does get married, she'll bow out of studios and off the stage.

"Marriage is the most important thing in life. I'd rather be happily married, running a home, being a wife and mother than be the world's star in Hollywood," she asserts. "It's more lasting, more satisfying. I've seen girls who gave up careers for homes, and I've seen girls who tried and I know which pays off in the end."

"She has never cared about money. She expects to enjoy both fame and fortune, if they come, but they'll just have to come to her—by her standards. Gap in the middle of some day, when she's happily married."

"She loves boats, not yachts but the kind of small sailboat or motorboat she can handle herself, the sort you can have fun on in old slacks, sweaters and sneakers. She wants to learn all about such a boat, how to keep house on it and cook in the galley. She can't stand the camera now, but she intends to be the world's finest chef once she has said "I do."

"She likes to go to a friend's house where everybody knows everybody else; to sit and talk and listen to music. "I don't like to have my hostess say: 'Now we're going to play games,' but she's not very social. She mentions the word and one says: 'Let's try that, shall we? It might be fun'."

"For example, perhaps a guest remarks that she has read it's absolutely impossible for a girl to do a room unsocially. Argument starts, and presently each member of the group is discovering for herself just how unsocial she or he can be.

Lauren loves to dance but seldom goes to night clubs. No room to dance there; give her a wide, smooth floor and she's happy."

"If you go to a night club with someone you like very much, you're wasting time," she assured me. "It's bound to be crowded and noisy. You can't talk to each other. What good is it?"

"On the other hand, if you're out with someone you don't care for, why go at all? Lauren would rather read.

She has read more widely than most teen-age girls, is interested in national and international affairs, and likes to listen to people who are well informed."

She sings in her first picture; has attracted and convenient, and spends time improving it.

"Her thought things would come so fast," admitted the girl who gave herself ten years to succeed. "Perhaps they wouldn't have come so swiftly if I hadn't pushed. I like to think that I would have made them come faster."

"Love, though, is something you can't hurry. 'You need me,' " is the wrong approach to Romance, according to Lauren. "Hateful as it may be to her, all girl in love can do is wait. And wait."

While Lauren waits—who knows? as she becomes her discoverers predict, the most interesting face on the screen.
I used to argue with him, saying it would be much better never to do today what you can put off till tomorrow. Maybe you'd be able to skip it altogether.

But after all—

THE TURNING POINT IN MY LIFE
Came from following that old maxim.
I was in New York, trying to get a job on the stage. I was worn out with rushing up and down agency stairs, dashing in and out of theaters where they were supposed to be casting and had just done it, getting rapidly nowhere, disappointed and dead tired. "Gee, I'll go home. I'll pack up and go home—this isn't for me!" It was late and I thought it would be no use bothering any more.

Just then I saw a light in an agent's office. "Well," I said. "I'll try him once more. If there's nothing, that ends it." He had a part for me. If I hadn't gone up, I'd have missed my chance. If I'd put it off, the part would have been cast. Or was it in the cards and would it have happened anyway? That's one of the things I'll never really know. But I still say it was luck.

I DON'T BELIEVE
In love at first sight. It takes longer to know a person well enough to imagine love.
people—could see good shows because the prices were beyond pocketbooks. I think the movies have taught us all to appreciate what is good and to know the difference between ‘B’ and excellent.

"I want the Federal Theatre to be nation-wide, giving the best plays and using fine actors. There’s a wealth of talent aching to be used, but they have no chance to be seen because they can’t afford to wait for recognition. Competition would be keen and an actor would have to be good to get his chance, but he’d be sure of food and lodging, and ambitious people can live on very little if they know there’s a chance.

Federal movement was marvelous while we had it, but I think we need to enlarge it."

It’s surprising how many of these youngsters have plans to assist unknown talent. Faye Emerson wants to start a little theatre. She’ll even build it, when she has the money and can get priorities, but it will be run on a non-profit basis. All money earned above expenses will be used for worthwhile charities or scholarship funds.

"That’s the only way,” asserts Faye, “because then the group is interested and ready to work hard for success. There will be no star system; all branches of theatre work will be learned by each member. When I worked in the little theatre in San Diego, I directed, costumed, acted, even wrote, and the training provided was wonderful.

“Most of the little theatres now are commercial, which destroys the value of such groups. Mine would be a real source of talent for stage and screen.”

Peter Lawford has toured with amateurs in the Actors’ Laboratory and has noticed much talent in the group. “I can’t do a thing for them,” he tells me, “because so far I’m nobody. When I’m a star, I’ll be able to call attention to them and see that they get a chance. Judy Garland today could mention a talented kid to a producer or director who might use him, or talk about him to a big writer in an interview—but until I’m a star, what I say doesn’t count.”

Tom Drake believes that the great need is for a school of motion picture technique. When an actor comes to Hollywood from the stage, he’s terrified of cameras, has no idea how to adapt himself to the new medium. So Tom would like to see that younger players had a place to go to acquire technique.

Angela Lansbury, the English girl who played the maid role in “Gaslight,” would like to have an experimental theatre devoted to new developments in writing, acting and producing. They’d try out new ideas, inexpensively, engaging talent that wasn’t eager for money but was interested in doing something different.

Stars of today are regarded critically by stars of tomorrow.

“When I’m a star,” says Bob Hutton, “I’ll always sign autographs. No matter how many fans are waiting in line, I’ll always take time to sign for them all. Often I see a crowd of kids so tired they can hardly keep awake, and stars come out of the way..."
theatre, rush into their cars and race away, not caring. Maybe they sign one and wave the rest away. I’ll never do that. “My wife and I want a small home with a lot of land. I’d like a workshop like Delmar Daves’, with a place to write and a printing press. Nata¬
nessie would like to blame the California climate for carelessness, but that is weak and lazy!”

Trudy Marshall’s favorite dream is to buy her mother a mink coat; Diana Lynn longs to go to college, then find happiness in marriage; and K. T. Stevens would buy a small island in the South Seas where she’d have a native house, eat native foods and lie in the sun, swim and relax. This would be a place to rest from career, not an end in itself.

“T have to be a glamorous star,” confesses Dolores Moran. “I want a lovely big estate with a swimming pool, a mansion full of wonderful things brought me by celebrities who have been everywhere—doorknobs of delicate Dresden china for the bed¬
rooms, exquisite lamps. I want clothes that do things for me, luxurious robes and furs, jewelry specially designed, perfume from the Orient, fabulous glamour.

“I don’t want to marry at once, but to have attention from lots of fascinat¬

ing men. Figures in the world—not just rich men, but famous ones. Af¬
ding men. Figures in the world—not

After the war, I’d like to own my own home to play his favorite game. He’s an ex-champion.

“T’d also like to have a four-piece band. I used to sing with an orches¬
tra and I’d like to have a band around to help me entertain. T’d guarantee them a living and they could take other engagements. I know how hard it is to make your way as a band before you get known, and the boys could help me so I needn’t just stand up and say: ‘So glad to be here to¬

night. Period.’ ”

Leslie Brooks (“Tonight and Every Night”) wants her own airplane and her own flower shop. She figures that if she were a star, profits wouldn’t matter; she could afford to hand out orchids and exotic blooms and not set her prices out of sight. Youngsters who can only window¬
shop now, could walk right in and buy her flowers “for tremendous oc¬
casions like a first date, a wedding or a professional appearance.

During the making of “Two Girls and a Sailor,” June Allyson suddenly realized what a fascinating business producing can be. That’s where she’ll head when stardom wanes, when she can’t dance any more or her voice is no longer what it used to be. She thinks she’d hate to descend to lesser roles.

Ann Warner’s daughter, Joy Ann Paige, has all the money she can use, so a star’s salary will mean nothing to her.

Ann Warner’s daughter, Joy Ann Paige, has all the money she can use, so a star’s salary will mean nothing to her.

Promptly relieves sneezy, stuffy distress of head colds. Makes breathing easier. It’s sensible always to keep Vicks Va-tro-nol on hand—ready to use when needed. You can save yourself from much head cold misery! Follow directions in folder.
improvement over cutting each other dead. Rags Ragland, the comedian, is credited with having played peacemaker. Rags convinced the boys that as long as they were both working in the Metro lot and were continually bumping into each other, it was silly to keep up the snubbing routine. (Incidentally, the cutting room gossip on The Veevee's "Anchors Aweigh," has it that the picture is terrific.)

John Payne is out of the army and back at his home studio, Twentieth Century-Fox. His first picture will be "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie," with Joan Bennett. He is also penciled in for the male lead in "The Dolly Sisters."

Carmen Cavallaro will handle the musical duties in Twentieth's "Diamond Horseshoe" picture. Carmen will also be seen in Paramount's "Out Of This World." (He and a flock of other name bandleaders, adding up to five!)

Paramount has signed Mary Hatcher, fifteen-year-old coloratura soprano, to a terminal contract. Though she is a protege of Gladys Swarthout, Cass Daley is indirectly responsible for Paramount's signing her. Cass heard Mary sing at a party and arranged for her to audition for Buddy De Sylva.

WHAT'S BRISK ON THE DISC: Decca:

Charlie Barnet and his orchestra have a pleasing duo in "Come Out, Wherever You Are," and "What A Wonderful World Made." Both vocals are by Kay Starr, a young lady to watch. She's one of the better band singers today.

Theophil Smith, the Hit Parade organist, offers "Tico-Tico" and "Lero Lero." The first side is the samba tune she played in "Bathing Beauty" and the second is a Brazilian march. She is accompanied by the Bando Carlioca.

Woody Herman and Company do "Let Me Love You Tonight" and "Who Dat Up Dere?" "Let Me Love You" is the translation of the Spanish tune, "No Te Importa Saber," and is sung by Billie Rogers. Woody does the vocal, and is persuasive to the public.

Those merry Merry Maes have a cute twosome in "Let's Sing A Song About Susie," and "Up, Up, Up." El Bingo Crosby has recorded "Too-Ra-Loo Ra-Loo Rai," and "I'll Remember April," with John Scott Trotter's orchestra. "Too-Ra Loo" is the Irish lullaby Bing sang in his great picture, "Swing Time." Both vocals are by Kay Starr, a young lady to watch. She's one of the better band singers today.

That humorous gentleman, James Durante, has waxed two stellar tidbits, "Umbraco" and "Inka Dinka Doo." Roy Bargy's orchestra and the Six Hits And A Miss lend their support.


Columbia:

Here's The Nose again—Jimmie Durante on "Hot Patata" and "Inka Dinka Doo" once more. This version of "Inka" is different from the Decca one and was recorded way back in 1933.

Teddy Wilson and his orchestra are front and center with two sides made a long time ago, "Out of Nowhere" with a vocal by Lena Horne and "You're My Favorite Memory," sung by Helen Ward. Teddy is still playing to capacity business at New York's Cafe Society Uptown.

Frank Sinatra and Harry James are represented again by "It's Funny To Everyone But Me." The reverse side is "Don't Take Your Love From Me" with the James trumpet featured. Both were recorded several years back.

If you're a record collector, you'll be most interested in the announcement from the Columbia company that they are re-releasing all of their jazz, boogie woogie, and blues albums. Some of the individual discs in these albums have sold for as high as fifty dollars at one time or another. When you think of the albums, you'll see what I mean: Eddie South, King Louis (Armstrong), "Jazz As It Should Be Played" by Bix Beiderbecke, "Johnny likes" by Benny Smith, The Duke (Ellington), "Comes Jazz" (Bud Freeman and the Chicagoans), Earl Hines, Frank Teschemacher, Boogie Woogie, Dorsey Brothers, Louis Armstrong and His Hot Five, Teddy Wilson-Billie Holiday, Louis and Earl (Armstrong and Hines). That list represents a lot of good music, and there will be a big demand for these sets, so I suggest that if you want any of them, you tear madly to your nearest music store and put in your bid.

Capitol:

I'm a King Cole Trio fan from way back, and if you like them at all you'll want their first album. The set consists of eight sides, including such tunes as "Embraceable You," "Sweet Lorraine," "The Mm I Love," "Body and Soul," and "It's Only A Paper Moon." King's vocal on "Paper Moon" is terrific. Incidentally, the trio has been playing theatres all over the country, and there will be a big demand for these sets, so I suggest that if you want any of them, you tear madly to your nearest music store and put in your bid.

Here are two fine instrumentals by Freddie Slack and his orchestra: "Cuban Trumpet Glam" and "Inka Dinka Doo." Both vocals are by Kay Starr, a young lady to watch. She's one of the better band singers today.

Jerry Colonna's first record for Capitol is comical, to say the least: "Can't You Hear Me Callin', Caro- lina?" and "I Hate Music." Paul Weston's first record for Capitol is a sentimental song: "Carmen's" first record for Capitol is comical, to say the least: "Can't You Hear Me Callin', Carol- lina?" and "I Hate Music." Paul Weston's "I Didn't Know About You." The Paul Weston band also backs Jo Stafford on "I Didn't Know About You" and "Tumbling Tumble Weeds." The vocal group in the background is ""I Don't Know About You." The old Duke Ellington melody, "Sentimental Lady."
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JAM NOTES:

Spike Jones had some interesting tales to tell when he returned from his overseas entertainment jaunt. Fred Astaire, Dinah Shore, Bing Crosby and Spike were all in England at the same time.

An unusual thing happened at one of the shows they did together on the docks of a coastal town, with the audience consisting of a mere sixteen thousand soldiers. A Merchant Marine ship was anchored a few hundred yards off shore. The sailors got wind of what was going on, jumped aboard and swarmed to the show.

Spike says he got a real kick out of playing for Bing because it was the first time they had worked together since Spike was the drummer in John Scott Trotter's band on the Kraft Music Hall program. Incidentally, Jones says the G.I.'s abroad call Bing "Uncle Sam Without Whiskers."

The City Slickers was the first band to play the Marseillaise in France after the liberation. During the celebration a tiny little boy went up to the maestro and asked what the name of the song was. He had never heard his own national anthem before.

Coming across to New York, on the return trip, Spike wrote a new zany for his band, "A Goose To The Ballet Russe." The tune will be included in the album he is going to record for Victor, called "Musical Depreciation."

When the City Slickers landed in New York they had a swell surprise (Continued on next page)

Rules for casting your vote in the POPULARITY POLL:

1. You may vote for any living artist, in or out of the service.
2. Every ballot accepted must bear the personal signature of the individual casting the vote.
3. Use the official ballot only. Facsimiles will not be counted.
4. Do not submit ballots in groups. Send only ONE ballot. Names of voters will be checked and all duplicate votes eliminated.
5. Sign your correct name and full address. Doubtful ballots will be checked to determine their authenticity.
6. All votes must be postmarked not later than midnight of December 15, 1944.

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Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!
Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.
waiting for them: They will have a big musical spot in Paramount's "Duffy's Tavern." And by the way, don't miss the Corn Crew in "Bring On The Girls." Their "Chloe" number is a killer.

Claude Thornhill got a short furlough from his naval duties as a Chief Petty Officer and hied himself to Hollywood to visit old pals . . . Donna King, of the King Sisters, has retired temporarily to await a visit from Dr. Stork. Her husband, Lt. Jim Conkling, was recently discharged from the Navy after being injured in battle. Another Donna, Donna Wood, formerly of the Horace Heidt aggregation, will be a "King Sister" for a while.

Rumor about Hollywood still has it that Artie Shaw will organize a seventeen-piece dance band with no strings. Several top sidemen now playing radio shows in Movietown have been approached by Shaw . . . Benny Goodman may also reorganize, in spite of his beef with his agents, the Music Corporation of America.

Betty Bradley, Bob Chester's brunette vocalist, is the happy bride of Chester's road manager, Phil Kahl . . . Ray Eberle finished his theatre tour and came back to Hollywood to learn that he was classified 1-A . . . His old boss, Glenn Miller, was recently upped from a Captain to a Major in the Air Corps.

Mickey Scrima, ex-James skin beater, has tossed aside his drum sticks and opened an all-night restaurant in Hollywood. It's a favorite spot with musicians . . . Stan Kenton will open soon at the Hollywood Palladium, his third engagement there. His record of "Her Tears Flowed Like Wine" is one of Capitol's biggest sellers . . . Les Brown's trumpet star, Randy Brooks, is planning to have a band of his own after the first of the year.

The Brothers Dorsey would like to buy another ballroom in New York. Their Colonades in Ocean Park, California, is doing very successful financially . . . Freddie Martin will not go into the service, as first reported. He and his band had an eight-week vacation from their "duration" hotel job at the Ambassador in Los Angeles . . . Harry James says he has no intention of giving up baseball just because he broke his foot. He's only waiting for it to heal so he can play again. Harry won't make his next Metro picture until late this year or early in 1945. Wife Betty still insists she wants to retire from the screen and just be Mrs. Harry James. After seeing her beautiful Beverly Hills home and her adorable baby, Victoria, I can't say that I blame her. The James heirees looks like both Harry and Betty, and is loaded with personality.

Characters, this is it for now, but I'll see you next month from New York. In the meantime, if you have any problems about musical things, drop me a line and I'll take a fast squint into my crystal ball and see if I can toss you a line.

Four or five apples 3 eggs
Butter 1 cup sugar
1/2 pint sour cream Zwieback
Cinnamon

Slice four or five apples, put into a saucepan with two tablespoons of butter; stir and melt butter.

In another pan put three beaten eggs and a cup of sugar; mix and heat. Then add 1/2 pint of sour cream and cook until slightly thick. (If sour cream is not available use sweet cream and add vinegar until just slightly curdled.)

Now crush one package of Zwieback with a rolling pin; mix in two tablespoons of melted butter and some cinnamon with the crumbs. Grease a loaf pan very well and line the sides with this mixture, putting it in well with the fingers. Reserve enough of the mixture for the top.

Now add the apples to the custard and pour into the pan. It is better to spoon the mixture into the pan being careful not to disturb the lining. Pour any remaining custard over the top and cover the whole with the remaining crumbs. Place in an oven at 325 degrees and bake for one hour or more; remove and allow to cool. Turn into a platter and slice.
Of Course You Can't Be There — But —

NO, you can't be there at the dressing station to give him a mother's blessing — a mother's care. All you can do is be thankful that the Army and the Red Cross take such good care of our boys. Yes, and you can see to it that such precious supplies as blood plasma, food and ammunition, and all the thousands of weapons of invasion reach the front in prime condition — ready to do their job.

For every one of the more than 700,000 items shipped to our troops overseas is protected against weather and dirt by paper and paperboard.

That's why your government asks you to use less paper — and help the stores where you shop to use less paper. For when you carry your own shopping bag to save the store's paper bags, when you accept your canned and bottled and packaged goods unwrapped, you save that much more paper for the boys at the front and for essential civilian paper use.

Look again at the picture at the top of this page. Etch it on your memory, think of it every time you start to waste paper — any time you start to burn a piece of paper.

Remember

PAPER IS WAR POWER

USE LESS PAPER—SAVE ALL WASTEPAPER

This advertisement prepared by the War Advertising Council in cooperation with the War Production Board, the Office of War Information and published by this magazine, which has joined with the other magazines of the country to save more than 450,000,000 pounds of paper.
In 1933 the Group Theater needed money to go on experimenting with good plays. Hollywood had been bidding for Franchot's services for some time (he had already made a film with Claudette Colbert at Paramount's New York Studios) so he decided to dash out to the film city, make a quick fortune and hurry back to the Group with the money.

He came out, made the money, but fell in love, remained to marry Joan Crawford and become a Hollywood star. When he and Joan separated, Franchot returned to New York to do "Gentle People," but the Group Theater wasn't the same. Franchot discovered what everyone has to find out—that you can never go back.

"I went to New York later to do the Hemingway play, which I enjoyed," he comments. "But unless there's something definitely worth doing, I'll not return to the stage. I like pictures. Each one presents a set of problems which must be carefully worked out. How can anyone be bored?"

He continues his deep interest in the theater by collecting a library concerning it: just now he's revelling in a set of illustrated books that are among the earliest published on the subject.

The house is the Robert Montgomery home, purchased after Franchot's marriage to beautiful Jean Wallace. The workshop was set up by Ray Milland, former tenant, who caught his thumb in a piece of machinery and it had to be abandoned.

Some of his spare time is spent in the completely equipped workshop at his Beverly Hills home, making furniture and gadgets that are not on the market these days. He made two graceful end tables for his library, wedged together without nails or screws in Olde English style. He also invented a gadget to skim the swimming pool of leaves and debris, but it took two strong men to operate the thing and it had to be abandoned.

The workshop was set up by Ray Milland, former tenant, who caught his thumb in a piece of machinery and it had to be abandoned.

Mrs. Tone is a tall, tawny-haired young lovely of twenty. She was seventeen on that 13th day of July, 1941, when Franchot met her. The Tones celebrate every July 13th, just as they celebrate their wedding anniversary. They were married at Yuma, Arizona, three months later, when the bride was eighteen.

Jean adored Franchot on the screen, but thought she didn't care to meet him. She had heard so much about Hollywood stars that she had had no intention of playing Red Riding-hood to any of them. When other girls who were wild about him said: "Franchot Tone will be here tonight!"—all of a hooha because of it—Jean would reply: "Well, don't bring him anywhere near me!"

But on the fatal 13th, they met at last. They talked. They discovered they had more to say than could be said in one evening, so they made another date—and another.

Ten days after their meeting, Franchot was suddenly stricken and rushed to a hospital, terribly ill.

"I thought I'd never see him again," confessed Jean. "I knew I was desperately in love, but I couldn't believe..."
LIQUID? □ CREAM? □ POWDER? □

For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for one purpose—important to you and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins
For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, a powder is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

There is ONE Powder . . . created especially for this purpose—QUEST* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex* Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your sure way to avoid offending.

I meant anything to him. I'd heard about his going around with girls and I was afraid I was just another girl. It seemed unfair that I should lose him before I really knew him. I nearly lost my mind worrying. I'd go out with other men, trying to pretend I didn't care. When he heard that, he was nearly crazy, because he'd fallen in love, too.

"I tried to see him at the hospital, but the nurses wouldn't let me in. They said he was too ill for callers. I tried to reach him on the telephone, but they wouldn't put me through. I still have the frantic, four-line note he wrote me, begging me to come, asking why he didn't hear. It seemed so long before I got word, and the writing showed me how terrible, terribly ill he was. One minute I'd be deliriously happy because he cared; the next, I'd be panicky because I was afraid he'd die before I saw him again, or I'd find out it was all a fling and he didn't really love me after all."

(Franchot, on the other hand, says he fell in love with Jean at first sight, but it took him six months to persuade her to take a chance on him. He was counting from an April day in 1941 when he merely looked at her across a room and loved her.)

Jean's family name is The Worrier. She can't remember when she didn't worry—first about school, then about her mother, then about her younger brother and sister. Her mother was young and new to the world. And very happy; Jean constituted herself as protector. Brother Jack, two years younger than Jean, was sensitive and shy but musically gifted, and little sister Carol, fourteen years Jean's junior, added to the girl's responsibilities.

"I finished high school in three years instead of four," tells young Mrs. Tone. "but my grades weren't as high as they should have been because I was always worrying. I was afraid SOMETHING would happen . . . or wouldn't. It's been so good for me to be married to Franchot, because he never worries. Little by little he's teaching me to stop, or at any rate not to run to meet disaster."

"Franchot is such a sweet, thoughtful, understanding, unexpected sort of person. He's hard to know unless you fall in love with him, but he's so worth knowing! I've always liked older men. I haven't a friend of my own age, because when I'm with kids I feel as if I were their mother. Right now at Twentieth Century-Fox, where I'm under contract, a group of the younger girls are doing the play 'Stage Door.' Most of them are around my age—maybe I'm actually the youngest—but they seem so juvenile to me!"

Jean has a moving and sultry loveliness, great poise, and such beauty that it's no wonder Earl Carroll noticed her dance floor at the Stevens Hotel in her hometown Chicago, one night. Jean had graduated from high school. Mr. Carroll was giving a show with his famous girls. He gave Jean a look about joining his show and was so persuasive that she, in turn, argued her father into permitting it.

"All my life I'd dreamed of the screen," said Jean. "I thought this was the key to Hollywood. The whole family came with me, but after two months in the show my father took me out of it."

Next came a contract with Paramount Studios, where Jean played a

Which Deodorant wins your vote?

For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for one purpose—important to you and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins
For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, a powder is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

There is ONE Powder . . . created especially for this purpose—QUEST* POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex* Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your sure way to avoid offending.

Since Using This New 11-Minute Home Shampoo
Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny, golden curls are gloriously lovely. That's why Blondex, the special shampoo that helps keep light hair from darkening and blends with faded blonde hair, is so popular. Blondex makes a rich cleansing lather that removes dirty, dust film that makes hair dull, old looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair new lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug or department stores.

Now We Both Have Lovely BLONDE HAIR
Since Using This New 11-Minute Home Shampoo
Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny, golden curls are gloriously lovely. That's why Blondex, the special shampoo that helps keep light hair from darkening and blends with faded blonde hair, is so popular. Blondex makes a rich cleansing lather that removes dirty, dust film that makes hair dull, old looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair new lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug or department stores.

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Next came a contract with Paramount Studios, where Jean played a

MADAME LOVE'S CREATIONS CHIGNONS for charming coiffures
Designed for your romantic moments—these charmingly natural Chignons, so easy to attach firmly to your own locks. Choose to match your exact hair shade. When ordering, send lock of back hair.

Page Boy Falls...Long Curl Falls...$25.00 and up
Brads - Curls - Transformations

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The ORIGINAL and ONLY Madame Love Shop

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3 month's supply $100

I enclose $1 for Kel-Ray method for reducing and month's supply of Kel-Ray to be sent postpaid. If not satisfied I may return unused portion and my $1 will be refunded. (C. O. D. orders accepted. Same guarantee.)

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City: _______________________________________________ Dept. 60

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Remarkable results reported with new Kel-Ray method. You DON'T CUT OUT starches, fatty foods, you merely CUT DOWN on them. Take half teaspoonful Kel-Ray (a purely vegetable product) daily, follow easy, lazy plan, and fat vanishes.

That's all there is to it. USERS SAY: "Lost 5 lbs. in 3 days." Mrs. A.C.: "Lost 2 lbs. in a week."
"Say, Mrs. G.H.: "Lost weight in everything. Kel-Ray is wonderful." Mrs. J. C.: "Doctor approved. Now I have a slim figure." Mrs. J. C.

