I'M NOT DIVORCING VICTOR MATURE" — Martha Mature's Own Story
"Forever in Love with YOU!"

"What are you doing to him?" she choked. "Mike—what are you doing to him?"

"Trying to give him a bath," I explained, hope suddenly hot in my heart.

"Here—let me," breathed Anne. "Oh, the poor lamb—the poor little lamb . . ."

Here is the throbbing story of an adoring young husband whose lovely wife freezes him from her heart—after the death of their baby daughter. In desperation, he secretly adopts a baby boy and brings him into their home—but the problem only increases until . . .

Read "Forever in Love With You"—the book-length true novel featured in January True Story Magazine. You'll go hot and cold—with passionate sympathy, and with righteous indignation when you read this gripping story of a man who wooed his wife with another man's baby.

"OUT OF ALL THE WORLD"
—the story of a local boy who made good, after he stopped being bad. Don't miss part 1 of this 2-part serial in January True Story Magazine.

"RENDEZVOUS WITH MARRIAGE"
—it took a global war to unite this boy and girl whose path to marriage was beset with detours. Another complete true novel-ette—in January True Story Magazine.

These are but three of the 26 stirring true stories and features you'll enjoy in the January issue of True Story Magazine. Your greatest bargain in reading—now only 10c. Get your copy of True Story today!

True Story

Only 10c

JANUARY ISSUE NOW ON SALE

In Canada—15c
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...

hearts surrender to a radiant smile!

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

TAKE COURAGE, plain girl—and smile!

You don’t need beauty to win your heart’s desire. Just glance about you at the girls who are well-loved—the brides-to-be—the happy young wives—

Very few can claim real beauty... but they all know how to smile! Not timid, half-hearted smiles. But big, heart-warming smiles that light their faces like sunshine!

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

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

"Pink Tooth Brush"—a warning!

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

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

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

Start today with IPANA and MASSAGE

JANUARY, 1943
January, 1943

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

VOL. 22, NO. 2

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
LION'S ROAR

We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy 1943.

And add a particular wish to all those in the armed forces.

"Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films are flown to our warriors in Iceland, Ireland, Great Britain, Australia, Hawaii and New Caledonia."

At the moment, as Santa shouts "On, Donder and Blitzen", there are two films of opposite type tucked in his bag. There's the melodious music box of hits "For Me And My Gal".

Judy Garland, the all-talent girl, (the boys with Judy are George Murphy and Gene Kelly) fulfills every promise of her precocious entertaining art.

The other film is "Random Harvest" starring Ronald Colman and Greer Garson.

Two pictures in production at MGM dealing with the one burning topic of today are recommended especially.

One is the talked-about "Journey for Margaret". The other is the will-be-talked-about "Cargo Of Innocents".

Both are from novels and both were condensed for the Reader's Digest.

"Journey For Margaret" is a William L. White story of a refugee child who found a refuge at last.

It presents little "Margaret" O'Brien in one of the greatest of all performances. Robert Young and Laraine Day admirably foster the child.

Three strong men star in "Cargo Of Innocents".

They are Robert Taylor, Charles Laughton and Brian Donlevy. But more about this anon.

It is a lionhearted picture.

Naturally. — Leo
It’s a dramatic BOMBSHELL

when a world-famous correspondent

meets MARGARET during a blitz!

Here it is. And eagerly awaited is William L. White's story that thrilled millions in Reader's Digest and as a best selling novel! It has become one of the most soul-stirring pictures of our time. Brought to the screen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer this strange and beautiful story of a valiant little orphan of the blitz and her flight to freedom will open your eyes and your heart.

with

ROBERT YOUNG
LARAINIE DAY
FAY BAINTER
NIGEL BRUCE
WILLIAM SEVERN
MARGARET O'BRIEN

and presenting

Journey for Margaret

GREAT BOOK!
GREAT PICTURE!
REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

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

Snappy little movie: Victor Mature, Lucille Ball in "Seven Days Leave"

°F Seven Days Leave (RKO-Radio)

It's About: An Army private who has seven days to meet and marry a girl.

HUNK of man Mature takes leave of pictures for the Coast Guard in a lively, jivey, tuneful, snappy little movie.

Vic learns through a radio show he's a missing heir. But in order to collect his money, according to his grandfather's will, he must meet and marry a certain girl. Vic has seven days left to perform the miracle and, being Vic, he do it.

Lucille Ball is the girl who spurns Vic's gall and then falls for it. Little Marcy McGuire makes her screen debut and clicks solidly. Mapy Cortes is another newcomer who shows great promise. Freddy Martin furnishes the swell music and Hal Peary's (the Great Gildersleeve) laugh is everywhere. A homely little thing labeled Arnold Stang, who plays a pal of Vic's, is a riot. Peter Hayes, another pal, is terrible in his imitations; Ginny Simms simply wows with her rendition of "Can't Get Out Of This Mood."

Your Reviewer Says: It just oozes good fun.

Laugh riot: Irresistible Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour in "Road To Morocco"

°F Road To Morocco (Paramount)

It's About: Two scallawags in the Orient.

HERE they are again, those irrepressible, irresponsible, irresistible B-boys of the screen—Bing and Bob—in another laugh riot.

Out to kid themselves, their studio, the customers and the picture, Hope and Crosby start out on a raft and end up on a raft, but, oh boy, what goes on in between! Stranded in Morocco, hungry and broke, Crosby sells Hope to a sheik for a cozy bunch of mazuma. When Crosby is warned in his dream by a favorite aunt, a Hope impersonation, to locate Bob, he does. And guess where the plump little rascal is? In Dorothy Lamour's boudoir! When Dorothy's sheik lover gets wind of the goings-on, Hope tries to slough her off on Bing. All three get caught, however, and from there on in it's a series of calamities, with talking camels putting in their two cents' worth.

What a picture! We're still laughing. Dona Drake is a cutie; Anthony Quinn makes an alarming sheik.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a howl.

Colorful romance: Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara in "The Black Swan"

°F The Black Swan (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: The love-making of a reformed pirate.

TALK about rowdy, gusty, colorful stories of romance—this, my friends, is it. It's a man's tale that women will love.

Tyrone Power scores mightily as Jamey Boy, a pirate who casts his lot with Laird Cregar, former pirate who has become Governor of Jamaica. With the aid of Thomas Mitchell, Tyrone Power and the rest of his plunderers set out to clear the seas of three former comrades, including George Sanders in the most magnificent red wig and beard imaginable.

Enamored of the beautiful Maureen O'Hara, daughter of the former governor, and spurned constantly by his lady fair, Tyrone kidnaps her on his way to the sea. Need we say she eventually scorches her former and traitorous suitor, Edward Ashley, for Jamey Boy. Miss O'Hara is wonderfully beautiful. Power comes forth with one of his best performances. In fact, the whole cast is top-notch.

Your Reviewer Says: A gorgeous riot.

(Continued on page 81)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 82
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 94
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 14
Have you heard that priceless story about the Girl who left her Husband, went to Florida in a private train with Ten Mad Millionaires, nabbed the richest Young Guy in America, and then...

but that's "THE PALM BEACH STORY"

A Paramount Picture starring

CLAUDETTE JOEL COLBERT • JOEL McCREA with MARY ASTOR • RUDY VALLEE

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING
$10.00 PRIZE
A Woman’s Inspiration

COMING out of the theater from seeing “Wake Island” my husband said, “Honey, if only I had the ability to put into words the way I feel right now, every man and woman in these United States would have to buy Bonds so that there could never be another ‘Wake Island.’”

Then he turned to me and asked if I minded terribly if he put the money he had planned for my Christmas gift into Bonds. One look into his dear face, at its grim, glowing purpose and there was but one answer. A great thankfulness toward Paramount Pictures and our Navy for filming “Wake Island” filled my heart and I could not help but feel that wives everywhere were being asked the same question and were responding just as gallantly.

Mrs. Leonard J. Lipton, New Haven, Conn.

$5.00 PRIZE
It Happened!

NO ACTOR can blitzkrieg me! I’m too nonecholant and easygoing a movie fan to lose my head and heart to a movie star.

Uh-uh. That’s what I used to think B.C. (Before Carey). One look at Macdonald Carey’s smooth, magnificently acting and—zip!—I lost my head. Another look at his classically handsome face with the devastatingly sincere grin and—pff!—my heart was his.

I was so fascinated by his dynamic performance in “Dr. Broadway” that my head weaved around like a snake watching a charmer. Guess I’m old-fashioned, but I like to see polished actors like my favorite make good on the screen. The skaters are nice— in the rink; the singers are nice—when they’re singing; but actors alone belong in Hollywood where there’s some serious acting to be done. There must be a place in the stars for such brilliant talent as Macdonald Carey’s. There should be meaty roles, because Mac’s just the lad to bite into them!

Better fasten the altitude goggled on this brilliant movie newcomer. And, elevator operators, don’t bother to ask Macdonald Carey the customary, “Going up?” Just take one look at him and you’ll know the answer!

Ann Young, Berkeley, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
The Girls They Left Behind

TEMPATIONS galore beset the “girls they left behind”—and inasmuch as they have promised not to sit under the apple tree with anyone else, where can a girl go to forget she’s lonely, worried and heartsick. Not to dances, parties, night clubs.

Where else but the movies, where unescorted girls don’t seem out of place; where recreation, tears and laughter erase for a brief spell the choking feeling of loneliness; where pictures like “Wake Island” don’t make those girls forget but remember proudly that “he’s” in there, too, an American fighting as only an American can—and strengthening our resolve to keep faith with them as they have kept faith with humanity.

Pictures like “Mrs. Miniver” to make them vow to hold their heads high—no whining, no martyr-like attitude in their letter to “him,” just a cheery, “Keep ’em flying, kid!”

Pictures like “Pride Of The Yankees” to help them remember what it is we’re fighting for—the spirit of America, the spirit of a clean sport and an equally clean-cut plain American guy—Gehrig!

Pictures like “Mrs. Miniver” to keep them from forgetting how to laugh, ‘cause we at home need morale-booster’s, too!

Mrs. Joseph Lieser, Chicago, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE
Take Note, Hollywood

YOUNG America salutes the picture, “Eagle Squadron.” Although several of our elders thought it a bit rough and too mechanized, we know that’s the only way to win the war and hold on to the happiness and the way of life we and our children are entitled to.

I personally had four dollars in my handbag to buy a red sweater I wanted badly. But after seeing the picture I was “fighting mad.” I marched into the lobby of the theater and bought stamps with that money. A friend of mine who was in the Naval Reserve went home from seeing the picture and applied for immediate action.

 Hats off to “Eagle Squadron’s” personnel and all those responsible for that fine picture.

“Keep ’em coming!”

Jane L. Smith, Lebanon, Pa.
$1.00 PRIZE
Parenthetical Picture

AT FIRST I thought she was just funny and so I laughed, but I soon sat up and took notice. I thought she was beautiful—but dumb.

Now I think she is one of the best comedienne Hollywood has introduced in a long time. The more I see her the more convinced I become that here is a girl who has them all beat. She's beautiful (from the right angle). She can sing (if she wants to). She can act (if she tries to). She can keep an audience in an uproar (always). Young and old like her (and always will). Everybody talks about her (though sometimes they don't quite remember her name).

Who is she? Well, she's that glamorous sour-puss crooner, none other than Virginia O'Brien. Give us more pictures with Virginia—she's good for what ails us. She's a laugh tonic if there ever was one.

R. T. Winstead, Seaman 2nd Class
Naval Air Station,
Norfolk, Va.

$1.00 PRIZE
Boners

MAY I suggest that casting directors use a little more discretion?

In the picture "Moontide," starring Jean Gabin and Ida Lupino, a very serious moment was spoiled when the minister turned toward the camera, revealing himself to be none other than Dick Tracy who appears in a thrill-packed serial every Saturday at our local theater.

Someone said, "Oh, Dick Tracy!" and the audience howled.

The young man is very good-looking and the part was not important, but it proved most disconcerting for the dare-devil of the serials to take the part of a minister.

And while I am in a gripping mood, can't something be done to keep movie slang within the confines of the period that is depicted? I refer, in particular to that musical of the gay nineties or thereabouts, "My Gal Sal," when the songwriter says, "It stinks," when speaking about a number he has just played. And again when Sal says, "Could be" in one of her songs.

If the dialogue writers are not stopped, they will have George Washington say, "I doo it," after he chops down the cherry tree.

Nina E. Watkins,
Mena, Ark.

Honorable Mention

I've seen but one motion picture in three months, so I hastened out on our Boulevard to see what I could see. One theater (Continued on page 77)
HOLLYWOOD's Canteen: Two groups with a single thought met and merged. One, Hollywood actors; the other, the musicians' union, Local 47. Result—the idea behind the Hollywood Canteen, one of the greatest things of its kind in the country. It was the musicians, aware of all the night spots, who thought of the Old Barn, a night club on Cahuenga near Sunset, as a possible location.

In a flash union after union came marching in to offer their services—carpenters, painters, electricians who toiled and worked long after their own day's work was done. Decorators, artists, illustrators painted the tables a gay red and white like old-fashioned gingham. Cartooned artistry covered the walls. Hairdressers, wardrobe girls, secretaries poured in to be registered as waitresses, hostesses, anything at all. Stars, male and female, fought to be allowed to wash dishes, to sweep, to clean, to be bus boys, to serve, to entertain.

Jules Stein, head of one of the biggest agencies, took over the business management. Max Miller, press agent de luxe, offered his services free. Bette Davis was elected president.

Then came the opening night with Uncle Sam's boys of the Army, Navy and Marines passing by the grandstands on which sat, for a change, the stars to cheer them on. For this privilege the stars paid $100 per pair of seats. Ten thousand dollars was realized the first night.

The boys marched along open-mouthed, staring at their spectators on the grandstands. One little sailor recognized Judy Garland sitting high up. He stopped and stared. "Judy," he said huskily, "please come down."
He danced with Judy later.

So great was the crowd, and still is, servicemen are entertained for one and a half hours in relays. Those who eat, drink, dance and are entertained, move out through the back door so that a new group may move in.

The biggest name bands in the country, including Kay Kyser, Rudy Vallee, Duke Ellington, Tommy Dorsey, Freddy Martin, Ozzie Nelson, Ted Fio Rito, and many others, take turns on the platform and other bands, while waiting to go on, play outside for the overflow.

Such stars as Eddie Cantor, Abbott and Costello, Betty Hutton, Dinah Shore, Ginny Simms, Eleanor Powell, Marlene Dietrich, Betty Grable and dozens of others have entertained for the boys, danced and served them.

One boy dancing with Dorothy Lamour never spoke a word. Finally Dorothy began a conversation. "No, please don't talk," he said, "just dance and let me dream."

"To think," another said as he sat and looked at Bette Davis, "not so long ago I was in a lifeboat on the Pacific alone for five days, hungry, cold and never expecting to see land again. And now here I sit looking at you. Somehow that makes it all worth while."

Cal went over to the Canteen the other late afternoon to greet Bob Hope, who had just returned from Alaska and was broadcasting that night from the Canteen. Bette was there and greeted us heartily, taking us about, showing us everything and straightening chairs and tables like a fussy housewife. Bette was on the broadcast and, of course, Cal sat through all the rehearsals. "Take my
phone number," Bob said between jokes, "I want to talk to you about Alaska."

Above our heads wagon wheels were hung, from which dangled lanterns for light. In one corner on a dais was a table covered with goldfringed cloth. Suspended above were paper angels and halos. This was the "angel table" we were informed, where for $100 a couple of civilians are permitted to sit and watch. The table has never been vacant one night.

Into the Canteen, while we were there, poured the junior hostesses for that night. Among the hairdressers and secretaries we noticed Martha O'Driscoll, Carole Landis, Fay McKenzie, Deanna Durbin, Alexis Smith and many others. When the doors were opened, the servicemen flowed in, sitting in rows on the dance floor ready to listen to the broadcast. Several boys sat down at a table with Deanna Durbin. If they recognized her, they were too shy to let on.

We came away with a feeling of gratitude that we are a part of this Hollywood that feels so keenly the needs of these boys who are going out to do or die for us. And not only do we "feel," but we do something about it. Now if you'll excuse old Cal we'll put on our apron and get to work.

Heigh ho, we're a bus boy at the Canteen. Another doughnut, soldier?

Round about the Town: Beautiful Ilona Massey and her husband Alan Curtis separate and reunite more often than any couple we know. One day they'll make that separation final, you'll see, or Cal misses his guess.

John Payne's enlistment in the Army Reserve for a forty-week civilian pilot training course came as no surprise to friends who knew the actor was shopping about for a spot to help Uncle Sam. And it seems Warners just can't keep Humphrey Bogart out of the excitement. Bogie is now trying for the Merchant Marines. George Montgomery is another Merchant Marine fan and will join that outfit shortly. Incidentally, Payne's course of training won't begin until January first so we'll be seeing him about town a while longer.

While Lana Turner was causing a small-sized riot among the servicemen of the Hollywood Canteen, who all struggled to dance with the star, her husband, Steve Crane, remained.
He Kissed Her All Over The Map
ON ANOTHER FELLOW'S HONEymoon!

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

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

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

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

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

See it at RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Or At Leading Theatres Everywhere. Watch For Date!

JANUARY, 1943
in the kitchen and washed dishes. And it cheers our heart, by the way, to feel this couple is growing happier by the minute. Now let's all keep our fingers crossed for Lana and Steve.

It is not true that at the annual visit of the circus to Hollywood Joan Blondell's young son tried to feed peanuts all through the performance to Laird Cregar in the delusion the actor was an elephant. Laird says the little boy only thought so at first until he discovered the actor had no trunk.

Girls, if you like plenty of trappings and gee-gaws with your frocks, don't think you stand alone. They tell us over at RKO that shooting always begins an hour late on the dress-up scenes in a Ginger Rogers picture while the director, designer and wardrobe woman very, very tactfully strip-tease Ginger of the adornments she insists on wearing.

"See, it's beautiful, Ginger," they'll say, "but I really believe you'd photograph better without the artificial flowers and the clip. And won't the jewel and the bow in your hair overshadow your lovely, smooth coiffure just a shade?"

By the time they've denuded Ginger of her overabundant accessories a lot of time has gone by. So you see, others may like a lot of gingerbread as well as you.

Hollywood's Mystery Child: Hollywood is beginning to ask questions about Joan Leslie, Warner's star who will be eighteen years old in January. They're asking why Joan is kept so secluded, made so much of a mysterious recluse by her studio. Requests that Joan appear at officers' organizations with such stars as Jane Withers and Bonita Granville, are met with such howls of horrified disapproval by her studio Cal is growing more and more puzzled.

What's the idea, the town asks. Whom or what are they afraid of? At fourteen, Joan was tramping the streets of New York alone looking for work, according to her biographical publicity and fourteen is pretty young to be going about alone in the big city. Now here she is, a young lady of eighteen, with so much denied her.

A friend was telling Cal of a Sunday afternoon party at the home of a certain young star where Joan was one of the guests. Her father drove her there—late—then sat out in the car in full view of the festivities and waited. The kids were in the midst of a vaudeville show when Joan arrived, each putting on a single routine of his own. Joan asked to perform right off, then, not satisfied with one skit, begged to do another and still another. There was such a repressed eagerness about her for this hour of fun that even the younger set caught the meaning of it and cheered her on.

If anyone can offer a solution to this mystery, we'd certainly like to know about it. Good, free, happy times seem such a normal thing for young ladies of eighteen, old Cal thinks.
(Continued on page 93)
CHILLED? SNEEZING?

LOOK OUT FOR
Colds and Sore Throat

LISTERINE-Quick!
It may nip the trouble in the bud

At the first sign of chill, or sneeze, start gargling with this wonderful antiseptic.

Excitement, fatigue, raw temperatures, cold feet, may lower body resistance so that threatening germs can invade the tissue and set up or aggravate an infection.

Nature Needs Help

Then, if ever, Nature needs a helping hand to keep such germs under control . . . to help prevent a "mass invasion" when defenses are down.

That's why it is wise to gargle with full strength Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of trouble.

Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs . . . including hosts of the very "secondary invaders" that many specialists believe to be responsible for so many of a cold's troublesome aspects. Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7 per cent 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle and up to 80% one hour after.

At the First Sign of Trouble

If you feel chilly, under par, have the sniffles and your throat feels irritated, gargle at once with Listerine Antiseptic and repeat every 3 hours. You may spare yourself a nasty siege of cold and a painful sore throat.

JANUARY, 1943
BRIEF REVIEWS

✓ ACROSS THE PACIFIC—Warner: Exciting, well-done melodrama about the roundup of Jap spies and saboteurs by an American agent, with Humphrey Bogart as the agent, Sydney Greenstreet as the Jap agent and Mary Astor as a mysterious damsel. The three principals cook up a lot of excitement and thrills. (Nov.)

✓ APACHE TRAIL—M-G-M: A whoop-la Western, with Indians and uprisings and maraudings. William Lundigan is a fearless stagecoach driver of the old West, who guards his cargo against his evil brother, Lloyd Nolan. Donna Reed, Spanish girl at the post, and Ann Ayars, charming widow, are rivals for Lundigan's love. (Oct.)

✓ ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY—Paramount: The marital woes of an average young couple, played by Betty Field and Ray Milland, add up to chuckly entertainment, what with the little jealousies, the faking of the wife and her interfer- ence with husband's work. Charles Dingle, Patricia Morison, Eugene Pallette and Leif Erickson contribute to a pleasant evening. (Oct.)

✓ ATLANTIC CONVOY—Columbia: This story of a Marine base off the Iceland coast is a timely little number. A mysterious weather man, John Heil, is suspected of being the tip-off agent to Nazi submarines interfering with our convoys. Virginia Field plays a record nurse and Bruce Bennett is the Marine commanding officer. (Dec.)

✓ BABY FACE MORGAN—Producers Releasing Corp. Richard Cromwell unknowingly heads a gang of racketeers, although he could have been too stupid to be beyond us. Mary Carlisle is the sweet young woman who finally bears some sense into his head, Robert Armstrong is the bad man. (Oct.)

✓ BERLIN CORRESPONDENT—20th Century-Fox: A neat little package of melodrama, with Dana Andrews as an American news commentator in Berlin who slips information via air to his New York paper. When pro-Nazi Virginia Gilmore sets out to trap him, she discovers her own father to be the informer. (Nov.)

✓ BETWEEN US GIRLS—Universal: Diana Barrymore scores a knockout as the daughter who hopes to help along her mother's romance with John Boles by poisoning a twelve-year-old. Robert Cummings, a friend of Boles, attempts to amuse little Diana and finds himself a victim of rascally con- spiracy. Kay Francis is beautiful as the mother, and Andy Devine very good. (Nov.)

✓ BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON—Paramount: Here's Dorothy Lamour back in her seamy again, playing the circus girl who's really an heiress. To help her prove her claim, the whole circus crew, in- cluding Richard Denning, Walter Abel, the scien- tist, who discovered Dot in the jungle, and Jack Haley, an unlicensed press agent, go back to the jungle to search for the papers. (Oct.)

✓ BIG STREET, THE—RKO Radio: An unex- pected delight is this Damon Runyon story. Its aura of unusualness, its charm and appeal are strictly Runyonese. Lucille Ball is the ruth- lessly unjustified night-club performer, permanently crippled, and Henry Fonda is the husky boy who blindly adores and serves her. Both give superb performances and create living characters. (Nov.)

BUSSES ROAR—Warners: Spies and saboteurs commandeering the night bus from Los Angeles to San Francisco, planning a bomb timed to explode as the bus reaches vital oil fields, but, like the story, the bomb fails to explode at the right time. Richard Travis is a passenger Marine; Peter Whitney as a Nazi and Julie Bishop as a stranded pas- senger are among those present. (Nov.)

SHADOW STAGE

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CAIRO—M-G-M: This isn't very good, but it does have its moments of fun with Young as an American correspondent in Cairo and Jeanette MacDonald as an American singer who's the dupe of Nazi sympathizers. The way the two chase each other around is a caution. Jeanette sings beautifully and Ethel Waters is superb as the maid. (Nov.)

CALLING DR. GILLESPIE—M-G-M: Philip Dorn replaces the Lew Ayres and Dr. Kildare series and scores a solid hit as the Holland-born doctor who hopes to become a psychoanalyst and does when a homosexual maniac robs the hospital seeking revenge on Dr. Gillespie, played as usual by Lionel Barrymore. Phil Brown is the young maniac and Donna Reed his sweetheart. (Oct.)

CANYON ZONE—Columbia: It's the same old story of the young upstart in aviation training who finally gets his come-uppance and turns out to be a man and a hero. John Hubbard is the belleville smartie, Chester Morris the flying instructor, and Harriet Hilliard the lone female of the cast. (Nov.)

CAREFUL, SOFT SHOULDER—20th Century-Fox: Everything happens to everybody and little of it makes sense. Lovely Virginia Bruce, a Washington socialite seer-strainin', gets involved with Nazi agents under the impression that they're our own Secret Service men. Jimmy Ellison is the strong-armed boy friend and Sheila Ryan and Aubrey Mather stand out clearly. (Dec.)

CITY OF SILENT MEN—R.C.: When a small-town mayor turns over a local cannery to a group of ex-convicts as a rehabilitation experiment, the townfolk grumble and eventually flare into rebellion when a murder is committed. Frank Albertson, June Lang, Jan Wiley and Emmett Lynn head the cast, but the picture's strictly small-time. (Dec.)

DESPERATE JOURNEY—Warner Bros: A thriller in this melodrama, telling of the adventures of a group of R.A.F. flyers whose bomber crashes in Germany. They escape the Germans and then comes their desperate attempt to evade German officer Raymond Massey and make their way back to England. Errol Flynn is the squadron leader and the flyers include Ronald Reagan and Alan Hale. (Nov.)

DRUMS OF THE CONGO—Universal: It seems we need certain meteoric minerals for our defense industries, so Dan Terry of the Army Intelligence is dispatched to the African jungle to get it, but finds that foreign agents are also after it. Ona Munson is the brave woman doctor, Peggy Moran a girl spy, but Stuart Erwin as the jungle guide steals the show. (Dec.)

EYES IN THE NIGHT—M-G-M: Ann Harding comes back to the screen as a stepmother who must break up the romance of her daughter, Donna Reed, with John Emery. There's also a plot to steal millionaire Reginald Denny's invention. It's filmed mainly around Arnold who, with the aid of his dog, discovers the plot and brings our enemies to justice. (Dec.)

FLYING FORTRESS—Warner Bros: You'll see Richard Greene in this English-made film, in which he plays an American playboy who joins the Ferry Command, falls in love with an American newspaperwoman and joins the R.A.F. The air-raid scenes in the American-made bomber are thrilling, but the English interpretations of Americans are most unconvincingly. (Dec.)

FLYING TIGERS—Republic: A thrilling, heart-stirring film based on the activities of the volunteer American flyers who fought and died for China's cause. John Wayne is the squadron leader; John Carroll, the braggadocio; Edmund MacDonald, Paul Kelly and Gordon Jones give us a page of American history that should make every American proud of his race. (Dec.)

FOOTLIGHT SERENADE—20th Century-Fox: Vic MATURE is an egotistical estate prizewinner who goes on the stage, owns star Colina Wright Jr., from her roles, substitutes his own cooking and, after Betty Grable, and Betty and his girl friend and James Gleason is the producer. (Dec.)

FOREIGN AGENT—Monogram: Another spy-ring story, but this time the baddies wear their way after the usual secret invasion in and out of studios and Los Angeles ensembles. John Shelton and Gale Storm are the romantic leads and Ivan Loboff and George Travell stir things up a bit. There's plenty of action. (Dec.)

FOREST RANGERS—Paramount: Fred MacMurray is the handsome ranger who meets and marries Paulette Goddard, to the jealous chagrin of Susan Hayward, who tries to get him away. More important than the fine cast, which also includes Albert Dekker, Eugene Pallette and Lyman Overman, is the succession of tremendous fire scenes, magnificently photographed in Technicolor. (Dec.)

FOR ME AND MY GAL—M-G-M: A musical knockout, with George Murphy losing his vaudeville partner, Judy Garland, to Gene Kelly. Judy falls in love with Gene, almost breaks her heart when he's attracted to Martha Egerth, then suddenly Gene discovers he loves Judy. But then comes World War II and Judy pays dearly for his untruth. You're bound to love this picture. (Dec.)

(Continued on page 88)

**To be his Guiding Star try my** *W.B.N.C.*

Paulette Goddard, Starring in "Star Spangled Rhythm", a Paramount Picture

Says Paulette Goddard:

"He's fighting for you—so it's up to you to look the part! W.B.N.C. are your call letters for...

*WOODBURY Beauty Night Cap.

"See how this 3-minute care with Woodbury Cold Cream helps keep your skin smooth and alluring. Cleanse your skin with Woodbury Cold Cream. Tissue off oil. Then swirl on a light film for overnight. Woodbury contains four luscious ingredients for softening, smoothing the skin. A fifth exclusive ingredient is constantly working to purify this cream right in the jar. Try the Beauty Night Cap of the Stars, tonight. Soon your mirror will whisper, 'He's coming back to you—don't find you even lovelier than before.'"

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Nightcap of the Stars

Beauty isn't Rationed. Get Woodbury Cold Cream today. Big economy jars, $1.25, 75c; also 50c, 25c and 10c sizes.
...with black villainy, with fiery romance, with breathless deeds of daring... in the roaring era of Love, Gold and Adventure!

"Sixteen men on a dead man's chest Ye-hu-bo and a bottle of rum?"

**Tyrone Power**  •  **Maureen O'Hara**

in Rafael Sabatini's

**The Black Swan**

in Technicolor

with

**Laird Cregar**  •  **Thomas Mitchell**  
**George Sanders**  •  **Anthony Quinn**  
**George Zucco**

Directed by **Henry King**  •  Produced by **Robert Bassler**
Screen Play by **Ben Hecht** and **Selznick**  •  Adapted by **Selznick** and **Laird Cregar**, from the Novel by **Rafael Sabatini**
Christmas presents—from Hollywood to you

For two thousand years, in war and peace, famine and plenty, the miracle of Christmas has been re-created, to touch us with new faith and help us momentarily to turn from the grim overtones of bombs bursting across the fronts of the world.

Hollywood, tinsel-loving child, this year will once again clasp Christmas to her heart, leading the way to this brief moment of happiness in so many moments of tragedy, adorning herself with the brightest wrappings, not counting the many gifts she has tucked into our own Christmas stockings.

For all of us who go to the movies have had exciting presents from Hollywood during this past year:

Hedy Lamarr who now can act as well as appear ravishing on the screen.

"Mrs. Miniver"—a wonderful gift—which permitted us to see for ourselves something we had suspected right along. That ordinary English families have the bright quality of simple heroism we hope and believe we too possess.

Rita Hayworth perfecting her loveliness in "My Gal Sal" and "You Were Never Lovelier," surely one of the aptest titles of the year.

Ronald Colman with all his old charm refurbished in "Talk Of The Town" and his enchanting new film, "Random Harvest," in which he co-stars with Greer Garson.

Clark Gable's voluntary enlistment, a gift of inspiration that caught America's imagination and wiped out a whole carload of bitter, unthinking grumbling against "privileged movie stars."

George Sanders in A productions. A rescue of a potent personality from a succession of roles and films that scarcely scratched the surface of his popularity.

Katharine Hepburn, who returned to Hollywood and joined with Metro and Spencer Tracy in giving us "Woman Of The Year" and—soon to be seen—"Keeper Of The Flame."

Monty Woolley's beard, magnetic bit of foliage behind which lurks a delightful new personality equally at home in the back-biting role of "The Man Who Came to Dinner" or the grumpy old softie of "The Pied Piper."

Lana Turner's new marriage. At a time when our thoughts centered grimly on the desperate battles being fought in the wastes of the Southern Pacific, the burning desert of North Africa, the shattering siege of Stalingrad, this cellophane-wrapped gift of romance proves that the heart of Hollywood beats with as strong a pulse as ever.

Humphrey Bogart as a hero—after he proved himself over and over again in such melodramas as "The Maltese Falcon" and "Across The Pacific," tense photo-plays of murder, double-cross and heroism.

Veronica Lake, fresh reminder that sex appeal is still a valuable commodity.

Bing Crosby—Bob Hope—Dorothy Lamour teaming to gift us with unmatchable wit and, in turn, two hours of forgetfulness. (Have you seen "Road To Morocco"?)

Alan Ladd, whose performance in "This Gun For Hire" gave the feminine population of the country a brand-new star to hitch their wagons to—and the critics a brand-new enthusiasm.

"My Sister Eileen," for its bright glow of merriment, fitting prelude to 1942's hard-earned holiday respite. Incidentally, thank your Hollywood Santa for bright little Janet Blair—and who wouldn't be glad to find her on the Christmas tree?

Two Yankees—"Pride Of The Yankees" and "Yankee Doodle Dandy"—which brought to the screen the lives of Lou Gehrig, greatest of all first basemen, and George M. Cohan, America's outstanding showman.

John Ford, who proved Hollywood genius wasn't afraid to be in the thick of it when he kept his camera rolling throughout the Battle of Midway and sent back home to America a stirring film, visual proof of what our men are doing in the Pacific.

All those stars who went out to meet you, the people, to give you a chance to know them and sell to you personally the Bonds that are your Christmas present to Uncle Sam.

My list could be much longer, but editors are modest people who say very few words directly to their readers. So I suggest that you make your own list and see—to your surprise—how many presents Hollywood has left at your doorstep during the year.

Merry Christmas!
— and Alaska will never be the same! Neither will you, after you've finished this saga of red-hot Hope

exchange for a few laughs, was the biggest wallop I ever got in my life. Why, they were so starved for entertainment they'd sit out in the rain on the damp ground when there wasn’t a hall or a barracks where we could put on our show. And we’d do our shows out in the open, too, mounted on those knolls, or on a truck or the rear end of a tank. “I used to play tank towns,” I told them, “now I play off tanks. I can’t get away from those tanks!” From the enthusiasm of that audience you’d think they were sitting in loge seats in the Shrine Auditorium here at home.

One kid, fellow by the name of Lester Bentley, from Sidney, Nebraska, wrote a letter to his mother after he’d seen our show. His mother sent it to me. It was written in pencil. It began “Dear Mom.” It’s with me for keeps. I quote it, in spots, because he says things I can’t, and remain graceful.

“Dear Mom: Our mail has not been coming through at all. However, just received our first big thrill since leaving the States—just five months ago to the day. I was standing by the fire in my tent, lamenting the fact that one day was just like another, when a fellow pokes his head in and says ‘Bob Hope, in person, is at the lake.’ It was five or six miles away, but we lost no time running for trucks. Believe I can say we made record speed for the Army. A horrible-looking crowd we must have been—mud on our clothes, whiskers. But they must have been used to it. They looked pretty tired themselves—they looked very tired and travel-worn. Wished all the time that you were there and could have been as close to them as I was—in the front row. I could have reached out and touched them. I wanted to shake his hand. Know that I speak for the Army when I say that Bob Hope is the Army’s Number 1 entertainer.”

To give a kid up there, doing the job he’s doing, his “first big thrill”; to get a bouquet like that—gee, thanks. Les!

About the most thrilling time is (Continued on page 75)
Destination: Alaska.
Arlappers, an oil stove, and a guy the boys wanted to see.

Bob
Kiska
If not claimed in 5 days send to
Solomon Islands
Canned Heat

Hope
Alaska

January, 1943
Hollywood's in for a surprise.
It has to do with John, recuperating from a broken "perfect marriage," and Jane, the question-mark girl of filmdom.

**BY BETH EMERSON**
JOHNNY PAYNE, who will probably be Johnny Doughboy by the time you read this, as he is due to enter the Army Air Corps as a private as soon as he finishes "Hello, Frisco, Hello," is spending his last civilian evenings with Jane Russell.

They make the newest and most provocative of those combinations that always set Hollywood jittering, this tall, black-haired, broad-shouldered fellow and this smouldering, sexy girl whom the whole world knows but has never seen on the screen.

Their dating would set the Hollywood tongues wagging in any event, but the town goes into double talk when it thinks of Anne Shirley. Anne and Johnny had one of those "perfect marriages" that ended suddenly and without explanation from either one of them last January.

It honestly was a "perfect marriage," too. Anne and John had met in 1937 while they both were very young, Anne still in her teens, and John, despite a wealth of worldly experiences, still only twenty-six. They had married almost at once and had their child a little more than a year later.

Throughout their marriage they were very popular with a whole mob of mutual friends. They each had their careers at which they were most successful. They had a charming house and apparently their tastes were exactly similar, since you could see them laughing together as they danced, almost any evening at Ciro's or the Mocambo or whatever cafe was the cafe of the moment.

Thus Hollywood was deeply disillusioned when one night over a dinner table at Romanoff's they separated. For once, the mood of the town was unanimous. "What
a rotten shame," simultaneously breathed the gossips and the friends
and the enemies. Snoop around as
they would, no one from any group
could find out which one was "to
blame."

Still, Hollywood was in for one sur-
prise. It was obvious that John had
increased in star stature since mar-
rriage and that Anne had not. This
should have meant that it would be
John who would be seen in the night
clubs while Anne, in the manless so-
ciety of the movies, would sit home
alone.

The shock was that the reverse hap-
pened. It was Anne who immediately
began appearing out every evening,
and with one devoted escort after
another. She was seen with Eddie
Albert, with David May, with Edmond
O'Brien, with Robert Stack and some
score of others, while John stayed
quiet and alone in his bachelor
quarters.

Months passed before John did
begin dating Sheila Ryan, but whip
that up as they would, the Hollywood
gossips simply couldn't make a big
ting out of that pairing, since it was
so visibly a friendship and nothing
more.

But when, a couple of months ago,
John first appeared with Jane Russell,
everyone sensed that this was some-
thing that would bear watching. There
was, between Jane and John, that
electric quality of awareness of one
another's presence. When John began
being seen, not once or twice, but
constantly with Jane, then the whole
'town knew it was witnessing one of
those torrid romances, taut with emo-
tion. flaming brighter for the short
time it could endure because of John's
coming service. The tongues at once
began to clatter.

Then when John and Anne were
seen back together again one evening,
the whispers rose almost to shouts.

The explanation of this latter date
was distressingly simple, however. Both
John and Anne adore their small
daughter, Julie Anne, of whom Anne
has the custody. As her parents, they
had met to discuss the little girl's
future, stayed together for dinner that
they might talk about her, her school-
ing, her bright sayings. Even if you
hate your ex-spouse cordially, you
can't go around Hollywood showing
it, as that would be just too wearing
in a place where lost loves are always
bumping into one another. John and
Anne don't hate one another, so they
behaved charmingly that evening.

But when, the next night, John and
Jane Russell were observed to-
gether again, then there was no longer
any question but that this was a real
romance. But the chief reason why,
over and beyond their youth, their
ambition and their handsomeness that
these two are attracted to each other
has never been told up until now.

It has to do with John's love for
Anne Shirley and with Jane Russell's
love for a boy named Bob Waterfield.

You have to understand, first of all,
that for all his handsomeness, for all
this adventurous life which has in-
cluded jobs in carnivals, burlesque
shows, boxing rings, movies and the
like, John Payne is an inhibited, shy
young man. You have to know that
Anne was his first real love, and that
marriage was an ideal relationship to
him, and that the death of love
stunned him deeply.

Some people can knock around the
world and never be touched by it.
This, until very recently, was true of
John. He had lived in two distinct
worlds before he came to Hollywood.
The world of his childhood was that
of the most refined Virginia society.
The world of his first wage-earning,
of his young manhood, was that taw-
dry side of show business. Any Holly-
wood interviewer will tell you that
this star, who should be full of the
most wonderful stories, is actually
colorless in speech. My personal be-
\relax{}lief on that score is that John Payne,
in order to protect himself against the
seaminess of the reality he saw in the
sports and show world, so steeped
himself against all feeling that now it
has become almost a prison for him
against emotion. It is not at all that
he has not experienced, or does not
experience, strong emotions. It is.
rather, that these emotions are so
violent within him that he dares not
give them any expression whatsoever.

Anne Shirley, who took her name
from the character she played in her
first starring role, "Anne Of Green
Gables," had knocked about life even
more years than Johnny. She had
been supporting not only herself since
her third birthday, but her mother,
too. But instead of life's making her
either timid or bitter, it left her a
little girl who until her marriage had
one of the biggest doll collections in
the world, a gay, laughing girl who,
off screen, couldn't be bothered with
glamour, who, more often than not,
was apt to pull her hair back from
her plain, unpowdered young face, a
girl who had a devastating honesty
and who, in terms of movies, knew
all the answers.

In the year 1937, when John and
Anne married, Jane Russell was
pursuing Bob Waterfield at the Van
Nus's, California, High School which
they both were attending. Jane was
only fourteen then. "The Outlaw" and
its international publicity, the fact that
a hundred magazines would print cov-
ers of her and hundreds more would
run full pages of her photographs all
still lay in an undreamed future. Even
if she had visioned such fame. Jane
couldn't possibly have imagined the
strange fact that would make her fa-
mous in movies and yet keep her off
screen. She had no time to think of
such things, however, for in 1937 and
for four years afterward, until just
a few months ago when she met John
Payne, the only thing Jane wanted
from life was Bob Waterfield's love.
They had actually met. Jane and Bob,
two years earlier. Bob Water-
field was sixteen then to Jane's four-
teen, and he was distinctly the glam-
our boy of the Van Nus High School.
He possessed that rare combination
of both brains and looks, for he was
graduating in that summer of his sis-
teenth year, and he was also a football
hero, he drove a low, expensive car,
he dressed smartly, he danced every
step known to any floor, he had cold
green eyes, broad shoulders and slim
hips, and he was going through school
on an athletic scholarship. There was
hardly a girl (Continued on page 96)
I HAVE been accused of standing in the way of a man and woman's happiness. I have been threatened with suits, seen my little daughter used for publicity purposes and been victimized in print to a point of humiliation.

"Now I feel I must tell my side." Martha Mature, tiny, attractive blonde wife of actor Victor Mature, sat in the living room of an apartment strewn with the toys of her two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Helen Kemp, and told her story.

"This is the first time in all these months I have said one word. Ever since Victor and I separated, friends and acquaintances—and I might add strangers, too—have been asking me, 'Why do you persist in standing in the way of Vic's happiness when you know he loves another woman? Why do you refuse him a divorce? What kind of woman are you?'

"Through the pages of Photoplay—Movie Mirror, I want to make this statement. I have never refused Victor a divorce. The truth is, Vic will not give me a divorce, though he promised, when we separated, he would agree to one. The only person who is standing in the way of his own happiness is Victor, not I.

"Due to the laws of California it was impossible for me to apply for a divorce sooner than this summer, as one must be a resident of the state one year before applying. Before the case was called, Vic joined the Coast Guard and the law says a man in service cannot be sued—even for a divorce—unless he consents to it. Therefore, I
officially withdrew my suit. Vic refuses me freedom although he loves another and never sees me. That means two women are being cheated of happiness, but I, alone, am taking the blame. I am neither wife nor ex-wife.

"Then the matter of alimony. Imagine how I feel to read I'm collecting $1,000 a month alimony from Victor, or to be chided about it.

"I want to make this statement. I am not receiving one cent from Victor, not even the allotment soldiers and sailors usually turn over to their wives. If it were not for the fact that I have a little money of my own, which I feel rightly belongs to my daughter, I should have nothing except the wages I could earn.

"When I had to go to work, I was informed through certain parties that I would be sued if I dared go on the screen and use my own name, Martha Mature. Victor claimed he did not want his name dragged about. At the time I had a small part in 'The Powers Girls,' but I gave it up. I wanted no fuss or contention and, quite frankly, I do not believe pictures are for me. For one thing, I am not talented enough.

"Next, I took a job in the publicity department of Columbia Studios as a beginner. I soon found out, however, that my troubles and heartaches were furnishing more publicity copy than I was able to get for others. So I was compelled to give it up.

"Vic and my little daughter got along well and I had no objection to her seeing him after our separation. But I saw the friendship and visits of the baby were being utilized for publicity. So I had to end it.

"The town began resenting me when the story was given out at the time we separated that I hated Hollywood. Proof that that statement was false is evidenced by the fact I am still living here and expect to make this my home. Luckily, my friends have come to realize this.

"My pride has been humbled and my entire family humiliated by the stories given out for publicity's sake. Recently I was again made to look ridiculous when reported to have been left standing at the church by Vic for the sake of ensuing publicity.

"I want to say now such a statement is false and degrading to anyone who holds marriage sacred. Never at any time did I agree to such a circuluslike stunt."

**Victor Mature** and Martha Kemp were married in Martha's own apartment in New York by Judge Pecora. Victor had been previously married to and divorced from Frances Evans, an actress, who attended the Pasadena Community Playhouse while he was there. Martha was the widow of Hal Kemp, the orchestra leader who was killed in an automobile accident, and who was the father of Martha's tiny daughter.

Mrs. Mature has not taken her marriage or separation lightly. Today she is actively engaged in war work, devoting every free hour to the various Hollywood canteens, where she is captain one night a week and on special call other nights of the week. At least four nights a week are given over to serving the enlisted men.

"Please believe me," she begged, "I am not making any sort of spiteful accusation against a service man. My heart and my strength are given over too completely to them at this time. I am merely stating facts that concern my whole life, my future, and my child's, as citizens of Hollywood. I believe Victor loves another woman and I am therefore more and more puzzled by his attitude, especially in his permitting me to suffer under false accusations.

"I see the glances of people. I understand what they mean: 'There goes the woman who is standing in the way of a man's happiness at this time when every man has the right to whatever happiness he can get.'

"So I say again, please believe me, I am not refusing Vic a divorce. I am eager and anxious to be free and to give him his freedom to marry the woman he loves.


"And that is my side of the story." The End

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**COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES**

- **Deanna Durbin**: Appearing in Universal's "Forever Yours"........ page 25
- **Dorothy Lamour**: Appearing in Paramount's "Star-Spangled Rhythm".... page 28
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- **Kathryn Grayson**: Appearing in M-G-M's "Seven Sweethearts"........ page 33
- **Ray Milland**: Appearing in Paramount's "Star-Spangled Rhythm".... page 33
- **Paul Henreid**: Appearing in Warners' "Casablanca"................. page 36
To Ellie with love —
Any woman would envy Eleanor Powell her presents from Glenn Ford. They are the things a man gives the woman he loves.

BY
MITZI CUMMINGS

Favorite picture of her favorite man is this of Eleanor and Glenn together, published here for the first time.

"... Mizpah; for he said The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another." —GENESIS, XXXI.

ANY years ago a young man and a young woman exchanged marriage vows and into each other's wedding band was written the one word — "Mizpah" — a pledge of eternal at-oneness even beyond life itself. It was a beautiful marriage and they wanted to pass on to their grandson all the love and happiness their life together had brought them. When he was twenty-one, he received a simple gold ring, with his initials, G.F. The ring was made from the combined gold, melted together, of the old wedding rings. Inside was carved "Mizpah."

Glenn Ford still wears this ring. He always will. One day, when he and Eleanor Powell are married, she will have one like it.

Perhaps this, more than anything else, gives the clue as to why these two are in love with each other. Glenn Ford has been immersed in a background of complete devotion and love. Somewhere, therefore, there had to be the right girl whose own background and whose heart sang the same melody. Eleanor Powell, with those rare qualities of the spirit that spell devotion and understanding, is the girl.

How did it happen?

One night, about four months ago, Eleanor, whom we might as well start calling "Ellie" immediately, and who, besides being the world's greatest tap dancer, is also the world's greatest picture fan, went to the movies with her mother to see "The Adventures Of Martin Eden." In this picture was a newcomer named Glenn Ford. His performance electrified Ellie. "Why, that man's a young Paul Muni," she cried to her mother. "I've never seen such an interesting new actor."

Just a few weeks later Ellie went on a Victory Caravan with twenty-two other stars. But, so far as the girl whose magic feet have fascinated two continents was concerned, Claudette Colbert, Pat O'Brien, Jimmy Cagney, Olivia de Havilland, Joan Bennett and Cary Grant might have been gods on Olympus—that's how awed she was of them.

It didn't take her too long, however, to find out they were human beings. Of course, like other human beings, they marveled at and were thrilled by her dancing.

Besides the hundreds of thousands of dollars Ellie helped collect for Army and Navy Relief, she got immeasurable value, herself, out of that trip. For the first time in her life she had social contact with people outside of her workaday sphere. "Ellie the workhorse," as she laughingly called herself, hasn't had too much time to play—and she's heartily discouraged even the most ardent of beaux.

For a while she did think herself in love with Merrill Pye, big Hollywood art director, but with the keen discernment that is hers she soon discovered that their association should never be anything but friendship. Actually, therefore, it's been the beautiful, gay and devoted Mrs. Powell who's been her companion all her life. What Ellie has gained from this has made her the great dancer and the great person she is today. She never needed anyone else, never really wanted anyone else.

But the Victory Caravan trip dispelled her awe of outsiders and it prompted a definite decision—henceforth her rigorous routine would be eased to let in the fun that others had to offer.

Indirectly, and of vital importance to Ellie, was the fact that she also met Glenn Ford through the Victory Caravan trip. It grew out of a discussion she had, one evening, with Pat O'Brien who also loves to go to movies...and who was also impressed with young Mr. Ford. "Tell me about him," said Ellie. "What kind of a person is he?"

"A swell guy!" answered Pat heartily, who had just finished making "Flight Lieutenant" with Glenn. "And he's got a great future." It's probably not unduly prophetic to say that Ellie, at those words, felt she might be included in that future, too.

WELL, the Victory Caravan concluded its gloriously successful tour and Ellie came back to Hollywood. From force of habit, she nearly turned down the first invitation that came soon after. She had to get plenty of sleep; she had lots of rehearsing to do; she needed her strength. But she was going to change that routine, wasn't she? So she did. And had a very nice evening, thank you. The (Continued on page 66)
Contrary to your idea of him, Ronald Colman's a careless dresser. He's a lot of other "contrary" things, too

**Portrait of a Casual Sophisticate**

**BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE**

He arrived in New York in 1920 with fifty-seven dollars, three clean collars and two letters of introduction.

He looks more Latin than English.

He is characterized by an earnestness which is tempered with a keen sense of humor; is "regular" without verging on the professional good fellow; reserved without being affected.

He never smokes a pipe; likes starchy foods, and dislikes being chauffeured.

He made his first professional appearance at the age of seventeen as a banjo player at a Masonic smoker.

His full name is Ronald Charles Colman.

His next-door neighbor is Jack Benny, both are lively friends, and he would rather have been a writer or singer, could he have excelled in these arts. He was married to Benita Hume, English actress, at Santa Barbara, California, on September 30, 1934.

He speaks deliberately, decisively, and clips his sentences sharply. He taught himself the piano which he plays only indifferently and when alone.

He was born at Richmond, Surrey, England, and never wore a mustache until he went into the movies. He loathes being interviewed and is reputedly the best "careless dresser" in Hollywood.

He dislikes using an electric razor.

He takes life in stride, is strongly introspective, and never takes a cigarette before eleven in the morning.

He likes wearing sport shirts of blue, beige and tan, and his viewpoints are direct, forthright, well thought out.

He prefers biographical novels and has a very special affection for Remarque's "The Road Back" and Aldington's "Death Of A Hero."

His eyes are frank, penetrating and brown.

He has an innate aversion for routine and order. He is not considered a wit by his friends.

He is specially fond of French and Italian cooking, is very punctilious in personal matters, and swims only fairly.

He responds readily to satire and broad burlesque in literature or drama, does not play golf, and seldom experiences moments of depression.

If Ronald Colman had to spend the rest of his life on a desert island and could choose only two authors he would elect Dickens and Shakespeare.

His early youth was strongly influenced by the essays and letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. He goes shopping only under duress.

He wears high-ankled shoes when playing tennis, due to his war injury.

He seldom goes to Hollywood parties and when he does he is usually the last to leave.

He wears no jewelry. He rarely wears a hat when formally attired, is fond of wire-haired terriers and attends a prize fight and a football game about once a year.

Ronald Colman loves leaving a port and hates arriving at one. He has never worn spats.

He has never had a physical trainer, his clothes are tailored wherever he happens to be, and he considers "Beau Geste" his best picture.

He is a fatalist.

He considers his first year in the United States the most valuable from the standpoint of lessons learned. He dreads personal appearances and thinks good health and a decent philosophy the most important things in life.

His favorite silent picture was "In-tolerance," and he is convinced that good breaks have played a more important part in shaping his life than his own premeditated plans.

He speaks a smattering of French, German and Italian. He has been happiest in California and does not care for Mexican food.

He has a strong aversion to killing animals, never goes hunting, and is inordinately fond of oysters and clams.

He has never been in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, once made a futile attempt to read James Joyce's "Ulysses," and confesses that life has given him far more than he ever expected from it.

He is both an idealist and cynical, sentimental and realist. His birthplace was a small country town on the edge of a river.

He is intolerant of neurotics.

He prefers playing in comedies, dislikes talking about himself and as a boy dreamed of becoming an engineer.

He is always tanned and prefers wearing comfortable tweeds.

He took singing lessons for one year at Guildhall School of Music, London, but his vocal talents never jelled. He does not indulge in the British custom of afternoon tea except when entertaining English friends.

He is genial, cautious and prudent.

He has not varied more than five pounds in weight during the last fifteen years. He has never had a nickname. He smokes cigarettes.

He never carries a cane and believes Edinburgh, Scotland, has the most beautiful main street in the world. He has no hobbies.

He is Scotch-English, considers "The Unholy Garden" his worst picture and believes life was pleasantest in the Gay (Continued on page 78)
"They want to see your brightest frock."
Rosalind Russell

"Never urge him to do anything."
Jeanette MacDonald

"Dance your feet off... make cakes."
Ann Sheridan

ALL RIGHT! So it's six in the morning and you've been traveling all night and you feel awful and you've hardly had time to wash your face. Makes no difference! If you're going to see soldiers when you get off the train, you put on your gayest flowered chiffon, your best lipstick and your floppiest, most transparent hat." This was Rosalind Russell, back from a tour of Army camps, and she said she knew what she was talking about. We guess she does, too!

"Those boys wear uniforms, look at uniforms, look at bare walls, tin dishes, olive-drab blankets, potato peelings, guns—all day every day," she explained. "They dig ditches and then lie on their stomachs in them. They march in the dust and they make contact with metal and leather and scratchy wool. Well! When they do have a bit of time off, when they relax and see a girl, do you think they want to see more uniforms, more olive-drab wool, flat-heeled shoes, unadorned faces? They do not. They want to see your gayest frock, your silliest hat, your brightest face.

"It's up to us to keep them smiling. Take or send your boys some laughs, some color, some fun, some affection. You'll be helping to win the war—and I mean it!"

Nearly all our picture and radio stars have traveled thousands of miles, have given scores of performances in past months for men in service. Nearly every Hollywood actor gives every spare moment to entertain service men in his home or at canteen and U. S. O. centers. They talk with the men, get acquainted with them, do their very best to learn how to please them, how to build morale. Here are some of the things Hollywood can tell us, from firsthand knowledge:

"The things that really count are so simple that we might overlook them if someone didn't jog us," Roz Russell says. "For instance, if you are a sweetheart, mother, aunt or sister going to spend a week end near the camp where your man is stationed, make all your plans to give him pleasure. Don't complain if accommodations are sparse and crowded. Lots of other women want to see their men, too, you know! Don't be disappointed and petty if he can't spend every living minute with you. Just see that the minutes you do have with him glow.

"Be practical. Take along non-crushable clothes, things which won't take up much room and which won't have to be pressed. Be prepared to go dancing or walking or just to sit. But, whatever it turns out to be, let
him see that you enjoy it—just because it's with him—if it half kills you! Don't let him down!

"Take him a cake or some candy or a leather gadget if you want to. But remember those simple things—the gossip and news and messages from home. I can't tell you how important they are."

Let's have the masculine angle, too. John Payne has spent a lot of time with service men in connection with recent pictures he's made and is himself due to go into the Air Corps the first of the year. Meantime, he picks up every hitchhiking service man he can, entertains soldiers constantly. John says, "They wish that civilians would remember that service men are still people. Before he got into a uniform, each one was just a John Q. American, holding down a job, hoping for a raise, trying to get along. The uniform didn't make him into something new and odd, to be stared at. He's just the man next door whom you always knew, only he has a more important job now and he wants to do it well, without dramatics.

"Don't feel sorry for him! He's proud of his part in this whole thing. He feels fine and, if you only knew it, he's probably a little sorry for you—you with your Victory garden and your air-raid precautions. These men are having a big experience. They are the most important men in the world just now. Let them know that you know that.

"Don't try to make him think you are doing him a favor if you ask him to dinner. Make him know that you ask him because you want him. If you're a girl and you date with a service man, do it because you want to, not because you think it's 'a patriotic duty.' No man worth his gun powder enjoys a date with a girl who thinks she is 'doing her duty.'"

"And when you tell him good-by at the end of his leave, don't use that tearful tone which says, 'You poor thing! Next time I hear of you, you'll probably be dead.' He doesn't think he'll be dead and he'll thank you not to think so, either. He's probably right, you know! Just give him a cheerio and say, 'Next time it will be even more fun.' Help him keep his chin up or else leave him alone."

That should be a starter on what to do if we want to bring some grins to military faces. Finding out exactly what to do requires tact and sometimes a resilience against surprise. It was Connie Bennett, acting as hostess at a canteen at the harbor, who reported that a sailor asked her, wistfully, if (Continued on page 73)
Enter Paul Henreid

His home, a comfortable Brentwood house; his wife, the Viennese "Lisl"

If you are an American girl, Paul Henreid's first gesture upon meeting you might be a bit startling. After that, though, knowing him would be all to the good.

BY HOWARD SHARPE

On the select blacklist compiled by the German National Socialist Party his name is written, "Paul, Baron von Henreid. Minorities sympathizer...Official designation, enemy of the Third Reich."

It was this little catch phrase of the Nazis—enemy of the Third Reich—that drove him out of Germany into the arms of the wife he had not yet met and eventually into a country he never dreamed to call his own.

Today he lives in a smart, not too pretentious Brentwood house in company with his wife "Lisl," a cantankerous old Skye terrier, a sophisticated young male secretary, an equally unimpressed but beloved nurse who insists she is too old to learn English, and a colored maid who, finding it necessary to talk over household problems with the nurse, obligingly learned German. She speaks it with a strong Jacksonville accent whenever there are guests in the house, because she knows it amuses the master.

Many things amuse him, in a quiet way. It would be very hard to induce in Mr. Henreid the Austrian equivalent of plain American belly laughter. He is too completely a product of post-war Vienna, with its bitter-sweet aura of abject poverty and audacious gaiety; too recently escaped from the peril of the New Order; too newly a resident of America, to believe one hundred percent in any joke.

You may have read or heard that men of the Henreid type are impossible to live with. Reserve for Mrs. Henreid only half your pity, then, since Paul is impossible only until noon. While shadows still fall westward he regards the world through purple glasses and snarls at any animate thing unfortunate enough to move within his ken. After lunch, however, he makes the transformation from ogre to prince of fellows, whereupon his household emerges gratefully from hiding and begins another day.

But it must be a good lunch. He is a connoisseur of food, as he is of glass table bells (what remains of his collection after the wartime Atlantic passage fill a cabinet in his living room), of music, of books, and of women, both foreign and domestic.

Like most Europeans, he is conscious of money; thrifty with it, knowing how hard it is to get; contemptuous of it, knowing how well one can live without it if necessary. He learned this ultimate truth at the age of ten, two years after the death of his father, Baron Carl Alphonse, banker, adviser on Bohemia to late Emperor Franz Josef, originally a Swedish citizen. Paul's father had left him a fortune all right, he discovered—but in Austrian war bonds.

There were some additional funds in French banks. Fortuitously, when the franc disintegrated, he learned he had been granted a scholarship at a leading academy. When that ran out he informed a family council of uncles and sundry other relatives that he wanted to become an actor.

They voted against it, whereupon he joined the publishing business. This did not pay and, the argument won, he became an actor. He went to the right school, interested the correct producer (one Otto Preminger, affiliated with the Max Reinhart Theater) and, having wangled a contract, took the Vienna theater in stride.

He would like, if possible, to describe these (Continued on page 80)
TWO
AGAINST
LOVE

Can a woman fall in love with a man against her will? It was for Kay to answer that, alone in this house with Riley Sloane

BY HELEN DOWDEY

MOST any girl would have envied me, assigned as a nurse to Riley Sloane, the great motion-picture star. But from the moment I had been told that he would be my case at Justin Sanatorium, an establishment that specialized in curing Hollywood's nervous breakdowns and heavy-drinking cases, I had dreaded it. It had been Chris who'd told me—Dr. Christopher Ross, young nerve specialist on the staff, who'd been my special friend ever since I'd come there from my Texas home.

"Riley Sloane is an interesting type, Kay," he'd said. Interesting Riley might be; difficult he certainly was.

I'd heard from Carlotta Fane, old-time actress at the Sanatorium, about those famous black moods of Riley's. I'd heard, too, how his name had been linked with Honey Hollister, a promising young star who'd fallen in love with him and then suddenly retired. And I came to know Riley myself in the days that followed—his sarcasm, his curtness, his open rebellions.

But it was after the poorly dressed woman visitor had left and I'd learned from her how he had once saved her husband's life that I saw another side to Riley. For one brief moment, then, it was as if we understood each other—the moment when he said quietly, "If I'd only known someone like you, Kay," and then had leaned over and brushed my forehead with his lips. But the very next day, Riley had been his old self again, a bitter, contemptuous self.

It had been bad enough at the Sanatorium, but when I had been sent home as a special nurse to be with him while he was working on his new picture, "Lost Melody," I had felt I could stand no more.

Almost any other woman would have walked barefoot over hot coals to be where I was tonight—in this beautiful bedroom in the home of Riley Sloane. Why was it that for me these moments were salted with dread?

Quiet reigned in the house. I tried to read a little. I had given Riley a sedative and doubtless he was sleeping now. I was just getting into bed when the sound came—a slight scuffling noise at my door. For a moment I went rigid. Then in the dead stillness the sound came again.

"Who's there?" I called. There was no answer. I went to the door and flung it open.

THERE was no one outside my room! But as I stood there in the half light, I had the feeling that the door down the hall had just closed quietly—Riley's door. I couldn't be sure, it was just an impression; but the whisper of sound still lingered in my ears. What should I do? That man was my patient. If he was ill and in need, I should go to him in spite of the fact that he could have rung the bell connecting our rooms. But if he wasn't . . . Holding my breath, I wrapped my housecoat close about me and walked down the shadowy hall. I knocked lightly.

"Come in."

He was lying in bed. The light was on and he had obviously not been asleep. The bright blue eyes held an inscrutable expression as he looked at me. In front of that gaze, I felt more unsure than ever.

"I—I thought someone knocked. Did you—hear anything?"

"No," I was flat and unanswerable, but I had the feeling it wasn't true.

"At my door," I said. "I thought you might have heard—"

"You dreamed it." Then as I still hesitated, he yawned. "You look very fetching in that get-up, Miss Howells, but really I'd like to go to sleep."

In furious silence, I closed the door. He hadn't really felt I'd come to his room for some ulterior purpose of my own, but he enjoyed making me think so. I could picture him chuckling over my discomfiture.

I got into bed and the uneasiness I'd felt at the hospital and since I'd come here swept over me again. I didn't know what I was afraid of—but I was afraid. I'd tried to tell Chris that. I lay there, staring into the darkness of my luxurious room, and dreaded tomorrow and all the tomorrows that lay ahead. . . .

THE set for the famous "renunciation" love scene in "Lost Melody" was ready. Or so they said. To me, quiet as a mouse (and just about as popular) in my chair beside Riley Sloane's everything was a welter of confusing noise and blazing lights, of wires and props and costumed extras. "Grips" fell over me and muttered absent-minded apologies. Assistant cameramen did things on big cranes above my head, at peril of their necks and mine. Actors stood around talking among themselves, sometimes staring at me. Riley Sloane looked straight ahead with a sardonic aloofness to everything. At least, I thought resentfully. (Continued on page 67)
Riley and Chris moved towards Honey at the same instant. I saw a gun, heard her shout, "I'll make you wish you'd never seen her!"
EVERY time I see a girl saying good-by to a soldier or a sailor it takes me back to that night last spring when, numb with emptiness, I walked down the long ramp of the Los Angeles terminal. I was a raw recruit to the great army of women whose men have gone away. I had just told my husband John good-by and, very mistily, watched his train glide down the tracks. It's funny the way we go along not really accepting the fact that the man we love is slated to leave us until almost the moment of his going. Johny, certain war was inevitable, applied for service back in November, 1941, a month before Pearl Harbor. For six months after that, however, we both went along blithely—the thing called youth, I guess—refusing to think ahead into the future. Then came the day when Johny learned his orders were on the way. That was a heavy, heavy time. No use pretending otherwise. We had dinner with Edith Head (who designs clothes for Paramount), her husband Bill Ihnen and Mr. and Mrs. Preston Sturges that night. John met us—we all came from the studios together—at the Players. He talked and laughed normally enough at dinner. I didn't suspect a thing. But immediately we got outside and he said, "I have a letter..." I knew by his voice what it was and tears began falling. I don't happen to count it any disgrace to cry at such a time. Your tears don't mean you'd hold your man back, even if you could. Actually, of course, the happier you have been the more you have at stake, the more you have to fight for. We were together as much as possible during the two weeks we had left, Johny and I. We went to all our old haunts. We visited the little hofbrau where we first danced the Beer Barrel Polka. We spent Sundays on the beach swimming—and lying in the sun. We drove up to that little inn in the hills of Palos Verdes, where you look down over the sea and the little towns along the curving shore. I watched Johny all the time so when he had gone—I was beginning to get the idea at last—I would remember the way he squints at the sun and the strong line of his neck where it rises to his hair. I was unforgivably sentimental, I suppose.
This is no time for obeying hidebound conventions!
An enlightened viewpoint for the modern wartime girl

By

Veronica Lake

But who isn’t on such an occasion?
When I saw Johnny in his uniform I felt very strange. Somehow he seemed suddenly to belong more to Uncle Sam than to me. I would have kept him alone beside me every minute if I could have. But he had things to do. He had to get some last-minute business affairs in shape. He had to tell the kids in his office good-by. He had to go to see all our relatives, on both sides. He acted a little kittenish in his uniform, the way men do when they’re self-conscious. And what that does to a woman isn’t funny.

There was an ulterior motive in some of Johnny’s visiting, I must admit. We wanted to go to the train alone. First we stopped at a Mexican place near (Continued on page 64)
Hollywood calls her "Babs"; her legion of admirers call her Stanwyck, that down-to-earth, sympathetic actress; United Artists names her a hit in Hunt Stromberg's "G-String Murders"
... and Hollywood calls him "Butch" — the poised Cesar Romero with the ready smile, the genuine nature, the dark good looks that make him a perfect bet for Fox's "Coney Island"
Teresa Wright, who was never wrong about the right way to go about making Hollywood—and you—adore her!

Even romance crept up on Teresa in an unglamorous fashion. The guy in question—writer-husband Niven Busch

BY KIRTYL BASKETTE

That's

Teresa Wright. The party of the first part is baffled because a new star is born with absolutely no glamour build-up or ballyhoo pains. As for Teresa, the sudden picture of herself as a Hollywood star still doesn’t make sense.

Only a few months ago Teresa was summoned to test with Gary Cooper for "Pride Of The Yankees." The minute she saw Gary, a movie idol she had watched in action ever since she was a kid, her legs failed her. Teresa ducked and fled down a side alley at Goldwyn’s. They had to round her up, practically rope her to meet her own co-star!

And when she first spied Bette Davis, another idol, at the United Artists commissary, Teresa whirled and slipped out the door. "What on earth is the matter?" asked her puzzled agent.

"I don’t want to meet a star like Bette Davis, unprepared like this," confessed Teresa. "I think I’ll eat somewhere else."

She lunched across the street at a hamburger stand. Next day she started "The Little Foxes" with Bette, mentally and spiritually prepared to meet a real star.

It’s no inferiority complex that does this to Hollywood’s new wonder girl. She’s just allergic to glamour in all shapes and sizes. A while back the press department at her studio talked Teresa, at long last, into some glorified stills. The photographer had her run hands seductively through her hair, part her lips, hoist a silken gown fetchingly to her dainty knees and sink seductively on a sofa. It was agony to Teresa, but the results were even worse. The prints looked like a high-school senior impersonating Cleopatra in the class play. The publicity office, with a sigh, admitted defeat. They vetoed theinky stills. "Not the glamour type," was the verdict.

To any other actress those fatal words might well be a Hollywood death sentence. But to Teresa Wright, on her record, they are an insurance policy for success.

SHE’S been playing Plain Jane and Sweet Sue ever since she left high school and she’s been doing all right for herself. Glamour has given Teresa the go-by with salubrious results and it’s no wonder she instinctively shies away from the stuff like a colt from a cottontail.

"Miss Wright," wrote a customer when she was playing the tank town circuit with "Our Town," "I think you’re a swell-looking girl—but why don’t you keep your stockings pulled up?"

"N-o-o-o-o," decided Oscar Serlin, the Broadway producer who was casting "Life With Father," "I want a good-looking blonde. Afraid you won’t do."

But Teresa vowed 'em with "Our Town"—and she got the part in "Life With Father," too, finally. And in Hollywood, minus a smidgin of glittery allure, Teresa in practically no time at all has got herself all this we’ve been talking about—and a husband, too. But even the tender passion crept up (Continued on page 72)
A letter from Bataan

The letter was written by Johnny Lewis for Mary, his wife, and his Mom; but the contents belong to you. That's why Paramount brought Johnny to the screen.

THE CAST
Johnny Lewis, Richard Arlen  Mary, Susan Hayward  Mrs. Lewis, Janet Beecher  Chuck, Jimmy Lydon, Roy, Joe Sawyer
Pete, Keith Richard  Mrs. Jackson, Esther Dale

In a hospital tent in Bataan lies Johnny Lewis, private in the United States Army. A doctor and a nurse lean over his bed. The doctor's decision has just been made. Amputation—amputation without anaesthetics, since Bataan's supply is gone. The nurse is anxious; can the boy survive the shock? The doctor is not anxious; after what he has seen in these past days, he feels sometimes that these boys can survive anything. The operation starts... in the distance, the noise of heavy cannon, of screaming shells; here, in the dimly lit tent, the low moans of a man in agony, his voice saying, "I can't go out now—not now. My wife Mary and Mom... I've got to write a letter—I've got to write it—so they'll know..."

Dear Mother and Mary—

2. We haven't got a regular mail now. But I sure hope this one gets through. We've had a pretty bad time here... but one thing's made it lots easier for me—thinking how Mary took it when I decided to go...

3. I'd been thinking about it for some time but I was worried about what Mary might think. Then when I told her I wanted to go, as we were riding on top of the bus, and she said, "When?" and I said, "Tomorrow," she just climbed off the bus at City Hall and said, "If you're joining up tomorrow, we're getting married today." And you, Mom, you just said, "Take care of yourself, son." Nothing is too hard to take for a family like mine.
4. We may have to give up Bataan, but it won’t be the Japs that beat us—it’ll be lack of food and equipment and medicine. A pal of mine, Pete, died because I couldn’t see well enough to knock down the Jap that got him. The Doc called it night-blindness from not having enough vegetables.

6. Tell that friend of yours, Mrs. Jackson, to stop bragging about all the coffee and sugar she’s got stowed up in her cellar. And kitchen fats, Mom. Don’t waste any. Kitchen fats make glycerine and glycerine makes explosives. Two pounds of fats can fire five anti-tank shells.

7. And pass this along to that brother-in-law of mine, Roy, who won’t use a razor blade twice. It takes 12,000 razor blades to make the tail assembly for one 2,000-pound bomb. Tell my kid brother Chuck to go easy on those curves with the car. Because rubber, that’s the worst. Don’t let anybody waste it. Five car tires make one bomber tire. Four battleships could have been equipped with the rubber used by week-end golfers and other athletes in three months of last year. Tell the folks, Mom, they’ve got to nurse those tires like their own babies.

8. There isn’t much more. I don’t think I’ll be able to write again soon. Tell Mary I think about her always and God bless you all. Johnny.
Striking a true note about Judy Garland: The little-known facts about the past of one of Hollywood's greatest singing stars

BY JUNE PALMS and CAROLYN DAWSON

PANDEMONIUM reigned in the Garland home. Judy had signed a contract with M-G-M! Imagine!

It didn’t seem possible that this was the same old world—that Princess Pudge, as her father, Frank Gumm, called Judy, had been summoned to M-G-M; given an audition and within a day had become a part of that famous studio. It had come only after long years of struggle on the part of Frank and his wife Ethel, vaudeville troupers of old, to establish their three youngsters on the Hollywood scene.

They had trekked across the country from Minnesota, singing their way, three little Gumms piled with the luggage in the back of the car, their possessions a few dollars, courage and a pocketful o' songs. Came years of waiting on Hollywood, years while Frank toiled as manager of a small-town California theater and Ethel kept her three small daughters in tune. And now Judy, the youngest, had made it, and that new name, "Garland," was on its way to fame in neon lights.

Judy sat for hours before her dressing table practicing angelic expressions on her childish face. Somehow these never seemed to be a great success.

"I guess you’re not the type," her sisters said with family condescension. "You’ll have to play the tomboy parts."

Judy flew out of the house for a session with her trapeze act.

"Judy!" Ethel called sternly. "Come down out of that tree this minute. What if you broke your arm and the studio called you to go to work. That would be a fine kettle of fish."

Pandemonium day by day; and then, abruptly, there was nothing. The Garlands waited patiently beside a phone which did not ring. The studio was singularly uninterested in its newest find.

Ethel was bewildered. Here a contract had been signed. Money, perfectly good money, was being paid them every week. Why the very food on their table was made possible by the generous proportions of that weekly check. And the studio had not put forth a single communication. She didn’t get it! In fact, the whole shebang was a sort of anticlimax for the entire Garland clan.

One day, November 17, a month to
Memorable day: Judy sang a song to Clark Gable, "My Fan Letter To My Favorite Star," the world listened and applauded. Clark gave her a bracelet reward.

the day after the signing of the contract, Judy came home from school to find an unfamiliar scene. Ethel’s eyes were red from weeping and a serious-faced doctor was in her father’s room.

“What’s the matter?” she asked Ethel, terrified.

“Daddy’s sick,” Ethel sobbed. “Spinal meningitis. They say he hasn’t got a chance.”

Judy sat down on the couch in the new living room. “He mustn’t go now,” she prayed over and over to a God close to her. “He just can’t go now. For years and years when we’ve needed him he’s always been here to take care of us. Now, when he won’t have to worry so much about the bills getting paid—he just can’t go away now.”

The doctor came out into the hall. “It’s you he wants,” he said to Judy.

Judy tiptoed in to find a Frank she didn’t know—a Frank whose eyes were telling her that she must be brave, that she was too big a girl to cry.

“Don’t cry, Pudge,” Frank said. “I’m not going away. Just this funny old body of mine is going. But you know that I’ll be with you always. When you sing your songs I’ll be there. When you’re a famous star and people stand for hours just for a chance to see you, why I’ll be there too. And (Continued on page 86)
In all her life, according to tall, slim, big-eyed Marsha Hunt, she has done but two harebrained things—and both of them consisted of coming to Hollywood.

Her first trip occurred in 1935 and it was one of those things that really can't happen. After all, she had four budding careers clamoring for all her attention in New York.

Career One—she was modeling for John Powers.

Career Two—she had successfully passed a comprehensive NBC audition and was all set to astonish the air waves with her radio acting.

Career Three was slightly more complicated. She had been introduced to Gabriel Pascal, the fierce, dark little man who later produced George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" for M-G-M. He had instructed her to read lines; he had asked her to imitate a bowl of lumpy mashed potatoes and a pale lavender envelope. Then he had said, "You have the imagination to be a great dramatic actress, but you need to be trained."

So arrangements were made for her to go to London in the fall, at which city she was to enroll in the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

Simultaneously, Marsha's mother, Mrs. Earl Hunt (Mr. Hunt is an attorney), was scanning the Met with an eye to her daughter's career. A successful voice coach herself, Mrs. Hunt began to coax high, sweetly lyric soprano sounds from her daughter while morning beds were being made or the breakfast dishes were getting dunked. Tag this as Career Four.

There is an old Chinese proverb, we hope, which states, "Lovely lady who live in four-room quandary likely to trade in for one-room sure thing." Which means that Marsha was headed West.

Some photographic friends of hers had moved to Hollywood where they anticipated a hurricane of business, so Marsha joined them because they had written that they would like to use her intriguing pan for some commercial art. Besides, they knew some people that Marsha should meet.

A reporter with the eye of a casting director asked Miss Hunt, when she wandered through the Los Angeles station, if she had come to Hollywood to stun a movie contract into carrying her signature. She said no, thank you, that she had four other lives to lead. When the reporter regained consciousness, he slapped this flabber—(Continued on page 91)
Happy holiday thought to conquer the holiday crowd: Sun tan, a warm new color richer than beige, deeper than ivory, goes into the glamorous making of this Leslie satin evening dress, fitting slimly, flaring richly, shining with bugle bead and rhinestone embroidery. A gay performer worn by a great performer, Ginger Rogers of RKO's "Once Upon A Honeymoon"
Step in to see Ginger in "Once Upon A Honeymoon," step out dreaming of the perfect winter dress—a natural wool with a "dress shirt" yoke stitched in place with slot seams. Wear with it, of course, a man-tailored dickey, a brown tie, a plaid short coat of beige, brown and coral thrown over your shoulders.
Cary Grant, co-star in the new Rogers film, couldn't take his eyes off this; no woman would want to. It's a dove gray crepe dress with slight front fullness, new short sleeves and a bodice slashed deeply in front and held in place with gold and diamond clips. Hat and gloves are gray; shoes, sable suede
You can look as smart as a star

Ann Rutherford helped reader "Ginger" Maharar choose these winter winners—clothes with a Hollywood flair that you yourself can buy at budget prices.

"Ginger" Maharar of Huntington, Long Island, met Ann at her hotel. Before starting on their shopping expedition they settled down to a good solid discussion about clothes.

"You really don't have to spend a fortune to look as smart as a star," Ann assured "Ginger," "The manufacturers of budget-priced clothes pick up tips from the best designers. All you have to do is develop an eye for color andline and shop carefully."

"Ginger" was photographed with Ann, of course.

The dress she's wearing is gay (as red as Santa's nose) and warm (45% wool and 55% rayon.) Which is another way of saying it's just what is needed this winter.

"Call it your morale dress," Ann told "Ginger."

In gold, blue, white, purple, sizes 9-15.

$8.95 at Saks-34th Street

A dream-gown of flannelette—not like the nighties Grandma used to wear—to keep you warm and beautiful these fuel-rationed nights. The waistline of this gown turns into a sash so you can tie it as high and tight as you please.

The gown, white with tiny hearts of red or blue sprinkle over it in profusion and large appliqued hearts, is available in sizes 32-38. $2.98 at Saks-34th Street.
Night and day you'll be the one in this fleece coat of camel tan with its red collar and bandings embroidered in peasantry green and yellow. For, as Ann pointed out, it will be young and flattering over a date dress too.

It's 100% wool and reprocessed wool and lined in quilted rayon with woolen bindings and chamois across the shoulders to keep you extra warm.

The all-wool red hat, which is on the square, has insets of green leaves, green pippings around its crown, and a sprig of green in the center of its fez tassel.

The coat with green bandings also, sizes 10-16—$19.95

The hat, in navy with red, Kelly green with red, and brown with tan, in small, medium and large sizes—$1.98

At Saks-34th Street

Winter white (first cousin to oyster white) is very Fifth Avenue this season. This afternoon dress of rayon crepe, which pinch hits for informal evenings, has a deep V surplice to streamline your figure and black silk fringe and black sequins to highlight your charm.

In winter white only, sizes 12-20.

$7.95 at Arnold Constable

The clothes featured on these pages are on sale at the New York stores specified. For instructions as to how you can purchase them easily, turn to page 87.
Christmas Bell-Ringers

These are the gifts that will ring the bell with boys and girls, young and old. Uncle Sam, speaking for Santa, says, "Send useful gifts . . . avoid gimcracks . . . keep packages small . . . and mail them early"

THIS is not—we have Uncle Sam's word for it—a year in which to forget Christmas. Christmas is one of the things we're fighting for. However, this isn't a year for gimcracks. Let no one opening a gift from you murmur, "It's pretty, but what is it?" It's easy enough to give people what they want. They'll tell you if you'll listen. They'll say, "I'd like an extra lipstick to keep in my bag," or "I get so confused about the relative position of cities and countries that I don't follow the war news too easily. I wish I had a big map." And so on. . . . It's certainly no trick to send the boys in service something they want and need. Their pay is small and part of it often goes home. They never quite catch up on all the things they require for their new military existence. So let's give them a break and start with their side of the Christmas picture.

FOR THE BOYS IN SERVICE

Wooden Clogs: The boys really need these. For hygienic reasons. They can wear them right into the shower. They come with elastic around the heel and a multistriped cotton band over the instep. For 98c.

Gin Rummy, Bridge, Solitaire or Pinochle: Gin rummy sets, including cards, score pads, pencil and rules, come in khaki and blue gabardine cases for $3.50. Attractive decks of cards in similar cases are $1.50.

Soap: To settle a long discussion, soap is issued to the boys; but it's a little on the rough side. So he'll appreciate soap, especially pine soap which makes a grand lather. Twelve small cakes or three Jumbo cakes in an attractive brown box with a green pine branch, $1.25 and $1.00 respectively.

Snapshot Folders which look for all the world like leather wallets contain four or six acetate envelopes, each of which will carry two snapshots back to back. $1.00 up. Don't stop when you buy the folder; get some pictures of his dog, his boat, his favorite people.

Writing Cases: Get one with his insignia, with fifty sheets, fifty envelopes, fifty postcards and three pencils. The case we saw would serve as a writing surface and, when empty, as a correspondence file for those letters he wants to keep even though he knows them by heart. $1.09.

Toilet Kit in khaki or navy blue twill, bound with leather. With a comb and brush and a nonbreakable mirror. He can hang it up in his barracks or quarters and he can take it with him when he goes; for it folds compactly. The more elegant numbers have razors and blades. But practically all kits have pockets for these things and for toothpaste and toothbrush too. $3.50 up.

FOR THE GIRLS—YOUNG AND OLD

Skigees is the Kentucky Looms trade name for their handwoven hood which is tight-fitting and sports a little shoulder-length cape that, in turn, sports enchanting fringe. Skigees are cozy and snug and come in bright colors or lovely subtle effects. $2.00 up.

Perfume Containers for Her Bag: This is no time to waste even a drop of those precious élan-giving liquids. The gold-plated Dunhill Sentinel, about the size of a fifty-cent piece but thicker, of course, has a vial with a screw-top to keep your perfume safe. $2.50. Then there's the Atomel, a lucite case holding a vial with a gadget top so the perfume comes out drop by drop. $1.50.

Lucite Compacts and Cigarette Cases cost a song, are light as feathers, and gay enough to awaken the gypsy in a little churchmouse. $1.50.

Frames for His Picture in Uniform: They come in khaki or blue gabardine, suitable for a 5 x 7 photograph, $3.50, or an 8 x 10 photograph, $3.95.

Sequin Neckwear comes in pale pink and blue and green, also bright fuchsia, gold, silver, emerald and sapphire. From $2.98. This is a fairy-godmother accessory. It transforms the dark dress worn into town for shopping or business into a sparkling cocktail or dinner gown, especially when the color of the necklace is accented by a hair bow, gloves or a bag. (Continued on page 84)
Who says the stars are perfect?

On the screen, you see them in the pink. Now take off those rose-colored glasses and glimpse them as they grinningly admit they are—without that make-up that covers a multitude of sins

Glenn's always filled out business suits admirably. But, until recently, wearing the shirt sleeves and tight trousers which Western pictures demand, he had to resort to a harness which padded both his chest and his shoulders. Today, however, because of the rigorous training he has undergone, Glenn would rate for Tarzan.

Glenn and Bill Holden used to share a dressing room. Bill, round-shouldered at this time, wore a makeshift pair of braces. And it was by kidding each other that these boys learned never to take themselves seriously.

Some studios keep dentists right on the lot. In the old days teeth that were out of line or off color were covered with enamel caps that were cemented on temporarily. Nowadays lucite caps are the thing. They're pliable, a slight pressure clicks them on and they're comparatively inexpensive, costing about fifteen dollars apiece.

Lucille Ball, who wears several lucite caps when she's before the camera, recently gave Victor Mature a bad scare. She forgot to remove her caps before a scene in which she and Victor struggled violently with each other. Vic sailed right into it. Suddenly Lucille's caps, jarred loose, went flying in all directions. Hunk of Man, not knowing she wore them, thought he really had knocked her teeth out. And for once in his life he was too stunned to speak.

Hair that's a crowning glory is another Hollywood "must"—even if here again Nature isn't always entitled to the credit line.

There's more to Ida Lupino's hairdos, for instance, than meets the eye. A childhood illness left Ida with thinning hair. She wears her own hair in front, in pompadour fashion usually, bringing all her hair forward to manage it. (Continued on page 79)
What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY BETTE DAVIS

You may find the answer to your own dilemma in this great feature wherein Bette Davis gives intimate advice to you, our readers.

THIS month I decided to do my bit toward answering that perennial question, "How Can I Become An Actress" in its several phases. I have selected six representative letters out of the thousands that come in every month, asking approximately the same questions, and I hope my answers will prove to be useful. This is the first:

Dear Miss Davis:

You are a busy woman, of course; I've read that over and over again. But, Miss Davis, if you don't answer my letter I think I am going to hate you forever.

You are supposed to be such a Good Samaritan, and now is your chance to prove it. I have a wonderful little daughter who is just four years old. Her name is Deanna, named after Deanna Durbin.

She is a very unusual little girl who can learn poems and remember them indefinitely. She has a natural talent for singing and dancing and I just know there is a place in motion pictures for her.

Now, here is my problem. My husband died two years ago and since that time I have been working in a department store, barely getting by. I don't have any extra cash with which to give Deanna the training she needs.

That's where you come in. Could you loan me the money to come to Hollywood, or to go to New York, and pay a good teacher to give my baby the start in life she deserves? When she becomes famous you will have the satisfaction of claiming her as a protege, and at that time she will pay you back every penny.

I am planning on hearing from you real soon.

From a desperate mother.

M. L.

Dear Mrs. M. L.:

I am not answering your letter because you threaten to hate me forever if I don't reply. After all, hatred takes a lot of time and energy and you really haven't any to spare since you are working so hard and taking care of your small girl.

I am answering your letter because those people who are in the motion-picture industry receive thousands of similar letters every day. If you were in our shoes, you would understand how impossible it is for us to grant such requests; think of Santa Claus— even he is expected to operate only one night in an entire year. All of us are asked a hundred times a day for gifts. And surely you haven't forgotten all the myriad other demands upon us—taxes, benefits, charities, donations by the dozens. We love to respond, of course, but we are only human and the extent of our salaries is widely misunderstood.

Now, about your little girl. She sounds like a darling. However, in my humble opinion, for parents to start letting children earn their way at such a tender age is shameful. Extreme talent is very rare and every year there are thousands of parents and children who are disappointed because vast sums of money have been spent on training and, in the final selection, only one child achieves stardom, whereas the others fall back into the ranks of the unknowns. This results, frequently, in a permanent mental hurt to the child; his entire personality may be changed. It seems to me that all parents should guard against setting up hopes and dreams in a child's heart, which may only be destroyed.

You sign yourself "desperate mother." I don't wish to be unkind, but no woman should use the future of her child to overcome desperation; that is a job she must do for herself.

Yours truly.

BETTE DAVIS.

Dear Bette Davis Farnsworth:

Can you sing? I guess you can't, because I have never heard you, but you sure can act. You can act Romantic, you can act Serious, you can act Comic, and several other kinds.

I can't act for your apples. But I can sing. I am the ambitious one—I want to sing with an orchestra. My voice is blue, but it also has a lovely high range, as the leader of our church choir told me.

Please tell me how I can start out to get a chance to sing with an orchestra. Do you have friends who are orchestra leaders? Could you introduce me to one, or could you please tell me how to get started?

Yours in the groove.

Joan A.

Dear Joan A.:

If you are really interested in checking up on my singing voice, you might watch for a picture titled "Thank Your Lucky Stars" in which I actually do something that is called singing. You might let me know how successful the effort was, after you have seen the picture.

In the first place, it seems to me that you should secure several other opinions about your voice, in addition to that of your choir leader. Is there a vocal teacher in your town? If so, why don't you sing for him or her, and secure that impression?

If there is a radio station near your home, why don't you try to arrange for an audition? In case some trained radio authority thinks your voice is really fine enough to merit attention, he will undoubtedly direct you to a
good teacher. The value of being taught by someone who understands the human voice is that the voice is a delicate instrument and you can ruin it by treating it badly. You should learn to use it properly.

Once you have had training, you will hear of some "name" band on tour near your home. At that time you should try to make arrangements for an audition by the leader. The best of luck to you.

Sincerely,

Betie Davis.

DEAR MISS DAVIS:

You must know practically everyone of importance in Hollywood, so I am writing to you for some information.

I don't know whether you have ever heard of this small town in which I live or not—probably not, as we aren't famous for anything. There are railroad shops here, however, and my father is one of the foremen and makes a pretty good salary. He wants me to have the advantages that girls in larger towns have, but I don't want anything except a chance at Hollywood.

Now here is my problem, Miss Davis. There is a man who stops here in town occasionally. I met him first at the drugstore one afternoon when he said he had the most beautiful profile he had ever seen. I do have fairly regular features, so that didn't exactly bowl me over, but when he said that my hair was a perfect color for the Technicolor camera and that my entire face and body were photogenic, I began to get interested.

This man says he is a talent scout for a major studio and he wants me to drive out to Hollywood with him. My mother has met him and thinks he is a nice, courteous young man, but she thought we shouldn't tell my father about my opportunity as he is always getting suspicious.

Miss Davis, could you give me the names of the accredited talent scouts in my state, or in my section of the country? I trust this man and he seems like a wonderful person, but I'm not sure I want to go on a wild goose chase to Hollywood and find out that he hasn't any real influence, when we get there.

Thank you so much for your help.

Mady J.

DEAR Mady J.:

Naturally, it isn't possible for me to supply the names of all accredited talent scouts. They change from time to time, of course, and there are other good reasons for not broadcasting their presence in a particular locality.

However, a talent scout should be able to supply you, instantly, with the name of his (Continued on page 90)

KNOWN universally as the great advice stor of Hollywood, Bette Davis, through the pages of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, now offers to answer the problems contained in letters sent to her. Each month she will choose the letters with those problems that seem to her most universal and give the writers her own candid advice. Address your letters to Miss Bette Davis, c/o Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. It may be your letter that she will choose to answer here. No names of towns will be given and all names of persons will be changed.
Heartlines of Hedy

A talk about love that you'll love—i.e.,
what the lovely Lamarr has said to herself—
out loud—about all those men in her life

Her first romance

He was a boy in school in Vienna. She can't recall his name. She only remembers that he had broad shoulders and curly hair, that he was a mathematical wizard and sternly ignored her. Because of him she mastered mathematics, too. He fell for her then, and she fell promptly out of love with him. The result of all this was that to this day she can balance her check book, a feat that still astonishes her.

Her first husband

Fritz Mandl, the Austrian munitions maker. He was past thirty and a "power." She was sixteen and the thought of being the rich mistress of a beautiful house, of being "Madame Mandl," of having servants about completely intrigued her. Six months after the marriage she knew she hated pomp of any sort. She had been in the picture "Ecstasy" before her marriage. She now dreamed of entering films again. She ran away to Paris, managed an introduction to Louis B. Mayer, got her freedom, came to Hollywood.

Her first Hollywood boy friend

Reginald Gardiner, the very amusing English actor. She met him originally at the Charles Boyers'. She spoke very little English, but his diction was so perfect, his patience with her so great, his wit so keen that she was enchanted with his company. Hedy admits she used Reggie as a sort of course in spoken English. He was always a little in love with her, but she was never in love with him. She is proud that they are still friends.
Her second husband

Gene Markey, the writer-producer. Gene was all the things she desired in a man, witty, urbane, a celebrity in his own right, intelligent, a little unhappy. She was madly in love with him and misunderstood him completely, for she thought that the things he most wanted were a home and children. She did not know until after the marriage that he was really married to his job and that her attraction for him was only her beauty and glamour, both of which bore her.

Her most lasting love

Jamie, the little boy she adopted while she was still Mrs. Markey. For Jamie she stayed home, alone, for a year after her divorce, while the romantic wolves howled outside her door. Jamie is all hers now and she says he has brought her more pleasure than any other individual whom she has known in her entire life.

Her best friend

John Howard, the actor. Not romantic, this, but perpetual. Likes John because he is intelligent, because he appreciates her as a person and not as an actress or beauty, because he will come to her house and do all the chores like washing the dog, watering the garden and hanging the pictures, because he likes to do the simple things that charm her, like driving to the beach and eating in drive-ins, because Jamie adores him.

The gentlemen who would like to take her places but with whom she refuses to go

Wooly Donahue, the New York playboy. Wooly has gone with most of the Hollywood glamour girls, including Joan Bennett, a former Mrs. Markey, too.

Howard Hughes, the big suitor and oil well boy. Plays the field similar
to Donahue. Persistently calls Hedy. She persistently does not answer.

Arthur Hornblow (right), ex-husband of Myrna Loy and buddy of Gene Markey. Sends wonderful presents and witty notes. When he recently sent Hedy clumps of rare daisies for her garden, she gratefully planted them, said "thank you" but didn’t accept the asked-for dinner date.

That radio executive in New York who just married another actress. He told Hedy he’d show her. Hedy didn’t care but she hopes the other actress will be very, very happy.

George Brent. Hedy’s line was always busy.

S. P. Eagle, the guy who produced "Tales Of Manhattan" on a shoe-string. Hedy went to the opening with him. She liked his nerve.

Glenn Ford. Hedy was always busy.

Jean Pierre Aumont. Hedy didn’t care, but she enjoyed flirting in French again. Besides, she found Jean (now merely Pierre) very amusing.

George Montgomery. She’s still hurt. He seemed to her ideally American and he was the first young man she had ever loved. For George, she began going crazy over horses, the West, the great open spaces, simple ranch houses, hunting and the "things that count." She was ready to elope the week after they met. She was overjoyed when they announced their engagement. She planned a brilliant, dramatic future for them. She dreamed of having numerous children. She would have gladly given up her career. (She is no career girl, anyhow.) She nearly took the count when she heard that George had been instructed to court her, on the grounds that this would get him lots of space in all newspapers. That’s when she returned his ring and he returned her dishes. They distinctly are not good friends.

The man who hasn’t pursued her—who she thinks might be fun if he would

Orson Welles. She has never met him, has no friends in common with him but she thinks he is a genius. She considers him handsome, intelligent and probably misunderstood. She sort of fancies she would understand him, but she’d like to know for sure.

You get the general idea that she is romantic, don’t you? She is. She doesn’t care a hoot about getting the Academy Award. She’d much prefer to get married and live happily ever after.
1...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
2...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
3...it clings perfectly—really stays on

Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder!

To give your skin a lovelier, more youthful color tone, and to harmonize perfectly with your natural complexion colorings, Max Factor Hollywood created face powder in Color Harmony shades.

Whatever your type may be...blonde, or brunette, or brownette, or redhead...there is a particular shade of Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder definitely created for you to enhance your own individual beauty.

You'll like the superfine texture of Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder, too, because it creates such a soft, satin-smooth make-up, and its unusual clinging quality will keep your make-up looking fresh and lovely for hours...$1.00.

Max Factor Hollywood Color Harmony Make-up
...Face Powder, Rouge and Tru-Color Lipstick
I'm happy I made a genuine effort to hide it—whereupon, almost always, before the evening is over I feel less forlorn. With John I'm serviceable, even as a drop. The men and the couples who ask me out are lifesavers whom I must not alienate. We can, after all, control our minds. If we did, I always do this—to some extent—we would go to pieces. And our minds under control will control our actions.

Because a girl goes out with another man it doesn't mean she's slipping. In fact it may well be her way of guarding against slipping. For the girl who needs herself to retain the company of other men through a mistaken sense of loyalty, is far more likely to go berserk when she does finally find herself in love with a man who's already lived men in our life to keep us on an even keel.

I doubt there are many girls who do not know single men or couples with whom they have dates. Beyond this there are often are service men stationed near by. It's respectable enough, certainly, to go to dances at the service men's clubs. On the posts these clubs are sponsored by officers' wives. A girl whose actions are not perfectly correct is asked to leave and not to return. In other words, your second appearance at the service club anywhere testifies to your propriety.

You also play safe when you seek masculine society at these dances. Because there's a point to see different men, not to date one boy over and over irrespective of how much more fun and how much more love there is.

It's a good idea not to underestimate the force of companionship or to believe, smugly, that you're beyond physical temptation. Work will take care of loneliness very nicely, some people insist. I think that's nonsense. I'm loneliest those nights when I come home tired after working hard all day, too tired to ask friends in or to go out. For those are the nights Johnny and I ordinarily would spend alone together, just talking quietly, playing gin rummy, or listening to the radio. It's on those nights I rush, quick like a bunny, for my personal defenses for the next day. I've got a whole way of chasing the blues is to change your mood. Movies will do this for you. So will books. I've also taken up knitting. That way, when it's started, it can't be finished and whether it ever is finished is not important. It serves as a sedative when my mind begins going around in lonely, forgotten circles.

These are days that take plenty of adjustment and it looks as though we were in for a long haul. Consequently we adjust ourselves the happier we'll be for the duration and the more attractive we'll be when he comes marching home. Which also is something to think about.

The End
Keep your smile bright...but

DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT

An overwhelming number of boys in uniform have made Pepsodent their first choice...they are taking nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we make.

Civilian demand, too, is the greatest ever.

But, wartime restrictions keep us from making more.

And so...we urge you: Don't hoard Pepsodent. Use it sparingly.

If you help save enough for others...there will be enough for you.

DON'T LET Pepsodent run down the drain. Always wet brush before applying paste. Then finish brushing before rinsing brush.

DON'T USE more tooth paste than you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Pepsodent multiplies itself into a rich lather.

DON'T SQUEEZE tube carelessly. Roll it evenly from bottom. Replace cap. Save empty tube to exchange when you buy paste again.

DON'T POUR Pepsodent powder on your brush. Pour it into the cupped palm of your hand. Enough to cover a 5-cent piece is plenty.

REMEmBER...
only a little Pepsodent is needed to make your teeth bright, your smile sparkle, because Pepsodent's exclusive formula contains patented ingredients recognized among the safest and most efficient known to dental science. So...keep your teeth bright...but don't waste Pepsodent. Help save enough for others...and there will be enough for you.
To Ellie with Love—

(Continued from page 27) second invitation was from Pat O'Brien. All the mem-
bers of the Victory Caravan were com-
ing over to his house. Maybe, thought Eleanor, Glenn Ford might be there, too. She'd have gone, anyway, but she looked a little prettier than usual when she arrived.

Glenn was there, and they met. But because of the crowd that's as far as it went. However, the thought Eleanor, at least we know each other. And he is charming. And boyish. And somewhat shy. And straightforward and honest. Those things added to Ellie Powell, because she's that way herself.

Then came the Army and Navy Ball with all of Hollywood's greatest and brilli-
ent people. Glenn choked and swallowed up the names. Ellie knocked them all for a loop, not only with her footwork, but with her comedy as well. Glenn Ford was among the audience throng who congratulated her. He out-
waited the Eddie G. Robinsons, the Louis B. Mayers, the Nelson Eddys and asked if he couldn't see her alone some time. Could he have her telephone number, please? He could! Then Ellie worried for five days afterward that she'd been so quick in giving it to him. But he phoned and asked her to dinner. Now you can't be too anxious all the time, so Ellie told him casually that she was planning on having dinner at home—just her and her mother. How about joining them? He joined.

After dinner Ellie, who would rather listen to music than breathe discovered he had inherited and hearing her magnificent collection of fine records than doing the town. He sat and listened and smoked his pipe. She sat and listened and complained that her heart ached. He didn't know it, but she sweater would be for him . . . if . . . Of course he's wearing that sweater today.

THE second date they went out for dinner. It was a glorious meal, but Ellie wondered what had happened to Glenn's previously healthy appetite. Now that she and Mrs. Ford are as close as mother and daughter and Glenn and Mrs. Powell are real mother and son stuff, Ellie knows. For a time, Glenn was always a victim of all the usual symptoms!

After the alleged dinner, they took a long ride. They talked. And talked. He learned that Ellie had been a dancer and hearing her magnificent collection of fine records than doing the town. He sat and listened and smoked his pipe. She sat and listened and complained that her heart ached. He didn't know it, but she sweater would be for him . . . if . . . Of course he's wearing that sweater today.

SHE'S happy that the right man has come along just at the time her dancing has been acclaimed perfection. Ellie’s soul, throughout years of struggle and the succeeding years of success, has cried only for perfection. She doesn’t count her success in dollars or neon signs but in such memories as that of the day when Toscanini, with Mrs. Tos-

...canini and Mr. Mayer, came to visit her set. Fortunately, Ellie and her group of dancers were doing an exquisite ballet—certainly just the type of dancing to please the great maestro. But, instead of leaving after thanking her, he asked for the “dancing with noise.” Ellie interpreted that as meaning tap. She flew to get her shoes and instructed her nervous accompanist to dive into jive. Then her lightening feet flew into impossible pat-
terns of rhythm—sharp, clean, machine-
gun taps, faster than anyone else in the whole world can do. Toscanini kissed her later with tears in his eyes. “You have more music in you than a symphony orchestra!” he cried. “If only I had the rhythm you have!” Later he came his let-
ter of thanks. There were three things, he told her, he'd like to carry with him when he died. His memory of the Grand Canyon. Of a beautiful sunset. Of Eleanor Powell's dancing.

So she knows she has attained perfec-
tion and she's ready, as she always said she would be, to give up her dancing career. Her desire to turn to straight-
acting—to prove, with the right opportu-
nity, that she has talent for that—she'd give that up in a moment too, for mar-
riage. “Susie Smith, with the babies in the crib and the market basket on her arm, that’s for me,” she tells you yearn-
ingly. Making a happy home, rearing a wonderful family, devoting herself to her husband’s career—and being to-
gether always, always . . . that’s what she wants.

And Glenn wants that, too, beyond everything else. But the way they’ve planned their marriage and their lives cannot be accomplished now, for Glenn is going into the Navy. Neither will he be able to play the violin and star in the title role of “The Life Of Chopin.” But he will have a much more vital oppor-
tunity to do something for his country. And Ellie will forget about giving up her career for the role of a wife. She’ll gladly continue going on Victory Car-
avans and selling Bonds. She’ll go on dancing for the soldier boys and dancing for movie audiences throughout the country. She’ll be doing her part as few of us are able to do it—and waiting for the day when the world is at peace and she and Glenn can have time for each other.

Till that time, wherever he is, and whatever happens, it’s Mizpah for Ellie and Glenn. “Mizpah—The Lord watch between me and thee when we are ab-
...sent one from another.”

THE END

Ermine and orchids and a night of tri-
mph: Anne Baxter, who won Hollywood cheers for her role in “The Pied Piper,” comes to the premiere with Richard Tibbett, son of Lawrence Tibbett, famous Metropoli-
tan Opera baritone.
Two against Love

(Continued from page 38) he might pay some attention; he might show some awareness that I was in everybody's way because I had to be. I wanted to tell all those people that I wasn't dogging his footsteps because I loved it. Dr. Justin, backed up by the studio, had ordered me not to let him out of my sight.

But he was being difficult—as usual.

He'd seemed to go out of his way to make my job hard. There had been the time he publicly humiliated me at the studio. We were in his dressing room between scenes and I'd tried to give him his medicine. He said he was sick of taking the stuff and when I'd insisted he raised his voice to inform me in a tone that carried clearly to the ears of everybody working on the set that he preferred to be left alone. Still I persisted. At that he seized the bottle, went outside the dressing room, walked over to a potted palm and ostentatiously emptied it in the dirt. Then he politely handed the bottle back. Everybody laughed. Riley Sloane had outwitted his nursemaid again.

Too angry to talk, I'd stalked through the soundproof doors of the studio stage and gone over to the public telephone booth in the entry way. I was going to call Chris and serve notice I was quitting the case. Just as I dialed the number, Riley put his head in the door.

"Telling papa on me?"

"I'm calling Dr. Ross, if you must know."

He put his hand over the transmitter, and looked down at me mockingly. "You quit, easy, don't you?"

It was a challenge and I couldn't let him get away with it. I couldn't give him the satisfaction of a victory in that never-ending duel. I slammed down the receiver and walked back to the set. But he'd made me look a fool—again.

And there'd been the time we'd met Prudence Vickers, the columnist. She'd asked him how he was and he'd said, "Ask Nurse Howells. She's my guardian."

The next day there had been a cute little quip about it in her column.

I knew people talked, some maliciously.

And I hated it.

"Ready, Mr. Sloane?" the director said now.

The stand-in moved away and Riley took his place. Then came the words that caused a thrill of excitement every time I heard them, that made me forget I was in the way, "Quiet, please. Ready. Lights. Sound."

Riley began to speak and suddenly all the confusion, the make-believe fell away. He wasn't an actor with his face covered with makeup. This wasn't Stage Three on the Martin lot. This was a cottage many years ago and he was a man making passionate love to the woman he was doomed to lose. The illusion lasted only a few minutes before the director yelled "Cut!" and we were back in reality again. But it was enough. That was the secret of Riley Sloane's success. He made you feel him.

It was the last scene of the day and I turned to gather up my things to go home. When I looked around for my patient he was nowhere in sight. I asked an electrician. "Riley? Why, I think he's gone."

I hurried to the gate. The car wasn't in sight. "Mr. Sloane?" the guard said.

"Oh, he took the car and went."

Inwardly I fumed. The guard had

"They can't Blackout Romance while girls have Adorable HANDS," says Arleen Whelan

Arleen Whelan, lovely Hollywood movie star, with Richard Simmons. Hasn't she thrilling hands! She uses Jergens.

"I pity the girl who has red, rough hands," declares Arleen Whelan, brilliant young Hollywood star. "Jergens Lotion takes no time to use and it helps to keep your hands lovely. I always use Jergens and, they say, the other stars in Hollywood use Jergens Lotion "7 to 1."

Hand-care that's almost professional...

Any girl can easily cultivate rose-leaf soft hands by using Jergens Lotion regularly. Remember the 2 special ingredients in Jergens—they're the same as many doctors rely on to help rough, harsh skin to heart-holding smoothness. No sticky feeling. Even one application helps, when you use Jergens.

Jergens Lotion for Soft, Adorable HANDS

JANUARY, 1943
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8. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails and otherwise, for the twelve months preceding the date above shown is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Sworn to and subscribed to before me this 1st day of October, 1942.

[Signature]

JOSEPH M. ROTTE
Notary Public, Westchester County, New York

[Seal]

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Commission expires: March 25, 1945

PHOTOFLY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR
beauty to get something from a man, but I've never seen such an exhibition as that one. Her blue eyes were innocently wide and appealing. But the pose of her body, as she leaned toward him, was wise and seductive. He was looking at her with an inscrutable expression.

She glanced up with annoyance. "I've got to talk to you alone, darling," she said pointedly.

He gave a wicked grin and shook his head. "My, she-dragon is always with me. Doctor's orders."

"But, Riley, it's been so long. We've got to talk, to-"

I wasn't going to stand there like a bedpost. "Mr. Sloane is right, Miss Hollister. He really isn't supposed to see many people..."

She looked from me back to Riley, and got up. The blue eyes now were hard. "Of course I wouldn't dream of intruding on your special domain," she said with poisonous sweetness. "See you later, Riley darling."

When she was gone, Riley said, "I take it all back. You have your uses, after all."

"I just don't know how to thank you for those kind words."

He didn't answer. His eyes went dark with some remembered pain, and he spoke as if talking to himself. "I took an awful beating once—from her. There's no hell on earth like what a woman can dish out when she knows you've got to take it."

I stood looking down at the lean, dark face with the mouth suddenly gone bitter and once more stirred by the mystery and the deep appeal that lay in it. "Did you love her so much?" I asked.

"I was a sucker. I'd thought I was armored against life but everybody's got a chink in his armor plating once. She was mine. Me—" he laughed sardonically—"in love with a husky voice and a white skin. She gave me quite a going-over about five years ago when she was tops around the studio and I was nobody. Now, as you may have noticed, things are different. But definitely."

"But if you loved each other—"

Riley sniffed. "Love, my little dumpling, is a mirage in spite of what you and the doc think about it."

I flushed. "What do you mean about me and—and Chris?"

"Think I'm blind? He's nuts about you in his calm, rock-of-Gibraltar way. And I wouldn't be surprised if you thought he was a good guy. As a matter of fact," he said seriously, "he is. He's straight. I like the doc. He'll make you happier and be a lot better for you than—a lot of other guys I could name, baby."

"I don't need your advice, Mr. Dorothy Dix, and don't call me baby."

"Okay, baby. . . ."

YOU thought you were getting at the bottom of Riley Sloane, at what lay beneath the hard shell, you thought you would find the key and something would happen. And suddenly a door swung in your face and you felt a fool for trying.

What he said about Chris was true. Yet—even Chris had let me down. When I was with him now, he was the same, but I was different. I missed something between us. Once I'd thought life was simple, that you liked or didn't like people, loved or didn't love them. Now life was an equation with an x I couldn't solve.

Honey Hollister tried persistently to see Riley. Each time that I prevented her.
Presently I slipped out the French doors to the terrace. Out there it was peaceful and beautiful, and nothing was evil. Early December, and it was like a moonlit spring night at home. Suddenly, desperately, I longed for home. A shadow fell across the flagstones and I jumped. Corky Smith was standing beside me. "This is no place for a beautiful girl alone," he said.

I should have let him away from me. "I'm just hired help. I don't mingle with guests," I said.

"Don't be in such a hurry. I think you'd much prefer to be here. He slipped his arm around me. "Come on—mingle." He bent his head and his lips, careless and yet possessive, lay on mine. It was a kiss, yet he held me all away. He laughed and his arm tightened until I could hardly breathe. "What's the matter? Has the Great Lover really got you sewed up?"

I struck out angrily, but he was too much for me. I could scream—but I thought of the others in the living room, of adding fuel to the flame of gossip. He was bending me back against the pillar, his fingers biting into my arm, his world spinning in a blur, I couldn't even see him…"

"I'm going to bed," Riley Sloane said rudely. And walked away.

The next day was Sunday. I breakfasted in my room, alone with the thoughts that had brought both pain and ecstacy all night. I was surprised to see Chris's gray coupe pull up in the driveway; he wasn't home when I woke up and I didn't want to see him now. But I went to meet him. He thrust a newspaper at me. "Have you seen this?"

I looked at it and it was like looking at a stranger. "Why didn't you say that last week?" I said bleakly. "Why didn't you tell me you were coming when I asked you to?"

"But I couldn't, Kay. Don't worry about this publicity. It's nasty, but people have short memories and once we're away—"

"It isn't only that. I can't marry you now, Chris. You've come too late," I said, tears streaming down my face. "What's changed you? Last week—" the words trailed off. "It's Sloane, isn't it? You're in love with him."

"Oh, I don't know! I cried miserably. How could I tell him of last night? "I only know it wouldn't be fair to marry you now, feeling as I do," I finished lamely.

"I've been afraid of this," he said slowly, "ever since I knew you were coming here."

"But you wouldn't stop it. You wouldn't take a chance on what Justin or the world would think. You wouldn't take a chance of finding other work. You were afraid!"

"You've got to play it as you see it, Kay. I did only what I thought was right. The rest of it—I've seen him falling in love with you. Oh, yes," he went on as I would have interrupted, "I've seen him look at you when you didn't know. I've seen his improvement, his interest in his work. You did that. He may snarl at you but—even though he doesn't know it yet—he's in love with you."

My heart gave a great leap. "I don't believe it."

DOROTHY KILGallen

who knows her alphabet of Broadway and Holly-

wood, gives her own adroit definitions of the lat-
est from filmland in

**MY HOLLYWOOD DICTIONARY**

**Coming Soon**

mouth at my lips, my throat. Suddenly a voice spoke like a whip crack. "Take your hands off her!" Riley shouted. "He was blocked out against the doorway. Corky released me and turned. "Sorry," he said, and laughed, "the little rumors I've heard are true."

WITH one long stride Riley crossed the terrace. His foot caught Corky on the point of his shoulder and he went backward, and up brought against the wall—hard. His girl, standing in the door with Carlotta and Miss Vickers, screamed.

For a moment he gathered himself together as if he would strike back at Riley. Then he gave a short laugh. "Sloane is the role of Galadah is too much for me," he stonily said. "Come on, sugar." He took the girl's arm and they walked out in the sudden silence. The last thing I saw, Corky broke it. "I must be going too. It's been an interesting evening, Riley darling... coming, Carlotta?"

Miss Vickers whispered something I was too shaken to understand, and then followed. Riley stood there like an image. We heard George showing them out. "You shouldn't have hit him," I said unsteadily. "They'll say—"

"Don't tell me what I shouldn't have done! I couldn't stand to see him paw you. I thought you were against all that."

"You saw him do it once before and laughed!" I was rubbing my arm where Corky's fingers had bruised it.

"Did he hurt you?" Riley demanded. Angryly he unbuttoned the long sleeve of my uniform and turned it back to the spot where the skin was beginning to redden. He looked down at it and his fingers on my bare arm were gentle as a caress. He was a completely trusted sound. Then his arms went around me and his face rested in my hair; "I could kill anybody who hurt you," he whispered.

I couldn't speak. This was like the magic of that other moment flooding through me, leaving me breathless, powerless. He tilted back my chin and when his lips met mine there was both asking and giving in the kiss. "Don't ever leave this. Always be here... Always..."

How long we stood there I'll never know. Suddenly he let me go, stepped back, and turned to something else. He put something on that arm," he said gruffly.

"Riley," I whispered. "Riley..."

"I'm going to bed," Riley Sloane said rudely. And walked away.

Photoplay combined with Movie Mirror
He laughed wryly. "It looks as though I'm trying to sell you on my rival. If I weren't a doctor, if he weren't my patient, I'd fight him with everything I had to get you. As it is, I'm in the position of taking away from a sick man the one thing that will cure him. But I didn't know you'd feel this way—I knew I was running a risk, but I thought—"

TAXI brakes squealed to a stop in the drive. The front door banged open. Honey Hollister, her blonde hair disordered and her eyes wild, stood on the threshold glaring at me. "You sneaking little wench!" She waved the newspaper at me. "Worming your way into this house, pretending to take care of him, while all the time—"

"Don't believe all you read in the newspapers, Miss Hollister," I said coldly. "You think you're pretty clever, don't you, not letting me see him, keeping him to yourself."

"What goes on in here anyway?" Riley's weary voice said. He was standing at the inner door, looking at us.

She turned on him, her face a mask of fury. "You've fallen for her. Prudence Vickers knows it!" She was screaming hysterically and Chris started forward as if to calm her. "The whole world knows it!"

"You were always one to jump at conclusions, Honey," Riley said. "But what of it if I have?"

"I'll show you what of it! I'll make you wish you'd never seen her. I'll—"

She fumbled in her bag, and suddenly I was looking at the mouth of a blue-black gun pointed directly at me. The eyes above it were insane.

Chris and Riley moved at the same instant. Riley knocked the gun toward the ceiling and Chris grabbed the woman. There was a blinding explosion and a bullet went harmlessly over our heads. Honey twisted in Chris's grasp—and then froze. She made a strange gasping sound and pitched forward. He caught her as she fell.

The shot still echoed in my ears, as if the sound had gone on and on for hours. Honey's face had gone gray. Her body jerked once as he laid it on the couch, and then lay still. It had a dreadful stillness.

Like a slow-motion film, I watched Chris bend over her. I saw him look at her eyes. Riley and I were rooted in our places. After what could have been a year Chris straightened.

"It's her heart," he said briefly.

Riley nodded. "It's been bad. She—took drugs."

"I'd have guessed it."

"Chris looked at us, his gaze lingering on me. "I'll have to report this, of course. She's—dead."

I saw Riley's sudden start, felt my own knees buckle. "She can't be," I cried.

"She can't be dead."

"I'm sorry but—she is. I'll have to telephone."

"Just a minute." At the tone in Riley's voice, Chris stopped. We both looked at him. He was staring down at the tossed blonde hair, that still tender body, and his eyes were haunted. "Before you telephone, there's something you ought to know," he said dully. "Honey Hollister is—my wife."

At last Riley's defenses are down. The admission he is forced to make turns him into a changed man; the consequences of that admission vitally affect his life—and Kay's. Continued in February Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

Brenda Marshall, star of Warner Bros. picture "YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FOREVER"

Here's what Miss Marshall said after she made the famous cola test: "I tasted the nation's leading colas in paper cups and found that one was far superior. That cola, they told me, was Royal Crown Cola!"

"Ever since," continued Miss Marshall, "winter or summer, a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola has been my favorite quick-up! Royal Crown Cola is the favorite cola of more than 60 movie stars—winner in 5 out of 6 group taste-tests. Not one but two full glasses in every 5¢ bottle.

Take time out for a "Quick-up" with Royal Crown Cola Best by Taste-Test!

Buy more war bonds and stamps today.
That's Wright!

(Continued from page 44) on Teresa in the usual, unpretentious, unglamorous, Wright wonder-working way.

Mr. Teresa Wright—who will poke us in the nose for calling her that—is an unsigned Miss Hollywood writer named Niven Busch. He's a tall, good-looking, well-turned-out guy in his thirties who was story editor at the Great Golden Age when lighting the gold lamp as he gazed at Teresa emoting in "Life With Father" and moved him to unbutton one of his best star-making contracts.

Teresa presented Mr. Busch with a problem.

Teresa suffered from a horror of glamorous gossip columns. When Mr. Busch asked her to dinner, she said fine, if he'd dodge the glamour cafes.

Niven came up with Olvera Street, the Los Angeles Mexican street where tourists send home jumping beans and hum La Golondrina in cockpit tenors while absorbing atmosphere. For dinner, Teresa drew a tired tamale (which almost burned her in two) and for this eye-watering treat noted that her escort parted with exactly twenty-five cents. We don't know how he made this incredible Teresa or whether she thought a guy smart enough to burn out a girl's appetite right at the start had something on the ball. Anyway, it wasn't like you shafting an engagement ring and Walter Pidgeon, that old reprobate, was kidding her about it on the "Mrs. Miniver" set.

The Busches were wed quietly just a half block from where they now live, out in the Santa Monica Mountains at Teresa's new sister-in-law's. Only a few pals on each side were present and the Goldwyn Studio, which likes publicity even as the most one, put a ban on photographers. This was right after "Pride Of The Yankees" finished shooting and the publicity would have been welcome. But, "No," said Teresa. "Glamour might jinx the wedding."

The honeymoon comes next—on this unglamorous subject. The first night the bridal pair was there, they were expected by a honeymoon hotel on route complete with rose bowers, babbling brooks, nightingales and things. Nothing happened, they got to bed, the bride and groom wound up in tiny King City's only tavern, in a room with squeaking floor-boards, ripped blinds, a cast-iron bedstead and the sweet song of trucks clanking by on the highway beneath. The tariff was three dollars.

"A classic example of too much for too little," commented Teresa. Teresa and Niven Busch dwell today in a cozy Van Nuys retreat spotted with walnut trees, flowers and a nice swimming pool. When Mrs. B. has had away from the camera, she has been spent there—although that hasn't been very much.

This week she returned from the honeymoon. Teresa hopped right back up north to Santa Rosa for "Shadow Of A Doubt" with hardly time to hang up her trousers. The day before we saw Teresa she had been working sixteen hours a day doing day and night scenes. Fortunately, Teresa is the kind of hard-working gal who doesn't mind foregoing glamour and missing fan as long as she's knee-deep in a part. She tears herself to pieces, gets a nervous tuming in her hair and lacks smile, eats and breathes what she's doing.

All this traces very much back to the do-or-die traditions of Teresa's past.

So we'd better give out with some biography.

She was born in New York City twenty-four years ago and grew up in Maplewood, New Jersey. She had an insurance salesman papa who oddly enough thought it was swell if she wanted to act for a living. She also had a teacher who told her she had real talent and so Teresa was a cinch to get mixed up with those summer "straw hat" theaters in barns, garages and old woodsheds that clutter up New England in the good old summertime.

The Wharf Theater in Providence, Rhode Island, got her off to a good start, as it had young hopefuls like Bette Davis and Henry Fonda, years back. That led to a job understudying Dorothy Maguire, who was then doing "Our Town" on the road. Another "straw hat" season at a place called Tamworth and Teresa was ready for Broadway. Strangely enough, where, Broadway was ready for her. All that happened was that Teresa read a part in "Life With Father" for the producer, Oscar Serlin, and she got the part. She thought she was good, that's absolutely the only reason. Because, as we, Mr. Serlin had his heart set on a buxom blonde and Teresa is a tiny brunnette.

Two seasons with the hit "Life With Father" rolled around before Goldwyn, on a tip from the playwright, Lillian Hellman, flew to New York just to see our Teresa in action. He started figuring out the terms of the contract before the first act was over.

So Teresa came to Hollywood hugging along the age-old doubts about Hollywood and with Broadway advice about letting Hollywood remake her ringing in her ears.

Well—all the glamorizing Teresa got at Goldwyn's was a nice new luette-handled hairbrush and Sam's instruction, "Go home and brush your hair 100 strokes in the morning and 150 strokes at night. I want," said Sam, "you to be natural in every department!"

Teresa even took pains when she first came to live in Hollywood like a mouse, first with nonprofessional friends, then at the Hollywood Roosevelt also with her hairbrush and, finally, in a Beverly Hills apartment perched over a garage.

A lot of this sidestepping of Hollywood publicity has vanished by now from Teresa's life, but the town, as a whole, still doesn't know her. That's because Teresa had a working night and day or getting acquainted with her husband.

Most of their spare time, if and when, the Busches spend at home surrounded by the Busches who, as their wife is Niven's sister, and the Johnny Mahins, whose wife, Patsy Ruth Miller, is Winston's sister. A couple of other Hollywood writers and their families complete their set. It's a Sunday evening barbecue-and-swimming-pool set, with neighbors dropping in and kids spraying everyone with dive-splashes.

This doesn't necessarily mean Teresa is domestic. Fact is, she can barely fry an egg. She can't sew either. One of these days, she says, she wants five children and she's already talking about only two pictures a year to permit a little home life.

With people who know her, Teresa has a pretty tomboyish reputation for fun. "She never laughs," a friend of hers told us. "I've seen Teresa when she's been in anything, loves games, parties and people."

She doesn't sculpt, paint, write poetry, or play the piano. She's not even a movie-clubber, but always optimistic stories; heavy stuff gives her the willies. She likes average everyday music, everyday food, everyday clothes, with subtle the pretense of rich, and slacks and sweaters around home. She goes for a massage when she's tied up in nerve knots but hasn't ever followed a figure-conditioning program in her life. Her worse petty vices are candy bars between meals and drive-in feasts at night. The gal hadn't even worn Freezeflats until she'd fell Gary Cooper's terror-tripping tallness made her put them on in "Pride Of The Yankees." Then her ankles ached for weeks.

In fact, the only luxurious outcome of Teresa's rise to Hollywood fame so far has been the starting of a set of table silver and the dressing-the-plate-in-silk-nightgowns. That is mighty poor pickings to ballyhoo a star as big as Teresa Wright is bound to be. So, let's face it. What's she going to do, by on from now on out is just that one little thing that got her where she is today—her acting.

Someday, if she sticks around Hollywood long enough, perhaps Glamour may reach out and seize Teresa by her skittish skirts in spite of all she can do. Already there are faint omens of a Wright rebellion.

The other night Teresa rolled in from the Santa Rosa location, dog-tired, with every intention of hitting the hay before the neighboring Van Nuys chicken. The Hollywood Canteen was opening that night with stars and bars and fancy cars. Niven casually mentioned it. "I suppose," he observed, "with your right o'clock you'd better get to bed."

"Why should I?" countered Teresa, almost shocking her husband out of his ear. "What's the use of waking like this if you can't enjoy yourself once in a while? I say let's go!"

So they did and what's more made a night of it after that because they were sticking three in the dawning, leaving Teresa four hours' beauty sleep for the camera.

Horrible Hollywood might get Teresa yet—if she didn't watch out. It's just barely possible.

The End.
Keep 'em Smiling

(Continued from page 35) she could introduce him to "a nice girl who owned a washing machine." It was Claudette Colbert, trying gently to find out what her soldier guests would like most, who discovered that at least five of them yearned for the use of a large bath tub apiece, "with plenty of time to bask, plenty of large towels, plenty of magazines to read while basking."

As for more general suggestions ... well, Linda Darnell has toured and toured and has met hundreds of men. She says, "Maybe it sounds trite now to emphasize the importance of letters. But it wouldn't if you had seen, as I have scores of times, the tattered, dog-eared letters the men whip out of their pockets to show you! If you could see that, you'd write until you had writer's cramp plus.

If you're lucky enough to have a man of your own in the service, do write to him every day.

"The important thing about writing so often is that you will put down all the little things . . . tell him whom you saw at the grocery and the Red Cross meeting. You'll remember to tell him who sent him a message and you won't forget the little joke on the next-door neighbor."

"It isn't enough just to send him the home-town paper," she went on. "Read that paper and pencil in your own comments in the margin—gay ones, imper- titent ones, sentimental ones. Make it a 'special edition' for him. Don't think of it as reaching him at a camp which is near his home. Remember, it may catch up with him when he is in a jungle or a desert or when he is sailing from some far port."

But Linda cautions us about presents.

"I talked with one private," she said, "who had just received a terrific package from home. All the relatives had chipped in and there was a portable radio, an electric clock (for goodness sake!), boot trees, sweaters, leather kits for one thing and another, brushes, all sorts of impediments. The soldier was almost tearful. He said, 'They spent money they couldn't spare for these things! I'm going to be moved next week and I can't take it with me. If they'd just sent shaving cream and cigarettes and sox and chocolate . . . They're so good to me. But what shall I say to them?'"

"Don't embarrass your soldier with that problem. If you don't know exactly what he wants and needs, ask him. But remember to begin with, that he will have to carry his belongings in his pack on his back."

Michele Morgan has made a gay romp of furnishing smiles (in small packages) for service men she meets. You can do it, too, if you have as much interest and enthusiasm as Michele has. She gets in touch with the man's wife and enlists her co-operation. Then she assembles news clippings, round-robin letters and what not. She gets snapshots of his mother, his best girl, his dog, his kid brother, his next-door neighbor, his back yard. She pastes all this in a tiny book, on which will fit into a soldier's pocket, and then she writes him a note enclosing her own autograph. A pint-sized package—just for him. Can you imagine how much pleasure it gives him?

Ann Sheridan doesn't think that the girls who live near Army camps are doing enough. "They must," she urges, "plan parties; they must dance their feet off (there are never enough girls to go 'round); they must make conversation . . ."
Why ANTIPHLOGISTINE? Because it's known that moist heat in the form of a poultice is of definite value in relieving these symptoms—cough, tightness of the chest, muscular pain and soreness. And ANTIPHLOGISTINE, a readily-to-use medicated poultice, furnishes this valuable moist heat for many hours. It gets heat directly to affected areas without fuss or bother. For best results apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE early!

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ANTIPHLOGISTINE

Always keep a Tube Handy for Emergencies
A product of The Beamish Chemical Manufacturing Co., New York, N. Y.

S.O., you go to see them, you dress to please them, you write to them, cook for them, dance with them, send them presents, give them music and color and fun. You can even mother them a little if you're the type. It all counts. You still can't do anything for them which is half as important as what they're doing for you.

Jeanette MacDonald is still giving those Sunday parties for service men which she and Gene Raymond started long before Gene became the service. Jeanette provides pretty girls and she has, in addition, tennis courts, badminton courts, a swimming pool, all sorts of equipment for their recreation, just lounging and talking. Even Jeanette admits that it takes a little tact and patience to make a party "jell." "The men may be tired at first," she says, "but they just have to count on the girls to help me make them feel at home. I never urge anyone to do anything just at first. The men are ordered about enough at camp without being nudged into playing games when they come to a party!" She just try to see that everyone meets everyone and that since they are all young and flexible, I count on them to find what they want to do. Anyhow, no one clucks at them!

"They seem to relax faster if you feed them!" says Jeanette. So she provides platters of sandwiches, bowls of cookies, candies, nuts, soft drinks to occupy them during their first visit. If they haven't been at the service, they hardly know about the wishful youth who asked her if she would sing "my mother's favorite song." Jeanette grew quite dewy-eyed, hoping her sweet voice would turn out to be "Frankie and Johnnie" and Jeanette astounded her soldier-guest by getting into the groove and giving the song the all-hope verses. "Great!" he exclaimed. "I'll bet my mother will hardly believe it!"

Jeanette is urgent about remembering that you don't know the person's taste when you invite service men to your home. "Maybe one or two want to hurdles in a corner and play Sibielus records, maybe another wants to have photos among your books and magazines. May- be another one wants to show off by standing on his head on the terrace. One or two always want 'just to sit and rest.'"

Here are some brief tips from other stars who've been investigating. Ginger Rogers found that the men who came to the house wanted nothing so much as to enjoy the famous Ginger Rogers' eggs. They skirted syrup and scooped ice cream, she reports. "And when we ran absolutely out of 'the makings' at the moment, they would go into the kitchen and fuss with pancakes and scrambled eggs. It's been like that every time. Any man who hasn't been on a P.D.W. duty for exactly years to do something or other with a spoon and a pan or a griddle!"

Arlene Whelan says, "Maybe you want to use your own monthly magazine subscription. Well, maybe it will be chasing him all over the globe. Why don't you send your subscription to the U. S. O. center? Remember: your man's just as important as the other lads will enjoy it. And remember that some of them want technical books and magazines about art. But, if you're in doubt, they all like movie magazines!"

"It's swell to want to send letters and presents to men who haven't families. But then, there are cases of the service men and women where people don't know. Just address the chaplain at any Army or Navy post, if you want to do something for boys who haven't families. He'll tell you what you can do. He probably knows, better than anyone, how important it is to keep 'em smiling!"

Barbara Stanwyck has been pleased and flattered no end when the service men have actually been entertained. She has imitated her own little tongue-click (remember...in Ball Of Fire?) to express approval. Babs says she has tongue-clicked over (1) a particularly lush evening frock (worn by Barbara); (2) a thick steak (with trimmings); (3) some especially "hot" music; (4) an invitation to spend a Sunday, doing nothing in particular, with the Taylors.

That's about all, "should give you a rough idea, I suppose, of what will please a service man." There have been no complaints, to date, that the Taylors haven't succeeded in pleasing the men.

Mary Martin adds, "There is no mystery about it. The boys in the service are the same boys we all knew before they went to the service. The one thing we remember is that their lives are a little stereotyped now and that they may be a little homesick. Since we all know them so little, it is up to us to try to find out what will make them laugh or sing or dance. It doesn't take much ingenuity to think of what will interest them the most."

"The important thing is that we must think about it. We must let them know that we all care what happens to them...whether they are at home or away...that we send him a song or a bow tie or a box of pretzels. Send him a postcard or a jigsaw puzzle. But send him your love, your confidence and your appreciation of what he's doing. Let him know that you know that he is the most important man in the world today! Make your message to him, 'If you make one soldier smile, you'll help! Believe me!'"

The End.
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DON'T MISS MY LOVELY COLOR PICTURE AND CHRISTMAS LETTER TO BARRY IN THE NEW RADIO MIRROR

Life Can Be Beautiful

In the January Radio Mirror Magazine. Plus a special Christmas letter from her to Lt. Barry Markham, somewhere overseas. Don't miss this surprise feature of the month.

LIVING PORTRAITS OF THE O'NEILLS' • Here they are—Danny, Janice and Mother O'Neill, Peggy and Monte Kayden, Morris Levy and Mrs. Bailey. Five full pages of delightful photographs of the people whose story you hear daily on one of radio's longest running serials.

ALSO: Color Portraits of Stars of the Barbara Luddy and Les Tremayne "First Nighter" program • Record of Love (Martin Block's own love story) plus a color portrait of this popular announcer • and many other interesting story foto, ad copy, and regular depart- ments in the January
Imagined it all came in tins, and pretty tired tins, too, after a long hard season. Then there was the sub-zero weather to face. I faced it. I tell you I caught a glimpse just about the situation.

As a precautionary measure, I went to Wardrobe here on the Paramount lot (Advt where I am now making "Star-Spangled Rhythm") and had the man in charge give us some knee-high ga- lashes. And I wish you could have seen the underwear! Made the old red flan- nel sock look like a mitten. After indi- cated myself with a scarf big enough to wrap your whole body in. We dug our parkas, too. "Byrd wore one, didn't know he didn't need it, couldn't park. So had to carry around with us, to Umnak and back. (Get us in the parkas, peeking over the rim of our hats.)

We flew from Seattle to Ladd Field in Fairbanks, fourteen hours over the greatest country I have ever seen. The Rockies, the glaciers, the kind of country in which giants live. I was so thrilled by the terrific beauty of it when I got up there that I want to go back in January, and probably will."

FACT, one of the gags that went over best was when I'd say to the kids, "Great country, this. When the Big Boss is here, we'll come up here and go hunting and fishing." The "Boo's" that greeted that crack split the neigh- boring Pole down its middle.

There were four of us made the trip, as I said. Frances Langford, Jerry Colonna, Tony Romano, our guitar player, and Hope. The guitar player was very, very funny. We'd been told that we'd run into a shortage of pianos up there and that those we'd find would be arthritic. So, if we hadn't Tony along we would not have had any ac- companyment most places. That Umnak, for one.

I'll never forget Frances for going up there. A girl to take a hazardous trip like that—and what a job she did! The soldiers will never forget her, either. The hand she got, every camp we played, was as good as she lives, I bet. She had, moreover, the distinction of being the only white woman ever to set foot in Umnak. size of Homer. Umnak, is, if you want to have a rough idea of where we were. But "Umnak or bust" was our slogan. We'd heard the boys could use us up there.

We did some fancy commuting. We left Los Angeles, by transport plane on the 15th of September, the morning of the ninth. We wanted to leave for Alaska that night but the Pan-American planes were grounded and we waited out of those until the twelfth. We played a few camps around the vicinity and then flew straight to Ladd Field in Fairbanks. Played all the camps we could reach around there, then flew back to Seattle for our first broadcast of the season. Flew to the Aleutians the next day, then flew to California for the third and broadcast. Carrier pigeons, the four of us.

All told, we played some thirty-five different towns in the Far West. It was touching, not only the rous- ing welcome they gave us when we ar- rived but their reluctance to have us go. Came time to take off they'd all be out there, officers and men, sniffing the air, squinting at the sky, shaking their heads ominously. "Damn it, man," they'd say, "look at that weather! Afraid you're fogged in." We'd have to explain the importance of the time element and how we'd have to take our chances with the elements.

But one night they weren't kidding about weather conditions. We left Cor- dova that particular night, were up about ten minutes and flew into a storm of sleet and rain. We started flying blind. When we tried to come down at Anchor- age, we could see the town lights but no landing field. Right up we went again, 13,000 feet. The radio went off.

E V E R Y place we went the officers, Colonels and Generals and big-wigs of all rank, would just want to talk to you about things "back there." They'd ask about the kids and how they'd react about how things were in the States. They'd always ask me what picture I'd just finished and what my next would be. Said they were "very interested in movies." A lot of them had messages they wanted us to deliver to their wives and kids. One of them, Major L., asked me if there would be a show in Portland, when I got back to Seattle.

When we got to Seattle, Colonna put in a call. The conversation went something like this:

Colonna: "This is Jerry Colonna speaking.

Major L.: "Who?"

Colonna: "Colonna, Jerry C-o-r-o-n-a-n-a." (He really had to sell himself, something he's out of practice at. It's been a long time since anyone doubted that Colonna was Colonna.)

"Your husband, Major L., asked us to call you. Said to tell you—"

Mrs. L.: "(her skepticism increasing): "You mean Colonna?

Colonna: "No, Major. He shot down a few jobs. He's a Major now." (Mrs. L. had not heard of the promotion.)

Mrs. L.: "Well, who is 'us'?"

Colonna: "Bob Hope is here, too. Just a minute and I'll put him on." Then we were silence directly and you.

I got on the phone. Finally I convinced Mrs. L. She put her kids on the phone, then a couple of friends, then the whole neighborhood. But at the time we dis- connected, we had planned on a show.

We had a couple of funny experiences. Places we stayed. The Windsor Hotel in Corvallis was a combination dime-store with glass windows. I didn't stay in a place like that since I did tab shows and the managers of the local theaters would come around, peel me through the plate glass, shake my hands and say, disgustedly, "I don't want them. Don't like their looks."

Some of the gags the kids liked best were local slams. "Stopped at the Bar- rack's back in Nome, boys," I'd say. "You know, big crap game, with a roof." Or: "We've been all over Alaska, went to Nome—Doowhee, traces." Or: "Can't stand this cold weather, just finished a picture with Dottie Lammour!" That always got 'em.

In the "Things It's The Memory" and my pièce de résistance, vocally, was a parody of "Tangerine," titled "Gas- oline!"

I did a speech at the end of each show, varying it according to the crowd. But the windup, however worded, meant the same thing. "Well, we're going home now. Next time you may feel you're hidden away up here, but you're doing a very important job, you're having richer experiences just because it's where you are—on a forced picnic. And everyone in the States is conscious of you, getting behind you by doing war work, closer to you than you think."

I never mentioned anything.

It was a swell trip, kids, and we were seen as an audience. And here's the thing, the old fellows, the enlistees, all wanted to say to those of you who read these notes: What you fellows gave me I can never repay. For up there, knowing how much we needed your laughs and being able to give them to you, well, you don't know how it lifted my morale. Made me proud of being a clown. Made me feel—what's the word—sort of a clown while. So I say, "Thanks, fellows... ."

The End
(Continued from page 7) had "Mrs. Miniver." I had seen that, so on to the other theater where the billing said: "Pied Piper." What! No Crawford, or Gable, or Stanwyck? This was terrible... well, I'd be a martyr... I could always leave in case. So, I went in to see "Pied Piper" with a chip on my shoulder. What a story!

Mr. Monty Woolley gave an inspired performance. Those children; so natural. Well, I never thought I'd ever see another picture as perfect as "Rebecca." but I did, and I will want to see "The Pied Piper" again!

Mrs. Marguerite Markmann, Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y.

THANK you, Photoplay-Movie Mirror, for "Gentleman Of Courage" and thank you, George Murphy, for the comfort and courage your story brought to me. It has now been five months that I have been seriously ill. My doctor, family and friends insist that if I am ever to get well, I must never give up hope that I shall. But it is only when learning of another who has experienced the heart and sense of defeat that come with illness, only to conquer it, that one can find the faith to believe that he too can win.

Miss J. Doyle, Chicogo, Ill.

WHEN "Tales Of Manhattan," with its imposing array of stars, was billed locally we expected something extra-special in screen fare. What a letdown! Boyer was his usual polished, flawless self, but la Hayworth was far from con-vincing as his double-crossing mistress. For pure unsullintered ham, Charles Laughton took the cake.

The only real episode was the portrayal of the down-and-outer Avery Browne, by Edward Robinson.

You'll have to do better than that, Hollywood, or box-office receipts will surely fall.

Marion Ranton, Toronto, Canada

I DON'T agree with the lady who in a recent issue said she would like to see the older stars leave the field to the youngsters. Cute little Grables and Hayworths, etc., can be found for a dime a dozen, but there's no depth or artistry connected with their work.

N. W. Lovett, New York, N. Y.

CAN'T the Navy heroes of the movies be more authentic? I have a very dear friend who is a real Navy hero. He was a member of the Anti-Aircraft Crew and has been missing in action since March, 1941. He would never look so much a playboy. Why not have some real American type, like Glenn Ford or Dennis Morgan, portray the Navy heroes?

Marie Virginia Duncan, Indianapolis, Ind.

THIS is a plea for Ruth Hussey. She deserves more than a supporting part or the lead in "B" pictures. She has all the requirements of a successful star; namely, a beautiful face, figure and especially acting ability. I'm sure other intelligent Americans are rooting for Miss Hussey with me.

Jerry Crocker, Washington, D. C.

WHAT'S wrong with these people saying Betty Grable, Rita Hayworth and Lana Turner will soon fade out of the pictures? They may not be a second Bette Davis, but they've certainly got something the soldiers and sailors crave!

Jean Brown, Hot Springs, Ark.

WHY is it all pictures have to do with the older generation? Why not give us more pictures that have to do with younger people? I think most kids like to have pictures pertaining to the younger group.

De Vera Hull, Elkhardt, Ind.

NOT so long ago I saw "Holiday Inn." It was one of those musical pictures that rate high with me. In it I discovered a new personality and one that's tops with me now. She sang with Crosby and danced with Astaire. That girl Marjorie Reynolds has what it takes.

Hope Rosch, New Philadelphia, O.

A MERICA is going places, but fast, with men like Ronald Reagan to pave the way. He was one of the first to give up fame and fortune for a uniform and a gun. I am proud to be an American and know there are men like Ronald to fight.

Donna McDonald, Chicago, Ill.

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Speak for Yourself

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And along with best wishes... a Christmas suggestion: on your gift list, put lots of PHILIP MORRIS Cigarettes in gay Holiday packages... fine to give, fine to get, America's FINEST Cigarette. CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS!
Portrait of a Casual Sophisticate

(Continued from page 30) Nineties. He likes old book stores and antique shops. He does not think the average person's life any happier now than it was a hundred years ago.

He believes talking pictures have lost much by leaving less to the imagination. His father was a silk importer of modest circumstances. He says pictures are meant to be seen rather than heard.

He was shy of girls as a youth and was given to silent and distant adoration.

Ronald Colman considers "Talk Of The Town" and "Random Harvest" his best pictures in years. He is five feet eleven inches tall.

His first job was as office boy for a British steamship company at two dollars and fifty cents per week.

He ranks principle above policy and fights stubbornly to keep faith with himself. He considers a man fortunate indeed who can afford to put up such a fight. He is descended from George Colman, of eighteenth century theatrical fame.

His closest friends are Charles Boyer and Herbert Marshall. He loathes being interviewed because in an exhibitionistic community he is one of the few who is genuinely shy and modest. He has never played gin rummy.

He was for years President of the Hollywood Reproduction of British War Relief and is still indefatigable in war work. He is a director's delight, never needing directorial guidance, and takes an unsellable and genuine interest in advising the younger actors in his pictures.

He adores his gay and beautiful wife who is one of the most energetic women in the screen colony in sundry war activities. He loves good stories and chuckles warmly when the point is reached. He seldom carries a cigarette case, though he owns a fine collection.

He never drinks before six in the evening, then takes several Scotch highballs before dinner, and rarely anything after dinner. His wife works three nights a week, five hours each stretch, as a "spotter" in the Los Angeles air-raid charting room.

He serves on the Hollywood Victory Committee and is one of the few survivors of the original British Expeditionary Forces of World War I who wears a Mons Medal with the 1914 bar.

He recalls with wistful amusement that a London casting office once listed him as "Does Not Screen Well." He has contributed to various causes during the past eighteen months more than a hundred thousand dollars of his radio time.

He is religiously punctual and becomes boisterously embarrassed and apologetic when he is unavoidably late. He is being hailed in Hollywood as the 1942 Academy Award winner for his performance in "Random Harvest." He has assiduously avoided acquiring his trionic tricks or mannerisms. His contributions to various war causes and charities average twenty-eight percent of his net income.

He recently went on an exhaustive Bond-selling tour for the Treasury Department at which time he visited Virginia City, ghost gold-mining town of Nevada. He addressed the hundred or so citizens of this picturesque old town in the famous Crystal Chandelier Bar; and at the end of his speech, said, "Well, I don't know what else to say to you—except—that the drinks are on me." Whereupon he went behind the bar and mixed the drinks.

His favorite story concerns an applicant for a commission in the Army who, on being asked whether there had been anything hereditary in his family—serious illnesses or accidents—thought a moment, then replied: "Well, when my mother was carrying me, my father struck her over the head with a victrola, but it never affected me... never affected me... never affected me... never affected me..."

His first picture was a two-reel comedy, which, to his great relief, was never released. He was stranded at Messines, near Ypres. He appeared in 1922 in "La Tendresse," supporting Ruth Chatterton and Henry Miller. He was discovered in this by Harry Steinn, the director, who gave him the male lead in "The White Sister," starring Lilian Gish. He played in Los Angeles in the road company of "East Is West" back in 1921, but the movie studios did not think him a good type.

The star of M-G-M's "Random Harvest" has a scar parallel with his right eyebrow which he got in a fall at the age of four.

Ronald Colman likes to quote from a George Bernard Shaw play in which the Irish dramatist admonishes play producers to leave the interpretation of a role at the discretion of the actor. He feels that he cannot too often remind Hollywood producers of the wisdom of this advice.

THE END

Footnote to a word portrait of Ronald Colman: He adores his gay and beautiful wife, Benita Hume, one of the most energetic women in the screen colony's war work.
(Continued from page 57) The hair that cascades down the sides of her head to her shoulders is a "full" the studio hairdresser applies. In private life, instead of a "full," Ida usually wears a snood or the back of her hair in a fancy handkerchief.

Back in the days when Van Heflin was not King Bee but king of the "B's" at RKO nobody was much concerned how he photographed. That was fine with Van, who never has had any wish to be a Robert Taylor. However, following Van's success opposite Katharine Hepburn in the stag version of "The Philadelphia Story" and his recall to Hollywood for a picture with Errol Flynn, M-G-M signed him—and went to work on him.

Van's hair, fine and soft, almost a baby fuzz, suits him to a T. But the studio prefers him with a thinner, smoother and straighter crop. To this end a make-up man applies a toupee or transformation over Van's hair before he steps before the camera.

"You're not the only toupee-eer on the lot," a dozen Hollywood shies, Preston Foster among them, could tell Van.

SOME defects aren't visual but oral. Cute, blonde, round-eyed Virginia Gilmore never would have seen a studio had she not heard to her friends. Virginia has a lip. "A Hisping heroine! Ridiculous!" dear ones told Virginia. But she decided differently. Now Hollywood. Always, however, she's careful to avoid any word that might prove a tongue-twister.

Even the glorious Greer Garson, in the full bloom of her success, doesn't boast complete perfection. And thereby hangs an amusing tale. Beautiful as Greer's looks are, she looks the way most women do without make-up—not too glamorous.

When Greer leaves for the studios in the early gray morning she doesn't even stoop to put on her "lips." And she ties a large handkerchief over her head to protect her bright hair from the wind.

Consequently when she arrives at the make-up department she looks not at all like Mrs. Miniver but very much like Mrs. Joe Citizen.

Judy Garland, after seeing "Mr. Chips," practically worshipped Greer. Day after day, when Greer first arrived on the M-G-M lot, Judy tried, in vain, to get a glimpse of her. Eventually an old idol-crasher suggested Judy wait at the make-up department so she would be sure to see Greer when she came in. Judy waited.

Greer arrived. Casually Judy glanced in her direction and just as casually she glanced away again. It wasn't until Greer came out of the make-up department that Judy realized what the movie star looked like. And she placed a large handkerchief over her head to protect her bright hair from the wind.

Of all the new players in Hollywood Nancy Coleman shows the greatest talent for strong dramatic acting. She's entirely different from the old-time Star in a Sackcloth Gown. Candy Darrells and the Dona Reeds take honors in beauty while she concentrates upon Academy nomination performances.

Nancy evades dark glasses which feature those slant-eyed, harlequin lenses and, often enough, give her a strange bug-like appearance.

"I stopped being self-conscious about glasses when I was in my teens," Nancy often tells reporters. "When I first wore specks I remember being afraid the kids would make fun of me and hiding my glasses whenever anyone came into view. It wasn't long, of course, before the boys and girls realized what I was doing. Whereupon they began making fun of me. Whereupon I started wearing my glasses all the time so they wouldn't catch me unawares. That spoiled the fun!"

Columnists on the New York papers frequently commented on Ann Rutherford's harlequin lens when they spied her at Twenty-One, the Stork, Morocco and the other rendezvous where a girl from Hollywood might be expected to strut her stuff. "I wear them—so what!" is Ann's healthy attitude.

SOME years ago when Joan Bennett and Gene Markey were married they frequently lunched at the Vandome. "Darling," Gene protested one day as he followed Joan to a prominent table, "you walked right past So and So, without even a nod, and she was waving frantically at you!"

Joan, looking horrified, promptly reached into her bag, extracted her horn-rimmed glasses and determinedly set them on her beautiful Bennett nose.

Joan's Ronald Reagan went into the army he wore contact lens. These frameless glasses, made in the shape of the eyeball, slip in under the lower and upper lid and center. Unless the light strikes these lenses at a certain angle they aren't perceptible at all. Many stage stars and debutante glamour girls wear contact lenses.

Martha Scott's another star who belongs in the line-up of those who wear glasses—proving Dorothy Parker was wrong when she said men never make passes at girls—and so on. Beyond a few feet Martha sees only dimly.

At the Vine Street Brown Derby the chef daily features some figure carved of ice. One day a large ice carving of an Indian on a horse was displayed. To Martha's blurred vision this looked like an old friend. She bowed to it sweetly and swept on to her booth.

It isn't only the Hollywood boys who have physical trouble, incidentally. For years Hedy Lamarr thought she had to go around in ankle-length dirndl dresses. Then along came "White Cargo" in which Hedy wore a "hurong" that exposed her legs and her thighs. There were chills but no catcalls when this picture was shown. Immediately Hedy marched out and bought herself a new wardrobe in which all her dresses, including dinner gowns, are of a new length that comes just below her knees.

Physical imperfections, as you must realize for yourself by this time, should never be accepted as handicaps. If you have some defect that keeps that inferiority complex working overtime on its destructive job remember the movie stars.

Remember, among others, Alexis Smith whose figure is quite boyish ... Carole Landis who's the opposite ... Gina Rogers and Rosalind Russell who wish they had a schoolgirl complexion ... Brenda Marshall whose lovely widow's peak is shaved that way for photographic purposes and also nothing to stand in your way.

If we may paraphrase, and we feel one coming on ...

To have defects is human
To overcome them is divine
And smart, too!

The End
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Enter Paul Henreid

(Continued from page 37) years as Years of Strength, dedicated to hard work and inadequate meals and despair, alternated with moments of sharp triumph. All of which is true, except the despair and the general impression that his life was dull. It was anything but that. He was, after all, tall and handsome and lusty, and this was Vienna, the gayest of cities.

One night, at a party given by a rich acquaintance, he met two young ladies, the first extremely blonde and the other just as brunette. Now Paul was suffering from the effects of a recent broken engagement; he was ready for a bit of feminine flirtation, and he chose the blonde for the evening. She was an English girl. "I had," he recalls, "a tremendous flirt with her. When the party broke up the brunette offered him a lift in her car. "On the way," explains Mr. Henreid, "I observed that she wasn't so bad, either. So we went up to the Kobenz Castle, which overlooks the Danube, and drank champagne and waltzed and fell in love until four in the morning." He married her a few months later.

She had a dress-designing shop in Vienna and, when an English producer offered her a hundred pounds a week to do a show in London, she resisted the change violently, at last refusing to discuss it any further. He went to England alone. In the end, however, by way of a compromise she began to commute between duty and love, flying back and forth once each month. It was 1933. She was with Paul when Hitler accomplished the Anschluss in 1938.

LAST year, when he took out his first American citizenship papers, the clerk said, "You were born in Trieste. That makes you Italian."

"No. I was born a Swedish citizen."

"But you came to America on an Austrian passport."

"Yes, because Trieste belonged to Austria in 1908. The Austrian quota was full for another two years, but the Italian quota was nearly empty."

"Still, you came from England, and your residence was there."

"Yes, for four and a half years."

"Oh, the devil with it," said the clerk, thumping the papers angrily with his stamp. At times Henreid has been of the same opinion. The comfortable opulence of Hollywood and the free spirit of America have, to him, all the dream properties of an opium jag. The two deep lines of strain that come down to the corners of his mouth, producing that worldly look so fascinating to women seeing him in "Night Train" and "Joan Of Paris," are slowly being ironed out. Now, he tells you with wonder, he can work hard and enjoy it, play tennis or ride or swim in his pool, or he can give dinner parties for all of his new friends—without having to sneak some of them through the pantry for fear of the secret police.

In a town of picture people who take such things for granted, he is like a small boy with a circus all to himself. He has a gargantuan capacity for enjoyment. Put him at a table in Chasen's restaurant and he will eat Vienna Schnitzel and crepes suzette in a manner that would have endeared him to Diamond Jim Brady. He rides the Brentwood bridge trails hell-bent for leather and he ploughs around his pool as if there were crocodiles after him.

Allow him to sit up until dawn, arguing politics and world affairs with a few cronies and he is almost civil before lunch for several days. He will talk to anybody about anything except, just at present, about a certain experience he had with a spy in London, and his opinion of American women. The first made a good story, and he told it to a writer for publication. The writer reported some weeks later that his editor had rejected it as too fantastic to be true.

Another writer duly printed what he had to say about the American female, which was that they were more gracious and charming and a lot prettier than European women. After the article appeared, a stranger accosted him on the street one evening and said, "Why do you make up such lies about American girls? They are none of the things you say!"

Although still somewhat shaken by this experience, Henreid refuses to change his opinion. "American girls," he says, reaching for the nearest feminine hand and giving it a courtly buss, "are like everything else American—as you say, my dish."

THE END

Dr. Dafoe's New Baby Book

Yours...Practically as a Gift

Here it is—mother's—the book you've always wanted and it's yours practically as a gift. In this new book, "Rarer Than Your Baby, Dr. Allan Ro.

Dafoe gives you the very help you've always wanted. This world famous doctor answers the problems that face you daily. He discusses breast bottle feeding, first solid foods—toilet training—how fast your child should grow—exact facts about sunshine and vitamins—summer complaints—sensible baby clothes—diseases—janet; with love and<br>to prosperous children—skimpy children.

While they last you can get your copy of this big, bow book entitled "How to Raise Your Baby for only 25¢ and we pay the postage. Mail order TODAY.

RAETHOMLUSE HOUSE, INC., Dept. PM-1
205 East 42nd Street, New York, New York
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 4)

✓ The Navy Comes Through
(RKO-Radio)

It's About: A broken officer whose loyalty cannot be shaken.

A SWELL service picture, this one, with each shipman standing out like a silhouette against the sky. And what's more, the story has a twang of newness about it, concerning itself with an officer who is accused and found guilty of negligence and thereby loses his commission.

Loyalty drives the disgraced officer to enlist as a petty officer, of course, in true movie fashion he finds himself under the command of the petty officer who accused him at the trial.

The capturing of a German supply ship is a thrilling moment even if the accomplishment of the feat seems a bit too simple.

George Murphy is tops as the demoted officer, Pat O'Brien just right as the petty officer, Max Baer and Jackie Cooper stand out as sailors, Desi Arnaz, who comes from Cuba to "free" America, and Frank Jenks add pep to the manoeuvres. Jane Wyatt is very good as the Army nurse and Carl Esmond a hit as the sailor-musician.

Your Reviewer Says: Good solid movie stuff.

✓ Thunder Birds
(20th Century-Fox)

It's About: The training of English, Chinese and Americans at a desert flying school.

Informative, entertaining and colorful is this story of our boys, as well as English and Chinese lads, are trained for flying at Thunderbird Field in Arizona. The scenic effects are terrific and the story engrossing, dealing with the patience and understanding of an American flying instructor for an English student who suffers from the fear of falling.

The fact the two are rivals for the affections of Gene Tierney, rancher's daughter, lends strength and a measure of sterilizing quality to the actions of the characters. Preston Foster is so manly as the American instructor. John Sutton, who seems a bit too old for the young Englishman, is still most likeable. Miss Tierney is beautiful but has little to do. However, all parties concerned must take second place to the interesting flying sequences. Jack Holt, Dame Mae Whitty, Richard Haydn and George Barbier make up the excellent cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Of interest to everyone.

✓ Journey For Margaret
(M-G-M)

It's About: The harrowing experiences of English children orphaned and homeless.

The story of "Journey For Margaret" in printed form was one of those gems of literature that can never be forgotten, so poignant, so tragic is its theme of suffering, bewildered little children made victims of war. It comes to the screen now in a translation to touch the heart of every movie-goer who will suffer and marvel in turn at the resultant horror of this present catastrophe and the skill and perfection of four- and five-year-old children on the screen.

We feel the fumbling direction of Major W. S. Van Dyke II (as he is billed) somewhat mars the beautiful story. A man with more understanding in the direction of children should have been chosen. This is the picture's one fault. Robert Young is brilliant as the American foreign correspondent in London who meets orphaned William Severn and Margaret O'Brien at the rescue home of Fay Bainter. The love of the children for Mr. Young prompts him to take them home to America to his waiting wife Laraine Day. Too much, of course, cannot be said for little Severn and O'Brien.

Nigel Bruce, Doris Lloyd and Elisabeth Risdon highlight the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Be American and see this picture.

✓ I Married A Witch
(The Cinema Guild-U. A.)

It's About: A witch becomes a mortal and a wife.

A WHIMSICAL little fantasy that will puzzle and entertain at the same time is this Thorne Smith tale that has a witch and her sorcerer father burned at the stake during Colonial Days and returning 270 years later from their grave beneath an old oak to haunt the descendant of the man who denounced them.

Veronica Lake is the teasing, determined witch, Fredric March, engaged to marry Susan Hayward and about to become Governor, is her victim. Cecil Kellaway is Veronica's very nasty old father. "Be a bad girl!" he cautions her when he decides to give her a body like other mortals. And Veronica does what Papa tells her, to the amusement of the audience and horror of Freddye. The wedding scene with Fredric trying to marry Susan and Veronica interfering is very amusing. Robert Benchley as Fredric's pal is droll, to say the least.

If one can accept the whimsy-pooh quality as just so much merrily and refuse to take it seriously, a good time should be had by all.

Your Reviewer Says: Odd but funny.
Scattergood Survives A Murder (RKO-Radio)

It's About: Murder in the town of Mr. S. Baines.

We regret the departure of the studio from the homespun, small-town stories centered around the philosophical Mr. Fix-It, one Scattergood Baines, into the realm of average movie murder stuff. And they'd better get back to their original theme in a hurry or they'll hear from us, by golly. (That racket is RKO shivering in its boots.) Anyway, John Archer, newspaper man, is accused of murdering two lady recluses. More relatives are bumped off during the post-burial rites and the ensuing commotion involves Margaret Hayes, a scrupulous reporter. Wally Ford, rival newsmam, and Scattergood, played as usual by Guy Kibbee.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a Scatter-bad for our money.

The Mummy's Tomb (Universal)

It's About: An avenging mummy.

Universal Studio can think up more ways to scare people and more varieties of monsters and creatures and what-nots to drive them batty than a dozen dozen rent studios put together. Not satisfied with Frankensteins and Wolf Men, they've now dug up a mummy, kept alive through the ages by high priests and transplanted to America to kill Dick Foran and Wally Ford, archaeologists, who disturbed the mummy's tomb years before.

John Hubbard and Elyse Knox are the romantic leads and Lon Chaney is the mummy in a make-up that would scare even Peter Westmore. Honestly, if this studio doesn't cut it out we're going to die of nervous fright long before our time.

Your Reviewer Says: Mummy, stay 'way from our door.

Henry Aldrich, Editor (Paramount)

It's About: The irrepressible Henry is accused of arson.

There is no one to equal Henry Aldrich for getting himself in and out of trouble and back in again and this epic in the series is no exception, with Henry hinting of sabotage in his high-school newspaper when building after building is set afire. So accurately does Henry predict the fires he is himself accused of being a firebug, is dismissed from the paper and brought to the courts. But you know Henry. And you know very well he traps the real culprit, is given an honorary banquet and promptly sets fire to the table.

Jimmy Lydon as Henry, Charles Smith as Dizzy, Rita Quigley as the girl friend are right on in their pitching.

Your Reviewer Says: Funny as a crutch!

Moonlight in Havana (Universal)

It's About: A discharged ball player who becomes an entertainer.

Good heavens, is this mixed up. Or maybe it was our night to be confused. Anyway, the story seemed to be about a discharged ball player who could sing only when he had a cold. (Get that one?) When a manager of a traveling group of entertainers hears the lad, played by Allan Jones, warbling at his makeshift job, he signs him up and from there on it's everybody's show with pretty Jane Frazee and Margaret Lord in a tussle for Jones's affections. Two drunks wander in and out of the musical numbers.

Your Reviewer Says: Entanglements set to music.

That Other Woman (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: A secretary pursues her boss.

HO hum, here we go again on the old secretary-boss merry-go-round with Virginia Gilmore, the pretty secretary out to lure her architect boss James Ellison, who intrigues her with his disinterest.

Grandma Alma Kruger advises Miss Gilmore how to trap Ellison and the scheme works—but not in the fashion Miss Gilmore expected. Janis Carter is cute as the persistent huntress.

Your Reviewer Says: Do we smell something?

Gallant Lady (P. R. C.)

It's About: A woman doctor with a prison past.

Sent to prison on charges of a mercy killing, Rose Hobart, a woman doctor, is forced to participate in a jail break. Instead of giving herself up, she joins a country doctor, Sidney Blackmer,

Best Pictures of the Month

Journey For Margaret
The Black Swan
Road To Morocco
The Ox-bow Incident

Best Performances

Robert Young in "Journey For Margaret"
William Severn in "Journey For Margaret"
Margaret O'Brien in "Journey For Margaret"
Tyrene Power in "The Black Swan"
Bing Crosby in "Road To Morocco"

Bob Hope in "Road To Morocco"
Henry Fonda in "The Ox-bow Incident"
Dana Andrews in "The Ox-bow Incident"
Anthony Quinn in "The Ox-bow Incident"
in his practice. When she decides to marry Blackmer and gives her right name at the license bureau, her past is disclosed and much unhappiness ensues.

Your Reviewer Says: We were unhappy right from the beginning.

**The Ox-Bow Incident**

(20th Century-Fox)

It's About: An unjustified lynching

LIFE as it really is comes to the screen in a one-act drama of undecorated realism that lifts the spectator by one horny hand and shakes him as a puppy does a toy. How average audiences will react to this ahead-of-its-time bit of artistry is problematical. We can only say it left us stirred to the soul.

There are none of the usual hokumy twists to the story; it is simply a picture of man's inhumanity to man—the story of what happens when man takes justice into his own hands.

In a small picturesque Western town where—glory be—the sidewalks are not crowded by mobs of pedestrians, men ride out on horses to avenge murder and cattle-stealing. Making some concession to decency, the men are falsely sworn in as deputies by a deputy sheriff. High up in the process, three men are captured—Dana Andrews, a newcomer to the West, and his helpers Anthony Quinn and Cris-Pin Martin. Their story is thin but bears enough authenticity to swerve seven men to the side of justice. The rest, still unsure, deliberately hang the trio only to discover the whole thing a gruesome, irredeemable error.

Henry Fonda is so very natural as the rancher who swerves to the side of justice, William Eythe is the weakening son of old tyrant Frank Conroy. Jane Darwell is the only woman of the posse and a horrible wench we must say. Harry Davenport, Paul Hurst, Henry Morgan and Victor Kilian, are members of a splendid cast. We could see no rhyme or reason for the unrelated incident of Mary Beth Hughes and George Meeker. It served only to confuse and meant nothing. Tony Quinn and Dana Andrews, as well as Cris-Pin Martin, are terrific.

Your Reviewer Says: A cold slice of life served raw

**Night Monster**

(Universal)

It's About: Mystic murder nonsense

PRACTICALLY everyone gets killed—it's more fun, you know—monkey business creeps all over the place, especially on the estate of Ralph Morgan, where scary Bela Lugosi is the butler (pass the pickled head, Jones). Housekeeper Doris Lloyd chauffeur Leif Erickson, Yogi Nils Asther and several doctors are all suspects Irene Hervey is the too pretty psychiatrist. Fay Helm is the sister who thinks she's nuts. We thought so, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh pish tosh.

**The Man In The Trunk**

(20th Century-Fox)

It's About: A ghost who aids in solving his own murder mystery.

A PRETTY dancer buys a trunk for her wardrobe and finds the remains of a body inside. Attorney George Holmes is anxious to exonerate his client, now in the death house, by proving his innocence through the skeleton in the trunk, who, to oblige, steps out as a ghost, and, unseen, aids in the exposure of the real culprit.

Lyne Roberts is the dancer, Raymond Walburn is the fleshy ghost. J Carrol Naish, Dorothy Peterson and Douglas Fowley are also victims, as we the audiences are, of this nonsensical movie.

Your Reviewer Says: Back to your trunk, ghostie!

**Jungle Siren**

(P. R. C.)

It's About: Nazi business in the African jungle.

OF all the silly, stupid potpies, this underbaked one concerning Nazi agents at work amongst jungle tribes (not that we would put it past them) is the limit. Buster Crabbe and Ann Corio (the biggest strip-teaser name to come out of burlesque since the days of Gypsy Rose Lee) are the leads. Neither has a chance to be very good and there can be no doubt about the picture.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a plain bunk

**The Hidden Hand**

(Warners)

It's About: A faked death test

PRACTICALLY everybody gets killed but the people responsible for this potpourri of gore and we're on the prowl for them, shotgun loaded.

An elderly woman takes death and burial to test her dreadful relatives and in the testing no less than five corpses litter up the story. Milton Parsons is the trapped criminal. Craig Stevens, Elizabeth Fraser and Ruth Ford are unfortunate enough to be cast in this one.

Your Reviewer Says: Run like a turkey from this.

**One Of Our Aircraft Is Missing**

(United Artists)

It's About: An R.A.F. crew who bail out over Holland and get back to England through the efforts of the Dutch underground.

TODAY, more than ever before, truth exceeds fiction insofar as both drama and excitement are concerned. If you have the slightest doubt on this score see this picture—and be convinced. Based on fact throughout, it tells of six members of the R.A.F. who fly a bomber over Germany. When their plane is disabled by anti-aircraft fire they bail out over occupied Holland. Their experiences as they make their way to the North Sea and finally back to England—helped always by the Dutch underground—are exciting and absorbing not only while the picture is on the screen but also in retrospect.

Produced in England by Alexander Korda, with the full co-operation of the Royal Air Force, the British Air Ministry and the Royal Netherlands Government, it is an honest, straightforward chronicle which is the more impressive and memorable because it is free of theatrical chit-chat. The players, not familiar on this side of the ocean, give performances which are as simple and convincing and moving as the story itself.

Your Reviewer Says: A mental and emotional treat.

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CHERAMY perfumer

Men love “The Fragrance of Youth”
Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief. How PAZO Ointment Works:
1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and barren. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application: PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!
Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

Christmas Bell-Ringers
(Continued from page 56)

War Stamp Nosegays: Girls like to wear them in their hair. And what an idea for decorating Christmas packages instead of sprigs of mistletoe or holly. From 10c to how much have you.

Handkerchiefs: Not just handkerchiefs, but special numbers by Burmel, available in stores everywhere, with flower prints on white backgrounds and names embroidered in a graceful script in colors to complement the flowers. There are seventy-two names from which to choose. 29c each.

FOR THE LONG WINTER NIGHTS AND DAYS AHEAD

Mama Sweaters button all the way down the front whether they're cardigan or V-neckline models. You can get them in all wool powder or navy blue, natural, wine, black, or brown in sizes 34-46 for $2.98.

Younger Set Sweaters come in pairs, have peasant embroidery, are spangled with sequins. In any color the heart desires. From $1.98.

Knee Warmers: We're not fooling. They're foreshortened socks without feet which can be pulled up over the knees. Red Cross workers and those who have sedentary jobs in drafty workrooms will be happier and healthier for a pair of these in their Christmas stocking. $1.95.

FOR THE BOYS—YOUNG AND OLD

Maps: Rand McNally's Cosmopolitan Map of the World—53 x 35—shows the Americas in the center with Europe and Africa on the right and Asia and Australia on the left. It's very colorful and has a washable surface. Therefore he can mark areas of occupation with colored crayons and change his colors as the war progresses. Unmounted, $3.00. With taped edges and mounted on a resilient board so he can record events with thumb tacks, $8.85.

A Polar Projection map (in about four colors) shows the North Pole occupying the central point with the continents and oceans spreading out and up and down from it. The government hopes more men, women and children will be guided by this map even though it is more difficult to read. For it does away with any theory of isolationism showing Minneapolis, with its big inland milling centers, to be about the same distance from a Japanese island in the Kuril group as the naval base and airplane factories of southern California. A polar projection map presents the new world the airplane has created.

Globe of the World: A Victory Model 9 inches in diameter on a wooden stand costs $1.98. On a metal stand, $2.95.
**FOR THE KIDS**

**Kitten Mittens:** There's no need to be dreary because you're practical. These mittens knitted with bright kitten faces will keep children's hands warm and amuse them too. About $1.00.

**Twinkle Twinks** are stars, moons and planets—over one hundred of them—cut-out paper coated with harmless luminous paints so they will glow in the dark. They're gummed on the reverse side so they can be mounted on the ceiling or walls of children's bedrooms. $1.00.

**Plus-Lite Boards** are white boards for children to draw upon with colored crayons. And with a whisk of a cloth they're clean again. For two years and older. The smallest board, about fourteen by seven inches, is a convenient lap size. From $1.25 up.

**Paper Kits:** One kit, printed with Army colors, contains papers that readily fold into tanks, cannons, forts and all the other paraphernalia of warfare with which boys are enthralled these days. $1.00 and up.

**War Stamps:** You can buy gay greeting cards which enfold stamp books that have amusing drawings on every page. And the more stamps you paste in them the redder and merrier they'll be.

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**FOR THE HOUSE (Gifts for the Whole Family)**

**Table Mats:** Cork mats topped with flower prints or scenes and shielded against heat. Or mats of plastics. They make the dining-table as gay and cheerful as it should be for digestion and wartime morale and they conserve laundry bills. Each from 25c up.

**Door Knockers** with the family's name engraved upon them. In Old English script perhaps. From $1.50. For a special bit of swank small knockers for bedroom doors too, with first names engraved upon them. From $1.50.

**Casseroles,** large ones, like the old pot au feu which the French knew in happier days, to hold spaghetti, soup, or stew. Or salad when a salad bowl is lacking. Individual casseroles in which the cheese and toast on the onion soup can be brought to a crusty finish under the fire, for beef and kidney pies, for almost anything. Charming in glazed colors. From 39c.

**Matches:** There's still time to order those paper books of matches with names printed on them. “The Smiths” perhaps. Or “John and Mary.” Whichever way you choose. Fifty books from $1.15.

And when you're planning for Christmas remember the U.S.O. clubhouses have lists of boys, unable to get home for Christmas, who would like to have Christmas dinner with a family. Figure out how many of these boys, homesick for a soft chair, the kind of turkey stuffing and pumpkin pie their Mom makes, a father at the head of the table to say grace, the ruction children raise in a house, you can invite for Christmas day. Commanding officers at all camps and stations will authorize as many furloughs as possible.

Nowhere in the land and nowhere our boys serve overseas will it be forgotten that Christmas is one of the things we're fighting for.

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**Airplane Spotter Cards:** Regulation playing cards with various airplanes depicted in the center of the cards where the large heart, diamond, spade or club usually sits. The King of Clubs, for instance, shows a Cors. B 24 C U.S.A. while the Five of Hearts pictures a Hawker “Hurricane” of G.B. There are Japanese and German ships on them too. 50c.
Pocketful o' Songs

(Continued from page 49) Baby listen
If the time ever comes when your whole
world tumbles down, don't be afraid
Daddy will be right there with you,
groups all round.
That night at sundown Judy was alone.
For the first time in her life she realized
what it meant to be alone. Her best friend
had gone, and Judy was heart-broken.
In the next months there was heart-break-
ing that at times even Ethel waivered.
Frank was gone and she was alone with
this responsibility that was hers—solely
which she didn't understand. Why
should the studio continue to pay them money
when they did nothing to earn it?
Then she didn't want! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills,
successfully used by millions for over 40 years.
This give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of
kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from
your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

For Your Cat or Club

Free, rings and coupons. Over 300 de-
signs for Feline quality. Reasonable price.
Pins, sip, up, Ws. for free catalog.
Dept. J. Metal Arts Co., Rochester, N. Y.

POEMS WANTED

For Musical Setting

FOR YOUR HOME, FOR YOUR BUSINESS, FOR YOUR SCHOOL, FOR YOUR STUDIO. WE WISH TO PURCHASE POEMS TO BE SET TO MUSIC. ONLY WORKS WITH COPYRIGHT WILL BE CONSIDERED. 

RICHARD BROTHERS, 11 West 40th Street, New York City. 

OLD LEG TROUBLE

Keep your Venison Horse Moving. Reduce many old leg noises caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, and worn out sores. For all of this fail to show results in 10 days. Describe your case in detail. 

FREE BOOK.

R. G. VISCOTE COMPANY

140 North Dearborn Street

Chicago, Illinois

FREE ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one 3-inch photo or picture to 8 x 10 inches—FREE—If you enclose this ad. (You receive hand and return with your request.) Information on hard
printing in natural colors sent immediately. 

SEND TODAY.

SEPPERT STUDIOS, Dept. 146, Oct Moines, Ia.

DIAMOND RINGS

SIMULATED ROMANCE DESIGN

Each
SEND NO MONEY FOR LOTS OF 10 TO 12

SUFFERERS FROM

SEND FOR

DERMOSI

FOR

MAKE THE ONE

SPOT

TEST

SEND FOR

GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

DOCTOR'S

SOLD IN 50c THROUGH DRUG STORES

They won't require a prescription from
your doctor. Send at your own expense.

FREE CONSUMER GUIDE

POISONOUS PLANTS

CAUTION: Don't Confuse With Poison Ivy. These plants are as dangerous to health as arsenic. Many are deadly, others poisonous. In the flotation of, eavesdropping, etc., you are not alone. The plant or plant in question may be lying at your feet or in your garden, being very deadly. 

3 Full color pictures, illustrated by a well-known artist, included in this guide. 

FREE COLORED GUIDE

![Photo Play combined with Movie Mirror](https://via.placeholder.com/150)

In none of these pictures did Judy feel
that she had done anything worth
while. She confessed her disappointment
to her close friend Roger Edens. Roger,
with that marvelous insight he always
had, comforted her, wisely refraining from
comment. Instead, he went to the piano.
In Judy's next picture, "Love Finds Andy Hardy," she sang the song
that day—that unforgettable,
orIGINAL SONG, "Just An Inbetween.

It was while filming "Love Finds Andy Hardy" that the visitor could be found
with increasing frequency on the set.

Mr. LeRoy, who had spent many
years at Warner Brothers, had recently
been affiliated with M-G-M. He saw
great possibilities in this star-eyed
young girl and took her under his wing.
Judy's hair, which up until now
had been perfectly serviceable, rather
of brown, became almost a copper color.
(This was to highlight it on the screen.
She was sent to a dentist and porcelain
crowns were made for her teeth.

Thereafter on the set when a frenzied
cry arose for "Clutch!" everyone knew
that Judy's teeth had come "unstacked" again.
Mr. LeRoy obtained two dentists, whom he
sent orders for. Judy wore
dresses, make-ups. Day after day Judy
submitted to being made over. At last
Mr. LeRoy was satisfied. She was the
girl—and not too much of that.
Judy realized she was licked. She ate
her soups dutifully and made up for
it when she got home.

Princess Pudge was ordered to get
the heck on a reducing diet.
"But I'm starving," Judy protested and
went right on having her foolish little
divots. Finally orders were left in the
commissary that no matter what Judy
selected all she was to be served was
soup—and not too much of that.
Judy realized she was licked. She ate
her soups dutifully and made up for
it when she got home.

The wardrobe department literally
pucked up its ears. Madame arrived and
in due time created an odd-looking
contraption which Judy swooned was made
of and the wardrobe was delighted
when curves disappeared. All through
the "Wizard" when Judy danced blithely
down the Yellow Brick Road underneath
a belt of green leaves. When Judy
was a complicated invention, the likes of
which were never seen in the wonderful
land of Oz.

In May, 1939, a gigantic musical was
scheduled to begin shooting with Mickey
That language amazed finding in Size them. State Item send big."

That's why I want Garland," Berkeley said.

He won. Judy went in as Patsy in the production "Babes In Arms."

From the first Berkeley knew he had a team. He called Mickey and Judy together and quietly and solemnly he talked to them. "The people in this script are our kind of people," he said. "Trouper, every one of them. Now they're down and out. Sick at heart and broke. You kids are to pull them out. Give."

And Mickey and Judy gave. They took their hearts and laid them on the altar of America. Their dreams, their tears, their heartbeat; all of these they gave. America took a look and entombed them in a million eager arms. With a million soft young throats pulsing with the joy of song, with a million dancing the lilts of swing they worshipped them.

As long as people live who laugh and love and sing, these two, Mickey and Judy, will live always in their hearts. In "Little Nelly Kelly" Judy, for the first time, was allowed to show her age, the ripe old age of eighteen. Princess Pudgie in an Adrian suit seemed a far cry from Huntington Park and a pleated skirt. But underneath that faded sweater was a trouper's heart. It is still there. "I'd rather be an actress who can sing," Judy says thoughtfully, "than a singer who can act. Singing got me in but it won't keep me there.

And when Judy Garland talks like that she is as wise and old as show business itself.

In Hollywood on Wednesday nights a program called "California Melodies" was broadcast over K.F.I. Week after week Judy listened, entranced by the harmonies of a young composer she had never seen. Yet she felt she knew him—his music told her much in a language which, at times, almost frightened her. Often and oftener she found herself waiting for that certain spot on the dial which told her when that program was on the air.

One misty California night, without telling anyone, she slipped nervously away to the broadcasting studio. She would see for herself if her heart had been wrong.

When she arrived the orchestra was already on the stage. A slight unassuming young man stood before the microphone. His voice was saying something humorous and the audience laughed. The young man laughed with them. Then, his eyes passing over the faces of the audience found a slender girl in a big green hat. His eyes found her and stopped.

Only one other time during that Wednesday program did she look at each other. That glance was brief. Rather, it seemed as if its purpose was to satisfy each of them that this thing happening could be really true.

When the last notes of the orchestra died away, Judy made her way hesitantly toward the aisle. A slight, breathless man rushed up to her side. "Miss Garland, I—"—please, will you wait a moment..."

Judy stood there and listened to the pounding of her heart. Something told her this was no ordinary meeting. Something told her this was going to be important, very important in her gay young life.

As odd as their meeting was the courtship of Dave and Judy. You can read the details of this courtship and their much-discussed marriage in February Photo-Play-Movie Mirror.

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**Brief Reviews**

**GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE**

Warners: Even Washington himself would have laughed at this one. The comedy, with Benny and Ann Sheridan when they had themselves in a拿破仑 country, has lost something short on外国语. Complications pile on when Hedy Lamarr becomes involved. Her stepson, seeley and resource young Douglas Fredy thrusts upon them. It's a bowl. (Dec.)

**GIVE OUT, SISTERS—are Universal: It's confusing—it's funny. It's lively and abound with music and singing. Grace McDonald plays a young heroine... Just featuring a lively scene and Danny Buchanan leads the Audra Andrews Sisters introduces some new songs and the Jive Jack 'n Jills dance new steps. (Dec.)

**GLASS KEY; THE—Paramount: Alan Ladd scores again as the pal of political boss Brian Donlevy. He's a great guy, who says that murder on the waters around Veronica Lake is a matter of over-confidence. Virginia Grandison and Joseph Caliatta give swell performances. (Dec.)

**HALLEWAY TO SHANGHAI—are Universal: Paris Flat has a stranded woman who got involved in a murder mystery when a man is seen watching of plans of defenses in China. It's a film... American... enquire Ernest Taylor, Irene Hervey, and George Zucco are among the passengers. (Dec.)

**HARD WAY...THE—Warners: Ida Lupino's role of a relentlessly selfish woman who becomes involved with a... massive plot. Equally fine is the performance of Jack Carson as the lovable but dastardly... Marion who marries Josephans becomes the hero of their elaborate surroundings. Dennis Morgan, Leo Leon, Marie Alff and Gloria Dickson go well. (Dec.)

**HELLO, ANNAPOLIS—are Columbia: Jean Parker refuses to marry Tom Brown unless he enters the Navy. She doesn't... To her dismay, John... and they live. He learns the smart-aleckness out of him. (Dec.)

**HERE WE GO AGAIN—RKO: A radio tale, with Felber McGee and Molly celebrating twenty years of marriage. Here Robert Morgan, with Charley McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd, is in charge of an attempt to aid the silk-production of... You can imagine the goings-on, with the great Gilesworth adding to the laughs and with... Mr. Raines. (Nov.)

**HIGHWAYS BY NIGHT—RKO: Richard Carlson, who has just got into jail by gangs and ends up in the trucking business does the same thing, finds that Randolph is fair as the girl, but Jane Darwell, Barton... and Marcia are good. (Dec.)

**HI, NEIGHBOR—are Republic: Radio personalities such as Vera Vagone, Don Wilson, Lillian Randolph and others begin a series and the little home-grown... with Janet Beecher as sponsor of a school that prevents... and a lonely heart retreat in the summer. Jean Parker and John Archer are the inevitable wowsers. (Oct.)

**HILLBILLY BLITZKRIEG—Monogram: The famous Lenz, the second company, are played by Bud Duncan, and Barney Google. They become a sin... They have the...共和国... They have the... and... he is the top investigator. Edwin... with the Army sergeant and Lucien Littlefield as a... to the add... (Nov.)

**HOLIDAY INN—are Paramount: The blending... Bing Crosby's singing is all to the good and Irving Berlin's tunes make... Bing lives their act to run an inn open only on holidays. And as a performer comes Marjorie Reynolds and Fred tries to steal... her away. Virginia Dale is also involved. (Oct.)

**ICELAND—20th Century Fox: Some of the most notable features of... in... the story's only fail. It has... an Icelandic maiden, Googy, with... on the island, before he knows where he is. Osa Massen is Nolina, and Mary Wickes shows off some funny and Sammy Kaye and his orchestra provide some swell music. (Nov.)

**INVISIBLE AGENT—are Frank Lloyd: Universal: A master spy has worked his way through... He offers his services to the country, flies over Germany, cooks, etc. and there's a lot of very amusing and intriguing escapades. Osa Massen is the girl's spy: Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Peter Lorre and William Tabbert are the Axis agents. You'll enjoy it. (Oct.)

**ISLE OF MISSED MEN—are Monogram: A rather interesting... John Howard, as the governor of a penal colony. He... he... in Marlon, the man to help him... Gilbert Roland, his... Tat shines his back... action transpires before she is successfully. (Nov.)

**IT HAPPENED IN FLATBUSH—are 20th Century Fox: An exciting baseball yarn, with... a man with... and... in the play... he... as the manager of the club that once

**JACKASS MAIL—are M.G.M: Wally Barry and Marc... Another Manhattan... and big. They... It takes... he... and... the transport mail line, to... (Nov.)

**JOAN OF OZARK—are Republic: Corn, but good. Joan... all with their ludicrous antics in store for you. Judy... in Joe E.'s night club, where she... The... and... Cora is the spy and Eddie Foy Jr. is one of the... (Nov.)

**JUST OFF BROADWAY—are 20th Century Fox: Walter... Shaye, played as usual by...he... he... John Preston Foster, who suspects... in the courtroom. Consider the... to the open anywhere... to the... (Dec.)

**LADY IN A JAM—are Universal: Irene Dunne is a... in need of a psychoanalyst. She lands... bankruptcy, beads West and becomes embroiled in a phony gold mine. Ralph Bellamy is a cowboy and a motion picture... It's all pretty silly, so just laugh it off. (Oct.)

**LITTLE TOKIO, U.S.A.—20th Century Fox: The West's Coastal Japanese colony comes into the spotlight, with sex plays starring... They are seen... Preston Foster, who suspects... and... to the government. Consider them... of the open anywhere... of the... (Dec.)

**LOVES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE—are 20th Century Fox: A still further... in the... 20th Century Fox: Depth and beauty characterize the... This begins as a child, his first... with Virginia... with... and... John... John Slep, as a report... Miss Darnell give polished performances. (Dec.)

**MAJOR AND THE MINOR, THE—are Paramount: Don't miss this gay comedy, with... and... playing as a... in New York... and... with the boys at a military academy, and with... Ray Milland. Rita Johnson as Ray's... and... who knows the truth about... but helps her, and... (Dec.)

**MEXICAN SPITFIRE'S ELEPHANT—are RKO: Leon Errol again plays the dual role... and... with Leaf Velez and... and... to... to... in an onyx elephant... the... with a native... and... Lyle Talbot and Marion Martin are the smugglers. (Nov.)

**MOON AND SINFULS, THE—are David Lewis: Paul Muni is the star of... painter of Somerset Maugham's famous story, who becomes involved as a... and... and... and... and... the... who... her, the... at the the... (Nov.)

**MY SISTER EILEEN—are Columbia: A howl from start to finish is this adaptation... to the... of two sisters who... to New York to seek a career. Rosalind Russell is the older sister, Janet Blair her pretty sister Eileen, Don Ameche is the... and the... and... (Dec.)

**NIGHT FOR CRIME—are producers Releasing: This is a... and... star, played by... Rasquette, Gienda Farrell is the newpaper reporter and... Talbot the studio photographer. Raymond Massey is the creator. Edwin Schallert and Erskine Johnson play them... (Nov.)

**NOW! FOYER—are Warners: Another Betty Davis masterpiece is this story of a frustrated woman who... through the aid of... and... and... and... bring... her... her... in the... Glady Cooper, Ida Chase and Bonita Granville are on to the very high standard of the story. (Dec.)

**ONE THRILLING NIGHT—are Monogram: A rather interesting... and... is the... with the... who... and... in the... into the... ranks into the... into... rank gang... over a... solver, dumb house detective and... (Oct.)

**PHOTOPLAY—combined with MOVIE Mirror.
HOLLYWOOD, BEWARE IN 1943! The high spots and low spots in the lives of your favorite stars, foretold for the year to come by Photo-play Movie Mirror's remarkable prophet, Matilda Trotter

Watch for the excitement to start soon!
What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 39) studio. He should carry complete identification. If you will send me this man’s name, I will find out promptly whether he is employed by any of our major studios.

One word of advice for you, ladies, and to all girls tempted by Hollywood offers. Don’t believe anything you hear unless the man can prove himself to your local banker.

My candid impression is that this man is not trustworthy.

Yours truly,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I can scarcely wait until your picture “You and I” comes to our town. I never miss a Bette Davis picture. That brings me to something I would like to ask you, Bette, to become a movie star.

I guess I’d better be frank. I’m no prize. I am five feet eight inches tall and I weigh about a hundred and thirty pounds. My hair is just plain brown and my eyes are blue with thick lashes. I have quite a few freckles; I would wear cold cream at night except that my two oldest sisters sleep in the same room with me make fun of me.

I would like to get away from home and become famous just to show them I’m not a brat. I think that an actress is not a snap and I’m willing to slave for a chance to prove that I really can act.

A Plain Jane.

Dear “Plain Jane”:

Goodness, why do you describe yourself like something that would scare Bella Lugosi? After all, five feet eight inches of height isn’t so tall; Alexis Smith is your height. As for freckles, Myrna Loy has always accepted them. If you don’t want to wear cold cream at night, ignore your sisters’ teasing. When they discover that they no longer get a rise out of you, they will forget it.

Unfortunately, wanting to become famous to prove to your family that you aren’t a “goon,” as you say, isn’t the right approach to becoming an actress. As you must realize, there are no rules about appearance’s alone making a star; we have every type of face in Hollywood. Also, it is a question of hard work—there are so many other things to consider.

It seems to me that your problem is first to learn to look well-groomed all the time. Keep your hair brushed, your complexion clear and your dresses neat. Walk with your shoulders back and stop hating yourself. Once you have won the respect of everyone in your town, let the future develop as it will.

Sincerely yours,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

Because I have read such nice things about you from my friends, I am taking the liberty of bringing my problem to you.

I am seventeen years old, a senior in high school. I have taken singing lessons since I was thirteen and I have had the good luck to sing over several radio stations.

I am five feet four inches tall and I weigh 110 without dieting. My hair is naturally curly and deep auburn in color. I enjoy every minute of it.

Probably you are thinking, “that conceited little drip,” but I’m not really. I know that I don’t know a single thing about what makes an actress—probably what I know would be silly to try to get into pictures without training. My family want me to finish my high-school work and then go to a year or two at state university and I think I should do as they wish.

What I would like to have you tell me, Miss Davis, is this: What can I do now to begin fitting myself for a stage and movie career? Are there some home exercises I could do to improve my voice? What sort of books ought I to read?

I know how frightfully busy you are, but could you have your secretary give me some sort of a routine that I should follow for the next three years? I know that sounds pretty presumptuous, but writing to you is the only way I could think of, in which I could get the real rundown.

Thanking you with my whole heart,

Yours sincerely,

Margaret B.

Dear Margaret B.:

I don’t think that you have been a "conceited little drip"—as you say—because of telling me how you look. As a matter of fact, you sound very attractive. One of the most important things in life is to feel attractive, if you really are. Beauty is nothing over which to be...
conceived, because it is something over which the individual has no control—it is a happy act of nature.

I like your letter because it shows an intelligent approach to your ambition. And there are many things you can do now to further your chances of realizing that ambition.

You are quite right in planning to attend college or university if your parents wish you to do so. However, between now and then, you will no doubt be given many opportunities to appear before the public and some of unusual may occur to change your plans.

No doubt there is some sort of dramatic class in your high school. You should join, if possible, and appear in as many plays as possible. You should read as many plays as you can, because this will give you a feeling of great lines and drama.

Perhaps there is a competent dancing teacher in or near your town. I think you should take lessons, not so much with the idea of becoming a dancer, as to learn how to handle your body with grace and poise.

Meanwhile, the most important thing for you to do is to work on your speaking voice and your diction. There are certain definite rules about voice placement which would have to be explained to you by a teacher. I think, how many, there are two excellent books available on the subject, "Phonetic Studies In Folk Speech," by Annie Darrow and "The Speaking Voice" by Amelia Smith.

You must have noticed that a pleasant speaking voice is a prime asset in any walk of life and that good diction is a treasure unpossessed by many, many people.

Having attained grace and a flexible, compelling voice during the next three years, you will have taken a long step toward success in any field.

Yours truly,

Bette Davis

Share your problem with Bette Davis. Write to her in care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 775 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal. All such letters are subject to publication in this magazine, as Miss Davis elects to answer them. Naive will, of course, be changed to protect the identity of the writer.

The Okay Kid

(Continued from page 50) Gating story in the paper.

Result: Margia (as she was known in school) Hunt became Marsha Hunt on the dotted line for Paramount.

In 1938, after three years of making enough $5 to stock all the alphabet soup on earth for the next ten years, Marsha began to wonder what gave on Broadway. She discussed her curiosity with her husband (more about him later) and, together, they decided that she might as well be a Paramount "highConnections and haunt Eastern casting directors for a time.

In New York she had a nice juicy part lined up with a summer stock company when she received a telegram from Hollywood saying that M-G-M wanted to test her. That was all. Just test. So-o-o—here we go again, boys.

She telephoned husband Jerry for a family council and, before you could say, "Your three minutes are up, please signal when through," she was on a westbound plane.

"I may be back in a flash without cash," she told her Eastern friends, "but here goes on another harebrained ex-

lever, tuberculosis and other common ailments. He also discusses the nervous child, the shy child as well as jealousy in children.

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peution. So hardebrain, in fact, that she was signed and cast in an opus titled "These Glamour Girls." After that came "Pride And Prejudice," "The Trial Of Mary Dugan," "Blossoms In The Dust," "Unholy Partners," "Kid Glove Killer," "Once Upon A Thursday," "Joe Smith, American," and "Seven Sweethearts."

After "Joe Smith" was released everyone began to congratulate Marsha, but unerringly, on her performance. Finally Betty (as she is called at home) turned her pair of limpid eyes upon one of her praisers.

"It gets me," she said, running her forefinger around the high neck of her peasant frock. "I mean it really does. As Mrs. Smith, I simply acted natural. In other pictures I've worked twice as hard and worried five times as much to achieve a telling characterization, yet nothing was said about it."

So much for the Hunt career. Now for that thing called love.

If you have a spare moment, visualize Henry Fonda playing Cunid, because that is his role in the Marsha Hunt-Jerry (Jay) Hopper romance. In a lefthanded sort of way, of course.

While Marsha was at Paramount she was called in one day to do an assistant-test. This is an arrangement whereby a girl acts as backstop against which some hopeful casting-gent bounces dialogue. There was a group of people in the room where the test was to be made, so Marsha glanced around in search of friends. Lo, yonder was a familiar face. Marsha met the man's eyes and wondered if Mr. Fonda, whom she had met only once before, would remember her. The gentleman returned her look squarely—and with relish—but he didn't speak.

Several seconds went by, yet Marsha and the man continued to stare at one another. Finally—and a lucky thing, too, or they might still be standing there—the director called, "All right, Marsha, let's go!"

Several weeks later Marsha was called in to do some scores for a picture. When she entered there was her Henry Fonda. On this rare day out to be Jerry Hopper, assistant head of Paramount's music department. Some Samaritan introduced them, then Mr. Hopper went away again. Marsha's heart thinking it would have been nice if he had stuck around, but there's no accounting for the behavior of men.

Actually he hadn't gone very far away—merely into the recording booth high above the stage. Well, the recording began at three in the afternoon and it went on and on and on. Finally, at three in the morning, the okay was given for sound and Marsha was free to go home.

As the technicians were leaving, Jerry Hopper observed, "That Hunt gal is some trouper. Never a whimper, never a fluke, never a blow-up in twelve hours of recording! For my money, she is Queenie, the okay kid."

After that round-the-clock siege of recording, Jay managed to be in the vicinity every time Marsha appeared in the Paramount music department for business purposes. His co-workers, in loud clear voices, began to comment on this interesting state of affairs. "How is it," they wanted to know, "that you are always around, Jay, when Marsha has to record? How does it happen that you skip the vocal activities of all the others, but you are always deeply interested in Miss Hunt's note-taking?"

Jay retaliated by saying that he would be glad to explain to Miss Hunt personally, over luncheon. Miss Hunt, eager for an explanation, said it was high time.

While they were hiding behind the size of sheet music and trying to think of something to say to one another, John Howard came clanking up with a sprained ankle. He joined them and uttered loud lament over the fact that he was going to be on the sidelines at Sunday's tennis tournament instead of out there giving all for dear old Paramount.

"Are you two going?" he asked, the very voice of providence itself. This gave Jay a superb chance to ask Marsha, "Shall we?" And the lady said yes! Hopper picked up Hunt early Sunday morning and took her to a favorite spot where the eggs Benedict are simply super. This breakfast proved to be such a success that it has become a Hopper family ritual to have eggs Benedict to celebrate each wedding anniversary breakfast. It seems to me that creating tradition and then observing them year after year helps to keep a marriage happy," Marsha told her sister.

After the precedent-establishing breakfast, Jay and Marsha went to the tennis matches and cheered their favorites to victory. From that event, they hurried to a patio party being given by Lee Bowman and Roger Converse, two hospitable worthies who were, at that time, keeping bachelor quarters.

The party was one of the most of any affair to go on and on and on until people began to get hungry. "Armstrong-Schroeder's for a hunk of steak a mile long and go Hopper took over the situation, so the party in toto adjourned to Armstrong-Schroeder's.

Steaks devoured, Jay Hopper thought himself. of Gordon's, an intimate Beverly Hills night club with a small stage on which there is a piano, a microphone and space enough for a small group. Armstrong-Schroeder's, Bowman acted as MC and everyone else donated talent.

"Pennies From Heaven" was No. 1 on the hit parade at the time they sang "Pennies" until the Indian was bald. When, at last, Jay took Marsha home he said, "It's been a swell day."

Marsha said, "Uh-huh!"

Jay said, "We sure have fun together, don't we?"

Marsha said, "Uh-huh!"

Jay looked down at her for several glad seconds, in that her was a girl at five feet six inches in her nylon; a girl who weighs "with ten sensational potato pounds added" a total of 120; a girl with that own hair and blue eyes and eyebrows fringed by eyelashes of extravagant natural length. "Could be Pennies From Heaven for us," Jay (Hopeful) Hopper said. "It certainly could," agreed Marsha. A mockingbird in a nearby tree uttered a joyous whoop at sight of what happened next. But that is none of our business.

FROM that day on, with the exception of an occasional location trip, Marsha had a date with Jay every single night. They were married on November 22, 1938. At present, Jay is with the Signal Corps at Astoria, New York, and the instant Marsha finished work in "Flight To Glory" for M-G-M she whisked East to visit him.

In addition to her husband, Marsha loves hot-fudge sundaes and mashed potatoes, and in the winter, when there is a space of nail-chewing, because she can eat anything she wants, and lasagna. My figure runs to bones around the neck, she says. He says his ownership of me is a segregation. Actually, her figure has never lost its enchanting juvenile cuteness. She looks like someone's kid sister. The next to go into a jitterbug round.

During leisure hours, Marsha goes in heavily for peasant clothes with gathered necklines, long sleeves and voluminous skirts, in which she looks like a heroine stolen right out of a Franz Schubert overture.

These outfits are made at the Hopper ranch by Mrs. Whitney ("Mrs. Effy"), who is a small but superior mending room. Not only does she sew "stupendously," as Marsha says, but she cooks the same way. And she weaves over Marsha ast week was used for porcelain.

But so does practically everyone on the M-G-M lot, for that matter. It takes thirty minutes to wash the blocks because she is hauled by two out of every three persons who pass.

What does she want of the future? We promise Mrs. Smith frequent trips to the camp at Astoria. And—after the war—a family. "I've thought it all out," she says. "I warned you to behave with that. I'm really not a hardebrain character."

But how can anybody be so lovely... and so wise!

The End
The old cliche, "Sweets to the sweet," gets a new workout at The Players with brother Vernon Cassino handing out a piece of birth-day cake to the celebrating Rita Hayworth.

(Continued from page 12)

Inside Information: Now that cute little Nan Wynn has a new Columbia contract, Rita Hayworth will have to find someone else to sing for her in pictures. Nan is the gal who sang all Rita's songs in "My Gal Sal." Her voice was dubbed in.

Fans would certainly be disgusted if they knew how one cowboy star, now in the service, is trying to horn in on the publicity of another Western actor, not yet in. These boys of the old West are almost as temperamental in their jealousies as the stars of olden days.

Remember the Mauch twins—Billy and Bobby—who starred in Warner Brothers pictures and later returned to the studio as messenger boys? Well, the handsome pair have enlisted in the radio control division of the Army Air Corps. If the Japs amaze the Japs as completely as they did the examining physicians by their identical appearances, even to the same dental work, the war is over, boys.

Jack Oakie is the most desolate man in town since the separation from his wife Venita Varden. For several weeks neither his studio nor his press agent could find him. Cal spied him one afternoon late on the terrace of The Players cafe, sitting all alone and frankly and unashamedly weeping.

The other night Oakie gathered up ten soldier boys around town, took them up to his apartment and had each boy telephone his home long distance. The bill was huge but Oakie was happy.

Hollywood, who is really fond of Jack, hopes he'll try to be a better boy and get himself straightened up.

The town is tittering over comedian Phil Silvera's reference to that supposedly ill screen hero as the bravest 4F he ever saw in his life.

Romance Notes: Since her divorce from agent Walter Kane, Lynn Bari is finding the steady company of Sid Luft, a test pilot, very pleasant, indeed. Jennifer Holt, daughter of Jack and sister of Tom, will marry Robin Sinclair, R.A.F. flyer, in the near future. Interesting, too, that little Jennifer will then be Lady Jennifer Sinclair.

John Payne and former wife Anne Shirley started the Mocamboites by coming in together, arm in arm. But it's not a reconciliation, folks. Jane Russell (see page 21) is still John's best girl and Ann continues to play the field.

"No, it isn't serious," Arline Judge told Cal about two months ago at The Players. "Jimmy and I are just old, old friends.

And then Arline up and marries her old, old friend Captain James Addams of the R.A.F., and Cal wonders what gets into these girls anyway. Why deny things so vehemently? . . .

The town won't seem the same somehow with Reggie Gardner, that man about town, all settled down and married. Yes, Reggie and the fair Nadra Petrova are now married and seem very happy, indeed.

A Lesson In Acting: Out over the Pass to Warner's studio, Sidney Green-street and Cal drove one night recently to a studio preview. The rotund villain of "The Maltese Falcon" and "Across The Pacific" fame was in rare form (no pun intended). The performance of Bette Davis in "Now, Voyager" inspired him to talk at length of her rare talents. We fully expected Sidney to go right home and write Bette a fan letter, but, instead, he came to our house and, under the exuberance of his appreciation for the Davis talents, gave a young hopeful at the house lessons in acting.

If only Twentieth could convert to paper the wonders of that evening with Greenstreet, the favorite of Lunt and Fontanne, striding up and down, or sitting menacingly in a corner, beckoning with small frightening gestures, or rising to full length, his face suddenly lightening as if with spiritual vision. What an actor! A character who knows down to the tap of a toe, the tiniest side glance of an eye, the crook of a small finger, how to transform man from spiritual to evil and all the way back again.

Suddenly it came over us we were privileged to behold a performance audience would never see. And would give a small fortune to behold, and incidently we wanted to share with you fans (you are near our old heart, you see) something of this evening.

Incidently, did you know Greenstreet was an Englishman who has been in America since 1924 and has a handsome young son in New York? His laugh off screen dances up and down the two notes of the scale as it does on, chilling or cheering as he wills.

With Hearts Full: Hollywood stood helplessly while her good and substantial citizen Joe E. Brown arrived back from Detroit, where he was starring in "The Show-Off," to bury his handsome oldest son, Lt. Don Brown, who was killed in a plane accident near Palm Springs.

Those of us who know of the deep devotion of Joe E. for his family, of the close ties among them, realized the extent of their heartache.

You Joe E., proudly bore away from the grave the flag that had draped his boy's coffin. And four days later he was back doing his civic duty, being sworn in as a playground commissioner.

The film world no finer, more liberal, more human people than the Browns. Down to the last child, Hollywood extends its hand in sympathy.

Tidbits: Blondie (Penny Singleton) refuses to call her new baby "Blondie," because she's afraid she'll grow up and marry a fellow called Dagwood, just to be cute. Instead, she calls her Robin, if you please. Penny is the wife of producer Robert Sparks . . .

Did you know Jack Benny is silver-haired off screen? Well, Brent has joined the Army as a flying instructor, he is also very gray-haired. Due to the movies, George had to keep his hair constantly dyed. Now he can go natural again.

Close friends will be happy when that screen and stage actress goes back to her play in New York and lets that married star, so infatuated at the moment, return to his wife and children who love him.

The Bud ABBotts went out on a Bond-selling tour and came back with a three-year-old little girl whom they've now adopted. The couple couldn't be happier. This is my reward for helping Uncle Sam," Abbott grins.

Gone But Not Forgotten: With Tony, the famous horse of screen fame, gone to greener pastures, and his master, Tom Mix, who rode him through hundreds of films, also gone, seems as if the good old days of movies are slipping far into the gone-but-not-forgotten era . . .

In a way that was quite a sacrifice on Judd's part, his latest starring role was playing old Maxwell that has played such a substantial part in his radio shows. But when the Government facetiously asked Jack what he'd like to get an exact replica of, his imaginary Maxwell to the scrap salvage, being a good American, he leaped to comply. Oh, well, maybe he'll get a motorcycle and (Continued on page 94)
JOURNEY FOR MARGARET—M-G-M: John Duvall, Robert Young, Sara Davis, Laraine Day; Tilly Nunn, Kaye Ballard, Herbert V. Allen, Nigel Bruce, Margaret O'Brien; Peter, William Holden, Donald Crisp, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Barbara, Doris Lloyd, Sir. Barrie, Halliwel Hobbs; Miss Harris, Heather Thatcher; Sam Hennings, Pauline Moore, G. P. Huntley, F. W. Woolfe, Lisa Coogan.

FALCON'S BROTHER, THE—RKO Radio: Gay Lawrence, George Sanders; Tom Lawrence, Tom Conway; Marcus Brooks, John Randolph; June D'Orange; Miss Hobart; Clark Bates; Edward Gargan; George; Eddie Dunn; Arlette; Charlotte Wynters; Paul Hurst; James Neilson; Jerry, Kaye Lake, Camilla, Amanda Varley, Paul; Des; Timothy; Norma Bailey; Saki; Andre; E. Henriques; Miss Miss; Miss Isabelle; Ms. Charlot; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Miss; Miss Mis...
To make your eyes look larger:

**Eyebrow Shaping**

Create the illusion of size by arching the eyebrow just a bit lower than usual—but not so low that your expression will be too severe. Remove just a few hairs from the upper edge of the brows; accent the lower arch with the eyebrow pencil.

**Mascara**

Mascara only the tips of the lashes.

**Eye Shadow**

Use little eyeshadow and none at all in the hollow of the eyelid next to the nose.

To make your eyes look less round:

**Eyebrow Shaping**

Shape the eyebrow oval so that there is no feeling of a rounded arch.

Always be sure the eyebrow is not thinned too much. Work with the pencil until the eye takes on a definite almond shape.

**Mascara**

Use mascara only on the lashes from the center of the eyes to the outer corners.

**Eye Shadow**

Follow general eye shadow rules. Never apply shadow with the same density over the whole lid; never apply it under the eye.

To keep your eyes from looking too prominent:

**Eyebrow Shaping**

Don’t wear too-thin brows; but don’t make them too heavy. Make up lower section of face so that attention will be immediately drawn to some feature of it.

**Mascara**

Mascara only the upper lashes—and very lightly.

**Eye Shadow**

Blend the eye shadow carefully over the prominent part of the upper lid; use as dark a shade as possible.

—from Olivia de Havilland, the star of Warners’ “Princess O’Rourke.” Possessor of a pair of eyes that have dazzled even Hollywood, she says, “I believe a girl should always make up to match the personality she knows is hers. One of the most charming of the younger actresses has a sweet pert personality. To accent this, she wears her hair in crisp curls, her lashes long with an up-curl of extra mascara.” More cues from Hollywood: Use artificial eyelashes if nature was skimpy; keep your eyes sparkling by regular use of eye lotion. Don’t ever forget the terrific pick-up of a short nap with medicated eye pads in place.
Heart Affair

(Continued from page 22) in the school who wasn't pursuing him and Jane immediately took her place at the head of the race.

Later, when she had been able to get over the heartbreak of him, Jane said, 'Gym and athletics were important to us at Van Nuys and we all became body-conscious. I guess I've always been that way. When I meet a fellow I always notice his build. To me a man's build means he has manly instincts. Besides, I think girls are divided into two groups, the ones who like flowers and courtesies from a man, and who want to be chased, and then the girls who want to do the chasing.

'I CHASED Bob for more than a year and a half. My friends would say to me, 'He's a funny fellow. He's no good for you, Janie,' but that didn't stop me. He was the main school figure and he had a gang of stooges who always traveled with him.

'The first time we ever met on the campus, he just stood there, looking down at me, absolutely quiet, completely sure of himself, and then he moved away, without a word, with all his gang following after him. I was impressed as only a dizzy kid of fourteen can be impressed.

'It didn't take me long to learn that the gang all gathered at his house, that his mother was a swell sport whom they called 'Frances' and that she'd been supporting them both ever since Bob's father died when Bob was ten.

'So I saw to it that I joined that gang. I saw to it that I was wherever he was. I went in for sports, I went in for groups of pals, I went in for anything that I thought would attract and hold his interest. I lost my own father in 1937, and I'm not sure now that that wasn't one of the things that brought us together. Something did, and that was all I cared about then. I knew I was five times as in love with him as he was with me, but that didn't matter either, so long as he would speak to me and let me be somewhere near him.

'Bob went on to UCLA to major in forestry and football coaching. That nearly drove me mad, for every day, from the day of our original meeting, I had managed to see him somehow. After that first year and a half, we began going together exclusively. I'd beg and tease him, 'Why can't you love me a little?'

'Bob would answer, not with the adoring phrases that I wanted to hear, but by saying, 'Who says I don't? I'm here, aren't I?'

'He liked to fish, to hunt, to shoot deer. Jane pretended an interest in guns that she did not possess. When her chance to go into pictures came, she rushed first to tell her mother about it. She did not know why she sensed that he would hate her stardom, but she did, and her instinct was right. 'This is going to break us up. You know that, don't you?' he asked when she told him.

She promised that it would not, and she tried to prevent it. By Christmas of 1940, they were officially engaged. Jane was working on "The Outlaw" by this time and whenever she was kept late at the studio, she would stop by his house and call 'good-night' to him through his bedroom window. Half the time he did not answer her and she never knew whether or not he was lying there in the darkness, half awake, listening for her voice.

'She coaxed and begged him to come to the studio to watch her work and he came just once. They were actually on location and he hid behind a rock and watched her. When the scene was finally over and she was free to leave, he took her home, but he was sarcastic all the way. 'Is that so, Miss Hollywood,' he would reply to all her speeches, 'You are really the big star, aren't you?'

'He grew madly jealous of her. She would tell him of some press stunt that had been arranged for her, or of some scene she had played, and he would remark, 'That damn false hero of mine.'

'Yet beneath it all, she sensed that as she grew in importance, this soul-born love grew for her. She wanted nothing from life but to be happy with him, but their quarrels grew more frequent, and more devastating.

A WOMAN can get to the point where she hates her own unhappiness. Jane Russell reached there by the end of 1941. She went to Bob finally and gave him back his ring. As the winter faded into the spring, she told herself she was through with him, and then she thought of him didn't matter to her any longer. It was almost true until one night she drove down to the beach and saw him there, with another fellow and girl, and found herself trembling at the sight of him. She made herself rush away before she could say anything to him. She said to herself, 'Russell, you are not going to get in that state again."