ONE MONTH'S SUPPLY $100

3 Month's supply $200

MADAME LOVE'S CREATIONS CHIGNONS for charming coiffures
Designed for your romantic moments—these charmingly natural Chignons, so easy to attach firmly to your own locks. Choose to match your exact hair shade. When ordering, send lock of back hair.

Page Boy Falls...Long Curl Falls...$25.00 and up
Brads - Curls - Transformations

Madame Love
33 East Madison, Chicago, Ill.
Ground Floor • Dearborn 0304
The ORIGINAL and ONLY Madame Love Shop
Lack of Pep, Poor Appetite and Dull Coat May Be Due to Insufficient Vitamins in Your Dog's Diet

DOG OWNERS! Is your pet listless? Does he eat poorly, lack his usual showy coat, his friskiness and pep? Insufficient vitamins may be the reason! Just like growing children and adults your dog needs vitamins. Particularly now, with wartime dog foods, if your dog is vitamin-deficient, VITA K-9 can help restore his bounding spirit, sparkling eyes, healthy look. VITA K-9 is especially made for dogs. It contains Vitamins A, D, B, B1, B2, plus Nicotinamide and Wheat Germ Oil. Dogs love the taste! Try VITA K-9 for thirty days. Then if you are not completely satisfied with your dog's improvement, your full purchase price will be promptly refunded. (Dependent upon size of dog) 30-day or more supply (depending upon size of dog) costs only $1.98 postpaid. Your thought today, send coupon today!

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Enclosed is $1.98 for 30-day or more supply of VITA K-9, on money-back guarantee.

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A new method of issuing safe life insurance by mail, without doctor's examination, has been adopted by a well-known St. Louis company. No doctor's examination. No agent will call. Actual policy is mailed to the applicant for 10 days' free inspection. No agent is permitted to call.

This company features a low cost special policy which sells for only $1.00 a month (is the regular rate first 5 years), then $2.00 a month for 15 years. Policy is then fully paid up. It is straight life insurance of the 20-pay life type with double indemnity feature, and also liberal cash and loan values covered by approved securities deposited with the Insurance Department for the protection of all policyholders, wherever they may live. Policy will be issued to any person in good health age 1 day to 55 years.

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Name of Beneficiary __________ Relationship __________
Are you in good health? __________ Amount of Policy __________
Check if under 40 and eligible __________ Signature of Applicant or Parent __________

The End
capture Guam and take Saipan and the Tinian Islands.

Six of the Marine Corps cameramen who photographed these scenes lost their lives in the process—that's your evidence for front-line and underfire authenticity!

Taken originally for use of the Military Intelligence in training staff officers, the film affords civilian audiences their first opportunity to see heretofore secret American weapons, actual scenes of Jap suicides, Jap snipers trying to escape, and the surrender of Jap civilians.

Twenty-one minutes of a powerful and gripping account of our Pacific War.

BABES ON SWING STREET (Universal)

Give me some skin, Jackson! Here comes that hep-chick Peggy Ryan, in her newest dish o' jive.

Peggy and her solid pals (sans, however, the also very talented but now in uniform, Mr. Donald O'Connor) are in something of a stew in this one, kids. Her neighborhood guys and girls, interested mainly in jam sessions, but also possessing considerable long-haired tendencies, are offered scholarships for furthering their classical careers—if they can raise one hundred dollars to start the project.

So what to do? Have a kid's night club, of course!

Countless amusing (and some not so amusing) problems arise before the revue gets revived (sharp!). But with the help of Leon Errol, Anne Gwynne, Kirby Grant, Ann Blyth, June Preisser and others, the stuff gets jumping and flattens 'em in the aisles.

Give the little lady a big hand, boys!

GOT ALONG LITTLE DOGGIES (Republic)

Gene Autry fans (and we know there are lots of them!) will be delighted about this re-leasing of the picture with such oily complications.

The sides taken in this story, about putting down an oil well near the western community where cattlemen oppose the whole project on the grounds that oil and cattle won't mix, are about as changeable as political party affiliations on the day after election. Gene starts out by being "against" and winds up getting in a lot of trouble because he's changed his mind and is "for."

Judith Allen has a lot to do with all this, and Frog (your old pal, Smiley Brunette), quite by accident, is responsible for making everything come out with a happy ending.

On the musical side, add the stuff you'll hear again are things like "If You Want to Be a Cowboy," "Wait for the Wagon," and "Chinatown."
PROMISING young wife, Ellen Drew. At same post there is a tender, sympathetic woman doctor, Ruth Warrick. Nuff said.

THE VALLEY OF DECISION is the picture forming a part of the series of Paul Muni's contributions to the screen. The other story this week is a tender, sympathetic woman doctor, Randolph Scott, who returns to his post in China with a spoiled, uncomprising young wife, Gladys Cooper (her genteely looped scenes in "Mrs. Parkington" are superb), and June Lockhart.

THE WOMEN'S ARMY has inducted Lana Turner, Laraine Day (don't miss her latest picture, "Bride By Mistake," if you have to mortgage the family bee to go), Susan Peters, Agnes Moorehead (who is superb as the friend in "Mrs. Parkington"), and June Lockhart.

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THE AT PARAMOUNT:

SALTY O'ROURKE has Alan Ladd and Gail Russell, opposed by Bruce Cabot in his first post-war picture.

LOST WEEKEND, the frightening book by Charles Jackson, is to employ Ray Milland in the role of the drunkard, which is pretty funny because there are few men in Hollywood more sober than Ray. The idea seems to be the loyal, intelligent sweetheart, and the manner in which she got the part is typically cinematic. Brackett & Wilder, who are producing the picture, were headed for a projection room to see rushes of a new picture and stumbled by accident into a room where "Princess O'Rourke" was being shot. If you remember this one, Jane was married to Jack Carson, and the scene being rehearsed as the two producers barged in showed Jane dancing with Jack and looking up at him, wordlessly, but with worship in her eloquent face and eyes that no one could mistake her feelings. "That's for us," said Messrs. B & W, and Jane was in.

MISS SUSIE SLAGLE'S is going great, with Sonny Tufts, Veronica Lake, Lilian Gish (coming into the Commisary, looking like a beautiful fugitive from a family album), and Joan Caulfield.

AT RKO:

EXPERIMENT PERILOUS is a murder mystery that started out to be modern of background but retrograded in history because Hedy Lamarr had never done a costume picture and thought it would be fun. The frightening husband is Paul Lukas, and the doctor who arrives in the gap of Fate is George Brent. This one sounds like a goodie.

IT'S A PLEASURE has Sonja Henie on thin ice again, with the assistance of Michael O'Shea, Bill Johnson, and Marie McDonald.

THE WONDER MAN is the Danny Kaye picture that had to be postponed because Danny grumped. Don't worry, it's all is again leg of spring lamb.

CHINA SKY is the story of a doctor, Randolph Scott, who returns to his post in China with a spoiled, uncomprising young wife, Ellen Drew. At the same post there is a tender, sympathetic woman doctor, Ruth Warrick. Nuff said.
When the blood does not provide the proper elements, the tiny laboratory that manufactures color shuts down and the hair grows gray. Perhaps you may need the vitamins in Panates. Make this test today.

When Cohan finally spotted Watson in the amateur night contest. They were promptly hired by the Empire Theatre in Springfield where his grandfather had his first job was stripping tobacco out of the tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get rid of smoking! It doesn't take long. His best known role was that of “Irene,” in which he played for two years. Watson made his screen debut in the second talking picture to be filmed in New York. From that time on, until 1933, he divided his time between New York and Hollywood, and stage appearances paid off. The Hitler role was that of “Irene,” in which he played for two years.

Try Anti-Gray Hair Vitamins
Plus Wheat Germ Oil (E) Vitamins
ON THIS MONEY BACK OFFER

If your hair is gray, erasing, streaked, faded or off-color, modern science offers a powerful supply of “Anti-Gray Hair” vitamins by simply taking the original 2-way Panates Vitamin treatment. You too may be amazed and delighted to see the gray spread stopped, restoration of normal hair and color back into the hair roots. Panates is different—it only contains a powerful supply of “Anti-Gray Hair” Vitamin. We guarantee that leaves no room for doubt.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous waste to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache quickly, many sufferers relieve nagging backache quicklv.

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SEND NO MONEY. Simply fill in and mail this coupon today while Special Offer is available.

The biographies of smart women everywhere. A lack of modern science offers new hope without dyeing. A lack of Panates Vitamin treatment. You too may be amazed and delighted to see the gray spread stopped, restoration of normal hair and color back into the hair roots.

When you send for...
Your Letter or Postcard in the Mail Today while Special Offer is available.

Put your letter or postcard in the mail today while Special Offer is available.

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Exquisite designed 10K Yellow Gold Engagement Ring set with round diamond solitaire in adorable mounting. Matching Wedding Ring is richly embossed 10K Yellow Gold set with three chip diamonds. Either ring only $5.95, or both for only $9.90 plus postage and tax. Order Quantity:...

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The prayers of the most worthy people often fail. Why? The unworthy often have the greatest health, success, riches and happiness. The best, smartest, and most industrious people have only pain, poverty and sorrow. Why? Thirty years ago, Dr. Clary, a physician, asked a man, "What is your secret?" The man said, "I am a farmer." "And your secret ambition?" asked the doctor. "To be a farmer," he replied. "And the greatest thing you've ever done?" "Working hard." "And your greatest fear?" "Working hard." "And your greatest wish?" "Working hard." "And your greatest achievement?" "Working hard." "And your greatest happiness?" "Working hard." "And your greatest talent?" "Working hard." "And your greatest secret?" "Working hard." "And your greatest secret ambition?" "To be a farmer." Dr. Clary was skeptical. "But why work hard?" he asked. "That's wonderful, but wishes out loud aren't much good. You have to work hard to make it happen."

JOYCE REYNOLDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 371

stretch at the cinema with you.

Joyce has a secret ambition and a secret vice. The secret vice is for chocolate cake, which she'll eat at any hour of the day—preferably in a movie.

Her secret ambition, if the studio knew it, might be of some concern. Because Joyce would like to spend her time improving her figure—oh, you know what happens when Miss Reynolds makes up her mind to anything.

She wants a place with a stream so she can fish, sled a place nearby to hunt. She used to do both with her father before he passed away three years ago, and never lost her taste for the outdoor life.

As we intimated, Joyce owns a chunk of Texas in her own right. Her father left her a hundred acres near Houston; she takes possession on her twenty-fourth birthday. Joyce thinks that's wonderful, but wishes out loud aren't much good. She needs a place, she tells you seriously, to keep her horses. It sounds like an awful problem, until you suddenly remember that she doesn't have the horses yet.

There'll not be any for awhile, either—especially after her recent experience with a purely mythical pig, which almost cost Joyce her grandmother.

She started on the "Janie" set, when a make-up man was telling Joyce about the cute baby pigs on his ranch and offered her one. She explained that her home in Westwood was hardly the place for such things, and declined. But she added: "Oh, how I'd love to have one." And her mother walked by just in time to hear the end of the conversation.

Knowing her daughter's impulsive nature, Mrs. Reynolds immediately assumed the worst and started to protest. Joyce gave the make-up man a wink, and the gag was on. He strolled away while she was explaining to her mother that she couldn't get out of accepting the pig now, without offending the man.

For two days, Chez Reynolds was in a flap. Grandma announced she was going back to Texas. She had her bags all packed, before Joyce finally broke down and confessed.

Which is just one of the reasons her mother and grandmother agree so wholeheartedly with the studio's claims that, in Joyce Reynolds, they have discovered an exciting new personality.
EDDIE BRACKEN
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51)

the Kiddies evaded the Gerry Act prohibiting young children from stage work. At all events, there was Eddie, applying his small self through New York's subway to and from outlying theatres. A five-year-old didn't have to pay fare if accompanied by an adult; Eddie was adept at joining all sorts of unwanted elders.

Eddie never graduated from grammar school. Because he was usually working in some branch of smalltime show business, he was enrolled at the Professional Children's School for Actors. Lessons were given by correspondence method, whether or not the acting actor was in the classroom. Printing long paragraphs only bored him, and he dodged as much education as possible.

The lack of formal schooling didn't exactly spoil him now, for he's been making up for any reading everything he can get his hands on, studying whatever new subject catches his interest, informing himself, and acquiring authorities in a way that could not have been possible earlier.

His main advantage over the college graduate, as he sees it, is that he knows the town and will never stop trying to learn.

It was when he was thirteen that he first met Junior Durkin, under-studying that great juvenile in “The Lottery.” Junior's later Hollywood success gave Eddie movie fever.

The Brackens were no better off than usual and funds for a trip to the coast didn't exist. Eddie made only the $4.20 which his mother had given him to pay for putting his picture in a Long Island newspaper, the day he was sixteen.

He was feeling very old that birthday. Years were passing and he was getting nowhere. For the only time in his life he succumbed to temptation, appropriated the $4.20 and in his life he succumbed to temptation. Broke, hungry, homesick and miserable, he realized that the coast didn't exist. Eddie had only $4.20 and no place to go.

Eddie never graduated from grammar school.

"One of these days," he thought, as he lay shivering in the October chill, "I'll be driving past here in my car."
Once Fat! Now Has a Model's Figure

"I lost 32 lbs. wear size 14 again"

Botty Reynolds, Brooklyn

Just think, once 156 lbs., Miss Reynolds lost weight weekly with AYDS Vitamin Candy Reducing Plan. Now when she has a model-like figure. Your experience may or may not be just the same but try this easier reducing plan yourself. First box costs Results. Money back. No exercise. No laxatives. No harmful. You don't cut out meat, potatoes, etc., you just cut them down. Simple when you enjoy delicious AYDS before meals. Only $2.25 for 30 days plus postage. Your return by express makes it possible to bring you your order now. Send 50c deposit with order. We guarantee to return your money, but not your weight. We make the claim, you keep the results. Made by the Carlay Co., 160 East Illinois. Chicago 11, Ill.

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Only a tremendous purchase direct from the manufacturer makes it possible to bring you these adorable dresses at this tremendous price. These dresses are made in two sizes. 42 and 44. We GUARANTEE your complete satisfaction. The offer may be withdrawn at any time, so rush your order. When ordering, allow balance C.O.D., plus postage, 2 in ordering.

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STATE OF NEW YORK CORPORATION

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared

PHIL KEENAN, Business Manager

and acknowledged the execution of the Declaration of Incorporation filed in said office by

PHIL KEENAN, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 12th day of September, 1944.

GEORGE GORMAN.

(My commission expires March 30, 1945.)


Pays HOSPITAL BILLS for Whole Family

Costs 3c a Day for Adults
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It's here! The new Family Hospital and Surgical Expense Policy you need and want! One policy insures whole family—mother, father, children, anyone from 3 months to 66 years. No medical examination. Pays up to $250 for hospital and surgical bills for EACH and EVERY person insured. Pays up to $100 doctor's fees for operations. Pays up to $50.00 for operating room, medicines, ambulance, etc. Covers accidents, operations, childbirth, female disorders, and many other disabilities not covered by other policies. You select your own doctor and hospital. This full-coverage Family Hospital and Surgical Policy issued DIRECT to you as special big, strong company with over $3,000,000.00 in assets. Investigate! Send no money, but make first step for quick full details—sent FREE. No agent will call. Act today.

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Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. Few days surface blemishes, mudness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A dealer later, smashing skin. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug toiletry counters. 30,000 jars already used. Ask for imperial size.

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Send me FREE Copy of "How to Dance." I will pay $1.50, postpaid, on receipt of the book above.

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State: __________________________

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IRENE
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

unidentified extra. (Not that she actually does all this work herself—
that would be too much—but she supervises and directs.)

How many other designers can boast something as grand as this? Irene,
however, is not one to boast. She freely admits being from Baker, Montana,
where a girl had to make her own clothes or be content with some¬
thing mass-produced in the general store or in the mail-order catalogue.

"I remember Mother's coming home one day with a length of gingham and a
pattern. I asked. Not only that, she wore the
evening gown. Bravely I quoted a
price of $150. Since then, though, I've learned
to claim an exception in this
situation which took her to Los Angeles,
strangely enough, it was that ambi¬
...
Many movie stars came to Irene for personal wardrobes, but she had wanted no part in the business of designing clothes strictly for the screen. The time came, though, and Irene didn't have to go to the studios, for Customer Constance Bennett bought a studio to her. And the Irene-designed costumes Miss Bennett wore for "Topper" at the Hal Roach Studios other stars—Ginger Rogers, Claudette Colbert and Rosalind Russell—began to demand Irene creations for their screen wardrobes.

Five years later, she had signed the contract with MGM and was not merely a designer but a supervisor of designing department, head of her own staff. Each of Irene's assistants has special talents and is assigned to certain pictures. Irene directs and supervises their work, adding here, making suggestions there.

Among the trends which she had set, during the years preceding her present studio activity, was the illusion of tantalizing revelation with nude créations. Irene says all over the country went copies of this suave roughness, chapping. Send 25c (plus 5c C.O.D. charges) Rush your order today! That exude delightful perfume earrings immediately. NEW.

NEW Beautiful TRUE-LOVE BRACELET

Save Money by buying direct from reliable New York National concern. Write us your name and address. Your package sent immediately wants one. Each link 4

FREE! The glamour bracelet that's EXCLUSIVELY YOURS! Your own name, actually spelled out, letter by letter, in glorious, pendant lettering. A personality adornment that spells more charm for YOU. Exquisitely crafted in gold-finished sterling silver with any name you choose. *FREE!

BRENTWOOD
1133 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10

So there are wartime restrictions, you see, even in fashion designing. Except for costume pictures such as "Kismet," Irene hasn't created any of her fabulous gowns for the MGM stars. She is looking forward, however, to creating costumes for Lucille Ball and Lucille Bremer in "Yolanda" (from Ludwig Bemelmans' book), which will give her an opportunity to express herself along those lines again.

Ask what's the greatest difference between the average American girl and the so-called smart woman, Irene tells you the girl follows blindly the fashions of the season, without thought of her own personality or figure. The smart woman adopts a style or mode essentially her own. This may mean she wears suits from dawn to dawn—street suits, heavy coats and jackets. All latest styles.

The glamour bracelet that's EXCLUSIVELY YOURS! Your own name, actually spelled out, letter by letter, in glorious, pendant lettering. A personality adornment that spells more charm for YOU. Exquisitely crafted in gold-finished sterling silver with any name you choose. *FREE!

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NEW Beautiful TRUE-LOVE BRACELET

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TRUE-Love, Heart-Link design, for engraving initials of loved ones and friends. Safety Clasp. Ten links. The bracelet of love and romance. The marriage present beautifully hand-stamped with any name you choose. *FREE!

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 8-P, Jefferson, Iowa
OPEN LETTER TO RHONDA FLEMING

Excuse it, please! We left you unidentified, as the model for the Saks Fifth Avenue costumes used to illustrate the Anita Colby article in Movieland's October issue. Lots of our readers caught the omission and have written to tell us about it. Oh yes, you might be surprised at how many loyal fans you have, all watching out for your interests! They're full of anticipation, too, and have written to tell us about the outfits she's reached today, sitting right up there on top of her profession—and we do mean "the top." The End
hard work and careful interpretation of her roles.

Saturn, the planet which offers limitations and delays, has given her many problems which, with ineffable charm, the lady presents to herself, along with her own fears and shyness. Her Moon in its relationship to Neptune, Uranus and Saturn—the last three planets of slow motion, holding this relationship up throughout her life—has helped her make many sacrifices, for she has great intuition and inner assurance that her inspirations and dreams are real and will while, and with hard work and patience will be realized. This patience has been doubly difficult, since her nature is impulsive and she does not enjoy delays; too, she has had more than her share of unkindness, for she is extremely sensitive. Being a keen critic, she is often as dissatisfied with her own efforts as those of others, but a warmly affectionate and loyal heart has made her severely honest with herself.

There are alternate “spells” of activity and inactivity; any out of door interests are beneficial, and a fondness for animals may make horseback riding a great pleasure.

She has the rare combination of idealism and practicality, although it is sometimes almost impossible to keep the two emotional sides from conflicting—the profound, intellectual and occasionally foreboding side, and the emotional, romantic and slightly4 pathetic side. While her inspirations rest on an unworlly but firm foundation, there is little selfishness in her, and she is often far too generous with herself, her resources and her all too limited time.

The close of 1944 finds Miss Gifford well-established in her profession, and 1945 promises to be fortunate, for it brings her several roles of dramatic calibre which would try the experi-
ence of one who had less courage and self-confidence. Keep on expecting great things of the lovely Frances; her popularity is on a big up-curve, and she’s soon to be firmly established as the brightest Nova in the Cinema Firmament.

THE END

ANSWER TO PUZZLE
ON PAGE 12

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Most Precious Keepsake You Can Own
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SEND NO MONEY!
Any photo on a paper or rubber reproduction is sent to you on receipt of $1.00 plus tax and postage. See any negative, picture, snapshot or group, Givet Color of Hair and Eyes. You must return unharmed. Money back guarantee.

G & G ARTCAST, Dept. J-1, 153 West 72 St., New York 23, N. Y.
AMAZING FORECASTER
PREDICTS THE WEATHER
24 HOURS IN ADVANCE

NOW YOU CAN BE YOUR
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ALL WEATHER REPORTS DISCONTINUED
FOR THE DURATION—BUT DON'T WORRY—

Since our Government has banned weather forecast
casts and temperature reports, many folks have had to buy expensive barometers to forecast the
weather. Why pay $5 or $10 for a barometer when you can predict the weather yourself, at home, 8 to
24 hours in advance, with this accurate, inexpensive Weather House forecaster? It's made like a little
Swiss cottage, with a thatched green roof and small green shutters. Inside the house is an old witch and
a little boy and girl. When the weather's going to be fine, the little boy and girl come out front.
But when bad weather is on the way the old witch makes an appearance. There is an easy-to-read
thermometer on the front of the cottage that shows you the exact temperature. You can depend on
knowing the condition of the weather from eight to twenty-four hours in advance with this Weather
House, made in U. S. A. . . . Everyone—business men, housewives,
teachers, farmers, school boys and girls, laborers, doctors, lawyers, minis-
ters, clubs and colleges can now predict the weather in advance. Here
is positively the most amazing introductory advertising offer ever made.

But you must act quickly—prices may rise.

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Sent to you on 100% Satisfaction Guarantee
AS YOU RECEIVE IT
AS IT GROWS FOR YOU
EVERY TINY PLANT
PRODUCES THIS
Yours free—for prompt
action. It will grow in
your room pinned to the
window curtain. This
leaf grows a plant at
every notch. The small
plants may be detached
and potted if desired.
When planted in earth,
it grows two feet tall and
blooms beautifully. The
blooms may be cut and
dried and they will hold
their beauty for years.
This plant is being studied
by some of our leading
Universities and is rating
very high in plant evolu-
tion.

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HOUSE OWNERS SAY—

"My neighbors now phone me to find out
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are wonderful."
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home and the way they raved about it,
I decided to order one for myself."
-Mrs. L. R., Chicago, Ill.

"Ever since I got my Weather House I've
been able to plan my affairs a day ahead.
It's wonderful."
-Mrs. B. L. B., Shreveport, Iowa.

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Read All About the
"SWISS" WEATHER HOUSE
FREE GIFT ORDER
AND IF YOU ACT AT ONCE
This free Good Luck Leaf
Lives on Air Alone
The greatest novelty plant ever dis-
covered! Tradition is—a person owning
one of these plants will have much
good luck and success.

FREE for Prompt
Action

OUTGUESS THE WEATHERMAN

DOUBLE VALUE COUPON—MAIL TODAY

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29 East Madison Street,
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Send at once (I) "Swiss" Weather House and Free Good Luck Leaf. On
arrival, I will pay postman $1.69 plus postage with the understanding that
the Weather House is guaranteed to work accurately. Also I can return
the Weather House for any reason within 10 days and get my money back.

Send C.O.D. □ I Enclose $1.69. You Pay Postage. □ 2 for $2.98

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PLEASE PRINT PROMPTLY

READ ALL ABOUT THE
"SWISS" WEATHER HOUSE

FREE GIFT ORDER
AND IF YOU ACT AT ONCE

GREAT GIFTS IDEAS

90
WITH THIS NEWLY LUSTROUS, TRUE LACQUER MAKE-UP

Chen Yu long lasting nail lacquer ... newly lustrous and each shade newly rich, newly elegant ... dresses your nails in the brilliance of precious jewels.

Oh so flattering to your hands! Very possibly, very probably it's time for you to try a new shade. So we offer to send you trial bottles of any two and a free trial size bottle of Chen Yu lacquerol base coat (it's that extra coat of added beauty and longer wear).

*Note especially "Pink Sapphire", "Oriental Sapphire", "Black Sapphire", and remember any Chen Yu shade just hates to chip!

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Important: This special coupon offer FILLED FROM CHICAGO OFFICE ONLY.

ASSOCIATED DISTRIBUTORS, INC., 30 W. Hubbard Street, Dept. H-2, Chicago 10, Ill. Send me two sample size flacons of Chen Yu Nail Lacquer and a FREE bottle of Lacquerol base. I encloseTwenty-Five cents to cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax.

For an additional twenty-five cents please send two trial size Chen Yu lipsticks in harmonizing shades to the lacquer colors I selected.

Lacquer shades here:

Lipstick shades here:

Name:

Address:

City: State:

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...and she's got Cookies made with Baby Ruth Candy.

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CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Producers of Fine Foods • CHICAGO 13, ILLINOIS
Exclusive Stories
DINAH SHORE
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SHIRLEY TEMPLE

BUY YOUR
6TH WAR LOAN BONDS
AT YOUR MOTION PICTURE THEATRE
Meet John S——and Mary D——

John works at an electronics plant on Long Island, and makes $83 a week. Almost 16% of it goes into War Bonds.

Mary has been driving rivets into the hide of one bomber after another out at an airplane plant on the West Coast. She makes $55 a week, and puts 14% of it into War Bonds.

John and Mary are typical of more than 27 million Americans on the Payroll Savings Plan who, every single month, put a half a BILLION dollars into War Bonds. That's enough to buy one of those hundred-million-dollar battleships every week, with enough money for an aircraft carrier and three or four cruisers left over.

In addition, John and Mary and the other people on the Payroll Plan have been among the biggest buyers of extra Bonds in every War Loan Drive.