'She was still living up to that vow, too, when she and John Payne met. early last summer, two disillusioned young people who were trying to find themselves, decided to live together in a house with the memory of love about them, each of them lonely, and it was wartime when there is scarcely time enough left for the most important things, let alone the trivialities.

'John Payne was now sure of his stardom, even if after his fine dramatic work in "Remember the Night," his face had been wasted on a bunch of silly musical-comedy roles. But Jane Russell, for all her beauty and talent, for all her headline fame, knew where she stood, whether Hughes would ever show "The Outlaw" or release her from her contract, whether any other studio would sign her. Where Anne Shirley had understood every angle of the Hollywood game, Jane was truly a beauty in disarray. Compared to her, John felt wise, protective and helpful. Men like that role.

'SO they began seeing one another. Johnny and Jane, at first casually and then steadily. Jane knew from the beginning that John couldn't talk of marriage, first because his divorce wasn't yet final, and then because of the war. She soon learned how steady he was keeping up his flying practice, even though he insisted upon entering the service as a private, not wanting to be one of those 'ninety-day wonders' who quickly lord it over the lads who have gone through the best camps. She soon learned that he promised his studio, Twentieth-Century-Fox, to finish a couple of extra pictures to pay for having initially given him his biggest break, but that he had said that he would not remain a civilian one day after the end of 1945.

'This means that like millions of other couples of today, Jane and John must put aside their individual happiness as a willing sacrifice to the greater love of freedom and of country. What time and separation will do to them, they do not know or question.

'They are living together in the past nor in the future. They are living excitingly, romantically in the present which they find very wonderful, all because they found one another out of all the world.

The End
Try new shades of

CHEN YU

long-lasting nail lacquer

CHEN Yu Nail Lacquer... so durable... so hard to chip you

wonder if it never wears away. One trial will show you... it's so lasting... so lustrous... so flattering to

your hands. Now we offer to send trial bottles so you may try new shades... so you may discover the keen

excitement of Fashion’s newest idea... CHEN Yu nails, and clothes.

in perfect color harmony. (Use new shades

of CHEN Yu to add newness and glamour to

your various outfits!) Choose any

two colors... mark them in coupon... send today.

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lasting CHEN Yu manicures at the smarter salons.

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Send me two sample size bottles of CHEN Yu Nail Lacquer, shades checked below. I enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax.

[Boxes of nail lacquer shades]

Name

Address

City

State

Send me two sample size bottles of CHEN Yu Nail Lacquer, shades checked below. I enclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of packing, mailing and Government Tax.
Try this Bride's Beauty Secret... go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

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

HER thrilling story may soon be yours!
First, a lovelier complexion! Then, friendly compliments... admiring glances saying you are oh-so-pretty!

"The Camay Mild-Soap Diet is just wonderful," says this beautiful bride, Mrs. Gover. "It has done so much for my complexion that now friends even ask for my beauty secret."

Proved Milder by Actual Tests!
The Camay Mild-Soap Diet can make a thrilling difference! For, without knowing it, you may be letting improper cleansing dull your skin, as so many women do. Or you may be using a soap that isn’t as mild as a beauty soap should be.

Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap! And Camay is not just mild—it’s milder—actually milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps we tested. That’s why we say, "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet tonight."

From the very first treatment you’ll notice how fresh it makes your skin feel—how much more alive! Be faithful—and in a few short weeks, new loveliness may make pretty compliments an everyday occurrence in your life!

GO ON THE CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!

Work Camay’s milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water, then thirty seconds of cold splashings.

Next morning, one more quick session with this milder Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Regular cleansing reveals the full benefit of Camay’s mildness.

FOR 30 DAYS...LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!
PHOTOPLAY combined with THE MIRROR

FEBRUARY

15¢

RITA HAYWORTH
BY PAUL HESSE

Special! Color Portrait of LT. CLARK GABLE in Uniform

WHAT I THINK ABOUT THE ERROL FLYNN CASE by Adela Rogers St. Johns
CAKE SHAMPOO ADDS LOVELY NATURAL APPEARING COLOR TO HAIR THAT IS...

STREAKED • DULL • GREY • FADED GRAYING • AGING • BURNT • LIFELESS

This remarkable discovery, Tintz 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, burnt, off-color hair a minute longer, for Tintz Cake 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; Black, Dark, Medium, or Light Brown, Auburn (Titian) or Blonde. Only 50c (2 for $1.00)

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... JUST MAIL COUPON ON GUARANTEE RESULTS MUST DELIGHT YOU OR NO COST ...

Take advantage of this introductory offer and mail your order today. On arrival of your package, just deposit 50c ($1 for 2) plus postage with postman and Shampoo-tint your own hair right in your own home. We are sure just one trial will convince you that here at last is the ideal hair tint. 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!

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NOW YOU CAN GET TINTZ AT LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES WALGREEN'S, MANY DRUG STORES AND SYNDICATED STORES

TINTZ

Hair tinting cake shampoo

A NO-RISK OFFER YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS SIMPLY SEND LETTER OR CONVENIENT COUPON


Send one full size TINTZ CAKE 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 (if C.O.D. postage charges extra)

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(Print plainly)

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE
"Imagine! Dan Cupid's Ablest Assistant—and yet you can't land a man of your own!"

“The fact is, soft foods sometimes rob gums of needed stimulation. That's why I advise massaging the gums every time you brush your teeth.” (Note: Recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)

“Hurray—for my frank friends and my dentist! It's massage with Ipana for my gums—from now on! My teeth are brighter already! I like Ipana's fresh taste. And that tingle as I massage my gums seems to say: 'You're heading for a brighter smile.'”

(first time you see “pink” on your tooth brush—see your dentist. He may simply tell you today's soft foods have robbed your gums of the exercise they need for healthy firmness. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the health of the gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little more Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang" tells you circulation is waking up within the gums, helping to make the tissues firmer and stronger.

Start now to make Ipana and massage a regular daily habit. Let it help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth—a more sparkling, attractive smile!
A harvest of praise is coming in for "Random Harvest".

This Hall of Fame picture is now playing at New York's Radio City Music Hall and is due to reach the country on the crest of an M-G-M wave in the Miniver manner.

What a job the movies are doing for the national morale. Lieutenant General Dwight Eisenhower cables from Africa:

"Motion pictures are of the utmost importance to provide entertainment and build up the morale. Newsreels are specially of tremendous value providing for the soldiers the means of keeping up with their friends, in other theatres of war and with their families at home. The stories and the sets in the feature productions bring their home country vividly to their memories. Let's have more motion pictures!"

And anyone in the Navy as well as anyone out of it will stand up and cheer for "Stand By For Action". This is a screen play based on the story you may have read in Reader's Digest entitled "Cairo of Innocence".

Three Big Guns are the stars: Robert Taylor, Charles Laughton and Brian Donlevy.

Nor must we (and who will ever?) forget the performance of Walter Brennan.

Old Reliable Robert Z. Leonard directed. The "Z" stands for Zenith. This is that of his career.

"Stand By For Action" is a mighty picture of the battle-wagons in the Pacific. It is a thrill.

This is a preliminary to the ushering in of the new Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn opus "Keeper of The Flame".

How many of you have read I. A. R. Wylie's book? The picture is based on it and was photodramatized by Donald Ogden Stewart.

"Keeper of The Flame" is different from any picture you have ever seen.

George Cukor, now a private in the army, is the director. Of the many great pictures which he has made this is probably his best work.

Those horns we heard echo the Happy New Year's Roar.

JOE LEVIN

FEBRUARY, 1943

VOL. 22, NO. 3

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

COMBINED WITH

PHOTOPLAY, the well-known monthly magazine for the motion picture industry, has merged with THIS WEEK, the outstanding weekly periodical for the general public, to form MOVIE MIRROR, combining the best of both publications for a complete daily news magazine for the motion picture industry.
Deep in your heart, seared in your soul you'll keep the flame of this drama a loved movie memory. Two great stars brilliant in "Woman of the Year" are reunited now—more exciting together than ever.

SPENCER KATHARINE
TRACY • HEPBURN
"Keeper of the Flame"

RICHARD WHORF • MARGARET WYCHELY • FRANK CRAVEN
FORREST TUCKER • HORACE McNALLY • PERCY KILBRIDE

Screen Play by DONALD OGDEN STEWART • Based Upon the Book by I. A. R. WYLIE
Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • Produced by VICTOR SAVILLE • Associate Producer LEON GORDON
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

FEBRUARY, 1943
REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH
A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding

Casablanca (Warners)

It's About: Two who loved in Paris meet again in wartime Morocco.

If you like movies with excitement, suspense, a Nazi menace and a love story running through them like a bright flame this is your dish.

Ingrid Bergman and Humphrey Bogart have a grande passion in Paris. Circumstances force her to run away from him. They meet again in Casablanca. She is married to Paul Henreid, who has recently escaped from a German concentration camp.

Embezzled though Bogart is over Ingrid’s leaving him in Paris, he still loves her and she him and in the midst of the dangers of war, that love grows stronger. When Bogart, who has important stolen visas, turns out to be the only man who can save Henreid—and by the same token lose Ingrid—you find yourself on the edge of your chair.

Humphrey Bogart is grand. Ingrid Bergman is poignantly and dramatically beautiful. Henreid is quietly convincing as are Conrad Veidt and the rest of the notable cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Leave the dinner dishes when this one's showing.

Random Harvest (M-G-M)

It's About: A victim of World War I whose life takes a strange path.

Pretentiously screened, elaborately dressed and exquisitely acted, "Random Harvest" becomes an important big picture of the year. Suffering from overlength at times and somehow lacking the warm, tender appeal of "Mrs. Miniver," the picture nevertheless rates among the best of the year and will, undoubtedly, be the most talked-of picture of the month.

The first half is truly great. In it, Ronald Colman as a war victim who escapes an asylum and is befriended by showgirl Greer Garson, has never been finer. The latter half of the story, unfortunately, is permitted to become somber and stuffy; but this, in view of the magnificence of the film as a whole, becomes a very minor point.

Garson, of course, is magnificent. There's the Academy Award winner of 1943 or we miss our guess. Susan Peters has personality, charm and great talent. Philip Dorn registers in a minor role. But it's the story itself that draws and attracts. Don't miss it.

Your Reviewer Says: An event.

Important: Ida Lupino, Monty Woolley in "Life Begins At Eight-thirty"

Life Begins at Eight-thirty (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: Shall a girl sacrifice her lover for an erring parent?

This is an old movie to classify, interlaced as it is with a peculiar feeling of unreality, sheer humor and stark drama, none of which comes too clearly into focus. And yet under the ingenious acting ability of Ida Lupino and Monty Woolley it takes on terrific importance. It becomes important, too, because of the work of newcomer Cornél Wilde, talented and handsome.

Ida is the crippled daughter of Monty, a paranoiac personality and a has-been actor given to inebriety. For years she watches over him, always trying to lead him back and almost always being let down. When musician Wilde brings her the offer of love, she must choose between him and the father who needs her; and therein lies the terrific emotional struggle.

Sara Allgood, Melville Cooper and J. Edward Bromberg offer strong support.

Your Reviewer Says: Performances glitter like jewels.

(Continued on page 97)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 98
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 110
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 20
HE'S COLD...CALM...AND A KILLER!
His eyes seem to pierce you, go right through you like two icicles. Sometimes he smiles, but it's not a gay smile—it's cold just like he is. And yet, there's something about him that is tremendously attractive to all of us girls.

It was a little over six months ago that Alan Ladd burst upon the cinema scene. It was in a picture called "This Gun for Hire" and his name was listed far down on the billing sheet. But when the critics and the public saw the picture there was only one thing they talked about—ALAN LADD! "He's different," they said, "He's unlike any other star."

So the Paramount studio executives realized that they really had something in this lad Ladd and gave him a starring picture all his own—"LUCKY JORDAN"—and you'll be able to see it at your neighborhood theatre shortly.

In "LUCKY JORDAN," Alan really establishes his spot in the firmament of stars. He plays the part of a racket boss, a killer, who gets tangled up with a spy ring, only to realize that he can't sell out his country.

We predict that after America sees "LUCKY JORDAN" Alan Ladd will be ranked among the ten biggest stars in Hollywood. That's why he's the hottest guy in pictures!

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In "LUCKY JORDAN," Alan really establishes his spot in the firmament of stars. He plays the part of a racket boss, a killer, who gets tangled up with a spy ring, only to realize that he can't sell out his country.

We predict that after America sees "LUCKY JORDAN" Alan Ladd will be ranked among the ten biggest stars in Hollywood. That's why he's the hottest guy in pictures!
$10.00 PRIZE
The American Girl

It's my opinion that the movie producers should begin to make the American girl the American girl, if you get what I mean. The screen too long has been painting her as the glamour gal, instead of what she is at heart.

Since pioneer days, when our women shouldered the axe, helped clear forests, made the deserts bloom and the waste places green, our American girl has been willing to carry half of the burden.

For a time, it is true, American men, as well as women, have grown soft. But circumstances made them so. The time has come when soft living and pleasure-seeking must be laid aside.

Picture again a laughing, freckle-faced, tomboyish, happy-go-lucky girl with a pitchfork under her arm, in blue overalls and a faded shirt, tousled, windswept hair and a determined smile on her honest young face. For she is ready and happy to take up where her mother, and even her grandmother, left off when the days of soft living and high-stepping swept them off their feet.

The Old World had its Joan of Arc, Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale.

We had our pioneer mothers who stood undaunted by their fearless husbands in the face of every danger until freedom and independence were fought for and won. The girl of today will not falter. She is ready to stand by her man through every sacrifice.

So please leave off the "painted doll" type for the duration!

Sue Baxter Beam.
Lincoln, N. C.

$5.00 PRIZE
Devotion Plus

Although I have been a fan of Humphrey Bogart's ever since he killed his first man, I have never before had the desire to write to a fan magazine and drool over him! However, I have just come home from seeing "Across The Pacific," and the urge to write to your magazine just struck me. My heart dictates to a willing hand, so please let me drool! To say that "Bogie" has more oomph in one trigger finger than any of the Hollywood "pretty boys" have in four reels of torrid love scenes is a masterpiece of understatement! He can slaughter all the "flatfoots" he wants to and I'll just coo, "Ain't he wonderful?" I won't stretch a fact by pretending that he is any Adonis—that convict hair-whack and mugg of his would never win any beauty contests—but I'd rather "take it on the lam" with Humphrey than visit a Manhattan clip joint with anyone else, even if they threw in a sable coat for good measure! I don't want to be famous or rich, but if "Bogie" needs a good gun-moll, I'll be thrilled to death to talk out of the side of my mouth forever!

In case you still don't know how I feel about that mobster, I'd rather have a ticket to one of his films than four new tires! If that ain't devotion, I give up!

Jeann Austin.
Evansville, Ind.

$1.00 PRIZE
The Finest Tribute

Millions of us have thrilled to the great performance of Greer Garson in "Mrs. Miniver." But the finest tribute yet paid for the sincerity and reality of that performance came from the lips of a little boy in New York. Let me tell you the story.

My family and I were seeing "Mrs. Miniver" one afternoon in Radio City. Seated behind us was a young mother and her small son. Like thousands of other Americans, they stayed to see part of the movie over again. Finally they had to leave, so the young lady took her son by the hand and started leading him up the exit aisle. Suddenly the boy disengaged himself, turned so that he was facing the stage, waved his hand and said wishfully, loud enough for the lovely lady on the screen to hear, "Good-by, Mrs. Miniver!"

Mrs. Henderson Forsythe,
Petersburg, Va.

(Continued on page 86)
Screen play by E. Edwin Moran and Harry Segall
Based on a story by Wm. A. Pierce and Molvin Wald

Produced by Charles R. Rogers • Directed by Norman Z. McLeod

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN "THE POWERS GIRL" IS COMING!

FEBRUARY, 1943
CLOSE Ups and Long Shots: Hollywood turned from its first throes of stage fright over the $25,000 salary limit, with several actors jumping the gun by refusing to fulfill commitments, to turn puzzled eyes on the Skeltons. In a way the town feels a sense of responsibility toward Red and Edna, who for sixteen years waded through wretched poverty to hard-earned success as a vaudeville team. Edna wrote many of Red's skits and joined her husband in his act. They fought loud and noisily like many married couples who let off steam, but always their need of each other held them together.

Hollywood removed that need. There were writers, publicists and people galore to flit around Red's head, supplying his wants, building his ego. Eventually the fights between the two grew less noisy and therefore more frightening. Finally one morning Edna drove Red to the studio and kept right on driving to a lawyer's office. The story of their impending divorce in the afternoon papers was Red's first intimation of Edna's serious intention. What it really boiled down to was a woman crying for help like a child who throws things when attention is diverted from itself.

Hollywood feels keenly about all this. Don't for a moment think it doesn't. Red remained in their new Brentwood home, the one he and Edna had shown us through a few short weeks before, and Edna moved to a hotel, took a small office across the street and continued to pound out material for Red. It was announced she'd take on commitments for other comedians as well. Red sent flowers on the day she opened her office.

Then a day or two afterwards, the city desk of a local paper received the flash that Red had committed suicide. Publicity directors of M-G-M tumbled out of bed to answer clamoring phones. They in turn clamored away at Red's phone, forgetting for the moment that Red never answers phones. That was Edna's job, always. Dread grew in several hearts when the comedian failed to answer. In the
Snack-time at the West Side Tennis Club with Jane Wyman enjoying food, husband Ronald Reagan enjoying her

dawn there was a mad dash of pa-

tamaed and overcoated gentlemen

toward the Skelton manse. After

repeated poundings, whoopings and

screamings, an upstairs window

banged up, a sleepy red head pro-

truded and Red demanded, “What’s

going on around here, anyway?”

Everyone went back to bed satis-
fied. No one knows where the rumor
originated. Names were named, that’s
all we can say.

One columnist inferred Red’s mother

and Edna’s mother had prevailed

upon him to take Edna back. He in-
ferrer Red liked things the way they

were. Whoopee, it’s fun being a

movie star, isn’t it?

Yes, Hollywood success can do
It's almost entirely up to you to keep your hands and skin soft, smooth, lovely—as nature intended them. Proper care will counteract the effects of work and play.

Use Chamberlain's Lotion regularly as an aid to keeping hands and skin naturally lovely. This clear, golden lotion helps prevent chapping, cracking, harshness and other results of carelessness. You'll enjoy using Chamberlain's often, too, because it dries with such convenient quickness.

Get Chamberlain's today. Use it often. Notice the difference it makes.

Hammer and tongs backstage among the Brentwood Service Players: Wielding a heavy hammer is Philip Dorn; following through are hard and happy workers Laraine Day, Allan Jones, Lee Bowman and Ruth Hussey

one of several things to people. For instance it came to our ears recently that Ty Power, who, heaven knows, is everyone's idea of a successful star, is leaving for the wars a relatively poor man; a state of affairs, if true, that has served only to draw more closely together Ty and his wife Annabella. It seems almost incredible a man as successful as Ty could be broke—broke in the Hollywood sense, that is, with a large house and magnificent gardens.

From Tyrone himself we learned of his sad experience with a business associate. One morning, after years of hard work, the actor woke up to find his affairs a muddled, mismanaged mess with very little on the right side of the ledger. And what Hollywood itself doesn't dream is that just before he left the studio for his base camp, Ty signed the contract that placed him in the big money; an empty gesture at the moment and one that may remain empty for many a day.

But, as we said, all this has only served to draw more closely together Ty and Annabella, who will work during her husband's absence. Wealth and fame couldn't part them. Neither can hard-going and separation.

With the Skeltons in mind interest has turned to another pair of newcomers just now emerging from the blackest sort of luck, poverty and its attending consequences. The boy's name is Cornel Wilde, who gets his first big break playing opposite Ida Lupino in "Tonight At Eight-thirty." Like Edna Skelton, Cornel's wife, Jana Lauren, has helped and suffered along with her husband. Someone said to us recently, "If I thought Hollywood would do to the Wildes what it has to the Skeltons, I'd—"

He sputtered and gave up for want of a fitting threat. But someday soon we're going to tell you about the Wildes in a story all their own.

Incidentally, the Skeltons may be back together again by the time you read this. We hope so. Hollywood hopes so. It needs its sleep these nights and a guilty conscience has never been conducive to slumber.
A well-"suited" couple: Franchot Tone and Mrs. Tone giving the Mocambo audience a dance treat.

What, Again?: Eyebrows shot straight up at the news that George Montgomery and Hedy Lamarr were dining together at the Cock And Bull. It wasn't so much that the pair, so cool since their parting, were dining together as the fact that it was on that very day George had lost his girl, the beauteous model-starlet Kay Williams, to Macoco, the South American millionaire. So was it sympathy that brought Hedy and George together the town wonders, or mutual loneliness?

Cal has had a lot of fun out of this romance, with Hedy's studio telephoning to say how persistently George was pursuing their beauty and the next minute George's studio phoning to say Hedy called George every day and that, with a friend, Hedy stole out to the studios in the evenings to look at George's pictures—which in our opinion should be enough to discourage anyone.

So now we're back on that beam again and—oops, pardon a minute, it's the telephone and ten to one the studios are at it again.

We'll let you know next month.

If We Had the Wings: What a month! Practically everyone landed in jail at one time or other and for the silliest reasons. It got to be com-
ical, really, with studios, unable to locate actors, automatically phoning the local hoo gang with the request, "Is our star stopping at your menage for the moment?"

Dennis Morgan spent seven hours in the Van Nuys jail for failing to have his draft card to show the police during a traffic altercation. Philip Dorn found himself about to be arrested in Monterey, California, while on a vacation with Mrs. Dorn. Stopping at an auto court, Philip telephoned the police a thief was trying to steal his car tire. When Philip couldn't find his draft card or explain why he hadn't registered under the name of Dorn (the Dutch actor always signs his real name of Van Dungan), he found the going tough. His studio, who was awaiting his presence for retakes, had no idea of his whereabouts or the cause of his delay.

Rags Ragland got out in time to wave to Johnny (Tarzan) Weissmuller going in. Both lads had been in a celebrating mood. Frances Farmer sassed a cop over a dimout charge and the Farmer was in the dell in no time.

Bud Abbott raced down to the police station to aid the manager of his cafe, grabbed on a dimout charge, and found himself incarcerated instead. Gee whiz, what a time. Old Cal just grabbed that porch light in time to escape another of these "incidents." If a "For Rent" sign hangs out over this column next month you'll know we joined the parade. Friday is visiting day. Write your old Uncle if he should get life.

War Versus Hollywood: No doubt about it, the war has brought on some peculiar developments, with former stars leaping to obey their corporals who were former extras and as far removed from a star's orbit as the earth from the sun.

A friend was telling us of a visit he paid to that radio group stationed at Santa Ana. Agent Freddy Brisson, who became a citizen one day and a lieutenant in the United States Army the next, strolled over to visit Major Donald Crisp, who had been a former client of Freddy's. Freddy touched his cap and greeted the actor he'd worked with with a "Hi, Donald." Crisp eyed him coldly. "It's Major Crisp to you," he snapped. "Remember that, please, in the future." And as he turned to go he said, "That's not a regulation hat, either. Wear one in the future."

One hears tell Lt. Brisson obeyed. Incidentally, Hollywood refers to (Continued on page 14)
The Dangerous Age for Colds

Children under 12 have more colds than any other age group, and are more susceptible to the serious complications that often result from colds. Sinus and ear infections, and even more serious disorders, can often be traced to the repeated and severe colds of childhood. In later life children may be "under pay" because of such complications. A cold, whether in a child or adult, is always a potential enemy...deserves to be treated accordingly.

New Light on the Importance of Antiseptic Gargle in Combating Colds

Unfortunately there is no known preventive for the Common Cold in children or in adults. Certainly Listerine Antiseptic is not such a specific. Yet careful tests, made over an 11-year period on human "guinea pigs", have proved that this safe, refreshing germicide is often a remarkably effective aid.

Fewer Colds in Tests

In these tests, regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-users. Moreover, when colds and sore throats did develop among Listerine users, they were usually milder in character and disappeared more quickly.

The explanation for this success, we believe, is found in Listerine's quick germ-killing action. Listerine spreads over mouth and throat surfaces; it kills millions of threatening germs on these surfaces known as the "secondary invaders" which, when body resistance is lowered, may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate infection.

In other words, it attacks these germs before they attack you. Note Listerine Antiseptic's record:

Outstanding Germ Reductions

Tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargled, and up to 80% one hour later. You can see the importance of using Listerine at the first hint of trouble.

Listerine Antiseptic may not always keep you or your child from catching colds; it may not always lessen the severity of a cold. Yet we think you will agree, in the light of the above record, that Listerine Antiseptic is a precaution deserving of your most serious consideration.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine Antiseptic for oral hygiene
Twosome tricks at the Mocambo, starring the newest Hollywood romance, Ginger Rogers and Phil Reed. Serious? Well, you know Ginger. . .

CAL YORK'S
Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 12)

that unit stationed at Hal Roach Studios as the Culver City Commandos. Hollywood knows how to kid its own.

The Halls of Brentwood: The phone rang. It was Frances Langford. “Just back from Alaska,” she said. “Come on down.” In thirty minutes flat we were walking up the driveway to the spacious, lovely Brentwood home shared by Frances and her husband, Jon Hall. Spellbound, we listened for three hours to the adventures of Frances, Bob Hope and Jerry Colonna in Alaska and the Aleutian Islands. What a story! And how near death came this band of minstrels as they flew through the fogs and storms of the Northland.

Frances paused suddenly in the midst of a story to listen. “Johnny’s coming home,” she said, “I can hear the put-put of his motorcycle.”

A minute later tall, handsome Jon breezed in from his day’s stint in the picture, “White Savage,” at Universal Studios. After a bit of bating on our part, Jon regaled us with stories of his reported feud with Maria Montez, his sparring partner in the picture. In no time at all Frances and Cal were in hysterics at Jon’s drollery and the unbelievable antics of la Montez, who that day had chosen to upset Sabu out of his Indian calm.

Jon told us that for one scene he wore heavy chains which he had to drag up and down a pair of stairs while Montez delivered a line of dialogue, which she invariably muffled. After the ’steenth time Jon protested. “Listen, Mr. Hall,” came back Miss Montez, “I’m not reading the line wrong. Remember, I have a photographic mind.”

“Photographic mind, eh?” came back Jon. “Well, if you ask me, it’s been overexposed.”

The ensuing fireworks were magnificent. We chuckled about them all the way home.

A Man’s Gratitude: On a tour of Universal Studios in search of news for our readers, we happened, deep on the back lot, to witness an odd scene. Lon Chaney Jr. was affectionately rubbing the head of a rather weatherbeaten horse and muttering all sorts of complimentary phrases. We must have looked quizzical, for Lon explained that this horse deserved praise; that because it had remained absolutely still in a moment of crisis, he had not been deprived of one leg and Madame Ouspenskaya had not had both legs amputated.

It seems the pair were riding in a heavy iron cart through a wooded path on the set of “Frankenstein Meets The Wolf Man,” when suddenly the cart overturned, pinning them both underneath. Had the horse bolted, the accident would have had unthinkable consequences. Instead, he had stood still midst the cries and confusion until Lon and Madame could be extracted. Madame’s leg was fractured, Lon suffered severe cuts.

“He may not be a thoroughbred,” the actor said, patting the horse again, “but he displayed thoroughbred qual-
It's winter—but don't forget it's still summer under your arms!

Warmer clothes and indoor living increase risk of offending. Use Mum every day!

Social get-togethers, parties and indoor fun make it doubly important now to never risk charm! Though the calendar says Winter, it's still Summer under your arms—still an August temperature of 98°. So don't take chances with underarm odor.

Even if you see no moisture, odor forms swiftly in heated rooms—stays longer in warmer, winter clothes. Foolish the girl who thinks that in Winter she doesn't perspire!

Why risk offending! Use speedy Mum after your morning bath, before your evening dates to prevent risk of underarm odor for hours to come! Winter as in Summer, let Mum save your time, your clothes, your popularity and charm! Get Mum at your druggist's today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, safe Mum is so dependable for this important purpose. Try Mum this way, too—avoid embarrassment.

Woolens trap odor—a hazard socially and in business. Stay dainty, appealing with quick, convenient Mum. Use Mum any time, even after you're dressed. It's harmless to fabrics.

Daintiness lasts with Mum! Even through hours of dancing, dependable Mum prevents risk of odor. Gentle Mum won't irritate sensitive skin, even after underarm shaving.
when UNWANTED HAIR is
REMOVED this Quick,
Easy, Modern Way!

Why risk the loss of romance and popularity because of superfluous hair, when it is removed from lips and cheeks so easily — instantly — with Lechler’s famous VELVATIZE — the “complexion stone” that leaves your skin smooth and glamorous, with flower-petal lovelines! Immediately, it improves your personal charm and beauty!

USE ON ARMS AND LEGS, TOO!

Complete instructions are included for simple use of VELVATIZE on any part of the body! Carry Lechler’s handy VELVATIZE in your pocketbook, use at any time, anywhere, for occasional eradication. So easy and clean — odorless — no muss, no bother — nothing to wash off, NOT a deleterious! Simply “erase” the hair! Lechler’s VELVATIZE comes in a smart pasted compact. Equally effective on chin, cheeks, upper lip, arms and legs. No stubby regrowth! Enough in one compact for FULL SEASON’S USE.

If your Druggist is not supplied, mail the Coupon today. Enclose only $1.00, and we pay postage. Or C.O.D., plus few cents postage. Sent by return mail in sealed plain wrapper.

Lechler’s VELVATIZE

HOUSE OF ETCHELER, Dept. 242
56th Broadway, New York City
Send Lechler’s VELVATIZE compact with simple, easy instructions. I enclose $1. Satisfaction guaranteed.

☐ Check if ordered C.O.D. plus few cents postage.

Name

Address

City     State

CAL YORK'S
Inside Stuff

place Edna May Oliver, whose passing saddened the entire colony.

Phil Harris, Jack Benny’s favorite radio foil and husband of Alice Faye, along with his entire band enlisted in the Merchant Marines. Harris will be made a lieutenant junior grade at a salary of $282 monthly. He will continue on the Benny show until called.

Lt. Clark Gable is now a tail gunner aboard a Flying Fortress, which is exactly the job he wanted. And Clark earned it, too.

Nosey News: That quarrel staged by Lana Turner and husband Steve Crane was really a piperrino.

But next day Lana had cooled down. “Last night,” she told a friend, “I was all set to leave Steve. But I’m over it now and I love him, so it’s forgotten.”

Hear tell Roz Russell is resting at Palm Springs because she’s going to become a mother. A friend told us Roz frankly admitted as soon as she’d gotten married she intended to have a child. But at that she’ll be a wonderful mother.

Despite all studio protests the romance of Rita Hayworth and Victor Mature continues apace. Just to be sure every spare moment he has from service is shared with her, Rita has taken a small apartment in Long Beach. And brother, that’s love, take our word for it.

All the kicking and balding and suspensions and slapping down actors is over for Georgie Raft at Warner Brothers. George asked for and received his release from that studio and, shhh, it’s a secret, but Cal hears Raft and Grable may do a Broadway play later on. What an attraction that would be!

North-of-the-Border News: Canada has eliminated Dinnerware Night in all Canadian theaters.

The order is far-reaching and chinaware is out for the duration as a “trade inducement, attendance inducement, prize or award or in exchange for coupons or coupons and cash or in any similar manner.” This bans the giving away of chinaware not only by movie theaters but as premiums.

Ceramic products include all kinds of ceramic and clay tableware, dinnerware and kitchenware, whether imported or of Canadian manufacture.

The order is designed to conserve available supplies of chinaware and crockery. The Dominion, in its all-out war effort, faces a shortage of man and woman power and is weeding out all unnecessary manufactures and curtailing essentials down to actual needs.

Thumbnail Sketch of a New Star: He comes from Cal’s home-town—Pittsburgh. But even before we knew that we liked him. We liked him when we watched him make several scenes with Judy Garland on the set of “For Me And My Gal.” We liked him when we sat through the picture and realized here was a new hit, a new star for Hollywood.

His name is Kelly—Gene Kelly, who knocked New York audiences cold with his performance as Pal Joey.

Together, the two of us sat over a coke recently and talked of home. Of Squirrel Hill, and Cal’s little suburban town of Elizabeth, and the Schenley Hotel. We talked of the Joseph Horne store and the University of Pittsburgh, too, where Gene graduated in the class of 1933 and of the three large Gene Kelly dance studios that are still going in and around Pittsburgh.

He gave up the easy money to go to New York. He got a job in the
chorus of “Leave It To Me.” Next he danced in “One For The Penny,” played summer stock, staged all the dances for Billy Rose’s Diamond Horseshoe show and George Abbott’s “Best Foot Forward.”

Sweet Betsy Blair, just sixteen at the time and a dancer, mistook young Gene for a mere errand boy and snubbed him during his dance-directing days. When she discovered who he was she nearly fainted.

She ended up by becoming Mrs. Kelly. They live in Beverly Hills now and she and Gene will be papa and mama by the time you read this.

Judy thinks he’s a wonderful partner. You will, too, or we miss our guess. Take a look at “For Me And My Gal” and you’ll know why we’re for him.

Joan—the Brave: It came to our ears several months ago that the baby boy in the Joan Crawford household was no longer there. Rumors had it an unpleasant situation had arisen that was breaking Joan’s heart, so we refrained from mentioning the incident, lest we, in some way, say something that might complicate things.

Now it can be told that Joan returned the little boy, Christopher, the child she’d had for over a year and loved so much, to the parents who had learned a big movie star had the baby.

Hollywood, who appreciates the splendid care and deep love Joan showers on her children, offers its sympathy and salutes her wisdom and courage in the decision she made.

I’ll Take Vanilla: The telephone rang at the local U.S.O. center. It was Ginger Rogers again, asking for six

The girl who “brings the house down” according to Cal York at the Hollywood Canteen—singer Betty Hutton

Does your One face cream do All these Four things?

SURELY you aren’t using a lot of different kinds of creams and lotions in times like these! But are you sure the one cream you use takes care of the 4 vital needs of your skin?

Today more than ever the face cream for which you spend your money must do a “wartime job.” It must help prevent the dryness that often causes wrinkles and tiny lines. It must help banish the three worst enemies of your skin: grease, grime and grit—especially if you are doing war work of any kind and exposing your skin to these dangers.

You can count on Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream by itself to help keep your skin fresh, radiant and attractive! For this one scientific face cream brings you 4 vital aids to beauty! (1) It thoroughly cleans your skin. (2) It softens your skin and relieves dryness. (3) It helps nature refine the pores. (4) It leaves a perfect, non-sticky base for powder.

Send for your generous tube

Mail the coupon below for a generous tube of my face cream! See for yourself why more and more busy, lovely women every day are changing to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream.

Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM

Send me by return mail a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream and 2 new shades of powder. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY  STATE

(Government regulations do not permit this offer in Canada)
The girl who knows the secret of charm, takes precautions against scalp odor. She knows that the scalp perspires the same as the rest of the skin. Take no chance of mining your popularity. Shampoo your hair and scalp regularly with Packers Pine Tar Shampoo.

Because it contains pure, medieval pine tar, this wonderful shampoo works wonders with oily hair and scalp odor. It cleanses so gently and thoroughly—and the delicate pine-woods fragrance does its work, then disappears.

Get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo today at any drug, department or ten-cent store.

PACKERS Pine Tar SHAMPOO

Don't risk making surface pimples worse by picking them. Instead, thinly cover each with Poslam, leaving some on overnight, if necessary. It hardly shows on the skin; girls can apply make-up right over Poslam. The powerful properties of this CONCENTRATED ointment work wonders in relieving that red, redness and angry look; it's brought swift, happy results to thousands during 25 successful years. Only 50 cents a jar.

FREE: Generous sample, write postcard to Poslam, Dept. 9W, 254 W. 54 St., N. Y. City.

boys in uniform to come up to her home and see a picture with her.

After the picture and a swim, Ginger got behind her famous soda fountain and began filling orders. "Gee," said one kid from Iowa, "my girl is a soda-jerker back home, but she'll never believe I'm having a soda you made, Miss Rogers. Not in a million years."

Ginger took the costume jewelry ring off her little finger. "Here," she said. "Give her this and tell her it's from one soda-jerker to another."

Killer With a Smile: He walked into a Paramount projection room and sat down, that crooked smile on a sensitive face, gray eyes topped by very blonde, straight hair. a look of shy embarrassment broadening the crooked grin. It occurred to Cal then that this Alan Ladd is just about the most modest chap in town.

"Come over to my dressing room after the picture," he said, "I want to talk to you." We went. He wanted to thank us for the kind words we'd said about his work. (With work like his, who wouldn't say kind words?) He's that kind of a person, you see.

Over the tea table we chatted about the times when as a kid he'd sneaked over the back fences of this very studio, to play on the sound stages: and of times during his radio and Little Theater days when he'd had

ROMANCE CONTINUOUS: Bride Ruth Hussey and husband Bob Longenecker stirring things up at the West Side Tennis Club

Photo by Robert A. Hall

Romance resumed: Jackie Cooper gets together again with best girl Bonita Granville at the Beverly Hills Hotel

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR
nothing to eat but a chocolate bar; and how the studio had first insisted upon changing his name to Bob Gregory but his agent had wisely insisted that it be left Ladd.

We left with the most favorable impression we'd ever garnered from a newcomer. And incidentally, your letters, four huge piles of them, were neatly stacked on his dressing-room desk ready to be answered. Glad to have you there in spirit at least—and maybe Ladd isn't, too!

**Last-Minute Reports:** Oleg Cassini was suddenly transferred from the Coast Guard to the Cavalry, which means Gene Tierney will transfer her San Pedro visits to another and more distant point . . .

Victor Mature's G. I. haircut has cut down his glamour appeal, but doesn't seem to affect his appeal with Rita Hayworth, whose coiffure makes up in curly fussiness what Vic's lacks in waviness . . .

The tragic plight of Barbara Bennett, who lost the custody fight for her five children and whose three-day disappearance in Hollywood caused considerable alarm, has touched filmtown deeply. Certainly there are two sides to the situation and much more than meets the casual eye, but sympathy is none the less given. The mother of Miss Bennett's ex-husband, Morton Downey, has the children in the East. Rumor has it Barbara and her present husband, Addison Randall, are about to be separated . . .

Hollywood said good-by to two men this month with another, Tyrone Power, scheduled to leave any minute.

Henry Fonda, after his assignment in "The Immortal Sergeant" was finished, took the oath as an humble seaman. Henry has been studiously engaged at mathematical problems during his off hours in hopes of qualifying as a gunner's mate.

Hollywood said good-by, too, to Lt. Van Heflin of the Field Artillery.

After two years of R.O.T.C. training in High School and three years at the University of Oklahoma, (some years ago) Van was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Field Artillery and sent off to Fort Sill for advanced training. Later he was placed in inactive reserve. But that wasn't enough for Van who had traveled the world on Merchant Marine ships and become a Third Mate.

So is it any wonder the Army was delighted to have so militarily informed a lad enlist again. His commission (which he did not ask for) was voluntarily bestowed upon him.

His wife, Frances Neal, who will become a mother in the spring, has been placed under contract by Van's own studio, M-G-M.

---

**"Your Fate is Love when your Hands have winning softness"**

**says**

Irene Hervey

Glorious Irene Hervey with Allan Jones, Universal Pictures' Stars. Aren't her hands adorable! Irene uses Jergens.

"It's up to a girl, herself, to have nice hands," says Irene Hervey, one of Hollywood's lovely Stars. "Jergens Lotion is easy to use and it does help prevent mortifying roughness. Yes—I use Jergens; and I hear the other Stars in Hollywood prefer Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1."

You have Hollywood's HAND Care—

And it's next to professional care for your hands—when you use Jergens Lotion regularly. Even "forgotten hands" soon lose their ill-bred coarseness. Many doctors help rough skin to the loveliest silken-smoothness with 2 very special ingredients, which are both in Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to $1.00 a bottle. See for yourself, Jergens Lotion is a joy to use—fragrant, and not a bit sticky.

Jergens Lotion for Soft, Adorable HANDS
I taught my Child to Lie!

I didn't mean to, of course. But Dickie had such a dislike for that laxative I gave him, he'd actually fib when he needed relief. The stuff really tasted awful! And it stank even worse. It was just too strong!

So, I tried giving him another laxative with no better luck. Dickie would gag on it every time. And when he did get some down, it only stirred him up and failed to give him the relief he needed. It was just too mild!

It was a lucky day for Dickie and me when I finally changed to Ex-Lax! He simply loved its fine chocolate taste. And I was delighted to discover how smoothly Ex-Lax works. It's not too strong, not too mild... it's just right!

Ex-Lax is effective—but effective in a gentle way! It won't upset the children; won't make them feel bad afterwards. No wonder it's called:

"The 'Happy Medium' laxative!"

As a precaution, use only as directed.

If you have a cold

And need a laxative—

It's particularly important when you're weakened by a cold not to take harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet out too strong!

X-LAX

10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores

Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher


If you liked this instrument, how would you like to play the(ing) instrument?

Name__________________________

Address_________________________

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BRIEF REVIEWS

Bench for a lively United Artists movie: Jim Brown, Barbara Britton of "Young and Willing"

Careful. Soft Shoulders—20th Century Fox: Everything happens to everybody and little of it makes sense. Luci Vincent, Bruce A. Williames' zany socio-linguistic account, is involved with Nazi agents under the impression that they're our own Secret Service man. Jimmy Ellison is the strong armed boy friend and sheila. Lyman and Ausbe; Mather stands out clearly.

City of Silent Men—P. R. C.: When a small town mayor turns over, a local coven to a group of ex-convicts as a rehabilitation experiment, the town folk grumble and eventually flare into rebel lion when a murderer is committed. Frank Albertson, June Lang, Jan Wiley and Emmett Lynn beat the cost, but the picture's strictly small-time.

Desperate Journey—Warners: A thriller in this melodrama, telling of the adventures of a group of K. A. F. flyers whose bomber crashes in Germany. They escape the germans and then comes their desperate attempt to evade German officer Raymond Massey and make their way back to England. Errol Flynn is the squadron leader and the flyers include Ronald Reagan and Alan Hale. (Nov.)

Drums of the Congo—Universal: It seems we need certain meteoric film for our defenses in the Indies, so Don Terry of the Army Intelligence is dispatched to the jungle to get it, but he...
finds that foreign agents are also after it. Ona Munson is the brave woman doctor, Peggy Moran, a girl spy, but Stuart Erwin as the jungle guide steals the show. (Dec.)

EYES IN THE NIGHT—M.G.M.: Ann Harding comes back to the screen as a stepmother who must break up the romance of her daughter, Donna Reed, with John Emery. There's also a plot to steal millionaire Reginald Denny's invention. It's blind man Edward Arnold who, with the aid of his dog, discovers the plot and brings our enemies to justice. (Dec.)

FALCON'S BROTHER, THE—RKO Radio. George Sanders bowls out of this series, and his real-life brother, Tom Conway, takes over, but this latest of the series is only fair. The plot, involving spies and intrigue, has to do with a tip-off advertisement to the Pearl Harbor disaster in a national magazine. Jane Randolph, Don Barclay and Key Luke roam around. (Jan.)

FLYING FORTRESS—Warner's: You'll see Richard Greene in this English-made film, in which he plays an American playboy who joins the Ferry Command, falls in love with an American newswoman and joins the RAF. The aerial scenes in the American-made bomber are thrilling, but the English interpretations of Americans are most unnerving. (Dec.)

FLYING TIGERS—Republic: A thrilling, heart-stirring film based on the adventures of the volunteer American flyers who fought and died for China's cause. John Wayne, the squadron leader, John Carroll, the brigadier; Edmund MacDonald, Paul Kelly and Gordon Jones give us a page of American history that should make every American proud of his race. (Dec.)

FOREIGN AGENT—Monogram: Another spy-ring story, but this time the hucksters send their way after the usual secret invention in and out of studios and Los Angeles environs. John Shelton and Gale Storm are the romantic leads and Ivan Lebedeff and George Travell stir things up a bit. There's plenty of action. (Dec.)

FOREST RANGERS—Paramount: Fred MacMurray is the handsome ranger who meets and marries Paulette Goddard, to the jealous chagrin of Susan Hayward, who tries to get him away. More important than the fine cast, which also includes Albert Dekker, Eugene Pallette and Lynne Overman, is the succession of tremendous fire scenes, magnificently photographed in Technicolor. (Dec.)

FOR ME AND MY GAL—M-G-M: A musical knockout, with George Murphy losing his vandale partner, Judy Garland, to Gene Kelly. Judy falls in love with Gene, almost breaks her heart when he's attracted to Maria Egerith, then suddenly Gene discovers he loves Judy. But then comes World War I and Gene pays dearly for his untrusting. You're bound to love this picture. (Dec.)

GALLANT LADY—P.R.C.: Rose Hobert, a woman doctor, is sent to prison on charges of a mercy killing and is forced to participate in a jail break. When she joins a country doctor, Sidney Blackmer, and then decides to marry him, her past is disclosed and much unhappiness ensues. (Jan.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE—Warner's: Even Washington himself would have laughed at the trials and tribulations of Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan when they find themselves in a dilapidated old army barracks. problemas. Complications pile up when Jack becomes an insatiable Honeymooner and rascally young Douglas Croft descends upon them. It's a howl. (Dec.)

GIVE OUT, SISTERS—Universal: It's a corny, it's funny, it's lively and abloom with music and singing. Grace McDonald plays a young heiress gone jiggerbag mad and Don Bailey Jr. is her hand-leader beau. The Andrews Sisters introduce four new songs and the Jivin' Jacks 'n' Jills dance their way out. (Dec.)

GLASS KEY, THE—Paramount: Alan Ladd scores again as the pal of political boss Brian Den- ley, who finds himself suspected of murder. Veronica Lake strolls through with a monotonous performance, but William Bendix, Benita Gravina and Joseph Calleia give swell performances. (Dec.)

HALFWAY TO SHANGHAI—Universal: Passengers aboard a train bound for Rangoon become involved in a murder mystery when a man coming with plans of defense in China is killed. Ameri- can engineer Kent Taylor, Irene Hervey, a sympathetic Charlotte Wynters, and George Zucco are among the passengers. (Dec.)

HARD WAY, THE—Warner's: Ida Lupino plays her role of a relentlessly selfish woman who promotes her younger sister. Joan Leslie, to per- fection. Finally, too is the performance of Jack Carson as the lovable but dashing vandallian who marries Joan and rescues them both from their mis-erable surroundings. Dennis Morgan, Edgar Mac-集成电路 and Gladys Cooper are also good. (Dec.)

HELLO, ANNAPOO—Columbia: Jean Parker refuses to marry Tom Brown unless he enters Annapolis. When he attempts to trick her into marriage, Joan turns the tables and tricks him into

Hollywood speaks through lovely Linda Darnell, one of the many movie stars who keep their hair charming and refreshed with the systematic use of the famous GLOVER'S MEDICINAL treatment so popular with millions of men and women! GLOVER'S is not merely a "scented preparation"—it's definitely a MEDICINAL application which you can use, with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and excessive Falling Hair. TRY IT today—you'll feel the exhilarating effect, instantly — and you'll be delighted with the results! Ask for GLOVER'S at any Drug Store.

For your convenience, we offer (by coupon only) this Complete Trial Application of GLOVER'S famous Mange Medicine and the new GLO-VER Beauty Soap at a tremendous saving, so that you can try the Glover's Medicinal Treatment and test it yourself! Complete instructions and booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair," included FREE!

Linda Darnell, glamorous 20th Century-Fox star in "Loves of Edgar Allen Poe," uses GLOVER'S to condition scalp and hair. GLOVER'S helps to give the hair a soft and natural-looking appearance!

GLOVER'S

(during massage)

for DANDRUFF, ITCHY SCALP and Excessive FALLING HAIR

COMPLETE TRIAL APPLICATION

GLOVER'S, 4th Ave. at 49th St.
New York

NAME

ADDRESS

February, 1943

(continued on page 103)
BEAUTY HANDBILL

BY GLORIA MACK

HANDY IDEAS

Put a little perfume in the palm of your hand for an elusive scent that will linger longer in the winter air. Plunge your nails deep into a cake of soap before any rub-and-scrub work. It keeps the nails from breaking, keeps the grime from discoloring your white tips.

Change your mind

—about gloves. They're not just the hand-warmers or the style-setters you wear on the street. They're the insurance against ugly hands. Promise yourself never, never to do hard work without wearing them.

—about buying hand lotions or creams, just because the bottles or jars are attractive. Resolve to buy the kind that does the best job for your hands and to use the lotion or cream every single time you dip your hands in water.

—about a hand brush. It's not for occasional weekly use on a special clean-up process; it's for a daily scrubbing ritual to make your knuckles as soft and white as the palm of your hand.

—about the word "exercise." It takes in more than the body twists and turns that make you cut a pretty figure. It means hand exercise, too, all-important for keeping the wrists from being tense, training them to be relaxed, which is the first requisite for graceful hands. So, in odd moments, sit and quite literally wring your hands, shaking the wrists, until your hands are as poised as a ballet dancer's.

Listen, Ladies!

NEVER POINT!

It's not a pretty gesture, and furthermore it's one from which the male instinctively shies.

—when, upon meeting that newest guy in khaki, you discover that the hand you present turns out to be a reddened veteran of your winter walks. Instead, before you go into any heated room from the cold outdoors, take a minute or two to hold your hands upright. That draws the blood away from the finger-tips, leaves your hands pale and pretty.

Clap hard

—as the boys go marching by with a pair of hands that advertise you as a lady who cares.

Watch Out

—for stains on your fingers. They can ruin the prettiest manicure. Conduct inspection under a strong light, bleach out the stains. What's better, don't let them get there in the first place. Use the new protective film that war-workers are spreading over hands and arms. It washes off when the dirty work is done.

Hand-out from Hedy

From the Lamarr lady, said by ace cameraman Joe Ruttenberg to have the most expressive hands in Hollywood: "The care of the hands shouldn't be seasonal by any means. The sun and wind are just as drying as cold winter weather, so I have formed a habit of using a light hand lotion the year around.

"Personally, I use my hands for numerous hobbies—needlework, painting bookshelves, moving furniture and gardening—so I find it necessary to wash my hands numerous times daily, after which I use a lotion suitable for all seasons. Also I have found it beneficial to use a natural mineral oil to discourage the little annoying tufts of hangnails that are often apt to appear after any 'laboring' use of the hands."
"My love has wondrous lustrous hair"

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

Why Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added is the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!

Do you want alluring hair, the kind men adore . . . gleaming with lustre, sparkling with highlights? Then don’t go on using soaps or liquid soap shampoos! Because soaps always leave a film on hair that dulls the natural lustre!

But Special Drene is different! It never leaves any dulling film! What’s more, it removes the film left by previous soapings, the first time you use it. That’s why Special Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo!

And due to the wonderful hair conditioner now in it, Special Drene now leaves hair far more glamorous . . . 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! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous and at the same time so manageable. Only Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff! No shampoo known today is superior to Special Drene for removing dandruff . . . not even those claiming to be “dandruff remover” shampoos. For Special Drene’s super-cleansing action removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it . . . yet is so safe!

So don’t put off trying this wonderful shampoo! For economy, buy the larger sizes. Or get a Special Drene shampoo at your beauty shop.

*Procter & Gamble, makers of Special Drene, after painstaking search and exhaustive laboratory tests of all types of shampoos, have found no other shampoo which leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage*

\*Procter & Gamble, makers of Special Drene, after painstaking search and exhaustive laboratory tests of all types of shampoos, have found no other shampoo which leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage! *Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping\*
FIGHTING TIGRESS!

Here is fiery romance amid the flame and violence of today's mighty conflict!

GENE TIERNEY
GEORGE MONTGOMERY
LYNN BARI

in

CHINA GIRL

with

VICTOR MCLAGLEN

and

ALAN BAXTER • SIG RUMANN
MYRON McCORMICK • BOBBY BLAKE

Directed by HENRY HATHAWAY
Produced and Written by BEN HECHT

Captain Fifi—115 pounds of curves, crookedness and kisses!

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE Mirror
COMING back to Hollywood after an absence has the excitement of a second date with a beautiful woman you’ve never been able to forget since your first meeting.

In the space of a week after your plane streams out of the grayness of an early winter mist onto the landing field at Burbank, you have seen and recorded the following:

Cary Grant, lounging between scenes of “From Here To Victory” and telling with a paternal twinkle of taking his young son Lance to visit the set of the new Zombie picture and of Lance’s recoiling in terror at sight of the six-foot-seven sleepwalker enacting his role.

John Payne and June Havoc at the Twentieth Century-Fox commissary, so handsome in their Gay Nineties make-up for “Hello, Frisco, Hello,” breaking into laughter over their newest Jack Oakie joke and the story of June’s goat, a household pet.

Bette Davis on the set of “Old Acquaintance” talking about her new Photoplay-Movie Mirror feature and wondering if the readers whose letters she is answering so frankly will charge her with being just another Dorothy Dix, or an old maid with nothing better to do—all the while the set lights showing her eyes to be incredibly blue.

Paul Henreid coming into the Warner publicity office wearing a jacket and a smile that helps explain his popularity so quickly attained in “Now, Voyager.”

Annie Sheridan shouting a greeting to a friend half a block away and hard of hearing, judging from the volume of the hail.

Conrad Veidt, more amused than embarrassed, caught in a rehearsal studio at M-G-M rehearsing a tango and admitting that he had never before attempted such a dance.

Joan Crawford elated when told how nice a guy her husband Phil Terry is, and Phil entertaining on the set while Joan rehearses a difficult scene with Fred MacMurray.

Virginia Weidler, between gulps of a hasty luncheon, saying hello and explaining that her newest picture, “The Youngest Profession,” is based on a series of short stories by Lillian Day that appeared originally in Photoplay.

THE acrid smell of gunpowder from exploded blanks drifting across the set of “Assignment In Brittany” and the engaging grin of Pierre Aumont, new Metro find somewhat obscured by the carefully applied grime that puts him in character for this story of a Commando raid.

Lana Turner, lovelier than memory, waiting patiently in Paul Hesse’s studio, while Paul adjusts lights and camera in order to bring you another of his brilliant series of Photoplay covers and Steve Crane, Lana’s young husband, waiting upstairs in the studio’s modernistic reception room while Lana finishes the sitting.

Lloyd Nolan, stripped to the waist, playing nine holes of golf and coming in two over par, somewhat more brilliant scoring than his dubbing companions.

Betty Hutton, shepherded by fiance Perc Westmore at a sneak peek of “Star Spangled Rhythm,” the picture into which Paramount put everything it could beg, borrow or mortgage, beginning with an assortment of stars including Hope, Crosby, Lamour, Lake, Goddard and ending with such added starters as Betty, William Bendix, Jerry Colonna, Rochester and Cecil B. De Mille.

Deanna Durbin finishing her new picture which has broken nearly all records for length of time in production and remarking that husband Vaughn Paul was in Washington for his next assignment—“out of this country, he hopes: in Hollywood, I hope.”

Maria Montez in flowing robes looking the part of a South Seas queen as imagined by Hollywood scenarists but talking like a smart girl who has her heart set on stardom and dares you to keep it from her. “Now I work for peanuts, but soon——”

Hollywood street scene, a town wrapped in silver glamour, hard-working, intent on its own peculiar problems, talking about rationing—of gas, of coffee and of leading men—talking about the Flynn case, the war, but mostly about itself.

Fred R. Sammis
What I think about...

America's most famous woman reporter brings you the honest, plain-spoken truth about the grave accusations this Hollywood favorite now faces.

As nearly as I can remember, it was about twenty-three years ago that I wrote my first story for Photoplay Magazine. Because I believe that motion pictures are the most vital influence upon public thought in the world today, I have always felt an obligation to carry out the editorial policy of Photoplay which at all times has been to speak the truth to the public about motion pictures and the truth to the motion pictures about the public.

Which brings us to the case of Errol Flynn.

To begin with, it is manifestly impossible for any magazine devoted to the works and people of the movies to ignore a case which occupies the front pages of newspapers all over the world and which is discussed wherever people gather, no matter how difficult to achieve fairness and impartiality in so delicate a situation.

In my own personal experience I have heard the Errol Flynn case discussed and I have been questioned about it at an important tea in Washington; at an aircraft plant; at a military academy; during a delightful evening with the publisher of a highbrow literary review; at my hairdresser's; and on trains.

In these times that may seem strange, but it is true.

Photoplay has had hundreds of letters asking why it doesn't come to the defense of this screen favorite who they say has been accused by publicity-seeking girls crazy to get into the movies and by others demanding in justice to the rest of the Hollywood stars, who behave themselves and sell War Bonds, that Errol Flynn be cast into outer darkness. Upon one thing they all agree. They want the opinion or judgment of Hollywood's foremost motion-picture magazine.

As nearly as we can come to that in justice and fairness we now propose to try.

But we must ask your consideration of one or two problems. First, Photoplay finds itself up against that arbitrary tyrant called the deadline, of which the reader seldom thinks. A certain length of time must pass between the writing of this story and its appearance in your hands. Much may be revealed of which we could not know at the time I write. But this should reach you three or four days before Mr. Flynn is called into the Superior Court of Los Angeles County to answer the District Attorney's charge against him of statutory rape upon two girls under the legal age of consent, which in California is eighteen.

It is now so grave and far-reaching a matter that it must be faced. First because it necessarily involves all Hollywood, which has too often been called upon to suffer en masse for the sins of its individual members. But most of all because Mr. Flynn has become part of America.

For Errol Flynn has had the great good fortune to portray upon the screen the heroes of our country. He
has worn the West Point uniform, he has been a brave officer of our Union Army, he has done the epic deeds of our pioneer forefathers. We have come to identify him with the men to whom we Americans owe so very much, we Americans who are once more fighting to the death for those things they bequeathed to us. It is Errol Flynn who made Custer's last stand come alive for many of us.

As a whole we are richer, we are warmer, for the way in which Errol Flynn made these men come to life, made them into real people and thus inspired us to feel a closer brotherhood with them.

The boys who a short time ago yelled and whistled and stamped to cheer on Errol Flynn's rides across the plains are today in the African desert or on the Solomon Islands or in camp somewhere in the U. S. A., getting ready to go over there. And Flynn was their idol. Let's not kid ourselves about that. I sat through too many Errol Flynn pictures with my own sons.

That is why it seems so essential to get at the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth of this controversial matter—for controversial it must be upon whichever side the truth now is. It is a tragic thing to lose any hero right now—or any man who has portrayed those heroes and identified himself with them in our eyes. But the times are too realistic for whitewash to stick.

When I get just this far I am overcome with a desire to smack Mr. Flynn. Honestly. Whether or not he is guilty of the crime with which he is charged—I for one do not believe that he is guilty as charged and we'll go into that in a moment—he had no business to get himself into such a spot. He had no right not to protect us all from such a mess. He's old enough to know better.

For Mr. Flynn now stands charged with a crime at the mere suggestion of which that great sportsman whom Flynn has just brought to the screen, James J. Corbett, would have poked him right in the nose.

Sometimes you can hurt just as many people and get yourself in just as bad a jam by being dumb as you can by being bad.

However, I think that in view of all these things there are a number of matters which it is essential that we consider at this time.

If our timing on the deadline is right, you will read this before Flynn comes to trial in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, prosecuted by District Attorney Dockweiler and Assistant District Attorney Cochran and defended by Jerry Geisler, who is not only a fine trial lawyer but a man whose integrity and honesty are highly respected by our judges and law enforcement officials.

There and then Mr. Flynn will be charged and tried by a jury of his peers.

But in his case, that courtroom widens to take in most of the English-speaking world and the jury grows until millions will sit upon it.

For Errol Flynn must also be tried at the bar of public opinion and you are the jury of his peers in that vast court which is so vital to him—and to you. Your verdict is the most important thing in life to this man whom you have lifted to movie stardom. You will not be present in that small courtroom when Errol Flynn answers "Not Guilty." You will depend upon eyewitness accounts through the newspapers of what takes place and upon printed testimony of the two girls involved and the other witnesses. I know that is always difficult. I have read the transcript of court cases that I have covered and been amazed to find the difference; the ring of truth or the knell of guilt in a voice, the appearance and posture of a witness, (Continued on page 87)
**WHY HOLLYWOOD TOLD GREER GARSON:**

"Don't Marry!"

She could hear Richard Ney's voice pleading, "When will you marry me?" She could hear Hollywood's voice saying all that must be said to any woman thinking of marriage now.

---

**BY SALLY JEFFERSON**

Marriage are always important, but because this engagement and perhaps marriage is a direct product of war. It was born in the roots of this conflict. It had nothing to do with the calm reactions of a man and woman in peaceful times. It is an example set for thousands of women who have been torn with the same problem—"Shall I marry this man before he leaves?" It is a problem Greer Garson has had to settle herself.

Before he left Hollywood for his preliminary training, Richard begged Greer to say yes. During his training period, he bombarded her with pleading letters. How he completed his prescribed course of training is a mystery to Hollywood, considering the constant flow of communications to the West. After obtaining his commission as ensign, young Ney lit out for Hollywood and began his pursuit in earnest.

Those who have seen the two together declare Richard's devotion is not the tense, quiet, deeply buried love that renders a man reverently speechless. On the contrary, he was constantly beseeching Greer before an audience.

"When are you going to marry me, dear?" he'd ask in the presence of others. "When, when, when?"

He danced attendance, showered her with compliments and fluttered her heart. And this in a way was good for Greer whose brilliant mind and conversation, whose deep thinking and constant reading kept her rather apart from Hollywood and within a limited circle of older men and women. A brilliant woman can very often be a lonely woman and no doubt Greer Garson experienced hours of loneliness. She is a woman capable of great fun and gaiety, but her British reserve and ultraconservatism had restrained her from indulging in the good times she might have found.

Richard, with his young, impulsive, reckless ways, furnished her with that vitamin of enjoyment she'd been missing. He was tall and he liked tall men. He danced divinely and she adored dancing. It was like coming out of a stuffy room into a bright, intoxicating garden. Ballets, concerts, lectures, had been her chief diversions in Hollywood, along with hours and hours of reading. In fact, each year the Ballet Russe came to town, members of the cast were entertained by Greer. World-famous musicians and writers were guests at her home.

But with Ney came a new world.

Hollywood, to a man, hoped Greer Garson would hold out against young Ney's charm and persistence. She deserved, they felt, more hours of fun and laughter and dancing than could be given her as the wife of an absent sailor.

The suspense before his departure grew to such proportions that at every small dinner party or gathering one heard the same thing, "Oh, I hope Greer doesn't make a mistake."

The tension continued to mount, with this writer, believe it or not, summoned out of bed at 1:30 A.M. one morning to be told Richard and Greer had already been married. The next morning the report was denied and proved to be untrue.

Hourly M-G-M gave out the latest bulletin to the hundreds who phoned in for news. Always it was, "You know as much about it as we do. We only hope it doesn't go through." And, remember, Ney is an M-G-M contract player, too.

This was (Continued on page 82)
This woman foretold some of the most startling Hollywood happenings of the past year.

NINETEEN-FOURTY-THREE—Hollywood, beware! Beware! Beware!

Separations, broken homes, divorces, journeys to foreign lands, emotional upsets and tumult are indicated by the stars.

This is a time of change and upheaval. Gone are the days of lavish display and fabulous salaries. The year 1943 will bring about a great leveling of all the world's peoples. It will bring to mankind the equality of a common burden. Each of us will be forced to share and share alike in sacrifice, service and almost primitive living conditions. The fight for existence will be paramount, not the fight for sables, caviar, dated wines and self-aggrandizement. The strong will survive. The weak will break.

Many of Hollywood's stars have proved their willingness to give freely of their time and money. After July 1 when Jupiter moves into Leo, the sign governing motion pictures and entertainment, Hollywood stars, theatrical stars and all entertainers will be called upon to keep up the morale of the entire world.

Now let's look at the personal charts of Hollywood's famous people:

Clark Gable: Clark has had a tough year. He has proved to the world that he can take it and by entering the service has set a splendid example for boys and men of all ages. His country is proud of him.

His stars suggest that he may be released from the service or make some drastic change in July, 1943.

November should bring Clark a romance and happiness. After this tragic year of loneliness, I am sure that Carole

Ida Lupino: A possibility that tongues will be wagging about her

Photoplay combined with Movie Mirror
Now she warns your favorite stars of some amazing events to come in the '43 future.

BY MATILDA TROTTER

Ginger Rogers: She's slid along smoothly for many years, but she meets her own little Waterloo in 1943. According to her planets, I don't see how she can help but win some sort of an award for her acting. Personally, however, the last six months of 1943 will be difficult. It is quite possible that she will alienate both her friends and her public at this time.

From September through December, 1943, Mars, whose excessive energy stirs up trouble to cause quarrels, accidents, law suits, broken friendships and divorce, is in her twelfth house, house of confinement, self-undoing, secret matters and secret enemies. Ginger must watch her health and her nerves and guard against accidents lest she be confined to bed. She must control her temper, her tongue and her independent nature, for those who are her secret enemies are liable to have their innings now unless she is on her guard.

September 10, 1943, when Mars and Uranus are in exact conjunction in Gemini and in exact square to Venus, planet of love, good will and money, can be a fatal day for her, romantically, financially and in public relations. It can bring a broken romance, the termination of a valued friendship or association, public disfavor and—hold everything—and for alienation of affections or any kind of a law suit and the aspects will not be in her favor.

Errol Flynn: According to his chart, Errol isn't an angel and he has very little discretion; but Mars, the highest planet in his midheaven, makes him a natural target for unscrupulous women and for blackmail. Where a wiser man might pay off to avoid unpleasant publicity, Errol's fiery independence

Joan Crawford and husband Phil Terry will beam at their forecast

Watch for These in 1943!

Clark Gable: "Romance for Clark."
Ginger Rogers: "Meets her own little Waterloo in 1943."
Joan Crawford and Phil Terry: "A new baby in their home."
George Sanders: "Even Elsie Dinsmore couldn't get along with George."
Hedy Lamarr: "Her chart suggests a secret love affair or marriage."

Victor Mature: As far as author Trotter is concerned, there is just one answer to the Rita Hayworth question.

FEBRUARY, 1943
causes him to fight for justice regardless of the consequences.

Due to Saturn and Uranus passing over his twelfth house, house of secret enemies and self-undoing, a lot of people may be out to get him just now, and his recklessness and lack of caution are partly responsible for his present trouble. For a time at least this man who has played the "protector of innocent womanhood" with such verve and dash will (if he remains on the screen) have to be cast in different roles or be laughed or hissed right out of the movies.

The position of the transiting Mars during January, 1943, indicates that he has a chance of getting through this trouble and his stars favor him again from September through December, bringing him the fulfillment of some wish or desire, perhaps his desire to get into the service.

Greer Garson: I doubt if I have Greer's right birth year, but in 1943 she is far too important to pass up. According to the chart I have erected the stars indicate the end of a love affair or an abrupt separation from a loved one between Christmas and February. June should bring her love once more—the return of a former love or a new romance.

Her stars suggest that marriage cannot bring lasting happiness to Greer and in order to find happiness, no matter how fleeting, she must snatch it while she can and make the most of it while it lasts.

As for her career, she is at the peak of her success and can maintain her present popularity and position if she uses caution in partnership and marriage. All contracts to which she is a party should be airtight. She should be positive that she can trust those who are handling her business and career.

Above all, Greer, keep everything in your own name.

Phillip Terry and Joan Crawford: These two do not come under the same sign but both were born in the same month. Their charts harmonize beautifully and Phil's shows him to be a person of charm, kindness and talent. Joan is right. If they make a picture together it will be a popular success and should be released around July 13 or 14, 1943.

Jupiter going through the fifth house, house of love, children and educational matters, of both Joan and Phil next July indicates a new child in their home. This could be their child or one they adopt.

Looks like a whopping big month for the Terrys.

Gary Cooper: His popular appeal can continue forever so far as his public goes, for Gary is as American as baseball, football or dunking. However, his stars indicate that he may give up his career to enlist or go in for some sort of war work which will take up all his time.

As for marriage, it doesn't look too promising in 1943. There may be a separation from his wife due to war conditions or there may be a divorce or separation due to personal matters. All through June Gary must guard against secret enemies and gossip.

John Payne: July 3 marks a significant day for him. This day should bring John sudden and amazing good fortune. In short, so many things are indicated for John Payne on or around July 3 that I scarcely know what to high-light. The clouds of the last year and a half should have passed over leaving John with a new outlook on life and bringing him a change for the better.

Now let's see just what July 3 could bring him. An officer's commission in the armed forces: the beginning of a long journey which brings him prestige and the fulfillment of a wish; recognition for an act of bravery; marriage or an engagement; the chance that some "wildcat" investment will shower him with money that he didn't expect. What a day, John Payne! Make the most of it. Go after whatever you want most and it should be yours.

Anne Shirley: As soon as I discovered these marvelous aspects in John's chart I rushed to consult the chart of his former (Continued on page 72)

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COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES

* Clark Gable: Lieutenant in the U. S. Army Air Force

* Fred MacMurray: Appearing in RKO's "Flight For Freedom"

* Spencer Tracy: Appearing in M-G-M's "Keeper Of The Flame"

* Katharine Hepburn: Appearing in M-G-M's "Keeper Of The Flame": and, on the stage, in the Theater Guild's "Without Love"

* Loretta Young: Appearing in Columbia's "A Night To Remember"

* Roy Rogers: Appearing in Republic's "Ridin' Down The Canyon"

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR
Portrait of a Right Guy

He wears glasses and is the tallest of screen stars. Name him? He's Fred MacMurray, real-life style.

JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

His knees shake violently whenever he makes a personal appearance. "I look like the leaning tower of Pisa."

He loves sauerkraut.

He wishes he had never made 'Cocoaon Groove' and 'many other pictures.' He never plays bridge.

He quit smoking pipes because they always gave him indigestion.

His full name is Frederick Martin MacMurray.

He wears size 12 shoes and is opposed to the rugged individualism philosophy of government. He is very fond of smorgasbord.

He was born in St. Rose Hospital on St. Rose Day in Kankakee, Illinois. His favorite meat is old-fashioned pot roast, and his parents and schoolmates always called him Bud. His eyes are green.

He likes tweeds, picnics and a quick cold shower.

He has bad measles and mumps and thinks dyed hair okay on women "provided it makes them more attractive, which is not always the case."

He was baptized in a Presbyterian church.

He has two more wisdom teeth to come out.

He is righthanded and last rode in a streetcar in New York in 1934. He is loath to criticize others and considers his work merely a means to an end.

He gets sick at high altitudes.

Fred MacMurray loves telling fairy tales to his two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Susan, but he is forever garbling them until they no longer resemble the originals. His father is of Scotch descent, his mother of German, and he has never worn buckled military shoes.

He is very nearsighted and has to wear glasses.

He is a good speller, likes following a golf match, and is fond of mashed potatoes which he likes to mash himself.

He doesn't like kippers or smoked herring.

He gets seasick and airsick and thinks money not too important to achieve happiness. He smokes about a pack of cigarettes a day.

He never goes to a Turkish or Swedish bath. He flunked in mathematics and never dreamed that he would one day be an actor.

He is never punctual.

He is a realist at heart and is proud of his cooking ability.

He sleeps in the raw.

He never wears jewelry, never drinks wine, and has a special sentimental nostalgia for his boyhood days around Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. He is six feet, three-and-a-half inches tall.

He has never gone in for winter sports, has read very little poetry, and rides horseback only fairly. "...I can just about manage to stay on one."

He has an exceptionally large appetite and his favorite room is his den which is decorated with numerous bird prints and contains his rifles. He likes fixing his own breakfast but is constantly breaking the yolks of the eggs.

He is very fond of hunting and fishing. He has had his tonsils out and he and his wife never argue about politics.

He is of an even disposition, rarely suffers depression and is an easy, affable conversationalist. His worst traffic offense was speeding at seventy-five miles an hour.

Fred MacMurray is proud that he once successfully made a butterscotch pie.

His knuckles won't crack and he is always whistling or humming tunes of his own invention. He seldom eats candy.

He takes Vitamin A for his eyes.

He dislikes wearing tails and has a devil of a time remembering dates, anniversaries and names. He thinks only women with good figures should wear slacks.

His favorite cheese is American nippy, he has never been to Grant's Tomb in New York, where he lived for several years. He is not self-conscious. He (Continued on page 92)
WEBSTER wrote one, of course, and it comes in handy when you have forgotten how to spell indefatigable or are searching for a six-letter synonym for yak, but Noah’s definitions weren’t designed to fit life in the City of Edible Snowflakes and some of his simplest words possess far more colorful meanings when pronounced at Hollywood and Vine.

I am not running down Webster. After all, he never attended a double feature or a dish night and to him celluloid was just something kewpie dolls were made of; you can’t expect a fellow to define “sweater” correctly if he never saw Lana Turner.

But I do think it’s time someone whipped up a brief, sweatshirt-pocket version of Mr. W.’s opus, amended to apply to the land of sequins and sunshine. So here it is.

Angles: There are two varieties of these, both vital to the fame and cinematic progress of Gwendolyn Glamour and Horace Handsome. First there are the angles you have to know, such as what producer to let blitz you at gin rummy and what columnists to give your marriage and divorce scoops to. The other definition of the same word has to do with learning to turn the other cheek toward the camera, if that cheek happens to photograph better than its mate. This is known as “knowing your best camera angles” and one of the best camera angles to learn is: Be nice to your cameraman—he can give your chin a little twin and make your wrinkles twinkle if you don’t watch out.

Artist: An actor or actress who draws—a salary of $1,500 a week or over, usually over.

Asset: Of the many I can call, few are frozen. Illustration: Marlene Dietrich’s legs; Rita Hayworth’s chassis; Veronica Lake’s coiffure.

Back: Portion of the anatomy off which any he-man movie hero is always ready to give a friend his shirt.

Bat: Something you can’t ever go out on if there’s a clause concerning morals in your contract, dear.

Bargain: What you get if you make the cashier’s window of your neighborhood movie house before the prices change. Also what some of the most charming stars ain’t, when you really know them.

Billing: Advertising matter. Or, what the great lovers and their screen sweethearts start to battle over as soon as they stop billing and cooing in the picture’s love scenes.

Calories: What Hollywood chickens have to count before they’re hatched into stars.

Candles: What every glamour girl privately believes no other glamour girl can hold to; also what you can’t burn at both ends if you have to report to the studio early in the
Under the p’s comes Jimmy Stewart, and if you think the word is "pretty" you’re all wrong!

R stands for Ruby—and it’s not a ring. It’s a girl from Brooklyn named Stanwyck

The words are all in Webster’s, but the meanings—well, meaning you’ll just have to read ‘em to believe ‘em!

morning looking radiant.

Close-Up: Something no star ever thinks she’s gotten quite enough of.

Colossal: The tactful word to use when you mean “mediocre.”

Dynamite: The noun agents invariably utilize to describe what their clients are with respect to audiences.

Eccosty: An old European movie, never hazed by Will Hays, which Hedy Lamarr wishes exhibitors would stop reviving.

Epic: A Grade B story with a Cecil B. De Mille-yun dollar touch.

Ermine: The only thing a movie queen’s stand-in will admit the star has that she hasn’t got, only nobody will give her a chance to prove it.

Ersatz: Phony—like the snowflakes, lightning, rainstorms, fog and emotions that seem so real when you see them on the screen.

Exaggerate: What movie press agents vow they’re not doing the least bit when they (Continued on page 90)
Olivia de Havilland

A two-way treat: One showing us the gold-star side of Livvie's life; the other, the big black marks she bestows upon herself

Things We Like about Olivia

By Sara Hamilton

Her name. Her eyes. Her clear-cut hairline. The vague, far-away stare that means the lady has gone into mental retirement and doesn't know you're there any more. These things fascinate us about Olivia de Havilland.

Like a character from an old-time Southworth novel with its tempest-and-sunshine flavor, her name, rich and full, suits her to a T. It suits her life role of the dark bewitching coquettish type with the shy blonde sister; the type that abounded in those stories. The sister with the devil in her eye. That's Livvie.

Even if it is discouraging to other females, we like the idea of anyone's daring to be so darkly beautiful. Looking like a cellophane Hedy Lamarr with candles lit inside. Glowing. Vibrant. Alive.

"All our lives," we said in a sudden outburst of uninhibited frankness, "we've wondered what goes on in the mind of a really beautiful woman. How do you feel about it inside? What reaction does it have on the good old inner woman?"

The stare came. The fogs arose between us. She was thinking. Weighing our honesty. "You're not so bad, yourself," she said finally. We made up our mind to vote for diplomat de Havilland if she ever ran for Congress.

We like the way she has everyone in town shaking his hoary head over the "new" Olivia. "My, how she's changed," they moan. "Used to be so shy and modest."

They mean "used to be so sure of herself and so frightened we could run all over her." Only they don't put it into so many words.

Of course she's changed. Grown up and away from those who want to keep her under their bossy old thumbs. She's an exploreress, an adventuress and taster of life. She takes her glowing beauty into every nook and cranny of emotional living. No petticoated layers of false modesty, no pantalooned notions of feminine hypocrisy clutter her life. She's honest. Hollywood made her that way. And Hollywood is now noisily clicking its tongue in disapproval. De Havilland doesn't give a damn.

That's what we like about her.

That resonant voice is another of our "vote for Olivia" slogans. It has a ring like a copper bell. But the laugh would rattle the dishes off tables four miles away. She lets it fly when the occasion calls. But she isn't given to too much laughter. Chuckling is her usual response.

We like her for her preference for homely men. It shows she isn't taken in by male prettiness. Jimmy Stewart, who is gangling and boyish but far from Bob Taylorish, is an example. Franchot Tone was less beautiful. Burgess Meredith, who is on the whimsey-pooch side, is as far from handsome in his quaint way as Lil Abner with his strawseed appeal. Yet these are the men Olivia has preferred up to now.

Now according to rumors Livvie has won a new friend in Lieut. John Huston, son of Walter Huston and a far-from-prettv guy according to Hollywood standards. Director Huston, now of Uncle Sam's forces, finds Livvie's alive and interesting mind a refreshing treat. The marital status of Mr. Huston prevents any thoughts of romance, but the two have a delightful friendship.

They had met before on the Warner lot and nodded when they passed. John and his wife had not obtained the legal separation that had been pending many months.

And then the youthful director was given "In This Our Life" to direct, with Bette Davis, Olivia, George Brent and Dennis Morgan.

It was Olivia's expert craftsmanship that first attracted his notice. Beauty even such as Livvie's comes second to ability with men like Huston. They chatted between scenes and found each other congenial company, in accord on many ideas. Then Livvie accepted a breach of contract with Warners and went off pay roll and Huston went from his next assignment, "Across The Pacific," to the Army.

It was when he was sent back from camp to make short subjects for the Army and after his separation was settled upon, he and Olivia discovered their friendship meant a great deal to each.

Now they see each other for lunch and dinner. They spend many spare moments together. Whether this deep attachment will lead to serious romance remains to be seen. We leave it up to Olivia's good judgment.

Which is another thing we like about her.

We like the honesty of her actions and enjoyed the story she told us about Lew Ayres. Her first screen crush as a fan before she was in pictures herself was Lew Ayres. Shortly after she came to Hollywood she met Lew. He (Continued on page 93)
THINGS I DON'T LIKE ABOUT MYSELF

BY OLIVIA de HAVILLAND
(As told to Sara Hamilton)

I'm ill-read. Admit it. And I'm always planning to do something about it. I gobble food. You'd think I had to catch the Clipper.

I'm stubborn. But I'm improving. I realize stubbornness is the strength of weak people and a poor substitute for a strong but flexible mind. So I'm losing my stubbornness fast.

A quick temper is one of the things I dislike to own up to, but I've got one. I've got one that when aroused leads me into saying hard, cruel things I regret, in being ruthless when ruthlessness is not really a part of my nature.

I'm learning to curb it, I think. At least, I find more and more that I enjoy good sound conversation that tolerates no emotionalism. The object of all intelligent discussions, after all, is to discover the truth of a thing. Truth comes with quiet unemotional reasoning. And quiet reasoning can never be sister to a sharp temper.

I like to flirt since flirting comes in the category of "things young ladies should not do." I suppose I should put it down as a black mark.

But I still like to flirt and honestly believe most women do, if they'd admit it.

I'm gullible. A give-inny when it comes to solicitors or subscription gents. There's something about a subscription list of magazines thrust under my nose that melts my firm intentions like jelly. Today I take more magazines I have no time to read than any ten people in Hollywood.

It happens to me all over the place, too. Out for a stroll one afternoon in Washington, D. C., I was approached by a young man who introduced himself as a student from Notre Dame, one of a group, he said, who were assigned to talk to various people about the country, gathering up opinions on current topics and so forth. I stood and looked at him. Something should be done right there, I reasoned, but no, I just stood and looked.

"We could really talk much better over a coke." (Continued on page 94)
I HAVE read that fifteen percent of our younger draftees—the men between twenty-one and thirty-five—have been rejected for military service, temporarily at least, because of emotional instability and nervousness. A few of those rejected were, of course, out and out mental cases. The great majority, however, simply suffered from fatigue.

Anyone who suffers from fatigue has my sympathy. I've never told about my experiences with fatigue and how it induced fears of illness and finally illness itself. Ordinarily such stories aren't too entertaining. Now, however, when so many of us are worrying lest we prove unequal to the strain and extra work which war brings I believe this experience bears telling.

At first I was only tired, perpetually. The quick energy I'd always taken for granted no longer existed ... Then fears began. I worried that I was going to be ill. I rehearsed it over and over, and experiences and sensations which indicated illness was inevitable.

Finally, unable to endure the fears any longer, I went to my doctor.

My doctor assured me I was in splendid condition except for a trilling difficulty. He recommended this be corrected whenever I had time to go into the hospital for a few days. In my relief at learning no grim illness threatened I agreed to go to the hospital as soon as I finished my picture. 

However, after I left the doctor's office my fears came alive again. Soon I was convinced my doctor had withheld the truth, that there was really something seriously wrong with me. Consequently, when I finished my picture I was afraid to go to the hospital and, so that I wouldn't have too much time to think, I started another picture immediately.

Several months later, unable to endure the uncertainty my fears had created, I returned to my doctor. This time my worry was apparent to him. 

"The trifling difficulty I mentioned before should have attention," he said. "It doesn't concern me as much as your fears, however. For your fears are a symptom of fatigue. And fatigue can be serious."

"I want you to take a vacation as soon as possible. In the meantime I want you to rest."

It was reasonable enough that I should know fatigue. I had worked hard for a long time. Besides, in a constant race with the illness I feared, I had pressed to finish every job I undertook. I also had worried about my finances—should I be ill and my income cease.

Mother and I went to New York. There, however, I kept going. I was afraid to sit down, I think, for fear I couldn't get up again, so I indulged in the popular pastime of fussing myself and running away from myself. I crowded my days with luncheons, shopping expeditions, the theater.

Ten days after our arrival in New York I collapsed. The next morning Mother and I were on a fast train bound for California.

"I can't be ill," I told myself frantically. "I can't afford to be ill. . . . The studio won't hold up production on 'Ramona' any longer! And I need the prestige that picture will give me! The income too! This trip has cost a pretty penny. And I can't be ill and upset Sally's and Norman's wedding plans!"

When I reached home and my doctor came to see me he shook his head. "Get in bed and relax," he told me. "Because you're going to be in bed for some time. That trifling disability we talked about is trifling no more. You've worked up quite an infection, thanks to your worry. And you're so dejected, also thanks to your worry, that you're going to have a time fighting it!"

He didn't spare me. Before long, however, I wasn't sparing myself. I saw how I had allowed fears to dominate me. I realized I had been so busy concentrating on them and running away from them that I had not taken time to pursue the simple constructive steps that would have eliminated them.

Also, now that I had brought my worse fears to pass and I was in bed, I perceived that the consequences of my illness were not going to be so disastrous as I had imagined.

My illness itself was only a nuisance; it wasn't so grave as I had feared.

My studio was entirely willing to postpone production on "Ramona" and as a result of this postponement finally filmed it in Technicolor which proved its greatest charm.

In bed for seven weeks, with more time than I ever had had to consider my household, I found ways of running my domestic affairs more efficiently and more economically than I would have dreamed possible.

My sister Sally and Norman Foster were married as planned, only instead of a big church wedding they had a small wedding at home, which they both insisted they liked much better. My nurse opened my door so I could hear the ceremony and Sally and Norman came upstairs to drink their wedding wine sitting on my bed.

Best of all, however, that illness of mine taught me not to allow myself to be driven by fears; but to accept them as a symptom, probably of fatigue ... to recognize fatigue as an enemy of health and happiness ... and to combat its first sign by extra hours of rest and a simple diet.

All of which, I think, is especially valuable knowledge in this Year of Our Lord, 1943, when courage, confidence and vigor are so vital to the victory to which we are dedicated.
No ceiling on laughter

Just for fun — this collection of laughs that is giving Hollywood a lift even though the joke’s on them

BY DICK PINE

DOROTHY LAMOUR ordered to hospital for rest after her Bond-selling tour. "Bette Davis’s picture postponed three weeks to allow her to recuperate from war canteen activities." "Linda Darnell ordered to bed for a rest before continuing with personal-appearance tour."

The headlines in the papers might lead you to believe that half our stars are casualties on the home front. Some of them are. But not for long. They are doing a noble (and strenuous) job and it’s not to be wondered at if, occasionally, one of them falls out of the ranks to recuperate. But they come back pretty fast. Perhaps the secret, an important secret, is contained in Bob Hope’s remark, "We’ll get along all right as long as there’s no ceiling on laughter. That does it!"

Maybe that’s important for all of us to keep in mind. In World War I, I heard a famous general say, "Show me men who grumble when everything is going well but who know how to laugh when the going gets rough, and I’ll show you some good fighting men!"

Gene Tierney had a lift from a laugh, even though it was at her own expense. Touring the camps with Chester Morris and his "one and o-o-only magic act," Gene was so exhausted that she fell asleep in the car which was taking them to Rockford, Illinois. Suddenly, someone poked her in the ribs and she realized that sirens were pounding all over the place. "A police escort!" somebody hissed at her. "Get up and smile. Smile!" Gene sighed and hoisted herself to the top of the back seat (open car, top down) where she sat smiling, bowing and waving in the approved-by-the-newsreels manner, to the plaudits of the multitude. Then she began to detect something in the plaudits which smacked more of laughter than of admiration. She put her hand to her head. Tragedy! Her hair was still in curlers from her early morning beauty precautions, tight "Topsy curlers" with white wisps of stuff sticking out of her pretty head in little tufts. Gene kept her head admirably. (Continued on page 102)
To transport any guy in khaki to a transport with a happy smile on his face—a lip-reading message from Miss Rita Hayworth, past mistress of the art of the caloric kiss.

There's a touch of the old Eve in Paulette Goddard's technique. It promises, but it doesn't always pay off. It's a nice little note on any big note to a camper in the U. S. A.

A kiss with an accent strictly Continental, interpreted by Maria Montez. American girls usually skip it; American men usually don't. It's the blitz variety, the kind that sends better messages than Signal Corps experts.
This is the "Can't we just be friends?" kiss, perfected by Betty Grable. It's a good-sport, remember-me, I'm-your-pal caress. That is, that's what it starts out to be.

And this is the sort of kiss that makes even the tough old top sergeant start dreaming of moonlight and roses to the tune of "I Surrender Dear." Lady behind the lips: Dorothy Lamour.

Kisses

Personal to the boys: These imprints are life-size.

Personal to the girls: Here's your chance to match your lips against the stars.

P.S. to all soldiers, sailors and marines: These sentimental greetings were sent by the Hollywood stars to you, Uncle Sam's boys, wherever and whenever one of you picks up this magazine.

Jeepful of Love from

Linda Darnell

The cuddle-up-a-little-closer, "sweet young thing" type of kiss, with a dash of spice thrown in, specialty of the Hollywood house of Darnell. Linda gives it; the boys get it; the soldier caps start flying in air.

Sincerely yours,

Dorothy Lamour

Lady kiss, kiss you too.

Betty Grable
BOB STERLING has gone to war.

The big lad with the dark hair, quick smile and the image of Ann Sothern in his eyes has done what so many other American boys have done; done it in the very midst of filming the greatest picture of his career.

Now, said the Hollywood gossips, surely they would talk, Bob and Ann. Surely this exasperating pair of human clams would have to break the long, self-imposed silence and put an end to hot surmises about their personal plans. Surely a man couldn't go off for combat training in the Air Force without something's being said about the girl he's leaving behind him!

For all the times Hollywood has missed its bet about these two in the past, this time it was right. Ann and Bob have talked—in their own fashion. "Well, what can we say?" Ann began. "We aren't engaged. How can we be when my divorce won't be final for some months? Wouldn't it be pretty much out of place to talk about plans, even if we had any, until I'm free?"

Bob said, "In the first place, Ann feels as I do. She—we both feel that there is a dignity about the business of marriage that doesn't let you blab a lot of stuff loosely about your plans until you have some plans—until you know definitely what you're saying. War and hysteria and emotion are not going to stampede either of us into doing or thinking about anything that we wouldn't have done otherwise.

"Everyone knows that we have been seeing one another as often as we can, what with both of us working in pictures. Everyone knows that neither of us goes out with anyone else—ever. I don't see what else we can tell anyone. Oh, well—I could add that Ann is the nicest person I've ever known—if that's news!"

So, having observed the proprieties, Bob and Ann were free to take deep breaths and talk a little bit about one another.

"Have you noticed," Ann trilled, "how Bob has developed, how he has matured in the last year? Can't you see it in his face, in his work, in his voice? His mental attitude, his approach to life and his job... well, it's just amazing!"

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She went on, gravely, "I flatter myself that I'm critical, skeptical, that I'm not easily impressed. I've been in this business too long to be haphazard in my judgments. But I think that Bob has it in him to be one of our biggest stars. I think he'll be a truly fine, possibly a great actor. He has that—that something in him. He looks surprised when I tell him that he would have been good at anything he'd undertaken. If he had decided to be a salesman or a baseball player or a bank executive or a politician, he'd have made a success of it. But he belongs in the acting business." She broke off.

"He's done such wonderful things for me, too."

**BETTER pause here for a moment and keep track of what Bob has to say about some of this.**

"I have grown up, come of age somehow, in this past year and a half," he admits. "I don't know exactly what happened. I guess no one ever knows exactly what occurs when he—well—when he becomes a person. Maybe it's just that you sort of 'jell' mentally. I know that my approach to life, to complicated situations, to work, to the business of going to war has all suddenly become pretty simple. "I've always been a worrier. I'll fret and fume and pace the floor. But now I guess I know what things are worth worrying about. I think Ann taught me a lot of that. She has such perspective. She knows this picture business and she knows a lot about life and she thinks about things intelligently. She's never advised me not to worry. She knows that if you aren't anxious to do your best, you won't be any good at all. But she has taught me not to worry about non-essentials. So I feel pretty well-balanced in my mind about going to war, about coming back and taking up my job again."

You all know how Ann and Bob met on the set before they went into "Ringside Maisie" together. Most of you probably know that they began to feel acquainted, to take an eager interest in one another, after they met again as Ann was coming home from Hedy Lamarr's (Continued on page 95)
Courtship: The glamour of a big Hollywood engagement party

Marriage: Hours spent together at home—Mr. and Mrs. David Rose
That was all Judy Garland had to offer.

But it brought her a great career

and a romance unlike that of any other in Hollywood

BY JUNE PALMS and CAROLYN DAWSON

FROM Minnesota they came—Ethel and Frank Gumm with their three little daughters piled in the back seat of the old Dodge. They were headed for Hollywood and a try at fame; they had with them courage, faith and a pocketful of songs. In those three little girls were centered all the hopes of Frank and Ethel, vaudeville trouper of old; it was in their youngest, Frances, that they felt lay the greatest hope of all.

For those first hard years they worked endlessly, singing wherever they could get the chance, traveling the countryside as The Garland Sisters, with small Frances, now "Judy," as the hit of the show. Then came the day when M-G-M called and Judy, a small nervous figure in sweater and skirt, sang for Louis B. Mayer. The next day it happened. Judy Garland was given a contract with M-G-M and the Gums were on their way.

But progress was slow. Judy was called for few pictures and those made no great hit with the audiences of America. Then, in May, 1938, the lot started to buzz with preparations for a gigantic musical, "Abes In Arms," starring Mickey Rooney. Busby Berkeley, the director, asked for Judy Garland as Mickey's running mate. The studio hemmed and hawed; Berkeley was quietly insistent; Judy was given the role.

That was the start of a great co-starring team and it was also the start of Judy's fabulous career. For America took one look and enfolded those two youngsters in its eager arms.

In Hollywood on Wednesday nights a program called "California Melodies" was broadcast. Week after week Judy listened, enthralled by the harmonies of a young composer she had never seen. Yet she felt she knew him; his music told her much in a language that at times almost frightened her.

One misty California night she slipped away to the studio where he broadcast. A slight unassuming young man stood on the platform. His eyes, passing over the faces in the audience, found a slender girl in a big green hat. His eyes found her and stopped.

Afterwards, when the last notes of the orchestra had died away, Judy made her way hesitantly toward the aisle. A slight breathless young man rushed up to her. "Miss Garland, I—I—please, will you wait . . ."

Judy stood there and listened to the pounding of her heart. She had just met the man who would one day be her husband, David Rose.

"It's funny how trivial incidents can change our lives," Judy says to Dave today. "What if I hadn't gone to that broadcast?"

"What if you hadn't worn that big green hat," Dave teases. "I might never have noticed you!"

The whole world knows the outcome of that meeting in the broadcasting studio, but not all the world knows of the "puppy love" affair that had immediately preceded it.

It had begun on the set of "Strike Up The Band" which featured that favorite co-starring team of Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney. Now Judy had played in many pictures with Mickey before, but now for the first time she had suddenly been afflicted with "Rooney" fright.

For the script called for a minstrel show and as one of the end men she would be competing with Mickey. To make it worse the skit was to be done in blackface. Always before, Judy had had the advantage of softly waving hair-dos, fluttering eyelashes and all the thousand feminine turbelows which usually succeed in taking the starch out of the most confident and preening male.

This time not only would she be in blackface, but Wardrobe had handed her a little costume number which could pass for a cross between Little Willie's first pair of grownup pants and Uncle Elmer's long flannel drawers.

All in all, the situation was extremely sad.

Over in the opposite corner of the lot Mr. Rooney himself was indulging in a mild nervous breakdown. Always before, when Judy had appeared with him, Mickey had been able to pull attention his way by making funny faces or by looking so doggedly homely that the contrast would be marked. Now, by gosh, Judy was going to beat him at his own game.

He went over to heckle her.

"I'm scared," Judy greeted him hollowly.

Mickey nearly fainted. "What's bothering you? Kidnappers?"

"This minstrel business," Judy said.

"You'll show me up so terribly."

Mickey could not believe his own ears. "Have you gone crazy?"

Judy's eyes searched his face. "You mean you've been worrying about it too?"

"Oh no," Mickey denied vehemently. "Never gave it a second thought!"

Judy began to see the light. If Mickey felt uneasy, then this stage-fright business was not limited to beginners like herself. Even the greatest of them could suffer from its pangs. She relaxed. (Continued on page 107)
A welcome to Gene Kelly, newcomer from the Broadway stage, male magnet in M-G-M's "For Me And My Gal"
An encore for Laraine Day, laurel-winner of old, an actress triumphant in M.G.M’s "Journey For Margaret"
FIRST THING I SEE—
In a Man

Says Ellen Drew:
His mouth. Many people think eyes are the most important thing. I
don't. A man's eyes change with his thoughts. His mouth doesn't. It's
the result of all the things he has been and thought all his life.

Says Mary Martin:
His speaking voice. When a man pays you a compliment it isn't always
what he says that is most important—but his way of saying it, if he
has a charming voice!

Says Dorothy Lamour:
His dignity. We all go through
a phase when we like a man to
give us a million laughs and
don't care about anything else.
But eventually we want a man
to be dignified and to treat
women as if they were women.

Says Joan Fontaine:
The expression of his eyes; whether he looks at you steadily or whether he gives
you a side glance—things like that. I must say I always like frankness in a man's
eye. A steady gaze is admirable. (See Brian Aherne's eyes.)
Some confessions about first impressions—with an eye to giving you the lowdown on what to look for in looks

In a Woman

Says Tyrone Power:
The general stance. Often when a girl turns around you think, "Oh, oh, not so pretty!" But she’s still attractive if her figure’s good. I remember a photograph of ten girls . . . only one stood well, and right away you looked at her.

Says Jackie Cooper:
The face. I don’t like anything pasty but I don’t like this pancake of make-up everybody’s wearing. Across the room it may look all right but not when you get close. The main thing is I don’t like the way it smells.

Says Bob Hope:
It depends on the woman . . . on how close you are to her! Men notice a woman’s figure first, I think. Then they move in closer and get a little of the eyes . . . and move in closer . . .

Says Brian Aherne:
Her hands! You get a good impression of a person from hands. I think hands are more indicative of character and breeding than anything else. I like my wife’s hands. (See Joan Fontaine’s hands.)
TWO AGAINST LOVE

—Kay and Riley, both fighting against their feeling for each other, both knowing, always, what the end must be

BY HELEN DOWDEY

The Story Thus Far:

It was a case any other nurse at Justin Sanatorium would have pleaded for, but to me, Kay Howells, it was something to be dreaded—this taking charge of Riley Sloane, top Hollywood star who'd been sent to the hospital for a cure from heavy drinking. While he had been at Justin's, things had gone well enough, for I had had at my side Chris—Dr. Christopher Ross, young specialist on the staff and my best friend. But when Riley left for home, I had been ordered to go with him, to watch him always—the set, where he was starring in "Lost Melody," in his big house high in the hills.

I knew by then that Riley was a moody black Irishman, a man whose bitterness caused him to strike out at me in sarcasm, a man whose gentleness had sometimes given me the happiest moments I had ever known. For I would always remember that day at the hospital when he had leaned over and brushed my forehead with his lips, whispering, "If I'd only known someone like you, Kay."

Instead, he had known the usual Hollywood crowd—Corky Smith, the arrogant writer, Prudence Vickers, the gossip columnist, Carlotta Fane, the actress of long ago, and Honey Hollister.

It was Honey, blonde, insolent Honey, who'd given me the first intimation of the evil things Hollywood was saying of my presence in the home of Riley Sloane. It was Honey who'd turned so furiously on me every time I'd barred her from seeing Riley; who had taunted me, intimating that between her and Riley there was something I could never understand.

"She's got some hold on him," Chris had said to me. "If we knew what it was, we'd know a lot more about Riley Sloane."

We were all to know soon enough—on that terrible Sunday when Honey burst in upon Chris and Riley and me, screaming, "You've fallen for her! Everybody knows it!" The three of us stood there, horrified. "I'll make you wish you'd never seen her," she shouted hysterically. "I'll—" She fumbled in her bag and suddenly the mouth of a blue-black gun was pointed at me.

Chris and Riley moved at the same instant. There was a blinding explosion and the bullet went harmlessly over our heads. Honey twisted in Chris's grasp and then froze. She made a strange gasping sound and pitched forward—dead.

"It's her heart," Chris said briefly. Riley nodded. "It's been bad. She took drugs."

"I'll have to report this," Chris said. "I'll have to telephone—"

"Just a minute," It was Riley's voice, toneless, dead. "There's something you ought to know. Honey Hollister is—my wife."

The Story Continued:

ONCE or twice before in my life, I have known a moment when time stood still. When between one tick of the clock and the next, all movement ceased and a shocked hush filled my world.

It was like that now. Only one thing was real. Honey Hollister is my wife. Riley's words rang in my ears.

When the room stopped whirling, I looked at him. His face was stony. "Nobody knew it," he said. "They'll have to now. Make your report, Chris."

I longed to go to him, touch him, see the look that had been in his eyes last night and know that I was necessary to him. But he had shut himself behind his barrier. Neither of us moved till Chris came back.

"They're coming," he said. "We'll have to tell about the shot, I'm afraid. And about why she—" he glanced at the still figure lying on the couch—"she came here. It won't make a
pretty story, with its implications. Of course if you were married, that explains why she was jealous of Kay."

"I never guessed," I said brokenly. "I'd been a fool. This explained everything. Chris had been right when he'd said, "When we know about Honey Hollister, we'll know the story of Riley Sloane."

In the next hour, we heard the story. Between questions and answers, the coroner's examination and Chris's report, between shunting off reporters and keeping out of sight of the curious crowd outside, with many painful gaps and pauses, the story came out. Only Chris and I heard the whole of it. And only we saw the brittle control with which Riley told it, a control that threatened to snap at any minute.

They'd been married five years ago. In Las Vegas, secretly, because she'd insisted it be that way. "She was big news in Hollywood. I was nobody. She said the studio would raise a row if it were publicized. I could see her point. Besides, I—well, I was crazy enough about her to do it any way she asked."

I could read between the lines. I could see him agreeing to that simple little request—with that warm body in his arms and that lovely face half pleading, half promising. He'd already made himself hard when he came out here. Embittered early by seeing his father's defeat in life, he'd denied himself the simple things we live by—companionship and trust and love—and armored himself against them. He had told me once that Honey was the chink in his armor. His love for her had borne the burden of his starvation and denial and the ideal-
ism of passionate and reckless youth.

"Then she insisted it be kept secret," he went on. It was as though he were talking to himself, his voice flat, his eyes on the floor and dark with some remembered pain. "I was to go on living in my furnished room and she as the queen of Beverly Hills. Nobody could know she was mine. 'Only for a little while,' she told me when I balked, 'only till you get your break in pictures.' The break never seemed to come. Somebody else always got the roles I'd been halfway promised. And when she gave a party I'd have to leave with the other guests and then sneak back—later. I had to use back alleys to see her—my wife. She dangled me like a puppy on a leash and when I kicked, she—well, she persuaded me I was wrong."

I KNEW how. I'd seen her in action once. "But why did she marry you, if she didn't love you? Why—"

Riley shrugged expressively. "She was as fond of me as she could be of anybody but herself. And I was the perfect stooge for her ego. She was beginning to slip at the studio and she needed me around to tell her how wonderful she was.

"Then it looked as though I were going to have my chance. A role in a picture with her—"Pretty Lady,' the last one she ever made, as it happened. She promised she'd do all she could to throw it my way. Suddenly, something happened. Somebody else got it and I was dealt out. I was about ready to cut my throat when Leo Martin picked me up for a bit in one of his productions. You know the rest."

That was the role that had catapulted him to fame, while "Pretty Lady," ironically, had been one of the biggest flops in box-office history.

"It was then I found out the truth. She'd been knitting me all along, deliberately keeping me out of pictures. Part of it, I guess, was natural jealousy of what I might do and part of it was because she liked having me around as a combination lackey and gigolo," the toneless voice went on. "That was the showdown. She was on the skids and knew it. She'd been doping for some time, and drinking, and her heart was on the bum. By the time our positions were reversed, she wanted to announce the marriage. But I was through. I told her she'd wanted it kept secret and she'd jolly well have it kept secret.

"Divorce?" He answered the unspoken question. "What was the use? She'd have contested and there'd be all that nice dirty linen aired. Besides, there was nobody else for me and never would be. I supported her, but I wouldn't live with her and it was that finally burned her up. She was afraid of losing her meal ticket and her one chance for a comeback on my coat tails."

"I'VE stalled the reporters as long as I can, Riley," Chris was saying. "I'll tell them you'll see them now. Then I'll sneak Kay out the back door."

When he'd left the room I walked over to Riley. I put my hand on his arm and looked up into the bitter face. "Last night," I said softly, "you asked me never to leave you. This is today and maybe you feel differently. However you feel, I want you to know I'll always be around if—or when—you need me."

For an instant there was an answering flicker in his eyes, some wordless communication for me alone. Then Chris came back and the barrier dropped into place again. "Don't worry about me," he said gruffly, and went to meet the reporters.

Upstairs, a weeping Ellen helped me pack. "Poor Mr. Sloane," she mourned, "just when he was getting on so well." It was what was in my mind, too. What would this shock do to that precarious balance, this jarring open of half-healed wounds? I longed to stay near him. But I couldn't. Not now.

Driving out to the sanatorium, Chris said, "You'll have to keep out of sight till this blows over." He looked strained and worried. "It doesn't look good for either of us, mixed up in something like this. I telephoned Dr. Justin and he doesn't like it a little bit."

Dr. Justin certainly didn't. Suavely but with unmistakable meaning, he told me that—that—under the circumstances, with all the unfortunate publicity and the name of the hospital involved . . . I cut him short. I understood perfectly that my services were no longer wanted.

Feeling like an outcast, I packed the few possessions I'd left at the sanatorium. Where was I to go? Chris couldn't take me in. What was I to do? I had very little money. I had to stay near Riley but—the telephone brought me up short. It was Carlotta Fané.

"I've just heard," she said. "My dear, you must come here immediately. Nobody need know except your young doctor and Riley, of course."

I thanked her gratefully. And thought how strange it was that my only friend was this aging, garrulous old actress with her dyed red hair and her golden heart.

NEXT day, the full fury of the press hit. I cowered before the blast. Every newspaper in the country carried the story: Honey Hollister Dies in Hollywood Home of Riley Sloane. Star Reveals Secret Five-Year Marriage. In the tabloids there were pictures, even one of me—Nurse Who Was Present at Time of Tragedy. And one of Chris—Prominent Young Psychiatrist Who Was Witness of Suddenly Death. Fortunately there was nothing about the shot that had been fired, but there didn't need to be for people with evil minds. It was all there, implied, for those who cared to read between the lines. I felt sick.

The phone rang all day. "Yes, I knew Miss Howells, a dear girl. No, I haven't the faintest idea where she is," Miss Fané would lie cheerfully.

Every time the bell tinkled, I jumped. Chris would have told Riley where I was. When would he come? When would he call? I was pacing the floor when Chris's call came.

"Riley Sloane has disappeared."

He said it just like that. Just as if every syllable weren't a separate blow. "He left during the night without a word to anyone. His car is gone. Mr. Martin," he spoke in a careful undertone, "is here at the house now. (Continued on page 79)
Gay fascinator in Charles R. Rogers's "The Powers Girl" is Carole Landis; 1943 front-page style news is her pink-pearl crepe dinner dress with its slim skirt, slim peplum, striking design of tropical leaves in silver and crystal beads. Adrian, the designer, slit the skirt at the hemline, cut an off-center V at the neckline, produced a dress of simple elegance for a '43 sophisticate.
A dreams-come-true picture of the kind of suit every woman dreams of having at least once in a lifetime—a fine grey herringbone wool with a white diagonal stripe that makes shoulders look fashionably broader, waistline look trimly smaller. It’s an Adrian model worn by Carole Landis who spots it up with a big black velvet beret, smart black suede shoes and bag.
A model dress for a model picture: Worn by Carole in "The Powers Girl," this day dress of burnished copper pebble crepe should brighten up every girl's wardrobe. It's simple; it's sophisticated; it's the "little dress" America is famous for. Adrian has accentuated the shoulders and nipped in the waistline by criss-cross bands of self-material. Just for fun, wear a dunce cap and long gloves of persimmon velveteen.
You can look as smart as a star

Seeing double—and seeing's believing! Florence wears a dinner dress that's a look-alike for Carole Landis's Adrian model. Give a nice ladylike shout of approval for a peplum, sequins and an intriguingly slashed skirt. Peplums, as if by magic, produce a long, slim line . . . Sequins high-light your dinner-date dash . . . And a slashed skirt (As if you didn't know!) is as irresistibly glamorous as the sandal and ankle it so cleverly discloses.

In champagne or black rayon crepe with gold sequins. Sizes 12-20. $29.95. Sterns.

Three cheers for two peas-in-the-pod pictures that prove you can have Hollywood style on a budget. Come spring zephyrs and daffodils, Carole's suit will be an ideal costume—and so will Florence's. Softly tailored, it's a perfect priority must for under winter coats now, too. Florence rated the diagonal stripes which the trim little jacket makes doubly effective. "They're not only unusual," she said, "they're slenderizing, too."

In gray, brown, soldier blue or natural, of spun rayon (which looks like wool) with white pin stripes and a white collar. Sizes 10-16. $8.95. Saks-34th Street.

The clothes featured on these pages are on sale at the New York stores speci-
Two "spittin' image" dresses with but a single thought: To make a girl look prettier. Florence's rayon crepe is a morning-into-afternoon-into-evening dress for the days that allow no time to go home and dress between business and pleasure. Tiny tucks sunburst most flattering from the center line of both skirt and blouse. And look twice at the sparkling flattery of those rhinestone circles at the victorious neckline. Look at Florence's dress; look at Carole's. Who said the price of Hollywood glamour was too much for a gal's small purse?

In black or brown rayon crepe. Sizes 12-20. $17.95. Or in gold, violet or pale blue wool (82% wool and 18% rabbit's hair). Sizes 12-20. $17.95. Sterns.
NOEL COWARD (above), the Englishman named for Christmas and noted for all-around genius, gives us this year for Christmas the greatest picture of men at sea to come out of this war, "In Which We Serve." It is the powerful, poignant life story of a British destroyer, the H.M.S. Torrin, and her heroic finish in the waters of the Mediterranean, told in terms of the lives of the courageous British seamen who give her the last measure of their devotion. Coward, who plays her Captain, has written and produced the picture as part of his all-important work in British propaganda, his "Cavalcade" of Britain at sea.

This is good-by: A seaman takes leave of his wife, his England, and sails away to war.

This is imminent death: The crew of the Torrin fighting the sea for their lives.

This is the courage of noble men: The Captain and his men sing Christmas carols at sea.
The truth about stars' breakdowns

Three-fourths of Hollywood's nervous cases are legitimate. The other fourth is faked—and they're exposed here

By Fearless

HOLLYWOOD has nerves that jingle, jangle, jingle. Tired nerves, frayed nerves and, alas, convenient nerves that break down at opportune moments. In no community its size are there so many so-called nervous breakdowns that range all the way from poutings and hysteria to actual physical exhaustion. They occur in the very young as well as sturdy adults and the increasing number of "cases" in Hollywood has raised a lusty "How come?" among the movie-goers.

The truth is that three-fourths of the breakdowns are legitimate. It's the one-fourth that makes the juicy reporting. Take that prominent actress, for instance, slightly on the wane, who faked an illness in order to avoid a scheduled Bond tour. Suspicion was allayed for the simple reason the actress had heretofore been fairly co-operative. The fact the star was no longer under specific contract to any studio prevented a studio medical examination, so the matter drifted. But a few suspicious souls began recounting the war activities of the star in the past and discovered her help had been limited entirely at her own convenience to soldiers who were merely in the vicinity. She had appeared at none of the coastal cantoons, nor had she joined any organizations or classes. Still the reports of her illness drifted about until an actress making a Bond tour through Western cities spotted the star comfortably ensconced by the side of her boy friend who was encamped nearby. And there she had been all the time.

But very rare are such cases in the face of the overwhelming selflessness of some Hollywood personalities.

Greer Garson, for instance, ended up in an Eastern hospital suffering from exhaustion and the recurrence of an old illness after weeks of strenuous Bond-selling. Ronald Colman came nearer a complete collapse than anyone in Hollywood dreamed. An actor's most precious possession—his voice—was sacrificed by Charles Laughton to stimulate sales. For weeks after his return to Hollywood Laughton suffered extreme laryngitis.

But on the bad side of the ledger goes this little anecdote. A very prominent actress recently demanded more money. The studio agreed—if the star would make concessions they felt necessary to her position. The star refused. The studio, bored with the unpleasant publicity, suddenly closed up like a clam. The next move came from the actress. She was in a hospital with the usual "nervous breakdown." She'd be there some time, her press agent announced, and columnists ate it up.

The studio quietly investigated and discovered the ruse. They didn't budge. Three days later the star was off visiting her boy friend at a nearby camp and the incident was closed. No one, believe us, can recover from break-

(Continued on page 83)
At this very moment, Burgess Meredith and Paulette Goddard are as inseparable as the hydrogen and oxygen molecules that go to make up water. That is, as inseparable as a lieutenant in the Air Force and the busiest star in Hollywood (he’s just finished some work on “Street Of Chance”) can ever be in times like these.

“It must be the uniform,” Meredith’s civilian cronies say with part envy and part surprise, amidst a cloud of wild rumors that one fine day there will be Mendelssohn music and orange blossoms in the offing. The envy is only natural and the surprise is perfectly legitimate, considering the fact that the Goddard is, and has been for some time, the most sought-after belle in the movie colony.

The uniform reference is strictly a canard, although if anyone is prouder of Meredith in uniform than Paulette Goddard, it is Lieutenant Meredith himself. The romance, however, began long before the duration, just to set things right.

In a way, Boris Morros, that moon-faced, cherubic-looking producing gentleman, can be credited with sponsoring the great conflagration a couple of years back, during the shooting of his picture, “Second Chorus,” in which the two figured.

Mr. Morros, a man of peace and good will (among other things), was transcribing an air from Tchaikovsky behind a very imposing green door marked Boris Morros—Private, when the telephone rang. Miss Goddard was on the wire, with a bee in her bonnet.

“There’s a madman in the next bungalow,” Miss Goddard said hotly. “And he’s quoting Shakespeare at the top of his voice.”

“What play?” Morros wanted to know.

“Romeo And Juliet.”

“From where I’m sitting, that’s no madman,” Morros reassured her. “It sounds like Mr. Burgess Meredith. We start shooting his scenes tomorrow and apparently he’s rehearsing.”

“Are you shooting ‘Romeo And Juliet’ or ‘Second Chorus?’” Miss G. demanded.

“Bzz— I mean Mr. Meredith—is a strange man. He gets himself into the proper mood only by reciting Shakespeare.”

“To himself?”

“Usually. Unless, of course, he’s overheard.”

“How very fascinating!” Miss Goddard said.

At which point Mr. Morros did the gallant thing, brought them together, performed the introductions and diplomatically retired.

“I understand you quote Shakespeare by the mile?” Miss Goddard said, the minute Mr. Morros had disappeared.

“I’ll hear any suggestions for improvement,” Meredith said.

“Fine,” said the Goddard. “Why don’t you hire a prairie?” And she stomped off.

With such an auspicious start, a five-alarm blaze was inevitable. True, it took quite a little campaigning, much of it rewarded by an infuriating yawn from Paulette, but in the end, it happened: Burgess Meredith, who likes his ladies mottlesome (as well as beautiful), and Paulette Goddard, who likes her men imaginative (as well as gifted), became an item.

Repercussions of the amalgamation were first felt at “Pandemonium,” the ex-lovenest of the Wayne Morrises which had been taken over by Meredith and the then-bachelor, Franchot Tone.

“I don’t know what’s come over Mr. Meredith,” Wood, the Meredith butler, confided to Tone one day. “Lately the master can’t make up his mind which of his two suits to wear, the grey or the brown.”

“Calm yourself, Wood,” Tone came back. “Love has overtaken the master. I have it on unimpeachable authority. My best ties are starting to disappear. I wonder who it could be.”

Jimmy Stewart, (Cont’d on page 74)
What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY BETTE DAVIS

You may find the answer to your own dilemma in this great feature wherein Bette Davis gives intimate advice to you, our readers.
BETTE DAVIS, known throughout the country as the great advice star of Hollywood, now offers to answer your problems through the pages of Photoplay-Movie Mirror. Each month, from the letters sent to her in care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California, Miss Davis chooses those with the problems that seem to her to be most universal and gives her fearless answers every month in this magazine. No names of towns are used and all names of persons are changed.

FROM Canada comes this letter:

Dear Miss Davis:

I am sixteen years of age and I am going to business college. I shall soon finish my course, but instead of going into an office as a clerk, I want to join the Woman's Army.

My parents object to this notion very much. They think that I am too young. They say that, considering my two brothers' being in the Royal Air Force, that is enough of the family to be fighting at present.

What do you think I should do?

Ever your friend, M.

Dear Miss M.:

There can, of course, be no doubt in anyone's mind of the worthiness of the Women's Auxiliary to any of the services, American, Canadian or British. However, whether you join or not must be, obviously, a completely personal decision. Since I know none of the circumstances that surround your life, I can't direct you, either toward service or toward the office work you mention. Perhaps the objection of your parents to your joining is based, somewhat, on fear for your safety. Then, too, during wartime, parents are likely to cling to the child who can be kept at home.

Perhaps your greatest service to your country at this time lies in keeping your parents happy and keeping your home as much as possible like the home your fighting brothers remember.

Yours truly, Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I have been very much impressed by your answers to the serious problems in Photoplay-Movie Mirror, so now I am bringing you my troubles in the hope that you can help me. So far I've asked advice from no one and it is with great modesty that I now ask you.

I am a very attractive girl of twenty whose parents won't allow me to go out with boys. Almost every boy I meet asks me for a date, but I have to refuse all of them. Naturally, they don't believe me when I say my parents won't allow me to have dates.

Now I don't care to go out with everyone I meet, but I think now that I've met the most important man in my life. I think I will love him forever. I have never had a date with him—just talked to him in the office and that is all. I am afraid to let him come to the house for fear my parents will make a fuss and disgrace me.

Sometimes I wish I were homely so no one would ever look at me and then I would be satisfied to stay home night after night, like I do now. But I'm not satisfied even if my being at home does make my parents happy.

I have tried to talk this over sensibly with my parents, but it's no use. They say no decent girl goes out with boys. Should I listen to my parents all my life, or should I go ahead and do what I think is best for my own future happiness?

Yours truly, A.

Dear Miss A.:

Of course it is not true that "no decent girl goes out with boys." It is right and normal for any girl to want boys.

Frankly, I think your parents were very wise to protect you until you were eighteen. I personally believe that all girls should have their early courtships checked by their families and that most social activities should be home parties.

I remember very well how infuriated I used to be because my mother brought me up in exactly this way. I wanted, like you, to go out with boys just as other girls did.

However, I do feel that after a girl is eighteen she should be allowed more freedom. No parent is going to be able to make decisions for his children forever; young people have to learn to cope with problems of adult life as they meet them.

At twenty, I think a girl should certainly be given some choice in the matter and should be able to choose boys intelligently; or else it seems to me her parents' upbringing has been inadequate.

I feel, honestly, that for you to abide by so strict a rule as that laid down by your parents at present may endanger your future happiness.

Yours sincerely,
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am a girl, fifteen, but I feel at least ten years older. Here is my problem: My father and I both have very hot tempers. I don't get along with him at all.

He won't let me go anywhere without a big argument. Why, I can't even go to the corner drugstore without having him send my kid brother after me. If I had ever done anything to deserve all this suspicion, I wouldn't mind, but I have always been decent and I intend to stay that way.

One of the things that is wrong with him is that he gambles all the time—plays the ponies. He comes in the door arguing and he goes out of the door arguing. He is always mad about something. I get along swell with my mother who is a darling person. My parents are still young; my father is only thirty-six and my mother is only thirty-four.

My mother works hard to keep our house nice, but she never gets any thanks. I work after school, and all day Saturday, so that I can buy all my own school clothes.

Please, Miss Davis, can you tell me any way to get a happy home life for my mother and me?

Yours truly, L.

Dear Miss L.:

I'm very much afraid that your father's conduct is not your problem; it is your mother's responsibility.

There is very little that you can do about this situation, it seems to me, until you are of age. Then, if your home life is still too uncomfortable, you can get a job and live apart from your parents.

Here is one fact I think you might consider: The only way human beings can live together with any success is to adapt themselves to conditions. Differences of temperament are very usual things in most families. I don't think there is any doubt that your mother loves your father and I think you must love him, too, or you wouldn't be so worried about his behavior.

Don't make yourself miserable over his shortcomings. Remember his good qualities, and he must have many or your mother wouldn't have married him since she is such a "darling person."

Yours truly,
Bette Davis.
Dear Miss Davis:

I am only a little girl, but maybe you will answer my letter anyway.

When Daddy gives me my allowance I buy Defense Stamps with half of it and the rest I use for movies. I go to the show every day after school, except on Tuesdays when I have my piano and dancing lessons. Daddy doesn't get home from work until six o'clock. My mother died when I was born and then we lived with Grandma until she died.

Miss Davis, here is my problem. I went to a movie and saw "Blossoms In The Dust." Greer Garson was the mother in it and I love her. I saw it three times, then I saw "Mrs. Miniver" five times.

I am saving every penny I can get and then I am coming to Hollywood to see Miss Garson. I am not telling Daddy because I don't think he would let me go, but, Miss Davis, I simply have to see her. Don't you think it would be all right for me to go to see her?

Yours lovingly,
Janie.

Dear J.:

I can well understand your admiration for Miss Garson, as she is one of the most beautiful and charming women I have ever met.

However, I believe I have a better plan for you than coming to Hollywood. Nearly every star is now doing a great deal of war work, going on Bond tours, or traveling from camp to camp entertaining soldiers. It is entirely possible that Miss Garson will appear in your town or one near by.

Why don't you watch the papers for news of her visit? Then you could have your father take you to see her and so spare you both the long trip to Hollywood.

You forgot to put your address in your letter, but if you will send it to me I will (just for you) ask Miss Garson for a photograph and mail it to you.

Sincerely yours,
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I always read Photoplay-Movie Mirror and I was very interested to learn that you are acting as consultant for its readers. I have a very serious problem.

My husband and I were married when I was twenty and he was twenty-five—we were both old enough to know our own minds and we were very much in love. Still, his mother didn't approve of me. She made the statement that my family were not her equals. She wouldn't even have me in her house and when my baby daughter was born she didn't send flowers, or telephone to find out how I was, or even visit our flat to see how my husband was getting along while I was in the hospital.

My little girl was only three when we moved out of our home state because my husband, George, wanted to change his type of work. We had some pretty tough times, I can tell you. Lots of times we didn't know where the next meal was coming from, but somehow we managed without calling on George's mother who has plenty. I've always been a good manager and to leave Joan with her grandmother, which we did.

"Well, when we came home, Joan told me that her grandmother had spent the entire time ridiculing me and telling stories about my family. My mother-in-law made fun of my clothes, of my house—well, of everything about me to my own daughter. Now, Miss Davis, I think I would be justified in breaking off all relations with George's mother. I think I should never telephone her again, and never see her, also that I should keep Joan away from her.

George doesn't feel that way. He says we have to make allowances for older people and that it isn't fair to keep the only grandchild away from her grandmother.

How can I stand to go on sitting for hours in the same room with a woman who is mentally jeering at me? How can I risk her turning Joan against me? My family are all dead now, so there is no way that I can show Joan that I really came from nice, if plain people.

What shall I do, Miss Davis? Unhappily yours,
J.

Dear Miss Davis:

I respect your opinion and your advice as an experienced actress, but I feel that I must defend my own mother. She is not the person you have described. She has always been my friend and she has always been kind to me. I know that she has not always been kind to my husband, but she has always been kind to me.

I do not agree with your suggestion that we should break off relations with her. I believe that it is better to live with her than to live without her.

Sincerely yours,
Bette Davis.
Anne Nissen, gallant bride-to-be of a soldier

*Her engagement to Laurence Van Orden, was announced by her parents shortly before "Larry" went into the Army*

Anne is in uniform, too—the trig overalls-and-blouse girls in defense plants all over the country are wearing. "I couldn't have Larry do all the fighting," Anne says, "I wanted to do my share."

She is in a big munitions plant—employing 1,000 women. She works on rotating shifts—7 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.—3:30 p.m. to midnight or midnight to 7 a.m.

Anne says, "In a war plant you work indoors and with intense concentration. This begins to show in your face if you're not careful. Your skin gets a tense, drawn look. I've always used Pond's Cold Cream. It helps keep my skin feeling so soft and smooth, and it's a grand grime remover when I get home."

Anne uses Pond's every night—for daytime clean-ups, too. She smooths Pond's over face and throat—pats gently to release dirt and make-up. Tissues off. "Rinses" with more Pond's for extra cleansing and softening, tissues off again.

Do it yourself. You'll see why war-busy society women like Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III, use Pond's—why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes popular in price, at beauty counters everywhere.

**SHE HANDLES HIGH EXPLOSIVES!** Anne has been promoted step by step in the intricate processes of making shells—and has recently completed a special course to become a "job-instructor" in training other girls.

**Shel's Engaged!**

**SHE'S LOVELY! SHE USES POND'S**

**A DARLING COUPLE!** Anne and Larry have been friends since high-school days—but on Anne's birthday last year they started devoting all their spare time to each other. Anne's lovely complexion is one of her chief charms. "All I ever use is Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It suits my skin just beautifully." Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!
Hollywood—Beware in 1943!

(Continued from page 32) wife, Anne Shirley. Sure enough, there right where they should be were Jupiter and the Moon passing over Neptune in Anne's fourth house, the house that governs the home, which indicates a rehabilitation of her home. I am going to interpret this as remarriage to John Payne.

Mickey Rooney: Mickey has the planet Pluto in his midheaven. This is the signature of genius. Pluto in this position indicates a sudden rise to fame and an equally sudden drop into oblivion. Watch your step, Mickey.

Though the papers say that Mickey and his wife Ava have reconciled, the stars say that the reconciliation cannot last much longer than through May. From May 27 through June, 1943, Mars in Mickey's house of marriage and partnership in opposition to his Sun, Mercury and Venus (self, mind and love) indicates a possible broken business partnership due to poor judgment and too much temperament.

Dorothy Lamour: Dottie has had a big year full of hard work and tedious traveling, but her unselfishness and sincere unaffected manner on her Bond-selling tour have sold her to the whole country. I saw Dottie selling Bonds in my home town of Brattleboro, Vermont, and she wow'd 'em. If you can wow a group of headstrong, thrifty New Englanders you first have to prove to them that you're sincere and honest and simple at heart. She did.

Stay out of airplanes and avoid all travel until March, 1943. Dottie, and from September through December use caution in dealing with the public and in all personal relationships. During this period there is danger of unpleasant notoriety over a secret love affair or marriage. Be sure you can trust those in whom you confide.

George Sanders: Best career year George has ever had, for 1943 puts him on top and keeps him there.

From April to May 28 the fiery Mars in bad aspect to Neptune and his Sun will make him practically impossible to please. Even Elsie Dinsmore couldn't get along with George during this period. Two stars indicate a break in his marriage.

He should guard against trouble with everyone all year, for he has wonderful aspects for a truly great career and the movies need him. If he alienates everyone, however, his career will suffer. No one can go it entirely on his own, especially in Hollywood.

Rita Hayworth: Rita will find 1943 a wonderful year professionally. Her stars foretell many long and profitable marriages during the course of her life, but Victor Mature is her true love. If that love is terminated by outside influence those who were instrumental in breaking it up will regret their interference. It may prove to be a boom-erang and come right back at them with explosive results.

Victor Mature: Victor is extremely sensitive and covers it up with a bluff and bluster which have antagonized many people who have not understood the cause. A strong opposition from Mars to Neptune and his Moon makes him erratic, bombastic and frequently hard to get along with, yet underneath he is sympathetic, gentle and can make great sacrifices for the person he loves.

Many loves as marriages show up in Vic's chart, too, and sorrow and trouble follow most of them; but Rita Hayworth is his true mate. Their charts show complete physical attraction and mental harmony. I predict that if they were not married in the fall of 1942, around February 14, 1943, will see them married unless too much pressure has been brought to bear on Rita.

Victor Mature has a brilliant chart indicative of fame. His stars say he will be in the armed services by November, 1942. In February, 1943, and again in November of the same year, he may distinguish himself, receive a promotion or both.

Ida Lupino: A year of great activity and public acclaim around August if she takes care of her health and nerves. There is danger, however, of her permitting her temperament and her nerves to run away with her. She must rest and relax when not working.

From March 15 to April 10, Ida, be conventional as a woman's club president, for your slightest word or action will be misconstrued, set tongues to wagging and go wrong with your public and studio.

Home conditions will be unsettled during July and may be extremely unpleasant in August. Uranus indicates that whatever happens in connection with your home will be explosive.

Mary Jane Dibdin: Care and caution will be necessary to avoid antagonizing the public, her husband and business associates for the next two years. Due to Saturn and Uranus in her house of marriage, partnership and the public, in opposition to her first house of self, she could find herself standing suddenly alone with her decision. If she has a child and the child is a girl, this will be a favorable time for her. Her stars indicate a separation from her husband, but this may be due to war conditions and not to a marital upset.

After July 1 Deanna's chart will be favorable if she has co-operated with her stars and with those in authority.

Dorothy Lamour: The chart recommended for Spencer Tracy is not all sunshine and roses unless he watches his step. At his birth the passionate, headstrong Mars and Venus are in close conjunction in Pisces in his twelfth house. This is the house of selfundoing and restrictions.

Both stars as though a storm is brewing between Spence and his employers which could cause him to suffer loss and disappointment. If he is to come through this, it must be with the restricting and restraining influence of those who are attempting to check him.

During all this year and next his imagination and intuition may play tricks with his mind, or his co-workers may desire to cut down his time for a month or two.

In July, 1943, Jupiter moves into Leo (sign of the actor) on the cusp of his fifth house, which governs movies, thrillers, children and love affairs. This combined with other transiting planets should bring about a great change in August or September of 1943; a definite severing of conditions of long standing and the beginning of a new life.

Katherine Hepburn: When La Hepburn hit Hollywood like a flaming comet with her plans for "The Power" and got Spencer Tracy signed up for her leading man she did Hepburn and Tracy the greatest favor of all, for professionally their two charts blend and harmonize with smooth perfection.

Hepburn was born with her Sun in 15 degrees of Scorpio ruled by the fiery Mars, just as Tracy was born with his Sun in 15 degrees of Aries also ruled by the fiery Mars. Fire plus fire.

Kate is a true native of Scorpio. She can control people by exerting her charm, but underneath she is as hard as nails. The one thing she respects in anyone is equal magnetic power. This she has found in Spencer Tracy last year when she met her match and this exciting combination will make one of the greatest romantic teams of all time if Spencer will heed the warnings of his stars.

You're only heard the half of it! Next month Matilda Trotter will give you the charts of and up-to-the-minute predictions which will bring in the lives of Lena Turner, Alan Ladd, Cary Grant, Ann Sheridan and George Brent and a score of other stars.

In March Photoplay-Movie Mirror

If you would like to have your own solar chart for 1943 write to Matilda Trotter, care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, for further information.
Here's our lovely RITA...

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COLUMBIA PICTURES STAR

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

JUST LIKE SMOOTHING BEAUTY IN WHEN YOU TAKE THESE ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS! FIRST, SMOOTH THE RICH LATHER WELL INTO YOUR SKIN.

NOW RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN SPLASH WITH COLD. PAT THE FACE GENTLY DRY WITH A SOFT TOWEL.

NOW TOUCH YOUR SKIN. IT'S FLOWER-FRESH, EXQUISITELY SMOOTH. LUX SOAP'S A REAL BEAUTY SOAP. SOFT SMOOTH SKIN IS IMPORTANT.

FEBRUARY, 1943
(Continued from page 67) another Meredith manager and crony, was being fitted when Meredith stalked in, asked for the manager and demanded to look at something special in an English pattern.

"You, Buzz!" Jimmy called out, incredulously, from the dressing room. "Planning to abdicate your title?"

Meredith had referred to was Meredith's undisputed claim to the honor of being "the worst-dressed man in pictures."

Meredith was nonplussed.

"When you travel top-drawer, you've got to dress top-drawer," Meredith replied, light as a lark.

"You mean, the whole thing was only one of the many transformations from that day on, something new was constantly being added to the old Meredith."

"Take athletics, at which Paulette is a wow, and at which Meredith has glared, lo! these last five years."

"If you're referring to a sportsman," Paulette happened to remark one day.

"Just you name the sport, honey," replied Meredith, nonchalantly as you please.

"Ping-Pong."

"That's the one."

It was snowing that next Sunday morning when the telephone rang. It was Meredith.

"I'll be by in half an hour," she said blithely, "Be waiting at the curb with your clubs."

Well, they trotted out on the links and it was a shambles. Meredith chalkeed up a fast 85—for nine holes. Paulette turned in a card of 45, although now she's a tennis addict.

"In fact, history records that just before Burgess got around to trying the stage, the veteran of a dozen careers, all of them nipped in the bud, hit upon an idea that would capitalize on his buffettings at the hands of Fate: Who, if not he, was an authority on the vexing problem of job-getting? Answering his own question, he sat down at a typewriter and, with the frenzy of an Old Testament prophet, struck off a brochure entitled "How To Land A Job," which he sent to a publisher he knew slightly. The manuscript came back promptly—by return mail, as a matter of fact.

"You most certainly have a book in you, young man," the publisher wrote, "but this isn't it. The book you ought to lose no time in writing—and reading—is not 'How To Land A Job' but 'How To Keep A Job.'"

With a resignation born of some twenty-odd years consumed in the trial-and-error system, Meredith folded the letter into a paper airplane and catapulted it out of the window. Matters had been proceeding at this rate since the passing of Dr. William George Meredith, Cleveland physician and surgeon, had turned ten.

At that time he was notified that he had been named by the celebrated Paulist fathers as one of the eight best boy-sympathizers in the land, an honor accompanied by a scholarship to the Paulist Choristers School.

The scholarship offer was turned down. Mrs. Meredith, after thinking it over, decided that a Catholic school was no place for the grandson of a famous Methodist revivalist, even so illustrious an institution as the Choristers School. But the seed had been planted.

The following fall Master Burgess was packed off to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine Choir School in New York as chorister and student.

His four years at the Choir School were a sensational, if nonmusical, success. He spent the first year in a futile attempt to get his fellow choristers to put zip into the liturgies of the church, discovered that century-old traditions were not easily budged and gave up his futile labors.

The second year was more productive. Maintaining the minimum level of scholarship, he set about to bag for himself the lead in the annual school play, "Peter Pan," which role he executed with so much "zyst and imagination," to quote his mentor, that he was publicly cited by the faculty. His last two years at the Choir School added further laurels on the cup and buskin side of the ledger and settled one point for sure: Burgess Meredith wasn't meant to become a singer.

His career in music washed up, Bur-
Bout Miserable Tumbler Buoyant Jest was "Cyrano He obtained vague mere haberdashery scholar- ship. His life at Amherst was a miserable failure. Harassed on the one hand by financial difficulties (to remedy which he washed dishes, tended furnace and minded babies) and throttled on the other by the snobbery and class-consciousness of the scions of the New England Brahmins who overran the school, it was inevitable that he should acquire that melancholy strain which he has never quite managed to shake off. He fought back by turning into Meredith the debonair, who could turn a jest or a tumbler of beer with equal ease.

By the end of the year his mind was made up. Hopelessly in debt and oppressed by what he was to call later his "continuous blundering sadness," he would quit Amherst.

He had not the vaguest idea what he planned to do two days before he terminated his life at Amherst. In fact, he didn't have the vaguest idea of his destination, for an obvious reason: His total assets amounted to eighty cents.

He was sitting there in his room, his trunk packed, and reading the college paper when his eye fell upon an intriguing item. On the following afternoon a declamation contest for freshmen was to be run off, an unattractive announcement indeed except for one little detail—the sum of $50 was to go to the winner.

With only a few hours to prepare his material, he entered the contest, after staying up all night to memorize the memorable last scene of "Cyrano de Bergerac." The judges never left the room to compare notes. Even the contestants knew he had won.

It was a buoyant Burgess Meredith who departed Amherst in search of his destiny. The boys who hung out the signs hadn't let him down. He had turned around in his mind the merits of the different professions and decided he would give reporting a try. So he trekked to Stamford, Connecticut, convinced the editor of the Advocate that he had just missed being named Pulitzer Prize journalist by a mere hair when he worked on the Los Angeles Times, and was straightway hired.

For several weeks he managed to ward off his doom. But when he returned from an assignment involving a sensational suicide without having bothered to obtain the victim's name, he was fired right then and there.

Seized with the sudden inspiration that maybe he was destined to become a merchant prince, he hurried home to Cleveland, where the Meredith boys opened up a haberdashery store. It wasn't long before the marshal arrived with hammer, nails and official documents. On that occasion, one of Meredith's best friends—the kind who are supposed to tell you whether you need that wonderful mouth wash or not—got it off his chest.

"It beats me how Cleveland's sloppiest pair of dressers would dare go into the haberdashery business," he allowed. "I'll swear it does."

One month later the frustrated merchant prince was selling neckties at Macy's, a job which he handled in a vague sort of fashion, so vague that often he made change out of his own pocket and forgot to pay himself back. It was only a matter of weeks before he was bounced.

On the way home from his latest set-

Nothing's too good for you, my lad—

not even FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

You're definitely White House material, and you're going into training for it—right now! Especially the 'white' part.

Everything you wear is going to be washed with Fels-Naptha Soap. You'll be so shining clean you'll think I've bought you a new dress every day. And don't try to laugh that one off, young fellow. You don't know how lucky you are to be starting life in a Fels-Naptha home.

N. B.—You're in luck too, Mother.
You're using the finest Fels-Naptha Soap ever made. Milder, quicker-sudsing.
Yet—Bar or Chips—priced as low as ordinary soaps.

Golden bar or Golden chips—FELS-NAPTHA banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

FEBRUARY, 1943
back, he stopped off at Saks Fifth Avenue and applied for a job in the fur department. He spoke so glibly that he was hired. A few weeks later, when the department manager discovered he had been duped, he suggested that many of the complaint department needed a person of his eloquence and cunning. Meredith took the hint, got transferred. As a soothsayer fired-up worker, Puck loved an all-out appeasement policy which often conflicted with the store's best interests! Exit Meredith, whistling. Reading the small print, the company was in the midst of a building boom, he turned roofing salesman. It was pretty grim all around. When he wasn't selling the company on its long materials he was falling off garage roofs.

T WAS the era of the overnight fortunes from stock-market trading and even babes in arms lisped the magic name of Wall Street lovingly. To Burgess Meredith, momentarily at loose ends, it looked like a promising career. Willing to start at the bottom, he got a job as runner for a brokerage house, ferried millions of dollars in securities all over the financial district and saved just about the time he had figured out a plan to make a colossal killing.

He brooded about life for a month, then shipped as ordinary seaman on a tramp bound for Venezuela. Arrived in port and handed his wages, he staged a revolution-the like of which would have pleased Nero, went at it so fullheartedly that he overstayed his shore leave and was brought back to America in the brig.

That long voyage home in the ship's brig was the blessing in disguise. The third night out, when the long hours of confinement had made him as restless as a runner, and he was pacing his cramped quarters, he thought of a way to relieve the monotony. He would recite about everything he could remember. And recite he did—at the top of his voice. In the middle of the last scene of "Cyrano de Bergerac," that same touching scene that beauty and declamation contest at Amherst, he stopped dead. "I'm an actor," he yelled. "I'm an actor."

THAT Hollywood should have found Meredith somewhat on the ballasting side is neither surprising nor startling, but it is something else again that his closest friends, Franchot Tone, James Stewart and Henry Fords, have three different pictures patterned after Meredith.

"Sometimes I think he's right out of Mother Goose," Stewart has said, "and then again I think some surrealist painter like Dalí made him up. I guess Buzz is a fellow with poetry and laughter and music in his soul. Hamlet on roller skates, Puck on a white charger. Does that help?"

In close-up Burgess Meredith is little, wiry and vaguely-looking. If it weren't for that vagueness he'd look like a tap dancer waiting to show his stuff. No disciple of Emily Post, he is just as apt to receive morning callers in a rumpled pair of pajamas, a bath towel wrapped around his torso, in his turban fashion, and sporting socks minus shoes. It has been rumored, but remains unverified, that he sleeps in his socks.

The explanation of Burgess Meredith lies in his philosophy of life which again is a queer combination. It might be stated something like "If you are going to bear false rosesbuds while you may be able to beat some for the other fellow which accounts at one fell swoop for his hilarity and humor.

He likes boogie-woogie music, is an authority on colored bands and admires music-makers who can blow a hot trumpet.

He has been married (and divorced) twice, first to the late Helen Berrien and then to Margaret Perry, formerly of the stage.

But the proudest moment of his life was when he took his oath as a private in the U.S. Army. Add to that, the moment he was transferred from the brig to Paulette as Lieutenant Burgess Meredith of the U.S. Army Air Force.

It did things to Miss Goddard, too—made no mistake. The End
Joe, the bead-stringer

You don't know Hollywood unless you've heard the story of one of its most colorful personalities—jeweler Joseff

The attainments of Joseff, jeweler to both off-screen and on-screen Hollywood, are proof positive that in this country a man may follow the profession of his choice regardless of handicaps if he has enough persistence and ability. Born in Chicago, Joseff (known with local affection as Joe, the bead-stringer) says he got kicked out of every parochial school he ever attended, so his education sketched itself through a few years of high school before he became a commercial artist. He felt, however, that he was oil in the ink of art; his head was full of Cellini ideas. When he should have been drawing pictures of a pretty girl drinking a popular beverage or smoking a certain cigarette, he was sketching ideas for unique jewelry.

After his eight hours in the art foundry, Joseff took his designs down to various wholesale jewelers and asked why this or that couldn't be manufactured. They told him that his notions were challenging, interesting, saleable—but totally unworkable. They just couldn't be worked out in metal and stones.

Undaunted, Joseff bought books on antique jewelry and studied until dawn, night after night. He made intricate tools. He experimented with unusual materials. When he saw a piece of costume jewelry that puzzled him, he bought it, took it apart and put it together again. All this on his own time after his art chores were done for the day.

Then the depression hit, Joseff came to Hollywood and nearly starved to death before he got his first studio break—turning out a collection of Tahitian necklaces for Twentieth Century-Fox. For a while he got only the studio work that was refused by the regular wholesale jewelers either because of the time element, or because of the difficulties of the work. Joseff always delivered, although there were times when he had to call in all his Hollywood friends and put them to work stringing beads all night. He is 36, well over six feet tall, and a bachelor. He still works such fantastic hours that he swears he has never had time to look for a wife.

For pink-and-white "Natural" beauties
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If you're blessed with the transparent, fair skin that every woman secretly longs for, play it up— shamelessly! Make your skin look even more fragile and baby-smooth with Pond's lovely new Dreamflower "Natural." A whisper of shell pink...a breath of soft creaminess—it's a heavenly powder shade.

"Dreamflower 'Natural' has just the tint to make blonde skin look beautifully fair and transparent—never 'chalky.'"

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- Brunette—for rosy-beige for medium brunettes
- Dark Rachel—for dark brunettes

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They prize such pictures more than letters. That's what soldiers, sailors and marines all over the world told reporters of a famous weekly magazine. The fact is that when a man's "man in service" would get from a beautiful enlargement of his loved ones at home! And certainly you would cherish a studio quality enlargement of him.

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This Month in Hollywood: People talked of gas rationing. Homes out in the Valley and in such exclusive suburban districts as Brentwood, the Palisades and the Beaches were closed while occupants scrambled madly for apartments in town, scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth. Many of the midget cars replaced limousines. Bicycles, motorcycles and scooter bikes were parked by the droves in parking lots. Executives who realized actors could not possibly make daily return trips to and from studios in outlying districts on the four-gallon limit desperately tried to make some readjustment in working plans. The Government that proclaimed movies a vital necessity as a morale builder and ordered continued production offered no suggestions. Already the curtailment of vital properties necessary to the making of pictures has cut deep inroads into the production output. Actors, necessary to the maintenance of movies proclaimed an absolute "must" by Washington, are being drafted right and left. Second-rate hangers-on are playing leading roles which adds laying one's morale. Women stars are turning their backs on movies to follow their husbands about the country. Penny Singleton refused to leave husband producer Robert Sparks, stationed in Virginia, to make her scheduled "Blondie" picture and gained a postponement. Ellen Drew and Priscilla Lane had no more pictures for the duration in order to be as close to their mates as possible. Merle Oberon turned her back on Hollywood to join Alexander Korda in England.

Connie Bennett joined Gilbert Roland in Florida, Glenda Farrell her major husband in New York, and Annabella, we hear, will follow Tyrone wherever he's stationed whenever she can. Cobina Wright Jr. has been in Georgia with husband Palmer Beaudette, Gene Tierney spends every moment in San Pedro near her Oleg. Brenda Joyce left movies to be with Owen Ward Jr. and become a mother, and Veronica Lake spends every spare moment in Seattle with John Derek.

Those wives and sweethearts who remain behind (like other wives and sweethearts everywhere) are so concerned they can't keep their minds on moviemaking. Who wants to kiss an actor all through a picture when one's heart is so involved with a man of one's own out there somewhere, they say.

So it's a great little merry-go-round of troubles that threatens to burst into utter confusion when studio contracts, agent contracts and radio contracts play havoc with the $25,000 in the mending due next year. It isn't that Hollywood objects to the curtailment so much as to the absolute confusion and legal entanglements that will ensue.

The town, first to poke fun in its own direction, referred to itself as "God's Frozen People" and Red Skelton said there was so much in the executive building of M-G-M they were thinking of turning it into an ice rink.

It's cheering to hear the old town laugh at its troubles. It's a pretty good sign that somehow Hollywood will find a solution to its problems and keep faith with the fans.

It always has, hasn't it?

The End
Two against Love

Dig out your snapshots! They may save the lives of hundreds of American boys.

Listen: A few years ago we smiled tolerantly when the Japs and Nazis overran our country with their omnipresent cameras. They even set up photographic agencies which took abroad pictures of significant American buildings, civic centers, water-fronts, bridges.

It isn’t funny any more. We wish now that we had done the same thing in their countries. (Try and do it!)

The Japs and Germans were smart, all right. But we can still out-smart them!

Do this: Look through your photographs of foreign countries and see if you have any which show as backgrounds landscapes, harbors, beaches, docks, manufacturiing plants, oil storage, factories, railroad stations, yards and tracks. Then write to the Office of Strategic Services, Station 5, Box 46, New York City, outlining what you have. A questionnaire will then be mailed to you for filling in details. Do not send in your pictures until you hear from the O.S.S. specifically requesting them. Silhouette shots of islands, air views of cities and harbors or photographs taken from heights are particularly valuable. Pictures will be returned after use upon request.

DO IT NOW AND HELP OUR SECOND FRONTS!

(Continued from page 58)

We’ve been hoping he’d come back. I thought you might have heard from him.

‘No, I’ve been waiting... oh, Chris, what could have happened? Where could he be?’

‘I’m afraid,’ he said, ‘our friend is out getting drunk.’

‘Oh, no! Not now! He couldn’t—’

‘Well, the bottle used to be his best friend. Look, our work has been in vein. I’ll stay here a while longer and then come by. You sit tight.’

I couldn’t sit tight. Not with Riley out roaming the streets somewhere, seeking release for the bitterness in solitude. Miss Fane calmed me.

‘I know the boy’s hangouts,’ she said. ‘We’ll go look for him.’

S
o in a borrowed hat and a pair of dark glasses as a disguise, I drove her small car while we toured the bars of Holly- wood, and eventually, I sidetracked outside while Miss Fane went in. She stayed long enough to see somebody she knew (which was every inhabitant of the city) and ask a few leading questions. Each time she came out shaking her head.

Finally we got a lead. ‘Corky Smith was in there,’ she said as we left a little place on the outskirts of town. ‘He told me to look for you and to tell you that he’ll try to get you away—’

‘I’m getting awfully tired of beer.’

But we didn’t find him. The bartender at the low place on Ventura said Mr. Sloane had been there, and had left his own steam, and hadn’t been seen since. Even the faithful Miss Fane was discouraged then.

‘I couldn’t find him,’ she said, ‘running out at a time like this. The studio will never forgive his holding up “Lost Melody,” the biggest thing they’ve ever done. I’ll kill him.’ They gave me a sharp glance. ‘But you’re not worried so much about that part of it, are you, dear?’

‘No, I’m not worried about him. Where he is, what he’s doing—I—’

She clucked with sympathy and laid her hand on my arm. ‘I was afraid you felt that way, too. I wasn’t sure. Loving a man like him could mean only heartbreak for a girl like you. Why don’t you marry that nice Dr. Ross?’

‘I can’t. Not feeling as I do—’

And then driving her in my borrowed disguise, looking for a man who didn’t know I was on earth, I told her the whole thing. That time at the hospital, the duel that went on in that old house and his house, and finally Saturday night when the guard had dropped and I’d known, once and for all, that I loved Riley Sloane. Cartlotta said, ‘If I could only help you. But nobody can. Drat his hide!’

Chris was waiting for us. ‘No trace,’ he said. The studio was keeping the disappearance quiet. He gave us the story about the man who dropped the papers and put in his own steam, and the guard was out, they’d known, once and for all, that I loved Riley Sloane. Cartlotta and I didn’t know who she was, but I could have helped her. But nobody can. Drat his hide!’

Chris was waiting for us. ‘No trace,’ he said. The studio was keeping the disappearance quiet. He gave us the story about the man who dropped the papers and put in his own steam, and the guard was out, they’d known, once and for all, that I loved Riley Sloane. Cartlotta and I didn’t know who she was, but I could have helped her. But nobody can. Drat his hide!’

But the woman who had been his wife. When I went to bed that night, it was with the buoyant hope that tomorrow I’d see him.

There was only a handful of people in the chapel. Honey Hollister had had no immediate family. There were a former director of hers, a former secretary, an agent who had been the butler who might have been a butler and a few others beside Cartlotta and myself. Nothing could have proved more plainly that Honey was ‘through’ in pictures and that she had had no real friends. Apparently no real husband, either, for though I waited anxiously all through the short service, Riley did not appear.

During the next few days Cartlotta and I continued our fruitless search with mounting discouragement. Undercover, the studio was combing not only all of Southern California but parts of Mexico as well.

Interest in Honey’s death had abated by now, but once the news was out about the disappearance, it would start all over again bigger than ever. And the secret couldn’t be kept very much longer.

On Friday night, Chris came. We went to a quiet little restaurant in the neighbor-hood for dinner and I was tense for hunger. ‘I’ve decided to leave for the East on Sunday,’ he said.

‘You can’t leave, till Riley’s found, Chris! He was your patient and your friend. You can’t leave him in the lurch like this—need help more than ever in his life.’

‘I can’t help it, I know. It doesn’t deserve our help. He ran away, leaving us to face the music... all this horrible publicity, this covering up. Once I thought there was hope for him. There’s no good guy. He’s no good. I want you to put him out of your mind, Kay—and to come with me Sunday.’

‘Told me once,’ I said in a low voice, ‘that you thought he cared for me, that I was good for him.’

‘Running away proves he doesn’t care for anybody but himself. Look, Kay, I saw how you felt about him and I thought how he felt about you. I was willing to step out of the picture if it meant happiness. That’s if true. I want you. I’ve always wanted you. Marry me now and let’s get out of this!’

‘I can’t, Chris. Maybe you’re right about him, but I can’t leave.’

‘Don’t you see the longer you stay, the more people will talk?’ he burst out angrily. ‘You’ll have no name, no future! All this publicity—’

LOOKED at him then and it was as if I’d never really seen him before. ‘The publicity is really what’s driving you away, isn’t it, Chris? It’s what you’ve been scared of since this thing happened—what it might do to you in your new job. You don’t care about Riley or about America anymore, does he? You’ve never lifted a finger to find him because of the publicity. You care only about your own career.’

‘That’s not true! I’m thinking of you and the scandal—’

‘You don’t think enough of me to face down the scandal and stay here with me for once, do you? We’ve always played it cautiously. Your career always came first—before me, before anything.’

Mirrored in his eyes, I knew I’d spoken the truth. He’d seemed strong because his ambition was ruthless; he seemed sure because he never took a chance. I gave him those

'I promise you this, Chris: If he isn’t back by Sunday, I’ll know you’re right. I’ll put him out of my mind for good. And I’ll come on East later and marry a new life for myself as if he never existed.'

On the sidewalk outside, we ran into Prudence Vickers. ‘Hello, miss!’ she cooed. ‘Just the people I want to see. How is poor dear Riley?’

As well as can be expected,’ I said shortly.

‘Poor darling—such a shock. I take it you two are no longer on the case?’

'We plan to leave for the East soon,' Chris said. 'I’m going with my mother and sister. I don’t feel like sticking around any longer. I’d rather take a position in New York.' Somewhere we left behind her prying questions and knowing eyes. Chris said, ‘Good night and good night and I went quietly into the apartment. I’d given myself a sort of mental deadline—Sunday. I couldn’t stay on here longer with no job and no prospects of getting any. If Riley didn’t return, there was no point in staying at all...’
The next day, on one last flickering hope, I went to the address the woman at the hospital had given me that day. I found it in my bag: Mrs. Ben Chapman, on Ventura. "If he should ever need anything," she'd said.

The house was a cheap little stucco bungalow. The door was closed and no one answered my ringing. The flickering hope died out.

There was an item in Prudence Vick-er's column that evening. "About the radio," she said, "Kay told me to don Christopher Ross, witnesses at Honey Hollis-ter's tragic death, having a quiet cup of coffee at Rossi's last night. Dr. Ross leaves for the Westwood and Miss Howells says she will follow soon to take a position there. Riley Sloane is still in strictest seclusion. There was again, all the confabulations to be read between the lines if you wanted. I didn't care. I'd gotten so used to seeing in print that way, it didn't matter any more.

One thing I could laugh over—a position in the East. It sounded so important, as if I had only to choose among the many flung at my feet. I'd be lucky to get anything at all.

I was telling Miss Fané about it Sunday morning as I fixed breakfast for us. The maid was gone for the day (it's so much cozier without her,) she'd said and while she set the table in the sunny dining nook, rumpled eggs in the kitchen. The acting actress had long since ceased to be a famous name to me, she was like a beloved aunt.

"There just aren't many jobs for nurses now, poor things," I was saying over my shoulder.

"I loathe nurses," a voice said behind me.

I froze—with the egg fork in one hand and the butter plate in the other. Suddenly I was back in a room at Justin Sanatorium, looking at a wreck of a man, hearing his lazy voice say those same insolent words.

I turned slowly.

Riley Sloane was leaning against the door, looking at me. A blue turtle-neck sweater set off the breadth of the heavy shoulders; his dark hair was rumpled by the wind, and his face, though lines of pain had deepened on my way of Miss Sloane's mind, was calm and clear-eyed. He grinned.

"I hope you're having fatted calf for breakfast. The prodigal has come back."

"Where have you been?" I murmured stupidly.

"At the Chapmans..."

"But I sent there, yesterday. I—"

"I saw you, precious. I didn't answer the door because I hadn't finished working outside something that had to be worked out. I was afraid you might make it harder. Then last night, all the pieces fell into place and here I am."

"Well, I hope you're satisfied. You've given everybody fits for a week."

I turned. I couldn't let him know how I'd worried. "We thought you were hiding out with a bottle somewhere."

He looked more serious than I'd ever seen him. "I tried that, but it didn't work. I found it out it wasn't very good any more. You and the doc fixed that for me."

I heard steps tip-toeing through the dining room, then a door close softly, and a radio turned on. Miss Fané was making a perfect exit.

"But the funeral, Riley. If you weren't drunk..."

"I was at the funeral."

Suddenly, like a flashback at a movie, I saw the old butler alone in a back pew. He saw what I was thinking. "That was me. I'm not an actor for nothing, my dear."

For a while, I was afraid you and Car- lotta would recognize me. It was the only way I could go and—well, I had to go. After all, she was my wife."

"I'm glad," I said simply. "But now—what smoked you out finally? Did you get bored?"

I was acting hard to cover up the pounding of my heart and the choked feeling in my throat.

"This smoked me out. He held out a crumpled clipping. I recognized it as the item about Chris and me in Prudence Vick-er's column. "This decided me about a lot of things."

"I suppose it decided you to try to throw me into Chris's arms again, as you've tried to do all along," I said bitter-ly. "I suppose you're going to insist I leave with him tonight..."

And then only did he move. In one long stride he was beside me, hands on my shoulders, forcing me to look at him. "No. I told you I'd figured out a lot of things this week. The main one is I know I'm good enough for you and I'm good enough to fight any guy for you, and I will! I came here to tell you you're going to marry me and no- body else and there'll be no more talk about going East with the doc!"

That time my heart did stop beating. I know it did. I stared up at him dumbly and then pulled myself together. "And haven't I got anything to say about it?"

"No. Look, Kay—I've been fighting against you a long time. Since that day in the hospital, to be exact. I thought I was no good for any woman, least of all you, and at the same time I wanted you as I've never wanted anybody. I started to tell you the night we went to my house. I even knocked at your door. And then—I couldn't. There was Honey, for one thing, and that was a mess. And there was what I'd done to myself. You'd made me believe in something again and it scared me. I didn't know how long I could hold that belief. When you an- swered that knock, my courage failed me. I ran like a scared kid and climbed into bed and when you came I sent you away when what I wanted was to kiss you. And the time at the studio, when you thought I couldn't let you quit Kay. So I taunted you into staying. And I kept on taunting you, making life hell for you, because—oh, my darling, because I love you so."
DID any girl ever have a less romantic declaration of love, I thought happily, did any girl ever have her lover say he made her life a hell because he loved her so? I didn’t care. This was Riley Sloane—not the Riley that millions knew. The one only I knew.

He helped Carlotta and me get breakfast, all of us laughing hysterically. Every time our hands brushed or our eyes met, I felt like singing.

We sat down at the table finally, with the sun streaming in and the New York Symphony from the radio filling the room with sounds that echoed in our hearts, and tore into the scrambled eggs like hungry animals.

"... and I’m going to finish up ‘Lost Melody,’" Riley was saying, "and while I’m doing it, I’m going to court my girl. A real courting with flowers and candy and holding hands at the movies. I’m not going to give these wolves around here a chance to say we got married the minute I was—free."

"I’ll have a trousseau and a real wedding with Carlotta as maid of honor and—"

The music stopped abruptly. A man’s voice cut into mine. We sat like statues as it went on—that tense, devastating, unbelievable voice.

"Pearl Harbor has been bombed by enemy action. Stand by for further bulletins."

How can I describe what happened then?

It happened, one way or another, in every home in America. How we stared at one another with disbelief, then with horror and shock and rage. How we stared at the radio the rest of that day and far into that night, listening to the words and acts that etched deep into history on that tragic December 7, 1941.

Of all the events of that day burned in my memory, perhaps the clearest is seeing Riley pace the floor and saying—not with drama, but quietly and simply—"I’m joining up. As soon as I finish the picture, I’m joining up, any way they’ll have me."

Was I to love him only to lose him so soon?

He took my hands. "I made a mess of the past, darling. I’ve got to earn the future. I know now you don’t deserve happiness unless you work for it. I’m going to deserve our happiness together."

"I’m joining up, too, Riley," I said. "There’ll be work for nurses."

We are both in the East now, with our units. Riley is in the Marine Corps, just another Marine corporal at a Southern post. He will probably be embarking soon for overseas duty. And so, probably, will I. My unit thinks of the girls like ourselves who lived through Battle and our own courage is greater because we remember them.

I have seen Chris once. He, too, has changed. He had told me once if our country went to war, he wanted to be of service in his profession. His work is selfless now and his only ambition is that it be good. I know I never really loved him, but never could, but I respect him deeply.

We see each other on leave, Riley and I. And when we do, our love is a shining sword that gives us strength to be apart, and joy—never sorrow. Before the date of embarkation comes for either of us, we will be married. We will have earned our future. I don’t know what that future will be. But I do know, whatever it is, our love will never die.

The End.

DEARER TO KISS
a girlish Satin-Smooth Face

New “One-Cream” Beauty Treatment helps smooth away aging Dry-Skin Lines

Now your skin easily has the all-round care it needs every day for a young, fresh look, an inviting smoothness.

One new cream—Jergens Face Cream—takes care of your skin completely. It

(1) cleanses expertly;
(2) helps soften your skin;
(3) gives a well-groomed base for powder;
(4) acts as a Night Cream that helps to shoo away those aging dry-skin lines.

Skin scientists make Jergens Face Cream—the same who make Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to $1.25. Use Jergens Face Cream daily. You won’t need any other cream.
Girls who live by the clock can't SUFFER by the CALENDAR!

(Continued from page 29) during the time of Richard's Hollywood leave when Greer Garson, herself, was trying to decide. The light in her room burned till dawn several mornings, while the actress thought and weighed values and listened to the silent echo of a charming voice saying, "When are you going to marry me, dearest? When?"

Through it all Greer's mother, who lives with her, remained in the background. "I know Greer will do what she thinks best," was all she said.

The day the pair took out their license, Hollywood was positive the boy had won. But the three-day marriage law prevented them from using their marriage license until the day Richard was due for active duty in San Francisco. Hollywood, as a whole, heaved a sigh of relief, for Hollywood is a snobbish town that revels in the caste system of "earned stardom." And Greer has earned her stardom.

Let us sketch for you briefly the background and romance chart of these two.

To begin at the top and work back, Greer Garson is today considered the Number One Star of Hollywood. Only her Mrs. Miniver surpassed her Mrs. Chips. The role of Edna Gladney in "Blossoms In The Dust" brought her an Academy Award nomination. There were many who thought she should have had the Oscar. "Random Harvest," yet to be released, cinches any doubt as to Miss Garson's place in the sun.

Richard Ney had only begun in pictures. His role as Miss Garson's son in "Mrs. Miniver" was followed by a less juicy plum in "The War Against Mrs. Hadley." Fortunately, both films were gems.

For years Greer Garson toured the provinces of England in little stock companies, fighting her way to the London stage through bitter disappointments and frustrations before her Hollywood debut. And even before Hollywood's acclaim, Miss Garson experienced months upon months of bitter loneliness and neglect by those who had brought her to this country from England. She was ill and injured by the M-G-M biggies. Her mature wisdom and understanding permitted her to emerge the calm, gracious woman she is with no resultant bitterness or unhappiness.

Richard Ney has had no such mellowing experience behind him. He had had only scant stage experience prior to coming to Hollywood. Before that and after his graduation from Columbia, young Ney took part in a television company at the World's Fair. His disappointments and heartaches are ahead. Hers are behind her.

Greer was born and educated abroad. Young Ney was born and raised in the small town of Lakewood, Connecticut, where his father is an insurance broker.

For a while young Ney conducted a column in the Lakeville newspaper and later graduated from Columbia with a major in English.

While on tour with the road company of "Life With Father," Richard enlisted in the Naval Reserve and, after his two M-G-M pictures, was called into service. Both Greer and Richard have been married before and both marriages ended in divorce. While producer Benny Thau was phoning Miss Garson, young Ney, then unknown, was paying ardent court to Michele Morgan, a fact little known in Hollywood.

Thus the town felt these two people with such varied backgrounds and experiences would never find happiness together. That was why Hollywood was so relieved when, finally, the announcement was made that Greer Garson and Richard Ney would not be married until after the war was over.

Yet with a license ready and waiting, the pair may wed during his next leave. Or perhaps Garson may stick to that final decision and wait until the end of the war. But, in the end, it's up to her to decide. And, perhaps, if she decides yes, the bright gaiety of Ney's may be the one thing the actress needs to complete her circle of happiness. Perhaps it may work out splendidly after the war permits them to take up marriage in reality.

At any rate, hearts are beating high at this moment, hearts filled with the same problem, or one so similar, hearts of women who are waiting tensely and hopefully for the eventual decision of a woman they love and respect—Mrs. Greer Garson Miniver.

The End

If Your Hair Is Gray or Graying

Amazing Vitamin Discovery Gives New Hope

Now at last there is hope for men and women who can't stand gray and graying hair.

Extensive tests prove an amazing vitamin discovery discovery can actually check graying hair, and in many cases actually restore much of the gray hair to its original natural color when the gray is caused by a lack of these vitamins. This remarkable vitamin is brought to you in PANATES.

Different from ordinary treatments, PANATES provides not only the anti-gray hair vitamin, but also wheat germ oil vitamin B activator as well. PANATES is not a dye; it actually is a valuable vitamin food supplement. It works by supplying anti-gray hair vitamins from within, literally feeding the color back to the hair through the hair roots.

The full 90-day PANATES treatment, including 90 wheat germ oil capsules, is only $1.79. A 20-day trial, including 30 wheat germ oil capsules, is only $1.79. I.C.O.D. postage is extra. Send for free trial on the positive guarantee of results or money back. Or write for convincing information. No cost or obligation.

PANATES COMPANY, Dept. 810, 310 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
The Truth about Stars' Breakdowns

(Continued from page 65) down more quickly than a temperamental actress. And so one can suffer and endure in silence more selflessly than a sincere actor or actress.

Love plays its part in the game of Hollywood breakdowns. During the rather hectic courtship of Judy Garland and Dave Rose, little Garland slowly went down the grade from robust health to actual frailty. Marriage and approval by all concerned has begun to lift her spirits a bit and bring back her health.

The war, with its ensuing unhappiness, plays its part in the "breakdown" problem that constantly confronts Hollywood. Those who are genuinely patriotic and unselfish seldom give way; those who want to be near their men, or fail to procure vacations in the midst of productions for their personal reasons, are the "down in bed with nerves" group. Or maybe it's the old wisdom-tooth gag that is used as an excuse for anything from a genuinely sore tooth to a genuinely sore blonde.

Let me tell you of one of the bravest of stars—the ones who carry on and won't give in to failing health or screaming nerves. Her name is Brenda Marshall, one of Warner Brothers' most beautiful brunettes. Brenda and Bill Holden, desperately in love, had been married only a short year when Bill went to war. Brenda accepted it as thousands of other wives, but through a series of nerve-racking incidents she twice missed Bill when he passed through town, leaving her desolate and heartbroken. Then came Bill's transfer to Hollywood to make Government shorts. Brenda brightened up and seemed her gay self.

Then out of the blue Bill was sent away.

Brenda, alone in the house with her small child and no servants, began losing weight. She didn't give in or break down, but slowly before the studio's eyes she grew thinner and thinner. When she hit the ninety-eight-pound mark the studio grew fearfully alarmed. The still gallery politely dismissed Brenda with some kind excuse; the truth was she no longer photographed. Her beauty had momentarily faded. Had she given in to a nervous collapse perhaps she'd have been in better health today. Or perhaps the studio would have offered sympathy. It's hard to tell.

The news was telephoned to Miss Maxwell and for a day she was in the thick of it. Lend a hand if you can. Through a means she will explain.

DSTOS under-arm PERSPIRATION

2. No waiting to dry. Arrid can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days.
4. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
5. Arrid is a pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
6. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of The American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

ARRID
THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT
which safely

STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION

39¢ a jar
(Also in 10¢ and 59¢ jars)
At any store which sells toilet goods

FEBRUARY, 1943
PERC WESTMORE SAYS:

WE MAKE UP THE STARS IN HOLLYWOOD... OUR MAKE-UP WILL MAKE YOU LOVELIER!

IRENE MANNING, currently featured in the
Warner Bros. picture, "YANKLE DOODLE DANDY!"
50c at drug stores
(pen’s Federal Tax)
Smaller size at variety
stores.

WESTMORE FOUNDATION CREAM

Try our Westmore Foundation Cream—wonder-
working powder base in six skin-tinted shades.
With blending Westmore Face Powder, it cre-
ates a smooth, even, lovely tone...helps conceal
little complexion irregularities, lasts all day!

WHEN A MAN’S NOT FREE...

"I’m going to tell you
something a girl has no
right to tell a man . . ."

For days I had waited for this opportunity and a certain amount of courage
to say this to Kermit Hunter. For weeks I’d struggled against the attrac-
tion he held for me—an older man, and married. Yes, married, to a sick
woman, an empty shell who held her husband chained to his vow. . . .
In “You Can’t Measure Love” you’ll live with Lois the situation she faced
and sympathize with her code that bound her from accepting a man
who wasn’t free. This thrilling story in the February True Experiences is
one every girl, and every wife, no matter what her status, will enjoy
to the limit.

WHAT EVERY WIFE REMEMBERS

A Complete Book Length True Novel.
Family objections were bad enough when Jim married Laura but when
bills began to mount, pennies were pinched, love almost went out of the
window till Laura remembered something that brought victory in the
end. A splendid complete book length novel of people just like the folks
next door!

MANY EXCITING HOURS

Between the covers of February True Experiences are stri-
ging stories and features that will bring you many exciting
hours. Stories you’ll enjoy and want to pass on to someone
else to read. Buy your copy today.

True Experiences
On Sale At All News Stands

said and, of course, he did. But it struck
us then that if men suffer such devas-
tating fatigue at the grueling hours of
picture-making, think how the oldsters
and especially the women must suffer.
Marital troubles contribute toward
many breakdowns. The weight of worry
carried about by Rita Hayworth during her
movie session with Eddie Judson
reduced the actress to such a state she
was unable to bear the strenuous re-
quirements of a Bond tour and collapsed.
Walter Abel, truoper for years and the
picture of health, was forced to take to
bed to recover from his tour. Gene Tier-
ney, heartick at the prospect of separa-
tion from her Oleg, left on a tour while
still rundown and was forced to go to a
hospital for a rest. Hedy Lamarr and
Lana Turner both took to their beds after
a tour that netted plenty for Uncle Sam.
Studio disagreements have put Olivia
de Havilland to bed with a half-stub-
born and half-genuine case of nerves.
When Olivia objects to a role she has
learned the quickest, easiest way out is to disappear with a “breakdown,” as
studio announces. We doubt if Olivia
gives it any such sanction. She
doesn’t like the role, won’t have
it and, rather than be forced to play it,
accepts a suspension and disappears.
Friends coming back from a visit to the
desert town told of glimpsing Priscilla,
clad in denim overalls, helping to direct
traffic on a busy corner and said that
never had they seen her looking love-
lier or happier. And at that moment
Hollywood was flooded with stories of
Priscilla’s "breakdown."

Often physicians step in and demand
rest for their stars as did Susan Peters’s
and Mary Martin’s recently. "She goes
to the desert for a two months’ complete
rest or you and not I will be responsible
for the consequences," Mary’s physician
said to the studio. Mary’s fatigue had
reached alarming symptoms. She went
to the desert.

Joan Fontaine, always frail, graduated
from her Nurse’s Aide course in time
to tackle a Bond tour. The result was
a genuine breakdown for Joan.
But not for the little actress who
wanted to jolt the waning interest of her
boy friend who was casting eyes in
another direction. The actress feigned
a breakdown and had her mother tele-
phone the studio and, incidentally, all
the leading columnists. The studio,
ready to begin a picture, sent out its
examiner, physician who went into a quick double-take at the high tem-
perature reading. There seemed to be
no symptoms of illness, so again the
temperature was taken. But this time
the actress failed to hide the tiny hot
water bottle in time! Bright and early
the next morning she reported for work.
So thus go the "breakdowns" in Hol-
lywood. Dieting, fatigue, overwork,
grief and the determination to stop
beyond one’s strength for Uncle Sam are
the main causes.
The phylo ones Hollywood takes
in its stride.

The End.
An answer to Dorothy Kilgallen

My dear Miss Kilgallen:

The moment I read your list of the ten most attractive men in Hollywood (see your November Photoplay-Movie Mirror) a hoarse shriek tore at my thorax and I collapsed in a faint. In a word, panic reigned, if not pandemonium! For your enlightenment, Miss Kilgallen, that thing called "sheer masculine grace and glamour" is not reserved exclusively for the big box-office ten, nor is it apparent only over cocktails at the Mocambo. So, pardon me, while I make with a list of my own—the ten most fascinating men I have ever met across the footlights.

One, Richard Whorf—young, handsome, and terrific. Mostly terrific. He has a dramatic intensity, a vital sort of magnetism—combined with piercing good looks—that make him unforgettable. If I seem starry-eyed, just remember this time the dream's on me.

Two, Edmond O'Brien. I remember him in "The Hunchback Of Notre Dame." Edmond is the original sock and buskin lad whose poetic charm has something to do with speaking platitudes in a voice that should be reciting Shakespeare. Forsooth, I swoon!

Three, John Justin. Every dream I ever dreamed came true when I saw Prince Ahmed in "The Thief Of Bagdad"—and what could be more thrilling than to have a dream come true in Technicolor! Lady, make with the smelling salts, cause here we go again!

By way of illustration of a Nebraska reader's point, this picture of Richard Whorf

Four, Alexander Knox. Totally inexplicable is the fascination of Alexander Knox, who made Humphrey Van Weyden in "The Sea Wolf" such a living, vital person. His charm is intellectual. There is the feeling that behind his enigmatic glance, he has the answer to all of life. I came, I saw—he conquered.

Five, Laurence Olivier. As Merci de WINTER in "Rebecca" he epitomized the fascinating mystery of man. The male version of the Mona Lisa, the masculine of femme fatale. Egad, all this and handsome too!

Six, Richard Ney. Oh, the delightful arrogance of his youthful Vin Miniver! No wonder Greer Garson's feeling was not too maternal. Puck with a social consciousness. His charming assurance makes every woman young in heart. Ah me, love in bloom.

Seven, Douglas Fairbanks Jr. No one's list of attractive men is complete without a swashbuckler, and my nomination goes to aforesaid Doug Fairbanks, despite the fact that he does his swashbuckling in a polished, cultured sort of way. Or mebbe because of that fact.

Eight, nine, ten, Noel Coward. When that gossamer-thin voice, Hecht-MacArthur, Coward, produced "The Scoundrel," they brought to the screen its first glimpse of real theater. Glib, overarticulate, replete with witty phrases, his chief attraction for me lies in the suspicion that underneath his veneer of sophistication he is a profound thinker. His thin paleness; his nervous, choppy gestures; funny, hunched walk; crisp, brittle voice; and delicious ego are all part of a charm unequaled in any theater.

Sincerely yours,
Charlotte Bierbower,
Hastings, Neb.

Here are three top-notch laugh-getters having a swell time with a swell drink. Pepsi-Cola's top-notch, too—in taste and size it tops 'em all. So put it up top on your program every day!

Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N.Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast.

February, 1943

*George Jessel, Jack Haley and Ella Logan, stars of "SHOW TIME" now at the Broadhurst Theater in New York.

Better taste... bigger drink
SUE GAVE COLORINSE A TRY and what a difference in her hair! It had a warmer, richer color—it was softer, silkier—so much easier to manage. And her whole face seemed more radiant for the lustrous highlights that Colorinse gave her hair reflected lovely soft tones in her complexion. Today . . .

COULD THIS BE THE SAME GIRL I discovered weeping one day because her hair was so dull and drab-looking? Right then I told her about Colorinse and how my beautician recommended "Colorinse after every shampoo": That very night . . .

SUE GAVE COLORINSE A TRY and what a difference in her hair! It had a warmer, richer color—it was softer, silkier—so much easier to manage. And her whole face seemed more radiant for the lustrous highlights that Colorinse gave her hair reflected lovely soft tones in her complexion. Today . . .

A HAPPY BRIDE says "thanks" to Colorinse for reaching her the age-old beauty secret—"Romance begins with glamorous hair!

P. S. And here’s something else that Sue discovered. "For a lovelier hair-do, use Nestle Shampoo before and Nestle Super set after Coloring."

Buy WAR SAVINGS STAMPS at your
5c and 10c store

Glamorous Hair Helps Sue get her Man

ALL BRIDES ARE LOVELY but Sue was especially radiant. As the soft candlelight danced in the sparkling highlights of her hair, I thought . . .

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THE Major And The Minor," is fantastic! It couldn’t happen any place but in the movies, but thank goodness for the movies and Ginger Rogers!

"The Major And The Minor" is an escapist comedy that rested my mind from war worries. For with a brother in the Army, sweetheart in the Navy and friends in every branch of the Service, you may be sure that when I go to the movies I don’t want to see war pictures. I want to forget and laugh.

Why can’t we have more pictures of this type? A hearty laugh helps us all to bear the tears that are bound to come in wartime! Joyce O’Hara, Detroit, Mich.

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF

"Give Me One Dozen Virtues":

JEAN ARTHUR’S Comebacks,
"Dottie Lamm’s Height,
Bette Davis’s Wisdom,
Bob Hope’s Appetite!
Claudette Colbert’s Charm,
Madeleine Carroll’s Smile,
Jeanette MacDonald’s Voice
Betty Grable’s Style!
Carmen Miranda’s Swing,
Myrna Loy’s Gait,
Joan Fontaine’s Sweetness,
Deanna Durbin’s Fate!
And Send Them to the One I Love!
Rose Betty Dress,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"To Forget And Laugh"

THE Major And The Minor," is fantastic! It couldn’t happen any place but in the movies, but thank goodness for the movies and Ginger Rogers!

"The Major And The Minor" is an escapist comedy that rested my mind from war worries. For with a brother in the Army, sweetheart in the Navy and friends in every branch of the Service, you may be sure that when I go to the movies I don’t want to see war pictures. I want to forget and laugh.

Why can’t we have more pictures of this type? A hearty laugh helps us all to bear the tears that are bound to come in wartime! Joyce O’Hara, Detroit, Mich.

$1.00 PRIZE

A "Let’s Stop" Mood

LET’S stop:
Panning the histrionics of glamour twins Veronica Lake and Gene Tierney. Everyone knows that neither of them is a potential Bergman, but who cares?
Comparing the de Havilland sisters, always to the detriment of Olivia. She has twice the charm of her sweet but slightly monotonous sister Joan.
Introducing an endless line of teenage coloratura sopranos. After a while they all begin to sound alike. Let’s leave the arias to Hollywood’s loveliest voice, Deanna Durbin’s.
Reading bilge like the following, a reference to Lana Turner: ‘The lonely, almost friendless beauty, so young, so talented, who walks the path of a strange fate. Lana, who by the way, isn’t that talented, can with even less reason be called lonely. That little lady is about as lonely as Hitler is kindhearted!’


$1.00 PRIZE

Cordial to the Defense

YOUR inside story of the status of male movie stars not drafted by the Army as yet should answer once and for all the "beeding" (?) by the public about male movie-star draft dodgers!

Just because a famous movie male is single and not in the Army at present is no reason why there should be a wave of vicious talk by the public and fans that said person is a draft dodger!

If you suppose films were just an average civilian. Then no stigma would be attached to him because he is a nonentity—an average civilian. There are thousands of civilians (unknown) who should be in the Army and are shot . . . but no word of reproach is attached to them because they are not famous.

Let’s not ever condemn any man, movie star or John Doe, about being a draft dodger without first weighing all facts. Besides, whose business is it but the Selective Service Draft Boards (or Washington)?


HONORABLE MENTION

IF THERE is anything comparable to a criminal offense against an actor, it is the handing—over of publicity to the effect that he is The Screen’s Gift to Women! What an insult, both to the actor in question as well as to our intelligence! Right now, Paul Henreid is "credited" with being screendom’s current gift to womanhood. Why insult a really fine actor? Mr. Henreid is much too gifted to be cheapened where his publicity is concerned.

Pauline Saltzman, Grand Rapids, Mich.

FOR curiosity’s sake, I glanced through old Photoplays. I discovered that a lot of water has run under that well-known bridge—that publicity to the effect that he is a lifetime in Hollywood! Ginger Rogers and Joan Bennett were blondes. Headline stories were: “How Tyrone Power Won the Lonely Heart of Damita (Ty married Annabella and Janet, Adrian) and ‘Why Sonja Henie Won’t Marry.’ (She hadn’t met Dan Topping.)

Hollywood mergers, now divided, were Alice Faye-Tony Martin, Lili Damita-Errol Flynn, Bette Davis-Harmon Nelson, Dorothy Lamour—Herbie Kay and Betty Grable-Jackie Coogan. It was a relief to find that these lovely people were then, and still are, happily wed—the Joel McCrea, Dick Powell, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby and Don Ameche.

Wonder what the next five years will bring?

Sylvia Grill, Bronx, New York

Next Month!

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

This distinguished reporter, who for thirty years has known the heart of the film capital better than any other living person, gives her vivid experiences in the new wartime Hollywood.

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR
What I Think about the Errol Flynn Case

(Continued from page 27) the signs of nervousness or of calm, the way the eyes of the accused look at a jury.

You will have the accurate account of proven reporters when the case goes to trial. But to this account you will need to add as full a knowledge of the scene behind the scenes as you can possibly acquire if you are honestly to prepare yourselves to serve as members of the jury of public opinion.

Aside from denying all charges, Mr. Flynn has made only one statement to you. He has asked that you withhold judgment until all the evidence on both sides is in. He has a right to ask that. It is the spirit and the letter of American law that a man is innocent until he is proven guilty. The burden of proof rests upon the prosecution. They must present evidence to prove their charge and in reviewing that evidence you have a right and a duty to judge the credibility of the State's witnesses, when and why they first told their stories accusing the defendant, their general character and reputation for honesty and integrity.

But for that jury of public opinion of which the readers of PHOTOPLAY make up so large and vitally interested a part, there are other things which may, in fairness, be taken into account. Whether that jury in the courthouse finds the testimony of the two girls true or false, it makes up only one part of those things concerning Errol Flynn by which you will judge him.

Lest you think that I, as an old-time resident of Hollywood, am in any way a special pleader in this, I would like to say that I have met Mr. Flynn only three or four times in my life, two of these on a movie set, and that I never formed any opinion of him either way. I knew and liked his ex-wife, Lili Damita, but Lili was a small and very ornamental package of dynamite and Hollywood always figured insofar as the Flynn-Damita love story and marriage, with its brawls and jealousies and passionate reconciliations was concerned, it was strictly fifty-fifty.

My only personal interest is a young son who has been an Errol Flynn fan for years, which is why I have seen all the Flynn pictures. So far his comments have been about as follows: He does not believe a word of it because no guy like Errol Flynn who could take out Betty Grable would be caught dead with those girls who are in the pictures. He says none of the other fellows at his school would have bought those girls a coke, so why should Errol Flynn have taken them out? He adds, impersonally and offhand, that so far the Errol Flynn case just confirms his opinion that some girls are dopes and that they do not think of anything other people in trouble and that I ought to know by this time in my business that girls will do anything to get in the movies. That is a loyalty to the man who played Custer that I would not like to see destroyed.

He also mutters darkly that it looks Watch for February 3! That's when the March issue of PHOTOPLAY-Movie Mirror will be on sale at your newsstand.

1-MINUTE MASK!

To "pretty" your complexion quickly

Face rough and "muddy"

You know that helpless feeling—when you can't make your face look right! Tiny roughnesses coarsen your skin... Unbudging specks of grime give it a dull, half-clean look. "One of my homely days!" you say to yourself.

The 1-Minute Mask

That's the perfect moment for the 1-Minute Mask—a dramatic new way of using Pond's Vanishing Cream! Just spread a white mask of this luscious cream over throat, cheeks, forehead—all but your eyes. Leave on one minute—then tissue off!

New face! Softer... Brighter

You've turned your "homely day" into a prettier one! In one minute, the "keratolytic" action of Pond's Vanishing Cream dissolves mean little roughnesses... loosens stubborn grime. Your face looks clearer, fresher—has the silkiest feel that predicts heavenly smooth make-up!

It's a Double Beauty Ration

Mrs. Nicholas Ridgely du Pont—prominent society beauty. She says: "I just love this new 1-Minute Mask way of using Pond's Vanishing Cream— it leaves my skin so smooth and fresh feeling!"

1-MINUTE MASK

• Collect thrilling new rations of beauty aid 3 or 4 times a week—by using Pond's Vanishing Cream for the exciting 1-Minute Mask described above. You'll love it!

POWDER BASE

Just as always, use a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for your regular powder foundation. Not "oozy"—not drying. Holds make-up beautifully!
pretty silly for a girl who had her picture taken walking up Hollywood Boulevard with her stomach showing to start wearing pistols and who does she think she is fooling.

SO it is no use saying that Mr. Flynn's private life belongs to him. It does not. Nor does it belong to that other marvellous woman who accepts the rewards and fame of public popularity. He owes us all a great deal and he must pay for it by conducting himself so that no disillusionment can result. In other words, he needn't be an angel, but he must be a righthouse.

There are points to be reckoned with upon both sides of this case.

For instance, there seems little question that Mr. Flynn has been guilty of lack of tact and discretion in his trans-
cissions. In not protecting himself from either temptation or possible frame-ups, as the case might be, Mr. Flynn took chances with our confidence and his em-

ployers' money apparently for his own amusement. That's silly. And of that he must already stand convicted, I think.

However, I am more interested in the crime of which he is accused and for which he can be sent to jail or even, if he escapes a prison sentence, be ruined in the public eye.

As Tallyrand once remarked, some-
times a blunder is worse than a crime.

There are a few facts about Mr. Flynn and his life which are of importance to be reckoned with. It is only fair that you should know.

They are pretty generally known in the movie capital and have had a great deal to do with the downfall of the younger Flynn. A lot of know-it-alls in Hollywood would like to see Mr. Flynn get a break—at least a fifty-fifty one—on this present trouble.

HOLLYWOOD hasn't said much and for a reason that does it credit, though it may be hard on Errol Flynn. Right now the industry has plenty of troubles of its own and Mr. Flynn is merely a personal headache, as they see it. Hollywood is honestly and deeply wrapped up in the war effort. They are more aware than ever before of the job they can do for their country—both as entertainers and as propagandists, in fact. 

But somehow, he betrays the whole problem with young male stars going into the service is one so serious that unless something sane is done about it, it won't be long until those of us at home and our boys in the service won't have any more motion pictures. The $25,000 salary ceiling is a desperate one for people who have assumed large obliga-
tions, support half a dozen families, keep up farms and homes and are faced with no time in which to adjust to smaller incomes.

Above all, right now, the movies want to serve in the war and be paid for the job they have done toward unity and war spirit with "Mrs. Miniver" and "Wake Island" and pictures like that. They dare to think that they may understand and sympathize greatly with Mr. Flynn for many reasons, for fear their defense will be misunder-
stood and put down again and more folks somewhere will say, "Oh sure—you'd expect Hollywood to defend a guy like that—look at 'em—they haven't any morals at all." And even though Hollywood—to do its job—dare not risk any part of a scandal, any part of a de-
fense of a man accused as Errol Flynn is accused. It's hard for Hollywood to be South Africa and stand the right kind of nonsense. But above all, came the war—and Errol Flynn, the great fighter, the man who played Custer, the adventurer, can stand the right kind of nonsense.

As nearly as I can find out, he wanted to get into the fight two years ago. His courage has never been questioned and he was born a British subject. Every-

BEHIND this case of Errol Flynn lies the peculiar dangers of Hollywood fame and fortune.

And above all, in this particular in-
stance, the special dangers to Errol Flynn. In the first place, Mr. Flynn has never been a real favorite with people. When he first came to us and made an over-
whelming impression with forms of female perse-
cution, with every known form of black-
mail and frame-up. Every detective who ever worked in Hollywood and every reporter and who ever covered it will bear me out in that. It sounds fantastic, but it is necessarily true.
thing about him led to the sure conviction that he wanted to be in the thing, even if you rule out the fact that a man of his age and reputation would feel he had to do so. He wanted to go.

Totally unprepared, never having had to learn what it means to fail, Errol Flynn got a real body blow. He wasn't physically fit. Like a good many athletes, he had overdone his endurance stuff. Anyway, it is a definite matter of record that he couldn't pass his physically.

His pride was slashed to ribbons, his whole philosophy of life failed him at the greatest and most crucial test. He'd gone all over the world looking for trouble. He'd fought his way through every picture he'd ever made. He'd been Hollywood's best rider, fisherman, sailor, tennis chap. But now, when the real thing came, he was—burned out.

I guess, at that, it must have been pretty tough to take on top of the fact that his wife had left him. He hadn't created that warmth, that affection which would now have brought him consoling sympathy and friendships. Perhaps there were even people glad to see the swashbuckling Mr. Flynn getting it right in the eye.

The fact must be faced that Flynn was always a ladies' man. He liked—and what man if he is honest doesn't—female admiration. I think with the bitterness that came upon him he got careless, he got utterly restless, he got a sort of a what-the-devil-does-it-matter attitude.

He tried. He started thinking about other people on the lot. He went to the powers that be, for instance, and fought to have Miss de Havilland's part in "They Died With Their Boots On" built up—an unheard-of thing for Flynn. He fought to give Ronald Reagan equal billing on "Desperate Journey." He did a lot of nice things for people before all this happened. I heard all that last time I was in Hollywood. Folks said, Flynn acts as if he's trying to convince people he's a right guy.

**We Have**, upon the statute books of our various states, a great many laws. Some are good, some not so good. Some have had to be repealed. There are laws intended for one purpose which have been so drawn that they can be used for personal ends having nothing to do with their original intent. The Mann Act was drawn entirely to prevent the commercial horror of white slavery, yet it began to be used on sheer technicalities against men who obviously had no such intentions but had bought a middle-aged lady a meal while crossing a state line. Breach of promise and heart balm laws, once used to protect innocent girls against seducers, became instruments of blackmail.

The law of statutory rape is one that has caused considerable controversy among intelligent people. I do not know myself whether it is a good law, but I know its basic purpose was good. But it is possible that it can be used technically for ends that are not so good. It deals, as you know, entirely with the age of consent. A girl may not give her consent, she may do everything humanly possible to attract and vamp a man, she may look twenty, she may have had several years of worldly experience, she may lie to a man about her age, and yet the law may be invoked against him. The matter must be in the hands of the judge and the prosecutors and the jury to decide whether the intent of the law has been violated, and though ignorance of the law is no excuse in the eyes of the law, it some-

---

**Feel like the forgotten Girl?**

The gang's off for a slick sleigh ride and does anybody wave your way? You're just a window watcher, forlorn and forgotten!

Next morning Judy says what fun it was, why weren't you there? And you wail, "Just my luck... everything seems to happen on the wrong day!"

No sympathy from Judy! "Don't be a creep on account of a calendar!" she says. "How'd you expect to be Number-One girl when you turn down dates?"

Then she tells you how to keep going... stay in the fun. Drive the horses while the rest are chasing the sleigh. Brew the cocoa when the others flounder through drifts.

"Of course, comfort's the main thing," she tells you. "The whole world looks brighter when you're comfortable. That's why most girls choose Kotex Sanitary Napkins."

**Be Number-One Girl Every Day**

So now the forgotten girl can forget what day of the month it is!

You've discovered how different Kotex is from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch. Because Kotex is made in soft folds, so it's naturally less bulky... more comfortable... made to stay soft while wearing.

Then there's a special "safety shield" for extra protection. Plus something you never even realized existed! Those flat, pressed ends of Kotex that don't show. To think how you used to worry!

So now you're Janey-on-the-spot all the time! Now you know why more girls choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!

**Keep going in comfort — with KOTEX!**

**How Much Do You Know** about staying in the fun on "those days"? Learn your dose and don't from the bright new booklet "As One Girl To Another"... pick up tips on social contacts, good grooming... everything! Mail your name and address quick, to P. O. Box 3194, Dept. MP-2, Chicago, for a copy FREE!
times is in the eyes of human beings. In other words, there is a great difference between the action of a man who meets a singer from a night club who walks around in revealing costumes and who says she is past eighteen and who not only shows knowledge of men but uses her charms to entice him, and the actions of a man who by physical violence attacks a young girl who is obviously under age.

The whole thing boils down to a fairly simple matter.

We must wait until the courts have decided the guilt or innocence of Mr. Flynn insofar as the crime with which he is charged is concerned.

That is a legal, technical matter. We can by no means on earth escape the fact that he has been foolish in the extreme, whether criminally foolish or not we don't yet know, but certainly foolish.

He has not realized his obligation to protect his own good name and to live up to the admiration of his fans, as long as he spends the money they make for him and takes up advantage of the fame they have given him.

But our verdict rests upon this: Are we prepared to give Errol Flynn another chance?

Granting he's been foolish, do we feel that he has given us enough on the screen and may well in the future so that we can overlook these mistakes and let him come back? If he's been let in for a rotten time by nothing more than careless lack of good taste, that's one thing. If he has used his name and glamour to entice little girls with offers of movie success, that's another. He hasn't been "jilted" for someone's shrewd little ambition, that's still another.

That the girls were injured in any real sense of the word does not seem to be the case. Even in their accusations against Mr. Flynn, both say they gave consent so that the whole case is based upon the law that they could not legally have given that consent.

If we acquit him, I think we must wipe the whole thing out of our minds. Its great danger lies in nasty rumor. That's just foul for everybody. If we convict him, we must do it with care and with a real purpose, the purpose of reminding all the沉迷 among us of places that the price of fame and the love of the public is a very high one always.

Nobody can have the cake of stardom and eat the bread of freedom to do wrong at the same time.

Out in California, there will be a verdict by twelve men and women of Guilty or Not Guilty of the crime as charged.

Throughout the country there will be a verdict of a Second Chance or No Second Chance for a man who has been a great favorite and contributed some fine chapters to our history.

Like every other jury, it's up to you. Remember how much is at stake.

The End

My Hollywood Dictionary

(Continued from page 37) tell you their studio's next is "better than Mrs. Miniver."

Famous: What you are when they want your footprints in the lobby of Grauman's Chinese, when people you don't even know slightly call you by your first name and when envelopes with a photograph of you instead of your name and address are delivered to you promptly.

Fan: Not to be confused with Lady Winstead's or Sally Rand's. Without these citizens, Hollywood would be just a little West Coast village. Fans are the folks who make stars and influence pay rolls.

Fickle: What studio heads remind stars the public is when the stars want to make only one picture a year.

Fog: The way to identify a John Ford picture.

Genius: A producer whose last picture is going to gross $6,000,000. Illustration: S. P. Eagle.

Ham: An unrationable item on Film- dom's bill of fame.

Handkerchiefs: Squares of material used to tie around a female's head to keep her hair from blowing; also used prominently by Bette Davis and her audiences.

Heavy: The guy who never gets the girl or the mash notes but doesn't mind as long as he gets the moohah every payday. Illustration: George Sanders.

Heel: Same as above.

Irresistible: What the leading man acts like the leading lady is while the cameras grind. (Privately, he wishes she were Paulette Goddard.)

"It": Oomph in the old days.

Jail: Indispensable screen setting for Warner Brothers pictures.

Jitterbug: Movie-goer who only sits through the picture because there's a stage show featuring a swing band im- mediately afterwards.

Knees: Joints which Betty Grable didn't invent, but did perfect and popularize.

Layman: Anyone who goes to a movie to enjoy it, not to pick it to pieces.

Mature: The end of adolescence. (Unless preceded by "Victor"—whereupon it becomes past, Martha Kemp; present, Rita Hayworth.)

Mediocre: Word used to describe the other studio's colossal production.

Mugging: Acting, in the opinion of Mickey Rooney and Wallace Beery.

Natural: The perfect blemish. (Unless mascaras her eyelashes instead of wearing false ones and bleaches her hair honey-blonde instead of platinum.)

Newsworthy: A Hollywood couple whose divorce decree hasn't come through yet.

Novel: A book purchased for a stag- gering sum by a movie studio, which winds up using no part of it except the title—and then explains the film's failure by saying the title wasn't commercial.

Oscar: What Joan Fontaine got for being good in "Suspicion" and Bette Davis got for being bad in "Jezebel."

Palace: The Broadway theater where Gene Kelly and Judy Garland dreamed of playing in "For Me And My Gal"—but which wasn't good enough to house the actual film during its first N. Y. showing. (They hadn go and lease it to the Astors.)

Paramount: Uppermost, highest—unless you personally prefer Twentieth Century-Fox or Metro.

Patriotism: Jimmy Stewart.

Press Agent: The gent who dreams up all those enchanting things about the stars that even the stars believe when they read.

Quaint: Adjective used to describe a film where the ladies wear lace mittens, the gentlemen wear side whiskers and
he audience wears a bored look.

Quickie: Picture made with actors signed on an hour-to-hour contract, with twenty-minute options.

Ration: The innovation which proved to Hollywood that even if you have all the sugar in the world you can't always get all the sugar you want.

Release: What a picture gets if it's okay; and what a star gets if he's not.

Republic: The studio that has more stars than Bing Crosby.

Reviewers: A strange, hostile group of newspaper writers who cannot grasp that a new movie costing $2,000,000 should not be panned simply because it is a stinkaroo.

Ruby: A girl from Brooklyn, last name Stevens, who became a big star under the nom de plume of Barbara Stanwyck.

Sarong: A close-fitting garment worn in the tropics, which keeps Dorothy Lamour from working in the five-and-ten-cent store.

Shorts: Cinematic smorgasbord.

Sphinx: A g.g. named G.G. who breaks her silence only before the studio mikes for G, I don't know how many G's a week.

Sweater: A girl's best friend. Article of clothing worn by the screen's finest emotional actresses.

Tact: What fans don't use when they tell a movie queen, "I've seen all your pictures since I was a little bit of a thing."

Tahiti: Island in the South Pacific whose principal exports are coconuts, palm leaves and Gene Tierney.

Twenty-five Thousand: An annual income on which it is impossible to live.

Uncle: A former WPA worker now associated with a film studio as an executive. (Synonyms: "brother-in-law," "cousin," "nephew.")

University: A place where votes are cast determining which actresses young men would like to cast on a desert island with and which beauty is strictly a drip.

Venus: A gal who would have had to lose about forty pounds before she could face the cameras—and even then!

Veteran: Somebody who has been around for years. (Shirley Temple was one on her tenth birthday.)

Weight: Something sirens have to keep down if they want to keep up the good work.

Wishful: Janet Gaynor in "Seventh Heaven." Or any movie star watching an obscure gal at the next table tearing into a slice of lemon meringue pie.

Wolf: A lad who likes perfume, peaches and polygamy.

X: The character Ruth Chatterton jerked a record number of tears with.

Xmas: The time of year when everybody in the studio gives everybody in the top brackets more service than they need, want, or can.

Yank: Robert Taylor at Oxford and Mickey Rooney at Eton.

Yuma: The Greta Green of the Golden West.

Zanuck: The fellow who does the things in real life that Errol Flynn does in the movies.


And now, if Mr. Webster will please stop turning in his grave. I will conclude by recommending that you have this little list bound suitably in red Moroccan leather and keep it with you at all times. It contains every word you will ever need in Hollywood, except possibly "terrific!"

The End.

"I'm the mechanic with the soft, white hands!"

- Working in grease and grime—that's all in the day's job. Ruin my hands?

No, ma'am! I use Hinds before and after work. Hinds creamy skin-softeners help guard my hands against drying, ground-in dirt. After work, Hinds gives my hands a whiter look—soft and nifty!

No redness! No chapping! Nice hands that thrill after using HINDS—that HONEY of a lotion!

- HINDS hand cream is a little luxury you can afford.

- HINDS Hand Cream is in all drug and variety stores.

HINDS for HANDS and wherever skin needs softening!

The End.
Unwanted Hair
Keep You Lonely!

Don't be unhappy! Don't worry—because I can help you as I have many, many women in the same plight as you.

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Say "Sit-True"
Cleansing Tissues * Paper Napkins * Toilet Tissues

Portrait of a Right Guy

(Continued from page 34) is not easy to borrow money from.

His first remunerative job was shoveling snow from his grandfather's lawn for which she paid him ten cents. He is the tallest of all screen stars.

He is shy, sincere and a dry wit.

His father was a fairly well-known concert violinist and he lives in an Early American house which he built. He and his wife call each other by their proper names.

He likes tan shoes, Lily Pons and relaxing with his feet up on the desk. His chin is dimpled.

He jokingly claims he got by at college because of his athletic prowess. He is addicted to striped neckties.

He likes the smell of wood fires, carries no fountain pen, and never has hunches. He always remembers where he put things and plays gin rummy or backgammon with his wife.

He likes casual jackets, modern classical music, and sitting at soda fountains devouring chocolate nut sundaes with whipped cream. He eats at a drive-in only under duress.

FRED MACMURRAY hasn't written a letter practically since he's been married, leaving all correspondence to the Mrs. He is a Class A skeet-shooter. He is a bad after-dinner speaker.

His grandfather was a foreign minister and he is a member of a golf club and a duck-shooting club. He owns an 860-acre diversified farm near Healdsburg, California. He has no definite plans for the future, taking life as it comes.

He is not a good card player. He is very lazy.

His favorite hobby is a workshop where he tinkers with wood and leather. He doesn't like political commentators on the air, hot springs resorts or cigarette holders.

He is an air-raid warden. He was discovered for the screen while he was a member of a band known as "The Collegians," in which he played a saxophone and sang a high baritone. He was appearing in the stage production of "Roberta" at the time. He was born on August 12, 1908.

He considers his best picture "The Gilded Lily," in which he co-starred with Claudette Colbert, who again appears with him in his new Paramount picture, "No Time for Love." He has never attempted to compose any music.

He was discovered and tested for Hollywood by Oscar Serlin, film talent scout and later producer of "Life With Father." His only superstition is walking under ladders.

He has an English setter, a cat and six guns of varying calibres. His wife, Lily, owns a Pomeranian and his boyhood idol was Rudy Weidoff, famous saxophonist.

Fred MacMurray is a devoted follower of the adventures of Flash Gordon and Dick Tracy.

He was ten-letter man in scholastic athletics, prefers quiet evenings at home, and is the only member of his family (aside from his father) to be connected with the show business. He doesn't like night clubs and weighs 200 pounds.

He abhors the thought of eating snails. He would rather live on Vancouver Island then anywhere else because hunting and fishing are abundant there. He was best in English and history at school, and flies "only to get places."

His youth was marked by an ambition to become a painter and for a time he studied with an art students' league in Chicago. He enjoys most watching football, hockey and tennis, and thinks compulsory physical examination before marriage should be a national law.

He cannot tango or rhumba. He is very fond of raw oysters and wears an old brown felt hat. He shoots golf about 90.

He has no collecting hobbies, likes hamburgers with a thick slice of onion and plays a fair game of tennis. His literary taste is expressed in a fine collection of hunting and fishing books.

He likes driving with the radio on, and has no aversion to eating alone.

He once worked between school terms in a canning factory, buying himself a horn and a saxophone from his earnings.

He met his wife during the stage production of "Roberta" in which she was dancing. He is not given to temperamental outbursts, cannot drink stout ale and is not a believer in fortunetellers.

He spent one year at Carroll College at Waukesha, Wisconsin, "Alfred Lunt went there, too." He speaks a smattering of Spanish and as a boy was not too popular with girls.

He has never been to Europe. He avoids argumentation, drinks lots of milk in preference to coffee, and wears belts with slacks and suspenders with suits. He sleeps exceedingly soundly. He never reads publicity about himself.

He never gets headaches and regrets not having continued his singing lessons. He shaves with a safety razor and likes talking with friends on the telephone.

He was sixteen when he was graduated from high school, the youngest member of his class. He once tried house-to-house selling of electrical appliances and clerking in a department store.

His passion for shooting once resulted in what he terms "MacMurray's folly," which was an underground shooting gallery in the back of his garden and which ended its purpose when the first heavy rains flooded it. He knows virtually nothing about plants.

He swims a crawl and carries a wallet jammed with cards, a list of air-raid wardens and a picture of his baby girl. He is completely relaxed in a barber chair.

Repeat performance: Fred MacMurray, who once earned a boyhood living washing dishes, does some more of the same at the Hollywood Canteen.
His doesn't like walking, makes excellent pencil sketches and once called himself Rex Beach when he was playing in a band. He usually retires about midnight.

He once tied an alarm clock in an awkward place under his bed in order to compel himself to get out of bed and stop it. Even this device, however, failed to budge him and as a consequence he was fired from a dishwashing job he was holding in his early band-playing days. He has a landscape in his living room which was copied from a master by his uncle who is a sign painter by profession. He doesn't like tea and hasn't been on ice skates since he was at school.

He has a saxophone, a clarinet and a piano, all three of which he plays well. He leans toward blues and grays in suits.

Fred MacMurray is constantly amazed by his own success.

His first appearance in a motion picture was as an extra at which time he had to wear a sweater under his dress shirt to keep from freezing to death in an open-air set.

He once sandpapered an old paint off old cars for $20 a week, which he failed to collect when his employer ran off with the funds.

Things We Like about Olivia

(Continued from page 40) asked for a date. Her heart beat like a trip hammer while she waited for him. She could hardly bear the suspense. Finally he came and they fought constantly all evening and didn't meet again until several years later when Livvie went to Cape Cod to get a much-needed rest.

Lew, who was in the East, telephoned her out of a blue sky one day and suggested they visit the historic spots together. The two of them motored to history-book places each day. No one recognized Olivia. Everyone and his children knew Lew. "Hey, Doc, can I have your autograph?" they'd clamor. Or "Hello, Dr. Kildare, mind posing for a picture?"

Relief at not being recognized gave way to puzzlement and then to hurt. Finally one day the pair stepped into a Boston restaurant for lunch and in no time at all several cameramen had gathered.

"Do you mind if we finish our lunch first?" Lew asked and the camera lads agreed.

"Now you're in for it," Lew told her. "They've got you at last."

They attempted to sneak off after lunch, but the photographers stopped them. Together the two posed, smiling prettily.

"Thanks a lot," the cameramen said after snapping like fury. "But Mr. Ayres, there's just one thing more. Would you mind giving us the name of the young lady?"

"Wait till I get back to Hollywood," Olivia stormed. "I'll get into these Kildare pictures and get known if I have to push Laraine Day in the river."

And then she and Lew both roared.

We enjoy, in dull moments, the mental picture of Olivia, Franchot Tone (before his marriage), Geraldine Fitzgerald and her husband doing solo interpretative dances with their shoes on, to the music of a hotel orchestra, after everyone else had gone home. Can't you see Livvie skipping about to Mendelssohn's "Spring Song?"

We like the dignified way she has responded to the unwanted and certainly frequent washings) use Noxzema themselves and recommend it to their patients. Noxzema is white, greaseless, non-sticky. On sale at drug and cosmetic counters everywhere.$5.00—$1.00.

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Surveys show that scores of doctors and nurses (who have trouble with their hands from
unpleasant publicity brought on by her father.
We like the description a friend gives of her—a Mid-Victorian on a scooter.
The informality and lived-in feeling of her home is comforting. Records can litter the floor if they choose, but the tea is hot, the sandwich crisp and unusual. In fact, the de Havilland menage was noted for its excellent food in the good pre-war days.

The little-girl way she has of biting her ice-tea spoon is entrancing. The charm and graciousness with which she handles wolves with ideas is terrific. "And not too long ago I wouldn't have known how to handle such situations," she laughs. Her gifts are indicative of her heart. No matter to whom they are going—they are the kind of gift she, herself, would love to receive.

The way she sits in her dressing room with her shoes off waiting to be called for a scene is comforting to behold. And that anyone so beautiful can bark so doglike kills us. No Scotch terrier ever had eyes like that.
That she made her living doing animal and bird imitations over the air and as part of radio shows before movies simply stands us on end. It was an honest living, yes, but what canary looks like Livvie? We like the feed stories that circulate about her sister, Joan Fontaine, is A-one for our money. Livvie admits to teacup and differences but tolerates no suggestions that there's anything but good healthy disagreements between them. The fact she moved into an apartment house to save money.

We like her for the way she makes friends—slowly. She had an idea Bette Davis was aging somewhat and disliked her thoroughly all through "Elizabeth And Essex." And then several years went by and Livvie grew up and Betty grew less tense and the two found themselves together in "Our Life." Right off they became the best of friends, clonking together on the set, enjoying each other's company. Jack Carson and their two boy friends in "The Male Animal." There's a sort of tie-that-binds among these three even today.

She isn't easy to know or maybe to understand right off, which pleases us mightily. But that we are privileged to know her pleasant finish to.

The End

Things I Don't Like about Myself

(Continued from page 41) he said.
"No, thank you, but...."
I ordered coke with cherry. The amazing individual had led me firmly by the arm to the counter.
"Now, what sort of opinions..." I began.
Then the young man walked over to the juke box and dropped in a nickel.
"Will you tell me what I'm doing here?" I asked myself. "What is all this?"
"Now, young man..." I began.
"Let's dance," the boy said and, to my horror, I almost found myself whirling about the floor with an utter stranger in a strange city, while the juke box yodeled at the top of its voice.
"I want a zoot suit.
With a real plectr.

Anyway, it ended up with my subscribing to "Boys' Life" and "Tin Lizzie Life," then going to the local magazine on his list I was sure I wasn't getting.

In Hollywood about six-thirty one evening recently the doorbell rang. I had no maid and at that minute I was in the shower. Visioning an important telegram or message I grabbed a towel, wound myself as well as I could and went to the door, in damp layers.
"I'm Alvin," the object on my doorstep informed me. "I'm State Champion of the violin. Hello." "Hello." "I can go to the Conservatory on a scholarship if I get the most magazine subscriptions."
"Now, see here, Olivia," I began to caution myself. It was no use. The old magazine subscription inertia had me again.
"Well, now let's see," I said. "I take so many, many magazines."
"Just one," Alvin pleaded.
"Here's one I don't think I take," I said.
"Let me look." I went over the bundle of unwrapped magazines on the table.
"No, it isn't here. I'll take it."

Alvin hesitated. "Well, you see, lady," he said, "that really is in the lower bracket price. I really need a higher priced one. How about 'Fortune'?"
I took "Fortune" and liked it.
I have everything now but "Field And Stream." I'm saving that for the next agent.

ANSWERING letters or rather not answering letters is another fault. I always mean to and want to, but somehow they always manage to find themselves unanswerd and relegated to various files. The nearest one is the one I've got to. What's this? I must do something about it file.

The second file is the "Well, well, this is something that should be put away" file. The next file is the "Good Heavens, it's use and no more waste" file.

And of course, the last file is the finish. I never see the letter again and one more weight goes hanging onto my conscience.

I'm afraid I'm prone to judge men by their behavior with waiters. I like men who overttop. They're nice men in my opinion.

I like simple clothes and wear them, but somehow I feel I'm letting my profession down. Actresses, in my opinion, should dress dramatically. People expect it. The profession almost demands it.

I'm usually late for appointments. I don't mean to be, but somehow I get involved in different activities unless I mean to keep them. I love shopping for birthday presents. I can't wait for my friends to have birthday parties so I can buy them a present. Then I put the present in my car. Wrapping paper, fancy ribbon and a blank card go in with it. I have every intention of wrapping the present at the studies and delivering it myself on the way home. I insist that I must deliver it myself, when the store wants to send it. Six months later, to my amazement and the birthday present on the back seat of my car. This reminds me—Geraldine Fitzgerald is having a birthday. I must rush right down and buy her present! Don't you just love birthdays?

The End

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR
"HAS GOD FAILED?"

I don't think so. I don't believe the American people know too much about God. Certainly they know little of the actual existing Power of the Great Spirit—God. If they did, they would most certainly be able to use the superlative Invisible Power against rich world-disturbing human parasites as Hitler and Tojo and the Italian dictator—would they not?

We have all heard a lot about what terrible sinners we are. And we probably are. We have been told that we all were born in sin and shapen in iniquity. We have heard much about the terrible punishments which lie ahead of all who do not believe "this" or "that" about God. These stories probably are all true. But there is one thing we have heard nothing about. We have heard nothing about the invisible superhuman, living Power of God.