When you come to figure out the total job that John and Mary have done, it's a little staggering.

They've made the Payroll Savings Plan the backbone of the whole War Bond-selling program.

They've helped keep prices down and lick inflation.

They've financed a good share of our war effort all by themselves, and they've tucked away billions of dollars in savings that are going to come in mighty handy for both them and their country later on.

When this war is finally won, and we start giving credit where credit is due, don't forget John and Mary. After the fighting men, they deserve a place right at the top of the list. They've earned it.

These people buy a battleship — every week!

You've backed the attack — now speed the Victory!

This is an official U.S. Treasury advertisement — prepared under auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council.
Let your dancing be light but not fantastic. Strangle-holds are tiring. Any exaggerated pose looks affected. So stand naturally, comfortably . . . for comfort is the first step toward dancing skill. That's why, on trying days, most prom-trotting girls choose cushion-soft Kotex sanitary napkins. They know there's all the difference in the world between Kotex and pads that just "feel" soft at first touch . . . because Kotex stays soft while wearing.

Hope you'd choose the Valentine party! To find partners, have your gang match halves of broken hearts. Make blindfolded couples hunt for candy motifs (a prize for the most). Cover your dartboard with a king-size heart, let everyone sling for top score. You can be a carefree hostess even on problem days, with the help of Kotex—for Kotex has patented ends—pressed flat, so they don't cause outlines. Not like thick, stubby pads, Kotex keeps your secret.

Every medal has a meaning you should know! Maybe he's been wounded in action, or awarded the highest military honor. Or, he may be a crack marksman—as the sharpshooter medal above tells you. Being sure saves embarrassment. And it saves needless dismay on "certain days" to be sure of extra protection—with Kotex—the napkin with the 4-ply safety center that keeps moisture away from the edges, assuring safety plus.

You can brush your wave and keep it, too. Best hair care calls for brushing and combing in direction hairdo will follow. Then wave can be gently coaxed into place. Fastidious grooming promotes your confidence. So does Kotex—the only napkin made to suit your own special needs. Only Kotex comes in 3 sizes, for different women, different days. Choose Regular Kotex in the blue box, Junior Kotex in the green box or Super Kotex in the brown box.
We're full of the milk of human kindness at this writing.

We're gay, carefree. You can borrow money from us if you want to.

In short, we're in good humor, and all because we've seen the most alluring musical motion picture since our movie-going began...M-G-M's "Meet Me In St. Louis".

Whoops! Back you go to the old World's Fair in St. Louis as the guests of the Smith family, of which our favorite members are played by Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien.

What gay, nostalgic, wonderful entertainment this is, enriched in every scene by rainbow Technicolor!

Judy Garland seems to have been born for the part of Esther, a high school girl just awakening to love for the boy next door, Esther is young, innocent, viva-
cious, and golden-voiced.

You will have to decide for yourself whether you prefer Judy's provocative presentation of a young girl in love or Judy's singing. Perhaps you'll find, as we did, both talents perfectly fused in "Over The Banister", "The Boy Next Door", or that bell-ringing success, "The Trolley Song". And these are only three of eight songs!

Judy (that is, Esther) has a sister—an impish, devilish, utterly loveable kid named "Tootie". In this part, Margaret O'Brien will become everyone's sweetheart—if she isn't everyone's sweetheart already.

Tom Drake, one of M-G-M's latest finds, plays the boy next door and heads a splendidly-chosen supporting cast including Mary Astor, Marjorie Main, Lucille Bremer, Joan Carroll, Henry H. Daniels, Jr., Leon Ames, and Harry Davenport.

The script was written by Irving Brecher and Fred F. Finkelhoffe, Arthur Freed, who gave us "Girl Crazy", produced, and Vincente Minnelli directed. They all have cause for pride.

Mark our words: M-G-M's "Meet Me In St. Louis" will strike you as about the best tuneful re-past ever displayed for your delight!

—Leo
M.G.M.'s big happy-hearted hit

BRIMMING WITH MUSIC AND THE JOY OF LIVING!

GAY WITH SONGS! STARS! AND TECHNICOLOR!

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS

STARRING
Judy GARLAND with Margaret O'BRIEN
MARY ASTOR • LUCILLE BREMER • TOM DRAKE • MARJORIE MAIN

Screen Play by Irving Brecher and Fred F. Finkelhoffe, Based on the Book by Sally Benson, Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI, Produced by ARTHUR FREED, A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture.
It was quite a swank affair. Every cameraman in town was out with enough flashbulbs to have powered Diogenes’ search for twenty years. Town cars rolled up to the theatre entrance for this gigantic preview (the title of the picture must remain incognito), and discharged bundles of mink, white ties and tailcoats. All the people in the bleachers said “Ah” at the proper intervals.

A tall man with a face like a captured town emerged from his car and turned to assist his wife, a handsome redhead. “Bogart!” yelled the bleachers. “And his missus.”

His missus disengaged Mr. Bogart’s helping hand with a caustic comment, which Mr. Bogart answered in a tone that would have made the Hollywood Bowl ring. In holy acrimony, the pair entered the theatre and were shown to their seats. The altercation continued for some moments, whereupon Mrs. Bogart arose and started haughtily down the aisle in the full stare of Hollywood. Mr. Bogart followed, to seize her elbow and tell her in terms unhallowed by the Hayes office, that she had better return to her seat like a little lady or he was going to conduct himself in a very, very physical manner to the everlasting detriment of some of her important teeth.

Mrs. Bogart returned to her seat in a silence in which a hundred pounds of fish could have been kept fresh for three years. “The Battling Bogarts are at it again,” someone who knew them well said with a sigh. “It’s a good thing they are married to each other because such titanic arguments would normally reduce one or the other combatant to a pulp.”

Eventually, someone weakened, and the Bogarts announced their separation and their pending divorce. One of the most turbulent of marriages had been given the final gong. It had been the second marriage for Mayo Methot, and the third for Humphrey Bogart.

The local Big Brains are saying that the fourth Mrs. Bogart has been selected in Bogey’s mind’s eye.

TIE THAT:

Jack Benny, deep in the South Pacific, found that the two gags—out of some that he had expected to bring abdominal guffaws—most successful were these: Upon holding up a picture of Fred Allen in one of his most doleful poses, Jack would observe lugubriously, “Well, fellows, here’s what you’re fighting for.”

The other gag involved no props. “Everything is the same in The States as it was when you left,” he would announce heartily. “Roosevelt is still President, Ann Sheridan is still beautiful, and Allen’s program is still lousy.”

Like Bob Hope, Jack sometimes felt that he had never left home. His guide in New Guinea was Captain Lanny Ross, and the chap who announced his New Caledonia broadcast was Marine Sergeant Jack Briggs.

IT'S A DATE, GATE:

It is a rule in the Gene Raymond-Jeannette MacDonald household that Captain Raymond will attend to all minor household repairs whenever he manages to get up to Los Angeles on week-end leave. (He is presently based at Yuma, Arizona.)

One evening not so long ago, his wife was quietly reading when she heard an old familiar refrain. A lost motorist had scorch ed up a rustic roadway, only to find that it ended abruptly at the Raymond-MacDonald gate. Before he could apply his brakes, he had crashed into the white-washed pickets. Jeannette had just returned to the house after an inspection of the shattered portal when her husband telephoned to say that he would be home that weekend. “Stop somewhere along the way, dear,” said Mrs. Raymond, “and buy some white paint, nails, boards, and all that stuff—you know.”

“That gate again for the eighth or tenth time, huh?”

“Yes, dear.”

“Well, I suppose I can’t kick. A lot of army guys would be very happy if, while they were gone, the little woman would give all strangers the gate.”

GROWING PAINS:

Unhappiest girl on election day was June Allyson—not because she was dissatisfied with the election outcome, but because she couldn’t vote. She didn’t become 21 until October 7, one day too late for her to register in Los Angeles.

SPIRITED BUTLER:

For a party that they gave recently for a (Continued on page 8)
Ann Sheridan
Alexis Smith
Jack Carson
Jane Wyman
Irene Manning
Charles Ruggles
Eve Arden

A SCREENFUL OF SCREAMFUL
FUN FROM WARNERS!

THE DOUGHGIRLS
FROM THE HILARIOUS B'WAY. SENSATION!

with John Ridgely, John Alexander, Craig Stevens, Barbara Brown, Alan Mowbray
Directed by James V. Kern
Screen Play by James V. Kern and Sam Hellman • Additional Dialogue by Willie Mahoney
From the Stage Play by Joseph A. Fields • Produced by Max Gordon

JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer
Produced by MARK HELLINGER
When you’re home curled up with a book it doesn’t matter if your hair slips its moorings... But when the party’s in full bloom and the music to your taste, you want a hair-do built for speed and endurance.

So anchor it, for keeps, with DeLong Bob Pins... They have the strength of true love and the grip of a habit... They’ll hold your curls securely, keep your hair-net snugly in place and help make you the glamour-puss of the party.

**Stronger Grip**

*Won’t Slip Out*

*Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years*

Barry Sullivan, not needed in a scene, slipped away to the paymaster’s window, then to the bank, and then to Billie Beneshe’s shop—a spot that is, in an upper bracket sort of way. (Continued on page 10)
Beautifully tailored of black or navy rayon ben-galine with embroidered flowers on shoulders and waistband. Slenderizing, form-fitting Bolero jacket with epaulets. For indoor wear is glamorous hostess suit.

Feminine...alluring...has "man appeal"! Sizes 10 to 16. ONLY $10.95!

Separate long sleeve blouse of Rubitex rayon jersey with drawstring ruffled neck, set-in ruffled cuffs and full button front. White only. ONLY $3.95!

SEND NO MONEY! WE MAIL C.O.D.!

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded!

Rubaloff of Hollywood

RUBALOFF
OF HOLLYWOOD

The Hollywood Bolero

Beautifully tailored of black or navy rayon ben-galine with embroidered flowers on shoulders and waistband. Slenderizing, form-fitting Bolero jacket with epaulets. For indoor wear is glamorous hostess suit.

Feminine...alluring...has "man appeal"! Sizes 10 to 16. ONLY $10.95!

Separate long sleeve blouse of Rubitex rayon jersey with drawstring ruffled neck, set-in ruffled cuffs and full button front. White only. ONLY $3.95!

SEND NO MONEY! WE MAIL C.O.D.!

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded!

Rubaloff of Hollywood

Please send me Hollywood Bolero at $10.95, plus postage. I Black Navy (Mark 1st & 2nd color choice)

Also Blouse at $3.95, plus postage.

Please Print

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________

Jennifer Jones and Jinx Falkenburg, when they entertained a group of service boys just back from Saipan and the Marianas. Jinx has since given shows in the CBI area.

Edward G. Robinson, ex-Little Caesar, permanent art collector, and good guy recently returned from an entertainment tour of France, is being instructed at Metro in the art of driving a team of horses, while plowing a straight furrow. This bucolic chore is necessary for Mr. Robinson's part in "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes."

Gig Young stood in line for 77 minutes in order to telephone Hollywood friends from San Diego just before he shipped out with the Coast Guard. By the time you read this, he will undoubtedly have seen action in the Philippine Invasion.

Donald O’Connor and his wife, Gwen, recently wrote, directed and produced (with a company of G.I.’s) a musical comedy at the Palm Springs base. Title: "Air Farce."

By the time you read this, Deanna Durbin will be a free woman. If a concentration of crossed fingers in Hollywood accomplishes anything, Deanna will immediately marry Bob Landry, staff correspondent for Life Magazine. Bob was at sea with the Navy when Pearl Harbor was bombed, and he was one
the whispers grew into a roar...
the woman grew into a legend...
the love story grew into
a great motion picture!

A surging, tempestuous story... aglow
with tenderness...
powerfully emotional.

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents
A Sidney Buchman Production
A Song to Remember
starring Paul Muni and Merle Oberon

A new kind of motion picture!
A new miracle of TECHNICOLOR!

with Cornelia Wilde, Nina Foch, George Coulouris

Screen Play by Sidney Buchman
Directed by Charles Vidor
Do you have that constant urge to write, but the fear that a beginner hasn’t a chance? Then listen to what the editor of Liberty said on this subject:

“There is more room for newcomers in the writing field today than ever before. Some of the greatest of writing men and women have passed from the scene in recent years. Who will take their places? Who will be the new Robert W. Chambers, Edgar Wallace, Rudyard Kipling? Fame, riches and the happiness of achievement await the new men and women of power.”

Writing Aptitude Test—FREE!

NEWSPAPER Institute of America offers a free Writing Aptitude Test. Its object is to discover new recruits for the army of men and women who add to their income by fiction and article writing. The Writing Aptitude Test is a simple but expert analysis of your latent ability, your powers of imagination, logic, etc. Not all applicants pass this test. Those who do are qualified to take the famous N. I. A. course based on the practical training given by big metropolitan dailies.

This is the New York Copy Desk Method which teaches you to write by writing! You develop your individual style instead of trying to copy that of others. You “cover” actual assignments such as metropolitan reporters get. Although you work at home, on your own time, you are constantly guided by experienced writers. It is really fascinating work. Each week you see new progress. In a matter of months you can acquire the coveted “professional” touch. Then you’re ready for market with greatly improved chances of making sales.

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But the first step is to take the Writing Aptitude Test. It requires but a few minutes and costs nothing. So mail the coupon now. Make the first move toward the most enjoyable and profitable occupation—writing for publication! Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y. (Founded 1925)

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Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit.

LAURA (20th Century-Fox) comes to us as “another mystery,” at a time when mysteries are what we have most of, speaking film-wise (and otherwise): yet as such, it needs no apology. For it’s one of the best—competitively and comparing most favorably. It has sheer suspense aplenty, a well-written story, and an experienced cast well-directed. Gene Tierney comes back to the screen in the title role, beautiful as ever—and more than ever before, an actress. Dana Andrews underplays somewhat, as the detective assigned to solve Laura’s murder—but that’s not to say that he doesn’t do it intentionally. It’s our guess that he does, and with praiseworthy results.

Vincent Price is superb, too, as the fiancé who behaves like a heel—and knows it; and Judith Anderson is excellent as always, as the woman who knows the heel for what he is, and feels she’s better able than Laura Hunt to afford such a husband.

But for all that it’s difficult to point out any single performer for special credit, Clifton Webb (in his first movie role, after years on Broadway) rates more than an equal share of the honors. It’s he, playing Waldo Lydecker—columnist, collector, cynic and satirist—who’s probably most of all responsible for lifting this far above the usual run of murder mysteries.

ENTER ARSENE LUPIN (Universal) classifies as a mystery-adventure tale. Based on the Maurice LeBlanc character—the international crook who, for all his rascality, was such a romantic sort of rogue—the story opens with a scene on a European train that’s “speeding through the night.”

Charles Korvin—new handsome, six-foot leading man recruited for the screen from the New York stage—has the title role, and Bella Raineis is the girl he pursues to London. Lupin’s thievery, you’ll gather, is somewhat incidental to his romantic pursuits; and like Robin Hood of old, his crimes are committed with charitable intent.

All the same, he gives Scotland Yard and the French police a merry chase, and we think you’ll like it—with J. Carrol Naish, Gale Sondergaard and George Dolenz in the supporting roles.

AND NOW TOMORROW (Paramount). For the second time in her cinematic life, Loretta Young portrays the helplessness of the deaf—and withal convincingly, though one has the feeling the story has handed her a tragedy exaggerated out of all proportion to the affliction.

Alan Ladd co-stars with Loretta, as the young medico who restores her hearing, falls in love with her, and makes everything turn out “just fine, thanks.”

The Rachel Field novel on which the film is based is the story of Emily Blair (Loretta Young), pampered daughter of the wealthy New England Blairs of Blairstown. Until the eve of a party announcing her engagement to Jeff Stoddard (Barry Sullivan), when she is struck with meningitis and resulting deafness, Emily has always had the feeling the story has handled her a tragedy exaggerated out of all proportion to the affliction.

But for all that it’s difficult to point out any single performer for special credit, Clifton Webb (in his first movie role, after years on Broadway) rates more than an equal share of the honors. It’s he, playing Waldo Lydecker—columnist, collector, cynic and satirist—who’s probably most of all responsible for lifting this far above the usual run of murder mysteries.

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All the same, he gives Scotland Yard and the French police a merry chase, and we think you’ll like it—with J. Carrol Naish, Gale Sondergaard and George Dolenz in the supporting roles.
IRISH EYES ARE SMILING (20th Century-Fox). A Technicolor musical of the type most popular now—the innovation from feeble books formerly written about raising money to keep the landlord from closing the hall on opening night currently being to tell a story about an American composer and the tunes from his pen.

"Irish Eyes" is one of these, produced by the new formula, and waxing biographical about Ernest R. Ball, who wrote some of the love-liest ballads during the first two decades of the century, notably "Mother Machree" and "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."

Dick Haymes has the Ernie Ball role, and sings it with all due sentiment, besides turning in the straight-acting performance credited as having boosted him to stardom on the 20th lot. The "conflict," if you can call it that, consists of breaking up the composer and his girl (June Haver), then trying to get them together again—which happens, of course, but not until the end.

Blonde-beautiful June Haver rates some song and dance applause, and Monte Woolley, caustic as usual but more than usually soft-hearted and benevolent, is a noteworthy addition in the interest of humor.

BOWERY TO BROADWAY (Universal) is just what the title says. And it's another roseate exercise in nostalgia for days that are gone but not forgotten, a delightful revival of the gay and colorful. It's top-drawer entertainment, delivering a fair share of sighs, cries and chuckles, for all that it runs a little on the thin side when it comes to big dramatic situations.

Opening on the Bowery, in 1895, it takes Mike O'Rourke (Jack Oakie) and Denny Dugan (Donald Cook) through their series of fights, competitions and alternating triumphs. It gives you Lillian Russell (Louise Allbritton), singing "Under the Bamboo Tree," plus the Dancing Kirbys (Rosemary De Camp and Frank McHugh): Peggy Ryan and Donald O'Connor, as themselves; Maria Montez, as Marina, the European star; Susanna Foster, as Peg, "the girl with the million dollar legs"; and Turhan Bey as Ted, the boy who writes her music, and falls in love with her.

(Continued on page 14)

NEW...a CREAM DEODORANT which Safely helps

STOP under-arm PERSPIRATION

2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ a jar
Also 59¢ jars
At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID
THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT
MOVIELAND CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. "Lt. Willett" is . . . . . role in "Since You Went Away"
2. Nazimova
3. "Mrs. Skeffington"
4. Odd (Scoct.)
5. "Sasha" in "Days of Glory"
6. Egg-shaped
7. "Impatient - - - - s"
8. "Miss Gray" in "Jungle Woman"
9. "Mrs. Skeffington"
10. King of Midian (Num.
11. Pedal digits
12. "• We Meet Again"
13. "Brom Broeck" in "Knickerbocker Holiday"
14. Odd (Scot.)
15. "Sasha" in "Days of Glory"
16. Egg-shaped
17. "Impatient - - - - s"
18. "Miss Gray" in "Jungle Woman"
19. Surrender
20. Gary Cooper
22. "Barney O'Dea" in "The Conquering Hero"
23. Crafty
24. "Mr. Winkle"
25. He is in "Ghost Catchers"
26. Portrays Margaret in "Wine and a Prayer"
27. "Gus Crane" in "Sensations of 1945"
28. Bring into register with the aperture of a movie projector
29. "Hafiz" in "Kismet"
30. They do this in "Wing and a Prayer"
31. Javanese tree with poisonous sap
32. Insect feelers
33. Malarial fever
34. "Dragon - - - - "
35. Comet's head
36. Marlene in "Kismet"
37. Make a slam in card play-
38. "... - in Heaven"
39. Algerian seaport
40. "Marie Gruber" in "Make Your Own Bed"
41. "Abdul" in "The Mask of Dimitrios"
42. Ancestors (poet.)
43. George in "Follow the Boys"
44. Two-footed animal
45. "George Trellis" in "Mr. Skeffington"
46. Beverage
47. "J. D. Brown III" is . . . . . role in "Two Girls and a Sailor"
48. "Lt. Com. Moulton" in "Wing and a Prayer"
49. "How Green Was My Valley"
50. Chum
51. "Woodrow" in "Hail the Conquering Hero" (initls.)
52. "Bobby" in "And the Angels Sing"
53. "Marie Gruber" in "Make Your Own Bed"
54. Sidney Toler
55. Flip
56. "Glen" in "Step Lively"
57. "Gus Crane" in "Sensations of 1945"
58. Irish
59. "Marie Gruber" in "Make Your Own Bed"
60. Charles Laughton
61. Saintess (French abbr.)
62. Jumbles printing type
63. Ham actors often....
64. DISPATCH
65. "The --of Forgotten
66. Lath
67. A genus of geese
68. A halt
69. Roy sings "Take it-"

DOWN
1. "Janie"
2. Mountain nymph
3. Periods
4. "Ellen" in "The Lodger"
5. Grand Vizier in "Kismet"
6. "Take it or -. - . It"
7. (With 30 down) Sings "Paper Doll" in "Two Girls and a Sailor"
8. ... Brown is in "Stormy Weather"
9. "Gregory Anson" in "Gas Light"
10. King of Midian (Num.
11. Pedal digits
12. "... We Meet Again"
13. "Brom Broeck" in "Knickerbocker Holiday"
14. Easy gaits
15. "Elzeth Conway" in "Janie"
16. Egg-shaped
17. "Impatient - - - - s"
18. "Miss Gray" in "Jungle Woman"
19. Surrender
20. Gary Cooper
22. "Barney O'Dea" in "The Conquering Hero"
23. Crafty
24. "Mr. Winkle"
25. He is in "Ghost Catchers"
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54. Sidney Toler
55. Flip
56. "Glen" in "Step Lively"
57. "Gus Crane" in "Sensations of 1945"
58. Irish
59. "Marie Gruber" in "Make Your Own Bed"
60. Charles Laughton
61. Saintess (French abbr.)
62. Jumbles printing type

(For Solution See Page 77)
As though a miracle, a house is found, and the elated family figuratively thumb their collective noses at the manager—until the down-payment check bounces. (Charlie has "forgotten" to mention that he invested their $3,500 bank balance in a business venture.) The family is on the point of total evacuation, when Kitty's husband comes home on leave and the "expected one" begins to arrive. (Not even a hospital room can be had.)

Already bursting at the seams, the apartment now has to expand to accommodate the near-sighted doctor (John Philibber), and another expectant couple, invited by Kitty's rashly generous husband.

Hattie McDaniel, as the tippling maid, the last of a long succession, adds much to the humor and her bulk to the impression that the apartment is just a small scale Grand Central Station.

Direction, dialogue, and excellent performances by the entire cast add up to making this package excellent entertainment, with a slight touch of the slapstick.

THE CONSPIRATORS (Warner Bros.) bears resemblance to the Frederic Prokosch novel in almost no respect, except that the characters keep the same names, and it continues to be set in Lisbon.

Paul Henreid as Vincent, the hero involved in a plot of international spying and counter-spying, and Hedy Lamarr, as his Russian girl sweetheart, contrive, with the "help" of the writer adapters, to turn a mildly dramatic situation with love-interest into an only mildly dramatic situation with love-interest.

Meeting a similar fate by this treatment, too, are the novelist's other characterizations—Quintanilla (Sidney Greenstreet) becomes no more than a gang leader; Bernazsky (Peter Lorre), one of his stooges, so nearly missing as to be almost entirely absent from this version are the hope and despair appeals of the original story; the ideals that justified Vincent's revenge motive, how-ever sordid and murderous. What results may not be entirely disappointing, for those who aren't judging it on a comparative basis; still, given such an exciting, compelling story, what a waste, that it should be so completely changed in the interpreting of it.

(Continued on page 70)
The right kind of make-up begins with a base. Just be sure your neck doesn't get left out of the picture, says Joyce.

The right sort of coiffure starts with healthy, glossy hair. For this you need to shampoo often and brush every day.

The right impression calls for well-kept hands. And nails look so much nicer with a pretty coat of polish.

The right type of smile is wreathed in rosy lipstick. The "wreath" will be smoother if done with a brush.

THE RIGHT TRACK
FOR TEENS

EVERY girl between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one is lovely to look at. If she isn't, it's her own fault! Who says so? None other than Joyce Reynolds, one of the shining stars in Warner Bros., "Hollywood Canteen." Here's how Joyce, who looks the way every young girl should, proves her point.

A slim, straight figure—the pin-up kind—can't be had for the asking. But it will be the proud possession of any right-minded miss who stoops and bends in regular rhythm for fifteen minutes out of the day; who keeps one eye on a calorie chart and the other on the milk and greens that build strong bones.

A complexion need never be a calamity. It won't be, either, if it's well cared for with frequent daily soap and water washings and the tender touch of a light lubricating cream.

There shouldn't be a dull moment. There never is when a pretty face is pointed up with the proper make-up. Or when good grooming and perfect posture take the place of bobby socks and a sloppy stride.
PICTURES IN PRODUCTION

AT WARNER BROTHERS:

SAN ANTONIO is still the picture with chicken trouble. During the entire shooting schedule on an alleged Texas street, the cackling of fowls, necessary for atmosphere, has spoiled many a take. Finally Director David Butler observed over the mike one day, “The local chickens have laid more eggs in this picture than has Mr. Flynn.”

OF HUMAN BONDAGE, Paul Henreid, Eleanor Parker, Alexis Smith and Patric Knowles are still working in this. The costumes worn by the women are out of this era—quite mad (what’s so different about that?). At any rate, Director Edmund Goulding undertook to coach Eleanor Parker in a scene the other day and found that he lacked atmosphere. “Loan me your hat, Eleanor,” he commanded, then donning it in the best Tom Breneman manner, he explained—with full emotional projection—what he expected of the scene. His actors, deep in hysterics, didn’t get much out of the demonstration.

PILLAR TO POST is still in the making with Ida Lupino, Sydney Greenstreet, Bill Prince, and Johnny Mitchell. In one scene, Ida was presumably walking along a street when an outrageous urchin dropped a sack of water on her head. After having been thoroughly drenched several times, Ida was told that the cameraman was ready for close-ups. He wanted her to register extreme distaste as wetly as possible. Just before she was to utter her first line, a prop man dashed a full pitcher of water into her face. The scene was a lily (perfect on first take) a/c Miss Lupino’s honest reaction to such dramatic prompting.