We have not been told that the American people can, individually, and collectively, establish a definite and permanent contact with the Spirit of God, not "after" we die but BEFORE WE DIE. For it is now we need the Power of God.

We have not been told that every human being, regardless of race, creed, or religious affiliation, can, here and now, draw upon an invisible Power so dynamic in its operations that its use by the individual can bring into every life, every right thing that can be desired. Not only that, the invisible, heretofore undiscovered Power of God, can be used to throw out of the life everything in it which should not be there. And we mean materially, as well as spiritually.

No, God has not failed the American people—they just simply have never been told of the staggering, scintillating Power there is in the realm of God. They have not been told that this superhuman Power can be found and used by all—here and now. If the American people will allow us— we can show them how to find and use the actual literal Power of God—not "above the sky" but right here on earth. And let us tell you that this war can be stopped, and will be stopped, when the American people discover, for the first time in their lives, the actual and literal Power of God.

We shall be glad to help all loyal Americans find this Power. Pull and free information will be sent you if you write to "Psychiana," Inc., Dept. 162, Moscow, Idaho.

Please cooperate with us in our attempts to make this Power real to you by mailing your request for the free information today. We are the ones who are trying to help you, and we ask for this simple cooperation. So please mail your request TODAY. Thank you. Send to "Psychiana," Inc., Dept. 162, Moscow, Idaho.
It seemed so splendid to me when they all did."

Everyone who knows him and nearly everyone who has followed him on screen must have sensed the new poise and solidity which Bob has gained in the past year. Certainly his studio has noticed it and he, of course, realizes it, with increasingly important and responsible roles. It seems a long time since that day when Garbo first saw him on the set of "Two-Faced Woman" and declared, "Who is that young man? The one who looks so innocent and rosy?"

Bob has lost some of that boyish quality, but he has taken on new ones that are more interesting.

"It isn't until you have had some experience of your own," he observes sagely, "that you realize how tough the competition is when you're up against people who really know their stuff. I've been in some pictures with some of the best actors in the business. I don't mind telling you that I was scared stiff."

"Y'know, there's one thing about Ann and me. We can discuss a lot of things when we talk shop very much. We don't just talk picture-picture-picture. But when we do discuss them it counts. She knows so much about it that it just shows up in the way through. So when she tells me something, I listen. I'd be a fool if I didn't. But—she listens to me, too, when I have an opinion. We's two very strong opinions. We differ with one another sometimes, but we never get into arguments. We've always been able to talk things over or reach an understanding about them.

"That's why the war and my enlistment hasn't complicated things for us. That's why I say I know that we shan't be stamped or rushed into any decisions or steps. That's why neither of us will be afraid.

"I have one other trait which is downright frightening!" Ann chimed in. "He noticed everything and has opinions about it. He sees every detail of your dress and shoes and hair and make-up. He doesn't like too much color anywhere—in your clothes or on your face—and he simply won't have colored polish! We've had a row or two about that, but I'm beginning to realize—He approaches it's nice to have a man notice what you have on—but gracious, any girl now and then by accident is left without polish!

"We have an idea that Bob thinks Ann's nose is all right, whether it's shiny or not. But maybe he doesn't want her to know that.

About his going into the Service, Ann says, "All of us women who are left at home are going to find more in common than ever dreamed of. Even now I see so many girls around the sets, wearing little pins with stars on them. I want to talk to them and they want to talk to each other. We're all going to be drawn together, to learn to know each other. The other day my hairdresser's boy friend arrived in San Francisco from the Solomon Islands. All of a sudden she didn't care whether or not I was in the middle of a picture—or whether or not I had a hair on my head. She had to go to San Francisco and some boy made her want her to go. I didn't care about my hair, either, when her boy was up there! That's the sort of thing I mean. We're all feeling it and it will grow. It's good. It's very good for all of us."

The Service will be good for Bob, I know. He's been working on his career so that it won't set him back. It will give him more experience and more depth and he will come back with even more force and power. But he won't be any different in any fundamental way. I know that, too!"

BOB'S last few weeks before he left for the Service were pretty hectic. While he was preparing for his role in "Gentle Annie" with Susan Peters and Bob Taylor, he combined studio lessons and singing lessons with a course in aero-dynamics in preparation for his basic training. After the picture started, they worked two and a half weeks before Seabrook W. S. Van Dyke became ill and shooting was halted. The studio was frantic to finish the thing before Bob should have to leave, so a new director, Tay Garnett, was called in to finish the job. They rehearsed a few days, found they would have to replace still another actor in the original cast. At last they decided they'd never get the thing in the can before Bob had to leave for camp. So they called the whole thing off and on a day's shooting. They called almost immediately and went off to the war, leaving his last motion picture reposing half-finished on a shelf.

That gives you a guess what's going to happen! Do his Christmas shopping. Bob loves to give and to receive presents. (Ann says he is "a package shaker—he always shakes the packages received and tries earnestly to guess what's inside before he opens it.") Ann went with him and helped him to select presents for all of Bob's relatives and friends and then the pair worked furiously getting the things all wrapped and marked for December 23 delivery.

Bob was to leave the studio, November 10, and Ann remembered that his birthday was on Friday, November 13, three days later. So Ann and Bob's father and mother and two sisters and Bob's best friend, Henry Wilson, gave him his birthday a week early. A proper birthday, with presents and a cake and everything. That day Bob's relatives were appropriately tattered for a prospective aviator whose gear must necessarily be pretty light. Ann gave him a pretty wonderful wrist watch, of military design. The last evening were a hodgepodge of greetings to old friends, get-togethers with Bob's family, with Bob interrupting everything every few moments to "make a note" of some last-minute instruction. Every now and then he took a few moments off to pack. Even a prospective aviator has to remember things like water bladders and et cetera, and he was still deciphering and obeying instructions in those last-minute notes.

Ann told him good-bye, late Monday. She had to report to the studio on Tuesday morning. So only Bob's immediate family were at the station for breakfast and that last wave from them. Ann will be talking generally and wistfully now with those other girls on the set . . . the girls who wear the pins with the star. And they will be thinking to do say that Christmas holidays and a guy can get a few hours off. Ann may become Mrs. Pvt. Robert Sterling. The End.
Shyadow Stage
(Continued from page 4)

\* Once Upon a Honeymoon
(RKO-Radio)

It's About: An interrupted honeymoon in interrupted Europe.

COMEDY in the 1943 manner, heavy of hand and heart, with most of the gushingly bright spontaneity of former years gone with the wind, is this super special de luxe film that combines love, comedy and tragedy in one dish, garnished for splendor with the acting of Cary Grant and Ginger Rogers and embellished with the directorial touches of Leo McCarey.

Three-fourths of this picture, which we predict will break house records everywhere, is terrific and the dragging, lagging one-fourth will probably be eliminated anyway, so let's forget it.

Ginger is a Brooklyn strip-teaser masquerading as a Philadelphia socialite in Austria during Hitler's invasion. In fact, Ginger marries Walter Slezak, an Austrian secret agent of Hitler's, and finds herself in the midst of one collapsing country after another. Finally convinced by Cary Grant, an American radio commentator, that her husband is a traitor, she begins with him a hazardous trek through one country after another until they eventually head homeward.

Albert Dekker, Albert Basserman and Natasha Lytess add immeasurably to the story.

Your Reviewer Says: A Class A-1 special.

\* Reunion (M-G-M)

It's About: The head of a Paris Underground.

The best things about this Nazi-laden story are the surprise twists, the suspense, Philip Dorn, Joan Crawford and the terrific work of the supporting cast. For the first time that we can recollect, life among the Nazis in Paris, their everyday activities and social life have been clearly set forth—and the picture isn't pretty, bringing home forcefully the repugnance of the deplorable situation.

Philip Dorn, too long doomed to obscurity, is terrific as the loyal Frenchman, presumably pro-Nazi. When his fiancée, Joan Crawford, spoiled, beautiful rich Parisian, discovers his tendencies, she leaves him, although her love can't be killed. Befriending American John Wayne, an RAF flier in Paris, she sues Dorn to obtain papers that will permit their escape. And then, when the surprises pop over our heads like so many toy balloons.

Reginald Owen, Albert Basserman, John Carradine, Edward Bromberg and Moroni Olsen lend magnificent support.

Your Reviewer Says: Suspense with a big S.

\* Lucky Jordan (Paramount)

It's About: A rocketeer who goes A.W.O.L.

In a picture much less dramatic and important than his former ones, Alan Ladd stands out like a searchlight in a dimout. In his role of Lucky Jordan, Alan is again the steely-hearted tough but appealing guy who tries to "fix" his draft board. After his induction our bad boy goes A.W.O.L., accidentally bumps

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\textbf{Maybe It's NERVES!}
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mystery of an amnesia victim, 

Susan Peters, a bride who runs out on her mar-

riage to Horace McNally. Of course, it 

turns out little Susan is faking, but my, 

oh my, the lots of interesting people 

it takes to discover the fact. And that 

surprisingly good entertainment it all 

turns out to be.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly in the Groove

(Universal)

It's About: A college jive band out West.

ACCORDING to Universal Studios, all 

college students are either interested in 

putting on a show or in organizing a 

band. Study! What's that? And who 

cares, according to movies. So, my 

friends, we come to another group of 

boys and girls jive crazier than a tree 

frog. When the dad of one lad nixes the 

college nonsens, the entire group moves 

out West to a dude ranch and lands a 

radio show. Are we crazy, or are you? 

Or is it the studio? Anyway, the music is hot, the kids hop, 

the songs lovely, the dancing good, so 

what the heck.

Among those present are Mary Healy, 

Richard Davies, Lila Lee, Elrol, Grace 

McDonald, Ozzie Nelson, Shemp Howard 

and others.

Your Reviewer Says: Hey, Hey!

The Best Pictures of the Month

Random Harvest

Life Begins At Eighty-four

Once Upon A Honeymoon

Best Performances

Greer Garson in "Random Harvest"

Ronald Colman in "Random Har-

test!"

Cary Grant in "Once Upon A 

Honeymoon"

Ginger Rogers in "Once Upon A 

Honeymoon"

Monty Woolley in "Life Begins At 

Eighty-three"

Ida Lupino in "Life Begins At 

Eighty-three"

Paul Henreid in "Casablanca"

Ingrid Bergman in "Casablanca"

Humphrey Bogart in "Casablanca"

Claude Raines in "Casablanca"

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR
Nightmare (Universal)

UT Brian Donlevy in a uniform, gives him a man's job to do, and he's terrible. Cast him as a lover and he comes out a pidgeon-toed, slightly portly male. What's more, place inexperienced Diana Barrymore by his side and you've got something, only we aren't sure what. Yet spots in this story of an American abroad who renders a service to an Englishwoman (he merely carries out a corpse from her home, that's all) and ends up in a country house fracas with Nazi spies and what not, is so good we feel it's worth a check and a look-see by the fans.

Gavin Muir is a smooth newcomer and one we liked. Outside of Henry Daniell, the corpse, the rest of the cast were strangers to us.

Your Reviewer Says: Old-timey recipe for melodrama.

Seven Miles from Alcatraz (RKO-Radio)

It's About: How escaped convicts justify their act.

JAMES CRAIG and Frank Jenks, bitter at the vulnerability of Alcatraz under an air raid, escape from Alcatraz and take cover in a lighthouse. Slowly it dawns upon the pair that the keeper of the lighthouse is relaying messages to the Nazis. At the sacrifice of their own freedom, they manage to trap the heads of the spy ring. The trapping, incidentally, is a bit of all right excitement.

Bonita Granville, as the keeper's daughter, seemed out of place to us. Cliff Edwards and George Cleveland do good jobs.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair little opus.

Army Surgeon (RKO-Radio)

It's About: The work of Army surgeons in war zones.

JIMMY ELLISON is a young surgeon in service during World War I. His courage and devotion to duty is stressed to show the splendid work done by our doctors and surgeons in war time. Of course, there's the usual tangle between Ellison and Kent Taylor, an aviator, for the love of Jane Wyatt, a doctor-nurse. Duty wins over love.

Your Reviewer Says: Too depressing to be entertaining.

The Great Gildersleeve (RKO-Radio)

It's About: An old maid's pursuit of a bachelor.

RADIO'S comic, Hal Peary, or the Great Gildersleeve, finds himself forced to choose between a pursuing female, Mary Field, or the loss of his two wards, Freddie Mercer and Nancy Gates. Fortunately things work out well with lots of gags, laughs and comic situations sandwiched between his troubles. Jane Darwell as Peary's aunt is very good. Thurston Hall is outstanding as the governor.

Your Reviewer Says: Keep it up, Gildy.
Dr. Renoul's Secret
(20th Century-Fox)

It's About: A man who opens an ape.

NOW see here! This business of men turning into animals and animals into men has got to stop. Especially when it happens to our good friend J. Carrol Naish under the hands of scien-
tist George Zucco. A body's got so they have to go out with nights with all these animalic goings on. John Shepperd and Lynne Roberts have the romantic leads.

Your Reviewer Says: Renoul can keep his secret.

Northwest Rangers (M-G-M)

It's About: Orphaned lads who grew up to take opposite paths.

JACK HOLT takes over the care of two orphaned boys whose parents were massacred by Indians. One grows up to be Bill Lundigan who follows in Holt's footsteps as a North West Mountie. The other grows up to be James Craig, a gambler, and a baddie. When Put Dun, a singer in Craig's gambling hall wins the love of both men, hell pops in all directions. Guess who gets her? John Carridine is good as a rival gambler.

Your Reviewer Says: The Mounties al-
ways get their girl.

Street of Chance (Paramount)

It's About: An amnesia victim who awakens to a murder charge.

BURGESS MEREDITH gets hit on the head and wakes up to discover he's been an amnesia victim for over a year and a man wanted for murder. He, himself, undertakes to unravel the murder mystery with many surprising results; one being that we were still sitting in our chairs when it was finished. Claire Trevor plays a maid and Adeline deWalt Reynolds a paralytic.

Your Reviewer Says: Moral—Don't get hit on the head.

Wrecking Crew (Paramount)

It's About: Men who tear down build-
ings.

BOY, there's a job, tearing down a building, or wrecking the joint, as it is known in the refined land of the way, two friends, Richard Arlen and Chester Morris, about whom the lingers the belief of a job, just take on a job together and end up on a wall ready to tumble to the ground six stories below and no way to get down. How do actors get themselves in these exercises anyway? Jean Parker is the girl.

Your Reviewer Says: A pair of Humpl
dumps, no less.

Mrs. Wigs of the Cabbage Patch (Paramount)

It's About: A breadwinner and her brood of five.

HERE she comes again, and for the third time on the screen, that lovable character, Mrs. Wigs, of the Cabbage Patch Wiggys, and her band of geographically named children.

Never has there been a finer Mrs. Wigs than Fay Bainter and never a more talented bando than the Carolyn Lee, Betty Brewer, Mary Thomas, Carl Switzer and Billy Lee.

Vera Vague as Miss Hazy, a daisy picker for love, and Hugh Herbert, head of a matrimonial bureau, are priceless. All the homey, laughable and tragic events of the Wiggs family have been retained which makes it a must-see.

Your Reviewer Says: Cozy.

Whistling in Dixie (M-G-M)

It's About: A radio detective involved in a Dixie mix-up.

RED SKELETON has one of those radio crime detective programs with girl friend Ann Rutherford as his assistant. To Ann comes a message for help from little Diana Lewis who has been left in Dixie. Ann and Red take off for Georgia to find themselves involved in a phony murder mystery centered around an old fort with one silly, ridiculous incident following another, leaving the audience wild with glee.

"Rags" Ragland plays twins to add to the confusion. George Bancroft, Guy Kibbee, Peter Whitney and Lucien Littlefield swam over the place.

Your Reviewer Says: Tut, tut, such mon-
keyshines!

Lady from Chungking (P. R. C.)

It's About: A Chinese heroine who aids two American flyers.

A NNA MAY WONG is a Chinese woman of aristocratic birth who pretends affection for a loathsome Jap general in order to obtain secret infor-
mation. This information is released to two American Flying Tigers, hidden by Miss Wong. The boys use the information to bring back other friends to an-
sult the invading forces. It's pretty well done and Harold Huber's playing of a Jap soundrel is outstanding. Rick Vallin and Paul Bryer are the Ameri-
cans.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair to middling.

Cat People (RKO-Radio)

It's About: People who turn into cats.

W E'VE known catty people by the dozen, but never any such as this, thank heavens. Imagine, if you can, Simone Simon's succumbing to the inher-
ted ability to turn into an evil cat destined to be she who the Kent Smith, her groom, Tom Conway, a psych-
iatrist pays dearly for his help, Jane Randolph, who sympathizes with Kent, all suffer at Simone. It will give you icy jitters, but it's kind fun at that.

Your Reviewer Says: Meow!

Silver Queen (Sherman-U.A.)

It's About: A gambling debt and gambling love.

H ARRY SHERMAN, the producer who makes those swell Westerns, has turned out a little goodie (if one remem-
bers it's strictly a Western) all about a

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR
March Photoplay-Movie Mirror
on sale Wednesday, Feb. 3
To help lighten the burden that has
been placed upon transportation and
handling facilities by the war effort,
the March and subsequent issues of
PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR will
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PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR far
March will go on sale Wednesday,
February 3. On that date step up to
your newsstands and say "A copy of
Photoplay-Movie Mirror, please," and
your newsdealer will gladly give it to
you.

Who Done It? (Universal)

It’s About: Soda jerks involved in a radio
murder mystery.

IT'S Bud Abbott and Lou Costello again,
all mixed up in a murder mystery.
And wouldn’t you know it—those Nazi
agents born in to mess things up, as if
Bud and Lou aren’t experts at that job.
The corn grows thicker than ever in
this epic—but who cares? It’s Bud and
Lou and that seems to be enough for
audiences.

The boys leave off soda- jerking to go
to a radio station to try for a job, only
to run headlong into a first class "bump-
off" job. Their amateur sleuthing almost
leads to their own arrest.

Patric Knowles and Louise Allbritton
are a splendid romantic-minded pair.
William Gargan and William Bendix are
on the side of the law.

Your Reviewer Says: We dare you not to
laugh.

Moscow Strikes Back
(Republic—Central Studios
U. S. S. R.)

It’s About: How Russia hurled back the
Nazis in December, 1941.

Don’t be afraid to see this slice of
history in the raw because you think
you’ll be shocked and horrified. You
will be, but it’s the sort of shock that
carries with it tremendous vitalization.
You cannot help but absorb driving power
from the Titanic effort of these superb
people. We begin to understand what
our boys mean when they write home
camp and say, "The Russian girls can
run—run—run." That’s what the Russians
do in this picture, pushing forward unces-
tingly through high snow, forests, vil-
nages, as they pound the German rear
and guard past the monument that marks
the end of Napoleon’s invasion of Russia.
Not even stopping to celebrate their gains
other than to liberate Paris, accept the
blessing of a withered old woman who
stands by the side of the road and crossed
herself as she kisses each strange face.

You’ll see the home of Stalin with
scarcely a piece of furniture remaining
because the Nazis used it for firewood.
"And this," says the effective voice of
Edward G. Robinson, narrator, "in a
house surrounded by forests!" You’ll see
the home of Tchaikovsky reduced to
a shambles, his priceless musical scores
pitched out into the snow. Culture they
call it.

And you’ll see the frozen mutilated
bodies of little girls raped by the Nazis.
We recommend that every man in the
armed forces of Uncle Sam be shown this
picture. He won’t need any lectures on
what we’re fighting for! That goes double
for every man and woman in civilian
life.

Your Reviewer Says: A good little "out
that" story.

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on Lovely Broadloom
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IT’S ALL SO EASY! Your materials are
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reclaim the good seasoned wool and other
materials in old rugs, carpets, clothing,
blankets, etc. (Don’t hesitate to send worn
materials of all kinds and colors.) Then we
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you can have colorful, modern, deep-textured
BROADLOOM RUGS that\nare woven
Seamless and Reversible for double the wear
and luxury. The correct size for every room—
Any Width up to 16 ft. by Any Length
—many sizes not offered elsewhere!

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and patterns: 61 Early American, 18th Cen-
tury Boral, Oriental, Texture and Leaf designs.
Bold colors, soft Twisted blends, dainty ovals.

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materials. You risk nothing by a trial. Our 60th
year. Over two million customers. We have no
agents. Order direct from factory.

Write Today for America’s Greatest Money-
Saving Rug Book—40 pages of Rugs and model
rooms in full color.
No Ceiling on Laughter

I've always thought he should have been decorated," says Marshall, with an amused smile, "either for bravery in the face of the enemy or for the way he'd make us laugh when we needed one the worst possible way."

The indefatigable Bob Hope tells this one. He was visiting a hospital in New Orleans, trying to bring smiles to the fellows who lay there; some of them bandaged from head to foot after a bit of trouble in the merchant marine. One of these asked him, "You make a lot of money, don't you, Bob?" Bob thought, "Here comes a touch," but he quipped something gay about money's not being everything. ("What an odd place for a touch!" he held himself.)

"But you do make a pot of money, don't you?" persisted the bandaged one. Bob thought, "Wonder how much he needs," and went on telling his gay story. But this guy was set not to be put off and, finally, Bob broke down and confessed. "Well," he said, "I can't grumble. I'm doing all right." "Well," said the soldier, "I'm wondering. If you make so much money, why the devil don't you buy yourself a haircut?"

Ann Rutherford thinks he probably wouldn't have answered that question either. Bond-sell ing tour if Charles Laughton had ever learned to pack a suitcase. "Shopping for Charlie kept me from going nuts," she admits. "You see, the only thing he knows about is packing to grab a few things, stuff them in the suitcase and sit on it. And when Charlie sits on a thing, he sits on the thing.

"He never has the least idea of what he has put in it. The consequence of this is that when we reach the next stop Charlie has a flat suitcase but probably no clean socks or shirts, or even a toothbrush. Those things are reposing in the hotel room where he sat on the suitcase. So it's up to me to sort out and buy socks and shirts and toothbrushes—and sometimes bedroom slippers—for the helpless Laughton. This I give as (1) a nice acquaintance with the local tradepeople, (2) an informal view of the town, (4) the laugh of my life when I return with my purchases and watch Charlie 'trying' a them on for size." He says he seems to collect the oddest sizes. But it all helps. Sometimes I suspect that Charlie gives me these assignments just to keep me from getting soggy in my mind."

Charles Ruggles plays a solemn head and remarks that civilian defense drive hazard was slightly blunted by the absence of Charles in an air-raid warden in the San Fernando Valley where houses are pretty far apart and the question of use for a black-out signal is ruled quite a problem. Finally, somebody came up with a large metal bucket and a hammer to pound it with a resounding thud which should certainly be heard for miles.

What the earnest wardens didn't know was that they were producing a relationship which caused them to swim happily and with appalling speed to the spot where the bucket was being pounded! They very soon found out. "Maybe," says Charles, "it wasn't exactly the sort of incident which helps a brave man through a long spell of hardship on, but somehow the memory of those solemn guys diving for cover as the bees came over is going to stay with me for a long time."

W E D Y LAMARR doesn't consider, either, that she was actually suffering very seriously for her war effort. But she certainly had a slight miscalculation in time on her Bond-selling tour and she found herself at a large factory, surrounded by hundreds of workers, who were trying to buy Bonds and to speak with her. And Hedy had had no breakfast. Time passed and the Bonds were whizzing. Charlie was kind enough to tell her, "You're going to lose a lot of weight if you're going to be singing all the time."

The sight of the workers all around her munching their lunches didn't improve matters, either. "I whispered to someone that she hadn't had breakfast and that she was famished. Before you could say, "Box lunch!" sandwiches, hot dogs, pickles, colored sugar, ice cream, and milk came streaming to her. The fellows even knew she was vegetarian. "It was sweet of them," Hedy recalls, "but it began to be funny, too. All that food! Pretty soon all the factory people were buying carrying bags of ice cream and a hot dog and drank some milk and then people came and divided up the food again and everybody bought lots more Bonds and I autographed paper napkins and milk cartons. It was one of our most successful days."

Jackie Cooper is another who has learned to take his laughs where he finds them. He was making a personal appearance (with his drums) at a Southern camp. As he was packing up his gear, a black-out signal was put on and he had to finish packing in total darkness. When he reached the next camp, he discovered that the long round parcel which he had thought contained his music roll really contained a loaf of French bread! Nothing daunted, he showed his soldier-audience the loaf, told his story, put the loaf ostentatiously on his music roll, glared at it solemnly and proceeded to improvise to one of the most enthusiastic and amused audiences he's ever had. He's been wondering since if a drop loaf of bread won't produce more genuine entertainment than a roll of real music.

There's no ceiling on laughter. Be free with it. A good laugh at the right time may speed things up and be almost as important as a well-driven rivet!"
(Continued from page 21) Annapolis, where he gets the smart-aleciness taken out of him. (Dec.)

HENRY A. ALDRICH, EDITOR.—Paramount: The irresistible Henry is accused of arson when he burns down a building that belonged to a rival. But of course he traps the real culprit. Jimmy Lydon as Henry, Charles Smith as Dizzy, and Rita Olingley as the girl friend are right in there pitching. (Jan.)

✓ WHERE WE GO AGAIN—RKO Radio: A gaggle test, with Fihber McGee and Molly celebrating twenty years of marriage at a hotel. When Edgar Bergen, with Charley McCarthy and Mortimer Snerd, is searching for a peculiar nut to add to the production of silk, you can imagine the goings-on, with the great Gildersleeve adding to the laughter and with Tony Simmons singing to Ray Bolero's music. (Nov.)

HIDDEN HAND, THE.—Warners: Practically everybody gets killed in this potpourri of gore when an elderly woman takes death and burial to test her dreadful relatives, and in the testing no less than five corpses litter up the story. Craig Stevens, Elizabeth Fraser and Ruth Ford are fortunate enough to be cast in this one. (Jan.)

HIGHWAYS BY NIGHT—RKO Radio: Richard Carlson as the millionaire playboy who gets taken by gangsters and ends up in the trucking business does very well with loosely knit material. Jane Randolph is fair as the girl, but Jane Darwell, Barton MacLane and Ray Collins are good. Average. (Dec.)

HILLBILLY BLITZKRIEG—Monogram: The famous cartoon characters, Snafy and Smiley, played by Bud Dunham, and Barney Google, played by Cliff Nashing, cut all sorts of capers that have the pair embroiled in a rocket invention. Edgar Kennedy as an Army sergeant and Lucien Littlefield as an inventor add to the odd absurdity of the affair. (Nov.)

✓ ICELAND—20th Century-Fox: Some of the best skating of her career is presented by Sonja Henie; but the chaps' only faith in film has Sonja, an Iceland maid, grabbing off John Payne, a Marine on the island, before he knows where he is. Osa Massen is Sonja's sister. Jack Oakie clowns on skates very family and Sammy Kaye and his orchestra provide some own music. (Nov.)

✓ I MARRIED A WITCH — The Cinema Guild U.A.: Veronica Lake is the determined witch who returns with her father, Cecil Kellaway, to be devil-Francie March, who's about to marry Susan Hayward and run for Governor. But Veronica falls in love with March, to the dismay of Kellaway, and the result's fantastic for him. Robert Benchley is March's droll pal. (Jan.)

ISLE OF MISSING MEN—Monogram: A rather suspenseful little melodrama with John Howard as the governor of a penal colony. He betrays his Helen Gilbert who has come to the island to help her husband Gilbert Roland escape and much exciting action transpires before she is successful. (Nov.)

✓ JACKASS MAIL—M-G-M: Wally Beery and Marjorie Main in their familiar story of a renegade who becomes regenerated through the orphaned son of the man Beery kills. It takes Darryl Hickman, the boy, and Marjorie Main, teetotal owner of the transport mail line, to civilize Wally. (Nov.)

✓ JOURNEY FOR MARGARET — M-G-M: Robert Young is brilliant as the American correspondent in London who meets orphaned William Severn and Margaret O'Brien at the rescue home of Fox. He takes them home to America. Both the children are wonderful, and the experiences of English children orphaned and homeless will touch your heart. (Jan.)

JUNGLE SIREN—P.C.G.: A silly, stupid little number, this one, concerning Nazi agents at work amongst jungle tribes in Africa. Buster Crabbe and Ann Corio, the former strip-teaser, are the leads, but neither has a chance to be very good. (Jan.)

JUST OFF BROADWAY—20th Century-Fox: When Miracle Jones, played as usual by Lloyd Nolan, sees the evidence piling up against the innocent defendant, he sets out on his own to uncover the guilty party. Girl reporter Marjorie Weaver, press cameraman Phil Silvers, attorney Richard Deems and singer Joan Valentine are all in on the excitement. (Dec.)

LITTLE TOKIO, U. S. A.—20th Century-Fox: The West Coast's Japanese colony comes into the spotlight with this lively little epic of a police officer, Preston Foster, who suspects shamans in the Jap settlement. Comes Pearl Harbor, and he steps up his campaign. Triumph Joyce is his girl friend, and June Dupree, Harold Huber and George E. Stone are spies. (Nov.)

✓ LOVES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE, THE—20th Century-Fox: Depth and beauty characterize this tale of the great poet's life—his adoption as a child, his first boyhood love affair with Virginia Gilmore, his marriage to Linda Darnell and his slow disintegration due to alcoholism. John Shepard seems an ideal Poe; Miss Gilmore and Miss Darnell give polished performances. (Dec.)

MAN IN THE TRUNK, THE—20th Century-Fox: When pretty Louise Roberts, dancer, buys a trunk, she finds the remains of a body inside, and Attorney George Holmes tries to exonerate his convicted client by proving his innocence through the skeleton in the trunk, who obligingly comes back as a ghost to aid in the exposure of the real culprit. (Jan.)

MEXICAN SPITFIRE'S ELEPHANT—RKO Radio: Leon Errol again plays the dual role of Lord Epping and Uncle Matt, with Lupe Velez all over the place trying to help out Uncle Matt when smuggled jewels are hidden in an oops elephant and the elephant must be returned pronto. Walter Reed is Lupe's husbund and Lupe Bohot and Marion Martin are the smugglers. (Nov.)

MOONLIGHT IN HAVANA—Universal: Allan Jones is a discharged ball player who can sing only when he has a cold, and when a manager of a traveling group of entertainers hears him warbling he signs him up. From there on it's everybody's show; with pretty Jane Frazee and Marjorie Lord in a tussle for Jones's affections. (Jan.)

MUMMY'S TOMB, THE—Universal: Lon Chaney the mummy who's been kept alive through the ages and transported to America to kill archaeologists Rocklford and Wally Ford who disturbed the mummy's tomb years before. John Hubbard and Elyse Knox are the dramatic leads, and it's a scary little number. (Jan.)

✓ MY SISTER EILEEN—Columbia: A howl from start to finish is this adaptation of the succession of stories about the namesake who moves to New York to seek a career. Rosalind Russell is the older sister, Janet Blair her pretty sister Eileen; and George Tobias is their landlord. Brian Aherne, the editor, and New York reporter Aline Jolyn join the throng who wander in and out of their basement apartment. (Dec.)

X-FAIR COMES THROUGH, THE—R.K.O. Radio: A swell service picture, this one, with George Murphy as the disgraced officer who enlists as a man of science under the command of Petty Officer Pat O'Brien. Max Baer and Jackie Cooper stand out as the Jap scientists, and the stock adds pep to the maneuvers, and Jane Wyatt is very good.
PSORIASIS

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EAT AS YOU USUALLY DO, but eat
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foods—just cut them on themselves. By fol-
lowing Dr. Parrish's Easy Reducing Plan, you cut down your daily calorie
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ment in your figure.

CAL-PAR costs only $1.25 a can at department stores, drug stores and health food stores. Be sure to get a can today.

as the nurse. Carl Esmond is a hit as the sailor-
musician. (Jan.)

NIGHT MONSTER—Universal. Practically every-
thing gets killed when two competing
business exerts over the estate of Ralph Morgan where Zsa Zsa Gabor is the inher-
tress. Housekeeper Doris Lloyd, chauffeur Leif Erickson, Yogi
Nie-Asher, and several doctors are all along for the ride. Irene Hervey is the pretty psychiatrist, and Fay
Helm the sister who thinks she's crazy. (Jan.)

NOW, VOYAGER—Warners. Another Betty
Davis masterpiece in this story of a separated
woman who finds release through the aid of psychi-
atriest Claude Rains. Paul Henried, the man who
brings her love that can never be realized in mar-
rriage, will create a stir among feminine fans. Gladys Cooper, likes Claudia, but keeps her away
from the very high standard of the story. (Dec.)

ONE OF FOUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING—
United Artists. An honest, straightforward chroni-
acle of six R. A. F. flyers who are forced to bail out
or occupied Holland and are helped by the Dutch
U. S. A. F. to make their way back to England. The English players, unfamiliar on this side of the
ocean, give performances which are as simple, co-
vincing, and moving as anything you'll ever see.

ORCHESTRAL WIVES—20th Century Fox. All
about the love lives of members of a band, with
Glenn Miller's band providing all the music. George
McLaren is a trumpeter, Ann Rutherford is
his wife. Mary Beth Hughes, Carole Landis and Virginia
Gallimore, other orchestra wives, are all
struggling under the same roof. (Dec.)

OX-BOW INCIDENT, THE—20th Century
This slice of life serves as a reminder of what
happens when man takes justice into his own hands. In
19th Century Missouri, Westerley, a
trunk rider, is accused of
avenging murder and cattle stealing and hangs Darn
Andrews, Anthony Quinn and Chris Kim-Martin, only to discover the wrong man, and cause a
terrible error. Henry Fonda is the virile swearer to the side of Justice. (Jan.)

PALM BEACH STORY, THE—Paramount. This
so-called comedy misses a mile, despite the clever-
ness of Claudette Colbert and Joel McCrea who play the
fellow travelers. Myrna Loy is the wife of the fella,
and the story is a.--and the story is as we.

PARDON MY SIRI-ONG—Universal. By far the
funniest of the Abbott and Costello riots, this is
made up out of bits and pieces of the many stories
they ride in their crosstown Chicago bus to Los Angeles to its
historic trip to the South Sea Isle. Robert Paige is the
tale bear. Virginia Dale is his girl, Lionel Atwill a
vilain, and Abbott and Costello are at their best. (Nov.)

ROAD TO MOROCCO—Paramount. Another
Bing Crosby and Bob Hope laugh riot, with the
two boys stranded in Morocco where Bing sells
Rich to a sheik, and then manages to locate him in
Dorothy Lamour's boudoir. But Dorothy's sheik lover, Anthony Quinn, finds out the truth, and
from then on it's a series of calamities that
will have you bowing with laughter. (Jan.)

SCATTERGOOD SURVIVES A MURDER—
RKO Radio. John Archer, new paper man, is ac-
cused of murdering two old ladies, and when
more relatives are bumped off the ensuing com-
motion involves Margaret Hayes, reporter, Walker
Ford, rival newsmen, and Scattered, played as
unsuitable by 20th Century's Nelson Eddy, to
the up to the usual standard of this series. (Jan.)

SECRETS OF A COED—P.R.C. Tells this story of
the secret racketeering operations of a
respected attorney. One of his clients goes to
jury when his daughter, Tina Thayer, is on trial
for killing her sweetheart, a gunman hired by
Kruger, rich Valti, who in turn hires a
newer group. Anyhow, the performances of Miss Thayer and Otto Kruger are outstanding. (Dec.)

SEVEN DAYS LEAVE—RKO Radio. Army
lieutenant, played by Vic MATURE, has 7 days to
meet and marry a certain girl, so he can collect
his inheritance. Lucille Ball is the girl who
sprints Vica's gall and then falls for it. Fredric March for
the swell musician, and Vivian Simms will wow you, and the whole picture is a lot of fun. (Jan.)

SEVEN SWEETHEARTS—M.G.M. Whims-
ical and gay, charming and quaint. That's the
way it is with this story of several
boys and girls, whose father, S. Z. Saks, runs a hotel in a little Holland vil-
lage, and plans to stage the Tausa Theater, to
there to cover the tulp festival and Marsha Hunt, the de-
licious pixie, and Elise, petite, sweetly charmed. The singing and Miss Grayson sings delightfully. (Oct.)

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE VOICE OF
TEKOR—Universal. Basil Rathbone, the irre-
pressible Holmes, with his pal Doctor Watson,
Nigel Bruce, in a Nazi radio nest and prevent

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR
all sorts of German invasions. Evelyn Ankers is the pretty Linemouse girl who also help Holmes. (Dec.)

SIN TOWN—Universal: Bruce Cabot and Kay Francis are the hot hardest couple in the West! (Dec.)

SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES—20th Century-Fox: Betty Field is in love with Broadway actor John Payne, but when he m also helps her he tends to love her new dancing partner, Cesar Romero. From a New York stage play the group carry on their misunderstandings at Lake Louise, with Carmen Miranda, Charlotte Greenwood and Edward Everett Horton aid in the mix-up in this Technicolor musical. (Dec.)

THAT OTHER WOMAN—20th Century-Fox: Pretty secretary Virginia Gilmore pursues her architect boss, James Ellison, who is in no way about it until down comes Don Dailey Jr., special undercover agent. He finds the saboteur and hires instead Edmund MacDonald who brings along his pretty sister, Marjorie Lord. (Nov.)

TIMBER—Universal: Sabotage in our timber region, with Leo Carrillo and Andy Devine worry ing about it until along comes Don Dailey Jr., special undercover agent. He finds the saboteur and hires instead Edmund MacDonald who brings along his pretty sister, Marjorie Lord. (Nov.)

WAR AGAINST MRS. HADLEY—M-G-M: A honky of a picture, with Fay Bainter as the selfish, ungraced woman who refuses to alter her life or accept wartime alternatives in the lives of others. Van Johnson, the redheaded, freckled-faced hero, is the best of the show, even surpassing Richard Ney, who plays the regenerated young Ewion. Edward Arnold and Jean Rogers are good, too. (Nov.)

WHITE CARGO—M-G-M: The trouble with this picture of white men and a tropical seductress is that the story line is weak, the ways through the brush, and the performance of Walter Pidgeon, veteran of the tropical island, gives great stability to the play. Richard Carlson and Frank Morgan are very good and Hedy Lamar is certainly the most gorgeous Tondelayo. (Dec.)

WILD CAT—Paramount: Never a dull moment in this story, with mountain Arlen playing a wildcat oil man who goes into partnership with Elisha Cook Jr., gets buffeted by Arline Judge, Elisha's tall, slender, and fights it out with his enemy oil driller Buster Crabbe. (Dec.)

WINGS AND THE WOMAN—RKO Radio: Sweating tribute to a gallant woman, Amy Johnson, is this story of her life, with Anna Neagle playing the first great woman aviator. Robert Newton as her husband, and Marie Doro and her daughter, is outstanding. Edward Chapman as her brother, Joan Kemp-Welch as her mother, give beautiful performances, and Miss Neagle is superb. (Nov.)

YANK AT ETON, A—M-G-M: Mickey Rooney portrays the life, color and laughter in a story that depends too much on its cast and too little on its content. He's a typical American high school football star who finds himself at Eton when his mother marries an Englishman and his team and traditions at the famous old English school form the bulk of the yarn. (Nov.)

YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FOREVER—Warner: A remake of the Paul Muni picture "I Will Not Die," with George Brent, now playing the newspaper managing editor who uncovers a gang of racketeers operating behind a night-club front and a Lonely Hearts Club. Brenda Marshall is the girl reporter, Roscoe Karns the photographer, and Gene Lockhart and Edward Cottrell the villains. (Dec.)

YOUTH ON PARADE—Republic: That college show is here again, with Tom Brown and Martha O'Driscoll leading the talent parade. Broadway actress Ruth Jerry joins the campus scenarists after they've played a trick on Professor John Hubbard, who plays his part to perfection. It's young and snappy. (Dec.)

The Gang's All Here!

NATIONAL BARN DANCE STARS in LIVING PORTRAITS

HERE at last are the pictures of this talented group who provide fun and melody on NBC's National Barn Dance program every Saturday night. Skylan Scott and Lulu Belle; Eddie Peabody and his trusty banjo; the Hoosier Hot Shots and the Dinning Sisters; Joe Kelly and Pat Buttram are all in the Living Portraits in February Radio Mirror. See them just as they look behind the mike when they put over those hot hillbilly mountain tain tunes. A grand collection of a grand gang-five full pages.

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* Color Photograph of J A C K A R M S T R O N G, the All-American boy hero of radio's exciting serials with photos of other members of the cast.

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* RED SKELTON of "I dood it" fame in an autographed full color portrait that proves why everyone forgot to call him Richard years ago.

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**Cell to the Colors**

**This may make you see red!**

Look the verses up and down and you'll find a few deep-dyed hints on what tricks colors can turn.

- G racie's yearning for a dance
- R eally she won't have a chance.
- E ye her dress—it's pale, pale yellow.
- N etirely wrong to bait a fellow.
- O nthing doing, says the stag line

(Gracie'd better note this high sign):

Green has a definite power to attract the opposite sex.

- O live was a timid soul
- R eticent and never bold
- A ny time she saw new faces
- N ever did she turn vivacious
- G loomed around and sat apart.

effective was this color chart:

Orange is a magnetic color, will

draw people to the wearer.

- R ita wore white to look effective
- N endavored as president to be elected
- D espired she lost by dissenting vote

(She forgot to remember this color note):

Red means originality, positiveness, leadership and brings power and assurance to the wearer.

- B eulah oft was heard to sigh
- L uck will always pass me by!
- U p went her Gin score one red-letter day;
- E asy to see she'd heard experts say:

Blue is a happy color and makes its wearer lucky and fortunate.

---

**Now It's Fun To REDUCE**

**This Common Sense Way**

There is no magic about The Common Sense Way to an alluring figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book No More Alibis you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

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**If You're Fat In Spots**

In No More Alibis you'll learn how to make fat disappear from any part of your body. So, if you have any bumps and bulges, let Sylvia of Hollywood explain how to make those stubborn fat spots vanish in double quick time. Just picture how beautiful you would look if your hips were not so broad... if your legs were not so heavy... if your ankles were not so thick... if your weight were 20 to 30 pounds less! It's easy to see how beautiful you would be if you could change your figure. Well, No More Alibis tells you exactly how you can correct your figure faults... how you can mold your body into beautiful, alluring proportions. And best of all, this can be done in the privacy of your own boudoir—without the aid of any appliance or apparatus whatsoever.

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*PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR*
Pocketful o' Songs

(Continued from page 51) The friendship grew until the affair of Kirby and Judy became a sincere affection between two young people.

The longer they teamed in pictures, the closer their friendship grew. One day on the set Mickey turned to Judy.

"Judy," he said, "I think you're wonderful! Will you be my girl?"

"You mean really, your girl and not go out with anybody else?"

"Of course I mean really. This is serious. This is different.

"This is long range and they gazed mistily into each other's eyes.

"Judy's mother, Ethel, came to see them on the set one rainy afternoon. "May I speak to Judy?"

"Oh yes," said Judy. "Mom, this is where we are right now.

"and the moment, that they were for each other.

"You are too young to think of marriage, wise heads counseled. Your public, they said, would never be. If they married, they would forsake you if you marry. Just think, Judy, you'll be a matron.

"Well-meaning friends collared Dave. "You have no right to interfere in her career. It would be selfish. She belongs to the world. You're older, Dave. You know show business. Convince Judy that she mustn't think of getting married for years."

"But we love each other," Judy and Dave protested. They were rewarded by a fine answer.

"Oh that," people said. "Well, don't take it too hard. You'll get over it."

But Judy and Dave didn't get over it. And one night they faced and tackled the situation.

"Nothing is worth having unless it's worth fighting for," Dave quoted. "Let's use our common sense and reason.

"I'm not afraid," Judy said. "If the public won't like me as a married woman, they just won't like me, that's all."

"We'll soon find out," Dave said. "We can be in Las Vegas in an hour. . . ."

Thus it happened that Ethel and her husband stepped aboard a plane with about ten minutes notice and stood by proudly while Judy and Dave said "I do" to each other's hearts.

SINCE her marriage there has been a depth, a quiet sincerity in Judy that is a delight to see.

"Know what we're going to do when the public doesn't want us any more?" she asks gaily. "Buy a farm in New England, raise pigeons and write poetry."

"Heaven help the publishers," David murmurs. But later he confesses shily that Judy's verse is "darned good."

"You know the thing that really excites me?" she asks him. Then, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye, she explains, "You see, I never really had a proper courtship. I would call him on a date, and I'd spend hours getting dressed in my best bib and Tucker to go stepping out around the town. Dave would never ring the doorbell than he'd pull a roll of manuscript from his pocket and say, 'I just want to look over this score, Judy. It won't take a minute."

WHY GOD PERMITS WAR!

Why does God permit war? Why does He permit cruelty, injustice, pain, starvation, sickness and death?

Thirty years ago, in Forbidden Tibet, behind the highest mountains in the world, a young Englishman named Edwin J. Dingle found the answers to these questions. A great mystic opened his eyes. A great change came over him. He realized the strange Power that Knowledge gives. That Power, he says, can transform the life of anyone. Questions, whatever they are, can be answered. The problems of health, death, poverty and wrong, can be solved.

In his own case, he was brought back to splendid health. He acquired wealth, too, as well as worldwide recognition. Thirty years ago, he was sick or a man could be and live. Once his coffin was brought. Years of almost continuous tropical fevers, broken bones, near blindness, privation and danger had made a human wreck of him, physically and mentally.

He was about to be sent back to England to die, when a strange message came—"They are waiting for you in Tibet." He went to tell the whole world what he had learned there, under the guidance of the greatest mystic he ever encountered during his twenty-one years in the Far East. He wants everyone to experience the greater health and the Power, which there came to him.

As a first step in their progress toward the Power that Knowledge gives, Mr. Dingle wants all those who see this picture to become members of a World League of Goodwill that he has originated. It is free. For your free copy, send your name and address to the Institute of Mental Science, 213 South Hobart Blvd., Dept. B227, Los Angeles, Calif. Write promptly.
You don't mind, do you?" And there we'd sit. The whole evening long. I had to do something. So I wrote poetry to amuse myself."

"That's outright sabotage," Dave declares. "I took you out several times. Remember that drive-in on the Strip..."

These two "rib" each other unmercifully. Judy calls her husband a "train tinkerer" in reference to his hobby of miniature trains—not toy trains but the real McCoy. Pint-sized locomotives huff and puff over miles of track on their new estate high on the top of a Bel-Air hill.

"That's why we couldn't live in my house," Judy explains ruefully. "The back yard was too steep to lay the track. Dave might have gone in for cable cars."

Dave's favorite way of ribbing Judy is to drag strange four-syllable words into a simple conversation. After spending two hours vainly searching through a dictionary, Judy got hop to this little pastime. She even went him one better.

H ER prize performance took place one night at one of Hollywood's quieter parties. Two respected writers mentioned a prominent plagiarist suit which just that day had been reported in the morning paper.

Judy astounded them by virtually delivering an oration. "Nothing is sillier than this charge of plagiarism," she stated positively. "The poet should dare to help himself whenever he finds material suited to his work. Goethe understood this very well. So did Shakespeare."

Dave was amazed. "I had no idea you studied such things," he said when they reached home.

Judy gave him a solemn stare. "I was reading something about that before we went to the party."

She thumbed through the pages of a book of quotations and pointed to a paragraph for her impressed spouse to read.

Almost word for word was Judy's little speech and it had been written many years ago by a man named Heinrich Heine.

Judy would rather be accused of robbery than to be charged with sentimentality. But she is sentimental deep down in her heart. Locked away in a safe hiding place are such priceless things as a paper napkin from a certain drive-in on the Strip, with the notation: "David likes onions too."

There is a pink and beaming Kewpie doll from the Fun House on the Venice Pier; and records of the first songs she and David danced to when they found each other. These are the things that mean everything to her now that Dave has gone to join the Army Air Corps.

These nights it's in the music room that you'll usually find Judy. Curled up on pillows with only the firelight flickering against the soft-toned walls she spends hours wrapped in the enchantment of the melodies she and Dave loved.

THERE is one man who has meant much in the molding of Judy's life—Roger Edens, the pianist who had accompanied her in her first M-G-M tryout, her close friend and adviser and perhaps the person who has come closest to taking her father's place.

It comes as a shock to most people that Judy does not read a note of music. In learning a new song Roger Edens plays the song through while Judy listens carefully. Chances are she will sing it unerringly on the second try. The songs Judy sings in pictures are written or arranged with her in mind. Old songs seem to fit her best of all.

"Judy is an old song," Roger Edens says. "She is like a melody we have grown accustomed to and love."

Then, in the very next moment Judy, who has been singing an old, old song in such a haunting way, whips suddenly into the hottest swing tune heard outside of Harlem.

At the finish she drops breathlessly into a chair. "Corny, wasn't it?" she asks and grins.

As a matter of fact she was terrific. A singer either can swing or can't. Judy cannot tell you why she can tear a melody apart without changing a single note. It is something which wells up from within. Judy makes the listener feel a song, not admire it. And for that reason alone, she is a great artist.

Today, with Dave gone from her, she is still carrying on in one of the greatest of all careers—doing her share to give happiness to the millions who have loved this girl with her pocketful of songs. The End.

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Playing at The Players: Judy Garland and husband Dave Rose. This was the last picture taken of the two before Dave left to join the Army
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"LOVE, HONOR AND—OBEY YOUR HEART"—here is the gripping true story of what can happen when a wife gets what she wants—and stops wanting anything else. Be sure to read it in February True Story.

"ANYBODY'S HEAVEN"—can a girl be the mainstay of her family, and the mainspring of her husband's heart—both at the same time? You'll find an absorbing answer in February True Story.

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MARCH

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LANA TURNER
BY PAUL HESSE

FURING IN THIS ISSUE 8 MOVIE STARS IN FULL COLOR

LANA TURNER’S BABY—Exclusive Story!
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Mildness counts! Work Camay's rich lather over your face—especially over nose and chin. Feel—how mild it is! Gente on sensitive skin! Rinse warm—and if your skin is oily, splash cold for 30 seconds.

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Tonight—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!
A radiant smile is a key to hearts!

Your smile can hold the key to happiness. Help keep it sparkling and lovely—with Ipana and Massage.

Take a bow, plain girl, it's your world, too. You don't need beauty to fill your date book, to win your share of fun and attention. No, not if your smile is right.

For a sparkling smile can light up even the plainest face—can take a man's eye and hold his heart.

So smile—but remember, sparkling teeth and your smile of beauty depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning! For bright, sparkling teeth, remember: Gums must retain their healthy firmness.

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist! He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage. For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the health of your gums.

Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping gums to new firmness.

Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling and attractive.

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Who steals the limelight—who but the girl with a lovely smile? Help keep yours bright with Ipana and Massage!
**MARCH, 1943**

**PHOTOPLAY**

**combined with MOVIE MIRROR**

**VOL. 22, NO. 4**

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**COVER:** Lana Turner, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse


**Fred R. Sammis** Editor
**Helen Gilmore** Asst. Editor
**Edmund Davenport** Art Director
**Elaine Osterman** Western Representative

---

The trio of star entertainers heading the cast are Ethel Waters, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson and Lena Horne.

Lena is fine. She is destined to become another Florence Mills.

Nor must we fail to tell about Louis Armstrong, Rex Ingram, Duke Ellington and his orchestra, The Hall Johnson choir. They're all there in "Cabin In The Sky".

It's another excellent musical production by Arthur Freed. The screenplay is by Joseph Schrank. It is the first film that has been directed by the talented artist Vincente Minnelli and he is to be congratulated.

A few additional numbers appear in the film by Harold Arlen and E. Y. Harburg. One in particular is entitled "Happiness Is a Thing Called Joe."

No more paragraphs on "Cabin" for the moment. Turning to other films, we recommend emphatically the current Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn "Keeper of the Flame."

If you liked "Mrs. Miniver" and "Random Harvest", you will recognize the same M-G-M touch in this adaptation of the novel by I. A. R. Wylie.

How are the New Year's resolutions coming?

Well, they were too tough at that.

--Leo

---

M-G-M rules the raves.

When "Cabin In The Sky" was playing Broadway a couple of years ago, we went to the Martin Beck three or four times to hear the cello-voiced Ethel Waters singing "Taking a Chance on Love" and all the other melodies by Vernon Duke.

Here was a musical play with a real plot, a touch of poetry, too. What a film it will make, we said to ourselves, lion to lion.

And now Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is getting set to release "Cabin", happy in the knowledge that preview reports have branded it "a home", "a dream", and just plain "excellent."

M-G-M rules the raves.

MGM'S HAPPY HIT FROM THE SENSATIONAL BROADWAY MUSICAL!

Look what's on the entertainment horizon! Broadway's big fun-jammed musical show is on the screen at last! Crowded with stars—and songs—and spectacle—in the famed M-G-M manner!

CABIN IN THE SKY

Starring

Ethel WATERS • ANDERSON • HORNE

at his funniest yet

screen's new gorgeous song bird!

with LOUIS ARMSTRONG • REX INGRAM
DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA
THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR

Screen Play by Joseph Schronk • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI
Associate Producer ALBERT LEWIS • Produced by ARTHUR FREED • An M-G-M Picture

HEAVENLY MUSIC TO LIFT YOU TO THE SKIES!

"Cabin in the Sky", "Taking a Chance on Love", "Happiness is a Thing Called Joe", "Life's Full O' Consequence", "Li'l Black Sheep", "Honey in the Honeycomb", and more honeys

MARCH, 1943
A Paramount Picture with William Bendix * Jerry Colonna * Walter Abel * Marjorie Reynolds * Betty Rhodes * Dona Drake * Lynne Overman * Gary Crosby * Johnnie Johnston * Golden Gate Quartette * and Cecil B. DeMille * Preston Sturges * Ralph Murphy and many others of your favorites!
It'll Never Be Topped!

THE PARAMOUNT MUSICAL COMEDY OF THE YEAR!

Starring

BING CROSBY
BOB HOPE
FRED MacMURRAY
FRANCHOT TONE
RAY MILLAND
VICTOR MOORE
DOROTHY LAMOUR
PAULETTE GODDARD
VERA ZORINA
MARY MARTIN
DICK POWELL
BETTY HUTTON
EDDIE BRACKEN
VERONICA LAKE
ALAN LADD
ROCHESTER

Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Original Screen Play by Harry Tugend

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

MARCH, 1943
Look Your Loveliest with Glamorous Hair

Linda Darnell, glamorous 20th Century-Fox star in "Loves of Edgar Allen Poe," uses Glover's to condition scalp and hair.

Lovely Linda Darnell is one of many movie stars who keep their hair charming and refreshed with Glover's famous Medicinal treatment, so popular with millions of men and women! Glover's is a medicinal application recommended, with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair. Try it today—you'll feel the exhilarating effect, instantly! Ask for Glover's at any Drug Store.

For your convenience we offer this Complete Trial Application of Glover's famous Mange Medicine and the new Glover's Beauty Soap Shampoo, in hermetically-sealed bottles, so that you can try the Glover's Medicinal Treatment and test it yourself! Complete instructions and booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair," included FREE! Send the Coupon today!

Glover's with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair

Brief Reviews

★ Indicate Picture was rated "Good" when reviewed
★★ Indicate Picture was rated "Outstanding" when reviewed

Army Surgeon—RKO Radio: Jimmy Ellison, a young surgeon in service during World War I, whose courage and devotion to duty is stressed to show the splendid work done by our doctors in war time. There's the usual tangle between Ellison and aviator Kent Taylor for the love of doctor-nurse (or Wyatt). Depressing for real entertainment. (Feb.)

Atlantic Convoy—Columbia: This story of a Marine base off the Island coast is a tame little number. A mysterious weather man, John Belt, is suspected of being the top-off agent to Nazi submariners interfering with our convoys. Virginia Field plays a rescued nurse and Bruce Bennett is the Marine commanding officer. (Dec.)

Black Swan, The—20th Century Fox: Tyrone Power scores mightily as the reformed pirate who casts his lot with Lard Cregar and with the aid of Thomas Mitchell sets out to clear the sea of pirates, including George Sanders. Enamored of beautiful Maren O'Hara who spurns him, Tyrone kidnaps her on his way to the coast. It's colorful, rowdy and romantic. (Jan.)

Careful, Soft Shoulders—20th Century Fox: Everything happens to everybody and it makes sense. Lovely Virginia Bruce, a Washington woman, is sent to work with Nazi agents under the impression that they're our own Secret Service men. Jimmy Ellison is the strong armed boy friend and Shelly Ryan and Aubrey Mather stand out clearly. (Dec.)

Casablanca—Warner Brothers: Excitement plus when Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman, who have had a romance in Paris, rejoin in Casablanca, Ingrid's married to Paul Henreid, influential enemy of the Nazis, and Bogart turns out to be the only man who can save Henreid from Nazi captain Conrad Veidt. All performances are superb, and it's a must see. (Feb.)

Cat People—RKO Radio: Simone Simon succumbs to an inherited ability to turn into an evil cat destroying those around her. Kent Smith, her groom, Tom Conway, a psychiatrist who pays death for his help, and Jane Randolph who sympathizes with Kent, all suffer at the hands of Simone. (Feb.)

City of Silent Men—P.R.C.: When a small-town mayor turns over a local druggist to a group of ex-convicts as a rehabilitation experiment, the town folk grumble and eventually flare into rebellion when a murder is committed. Frank Albertson, June Lang, Jan Wiley and Kenneth Lynn lead the cast, but the picture's strictly small-time. (Dec.)

Dr. Gillespie's New Assistant—M.G.M. Surprisingly good entertainment when Lionel Barrymore as Dr. Gillespie accepts new assistants, Kaye Luke, Richard Quine and Van Johnson, to help solve the mystery of an amnesic victim. Susan Peters, a little who runs out on her marriage to Horace McNally, (Feb.)

Dr. Renault's Secret—20th Century Fox: Strange things occur in this little gem, what with men turning into animals, which is just what happens to J. Carroll Nash under the hands of scientist George Zucco who has a secret formula. John Shepperd and Lynne Roberts have the romantic leads. (Feb.)

Drums of the Congo—Universal: It seems we need a certain meteoric mineral for our defense industries, so Don Terry of the Army Intelligence is dispatched to the African jungle to get it, but he finds that foreign agents are after it. One Marston is the brave woman doctor, Peggy Moran, a girl spy, but Stuart Erwin as the jungle guide steals the show. (Dec.)

Eyes in the Night—M.G.M. Ann Harding comes back to the screen as a stepping-stone who must break up the romance of her daughter, Donna Reed,

Shadow Stage

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Inside Stuff

CHATTERBOX Roundup: Ava Gardner Rooney planed east to spend Christmas with her family in South Carolina leaving her husband, Mickey, alone over the holidays. Trouble? Don’t ask us—but if you did, we’ve said yes. We said it once before.

Insomnia is now blamed for Judy Garland’s ill health. Strange for one so young to be so afflicted. Lucky, though, that Judy’s husband is stationed at Culver City and can be at home every evening.

Friends are saying good-bye to eighteen-year-old Freddie Bartholomew who enlisted in the Air Forces. Incidentally, Freddie is the youngest Hollywood actor to enlist.

Madeleine Carroll has up and sued our own United States Government on back income tax, claiming her fifty-one French orphans should permit her to detract fifty-one times $400 from her yearly tax returns.

On the other hand, Gloria Vanderbilt and Pat Di Cicco left a Kansas camp town owing $8,000, it is reported, and had to have their goods attached in payment—and Gloria’s soooo rich!

Lou Costello spoke up so loudly for partner Bud Abbott in court he almost got in the hoosegow himself. Lou’s new baby boy (they have two girls) was christened Lou Jr.

(Continued on page 10)

Can you tie it! Bette Davis bundles up Spencer Tracy at the Hollywood Canteen, uses a bit of waist effort, enlists the Tracy talents as service men’s chief cook and dishwasher

The gag corner at the Mocambo, featuring George Montgomery making himself into a mustached villain for Dinah Shore, the little singer whose voice is bringing big returns
WET FEET? TIRED?
EXPOSED TO GERMS?
LOOK OUT FOR A COLD AND SORE THROAT!

GARGLE WITH
Listerine—Quick!

Anything that lowers your body resistance such as wet or cold feet, extreme fatigue, drafts, sudden temperature changes, may make you easy prey to the germs associated with colds and sore throat due to colds.

Doctors often call such germs the "secondary invaders." Despite their ugly names, they may live harmlessly in the throat until resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and help to set up or aggravate infection.

Combat Those Germs

At such times what a wonderful first-aid Listerine Antiseptic is... gives Nature a helping hand in fighting off a "mass invasion" of threatening bacteria.

In tests, reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces were noted ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargoyle, and up to 80% one hour after gargling.

Fewer Colds In Tests

It is this marked ability to kill germs which accounts, we believe, for Listerine's impressive record made in tests over a period of 11 years. These tests showed that regular twice-a-day Listerine users had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-garglers.

This does not mean to hint that Listerine is a specific for colds and sore throats. We know of no such thing. We do believe, however, that Listerine's test record in combating colds makes it a distinctly worthwhile precaution and first-aid treatment.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.
Handiwork at the Charity Fashion Show, demonstrating the male and female stamp of approval. Dorothy Lamour gives a pretty high sign. Herbert Marshall, his fingertips okay.

Corner confidential at the Mocambo has Ann Sothern talking hard and fast to best-friend escort Cesar Romero, a pinch-hitter for absent Bob Sterling.

(Continued from page 8)

It was too much. Flinging his apron over his head, he dove into the icebox. Come to think of it, we haven't seen him since.

The day after Reggie Gardiner married the lovely Nadia Petrova, the doorbell of their modest five-room bungalow rang. Reggie accepted the beautifully wrapped gift with thanks. Carefully untying the ribbons, Reggie and his bride gazed with awe at the magnificent contents and then tore like two maniacs to the toaster.

The gift was a half-pound of butter. Oleomargarine is getting first billings on the menus of some of our swankiest hostesses. And last Sunday Fred MacMurray excitedly telephoned Ann Sothern and Cesar Romero to come over at once and see what they had.

"Is it a baby?" Ann demanded as she plunged into the room. "No," said Fred, "but it's almost as wonderful." On the coffee table stood a can of tuna.

Several Beverly Hills drugstore lunch counters have faded from view and those California drive-ins, famous the world over, are quietly folding one by one. The larger ones are so packed with hungry, eager customers the hamburgers become nonexistent before one can order.

Servantless stars do their own shopping these days and the famed Farmer's Market looks like a Who's Who in Filmland. One morning recently Hedy Lamarr was prowling among the sky-high vegetables when a man from a near-by stall
beckoned mysteriously. Pushing her market basket ahead of her Miss Lamarr raised inquisitive eyebrows at the poultry man. “Hst, open your bag quickly, Miss Lamarr,” he whispered melodramatically, and Hedy, fascinated out of her wits, obeyed.

Carefully he slipped something into it. Consumed with curiosity Hedy waited until she was safely in her car before peeking. And then she let out a squeal of joy.

Inside her bag was a lovely pearl-white EGG.

We Bid Four Hearts: Up until almost the very day of Macoco’s (wealthy South American) arrival in Hollywood, Kay Williams was seen everywhere and constantly with George Montgomery. After the break-up with Hedy Lamarr, Kay and George were inseparable. Then came whispers and rumors that grew into facts that Hedy was back with George as a once-in-a-while, but Kay was still ace high in his affections.

That’s where Senor Macoco comes in. And not only does he make an entrance, but ups and marries Kay, making her the wife of a fabulously wealthy man. Then Hollywood waited for Hedy and George to be reunited in earnest. But no, George discovers Dinah Shore, who is supposed to be Li. Jimmy Stewart’s girl friend and suddenly there is Montgomery pacing the sidewalk in front of NBC waiting for Dinah to finish her chores. But wait. When it came time for Macoco to return to New York, his bride didn’t leave with him and rumor has it she won’t be leaving at all.

Now you take it up from there. Who loves Mr. Montgomery, whom does Mr. Montgomery love, and who pays and who wins?

It’s all just too much for Cal.

Close Ups and Long Shots: No one can say quite when it happened. No one can point to a particular instance or happening or a specific case and say—there, that was the turning point—the incident that brought on the bloodless revolution in Hollywood. But the fact that power and dictatorship have changed hands in filmdom cannot be denied. The day the powers—that-be dictated policies to the stars that involve their private and public lives is over. The day demands of clamorous fans were reverently adhered

Lynn Bari celebrates a divorce from Walter Kane by dinner at the Players with constant suitor Sid Luft.

“Just to be polite—you’d think they’d ask me to lunch!”

Edna: "There goes the office lunch club again—but when I suggest lunch they have dates! What makes those girls so stuck-up, Miss Brown... or what’s wrong with me?"

Miss Brown: "Our girls aren’t really snooty—you’d like them if you knew them! I’ve been in business a long time, Edna, so perhaps you won’t mind if I give you a tip?"

Edna: "But how can I offend with underarm odor? I start each day with a bath!"

Miss Brown: "That morning rush can wilt a bath. So most of our girls also use Mum!"

"I’m making Mum my business partner now. After this, every day it’s a bath for past perspiration and Mum to prevent risk of underarm odor in the hours to come!"

WE'RE TRYING A NEW PLACE FOR LUNCH TODAY, EDNA... YOU MUST COME TOO!

So many popular girls praise Mum for its—

Speed—Only half a minute to apply!

Safety—No worries with gentle Mum! It won’t irritate sensitive skin. Mum won’t harm fine fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

Certainty—Mum prevents risk of underarm odor without stopping perspiration—charm is safe all day or evening with Mum!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so safe, so gentle, so dependable! Thousands of women use Mum this way, too.

MARCH, 1943

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers
From the list of eligibles in the glamour girls’ date books disappeared the name of Reginald Gardiner when he marched up the aisle with Nadia Petrova. Left: At the church—best man Director Robert Stevenson, matron of honor Ida Lupino, Reggie and the new Mrs. Gardiner.

Cal York’s Inside Stuff

Right: The reception had Greer Garson and Anna Lee on the receiving end of Walter Pidgeon’s compliments.

Old marrieds and new marrieds come to drink a toast: Mrs. Basil Rathbone, Martin Arrouge, new wife Norma Shearer, Basil Rathbone.

kept secret or at least played down by studio bosses in Hollywood? Who remembers when no star in her heyday would dream of having a baby? Who remembers when divorces were hush-hushed and romances kept a dark secret? Today the star tells the bosses and the public where to get off. Rita Hayworth follows Victor Mature to New York and Columbia can yelp its head off if it wants to. So what happens? Columbia says all right, all right, and pays her expenses East.

Lana Turner, the biggest glamour bet on the screen, marries twice and announces she will have a baby, all in the space of three short years and in the midst of a popularity never equaled since Clara Bow.

M-G-M can only sit and hope against hope. Fans, through thousands of letters, begged Tyrone Power to stay single. He married a French girl older than himself and let the fans adjust their dreams to his wife as best they could, if they could. No longer do stars consult or even listen to those with whom they have contractual obligations, when they feel a duty coming on.

Clark Gable says good-by fellow and hikes off to the Army. Tyrone Power and Henry Fonda consult no one when they enlist and all the persuasive powers of Twentieth Century-Fox were unable to deter Jean Gabin when he left his next picture “Tampico” sky high and set off.

to is past and gone. Startling as it may seem, the actor is boss today and salary ceilings have only cinched the fact financially. Actually it has been in motion a long time. Regardless of what you or I or the executives think, actors and actresses marry whom and when they please, they divorce when they please, they have babies at the height of their popularity, they love whom they please and they do as they please and to heck with the consequences.

Robert Taylor at the height of his career was warned of the drop in popularity that would come with his marriage to Barbara Stanwyck.

But he defied all warnings, ignored the howls of protesting fans and did as he pleased and today Bob Taylor is a happy man.

Deanna Durbin broke a million hearts and sent her bosses into temporary confinement when she brushed aside all obstacles to marry Vaughn Paul. Judy Garland stepped out of little-girl roles to marry a man in his thirties regardless of the fact M-G-M had several years of juvenile roles ahead for her. Kathryn Grayson let nothing stand in the way of her marriage to John Shelton even before the studio (after a year of patient training) had been able to launch her properly in pictures.

Who remembers when marriages were
THERE'S A FIGHTING MAN IN YOUR THOUGHTS TODAY!

Here is what's in his heart!

The heroic epic of those valiant men who smashed Rommel in Africa!

... And even more, the stirring story of the human emotions and passions that flamed in their blood as they fought on to Victory!

HENRY FONDA
MAUREEN O'HARA

in JOHN BROPHY'S immortal war romance

IMMORTAL SERGEANT

with

THOMAS MITCHELL
ALLYN JOSLYN • REGINALD GARDINER • MELVILLE COOPER
BRAMWELL FLETCHER • MORTON LOWRY

Directed by JOHN STAHL
Produced and Written for the Screen by Lamar Trotti

MARCH, 1943
They're All
BIG PICTURES

The Best of the
Autrys
Are Coming Back

Gene's doing his stuff as a sergeant in Uncle Sam's Air Corps these days - but his best musical Westerns are being re-issued - one a month, every month. Watch for them!

Gene Autry in
* Boots and Saddles
* The Old Barn Dance
* Tumbling Tumbleweeds
* Mexican Rose
* In Old Monterey
* South of the Border
* Gauchito Serenade
* Ride, Tenderfoot, Ride
* Smiley Burnette

They're All
Republic Pictures

Cal York's
Inside Stuff

Oh boy! Lou Costello turns a fond-father glance on the first boy in his family, while partner Bud Abbott kibitzes. Mrs. Costello holds newcomer Lou Costello Jr.

to join the Free French.

It's not that they shouldn't take such steps, remember, but it's the fact they do so on their own initiative, regardless of who likes it, that's significant.

Even the good old romance edicts that emanated from "front offices" and read "Thou Shalt Be Seen Only With Mamie Big Name" are finally getting the raspberry.

Richard Travis, handsome young discovery of Bette Davis, steadfastly refused all studio-dictated romances and married nonprofessional Ann Berkey, Beverly Hills socialite, the girl he loved. "I'll leave motion pictures first," a beauty recently told her bosses when it was suggested she date a young man the studio was anxious to book.

"Sorry, I'll be with my husband over the holidays," stars inform confused bosses with other ideas. On the other hand, long hard hours are given to their jobs when they are at work; many times stars risk their future health to keep schedules going. There is no more conscientious group of workers anywhere than motion-picture performers, but no longer are they dictated to when those hours are over.

And so what? We'll tell you what. There have never been finer, braver, more honest people in the world than these present-day stars who dare to live their own lives as they see fit, who exercise the God-given privilege of making their own mistakes and rectifying those errors when it becomes necessary.

And Hollywood bosses can yell themselves hoarse and movie fans canweep our their eyes if they're so inclined. Hollywood stars will go right on being themselves if it kills them; and sometimes it almost does. So let's get used to it and say no more.

The revolution has come and is over and brother, we know who won.

Puppy Love: It's love, it's young and it's important to Donald O'Connor, Universal's seventeen-year-old starlet. In fact, Donald has been smitten with fifteen-year-old Gloria Jean since the day he walked onto the set of "Get Hep To

Love," the picture they made together.

When that shooting was over Donald and Gloria spent every free moment from school and studio chores having sodas in the commissary. Everything was rosy in the 'teen world.

And then the green-eyed monster came creeping in. Gloria was cast with Alan Curtis for the third sequence of Boyer's "Flesh And Fantasy" and Donald's happiness faded as Gloria raved over the handsome Mr. Curtis.

No difference that Alan was twice Gloria's age, that he was desolate over the separation from his wife, Iona Maikey, and looked upon Gloria as a child actress, Donald was still jealous.

Finally, on some pretense, he stole into the office of a friend on the studio lot and obliquely began his questioning. Was Mr. Curtis going back to his wife? Did Mr. Curtis think brunettes were prettier than blondes? Were there any real hot love scenes in the picture?

Hiding his amusement, the friend listened and at length answered, "Donald, would you like to read the script?"

Clutching it like mad, the young actor went off by himself and read.

An hour later he was back, all smiles and sunshine.

"Not even a kiss in the picture," he beamed. "Gee, that Curtis is a swell fellow!"

All is well again between Donald and Alan.

Strictly Stag: Ian Hunter is off to England to give aid to his country. Ian will see active service in the British Royal Navy.

Privates Brod Crawford and Big Boy Williams have been shipped off to Atlantic City.

Alan Ladd, who was rejected by the draft and classified 4-F, may get a new rating any day.

After all the excitement of Melvyn Douglas's exodus to Washington, D. C., last year, he came back home to enlist as an Army private and is now in Arkansas.

Private Lew Ayres, of the Army Medical Corps, is said to be the best teacher of first aid at Dodd Field, Texas. Maker

Photo play combined with movie mirror

14
his lessons interesting and knows how to talk. Besides, the boys think Lew's tops.

Hollywood's Meanest: Straight from the counting rooms of the Hollywood's Women's Press Club comes the results of this year's voting on the most co-operative and unco-operative performers in the business.

Here's how they rate with women of the Hollywood press, fans, and if ever a group should know, it's this one that comes into daily contact with the stars.

Most unco-operative actor—George Sanders, with Bing Crosby and Franchot Tone as runners-up.

Most co-operative actress—Rosalind Russell, with Barbara Stanwyck and Gene Tierney in second and third place.

Most co-operative actor—Cary Grant, with Bob Hope and Victor Mature trailing.

The award to the woman star winner is a golden apple lapel pin and the most co-operative actor gets a script holder with a golden apple on top of it.

Farewell To a Veteran: They brought Buck Jones back to Hollywood and buried him in the town that brought him fame and fortune; a man who left behind hundreds of friends and thousands of fans.

Twenty-five years ago Buck came to Hollywood as an extra and rose to be one of the greatest cowboy stars of his day. He was one Western star who never made a display of himself or strutted about in elaborate cowboy outfits. Handsome, clean-cut, broad of shoulder, Buck Jones wore grey or blue business suits off screen and approached his work as any successful businessman. A member of the Shriners and a loyal citizen, Buck Jones was a man among men, respected and admired.

When the stories of the burning of the Cocosan Grove in Boston came pouring in, it was learned Buck Jones could have lived if he hadn't returned to the burning building three times to help others.

Hollywood will miss this quiet gentleman of the films and never forget him.

Long Live the King: Dethroned—King Mickey Rooney. Crowned—The Court's Jesters, Abbott and Costello.

Yes, when the Motion Picture Box

Don't waste PEPSODENT

It takes only a little to make your smile brighter

- Nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we make goes to men in uniform... they want it... they deserve it.
- At the same time, we are trying to supply the biggest number of civilian customers in Pepsodent history.
- But, wartime restrictions limit the amount of Pepsodent we can make.
- So... we urge you; Don't waste Pepsodent. Use it sparingly. If you will help save enough for others... there will be enough for you.

Lucky for all...

dental science knows no more effective, safe ingredients than those which make up Pepsodent's patented formula. That's why Pepsodent is so good, so effective, so safe that only a little is needed to make teeth brighter, make smiles more sparkling.

1. MOISTEN your brush before applying paste. If you apply Pepsodent before wetting brush, it may wash down the drain. Finish brushing before rinsing brush.

2. MEASURE out only as much paste as you need. About three-quarters of a inch is enough. Always squeeze and roll tube evenly from the bottom. Replace cap.

3. POUR Pepsodent Powder into the cupped palm of your hand—enough powder to cover a 2¢ piece is plenty. Do not sprinkle it on the brush—this is wasteful.

4. SHOW children how to dab—not rub—moist brush in powder to pick it up. Measure out the right amount for small children and teach them the proper way to brush teeth.

5. HANG your tooth brush up to dry after you use it. Soggy, worn, wilted tooth brushes are inefficient, wasteful.

6. YOUR DRUGGIST is trying his best to serve everyone. Don't blame him if his Pepsodent stock is low and he has to disappoint you. Try again in a few days.
Office poll was taken for 1942, it was discovered Mickey Rooney no longer held first place, a spot he’d held since the year Shirley Temple faded into the eclipse.

And now Rooney, in a hectic year of marriage—separation and reunion—is no longer Number One Box Office Attraction of the Country. That honor goes to the Clown Boys of Universal, proving that above all people want to laugh. And these boys know how to provide them with giggles.

Cal’s “Song of Bernadette”: The search is over, the actress found and the chapter on “Find A Bernadette” closed. Jennifer Jones, a young woman under contract to David Selznick, who has had comparatively little professional experience, has been chosen and more hearts are left to ache in silence than ached over the Scarlet O’Hara role.

For weeks Anne Baxter, a fine little actress, hoped, despaired and prayed for the coveted role. Linda Darnell who has had a noticeable brush off from her studio lately, finally found courage to plead with the executives for just one chance.

Instead of Linda, however, Jennifer Jones of Tulsa, Oklahoma, was tested and signed pronto. Miss Jones was educated at the Monte Cassino Junior College, played with the Richard Mansfield Dickenson players in tent shows, won a radio contest sponsored by the University of Oklahoma, joined the Ted North players, attended for one year the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York and later studied drama at Northwestern University in Illinois. David Selznick signed her when he walked into his New York office one day and heard Jennifer explaining to his New York partner, Katherine Bush, that she and she alone should play “Claudia.”

Mr. Selznick, who admired her vitality and spirit, signed her but never used her on the screen. She appeared in several Santa Barbara plays without attracting special notice.

They tell us her tests are terrific and Miss Jones is Bernadette. There is only one thing, or maybe two or three things, that puzzles Hollywood. Miss Jones is not youthful, being in her twenties; she is not beautiful, but her olive skin, dark eyes, light-brown hair and rather large mouth lend her attractiveness. She is the wife of actor Bob Wallace and the mother of two children, which hitherto seemed

Cal York's Inside Stuff

Mr. Robert Hope, exhibiting how to have an eye for the ball and an eye for a pretty gal at the Golf Tournament. Pretty gal is Paulette Goddard; grinning guy, H. Bogart

Sidelines scene:
Linda Darnell, Randy Scott, Marjorie Reynolds, Marguerite Chapman
seemed to eliminate so many of the candidates.
However, since marriage and motherhood have never been considered exactly blights or even handicaps, we keep our minds open to the results.
And somehow we feel they will be good.

From the Navy to the Army: He wore an old grey sweater, a borrowed leatherette jacket, dark glasses and no hat. No one seemed to recognize him as he boarded the big bus at Oakland that in the dim-out began its long slow crawl of seventeen hours down the coast.
At Los Angeles he transferred to a Beverly Hills bus and walked straight to his draft board.
Tony Martin had come back to Hollywood, back where he started from and with less than he had in the beginning. Gone were his expensive limousine, his tailored clothes, his radio show, his fame, his glory. Almost all Tony had to show for those months in between was a discharge as Chief Specialist in the Navy for being "unfit" for that service; dismissed after eleven months and after a court trial involving a Navy officer that resulted in the dismissal of that officer.
Behind him were success and memories of his former wife Alice Faye, and his sweetheart Lana Turner; of a million fans and fawning friends. Back to Hollywood alone came Tony and by bus.
We remember the first time we ever saw Tony Martin. It was after the preview of "Sing, Baby, Sing" at Grauman's Chinese Theater six years ago. A dark-eyed young man had stepped out on the screen to sing his first song and the audience listened eagerly.
After the preview we heard Adolphe Menjou call to the newcomer, "Nice work, Tony." The boy beamed his thanks.
Then began his slow climb upward, his marriage to Alice Faye, his terrific success as a night-club singer who demanded and got a four-figured salary surpassing even that of the screen star who had divorced him. Beauties and debutantes swarmed around him. Tony was the man of the hour.
There are some who claim Martin had it coming to him. That his conceit was inexcusable. There are others who claim Tony was always a sweet person underneath and success was bound to affect him.
At any rate he's in our Army now, or about to be and deserves the same high tribute and high regard with which we hold all our soldiers boys. So let's forget the past and look to the future with Tony.

"MRS. MINIVER ROSE"...
beautiful, of course. Probably the loveliest nail enamel and lipstick color ever created by Revlon ... or by anyone else.
But, beauty alone is not enough these days.
It's quality that counts, now, in everything you buy. And, it's the superb lasting quality behind beautiful colors that makes the world's most famous name in nail enamel ...

Revlon

March, 1947
Marchand's
"Make-Up" HAIR RINSE

6 Rinses—25c
2 Rinses—10c
At all Drug Counters
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF GOLDEN HAIR WASH
MARCHAND & CO., Inc. and Co.

CAL YORK'S
Inside Stuff

Babies, Babies Everywhere. It's mother's day in Hollywood with famous stars scheduled to croon future lullabies.

Rumor has beauteous Madeleine Carroll about to become a mama, and papa-to-be Stirling Hayden never happier. Nicole's Morgan, who married the tall, blond and handsome Bill Marshall, now in the Army, is another rumored mother-to-be.

Kayn Grayson coyly denies rumors of her forthcoming motherhood but adds she wishes it were true.

Rosalind Russell, of course, has retired from the screen until baby Brasson arrives and Lana Turner is scheduled to make one more picture before she retires to become mama Crane.

Joan Crawford, who recently experienced a heartache over the loss of her adopted little boy who was returned to his parents, will adopt another baby boy shortly. Actor Cornel Wilde is walking in his sleep over their expected child and the two daughters of beauteous Joan Bennett are eagerly awaiting the arrival of their baby brother. The most desolate of all women is Maureen O'Hara, wife of Will Pine, who unfortunately lost the child she expected. The baby that is rating the greatest fan interest, however, is the one due at Alan Ladd's home. In fact, the consensus of names suggested by thousands of fans has him Alan Jr. if a boy and Sue Alan if a girl.

Hope that's okay with Alan's wife, Sue Carol.

Yes, they're calling it Storksville these days—and no wonder! But with the male stars in the Army and the glamour girls out for motherhood, who's going to make movies, we wonder.

Hearts Aflame: George Brent is furious over his printed confession of adoration for Iona Hassel. With Iona now divorced from Alan Curtis and George from Ann Sheridan, why shouldn't he be openly and even in print admire the beauteous Iona, now in New York for the Ziegfield show?

Carole Landis, who went to Europe to entertain our American boys, returns be-robed to Capt. Thomas S. Wallace, U.S. Army Air Corps, whose home is in near-by Pasadena. This will be Carole's third marriage. Hollywood, who has great admiration for Carole, wishes them well.

Ann Rutherford strolled through the May Company department store bent on a bit of shopping. In the midst of her buying Ann decided to stop by the executive's office and visit her friend David May, son and heir of the huge store.

Five minutes later they were on a streetcar bound for the marriage-license bureau. Ann, who is as amazed as anyone, isn't sure when the wedding will take place. Maybe Annie is even now a bride.

Remember Dan Dailey Jr., of the films and now a lieutenant in the Signal Corps? Well, Dan Cupid has spied Dan with his bow and in no time at all socialite Elizabeth Hofert will be his happy bride.

Last-Minute Flashes: From the day Carole Lombard died over a year ago Clark Gable never entered the M-G-M commissary to take his accustomed seat.

STARS AND STRIPES AND EVERYTHING NICE AT THE PLAYERS. LEFT: ROLAND M. LAMBERT, NAVY WIFE, AND HER SAILOR-HUSBAND, BUD WESTMORE...
at the director's table. But on his recent jaunt to Hollywood on Government business, when Li. Gable entered the commissary with producer Eddie Mannix for lunch, everyone in the commissary rose to his feet in a single united urge to pay tribute to the man they love and respect.

And Lieutenant Gable sidled quietly to his chair.

Hearts will break all over the country when Alan Ladd, who was hitherto rejected, goes into the Army. Hear it may be very soon Mickey Rooney has also passed his physical. Bruce Cabot is stationed in Florida, John Payne reported to the Air Corps in Phoenix in January. Jackie Cooper enlisted in the Naval Reserve and goes to school for two years to study navigation. And so the Hollywood list grows day by day.

Joan Bennett becomes a mother next June. Joan, now the wife of Producer Walter Wanger, has two daughters by former husbands.

It is said Bette Davis's continued laryngitis may be due to her efforts to get a word in edgewise on her newest picture "Old Acquaintances." Miriam Hopkins, who began her acting stint with Bette in the film so very meek and subdued, is now up to her old tricks, we hear, trying to run the show. Wouldn't you think she'd learn someday?

Eyes are glued on the "So Proudly We Hail," set with the three feminine stars, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard and Claudette Colbert not so congenial as one might hope.

In fact, a controversy has already begun over who wears a flimsy black nightgown in one scene. We'll keep you posted on the latest developments.

Paramount has an aching heart these days over Bing Crosby's complete indifference to shooting schedules on "Dixie." Bing does what he pleases, when he pleases and the studio can jolly well hold the bag as far as Mr. Crosby goes. P.S.: The Studio is allergic to bagging.

"For Beauty in a Blackout try my* W.B.N.C."

Says Janet Blair:

"You'll never sigh for popularity if you follow Hollywood in our bedtime beauty care. It helps make skin look simply dazzling. We call it W.B.N.C. That's our name for--"

"Woodbury Beauty Night Cap."

Cleanse with silky Woodbury Cold Cream--wipe away. Pat on more--wipe again, leaving a trace for all-night magic. Its 4 special ingredients go to work, helping turn rough skin dewy soft, helping smooth tiny dry-skin lines. And an exclusive ingredient constantly acts to purify the cream right in the jar, helping guard against germs from dust and soiled fingers. Use Woodbury Cold Cream tonight--for a softer, smoother, lovelier look tomorrow.

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Night Cap of the Stars

Get Woodbury Cold Cream today. Big economy jars, $1.25, 75¢. Also generous sizes at 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢.

Jane Darwell turns on the smile—and the coffee tap—for the khaki line-up at the Hollywood Canteen counter
They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring... they last and last.

Strong Grip
Won't Slip Out

Mebbe your curly-top isn't pure Hollywood... but it's sure 'nuff leading lady in one fighting man's heart. He'll remember the dream-baby perfection of your ringlets. Keep 'em in order with DeLongs.

DeLong
BOB PINS

$10.00 PRIZE
Wired for Victory

THE other day I was reading the article in your magazine called "Inside Stuff" by Cal York and I read of the very patriotic deed that Jack Oakie did when he took ten lonesome service men to his apartment and let each one call his home long-distance. Well, this gave me an idea, although I couldn't (on the salary I make) very well get ten boys, I could make a resolution to let at least one boy call his home and put it on my bill each month.

Well, today I had the first boy call his home. I live on the Coast and there are quite a number of sailors and Coast Guard here. The boy who called his home today was an eighteen-year-old Coast Guard and when I saw the expression on that boy's face when he said, "Hello Mom, is that you?" well—no words can express what I felt. I'm very glad you published the great thing Jack Oakie (who by the way, is a great favorite of mine) did, because if you hadn't I probably never would have thought of doing that myself.

Although I am a girl and cannot do any actual fighting, it makes me feel that I am doing my bit for my country.

Betty Holden,
Port Arthur, Tex.

$5.00 PRIZE
The Widow's Mite

FOR Me And My Gal!" May the miracles that come out of Hollywood never cease. I watched this perfectly cast, appealing story unfold, marvelling at its excellent direction and photography, and thrilled to the masterly presentation of the war scenes. I listened to the melodies we sang so guilty just before that other war and thought "Why, it was only yesterday." Then nostalgia overwhelmed me and I wept openly and unashamed. It was not the longing of defeated soldiers who yearn with frustration and impotence, resigned to permanent loss of beloved things, for I felt an upsurge of determination to personally bleed and die, if need be, to bring back those days of security, peace and happiness—this time to stay forever—so that the winsome Judy Garland may continue to blossom and grow, scale the heights and joyously gladden the rest of the world.

My bit is somewhat analogous to the Widow's Mite, but such pictures spur me on to build that "mite" into a larger portion. Figuratively, I bestow an accolade and feel we should, as in one voice, acclaim: "Bless you Hollywood, you do more than your share!"

Mrs. C. Calongne,
Tulsa, Okla.

$1.00 PRIZE
Regal Rating

THERE are many, many stories of movie-struck teenagers, but here is one of a movie-struck adult. Yes, an adult completely, hopelessly entangled by the miraculous charms of Paul Henreid.

In Hollywood there are hundreds of male stars, but none has ever made the impression that Mr. Henreid did in "Now Voyager." None that can hold a candle next to him.

He is handsome—there is no doubt about that. A better ideal man for any girl could not be found. He is so real, natural and lifelike that I believe he is closer to the hearts of his public than any other star.

Of course he is just beginning, but he has succeeded from the start to hold us spellbound and speechless by his acting. Altogether, he's one grand actor. Warner Brothers could have made no better choice in selecting a mate for Miss Davis.

A toast to Miss Davis—Queen of the Movies; and to Mr. Henreid—the next King of Hollywood.

Venette Schooles,
New York, N. Y.
$1.00 PRIZE
Yes, We Do Think!

I’m not only speaking for myself but for the rest of the people in my home town who saw “My Sister Eileen.” Who cared about Eileen?

It was Rosalind Russell who was discussed and “rediscussed” when the gang congregated in the local drugstore after the show. Yes, and they were still laughing at that dry humor she used throughout the picture—and those facial expressions.

What a gal! What a face! What an actress!

When a girl can wear the sober clothes she wore, play second fiddle to a “clasy, classy” like Janet Blair (Eileen) and still go over with a wallop, she deserves a pat on the back. I’m darn sorry I can’t do it personally.

The picture itself was positively super from beginning to end. Here’s hoping for more like it with Roz Russell and her wit included. After so many war pictures a picture like “My Sister Eileen” is really appreciated.

After all, we’ve gotta laugh once in a while, don’t you think?

Martha Brunson,
Elwood, Ind.

$1.00 PRIZE
She Registers; You Vote

I’d like to register a protest . . . and it’s against such pictures as “A Yank At Elton,” a Mickey Rooney good-will de- flector!

I can just hear our British friends say, with uplifted eyebrows, “These Americans!”

Such snobbishness as Mickey and his “sister” portrayed in Director Norman Taurog’s extravaganza certainly will do little to cement British-American relationship at this time when friendship is so desperately needed.

It was a story with tremendous possibilities . . . chiefly because Mickey is a grand actor and Taurog a fine producer, but even their geniuses couldn’t save it.

If only they had given it a breath of “Goodbye, Mr. Chips!”

Remember, Hollywood, the compliment Mr. Willkie paid you about your contribution to the international goodwill? Don’t spoil that contribution by any more pictures like “A Yank At Elton.”

Mrs. Adele F. Loar,
Spokane, Wash.

$1.00 PRIZE
Dumb and Dapper?

According to the movies, I am an awful thing. That is, being a hotel clerk, by movie standards I am a foppish, simpering creature who practically “smirks” his way through life.

I do wish you’d rescue my prototype and place the real hotel clerk in the category to which he belongs: A hard-working, self-respecting, “regular” guy. Can we help it if it is our business to take the attitude that “the customer is always right?”

But we aren’t (movie version) dumb, dapper dudes, timid and self-effacing, who fawn and fuss and really think the guest is always right.

Incidentally, I used to be a bookkeeper—until the movies made that vocation look silly.

Johnny Rogers.
Night Clerk.
Milwaukee, Wis.

(Continued on page 92)

“Other Wives... hear my story”

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT ROBS SO MANY MARRIAGES OF ROMANCE

1. Slowly, my husband’s love and tenderness had changed to . . . a frozen strangeness. Then neglect. I spent long evenings alone. One grim night, driven to despair, I left my unhappy home . . .

2. My ticket back to Mother’s was in my hand when I ran into an old school chum, a widow a little older than I. I couldn’t bluff her; I had to tell. And bless her, she opened my eyes by saying, “So often, my dear, a loving husband can’t overlook one neglect . . . carelessness of feminine hygiene (intimate personal cleanliness).

3. “Many modern wives,” she told me, “use a gentle yet thorough method of feminine hygiene—Lysol disinfectant.” She explained how Lysol is so gentle it won’t harm sensitive vaginal tissues. “Just follow the easy directions,” she advised. “Lysol is a famous germicide. It cleanses thoroughly, desodorizes, leaves you feeling chaste.”

Check this with your Doctor

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

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet P. M. M. 313. Address: Lehn & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.

Lehn & Fink
For Feminine Hygiene

March, 1943
Top-Notch Topknots

A hair-raising history of the crowning glory—with some hints to you on how to make your hair look strictly 1943

BY GLORIA MACK

Starting Off With a Bang: Colleen Moore started all the bang business twenty years ago; Anne Gwynne, her 1943 prototype, models a modern adaptation. The hair is set in a smooth sleek pompadour, then the roll is broken up into a cluster of curls to fall over the forehead. Try it on your own hairline, especially if you have a high forehead. Basic hair-beauty note: Always section your hair to comb it; never try to comb through it en masse or you’ll have that frowsy-lady look.

Going Up: Beverly Bayne started the pompadour to startle her 1900 admirers with big-wig beauty; Bonita Granville is the smooth and sleek example of today’s classic hair-do. The pompadour is now a sophisticated hair fashion, especially for a round-faced gal, especially, too, for the tiny Dresden-type miss who adds inches to her height and yards to her dignity when she brushes her hair up. A “must remember” note: Use a hair brush and use it again; keep your brushes and combs clean as the proverbial whistle; shampoo your hair as often as it needs it—and be sure to use enough shampoo to break down the oil and dirt accumulation.

A Bad Case Of Shingles was Blanche Sweet way back when; chic, smart and easy to wear is the 1943 adaptation of the shingle, the feather cut, as worn by Bette Davis. The hair’s cut to a three-inch length all over; kept in order by careful nightly brushing. Postscript: Never wear too heavy a cap at night; it keeps the air away from the scalp and healthy hair is hair that breathes. Keep your hair thinned out and shaped about every six weeks; bushy hair will never look well-groomed and is one of the reasons why a set won’t last.

Patent-leather Finish: The shiny glory of yesterday’s Gloria Swanson with a spit-curl finish goes back into the book of bad memories where it belongs when it stacks up against Alexis Smith’s modern version. The hair is swept up, given an extra-heavy coating of wave set to make it sleek and shiny. Result: A coiffure for a sophisticated woman. Beauty incidental: Always oil your hair before a shampoo, always have a few treatments before your permanent because if your hair is not in shape, a permanent, no matter how expensive, will never turn out well.

Roll Your Own: Mary Pickford did back in 1914; Brenda Marshall does today—but with a difference. Stiff curls are out; soft rolls are in; wavy rolls above a slightly bulging forehead are more flattering. Brenda’s rolls are brushed up from the temples and brow; the back roll drops low over the neck. Good for a tall girl, a long-necked girl, a girl with a too-narrow face. Your hair is what you make it; pay attention to it and it will draw attention to you.
For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added...the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!

Nothing makes a girl so alluring to men as shining, lustrous hair! So, if you want this thrilling beauty advantage, don't let soaps or soap shampoos rob your hair of lustre!

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

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far more glamorous...silken, 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!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it...and the film left by previous soapings!

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added! Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!

*Procter & Gamble, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene. Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Unusual: Brian Donlevy, Robert Taylor in "Stand By For Action"

Gay: Eddie Bracken and Betty Hutton in "Star Spangled Rhythm"

Powerful: Paul Muni, Anna Lee in "Commandos Strike At Dawn"

**Stand By For Action (M-G-M)**

It's About: The experiences of an American destroyer.

This is good war stuff, off the beaten path, ably directed and more than capably acted.

The story tells how four men take over a destroyer used in World War I. At sea they pick up an odd cargo of babies afloat in a lifeboat (an incident that furnishes some comic moments) and eventually meet with a Jap battle-ship, a meeting that ends in thrilling and exciting combat.

The men are Charles Laughton, who plays the Admiral with a clever blending of lightness and sternness, Robert Taylor, a cocky Harvard grad now a naval lieutenant, Brian Donlevy, the Commander, and Walter Brennan, the veteran yeoman. With a cast such as that and a plot of a story you can't afford to miss it!

Your Reviewer Says: A goodie.

**Star Spangled Rhythm**

(Paramount)

It's About: A girl, a sailor and a gorgeous revue.

Betty Hutton loves a sailor (Eddie Bracken). How she loves him! Betty is a telephone operator at the Paramount Studios. Her sailor's pop (Victor Moore) is a policeman at the studio gate.

When Betty's sailor and his shipmates come to Hollywood Betty gets Pop to pretend he has become a big-shot producer. There are shenanigans. The sailors disrupt pictures in the making and catch a projection-room showing of Dick Powell and Mary Martin in a moonlit musical number. Carried away by his role of big shot, Pop promises the Paramount stars will put on a special show for the boys. It's Betty, by hook and crook and her own madhouse comedy, who gets Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour, Sterling Holloway, Veronica Lake, Walter Catlett, Paulette Goddard, Arthur Treacher, Bing Crosby — need we go on? — to play hookey from the studios and make good Pop's promise.

Their revue for the boys is something nice: Paulette and Dorothy and Veronica burlesque themselves with a song "A Sweater And A Sarong And A Peek-A-Boo Bob." Bing Crosby singing "Old Glory" as a finale makes that old lump-in-the-throat work overtime. And talking about musical numbers it's worth the price of admission to hear Betty Hutton — bouncing around in a jeep full of sailors — sing. "I'm Doin' It For Defense."

Your Reviewer Says: None of it makes sense but all of it makes laughs.

**Commandos Strike At Dawn**

(Columbia)

It's About: Revolt among Nazi-controlled Norwegians.

Of all the powerful war documents yet to reach the screen this easily takes its place among the very best. A Commando raid, the type of warfare that has so intrigued the public, highlights a gripping story that is so realistically told the audience completely forgets the fact that this is but a screen record and lives every moment with the actors. Paul Muni, subdued in performance and stripped of his screen mannerisms, gives a socko performance, his best since "Zola."

As the Norwegian fisherman who first submits to, then finally actively revolts against the cruelties of the invading Germans, Muni comes back to the screen in triumph.

With him in the struggle (we still can't think of it as a picture) are Anna Lee, the British girl he loves; Lillian Gish, his neighbor; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, a British admiral; Robert Coote, borrowed from active duty with British forces in Canada; Ray Collins, a sufferer at Nazi hands; Louis Jean Heydt, a Quisling; and Rosemary DeCamp, the wife who betrays him. Each and every one deserves praise. Even little Ann Carter, who plays Muni's motherless daughter, lends an air of reality to the story which owes much of its strength and authenticity, too, to the fact that it was directed by Johnny Farrow, who has had firsthand knowledge of British naval affairs, and that the film was made in British Columbia with several British officers playing themselves.

Your Reviewer Says: Excellent.

(Continued on page 93)
"You bet I know my groceries!"

...if any customer complains about not getting her favorite flavor of Karo Syrup, you know what I tell her?

I say, first: "Don't you know that the Army and Navy are buying tons of Karo Syrup?"

Then I say: "Every housewife in the land is buying more Karo than ever before—'cuz Karo is the kind of food that gives energy to hard-working Americans."

Last, but not least, I tell her this: "The makers of Karo won't let down on quality just to step up quantity. No Ma'am—not with millions of us babies, our mothers and our doctors too, depending on Karo for our feeding formulas."

As a clincher—I suggest: "If you can't get one flavor of Karo (the shortage is only temporary)—just try another flavor. They're all delicious—all nutritious—all rich in Dextrose...food-energy sugar."

See what I mean?

Corn Products Refining Company, 17 Battery Place, New York, N.Y.

IMPORTANT—Karo is packed in tin and in glass. Regardless of type of package, when you see the name KARO on the label, it is your guarantee of purity and quality.

BECAUSE THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY, THERE NEVER CAN BE A "SUBSTITUTE" FOR KARO
You must be busy — who isn't, with all the extra war work there is to do?
Well, when you're feeling all worn out, try this: sit down and do your nails with Dura-Gloss. Do it slowly. Observe Dura-Gloss' steady, even flow. Look at its lovely radiance and sparkle. Your nails will look more beautiful than ever before. Chances are, you'll feel refreshed, ready for anything. Get DURA-GLOSS now. At cosmetic counters everywhere.
The Stories Behind This Month’s Stories

BEHIND the lovely Lana Turner cover gracing this issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror is a story...

Some of the most observant of you may have seen in the preceding issue a notice promising Gene Tierney as your cover girl for this month. Until a week before going to press, the editors had every intention of holding to this promise. The cover of Gene by Paul Hess was ready for the presses, when we had confirmation that Lana Turner—barring any misfortune—was really to have a baby, followed by the shocking announcement that she was filing suit for the annulment of her marriage.

With this news came editorial inspiration: Have Sara Hamilton tell readers of Photoplay-Movie Mirror the dramatic story behind this news and feature as our cover the color portrait of Lana which we knew already had been taken in the Hess studio and which would reach these editorial offices any hour by air express.

Step one: Determining the cost of delaying the presses while new engraving plates were made. Step two: Obtaining final approval of the treasurer who eventually must pay the bill. Step three: Persuading the engraver to hire a special crew of skilled artisans to work the entire week end at double pay. Step four: Checking the actual color portrait on its arrival to make certain it was free of all flaws. Step five: Receiving from Mrs. Hamilton the exciting story you will read when you turn this page.

P.S. Here is a promise that will be kept... the next issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror features on its cover the color portrait of charming Gene Tierney.

BEHIND the vivid color portrait of Vic Mature in his Coast Guard uniform featured on page 46 of this issue is a story...

It was Saturday night. The telephone rang determinedly as though it well knew how futile it would be to deny anything to the person making the call. “This is Victor Mature,” a healthy voice boomed. “I’m in town on a forty-eight-hour furlough. I’d like to see you.”

He did, while all the editorial wheels shuddered to a halt, for Mature in the role of host plays his part with as much physical onslaught as he tackles everything else in life.

Second editorial inspiration: Would Coxswain Mature pose if Photoplay-Movie Mirror’s photographer came to the hotel suite? A telephone call and presently the hotel room was assuming the look of a photographer’s studio. In thirty minutes the raw negative of a kodachrome color portrait of the sailor had been exposed and was in the mails being rushed to Eastman for development.

Wednesday the film was back, developed and as exciting to the editors to see as it is now, ready for your inspection a few pages farther back, coupled with the revealing story about two star-crossed lovers, this same Mature and a certain exquisite lady, Rita Hayworth.

BEHIND the witty and refreshingly frank expose of Humphrey and Mayo Bogart, three pages distant, is a story...

“Get Thornton Delehanty to write for Photoplay,” a well-wisher advised, and arranged a meeting from which came the seeds of a new friendship, nurtured in tall tales of fabulous friends whose exploits were worthy of reporting. And as the hour grew later, there came the realization that the tallest tales of the most fabulous friend seemed strangely to center on a guy named Bogie.

Third editorial inspiration: Why not tell, for the benefit of Photoplay-Movie Mirror’s readers, the best of these gay stories about a gay and happy couple? So, the editors present: “The Battling Bogarts,” on pages 30 and 31 of this issue.

BEHIND the inspiring report by “Fearless” on page 67 is a story.

It has happened all too often recently that the editors of Photoplay have encountered a hostile sentiment expressed toward Hollywood. “What are the stars doing about the war except complain because they can earn only $67,500 a year?” is the challenge hurled with the jab of a forefinger.

For the benefit of those who would like ammunition in the form of concrete facts to fire back, “Fearless” tells the truth about some Hollywood personalities, truth that makes pleasant listening.

Behind every page in this and every issue of Photoplay is a story—of editors, of photographers, of writers, of printers doing their sincere best to bring you a magazine that will inform, amuse, surprise and please you.
Perhaps the most poignantly spectacular heartbreak that has happened to a Hollywood star in years of headline tragedies has come to Lana Turner Crane, she of the electric beauty, of laughter, of gaiety. At the greatest moment of her life, when she has been preparing for the coming of her baby, shocking news has blasted the months of happy marriage behind her, the glowing anticipation of the future.

She learned that she was not the legal wife of the man she married; that she could not say "husband" to the father of her child-to-be—not as matters stood that January afternoon.

When America's front pages carried the first scattered facts of the story. And she has had to do the only thing that could be done: Go into the courts and ask for an annulment of the marriage that had never been a marriage. . . .

It was a bright July morning, the California air heavy with the perfume of flowering orange blossoms, when Lana and Stephen Crane started out on their flight to the desert town of Las Vegas to say "I do" to each other. It was a somber winter's day when Lana's attorneys went into a Los Angeles court to announce: "We are filing suit for the annulment of the marriage of Julie Jean Crane to Stephen Crane."

Yet great as was this blow to her hopes of building the happy married life Hollywood had said she could never have, Lana's greatest heartbreak was for the child she wanted so much. Hollywood has looked upon Lana as the darling of the night clubs, the hey-hey kid with the unquenchable zest for life. It hasn't bothered to know the real woman who was born Julie Jean Turner, later called Lana. It never really believed the
things she said she wanted from life. Yet they were so simple. Let's look back to a day seven years ago.

It was the end of a four hours' wait in the Selznick studio casting office. The kid with the auburn hair, slender legs and mobile face turned to the determinedly cheerful young man beside her. “Gee, this is funny, isn't it?” she sighed. “I mean my waiting here like this, when all I really want out of life is a home and children.”

The young Hollywood agent gazed thoughtfully at his client. Could it be that he was wrong when he sensed in her a potential screen personality? She was young—fifteen to be exact. But beyond the freshness of her that contrived to make even the simple sweater and skirt she wore exciting, there was something that promised of a rich maturity that would be box-office dynamite. But here she was saying, “What I really want is a home and children.”