THE BIG SLEEP stars the newest and most exciting local romantic couple, Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. The set has been closed to everyone, including the publicity department. John Ridgely (playing a heavy for the first time in his life) was wanted for a magazine interview on the set. He explained his unavailability on one sound stage, and his accessibility on another as follows, “You can’t get to me in The Big Sleep, but I’m as free as air where God Is My Co-Pilot.”

(Continued on page 66)
Here they come... out of the "Wild Blue Yonder"... flying straight into your heart!

MOSS HART'S

**Winged Victory**

Presented by 20TH CENTURY-FOX IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

It's the story of guys like Alan, Pinky and Irving...
of girls like Dorothy, Helen, Ruth...of things like gallantry, guts and glory! Filmed from the Army Air Forces' own smashing Broadway and Hollywood stage hit!

Pvt. LON McCALLISTER - JEANNE GRAIN - Sgt. EDMOND O'BRIEN - JANE BALL - Sgt. MARK DANIELS - JO-CARROLL DENNISON - Col. DON TAYLOR - JUDY HOLLIDAY
Col. LEE J. COBB - T/Sgt. PETER LIND HAYES - Col. ALAN BAXTER - Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK - Directed by GEORGE CUKOR - Stage and Screen Play by Moss Hart
Dinah Shore, reporting for the G.I.'s she visited in France; their dreams, things they think about—their story

By MAXINE ARNOLD
Pasture performances, given from the rear of a truck, were her specialty; she also did a show at the Versailles Palace.

Dinah, all decked out in regulation G.I. gear for touring the foxhole circuit. A "costume picture," would you say?

Home again! A happy Dinah and George gather in their "corn crop" in the backyard of their Beverly Hills home—mighty tasty fare for a gal who's been on a K-rations diet!

Six weeks on tour, and she slept under a roof only six nights; for the rest, just a bedroll.

End of the journey, and welcomed by her own G.I. guy, Corporal George Montgomery.
HEY'LL be seeing you . . . in all the old familiar places . . . that that heart of theirs embraces . . . all day through . . .

Yes, they'll be seeing you. That's the favorite of G.I.'s everywhere in France today; the song they most wanted Dinah to sing. And that's the message they asked her to bring back to you.

"And," says Dinah, "just be sure that you and all those old familiar places are still there! Everything about you, everything at home—just the way it was when they went away. Nothing changed. No new hair-do. No new paint job on the house. Not even an ash tray moved.

"They remember every curl on your head, every plank in that house. Bless 'em," draws Dinah, with a catch in her voice. "They have a mental map of everything with them in those foxholes: The worn spot in the carpet you catch your toe in as you come in the door. The snapshot of you on the end table made one day at the beach. The big plaster dog with the stud collar he won years ago at a carnival, used since as a door stop.

"That's all he's had to think about all these months. And brother, has he done some tall thinkin'? So don't buy a new rug. Don't go and 'pretty up' the house because he's comin' home. And DON'T move that plaster dog—that's one of the first things he'll start lookin' for when he comes in the door."

Dinah says the boys worry a lot about how things may be changed, back in the States, when they come home. All the G.I.'s asked her the latest news about the states they came from, and their home town. Always the same questions—from boys from Georgia, Oklahoma, Indiana, and all over. Were the States still there? Had she been to their home town lately? Had it changed?

"Bless 'em," Dinah said again. "Makes you wonder just where in the heck they thought the States had gone!"

We were in the cozy study of her Beverly Hills home. Dinah was wearing dark blue slacks and a pink blouse, which she said made her feel "so sort of undressed," after moving around in so much G.I. gear. And she was remembering like a montage the messages the boys had given her to bring home. The mass blur of faces that sent them.

"If you have time, Miss Shore, would you drop a note to Mom when you get back and tell her I'm okay, not to worry, and I'll be seein' her?" Other notes too, scribbled against a tree in France, or on a tank stopped momentarily on the road to war.

Dinah's own G.I.—Corporal George Montgomery, who is stationed near Hollywood now and happened to be home for lunch—was spending his lunch-hour out in the backyard, working on the carburetor of his car that sputtered and wouldn't run. He made a point of dropping back and forth through the room where we sat talking, and looking towards Dinah . . . just to convince himself that she was really safe again and back home.

"Hello, honey. How's the carburetor comin'? Need any help?" Dinah would say, flashing him a smile that should rehabilitate most anything—including carburetors.

Who, better than Dinah, to bring back those messages from boys to home folks here? To those G.I.'s Dinah Shore is HOME TOWN, U. S. A. It's all there in her voice; those torchy tones so soothing, so human, and so warm the boys say that it melts Spam in the cans.

She's done a heap of travellin' with those boys, in the past weeks, moving with the army up toward the Front . . . when the "Front" might be any hedgerow ahead, with Jerries on three sides and Dinah just hoping they wouldn't be on four sides before the troupe had finished giving the show. Jolting along nineteen hours at a whack in those trucks, following the tiny red catlights of some vehicle ahead, and hoping they weren't following Germans instead of somebody on their own side.

As the tanks and Caissons kept rolling along, Dinah rolled with them. Eating K-rations, sleeping on a blanket and bed roll; "scrounging" around (meaning to swap for clothes, boots, helmets and stuff) until she was finally equipped and looked rugged enough to take on a tank or so of her own—but if the truth were known, feeling about as rugged as a paper doll inside. Singing with a wobbly heart to homesick G.I.'s who collected by the thousands from out of nowhere into those French forests. Singing to foxhole foursomes, or on the steps of the Palace of (Continued on page 77)
Starred in "Make Your Own Bed" and funnier than ever in "Hollywood Canteen," Jack Carson is scheduled next for "Stolen Life."

It's his business to be funny. But according to those who know him best, and should know, his "funny business" isn't always for business!

BY KAY PROCTOR
CAN believe that friends of Jack Carson have threatened to carve "Laugh this one off!" on his tombstone, comes the time for his epitaph. Such retaliation may provide some small comfort for the many gags they have suffered at the hands of Hollywood's No. 1 ribber. Even his devoted songstress wife, Kay St. Germaine, still is heard to say she should have crowned the guy, not married him!

Kay's initiation into the ranks of Jack's nerve-shattered victims dates back to 1939, when he was courting her. They were out driving one afternoon and he had just popped the question.

"There is one thing I must tell you, in all fairness, before you answer," he warned her seriously. "I've never mentioned it to you because both mother and I are rather sensitive about it, but Carson isn't my real name. My real name is—Emil Lipschitz!"

"So what?" said Kay instantly. "Lots of people change their names, especially comedians, Jack Benny, everyone knows, is really Benny Kubelsky. Why should it matter to me whether your name is Carson or Lipschitz? Don't give it another thought."

Jack sighed happily. "Gosh, honey, that's wonderful," he said. "I wish you'd tell mother how you feel about it. I know it would make her very happy."

Several days later Kay and Mrs. Carson met. In her sweetest voice Kay said, "Don't worry, Mrs. Carson. I know your real name is (Continued on page 68)
She keeps up with the news, maps out all the war fronts.

Not an expert cook but a putterer; "Egg Thing" is her specialty.

She's the gal who makes a pet of the frog in her throat.
TWO hours with Miss A. and you're reaching for
the B-1 complex, to keep up with her.
It's the pipes that get you first. Jean Arthur,
with a dash of Andy Devine. It comes out cute,
and on June it sounds good.
Then it's the hair. Honest-to-gosh, untouched-by-
human-hands blonde! Her teeth actually look as if they
were made exclusively for her face and not for display
in a credit dentist's window. Her eyes brought forth a
"Twink" monicker from young Margaret O'Brien. (And
little Maggie's right!)
Just where all the gal's pep comes from must be a
military secret, since she eats like a boid. A healthy
canary could put her to shame with a one-day ration

The kid who makes like a star in
"Music for Millions," and like a bottle of
benzedrine spiked with champagne, offscreen
of cuttlebone. She seems to thrive on nothing but half-cups of coffee, conversation, and a lusty love of life.

If we wanted to get analytical about this latter point, we could cite the case of the falling tree, of broken Allyson bones, and the long recuperation in bed when June was nine. The doctors waggled their sage heads and mumbled something about her never walking again. From that moment on, June wanted to walk, and determined to live. She made up her mind then to enjoy every minute of life, while she could.

Five long years later, she was not only walking, but was swimming champ at her high school in Westchester, New York.

Westchester, itself, paid little attention to June, born Jan on October 7th, 1923. Because she was hospital-ridden for so long, nobody else paid much court to her, either. So, as soon as she could, she wangled permission from her mother to move to a New York City girls' club and carve out a place for herself under the local sun.

It was in New York that she sat through eighteen showings of the Rogers-Astaire musical, "The Gay Divorcée", and at the end of the running, calmly announced to a girl friend, "I've learned all these dance routines, and I've practiced every day, and now I can dance as well as Fred Astaire."

The girl friend gave her one of those long looks. "Yeah?" she said. "Prove it!"

We'll be generous and say she did prove it. At any rate, she found out the "Sing Out the News" company was auditioning chorus girls at a local theater, and set out to grab herself a job. The fact that a girl dances to music, and carries her own accompaniment with her, didn't phase June at all.

"That's all right," she told the dance director, explaining the omission. "I do a different kind of routine. I dance without music!"

Nobody had an answer for that one, so June got the job and got herself on the payroll as a chorus girl. She will tell you, herself, that when the line wound up at stage right, almost anyone could point out left and say, "June went thataway!"

Only four-feet-eleven at the time, June became a show-girl in the spot Don Loper and his partner had in the show. She managed to stagger across the stage under one of those fabulous show hats, which always brought a howl from rehearsal spectators. Little did she know, at the time, that she was just comic relief. But her legs that couldn't keep up with the tall gals' strides and she soon found herself confronted by the director and a "Why don't you go back to school?" mandatory request.

Two days before the show opened, she was back in the line. "Only because there was the usual shortage of chorus girls," she assures you, honestly.

"Sing Out the News" was finally weathered and was followed by "Very Warm for May," "Higher and Higher," "Panama Hattie," and "Best Foot Forward."

When Betty Hutton came down with measles during the "Hattie" run, June took her place, but it wasn't until her opening shot in "Best Foot Forward" that she was pursued to her dressing room by a panting talent scout, who waved the inevitable contract before her eyes. Two weeks later, Hollywood met June in person.
Impressed with her sock personality, M-G-M-ers wrote in a fat part for her in "Best Foot Forward."

"Come back tomorrow," they said, "after you clear up your cold. Your voice can't record well that deep."

June gulped and announced casually (she hoped) that she had no cold and was stuck with the voice God gave her. The writers looked at each other under raised eyebrows, then scowled at June, who stood there with her frog in her throat. But they gave her the part, and a few more, until she ran off with honors for "Two Girls and a Sailor."

"My voice is still the same," June says, "but people hardly ever look surprised now when it comes out bass."

At home, June fancies herself a combination General Eisenhower and explorer Vasco de Gama. Surrounded by maps of all sizes, shapes, colors and nationalities, she alternately ponders war strategy and post-war world tours.

Her post-war world cruises are fanciful things, but she's dead serious about them. Tour No. 1, made by windjammer, will take the roving Allyson from the Port of Los Angeles, through the Panama Canal to Europe. Then she'll cruise through the Mediterranean, across the Atlantic, around the Horn to Hawaii and the Philippines. Tour No. 2 is still in the formative stage, but we'll report on that one as soon as the itinerary has been mapped out.

Not a passive dreamer, June plans to take up navigation, next year. She's boning up on math now, in preparation. She's currently taking Spanish, and practices on Bess Vandyke, her companion-housekeeper. Reeling off sentences, June makes with a charming and confusing jargon of Spanish, the king's English, and Hollywoodese. "Hey, Bess, honey," she yells, "be a dear, dear, and bring me el plume!"

Friends run riot through the Allyson life. But most of them are neatly catalogued. For instance, there is the book friend, the furniture-moving friend, the boating friend, and so on. Far from snobbish, this is a sensible and progressive social innovation. Even the nicest guys may be more friendly over the dinner table than at the theater, more fun over a backgammon board than poring over a weighty tome.

June's furniture-moving pal lives in a Beverly Hills apartment, just beneath her own. She bangs on the floor twice and the friend rushes upstairs, on the double. The two of them spend a few healthy hours shoving the furniture around, and then the friend goes back downstairs and doesn't see our June again until she plays knock-knock on the floor again, about a month later.

Once a month, June visits her book friend, lugging a huge, empty box. She fills the box with his best recommended books, and takes them (Continued on page 69)
Stalwart Storky

Richard Crane's the name—"Storky," his friends call him. He's "Flyin' right," sure 'nough, and getting places fast!

As you may have noticed—if you have recently bent ear to your radio, your fellow students, fellow workers, or co-barracks mates—this nation is engaged primarily in the manufacture of humor. Iceland may be the land of the midnight sun; ours is the land of the free-wheeling pun. In England, the high-rider may come a cropper; here he always produces a topper.

Ergo, it was inevitable that a chap who registered on the first day of school as Richard Crane should promptly be nicknamed "Storky." The stork is a bird (in case you don't know, because you were found under a rose bush or produced from a doctor's little black satchel) with long legs, an unreasonable love of speed, and a record of excessive accomplishment.

Stalwart Storky Crane satisfies all three stipulations. He is now 5' 10 1/2" tall and weighs 170 pounds. So long and efficient are his legs that he went through high school in the following suits: football, baseball, track, and swimming trunks, each outfit requiring a different but equally (Continued on page 82)
I LIKE: Gardenias, lemon meringue pie, church bells, peanuts, bonfires, the sound of the sea at night, and things to wear in my hair.

I DON'T CARE FOR: Ghost stories, but I love tales of suspense and mystery; Hats, half-hats, any hat. I never wear anything but beanies; Costume jewelry. I like to wear one nice ring, a watch or an identification bracelet. Of course, I like all service insignia—a airman’s wings, submarine dolphins, the turrets of the engineers and so on.

I USED TO: Like train whistles, but I’ve traveled so much lately I’m beginning to hate them; Have fun with parlor magic; I was always begging people to pull the little red cord, open the envelope, or whatever, and getting a kick out of the usually disconcerting results. Now card tricks are my limit, and they must be simple or I baffle myself; Design wardrobes on doll models; now I confine myself to suggestions for my own clothes. (Continued on page 80)
In "I'll Be Seeing You", she plays with Joseph Cotten and Ginger Rogers.

Friends since their kid days, and Mary Lou Isleib is literally Shirley's "shadow". Or as they say in the pic biz, her stand-in.
YOU were awarded the coveted role of Dorian Gray in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s “The Picture of Dorian Gray” through your amazing ability to read and memorize, speech for speech, the entire story in twenty-four hours.

You stayed up overnight, turning the book into a one-man play and, the very next morning, put on an entire two-hour show for the director. You found yourself repeating the performance that very same afternoon for the producer of the picture, and got the part in three minutes flat.

You were given the role of Lao San, youngest of Lin Tan’s sons in “Dragon Seed,” because “Dorian Gray” wasn’t quite ready.

You have no use whatsoever for narrow-minded, over-materialistic and too business-minded people.

Your unusual acting ability and remarkable memory comes from being a pupil for five years of the celebrated Russian teacher of dramatics, Actor Michael Chekhov. You learned concentration from him by having, among other things, to stare at a coin or a purse on a table for two hours, and thinking about it to the exclusion of everything else!

You named your cocker-spaniel Bronte, because, with her hair parted down the middle, she reminds you of all three of the sisters.

You have a horror for ultra-intellectual women; you’re not at all car-minded, (Continued on page 64)
Your name is Hurd Hatfield . . . you were born in New York, trained for the theater in London, returned to this country in 1940 and made your screen debut in "Dragon Seed".

Mr. Hatfield has dark hair and eyes, stands six feet tall in a shower and weighs a consistent 140 pounds. He is still in his early twenties, but already he has enjoyed a five-year career on the stage. He never smokes, never carries an umbrella.
THINGS are there for you—or they are not. That's the way Phyllis Thaxter, newest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer discovery, feels about it.

"Life is terribly exciting," she declared, her hazel-brown eyes all but emitting sparks. "At the right time, things come to you. No use struggling and pining, trying to get something you're not meant to have. ... I believe in Fate!"

Fate has been pretty busy in Phyllis' short life. Lauraette Taylor, the Lunts, Sydney Greenstreet, Rose Franklin and Mervyn LeRoy have all taken tremendous interest in her career, and each has helped to advance it. Mervyn LeRoy, now directing Phyllis in her first screen role in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," insists that she is one of the world's great actresses. Mervyn discovered Clark Gable and Lana Turner, among others, and he should know.

She's slim as a bamboo, (Continued on page 62)
These are the legs Willys nominates as "the sexiest", and the lace hose made for them costing $150 the pair.

Something special in lace and seed-pearls! The hose worn by Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyons' bride.

An after-war whimsy. Seahorse design made for Virginia Vale is hand-embroidered, colorful.

THE MOST ENVIED PROFESSION
Charted in DeMond’s office are stocking measurements for some 350 glamour gals. Data on the pins of the pin-ups, you might call it—only according to his record, not all of them are perfect. The verdict in Anne Shirley’s case? Yes, they are!

The Stocking King of Hollywood, Willys has toiled and also spun, gilding the most gorgeous gams in the world. Nice work if you can get it, and he got it . . . and this is his story

BY DOROTHY DEERE

EVERY TIME a young lady, anywhere, contemplates her sheerly-sheathed ankle with satisfaction—and every time a young man does ditto—she or he unconsciously pays tribute to the artistry of one Willys, a gentleman who has done more to improve the scenery on windy street-corners than any other single genius in the world.

As the uncrowned Stocking King of Hollywood, Willys is hosiery stylist for 90 per cent of the pictures made there, and it is safe to say there isn’t a pair of feminine legs flashing across the screen that hasn’t been glorified by his product. It can also be said there isn’t a pair of feminine legs off-screen today that isn’t wearing lovelier, lighter, better-fitting hose because of his work in eliminating imperfections displeasing to the camera eye.

In 1923, when a young man named Willy De Mond graduated from Textile School in New York and opened a small store on Clinton street, ladies’ leg-coverings ran a discreet gamut of black, brown and white (and a lady never went bare-legged!). The young man had ideas of his own, the most startling being a color range of some fifteen shades, including red and blue. When he specified to a New York silk mill that he wanted some of these woven in mesh and jacquard patterns, he was accorded the same treatment given the Wright brothers when they said they could fly. Not only was it unconventional, he was told—it was crazy!

For a while, the weavers were perfectly right. For a few months the examples of his genius languished unsold in the Clinton street window. Then Willys took a box of samples and invaded New York’s backstage regions to contact the beauties with whom exposing their extremities was an art. Seymour Felix, dance director for Ziegfeld then, and dance director of such screen classics as “Cover Girl” today, helped him make his first sale. Displayed by Eddie Cantor’s “Kid Boots” queens, variegated colors and patterns soon became a fad. Before long, Willys had added an “s” to his front name, installed brother Max, sister Celia and a force of eleven other people in his store, and was weaving his own. Ziegfeld, Schubert, Schwab and Mandel, Belasco, Hammerstein, George White and Earl Carroll productions were all relying on him for their hosiery creations. In 1927, he
Even as late as 1930, stockings worn by the screen stars were imperfect. Norma Shearer proves the point. See?

The Most Envied Profession

Designed the Black Bottom Stocking for Ann Pennington's dance of the same name, and thereby made the whole nation hosiery-conscious.

When Willys came to Hollywood in 1930, screen stars were still covering their limbs with something almost as thick, and with more rings in it, than tree-bark. The heavily-encrusted seed-pearl-and-lace hose designed for Bebe Daniels to wear for her real-life wedding to actor Ben Lyons were as nifty a superproduction as even his own looms could manage. Comparing them with the cobwebs spun for screen wear today, and available (in pre-war times) to any off-screen hosiery shopper, is proof positive that tempus has fugited—in stocking feet!

Improvement in equipment, plus silk, rayon and nylon development, is of course directly responsible for general improvement. Many of hosiery's "brightest ideas," however, were innovations created by Hollywood's Columbus of the Calves while solving the problem of a particular star in a particular picture.
The lace toe and lace heel were created so that Ginger Rogers might properly show off the open-toed shoes she wore on her dancing feet in "International." Later, the complete sandal-foot stocking was designed to suit the personal preference of Marlene Dietrich, the screen colony's most fabulous stocking buyer—and eventually that, too, hit the open market. The iridescent-shaded stocking, popular for awhile, was created for Grace Moore to wear in "One Night of Love."

For Claudette Colbert's famous hitch-hike scene in "It Happened One Night", it was discovered that she must wear a dark stocking, minus the shine, that, in a close-up, would cause camera-trouble. In experimenting, Willys developed the ombre hose, shaded light at the front and growing darker at the back. The off-black shade known as gunmetal was the further development of that memorable moment in which Claudette upped her skirt and affected traffic, both on the screen and

(Continued on page 60)
OR more than two of the three years she has been under contract to Warner Bros. studio, Eleanor Parker spent most of her time portraying roles calculated to prove, beyond a doubt, that no man in his right senses would be ashamed to have her as his sister.

It was a great surprise to Eleanor, since she had specialized in character parts during her Pasadena Community Playhouse days, and before that in summer stock at Martha's Vineyard and at the Cleveland Playhouse. Her best roles were as witches, scrubwomen, menaces, grandmothers and even old men. As a matter of fact, she never played a straight role in her life until she signed a movie contract on her nineteenth birthday, three years ago last June. Then, all of a sudden, she was playing nothing else but.

Two things happened to save her, and turned the last year into triumph. (It started with her role in “Between Two Worlds,” went on to the lead in “The Very Thought of You,” and ended in her present assignment as the anything-but-nice-girl, Mildred, in “Of Human Bondage.”) First, the discovery that Eleanor could act. Second, her rejection by the male portion of the public as a ready-made “sister.” They took a good look at Eleanor on the screen, and screamed frantically for pin-up pictures.

“I still haven't any to send out,” Eleanor says. “—not a single shot in shorts, bathing suit, or even a glamorous formal. You see, the studio was building me as a nice girl. All my portraits were aimed at proving me the young, unsophisticated type. No one expected this to happen.”

This state of (Continued on page 73)
Eleanor has the lead in "The Very Thought of You"; plays the role of a home gal in love with a soldier.

Looking like a nice girl is something you should do on your own time, thinks Eleanor Parker; you can't make a career of it, and get good roles in Hollywood.

By MARION COOPER

As Mildred, in "Of Human Bondage"—the role that did so much for Bette Davis.

In real life, she was the bride of Lieut. Fred Losee; but the marriage couldn't overcome its war-time handicap.
Dear Claire:

In answer to your letter, I don't think it has occurred to you that the boys in question may be some place where they cannot write.

Perhaps, too, they realize the feeling you have for them might be called fickle, and they are probably cataloging you as a friend.

If you would stop to think, which I don't think you have done up to now, you will understand what I mean. I think you have love confused with infatuation.

I would advise that you give more thought to the feelings of these boys who are fighting for your country, and less to yourself.

Sincerely,

Jane Wyman

Dear Miss Wyman:

The fellows in our gang have a problem and we thought you might be able to give us some advice.

We live in a small town and there is no place for us to meet and have some fun—know, dance and sing and bring our girls—but no drinking or anything like that. We want what's known as Good Clean Fun but there doesn't seem to be anyone who wants to help us get started on such a deal.

Could you please help us with suggestions?

Johnny L. and Tom S.

Dear Johnny and Tom:

First of all, may I congratulate you upon your courage and attitude in recognizing your problem, and then trying to do something about it.

I think it would be fine for your gang to form a club of your own, and meet at regular intervals.

Why don't you try to convince your parents to let you take turns meeting at each other's homes, and with the help of a few records and cokes you could really have a super evening. If you have any sports in your community such as bowling, ping-pong, etc., you could all turn out for such an event one of the evenings after meeting, and hold regular contests.

I would feel it a privilege to be made an honorary member of such a club.

Hoping you are able to carry out this project and wishing you all good luck,

Yours,

Jane Wyman

Dear Jane:

I have been going steady with Jim for two years, and for the last fourteen months he has been overseas. I write him regularly and all that, but here is my problem: Do you think it is all right for me to go out with other fellows now and then, like some of my girl friends, who are also engaged?

I will appreciate any advice you can give me.

Yours truly,

Dorothy L.

Dear Dorothy:

Have you written to Jim about this, and asked his permission to go out with other fellows? I realize it is not much fun for you to sit around all the time and not go out—but did you ever stop to consider that it is not much fun for Jim wherever he is?

I would advise that you give more thought to your husband and his problems rather than your own, and then write him frankly and sincerely and discuss the matter. He will always think more of you if you treat him fairly, you know.

Yours,

Jane Wyman

Dear Miss Wyman:

Although I am over twenty now, I have only been in love once, and that was when I was fifteen and the boy was sixteen. He married someone else, and has lived in another state until recently.

Last month he moved back in our town with his wife and child, and now he tells me that I have always been his real love.

What do you think I should do about this, because I can't forget him, and still love him very much.

Sincerely yours,

Martha S.

Dear Martha:

If you are actually still deeply in love with him, you will only think of his happiness, and remember that he has married and has a family of his own. You can prove your love by being big enough to stand by and refrain from breaking up his home.

If he is really unhappy with his wife, it is up to him, not up to you, to make any decisions regarding the two of you.

Try and interest yourself with new activities and new friends—keep busy and concentrate your thoughts on new subjects. This is always a good solution.

Yours,

Jane Wyman
Those Gorgeous Yukon Belles! Worth their Weight in Gold!

And “Honest John” has a heart of gold!

She’s got o saucy swing ... and a golden tone!

Honest John is telling it to the gal who knows her nuggets!

International Pictures, Inc. presents

Randolph Scott • Gypsy Rose Lee
Dinah Shore • Bob Burns

"Belle of the Yukon"
A Technicolor Musical

Produced and Directed by William A. Seiter

Charles Winninger • William Marshall
Guinn “Big Boy” Williams • Robert Armstrong
Florence Bates • Written for the screen by James Edward Grant
Story by Houston Branch • Music and Lyrics by Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen
Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.
Fifty years an actor, "the people's choice"

for the 1944 supporting player award.

Who? But of course, Barry Fitzgerald!

YOU'VE probably seen "Going My Way," and "I Love a Soldier." You may also have caught "None But the Lonely Heart." And you know as well as I that Mr. F. is no ordinary actor. He also is no ordinary man. And yet he is: Completely. Paradoxical, isn’t it?

It’s hard to write about Fitzgerald. Viewed against the background of Hollywood, he is unique; yet, viewed against the rest of the world, he is not. It was by a puckish whim of fate that he achieved his present position—and he admits it—and thus he is much as any man of his type would be, if suddenly precipitated into prominence. At the same time, just to confuse the issue thoroughly; there is something in Barry himself which is distinctly his own, which makes him different from the other thousands superficially like him, which creates a personality individually remarkable.

All that, I realize, undoubtedly baffled you completely. And small wonder! But to interpolate—

From the numerous biographies which have appeared, you probably know that he comes from Ireland; that he was a power in the Abbey Players of Dublin, that he worked for many years as a clerk in the Labor Exchange of the Irish Board of Trade. (Continued on page 74)

By KATE HOLLIDAY
Bored and beautiful, weary of the dull world she knew, she found happiness in the arms of the bold brigand who swept her away on the wings of the wind for 24 reckless hours... From the exciting novel by DAPHNE ("Rebecca") DU MAURIER...

PARAMOUNT presents

Joan Fontaine
Arturo de Cordova

"FRENCHMAN'S CREEK"

IN TECHNICOLOR

with

BASIL RATHBONE • NIGEL BRUCE
CECIL KELLYWAY • RALPH FORBES
B. G. DeSYLVA, Executive Producer

Directed by Mitchell Leisen
The GERSHWINS... meet

Oscar Levant, Jesse Lasky, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Gershwin and Robert Alda, on the Warner Bros. "Rhapsody in Blue" set.

An interview with Ira Gershwin; his impressions, reactions and the memories called forth by the making of the movie which is the story of his brother.

Paul Whiteman, Producer Lasky, and Ira Gershwin listen, while Levant runs through some of the "Rhapsody" numbers.
WHAT a pity that Bobbie Burns, the Scotch poet who regretted we couldn't "see ourselves as others see us," didn't know about the movies. If he were living now, Ira Gershwin and his wife, Lee, could tell the writing laddie a thing or two about that. For they have just had the rare opportunity of glimpsing themselves in the Warner Brothers "Rhapsody in Blue."

When Producer Jesse Lasky announced that Robert Alda would portray George in the film, Morris Carnovsky, Pop; Rosemary De Camp, Mama; Julia Bishop, Lee, and Herbert Rudley, Ira; they breathed a sigh of relief. Everything would be okay.

It was. And now the Gershwins are happy.

But take Ira's word for it, even though the picture had been in the discussion stage since 1939, when the moment actually arrived for him to walk on to the set and meet Herbert Rudley, his alter ego, he felt a little squeamish.

"It was like meeting myself for the first time," he relates, "and discovering mannerisms I'd never suspected. As to appearance—well, he's exactly what I wish I'd looked like. However," he adds with a smile, "when I was his age I had hair, too."

Rudley is a newcomer to the screen. He first caught Hollywood's interest when he played the Paul Lukas role in the road company of "Watch on the Rhine." He's a fine, sensitive young actor (Continued on page 65)
Cornel Wilde.
A MAN TO REMEMBER

Six feet tall, serious brown eyes, dark curly hair, speaks six languages, and he's a champion fencer. Students! Why, it's got to be Cornel Wilde.

Who else but the new leading man who rings the bell with his magnificent portrayal of Chopin in "A Song to Remember" could qualify for such a description?

You may think "A Song to Remember" is exciting when you see it, but Cornel Wilde's own life reads like a movie scenario, too. Among his childhood memories are: Street battles in Hungary (during that country's revolution), travel all over Europe, fencing matches and championships; and as he grew up, dozens of odd jobs, theatrical successes (but more often, theatrical flops), Hollywood, and at long last—success!

"I worked for that part in 'A Song to Remember'," says Cornel. "And I worked after I got it. I read every book about the composer I could find in the library and gave hours of study to my lines. I wanted Chopin to live. No amount of study or work is too much, if you can make the character you're playing do that.

"I scarcely knew how to play the piano, but since many shots were to be taken of me actually pounding the ivories, I had to roll up my sleeves and practice."

And Cornel DOES mean practice. Under the supervision of a concert pianist, the young actor spent no less (Continued on page 78)
MEET "Butch" Jenkins, that wistful, barefoot boy with the cheeks of tan. Just a smidge over four feet high, he's seven years old and brown as a coconut from head to toe. He lives with his mom, Doris Dudley, and big brother, Skipper, in a gay little beach house so near the ocean that waves sometimes lap their very doorsteps. (Much to this young man's delight!) His best pal is Heidi, a two-hundred-pound St. Bernard who's just now outgrowing her disgrace of last summer—a clipping, French poodle style.

Roaming the beach with Heidi, or donning beach trunks for a swim in the surf is his favorite fun, but Heaven is navigating his surf board "out to where the fishin's good." There he can day-dream about pirates, until he gets a nibble.

His idea of a gourmet's delight—hamburgers and candy.

He hates liver, spinach, and shoes.

A current passion—the rhumba, and the whine of an ancient victrola.

In a scene from "National Velvet" with Angela Lansbury and Donald Crisp.

A natural mimic and quick to follow directions; he's to do "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes" with Margaret O'Brien.

Sub-Sixteen

He's Ulysses of "The Human Comedy" and Donald of "National Velvet"—but on the MGM lot, it's "Hi, Butch!" that brings a freckle-faced grin from Jackie Jenkins.
Peggy Ryan, queen of the bobby sox comedienne, Peg O' My Heart to thousands of young Americans. "Bowery to Broadway" is her last movie with Don O'Connor.
HEN Peggy Ryan finished her last scene in "Bowery To Broadway" with Donald O'Connor, she sat down and bawled on his shoulder. Because she knew that wasn't just the last scene in a picture; it was period, end, finish to a wonderful time in her life. And believe it or not, even that hep kid himself, Donald O'Connor, had traces of tears on his cheeks—his own tears, not just Peggy's.

Donald was going into the Army. The two kids weren't bawling about that. That was strictly man stuff. Donald wasn't just a jive-happy youngster any more. He was eighteen.

But the team of O'Connor and Ryan had been so solid. They were like corned beef and cabbage, steak and potatoes, ham and eggs. Lots of people belonging to movie teams would secretly like to tear each other's eyes out. But O'Connor and (Continued on page 84)

PEGGY GOES ON ALONE

Ryan without O'Connor? It's hard to imagine! Peggy herself couldn't get used to the idea, at first. But it has to be . . . and here's what she says about it

By DORA ALBERT
H I, EVERYBODY! Here's your jivin' Jill in New York City, where I'll be doing the column for a few months. And the town really jumps, so it shouldn't be dull.

Before we get on with the news, just a reminder. In case you didn't do so last month, be sure and vote now for your favorite artists in Movieland's Musical Popularity Poll of 1944. Just fill in the coupon, one to a "customer." But take a fast gander at the rules, first. Incidentally, we're planning some super awards for the winners; I'll tell you about that next month. The results of the contest will be announced in the February issue of "Movieland," out on the stands about January 7.

(Continued on page 87)
"Don't swoon," says Johnny Johnston to Jill, at CBS's new Chesterfield show.


MOVIELAND'S POPULARITY POLL OF 1944

Rules for casting your vote in the POPULARITY POLL:

1. You may vote for any living artist, in or out of the service.

2. Every ballot accepted must bear the personal signature of the individual casting the vote.

3. Use the official ballot only. Facsimiles will not be counted.

4. Do not submit ballots in groups. Send only ONE ballot. Names of voters will be checked and all duplicate votes eliminated.

5. Sign your correct name and full address. Doubtful ballots will be checked to determine their authenticity.

6. All votes must be postmarked not later than midnight of December 15, 1944.

POPULARITY POLL OF 1944

OFFICIAL BALLOT

Favorite Swing Band
Favorite Sweet Band
Favorite Corn Band
Favorite Girl Singer
Favorite Male Singer

MAIL TO: JILL WARREN
MOVIELAND MAGAZINE
1476 BROADWAY
NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

Your Name
Street Address
City
State
Zone No.
PHILLIP TERRY... Success Story

Currently featured in RKO Radio's "Pan-Americana," Phil Terry can be counted as another of the many actors kept waiting for the right break, and then getting it at last. With "Music in Manhattan," his stock started to soar.
"Success is a point of view," he says.

Some want money, others seek fame, but his one aim is happiness—which he has.

All of a sudden, after ten years in Hollywood, banners are flying for Phillip Terry. On the strength of "Music in Manhattan," producers vie with each other for the young man's services, fat roles on stage and screen are offered him, and fan mail piles high.

Phil takes it calmly; he's had rave reviews before, and nothing happened. This time things are really popping: he has a seven-year contract for two pictures a year at RKO Studios, beginning with "Pan Americana," a coveted role in Paramount's "Lost Weekend," and the right to pick and choose from other offers.

"Success is all in the point of view," he commented, coaxing his bow tie into place before his dressing room mirror. "If you are happy, you're successful, since the goal of all men is happiness.

"Every man must make up his mind what he wants out of life. I have what I want now—happiness, true happiness, with my wife and family. Joan and I intend to hold onto what we have. You see, I'm old-fashioned. I was a bachelor until my marriage to Joan, and I meant it when I vowed: 'Till Death do us part.' If it comes to a choice between my career and Joan, I'll take Joan."

This could be a grim tale of (Continued on page 89)
FIVE BEST PICTURES
OF THE MONTH

A J. CRONIN is one of the few novelists of our time who can portray “men of the cloth” as human beings, without dis- pleasing the Church; Gregory Peck is probably one of the few actors who could play Father Chisholm in “Keys of the Kingdom,” and give to the role the interpretation Cronin must have intended.

It’s apparent here that there was an important message to be expressed, and that Peck, as the kindly and understanding Scotch priest, has expressed it.

Briefly, it’s the story, told on the screen as a flashback recollection of the past, of the boy Francis (Roddy McDowall) whose life was a series of tragedies—of losing his mother and father (they were drowned before his eyes); of little Nora (Peggy Ann Garner), who befriended him in the bitterest days of his childhood; of Nora, who became his sweetheart (Jane Bailey) when he was a youth at Holywell College, and chose death rather than to live, wanting his love, knowing she’d never have but a part of it. Then more trials, more disappointments to be borne, more of it. Then more trials, more disappointments to be borne, more of it. Then more trials, more disappointments to be borne, more of it. Then more trials, more disappointments to be borne, more of it. Then more trials, more disappointments to be borne, more of it. Then more trials, more disappointments to be borne, more of it. Then more trials, more disappointments to be borne, more of it. 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THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO

(M-G-M)

In fulfilling the current demand for escapist fare, movies are taking a distinct turn to murder less wholesale than war, and the result is the psychological crime drama. The Woman in the Window, probably best illustrates that what’s good in mysteries produced with an A-picture budget—except, it’s not really a mystery! (You know the who-dun-it, all the time.) The suspense comes from watching the involved principals try to get out of the maze they are in, and instead, get mixed up in a nasty and shrewdly plotted mystery. He’s the Mr. Average Man who proves that “Yes, it might happen to you.” Joan Bennett is the girl in the case, Raymond Massey is Robinson’s best friend and as it turns out, the district attorney who sets out to unravel the crime.

The one thing a mystery must do is to hold together; that is the very end, yes; then all is sacrificed for the sake of a trick ending. The question is: does the surprise justify sacrificing a plot so carefully, so painstakingly and convincingly built? As it is true to form, one must agree.

Be that as it may, it’s an American Main Street version of “Crime and Punishment”—and it’s good.

THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW

(RKO)

WINGED VICTORY

(20th Century-Fox)
Another odd request was for a pair of stockings suitable to Carole Landis' antediluvian amours in "One Million B.C." After thorough research on the subject of what the cave belles of the B.C. (Before Chiffon) were wearing, Dr. Zarin, the costume expert, turned out these odd-looking hose. He actually rolled a pair out of this inconvenient material, but Carole complained they were scratchy. After lying awake a whole night, she went to Willys in the early morning and hied himself out to a Culver City corn field. Thread spun from corn silk was not only softer but gave everybody on the lot a complex for a week. The fun particular came in the remembrances between the "corn" in Carole's stockings, and in the contents of the anthropological drama.

Willys. He arrived only to find that none of the hose he had in stock matched the Technicolor tan adornment in the rest of the picture. The males, also, have been "special request" customers. Melyn Douglas, masquerading as a lady in a picture, needed hose to fit an un-dainty size 10. Jack Benny, as "Charlie's Aunt," required size 13.

Charted in the Stocking King's office are the ankle, knee, thigh, and full-length measurements of some 350 stars, and he can also recite most of these measurements by heart. The things he knows about the imperfections of some of these highly-publicized "perfect legs" would surprise you!

Either never ordered but never acquired, by off-screen hosiery wearers, include the $135 hand-appliqued pair worn by Barbara Stanwyck as the un-cover girl in "Queen of Burlesque." When Leslie Brooks, a starlet, arrived to make a dress-up pair, made at the comparatively reasonable cost of $150, and worn by "Legs" Dietrich in "Flame of New Orleans," When Marlene extended one of the design, the hosiery-radio door in the picture, some 8,000 letters came in asking for a picture of that leg-minus-body shot alone.

Other numbers admired but never acquired, by off-screen hosiery wearers, include the $135 hand-appliqued pair worn by Barbara Stanwyck as the un-cover girl in "Queen of Burlesque." When Leslie Brooks, a starlet, arrived to make a dress-up pair, made at the comparatively reasonable cost of $150, and worn by "Legs" Dietrich in "Flame of New Orleans," are nothing alike, their stocking-proportions are identical except for the length measurements, due to a difference in height. The smallest foot ever fitted for the screen, he says belongs to Lily Pons, who wears a 7 1/2 stocking; next in petite foot is Gypsy Rose Lee, with size 6. The legendary proportions of Garbo's feet, he points out, are greatly exaggerated due to her habit of wearing high-heeled shoes, and a private practice of going barefoot whenever she can. The largest stocking size in Hollywood is not Garbo's 9 1/2, he says, but the size 11 worn by Anita Louise. Dorothy Lamour, at the beginning of her jungle-picture career, was over-sensitive about her bare feet. Because of this, and also because California's famous weather is really capable of becoming very cool for making outdoor pictures, she required hose of a shade to resemble her skin as nearly as possible. Once, on location, she sprouted some bad runs in the picture, and a call was put in for Willys. He arrived only to find that none of the hose he had in stock matched the Technicolor tan adornment in the rest of the picture. A Jean Arthur film had to allow for stars with hosiery idiosyncracies. A Jean Arthur film a treat, because Jean was "the one who always took her automobile on the ocean highway near Oxnard, California, and delivered a plentiful stock for her vacation in Santa Barbara. Other numbers admired but never acquired, by off-screen hosiery wearers, include the $135 hand-appliqued pair worn by Barbara Stanwyck as the un-cover girl in "Queen of Burlesque." When Leslie Brooks, a starlet, arrived to make a dress-up pair, made at the comparatively reasonable cost of $150, and worn by "Legs" Dietrich in "Flame of New Orleans," are nothing alike, their stocking-proportions are identical except for the length measurements, due to a difference in height. The smallest foot ever fitted for the screen, he says belongs to Lily Pons, who wears a 7 1/2 stocking; next in petite foot is Gypsy Rose Lee, with size 6. The legendary proportions of Garbo's feet, he points out, are greatly exaggerated due to her habit of wearing high-heeled shoes, and a private practice of going barefoot whenever she can. The largest stocking size in Hollywood is not Garbo's 9 1/2, he says, but the size 11 worn by Anita Louise. Dorothy Lamour, at the beginning of her jungle-picture career, was over-sensitive about her bare feet. Because of this, and also because California's famous weather is really capable of becoming very cool for making outdoor pictures, she required hose of a shade to resemble her skin as nearly as possible. Once, on location, she sprouted some bad runs in the picture, and a call was put in for Willys. He arrived only to find that none of the hose he had in stock matched the Technicolor tan adornment in the rest of the picture. A Jean Arthur film had to allow for stars with hosiery idiosyncracies. A Jean Arthur film a treat, because Jean was "the one who always took her automobile on the ocean highway near Oxnard, California, and delivered a plentiful stock for her vacation in Santa Barbara. Other numbers admired but never acquired, by off-screen hosiery wearers, include the $135 hand-appliqued pair worn by Barbara Stanwyck as the un-cover girl in "Queen of Burlesque." When Leslie Brooks, a starlet, arrived to make a dress-up pair, made at the comparatively reasonable cost of $150, and worn by "Legs" Dietrich in "Flame of New Orleans," are nothing alike, their stocking-proportions are identical except for the length measurements, due to a difference in height. The smallest foot ever fitted for the screen, he says belongs to Lily Pons, who wears a 7 1/2 stocking; next in petite foot is Gypsy Rose Lee, with size 6. The legendary proportions of Garbo's feet, he points out, are greatly exaggerated due to her habit of wearing high-heeled shoes, and a private practice of going barefoot whenever she can. The largest stocking size in Hollywood is not Garbo's 9 1/2, he says, but the size 11 worn by Anita Louise. Dorothy Lamour, at the beginning of her jungle-picture career, was over-sensitive about her bare feet. Because of this, and also because California's famous weather is really capable of becoming very cool for
to the stars, Willys could often furnish the columnists a sizeable scoop, except for the fact that he's conscientious secret-keeper. He knew of the 'surprise' Orson Welles-Rita Hayworth wedding almost as soon as did the principals, having to dampen the elation of the soon-to-be groom by explaining it was impossible to supply a dozen pair of nylons as a wedding gift, for even so lovely a bride as Rita.

All in all, being Hollywood's Stocking King adds up to very nice work—but getting it wasn't too easy, even after a successful reign on Broadway. At the time of deciding to contact the movie coast because of mutual benefits entailed, he had lost heavily in the 1929 stock market crash. His new career was begun on a working capital of $50 and stock optimistically obtained on credit from the silk mills. Discovering that picture people were easiest to contact on the lot, he took a day's work as an "extra" at MGM.

The picture was "The Secret Six," and he went through it with his pockets and make-up box stuffed with silk stockings. Sales and screenactoring turned out highly successful. After seeing rushes of the picture, Marjorie Rambeau helped Willys get a bit part in "Beast of the City." Happened his dark appearance and solid build fit very well into the "gangster" drams, he then hung off to a whirlwind start, and what with an MGM contract and loan-outs to other studios, he was soon in danger of becoming a movie actor with a hidden impulse for stockings.

He adopted some desperate devices by which to corner studio hosiery contracts. Reading a gossip item to the effect that Universal prexy Carl Laemmle was planning a trip to Atlantic City with pal A. C. Blumenthal, he appeared at the studio reception desk with the announcement that he was Mr. Blumenthal. Shown at once to a sumptuous office, he then busied himself spreading ladies' hosiery all over the desk, while Mr. Laemmle was summoned from an important conference.

For awhile the results were anybody's guess. But admiring his nerve, the movie mogul finally introduced him, arm around shoulders, as a "personal friend" who could supply 300 pair of stockings for "Show Boat" in better quality and for less cost than usual. Exiting from the wardrobe department, Laemmle whispered, "And you'd better do it, too!"

Equally encouraging results were won by donning a tuxedo and dashing past the Fox studio gateman in a crowd of "wedding" extras. Ignoring the shouting gateman, who was too busy getting the credentials of the other extras to come after him, he continued his sprint into a wardrobe executive's office. After this rather harrowing beginning, he found himself well on his way to his present status.

After the war, says Willys, who should know, there will be new and wondrous improvements on the stocking-front. Several manufacturers have already perfected a method for weaving nylon and rubber into a lovely, sheer fabric which when snagged will not run, but just pull together again. Mud-splashed and rain-stretched hose will be a thing of the past because of a new water-repellent processing. Among his own patented innovations, waiting for manufacture, are ventilated toes and heels to help perspiring feet.

Fashion will swing back to lace embroidered and jewelled clocks and other whimsies. He himself will emphasize seams, having already designed inserted seams of lace and velvet, and some overcast with bright-colored stitching, all with heel and toe to match. There will be a variety of new shades, and no doubt a return to sheer and flawless black, which he picks as the "sexiest" color.

Meantime, says he, launder your rayons after each wearing; each washing makes them stronger. Never use water any more than lukewarm; avoid soap except on hard-to-remove spots; put a tablespoon of vinegar or bath-salts in a pint of rinse-water and allow your rayons to soak in the solution for a few minutes. Drying rayon as long as you can takes some of the stretchiness out, which should help to keep both your stockings and chins up. After all, male civilians are also having their troubles!

The End
PHYLLIS THAXTER

(Continued from Page 35)

fairly tall, extremely vivacious; her face is so sensitive that thoughts flit like shadows across it. She'd like to be both glamorous and sophisticated, but actually she's more of a human being. She'd love to play, she told me, that she'd love to play, one of these days.

Her father is Sidney Thaxter, Judge of the Supreme Court of Maine. Her mother, then Phyllis Schuyler, was with Phyllis before her marriage. After the third child, Phyllis, was born, Booth Tarkington demanded Phyllis Schuyler for lead in his play, "Magnolia," and she was a hit. She played it in its brief New York run, then returned to Maine to bear her fourth child. So when "little Phyllis" yearned to act, she found immediate sympathy and encouragement. She was raised to her becoming, at seventeen, an apprentice at Ogunquit Summer Theater.

An apprentice works hard but receives a chance at an important role. But Fate stepped in. Laurette Taylor, connected with the summer theater, had written a play and wanted to produce it. As she was living in the dining room reading over her script, Phyllis drifted in and caught her eye. "There!" cried Laurette, unaware that Fate had a thing to do with it. "Here's a girl I want—she can do the blind girl!"

"It was a very bad play," Phyllis recalls, "but what a wonderful experience to have Laurette Taylor interested in me! She knows so much, and I could learn from her."

After that came training in the Montreal Repertory Theater in Montreal, Canada, then the production excitement of New York. Fate was off on business of her own, so for a year Phyllis did a walk-on bit in "What a Life!", on Broadway, a summer of stock in New Hampshire, in which she played leads in "Our Town" and "Shadow and Substance," and returned to New York. She lived at the Beverly Hills home at once, and told him it seemed nothing would work. "That girl is a young Helen Hayes," said Melvina, reflectively, later. "That is the way I want—she can do the blind girl!"

"It was Fate again. But this time Phyllis said, 'That's right, but I'm going to turn it down, the offer, believing she still had too much to learn in the theater. But when the tour took her to Los Angeles, she gave it, made a test and signed the contract.

For the first three weeks of her screen career, Phyllis lived at an apartment hotel on Wilshire Boulevard, alone and forlorn. She knew nobody. Her home life was long and unhappy. She was feeling particularly miserable the day Melvina Phillips, Hollywood artist, met her.

Melvina called to see "Claudia," had said to her husband: "That girl is a young Helen Hayes," and so was interested in the young screen find. Wasn't that Fate?"

"How do you come and live at my house?" she asked, when she had learned how things were with Phyllis. "My husband is in the navy now and I have too much room."

Phyllis was entranced. She moved into the Beverly Hills home at once. loved Melvina's twelve-year-old daughter Gay like a sister, and became immediately part of the family.

"I'm from Indiana, I used to live on a farm and I'm intensively practical," said Melvina, reflectively, later. "My whole training had been designed to prepare me to have nothing should be wasted, a budget must be faithfully kept, and so on. Phyllis appealed to me. I loved her—no one could help but love her—generous, sweet and altogether amiable. But she has no money sense. At her home there was plenty of money; Phyllis left me at seventeen and naturally had not acquired it. She has simple tastes, but the cost of any thing doesn't occur to her. She sees nothing, never asks the price—if she likes it, she buys it.

When she came to my house, I said, when she came to my house, I decided we wouldn't bother keeping track of every item of food bought, we'd just put ten dollars each into a pan. And when she wasaway, we'd put in more. One day I was already in the market, prepared to cash Phyllis' check, when I discovered it was signed and made out to Cash but no amount was filled in. Anyone could have raised it a thousand dollars, I couldn't understand why I was so concerned.

"Often during the time we were together, we had no maid, so Phyllis, Gay and I would get such meals as we could. Phyllis knew nothing about cooking. The first thing she made was applesauce. Someone had told her to strain the apples, so she cooked them, core, peel and all, and the birds found them through a trainer. Apples were very high at the time; she had bought two pounds, but by the time she had strained there was only a tiny dribble of the apples left. It was the garage can.

Next time, she decided to try scrambled eggs with chili sauce. She had no idea how to cook them, so she cooked them, core, peel and all, and the birds found them through a trainer. It was still a small charge of being horrified at waste, but I couldn't say anything because Phyllis was trying so hard. Claudia used to try so hard, too—remember? Phyllis hates to be told she's like Claudia, but in a way it's true."

Phyllis is shy and much younger than her years. Melvina used to think the navy was too flighty to keep her mind on her driving, but I was wrong. It was a strange road to her, very hard to drive at night—I had gotten lost even in broad daylight. She learned skillfully as if she had been born behind a wheel, so evenly that I slept soundly from the time we left the outskirts of San Diego until we pulled up at the house at 2 a.m. morning.

The impression that the young actress was like Helen Hayes persisted with Melvina. the longer she
Phyllis has that odd, subdued sparkle that belongs to Miss Hayes, which begins as a tiny glow and can blaze up to tremendous heights. It needs no gilded headdress.

"You should wear a skirt, and blouse," Melvina used to tell Phyllis. "They look well on you—much, much better than a Schiaparelli model."

Phyllis listened, laughed, and went out to buy a pastel dressmaker suit of an odd peacock blue, in which she managed to look like an adorable little girl.

She never goes to beauty shops. Ever since she was thirteen she has put her lightbrown hair up every night on bobby pins. She's been a permanent. The nearest she ever came to tinting her hair was one day in San Diego when she wet a heavy hairnet in salt water, tied it over her head and lay on the beach in the sun. Her hair took on a golden hue. "It's a bad idea," she informed me. "Your hair gets dry and breaks off. I don't recommend it. But oh, I was so thrilled to be a blonde!"

Fate, who must have had a hand in bringing Melvina into Phyllis' life, had no intention of letting Melvina interfere too much.