They got the job—a day's work in "A Star is Born." And it was true; a star was born. As astral matters go there wasn't much time lost between the moment when Mervyn LeRoy signed up Judy Turner, as she was then called, at Warner Brothers as a contract player until she became the glamorous Lana Turner, co-star of Clark Gable.

But what of the kid who said, “What I really want is a home and children?”

First, you saw her crash the news with a simple statement of her impending maternity: “Lana Turner to become a mother.” Then came the later alarming word of her serious physical condition that might mean the loss of her baby at any time. And a few short weeks afterwards came the third fateful announcement: Lana and Steve had never legally been man and wife, lor, on the day of their marriage, the (Continued on page 105)
The Battling Bogarts
A bang-up story of Mayo and Bogie in which you hear vases crashing and voices yelling, and see one of the happiest black-and-blue wedding pictures in Hollywood

BY THORNTON DELAHANTY

THERE'S something unique about the Humphrey Bogarts. It's their philosophy of marriage contained in the words of no less an authority than the master of the household himself. "We fight to stay married," grins Bogie.

The one deducible rule about the conflicts for which they are generally noted is that the fights seldom take place when no one is around. The Bogarts are at their best in the presence of an audience, though this statement should not infer that the engagements are faked in any way. It's just that spectators spur the contestants to greater effort, producing results which are cumulative in vehemence and sincerity.

Occasionally a battle will begin in public and end in the privacy of the Bogart home. One celebrated engagement had its inception at Madison Square Garden in New York, was carried on spasmodically at the "21" Club and then went into a series of dog fights about town before it wound up in the Algonquin Hotel where the Bogarts were staying.

This battle originated with no apparent stimulus, as so many others have done, and even to this day the combatants have but the sketchiest notion as to why it started. From the fragmentary reports of eyewitnesses it appears an argument started backstage at the Strand Theater where Bogie and Mayo Methot (Mrs. Bogart) had been making a personal appearance. Bogie wanted to go to a prize fight at the Garden, Mayo wanted to go to the theater with friends. They called an armistice and each went his separate way, agreeing to meet later at a night club. Bogie went to the fight alone to root for one of the pugs who was an acquaintance of his. Afterwards he visited the pug's dressing room. The pug had been pretty badly beaten up and while Bogie sat watching him have his face patched up he got an idea. He remembered that Mayo would be waiting for him at the swank "21" Club with her friends, who were of the snooty type. It occurred to him it might be rather quaint to bring his friend along. The more he looked at the pug's bashed-in face and cauliflower ears the more quaint his idea became.

So into "21" marched Bogie and pal. Spotting Mayo and friends Bogie took the pug by the arm and marched him blithely to the table. Perhaps a trifle too blithely. Mayo sensed that this was something repulsively close to a rib. She tried to turn her back on the intruders, but Bogie put on his most elegant manner and chirped pleasantly to Mayo's guests, explaining elaborately that his companion, who up to that time had confined his conversation to "pleezer meetcha" and a few other samples of Brooklynese, was an old friend from Oxford now attached to the British Embassy in Washington. At that point Mayo rose in her dignity and, gathering up her friends, swept off to another table. No sooner had they got seated than Bogie and pal joined them, just as if nothing had happened. This performance was repeated several times, to the confusion of the headwaiter and the bafflement of the other guests. Finally Mayo swung at Bogie and (Continued on page 82)
Is it Roz Russell, famous for exotic getups, the girl whose clothes rate surprised looks? Or is it Claudette Colbert, of the striking-simplicity school, wearer of fitted-type outfits? ... and what about Veronica Lake, who doesn't follow any style rules except her own?

Who is Hollywood's best dressed woman?

There's dynamite in that question. It holds a title to which every girl in Hollywood aspires and which ninety-nine percent, at least, are convinced they deserve.

How could Photoplay-Movie Mirror dare to walk in where angels feared to tread? Obviously we were not equipped to arrive at a just and fair decision on our own. But what could be more conclusive than the vote of a jury of experts in the fashion field?

So we talked to seven pre-eminent dressmakers and designers in Hollywood and in New York and tabulated their nominations with mathematical care. Every time one of our judges named a star she was given five credits. If she was a first choice she rated five additional credits, second choice three additional credits, third choice two additional credits.

Now there may be those who feel this is not the time to get excited about anything as superficial as clothes. We disagree. In these days which try men's souls—girls' too—it's sabotage in a way to be deliberately dreary. Certainly there never was a woman who didn't have more courage when she knew she looked pretty or smart. And there never was a man whose spirits didn't rise and whose eyes didn't brighten at the sight of a smart or pretty woman. All of which adds up to morale, that good quality of which victories are made and wars are won.

So let us get on with the exciting business of discovering those in Hollywood who compete for this title and the one who actually wins it.

Irene, designer at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, who until recently had a salon in the fashionable Beverly Wilshire where her fashion shows were Hollywood red-letter days, thought immediately of Loretta Young.

"Loretta's so slim," she said. "So beautifully slim. And she walks so well!"

This brought Irene to her idea of what makes a woman smart.

"It's largely a matter of posture," she said. "Good posture under clothes that are simple and proper for the time and the place. In other words it's possible to every woman."

Thoughtfully she continued, "A good clothes figure helps too. Not a physical-culture figure but the 'shoulders up, derrière under' type. For actually a good clothes figure does not
There's Ann Sothern, who the fashion judges admit knows clothes. But is that enough?

Loretta Young's the tall-girl type. In the experts' eyes, does that make a best dressed woman?

Ginger Rogers can wear most any type dress and look well—and that might be a winning point!

Best Dressed Woman?

discover whom the seven style-expert judges have chosen to wear the laurels

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

even unto a flowerpot on her head—and make it important.

Marlene Dietrich "because she's always so courageously the glamorous Dietrich."

Constance Bennett "because she too carries herself wonderfully and, besides, has an innate knowledge of clothes."

Joan Crawford "because she has an exceptional ability to make what she wears right for Crawford."

Dolores Del Rio "because she is that rare combination—a great beauty and well-groomed."

Irene paused. "It isn't possible," she said slowly, "to think about the screen's smart women and not remember Carole Lombard. Not that any of us ever have forgotten her. To all who knew her, personally or on the screen, she's still vivid. Carole was outstandingly chic because she knew so well the beauty of stark simplicity."

EDITH HEAD, designer at Paramount and an important contributor to the glory of stars like Claudette Colbert and Paulette Goddard, among others, spoke first of the one hundred percent way in which the stars are rallying to war restrictions in clothes as well as other things.

"You couldn't get the girls I know to wear any mode that isn't strictly in accord with the War Production Board's requirements," she said. "And I must say that not one of them, by adjusting and co-operating with the Government, has sacrificed any part
of her attractive grooming."

Edith Head is convinced any girl can be outstandingly smart—if she'll take the trouble. "For what is chic, after all," she asked, "but a matter of dressing correctly?"

Women who are conscious of their clothes or of their bodies in their clothes subtract from their smartness immeasurably," she insisted. "A woman isn't well groomed when any sense of the flesh gets through."

Cecil B. DeMille was asked if he could ever think of a woman he did not admire. "Just the women with clothes," he replied."

So, when it comes to clothes, it's not just for the living! She believes women should wear clothes with care and attention to detail—without sacrificing comfort.

**Barbara Stanwyck** won second place. "Once Barbara didn't spend nearly enough time or thought upon her appearance," Edith Head said. "Unlike most women she became clothes-conscious after marriage. Her recent strides in dressing prove, of course, that this is something which can be acquired."

Veronica Lake was her next choice. She believes Veronica will be outstanding for her grooming before very long. "She knows what to wear and how to wear it," she says. "She doesn't try to be six other people, but chooses clothes to suit her."

Margaret Hayes also went on her list. "Margaret was chosen by Vogue and Harper's—properly enough in my opinion—" she said, "as the girl with the best clothes figure and the greatest clothes flair to represent Los Angeles. She knows how to handle clothes, too."

Then Frances Farmer joined her line-up. "Frances has good clothes sense, wears clothes with authority and has good posture, too," she explained.

Howard Greer, the third expert we talked to, very well might take himself seriously. He's designed clothes for the biggest studios. Screen and radio stars and social bright lights flock to his Beverly Hills salon. The New York press cover his showings with elaborate feature stories. However, preferring to be amusing, Howard Greer refers to himself and his kind as "sensitivities." Under any name his opinions are important and—in this case—refreshing.

He tackled our problem like this: "1. There's Greta Garbo. Because with her tiny waist and broad shoulders she's any dressmaker's dream. And because she carries—particularly in this militant age—her clothes with assurance."

She's the one who could "be" the biggest star in Hollywood."

"2. There's Gracie Allen (oh, yes, there is!) who should be a boon to all the little gals. Over the air she may be 'cute,' but in clothes she's smart. She isn't easy to dress. But once dressed she's a pleasure."

"3. There's Dorothy Lamour, because she gives clothes zest and sex and excitement. A dress, I always say, is only so good as the gal who wears it and I like the way Lamour wears clothes."

"4. There's Rita Hayworth because she's young, exquisitely beautiful and natural. She's still developing a clothes sense but she's well on the road to grabbing laurels."

"5. There's Lana Turner. Because she's young and quite definitely the very essence of these times in which we live. We must, after all, remember that clothes chic changes with clothes styles. What Gloria Swanson looked so well in fifteen years ago is a little dowdy today. Lana Turner represents the binginess of youth, the agitation of a jitterbug. She's as modern as anything could be. She has a beautiful figure and she knows what to do with it. In terms of 'right now' I'd call her outstandingly smart."

We next sought to Valentina, who, in New York, is the last word in the world of fashion. To the creme de la creme of the stage, the screen and the social world her word is law.

She designed the costumes Lily Pons wears in "Lucia," at the Metropolitan this season. Garbo and Lynn Fontanne and Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt are among the famous who visit her Dove-grey salon in the East Seventies. It was Valentina whom Paramount brought to Hollywood to design the clothes Ginger Rogers wears as the best dressed (Continued on page 84)
Dear Reader:

Adela Rogers St. Johns, famous

DEAR READER:
When I left New York for Hollywood last fall the inextinguishable reporter in me had an urge to see what effect almost a year of wartime had had upon the movie colony. I hadn’t been home—it’s funny that I still call California home, though these days I spend most of my time in Washington and New York—since December 7. Surely in that year A.P.H. (After Pearl Harbor), I told myself, there must be a vast, seething story of pictures and picture people waiting to be written. I’ve tried very hard to write such a story—and somehow I can’t quite do it. Maybe it’s too big. Maybe it’s too—different. But the start of a new year has always seemed to me a good time to write letters, to catch up with each other, to say a few of the things in our hearts that often we are too shy or too hurried or just too careless to say at any other season. And so I thought I’d like to write a letter about Hollywood in wartime to all the people who love motion pictures and are grateful for the happiness and surcease they bring in times of trouble.

For to tell you the truth, I am...
Hollywood has changed!

reporter, writes you personally of the exciting new town that is being born out West

pretty proud of my home town and of the folks—movie stars and movie people—who make up its population.

You see, at first I wasn’t.

Coming from New York, with its blackout and its gas rationing and its war-consciousness, from Washington where we have gathered all the men and women who are actively directing this great and terrible and magnificent war, I was pretty upset about Hollywood—just at first. I had been away a year, the Japs had dived on Pearl Harbor, our sons and husbands and sweethearts were in uniform. American boys had been shot down from the skies and Wake Island, a glorious page now in our history but not so glorious as it must one day be when we have paid off those hordes of little brown beasts for their treachery and inhumanity.

Yet Hollywood didn’t seem to have changed at all. Long glittering cars still flashed swiftly along the boulevards, the lights of Hollywood still shone brightly, the palm trees waved in the sunshine and just at first it didn’t seem to me that anybody thought much about the war. It took me weeks to get it through my head that Hollywood’s bravery was to be as glittering and as glamorous as always, to provide escape and memory of times when all was well, to inspire others by their example.

I THINK the first time it hit me really hard was when I began to miss Clark Gable. A visit with the Big Moose was always part of my home-coming. A long gabfest to catch up with what had been going on in our lives and our minds.

I had talked with Clark on the phone in Washington just before he finally enlisted. I knew he was in uniform. I knew what a battle he’d had to put up to get into that uniform. I can tell you here and now that no man ever got into the Army over greater obstacles. It came over me then what a good hater Gable could be; hating the Japs and the Germans because but for them Carole would not have had to go out to sell War Bonds and die on that mountaintop—one of our first war victims.

So it seemed that his absence was more poignant in Hollywood than his presence had ever been and as you all know that presence was doggone poignant. He was—and is—the best loved man in Hollywood. When they talk about him now, there’s that love, but there’s a certain grimness, too. I found a good deal of grimness under Hollywood’s gallantly gay surface.

There isn’t any use of going into the miles and miles that Hollywood stars have covered to go and entertain our soldiers and sailors and Marines. I think added up they circle the globe a good many times. I promise you that there is no hour of the day or night when these men and women and boys and girls cannot be told to grab the next train, even if it’s a day coach, and head for some strange destination to do what they can to make our boys feel how they stand with us.

One night I happened to go up to a bridge club run by Mr. Langdon, the bridge expert. There again everything seemed about as usual—and I felt as though I’d had a cold shower. The Marx Brothers and their pretty wives in their long fur coats, a lot of the same faces and the same jokes and the same games. Then George Raft drifted in. He had a bad cold and he looked a little (Continued on page 86)
Ida Lupino makes the statement to Dorothy Haas; husband Hayward approves; the
Mrs. Grundys start shaking their heads—until they catch on to this new wartime idea

"WIVES whose husbands are away in service should have war dates," said Ida Lupino emphatically.

"You mean actual dates with other men? What about the Mrs. Grundys?" we asked, nearly upsetting our cup of good English tea which we were enjoying in the friendly playroom of the Lupino-Hayward home high on a Brentwood hill.

The room was bright with chintzes, cheered by a crackling log fire in the grate. Louis Hayward's pipes were still in racks, his favorite books scattered about, although he had been a lieutenant in the Marine Corps and away at "undisclosed destinations" for several months.

"Certainly I mean actual dates. Quite harmless ones, and the Mrs. Grundys have nothing to do with it," Ida answered. "It is a question to be decided entirely between husband and wife. Of course, if the husband objects, the wife should not do it. If he approves, she should ignore gossip, but I don't think there would be any.

"Don't misinterpret," Ida hastened to add. "I have a very definite plan for these war dates and there are certain rules to be considered. Nor do I suggest that a war wife should go flitting about on dates all the time her husband is away. But every now and then I believe she should have one!"

Ida, so full of restless energy that she puts a caged tiger to shame, should have been tired. She had been entertaining service men the night before, had just finished two consecutive pictures—"Life Begins At Eight-thirty" at Twentieth Century and "The Hard Way" at Warners—and was about to leave on a Bond-selling tour. But there is no relaxing for Ida. She rose from her deep chair and paced the room as she talked.

"My championing war dates for wives is not entirely for the benefit of those wives, although directly it is. Indirectly, it's for their husbands," she said. "Bear with me through a little roundabout reasoning.

"I think we all agree that women need the company of men, their conversation and viewpoint, unless they
should have war dates

Ida Lupino’s 6 Favorite War Dates

1. Monty Woolley, actor
2. Harry Mines, drama critic
3. Robert Coote, flying officer
4. The Army, Navy and Marine Corps
5. The Army, Navy and Marine Corps
6. The Army, Navy and Marine Corps

Preferred stock on Mrs. Hayward’s wartime date list is Monty Woolley. He takes her to dinner at the Mocambo, pulls a typical Woolley trick.

want to grow stuffy. Of course they should do all kinds of war work to fill spare time, but now and then a respectable social evening in the company of a man is advisable.

"The USO and other agencies are doing a magnificent job of entertaining men who are away from home, to keep up their morale. But what about their wives—or fiancées—back home? If they sit at home night after night, they worry! Nine times out of ten the worries for their men are groundless, but nevertheless they worry. And when the men get back on leave, they find their wives nerv¬ous, fidgety, irritable.

"That is no help to the men’s morale. If those wives had a few harmless dates they would be less nervous, more interesting, have more things to talk about.

"There is another aspect of these dates helping morale of our fighting men. It is almost inevitable that the men the wife had her dates with are other service men or men about to enter the armed forces. If she helps entertain them for a few hours, she is aiding directly in the morale-building we know is so vital. Surely she wants to think that her husband is enjoying the same sort of harmless fun wherever he may be. Then why shouldn’t she help?

"I believe a wife should follow three very simple rules. Let’s call our war wife Mrs. Smith. And by the way, let’s vote out that horrible term ‘war widow’ for the duration.

"First, I think Mrs. Smith should have her husband’s consent to go out with another man before she goes. She should have discussed it with him before he left, checking off a list of their mutual bachelor friends and asking if he approves of any of them. Or, if she has not done that, Mrs. Smith might write him something like this:

"I know you don’t want me to stay home every night you are away, although I want to most of the time. You know you can trust me to go out now and then. Here are the names of men, all of whom you know, who have invited me out or who might be suggested as dinner partners. If you say no, of course I won’t accept. But if you approve I don’t think there would be any harm in my going to a movie or to dinner.’

"It is most important that the list should be men Mr. Smith does know; that gives him a chance to approve or disapprove. And they should not be men with reputations as ‘wolves,’ because even if their behavior is above reproach with our Mrs. Smith, the gossipy Mrs. Grundys might doubt it and there goes Mrs. Smith’s reputation!

"If Mrs. Smith must write to her husband at some distant camp or overseas, she should wait for his answer before accepting a date. If the date can’t be postponed until she has her husband’s approval, then she shouldn’t have the date!

"My second rule,” Ida continued, "is whenever (Continued on page 90)
Who's News?

Four headliners who are making their own news

— and here are the private answers to the personal questions you are asking about them

BY SARA HAMILTON

SUSAN PETERS: If you're down Santa Monica way looking for a moderate-priced, unsuprisingly clothy apartment, you're looking in a building you'd never dream of wandering into. "Random Harvest" — Susan's mother is managing the place she's in. The apartment house and Susan does the odd chores when her mother is busy.

"If you're in a mood for a drink, please don't disturb me," is the sincere slogan of Hollywood's newest starlet. She'll have none of the old saying. She's the new one who likes to turn up the odd color. In fact, there's an Elsie Dinsmore quality about Susan. It is like the old girl, the real name is Suzanne Carman, New York's favorite sign of Leo, but was brought over by her mother to Hollywood. She's a native of Hollywood. She graduated from Hollywood High School for Girls and Warner's was a family affair. The story about she and Miss Peters had already won the stars and the art. She had given the movie business three years earlier, but she hadn't clicked into stardom then. After several months, she decided she'd give the movie business another try. She succeeded at the end of two years. She had gone to M-G-M for a small part in "Tish" when Mary-Louise (Lana's discoverer) had seen her. "Tish" meant something to her. She had seen her. "Tish" meant something to her. "Tish" meant something to her.

"Look, Mother," she cried, "I'm going to play Kitty with Greer Garson and Ronald Colman." "Is that good, dear?" her mother asked and went on balancing books. Her mother still thinks this on balancing books. Her mother still thinks this business thing is merely an interlude in Susan's business career and one she'll get over. She's got over Paul Terry, too, and has no serious heart interest.
MARY ASTOR: "Why, your hair's red," people always cry upon beholding
Mary Astor in person. "I thought you were a brown-eyed brunette."

MARY ASTOR: His eyes, freckles and ears are all the same color—a
lovely, delicate beige. His mop of red-blond hair tops his six-foot-
two-inch height like a sunset over Mount Whitney. He is an American-
voice carassingly ten and his name—VAN Johnson. He is an American-
born Swede—Newport, Rhode Island, the place; the time; twenty-six years
ago. He learned to dance and sing in high school and after graduation and
a brief period in his father's real-estate office, he took those talents to
Broadway and sold them in the show "New Faces." Then, from night-club
floor shows, Van stepped into the Broadway successes "Too Many Girls"
and "Pal Joey."

A Hollywood contract at Warners rendered him miserable. He made no
pictures. One awful film, "Murder In The Big House," washed him out.
Nobudy wanted him. Nobody, until Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz pointed
him out to M-G-M's casting director Billy Grady, and he was in.

When he was young he wanted with all his heart to be a trapeze artist.
In high school he yearned to be a wolf. Now he wants to get married, but
has no one in mind. He eats constantly and is crazy over Garbo. His
"The War Against Mrs. Hadley," the "Dr.
Gillespie" series and "The Human Comedy."

WILLIAM BENDIX: Because the nose belonging to one William Ben-
dix makes a Commando raid over the greater portion of his face, he's
a Who's News personality of the month. He wins by a nose. A distinctive
feature, flashed in by a ball bat in his youth; a blow that later rendered
him sufficiently pugnacious in appearance to play Aloysius Randall, the
unforgettable Marine of "Wake Island."

Before movies, in Orange, New Jersey, William was in the grocery
business that fell flat on its face value, sending our hero to
the job of master of ceremony and playing in amateur shows. Finallly
he landed in the New Jersey Federal Theater Group at $22 a week. Before
he had been in the New York Guild show in six plays that flopped exactly
six times. "Time Of Your Life," Later, M-G-M brought him to Hollywood to play the
"Woman Of The Year," Roach studios grabbed him for the
"Wake Island" and "China."

His wife and twelve-year-old daughter share a modest Hollywood
bungalow. Unused to security, he revels in the simple things they can
afford. Born on New York's East Side, he was bat boy for the
New York Giants. He's Hollywood's bat boy now, hitting the home run of his life.
When Rita Hayworth said good-by to Vic Mature

The story of forty-eight hours, a week-end farewell for two people who parted with an uncertain present but a bright and shining stake in the future

BY RICHARD ADDISON

A handicapper of love, Hollywood certainly can look silly at times. This time it's on account of a sailor and a lady.

How come? Well, you see the lady loves the sailor something terrible and the sailor loves the lady something awful. To prove it the pretty sweeting tripped 3,000 miles to see the sailor and the sailor jogged 300 miles to see the pretty sweeting, 300 miles being just about tops considering that the leave was only good for forty-eight hours and the sailor had better be back on time—or else.

This is the story of those forty-eight hours, how they were spent and how much they were enjoyed. It is also a story about the two star-crossed lovers who, according to Hollywood, weren't meant for each other, mostly on account of the nautical one who was, again quoting Hollywood, a wolf, a meanie who used beautiful girls solely for publicity purposes and, to top everything off, a "fresh-water" sailor who had managed to get himself stationed at San Pedro (forty-five minutes from the Brown Derby), where he spent his time double-talking admirals, sleeping in the brig and wangling week-end passes for trips to Hollywood.

To get back to that forty-eight-hour leave in New York, it came as a total surprise to the sailor who is actually a member of the United States Coast Guard and entered on the pay roll ($70 a month) as Coxswain Victor John Mature. Transferred at his own request and ordered to Boston (4,500 minutes from the Brown Derby), he was just getting the hang of things when he was handed a message reading, "Call Operator 8 at Los Angeles." He didn't dare to hope. He just picked up the phone, followed directions and waited for someone to answer. Someone did. It was Rita Hayworth.

"I'm coming to New York, Vic," Rita shrieked joyously.

"What?" the coxswain shouted.

"I'm leaving tomorrow," she sang, ignoring his consternation, "and arriving Saturday morning."

"What does the studio say about the trip?" he asked, his cigarette dropping out of his hand. (He was referring to the oft-expressed advice that the quicker Rita Hayworth dropped Victor Mature, the better it would be for her career.)

"I didn't ask for any opinions. I just said I was going."

Silence for five seconds.

"What time do you arrive in New York?"

"Ten o'clock."

"I'll be there."

"Good night."

"Good night."

It is one of the ironies in this pastorale that when Coxswain Victor John Mature appeared before his commanding officer the next day to request a forty-eight-hour leave, it was the first leave he had requested in seven months. It was all put down in writing on the official document granting Coxswain Mature the leave in question along with the information that Coxswain Mature's record was without blemish, despite the countless times he was reported to have been tossed into the brig. Opposite the words "Purpose of visit" on this same official document the commanding (Continued on page 99)
PHIL JORDAN stood alone at the employees' entrance of the El Tor- reador night club and watched his two brothers vanish down the Holly- wood side street. Sleep held Hollywood in soft enchantment. Glamour had retired, exploitation was resting. All the vanity that human beings brought to the street by day had vanished and even the hills were mercifully smudged by the finger of night.

Suddenly the unfamiliar taste of loneliness was in Phil's mouth. Half the kick of having good news was sharing it with someone. Roy and Chet had rushed off to tell their girls, while he—

"Goodnight, Mr. Jordan Brothers," a pert little voice spoke out of the shadows.

"Oh, hello," Phil addressed the small figure moving away from the door. She was the kid, who sang a couple of numbers in the floor show. Then, suddenly, "Hey, Miss Bell, doing anything tonight?"

"Certainly am," smiled the girl. "I'm going home."

"Well—could you hold up your program long enough to take on some java and a hamburger?" There was a curious diffidence in the tone of Phil Jordan, number one slapstick comedi- man of the three Jordans.

"Do you mind if I make mine crackers and milk?"

"That's swell," breathed Phil in pleased surprise and took her arm to steer her toward a lunch bar glim- mering down the street. Everything was suddenly rosy. "You know," he burst out, "when a guy gets good news—especially in our business— he's got to have someone to tell it to."

The girl looked up at the tall muscular frame, the clever face with the straight eyes. "I'm an awfully good listening post," she said softly.

Presently Phil was telling Betsy Bell that he was as certain of it as that—that being a snap of the fingers. The Jordan Brothers would wow Philo Haney, the big Hollywood producer. He was coming down to catch their act tomorrow night. It was their big chance. They couldn't fail.

"Is it ever as simple as that?" she asked, snapping her fingers with an impudent mimicry which made him smile.

"Haney never sees an act except he's sure of signing it up!"

"How can he be sure until he sees you?"

"They say he smells his discoveries long-distance."

That was one of the Haney legends that sounded wacky to Betsy. But then the whole Hollywood business was wacky and she as looney as the rest for sticking around all this time. "Only you never hear about the ones he sees that he doesn't sign up. They don't talk. Look Phil, I'm not trying to discourage you—"

"We can't fail!" he repeated, gripping the diminutive elbow in his hand. "Roy and Chet have the looks. Roy has the voice, too, and when he gets to work on his accordion—you heard him now for three weeks. That acco- rdion talks—it's like a fourth Jordan brother. And there's Chet's feet, too. He sings with 'em—words and rhythm. Ma used to say he had all his wit in his feet."

"And you, Phil? What have you got?" Her voice had a clear, singing quality, the eager joy of childhood which still hunts and expects surprises.

"I'm just the two-by-four upright the house leans on, though I'm telling you they don't need anybody to hold 'em up."

"That's not what the papers said about what you did when you were in
He could have kissed her then, she looked so much like a small lost kid. Instead, "Smoke?" he asked coldly, his voice strained.
Phil tilted Betsy’s face upward. She didn’t want him to kiss her; it was bad business getting too friendly with him.

Springtime Is Swingtime.”

“What do you know about that?”
“I read English,” Betsy laughed. “I even went through High. Try me on any two-syllable word.”

“Well, the papers were wrong,” he said gruffly. “Anybody who says I’m better than the boys is talking hooey. It’s all the Jordans together or none. The three Jordans—one for all and all for one.”

Betsy made no answer. There was nothing to say. She had watched Phil these three weeks and liked him, but she always had an uneasy feeling when she saw the three brothers together, presenting a united front to the world. They understood each other without speech, communicated by a lift of the eyebrow or a twist of the hand.

Privately she thought, too, that Phil was the best of the team. They were all crazy as fleas, but he was the show. He started all the ad libbing which was their special talent. He did the feeding, the mimicry, the pantomime. He was the big-time stuff, and this time tomorrow night—maybe—

Abruptly she took a few skipping steps.

“Walking too fast, Betsy?”
“No, that’s the way I do. I can’t help it.”

He thought her little skip had first attracted her to him; as if she were running to catch up with something and couldn’t wait to get there. All at once, he didn’t want to walk too fast, or reach the end of the evening too soon.

In the all-night lunch bar, Phil and Betsy were the only customers. She was so small that her feet swung a foot clear of the stool and Phil thought she always looked like a twelve-year-old dressed for Sunday school. Skin pink and freshly bathed, blue eyes bright, curls fat and sleek as though they’d just come out of curl papers.

It struck him now that she was a performer, too, and here he’d been puffing on about his brothers with never a word for her work. She did a single, song and dance at El Toreador, but girls with less had gone further than Betsy Bell. And now that Phil and his brothers were on the up, he hated the idea of a kid like Betsy being stuck in cheap night clubs.

“How do you get to El Toreador?”
He asked when the first round of food was gone.

“It’s my speed,” she laughed. “I’m only a lightweight. I’m glad to have thirty-five a week.”

He’d never heard such talk. Even if you hadn’t seen better days, your agent wouldn’t let you say so. But her honesty matched the rest of her.

“Maybe you need a partner. Ever worked duo?”

“Once with a man, then a girl. No go.”
He thought that over. “That’s funny. You ought to get along with people.”

“Working together isn’t just—getting along with people.”

“How come?”
“It’s like marriage—only harder. Sometimes, anyway.”

“I never been married,” Phil said.

“Me either,” she answered, and they both smiled in unexplained embarrassment.

Out on the street, they walked again in brief silence. Then he said, “You’re a wise kid, Betsy. I bet,” he kidded, “you could work with me. No?”

“Yes,” she corrected bluntly, “but you—you’re set for life.”

“For life,” he agreed. “If one of us lights out—it’s insurance or a hamburger stand for the others. Three Jordans—Roy and Chet and Phil—or nothing.”

Her hotel was a small brick building in a side street. A bare bulb over the desk and two floor lamps were lit in the lobby.

“That you, Betsy?” drawled the clerk, peering into the gloom. “You’re late. Where you been? Oh, excuse me, mister—”

“Do they check up on you?” Phil demanded. “Is it a girls’ club?”

She put her hand on his sleeve, fearful of an argument. “Only a family hotel. The boss’s wife is a sweet old thing and likes to know that everybody is safe. Sometimes—well, it makes you feel good to know that somebody cares whether you’re in or out.”

He put one finger under her chin and tilted her face upward. She was astonished that he wanted to kiss her. The Jordans didn’t have a reputation for making passes at every girl and she didn’t want him to kiss her. It was bad business getting too friendly with fellow performers in every place you worked. And anyway, now that he was going up—

Well, maybe before he climbed so high that she’d never see him again, she did want him to kiss her. Hello and good-by. All for one and all for fun. It would be nice working with somebody, somebody with a loose-limbed agile body, a square bony face, a sensitive (Continued on page 77)
I was self-conscious

For all shy maidens:
A trick for conversation that
will make them a sensation

BY

Claudette Colbert

WHEN I was in the theater
there never was an opening
night when I wasn't nervous.
Since I have been in pictures there
have been directors with reputations
for temperament for whom I've
worked with trepidation, previews of
pictures at which I've quaked and
scenes I've approached with icy hands.
But never in my life have I known
worse stage fright than I knew sev-
eral years ago over a large party at
the Trocadero.

Social stage fright used to be natural
to me. I used to force myself to give
parties and to attend parties exactly
as I still force myself to make semi-
annual visits to the dentist. In an
effort to make parties less of an ordeal
I used to plan in advance how I
would act and what I would say. This
never worked, of course. I invariably
left parties with a mixture of relief
and disappointment; relief that the
party was over and disappointment
that once again I had neither con-
tributed to the evening nor had a good
time.

Because I was in pictures I un-
doubtedly was more self-conscious
than I would have been otherwise.
When you're in pictures you're looked
over from tip to toe. You also have
to make an effort. For if you sit back
quietly you're certain to be branded
high-hat or dumb, or both. Usually
both!

A famous social leader, a young wife
firmly entrenched in film colony so-
ciety, was to be a guest at that Tro-
cadero party. I dreaded meeting her.
Why I thought a young woman famed
for social grace would act stupidly
superior or glacial I now cannot im-
agine. But in the general distortion
my social stage fright caused, that's
exactly what I did think. I didn't
stop there either. I tortured myself
with the boredom this social leader
would feel for what I had to say. Not
that I blamed her! I bored myself
at parties. Since I was unable to
relax long enough to think or talk
naturally I resorted to "polite con-
versation." Is anything more deadly?

Arriving at that Trocadero party I
went at once to the powder room.
Anyone who suffers social stage fright
will realize I sought this room as a
sanctuary. The longer you linger in
a powder room the longer you avoid
the scene of which you're afraid.

A young woman in a simple black
gown came in and sat down at the
next dressing table.

From the instant she came through
the swinging door I knew she didn't
seek that room as any retreat. There
was nothing tense or hesitant about
her.

She turned to me with a wide, warm
smile. "You're Claudette Colbert,"
she said. "And I'm. . . ."

I lost her name in the chatter of
several women who came in just then.

"I understand," she said, "you're
going to be married—very soon!"

She wasn't prying. She was inter-
ested in me, excited for me.

We began discussing desirable and
available houses. We went on to salad
gardens.

"When you put in your salad gar-
den," she said, "you must let me tell
you where to (Continued on page 91)
He has an amazing memory for telephone numbers. He doesn't like champagne and has never aspired to climb a mountain. He laments his inclination to "talk too much." He always carries a thirty-eight-cent lighter which he bought in Mexico. He has no English accent and has contributed $225,000 in salary to the U. S. O., American Red Cross and British War Relief.

He was born Archibald Alexander Leach. He plays golf righthanded, tennis lefthanded, and confesses he has a "weak stomach" when it comes to reading publicity about himself. He is six feet, one inch tall.

He is a great admirer of hamburgers with onions but without pickles. He has never been attracted to fishing as a sport and does not believe sincerity to be a common virtue among people.

He was married on July 8, 1942, to Barbara von Haugwitz-Reventlow in a quiet ceremony at the Lake Arrowhead home of a friend. He doesn't like chicken, his parents were English, and he is constantly suffering stage fright.

He hates process cheese. He never wears garters.

He sings a lusty baritone and awaits his adopted country's wishes in regard to his services which he proffered after Pearl Harbor, making himself available for either military, propaganda or anything Washington chooses. His hair is blue-black.

Cary hates cats, likes dogs, has two, Archibald and Cholmondeley; one, half Sealyham, half poodle, the other, all Sealyham.
His name is now legally Cary Grant.
He speaks no other languages.
He shaves with an ordinary drugstore-variety safety razor and devotes much time to the Hollywood Victory Committee, British War Relief Association (Hollywood Division) and the Screen Actors Guild, holding office with all three.
He is very fond of French sourdough bread. He is terrified at big functions and was born on January 18, 1904.
He becomes tongue-tied when asked for an impromptu speech, yet is personally a glib conversationalist. He became an American citizen on June 26, 1942, having applied for his final papers when the United States entered the war.
He is extremely tidy to a point of distraction. He doesn’t like oatmeal.
He doesn’t like fruit of any kind and invariably acts on impulse.
He has not tasted tea in ten years.
He rides horseback badly and recalls as his most vivid impression his first sight of the painting on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in Rome. He has no hobbies.
He was born in Bristol, England, dislikes tinkering with machinery and was formerly married to Virginia Cherrill, now the Countess of Jersey. His eyes are brown.
He is very fond of candy, “too much for my own good.”
He doesn’t like Hawaiian music and believes snobbery is an acquired characteristic rather (Continued on page 88)
If you had your choice of being someone else, whom would you like to be? Careful! Psychiatrists say that choice reveals what kind of person you really are.

But these five Hollywood stars confess their secret longings to Helen Louise Walker, thereby giving themselves away!

Anne Shirley says: I wish I were . . . . . . . . . . Marsha Hunt

"Marsha has traits that I envy. The chief one, I guess, is her complete thoroughness. I think she gets twice the real experience out of a week of living that most of us do. She can get something vital and amusing and worth telling if she makes a trip to the grocery. But . . . I wouldn't have noticed it if I had been there!

"Marsha has such confidence in herself. Maybe a better name for it is 'courage.' If they were to ask her, at the studio, to play a trapeze artist and really go to work on the trapeze, she'd just say, quite calmly, 'All right. I'll try it.' And she'd probably be a trapeze artist before she was through. I can't bring myself to try anything unless I'm sure, beforehand, that I can do it.

"She has a talent for being happy. I think I'm a pretty happy person, too. But I have to work at it. Marsha seems to achieve it without effort. What I really want is Marsha's capacity to plan intelligently and then to carry out her plans carefully and enjoy the whole process.

"Marsha and I want the same things. I want to be able to achieve them as easily as she does!"

Ruth Hussey says: I wish I were . . . . . . . . . . Emily Post

"It must be a wonderful feeling to know that you are always right under whatever circumstances you find yourself. It isn't just a matter of knowing which fork to use or whether or not to wear long gloves. It's being sure that you know the appropriate, the gracious thing to say and do on any occasion. It's . . . it's making an art of living.

"Mrs. Post, as I understand her, isn't an unbending stickler for the formalities. She knows when it's appropriate to be completely informal. But she knows, too, how an easy knowledge of the formalities can save awkward situations.

"What's more, Mrs. Post knows how to tell other people these things in simple, everyday words that anyone can understand. When I think of the thousands of unhappy people—especially young ones—that she must have helped to poise and assurance, I envy her a lot.

"I'd like to have her sense of fitness, her inner assurance, for my own. I'd never be afraid of any situation. But . . . much more than that . . . I'd like to have the feeling that I had helped so many other people to have it, too!"
Eleanor Roosevelt says: I wish I were . . . . . Eleanor Roosevelt

“I envy her ability to meet all kinds of people—every possible kind of person—in a warm and friendly manner. In pictures we meet people constantly . . . on the set, on tour, everywhere. There never seems to be time to make friends, to find out about people . . . and I like people. Mrs. Roosevelt seems to have a knack of putting them at their ease, of establishing friendly contact, of getting to know them in the shortest possible time. I wish I could master her shortcut to friendship.

“I want to be like Amelia Earhart, too. I’m going to learn to fly . . . but that won’t do it. What I really want and can probably never have is Amelia Earhart’s courage, her zest for adventure, the philosophy which made her so self-sufficient, so unafraid.

“I’ve always loved dancing and when I watch Fred Astaire, I think nothing could be more wonderful than to have what he has—his precision, his sense of timing; above all, the complete and absolute joy you know he puts into and gets from the dances he creates. But—then I realize that even if I could dance like a feminine version of Fred Astaire, I should still yearn to sing like a feminine version of Bing Crosby!”

Walt Disney

“I’ve always been afraid of strangers. I’m still shy. But Clare Boothe Luce simply expands when she meets strangers. She sparkles. People stimulate her and inspire her and I’m sure she does better than her best when she has an audience.

“She’s a true cosmopolitan, too. She’s been everywhere, met everyone and seen everything. I’ve scarcely been outside of my home state, California. She’s known for a long time all about things that I’m just beginning to discover.

“Besides, she’s a lovely, fragile blonde. I’ve always wanted to be a blonde. I would like to be a blonde, a cosmopolite and a Congresswoman! It must be wonderful!”

Clare Boothe Luce

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Clare Boothe Luce
Perfect swain: George Montgomery of Fox's "China Girl," admired by—and admirer of—the ladies.
Ty Power: His life will be completely changed.

Paulette Goddard: Those predicted headlines won't be pleasant ones.

Jane Withers: A love affair that

**NINETEEN FORTY-THREE!**

Hollywood—and the world—beware! For you and I and our next-door neighbors will have cyclonic conditions in our lives during 1943. So don't blame the movie stars for the upsets that the next year will bring to their lives. Blame the stars in the heavens.

Now, continuing our predictions in February Photoplay-Movie Mirror, let's take a look at what the charts of the rest of Hollywood's major stars indicate:

**Bette Davis:** To Bette April 5 brings a sudden change. Her Sun, Moon and Mercury are on her natal Sun and Neptune will be friendly to Uranus. This brings her an opportunity to achieve something as spectacular and original as Orson Welles might pull.

I don't know anything about her contract with Warner Brothers, but it does look as though she may be considering a change of some sort in April. During 1943 Bette is favored professionally and legally, so this time, Bette, it will be your turn to win the battle if there is one. That is, any
time except from May 28 through July 28. This won’t be a good time to force issues.

Here is a surprise for the rest of the world, though it may not be for you by the time this is published. The stars indicate the pitter-patter of tiny feet. Could be a child of your own or could be a child to whom you give a home. The time? Some time after July.

Ann Sheridan and George Brent: Well, I said last year that anywhere but in Hollywood this romance would last and I still say so.

Ann is under adverse vibrations which affect her emotionally and make her unhappy, depressed and super-sensitive.

The recent breakup in their marriage can be attributed to the insidious influence of Neptune in both their charts since last May.

Jupiter going through the fifth house of each may have brought romance to one or both causing the separation.

In June, however, George will be under electrifying vibrations which may bring about a reconciliation, for the disturbed emotional state of each will be over then and once more attuned to romantic harmony, or so their charts indicate.

Alan Ladd: Definitely the man of the year. His popularity is not a fleeting thing. July and August are good months for Alan, but when Mars comes up over his midheaven in September, 1943, it brings him to the very peak of his career, where he can remain for years if he takes care of his health.

He is high-strung, intense and inclined to drive himself beyond his endurance and must guard his health, particularly from March through April 1943.

During 1943 he is under splendid aspects for all creative work, particularly writing and acting.

Lana Turner: Another dynamic year for Lana is 1943. She will have to learn self-discipline this year or find her house of cards scattered to the four winds.

Her transiting Jupiter in her seventh house, house of marriage and business partnership, in opposition to the Sun and Moon in Aquarius, her first house, can bring her a final separation from her husband, studio or both. During the latter part of 1943 she must guard against accidents, fire and theft in her home, blackmail and extortion. Her chart indicates a precarious health condition during all of 1943. Look out, Lana!

Cary Grant: This is a good career year for Cary and his popularity with the public is assured. However, the progressed Mars and the transiting Mars in his fourth house all year unfriendly to his Sun and Mercury indicates upset home conditions and change. A separation is indicated in both Cary’s and Barbara’s charts. It may, however, have to do with the war.

Barbara is under great nervous tension and should take particular care of her nerves and health from May on.

Veronica Lake: On April 14 she is under disturbing vibrations. Her stars indicate she will be on the warpath and should look out for disputes and accidents.

A child for Bette Davis . . . Separation for Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton . . . A new love for Ty Power . . . Will these happen in 1943? Matilda Trotter, renowned astrologist, predicts them—along with many other cyclonic events.
quarrels with directors, producers, fellow workers, husband and relatives which will endanger her career and turn her home upside down.

The eclipse of the Sun unfriendly to Uranus in Veronica's house of home particularly warns her of sudden danger to her home or those in it around New Year's Eve, 1943.

Jupiter going over her midheaven benefits her financially for the next year and a half and helps keep her before the public, but she must beware of arrogance, self-confidence and temperament or she will do a humpty-dumpty and fall right off the wall of stardom.

**Tyrone Power:** This will be a year filled with dynamic aspects for him. On May 5, his birthday, the new moon unfriendly to Uranus, planet ruling sudden and unexpected events, and to Jupiter in his midheaven, brings a marked change into his life.

Between now and the latter part of July a journey is indicated and Mars, unfriendly to his Sun, and Uranus warn him of danger through airplanes, explosions, electricity, fire, and firearms; especially the latter part of July and early August.

And one thing more, Tyrone, be discreet during the early months of 1943. Your planets suggest a sudden hectic love affair.

Heed the warning of your stars for any indiscretion on your part (if it doesn't come out before) is liable to explode between May and late August.

**Paulette Goddard:** Another gal whose birth date may be wrong, but from the chart I erected it looks like such an active year that I feel it should be recorded.

In the first place, during 1943 she is under unfavorable aspects all year. June 18 looks like headlines and unpleasant notoriety. This could mean scandal, a law suit or trouble over a contract.

August 24 marks the day when the fiery, temperamental Mars moves into Paullette's own sign Gemini to remain for a long time. This stirs her up emotionally, makes her hotheaded, temperamental and lacking in good judgment. It also warns her to guard against accidents to arms, hands and chest and not to neglect colds.

During all of October, Paullette, stay out of airplanes, even if you are one of the lucky ones who can get a reservation. Any secret matters may pop right out into the open this month, so take drastic steps to prevent it unless you want the whole world to know about your private life.

**Henry Fonda:** His stars indicate that he will see foreign service between July 8 and August 24. This will be a dangerous period for Henry. But so will it be for thousands of our American boys and men who had the courage to enlist. Good luck, Henry, and as Hedda Hopper says—my hat's off to you.

**Judy Garland:** Judy would do well this year in a play concerning the occult or a play of mysticism such as "Outward Bound" or "Berkeley Square."

The coming year can bring her great fame if she guards her health, gets plenty of rest, fresh air and nourishing food. Beware, Judy, of all drastic diets and weight-reducing medication.

**Hedy Lamarr:** Her career and all motion-picture activities are favored. In her personal life, however, Saturn in her seventh house in direct opposition to her Sun indicates that Hedy may have a disappointment, sudden sorrow or separation from a loved one this year. Her chart suggests a secret love affair or marriage entered into in 1942, which may be made public and stir up trouble in February.

September 17 and 18 her stars warn Hedy of another emotional upset. If she heeds her stars she will save herself much unhappiness.

**Brian Donlevy:** There is a man who went unappreciated for years. In 1940 he began to come into his own and now in 1943 he will receive the recognition he so richly deserves.

This year Brian has to guard against partnership affairs both in business and marriage. These matters are afflicted by the opposition of the progressed Mars to his Sun. All law suits, contracts and legal matters should be postponed until September when the benevolent Jupiter comes to his aid. Also, Brian should take care that his friends do not impose upon him by asking him to go security, make loans and buy stocks and bonds which may prove worthless at a later date.

One more warning, Brian, don't let your insurance lapse, buy all the protection you can against fire, flood, gases and explosive liquids and the latter part of February be as cautious as it is possible for any good Irishman to be, or you may receive a leg injury.

**Jane Withers:** For Republic's new star, Jane, in 1943—romance, money, and favor with the public.

The latter part of 1942 and all of 1943 are the best years of Jane's career. During this period she will be established as a top-ranking star.

Jupiter and Venus going through Jane's seventh house indicate a love affair which has developed during the fall and should end in marriage within the next few years.

**George Montgomery:** Success in his career and his and Jane Withers's chart show that they should be cast in a picture together showing the new Jane Withers, a glamour girl with brains, character and emotional depth. They should be cast in a picture with emotional appeal. It will bring distinction, possibly an award to each.

**Robert Taylor:** From December 1942 to January 1943 a drastic change takes place (Continued on page 109)
March fashion girl: Marsha Hunt of M-G-M's "The Human Comedy," creating a big style stir in her Irene sport suit. Chalk white wool makes the jacket; black wool, the skirt; grey and white striped jersey, the sweater front and trick beret. The notched neckline is a new spring note; the whole striking outfit sets a trend for a sport suit that will be a smart holdover for all summertime fun.
To set those in the fashion know turning joyous cartwheels is Marsha's Irene suit. It's soft beige wool with a high collarless neckline cut with a scalloped V and pointed up by a gold chain looped through set-in detail. The front fullness that falls into unpressed pleats on the jacket is an interest-getter. Marsha's pillbox is all-over stitched wool in beige to match the suit.
A dinner dress to make any lady look lovelier is Irene's filmy white lace that goes over a pale nude crepe slip. Sheer white mousseline de soie cascades down the cut-away skirt to form a full underskirt; it ruffles softly at the wrists in quaint contrast to the sleek princess lines of the dress. Marsha will next be seen in "The Human Comedy."
Here's a two-toner outfit that knows its fashion way around. The dress is of brown herringbone with brown silk celanese jersey for sleeves and blouse back; it fastens with tiny rosy amber studs. The smartly casual jacket has big patch pockets and rose amber buttons. This is a dress that's going to be busy, come spring, leading the Easter parade in brown, green, navy and periwinkle. Sizes 10-20. 20% aralac and 80% rayon. Dress approximately $19.75; jacket, approximately $15.

A Hollywood flair, a pennywise price tag on these clothes discovered by Mary Martin for reader Betty Sutton—and you

From Garden City, N. Y., came bride-to-be Betty Sutton; from Hollywood came Mary Martin. They met, went shopping together, bought these new-type clothes. New, because they’re part aralac, the fabric made from milk. It looks and feels like wool, offers seventy percent the warmth of wool, costs only half of what wool costs. The dress Betty wears at the left is in powder blue with grosgrain trim, wide belt, front pockets.

Blue, gold, aqua, rose, shrimp, maize. Sizes 9 to 15. 20% aralac and 80% spun rayon. Approximately $7.95.
Taking up the slack: Below is the slack suit that caught the attention of Miss Martin because of its perfect tailoring. For active outdoor sport, a blouse is added; for indoor lounging, the jacket tucks snugly into the trousers. Wear the jacket over your wool sports dress, too, and you'll have a spring suit that's a standout.

Brown or blue background. Sizes 10 to 18. 20% aralac and 80% spun rayon. Approximately $10.95

Clothes buy: This maize dress with front fullness that's a wonder-worker for the figure and trimmed with brown braid on revers, collar and slash pockets. It goes anywhere any time.

Blue, wine or aqua with wine braid, maize and gold with brown braid, shrimp with black braid. Sizes 9 to 15. 20% aralac and 80% spun rayon. Approximately $7.95

If a girl would like to make her saucy presence felt in the best social circles, just let her try wearing this little shepherd check dress. Mary Martin took one look at it, said, "It's smart to be simple," smiled approval when Betty said, "I'll take it." They both loved the big slashed pockets, the trim little white collar, the leather belt with its fabric inserts.

In brown, navy or black. Sizes 10 to 20. 20% aralac and 80% spun rayon. Approximately $14.95

For instructions on how you can purchase these clothes easily, see page 102
Impressions of Lynn Bari: The little minister's daughter, Marjorie Bitzer, who used to raise riot on the Boston blocks and grew up to be the statuesque beauty who raised riot in Hollywood . . . the former film showgirl who used to be the wallflower decoration for the tinseled musicals until someone discovered that brown hair, hazel eyes and an ability for hard work was just what the box-office doctor ordered . . . the girl whose face movie-goers have seen in more pictures, more times with most interest . . . the tall, quick-moving Hollywood figure that's a familiar sight on bridle trails, on tennis courts, in pools . . . a girl who helps Gene Tierney make "China Girl" worth while
Hollywood's Home Front Heroes

What's been made public in the papers about Hollywood war work doesn't count; it's undercover activities that matter

By "Fearless"

It's not always the scandal or the human failings or the physical or emotional shortcomings of the stars about which Hollywood neglects to tell you the truth. Sometimes it's the actions of heroes. And "Fearless," who consistently gives you the truth as he sees it, has an exciting new story to tell.

For instance, in these days of far-flung effort, our heroes are by no means restricted to the burning front lines of Africa and the South Pacific, or the frozen waters of the Arctic. More of them than you dream are keeping their watches in the silent hills of home, along the placid shore of an American bay, in remote little civilian flying fields.

Particularly is it true of our West Coast, where people stare out across the Pacific and remember how close the Japanese foe came to possessing vital spearheads on our own shores.

There's John Howard. You know him as a star, as the faithful friend of glamorous Hedy Lamarr. You know him, too, as a likable, quiet chap who, because of his fine scholarship at Western Reserve University, became a Phi Beta Kappa and planned his life as a professor of English. But do you know that for many months he has been preparing himself to become the commander of a sub-chaser, a corvette or a mosquito boat?

John, who previously taught night classes on navigation at Hollywood High and a trade school, is now taking an advanced course in navigation and Diesel engine operation in the Navy specialty school of Cornell University.

It seems odd that a lad brought up in the Middle West to be a scholar should be so determined to become a sailor. It was, however, as a boy in his native Cleveland that John developed a passion for the sea. At various times he owned and sailed three boats on Lake Erie. Always he dreamed that he would command a ship one day. But he didn't stop at dreaming. His slogan is: "Results come only to him who puts action into his wishes!"

When John has successfully completed his studies at Cornell he will qualify to command small naval craft. In fact, if all goes well, in a few weeks he may be at a Florida base in active naval duty. A far cry indeed from being a movie hero!

It was five years ago that Ray Milland and his attractive wife "Mal" started flying. Just for the heck of it. Today Mal prefers the ground. She was soloing one day when the controls froze and she had to make a forced landing at a small airport near Santa Monica. But Ray is determinedly piling up his flying hours even though it means a round trip of almost 200 miles on his motorcycle in the midst of his busy studio schedule to reach the nearest field outside of the military area where civilians are permitted to fly.

Though there is no immediate prospect of Milland's being drafted (he supports a wife and child, his own family in Wales and his wife's family in this country), he says, "If I am called I want to do something useful. Planes are the most important weapon in this war. I'm over twenty-eight so I can't be a fighter pilot. But because I know flying, perhaps I could qualify as an instructor for other fighter pilots if I build up my hours in the air."

Brian Aherne, tall stalwart Britisher and husband of Joan Fontaine, has answered the call of his country for all able-bodied men abroad by qualifying as a flying instructor, since he is over age for combat service. Joan laughingly (Continued on page 101)
What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY BETTE DAVIS

"I'm seventeen and never had a date" . . . "I'm afraid to go to college as I can't make friends" . . . "I'm beginning to despair that I'll never meet anyone I'll love."

These are some readers' problems for which Bette Davis finds inspired solutions

DEAR Miss Davis:

I need advice badly. I am a high-school girl of seventeen, very independent, and rather sure of my abilities. I have a wonderful home, lovely clothes and devoted parents yet I am missing some fun that every girl takes for granted.

I have been brought up to respect my parents' judgment, obey their wishes and act according to the rules of well-bred young ladies. My problem, Miss Davis, is shyness. I am very self-conscious and unsure of myself in public.

As I have said, I am sure of my school studies. I will graduate with highest honors in 1943, yet when I meet people I become uneasy, fussed and miserable. I have never been able to make friends easily.

I am five feet, four inches tall. I have an off-shade of blonde hair, hazel eyes, a good complexion and a desire to be sophisticated and grown-up. I have one flaw in my appearance, that is overweight. I weigh twenty pounds more than I should so my clothes don't look well on me.

Next fall my parents want to send me to college. I am afraid to go, as I can't make friends. I am scared to death of becoming homesick and thoroughly disliking school.

In closing I want to add that being heavy makes me feel out of place and unnecessary with girls my own age.

Miss Davis, can you help? If you find time to answer my letter I promise faithfully to follow your instructions and I'll let you know the results.

Thank you again,

Thelma T.

DEAR Miss Bette Davis:

This is the first time I have ever written a letter to a person I don't know, but I'm so discouraged that I'm ready to try anything once. I saw the article in Photoplay and decided to write.

I'm seventeen years of age and never had a date. All my girl friends have had dates, but not me. It isn't that I mind so much because I go to school and after school I work.

I go roller-skating every Sunday and not one boy skates with me. I feel so cheap sometimes that I feel like crying. I guess I'm about the only girl sitting down when it's skating time for couples only.

I'm not very pretty, just about average. All my friends tell me it is because I'm so short. That's true. I'm only four feet eight and a half inches high. Maybe that's why, but there are a lot of small boys, too.

I want to know why the boys won't skate with me. I'm sure that I haven't got B. O. because I'm a very neat person and think of all these possibilities. Won't you please advise me on what to do?

Yours,

Maybelle M.

DEAR Miss Davis:

I have just finished reading your very interesting article in Photoplay-Movie Mirror. I have the bright idea that you may be able to help me also, along with the millions of other discontented women and girls in America.

I am engaged to a boy in the U. S. Army whom I have known for three years. My problem is just a simple one to many people, but to me it seems a tragedy: I chew my fingernails!

I have done this ever since I can remember. I have tried everything. I have even tried medicine which I have applied freely, but all to no avail.

Miss Davis, my fiance is coming home in March and he hates my nails as they are. Can you, and wilt you try to help me? I will deeply appreciate any suggestion you can make.

Rosemary W.
Dear Miss W:

Nail-biting is a tragedy and extremely difficult to cure oneself of. I know because I chewed my nails once to the distraction of my entire family and circle of friends. My mother used all the medicines recommended and tried every other known remedy without any result.

I found out that curing myself of this habit was like everything else: it's not a question of medicine or fancy tricks, it is simply a matter of your own determination and some incentive helps. You see, my first beau was so disgusted with the appearance of my hands—and said so—that I, because I wanted to be perfect to him—just stopped!

Think how happy your fiance will be if he knows you love him enough to be able to stop biting your nails. He will know what a battle it was and love you all the more for it, and think how proud you'll be of yourself, and of your strength of will power. I am sure you can do it!

People have lost fiances for smaller reasons than this. Had you ever thought of it that way?

Sincerely,
Bette Davis.

(Continued on page 107)
"YOU'D look sweet, upon the seat,
Of a bicycle built for two."

The green light turned red and the old jalopy groaned to a stop, hic-coughing violently. The noise attracted the attention of a well-dressed young man astride a motorcycle on his way to the Mocambo. He glanced at the car, casually surveyed the passengers and glanced away. Suddenly he froze like a bird dog pointing a bevy of quail. Slowly his head turned and he looked again.

"Oh yes, it's me," a weary voice assured him.

Cesar Romero and his motorcycle sat rooted to the spot, staring after Claudette Colbert, in mink, and the negro red cap who drove the battered car that had shuddered to a halt beside him.

What Cesar didn't know was that Claudette had arrived in town that afternoon from visiting her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, stationed in Phoenix, Arizona. After no dinner on the train the night before (meals were served service men first, which was right, and passengers came next—only the food hadn't gone that far) and with no coffee the next morning, and no coffee still at lunch time. Miss Colbert and her throbbing head had arrived at the railroad station in downtown and faraway Los Angeles to discover no taxis were available.

She studied the three heavy bags at her feet. The problem of getting them to the nearest streetcar and then on and off a streetcar and transferring them to a bus, to say nothing of the five-mile walk from the bus to her home, was one that presented no solution.

So she sat on a depot bench while the kindly red cap tore back and forth trying to find some means of direct transportation.

"I'll tell you what," the porter finally said, "after I'm through work here tonight I have to drive out to Brentwood to pick up my wife who is a cook out there. If you'd care to go with me..."

The smile, the warm thanks were all the answer he needed.

So Claudette sat and waited for the kindly red cap to finish his work.

Yep, gas rationing has hit Hollywood and Hollywood is hitting right back with every conceivable kind of vehicle from pogo sticks to elephants to meet the situation.

Perhaps no other spot in the country has quite the same problems to face due to the far-flung boundaries of a city (without subways) that looks as if it had been run over by a monstrous steam roller and left lying there, spattered hither and yon over the landscape of Southern California. Hilltop homes (and there are thousands of them that no decent bus would be caught dead trying to get to) look down upon the tiny specks of houses that dot the ocean's edge twenty miles away and all within the boundaries of the same community. You should see how these citizens, far from bus and streetcar service, are beating the gas problem.

Car pooling is the order of the day, with directors, actors, actresses and set workers taking turns in giving lifts. Odd bits of casting in various productions result from this share-your-car plan with movie customers the decided winner. For instance, director Eddie Buzzell of M-G-M Studios had tried for weeks to inveigle Greer Garson into playing a mere... (Continued on page 72)
SUSAN TUCKER HUNTINGTON  
of New Canaan and New York  
Her engagement to Aviation Cadet Warren Albert Stevens was announced September 9th. Her Ring (at right) is set with an emerald, Susan’s birthstone, shining either side of the exquisite diamond.

Warren has gone South to train as an Army flyer, and Susan is hard at work at the Delehanty Institute taking the course in “Assembly and Inspection” so she’ll be ready to step right into a vital job on an airplane production line.

“Drills, bolts, screws and nuts have a way of leaving grimy smudges on my face,” says Susan, “so I’m being extra fussy about getting my skin extra clean. Pond’s Cold Cream suits me just fine. It helps slick off every tiny little speck of machine dirt and grease—and afterwards my face feels soft as a glamour girl’s.”

Use Pond’s yourself—and see why Susan says it’s “grand.” You’ll see, too, why war-burly society women like Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan praise it—why it is used by more women and girls than any other face cream. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes are popular in price. At beauty counters everywhere.

Susan Huntington,  
Air Cadet Stevens  
Married in Alabama  
Just as this page about Susan’s end, Warren’s engagement was going to press—they were married! Like so many girls engaged to army men these days, Susan’s wedding plans were changed almost overnight.

LEARNING TO DO A JOB THE U.S. NEEDS—At her bench at the Delehanty Institute, Susan drills precisely accurate holes in metal castings—a process she’ll use often when she starts her war job. “Warren would be surprised if he could see how mechanically exact I’m getting to be,” she says.

COPY SUSAN’S SOFT-SMooth COMPLEXION CARE—
Use Pond’s Cold Cream as she does—every night and for daytime clean-ups.
First, Susan smooths Pond’s all over her face and throat. She pats gently, with brisk little pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off well.
Next, Susan “rinses” with more soft-smooth Pond’s Cold Cream and tissues it all off again. “My face feels grand,” she says.
It’s no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond’s!
BICYCLES, motorcycles, scooters and Austins take up the parking spaces around studios formerly occupied by cars. Paulette Goddard rolling along in her little Austin is a sight for sore eyes. But monstrous Alfred Hitchcock, director of super thrillers, and his Austin present a picture that has Hollywood chuckling. "Dear me, fits him like a glove," and "That's the first time I ever saw solidly packed canned beef on the move," are a few of the observations thrown Hitchy's way. At the studio each day a little group collect around the rotund director and his tin wrapper and lay bets on whether or not he can get out without aid. Usually someone holds down the back while Hitchy struggles to make his exit.

Street corners in the early morning hours present a scene that would throw tourists into convulsions if there were any tourists. Queens, dowagers, knights, ladies-in-waiting, all dressed in full court regalia with phony tiaras and rabbity ermine, stand waiting for buses and pile on in a scurry of swishing trains and waving plumes. These are the dress extras, no longer able to travel by car, on their way to various studios.

Location trips offer a real test of Hollywood's ingenuity and one met and solved by Loretta Young who drove her trailer to the Mint Canyon location of "China" and set up housekeeping on the spot until the week's work was done. Taking her sister Georgiana with her, the girls cooked, washed and ironed, swept and dusted and nobly performed their household duties while an envious cast looked on.

Hosts and hostesses never extend an invitation without explicit directions on how to get there by bus or streetcar, if it's possible.

BEFORE Tyrone Power left to join the Marines he and Annabella, anxious to say farewell to their friends, arranged several little goodby dinners. Before each party they carefully studied bus and streetcar schedules and then set to work telephoning. "Your bus will leave the corner of Sunset and Beverly Boulevard at 7:10," Ty would telephone. "Get off at Saltair in Brentwood and I will be there to drive you the rest of the way to the house. Wait there for me."

And thus every guest was given explicit bus or streetcar directions and the party would start with a bang.

"Meet at Schwab's Drugstore," is the usual direction given guests by hosts living in the Hollywood area. The host or hostess will then meet the waiting guests with the station wagon or a jalopy laden with borrowed bicycles and the party rolls away.

Philip Dorn, who directs a little amateur theater for young professionals out Brentwood way, calls his Sunday morning rehearsals with Ruth Hussey, Laranie Day, Richard Whorf and others arriving on bicycles. No one is permitted a car. It's a bicycle or get out of the show.

Three Cold Water Canyonites, Laird Cregar, Cobina Wright and Gene Tierney, have solved the gas problem with a merry-go-round solution. Gene drives her car to Laird's house and leaves it there. Laird then drives his car, with Gene a passenger, to Cobina's and leaves it. Cobina, with Gene in front and Laird in the back because of his size, drives to the market and back where the puzzle unwinds itself. Next day Gene or Laird will have the market trek.

The town's first gas rationing wedding occurred when Reginald Gardiner married (Continued on page 74).
For Wear in your Country's Service

CUTEX PRESENTS "ON DUTY"

Dedicated to you thousands of WAVES and WAACS, Canteen Workers and War Factory Workers, Ambulance Drivers and Nurse's Aides who are working for your country... the new Cutex "On Duty." It's color-right. And it's made by a new fast-drying formula that saves your precious time. Wear "On Duty" in your country's service.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING NAIL POLISH . . . ONLY 10¢ (PLUS TAX)

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK
PROBLEMS that busy Hollywood never had time to work out satisfactorily are getting themselves ironed out in this no gas era. For instance, Anne Shirley had never been quite happy about her screen appearance until the day Anne discovered her car pool pals were hairdresser Fay Smith and Layne Britton, make-up man. Every morning the three now go into a huddle on their way to RKO studios and the results will be evidenced in Anne's picture 'Bomberdare.'

Maria Montez calmly announced that for the duration she'd live in her Universal dressing room and let her swains worry about the gas. Young Russell Hoyt over at RKO didn't rate a livable dressing room so the young bachelor calmly furnished the studio's air raid shelter from the prop department and set up housekeeping. Russell is all set to play host in case of an air raid.

Over the roads to Universal, Allan Jones whips along on his motorcycle with wife Irene Hervey clinging behind. Both are making pictures at the moment, but when Irene has the motorcycle to herself she lifts neighbor Lorraine Day to the market. Speaking of marketing, the sight of the week is George Montgomery on his bicycle, the carry basket loaded with groceries. George does the family marketing.

The marketing problem is solved by Joan Crawford and husband Phil Terry, in a unique fashion. After their day's stints are finished at M-G-M, Joan in "Above Suspicion" and Phil in "Batman Patrol," they hop the family motorcycle, Joan in the sidecar, and ride off to the market.

Paul Henreid and his wife travel over their grounds (the Hank Fonda estate) on a scooter cycle and cowboy Roy Rogers hoists baby Cheryl Darlene atop his famous Trigger for her daily airing. Judy Garland has learned to coast all over again, but this time it's in a car instead of a sled. Judy's home is atop a gradual incline and working it out to the friction of a pint, Judy figures by coasting that mile or so every morning she can save a gallon of gas. So the two extra kids on her picture "Best Foot Forward" who ride to work with Judy every morning, are co-operating. The minute they see Judy coming down the grade, they take a running start and fairly leap into the open door of the car. You never heard so much squealing and laughing as goes on in the dawn's early light every morning.

Kindhearted soldiers are now reversing things by giving civilian actors lifts. Basil Rathbone, driving his car from Bel Air down to Wilshire Boulevard, stood waiting for a bus when along came a private in a ratty jalopy. In leaped Basil and off they went, the actor's looks flowing in the breeze.

The dilemma of the actor is a unique one; for getting to the studio is only half his problem. How to get about the enormous acreage of the lots after he gets there is something else again. For instance, an actor with an hour for lunch may find himself working a good half mile from the commissary and even a greater distance from his dressing room. So once again he faces the problem of transportation. Roy Rogers out at Republic solves this puzzle to perfection by riding his motorcycle from home to studio. Picking up his wife, he rides beside the gates for rides to the back lot and donning a pair of roller skates for shorter jaunts over to the wardrobe and make-up departments. Rubber is saved all the way around.

Abbot and Costello jointly purchased a motorcycle with a side car for inter-studio travel and after a three-hour battle on who was to ride which, the boys started across the lot making right and left-hand turns simultaneously to everyone's confusion.

From the back lot of the "Arabian Nights" set Sabu mounted his elephant and calmly rode in to lunch with Maria Montez passing him in a studio truck.

The funniest gag of all occurred when, on the very first day of gas rationing, Joan Davis burst into the "He's My Guy" set on a pogo stick. The gang are still howling.

Yes, Hollywood is taking it all with a laugh and a unique effort to help each other and Uncle Sam. So far there has been only one mishap and that occurred the day Lon Chaney Jr. on his motorcycle and wearing his make-up of the Wolf Man with Bela Lugosi in his Frankenstein getup in the side car, rode over to see Lon Jr.'s new horse between scenes.

The police picked up slooping pedestrians for four blocks. The boys have been studio bound for the duration.

Oddenda

Add up these odd facts about some Hollywood favorites and you'll end up eyeing them with new interest.

Virginia Bruce reads her home-town paper (Fargo, North Dakota) faithfully every day.

Henry Fonda was once an ice man.

Dorothy Lamour, at the age of five, dressed up in patriotic costume, stood on a soap box in the streets of New Orleans and sold Thrift Stamps in the first World War.

Mickey Rooney speaks Japanese.

Bob Hope, when he's tired and worried (which isn't often), comes home with a brown paper bag holding two ice cream cones, gets into bed, eats the cones and is his cheerful self again.

Gary Cooper fled in fright from his first movie set when the director informed him he would be required to kiss the hand of the leading lady.

Barbara Stanwyck, who adopted her son Dion from the famous Chicago Cradle, once lived in an orphan asylum herself.

Ginger Rogers is bound to order, nine times out of ten, her favorite—spaghetti and meatballs.

Joan Crawford's telephone conversations seldom run less than thirty minutes. That's short for her—even on a Coast-to-Coast call.

Loretta Young ardently adores prize fights and views them regularly sitting calmly poised in her perfect drawing-room manner.

Shirley Temple is struck speechless whenever she spots a monochrome.

Charles Laughton knits his own sweaters.

Maybe you think Spencer Tracy isn't gumming up this scene with K. Hepburn in "Keeper Of The Flame"

YOU ought to know that:

Spencer Tracy does all that great-lover emoting with his gum tucked under his tongue. A constant gum-chewer, he just does a quick shift when the love scene is due.

Joan Blondell was born in a vaudeville theater.

Jeanette MacDonald eats five times a day; has one of the most complete libraries on dog care in Hollywood; and always wears a black mask when she goes to sleep.

Olivia de Havilland has one of the friendliest personalities in Hollywood.

Greta Garbo has no electric lights in her house, keeps it lit by candlelight.
DON'T WORRY
about Vitamin A
Children need it to grow. You need it to fight off colds, for good eyesight. With Ov-
altine you get all the extra "A" you need—according to experts.

DON'T WORRY
about Vitamin B,
You eat poorly—and you're tired, listless, nervous, "low"—if you don't get enough B,
the Ovalline way, you get plenty!

DON'T WORRY
about Calcium and Phosphorus
They're vital to bones and nerves in adults—also to teeth in children. The Ovalline
way, you have loads.

DON'T WORRY
about Iron
Without iron, you can't have good red blood. Ovalline supplies all the extra iron
you need—in the way you can use it!

DON'T WORRY
about Vitamins G, P-P
You can't be alert, awake, "alive" without them! You get them—and the extra Vitamin
B complex family in Ovalline!

DON'T WORRY
about Vitamin D
Rarest of all vitamins in food. You get it from sunshine, but 6 or 8 months of the
year most people don't get enough sunshine. Rain or shine, you're safe with Ovalline.

DON'T WORRY
about Vitamins and Minerals
3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovalline Give the Normal Person
All the Extra Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use! Here's Why...

Government authorities say today that 3 out of 4 people are under par—"sub-marginal"—nervous, underweight, easily fatigued—even "well-fed" people—because they don't get enough vitamins and minerals! Result: millions of people taking pills!

But if you are a regular Ovalline user—and are eating three average-good meals a
day—you don't need to worry! Other people who are not using Ovalline may need vitamin pills or capsules, but as an Ovalline user, you're already getting all the extra vit-
amins and minerals your system can profitably use, according to experts!

Long before vitamin and mineral deficiencies became a serious national problem, we added to Ovalline extra amounts of those vitamins and minerals most likely to be de-
ficient in the average diet—enough to be sure—in scientific proportion—except Vita-
min C which is plentiful in fruit juice.

This is ONE of the reasons why thousands of tired, nervous people and thin, under-
weight children have shown remarkable improvement in health when Ovalline is added to their regular meals.

So don't worry about vitamins and minerals! Rely on Ovalline to give you all the extra ones you can use—in addition to its other well-known benefits. Just follow this recipe for better health—

MEALS A DAY + OVALLINE NIGHT AND MORNING

If you want to read more about this extremely inte-
racting subject, send coupon at right. If not, start your Ovalline today and don't worry!

BUT NO!
Don't think vitamins and minerals are all Ovalline gives you. It's a well-balanced dietary food supplement pre-
scribed by doctors the world over. Famous also as a bedtime drink to foster sleep.

WARNING!
AUTHORITIES say you can't completely trust "good" meals to supply all the vitamins
and minerals you need for good health—even with careful meal-planning—because ship-
ping, storing, and cooking reduce the vitamin mineral values of food.
SO RELY on 2 glasses of Ovalline a day for all the extra vitamins and minerals you need!

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360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free samples of Regular and Chocolate Flavored Ovalline—and interesting new
booklet.

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OVALLINE
THE PROTECTING FOOD DRINK
"... there ain't no pantywaists in this man's Army! Candy's darn good to eat, but, more important, we know it's fine food.

"If you ever manned a machine gun or tossed around in a tank, you'd know what I mean. Yes sir... in battle or in barracks, soldiers crave candy!"

The sergeant is right. Even a buck private knows that candy is a valuable part of army rations. Every man on the fighting front is issued a compact food kit containing special dextrose tablets to sustain him when the fresh ration is not obtainable.

Curtiss Candy Company is delivering millions of candy products to the Quartermaster Corps of the U.S. Army... and packaging tons of other important foods such as biscuits, bouillon powder, dehydrated mincemeat, prune and apricot powders. In addition, we observe the priorities of War Plants in their orders for Baby Ruth, Butterfinger and other famous Curtiss Candy Bars.

Obviously, there is no "business as usual" at Curtiss. Our great food plants are operating at capacity. We are supplying millions of hard-working Americans who look to Baby Ruth and Butterfinger for food-energy and food-enjoyment.

Occasionally some dealers may be out of Baby Ruth or Butterfinger. Such shortages are only temporary. Just continue to ask for your favorite Curtiss Candy Bars.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY—Producers of Fine Foods
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

BUY U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
Kiss Me for Luck

(Continued from page 50) and humorous mouth. But if it was going to be one of those I-walked-you-home-I've-got-to-own-you kisses—

It wasn't. It was like no other kiss any man ever gave Betsy. There was a tenderness to it which made her feel both sad and happy. With no regret, she thought, that this had not happened sooner. Her knees felt weak and her heart beat crazily, and presently they drew away at the same instant, gazing at each other in breathless awe.

It gave her a queer feeling that a kiss could go backwards, rearrange events already done, and add the right color into them. Their walk, their talk at the lunch bar suddenly had a different pattern, a new meaning.

"I'll carry that for luck," she said softly.

His footsteps echoed on the bare floor, a harmony receding, music growing fainter, until it was lost in the same kiss—

DESPITE a heavy rain, El Toreador was crowded by eight o'clock. A knowing air and dress material suggesting the dead-pan faces of the waiters, sharpened the clink of glasses, coarsened the joyless laughter of men and women. In the dressing room the footsteps whispered, "Who can tell? Maybe he's coming to see the Jordans, but I'll be here. I'll do my best. Maybe I'll take Sam Kent, and get the Jordans' door. "Coming," called Phil.

They catapulted themselves onto the floor and swung into their "Maw, Paw and the Toreador Fair," having, as it were, just been evicted from the Fan Dancer's tent.

Betsy knew by the applause and shout- ing that they were better than ever. If you nodded, knowing he didn't have their coming into her life. Something going out. She watched him open the plate glass door, stood still long after he had disappeared. . . .

Excitement in the room was stifling. The first time Haney smiled, his court smiled with him. Then he laughed aloud. Success has laugh. Everybody laughed with him and Phil, seeing this, mut- tered, "Down to his table." Boldly the three Jordans advanced and, after that, building up to a climax for Haney Phil. The audience rocked, Haney watched carefully.

THE shouts and calls, the stamping and applause followed the three into their dressing room. They shook hands with each other, slapped each other on the back, fell into chairs. They had done it. Out on the floor Betsy was now sing- ing. She felt the anticlimax of follow- ing the Jordan brothers' riot. Fever hung in the air. Everybody was waiting. It made you feel you had to sing quietly, like when a kid's being born. So she sang softly. She had a feeling nobody was listening and, since she was no dynamo of motion or melody anyway, she hadn't much idea what she was doing.

The corridor seemed strangely empty as she raced down to her dressing room. She'd wait. Maybe Phil would come to tell the good news himself.

A blues singer, Sam Kent almost approached Haney, but Haney was whispering to his aide, Drake. Drake rose Drake didn't come to Sam but disapper- ed, too, to his dressing room. Sam half rose. When the boys came out he was going to be right at that table. Five hundred a day or nothing. "I'll lose ten pounds," Drake didn't say.

Drake returned, a look of triumph in his shifty eyes. Behind him walked Betsy Bell, suspicion in her eyes, bewilderment on her painted lips. The crowd's curi- ousness flanked the noise, in the room for a moment. The next instant amaze- ment whisked the blanket away and the babble of sound and speculation rose again.

"They hadn't ought to pull a gag like that on a girl," Sam muttered. "Haney's writin' a note. He's givin' it to Blumen- kranz. That'll be for me, and why not?"

But Blumenkranz gave the note to a waiter and, as the waiter handed it to Sam Kent, Haney and all the men at his table rose in a body and bowed to Betsy Bell.

The Jordan brothers were stunned. Phil rushed into space where Chet handed him some sort of sign, and Roy watched their agent. Sam was still raging around the dressing room, alternately crunching and tearing up Haney's note and reading or quoting its contents.

"They're very funny, he says. They are even original, he says. But their humor is—here, it's written down—their humor is too intimate for the screen. It is tavern entertainment."

"I don't believe it," said Phil. "He'll send it off to you in the morning. He'll think it over—we'll get under his skin after he thinks us over."

"It won't, because he made another change, in his case, I say," sang Chet. The three brothers rose as by a pre- arranged signal. What did he mean?

"Betsy Bell. "That little hoofer?" cried Chet. Roy said, "You're drunk, Sam."

"Go see her sittin' at his table—everybody bowin' and scrapin'."

Roy flung his long arm out. Why, the double-crossing little—"

"Shut up!" Phil ordered. He marched by his brothers and the agent and, once outside, ran quickly to the corridor to Betsy's dressing room.

A colored maid answered his knock. Performers at El Toreador didn't have maids. Phil rang for Betsy and told the attendant from the powder room.

"Miss Bell ain't here, maybe she ain't gonna be here no more," the girl said all in one breath. "Mr. Haney—he couldn't even let her come back to change from her last dress. He sent me to her coat and he's taken her away. Like that—Mister Jordan says she's housin' with my own brother, the boss he says, we're takin' this little baby away. She's got somethin'. . . ."

BACK in their hotel room after the last show, the boys stretched out on their beds which occupied most of the room. Roy vented his disappointment on Betsy Bell. He must have seen that Betsy set out to capture Philo Haney. Every girl knew that that could be done, if she got the chance. She double-crossed the that's what.

"She couldn't help herself, if Haney liked her," said Phil.

"Why don't you call her up and con- grate her?" Phil asked.

Phil turned out the light over his bed. "We leave her out of it from now on," he decided in an unmistakable voice of authority. "Good night, boys."

For a long time after the room was dark, Phil lay awake. He still didn't know what it was all about, but that was Hollywood for you and Betsy had no confidence in herself. She wanted noth- ing more than thirty-five a week and three square meals, and the fickle goddess had smiled upon her. He squinted at the memory of how he had boasted the night before, of her faith in him, her absolute certainty that he could not fail. Vain fool, too, without a thought he regretted their parting kiss. It had been like making a promise he knew he couldn't keep.

It was always that one promise to be kept first—to his mother. He could see Ma now, there in the hospital room, hear her saying, "I depend on you, Phil, though you're the middle one. You're like your father—steady and sensible. Chet'll never have more sense than a shoot. Roy gets too big for his

MEET the AUTHORS of "Kiss Me for Luck"

Henry and Sylvia Liebfarl, one of the most noted teams of husband and wife writers in the fiction field, have written nine novels, newest of which is "Kiss Me for Luck." Their stories have been published widely in the magazine field and sold to Hollywood for pictures. They are all their work as a team and believe that a happy collaboration is one of the most fascinating, ad- venturous and satisfying of a happy marriage. Photoplay-Movie Mirror welcomes the Liebertars to its pages

MARCH, 1943

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bitches every so often. Don't let 'em down, Phil. My three boys—together—" And they were still together, but he ought to call Betsy in the morn-

ing ....

Anyway, Ma wouldn't have been discouraged if she'd been here. She was the one always said, "Don't tell me oppor-
tunity knocks but once. It's knockin'
all the time, like a minute peepin'. It had knockin' at Betsy's door tonight. To-
morrow, maybe theirs.

MAMA BOSCO ran the kitchen of the small hotel where Betsy lived, and the guests said she ran them too, but they liked it.

"I don't believe how it happened," Betsy said to Mama. "I didn't ask for it. I'm frightened. I never even dreamed about it."

"All morning you say that," Mama re-
minded her patiently. "Why you not just thank God you-get-a-break."

They were in Betsy's room, for which she paid six dollars. It was cramped but clean, and the chintz draperies trelisised with grapes growing up instead of down were at least cheerful and light.

"But it wasn't meant for me," the girl protested. "It's like getting a letter addressed to somebody else."

"Look, Bambino, you are afraid like a girl before she is marry. After Wed-
ding she forget. You forget too. Soon they come for you, take you to big hotel, maybe big house. Now you put on pretty dress and be ready." Betsy waited for Mama Bosco to waddle out of the room, then she sat down be-
side the telephone. She was waiting for a call—from Phil Jordan. She in-

quired for it rather than waiting. She felt as bewildered as she was sure he must feel, but the sound of his voice saying anything at all would help her cross this terrifying day, though. They were strangers, after all. No, they weren't. When you gave a man a key—

"That kiss had been a key. It had un-
locked something in her heart. She had not yet looked clearly at what it had revealed, but it was there, waiting to come out of the room at his bidding.

Betsy shrank from the whole procedure of photographers, curiosity seekers, re-
porters that would face her at one o'clock. She had no idea how this had happened to her, Betsy Bell of Newbury, Iowa, Betsy Bell who had won a county newspa-
per contest and a trip to Hollywood, who had stayed in Hollywood because there was nobody to go back to in Newbury.

THE telephone rang. It was Phil, and Betsy read in his voice, instantly, that he was going to put on a bright and impersonal act. Still, he had called!

"It's the dentist, ma'am," he said, "politen' fair to midlin' or just midlin' fair?"

"Just scared, Phil."

"Ain't no cause to worry," he soothed, "just get your bar ears and when you hear the door slam, the tooth's out."

"You are angry at me, Phil," and the blood in her head took a sudden tumble to her heart, and when she had come face to face with his anger.

The answer rose easily to his lips because he had given it so often to Roy and more. "It's your fault if Haney liked you," and he really meant it.

"But it's not your fault, either. You didn't have to be punished because he snubbed something to me. Oh what did he ever see, Phil?"

"They won't let you talk like that for long."

"Until I sign contracts I can talk as I please," she cried with spirit, because she was desperate to break through the wall of reserve about him.

"Signing today?"

"Yes—I'm leaving soon."

"Well, the best of everything, Betsy," he said heartily. "Keep your chin up. You're a kid makes the most of a break. I can see that."

She clung to the telephone, frantically searching for a way to continue the conversation. "But I'll see you tonight! I'm going to finish out my two weeks. I am, Phil." 

Silence caught the wires between them. When she could endure the silence no longer, Betsy said, "Are you still on?" though she knew he was. "Operator—I think the connection—"

"I'm here," he said quietly.

"Kiss for luck, Phil?"

"That's one thing a telephone can't carry," he laughed. "Say, it would make a funny gag, though, in a picture. A telephone with a kind of flexible trans-
mitter that would give the lady a kiss."

"And don't forget the lipstick if it's the gentleman getting the kiss!" she re-
torted furiously. "Good-by."

Instantly she was sorry she had been short, no matter what he'd said, and the telephone rang so soon after that she thought maybe he had called back.

But it was Mama Bosco, excited to the point of incoherence. "They are here, Bambino. Something has gone down. The car is so big—like a fire engine."

It didn't take her long to dress, in a blue velvetian suspender frock with white silk blouse, a short coat like a sailor's pea jacket and her round hat with the streamers.

As she opened the door, she heard the ruffle of voices from below and sensed the milling activity. Looking straight ahead she ran down the stairs and when she came to the last landing, she voice cried, "Here she is, boys. Shoot!"

Flashlight bulbs bloomed and burst like balloons.

PHILO HANEY held Betsy off at arms' length and gathered all the details of her appearance into those cold grey eyes, which held no warmth but were merely reflectively light on grey water. . . .

Charming—charming," he said, in his carefully modulated voice, to the staff gathered in his office.

Then rapidly and succinctly he was giv-
ing directions to the various experts. The chaperone, the maid, even the man of his first sweetheart and innocence. Rebecca- of-Sunnybrook Farm, Anne of-Green-Gables, The Blue Bird, a dash of the old-fashioned."

"Not one studia a man's voice said. "No," Haney cracked sharply. "Sim-
plicity. We've found another Pickford. No sophistication. Betsy Bell is to re-
mind every man of his first sweetheart, or the memory of his first sweetheart.

"You all know your jobs. Go ahead," said Haney, dismissing them. He took both of them, and his girl, into his arms, "my dear, will be learning yours from now on. Mrs. Pringle will see to that."

At mention of her name, Mrs. Pringle, to whom Betsy had been introduced, didn't draw close to her. The girl half expected the rattle of handcuffs, for Mrs. Pringle was to be her official chaperone, her jailer.

"Call me Aunt Edith," the woman said drily.

Edith Pringle wasn't real. She was something Hollywood made up for its own purposes, a woman of forty, handsome in a comfortless way, tall and striking, with features, clothes and manner that would fasten down to the specifications of the job.

THAT night at El Toreador, Betsy saw a dance it was going to mean to elude Aunt Edith and talk to Phil pri-
vately. She finally contrived to get her out front to catch her act, then before the older woman could return, Betsy raced down the hall to find Phil. He was in the rear doorway, smoking. When she called his name he turned slowly, pretended to get lost in the gloomy corridor to identify her. The hall wasn't really so dark that she couldn't see her. "Smoke?" he said, offering her his pack.

"No, thanks."

"They got you in training already?"

"I never did smoke," she said. "Have you ever seen me with a cigarette?"

"No—I guess not."

This wasn't a very good start, Betsy thought.

"Mind it go today?" he asked when the silence grew painful.

"They didn't do much. Only moved me to the Castle Hill and took some pictures."

"The Castle Hill—eh?"

"Yes. Suite eleven-twenty-two. Phil, please, believe me about Mr. Haney. Joe Dennis, my agent, never called me to his attention."

"Why not and why not? he laughed, and because she knew Sam Kent's pet phrase, she laughed too. "Skip it, Betsy," he added, "I know how those things happen. You'd better enjoy your suc-
cess and, believe me, I wish you the best of luck.

The conversation was quite strained, unsatisfactory. "I still say Mr. Haney

doesn't know what he missed out on—"

"normally I'll be looking for you, Betsy."

"That's my Aunt Edith," she said, making a wry face.

"She couldn't be missed her, she looked so much like a kid who'd found a frog in her pocket. But instead he looked beyond her and whistled softly."

"He comes along for a cocktail."

"Well, my dear," said Edith Pringle, "Hadn't you better be resting?"

"Aunt Edith, this is Mr. Jordan, Phil Jordan."

The woman (Continued on page 80)

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR
Can you date these fashions?

Fill in the date of each picture, then read corresponding paragraph below for correct answer.

**I9__**

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.

**I9__**

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 65¢ per dozen.

**I9__**

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¢.
(Continued from page 78) bowled formally. Phil bowed a shade more formally and, crushing his cigarette, bade them both a good night.

Defeat stimulated the Jordans. They worked harder, never satisfied with old business, always devising new business again the day when Success and Calm walked down the street again, and smiled.

"Anyway," said Roy excitedly one night, "Van Dirk's out front. He's just as careless as a devil.

The room was suddenly electrified. "How's that Ladies Aid Dinner?" Chet demanded. "Think we can show it now."

"There's plenty time to run over it here," said Phil. "Lock that door, is Sam here, Van Dirk just wandered in. Anybody else reservation here?"

"Keep that accord low," warned Phil, and with earnest concentration they set about preparing themselves again for the big opportunity.

Anton Van Dirk occupied a rather strange position in Hollywood. He had never directed a complete flop, but neither did he have a string of hits that made box-office history. His pictures always brought adequate returns; they were workmanlike. Many failed to realize that by this consistent output he became the backbone director of Excelsior Studios and maintained a place firmer than that of some who had made history, but also hatched terrors.

The instant the Jordans tumbled out, they saw that he was sitting at Edith Pringle's table and Roy cursed under his breath. Betsy Bell again. She had her contract. What did she want now?

"Find your next cue," Phil muttered. "We've got a job to do.

They did it extremely well. Not a laugh was missed. Their timing, it seemed to Phil, was perfect. Van Dirk laughed with just the right degree of heartiness.

Then Betsy came on. Phil and Chet waited in the dressing room. Roy stood in the wings watching Van Dirk, ready to spread the alarm should he give a waiter a note or send for the manager.

Betsy had done her turn and was sitting in the wings with Van Dirk, ready to say, in the next number was on and nothing had happened. There was no shock when he reported, only a feeling of hopelessness and a grim silence as they prepared to leave. "Maybe tomorrow?" Chet began. "Maybe next year?" Roy scoffed. "What's that girl after us? Whatever we want—she horns in."

"She can't help it," Chet chirped with derision. "He was sitting at her auntie's table."

"I'll whale the hide off the both of you," Phil said with deadly quiet.

Every day Betty lunched with Phil Haney. Telephones rang, buzzers and announcers interrupted. If Haney seemed to have eyes and ears only for her, she knew that he was not the least interested in what she said, only in what she said it, in her diction, her facial expression, her posture, how she laughed, how she called a man's name.

However, his very impersonal manner set her at ease, emboldened her even, every day, to say some word of the Jordans.

"Yes, they're funny fellows," he agreed once. "They've got a clever, homespun line, too, but it's not the kind of humor anybody wants—for the screen."

That's about all there ever was to what he said about the Jordans, but Betsy clung to that faint praise. It was going to help her to keep Phil friendly at least a little while after she left El Toreador.

On her last night at the night club, Betsy said to Aunt Edith, "I'm not going home with you tonight. I have a date."

"With whom?" the older woman demanded.

"It's personal, and important."

"I can easily find out."

"I know that, and you will, of course."

Edith Pringle's elegance slipped a little. She even took one step out of character. "I've got a job to do, my girl, and I'm being paid handsomely. I don't intend to lose my pay check."

Betsy liked that kind of talk better than smooth persuasion. "I won't interfere with your job, I promise you. Or do anything stupid. But you'd better let me do as I please tonight, because—I don't mind telling you—I'd as soon give up the whole business if I can."

"You're crazy, and I'm not talking for my own interest. There isn't a man," she said shrewdly, "worth that kind of sacrifice."

Betsy met her gaze squarely. "If you'll be a good auntie tonight and put on your wrap and leave before I do, I'll be a good niece for the rest of the time."

Edith smiled grimly. "My reputation's at stake, not yours, but if that's what you want—"

That was what she wanted. This was just what she wanted, to be walking beside Phil down Santa Monica Boulevard, pretending that she hadn't seen Aunt Edith waiting in a cab as they came out. She looked up at his fine face, his square shoulders upon which the burdens of the three Jordans had always rested.

"How'd it happen the police officer let you go home alone tonight?"

"I told her to," she said bluntly. "I had to see you, Phil."

"No use your taking chances that—way, Betsy. You're not supposed to traffic with hams like me."

"Stop it," she ordered. "If you're a ham, then what am I? No, don't tell me. I can guess."

His fingers closed tightly, apologetically about her wrist and they walked along this way, not precisely hand-in-hand, but there was something even more intimate and protective in the wrist hold. Betsy sighed for something she had never had and was hoping she might find tonight.

"What did you want to see me about?"

"He dropped her hand. Something had been happening to her these two weeks and he couldn't make out what it was. He had expected some sort of conceit, some hint of self-importance, but instead a soft radiance clung to her, a gentle hesitancy. The real grooming had begun for her yet, he knew, but nevertheless she looked beautiful where before she had merely been cute.

"You must have had something on your mind."

"I wanted to tell you what Mr. Haney said about you—that you had a clever homespun line."

"You're a sweet kid, Betsy," Phil said, "but you didn't really talk to him about us."

"I did," she cried. "His voice was thick with dejection. "Look, Betsy, don't think I'm a sorehead. I believe you talked to him. You're just fool enough of a kid to do it, but you don't awe us taking that much trouble. You forget us, will you, and we'll—"

"And you'll forget me," she finished strongly.

"You took the wrong words out of my mouth."

"That's what you meant."

They were quite alone on the street. He thrust his fist under her chin and said, "You wanna fight? What I meant was I'll keep you out of your way."

"She asked you to?

"Just a wild idea of mine. We go to Frisco from here."

She seized upon this eagerly. "Oh, do you mean you don't mean to tell Mr. Haney? I was wondering if El Toreador was going to keep you on—"

"Sam has other plans. Then Chicago for a few weeks—a couple of other cities after that. Omaha, St. Louis, maybe Kansas City—peanuts."

The Castle Hill lounge was different from the Wanda. Betsy's lobby staff of men were running vacuum cleaners, swishing mops, whisking brushes, dusting pictures, swishing dust in the elevator door. Phil tilted Betsy's chin upward. Her heart began to race and then slide right up into her throat. But he didn't kiss her. He looked deep into her blue eyes for so long that presently she flushed. "Keep the way you are, Betsy, if you can," he said, "and good luck to you."

The elevator door opened, "Going up?" cried the pert boy in the pillbox. "The lady is going up," Phil said, turning abruptly.

She was crying when she let herself into the apartment. Edith's door was open, but the room was dark. The girl took off her shoes, tiptoed past the darkened room to her own. She locked her door and threw herself on the bed. She felt her hat crunch. It didn't matter. She didn't have to worry over hideous story. She didn't have to worry over anything, but she cried bitterly for something she had hoped would happen and hadn't.

The next time Betsy sees Phil her life will have changed, as only Hollywood can change a girl's life. And Phil? The tables turn and with them comes a turn of heart. Continue this stirring love story in April Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

Photoplay combined with Movie Mirror
You'll note a wonderful change the first time you make up with this famous face powder. You'll see how the Color Harmony shade created by Max Factor Hollywood for your type—whether blonde or brunette, brownette or redhead—gives new attraction, new appeal to your beauty by giving your skin a lovelier, more youthful color tone. You'll note how the superfine texture creates a soft, satin-smooth make-up. And you'll be thrilled with the unusual clinging quality that keeps your make-up looking lovely for hours. Try Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder today... make a new beauty discovery!... One dollar.

Max Factor Hollywood Color Harmony Make-Up

...Face Powder, Rouge and Tru-Color Lipstick
The Battling Bogarts

(Continued from page 31) The battle was on. Nobody is sure what happened next, except that when the debris was cleared away the contestants had departed, each in a different direction.

But the payoff came in the morning. Bogie arrived at the Algonquin in the early hours, locked his wife in their suite, and closed the door. In theemployed man who was engaged in a room down the hall, inwardly groating over what he hoped would be an opportunity of finding and flogging him missing. Instead, when he got up himself around noon and went sheepishly into the suite he found their bedroom empty, the sheet undisturbed. May was missing. As he grabbed for the house telephone Mayo entered in nightgown and negligee. She had come home shortly before Bogie and, with the same idea, had engaged herself a separate room which, they discovered, was next to his. They burst out laughing and the battle was over, at least for the time being.

O ne of the lucky things about the Bogarts is that they are capable of lauging at themselves. The battle has subsided. No matter how murderous they may feel toward each other at night they can regale their friends by re-enact ing the scene the next day. This is probably because each has the actor's point of view. A battle with them instinctively resolves itself into dramatic struc ture, as opposed to a real clash. When all verbal topings are exhausted they resort to physical toppings. If, for example, Mayo throws a saucer at her spouse Bogie will retaliate with a platter, and so on.

Oddly enough they seldom do any great damage to each other. Damage, when it does occur, is apt to be acciden tal, as when Mayo let a telephone receiver slip through her hands and land on Bogie's face. This happened also at the Almonquin. The instrument was at tached to the wall over the bed on which Bogie was peacefully resting. Mayo, in answaring a call, let the receiver drop. The telephone rang just as Bogie was about to get the full force of the blow. When the receiver hit him he leaped from the bed, both arms swinging. Luckily Mayo was not as quick before any serious harm was done.

Weapons are unrestricted in the Bogart feud and are usually confined to the nearest throwable object. Sometimes the object proves not so throwable, as when Mayo discovered the time she hoisted a large vase. When she hauled back her arm for the heave the weight of the vase threw her off balance and she fell over backwards, providentially saving Bogie from heaven knows what fate. At another time they were on their boat cruise to Bermuda and Mayo, who was in the bow, was ready to toss the painter to the dock. As Bogie maneuvered the craft shoreward he shouted a warning to his rival and Mrs. Bogart. He admits that perhaps his language was a bit sharp, or that the tone may have been peremptory. Whatever it was, there was seized with sud den rebellion. Dropping the boat hook she picked up a life preserver and let Bogie have it right in his face. The craft, temporarily ignored by its captain and first mate, suffered a badly bruised bow when it hit the dock.

The Bogarts have quick minds as well as tempestuous personalities. Sometimes their verbal exchanges come too fast. Each will break into the middle of the other's sentences, giving the words a different meaning than intended. In explaining this peculiarity to me Humphrey gave an illustration of the way one battle actually started. Here's the dialogue verbatim:

Mayo: "I don't want to be a wife—"

Humphrey: "Darling, you're not a wife—"

Mayo (faring up): "You apologize, you—"

Humphrey: "I'm not going to apologize— etc. etc. bang. BANG."

This doesn't mean unless you know how each sentence should have been completed. Mayo's opening remark was meant to be an endearing assertion that she wanted to do things not merely a wife but more. Properly amended the next line would have read:

"Darling, you're not a wife, you're my everything." (or some such idiolic phrase). This would have automa tically eliminated Mayo's rejoinder and the fight.

One of the longest and most com plicated battles on record took place over several days and covered an area from Los Angeles to Dodge City, Kansas, and return. The occasion was a special trip carrying a training load of newspapermen to the world premiere of the picture "Dodge City." This event had been widely publicized and at all stations along the way crowds jammed the platform to catch a glimpse of the celebrities.

Shortly after the train pulled out of Los Angeles station there were signs of fermentation in the Bogarts' drawing room. A few friends had joined them and pretty soon an argument had started. One of those now remembers what the argument was about, but it served as a powder magazine for the entire trip. It so happened that almost every time a sparks began to fly in the Bogart vicinity the train would pull up at a station and the next instant Mr. and Mrs. Bogart were out on the platform with the rest of the stars, bowing and smiling to each other and saying "good morning" and white thousands cheered. The train would get on its way again and the fight would take on approximately where it left off.

They are people who, like the Bogart's home are something that only a real fight fan could appreciate. They always start off decorously, but before great success of the affair is made to everybody, at about which time threatening voices call up on the telephone.

One of those affairs was attended by James Thurber when he was in Holly wood collaborating with Elliot Nugent on "The Male Animal." The Nugents were there, father and son, and were Miss Michal Anne, Miss Letterman, and many other distinguished representatives of so ciety and the arts. The sporting spirit which prevailed was illustrated in the remarkable sight of one of the guests who rushed up to a horn-rimmed gentleman, took hold of his arm and said, "Let's fight with our glasses on." Thurber was so beguiled by that evening that he commemorated it later in a drawing which he sent to the Bogarts with the inscription, "Jolly Times—1933." It oc cu pied a prize space.

Yes, "jolly times" is really how the Bogarts look on their life together. On the basis of their own admission, they fight to stay married, instead of allowing marriage to be a union which is more than can be said of a lot of other Hollywood couples.

The End.
“Every girl should have a lovely Lux Complexion,” says this charming young star

“Soft smooth skin wins romance,” says lovely Veronica. And tells you of the daily beauty care she never neglects. “The Lux Soap lather’s so creamy it’s like a caress on the skin,” she says. This ACTIVE lather removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt thoroughly—gives precious skin care it needs.

Try these beauty facials for 30 days and see!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
Who Is Hollywood's Best Dressed Woman?

(Continued from page 34) woman in the world in "Lady In the Dark." And Katharine Hepburn's charming wardrobe in the Theatre Guild production, "Without Love"—is by Valentino. "The secret of the well-dressed woman is as simple as a-b-c," says Valentino. "Wear the right thing at the right time in the right place. And, above all, seek simplicity!"

She spoke first of Roz Russell. "She has such a charming atmosphere about her dresses—always," she said.

Then Hepburn. "She knows, so well, the value of good lines."

"Garbo," she explained "rates much higher off screen as a smart woman than those who have seen her photographed. She has chic. She wore a big blue hat and a blue suit with a coat that caught at the neck and fell away to show a triangle of fresh white blouse. Always she's cleverly, freshly, appropriately groomed. "And," he went on, "Carmen Miranda must be considered among Hollywood's truly smart women. She wears fabulous clothes. But what she wears is right for her. Her gold turbans and sequins and necklaces and bright colors would turn most women into circus horses. On her they are superbly right."

Irene Dunne had his vote too. "She is the other extreme from Miranda" he said. "Most conservative. But beautifully and smartly conservative."

It's his belief that "Above all, a woman must keep an open mind about clothes—watch out she has no hangover ideas about style or color because of some previous experience with that style or color which was either most fortunate or most unfortunate."

Mrs. Leslie Morris designs clothes at the RKO studios. For Roz Russell, Lucille Ball, Janet Blair—need we go on? Mrs. Morris, like Irene, says, "A smart woman is a woman with carriage and poise. And a woman who knows what to leave off. When, for instance, an evening gown is sequin trimmed or has an outstanding pattern it should not be detracted from by a flower in the hair. When a hat's really a super little number its glory should not be dimmed by a fancy dress."

Mrs. Morris spoke of Roz Russell first. "She has the knack of making amusing things look very smart," she said. "Put anything sassy on Roz Russell and it immediately becomes the thing to wear."

Irene Dunne was second on the Morris list because she makes conservative things look glamorous.

Lily Dache laughed. "Strange! You ask me who is chic and I answer you this one is simple and she is not. It's always like that. A woman's mind invariably is reflected in her appearance. If she isn't warm and human and simple—she's chic—her clothes will be chic. And nothing that's chic is attractive. Only pretentious."

Garbo came second. "She wears things so perfect for her type," Lily Dache said. "Quiet modes, soft colors..."

Greer Garson was third. "She is so utterly feminine and simple."

Norma Shearer was fourth. "Simplicity in manner and clothes is her charm."

Madeleine Carroll was fifth. "Every woman is different. But most chic women have some of the same qualities like the great human warmth Madeleine Carroll possesses in such rich abundance."

Joan Crawford—"because she knows only in a felt hat and a big mackintosh would believe. Garbo's personal clothes are as simple as she is and as classic as her beauty."

In the younger crowd it was Veronica Lake who intrigued Valentino. "You can feel her integrity," she says. "You know that girl is what she is and will not seek to appear otherwise."

Travis Banton was our fifth expert. He is pre-eminent in both New York and Hollywood. Recently he was with Hattie Carnegie in New York than which there isn't much more. Recently he was with "Twentieth Century-Fox in Hollywood, which is all right too.

He thought Lily Damita deserved more honorable mention and far more serious consideration for this coveted title than she ever has received. "Damita has that new look always," he explained. "I saw her before her baby was born. Even then

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clothes." Ann Sothern for the same reason.

Carmen Miranda—for the identical reason Travis Banton offered, "The more I put on her," came the Dache exclamation, "the better she looked! So she is wise to wear the clothes she wears."

Veronica Lake interested Lily Dache too. "She has great potentialities," Dache said. "She is what she is and so she stamps whatever she wears as her very own!"

Now for the exciting business of scores:

Ladies and Gentlemen! We give you Rosalind Russell, the best-dressed woman in Hollywood. Because, according to our pre-eminent judges, "she always has a charming atmosphere about her dress . . . she has such a definite assurance that she can carry even a flowerpot on her head and make it important . . . she has the knack of making amusing things look very smart . . . put anything sassy on her and immediately it becomes the thing to wear."

Claudette Colbert nudges Roz for first place. Because, again according to our pre-eminent experts, "she has exquisite taste . . . she has wonderful hips . . . she wears her carefully planned, meticulously fitted clothes with an assurance that dramatizes her . . . she makes extreme clothes look simple and simple clothes look extreme."

Loretta Young ranks third. And close behind these three is Veronica Lake. Which brings to mind that immortal warning of Ibsen, "The younger generation is knocking at your door!" For clearly Veronica is potentially Hollywood's best dressed woman.

THE END

Next month we'll give you Roz Russell's very own secrets of chic. She'll tell you what manner of stockings she believes to be the best buy now, things to remember when you purchase a suit, the high points to watch for good fitting, how to build a wardrobe. Don't miss Roz's secrets. She didn't always have a star's salary. She knows every girl's clothes problems. She undoubtedly can help you to become outstandingly smart in your group, your world . . .