"I used to say to Phyllis sternly: 'You must put so much money in the bank. You must not spend more than such-and-such. You will have to learn that you can't do this or you must do that.' And I'd worry because nothing made an impression on her," she smiled. "Now that I know Phyllis so well, I've decided that it doesn't really matter whether she ever learns about money or not. What she has is much more important. Let her lose money; it won't mean a thing to her. I'm not a sentimental person, but if I feel there's something that's worthwhile to give. You might as well expect violin music, or a crystal spring, or the well-known lilies of the field to try to be practical. I shall let her alone if that's how she stands.

When Phyllis' mother decided to visit her, Melvina found a little pink house seven minutes from the studio for them. so that they could entertain their friends and be free to enjoy each other.

It would be very nice of Fate if she'd bring around a man for Phyllis who could come like Alfred Lunt, say. The finicky Chandler has Phyllis never spent the one when the Lunts took the whole touring company out to their home for the holiday. There were sixty-five people, and Alfred Lunt cooked dinner.

"The most marvelous food I ever put in my mouth!" Phyllis declares.

"That's a wonderful marriage. It's seldom someone is so well matched. There's Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur, the Lunts, Katharine Cornell and Guthrie McClintock—and who else? I wish it would happen to me."

Phyllis has no set ideas on just how the Man In Her Life should look, but she hopes he'll like music, the theater, horseback riding, swimming, golf—and who else? I wish it would happen to me."

She can't imagine giving up acting for marriage. She wants children, several of them, but doesn't see why she must lose her career if she's a mother.

"But I'm not really thinking of the future," she declares confidently. "What is mine will come to me. I'll leave it to Fate."
and drive an inextravagant Plymouth. You recall gratefully that, as a boy, you lived in an atmosphere of good books, art and culture. You studied acting in college and majored in drama.

You are a hearty eater, and your typical midday meal consists of salad with roquefort dressing, chicken fricassee, milk, toast and an elaborate dessert.

You played a small bit in a Columbia University drama class presentation of Shakespeare's "Cymbeline," which brought you to the attention of Tamara Daykarhanova, Chekhov's representative, and earned you a rich scholarship to the Chekhov School in England.

You are the only son of Judge William H. Hatfield, of New York, and Adele Hatfield, your mother, is a promising painter. You appear in 355 of the 359 scenes of "The Picture of Dorian Gray." You revealed something of your natural shyness when you shared your first kiss with Angela Lansbury, and the director had to clear the set until you got used to the affair.

You are ever grateful that Iris Tree, daughter of the great English actor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, brought you to the attention of Director Albert Lewin who couldn't do too much to go out of his way to help you in your career in the movies.

You remember gratefully that, as a boy, you were excited and flattered beyond words when she visited the set of "Dorian Gray." What you fail to reveal, though, was the marvellous and typical remark of Katie who said, "Hi, chum—I hear you're doing wonderfully—are you?"

You can't be too grateful to Director Albert Lewin who couldn't do too much to go out of his way to help you in your career in the movies. Your favorite form of relaxation is long talks on the telephone with people who save something to talk about.

You like eating dinner by the fire, playing the piano, and were startled when you discovered that you had to play the only Chopin prelude that you hadn't learned, in "Dorian Gray": the twenty-fourth.

You acknowledge with amusement that on the stage you were a youth who always played elderly, decrepit gentlemen, but that in your current picture you portray a man who remains a youth all his life, in appearance, while only his portrait ages. You always look the same in "The Picture of Dorian Gray," although twenty-two years go by.

You had your portrait painted four times for the picture, by the celebrated twin painters Ivan Le Lorraine and Malvin Albright, and wish that you could own one. You don't care for film colony night life, and rarely go out after dark. You recently had your pants patched while waiting to meet Garbo for the first time, because the dog of your hostess, Salka Vortel, didn't know you. You can't wait for "The Picture of Dorian Gray" to be shown so that you can find out how really worthwhile it was for you to follow the hunch that brought you to Hollywood: Dancer Virginia Hunt,picture of Dorian Gray," although twenty-two years go by.

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of those kids from the East Side. Kids like Edward G. Robinson, for instance, who became outstandingly successful, who they thought so easily have gone the other way.

"I got to thinking about those kids from the East Side," reminisces Ira.

"Cliff's remark dug up memories. Memories of lots of things. But mostly of my brother, George—an eager kid who was born to music. A boy who studied all his life, who never stopped working, straining, striving for perfection. A boy who, while writing the "Scandals," was getting up early in the morning for classes in Orchestra at Columbia University.

A man who could with the most tireless energy I've ever seen; a restless, sensitive dynamo, always driving himself, never content with what he had written, always feeling he could have done it better.

Ira, one of the most conscientious workers in show business, and the only lyricist ever to receive the Pulitzer Prize, depreciates himself.

"About that. He tells you. "I worked hard, too, when we had a job to do. But between shows, I felt the need of rest. Often I vacated three or four months. George could not have. He used to nag me about being lazy; was always after me to write a libretto. If he'd lived, he'd have forced me to do it, too. Just as he kidded me into beginning that "Porgy and Bess"—saying Ira, if he could do it, so could I. But he couldn't teach, coax or heckle me into becoming as good at golf or other sports as he was, and he couldn't impart that incredible physical rhythm which was so much a part of him.

The "Rhapsody in Blue" holds many poignant memories for Ira Gershwin. The home at 110th Street and Amsterdam Avenue in New York, where it was written, with George working in the midst of bedlam. Writing the "Rhapsody" in a room where, not ten feet away, his father and his friends played noisy games of pinochle. Cigar smoke so thick you could hardly breathe. And George, oblivious to everything but his music, hearing and writing melodies that would one day be world-famous.

And later, in 1928, the thrill of a lifetime: hearing it performed for the first time in Paris. The brothers had been in that city only two days when it happened, and George was buoyed from the "American In Paris." Rhene Baton, conducting a symphony orchestra at the Mogador Theater, included the "Rhapsody" on a program that boasted names like Casals and Kreisler. Because of the limited time for rehearsals, and the complexity of the piano passages, Wiener and Doucet, the orchestra's pianists, divided the solo parts. And Ira was with them too. But the orchestra, which had had only one rehearsal, gave a pretty ragged performance, with some notes even bluer than George had conceived. Despite the inadequate performance, Ira had a hunch that the audience would welcome this composition because of its strange and exciting quality. George thought otherwise. He squirmed and suffered it out as long as he could, then with: "This is terrible. I can't stand it any longer," he dashed for the nearest exit. A couple of minutes later, with waves of thunderous applause ringing in his ears, and the shouts of the audience for "Gershwin, Gershwin," Ira had literally to drag his brother in from the lobby. Not until the tenth curtain-call did George really believe that Paris had put her stamp of approval on him and his "Rhapsody in Blue."

Their old friend, Deems Taylor, didn't know the boys were in Paris, but he was in the audience that afternoon and wrote: "I should have figured if the Rhapsody was played, and there was a curtain-call to be taken, Gershwin would be there to take it!"

Ira will always remember their first Hollywood job, too. For it proves what producers—sometimes—think of the Aristedes. They admitted, "but that's high-brow stuff. He wired: "With me, it was different," he tells Ira will always remember their first Hollywood job, too. For it proves what producers—sometimes—think of the Aristedes. They admitted, "but that's high-brow stuff. He wired: "I am not a high brow. I have written many hits and I expect to write many more.""Ira chuckled when he tells about it.

Yes, there's no doubt about it, this picture has stirred memories for Ira Gershwin. But you would really like to know his first impression when he was introduced to Herbert Rudley?

"So! Here's Ira Gershwin," he said to himself. "From now on I can take it easy. This fellow can write my lyrics." It was futile, wonderful day-dreaming.

"My brother, George, used to accuse me of being lazy," he smiles. "I guess he would call that running true to form."

The End
PICTURES IN PRODUCTION

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17)

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT, with Dennis Morgan, Raymond Massey, Andrea King, Alan Hale, Dane Clark and John Ridgely.


AT COLUMBIA:

COUNTERATTACK, with Paul Muni, Marguerite Chapman, Larry Parks, and Adeline DeWalt Reynolds. This is a story of Russian partisans behind the German lines. Sequenced that covers three days in the picture, but will require about twenty-four days to film, shows Mr. Muni and Miss Chapman trapped in a subterranean cell with a group of Nazi officers.

LET’S GO STEADY has Pat Parrish, Jackie Moran, Jane Preiser, and Skinnay Ennis’ orchestra hanging on the garden gate.

OUR WANDERING DAUGHTERS has Cora Sue Collins, Eric Sinclair, Ralph Morgan, and John Calvert. This is all about Her Mama Done Tole Her.

I LOVE A MYSTERY is the film treatment of the celebrated radio show written by Jeryn and John Calvert. It is Clifford in “One Man’s Family.”

AT MGM:

WOMEN’S ARMY, with Lana Turner, Laraine Day, Susan Peters, June Lockhart, brilliant Agnes Moorehead, Jess Barker, and Bill Johnson. You may disregard the rumor that the entire Air Force is trying to get transferred to this Metro branch of the service.

HOLD HIGH THE TORCH, being shot in Technicolor is on location at Lake Chelan, Washington. Star is Elizabeth Taylor, the able 12-year-old actress who was Velma in “National Velvet.” The story deals with a dog-of-war and its rehabilitation after it comes home from the front. Lassie is doing this part with such Thespian artistry that she is being called Greer Garson With Fur.

THE VALLEY OF DECISION is being made from the celebrated Marcia Davenport book with Greer Garson (a redhead again), Gregory Peck, Lionel Barrymore, Donald Crisp (just being cast), and Adeline DeWalt Reynolds. This is a story of Russian partisans behind the German lines. Sequenced that covers three days in the picture, but will require about twenty-four days to film, shows Mr. Muni and Miss Chapman trapped in a subterranean cell with a group of Nazi officers.

WITHOUT LOVE has just started rolling with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Lucille Ball, Keenan Wynn (who will be a father for the second time in February), and Felix Bressart.

OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES should be one of the pictures of the year. It deals with a year in the life of a Norwegian farmer in Wisconsin. Edward G. Robinson—wearing overalls and a mustache—plays the farmer, Agnes Moorehead is his wife. Margaret O’Brien is their daughter and Jackie Jenkins her cousin. While the company was at the Metro farm on location someone asked Margaret what she liked best about being a bucolic maiden—going barefooted, perhaps? “I go barefooted in the city,” explained Margaret with her gentle smile. “What I like is catching frogs with Jackie.”

WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF is Grand Hotel in New York with Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner, Walter Pidgeon, Van Johnson, Keenan Wynn, and wonderful Robert Benchley, the pin-up boy of the Helen Hokinson girls.

AT PARAMOUNT:

SALTY O’ROURKE is the current Alan Ladd picture (which means that it will be a hit). Eddie Quillan is a conscientious man who will do battle in behalf of a good script), with Gail Russell, Stanley Clements (who was the star in “My Man Godfrey”), Bruce Cabot (his first picture since his many months in Africa for the Air Corps), Spring Byington and William Demarest (one of the funniest men in town). Don’t miss this one.

THE GOLDEN YEARS has Sonny Tufts, Veronica Lake, Lillian Gish, Bill Edwards, Peter Graves (who is transferring to this Metro branch of Paramount has great hopes). This picture was originally titled “Miss Susy Slagle’s” and the story deals with the occurrences in a medical boarding house presided over by prim, proper Miss Slagle (Lillian Gish).

DUFFY’S TAVERN boasts about everyone on the Paramount lot in its cast. Notable, in addition to Ed Gardner, Marjorie Reynolds, Hope, Crosby, etc., etc., are two not-so-well-known genius-kids. One is comedian Cass Daley (now appearing on the Maxwell House show) and the other is brilliant dancer, Johnny Coy.

THE LOST WEEKEND, with Ray Milland, Jane Wyman, Phillip Terry, and Doris Dowling, is nearly finished. So nearly that Mr. Milland has his first shave in weeks.

THE LOVE LETTERS is distinguished by a splendid cast: Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, Ann Richards, Cecil Kellaway (the Prince of Wales in “Mrs. Parkington”), and Derek Cooper. The Paramount lot has been rocking with justified laughter because this is one of the big-budgeted pictures, yet there isn’t a Paramount contract player in the cast.

AT UNIVERSAL:

THE SUSPECT stars Charles Laughton, Ella Raines, Dean Harens, and Henry Daniell. On the set Ella Raines was telling the story of the month. For her new house she ordered a seven by seven bed to be constructed; when it was delivered, it was discovered that the frame couldn’t be inserted through the doorway, hence had to be returned to the manufacturer to be whittled down. Then, when the bed size was reduced, all the sheets and blankets had to be altered. “A case,” intoned Mr. Laughton who knows his Shakespeare, “in which sleep could not knit up the raveled sheets so fair.”

SALOME—WHERE SHE DANCED is actually the name of a town in Arizona. This story opens in Vienna in 1865 and progresses by a series of plot flights to America. Yvonne de Carlo is given her first starring role and has the distinction of being the only successful girl in pictures who is living in a $1.00 per day motor court. Can’t find another place in which to camp.

FRISCO SAL is the latest venture of Susanna Foster, Turhan Bey, Alan Curtis, Andy Devine and Samuel S. Hinds. A picture printed in a fan magazine somehow gave the recent impression that Turhan and Susanna were going to be a team in this picture, but Turhan’s recent and sincere interest in Lana Turner (also publicized), he has received some poison pen letters from those who are trying to protect Susanna’s “romance.”

SHE GETS HER MAN is a comedy with Joan Davis, Leon Errol, Bill Gargan, and the beautiful young gypsy Austin—of whom you will hear more in a hurry.

HERE COME THE CO-EDS have better turn around and go away or Abbott and Costello will get them, aided by Martha O’Driscoll and Peggy Ryan.

AT RKO:

THE WONDER MAN is working with wonder man Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Ed Gargan, Allen Jenkins, Huntz Hall (who says that being an ex-Dead End Kid has really made life tough for him—self-styled pugilists are almost “choosing” him in public places), Grant Mitchell and the Polka Dot Kids, Chili Williams.

TARZAN AND THE AMAZONS, Johnny Weissmuller, Brenda Joyce, and of all people to turn up in the jungle, Madame Maria Ouspenskaya.


THE ENGCHANTED COTTAGE is rolling with “Claudia”—Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Herbert Marshall, and Spring Byington. More detailed report on this later after your reporter visits the set.
**AT REPUBLIC:**

**A DARING HOLIDAY,** with Edward Everett Horton, Gladys George, Jack LaRue.

**THE PHANTOM SPEAKS,** Richard Arlen and Lynne Roberts — strictly from fright.

**EARL CARROLL’S VANITIES,** Dennis O’Keefe, Constance Moore, Eve Arden (one of the best comedienne on earth), and Alan Mowbray.

**AT 20TH CENTURY-FOX:**

**HANGOVER SQUARE,** distinguished by the presence of that quarter ton of talent, Laird Cregar and George Sanders, plus Linda Darnell, Reginald Gardiner, and in the opposite corner Producer Robert Bassler and Director John Brahm.

**BILLY ROSE’S DIAMOND HORSESHOE** is a Technicolor confection with Betty Grable, Dick Haymes, Beatrice Kay, Dorothy Day and George Melford. Did you know that technicians who have officiated when Betty dubs her songs, say that she is the best in the business?

**ROYAL SCANDAL** is the new title of erstwhile CZARINA, or THE RELUCTANT DRAGOON, with Tallulah Bankhead as the glandular monarch and Bill Eythe singing “Reign, reign, go away—and don’t come back another day.” Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter, Vincent Price, and Mischa Auer are also in there discovering what are the divine rights of queens.

**HOLD AUTUMN IN YOUR HAND,** described last month in detail, is still in the process of production with Zachary Scott, Betty Field, Estelle Taylor, and Percy Kilbride casually, saw him dining alone in a cottage-like local tearoom one recent evening, and strolled over to chat. During the course of the conversation, the visitor mentioned that it was rather lonely to dine in public without company. “I really don’t mind at all,” observed Mr. Kilbride with his norther-waste smile. “I just have an abandoned face.”

**AT UNITED ARTISTS:**

**WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE** is a question to be answered by Fred MacMurray (borrowed from Paramount) and Joan Leslie (borrowed from Warner Brothers) plus the home lot talent of June Haver.

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**CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE** is a who-dunit being investigated by Michael O’Shea, Lloyd Nolan (now quite silver-haired), Trudy Marshall, and Ruth Ford.

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**IT'S IN THE BAG** is the madness with Allen, Benny, Binnie Barnes, Robert Benchley, John Carradine, Jerry Colonna and most of the other local comic characters. A good straight man could steal the picture.

**BLOOD ON THE SUN** is Jimmy Cagney’s latest producing venture, so you should see it for two reasons: First, Jimmie Cagney is such a sweet guy, and second, it will surely be a good picture.

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**"Cultivate Contrast"**

A beauty without any bunk about her, Joan Bennett has a personal fountain of youth plan.

If you talked about fairies or magic to Joan Bennett, particularly in connection with her own special brand of dazzle, you could expect a polite facsimile of the well-known Bronx cheer.

You think we’re kidding? Well, then listen to some of Joan’s quips and quotes. “I eat like a horse”—“Press agent ballyhoo is so much hog wash”—“It’s plain silly for a girl to lose her figure just because she’s had a few babies.”

Pretty basic stuff, coming from a glamour girl. And if it sounds as though Joan doesn’t give a rap about her looks or her career, you’re about to be surprised again. In fact, we’d like you to take a really good gander at La Bennett in her current International Picture called “The Woman in the Window.”

Can it be that Joan is a day over twenty-five? It probably can. She has three daughters. And the oldest one is seventeen!

Here’s the way Joan looks at looks. Some things are basic and unchanging. For instance, with her—feminine means fastidious, and that means super-clean skin on face and form. Manicures and pedicures are strictly on schedule—once a week. Hair care is no mere brush-off. It’s a circulation-stirring drama that goes on every day with the help of brush and tonic jars; every week or oftener with a billowing bottle of shampoo.

It calls for a strong constitution to make men weak. So Joan takes her sleep in eight hour doses; her vitamins as a matter of well-balanced courses.

After the glamour groundwork has been laid, our Miss Bennett goes all-out for effects. One day she looks like her daughter’s younger sister. The next, she will out-Mata any Hari the studio whips up.

Joan has great belief in what she calls the “fluff.” Her make-up may be simple or simply sensational. She changes her coiffure to complement the occasion. She suits her scent to the sort of girl she feels like, so sometimes a sultry perfume contributes to that wicked gleam in her innocent blue eye.

There you have it—good sense in good grooming. Great sensitivity to changing styles and situations. The result is consistent contrast: a type that will never be outmoded because it’s subject to change without notice. It’s a type to strive to simulate!
Mrs. Lipschitz, and I think it's fine!" Mrs. Carson looked blank. "Er—er—thank you," she finally stammered. Later, Jack, "Wrong Lookson," she said. "Miss St. Germaine seems to be a very sweet girl, but is she—er—quite bright? Yesterday she called me Mrs. Lipschitz!"

"Oh, laughed. "Think nothing of it! I told her our name was Lipschitz for a rib! She must have believed me!"

Neither time, tide, nor the importance of the day deterred Jack, the Ribber, once he gets the urge to have a little clean fun at another's expense.

When Anatole Litvak was directing Jack in "Blues In The Night," for example, the whole set was thrown into an uproar one afternoon when Carson "fainted" dead away at the conclusion of a simple scene. Litvak was in a tizzy and did a super-excitability way. "Quick!" he shouted. "Get a doctor! Get two doctors! Get an ambulance! Get the Hays Office! Get the Chain of Command!"

He was stroking the Carson head solicitously when Jack feebly opened his eyes. "What was the matter, boy?" Litvak asked. "Did you have a strain of some sort?"

"No, Mr. Litvak," he said earnestly. "It was just that you always make me feel at least twenty-seven takes of a scene, and when you said 'Print it!' after the first take, the shock was too much for me!"

Litvak, being a good sport, howled along with everyone else.

Alexis Smith never will forget another effort to introduce "Mark Twain" set. Jack had been a frequent visitor and was enchanted by a perfect little table model of the river boat used in the picture. One day he led Alexis to look at it.

"Don't tell anyone, because I want it to be a surprise," he said, "but I've rigged this thing up with a cute little steam whistle, a real steam whistle blows across the stage. Look, I'll show you."

Gently he pulled on the cord, and sure enough, across the stage a steam whistle sounded. Alexis was delighted with the gadget. Later that afternoon she was playing the noses of some visiting naval dignitaries, and took them to inspect the little model. Across the stage Jack watched eagerly, a gleam in his eye. "I hope you were surprised," she told them. "Admiral, just pull this little cord and see what happens." Dutifully the admiral pulled the cord as instructed. He was surprised all right, and so was Alexis, who was embarrassed, Alexis, when the entire stage suddenly was filled with a resounding Bronx cheer.

Joan Blondell and Reggie Gardiner at the party given for "Mom" Lehr's Guild Canteen.

JACK CARSON
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

Joan Blondell and Reggie Gardiner at the party given for "Mom" Lehr's Guild Canteen.

ly, but we have to do it every day to keep her happy," he explained. "Temperament, you know."

"Well, alright then," Dennis said. "I'm from Hollywood. My name is Jack Carson. I don't know what kind of a racket this is, but you're not going to pull it on me. Now get out before I call the manager!"

At that moment the closet door was opened to reveal Jane, Dennis, Ann and his wife laughing hysterically. The "stranger," of course, had been hired by them to play the part.

"Bravo!" they applaud a crimson-faced Jack. "For that scene you ought to rate an Academy Award!"

"The song is one of Dennis's favorites, and Joan Blondell ond Reggie Gardiner at the party given tor "Mom" Lehr's Guild Canteen."

"Look, fellows, I want you to help me pull a rib on Morgan," he confided. "When he asks what songs you want him to sing, whatever you do, DON'T ask for 'Desert Song.' Ask for anything but that, and watch the fun."

"For some unknown and never explained reason, two sacks of fertilizer were delivered to his new dressing room. "Complaints of the management," Jack wrote on the accompanying card. "We want you to smell at home."

It is within the "family," experience has proved, that the Carson ribs reach their finer heights. The family consists of Carson, his wife, Ann Sheridan, Jane Wyman and Dennis Morgan, who have formed themselves into a unit to bring entertainment to servicemen in outlying regions! They consist of a troop all more or less than two fresh sacks of fertilizer were delivered to his new dressing room. "Compliments of the management," Jack wrote on the accompanying card. "We want you to smell at home."

"But how do you want me to introduce you?" Jack asked. "What do you want me to call you?"

"I don't care what you call me, so long as you leave that Oomph Girl stuff out!" Ann bridled. "I mean it!"

"Look, as she stood in the wings before him for the introduction, Ann again cautioned Jack by gesture. "Remember, no Oomph Girl!"

"The song is one of Dennis's favorites, and Joan Blondell ond Reggie Gardiner at the party given tor "Mom" Lehr's Guild Canteen."

"Let's you and I."

"Well, however, Dennis asked for requests they shouted "Besse Morentz Mucho, All or Nothing At All, Irish Eyes Are Smiling" and dozens of others. Each time Dennis smiled gracefully, and Ann would write the number, but what else did they want? Playing along with the gag to a man, no one mentioned "Desert Song," to Morgan's utter astonishment and somewhat hurt feelings. Could Carson have been right?

"The song is one of Dennis's favorites, and Joan Blondell ond Reggie Gardiner at the party given tor "Mom" Lehr's Guild Canteen."

"They got it and liked it."

"That Grand Old Lady of the Screen, Joan Blondell, also came a cropper, courtesy of Ribber Carson. The two were discussing what songs Dennis would sing, and Ann suggested 'Desert Song' from the musical of the same name. "Oh, no, no again!" Jack groaned. The song is one of Dennis's favorites, and Joan Blondell ond Reggie Gardiner at the party given tor "Mom" Lehr's Guild Canteen."

"Well, alright then," Dennis said grudgingly. "I'll let the fellows call for request numbers, but I know they'll all want 'Desert Song.' They always do. They like it."

A few minutes before the show was due to start Jack was giving the audience a warm-up talk. Dennis had ducked out for a quick cup of coffee. "Look, fellows, I want you to help me
home. Then she doesn't see him again, until she returns those novels for another batch.

"I'm going to compile a book," June announces suddenly. "You see, I mark all my books—the passages I like for mood, for dialogue, for just plain narrative value. Some day I'm going to put all the passages together and make my own book. I think it's a great idea, don't you?"

"I sketch, too. I just love to sketch. I did a charcoal of a friend of mine, on his boat, and he was just crazy about it. So one day I sketched a girl who was polishing brass on another boat nearby. I left the sketch sort of hanging around where my friend would be sure to fall over it. He did, too. He looked at it frontways, upside-down, and then sort of sideways. 'I'm not sure I know what it is,' he said, 'but it's awful.' I haven't sketched since."

Her favorite dress-down clothes are blue jeans, boots, shirt, jacket, and big dirty gloves. Decked out in this non-fashionable fashion, she loves to tinker with boats. Anybody's boat. She especially likes to brood about the time she was fixing her car when it stalled near the studio. She came up grease, ran off to find a mechanic, and bumped into her dream boy, Fred Astaire, instead. She's never gotten over the let-down of meeting him in "black-face." She'd always dreamed of being dressed like a professional mannequin in a dazzling outfit for that meeting. Now she's working up to another ensemble for the moment when she first meets Ginger Rogers. She wants to knock her eye out—figuratively speaking, of course.

The fact that people really like to hear her sing frankly puzzled June. "Why me?" she asks. "I don't really know from singing. I just throw back my head and howl. I sing in the shower every day. It does wonders for other people. But for me, even 'Deep River' changes keys in the middle of a bar. It's awfully discouraging."

It isn't superstition that gives her her coffee quirk. We'll be darned if we know what to call it. Maybe some good psychiatrist has a name for it. But she'll order coffee, pour cream into it, inhale its fragrance as though it were French perfume, and then drink exactly one-quarter. Then she orders a fresh cup. A refill won't do. It has to be a fresh cup. To nip this complex in the kitchen, so to speak, June's pals at the studio gifted her with a dainty blue-and-white demi-tasse cup. But she forgets to tote it with her, with the result that waiters at local bistros are beginning to treat her like a two-headed zombie.

Bess, the major domo, rules June's roost with an iron hand. And June loves it. Bess has taught her how to buy clothes with an eye to making one item do several jobs. When June sneaks a new purchase into the house, it's Bess who ferrets it out, gives it the glassy eye, returns it pronto. But June's catching on, now. She takes Bess shopping with her, and saves herself a lot of wear and tear.