Twenty-Five Dollars
For Your Thoughts

Who do you think is Hollywood's best-dressed woman?

Write us a letter naming the star upon whom you would bestow this coveted title—whether she is Roz Russell, another star our judges named, or someone whom they overlooked entirely—and give us the style reasons why this star gets your vote.

We will send a twenty-five-dollar War Bond to the reader who in the opinion of our editorial board, sends us the most convincing interesting letter. Literary style will not count. Facts are what we're after!

All decisions of the editorial board will be final.

Letters must not exceed one hundred words and must be postmarked on or before midnight, March 5, 1943.

What!

NO DISHES?

You have just bought a piano, a living-room rug, a fine watch, or some similar, substantial adjunct to your home or your scheme of living. What extra inducement was "thrown in" to influence your choice?

The answer, of course, is—nothing. In fact, you'd be suspicious if something extra had been offered! You are satisfied the article itself is worth the price you paid.

Most Fels-Naptha Users feel the same way about laundry soap. They know that a bar or box of Fels-Naptha Soap is worth every penny of the purchase price—in extra washing energy. They don't want any other extras "thrown in."

As one woman aptly puts it,
"the soap that's cheapest at the counter isn't always cheapest when the washing's done."
Dear Reader: Hollywood Has Changed!
(Continued from page 37) downhearted and, since I didn’t feel in the mood for bridge, he drove me home. Upon finding he was downhearted because of some of the scraps he’d been in had left their mark and he couldn’t pass his physicals for Uncle Sam, though he’d been trying and trying.

But he brightened up when we spoke about Betty Grable. It seems, has the very definite idea that she wants to entertain the boys. The soldiers, the sailors. If the Victory Committee would send her she wanted to go as much as possible to the smaller camps, the out-of-the-way camps, where the boys don’t get so much fun as they do at the bigger places near big towns. In other words, as George put it with a charming smile, the most popular of the young and beautiful screen stars actually wanted to play the tank towns, was asking for the old "one-night stand" routine. No matter how tough and inconvenient or how small the number of men, that’s where Betty wanted to go as well as to the big ones.

But one night when she was scheduled for a very big camp indeed there almost wasn’t any show. Betty took a peak and saw that all the first rows of seats were vacant. All the others were filled with soldier boys, waiting for their favorite "girl friend." "What’s going on?" said Miss Grable. "Why are all those seats vacant?" Somebody explained to her that they were reserved for the officers and their wives and friends and families.

"Oh, no," said Miss Grable, flatly. "No indeed and a million times no. I didn’t trek out here to entertain any officers and their wives and friends and families. Not me. I came to try to give the boys a good time. I am not interested in the officers. What’s more, either you fill up those seats with the guys they told me I was going to sing and dance for—or I don’t go on."

She stuck to her guns—and you know the answer. The kids got the best seats and Betty Grable put on a show that lasted as long as they could listen.

There was, too, your good friend Bette Davis. I was in Hollywood when the Hollywood Canteen was opened under her guiding spirit. Now again, that’s routine. It had to be done and, as you know, Bette Davis has a fine executive and directorial mind. When she sets out to get things done, they get done. She did it in a big way and she made it a huge success and the boys were jammed and thousands upon thousands of boys that Saturday night were served sandwiches and had entertainment and danced with some of the prettiest and biggest dressed and most famous girls in the movies.

But afterwards I happened to be driving down Hollywood Boulevard, coming in from the Dick Foran Home in the Fernando Valley, with a very pretty blonde actress named Carol Gallagher. We picked up two sailors, a Marine, a private and a secret service man, and took them downtown. They had all been at the canteen and as we drove they got to talking. They weren’t especially articulate and they didn’t make any fancy speeches. But the thing they got across was mighty important.

"I danced with Bette Davis," the Marine said. "I danced with Ida Lupino," the private said.
"I danced with Lana Turner ..., \text{it} went on like that and then there was silence for a few blocks.

"They seemed to like it," the Marine commented, tentatively. "I mean, Miss Davis seemed to—to enjoy it. I mean, it wasn't a bit like I thought it would be, like she was—doing me a favor."

"Well," said one of the sailors, "Ann Rutherford was just like that."

That," said the private who had danced with Ida Lupino, "that is democracy."

He had something there, of course. But it was a good deal more than that—wasn't it? I've heard plenty of the boys squawk about being patronized, though that isn't the way they put it. But the Hollywood Canteen is different. On the night I went down with Ida Lupino—I could see that it had a true air of friendship and gratitude and faith. I had a feeling that somewhere in the darkest night at sea, somewhere at dawn before a battle those kids would remember the women of Hollywood not as movie stars, but as girls who had faith in them.

There were others I met—like Bob Hope. I would venture to say that no man in history has ever entertained as many armed men as Bob Hope. And—believe it or not—he was so nervous, he had such attacks of stage fright that it was pitiful. He was so scared the boys wouldn't like him. He actually worried himself thin over it.

"The best I have," Bob said, "isn't anywhere near good enough for these boys. The rest of us don't amount to much these days. We're just the people they're fighting for."

So he kept everybody up all night, writing new gags, trying to find new laughs, thinking up new material. Why, there isn't a sponsor on the air or a motion-picture company in Hollywood who could buy for any of the fantastic salaries Bob has been paid the amount of work he did—the amount of writing—the amount of annoying his writers and directors almost to death—the amount of extra rehearsals and extra business and nervous fear that he put out for his tours of the camps.

Then we come to Hollywood's great job of selling Bonds across America. Stories of the stars have come drifting back to us, picturesque, funny, moving. For sheer picturesqueness I love the one about our fighting bantam, Jimmy Cagney, who tackled singlehanded the tough boys in the steel mills of Gary, Indiana.

"Look, you guys," said Jimmy, swinging into action. "I didn't come here to entertain you. I came here to give you hell. There's a war on and you fellows have only allotted four percent of your salaries for Bonds to foot the bills to get those Japs and Germans who think they can lick America and shoot down the American flag. We can't win the war that way. You've got to invest ten percent."

They tell me no man ever received a greater ovation—and the workers boosted their allotments way over ten percent and that increase meant $5,000,000 for war bills during this year.

Irene Dunne sold a pair of her own earrings for $30,000 in War Bonds. And the lovely and stately Miss Dunne, one of Hollywood's most gracious ladies, confided to a pal that at that price for War Bonds she would probably have done a Gypsy Rose Lee right there. It was a good thing, said Miss Dunne, that they stopped with the earrings.

Greer Garson talked to 600 War Mothers somewhere in West Virginia—women who together had 800 sons in the service. She didn't make any great oration. She didn't say anything memorable. The thing was that she couldn't say anything at all for five minutes. She was crying. The War Mothers seemed to like that better than anything.

Perhaps I haven't told you what you expected to hear about Hollywood in wartime. Nor can I tell you about some of the very real sacrifices that have been made. Somehow, they sound phony. Somehow, I feel that Hollywood doesn't regard them as sacrifices.

That's the thing. This time, Hollywood seems almost humble. This time, they seem to be asking to be taken in, not just as entertainers, not just as morale-builders, but as people who are at least doing as much as anybody else.

Years ago Marie Dressler, who did the greatest job of anybody in the last war—I mean anybody from Hollywood—said something to me that I have never forgotten. We were talking about the blows that life can sometimes deal, the heartbreaks that come. Marie said, "I've been knocked to my knees a great many times, but it doesn't matter. You see, that is the position in which you learn at last to pray."

Something like that has happened to Hollywood. Maybe it's the first time Hollywood is—just another little town in America. All they seem to ask is to be allowed to do their part—and God Bless America.

The End.

PEPSI-COLA FOR "JANIE" AND THE GANG

See "JANIE"—a show that hits the spot—now playing at Henry Miller's Theater in New York.

Hail, hail the gang's all here for a Pepsi-Cola party! Party-time is Pepsi-Cola time, not only on Broadway, but wherever thirsty folks gang up. It's a grand drink...one nickel buys a 12-ounce bottle. Entertain your thirsty today with Pepsi-Cola.

Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N.Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast.
Portrait of "U. S." Grant

(Continued from page 53) than inherent and "all too prevalent." He drinks almost no water with meals.

His favorite singer is Jan Peerce.

He spreads a napkin only in half.

He seldom chews gum and always had trouble spelling "necessary" and "occasion," a shortcoming he corrected once and for all on the day this was written. He was educated at Fairfield Academy, Bristol, England.

Cary Grant thinks the most beautiful view he has ever seen was the bay at Acapulco, Mexico, as he saw it one Easter Sunday morning.

He has a lurking fear, these days, of a leaky gas tank. His favorite book was a boy as "Playing Fields," a classic of Elon College. He smokes very few cigarettes.

He made his current RKO-Radio picture, "From Here To Victory," at the behest of the Government. He is articulate, earnest and completely unaffected. He dotes on curried dishes.

He enjoys horseracing, never betting more than two dollars.

He abhors hillbilly music.

He once attempted winter sports. "I tried 'em, I stink!"

He has a severe astigmatism, likes soft felt hats in dark greens and doesn't like chili sauce. He would like someday to take a course in languages and go in seriously for the piano. He weighs 190 pounds.

He writes with his right hand and draws with his left.

He never wears a wing collar with a dinner jacket and more than any other street in the world has derived more pleasure from walking down La Rive Gauche, Paris. He holds great admiration for the musical talents of the late Bix Biederbecke. His wife's son, Lance, by her former husband, Count von Haugwitz-Reventlow, is now six years old.

He HAS assiduously refrained from using any influence to promote himself into a post of importance in the war effort, leaving it entirely up to the Government to employ his services where they think best. He studied music for five years and loves to loaf by sunbathing.

He hates wearing a derby.

He is fond of green olives, classical music on the air, and believes that a person can pretty much achieve the ends he sets out to achieve providing he sticks to his guns. He plays a bad game of tennis.

He carries a wrist watch whenever he thinks of it, likes wearing tails, and has never excelled in any sports.

He is a procrastinating letter-writer. "I never answer them. They rot in the drawer." He drinks a lot of milk and is always tanned a dark brown by early summer.

He has no faith in any kind of fortunetelling. He has never experienced seasickness and has an ambition someday to own a mina bird, an East Indian raven-like talking bird.

He hates cats.

He likes dry martinis, wool or silk socks, and small, intimate parties. His favorite cheese is brie.

He has never worn spats or carried a walking stick. He usually shaves twice a day and finds it much too easy for him to say yes to requests for personal favors, always assuming more than he can undertake. He frankly declares that his philosophic attitudes derive chiefly from the Bible.

He is fond of the heavier types of ales, doesn't like beer, has no desire ever to own a farm, and eats with both hands without shifting tools from one hand to the other.

He and his wife enjoy playing backgammon and gin rummy together, always playing for pennies and always settling losses. He prefers a string quartet when dining out and doesn't care for chocolate mints. He likes his coffee black "with an eye dropper of cream."

He indulges in no gambling games except poker.

He has failed miserably at every attempt to cook something. He owns two male dogs, one half-Sealyham half-poodle, the other a full Sealyham. He has a weakness for old English antiques and doesn't mind eating alone.

CARY GRANT was the son of a clothing manufacturer, and nurtures a secret yearning to be a boxer and a good swimmer. He goes for a hot-dog at the drop of a hat, deals cards left-handed and would like someday to essay a role in the roles of the screen. "It appeals to the larceny in me."

He always whistles when worried.

He once won a prize in a Ping-pong contest on shipboard. His favorite breakfast is bacon and eggs, the latter turned over. He is lucky in games of chance, doesn't like lisle hose, and fights shy of dining to the accompaniment of swing music.

His beard is exceptionally heavy around his mouth and chin, and he inherited his love of the game of golf from his grandfather, Percival Leach, famous English tragedian. He loves roast duck, modern Chinese furniture and sleeping late.

He has a passion for brownies in suits, a color which he confesses doesn't suit him.

He considers the most charming cities he has ever seen the little towns of St. Paul and Eze in the South of France. He is a poor marksman and never wears panamas or straw hats. He hopes someday to visit the Orient.

He has a special weakness for chocolate with marzipan centers.

He is not given to heights, smokes a pipe occasionally in the evenings, and if he had his choice, work...
permitting, he would rather live in Northern California. He failed in mathematics at school.

His wife taught him to be punctual.

He cannot tango, is bored by track meets and never carries enough cash on his person for ordinary needs. He never goes to a Turkish bath.

He was more popular with boys than with girls as a youngster.

His tastes lean towards the extremes in everything, and this is exemplified in his paradoxical philosophic attitudes, being realistic and romantic at the same time. His boyhood idol was Buffalo Bill.

He sleeps soundly, never on his stomach, and has a particular aversion to wheals, an English periwinkle type of snail eaten by many people. He gets sudden periods of depression for no apparent reason.

He likes most to play the works of Jerome Kern on the piano. He can never remember the license number of his car, dislikes canned kippers, and has never had a nickname.

Cary Grant would like someday to have two children of his own—a boy and a girl.

He was born in a small English suburban house built of brick. He likes small minute steaks, cooked medium well. He has read hundreds of times a collection of short stories by W. W. Jacobs, entitled "Snug Harbor." He reads something out of this book almost every night.

He considers "Once Upon A Honey-moon" one of his best comedies and had he not been an actor he would have liked to have been a criminal lawyer. He wears a size forty-two coat.

He never argues with a traffic cop.

He hates wearing a topper.

HE NEVER plays golf, likes chutney, comfortable sport shirts, and has a green-eyed china monster that cost ten cents and which his wife gave him as a luck charm. He doesn't like hunting.

He wears a plain gold wedding ring.

He dances an excellent fox trot and a very good rhumba. He never gets airsick, excelled at school in history and geography, and regularly attends the local boxing events once a week.

He was sixteen when he first came to the United States. He proffered his services to England in any capacity when that country first went to war with Germany. He seldom wears a soft collar the way the manufacturer intended it to be worn, inevitably pulling up the back of the collar so as to reveal the necktie in the back. He can never remember dates or places.

He habitually has coffee at four every day. "A devil of a habit now what with rationing."

He was thirteen when he ran away from home to join an acrobatic troupe. He was returned home four weeks later, where he remained a year and a half when he again made an attempt to join the troupe. He has appeared on Broadway in many musical comedies.

He usually sleeps in the raw and had a boyhood ambition to walk in the rain dressed in high boots, raincoat and souwester hat. He appeared in twelve operettas in 1921, staged by the St. Louis Repertoire Company. He has a bicycle which he bought before priorities and considers his best performance that in "The Awful Truth."

He once owned haberdasheries in Hollywood and New York.

Cary Grant, when asked what pictures he considered his worst, said: "How many columns do you want to devote to that endless subject?"

The End

"Speak the language of the Heart with soft, confiding HANDS",
says Ilona Massey

Ilona Massey, starring in Universal's "Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man"; with Joe Allen, Jr. Such thrilling hands!

"It's wonderful how easily a girl helps to keep her hands smooth and feminine with Jergens Lotion," says Ilona Massey, charming young Hollywood Star. "The Stars in Hollywood, they say, use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1. It's so nice and quick—never sticky. I've used Jergens Lotion for years."

The HAND Care Most Film Stars Use—
You give your hands almost-professional care by using Jergens Lotion regularly. Help prevent that uncomfortable hard feeling—that "too-old" look. Two fine ingredients in Jergens are used by many doctors to help neglected skin become fresh-flower smooth. 10¢ to $1.00. Most smart girls use Jergens Lotion.

Jergens Lotion for Soft, Adorable HANDS

MARCH, 1943
Wives Should Have War Dates

(Continued from page 41) possible to have a double date with another couple, preferably married. That couple should be along when Mrs. Smith's escort calls for her and takes her home.

"My third rule is that after the date Mrs. Smith should write her husband all about it. Tell him everything the boy has done during the interval, where she went, what jokes were told, anything that will amuse him, and make him realize that she wants him to know about it."

This theory of Ida's is not an untried idea. She and her husband have proved its wisdom after years of war service. Because of its success in the service he bestowed his blessing on a chosen few of their mutual friends. These are the ones who have been Ida's escorts at premieres, dinners and parties. Whenever she has a date, Ida writes him all about it.

"It pleases Louis to know I'm not just sitting here worrying about him. A few weeks ago, after I had not heard from him for a month while he was on sea duty, he telephoned me from the East Coast. I was able to tell him all the news about our mutual friends because I had seen them. He laughed and was happy that my life was not completely out of gear. When I asked him if he was having dates, he replied, 'Knowing I've got a Marine on board, what are you Maries? You see, we could be gay."

"I don't know when I shall see Louis. He couldn't even tell me where he was going."

Ida was quick to concede that the date problem for a Hollywood wife is a bit different from that of women in other towns.

"An actress, for business reasons, can't just crawl into a shell and never be seen anywhere. For that reason she might have more choice, but I, a young wife in St. Louis or Centreville."

"But the principle is exactly the same. I firmly believe that any war wife should occasionally enjoy the company of a man."

How should a wife pick her dates? Remembering she should be friends of her husband, she should first choose, if she's lucky enough to have much choice in these days of man shortage?

"If Mrs. Smith can, Ida answered, "she should choose a man with an active sense of humor, informal, who likes to do gay things and won't spend the evening growing embarrassed over taxes. Short, he should be easy on the nerves or the entire purpose of having the date is shattered."

What about her own choices? Would she name six?

"First on my list is Monty Woolley. He has a wonderful sense of humor; to him the simplest things are fun. Second is the Marquis, who is completely informal, even at the most formal parties. He is kind, sweet-tempered and the complete gentleman. He is the perfect escort."

"You probably won't believe it, but he loves to dance. Even jitterbug! There is never a dull moment with him, for he loves little jokes and very bad puns."

"Monty invited me to go with him to the premiere of 'The Pied Piper' and told me to prepare a little speech. With misgivings I did. He coached me on it as we drove down. I was in a tizzy because I dreaded speeches. Then when we arrived neither of us was called on. He knew we wouldn't be and roared with laughter when I nearly fainted with relief."

Harry Mines, a well-known Los An-

ges drama critic, was also given a Hay-
ward blessing as one of Ida's beauties. A friend of long standing, Harry has a keen, clever sense of humor. He likes symphony concerts, the ballet and theater and takes Ida to them. He delights in finding unusual restaurants where they sit and talk.

Flying Officer Robert Cotee of the Royal Canadian Air Force, who has been a friend of the family's for years, is another of Ida's favorite dates, but she sees him seldom, for leaves are few in the RCAF. "Cooter," so named by Ida and Louis, played a lead in 'The Commando' during the war in the United States. A native of Hollywood while it was being finished after most of it had been shot in Canada. "Cooter is grand fun," says Ida. "He has a British sense of humor, is gay and entertaining."

And who were her three other choices?

"I can't give you names, because they would number hundreds—but my fourth, fifth and sixth choices would be the Army, Navy and Marine Corps!" she said laughing.

That isn't exactly the kind of date we've been talking about, but I regard it as a date because it means the company of men, their conversation and viewpoint."

"We wives glorified ourselves and the men in uniform. Ida probably gives more time entertaining service men in groups. It's not only a form of date, it is a service of which women can be proud."

"Surely other wives must feel as I do, after spending an evening entertaining service men, when I can say to myself, I think I have helped these boys have a good time tonight. They felt at home. They told me about their wives and sweethearts. I hope somewhere someone is extending to me the same welcome I have given to them."

"You may think, from what I've already said, that I spend most of my evenings dashing about. As a matter of fact, I don't very much, unless I'm entertaining service men. Otherwise I stay home—and compose music."

"Other girls can write or paint or do sculpture. They might join ambulance corps, learn typing and motor mechanics. Anything, if it is absorbing work, fills your mind and crowds back worry."

Ida's songs, which she played and sang for us—the lyrics written by her friend "Bunny"—are lifted popular melodies. When you hear 'Floating On Air' or 'Skeeter Face' or "Ache Of Spring" on the Hit Parade, and you will one day because they're that good, remember that they were composed during some of Ida's longest evenings. Before Louis was away in the service of his country, Evenings which might have been black with worry but for her hours of work."

As she finished her songs and turned from the piano, Ida said, "You know, that's really my favorite war date. Work!"

The End

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

DO MEN TURN AWAY when your hair comes too near?

If you enjoy dancing...if you want to be considered dainty, fastidious...then guard against scalp odor.

Remember—your scalp perspires as well as your skin—and many girls also have oily hair which easily forms an unpleasant odor. Check up on yourself...your hat, your hairbrush, your pillow, tomorrow morning.

It's easy to play safe. Use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. It works wonders with oily hair and scalp odor because it contains pure, medicinal pine tar.

It leaves your scalp clean and fresh. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears. Be sure of yourself...with naturally clean, naturally fragrant hair. Start the Packers habit tonight. Only 25¢ at your drug department or ten-cent store.

PACKERS  PINE TAR SHAMPOO

BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR

AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint latticed gray to natural-looking brown—from lightest blonde to darkest brown. Brownstone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thou-

● sands of women (men, too)—Brownstone is guaranteed harmless. No panel tests needed, active cooling gels at 

● purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—

● does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One applica-

● tion imparts desired color. Simply re-touch new gray 

● appeared. Easy to remove by tying a knot of your silk. 

● 60c and $1.65 (Gives as much) at drug or toiletturer 

● on a money-back guarantee. GET BROWNSTONE today.

PHOTO PLAY

90

[Image]
I Was Self-Conscious

(Continued from page 5) go for endive.

We left the powder room together and I wished we might be going to spend the evening together too. We were! She was the famous social leader I had dreaded to meet!

I'm not given to easy confidences. However, before that evening was over I told this young woman about my social difficulties and, jokingly, asked if she had ten rules on how to be popular at parties tucked away in her charming chartreuse bag.

She laughed. But she spoke seriously. "There's only one rule for social conduct, I think," she said. "Friendliness!"

"I've found," she went on, "that an interest in people and the things in which they're interested works like a magnet. Immediately men and women feel interest they respond—and you're on your way to another warm relationship.

"There's one thing to remember, however," she cautioned, very serious indeed now. "It's impossible to be friends with everyone. It's no use trying. It's no use, in other words, to go to every party to which you're invited or to invite everyone you meet to your house. Try to be friends with everyone and you'll cease being true to yourself. And there's no profit—no warm, human profit, I mean—going about with those who are naturally strangers, with those who have different standards, who want different things from life, who neither feel nor think as you do."

She preached exactly what she practiced.

Immediately I began putting her advice into effect. It worked—miraculously! It changed my life. Social stage fright is a thing of the past. I enjoy parties now—the parties I give and the parties I attend. Because I no longer conduct an armed truce with the other guests or with my guests. Because I seek for friends only those with whom I'm congenial, those I understand and offer others courtesy and consideration, en passant.

Life's so much more fun when you aren't a social problem child. And no one need be. Take my word for this. When it comes to social stage fright I'm the old, well-known Voice of Experience!

The End

Does your deodorant safely stop under-arm perspiration and odor? Mine does.

I use Arrid the largest selling deodorant. It safely stops perspiration and odor.

NEW... a CREAM DEODORANT

which safely

STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION

2. No waiting to dry. Arrid can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. Arrid is a pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of The American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

39c a jar

(Also in 10c and 59c jars)

At any store which sells toilet goods

ARRID

THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

Plum-picker of the season: Gloria Jean, who walks off with a prize role in the new "Flesh And Fantasy"
Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 21)

$1.00 PRIZE
Young America Speaking

S

O his name is Alan Ladd and he's had just two starring roles. That lad certainly is an overnight star! Today the Junior classes sat in the auditorium and watched a film called "Unfinished Rainbow" flash on the screen. Sure, it was in Technicolor and it was a talkie. So what? It was just another educational film about aluminum.

Suddenly a murrimer across from the kids in general and some worshipping fan cried out "Alan Ladd!" It didn't seem possible that a big-name star could be shown in our little theater, but his name was on the list of players. We waited anxiously and then—sure enough, there was his picture big as life flashing on and off.

Ohs and ah's went around the room and even the teachers were smiling. Yes, he was a hit! When the picture finished the kids clapped till their hands were red and he was the sensation of the day (even with report cards coming out).

He isn't handsome, but Alan Ladd is an actor, a real honest-to-goodness one!

He's solid dynamite and right now he's blasting the American movie-goers right out of their seats!

Yesir, he's the kind young America likes.

Anna Lewis
Glen Ridge, N. J.

HONORABLE MENTION

SEVERAL months ago I watched a film which was lifted out of the triteness of its plot by two shining performances. The film was "Joan Of Paris"; the actors, Paul Henreid and Michele Morgan. The other day I saw Paul Henreid again in "Now, Voyager." Even the superb acting of Bette Davis did not dim the masu-
line sweetness which is so appealing in Mr. Henreid. When compared to him, actors like Victor Mature and Robert Taylor are inimitations. It's not his accent, particularly, but the honesty of his performance.

Geraldine Fitzgerald impresses me in the same way as these two French performers.

Dorothy Krall
New Haven, Conn.

A FEW weeks ago I went to see "The Gay Sisters." I was getting quite bored with the picture until a handsome young actor (I do mean actor) was introduced into the story. He made me sit up and begin to enjoy the picture!

Gig Young (yes, that's whom I'm talking about) changed the picture into a four-bell hit.

Sally McCallin, Wilkinsburg, Penna.

GEORGE MURPHY is a person whom a boy really admires. He's not a homemade Romeo, for just to look at his past life shows that many difficulties have confronted him during his life. In fact, it was believed when he was young he would never walk again and would become a cripple for the rest of his life; but in spite of this handicap, it may be rightfully said, he is one of the foremost tap dancers of today.

I really enjoyed his last two movies, "The Navy Comes Through" and "For Me And My Gal!"

Dick Winkler, Cincinnati, O.

THIS is a plea for the victims of unthinking letter writers. This article is always full of letters from people who, in order to build up their own favorite, are unconsciously tearing down someone else's. Results, ill will.

I'm sure that no one would willfully want to harm another star. It's wonderful that we fans have this chance to express our views and complaints. But there is nothing to be gained from this negative criticism.

Buddy Cowley, Brackettville, Tex.

RECENTLY I attended a movie and saw as good a double bill as I have seen for quite a while. I don't say the pictures were the best, but they were more enjoyable than any I have seen in a long time.

The first picture was, "Get Hop To Love" with Gloria Jean and Robert Paige, among others. The second was, "The Postman Didn't Ring" with Brenda Joyce and Richard Travis.

Both pictures were as entertaining as could be. They were happy pictures too. Made you feel that it was a pretty good time to be living after all. It was a real pleasure just to sit back and relax (Mrs.) Jane M. Carey.

Moline, Ill.

Acclade from Ohio for George Murphy, seen dishing it out for Mrs. Mur-

phy at the Beverly Hills Hotel Sunday-night buffet.

PHOTOFL/ combined with MOVIE MIRROR.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 24)

In Which We Serve (U. A.)

It's About: The story of a British destroyer and its men.

NOEL COWARD wrote, produced, directed, composed the music and acted in what is probably England's finest war film to date. The technique is pure artistry in form, the direction both intelligent and brilliant and the acting so natural the characters become a part of our lives.

English films certainly surpass our own in their choice of characters—not sexy, startling beautiful people that we so seldom meet in real life, but honest, homely, real people who behave normally and naturally. Therein lies a great deal of the magnetic power and spiritual beauty of this picture.

The central character tells the story of a ship, H. M. S. Torrin, from its inception to its final death struggle at the bloody hands of a Nazi sub. Clinging to Nazi machine gunners, the minds of the a life raft and constantly strafed by oil-soaked, half-dead survivors go back to their homes, remembering little, homely, natural events that make up every man's life. It's the remembering of the "little things," instead of trumped-up dramatic episodes that gives the power and the glory to Noel Coward's story.

The reaction of the English people to their men at sea is portrayed as it never has been before.

Typically undemonstrative, but typically sympathetic, Noel Coward's sea captain carries conviction and power.

Your Reviewer Says: Pure artistry.

The Powers Girl
(Charles Rogers-U. A.)

It's About: A girl who finagles her way to modeling.

A GOOD little musical this, boasting Benny Goodman's orchestra, Anne Shirley and Carole Landis as sisters, Dennis Day and his songs, and George Murphy as the boy both girls want. Something laudable is bound to come out of all this talent and it does. But we do think the story missed a big opportunity to tell us more of the beautiful Powers models—how they're chosen, their selection for modeling work, etc. Instead, Hollywood has chosen the time-worn theme of the big sister who wants a career more than all the world and is therefore a heavy just on general principles and the meek little sister who wants nothing but George Murphy and almost loses out on him.

Carole Landis is a swell girl but hasn't had her chance on the screen really to register.

Anne Shirley is just herself. Alan Mowbray is humanly believable as John Powers, head of the model agency, and George Murphy tops as the magazine photographer.

Dennis Day, of the Jack Benny program, sings as you'd expect and, of course, Benny Goodman's fans will have a field day over his music.

Your Reviewer Says: More "Powers" to this one.

...AND THE GIRL'S FACE
is Satin-Smooth for Kisses

Sensational "One-Cream" Beauty Treatment soon helps smooth away sad Dry-Skin Lines

You, too, can easily have skin like satin—so smooth, clear and fine.

One new cream is all you need. Jergens Face Cream! This single cream is almost like 4 creams. It

(1) cleanses like a charm;
(2) helps soften your skin;
(3) leaves a silky-fine base for powder;
(4) acts as a Night Cream that says "Hands off" to dry-skin lines.

Thank Jergens skin scientists for Jergens Face Cream; they make Jergens Lotion, too. Use Jergens Face Cream every day. It's the new "One-Cream" Beauty Treatment.

Jergens Face Cream
FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

* BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS *

MARCH, 1943
Show HIM
You Truly Care!

Wear THIS
WAR-SERVICE PIN

INSIGNIA IS
24 K. ELECTRO
GOLD-PLATED

0. Blue Star indicates son or rel-

ative in the Service, while

Insignia shows soldier's or

sailor's particular branch of

service such as Artillery,

Marine, etc.

It's a gay little thing that means no

harm and endeavors to do its best in

spreading cheer in these troubled times.

And so it does, bless its heart, what with

Loretta Young and Brian Aherne, a

young married couple, innocently mov-
ing into an apartment building that

houses all the victims of one blackmailer.

Of course someone has to get mur-
dered in our young couple's apartment,

but we couldn't make out what place he

had in the story or why he was killed

exactly.

Brian Aherne, the dimwit husband

sleuth, should cut out the clowning and

resume playing romantic roles as only

he can.

Loretta Young is so beautiful, isn't

she?

Your Reviewer Says: A night to amuse you.

✓ You Were Never Lovelier

(Columbia)

It's About: An American dancer woos a

South American beauty.

THE long-awaited Fred Astaire-Rita

Hayworth picture arrives after weeks

of strenuous rehearsals by Rita and

Fred and we feel the result a bit disap-

pointing.

There isn't nearly enough dancing to

please us, but what there is is simply

marvelous, no two ways about it.

The story is slow to get under way

with Rita believing Fred to be her Romeo

and Fred wanting nothing but to dance

in her father's night club. However,

it picks up as it goes along and ends

in a fine whirl.

Rita is lovely. Adolphe Menjou as

her papa is very good.

Xavier Cugat's orchestra gives with

some fine numbers. The Jerome Kern

music, especially "You Were Never

Lovelier," is a lifting treat.

Your Reviewer Says: Romance in rhythm.

✓ When Johnny Comes March-
ing Home (Universal)

It's About: A returned hero who seeks

seclusion.

HERE'S a mighty good little musical,

folks, enhanced by radio's all-girl

Hour of Charm orchestra, the perform-

ance of a couple of young newcomers,

Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan,

and the fresh-as-a-daisy story.

Allan Jones, as the soldier hero who

secretly rejoints old friends to avoid

social-minded Marla Shelton and prom-

tly gets accused of being A.W.O.L., does

some of his best work to our notion.

Jane Frazee is very likeable as a singer

with the orchestra and Gloria Jean

grows up right before our very eyes.

But it's that young scamp of a Donald

O'Connor who steals the show, with

Peggy Ryan in on the grand larceny.

Evelyn and her magic violin, known

to thousands of radio fans, scores a

solid hit with her gypsy music.

All the music is good, in fact, and the

picture a little whiz-dinger in its own

right.

Your Reviewer Says: Zip set to music.

✓ Arabian Nights

(Wanger-Universal)

It's About: Colorful travesty on the tales

of Sherazade.

BEAUTY in gorgeous color overshadows

story and cast in this fanciful, farcical

tale of the Arabian Nights, Hollywoodized,

and so far from the original tales as to be

a completely new story.

This version tells of a Caliph of Bagdad

(undoubtedly Hollywood had no idea

Caliphs were religious rulers and not

political governors) whose brother usurps

his throne for the love of the dancing

girl, Sherazade. But the real Caliph

(Jon Hall) minus his beard moves un-

known among Sherazade's friends, win-

ning her love and eventually regaining

his Caliphship.

The desert scenes are magnificent, the

sets lavish and the cast, including Billy

Gilbert, Leif Erickson and Sabu so very

capable.

Maria Montez makes a believable

Sherazade, outshadowed, we're afraid,

by the luscious colors that surround her.

Your Reviewer Says: Two big blue eyes.

✓ Andy Hardy's Double Life

(M-G-M)

It's About: Andy gets ready for college.

IN three days' time Andy Hardy runs

the gamut of emotions from happiness to

horror, from sublimity to humility,
mugging, grimacing and clowning all the

way. Andy has three days left in the

home town of Carvel before he leaves

for college and in that short space of

time he gets himself engaged to two

girls, gives a rubber check, helps his

dad solve a case and delivers a man-to-

man talk to his father—a reverse on the

usual angle.

How he has the strength left to get

to school is beyond us. Esther Williams

is terrific in her swimming scenes with

Mickey. Ann Rutherford is back as Polly

Benedict and Susan Peters is glimpsed

in a final scene. Lewis Stone, Cecelia

Parker, Fay Holden and aunt Sara Haden

are all present as the very real Hardy

family.

Your Reviewer Says: One of the best of the

Hardys.

Best Pictures of the Month

Commandos Strike At Dawn

Star Spangled Rhythm

In Which We Serve

Best Performances

Paul Muni in "Commandos Strike

At Dawn"

Noel Coward in "In Which We

Serve"
Pittsburgh (Universal)

It's About: The rise and fall of an ambitious coal miner.

We expected: Flaming furnaces against a night sky, the dramatic struggle of men and steel, of danger and molten lava, the wealth and smoke that make up the city of Pittsburgh.

We got: John Wayne, a coal miner nicknamed "Pittsburgh" who is spurred on to ambitious heights by "Hunky" Dietrich, a man who goes overboard in arrogance and ruthlessness that lead him to desert Marlene for the social Louise Allbritton and who finally meets his come-uppance and regeneration in defense work. Sounds mighty familiar, doesn't it?

Once again Randy Scott is Wayne's partner who finally gets the girl.

It's just a thought, but could you possibly be as weary of Dietrich in these "woman leads to futility brawls" as we are?

Louise Allbritton starts right up to the old success ladder in this one. Frank Craven has a namby-pamby role as the doctor. As usual, he narrates in spots.

Your Reviewer Says: Familiar as an old shoe.

The Great Impersonation (Universal)

It's About: An Englishman and German who look alike.

It's the same old dual role of men who look so much alike their own wife (and they usually share one) doesn't know who is who.

This time it's Ralph Bellamy, an Englishman who looks so much like Ralph Bellamy the German, that he is able to go to Germany, get secret plans and then to be sent to England as a German spy. And all this time the English wife, Evelyn Ankers, becomes only faintly suspicious. It's Kaaren Verne, the Austrian sweetheart of the German, who throws the final monkey wrench into the monkey business.

Your Reviewer Says: Three guesses—who am I?

Mountain Rhythm (Republic)

It's About: A back to the "corny" field movement.

The Weaver Brothers are back again with less singing and more "draymatics." It seems the Weavers take a long-promised vacation to California and then forego the pleasures of a restful life to recruit the student body of a snoopy school to help harvest the land of a departed Jap. Everybody pitches in and raises old Ned.

Your Reviewer Says: Hoe that corn!

Behind The 8 Ball (Universal)

It's About: Murder in the old barn theater.

Voil, voil, the Ritz blitz is back again and how those boys clown and carry on. We especially liked their aping of Ted Lewis and his "When My Baby Smiles At Me" number. Carol Bruce sings four numbers in her usual husky manner and Gracie McDonald steps like fury and gives out with the popular "Mr.

LINNY—Begins a Busy Day! By Naples

SUFFERING ALARM CLOCKS! Can it really be time to get up? Ooh... how I hate to leave the cuddly comfort of these smooth Linny sheets.

NO RUNS! NO RIPS! NO TEARS! A little Linny Starch in the final rinse sure helps to protect precious hose... keeps 'em sleek looking, too.

THERE'S MANY A SLIP still fresh and new-looking because it's always laundered with Linny Starch, which penetrates and preserves dainty fabrics.

OOPS!...how will that lovely blouse look after a busy day? Will it still be fresh and crisp? Sure, 'cause while you're on the job, so is Linny Starch... keeping fabrics clean and fresh-looking longer.

FOR VICTORY Buy U. S. War Bonds & Stamps

LINNY says: Starch all your fabrics, your dainty underthings, anything tussable with Linny. This modern starch penetrates and protects fabrics, makes ironing a pleasure.

LINIT
PERFECT LAUNDRY STARCH
MAKES COTTON LOOK AND FEEL LIKE LINEN
ALL GROCERS SELL LINIT

MARCH, 1943
Between your regular beauty shop visits, use GRIP-TUTH, the modern Hairtainer — its spring-held hold every type of hair do in place, give you that recare feeling. And these Hairtainers are specially good for defense workers whose loose strands of hair must be held in place. Sold at all leading beauty salons, department stores, chains: card of one large, or card of two small retainers, 25c.

GRIP-TUTH: Diadem, Inc., Leominster, Mass., Dept. 84 Nu-Heire Surgical Dressings, by our affiliated companies, are one of our contributions to National Defense.

Learn Profitable Profession in 90 Days at Home

Earnings of Men and Women in the beautifying business are usually much higher than those of the average person engaged in similar activities. Most customers in the beauty business are their own bosses, and thus have no fear of being laid off. The reward for services is not a meager salary, but the satisfaction of serving one's community as an individual. There are hundreds of women in successful beauty business careers who have been successful businesswomen.

GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE

You know that gray hair spells the end of romance... yet you are afraid to color your gray hair? You are afraid of dangerous dyes, afraid that it will be too difficult, afraid that the dye will destroy your hair's natural luster — afraid, most of all, that everyone will know your hair is "died".

These fears are so needless! Today at your drug or department store, you can buy Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. It transforms gray, bleached, or faded hair to the desired shade — so gradually that your closest friend won't guess. Pronounced a harmless hair dye by competent authorities, this preparation will not hurt your wave, or the texture of your hair. If you can comb your hair, you can go around. Millions of women have been satisfied with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation in the last fifty years. Results guaranteed or your money back. Send for the free trial kit — so that you may see for yourself the beautiful color which this preparation will give to a lock from your own hair.


[Box with options for hair color types: Black, Dark Brown, Light Brown, Medium Brown, Blonde, Auburn]

Name
Address
City State

Five By Five," a silly song if ever we heard one.

The plot? Oh, that thing! Well, let's see, it all boils down to a couple of murders in the midst of a summer theater production. The murderers turn out to be spies attempting to scare off the actors. The Ritz Brothers do a much better job of it to our notion.

Your Reviewer Says: Amusing and very loud noises.

Hitler's Children (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A boy and a girl in the strange hold of Hitler's New Order.

HERE is a courageous contender for the strongest anti-Nazi theme to come out of Hollywood. However, the picture itself does not always live up to the power of its theme which is the ruthless Nazi indoctrination of German youth. It takes a German boy, Tim Holt, trained as a Gestapo, and his German-born American sweetheart, Bonita Granville, and carries them through the conflict of New Order versus human decency, exposing the shocking Nazi punishment of sterilization for women who are politically "difficult."

Tim Holt and Bonita Granville give good account of themselves in the tragic business.

Your Reviewer Says: Strong meat.

The Traitor Within (Republic)

It's About: The rise and fall of a truck driver.

DON BARRY, who also plays Westerns, plays a truck driver whose wife lands him in a jam. Jean Parker, the wife, is jealous of the World War heroism that is accredited to the town mayor, Ralph Morgan, and rightly belongs to her father, George Cleveland. Her jealousy leads to blackmail and Don, who has gone up the ladder on the blackmail money, eventually finds himself behind bars on a murder charge. When the smoke blows away we find Don and Jean back together, humbled but happy.

Your Reviewer Says: As if any of this matters.

American Empire

(Harry Sherman-U. A.)

It's About: River boat partners who build an American Empire out West.

AFTER the Civil War, Richard Dix and Preston Foster are partners on a river boat. They eventually establish a huge cattle ranch in Texas that gradually grows Empirish in dimensions.

Leo Carrillo, a rustler who dislikes the boys, continues to steal their cattle until the final shoot-it-out sequence that is a piperoid. Harry Sherman, who makes these ravish Westerns, has spared no expense in making this another whoop-whooper. Foster and Dix are perfect as the partners. Frances Gifford is the beauty who plays Foster's wife.

Your Reviewer Says: A Western in the grand manner.

Madam Spy (Universal)

It's About: A suspected spy who isn't.

OUR blood pressure hits the sky at the waste of time, film and money expended on such silly stories. It's unforgivable, really, and this one just about caps all cliches with Constance Bennett married to newspaper correspondent Dan Porter, who suspects her of being a spy. We're against all of it. John Litel, we forgive, and that's as far as we'll go.

Your Reviewer Says: Hiissss!

Silent Witness (Monogram)

It's About: A police dog who solves a murder.

MARIS WRIXON, a beautiful investigator from the District Attorney's office, is courted by Frank Albertson, a criminal lawyer for a Black Market gang. No sooner does Frank reform, however, than he is accused of murdering the D. A., played expertly by Bradley Page. When all else fails to clear him, a talented police dog steps in and puts the fang on the real killer.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, you know how it is.

Snappy ice show that will reap a snappy box-office harvest: "Ice Capades Revue" put on by Republic, featuring Richard Denning and Ellen Drew.
Ice Capades Revue (Republic)

It’s About: A girl who inherits a broken-down ice show.

Ice shows traveling throughout the country have become one of the most popular forms of entertainment, drawing appreciative crowds everywhere. Republic Studios have cashed in on this fact with a snappy and at times lavish ice show that should reap an equally lavish harvest. Several of the numbers, especially the hula dance on skates and the military parade, are terrific.

The story has Ellen Drew, a farm girl who inherits her uncle’s ice show that definitely needs new life and new sponsoring. How she injects both necessities into the show forms the rather trite plot. Ellen Drew is excellent as the heiress with the ice-coated elephant on her hands. Richard Denning is good as the romantic lead. Vera Vague and Jerry Colonna furnish the nonsense and skaters Vera Hruba, Mergan Taylor, Lois Dworshak, Red McCarthy, Jackson and Lynam and Phil Taylor provide the thrills.

Your Reviewer Says: Thrills on ice.

Rhythm Parade (Monogram)

It’s About: A baby that breaks up a show and a romance.

Oh dear, this is a little thing only its mother could love. It’s all about a singer about to debut in a big-time show who keeps a baby in her dressing room and just for that stirs up the darnedest hornet’s nest you ever saw.

If you’ve read about the famous Florentine Gardens in Hollywood and its master of ceremonies N. T. G.—Nils T. Granlund—you’ll get a kick out of its reproduction on the screen. Ted Fio Rito’s orchestra, Gale Storm, Robert Lowery, The Mills Brothers and Margaret Dumont give out, but—

Your Reviewer Says: We give up.

Warning

—to anyone who is a friend of

WALTER PIDGEON

Don’t miss the April issue of Photoplay-Movie

Mirror in which

MR. MINIVER IS ON THE SPOT

In fact, he puts himself there! So rally round and tell Walter he isn’t so wrong as he thinks he is!
A few days before Carole Landis left for England, where she has been doing such a magnificent USO job of entertaining the armed forces and where she has just married Capt. Thomas C. Wallace of the U. S. Army Air Force, I caught up with her as she was sprinting off the "Powers Girl" set. Her usually piquant face was serious and her frivolous black and gold costume swirled determinedly about her feet.

"In a hurry?" I asked.

Carole nodded emphatically. "It's my night at the Naval Aid Auxiliary Canteen," she called, "and I wouldn't be late for anything."

The Canteen is another one of those war organizations to which Hollywood is devoting itself so wholeheartedly. Carole's particular job was (and will be again when she returns to Hollywood) to round up other girls and drive them, all laden with doughnuts and cookies and sandwiches, to the big bases where they feed and entertain as many as 4,000 sailors and Merchant Marines an evening.

"We co-operate with the Government too," Carole said proudly.

Co-operating with the Government means that in planning canteen menus the girls follow the suggestions of the Agricultural Marketing Administration, the federal agency set up to make sure that our armed forces, our allies whom we supply under Lend-Lease agreements and those of us fighting on the home front get the greatest possible benefit from our available food supplies. From time to time the A.M.A. urges us to buy heavily of certain foods. It labels some of them Victory Foods which means we have an abundant supply on hand.

These plentiful foods won't always be as cheap as you would like, but they will be reasonably priced in relation to other foods. In buying them you'll be helping relieve the demands on scarce products and, in the case of fresh fruits and vegetables, you will also be helping conserve a perishable crop while releasing canned and dried varieties for shipment—all of which are important toward providing a fair and efficient distribution of our wartime foods.

For the coming weeks, one of the most plentiful foods will be cabbage, thanks to an unusually large cabbage crop in the fall of 1942. That's a lucky break for us stay-at-homes, for it ensures us a full quota of salad during the period when many salad greens are scarce.

A husky, he-men salad that would appeal to the men at Carole's canteen just as it will to your own family combines cabbage, apple, green pepper and carrot—and the result is not only colorful but is a good source of Vitamins C and A.

**Cabbage Salad**

2 cups shredded cabbage
1 cup diced apple
2 carrots
2 green peppers
1 onion, minced
3 tbls. French dressing
1 tsp. prepared mustard
1/2 tsp. celery seed
1 tbl. mayonnaise

Slice carrot and green pepper paper thin and combine with cabbage, apple and onion.

Blend mustard and celery seed into French dressing. Toss salad lightly in French dressing and when well coated stir in the mayonnaise as a binder.

Hamburger Cabbage Rolls are another taste treat for the gourmets.

**Hamburger Cabbage Rolls**

1 lb. ground beef
1 cup cooked rice
1 onion, minced
1 tbl. rosemary
Salt and pepper to taste
6 cabbage leaves
2 tbls. hot water
2 tabs. melted butter or margarine

Combine beef, rice and seasonings and divide mixture into 6 equal portions. Place each portion on a cabbage leaf, roll up and tie with string. Place in buttered baking dish.

Combine melted butter and hot water and pour over. Bake in low oven (325 degrees F.) for about an hour, basting frequently.

Sauerkraut, too, is on the plentiful list, but it's kraut in bulk just as it was when we were children—a saving not only of the cabbage crop but of tin as well, you see—and, glory be, it has the same delicious tang we all remember from our childhood. If you have been neglecting sauerkraut lately, try serving it raw with French dressing, as a salad with a macaroni, cheese and tomato casserole, or using one-third sauerkraut (either cooked or raw, but be sure it is well drained) to two-thirds potatoes when making potato cake.

Sauerkraut frequently suffers from too long cooking at too high a temperature and it is this overcooking which causes the characteristic odor to which many of us object.

About twenty minutes simmering (do not boil) in just enough liquid to keep it from sticking (its own liquid is usually sufficient) will give you sauerkraut at its flavorsome, wholesome best.

**Cereals**, an important source of protein, vitamins and minerals, are also on the abundant list, so see to it that your family gets its full share of these nourishing grain products. They are tops on your breakfast menus, of course, but make a special effort to serve them at other meals as well—for instance, cooked cereal cakes seasoned and cooked like potato cakes are delicious with chops or broiled liver and one of the most satisfactory desserts is a cereal pudding made or served with milk or fruit. Buy fresh fruit whenever it's available, the Agricultural Marketing Administration requests.

There'll be plenty of citrus fruits in the market during February and March. So here's to victory with oranges and grapefruit!

"Easy to see," Carole said, putting on a last touch of lipstick and smiling happily, "that if you'll just follow the Government's program, there's no need to ration even the biggest appetites in your family!"
When Rita Hayworth Said Good-by to Vic Mature

(Continued from page 47) officer wrote, as per directions, "To visit New York and see my gal." Note, please, the candor of the applicant whom Hollywood has described as the most versatile liar since Baron Munchausen. He didn’t get the okay until a few hours before his train was set to leave. He didn’t even bother to pack a bag. He travelled lighter than a hobo, the white electric shaver in the pocket of his pea jacket comprising his total luggage.

At the last minute he was offered a lower berth on the sleeper by a friend who works for the Pullman Company. He turned it down, thanked the would-be donor.

"I’d rather travel like the rest of the boys."

A couple of gobs, hell-bent on a rib, asked him for his autograph. "It’s a deal, mates," Mature came back. "Only let’s make it a two-way proposition."

He arrived in New York with seventy-three autographs, seventy-three lifetime friends and Jim Farley, who had met him on the platform and introduced himself. It is another irony that Vic Mature, the man who presumably courted women just for the publicity accruing therefrom, arrived in New York cold. Not a soul in Manhattan knew he was coming. Not a reporter. Not a photographer. Not even Sherman Billingsley into whose boite, the Stork Club, he popped at three a.m. Billingsley almost dropped dead of shock.

"You might have told the best man at your wedding you were coming," Billingsley protested, when Vic marched up to the table where he was sitting with a gorgeous blonde.

Mr. Billingsley performed the introductions, in the tongue-in-cheek grand manner.

"Miss K. T. Stevens, permit me to introduce Coxswain Victor John . . . Photographers suddenly appeared out of nowhere. Would he and Miss Stevens pose for a picture, just one . . . ? Here was an impasse.

"It will be a pleasure," he said finally.

The picture of smiling Vic and the ravishing K. T. was the first thing Rita noticed as she thumbed one of the tabloids en route to the hotel.

"Mmmmm. Pretty girl," Rita said. She never even mentioned the incident to Vic. She understood perfectly. Hadn’t she herself been photographed a dozen times with a man, some Hollywood friend who had dropped by her table?

It is the gospel truth that Victor Mature didn’t go to bed that Friday night.

After helping close up the Stork Club, the same Stork Club where he had first met Martha Stephenson Kemp whom he later married with Sherman Billingsley standing up for him, he walked through the early dawn to a hotel overlooking Central Park South, the same hotel where he had lived when, two years back, he was the rage of New York and the show-piece of "Lady In The Dark."

Vic didn’t meet Rita’s train. It took him three hours to argue himself into staying away. He resented the studio’s interference in a purely private matter. On the other hand, if his staying away would spare Rita any unpleasantness, maybe it was the best thing after all. Say what you will, the coxswain missed out on a swell publicity bet. Can’t you see what a picture it would have made, the sailor kissing his lady and then toting her luggage to the cab? He sent roses, bushels of them, which may have accounted for the fact that he went back to Boston with $1.13 in his pocket. The phone was ringing when she walked into the door. It was Vic. When could he see her? She wanted to know how about lunch? He said two hours was a long time to wait but he’d manage somehow.

At lunch they said very little. Perhaps they were thinking of that night, not so very long ago, when they said good-by back in Los Angeles, the night he left for Boston and heaven knows where from there. Murmansk, perhaps, Morocco, India. Who knew? You could tell without even trying that the fast gab at the station that night was a cover-up and that the guy had something on his heart. Ten laughs a minute; you could have clocked them yourself. Not until the conductor called "All aboard" did he let up long enough to fumble in his middy blouse pocket for his ticket.

"Good-by, honey," he had said. "I’ll remember you to my fan club at Harvard." (The Harvards once dubbed Mature as the worst actor in the business.)

"Good-by, darling," she had said.

The train was starting to pull out when he raised the window and called out:

"Take care of Genius, Jr. She ought to have a houseful of superannuated pups by the time I get back."

WELL, here they were together again, the two star-crossed lovers over whom Hollywood shook its very concerned head.

Two years ago excitement-loving Vic Mature would have said it was unthink-

---

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At the first sign of a chest cold—bronchial irritation—or sore throat due to a cold—act promptly! Apply ANTIPILOGISTINE.comfortably hot.

The Moist Heat of ANTIPILOGISTINE goes right to work on those disturbing cold symptoms. Eases that cough—soothes those sore, "achy" muscles—loosens up that tightness of the chest.

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This famous medicated poultice gets the heat directly to the troubled area without fuss or bother. Yes, and maintains its comforting warmth for many hours—while you sleep!

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Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period. Buy it from your druggist today.

MARCH 5 IS THE DAY!

There's a war, you've heard—and because transportation facilities which would ordinarily speed our magazine to you are needed in the all-out victory effort, we're going to make our monthly supplement of the newest, neatest, and most exciting photographs, tips, and news that our staff has put together for you. Forgive us, and just to prove it, step up to your newsdealer on MARCH 5 and get your copy of the APRIL PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR!
Hollywood's Home Front Heroes

(Continued from page 67) says that if he could make a co-pilot out of her he could make a flying fool out of a broomstick. Brian counters by saying that flying fools are not exactly what the armies of the Allies are looking for. But there's purpose behind the twinkle of his eyes as he says it, a double purpose. For when Brian takes up his duties at Falcon Field, just outside of Phoenix, Arizona, he hopes to be not only flying instructor but to act as a sort of ambassador without portfolio to the youngsters who are sent here to get their training from all over the British Empire.

"America is an unknown world to them," says Brian earnestly. "They need to be taught the ways of Americans so that there may be an ever-increasing understanding between our peoples."

His enthusiasm is heartily seconded by Joan who has recently won admiration for her sincere work as a fully trained nurses' aide. The Ahernes have taken on still another war task. They have turned over their Valley ranch to the planting of carrots. A lowly vegetable, the carrot, but it has an immense value to men who fight. The vitamins it contains are great health strengtheners. The Ahernes are doing their bit to see that there shall be no lack of this source of strength for our fighting men.

Roger Pryor is another. For years this star of the air has been an air enthusiast and expert pilot. In fact, he is the daddy of the stars who have given other stars their first flying training. As soon as war was declared Roger tried to enlist in the Air Corps as a combat pilot. It was his prospective service that caused Ann Sothern to change her divorce plans temporarily. She felt it was not the time for Roger to be harried with thoughts of a broken home. But the Air Corps rejected Roger because he was over twenty-eight.

However, Roger was not to be turned from his overall purpose by the first no. He decided that if he could teach stars to fly he could certainly do the same for the hundreds of eager youngsters Uncle Sam must equip for sky conquest. So he gave up his big radio hour and the pictures he had been doing; locked his Hollywood door and headed out into the desert. There, by the banks of the great Colorado River at Blythe, California, in a spot that boasts an average heat of only a few degrees less than Death Valley itself, Roger is teaching air cadets at the Government-controlled Morton Flying School.

He has exchanged his Beverly Hills home for a one-room unit in an auto court which was the only available housing quarters he could find. Today he considers himself lucky, for he is helping to train the boys who will one day bomb Tokyo and Berlin.

No account of Hollywood's airmen would be adequate without mention of Robert Cummings and the service he has been rendering the Civilian Air Patrol. Bob has been an air nut since his boyhood days in Missouri when he and some other boys hitched their all to scrape together enough cash to make a down payment on an old crate that defied the laws of mechanics every time it took to the air. Even his career as a motion-picture star was motivated by the impelling need to get his hands on enough cash to own a plane.

Are you sure of your present deodorant? Test it! Put it under this arm!

Put fresh "2 the new double-duty cream under this arm! See which stops perspiration—prevents odor better!

Use Fresh and stay fresher!

- See how effectively Fresh #2 stops perspiration—prevents odor!
- See how gentle Fresh #2 is—how delightful to use. Never gritty, greasy, or sticky!
- See how convenient Fresh #2 is—you can use it immediately before dressing. It won't rot even delicate fabrics!

Make your own test! Prove to yourself that Fresh #2 is the best underarm cream you have ever used. If you don't agree, your dealer will gladly refund your full purchase price.
Eyes working overtime?

Here's help for that tired, red-eyed look!

When your eyes feel jaded out from close work, glare, or late hours—use EYE-GENE! It's so soothing—helps make your eyes feel more rested. Cleaner, brighter, too.

EYE-GENE is an eye specialist's formula. In fact, no other lotion has the exclusive ingredient that makes it so effective in so short a time. Even that bloodshot look vanishes almost immediately! Stainless. Inexpensive. Safe! At drug, dept. & 10¢ stores.

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Curiously enough, it was as Bob was cruising over Santa Monica in the third plane he had owned, Spinach III, that he heard the news of Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor. Grimly he set his ship down on the ground and went out to enlist in the Air Corps. He missed by a hair on the age bugaboo. So he jumped in to help organize the Civilian Air Patrol to which he now gives full time as an instructor at inland air fields when he isn't actually working in a picture. If he is on a picture schedule, he gives his evenings to teaching ground classes in the Los Angeles area. As a captain in the Army Reserve he is subject to call at any time despite his dependents.

Not to be forgotten in this roll call of Hollywood's home front heroes is its venerable Judge Hardy. Sensing at once the need for civilian help in getting people out of the danger area if the Japs came over with their bombs, Lewis Stone organized the California State Evacuation Group. To his side sprang stars like Bob Young, John Archer and Cesar Romero. For months they worked on registering station wagons and other large cars for possible evacuation use. They trained their members in first aid, chemical warfare and motor mechanics. Today the group meets each week to continue their studies and keep on their toes. California has been warned it may have a raid at any time!

Edgar Bergen has had two devotions in life, neither one of which is Charlie McCarthy or Mortimer Snerd. One was a foundation fund for the training of student nurses; the other, a fund for training boys in aviation. Now that Uncle Sam is doing all right by the youngsters who want to fly and, on the other hand, the demand for nurses is so pressing, he has thrown both funds into one large foundation for student nurses. Bergen, kids his great interest in medicine and nursing by claiming he's been a thwarted Dr. Kildare ever since the days when at Northwestern University he took a premedical course.

On THE distaff side of our home front heroes there's Joan Crawford. More than a year ago Joan, with her great love for children, worked out a scheme to set up a day nursery for young mothers who could be mobilized for defense plants if there were a way of taking care of their children while they were at work. With indefatigable energy she sailed forth into the field, but to her bewilderment could find no takers.

At length she betook herself to the American Women's Volunteer Service. Would they help her set up a trial nursery if she paid the bills? They said So Joan found an empty old fraternity house in Sawtelle which is within range of the war plants around Santa Monica. She supervised the repairs, helped with the cleaning and painting, bought the furniture and paid the rent. Nor has she stopped at paying the bills. She has set up a desk for herself and at least twice a week she stops by for a few hours of supervisory work.

The nursery now takes care of some fifty children whose mothers work in near-by defense plants. These mothers pay from fifteen cents to a dollar a day for the children's care, depending on their incomes. All mothers whose husbands are in the service, however, pay only the minimum. Joan is now state chairman of the AWVS nursery project.

Fay Bainter has spent many months working as the head of all "Block Mothers" in Santa Monica. This project,
The most important man in your community needs help

With almost a third of the nation's active physicians already in our armed forces, your physician on the home front is now your community's most important citizen. His time must be conserved ... for his sake and yours, and especially for the sake of babies who need him most.

Here are some ways mothers can help:

Most important—take your baby to your doctor's office regularly. Don't call your doctor; call on him. And do this regularly. That helps keep baby healthy ... saves avoidable doctor's visits at home.

Protect your baby against germs, his worst enemies. Guard him internally and externally against infections.

Help keep baby free of rashes. Rashes are danger signals ... they make baby uncomfortable and may lead to more serious trouble. Many baby rashes are of germ origin. For instance, germs play a part in pricky heat and diaper rash. To help avoid such rashes, do as most hospitals do, anoint your baby daily with antisep tic baby oil. Thousands of hospitals have found by experience that this helps keep baby's skin in most perfect condition.

Keep baby happy. Crying often may be due to skin discomfort. If skin is chafed or irritated, if there is itching—apply a baby oil which contains anodyne ingredients that allay discomfort and itching ... and keep baby safer from scratching.

Only one widely-sold baby oil is antisep tic and anodyne. It is used by many times more hospitals than all other baby oils combined. It is Mennen Antiseptic Oil ... the only widely-sold baby oil that contains special ingredients to help prevent infections, pruritic rashes, heat rash, and impetigo ... also for the relief of pricking and itching. The best proof that this is also the gentlest of baby oils is that hospitals use it day after day on newborn infants, including tiny premature babies, whose skin is most delicate.

Mennen Antiseptic Oil costs more to make. But it does so much more than cheaper oils in helping to keep baby safer. It is pleasant to use, non-staining, non-sticky. Use it on baby's entire body daily, and on buttocks at every diaper change.

Today, more than ever, it is vital to safeguard baby in every way, for the sake of your baby, yourself and your physician.

The End
Who is Belita?

What is she? That everyone's now talking about her.

LOOK at her and look again. She's Belita, the girl whose name is going to be news in Monogram's "Silver Skates." She's a girl whom Sonja Henie is watching; her prime ambition, announced publicly, is to match talents on skates with the little Norwegian prize-winner.

* * *

Nineteen years ago she was baby Belita Jepson Turner of Hampshire, England. She learned to walk, as most babies do, and then, as most babies don't, she learned to dance. And then she learned to skate because her mother thought it would give poise and balance to her dancing. It did all that, and something else, too. It made Belita one of England's representatives on the Olympic team in the winter games in Germany in 1936.

* * *

Now hold your breath and listen. She is also one of the world's greatest water skiers; she speaks four languages; she's an accomplished pianist, an expert rider, a proficient fencer, an outstanding swimmer, dancer and tennis player. She has been trained professionally for acting—no movie-camera bugaboo for her.

A small person with a mind of her own, she has grit, intelligence and a determination to click. She started out that way; it was those qualities that made Anton Tolm, premier danseur of the Russian Ballet, single her out at eleven, train her as his partner, keep her with the Ballet for three years. It was three years of hard work, of great glory, of hearing the admiring applause of elated audiences echo across the capitals of Europe.

* * *

She took time out from dancing occasionally to skate; then turned professional skater in 1937 to amaze the great London audience at the opening of "Rhapsody On Ice" at the Opera House in 1937.

* * *

Monte Carlo remembers her for her water-skimming exhibitions; Paris, Cannes, Geneva know her as the great Belita, ballerina skater. America, from Coast to Coast, will meet her in "Silver Skates."

* * *

What that meeting will mean to this pretty little blonde girl is up to America. We predict that with the hint of a smile, the flash of a silver skate, Belita will be in.
Lana Turner’s Baby

(Continued from page 29) divorce of Steve and his former wife, Carol Kurtz, had not yet been made final.

Lana’s stars seemed to decreed that she must do everything the hard, the spectacular way, even to the point of threatening tragedy. For, from the very beginning, she had not been able to make Hollywood believe her marriage to Steve was anything but a marital fling. Hollywood couldn’t accept the fact that Lana would find happiness with Crane, an unknown and unproved quantity on the Hollywood scene.

That was why, when the news of Lana’s suit for annulment broke across the front pages of all the newspapers, suspicious Hollywood asked how any man in his right mind could fail to know that he was not legally a free man. Yet it did take into consideration that it might have been one of those strange bemuses that sometimes fall upon us mortals. For it had happened this way: In 1937 Stephen Crane had married Indianapolis socialite Carol Kurtz. By the end of 1940 they had come to the parting of the ways and it was agreed before Steve went West that they would divorce. In February, 1941—those dates are extremely important, as you will presently see—Steve duly received some papers which he assumed would cover his interlocutory decree. If that had been the case, he would have been a free man by January, 1942, which, in turn would have made him legally in the clear to marry Lana in July of that same year.

However these papers were merely the arrangement for separate maintenance. Stephen’s explanation now is that he took it for granted that this was the interlocutory decree. In any event, he was wrong, for Carol Kurtz Crane did not obtain her interlocutory decree until January of 1942, which meant that Steve would not be free until January 1943. And this was the reason why Lana, suddenly discovering that her marriage of July, 1942, was not a legal one, went at once in to the courts for an annulment.

With the shocking news that came so suddenly to her, she knew that she was facing one of the biggest decisions of her life, for it had to do not only with herself but with the future of her child. There was the ever-present question of her health. Knowing that, her first step after the filing of the annulment was to flee Hollywood, far from the barrage of reporters, telephone calls, incessant queries that might mean her own breakdown and cost the life of her baby through tragic miscarriage. For, in addition to everything else, she knew that the studio expected her to start her new picture, ironically titled “Marriage Is A Private Affair.”

Then there was that fundamental decision: Would she or would she not remarry Stephen Crane? Did the happiness of her and her child depend upon remarriage to him?

She had this point to consider—the legality of the baby. But that did not depend upon remarriage automatically; under the law, her baby would be born bearing the legal name of Crane, so her real problem was her own future. Was she to take up her life again with Steve, the man who had brought her this great unhappiness?

Strangely, the men in her life had always brought Lana happiness. There had been the young attorney Greg Bautzer whom she had loved and lost. On the rebound of that breakup had

**1-Minute Mask!**

When your complexion signals S O S —

*Skin “mucky” and rough*

You can see a complexion signal SOS! You can feel it! Look at your skin—is it drab, coarsened? Feel it—is it coated with tiny dry skin cells?

The 1-Minute Mask

Let this new way of using Pond’s Vanishing Cream come to your rescue! Spread a mask of Cream over cheek, throat, forehead—all but eyes. Leave 1 full minute. Let its “keratolytic” action do its good work. Then tissue off the Mask!

**Complexion smoother... and smoother**

Beneath the bland whiteness of the 1-Minute Mask your face has been given a “re-styling”!

Little skin roughnesses have been loosened... tight-cringing bits of grime dissolved. Besides feeling softer, your skin has a fresher, new look—cleaner... brighter! Make-up goes on slickly—and stays!

**Learn this Beauty Double-Talk**

Every day—before every make-up—spread on a film of Pond’s Vanishing Cream for powder base. Not “oozy”... not drying. Helps protect skin in mean weather—holds make-up for hours!
come Artie Shaw. Their one breathless date ended that same night in an elopement; their unhappy marriage was over five months later.

Tony Martin had been next. But when that romance broke up, Lana was more hardened to disappointment.

There had followed a rapid procession of bands and band leaders, each romance ending almost as quickly as it had begun.

Into this picture came quiet Steve Crane from Crawfordsville, Indiana. He tried pictures, not too persistently, since he was supposed to have a moderate income from a chain of tobacco stores back home. Eventually he settled down as a junior executive in a Hollywood business firm.

It was Johnny Hyde, the agent, who introduced Steve to Lana one day at the swimming pool of the Beverly Hills Hotel. They liked each other instantly. But four months passed before Steve even made any effort to get in touch with her. This was a new technique for the sought-after Lana; she fell radiantly in love. This time she went quietly to Louis B. Mayer of M-G-M and told him that she and Steve planned to be married. Mayer, sensing the mature sincerity of this new Lana, gave the pair his blessing.

The news of their elopement caught Hollywood napping. Instantly its defenses went up. No good would come of this second elopement of Lana's, it predicted. But then, months later, with her proud announcement of the coming baby, the town revised its decision.

It had watched her face as she declared beamingly that she hoped it would be a boy. Stephen Crane Jr.; it had seen her dashing madly about Hollywood buying everything in blue; it had taken significant note of the beautiful large diamond and ruby sparkler that suddenly appeared on her finger, Steve's baby gift to her.

There was no doubt about it; Lana Turner was happier than she had ever been before. Hollywood was willing to forget its suspicion, then, at the rumors of quarrels that had cropped up immediately after the Crane marriage.

But on that fateful January 7th, when the astounding news of Lana's suit for annulment and the story behind it appeared on the front pages, Hollywood found itself wondering again.

Here was Lana, young and impetuous, sensitive and easily hurt, facing the ordeal of having to declare publicly that her marriage was illegal; suffering the humiliation of learning this staggering news only a few days before the whole world was to know; having to decide whether her road to happiness lay with Stephen Crane.

Hollywood saw Lana flee from town; saw Steve hastily leave the apartment which he and Lana had shared with her mother. It thought again of the rumored flare-ups. And Hollywood laid its bet on the line. Lana Turner would never again be Mrs. Stephen Crane.

It looked as though Hollywood would collect that bet when Lana's attorney issued a public statement that this was not a friendly settlement; the break was final. But that was Lana's attorney, remember, not Lana. And what hardy soul would attempt to predict for the unpredictable Turner?

Yet one thing is fixed and sure in her volatile heavens. If she can only have her baby, no price will have been too great to pay for such happiness.

The whole world is hoping that this dream of the kid who too many times has chased down the wrong end of the rainbow will come true.

*The End*
What Should I Do?  
(Continued from page 69)

Dear Miss Davis:
I'm a colored girl of sixteen. Of course I lead the normal life of any teen-age girl except that I have quite a few problems. The first is clothes. The greatest problem is color that will be becoming to me. My complexion is a light brown-olive shade. Could you please tell me what colors I could wear most flattering?

The second problem is my skin. It is pretty good except for blackheads. I know that soap and water are most important factors and I cleanse my face frequently, but the blackheads persist. I can't end this letter without telling you that I think you're perfectly "solid" and I'm really looking forward to an answer to my letter.

Sincerely,
Theresa K.

Dear Miss K:
It seems to me that the colors you should avoid are greens, browns, navy blue and black. You should be able to wear red, yellow, chalk white, turquoise and royal blue to advantage.

As for your skin, I'm not quite sure what you mean by "I cleanse my face frequently." The only way to obtain a really clean skin is to cleanse it thoroughly twice a day.

Sincerely,
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:
I have just finished reading your advice to other girls who have problems and decided that you were the one to help me, if you will.

I just came from high school in a small town, to a big city, where I am working. While I was in the small town, I went with a boy fairly steadily although I did go out with other boys, too. He is in the Air Force now and is still as crazy about me as he always was. However, I have never loved him although I think he is a fine chap.

I am sixteen and all my friends are either engaged or about to be married. I feel that I should become engaged, with the war on and all.

However, I haven't met anyone I do love and I am beginning to despair that maybe I never will.

Please do not think me conceited if I tell you a few things about me. I come from a nice family, fairly well off, and they provide a good home. I have a good position and a lovely place to live, with friends, here in the city. I am five feet two, blonde and have a fair figure. I have attractive clothes; I sing and play the piano, love to dance and take part in all sports, especially tennis, golf, and skiing. Being popular at home has spoiled me for being a social flop in the city. Although I have found oodles of new girl friends, the boys here just don't care for me.

I would appreciate it so much if you would tell me what to do about the boy I was telling you about and also what is wrong with me in my new environment. I feel so depressed, and I don't want to bother Mother and Dad about me.

Yours truly,
Alice B.

Dear Miss B:
Whether or not you are actually unpopular with the boys in your new home is impossible for me to judge. In everyone's life, you know, there are falls; not every period in our lives can be equally exciting. Also, when anyone comes to a new city, one is apt to be more sensitive to the reactions of those
about than is quite normal. Just remember that you probably seem as strange to them as they do to you.

However, my general impression of your problem is that you are looking too hard for either a dance or a husband. I certainly don't believe you should be engaged to the boy in the Air Force if he does not love him.

Have you given much thought to the possibility that some of the difference in your position now and in former years is due to you or your family living in a Canadian city, there are obviously few eligible men around and those who are available are busy trying to help win the war?

Perhaps I am wrong, but it has occurred to me—reading between the lines of your letter—that there may be one boy in particular whom you like or one who is not very interested in you. Perhaps you are telling yourself that you are unappreciated in general, simply as a defense mechanism.

When you say that you don't want to bother your father and mother with your problems, I can't agree with you. I believe you should talk this over with them, as they are more interested in you than anyone else in the world and they certainly more qualified than anyone to give you advice in this matter. Yours sincerely,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I have noticed in most of the motion pictures I have seen that the star's hair is so luminous. I have tried everything known to mankind to achieve this, but alas! I brush my hair every night and wash it every other day with the best of shampoos. My hair is between blonde and brown and a difficult color to match. What should I do to improve my hair?

Yours sincerely,

Adelle D.

Dear Miss D; why shouldn't hair in motion pictures look lustrous and lovely? For instance, while I am making a picture Margaret Donavan, my hairdresser, noticed the hair of the star and thought you should see some of us between pictures:

One thing you can do to improve the sheen of your hair is to wash it more often than every other week. I think it should be washed once or twice a week. It is now tried to go to a beauty shop, as this would be too expensive for most of us. You can learn to wash it yourself at home.

Also, as strange as it seems, oil shampoos are beneficial if your hair is oily. (I checked with Miss Donovan.) I hope this will prove helpful to you.

Yours sincerely,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I wish you could help me, but I am afraid that I will tell you clearly enough what my trouble is for you to give an answer to my problem. I'm not bad-looking—a little too thin. Five feet, eight inches tall and weigh 120 pounds. When I go out, I know I look as well as other girls whose hair is sometimes messy and whose clothes are sloppy. I am always afraid.

Yet they will be laughing and happy and with a crowd and I will be alone. I can always make conversation and I think very helpful to me. I am always very neat, original things, yet nothing is ever appreciated. Everyone is always saying how clever or pretty or this or that, some person is, yet they pass up all my good points. I want friends of my own age. The few I do have are at least fifteen years older than I. I am twenty-five. I want around to laugh and play and be silly once in a while instead of talking about such prosaic things as recipes, money matters, husband trouble—and absent men.

I collect records of popular orchestras and make scrapbooks of bands. I would like to be able to talk bands or movies with someone. I also like to read classics as well as best-sellers.

My husband doesn't help any as he is very quiet and doesn't dance although, for my sake, he is now taking lessons. We have been married three years and I will always be married. He is eleven years older than I and is good to me, but I want friends and laughter, happiness and good times. Sometimes I try to give it to my husband, but he says, "Don't you give everything you want?" I try to explain that it isn't money. It is just companionship. Walks in the fresh air, laughter and sharing good books, planning homey things together.

Miss Davis, should I wake up? Am I asleep? Am I groping for things that can't happen to girls like me? It is true, as people tell me, that women have very few friends? Oh, please let me know some way to change myself so that I can have friends.

Thank you for everything,

ZELMA T.

Dear Mrs. T; at the risk of being brutally frank, I must say that I think you are reading too many books and that you are living in a sort of dream world.

In "Old Acquaintance," the picture in which I am working at present, the character of Millie is that of a very busy woman. She wants only what some other person has. In her case it ruins her life.

It seems to me that you will make yourself a very unhappy person if you don't start to count your personal blessings. After all, no one has everything. As a matter of fact, there are good and bad people in the world whom I would choose to be in preference to myself; as far as that goes, I don't think I have everything I am not happy.

However, those who live successfully are those who take stock of themselves and make the best of what they have. Some people become bitter and think of those around them—which in turn makes them happy.

Your desire to have friends is paramount with everyone. I am sure you'll find that you start stealing and making yourself happy.

Sincerely;

Bette Davis.

The End

The most famous advice star of Hollywood, Bette Davis, now offers to answer your personal problem. Each month, from the letters sent to her in care of Photoplay's advice, Miss Davis chooses the ones with the problems that seem to her most universal and answers them in this magazine. All names of persons are changed.
Hollywood—Beware in 1943!

(Continued from page 60) for Robert Taylor. His stars indicate that he will enlist or be in the service of the Government in some capacity, for the period between April and June suggests a long voyage to a foreign shore.

Bob Taylor would do well in administrative work and in connection with a hospital unit.

Due to Neptune, planet of intuition and research in his twelfth house, he would make a splendid research worker or investigator.

After the first of July he will be benefited by Jupiter transiting his own sign, so whatever he does he has the planet of good fortune on his side.

The whole world is going through the same experiences this year, you and I and our next-door neighbors. But cooperate with the stars to the best of your ability, dig in and work, keep cheerful no matter how tough the going gets and you will find that the experiences of this difficult year can teach us all lessons that will benefit us as long as we live.

Good luck for the world in 1943.

The End

If you would like to have your own solar chart for 1943 write to Matilda Trotter, care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 295 East 42nd St., New York City, for further information.

Next month

SIDNEY SKOLSKY,

one of Hollywood's most beloved columnists, says:

She calls herself the "get girl"
She sleeps in a bed so large that it had to be built inside her bedroom
She doesn't like to be called "dearie," "buddy" or "pal"
She didn't pay any attention to the man who was to be her husband until he danced
Her name is Gene Tierney and she is THE GIRL ON THE COVER for April!

Photoplay-Movie Mirror says (with pride):

Each month our readers are going to have a captivating inside glimpse of THE GIRL ON THE COVER from the popular pen of SIDNEY SKOLSKY

“The ‘Little General’ keeps my hands working overtime!”

HINDS for HANDS and wherever skin needs softening!
WHEN functional nervous disturbances such as Sleeplessness, Crankiness, Excitability, Restlessness, or Nervous Headache, interfere with your work or spoil your good times, take

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Dr. Miles Nervine is a scientific combination of mild but effective sedatives. Buy it at your drug store. Nervine Tablets 35c and 75c, Liquid 25c and $1.00. We guarantee satisfaction or your money back. Read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

Brief Reviews
(Continued from page 7)

is Rudy's friend, Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken add to the merriment and Sir Lanfret, the Calypso singer, is new and different. (Feb.)

HARD WAY, THE—Warnings: Ida Lupino plays her role of a relentlessly selfish woman who promotes her younger sister, Joan Leslie, to perfection. Equally fine is Patrice Wymore as Carol Carson as the lovely but dumbish vaudvillian who marries Joan and brings her up with much to environs. Dennis Morgan, Leona Massacre and Gladys Cooper are also good. (Dec.)

HELLO, ANNAPOLES—Columbia: Jean Parker refuses to marry Tom Brown unless he enters Annapolis. When he attempts to trick her into marriage, Joan Leslie and tricks happen in Annapolis, where he gets the smartaleckiness taken out of him. (Dec.)

HENRY ALDRICH, EDITOR—Paramount: The irresponsible youth of Brooklyn is accused of arson when he bites of sabotage in his high-school paper and attacking the editor. But of course Madame the real culprit. Jimmy Lydon as Henry, Charles S. Winninger as the editor, and the girl friend are right in there pitching. (Jan.)

HIDDEN HAND, THE—Warners: Practically everybody gets killed in this potboiler of a war when an elderly woman's buried doll is used to test her dreadful abilities, and in the testing no less than five lives are lost. Claire Trevor is the doll's owner, Elizabeth Fraser and Ruth Ford are unfortunate enough to be afterwards taken as prisoners of war. (Dec.)

HENRY'S BY NIGHT—KKO Radio: Richard Carlson as the millionaire playboy who gets taken by gangsters and ends up in the trucking business does very well in the role. Ruth Roman falls in love with March, to the dismay of Kella and the way of March. Robert Benchley is March's droll pal. (Jan.)

JOURNEY FOR MARGARET — McG.: Robert Montgomery plays an American cotemporary in London who meets orphaned William Severn and Margaret O'Brien at the rescue home of Fan Fairfax and takes them to America. Both the children are wonderful, and the experiences of English children brought up and homeless will touch your heart. (Jan.)

JUNGLE SIREN — P.R.C.: A silly, stupid little number, this one, concerning Nazi agents at work amongst jungle tribes in Africa. Buster Crabbe and Ann Corio, the former strip-teaser, are the leads, but neither has a chance to be very good. (Jan.)

JUST OFF BROADWAY — 20th Century-Fox: When tyrant Michael Shayne, played as usual by Lloyd Nolan, in the kitchen and manipulating the innocent bad, he sets out on his own to uncover the guilty party. Girl reporter Marjorie Main, as his partner, is wonderful, and Richard Derr and singer Jean Valerie are all on in the excelsior game. (Jan.)

LADY FROM CHUNKING — R. C.: Anna May Wong pretends affection for a Jap general in order to obtain certain information which will save two American fighting Tigers, Rick Vallin and Paul Breyer, who use it to bring back other friends to annihilate the invading forces. It's pretty well done and Harold Huber's playing of a Jap scoun- del is outstanding. (Feb.)

LIFE BEGINS AT EIGHT-TIETH—20th Century-Fox: Ida Lupino in the clapped off of Monte Woolley, has-been actor given to un- brevity, who needs help or a break. George Walsh, as the deacon, watches over him, saving his life to his, until she meetoo of the World, and must choose between him and her father and therein lies the terrific emotional struggle. (Feb.)

LOVES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE—THE—Warner Bros. and/the quality characterize his tale of the great poet's life—his adoption as a child to Mr. and Mrs. Allan Poe, his marriage to Linda Darnell and his other agitations. Below differentiation, John H. Mengert pens an ideal Poe; Miss Darnell and Miss Margulie give polished performances. (Dec.)

LUCKY JORDAN—Paramount: Alan Ladd is the man who plays with the Jacks. High in his "fix" his draft board but is induced in the Army. He is with Collett, playing a gangster and aids in their capture. Helen Walker plays the Canton woman, with whom the gangster of St. Louis and Shulman keep the action moving. (Feb.)

MAN IN THE TRUNK — THE—20th Century-Fox: When pretty Lynne Roberts, dancer, buys a trunk, she finds the remains of a body inside, and Attorney George Holmes tries to determine his

Has Your Tinted GRAY HAIR that Painted Look?

Never again will you let interior house steak smell take over your life once you buy Dup-1-Dol. Be sure of a natural-looking appearance with Dup-1-Dol. This color, Quickly applied—easiest way to save time and keep your hair.
MOONLIGHT IN HAVANA—Universal: Allan Jones is a discharged ball player who can sing only when he has a cold, and when a manager of a traveling group of entertainers hears him warbling he signs him up. From there on it's everybody's show, with pretty Jane Frazee and Marjorie Lord in a tussle for Jones's affections. (Jan.)

V MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—Paramount: Fay Bainter plays Mrs. Wiggs and her brood of children are Carolyln Lee, Betty Brewer, Mary Thomas, Carl Switzer and Billy Lee. Vera Vague as Miss Hazy and Hugh Herbert, head of a matrimonial bureau, are priceless. You'll enjoy all the homespun, laughable and tragic events of the Wiggs family. (Feb.)

MUMMY'S TOMB, THE—Universal: Lon Chaney is the mummy who's been kept alive through the ages and transported to America to kill archaeologists Dick Foran and Wally Ford who disturbed the mummy's tomb years before. John Hubbard and Elyse Knox are the romantic leads, and it's a scary little number. (Jan.)

MY SISTER EILEEN—Columbia: A bowl from start to finish is this adaptation of the successful play about two sisters who come to New York to seek a career. Rosalind Russell is the older sister, Janet Blair her pretty sister Eileen; and George Tobias is their landlord. Brian Aherne, the editor, and reporter Allyn Joslyn join the throng who wander in and out of their basement apartment. (Dec.)

NAVY COMES THROUGH, THE—RKO-Radio: A swell service picture, this one, with George Murphy as the disgraced officer who enlists as a plain seaman under the command of Petty Officer Pat O'Brien. Max Baer and Jackie Cooper stand out as sailors, Desi Arnaz and Frank Jenks add pep to the maneuvers, and Jane Wyatt is very good as the nurse. Carl Esmond is a hit as the sailor-musician. (Jan.)

NIGHTMARE—Universal: Murder and espionage in England, with Brian Donlevy as the American who renders a service to Englishwoman Diana Barrymore by taking a corpse out of her home and ends up in a country house fracas with Nazi spies and an incognito Soviet agent. Brian Aherne is smooth newcomer. Henry Daniell is the corpse. (Feb.)

NIGHT MONSTER—Universal: Practically everyone gets killed when mystic, cosmic, yogi monkey business creeps over the estate of Ralph Morgan where scary Bela Lugosi is the butler. Housekeeper Doris Lloyd, chauffeur Leif Erickson, yogi Nils Asther and several doctors are all suspects.

A meet the missus scene backstage on the set of "A Night To Remember": Brian Aherne introduces wife Joan Fontaine to Director Dick Wallace
Now She Shops "Cash And Carry"
Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers of nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be their diet.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help make urine, and pass it out of the body.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matters to remain in your blood, it will cause back-aching backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy.

Using the Dr. Davis method of cleansing, you will find that your own kidney troubles are often under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or severe pains with swelling and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Dr. Davis: Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give you a quiet help and will help when you cannot get relief. Use the same tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills at your drug store—25c and $1.00. Read directions and use only as directed.

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**SILVER QUEEN**—Sherman U.: Priscilla Lane (in her engagement) travels West to become a gambler in order to pay off the debts of her sick father (Pulitzer). She wins, but sends the money to Cabot, who crosses her up, leaving the whole mess to be straightened out by George Brent, who finally wins Priscilla. It's a good Western. (Feb.)

**SIN TOWN**—Universal: Bunco artist Connie Bennett and Bord Crawford arrive in a Western town looking for easy money which they find when Crawford declares himself partner in Ward Bond's saloon. Anne Gwynne and Patric Knowles provide the love interest and Andy Devine and Leo Carrillo round out the cast. Between the two villains is really a lulu. (Dec.)

**SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES**—20th Century Fox: Betty Grable is in love with Broadway actor John Payne but when he misbehaves she tries to lose her new dancing partner Cesar Romero. From a New York stage play the group carry the small misunderstandings at Lake Louise Carmen Miranda, Charlotte Greenwood and Edward Everett Horton old in the mix up in this Technicolor musical. (Dec.)

**STREET OF CHANCE**—Paramount: When Burgess Meredith gets hit by the bowl and wakes up to discover he's an amnesia victim for over a year and is wanted for murder, he undertakes to unravel the mystery himself, with many surprising results. Claire Trevor plays a maid and Adeline deWalt Reynolds is a smuggler. (Jan.)

**STRICTLY IN THE GROOVE**—Universal: A college that band moves out West to a dude ranch in this little number and small vaudeville to find a radio announcer. The music is hot, the kids and the singing is very good. Among those present are Mary Healy, Richard Darien, Leon Errol, Grace McDonald, Ozzie Nelson and Shemp Howard. (Feb.)

**THAT OTHER WOMAN**—20th Century Fox: Producer, screenplay Virginia Gilmore pursues her architect boss, James Ellison, who intrigues with her with her in a studio. Alma Kruger advises Virginia how to trap Ellison, the scheme works but not in the way expected, Janis Carter is quite the persistent housewife. (Jan.)

**THUNDER BIRDS**—20th Century Fox: Informative, entertaining and colorful is this story about the training of English, Chinese and American desert officers (Preston Foster takes the lead), and an English student John Sutton is both rivals for the attentions of lovely Gene Tierney, but all the players take second place to the interesting flying sequences. (Jan.)

**WHISTLING IN DIXIE**—M-G-M: When Red Skelton's radio crime detective, and his assistant, Ann Rutherford, go down to New York to help Diana Lewis and find themselves involved in a phony murder mystery with one silly, ridiculous incident following another, leaving the audience wild with glee. Rags Ragland, George Bancroft and Guy Kibbee swarm over the place. (Feb.)

**WHITE CARGO**—M-G-M: The trouble with three drunks and a tropical sweetie is that the story has become repetitions through imitation, but the performance of Walter Pidgeon, veteran of the tropical isle, gives great vitality to the play. Richard Carlson and Frank Morgan are very good and Humphrey Bogart is certainly the most gorgeous Tondelayo. (Dec.)

**WHO DONE IT?**—Universal: Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, soda jerks who want to be radio writers, are sent for a job by a radio station only to run headlong into a murder. Nazi agents in town to plot for a war who leads the whole to their own arrest. The routines are bawdy and it's corny, but we dare you not to laugh. (Feb.)

**WILDCAT**—Paramount: Never a dull moment in this story, with Richard Arlen playing a wildcat oil man who goes into partnership with Elisa Cook, Jr., gets baffled by Arline Judge, Eloise's fake sister, and fights a out with his enemy oil driller Buster Crabbe. (Dec.)

**WRECKING CREW**—Paramount: All about the men who tear down buildings, with two friends, Richard Arlen and Chester Morris, taking on a job together and ending up on a wall ready to tumble and the ground six stories below and no way to get down except through John Parker is the girl. (Feb.)

**YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FOREVER**—Warner: A remake of the Paul Muni picture, "Hi, Nellie," with Mildred Natwick and now playing the newspaper managing editor who uncovers a gang of racketeers operating behind a meat-pal shop and a Lonely Heart Club. Edward D�wood and Helen Yarmouth are Eliza and Franklin Pangborn is the editor. (Dec.)

**YOUTH ON PARADE**—Republic: That college show is here again, with Tom Brown and Martha O'Driscoll leading the talent parade. Broadway actresses Ruth Terry joins the campus casters after they've played a trick on Professor John Hodiak and Chester Morris, taking on a job together and ending up on a wall ready to tumble to the ground six stories below and no way to get down except through John Parker is the girl. (Feb.)

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# If your hands are badly chapped, do as scores of Doctors and Nurses do—use Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream. Noxzema is not just a cosmetic cream—it contains soothing medicinal ingredients that aid in healing tiny skin cracks. It helps soften and smooth skin—helps restore normal white loveliness to red, rough, irritated chapped hands. Scientific clinical experiments show how fast it works—a definite improvement often seen over-night! Noxzema is greaseless—non-sticky. On sale at drug and cosmetic counters. Get a jar today! 55c, 50c, $1.00.
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...Till the Day I Die”...

THE LOVE STORY THAT WAS Hushed UNTIL PEARL HARBOR

One night she found love after years of waiting... and at dawn this round-the-world girl flier faced the most desperate sacrifice America ever asked of any woman—or any man. The navy's most amazing pre-war secret probed in a great and startling love story.

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"I was delighted with my Charm-Kurl permanent. It left my hair soft and lovely and gave me the prettiest permanent I've ever had regardless of the cost."
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MAKE THIS NO-RISK TEST
Proof to yourself as thousands of others have done, without risking one penny, that you, too, can give yourself a thrilling permanent at home the Charm-Kurl way. Just follow the simple, easy directions and after your permanent wave is in, let your mirror and your friends be the judge. If you do not honestly feel that your Charm-Kurl permanent is the equal of any permanent you may have paid up to $2.00 for, you get your money back.

FREE Up to $1.00 WORTH OF WAVE SET
In addition to the wave set included with the kit, you will receive with each kit an extra supply, sufficient for 16 oz., of the finest quality wave set that would ordinarily cost up to $1.00... enough for up to 12 to 16 hair sets.

SEND NO MONEY
Just fill in coupon below. Don't send a penny. Your complete Charm-Kurl Home Permanent Wave Kit will be rushed to you. On arrival deposit 5¢ plus postage (or 10¢ plus postage for two kits) with your postman with the understanding if you are not thrilled and delighted with results your money will be cheerfully refunded on request. We pay postage if remittance is enclosed with order. You have nothing to risk and a beautiful permanent to gain so take advantage of this special offer. Send today!

Charm-Kurl Co., Dept. 3 12, 2150 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

MAIL THIS NO-RISK TEST COUPON TODAY.

Charm-Kurl Co. Dept. 347, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

We can send you a Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave Kit complete with all directions, No. cm. and 5¢, we are the charter of the salesmen to sell this Kit. When you send your remittance do not delay. We pay postage, with No. 3356, only 5¢ for a single Kit, 10¢ for two Kits. If you desire 2 kits send 30¢ for two wave sets, 5¢ for each wave set.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

If you send remittance with order we will pay postage. Canadian orders must be accompanied by a personal or money order.
WOMEN AT WORK
It is estimated 15,000,000 women are employed in U.S. Industry today
YOU MAY BE NEEDED NOW
Ask at your nearest United States Employment Service Office

BUY WAR BONDS

It's CHESTERFIELD for my taste

When you're doing a bang-up job you want a bang-up smoke and for anybody's money you can't buy a better cigarette than Chesterfield.

Try them yourself...you'll find Chesterfields as Mild and Cool as the day is long...and Better-Tasting, too.

WHERE A CIGARETTE COUNTS MOST
It's Chesterfield
YOU DON'T KNOW about the BETTY GRABLE-GEORGE RAFT ROMANCE

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Color Portraits of JUDY GARLAND, ALAN LADD, BETTY HUTTON and others
Will he whisper praises about your Skin?
go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

Mrs. Roger Van Suyder
CINCINNATI, OHIO

"I've been getting the most thrilling compliments about my complexion," says this happy bride. "It certainly was a lucky day for me when I started the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. In just a little while I could see such an improvement! It's amazing how mild Camay is and I just love Camay's fragrance."

Tonight... go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

Mildness counts! Work Camay's rich lather over your face—especially over nose, base of nostrils and chin. Feel—how mild it is! Wonderfully gentle on sensitive skin! Rinse with warm water. If skin is oily, splash cold for thirty seconds.

Day-by-day shows results! Be brisk with your morning Camay cleansing—and see the fresh glow of your skin! Follow this beauty routine twice each day. It's day-by-day regularity that gives you the full benefits of Camay's greater mildness.

A little time, a little care... a lovelier you!

This beauty care is based on skin specialists' advice—praised by lovely brides.

HOW THRILLING to see new admiration in the eyes of those around you—and to hear pretty compliments on your complexion! This may happen to you—far sooner than you think—if only you'll follow the advice of so many happy brides; change tonight to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

For skin specialists say many women are not giving their skin proper cleansing—while many others are using a soap not mild enough.

That's why we urge you to go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Take advantage of its greater mildness.—Camay is mildest of dozens of beauty soaps tested. Be faithful—see what thrilling new loveliness can be yours!

Americans' Most Beautiful Brides are on the Mild-Soap Diet!
Washing your hair?

HERE'S a tip from the lips of thousands of women who have been helped by the Listerine treatment:

As a part of every shampoo, either preceding or following it, as you prefer, use full strength Listerine Antiseptic, followed by vigorous and persistent massage.

The minute Listerine Antiseptic reaches scalp and hair it kills literally millions of germs, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus," recognized by many outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Your hair and scalp will feel wonderfully clean and fresh and threatening germ-invaders will be combated in large numbers.

If Dandruff Develops

If the infectious type of dandruff has really made headway on your scalp repeat the Listerine treatment at least once a day. Twice a day is better. You will be amazed to find how quickly the distressing flakes and scales and the annoying itch begin to disappear.

Remember that 76% of the sufferers in a clinical test showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff at the end of four weeks of the Listerine Antiseptic treatment.

And what a contrast the Listerine method is to most of those suggested for troublesome scalp conditions! Fast-drying instead of sticky—clean-smelling instead of offensive—a delight instead of a chore. And remember, germ-killing the minute you use it!

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY,
St. Louis, Mo.

THE BEST
SAFE GUARD
I KNOW

The TREATMENT

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic. MEN: Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a gargle.

MEMO: A little lasing care is what your teeth need, and this delightful new dentifrice gives it. LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
"Du Barry Was a Lady" has started something... or rather, it has re-started something—which is the quest for the composite American Beauty. Artists have been taking pilgrimages to the M-G-M set to see the parade of pulchritude that is passing before the camera. They all come back with raves about the Merriment of the occasion, and cheers for the roster of talent that has produced this Technicolor film: 

- Red Skelton, Lucille Ball and Gene Kelly are stars in the procession which includes Virginia O'Brien, "Rags" Ragland, Zero Mostel, Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra.

But back to the composite American Beauty. It turned out they selected the following features of the Du Barry girls:

Kay Aldridge's profile... pert and perfect Hazel Brooks' legs... rounded and symmetrical Kay Williams' arms... ditto June Cooper's hands... delicate and angular Georgia Carroll's eyes... "Drink to me only..." Natalie Draper's lips... lips you love to touch Mary Jane French's hair... glory as a crown Aileen Halse's bicep... Venus with arms Ruth Owersby's hips... hie! hie! hurray! Theo Coffman's feet... perfect pedals Dorothy Hays' ankles... sharply the word Eve Whitney's waist... embraceable Eve Whitney's kisser... "the best there is in beauty!"

If therefore you wish to spend an evening with a perfect composite, go see "Du Barry Was a Lady"... best musical of the year.

Your composite legs will move to the rhythm of the Cole Porter songs.

* * * * * 

Recommended by the composite American lion.
Broadway's Sensational Musical Comedy is M-G-M's biggest musical screen entertainment now—with
more pretty girls
more peppy dancing
more pulsing rhythms
more FUN and funsters
than you've ever seen before!

ALL THIS...AND TECHNICOLOR, TOO!

Starring
RED SKELTON
LUCILLE BALL
CAPTAIN

with
“RAGS”
O'BRIEN
RAGLAND
MOSEL

TOMMY DORSEY
and his
ORCHESTRA

PUBLISHED IN TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by Irving Brecher
Adaptation by Nance Hamilton
Directed by Roy Del Ruth
Produced by Arthur Freed
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

"Do I Love You!", "Salome",
"Friendship", "Madame, I Like
Your Crepes Suzettes", "Du
Barry Was a Lady", "I Love
An Esquire Girl"

Stop—look—and listen! Tommy
Dorsey—his trombone—and his
band! What music! Hold tight!

 Songs

Right:
Varga, Esquire's
tamed artist, paints
his conception of
the Du Barry girl.

"De I Love You!", "Salome",
"Friendship", "Madame, I Like
Your Crepes Suzettes", "Du
Barry Was a Lady", "I Love
An Esquire Girl"
There is little novelty in reading about the failure of a Hollywood marriage. We are likely to rush on to the next headline without a thought of the emotional tragedy involved, almost as though the couple who have been married and who now stand alone were people without capacity for pain.

When she saw the cold newspaper print of the announcement that she and Dave Rose had separated, Judy Garland said, "Who knows the tears behind those words? If people knew how we had tried, they wouldn't judge."

This is being written to assure Judy Garland that there is no one who can rightfully accuse her of indulging in what so many regard as a typical Hollywood luxury—a heedless separation or a careless divorce; that there is no one who, knowing the circumstances, could believe she said good-by to her husband until the tears came so persistently that she had no other choice.

One day some time ago—just a few years when measured by the calendar and endless years when measured by their emotional content—Judy Garland's mother told one of Photoplay's writers how Judy who was then sixteen had fallen in love with an older man.

It was Judy's first real crush and her mother for the first time had felt concern for her daughter's happiness. She, of all people, knew the emotional depths of Judy, of her capacity for devotion and blind faith. This first love had not brought Judy the exaltation she had thought it would hold. It had brought tears, instead. Her mother was telling this because Judy had just come to her the day before and said, "Mother, I don't want you ever to mention him to me again. Something has happened that I will never forget and I don't want ever to think of him again if I can help it."

But Judy did think of him. Once having her emotions stirred so deeply, it was not in her character to turn this page of her own love story and begin a new chapter with a new hero. Judy had to wait until she could be sure that she once again was emotionally secure. She was two years older before the scars of her first heartbreak had entirely disappeared. It was not long after that she married Dave Rose, although those whose judgment she most respected gently warned her that they were afraid of this marriage that she wanted.

I have been told by those who wear their sympathies for Judy openly something of the efforts she has made to hold to this marriage that was so dear to her. How, when her husband wanted to compose his music in the middle of the night, she would get up and make hot chocolate and then remain up with him until he had finished his work, even if she had an eight o'clock call on the set in the morning. How she would wait up those nights when Dave did his broadcasting, knowing that he would be too tense afterwards to sleep and would bring the radio gang home with him for some fun and relaxation, heedless of the hour.

These friends of Judy's point to a difference in their ages, a difference in their tastes, their work and their interests; they point to Judy's nervousness which they say has come from her efforts to bridge these gaps. They recall how Judy, when they were first married, urged her husband to take dancing lessons so that he could join with her in this pleasure which meant so much to her. They tell of the endless hours Judy spent with Dave while he trained her voice the way he felt it should be trained, even beyond the point where Judy, in all honesty, thought the lessons should go.

Early last summer we heard that Judy and Dave might separate. For two issues we held back a story describing their lives together; then, when they seemed to have worked out their difficulties, we published it, noting therein the rumor of a breakup.

The Fink photograph on this page is the last picture of Judy and Dave together. Judy, I am told, had clung to the hope that when her husband was in the Army, they somehow would recapture all the happiness they had been missing. But a marriage that has struck shons of heartbreak needs more than hope. So Judy at last knew it was inevitable that she would read in the papers of her own marital failure.

All of us to whom Judy has brought so many screen hours of enjoyment can only say, "We're sorry, Judy."

Judy Garland
Hutton's Hotter Than Ever... LOOK!

Two working girls on the tropical cruise of your dreams, in the gayest, most gorgeous musical of the year!

SONGS THAT MAKE THE TROPICS HOT:

"Murder, He Says"
"Let's Get Lost"
"The Fuddy Duddy Watchmaker"
"Sing A Tropical Song"
"Happy Go Lucky"

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING
**Events of the Month:** All eyes are focused on the "Jane Eyre" set with tempestuous Orson Welles and tempestual Joan Fontaine about to erupt like a Fourth of July skyrocket. On a Twentieth Century-Fox deck, Cal spied this item, "All reference to east of 'Jane Eyre' must read 'Orson Welles and Joan Fontaine.'" Orson won the first round on first billing on the east but wait until Joan-Pooh gets going. Reports say she has already won the second round.

Hollywood had an "I told you so" look when, for the second time, Mickey Rooney and Ava Gardner agreed to disagree. Said the young couple: "We both sincerely regret we could not work out our problems together." Hollywood hopes the separation will bring them both the happiness they failed to find together.

John Carroll, John Howard and Tyrone Power packed their service kit bags, smiled good-bye to Hollywood and went off to join Uncle Sam.

**Starry-eyed Olivia:** Love has come to Olivia de Havilland and no mistake. The friendship between Livvie and Lt. John Huston, former director, of which we wrote in this column, has undoubtedly become serious and Hollywood believes once Huston is free the pair will wed.

While rehearsing for a recent broadcast, Livvie was told someone offset wanted to see her. She strolled off and twenty minutes later strolled back—stars in her eyes. Her unexpected visitor had been Lt. Huston, son of actor Walter Huston.

Once Cal encountered Walter and Mrs. Huston dining with Olivia and John, but since his return to camp we've spotted Olivia, with her huge dog by her side, dining alone at Schwab's Drug Store night after night.

When it becomes certain the divorce is going through we'll write you the story of Olivia and John. And maybe we won't be happy that Livvie, who has known so much unhappiness, has finally found her true heart.

**One-Sentence Facts:** Sailor Henry Fonda thumbed his way from San Diego to Hollywood and back on a twenty-four-hour leave without being recognized.

Red Skelton introduces Edna, who recently divorced him, to all servicemen audiences as "my wife" which may mean a reconciliation—or may not.

Fred Astaire's real name is Frederick Austerlitz.

The very masculine Mr. Bogart, known to his virile cronies as "Bogie," has the alluring middle name of DeForrest—but grin when you call him that.

Margaret Sullivan has announced her retirement from the screen in order to care for her three children.

David Selznick, who produced "Gone With The Wind," is quoted as saying his next effort will be the filming of "Mein Kampf."

The mother of Jack Oakie's estranged wife keeps house for her son-in-law.

George Raft has the smallest hands and feet of any actor in Hollywood.

(Continued on page 8)
This is Jimmy, the boy who lived next door. Last year he made the football team. This year he’s making history.

**AIR FORCE**

*THE PICTURE THAT REMEMBERS PEARL HARBOR.*

*IT COMES TO YOU FROM* Warner Bros.

PRODUCED BY

HAL B. WALLIS

HOWARD HAWKS

...COURAGE YOU CAN'T HELP CHEERING, IN MEN YOU CAN'T HELP LOVING!

*AS THE MEN WHO LOVED 'MARY ANN'—THE FLYING FORTRESS: JOHN GARI~FIELD, GIG YOUNG, HARRY CAREY, GEORGE TOBIAS, ARTHUR KENNEDY, JAS. BROWN, JOHN RIDGELEY. SCREENPLAY: DudLey NICHOLS*
Food, Food at Any Price! The food problem — or how to get any — continues in Hollywood, with meat counters bare for days at a time. Vegetables are purchased with gold bars and canned goods are growing scarcer than hen's teeth. Fred MacMurray claims he eats macaroni instead of meat these days and loves it — only he'd like it better if he could get the cheese for it.

Alice Faye says at the Phil Harris house they just eat a chicken or turkey off the ranch and dream of steaks at night.

James Craig is the most popular lad on the M-G-M lot, incidentally. Whereas every eye used to fasten on Bob Montgomery as he drove through the gates in his fancy English car, eyes are now fastened on Craig as he drives in with that basket of eggs from his ranch. Is the popular boy? Oh well, maybe Cal will now get his waistline down to where it should be!

Big Ben and Wedding Bells: Carole Landis went to London and North Africa to entertain our American soldiers there and stayed to marry one of them, namely Captain Thomas C. Wallace of Pasadena. The pair had never met before but fell in love instantly. It was necessary to have Carole's birth certificate rushed to her in England before the wedding could take place. Bebe Daniels, who lives abroad, and Kay Francis and Martha Raye, also entertaining over there, were guests.

Carole was married formerly to Irving Wheeler and divorced him after less than a month of marriage. Her next marriage, to Willis Hunt Jr., was also a brief affair. Carole's friends wish her well and hope this marriage will be a more lasting one. Captain Wallace was one of the original American Eagles attached to the R. A. F. and is now with the American forces.