"Bess does all the cooking," June says, "except when I sneak into the kitchen. I love to putter. I'm no mechanical cook. Electric gadgets throw me into a tizzy. I've got one recipe that's surefire, 'though. It's called 'Egg Thing.'"

"You put a piece of spam in a pan. Then you put two whole eggs on top of that. Then you add a professional secret, which I won't give you because this is an exclusive recipe. It comes out with the eggs whole and a big puffy thing on top, and I pour stewed tomatoes over it all."

Those marriage rumors that have been cropping up like mushrooms after a spring rain have given June a lot of laughs. Maybe it's a superstition, but she habitually wears some item from her current picture throughout the entire production, and that means after work, too. With "Music For Millions," it was a wedding ring. And when June stepped out on dates flaunting the gold band, even the Sphinx had to open up and crack about it.

Her views on her future marriage to some future guy are pretty sound. "I'm too young," she says, "to think about it seriously—yet. I'm not ready for it. I think marriage is a real, full-time job—one you have to work at with your whole heart and soul, your time and energy. When I do marry, it'll be to a man who loves boats as I do. And then I'll give up my picture career and devote myself to my maps, my navigation, my Spanish, and—incidentally, to him."

But, until she meets that guy and sets that date, June Allyson will be sticking around Hollywood putting that personality, like a hypo, into the arm of every picture they hand her. And we hope she keeps that young frog in her throat. As we said before, on her it sounds good.

THE END...and I go to bed early every night with a good book and a Pepsi-Cola.
FAREWELL MY LOVELY (RKO-Radio) stars Dick Powell, as the private detective unraveling a murder case—which should be enough to tell you that here's a picture with "something different" to offer, and it does!

Not only does it make a dramatic actor out of the melody man kept too long in roles that were sweet and singing; also, it poses the question: just how complex and involved can a screen plot be, without defeating its own purpose?

There's a slightly loco and more than slightly dangerous gangster; a missing hunk of jade, a quack psychiatrist, a secluded beach house, a beautiful-but-hard blonde, a brutal beating, a mysterious girl. Scramble that all together, add a lot of rapid-fire dialogue, and whatever your criticism of this mystery thriller, it won't be that "it's too obvious." Fact is, there's more than an outside chance that you'll leave the theater with the plot still rattling around in your head, like a pebble in a concrete mixer.

Speaking strictly on the production side, though, there's credit due for a lot of tricky camera effects. So here's tossing bouquets to Adrian Scott, producer; Edward Dmytryk, director; Harry Wild, director of photography; and Vernon Walker, special effects man.

FADES IN THE FOG (Republic) Another story of child delinquency through lack of proper parent interest.

The parents (Paul Kelly and Lee Patrick) are too busy with their own pleasures to pay much attention to their children. When faced with a problem—their son (Bob Stubbins)—gets into a minor brush with the law—they quickly jump to the other extreme and become domineering, thus precipitating a more serious offense by their daughter (Jane Withers).

When Jane's father, in a moment of rage and misunderstanding, shoots her newly wed husband (Eric Sinclair), she humiliates and perjures herself in court to protect him. It is not until Jane is forced to take the consequences of her perjury that her parents realize how thoughtless and unjust they have been.

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS (20th Century-Fox) is the Broadway musical comedy of the same name, added to and elaborated upon but still pretty much the same hilarious "songs with a series of incidents."

It all takes place (or most of it) in the mildest manse at first misrepresented to its three inheritors as a Georgia plantation manor. Setting to with the quite honorable motive of doing "something for the boys," the surprised heirs get the idea of turning the old place into a hostelry for visiting war wives. Take it from there, and you get nowhere fast—what with all the romance complications, the war maneuvers, and madcap confusion of the issues at hand.

Probably it's not logical, having as many things happen as happen here, but it's all done in the spirit of good fun—and good musical numbers—with Carmen Miranda, Michael O'Shea, Vivian Blaine, Phil Silvers and Perry Como to keep the plot boiling furiously, and melodiously.

THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU (Warner Bros.) A sleeper or a charmer, this one—all depending upon the point of view, and your requirements for what makes a good movie. Basically, it is the romance of a soldier and his girl—the soldier, Dennis Morgan; and the girl, the new, the lovely Eleanor Parker. And as with all stories about soldiers, Morgan has a sidekick (Dane Clark), and he also has a girl, the engaging Faye Emerson.

Given a couple of G.I.'s returning to the States after two years in the Aleutians, the theme is more situation than plot. Boy meets girl—on a bus. Follows marriage, then separation when Morgan again goes overseas, then final reunion. The want of anything unusual in the story is overcome by its being so simple, so commonplace that it takes on the charm of the familiar, and of being all so delightfully "real."
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**INSIDE HOLLYWOOD**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101)

of the first correspondents to reach Honolulu afterward. He was also with the assault troops on the Normandy beachhead. Aside from being a rugged guy and a terrific reporter, he is one of the nicest men on earth. Deanna deserves someone as super as Bob, and Bob deserves a honey like Deanna.

Whatever you do, don’t miss seeing 25th Century-Fox cinema version of the Army Air Show, “Winged Victory.” Hank Daniels, the lead, is terrific. So is Lon McCallister as one of Hanky’s best friends. So is Fred O’Brien as the comedy character from Brooklyn. So is George Reeves as the flight instructor. So is Richard Travis as the minister. It’s a great show—the sort of entertainment you have a right to expect from the studio that made “Wilson.” And if you haven’t seen “Wilson” RUN, do not walk, to your nearest theatre, or you’ll be sorreee.

PATER PAIR:

Everyone in Hollywood more or less takes it for granted that Van Johnson is an integrated uncle in the Keenan Wynn family, and Keenan’s young son has grown accustomed to taking up his problems as much with Van as with his own Daddy.

One day recently the family was sitting around the pool at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, Mr. Wynn clinging to the arm of his daddy on one side and Van on the other. A pretty little miss picased the group and looked envious. “Look at that little boy,” she piped. “He has two fathers.”

Mr. Wynn will also have a new brother or sister in February.

**PICK-UP:**

She was pretty: she was gay in the manner of a girl in love. She wore a bright, becoming hat and a mink coat. “Waiting for a pick-up?” someone asked her as she loitered in front of Lucey’s on Melrose Avenue.

“You’re right,” she grinned. “A soldier.”

A few seconds later, Major William Howard drove up and motioned his wife, the screen’s Miss Dorothy Lamour, into his car.

This romance is one to which Hollywood may point with pleasure, because it is working out so very, very well.

**POP ON ICE:**

Although his repertoire of anecdotes is an extensive one, Pat O’Brien, like most successful raconteurs, has a habit of trying out a few reliable laugh-getters when he finds himself in a new group.

Recently, the O’Briens were entertaining some out-of-town guests. Pat, in mellow mood, tried his famous one about a pro football game which went over big. Sean, Pat’s young son, apparently enjoyed the yarn as thoroughly as the rest of the group, but as the laughter died down, he cried enthusiastically, “Now, tell the OTHER one, Pop!”

**OLD SHELL GAME:**

When piquant June Preisser and her husband, Dick Terry, moved into their new hillside home in Sherman Oaks, they were approached by a detective agency which supplies watchman service for a good many homes in the district. However, June and Dick said laughingly that their small home with its modest furnishings would certainly offer no temptation to burglars. “In case you should change your mind and decide at any time that you need us, just call this number,” said the representative, leaving his card.

Several weeks later, June was alone one night. She had just finished reading the evening paper with its murders scattered over the front page, when she heard a muffled step upon the front porch. She froze in her chair, her ears extended from their sockets in long thin scoops to catch the sound. Sure enough, there was another step, guarded, careful.

June managed to coax her feet into carrying her to the telephone, and whispered an S.O.S. to the patrol agency. A big, burly man was there in no time.

“Didn’t see anyone dart into the bushes or run down the road as I drove up,” he assured June.

But at that moment, she heard the restrained, thumping tread again. “Get him,” breathed June as they flung open the front door in time to hear two more quick steps on the porch.

The patrolman turned to chuckle down at June. “Never lived in the country before, did you?” he wanted to know. The “footsteps” had been made by the falling of walnuts from the huge tree at the corner of the house.

**“MERRY MONAHANS” IN MANHATTAN:**

Peggy Ryan went to New York for the first time to appear personally at the opening of “The Merry Monahans” and her stories about Gotham experiences are worthy of note. She used eight lipsticks, giving lip-prints to a new type of autograph seeker; she cut five locks of hair; she was mobbed while entering her hotel one night, and the heel was torn from her shoe. Instantly, several of her over-eager fans offered shoe coupons, which—of course—she refused with thanks. Some how the word spread that her heel had been broken, and when she reached her suite, the hotel had rushed a doctor up to treat her. The doctor was not amused. Peggy had the time of her life, laughed heartiest at being called the Sinatra of Broadway, with an entourage hosted by a detective agency. She was taking and Jinx said, “Mostly nets for my hair all gussied up in fancy forms so that even if I have to wear a helmet over them, I’ll still look feminine!”

**DID YOU KNOW THAT:**

Jane Powell’s favorite dessert is a dish of vanilla ice cream topped with a huge dab of peanut butter.

Ann Rutherford has just finished her first picture in nearly two years—a story at RKO entitled “Two O’Clock Courage,” which gets her safely out of the Hardy-or-Bobby-Sox era of her career, and comfortably launched into her drama department.

Jess Barker and Susan Hayward are storking.

The Jimmy Craig’s anticipate a playmate for 5-year-old Jimmie, Jr. in February.

Rumors persist that Hedy Lamarr and John Loder are decorating a nursery. It’s true! By the time you read this, Jinx Falkenburg will be back in Hollywood with some wonderful stories about her five years with an entertainment troupe headed by Pat O’Brien. Someone asked her what sort of clothing she was taking and Jinx said, “Mostly nets for my hair all gussied up in fancy forms so that even if I have to wear a helmet over them, I’ll still look feminine!”

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Affairs is currently being rectified. But the most surprising part of the whole business, to Eleanor, is that such a thing should have happened to her in the first place. Because although she looks like an angel, she now acts like one—the last part is the result of a turn-around reaction from her early teens.

Eleanor started out as anything but a nice little girl. "I was the nastiest kid in our neighborhood in Cleveland," she'll tell you shamelessly. "I made life miserable for all my friends. They'd come over to play with me, and I'd send them home because I didn't want to share my paper dolls with them. I was selfish, and I hurt feelings right and left.

"I made life miserable for my older sister and brother, too. Let them just mention that some friends were dropping in for the evening, and I'd immediately decide to do my homework in the living room. No one could budge me.

"All in all, I was a terrible child. When I wasn't climbing trees or playing baseball in the streets, I was cooking up trouble for my friends. I was a heroine, a fearless young pioneer."

Only once did her friends turn the tables on Eleanor. When she was ten, her friends dared her to smoke a cigarette behind the garage. For once they caught her off guard, and she gave in.

"I couldn't wait to tell Mother. I always told her everything. And anyway, I was really proud of smoking. I found her busy in the kitchen. 'Mother,' I said proudly, 'I just smoked a cigarette.'"

"Mother's mind was on other things and she didn't pay real attention to what I was saying. She just smiled and said 'Well, don't do it again, dear.'"

"I was relieved that Mother wasn't angry with me. By dinner time the smoking incident had assumed dramatic proportions in my mind. I was a heroine, a fearless young pioneer. At the table I looked grandly around and said 'Well, don't do it again, dear.'"

"But it wasn't long until I found a new boy friend," she laughs. "This time it was Bob, a friend of Ed's, and also an outstanding athlete. We went together for three years, until I left to come to the Coast and enrolled at the Pasadena Community Playhouse." It was at the Playhouse that Eleanor was "discovered." Life was very pleasant.

This little idyll lasted until Eleanor went away with her family for a two months' summer vacation. By the time she returned, she found Ed less thrilling.

"Oh, and by then I was such a nice, quiet little thing," she laments, "that no one would give me a chance to play anything else on the screen. That school girl reaction of mine wasn't really helping my career. Hollywood might have been kinder, had I been a sophisticate."

She had made up her mind to do something about it, when she met Fred Losee on the "Mission Impossible" set. Fred is a dentist, serving as a senior grade Lieutenant in the Navy, stationed until recently in the South Pacific.

He was a visitor on the set; a mutual friend introduced them. Fred looked so handsome in his uniform that Eleanor decided he must be conceited. She was extraordinarily abrupt with him; didn't like the guy and didn't try to hide the fact.

But the next day he was back, with proofs of some pictures that had been taken on the set the day before. He asked her to help him select the best ones. Eleanor accepted his invitation to lunch. Then she dined with him. Then she went home and informed her roommate: "You wait and see! He doesn't know me very well yet, but that's the man I love, and that's the man I'm going to marry."

That was in November. Two weeks later, Fred went East. He didn't re-
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FIFTH PRIZE—$25 War Bond
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Oklahoma A. & M. College
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Space will not permit our printing the names of the 225 seventh prize winners of the "Wilson" Contest.

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HAVE you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars that you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

Almost everyone can have a natural, healthy, normal complexion which is in itself, beauty, and which gains admiration and is pleasing to look at. All you must do, is to follow the simple rules of nature. Models and screen stars must give their skin special attention. So should you because everyone looks at your face. Your social success may depend upon your being good looking and pleasant to look at. A lovely skin may be a short cut to success in love and business. Your pleasure is worth it, and you owe it to yourself to give yourself a chance to enjoy a healthy, beautiful complexion. Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust all around us most of the time. When these little specks, which are in the air, get into an open pore in your skin they can in time, cause the pore to become larger and more susceptible to dust and infection. These open pores, begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you all of the misery of pimples, irritations, or blemishes. When you neglect your skin and abuse it by not giving it the necessary external care it requires, you leave yourself wide open for external skin miseries which cause embarrassment, self consciousness, inferiority, and make you feel like a prisoner within yourself. When you know that your skin is smooth, white, and fine, you have more confidence and it helps improve your personality and your entire well being. A flawless skin is priceless, yet it only costs you a few pennies daily to keep it normal, natural, more healthy and lovely. Many never realize or even suspect that the difference between having a glamorous complexion and being ordinary is just the difference between having blackheads and pimples, and not having them. A little care and the proper attention with the double Viderm treatment can mean the difference between enjoying fine skin or missing out on many pleasures because of an ugly, abused skin. The double Viderm treatment is made under the supervision of a doctor and costs you only a few cents for a treatment which you can give yourself.

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The End
Versailles, or maybe just to two dis¬
appointed G.I.s who'd traveled all
day in a jeep to catch her, and had just
missed the show.

"You didn't miss anything," Dinah
would grin, climbing back on the
truck again. What do you want to
hear?" Crazy in come to, too.

She smiles now when she remem¬
bers the surprise of a bunch of weary
engineers on their way back to the
front lines, near Verdun, when they'd
looked up suddenly to see
Bing Crosby and Dinah walking to¬
ward them singing "It Ain't Nece¬
ssarily So."

They called those, demobilization is
still a mighty empty word. But "to
come home" is what they all want,
figures in most of what they think
about. General Bradley wants it, Gen¬
eral Patton wants it, every G.I.
still a mighty empty word. But "to
engineers on their way back to the
front lines, in that forest near Verdun,
bers the surprise of a bunch of weary
truck again. "What do you want to
hear?"

"I can't ask Uncle Sam to feed
your fingers off! Spoil 'em to death.
Yes, and start stocking up on the
brightest, prettiest clothes you can
find. Feminine, frothy stuff. Loud
colors—reds, yellows, fuchsia. And
crazy little hats with bows and
feathers."

Dinah will never forget coming
up with a familiar lingo that sounded
as he was resting against the side of
his tank and staring at a clipping
which had torn out of a magazine.
It was an advertisement of some frilly
boots that formed cocked bows that
were called hats. "Cute, funny little things,
aren't they?" he said, staring hungrily
at a picture, as if he could eat two
of the little hats, with mustard, all
by himself.

"They may laugh at them but they
love 'em . . . and oh, how glad they'll
to be 'em again!"

The boys went simply wild over
Dinah's white shoes. Slight little white
doeskin pumps, with open heels and
crazy little hats with bows and
feathers."

Dinah may have gone A.W.O.L.
from the American matrimonial fold,
but the Carmens are few and far be¬
tween over there. Plenty of the boys
have built their girls at home into
Angels, and worry like crazy when
they don't hear from them for awhile.

Dinah's advice to all those girlsto
you, and you, and you—is: "Write
your fingers off! Spoil 'em to death.
Yes, and start stocking up on the
brightest, prettiest clothes you can
find. Feminine, frothy stuff. Loud
colors—reds, yellows, fuchsia. And
crazy little hats with bows and
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aren't they?" he said, staring hungrily
at a picture, as if he could eat two
of the little hats, with mustard, all
by himself.

"They may laugh at them but they
love 'em . . . and oh, how glad they'll
to be 'em again!"

The boys went simply wild over
Dinah's white shoes. Slight little white
doeskin pumps, with open heels and
crazy little hats with bows and
feathers."

Dinah will never forget coming
up with a familiar lingo that sounded
as he was resting against the side of
his tank and staring at a clipping
which had torn out of a magazine.
It was an advertisement of some frilly
boots that formed cocked bows that
were called hats. "Cute, funny little things,
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by himself.

"They may laugh at them but they
love 'em . . . and oh, how glad they'll
to be 'em again!"
never sung a note, and just stood up there with these shoes on, I'd have been a success.

"Jeepers, those shoes! Can you imagine?" the boys would say when she got up on the back of the truck to sing.

She used to take them off to rest her feet while they were singing, and usually had to go looking for them when she got through. Some G.I. would be standing way in the back, just holding them and looking at them. On one occasion, according to Georgia, he was about to make off with one of them.

"Say, what are you tryin' to do?" Dinah kidded him. "Want to have me hobbling around on one foot? Make me do it the hard way, huh?"

"I was going to send it back to you, Dinah. Honest I was," he said, grinning sheepishly. He'd just wanted to keep it for awhile. Bing's tios sort of killed 'em, too. They thought they were just about the handsomest things they'd ever seen.

Whenever the boys spotted them they'd really let out a whoop. "Hey, Bing, just lemonade and a hit!" "Oh boy! I could sell a DOZEN of 'em right now," they'd laugh.

So there let be dozens of them, gals. And let there be light, too, when he comes home. And Vine Marene was groaning her way across continents in black-outs the past two years.

Oh yes . . . and let there be sheets. Cool, crispy white bed sheets. Oh, how he'd love to hit the sack on them. Shesh, what Dinah herself enjoyed most over there. She didn't have a sleeping bag for some time, until she finally 'scrounged' around and found one. Until then she'd finished a towel out in a helmet in the daytime to use for a "pillow" . . . and hoped it would be dry by the time they bivouacked at night.

Dinah usually traveled strictly with enlisted men, but she did meet General Omar Bradley on the trip, and had lunch with General George S. Patton, with whom she'd been traveling informally for some three weeks. And she can tell you that both generals would like an ice cream soda, too.

When Dinah reached Verdun, a bunch of the boys insisted on entertaining her at dinner, in the basement of an old hotel there. They ate by candlelight and really put on the dog — a combination of K-rations, pate-de-fois-gras, and champagne. They spent all evening toasting good wishes, first to the officers, then to the physicians and surgeons, and those behind the lines. They all raised their glasses and "Vive la French fried potatoes'", "Avec relish!" added another.

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"Avec relish!" added another.


But the show-stopper was the toast of the G.I.'s who raised his glass solemnly and said, "Vive L'America." Then pulled a snapshot from his pocket and added, "And vive Marge."

They all raised their glasses and drank to his wife Marge. But they were really drinking to you . . . and you, and the time they would be seeing you.
summer stock suddenly appeared on the horizon. I'd always harbored a secret ambition to try the theatre, so...

The stock company he joined folded like a house of cards after one week, but Cornel had smelled greasewood. And that was enough! The dramatic teacher, Theodora Irvine, noticing that Cornel had talent but no money offered to coach him on a pay-me-later basis. This meant back to the strange assortment of jobs in the daytime and studying acting at night. But at long last, his break came. He was chosen to play the romantic lead in what was to be a Broadway success, "Moon Over Mulberry Street."

But that still wasn't the top, Cornel played the star of the play, and they were doing their rehearsing in Hollywood. So Cornel went West. After the play's run in New York, Warner Brothers remembered the handsome young actor who'd been in Hollywood a few months before, and signed him to a six-month contract. But as so often happens to unknown actors and actresses in their first contract, even at a major studio, isn't an open sesame to success.

After a few walk-on parts, he was dropped. Came some bitter times, but finally 19th Century Fox signed him to a contract. It was this contract, which is now shared by Columbia, that finally led to his being borrowed by the latter studio to play the part of Chopin in "A Song To Remember."

We said we were going to tell you about that marriage. Well, that, too, reads like a Hollywood script. It was one of those stories of love at first sight. Cornel was coming out of Columbia's New York offices, several years ago, when he spotted the most beautiful blonde he'd ever seen. He knew she was the one for him, but he wasn't quite sure how to go about convincing her he was the one for her—so, he just followed her down the street at a discreet distance. When the time arrangements were completed, there was a reorganization and neither Cornel nor Pat got the test. Ten months later, Cornel DID get the girl though, and they eloped to Maryland.

On Washington's birthday, 1943, a baby girl was born to the couple and named Wendy. "That was the most memorable day of my life," states Cornel. "I was in the waiting room for what seemed years! I felt awful, and so afraid for Pat."

Wendy seems well worth all the trouble and anxiety she caused her parents. Although, she's but one of two junior members of the Wilde family, the other being a glanztenheit, the family, together in Pinewood. Punch and Wendy get along famously. They took the twins from the very start and spend most of their time in the yard digging up Daddy Cornel's victory garden.

Cornel rents a small house in Beverly Hills, but he'd like to build a home of his own some day. The present menage, by the way, houses a painting of a modern Romeo and Juliet by Miss Merle Wilkes in the audience. His favorites among the actors are Vivien Leigh, Merle Oberon, Robert Donat and Laurence Olivier. He's also fond of music and, incidentally, his favorite composer is Chopin, the piano has always been Chopin.

THE END
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"I lost 14 lbs. in 2 weeks—amazing . . . lost 7 lbs. in 1 week—can't thank you enough."—J. H.

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"Lost 17 lbs. in 14 Days" . . .
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"I REMEMBER:

The back porch of the house where I was born—probably because the dog slept there.
Riding in my red wagon pulled by brother George.
Diapers fastened with huge safety pins worn by the children in my first baby comedies.
My first boy-friend: he attended dancing school and I thought he was tops. I wish I could think of his name:
The time Mrs. Roosevelt cooked a hamburger for me at Hyde Park. I ate only one because I spent my time in a rowboat in the middle of the lake with two rangers. I wouldn't let them row back to shore, and I got a big thrill out of staying so far from land.

MY BROTHERS:

Were older than I and used to treat me like a doll. They'd never praise me no matter what I did, they would with me generally. I thought they were wonderful.

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MY BIGGEST THRILL:

Was my first roller-coaster ride. I was ten and I thought I'd never get my breath again.

ONCE:

I had to eat fried chicken for a whole afternoon for a scene. The picture wasn't very good, but the chicken was.

I spilled steak sauce on a brand new dress. I was eight; we were in Palm Springs, and the dress was my pride and joy.

I'm not the pioneer type. People

I reached the 7th grade, I had a teacher to myself. I was born...bad grades were "A." When I entered a class, I ran into competition: there were plenty of bright girls to keep me on my toes. They taught me how to get along with people my own age. We graduate in June and are counting days till Commencement. Afterward, perhaps we'll wonder what was the matter with us and wish we were back in school . . . or will we?

I'VE LEARNED:

A lot from my schoolmates. Until I reached the 7th grade, I had a teacher to myself. My grades were "A." When I entered a class, I ran into competition: there were plenty of bright girls to keep me on my toes. They taught me how to get along with people my own age. We graduate in June and are counting days till Commencement. Afterward, perhaps we'll wonder what was the matter with us and wish we were back in school . . . or will we?

I HAVE:

No particular pet ambition; I'm willing to leave my career to Mr. Selznick.

No superstitions:

No special unfulfilled wish: No one bright dream.

I'M WILD ABOUT:

Ching Two, my second Pekingese. Ching-Chu was my first Peke, and I adore him, but Ching Two is just as cute.

Gin rummy, new hair-dos, that blonde baum marten jacket I got Christmas before last.

Chartreuse and red: but I think men like black. Boys overseas write their girls: "Please wear black when I first see you," and their lieutenant I went dancing with in New York asked me to put on something black. Perhaps they think it makes you more sophisticated-looking.

I ADORE:

John Stanley Temple, junior, my nephew. He's going to grow up to be another Van Johnson.

I'VE DELIGHTED:

With Canada's invitation to speak in French and English at the beginning of their war bond drive:

That I'm to do "Kiss and Tell";

I DISLIKE:

Snobs, grapefruit, sticky fingers, bubble baths and crowds—crowds are terrible!

I ENJOY:

Summer flirtations, winter ones. Any light, gay sentimental passage, no matter what the season . . . I don't expect to be serious for a long time.

SOMETIMES I WONDER:

If I should give up the screen when I marry. Looking around, it seems that Hollywood marriages are wrecked when the wife is more prominent than the husband, or when her paycheck is bigger than his.

THEN I THINK:

"What am I worrying for? It won't be my problem for years, and maybe Hollywood will have changed by then."

I BELIEVE:

What is to be will be. Why worry? If something is to happen, nothing you can do will stop it. As the army boys say: "If a bullet hasn't your name on it, it can't hurt you." Why sit and stew about whether to go here or stay there? You'll do what you were meant to do.

IT WOULD BE FUN:

To meet Princess Elizabeth and Margaret Rose.

To pilot my own helicopter and learn to take off and land on a dime.

To spend a year in Alaska.

THEY TELL ME:

I'm not the pioneer type. People...
I LOVE:
Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite, horseback riding, Harry James, Kostelanetz, dancing—especially the samba, the rumba and the slow foxtrot.

I FOUND:
Biology interesting, and I liked Science. I never hope to be another Madame Curie, but I think I can appreciate what made her tick.

MY FAVORITE:
Song—believe it or not—is Together from "Since You Went Away". Hero is Lincoln. I took Lincoln's side in a school debate: Washing- ton vs. Lincoln. I'm afraid my big point was that Washington is on the dollar bill and Lincoln decorates the five-dollar one. Part was "Wee Willie Winkie." I loved my uniform, and I enjoyed the scene where I'm almost run over by wild horses. I remember they had me count to fifteen, then run as fast as I could across the plain to some rocks, and immediately after I crossed, the horses thundered by. I wanted to do the scene over and over, but they wouldn't let me. I wasn't afraid—I don't remember ever being afraid—and if my mother held her breath, she never let me know.

MY HARDEST SCENE:
Was in "Captain January." I had to descend an iron stair that wound around a lighthouse, saying the multiplication table as I came. This trick was to land on the right step with the right number. I couldn't look down and I thought it would never come right.

IF I COULD LIVE OVER:
Any part of my life. I'd choose my trips to Hawaii. We went over in 1935, in 1937, and in 1939, and each trip was marvelous. Hawaii was a lovely, lazy, relaxing spot.

I JUDGE PEOPLE:
By their eyes, the shape, size, distance between them, their clarity and color, and the way they look at me.

I'M PROUDEST:
Of my two brothers—Jack, in the army Air Forces, George, in the Marine Air Corps:

and

MY GREATEST WISH:
Is that the war will end soon and the boys come home!

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agile use of the extremities. Storky mastered his sports the rugged way. He learned to swim because he had no other choice. He was loitering around town with his barrow, selling trunks when the instructor, a chap who hated to see a dry pair of swimming trunks, pushed him in. Dick bubbled twice and came up whole, his repertoire not unlike a pixilated porpoise.

The summer after Dick was graduated from High School, he went to work for a Hollywood automobile dealer, and abruptly decided just what profession he wanted to adopt. He decided to drive out to the homes of various dealers, and driving the car to the garage was a scheme that almost came to fruition.

Every time they had a few free hours from their duties, they found the mountain side or sent transportation to the lake where they could swim and go boating. When these activities palled, they hit upon a new way of getting a thrill out of speed: they found a cleared swath, winding sharply down a mountain side, that was used as a ski course in winter. It seemed a colossal shame to have this slide stand idle for two or three months, so the two energetic joes set about to correct the situation.

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Look your best without sugar spoil your good looks, turn your enemies into thumbs, and enjoy the taste of a cake.

For the first time he consulted his physician, and doctors, and a shoe store, and the policeman, and the barber, and the man his mother was waiting up for him. She lit a cigarette and said, "What's wrong?"

"The other guy was just a little too fast for me."

"The other guy was just a little too fast for me."

She uttered a little cry at sight of his bandages. She insisted from between swollen lips, "The other guy was just a little too fast for me."

The more she thought it over, the more Dick came to the conclusion that there must be an easier method of making a million. The answer must lie in cunning rather than in cudgels. So he broke training and set out to do the town in hope of getting a bright idea from contact with bright lights.

He was coming home around 3 o'clock one day when he had been out that late for two weeks in succession (imbibing nothing but cokes, of course, as he still believed in keeping training in matters gastronomic), when the door of his house was opened. He saw a thick carpet over the course. It was a thrill out of speed: they found a cleared swath, winding sharply down a mountain side, that was used as a ski course in winter. It seemed a colossal shame to have this slide stand idle for two or three months, so the two energetic joes set about to correct the situation.

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he gathered up some of his sketches

"Thinks of women, always, as being
superior expression that ingratiates
"Through a hole in the curtain brought
you should know perspective, color
instruction? To work for Mr. Disney
think you should have a little added
ing his throat, "show promise. Defi¬
plies Dick with a humorous, faintly
only in loud shorts. This idea sup¬
he might be overawed, he strolls into
conference with someone by whom
lief of all concerned. From that day
"dilemma?"

"They'd look pretty silly, wouldn't
wearing nothing but striped shorts?
an odd thing happened. Some imp
into a western saddle for the first
time thinking idly that it was some¬
what different from the military
saddle to which he had become pain¬

After that, Lady Luck—probably
snickering slightly—came to Storky's
rescue. She got him cast in "Dr.
Gillespie's Criminal Story," in "Stage
Door Canteen," and in 20th Century's
brilliant "Happy Land." His next
biggie was "Wing and a Prayer," in
which he was shown baro-lorsoed.
When the preview cards came in on
that one, Mr. Storky began to look
like a box office eagle.

Further vital statistics: Dick's
steady is Kay Morley, one of the
Goldwyn Girls; he lives in a small
house in Laurel Canyon, wherein he
cooks his own steaks when he has
enough points. He plays excellent
tennis, loves to fish—and meals in
mountain streams—and bowls in a
mediocre manner.

He reads a great deal, is conserva¬
tive about formal clothes, but likes
to keep up with the times. He once
had a rip in a camouflage plant. He enjoys long
hair music, and his dancing is strictly
Lombardo, but he has no objection to
watching an occasional couple
tango on the dance floor.

In short, Storky is a smoothie, and
you'll see him being better and
better parts—you lucky people!
The End
Ryan were in the groove, off the screen, too.

There was a time when people used to think they were secretly in love; "We'd laugh up our sleeves at that," says Peggy. They were too much alike to be the kind of people who make good friends; had fought their way up together. Off the screen they were like a brother and sister act; they kidded each other, played practical jokes, and never steered away from each other.

When Donald had something on his mind, he would talk to Peggy in the Ryan house where he used to like to come and sit. And he'd say to Peg, "Listen, Mrs. Anthony, what shall I do?" For Peg was his Mrs. Anthony, sure enough—and he was her Mr. Anthony.

"In some ways," Peggy says, "we were closer to each other than two people in love. For people in love try to hide the differences from each other. But I knew Donnie's faults and he knew mine. When I scolded Donnie, it was like bowling myself out. There was no fight or something, they'd be apt to call in Peggy as referee!"

There never was any moonlight and roses stuff between Peggy and Donald. But no girl ever had a better friend.

So then came his call to the service. Universal, knowing that Donald and Peggy were strictly solid senders, put them into five pictures together, one after another, trying to get out as many as possible before the magic team broke up. Bowery to Broadway was last of the five.

Donald stood on the set in his crazy moustache; Peggy was all dressed up in her bustle, chanting, "He took me in his arms, and I never let him go—sledding out of the Army. He wouldn't take it, the gate would always swing wide.

But that last scene in "Bowery to Broadway" was different. They just didn't have to get it right, they kept fluffing their lines. They just didn't have that old uptight.

It took them a solid hour to get the scene right. "We got this as the last scene we'd make together; till the war was over," Peggy says. "We couldn't bear parting—so we spent an hour on the last shot.

When she thought about what it would be like to make her next picture without Donald, Peggy was scared. She told the O'Connor so. "Mr. Big," she said (she has a million nicknames for him), "I don't know what I'll do in pictures without you. I'll be awfully stiff and awkward.

"Pretend I'm there," he said, "I will be, in spirit."

Actually, he was there in more than spirit. For quite some time, the Army had Donald Devine in charge of its star performers. And whenever he got a week-end pass, he'd come to Hollywood, then go out to Universal, and spend some of his time with Peggy. "You're doing fine, Peggy," he'd tell her, and watch the old light come back into her eyes.

There was a time when Donald thought Peggy was going to be turned into a glamour girl. "Not my Peg!" he moaned. "Why can't she just be herself?"

But he didn't quite realize that Peggy was growing up. When he saw her in a black satin gown, looking as if she'd been poured into it, he swallowed hastily. She was all dressed up to vamp him in "Patrick the Great" and "In Old Chicago" (for picture purposes only, of course).

"Babes on Swing Street" was the first picture Peggy made without Donald. Ben Holmes, the director, had a long talk with Dan Kelley, the casting director (executive in charge of talent, directors and writers).

"I know this picture is important," she said. "But there's no other boy who is like ham and eggs. People are going to love to say, 'Peggy Ryan certainly needs Donald O'Connor.' Well, we can save him. I know that, so my pictures will not have to be especially good. And please, please, don't put me opposite any other young boy, the way Donald and I were together. There's no other boy who can take his place."

Uncle Dan knew what she said was strictly so. There was no magician's hat out of which he could suddenly pull another Donald. So he and the rest of the big shots at Universal decided to let Peggy groove it on her own.

To cut short a little love interest, they put in Ann Blyth and Billy Dunn. The only man they cast with Peggy was Andy Devine, who played her father.

"Working without Donald was really hard," admits Peggy. "I had to re-adjust myself. I never worried about anything Donnie and I did together. But trying to put across a comedy scene by myself—that was different. I felt as if I couldn't bear not to work with Donald. But after all, what could we do?

"There is no chance of Donnie's getting out of the Army. He wouldn't want to, and I didn't want him to."

"I hated to do anything without him. But this period, when I have to work alone, will perhaps be good for both of us. Donald and I bear not to work in the Army. We can't stay jive-happy sixteen-year-olds forever. These pictures I'm making now are a kind of bridge to go to in the Army. We'll have to do after the war. I'll have a chance to mature a little. And Donald, being in the Army, will mature, too—especially since he's married.

She chuckled a little at that—and you could see the old, pert Peg on the beam again. A kid like Peg may be blue once in a while; but she's no icky, go glowering around all the time.
A little schmaltz now and then for old time's sake—okay, then she picks up from there, and goes sailing along. "After the war's over," she says, "I sure hope Donald and I will be teamed together again. But in the meanwhile, I'll just have to carry on alone, or with older men."

Not only has the high queen lost her king in pictures, but she and the former top man in her private life have parted. He was Sergeant Ray Hirsch, a technical Sergeant in the Marines. For almost three years, he was Peg's heartbeat, and she was his. When she walked out of his house, she was always loaded down with Marine pins and insignia and ribbons which Sergeant Ray had given her. She thought he was her man of the moment, day, year and forever. She thought she was his. Still, some note was missing in their love symphony. Had they really been desperately in love. Peggy would probably have walked down the aisle to that old Lohengrin march.

Sergeant Hirsch wanted her to. But Peggy's always been afraid of a war marriage. "I don't think, Ray, do you think—two people who love each other can be happy if they have to be separated. Of course if you fall madly in love—like a modern Romeo and Juliet—boom! We'd be happy if they have to be separated. Peggy would probably have walked down the aisle to that old Lohengrin march.

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"So now," says Peggy, "I'm free, no obligation—no engagement. Next time, I'll get married but you should wait."

What really scared me off immediate marriage was seeing so many marriages of the people I knew go sour. I saw it happen to Deanna Durbin, Mickey Rooney, Ray Milland, and I got scared. It's hard for a girl who's independent to make a success of marriage. When she gets mad she can say, 'All right, if you don't like it, I'll walk out of here.' I can always take care of myself. I didn't want that sort of thing to happen to Ray and me. And yet I wasn't ready—I'm not ready now—to settle down to being just a housewife."

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When Donald heard Peggy had broken her engagement, he called her up and said, "Listen, girl, maybe you and I should have that serious talk."

So she cried on his shoulder and said, "Honest, Don, I don't know whether I'm doing the right thing or not." When she finished telling him about it, she felt better.

"So now," says Peggy, "I'm free, white and twenty, and I'm looking around. Ray and I are still friends, but no longer engaged. All my ex-fiances are my friends. I've been engaged four times, but it never took. I'm afraid I sound fickle, but marriage is such a serious step."

"I thought I'd never be engaged again. Next time, I'll get married but not engaged."

And then Peggy laughed at her own seriousness. Knowing myself, I said, "I'm afraid the next time I see you, I'll be saying, 'Well, I'm engaged again.'"

Maybe. The pot is boiling, the romance is brewing; but so far there's nothing serious to report. Really those romance romances are just friendships. Peggy, being free and single, is having a wonderful time, and goes out with lots of boys, several of whom have tried to sell her on the idea of marriage. When she gets mad she can say, "All right, if you don't like it, I'll walk out of here."

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Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong. If you are troubled with these symptoms take up our famous "One Spot Test". It costs only 25 cents. It is used successfully by millions for over 40 years. You'll be delighted, or we'll give you a full refund of your money. Get Donn's Pills and have healthy kidneys again.

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You may qualify for fascinating work, good pay and a happy life as a photographer in Hollywood or anywhere in the U.S. A career of wonderful opportunity is open to young or older residents complete with all expenses. Many successful photographers were former students. Write for details to: WALTER K. SHELTON, Director of Studies for Postwar Photographers, Hollywood Screen Exchange, 11511 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif., U.S.A.

Once Peggy Mine... Glen Rose, a publicity man. Then there's John Pirrone, an old friend who appeared with her when she was four in Gus Edwards' show, "The Wedding of Jack and Jill." She still goes out with him. The most prominent man in her life, perhaps, is that with Lt. Charles F. Maxwell, whom she met when she was in "Meet the People" and who is now overseas throwing everything he's got at the Japs. Peggy hasn't heard from Lt. Maxwell for months and months, when she got a letter from him saying, "I guess you're married by now," which made her feel no, she wasn't—and well, we'll see what we shall see.

Peggy says she's had a number of crushes, but hasn't actually been in love since the big break-up with Sergeant Hirsch. "I'm just coasting along, having loads of fun, going to the fights and the passel games. The Mocambo and Trocadero are all right for those who like them, or when you want to show off a new hat, but I like jam sessions, legitimate shows and ballets at the Hollywood Bowl."

Though Peggy is obviously hep and can swing to all the riffs and licks, she isn't one hundred percent gut-bucket. She and Ray used to go out of this world with the jazz-bucketers, because he was a champion jittebug; but now that their romance has crashed, she likes the rumba and the sambas just as much as barrel-house jive—maybe more, sometimes.

She recently celebrated her twentyninth birthday. I know, I know, she doesn't look twenty, but she is. Donald O'Connor is her special date. Peggy had bought a home for her folks in Burbank—a dream home with a big rumpus room—and she and her folks throw a party for the boys and invited 150 kids. The place was a bedlam because each kid brought about four more. Donald and Peggy put on a show for them. He was in uniform on the field. They were highly bolstered and cheered; the neighbors poked their heads out of the windows, and wondered that those jive-happy crowds would ever leave.

Peggy got ninety-seven presents, including a pinball machine and a slot machine. Among the presents was one from Donald and Gwen that fairly took her breath away. They bought a big pinball machine which maybe I shouldn't print it, for the present was a black georgette nightgown. "What will people think of me getting a nightgown like that!" But Donald said it went with Peggy's new glamour—and Gwen, his wife, thought it was just the right kind of gift for Peggy.

Jack Oakie delivered the birthday speeches. Peggy calls Jack "Sonny Boy," they've worked in two pictures together, and will do a third soon, "That's the Spirit!"

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When Frank Sinatra played the New York Paramount Theatre, his loyal boyo-scakes brigade really gave him a reception. In fact, that’s a masterpiece of understatement. They practically tore the place apart. I don’t know what arrangements the kids make at school, but from what I saw, there have been thousands who had some explaining to do at the attendance office.

The New York police department had a police horse on one of the seats near the stage, and one officer on horseback remarked, as he ordered some especially determined girls away from the stage door. “All the cucks aren’t in clocks.”

But the Voice, with his usual poise, took it all in stride, including a little egg-throwing. He did five and six shows a day, plus his broadcasts and concert appearances. Don’t ever think Frank looks as weak as he looks. He’d have to be physically strong to take the pace!

Sinatra’s protegé, Eileen Barton, the singing lass on his Vimms radio program, appeared with him at the Paramount. Though only eighteen, she performed like a veteran. Eileen has a fine voice, and I predict it won’t be long until she is at the top of the ladder.

Benny Goodman must have decided once and for all to sit out his agency contract with the Music Corporation of America, for he has broken with his band, because he pops up as one of the stars in Billy Rose’s new Broadway musical, “The Seven Lively Arts.” Benny is appearing with his recently formed quintet, which is just about the best small combination he has ever had. It couldn’t be anything less than terrific, with Teddy Wilson on piano, Sid Williams on drums, Red Norvo on vibra-harp, and the great Goodman clarinet.

Artie Shaw, another guy who plays a little clarinet, has signed a contract to record exclusively for Victor. According to present plans, he will break in his new seventeen-piece band on one nighters, and then start a theatre tour some time in December.

WHAT’S BRISK ON THE DISC: Victor:

Record dealers should have no trouble selling Tommy Dorsey’s platter of “Two In Love,” even though it was made a few years ago and has been released before, because Frank Sinatra sings the vocal chorus. “Whispering” is on the reverse side, done as an instrumental and featuring Tommy’s trombone.

Another re-issue is Glenn Miller’s “When Johnny Comes Marching Home,” with Tex Beneke, Marion Hutton and The Modernaires. Flip it over and you find “Helpless,” sung by Ray Eberle. Here are two by Ellington, new releases, but made a few years back—“I Don’t Mind” and “A Little Jazz.” It’s by Ivie Anderson, and “What Am I Here For?” an instrumental with good solo work by Rex Stewart and Johnny Hodges.

Cole Porter’s tune, “It Might Have Been,” has been recorded by Hal McIntyre, with lyrics by Jerry Stuart and The Four Lyttle Sisters. On the other side, a little jump jilly entitled “Daisy May,” written by Hal and Billy May, when they played together in Glenn Miller’s band.

Bunny Berigan, the great trumpet star who passed away a few years ago, is honored by Victor with the release of The Berigan Memorial Album, a four-record set of some of the tunes Bunny made with his own band, including the famous “I Can’t Get Started With You,” “Frankie and Johnnie,” and “Russian Lullaby.”

Decca:

Ella Fitzgerald and The Ink Spots have doubled up talents again for “I’m Making Believe” and “Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall.”

Helen Forrest does “Every Day Of My Life” and “I Learned A Lesson I’ll Never Forget,” with Victor Young’s orchestra.

Phil Hanna, one of Decca’s newer artists, sings “It’s A Crying Shame” and “Forget-Me-Nots In Your Eyes.”

Russ Morgan and his “Music in the Morgan Manner” are heard on “Dance With A Dolly” (With a Hole In Her Stockin’ with an Al Jennings vocal and “There Goes That Song Again,” with Russ himself lyrizing.

Here’s a wonderful new album by Judy Garland, the whole score from her new picture, “Meet Me In St. Louis.” The songs, written by Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane, are really swell: “The Trolley Song” (already a hit), “Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas,” “The Boy Next Door,” “Moon On My Pillow” serve as the two tunes for Jimmy Dorsey’s latest. Teddy Walker arranges the singing choirs for both. “Sweet Dreams, Sweetheart,” and “Moon On My Pillow” serve as the two tunes for Jimmy Dorsey’s latest. Teddy Walker arranges the singing choirs for both.

“What’s Brisk On The Disc?” (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55)

If you're in the mood for a bit of that that 'cowboy music, there's Tex Ritter's "We Live In Two Different Worlds," and "Riding High.

June Hutton, the feminine voice of the Pied Pipers' quartet, does a good solo job on "Don't You Know I Care" and "Sleigh Ride In July," backed up by Paul Weston's orchestra.

That jivin' girl, Ella Mae Morse, sings Cole Porter's oldie, "Why Shouldn't I?" and "Hello, Suzanne" on her new release. Ella Mae was a big success on her return engagement at New York's Capitol Theatre.

Stan Kenton steps in with his version of "Sweet Dreams, Sweetheart," to give "Gotta Be Gettin'," with Anita O'Day's chirping.

If you're stumped as to what to give your little niece or nephew for Christmas, give them a "Story For Children," eight sides of narrations with music by Harold Peary (The Great Gildersleeve). Included are "Jack And The Beanstalk," "Pumpkin In Boots," and "Rumpelstiltskin."

Cabotia:

If you like that groovin' man, Bing Crosby, you won't want "Crosby Classics," an album containing ten of his biggest hits of the past: "Please," "Some of These Days," "I've Got The World On A String," "The Ox Road," "Home Of The Brave Is The Ocean," "Home On The Range," "The Last Round-Up," "Thanks," "My Honey's Lovin' Arms," and "Shine." The latter two are with the Mills Brothers. The original platters of these tunes are collectors' items, so if you don't have them, now is your chance!

Ginni Simms has recorded two new ones, "Don't Tell Me About Love," and "Wish You Were Waiting For Me." Both have vocal chorus backgrounds.

Gene Autry fans will be happy with his singing of two cowboy ballads, "Purple Sage In The Twilight" and "If You Only Believed In Me."

Freddy Martin is now a business man, with his new Maestro Record Company. He has picked two of his tunes with his own band, "Just Close Your Eyes" and "Better Do It Now," and two songs by Georgia Gibbs, "Wish You Were Here" and "The Trolley Song." These discs won't be available for general distribution in music stores for a while, but if you particularly want them, I suggest you write Maestro Record Company, 515 North Vine Street, Hollywood, California, and mention that you read about them in this column.

ON THE BEAM:

The new Chesterfield Music show over C.B.S., Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, is a solid quarter hour. There are songs by Johnny Johnston and Monica Lewis, music by Paul Baron's orchestra, and chit-chat by Martin Block. New York's popular disc jockey, Baron's band is one of the best audio deals this fall, featuring such prominent sidemen as Billy Butterfield, Yank Lawson, Sid Weiss, and Will Bradley. Phil Moore, talented trumpeter, is "Shoo, Shoo, Baby," is doing much of the arranging.

Another good radio program you should try to catch if you like your music is N.B.C.'s "For The Record" on Monday nights. This is the show from which the Army records their "V-Discs" for shipment to fighting fronts all over the world. You'll hear everything from swing to symphony, with a different group of artists each week. Watch the top names in the entertainment field.

If you like Eddy Howard, listen to "Carton of Smiles" over N.B.C. on Wednesdays. Besides handling the music, Howard sabe several vocalists with Carol Bruce.

Raymond Scott continues to come through with one of the best daytime musical programs, with his versatile band. "Race Day" Monday through Friday over C.B.S. (For time and station on all broadcast, be sure to check your local newspaper.)

JAM NOTES:

Jess Stacy left Horace Heidt a few weeks ago, and is still toying with the idea of going into popular music. Jess tells me that if his plans go through, his wife, Lee Wiley, will be his vocalist... Woody Herman has added a girl vibra-harpist to his band. And Charlie Spivak has another leader who is planning a feminine addition to his aggregation in the person of a girl harpist. Charlie is also going to add two French horns...

Maxine Sullivan has been singing at New York's Blue Angel club. Though her voice seems more mature, she still has that same relaxed quality which made her records popular. Lee Castle was really thrilled when his new band was set for a long run at the New Yorkier Hotel. Just a couple of weeks ago, he was a spot at the Majestic, as a sideman in Benny Goodman's orchestra.

Martha Tilton will tour theatres, which finishes her second picture for P.R.C. "Crosby Monroe has become a papa again, with the arrival of another girl, name of Christina. Incidentally, Vaughn's vocalist, Marilyn Monroe, who was a decided brunette, is now a decided blonde ...

Ginni Powell decided to hold off on picture offers for a while and joined Gene Krupa's band, instead. She will be married to Gene in his forthcoming film for R.K.O., "George White's Scandals."

Buddy Stewart, who sang with Vaughn Monroe and "The Ink Spots" with Claude went into the service, has been discharged and is now handling the male vocals for Krupa. The Andrews Sisters have been very successful in their own right. When the girls get back to California, La Verne will be married to Lou Rogers, a technical director in the music department at Universal Studios. Billie Holliday and Eddie Heywood, Jr., are the newest addition to the Decca Records contract list...

Andy Russell is the happiest guy in the world over his success in New York. He was a big hit in his nightclub engagement at the Versailles and he realized one of his greatest ambitions by being signed for the Paramount Theatre. Of course his records have been selling like hot cakes all over the country. But there's one boy whose success is not so visible...
slaving at Herculean tasks, half-starving in the London equivalent of a garret, and hope-after-hop-de¬
dered making a man heart-sick. It isn't a life he's lived, just that it never
seems to have occurred to Phillip to take life that way.

It was in San Francisco one March 7th that the doctor announced: "It's a boy!" And two months
of Phil's early years were spent in boom towns of the oil country, in Texas and Oklahoma. His father is a
research chemist who invented a process for "cracking" gasoline.

Phil worked in the oil fields during school vacations, and helped in his father's experimental laboratory up
in California's hottest inland valley when the thermometer hit the ceiling and a furnace had to be tended, chiefly
by Phil.

"I like labor," he observed. "When my father first started his own plant, we had very little money and we did
practically everything ourselves. It was a thrill to see how much we could do. Just this last year, as my
colleague, I watched a whole ditch being dug, laid, tamped, and steel rails laid."

That love of using muscles took Phil, as might have been expected, into sports at high school, where he
became a star in football and the manager of that school's football team in his last year. The fact that the Royal
Academy accepted him must have been encouraging, for over there dramatic training is taken seriously, and a
great deal of time on the famous school is given to actors' speech training, card system, completion of the
process being considered the equivalent of experience.

Phillip concentrated on his classes, especially those dealing with correct
speech. Concentrated too intensely, as it turned out, for during his atten¬
dance at the Academy Alexander Korda sent for him to do the role of an
American in one of his pictures.

"And I was so very, very British by that time I simply couldn't twist my
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Meet John S. ... and Mary D. ...

John works at an electronics plant on Long Island, and makes $85 a week. Almost 16% of it goes into War Bonds.

Mary has been driving rivets into bombers at an airplane plant on the West Coast. She makes $55 a week, and puts 14% of it into War Bonds.

John and Mary are typical of more than 27 million Americans on the Payroll Saving Plan, who, every single month, put half a BILLION dollars into War Bonds. That's enough to buy one of those hundred-million-dollar battleships every week, with enough money for an aircraft carrier and three or four cruisers left over.

When this war is won, and we start giving credit where credit is due, don't forget John and Mary. After the fighting men, they deserve a place at the top. They've earned it.

These people buy a battleship—every week!

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Maybelline lights the way to new eye beauty.
Always.

Elyce.
Portrayal of Charles Dickens author of "A Christmas Carol." Brought to life in his inspiring classic are Ebenezer Scrooge, Tiny Tim and Bob Cratchit.

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Conklin The Pen that Endures for Generations

- Masterpiece of Dickens' many celebrated Christmas tales, "A Christmas Carol" perpetuates the spirit and tradition of gift giving. To give with thoughtfulness as well as sentiment, select the new Conklin Glider Pen and Pencil Set... a gift that keeps on giving through the years... proudly presented... gratefully received.

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