What's more, he's credited with having brought down two German Messerschmitts.

Tidbits: That water boy who carried out the bucket between halves at the Alabama-U. C. L. A. Rosebowl game was Mickey Rooney, no less. That something definitely is brewing and has been for a long time between Deanna Durbin and Universal studios can no longer be denied. We look for a blow-up any minute....

Marlene Dietrich's seventeen-year-old daughter, who does not always see eye to eye with mama and says so, got herself a movie job. Under the name Maria Manto, the young lady has been signed by Anna Sten's husband, Dr. Eugene
Frenke, for a role in the film "The Girl From Leningrad."

Speaking of Marlene, did you, by the way, see her picture in a magazine captioned "thirty-eight-year-old glamour girl?" Now is that nice, we ask you?

Col's Alphabetical News:

A—Alan Ladd and Sue Carroll will have to disappoint fans who have already named their coming offspring Alan Jr. There is already an Alan Jr., a five-year-old lad of Alan's by a former wife.

B—Lt. Burgess Meredith and Paulette Goddard have gone into business. They have purchased a bicycle shop on Western Avenue and sell machines to defense workers. They will be on hand as special guest on "Liar's Day." Frank's tall whoppers on the radio earned him the distinction. The boy, who has beenGrand

C—Clark Gable, who expects and hopes for active duty very soon, is rumored as being "commanded" to return to Hollywood for a propaganda picture. Hurra!

D—Don Ameche is the only star of the old group left at Twentieth Century-Fox. Don, being the papa of four boys, is Army exempt.

E—Edgar Bergen has tried everywhere to enlist, only to find himself blocked by Uncle Sam. Edgar is on the Government's "selected twenty" list to be called upon to entertain the boys at any time at any place they are sent. So are Bob Hope and Nelson Eddy.

F—Frank Morgan was chosen the favorite "boy" of the boys at Camp Roberts and will be on hand to special guest on "Liar's Day." Frank's tall whoppers on the radio earned him the distinction. "Liar's Day." Frank's tall whoppers on the radio earned him the distinction. By the way, he thinks the only difference between him and the others is that he's older.

G—Gladys Robinson, wife of actor Edward G. Robinson, is seriously ill in a Glendale sanitarium.

H—Hedy Lamar has been discovered by actor John Loder and wow!

I—Iona Massey is setting hearts thumping in New York, especially Georgie Jessel's.

J—Jane Withers will enroll at U. C. L. A. next semester.

K—Karen Verne is expected to marry Peter Lorre any minute if she isn't already his bride.

L—Loretta Young is so happy because husband Tom Lewis is now a Lt. Colonel. Lt. Col. Lewis's duties concern overseas entertainment for the boys.

M—Martha O'Driscoll doesn't care who knows she loves Bill Lundigan. Or is it Mrs. Bill Lundigan by now?

N—Nelson Eddy's first trip to the Universal commissary (Nelson will make "Phantom Of The Opera" for this studio) had all the waitresses begging for autographs. The way the women go for that man!

O—Orson Welles has discovered Maria Montez, which was inevitable.

P—Paul Henreid is slowly recovering his health after a six months' struggle with a nervous disorder due to his hectic experiences in Austria.

Q—Questions are being fired right and left at Mr. Steve Crane's military and marital status these days.

R—Ronald Colman and his wife have made their Beverly Hills home and will rough it on their ranch for the duration.

S—Susan Peters and Richard Quine grow more and more serious.

T—Tony Quinn has been appointed entertainment counselor for all Spanish-speaking American soldiers and works at it day and night.

U—United Forces are giving daily thanks to Bette Davis for the warm hospitality at the Hollywood Canteen these winter nights.

V—Victor McLaglen's son Andy is the most disappointed lad in town. His 6'7" height is one inch over Uncle Sam's

**If I waited for a dinner date—I'd starve!**

Joan: The only dates in my life are those on the calendar—but the fellows stand in line to take you out! What's missing in my bag of tricks?

Alice: You should have plenty of come-hither, Joan darling. You have looks and personality, but one thing dims your lucky star—and you don't even know what it is!

(Later) Alice is right—and I'm through taking chances! From now on—it's a bath to remove past perspiration, and Mum to prevent risk of future underarm odor.

Play safe with daintiness—every day, after every bath, use Mum! You'll like Mum for—

Speed—Takes only 30 seconds to smooth on Mum! Can be used even after you're dressed.

Safety—Gentle Mum won't irritate underarms, even after shaving. Mum won't injure fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

Sureness—Mum guards charm all during your business day or evening date. Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, so safe that thousands of women use it this important way, too.
Army allowance and he can't enlist.

W—Wallace Beery and his Carol Ann are weekly visitors at the Canteen, Wally being the most ungraceful bus boy of the year.

X—Kisses to all our Hollywood boys who have been promoted in rank due to plain hard work.

Y—Young Hollywood is the only group in the film colony looking forward to the $25,000 wage ceiling. It might mean big stars wouldn't be doing so many pictures; which would give the up-and-coming set their chance.

Z—Zorina has renounced films for the stage and will remain in New York in the future, we're told.

Bang—and It Was Love: Have you ever sat through a movie and watched the girl soundly slap the boy's face and two reels later dissolve in his arms? And have you thought "Phooey," as we have?

Well, never again for us, lads and lassies, for it does happen. It did happen, in fact, to Susan Hayward and John Carroll.

On the "Hit Parade Of 1943" set, where the incident began, the atmosphere between John and Susie was so chilly you could have cut a figure eight all over it. It remained that way until two days before the finish of the picture when Susie was called upon to smack Mr. Carroll's face, but good.

Something happened with that slap. The ice melted, the air thawed, Johnny stared at Susie, Susie stared at Johnny and boom—it was love.

From that moment until John left to join the Air Force the pair were inseparable. John fed Susan his famous spaghetti and still she loved him. However, the spaghetti seems to have cooled at this writing. Susan now stoutly maintains that the romance is off.

Feuds, Feuds, Feuds: While wars rage all over the map, minor Hollywood out-breaks continue to lessen the monotony of the home front. The greatest flare-up of all was Director Fritz Lang's one-man blitz against actress Anna Lee during the shooting of "Unconquered."

In fact, the fury of Mr. Lang's wrath grew to such alarming proportions his agent rose from a sick bed and set out for the stage where Mr. Lang was dressed
down to a degree below boiling.

Some folk think the director's fury was aroused because Miss Lee and not his own girl friend was given the lead in the picture. Anyway, according to the studio itself, it was pretty dreadful while it lasted and Miss Lee suffered horribly but in silence.

The tension on the "Old Acquaintance" set grew more and more tense as Miss Miriam Hopkins, who started out so sweet and friendly, relapsed into the "same little lady type" that caused so much friction between Bette and Miriam in their former picture "The Old Maid."

Tears by the bucketsful were shed by Ida Lupino and Nancy Coleman on the "Devotion" set as the girls feuded and feuded. And over at Paramount a young starlet, who received the butt of the star's wrath, snapped back, "Well, I've got my youth, anyway." Whereupon the star returned to her dressing room and refused to emerge all that day.


Henry Fonda writes our own Hymie Fink from boot camp that he hopes to be home soon again on a longer furlough and Hymie can see how he looks when in his uniform. Bet Hank looks cute.

Clark Gable is now a full-fledged aerial gunner with silver wings pinned on by the Commander himself. If he isn't sent to Hollywood for propaganda films Gable will be in the thick of battle very soon. Dangerous job that of Clark's, too.

Tony Martin is a private in the Army stationed in Texas and seems to be very happy after his hectic troubles.

Roz Russell's husband, Lt. Freddie Brisson, has been transferred from Santa Ana and will probably not be present at the time of his baby's birth.

Lt. Richard Barthelmess has been transferred to Norfolk, Virginia, with a commendation for his excellent work.

Sgt. Gene Autry may do a stint in the film version of "This Is The Army" if it can be arranged.

Lt. Jimmy Stewart is now completing his four-engine flying course and will soon be a heavy bomber pilot ready for active duty in the midst of overseas war.

With the departure of John Payne to the Air Corps, Henry Fonda to the Navy and Tyrone Power to the Marines, Twenty-tieth Century-Fox is almost a no-man's land these days.

Doug Fairbanks is still in England attached to Lord Louis Mountbatten's command staff and Robert Montgomery is in complete charge of a unit himself, Cal hears.

Romance Notes: Folk feel if Eleanor Powell's mama would get herself reconciled to the fact Eleanor is a big girl now and old enough by several years to get married, everyone would be a lot happier all the way round—especially Glenn Ford.

George Montgomery is pleased as punch over his role of matchmaker. Over the telephone George told us how he'd introduced his sister Lyda to Fay Palermo an olive oil manufacturer, and six weeks later they were wed. Not bad, George. How about yourself?

Universal's pair of hopefuls, Gloria Jean and Donald O'Connor, have been having a tiff, much to the studio's amusement.

April, 1943

I give you 4 Aids to Beauty in Just One Cream!

My one 4-Purpose Face Cream ends need for other face creams

Women who use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream don't need any other cream for the care of their skin. For just think! Every time you use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream: (1) it thoroughly but gently cleans your skin; (2) it softens your skin and relieves dryness; (3) it helps nature refine the pores; (4) it leaves a perfect base for powder.

Helps these 6 skin troubles

Is your skin too dry? Do you have little lines due to dryness? Are the mouths of your pores distended by dirt? Do you have unsightly blackheads? Is your skin a little oily? Is it rough and flaky?

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream quickly helps all these troubles-brings glowing new freshness to your skin!

Send for your generous tube

Mail coupon for a generous tube of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Cream! Try it and see how much smoother and fresher your skin looks after just a few applications.

Lady Esther

4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM

Lady Esther, 734 West 66th Street, Chicago, III.

Please send me, by return mail, a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 7 new shades of face powder. I enclose $0 for packing and mailing.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

(Government regulations do not permit this offer in Canada)
MORE girls and women today use Midol. Walking, working more, they have turned to it for comfort—freedom to keep active when they always gave in to menstruation's functional pain and depression.

Try it. See for yourself, if you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, how needlessly you may be suffering. Midol does more than relieve that familiar "dreaded days headache". It buoyed you up from blues—and through the effective action of an exclusive ingredient, speedily eases spasmodic pain peculiar to the period.

Ask for Midol at any drugstore. Try it confidently; Midol contains no opiates. The small package contains more than enough Midol for a convincing trial—the large package lasts for months.

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

Young daters: Jane Withers shows up glamorously at the Mocambo to have dinner with soldier A. C. Lyles

Jinx Falkenburg will let nothing interfere with her marriage to Tex McCrary, former newspaper reporter and now a soldier in England, if he ever gets a leave of absence. Jinx has found absence has really made her heart grow fonder.

Gossip on Garbo: What would the New Year be without at least one rumor of a "secret Garbo marriage?"

Oh, yes, the ghost of one cropped up the other day to the effect that the Silent One and her handsome diet expert, Dr. Gaylord Hauser, had secretly merged in a Connecticut town during the summer. It all tied in nicely, as it is known the couple had motored to Connecticut one day to escape New York's extreme heat. They had a narrow escape from injury in an auto mishap on that trip, too. In fact, Hauser didn't escape entirely. He was thrown against the windshield, striking his face with such force that it blackened his eyes and for days after his return to New York he had to hide behind a pair of dark glasses.

The trip to Connecticut was not the secret elopement it was reported to be, however, for your Uncle Cal, the moment he heard the report, promptly sent one of his spies to the sleepy Connecticut town to check up. A careful perusal of marriage licenses issued during the year of 1942 showed that lots of people got married there—but La Garbo and Hauser didn't. Not even under the names of Greta Gustafson and Eugene Helmuth Hauser—their right names, you know. So when they said they were motoring to the country to escape the heat of the city and to enjoy the beauties of the countryside, they weren't kidding—this time.

Meanwhile, back in New York, there are other reports rampant to the effect that the Garbo-Hauser idyl, if not over, is definitely cooling.

Your old Uncle Cal was kept pretty busy, what with having one of his scouts trailing down to Connecticut when the ghost of Garbo's marriage first appeared. To say nothing of being kept busy in New York checking up on rumors, the latest having to do with the Glamorous One's return to the West Coast. Meantime, Garbo has returned to our town. Reports say she left the East with a smile, because...
her latest crush is also due out on the Coast at about the same time—and that Dr. Hauser doesn’t even know who he is.

Wonder if this trip she’ll spend as much time visiting the health bars and sipping carrot juice, or nibbling stalks of celery, as on previous visits when the handsome dietician was her constant escort?

Close Ups and Long Shots: Glamour town has settled down to a slow walk, emotionally and physically, it seems, as if the constant exodus of our leading men, stars, directors, designers, publicists, writers, electricians and cameramen, to the wars is just too much to digest all at once.

The entire trend of Hollywood has changed these days with “where to buy a lamb chop” supplanting yesterday’s burning topic of “where to buy a tire.”

The increasing food and meat shortage has brought on a new social order. No one gives dinner parties any more. Good silver, china and linen have been stored away. The servant problem, with practically everyone doing his own work, has altered the social picture, with kitchen spreads the rage.

Invited guests are warned there must be no crashes or none of the usual bringing of extra guests for, of course, every bite of food is previously counted and mentally divided equally among the diners. And, what’s more, guests are expected to contribute. “I’ll bring three eggs,” one volunteer. “I have a quarter pound of butter,” another offers.

The day Gracie Allen discovered two pounds of stew meat in the market called for a kitchen spread with stew the main hot dish, a green salad and butterless rolls completing the feast. Everything was placed on the kitchen table, everyone pitched in to help and guests served themselves. Paper napkins were passed around and everything kept as simple as possible.

These kind of shindigs are going on all over town and with them has come a return to simple pleasures. June Havoc gave a Saturday night farewell party for John Payne, who was about to leave for the Air Corps, and guests were asked to come dressed as their secret ambitions. Director Walter Lang telephoned during his regrets saying he had a house guest and couldn’t come.

“Oh, it isn’t an eating party,” June assured him. “Bring your guest by all means.”

The guest turned out to be Clark Gable, who wore his officer’s uniform, which seemed to be a secret ambition fully realized. But what made the occasion memorable was the first glimpse of the old Gable since the tragic death of his wife, Carole Lombard, over a year ago.

As if inspired, Lt. Gable took over the party and led in the fun, lying prone on the floor to see how many bubbles he could blow or leading in some other equally simple game.

There hasn’t been such fun in Hollywood in ages, with guests repairing to the kitchen for whatever pick-up bites they could find.

With the ever-present loneliness and heartaches for loved ones away from the home, Hollywood has become “Our Town” or “Your Town” on any other small town. And the feeling is good. It’s comforting to know glamour folk are real folk in a crisis, capable of taking over the smallest duties or tasks without a word of complaint.

We think our boys “out there” will like the idea, somehow.

“I was a ‘single’ wife”

HOW A YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN OVERCAME THE “ONE NEGLIGE” THAT OFTEN WRECKS ROMANCE

1. Ours was the Perfect Marriage . . . at first. But slowly, gradually, a strangeness grew up between us. I couldn’t believe Jim’s love had cooled so fast!

2. One day, Miss R., a nurse from my home town, found me crying and warned the whole thing out of me. “Don’t be offended, darling,” she began, shyly, “I’ve seen this happen before. Many wives have lost their husbands’ love through their neglect of feminine hygiene (intimate personal cleanliness).”

3. Then she told what she’d heard a doctor advise. Lysol disinfectant. “You see,” she went on, “Lysol won’t harm sensitive vaginal tissues—just follow the easy directions. Lysol cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes. No wonder this famous germicide is the mainstay of thousands of women for feminine hygiene.”

Check this with your Doctor

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

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet PAM.143. Address: Lysol & Fink, Bloomingdale, N. J.

APRIL, 1943
LOUISE: Tell me, Mary, do you know anything about those thingumajigs that many women use now instead of sanitary pads?

MARY: I certainly do. I use Tampax myself and if you don’t I’ll give you credit for less intelligence than I thought you had.

LOUISE: Well, of all things, Mary! You surprise me! I had regarded you as conservative about new ideas.

MARY: Right you are Louise, but this new form of sanitary protection, Tampax, is a real boon to us women and I’d be stupid not to use it.

LOUISE: Tell me, Mary, is it true Tampax doesn’t show, that you are not conscious of wearing it and that it eliminates other nuisances that go with the wearing of external sanitary pads?

MARY: It is all true, emphatically. It really seems too good to be true, but I now realize life can be worthwhile even at “these times” of the month.

LOUISE: What started you on Tampax, Mary?

MARY: I have a friend, Jeannette, a registered nurse. She heard about Tampax pads and told me. She said she uses Tampax and so do many other nurses. She emphasized what a lot it means to women from both the psychological and the physical standpoint and now most of the girls in my office swear by Tampax!

Tampax was perfected by a doctor to be worn internally and is now used by millions of women. It is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into one-time-use applicator. No pins, no belts, no odor. Easy disposal. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 90’s is a real bargain. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Three Sizes

Regular
Super
Junior

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

One-dollar question on Gene Kelly gets a one-dollar prize answer

$10.00 PRIZE
Buy More Bonds

BETTE DAVIS’S wonderful work at the Hollywood Canteen has brought joy to many a service man. Unusual abilities of Hollywood actors and actresses have been used for the entertainment of men at Army camps all over the nation. You can thank the stars for their efforts on the Bond drives by putting ten percent of your pay envelope into Bonds.

Men are giving their lives for you; what are you doing for them? Only the best in entertainment is good enough for the American soldier, sailor and Marine.

Remember Pearl Harbor! Every Hollywood personality is doing his part. Are you?

Bob Hope is a perfect example of Hollywood effort. Only you, and you, and you, and you, can win this war.

Now is the time to join Hollywood in helping your husbands, brothers and sweethearts win the war.

Dorothy Lamour has, perhaps, done more than any other woman in the sale of Bonds.

Sign a pledge today for more Bonds.

Naomi Levinson, Kilgore, Tex.

$5.00 PRIZE
Celestial Body

THERE’s beauty in so many places:
In soap bubbles, people’s faces;
In spiders’ webs, so geometric;
In thunder’s roar and flash electric.
There’s beauty in a young child’s smile;
Waves, that are beyond inspiring.
There’s beauty in a rainy day;
In cloudy skies; in fields of hay.

Though you may say I’m most peculiar
And I’ll admit I’m out to fool yer;
I’ll trade all these for an evening star;
Astronomically known as—Hedy Lamarr!

Lt. Lake Barnes,

$1.00 PRIZE
The Fight’s On!

After her superb “Mrs. Miniver,” Metro played a dirty trick on lovely Greer Garson in putting her into this pseudo-psychological idyll of “Random Harvest.” Not only is it the third amnesiac movie I’ve seen this month but...
is the least credible and, like January
olives, cloeingly sweet and slow-
uring.
Can you imagine anyone but a dope
ating years for her husband to rec-
rize her? Since his memory could
restored by a knock on the head, why
dn't she clout him a few with a roll-
gin, the time-honored memory nudger
'getful husbands? Or, being the
dned type, she could have bought him
course in Mnemonics.
Anyhow, I don't believe that any man
uld forget a girl like Greer Garson,
here certainly was some miscasting
ere.
Many have wondered why the New-
st y critics passed up Greer Garson in
Mrs. Miniver" in selecting best of the
ear. Maybe it was revolt against
Random Harvest" and the dubious ethics
prey particularities by
ous but dollar-loving authors as
posed reading matter in various mag-
ues (not Photoplay, to its credit),
er Garson being linked with "Ram-
Harvest" last stature thereby. Once
etro destroyed two-times Academy
mer Luise Rainer by follow-up of
worthy pictures. Are they trying to
 down Garson before she has even
ched her Oscar?
Don't be fooled by the terrific box-
ce of "Random Harvest"; it is "Mrs.
ner" the fans think they are going
to see.
Thelma Snow,
Jersey City, N. J.

$1.00 PRIZE
ongs that remind me of movie stars

JEDY LAMARR: "Tangerine"
Lou Costello: "Mr. Five By Five"
ohn Payne: "Oh! Johnny, How You
Can Love"
othy Lamour: "Tropical Magic"
etty Grable: "There Are Such Things"
an Turner: "Moonlight Becomes You"
me Power: "Marines' Hymn"
eve Mc Coy: "Green Eyes"
ree Stooges: "We Three"
tue stars who are in the service of
er country: "I'll Wait For You"
ary: "The Stink Song"

Anna Doba,
Aliquippa, Pa.

(Continued on page 98)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR
awards the following prizes each month for the
best letters submitted for publication: $10
first prize; $5 second prize; $1 each to
every other letter published in full. Just
it in what you think about stars or
ories, in less than 200 words. Letters
judged on the basis of clarity and
originality, and contributors are warned
that plagiarism from previously published
material will be prosecuted to the full
extent of the law. Please do not submit
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or embarrassing situations for all
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this department in good faith. Owing to
the great volume of contributions re-
ed by this department, we regret
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nitted to us. Address your letter to
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MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New
York City, N. Y.
**Air Force (Warners)**

It's About: An American bomber, the Mary Ann, and her crew.

This is easily one of the most exciting air pictures ever filmed. From the moment the crew comes aboard for a routine peacetime flight and the giant four-motor job, known affectionately to the men as Mary Ann, lifts into the air, suspense rides with them. They catch the tail end of the Jap attack at Pearl Harbor, are ordered to go to the aid of Manila via Wake Island and arrive at their destination with barely time to refuel for their first combat action with Jap Zeros.

John Garfield does an excellent job as the head gunner, embittered because of having been washed out as a pilot. Gig Young is personable in a not-too-spectacular part. Jim Brown deserves special mention along with George Tobias, John Ridgley and Harry Carey. Also Mary Ann. It's really her picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Ceiling unlimited.

**They Got Me Covered (Goldwyn-RKO)**

It's About: A naive too bright foreign correspondent caught in a spy trap.

Everything from mud-pack treatments to going over Niagara Falls in a barrel has been crowded into this amusing story starring Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour. The result is a bit too much of a good thing. Bob is the far from brilliant foreign correspondent who is brought home from Russia after missing a scoop. He goes to Washington to visit his girl Dorothy Lamour, is tipped off to a spy ring. He detours to Niagara Falls on a phony honeymoon after a phony wedding; then dashes back to become embroiled with spy Otto Preminger, Philip Ahn and Edward G. Robinson in a beauty parlor mix-up. A lovely newcomer Lenore Aubert scores heavily.

Your Reviewer Says: No rationing on this fun and nonsense.

**Keeper of the Flame (M-G-M)**

It's About: A woman and the reporter who sets out to crack the mystery of her husband's death.

Make no mistake—the learned critics will be combining their best selection of words to tell you that this picture is not up to the caliber of a Tracy-Hepburn vehicle. Which is true. But our bet is that the film will do all right despite these dire predictions.

The story deals with newshawk Tracy who in his effort to write the life of a national hero, recently deceased under tragic circumstances, finds himself blocked at every turn by the great man's young and beautiful wife. His investigations lead him to the door of a startling discovery, but by this time love has entered to complicate the case further. A dramatic climax somehow fails to come off as dramatically as intended.

The first half of the film has all the magic of the Tracy-Hepburn duo. It is in the last part that the story gets heavily-handled.

Spencer Tracy gives his usual unforced performance, but Katharine Hepburn has certainly been seen to better advantage, though there are moments when she is indeed lovely. Margaret Wycherly, young Darryl Hickman and Richard Whorf are very good.

Your Reviewer Says: Box-office jingle-jangle-jingle.

**The Amazing Mrs. Holliday (Universal)**

It's About: A war orphan in love.

The amazing Mrs. Holliday is Deanna Durbin who, in this picture, completes the business of growing up, thereby repressing some of that warm ebullience which has helped to make her one of the loveliest girls on the screen for our admission money.

Deanna, daughter of a missionary to China, pretends to marry old Commodore Holliday (Harry Davenport) just before he went down with his torpedoeship when this proves the only way she can get into the U. S. her eight (Continued on page 19)
 Entirely New Idea in Make-up

"Jergens Twin Make-up"

two lovely make-up aids—in one box
to give you that young dewy-fresh look

In a jiffy, you've the loveliest make-up ever!
First, sponge on Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake that beauty experts are crazy about. Little skin flaws seem to disappear. Your face looks smoother!
Then, smooth on Jergens Face Powder in the heavenly new shade styled for your type of skin. How young you look! And you needn't repowder for ages longer.

This new Twin Make-up brings you your just-right shade of make-up cake right in the same box with your shade of face powder.

Only $1.00 for this whole exciting new Twin Make-up! Look naturally-lovelier in an instant! Ask for Jergens Twin Make-up today! (Jergens Face Powder, alone, comes also in regular boxes at 25¢ and 10¢.) Made by the makers of your favorite Jergens Lotion.

$2.00 Value for $1.00
Jergens new Velvet Make-up Cake with matching Face Powder

*Boxed together, for the first time—
Both for $1.00—less than many girls pay for a make-up cake alone! Choose the powder shade that lights up your type of skin; your twin harmonizing shade in make-up cake is right in the same box. (5 sets of shades—one specially styled for you!) Get Jergens "Twin Make-up" today!
Keep your nails pretty, for him. Make Dura-Gloss your ally in this, as so many thousands of smart girls are doing. Dura-Gloss radiates sparkling good spirits. Protects your nails and keeps them nice. Doing your nails is a big help when you're feeling tired, "all worn out." Each nail looks so brilliant and colorful, you feel proud and confident. Dura-Gloss contains a special ingredient, Chrystallyne, that makes it stay on exceptionally long—at all cosmetic counters, 10¢.
beloved war-orphan companions. Soon enough she finds herself in all manner of difficulties and head over heels in love with the late Commodore's attractive grandson (Edmond O'Brien).

The eight war orphans of many nationalities and ages are important to the action, supplying laughter and tears. It is to them Deanna sings.

Your Reviewer Says: Much of it will charm you.

❖ Shadow Of A Doubt (Universal)

It's About: The growing suspicion against a family member.

IT'S odd when you think of it, but the direction of this film is even better than the story. One becomes fascinated with the deft, brilliant leadership of director Alfred Hitchcock. The story takes place in the town of Santa Rosa, California, was chosen as the locale. Into its peaceful and beautiful midst comes handsome Joseph Cotten to visit his married sister, Patricia Collinge, and her family consisting of husband Henry Travers, a bank clerk, and her children Teresa Wright, Edna May Wonacott and Charles Bates.

Between Teresa and Cotten exists a warm, tender bond. Then, slowly, eerily, suspicion creeps into Teresa's mind concerning her husband for peculiar behavior with a newspaper item, his gift to her, a ring with another's initials, and finally the visit of two young men to the house, men whom she finally discovers to be detectives. And then the whole awful truth floods over her, almost costing her her life.

Macdonald Carey is a standout as the young detective in love with Teresa. Edna May Wonacott, discovered by Hitchcock in Santa Rosa, is a natural younger. Patricia Collinge is a marvelously subtle Travis and his friend Hume Cronyn as the amateur sleuths are a hit. But it's Teresa and Cotten who outshine everyone with their performances. Or, is it a moment? Is it Hitchcock who in the end really steals the show?

Your Reviewer Says: Brilliant.

❖ No Time For Love (Paramount)

It's About: A girl photographer and a man of brawn.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT is a high-powered photographer for a picture magazine who meets sand hog Fred MacMurray, Claudette, who had gone into a tunnel to photograph the men at work, is unable to get the big muscle and brawn lad out of her mind. So, when he happens to be on her assignment, she falls for him. And when Miss Colbert's picture reveals him in a brawl, Claudette hires him as an assistant in hopes she will get rid of her yen. Instead, Mr. MacMurray has a way of growing on one until you'll see how it turns out.

The story tries very hard to be exquisitely funny but is only fairly so.

Your Reviewer Says: Purely escapist.

❖ The Shadow Stage (Continued from page 16)

China Girl (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: A newsreel photographer and foreign spies.

GEORGE MONTGOMERY is another of those brash unbelievably reckless Americans, a newswoman cameraman in Mandalay, who loses his job, gets involved with two Japanese agents, Lynn Bari and Victor McLaglen, and falls in love with Chinese Gene Tierney.

George excites plenty of sex appeal in a slightly incredible story. Miss Tierney has nothing to do but appear Oriental. This she does with all her might and main. The little tyke who follows George about is fetching.

Your Reviewer Says: A good little action picture.

❖ Forever And A Day (RKO-Radio)

It's About: An old house and the men and women who lived there.

THE story begins in 1941 when a young writer (Ken MacMurray, Smith), in England to cover the bombings, receives a letter from his father in the U.S. asking him to call at a certain London house, a relic of the family's estates.

The boy arrives at the old house as sirens warn of approaching Luftwaffes. He finds the cellar, converted into a public air-raid shelter, filling with a motley crowd. The woman in charge of the house turns out to be a beautiful girl (Ruth Warrick), also a descendant of old Admiral Trimble (C. Aubrey Smith) who in 1804 built the house.

While the air raid goes on she tells him the story of the house and all who lived within its thick walls. One generation after another moves across the screen with its own dramatic story. Others in the incredibly brilliant cast are Sir Cedric Hardwicke (who also produced it), Merle Oberon, Robert Cummings, Brian Aherne, Ida Lupino, Edward Everett Horton, Anna Lee, Charles Laughton, Reginald Gardiner, Victor McLaglen, Arthur Treacher, Herbert Marshall, Ray Milland, Dame May Whitty, Claude Rains, Gene Lockhart, Anna Neagle. Also Roland Young and Gladys Cooper who contribute two of the beautifully moving performances.

Your Reviewer Says: Admissions paid for this picture will go to the war charity your town supports. All the stars, writers, directors and technicians donated their services to make this picture memorable.

❖ Chetniks! (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The true story of Draja Mihailovitch.

RIGHT out of newspaper headlines comes this story of the brave Jugoslav guerrillas who dare to conquer with Hitler's hordes. Hiding in the hills with his men, Mihailovitch, leader of the guerrillas, was magnificently played by Philip Dorn, constantly besieges the Nazi-held town where his wife and two children live under assumed names.

Stealing an Italian supply train, the guerrilla general marches into Nazi head-quarters under a flag of truce with demands that his people be freed of the food blockade. Eventually his family are discovered and taken prisoners and Mihailovitch pretends to surrender to the Nazis. Instead, he surrounds and annihilates them, recapturing the town.

This is a thrilling, stirring story indeed and one to make the fight for freedom even more worthwhile. Anna Steen as Dorn's wife and Patricia Prest as his children are very good. John Sheppard as Dorn's aid and Martin Kosleck the German Gestapo officer give polished performances.

Your Reviewer Says: A stirring film.

❖ Margin For Error (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The murder of a loathsome German official.

OTTO PREMINGER creates more genuine hatred as the German pre-war consul-general to this country than is healthily good for himself or those who hate him. Never have we loathed anyone so thoroughly. This time Otto Preminger, who also directed the film as well as acted in it, is indeed, a man of talent. His acting and directing of the Clarke Boone Luce story is better than the show itself, to our way of thinking.

Milton Berle as police officer Moe Finkelstein is, incongruously, detailed to guard the German official. For to fulfill his influence Carl Esmond, the German's secretary, and Poldy Dur, the maid, become imbued with Americanism. Berle gives the performance of his career as the Jewish cop. His lines sparkle like icicles in the sun.

Joan Bennett is good as the German's wife who is suspected of her husband's...
“A CANARY’S SONG IS SUNSHINE THAT LIGHTS-UP ANY HOME”

ANY RUTHERFORD
Starring in the 20th Century-Fox Production
“I ESCAPED FROM HONG KONG”

Are you longing for a bit of extra sunshine these dark and troubled days? Then buy a Canary—and let his happy song light up your home!

Get a Canary today! Learn to talk to him, and have him answer you in song. You’ll thrill to his cheery response that helps drive away care and makes you feel like singing, too.

FREE! Every lover of pets will want French’s superb new book about Canaries, just off the press. Specially posed photographs—some in full-color—of famous Hollywood stars with their Canaries. Pages of human-interest stories about the only pet that sings. Send for FREE copy—TODAY! Simply mail your request—with name and address—on a penny post card, to The R. T. French Company, 3532 Mustard St., Rochester, N.Y.

IN HOLLYWOOD
4 out of 5 Canary Owners demand FRENCH’S BIRD SEED

Keep your Canary happy, healthy and singing! FRENCH’S—Huge, Singing! FRENCH’S—Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit supplies 11 birds to song and health. Feed your Canary FRENCH’S—today and every day! LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED in the U.S.

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓ AMERICAN EMPIRE—Harry Sherman—U.A. An unusual picture with a story in the grand manner, with Richard Dix and Preston Foster as partners who establish a huge cattle ranch in Texas that gradually grows Empirish in dimensions. Leo Carrillo is the rancher who steals their cattle until the final shoot-out sequence that is a tour de force. Frances (culford) is the beauty who plays Foster’s wife. (Mar.)

✓ ANDY HARDY’S DOUBLE LIFE—M.G.M: Andy has three days left in jail before he leaves for college and during that time he gets himself engaged to two girls, gives a rubber check and helps his dad solve a case. Esther Williams is terrific in her swimming scene with Mickey Rooney. Ann Rutherford is back as Polly Benedict and the entire Hardy family is present. (Mar.)

✓ ARABIAN NIGHTS—Wanger—Universal: Beauty in gorgeous color overshadows story and cast in this fascinating, lavish Arabian nights tale about a Caliph of Bagdad whose brother usurps his throne for the love of dancing girl Maria Montez. But the real Caliph, Jum Hal, moves unknown among her friends, winning her love and regaining his throne. The desert scenes are magnificent. (Mar.)

✓ ARMY SURGEON—RKO Radio: Jimmy Ellison is a young surgeon in service during World War I, whose courage and devotion to duty is stressed in show the splendid work done by our doctors in war time. There’s the usual tangle between Ellison and a pretty Miss Williams, who play the love interest of the story. (Feb.)

✓ BEHIND THE 8-BALL—Universal: The Ritz Brothers are back again, clowning and carrying on in this story about a couple of murderers in the midst of a summer theater production, with the murderers turning out to be spooks attempting to scare off the actors. Carol Bruce sings in her usual husky manner and Grace McDonald steps like fury. (Mar.)

✓ BLACK SWAN, THE—20th Century-Fox: Tyrone Power scores mightily as the reform detective who casts his lot with Laird Cregar and with the aid of Thomas Mitchell sets out to clear the sea of pirates, including George Sanders. Enamored of Maureen O’Hara he spurns her, Tyrone kid naps her. It’s colorful, romantic. (Jan.)

✓ CASABLANCA—Warner Brothers: Excitement plus when Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman, who have had romance in Paris, meet again in Casablanca. Hart and his white man are the enemy of the Nazis, and Bogart turns out to be the only man who can save the world. From Naz capit and Conrad Veidt. Superb. (Feb.)

✓ CAT PEOPLE—RKO Radio: Simone Simon succumbs to an italicated inclination to turn into an evil cat woman, and her grooms, Tom Conway, a psychiatrist who pays dearly for her help, and Jane Randolph who sympathizes with Kent, all suffer at the hands of Simone. (Feb.)

✓ COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN—Columbia: A powerful war documentary, with a Commando raid highlighting a gripping story realistically told. Paul Muni gives a superb performance as the Norwegian fisherman who finds submrau to the Nazi vaetors, and the cruelty of the invading Nazis. With him in the struggle are Anna Lee, Lillian Gish, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Mar.)

✓ DR. GILLESPIE’S NEW ASSISTANT—M.G.M; Surprisingly good entertainment when Lionel Barrymore as Dr. Gillespie acquires three new assistants, Kaye Luke, Rhodge Quin and Van Johnson, to help solve the mystery of an amnesia victim, Susan Peters. (Feb.)

✓ DR. RENAUT’S SECRET—20th Century-Fox: Strange things occur in this little opus, what with men turning into animals, which is just what hap SHADOW STAGE

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BOOK THAT HEADED THE LIST OF BESTSELLERS TURNS INTO A MOVIE THAT HEADS THE LIST OF "MUSTS": Pierre Aumont and Susan Peters in M-G-M’S "ASSIGNMENT IN BRITANNY"
FALCON'S BROTHER. THE — RKO Radio; George Sanders leaves out of the series and his real-life brother, Tom Conway, takes over, but this latest of the series is only fair. The plot, involving spies and intrigue, has to do with a tip-off advertisement to the Pearl Harbor disaster in a national magazine. Jane Randolph, Don Barclay and Kaye Luke roam around. (Jan.)

GALLANT LADY.—P.C.: Rose Hobart, a woman doctor, is sent to prison on charges of a mercy killing and is forced to participate in a jail break. When she joins a country doctor, Sidney Blackmer, and then decides to marry him, her past is disclosed and much unhappiness ensues. (Jan.)

GENTLEMAN JIM.—Warners: For those who enjoyed screen prize-fighting, this story of egomaniacal Jim Corbett who knocked out John L. Sullivan has plenty of entertainment. Alex Nino is very good as the daughter of a rich San Francisco, hired by Elmore makes a believable Corbett, and Ward Bond as Sullivan is outstanding. With Jack Carson, Alan Hale and John Loder. (Feb.)

GREAT GLIDERSLEEVE, THE.—RKO Radio; Radio's comic, Hal Peary, the Great Glidersleeve, finds himself forced to choose between a pretty female, Mary Field, or the love of his two wards, Freddie Mercer and Nancy Gates. There's a lot of zags and gags and comic situations in between his troubles until they all work out well. (Feb.)

GREAT IMPERATION, THE.—Universal: A final role story again, with Ralph Blanden an Englishman who looks so much like Blanden the German that he is able to go to Germany, get secret plans and be sent to England as a German spy. All this time the English wife, Evelyn Andrews, becomes deeply factually suspicious and it's Karen Verne, the German's sweetheart, who raises the setup. (Mar.)

HAPPY GO LUCKY.—Paramount: Light-hearted and gay is this small little movie with Mary Martin as a phony heroine in the West Indies using a love potion on millionaire Rudy Vallee which works so well she almost marries him. Dick Powell is Rudy's friend, Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken add to the entertainment and Sue Lancret, the Calypso singer, is new and different. (Feb.)

HENRY ALDRICH, EDITOR.—Paramount: The irresistible Henry is accused of arson when he hints of sabotage in his high-school paper and building after building is set afire. But of course he traps the real culprit, Jimmy Lydon as Henry, Charles Smith as Dizzy, and Rita Quigley as the girl friend are right in the pitching. (Jan.)

HIDDEV HAND, THE.—Warners: Practically everybody gets killed in this potpourri of gore when an elderly woman takes death and burial to test her dreadful relatives, and in the testing no less than five corpses litter up the story. Craig Stevens, Elizabeth Fraser and Ruth Ford are unfortunate enough to be cast in this one. (Jan.)

HITLER'S CHILDREN.—RKO Radio: Showing the redness Nazi indoctrination of German youth, this takes a German boy, Tim Holt, trained for the Gestapo, and his German-born American sweetheart, Bonita Granville, and carries him through the conflict of New Order versus human decency. Both Tim and Bonita give good accounts of themselves in the tragic business. (Mar.)

VICE CAPADES REPITE.—Republic: Thrills on ice, with Ellen Drew as a farm girl who inherits her uncle's ice show and starts injecting new life into the performances. Several of the skating numbers are terrific. Richard Dummin is the romantic lead, Vera Vazque and Jerry Colonna furnish the nonsense, and skaters Vera Hruba, Morgan Taylor, Jackson and Lynam and Phil Taylor provide the laughs. (Mar.)

I MARRIED A WITCH.—The Cinema Guild: Veronica Lake is the determined witch who comes with her father, Cecil Kellaway, to be devil Fredric March, who's about to marry Susan Hayward and run for Governor. But Veronica falls in love with March, to the dismay of Kellaway, and the result's fantastic but funny. Robert Benchley in March's droll pal. (Jan.)

IN WHICH WE SERVE.—U.A.: Noel Coward wrote, produced, directed and acted in what is probably England's finest war film to date. It tells the story of a British destroyer from its inception to its final death struggle at the hands of a Nazi submarine. Challenging to a life raft, the half-dead survivors remember their homes and the events that made up their lives. It's pure artistry. (Jan.)

JOURNEY FOR MARGARET.—MGM: Robert Young is brilliant as the American correspondent in London who meets orphaned William Severn and Margaret O'Brien at the rescue home of Fay Bainter and takes them home to America. Both the children are wonderful, and the experiences of English children orphaned and homeless will touch your heart. (Jan.)

JUNGLE SIREN.—P.R.C.: A silly, stupid little number, this one, concerning Nazi agents at work amongst jungle tribes in Africa. Buster Crabbe and Ann Corio, the former strip-tease, are the leads, but neither is a chance to be very good. (Jan.)

(Continued on page 93)

"Bond Street" Perfume: An intriguing fragrance of endearing charm...$2.50 to $12.50.

Dry Skin Cleansing Cream: Keeps your complexion smooth and fresh. $1; jumbo jar, $2.

Yardley "English Complexion" Powder: Subtly scented with "Bond Street." 8 shades, $1.

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Diana Foster will be glad to help you with your beauty problems. Write her at Yardley of London, Inc., British Empire Building, 629 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

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

YARDLEY PRODUCTS FOR AMERICA ARE CREATED IN ENGLAND AND FINISHED IN THE U.S.A.

FROM THE ORIGINAL ENGLISH FORMULAE, COMBINING IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC INGREDIENTS
• This is the age when to be natural is to be pretty.
• It is the era of soap and water used gently. Your face is soft, your skin is coming into its first beauty; be careful not to break down its tissues by scrubbing too hard.
• If your skin is a bit dry you'll use a light face cream, applying it ever so gently.
• Your powder will be light; you'll dust it over your face. Your lipstick will be light too.
• You'll brush your hair constantly until it's bright and shining and you'll keep it that way with frequent shampoos. If you're caught on an exciting emergency date you'll use a special dry shampoo to be sure that your hair is never without that soft fragrance.
• Your eyebrows you'll leave alone, except for a very occasional plucking if they're too bristly, but you'll always use an eyebrow brush to give them a graceful curve.
• You won't be bothered by the teen-age acne bug-aboo because on your shelf you'll have a special medicated cream that will be a quick cover-up.
• This is an age of natural beauty you will never possess again. Don't cover it up; guard it carefully; learn to know that people will always look at you in these years with envy.

20 to 30's
• This is the on-the-fence period when the beauty of the teens can be nurtured into more mature beauty; or when nature can begin to take its toll unless it is carefully watched.
• You will, therefore be careful that your hours are not too late; that your careers do not take too much from you.
• Relax, and relax again every chance you get. Keep that first fresh look in your eyes by constant use of eye lotion.
• Rouge will be your helpmate after a devitalizing day.
• Astringent will bring back the rosiness of the teens to your face. You'll use it after every cleansing-cream treatment.
• You'll use more powder now, patting, not rubbing it in, until every bit of your face—and neck—is covered.
• You'll watch your hair-line, keep it clean and well-defined by rubbing it with cotton soaked in toilet water after every make-up act.
• You'll walk with your chin up because this is the age when you make or break your beauty when a chin held high means less wrinkles, less worry, more beauty to be yours forever.

30's
• This is the age of your glory; the age when men have admitted they find a woman's beauty at its most fascinating stage. Make the most of it.
• Your face has learned how to express many emotions. It is now alive. It must be kept facile by creaming and creaming again.
• Your throat is your special care. Creams overnight will keep it soft; pads soaked in astringent and bound under your chin will guard against the slightest touch of flabbiness.
• The pancake make-up is your boon. It gives you the perfect grooming, assures that the slightest flaw in your skin will be completely under cover.
• You'll use eye cream around your eyes for the little laugh wrinkles that are charming while they're little, disastrous if too deep.
• For the little lines around your mouth, you'll use this exercise: Puff out your mouth, one side at a time, alternately for a few minutes each day. Astringent follows, patted along the lines, then a lubricating cream.
• Your hair will always be sleek and shining; you'll count the minutes spent before your dressing table as minutes of beauty insurance.
No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous ...and yet so easy to manage!*

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

No matter how you wear your hair, if you want it to be alluring to men, see that it's always shining, lustrous...sparkling with glamorous highlights! Don't let soaps or soap shampoos rob you of this thrilling beauty advantage.

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!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it...and the film left by previous soaps.

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added! Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!

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

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

"The man who killed my husband... now he wants to make love to me!
I am a woman... my house is lonely... my arms are hungry... but my heart remembers!
Soon—there will be one less of this horrible horde!"

John Steinbeck's
THE MOON IS DOWN

A heart-stirring picture told with a power and fury that will leave its fire in your heart forever!

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • HENRY TRAVERS • LEE J. COBB • DORRIS BOWDON • MARGARET WYCHERLY
Directed by Irving Pichel • Produced and Written for the Screen by Nunnally Johnson

20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
They had seven dates together—and then Jack Briggs proposed.
That was the beginning of a marriage so unusual that
Hollywood will never see its like again

IT WAS eleven o’clock in the evening when a car swung up before the entrance of the Union Station in Los Angeles. A young man got out and entered the station. He was back in a minute.

“Train’s late,” he told the girl in the car, as he climbed in beside her. And so began Ginger Rogers’s wait for Jackie Briggs, the twenty-two-year-old lad who was that night to become her husband.

The bride-to-be was nervous. Several times she removed her brown glove to bite at a red polished nail. “How late is it now?” she asked over and over of Eddie Rubin, her friend of years, her buffer, her alter ego, employed now as a talent scout at RKO.

Nervously she flicked at the spray of white orchids, ordered by the groom, which were pinned to her brown suede bag. Occasionally she adjusted the tiny veil of her sable-tipped hat or smoothed her trim brown wool suit.

A porter whistling “Mr. Five By Five” strolled by, peered into the gloom of the waiting car and went whistling off. People strolling up and down restlessly waiting for that train and other trains noticed the car also. But none equalled in restlessness the girl who waited in the car’s gloom while the clock ticked off a quarter, a half and finally an hour.

Said one Hollywoodian of Ginger and Jack together: “I never saw anyone look so longingly at anyone in my life.” Above is picture proof

BY SALLY JEFFERSON

At ten minutes after twelve there was sudden excitement. “She’s coming,” someone called and a minute later the train was in and Rubin was guiding a tall lad in a Marine uniform to the car and the girl who waited.

Over the bridge and into the quiet town of Pasadena the car rolled. It passed before the First Methodist Church, dark except for the faint glimmer of candlelight in a far window.

They mounted the steps and opened the door. The minister advanced to meet them and in the solemn hush of that church at one o’clock in the morning Ginger Rogers and Jack Calvin Briggs were married with a double-ring ceremony.

Not until the next day did Doctor Albert Edward Day, pastor of that church, know that “Virginia Katherine McMath, born in Independence, Missouri” whose eyes had filled with tears as he said, “until death doth you part” was Ginger Rogers of the films. The license had been taken out three days previously in the town of Santa Monica and, oddly enough, no one had recognized Ginger’s real name.

After the ceremony, the bride and groom, radiating happiness, drove through the early morning to the Players, Preston Sturges’s restaurant out Beverly Hills way, where a few friends were gathered. Then on they went to the house of Jack’s parents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Katz, where Ginger’s mother, Mrs. Lela Rogers, waited.

The wedding cake was cut and passed among the close little circle and then the bride and groom left for a three-day honeymoon at her hilltop home.

Ginger and Jack Briggs met first on the evening of September 30th, 1942. Three o’clock that afternoon Ginger, completing her last scene for “Once Upon A Honeymoon” at the RKO studios, rushed home to dress and catch the five o’clock train for San Diego (Continued on page 70)
What you don't know about the

Your first chance to find out about their quarrels—their marriage plans—the danger they're facing

WE WERE sitting in the comfortable lobby of the Langdon Bridge Club in Hollywood, where the experts among cinema bridge players meet nightly for a quiet game. George Raft had a bad cold and wasn't anxious to cut in and I'd finished a couple of rubbers.

One after another people came by—Mae Sunday, that fabulous friend of stars who probably knows more about Hollywood than any living woman, Herman Mankiewicz, famous writer, a Marx brother or two, and automatically each of them said, "Hello, Georgie, how's Betty?"

Each time, Georgie's face lit up like Broadway before the dimout and he said, "She's wonderful, thank you. She's still doing a tour of the camps, but she'll be home soon."

Probably at some time in your life you've been the victim of a really first-class common cold, when your head feels like a baked potato and all your bones ache like a tooth. If so, you know that there exists no less romantic moment. Love, at such times, is usually just another of life's minor annoyances. I mention the unromantic cold of the very romantic George Raft here only because, having seen him in the past with Virginia Peine and Norma Shearer, I became convinced by the way he reacted, cold and all, to the very name of Betty Grable that this was it.

Finally he offered to drive me home and as we went along the quiet street of that lovely town called Beverly Hills, I said, "Will you please give my love to Betty?"
I worked at Paramount when she was there and I liked her so much. She's a very real person, that girl.

Probably I should have had better sense, because George needed to take his cold home to bed and I had work to do. For having mentioned Betty, we sat for a long time under the trees in front of my mother's house and I listened. Listened to a man in love with his eyes wide open. To a man who for years has desired above all things a home and a real wife and children. To a man experienced beyond most men in the ways of women and in all the variety of emotion which we carelessly lump under the one word love.

I thought to myself, Betty Grable is a very lucky girl. Oh, I know she is the most popular girl on the screen today. I know she hits a new high in box-office and that she has beauty and youth and ability. But she's lucky just the same because she is the last love of a man with an enormous capacity for love. And that is every woman's desire—to be a man's last love.

Then I thought, too, that George Raft is very lucky, because he is the first love of this girl who has not been emotionally conquered before and, of course, every man wants to be a girl's first love. For it had always been plain enough that Jackie Coogan, who is a nice kid but has never grown up, was never man enough for the dynamic, versatile, life-hungry girl who is Betty Grable. I think no very young man could hold Betty.

But in George Raft she has found a man who will offer her more variety than any other man I can think of—and a great deal of real wisdom besides.

When I went in the house, I felt a little sad. We have had a good many love stories of all varieties in Hollywood. That's natural, (Continued on page 90)
My Own Super-duper-dilly

Best all-round man in Hollywood:

Again Clark Gable, because he was over age and was told by Washington he could do more good by remaining in Hollywood than going to war. Which wasn't good enough for Mr. Gable, so he started at the bottom and when he graduated from being a private into a second lieutenant at Miami, Florida, he made the finest speech he's ever made. That one came from the heart and wasn't dictated by any $5,000-a-week writer putting words in Clark's mouth. He's since become an expert gunner and may be at this very moment overseas in combat duty or en route, because he believes the only way to save this country is to fight for it.

Best all-round woman in Hollywood:

Bette Davis, who started the Hollywood Canteen against many odds, and she's had tough going. Because it wasn't producer-inspired, she's had to fight for all the co-operation she's gotten. Yet, singlehanded, the Canteen is selling Hollywood to our soldiers as no other Hollywood endeavor. But it wasn't created for that purpose.

It was created to bring cheer, friendliness and a little entertainment for boys who are thousands of miles away from home, who are lonely and sick at heart.

Most popular woman: Dame Rumor, because no one is powerful enough to unseat her.

Least popular woman: The Truth—because it generally comes out.

Most entertaining man on the screen: Bob Hope, because he isn't afraid to take a crack at anything or anybody, including himself. He rides all fantasies, fancies and phobias—even trots out his own when he can't find others.

Most entertaining man off the screen: Gregory Ratoff, when he's being serious.

Hardest worker (male): Kay Kyser, by all odds.

Hardest worker (female): Marlene Dietrich—and someday the whole story about that can be told.

Thinks he is (male): Orson Welles.

Thinks she is (female): Roz Russell.

Busiest leading man in Hollywood: The Stork.

Most likely to succeed during 1943 (male): Roddy McDowall. At least, he's the only one we're sure will be here at the end of the year.

Most likely to succeed during 1943 (female): Margaret O'Brien.

Most likely to fade out during 1943 (male): Spencer Tracy.

Most likely to fade out during 1943 (female): Katharine Hepburn.

Done most for Hollywood: Director John Ford.
Done Hollywood most:
Charlie Chaplin and Errol Flynn.

Done herself the most harm:
Frances Farmer.

Does herself the most good always:
Paulette Goddard.

**Among the men:**
Handsomest: Bob Taylor. The man hasn’t yet been born to beat that profile.

The prettiest: Wally Beery.

Most brilliant: Noel Coward.

Laziest: Bing Crosby and George Sanders.

Happiest: Charlie McCarthy.

Kindest: Jean Hersholt.

**Among the women:**
Most beautiful: Still Hedy Lamarr. Thinks she is: Ninety-five percent of the town’s female population.

Prettiest: Teresa Wright.

Best hostess: Joan Bennett.

Best legs: Now you’ve got me! I never look at other women’s. But I think it’s a tie between Betty Grable and Dietrich.

By

Hedda will get plenty of back talk from Spencer Tracy’s followers

She’ll also get plenty of cheers from the Zorina side of the story

**Most talked about:** Lana Turner.

**Most talked against:** Jean Arthur.

**Talks most:** Miriam Hopkins.

**Says most:** Ginger Rogers.

**Most generous:** Bing Crosby.

**Wisest man:** In handling his career, Gary Cooper—and, I might add, a regular guy.

**Wisest woman:** Myrna Loy.

**Best performances in last year, male or female:**
Bette Davis in “Now, Voyager.”
Greer Garson in “Mrs. Miniver.”
Teresa Wright in “Pride Of The Yankees.”
Noel Coward in “In Which We Serve.”
Agnes Moorehead in “The Magnificent Ambersons.”
James Cagney in “Yankee Doodle Dandy.”

**Most overrated performance:** Norma Shearer in “Her Cardboard Lover.”

**Best actress:** Greer Garson.

**Best actor:** Alan Ladd and Humphrey Bogart.

**Best dressed man:** Jimmy Stewart. He was the first one to go into uniform.

**Knows he isn’t and doesn’t give a hoot:** Bing Crosby.

**Best dressed woman:** Janet Gaynor.

**Adrian. Thinks she is:** Gene Tierney. She’s married to a designer, too.

**Most likely to remain a bachelor:** Edgar Bergen. Nobody wants to adopt Charlie.

**Most likely to remain single:** Greer Garson.

**Most likely to be married:**
Male: George Brent.
Female: Hedy Lamarr.

**Biggest gloom:** Every star in Hollywood on the Ides of March, otherwise known as income tax time.

**Biggest bluff:** Every producer in town.

(Continued on page 87)
First you won't believe it. But read this about Hedy and John Loder, and be convinced.

**BY JANET BENTLEY**

It was Christmas Day at the Hollywood Canteen and hundreds of lonely, homesick soldiers milled about, hungrily absorbing the warmth and cheer of the place. Among the tables a handsome bus boy carried trays of coffee and sandwiches while over in a far corner a beautiful woman sat autographing the books she had brought as gifts for the boys. The long line grew in size as the woman bent over her work. "Mayn't I help you?" the bus boy asked of the lady. "There seems to be considerable traffic here."

Hedy Lamarr lifted her head and smiled at John Loder. "Please," she said and the Englishman opened and passed the books while Hedy signed.

For several days Bette Davis had frantically telephoned at least fifty stars trying to find one not joyously tied up with family plans on Christmas who might appear at the Canteen. In all Hollywood she found only two—Hedy and John—and the two loneliest people in town. The most beautiful woman and one of the most charming men had no place to go, no ties to claim them on that Christmas Day.

"Do you come here often?" John asked at the finish of their stint. "And will you have dinner with me before we both come again?"

And so began the romance that close friends feel may be the end of a long search for happiness for both of them.

They came into each others' lives at a psychological moment. John had been married twice and twice the marriage had ended in divorce. Disappointment, disillusionment and bitterness had haunted him. On her side, Hedy's heart had been badly bruised. No one could deny that the actress had been greatly attracted to George Montgomery, the mainly but unsophisticated Montana kid who knew nothing of the social graces to which Hedy was accustomed in her continental swains. Despite their difference in background, Hedy loved George and would have married him, friends claim, if a bitter quarrel hadn't separated them.

Far, far from being the "ball of fire" movie-goers picture her, Hedy is a simple person, seemingly unmotivated by purpose or plan. To this fundamental side of her George, whose interests revolved largely around ranch life, appealed. He dominated her physically and she flourished under the novelty, for it was indeed a novelty to this beautiful woman.

For example, at the home of a friend one night Hedy sat at George's feet listening to the fun and chatter about her, while he punctuated the conversation by frequently kissing the top of her head. Presently George suggested they leave.

"I don't want to go. I'm having fun," Hedy protested. Without a word George lifted her in his arms and walked out. It amused Hedy.

Yet even during this hectic romance, she turned for real companionship to one man alone in Hollywood—her former beau John Howard. John, a quiet, easy-to-know lad, expressed those qualities that Hedy herself possessed. There was no show about Howard. The quiet comfortableness of the man appealed to Hedy. When he left Hollywood for the Navy she missed him terribly.

It was then, during her New York Bond tour, that Hedy resolved to do something about herself and her loneliness. Perhaps new smart clothes would help, inasmuch as her Hollywood dirndls and peasant-type clothes were not calculated for formal dates.

(Continued on page 78)
Hollywood listens to Skolsky with awe; you'll listen to him with ah's. Presenting the first of his exciting new series—an exposure of the Cover Girl this month, Gene Tierney

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY
The noted writer and newspaper columnist

Gene Tierney privately calls herself the "Get" girl. Her full name is Gene Eliza Tierney and the initials spell "get." Also, she has a driving ambition and generally gets what she wants.

She went to exclusive, fashionable schools and was supposed to be a debutante. Instead, she decided to become an actress.

She got her way.

She looked toward Hollywood and the movies and she got there. She declared that Count Oleg Cassini was the man for her and, despite all objections, she is a Countess, or, as she prefers, Mrs. Cassini.

We will look at her from the beginning and see how she got that way.

She was born in Brooklyn on November 20, 1920. For three generations the Tierney males had been waging a battle to keep their wives off the stage. But she accomplished what three generations of Tierneys couldn't do. George Abbott gave her the chance in "Mrs. O'Brien Entertains." Columbia gave her the first Hollywood contract. She gave Hollywood the air after six months of not facing a camera and returned to Broadway.

After she scored in the Broadway production of "The Male Animal" she was again signed for the movies. This time it took.

She is five feet five and a half inches tall, weighs 122 pounds, has reddish brown hair, and takes a cold shower every morning.

She's given to sudden screams of delight and surprise and indignation. In the midst of a quiet conversation, regardless of where she is, she will suddenly erupt at the top of her voice.

She comes to work on time and she leaves on time. She never complains and she isn't exciting on a set. Her dressing-room door is always open and she generally spends her waits between scenes reading a popular magazine. She is a good fellow on the set and, if everyone is laughing, she laughs. She generally is slow at getting a gag.

She is married to Count Oleg Cassini. They are known as "Big" and "Little Cassini."

This is the story of their romance: They first met at a dinner party given by Constance Moore and Johnny Maschio. She says that the Count was first attracted to her. "I was in a bad mood," says Gene. "We talked, but I didn't pay any attention. Then we danced. And then I wasn't in a bad mood any more."

While they were dancing, Gene paid attention to what Count Cassini was saying. He told her that she was a lady, that she was the only lady he had met in Hollywood. She liked hearing that and she adored the way he danced.

Five months later, despite strong family objections, they eloped to Las Vegas and were married. She registered with the plane stewardess as "Miss Belle Starr" and after the marriage returned to work in the picture of that name.

Cassini, by profession, is a costume designer. He designs all her evening gowns. Shortly after they were married, the Count applied for his citizenship papers. Gene was not allowed to testify as one of his witnesses, for the judge claimed that she didn't know him well enough. He is now Private Oleg Cassini of the United States Army and is stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, where he is attending training school.

Despite the fact that he designs her gowns, her wardrobe mainly consists of slacks and shorts. She doesn't like to get all dressed up. She runs about the house barefooted.

When she is working, she goes to bed every night at eight-thirty or nine o'clock. Saturday night is her night out. She doesn't drink or smoke. She loves to dance.

Her big hate is jitterbugging. She considers this "undignified." She also
She loves a big bed so she had one built in her bedroom.

is fond of dogs and has two, a Scottie and a police dog.

She is also fond of chili and beans. Coffee rationing doesn’t bother her. She never drinks it, doesn’t like it.

She has an aversion to being called “dearie,” “buddy,” or “pal.” She writes poetry secretly and when “Big” Cassini is especially nice to her, she lets him read a poem.

Before he left for the Army, they purchased a house in Beverly Glen and immediately proceeded to remodel it according to their tastes. She loves a big bed and the one in the house was made right in the bedroom itself. The carpenter and cabinetmaker decided, after reading her specifications for the bed she wanted, it was easier to build it right in the room than to knock down walls and doors to get it in after it was built.

On her off days from pictures, she haunts the Los Angeles and Glendale antique shops. She is particularly proud of a 200-year-old chest. She seldom carries money with her and often has to borrow money from the people on the set. She is a prompt payer-backer.

She’s extremely careful around the house and hates to waste anything. She always has a fine salami hanging in the kitchen and for a midnight snack she serves slices of it.

She is not a big eater and a meal for her is often one cup of bouillon after another. Breakfast: Bouillon, orange juice and fresh fruit. Lunch: Bouillon, fish, tea. Dinner: Lamb chops, bouillon, more fruit and tea.

She met Oleg Cassini, wed him in five months.

“Snack” salami hangs in her kitchen.
Looking natural in color for Hymie Fink: Anne Shirley, Deanna Durbin, Hedy Lamarr and Ginger Rogers.
WALTER PIDGEON

It's a shame! What's a shame? That Pidge won't have the fun of seeing people's faces as they read this "on the q.t." double-talk about him

Things we like about Walter Pidgeon

BY SARA HAMILTON

He has no whipped-up, dreamed-up, beaten-down, warmed-over philosophy of life. For that we love Walter Pidgeon. He's too busy living life and being a human being to concern himself with an organized philosophy.

The fact that the things that bring a lump to the throat of any emotional, sensitive person bring a lump to his, too, endears the man to everyone. Like the time at Galt, Canada, when 8,000 children lined up to greet the actor on his Bond tour and suddenly burst into our national anthem. He choked up before everyone.

His humorous face and fine mouth that somehowdraws and holds attention with its puckish good humor, his height of six feet three, his resonant voice are marked down on the right side of our ledger labeled Pidgeon.

His blue-black hair that grows into a natural widow's peak in front is so darned attractive. The fact that he's been called the best dressed man in Hollywood (and is, for our money) tickles him and us both, for when it comes time to buy a new suit he goes right down to Bullock's Wilshire and picks one off the rack. He's probably the only actor in all Hollywood who never goes inside a tailor shop.

We like him because he not only washes his own wool socks when he's traveling, but knows how, too. Just the proper amount of suds and so much rinsing. Once, on his trip, a reporter came up to his hotel room and caught Pidgeon deep in the heart of soap suds. Next day's banner lines read "Actor washes own socks." Walter can't understand the fuss.

It amuses us that he fancies himself lazy. He isn't. He only thinks it might be comfortable to be so. In fact, he's always getting himself ready for a good lazy time that never quite comes off.

He'll go up to his room after a day's work at the studio and take off his shoes first thing.

On go the slippers and off comes the coat and down goes Pidgeon in the nearest comfortable chair. Now he's going to be good and rotten lazy. Ten minutes later he's wandering around the house with a conscience slightly troubled around the edges. Maybe that errand should have been taken care of. Doggone it, he'll mutter, maybe he should have gone over there; and, of course, he goes. And that ends that day's effort toward the long-threatened physical disintegration.

He's terrifically conscientious, not at all bigoted and is highly amenable to suggestions regardless of his own plans or comfort. On his Bond tour (and oh, fellow citizen, how that ordeal reveals the true inner man) Walter would get himself comfortably ensconced in a chair, slippers on, pipe going, and announce they would skip the cocktail party. Fellow had a right to be lazy.

"Okay," Larry Barbier of M-G-M, who accompanied him, would say, "but I think we should have gone."

Three minutes would pass and there would be Walter in Larry's room. "You think it's important, eh? Well, let's get going. Man, we can't fiddle around like this."

So they'd go. And Walter, with his natural ability to charm totem poles into dancing a fandango, would simply melt the guests into Bond-buying butter balls.

His charm is far from the put-on-and-take-off-at-will kind. It's as much a part of him as his name, his voice, his eyes. It springs from the inner soul of this man born far away from Hollywood in the city of St. John, New Brunswick, Canada. There's still a radiant warmth that goes out from Walter to the people who used to come into his father's general merchandise store to be waited on by Walter. He cherishes those earthy, homey memories and has never grown away from them. Like the apples.

All the way back to (Continued on page 70)
My big feet. My double chin. The fact I'm lazy. Those things I don't like about myself. Can't quite see what I can do about any of them, though.

My habit of being painfully punctual isn't an attractive one, I find, for it somehow detracts from the intriguing feeling of suspense that comes from a man's being habitually or even occasionally tardy.

Laziness isn't good, either. Think of all the fun I'm missing playing long hours of tennis or golf. Fellow misses a lot of sport through laziness, I guess. Now take reading, for example. In that I'm lazy, too, for instead of methodically going into all the new books and magazines, I buy a digest and get everything in one sitting.

Not having any superstitions doesn't add color to my studio biography exactly. In fact, I regret all around I'm not one of those colorful fellows chockful of bright tales and adventurous pasts that make good copy. I must be tough on interviewers.

I even like to work. Hate time off between pictures that everyone seems to covet. When I am between pictures I like to get in the car, or did before gas rationing, and drive off by myself up the coast or through inland California. I enjoy spending a night in an auto court, getting up early and starting on my way. Kind of colorless vacation, but it's my type. Shouldn't confess it, I guess, but I like the idea of kids asking for autographs; that justified my wanting to keep on with the Nick Carter detective series. Argued at the time they were good for me and by George the way the kids got to know me proved I was right. When the kids begin recognizing a star, he's on his way up.

There's a lot to be learned about this autograph business, I've discovered in my travels. Once on a trip through the East my train pulled into a station about eleven o'clock in the evening and I was routed out of bed by a studio publicist who said a group of autograph fans was waiting on the platform. Putting on a bathrobe I stepped out. Sure enough, there they were. It didn't make me a bit mad, but it did leave me puzzled when several of them begged me to sign three times. I spoke of (Continued on page 77)
What marriage has
A YEAR of marriage has taught me much and has changed me in many ways. Now that my husband is away in the Marine Corps I look back on that year and realize just how much it meant. But was it marriage alone, or my husband, former director Will Price? To be exact, I feel sure it was marriage to Will.

I hope I don’t sound self-satisfied when I say this, but I truly believe marriage has taught me more than some other brides-of-a-year because I wanted it to.

Think back to your school days. You didn’t learn anything you didn’t want to. Nothing can be taught and have any effect unless the pupil is willing and eager to learn. The same is true of marriage.

You see, ours is not what sometimes is labeled as a “typical Hollywood marriage.” Will and I didn’t enter into it lightly; we planned it for more than two years. We don’t believe in divorce. When we took our vows, it was a real marriage, for ever and a day.

So, you can understand why Will and I, even though we are in the picture business, have a marriage more like that of any young couple in Youngstown or Tampa or Prairie Center. It isn’t just a Hollywood interlude for us. It’s for keeps.

Nor was it just because I am Catholic that I knew our marriage was forever. Will and I have known that from the moment we fell in love. We’ve never had any other thought. We love our home. We want children. As a result, our marriage means more to us than those of some other Hollywoodians. We’ve worked harder at making the adjustments which any couple must make.

One of the first things marriage taught me was dependence. Not the clinging-vine variety, but dependence on the happiness of another person, the warming joy of sharing life in all its funny facets with someone you love. Living for him, getting a large share of your happiness through his.

Before I was married I was very independent. I didn’t need other people. I was never bored by myself and often preferred to do things alone. Some people thought I was “snooty.” That wasn’t true. Rather, I had never been dependent on outsiders. From my earliest childhood I had few friends, because my brothers and sister and I were so close we didn’t need outside friends. I never quite outgrew that and when I came to Hollywood I was still very independent.

But too much of that attitude isn’t good, either. With each succeeding year of such a tightly afool existence—sufficient unto one’s self—one grows more and more self-centered. Life is much fuller being shared with some-one else, as I’ve learned since I’ve been married.

In that same period of complete independence before my marriage, I suppose because I was leading that aloof existence, I was painfully quiet. I don’t know precisely what was wrong with me. Perhaps it was actually shyness. I wasn’t afraid to assert myself, but I felt alone. At parties I used to sit in corners. I seemed tongue-tied. I didn’t make friends easily.

Now my friends tell me how I’ve changed. I don’t put on acts, but I join in whatever fun or conversation is going on and people think I’m gay! I’ve certainly lost my reticence. It’s easier for me to make friends. I’ve learned assurance.

I’ve absorbed these things from Will. He is kind, jolly, has a warm personality and a wonderful sense of humor. He’s a normal, well-balanced human being, who enjoys people and parties and night clubs, but also loves his home, garden and fireside, a quiet evening with good books and music. Sharing life with him has rounded out that old tightly bound existence I had.

I’ve learned, too, that marriage is the final phase of growing up. A woman hasn’t reached real emotional maturity until she is married, until she has shared the joys and responsibilities and occasional heartaches of married life. (Continued on page 88)
What she's saying is going the rounds of Hollywood. What she's doing—well, just read and let her do it. A one-two sketch of Betty Hutton

BY DEE LOWRANCE

Star-Spangled Blonde

The cute little thing, standing alone in the center of the night-club floor, was strictly on her own so far as the customers were concerned. She was going to sing—and maybe, above the din of chinaware, cutlery and human voices, the audience was going to hear her. Or so they thought; to the little singer there was no “maybe” about it.

Suddenly the customers were startled into silence by the sounds that belled out of the slender throat of the girl on the dance floor. Not only were they startled, they were enchanted. The applause was thunderous and the “Blonde Blitz,” otherwise known as “Bobbin', Throbbin’ Baby Tornado”—and, oh yes, Betty Hutton—was in.

Not immediately, you understand. Because she had to blast her way out of the night-spot trade into the Broadway musical dress circles and right into the spotlight of the big hit, “Panama Hattie,” before Hollywood caught on and came calling with a contract.

From that moment life on the Paramount lot became weird, wild and Hutton. It began when Betty showed up to do her first day’s recording on “The Fleet’s In,” and the sound mixer stared stupefied as Betty’s athletic voice took over the scales. It continued when she hit her first lens and Betty's pretty pan went into its mugging routine. How it ended is now a matter of history told in the aforementioned Paramount's “The Fleet's In,” “Happy Go Lucky” and currently in “Star-Spangled Rhythm.”

So much for the Betty that gets on the celluloid. The real Betty, the private-life lass, is a little harder to find. Her poise is astonishing in one so young until you discover that she’s battled for a living since she was a tiny kid singing for pennies on the street corners of Battle Creek, Michigan. Her mother and father and sister were her family and their love for each other was all the more poignant for its background of grinding, aching poverty.

Her diploma from the College of Hard Knocks made Betty one of the most candid, outspoken and realistic lassies to grace Hollywood. She won’t kid you and she never kids herself.

They used to stop you on your way around town with “Have you heard Dottie Parker’s latest?” That was in pre-Hutton days. Now they demand: “Have you heard what Betty Hutton said today?”

It WAS a long, hard climb to stardom that Betty made and it has left her with a definite philosophy of life. “Just a rule,” she said, caught for a free moment on the set of her next picture, “Miracle Of Morgan's Creek.”

“It’s a simple rule,” Betty explained. “The old do-as-you-would-be-done-by. If you’re good at your work, try hard, work like anything with everything in you, and don’t double-cross anyone, you’ll get ahead. Years ago I learned that if I do anything bad, or am mean on purpose, I always get paid back in the same coin—and not long afterwards. It’s really very simple. As long as you aren’t selling yourself a bill of goods, you’re okay. I play the game by those rules.”

Betty’s big news then was that she was in love. Not exactly the first time, she admitted. The object of her affections was Perc Westmore of the famous cosmetic family. She wore his ring for a time, flashing it gaily at all within range.

When Perc went off to the Army she spent her nights at the Hollywood Canteen. Her life was secure, she and Perc were not to be married until the war was over. Meanwhile she was having the fun of being really and truly engaged in a town where engagements, being scarce, are gay and envied periods in a star’s life.

Then came the change. Perc, discharged because of ill health from the Army, arrived back in Hollywood. He wanted to be married right away.

“For the first time in my life,” says Betty, “I was faced with the problem of deciding whether I was really and truly in love. Though Perc is one of the finest men I have ever known, I didn’t believe that we were ideally suited to be Mr. and Mrs. so we decided to call it quits.”

You see—that's Betty—candid and with a reasoning mind. The gal is good and she knows what's good for her. What a combination to discover in the person of one of the brightest of bright new stars!

The End
The Remarkable Andrews
His first name's Dana and he has nine lives. Now, if you're still up to it, here's the rest of the confusing, amusing Andrews picture

A FEW months ago, when it became apparent that Tyrone Power wasn't kidding about joining the Marines and Hank Fonda simultaneously visited an enlistment center on serious business, Twentieth Century-Fox discovered Dana Andrews. This makes the ninth, and he hopes the last, time this has happened to him during the past three years. "As a matter of fact, I'd long since resigned myself to being Hollywood's perennial discovery," he says. "I figured it wasn't such a hard life. I suppose you'd call it a break. The way things are going now, but I'd a little rather have made it on my merits rather than for the obvious reason."

It seems that first Mr. Goldwyn, and then Mr. Zanuck at Twentieth, formed a habit of calling him in after every picture he made and saying, "This is it, son. You're in. You're our next big star." Inevitably, after about seven months' layoff, they gave him another supporting role, whereupon the critics en masse said nice things about him and the call to the front office came through on schedule. The routine continued from 1939, when he made "The Westerner," until 1942, when he made "The Ox-Bow Incident."

He is thirty-one, looks about twenty-two, and is a husky six-footer with a clean-cut Irish-Scotch face. His personality is as modern as 1943, as American as Mississippi and Texas and California. He thinks of all three States as home. If you happen to be wearing a zoot suit when you meet him you'll find him solid, Jackson. "Give me some skin," he'll say, sticking out his hand. "Make me know it. I'll stow it, or put it in my vest and let it rest—and so on, the way it's being done this week. Contrariwise, if you happen to have retained your sanity, he'll slip that terrific Stokowski recording of Bach's Toccat a and Fugue on the phonograph and, thus stimulated, begin telling you about himself. . . .

DANA'S father, Charles Forrest Andrews, was a Florida preacher who had married a girl with the unlikely and enchanting name of Anice Speed. When, on New Year's Day thirty-one years ago, their son was born, it was obvious that some balance must be established in the matter of family nomenclature; the child, after a good deal of imaginative thought, was therefore christened Carver Dana Andrews.

He dropped the Carver as soon as he could, which was when he eventually left home and went to work. He was the third of thirteen children—not so objectionable a situation as it sounds, since Mrs. Andrews managed well, if by the skin of her teeth. on a minister's meager salary. Being the most vital of the pack, Dana let himself be guided by a devouring curiosity rather than by his father's teachings and in consequence was known as the town bad boy wherever the family moved. He was the town bad boy, furthermore, and there's no use trying to obscure the fact. When he was thirteen he had an idea, got a friend to go in with him, charged a suitcase at a dry goods store where his father had an account (this was in Uvalde, Texas), filled it with groceries, which he also charged to his father, and rode to San Antonio atop a boxcar in freezing weather. The planned rendezvous with the friend, who had all the clothes for the expedition with him, did not come off and a somewhat chastened Dana was forced to phone his father collect three days later, asking to come home.

The Reverend Andrews, for once, did not whale the tar out of his problem child. Instead, he thereafter respected him as an individual, with a mind of his own. Between this time and 1930, when Dana hitchhiked to Hollywood to be a movie star, he worked successively as a beekeeper, theater manager, butcher's boy, plumber, bank teller, bookkeeper, salesman, accountant and concrete-pipe maker. It was his job at the Huntsville "Life" theater that gave him the (Continued on page 81)
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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom..." - Abraham Lincoln
SHE walked off the envied winner in last month’s Photoplay style poll by having seven famous designers choose her as the best-dressed woman in Hollywood for 1942.

She hopes and expects her baby to be a girl.

She has stubbornly refused to let the movies pluck her eyebrows.

She has a very special passion for the ancient and honored game of dice called "crap," and she attended Barnard and Columbia colleges where, of all things, she majored in Theology.

She is a vegetarian and has a large desk in her bedroom which is inevitably cluttered with papers.

Her name is Rosalind Russell.

She continually postpones answering letters, never has had a chauffeur, and calls all snobbish women "Lady Marys."

She has never had the measles or mumps. She dislikes zoos, coloratura sopranos and parlor games. She always has trouble keeping the seams of her stockings adjusted.

She is the most intelligent woman this writer has ever encountered in Hollywood. She is constantly misplacing her keys, is very fond of Russian rye bread and pumpernickel, and is unanimously adjudged a "good guy" by everyone on the set.

She never wears a corsage.

She has three brothers in the Army and considers one of her best pictures her newest, RKO’s "Flight For Freedom." She always answers the telephone herself.

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

Her wedding ring is a plain, wide gold band. She likes baked beans but without pork, and if she were not an actress she would have earned her living as a clothes buyer. She was born on June 4, 1912.

She eventually wants to have two children.

She is an unashamed romanticist, very fond of pilsener beer and always washes her hair in the shower with tar soap.

She likes pearls and has an aversion for hill-billy music and is always punctual in business but never socially. She is ambidextrous.

She votes at all elections and has never yearned for snow in Beverly Hills. Her nicknames for her father and mother are Dad and Mud. She has black hair and dark brown eyes.

She never gets seasick or airsick and her most treasured possession is a gold inkstand presented to her by the crew at Warner Brothers. Her father, James E. Russell, was a lawyer.

She was one of seven children—three boys and four girls—and she insists that temperament is only bad temper. She is proud of her skill in crocheting.

Rosalind Russell wears a nightgown in bed and considers procrastination her worst fault. She can never remember the license number of her car.

She loves argumentation.

She is a fairly good cook and, paradoxically, being a vegetarian, prefers cooking meat. She never wears girdles.

She has never been a Girl Scout, hasn’t slept soundly for years, and sincerely believes that motion pictures have had a strong influence on American cultural development.

She takes sunbaths but never gets tanned. She would rather see a sad movie than any, and she got a Bachelor of Arts degree at college.

She wore dental braces for three months when she was twelve.

She likes avocados and dislikes buttermilk. She was married in the fall of 1941 to Fred Brisson, actors' agent, now a lieutenant (Cont’d on page 83)
Alexis Smith says

"I've always been attracted to intellectually brilliant men. And so I've been an admirer of Noel Coward's. I've read most of his books and even when I was in school I often wondered what he was like. Unfortunately I haven't had the pleasure of meeting him, but people who know him quite well have told me about him. I think he'd be a perfect beau—very debonair—at once gay and serious. If I were gay, his sparkling wit, his subtle epigrams would make me feel gay; if I were depressed, I'd act as I felt, wouldn't have to pretend, and there would be his serious side to keep company with. Even though I wouldn't be able to keep up my end of the conversation at all, just talking with Noel Coward would be a treat for me."

Laraine Day says

"My choice is Mahatma Gandhi. He probably controls the minds of more people than any other man in the world. I'm very much interested in India and I've so many questions to ask Gandhi. I'd like to know why a few thousand men are able to rule a country of four hundred million people. I'd like to know why Gandhi tries to fast unto death to gain concessions from the British—isn't it rather childish of him? I'd like to know why little Indian girls of ten have babies and throw them into the ash can, or leave them on Mission steps. I know of a missionary who in three weeks gathered some thirty of these babies who had been abandoned by child mothers.

"I don't think Gandhi would be interested in Hollywood and a tour of the studios. I understand he hasn't seen a single American motion picture. So if I had a date with him I'd like to show him our ways of life by taking him to a few average American homes."

Betty Grable says

"For the one date I'd like to keep my choice would be Vincent Sheean. He knows so much about what's going on in the world and I know I could learn a lot from him. He has been everywhere, met everybody and could tell me who and what's what, the personalities and real issues in the present war. Our country is so big, yet so many of us live in our own limited circle and are provincial. Mr. Sheean could give me a world-wide outlook.

"As to my share of our date—I'd like to take him to a night club here, dance with him if he wishes, show him around Hollywood, have him meet the outstanding personalities here and gain an insight into a great and important industry with a world-wide influence. I grew up in the show business, Hollywood is the only place I really know, so I couldn't talk about anything else except show pictures. I'm afraid, though, I'd be pretty tongue-tied with him, but I'm sure he'd know how to handle a starry-eyed blonde."
Department of Suppressed Desires: Six Hollywood stars break down and confess their secret hearts

Eleanor Powell says

"Courteous and understanding, real kindness, a sense of humor and good stimulating conversation are the things I appreciate most in men. I'd like to go to one of these Army canteens with a comedian like Red Skelton putting on a show! I love social dancing, I really relax then, and I'd like to dance with a lot of buck privates. It has been my experience that Mr. Buck Private, U.S.A., is a good dancer, talker and fun to be with."

Janet Blair says

"If I could choose a date I'd like to go out with J. Edgar Hoover. I met him recently when I was in Washington, D.C., and I think he is one of the most dynamic and interesting people I've ever met. I'd like to go to some place for dinner where the music would be soft and low so I wouldn't miss a word he said. I'd ask him a million questions about the exciting things he has done as G-Man No. 1. I'm terribly proud of the autograph he gave me—the first time I've asked for the autograph of any one."

June Havoc says

"George Gay, of Squadron Eight in the Battle of Midway, is my choice. Remember—the Japs had shot down our planes one by one, and he was the last one. He knew it meant almost certain death, but he wasn't afraid, he had a job to do and he did it, thus helping save our fleet. Later, as the sole survivor of Squadron Eight, he wasn't willing to talk much about what he went through; his main concern was to visit the families of his killed comrades and comfort them as best he could.

"I think he is typical of our fighting men today. It's our way of life, our freedom from fear that produce George Gays, and I'm quite sure that ninety-nine percent of our men would act like him under similar circumstances. I'd like to take George home for dinner—an old-fashioned chicken dinner with hot biscuits. I'd wear my prettiest clothes, look very feminine and, unless he wanted to talk about the war, I'd like to make him forget it for a while. I'd play records for him, dance with him and maybe invite a few friends over to meet him. I'd like to treat him just as a friend of the family."

Drawings by Gene Wilson

APRIL, 1943
Tough guy with a gentle voice, Brian Donlevy, who marched off to Mexico as Pershing's boy bugler, came home only to shoulder a gun in World War I, and who now employs past experience for a perfect performance in United Artists' "Unconquered"
A pretty little punster, known by some as Mrs. Aherne, by others as Livvie de Havilland's sister; loved by all as herself, Joan Fontaine. She had a genius rating at three, is using that genius now to divert America in Warners' "The Constant Nymph"
Doris's eyes were turned coldly away, but Phil had forgotten her. He saw only Betsy, standing there in her little white dress. When her song was over, he would go to her at once...
Most women would have thought as Betsy—that what had happened between her and Phil would be enough to hold a man.

But how could it, in a romance like this?

By Henry and Sylvia Lieferant

The story so far:

It was like no other kiss any man had given Betsy Bell, 'this kiss of Phil Jordan's. They were standing in the lobby of Mama Bosco's family hotel where Betsy lived, where Phil had brought her after their night's stint as entertainers at El Toreador, second-rate Hollywood night club—he, as one of the three pantomiming Jordan Brothers, she as something young and different in night-club singers.

He had whispered, "Kiss me for luck, Betsy," because tomorrow night was to bring him and his brothers Roy and Chet their chance at success. Phil Haney, the big Hollywood producer, was coming to the club, coming, as everyone knew, to spot talent for the movies.

"Thanks, Betsy," Phil had whispered. "I'll carry that for luck."

But the next night had come and gone, and it was a confused nightmare to the Jordans ever afterwards, for they remembered only that after Phil Haney had watched the whole show, he had chosen not the Jordan Brothers—Betsy Bell, and carried her away to try for stardom.

Those next few weeks were a nightmare to Betsy, too—of interviews and cameras, of meeting Haney's rival producer, Anton Van Dirk, of being carefully groomed by Haney himself and as carefully chaperoned by the studio's appointed "aunt," Edith Pringle, of talking to crowds of smiling people, when there was only one man to whom she wanted to talk again.

Then, on the last night of her performance at the club—she had insisted on fulfilling her contract—sensing that it was up to her to make the first step, she had asked Phil to see her, to walk home with her again.

"I wanted to tell you what Mr. Haney said about you," she said. "He said you had a clever homespun line."

"Thanks, Betsy," Phil's voice was thick with dejection. "But you better forget the Jordan Brothers... we go on to Frisco from here, then to Chicago for a few weeks, then maybe Kansas City..."

The Castle Hill lounge was different from Mama Bosco's lobby. Phil tilted Betsy's chin upward. He looked long into her blue eyes; then, "Keep the way you are, Betsy, if you can," he said, "and good luck to you."

The elevator door opened. "Going up?" said the operator.

"The lady is going up," Phil said, and turned away abruptly.

Upstairs, in her room, Betsy threw herself on the bed. She felt her hat crunch. It didn't matter. She didn't have to worry over hats now. She didn't have to worry over anything, but she cried bitterly for something she had hoped would happen that evening and hadn't.

Now go on with the story:

BETSY felt like an adagio dancer who'd been thrown around by a regiment of partners. She and Edith had been moved again, not out to the Canyon, but to what was superciliously called a small eight-room house in Hollywood. They didn't need eight rooms, a houseboy and a maid, but that's what Mr. Haney ordered.

She was up at six every morning and into the pool by six-fifteen, with a swimming and diving instructor. Next came forty-five minutes of tennis with a tennis instructor and by that time she was so hungry that the skimpy breakfast of orange juice, toast with a dash of marmalade and coffee, brought to her by Carlos the houseboy, was merely a g nods to her appetite. She didn't need to lose weight or watch her figure. There followed an hour with a horse and riding instructor and then the real work of the day started at the studio.

By the end of this first week of intensive grooming, Betsy had been photographed, examined and studied so much that she considered doing some noble uplift work for guinea pigs in consideration for their plight. She'd walked and run, sat down and stood up, lounged on couches, stretched out on floors, climbed prop trees and fences, shaken hands, advanced to greet guests. Her face had been turned to the right, to the left; her chin tilted and untilted; her eyebrows arched and unarched.

True, the hands that touched her were extremely impersonal, the eyes that watched her were critical, the ears that listened to the trick sentences were tuned to find errors. There was nothing personal about it at all, nothing warm or human. She was lonely and unhappy, especially after the day of Phil's departure passed and he neither called nor wrote.

The more work was piled on Betsy, the faster the days flew and when a card came, forwarded from Mama Bosco, which said "Leaving Frisco for Chicago—Phil," she was still unhappily a bit of love letter."

Edith said, "There's some talk of casting you soon. Watch your step now, Betsy, and don't get entangled."

THE small projection room was still dark, the six men within it still suspiciously silent when Anton Van Dirk spoke. "That isn't even a turkey. It's a turkey egg, never hatched, stinks to heaven and back. What do you think?"

"Yeah," somebody said.

"It's not funny," another added.

"And it's supposed to be," Van Dirk said. "We need a couple of hypos in that."

Young Marshall, an assistant director, gasped. "We got to have a picture cut and ready in six weeks. It sure needs a shot," he repeated.

"Humor," (Continued on page 72)

April, 1943
A provocative thought for all those women who have said good-by to someone very dear

WOMEN all over our land today, saying good-by to husbands, sweethearts and sons, are lonely. They're discovering also that work isn't the panacea for loneliness it always has been said to be; that it offers temporary relief only. For many women who are lonely are working as they never worked before. They've gone back to jobs as secretaries, bookkeepers, accountants and file clerks. They're in defense work, women's volunteers corps and even in the woman's army. They work until they are ready to drop, when this is necessary. But always when they stop working they find loneliness staring them in the face again.

The boys are lonely too. I've learned something about that when we've been fortunate enough to have groups of men from the Army, Navy, Marines and Air Corps at our home.

Loneliness isn't insurmountable, however. We can overcome it. I know. I've been lonely.

I remember the deep sense of being alone I experienced after Franchot Tone and I were divorced. Every woman knows that to have built a life around a man and then to have him no longer there, for whatever reason, necessitates a tremendous adjustment.

There was, besides, a situation typically Hollywood to add to my loneliness at this time. After Franchot and I separated I went dancing once or twice with an old friend, Cesar Romero. Immediately I was seen with him my telephone began to ring. Would I go here? Would I go there? It seemed unreasonable I should be lonely with all the dates I might have had. But I happened to know half the boys who called me had no interest whatever in me as a human being. They merely wanted to see their names in the gossip columns. They were asking to see me not for myself but for whatever publicity value I had.

I've known other desperately lonely moments too. . . .

There were (Continued on page 80)
News in print as headlined by news-maker Janet Blair of Columbia's "Something To Shout About." Something to talk about in spring—and right through the summer—is her lapis blue silk crepe dress printed in white and black. A touch of rouching at the neckline and around the flared skirt, a hat of baku that's navy on top, grey-blue on the underside, and black patent accessories add up to something to be kept in mind.

All Miss Blair's shoes are Paris Fashion and Connie shoes, available at leading stores from coast to coast.

For sparkle appeal: A Connie black patent halter pump with high or midway heel. Also in navy blue polished leather.
It's an old idea to have an all-round suit in your spring wardrobe. It's a new idea to have it of sand-colored gabardine and to wear with it a simple long-sleeved creamy silk blouse. It's a grand idea to forego the usual shoulder clip and to sport some gold butterfly clip earrings instead. Janet Blair does all three, turns into a fashion go-getter.

For on the job, and after: A Paris Fashion walled toe bow tie pump with stitch motif and mid-low heel. Tuff tan or black polished leather, or black patent.
A suit in a material a man likes with touches a woman loves is this grey menswear flannel boasting a feminine set-off of a softly pleated fine white linen frill around the jacket and at the sleeves. Janet pins dark red carnations on the grey, likes luggage tan in bag and pumps. This suit, the one on the opposite page and the dress from page 57 are from Saks Fifth Ave., Beverly Hills.
Prints to

Wear these and you'll be a

1. "Most men like prints," said Hollywood's Virginia Gilmore, starring in "The Chetniks" to reader, Ethel Snook. This, fresh as tomorrow, has a pleated skirt and a removable white vestee.

Green, brown, red or black with white flowers. 12-20. About $8.95.

There's a store near you that sells this Photoplay Star-Maker; you can buy it by filling in the coupon at the right.

2. Happy perennial print suit with ruffled patch pockets, a crimson rose at shoulder.

White on black, brown, grey, navy, powder blue. 10-20. About $22.95.

3. Tie this draped skirt to suit your mood; it will always fall in soft slimming folds. The tassel design gives it gay action.

Pink on black, white on navy, pink on navy, aqua on brown. 10-20. About $17.95.

Want to know a store close by where you can buy this Star-Maker? See coupon.
make you smart as a star

looked-after Easter lady. The model, reader Ethel Snook; style mentor, Virginia Gilmore

5. A dark-scrolled suit dress with tab-suggesting pockets and edging the sleeves

Black on aqua, red on navy, yellow on grey, gold on black. 9.15. About $8.95.
A halo hat: Navy, black, brown, red, kelly green, toast. 211/2-23. About $5.

For the name of the store nearest you where you can buy these Photoplay Star-Makers see the coupon at the right.

4. "A shirtwaist frock you'll live in," said Virginia of this print with its smart four-leaf clovers, its built-in belt that's wonderworking; its inverted pleats in the sleeves for action; its buttons look like pretty little white flowers; Miss Gilmore thinks Ethel will find out it's one of those compliment-catcher Easter outfits. White on luggage, green or royal blue. 12-20.

For your convenience in ordering these Photoplay Star-Maker Fashions

just send in this coupon to the Fashion Editor, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City. She will tell you, by return mail, the name and address of the store nearest your home where you can buy any of the Hollywood-approved fashions shown here.

I am interested in fashion numbered: 1 2 3 4 5
(Circle the number of the fashion or fashions in which you are interested.)

My name is ..........................................................

My address is (Street) ........................................

(City) ................................................................

(State) ........................................................

APRIL, 1943
A first look at a "first" film, "Forever And A Day," with fourteen stars and sixty-five other players giving their time free to make a magnificent "This is what we're fighting for" picture.

This is the tale of a house founded by an indomitable admiral (C. Aubrey Smith). Built on the ruins of an ancient British fortress, it was, said he, to be a living house with "enemies at the gates and friends at the fireside; weddings and funerals and children playing." The first wedding is that of Miriam Pomfret (Anna Neagle) to Bill (Ray Milland), son of Admiral Trimble. They are pledged to fight for freedom, to defend all that is decent in life. Bill Trimble meets death with Nelson at Trafalgar; his and Miriam's child is to be the next defender of the house—and the family in it.

A new mistress rules the house in 1845. She is Mildred (Jessie Matthews), great-granddaughter of the Admiral, who has come from India to reclaim a portrait and finds a home. She marries a distant cousin (Ian Hunter) and together they bring the family to Victorian glory.

The old house watches as the little serving maid (Ida Lupino) and Jim (Brian Aherne), a poorer Trimble, emigrate to America where no one shall starve. Comes 1914 and the World War; the house is no longer a proud home but a second-rate boardinghouse. To it from America comes the son of Jim, Ned Trimble (Robert Cummings). He finds this house of fabled family glory a broken-down relic; but it brings him his life's happiness, for in it he meets receptionist Marjorie (Merle Oberon) who marries him. He dies in Flanders; Marjorie, with his family's money, restores the old house, makes it a home for... their daughter Lesley (Rut Warrick). In the midst of a Nazi raid which destroys all but the old foundations she meets Gate Pomfret (Kent Smith), American correspondent. It is for them to rebuild the house for a future of freedom, peace and happiness.
When movie companies go on location there are frequently love scenes which the camera doesn’t record, because they aren’t in the script. Sometimes stars stage them. Sometimes other members of the company. For, like business trips and summer holidays and tours and cruises, location treks are often set-ups for romance.

When a moon comes up over a lake or a mountain and a man and a girl are far away from the world of everyday reality X isn’t the unknown quantity it is in algebra; it marks the spot for romance.

Some location loves last no longer than the trip itself. Some prove enduring enough to leave the principals humming “Thanks for the memory.” Some resolve themselves into marriages, happy marriages many times.

Anne Shirley and Eddie Albert were only casual acquaintances until they found themselves in Albuquerque, New Mexico, for several weeks’ work on “Bombardier.” In a spot like this you get tired of just working and looking at the Indian blankets for sale on every corner. However, it wasn’t just boredom that made Annie and Eddie look at each other and no one but each other after the first few evenings under a New Mexican moon. It was that good old location love.

Annie and Eddie started dating steadily there and kept it up when they got back to Hollywood. Although matters took a turn for the cooler when Eddie shoved off for the Navy, there are those who claim that when Eddie hits Hollywood on a Navy leave these two might still increase the number of married couples who fell in love while on location.

Dan Cupid can be just as mischiefvous, just as much of a trouble-maker as those Gremlins RAF flyers are always complaining about, unfortunately. He doesn’t always perch on the right shoulders with his tempting, titillating notions. Several months ago a foreign actress who piques the imagination of all the boys and one of the movie colony’s young and eager six-footers found themselves many miles from home. Every day they worked before the camera. But evenings they spent with separate groups; and very bored they were too. About the fourth night they met on their way to their rooms. Whereupon they didn’t go to their rooms. They went for a drive instead.

At first the foreign star was merely trying to escape boredom and add another scalp to her belt. At first Broad-shoelshoulders was only trying to escape bore- (Continued on page 93)
What should I do?

Your problems answered by Bette Davis

A great advice feature that pulls no punches. Readers ask the outspoken questions; Miss Davis gives as candid answers

In studying and answering the letters that you, the readers of Photoplay-Movie Mirror send me, Miss Dudley and I were inclined to believe at first that women had a priority on the problems of life.

However, I feel certain that many men have troubles about which they would like to write and I can assure them that their letters, if published, will cause them no embarrassment as all identification will be removed. May I add that those letters that we have already received from men have been exceptionally interesting—as you will see from this month’s sample.

DEAR Miss Davis:
I have read in Photoplay-Movie Mirror that you help people with their problems. Mine is a very serious one. I am a girl of eleven. I have recently found out by some letters I read that my mother has been going out with another man.

I would like to know if I should tell my father or keep the secret to myself.

Sincerely yours,
Suzanne H.

Dear Suzanne:
What you believe you have found out may or may not be true. However, you most assuredly have no right to discuss what you think you have discovered about your mother with your father.

In justice to your mother you must remember that you are only eleven and that your mother may have many reasons for not having taken you into her confidence yet. She may have planned to talk over her plans or her problems with you when you are a little older.

In your letter you did not explain how it happened that you were reading your mother’s letters. I would judge that she knows nothing about your pry-ing into her affairs. There is an old saying that eavesdroppers never hear good of themselves; I think it is also true that those who pry never discover pleasant news.

It seems to me that the information you have is not rightfully yours. Also, you may have misunderstood what you think you learned. I would say that this is a secret that you must keep to yourself until you are much older, or until your mother discusses it with you.

Sincerely,
Bette Davis.

Dear Bette Davis:
You seem so sweet and down-to-earth in the answers you have given other troubled readers that I am emboldened to bring my puzzle to you.

Forgive the seeming egotism of what follows, but I must equip you with some knowledge of myself if you are to answer me truly. I have read somewhere that judgment is only as accurate as preceding information.

So then, to the details: I have fallen head over heels in love with a man. He is a man of high moral standing and with him I have been going for fifteen years. He is young and we have been together a very long time. I have been with him for three years of marriage, when I was twenty-five, was fifteen years older than I. An odd coincidence, isn’t it?

My interests (I am now thirty-seven) are all extremely young. I can dance until dawn and feel fresh the next day; I ride horseback with enough ability to have won several jumping contests; I have the means to keep myself exceedingly well-dressed and well-groomed. My health is of the best.

Can you tell me, please, if—from your observations—there would seem to be any chance for happiness in a union between this man and myself. He is astonishingly mature for his years; I had judged him to be perhaps thirty-two or thirty-three when we first met. Not until he declared his love and asked me to marry him did I learn his actual age. My pride, at that moment, was too great to allow me to admit my age to him—he thinks I am about twenty-seven, as are my friends.

Would you, if you were I, tell him the truth, Miss Davis? And would you marry him?

Adelaide McM.

Dear Mrs. McM:
Yes, I believe you should tell this man the truth about your age. We all know that nothing based on a lie can survive. Wouldn’t it be far better for you to give him this information in advance of your marriage than for him to learn the truth for himself from your friends later on?

If the difference in your ages matters a great deal to him, it is better to find this out at once. However, if it makes no difference to him, you have an excellent chance for a very happy marriage. It is well known that some men, particularly men who are mature for their years, prefer a woman of poise and experience. I have known of several cases in which the woman’s being older than the man has been a contributing factor in a successful marriage.

Sincerely yours,
Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:
I am asking your advice, because—as an important member of the movie colony—you probably know best how
to handle one of your associates.

Eight years ago, when I was nineteen, I was the victim of an unhappy marriage. I have but one beautiful reality left of that marriage—my seven-year-old son.

I am still considered very beautiful at twenty-seven. Now, Miss Davis, my problem is this: Four years ago, while I was lying in a hospital with a nervous breakdown, I heard a voice on the radio that seemed to be speaking directly to me.

The voice belonged to a famous bandleader-actor, who has made several pictures since that time, and of course he's a bachelor. I wrote to him while I was in the hospital and to my surprise he answered. We kept up a correspondence until four months ago when a relative of mine, who is the mother of grown children and past forty, attended one of this man's broadcasts and pretended she was I. To her it seemed like a very clever prank.

She laughed afterward and said this young man was astounded, so that he could hardly speak. Heaven only knows what he thinks. He probably feels that all my letters were lies and since that night I haven't heard from him.

I feel lost, because, you see, I am in love with him. I'm a sentimentalist and I know he is, too, but how can I clear up this horrible mess without letting him think I am running after him?

Unhappily yours,
Jean W.
(Continued on page 66)
Dear Mrs. W:

It seems to me that you don’t need to worry about this man’s thinking that you are running after after you and when you wrote me your first letter to him you indicated that you were interested in him to the extent that you would make the just friendly overtures.

There are great many charming instances in which intense romances have existed entirely in letters between two persons. George Bernard Shaw’s love affair with the well known Elizabeth Barrett was carried on totally by mail; Elizabeth Barrett corresponded with Robert Browning long before they met. So, obviously, you need not apologize for having exchanged letters with this man.

I imagine that you are a little embarrased at the thought that when you will tell him the truth of what happened—as you surely should—he is going to realize that you must have told your relatives a good deal about your corresponding friendship. That is where you made your mistake—in telling too many other people about the letters.

However, you will be doing the man a favor if you take the initiative and tell him, if you will again write and explain exactly what happened.

Sincerely yours,

Bette Davis.

Dear Mrs. M:

Under ordinary circumstances, I believe all of us should respect our mothers and defer to their judgment.

However, in your case, I think your mother is grossly unfair and is behaving in a manner that may ruin three lives.

Unless your mother is an invalid, she should make some move to take care of herself and let you live a normal adult life, making your own decisions.

As for the boy with whom you are in love, it seems to me that when he is home on furlough you should tell him the whole truth. If he loves you as much as you think, he will be willing to wait for you and you can get this other situation cleared up!

Sincerely yours,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

For six years I’ve lived and breathed Bette Davis—and everything connected with her. Lately I’ve had a brain wave. Although life isn’t quite as exciting and fascinating as it could be, I don’t think I’d have the courage to run away. But if you were invited any place by any one—oh, happy day!

Since you receive so much pleasure in being president of clubs and committees wouldn’t you get even more more pleasure out of sponsoring a club from which you could invite at least one member a year to Hollywood?

Gertrude L.

Dear Miss L:

As a matter of fact, I have long con- sidered the possibility of bringing one new person with stage experience and screen ambitions to Hollywood each year.

However, I have now given up all hope of sponsoring this Hollywood trip for the duration. In the first place, the Government needs all available transportation space for essential war purposes.

In the second place, Hollywood is now a very busy place and no one has time to devote to a guest.

But when the war is over, I hope to be able to work something out along these lines.

Sincerely yours,

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

From the time I was eight years old when I was picked by my teacher to speak a little piece about Lincoln, I wanted to be an actor. My father and mother tried to knock the idea out of my head and I was even forbidden to go to the movies and tried to stop me, the more determined I was to continue. The family needed financial aid so I had to go to work and forget the idea of going to college. I consolod-

New Rave Dept.

You’ve been writing us about a lad who has just made his first splash in pictures. He isn’t Hollywood’s tallest actor or its handsomest. But—say you—he’s got something. And we agree. So

Next Month

we’re going to bring you a fascinating fireside view of Gene Kelly!

Gene Kelly!

Dear Miss Davis:

Just two weeks ago I met a very good-looking air cadet at a dance. Afterward I let him take me home. I asked him if he had a special girl at home or off somewhere and he said, “No,” and asked me why.

I told him that I would like to hear from him when he went back to the field. He said he would like to hear from me, too.

Well, he asked me what I was going to write him in my letters and I said, “What do you want me to say?”

He drew me up to him and kissed me. He asked me, “Now do you know what I want you to say in your letters?” Then he kissed me again.

Then he whispered to me that he loved me.

He told me three or four times how sweet he was.

Well, he got my address before he left and said he would write the very next day, but I have never received a letter, card, or anything from him. I don’t suppose, now, that I ever will. Do you think I did or said something wrong?

I love him, I know.

Miss Davis, boys just don’t go around telling every girl they love them, do they? Or do they? Won’t you please try to help me?

Yours truly,

Jane S.

Dear Miss S:

There is a verse from Shakespeare’s “Much Ado About Nothing” that I think may fit your case:

“Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more.

Men were deceived ever;

One part in woman, and one on shore,

To one thing constant never.

Then sigh not so.

But let them go,

And be you’h hands, and bonny,

Covering all your sounds of soe

Into heen, nannya, nannya.”

Sincerely yours,

Bette Davis.

The End
Lunch-Box Inspection at gate of the plant where Barbara works as a calibrator on sensitive instruments. She is wearing the blue coverall and safety snood designed for the employees. "We love the outfit," she says. The saucy blue snood is mighty becoming to her bright, soft-smooth face.

Barbara is romantically lovely with her wide-apart eyes, serenely parted hair and white, flower-like skin—but she's also today's American girl, energetically at work 6 days a week in a big war plant! "My skin needs special care these days. Snowy-soft Pond's is my favorite cleansing Cream," says Barbara.

Barbara is captivated young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Sheets, is engaged to Joseph V. Mellor—uniting two well-known Long Island families.

"Joe expects to be in the Army very soon," Barbara says, "so I'm more than ever glad I have a war-production job to do."

Even though she works hard for long hours—she finds time to keep pretty. As Barbara says, "When you get up at 6 a.m. and work all day with only 1/2 hour for lunch—your face deserves a little pampering. And—it's lovely how a Pond's Cold Creaming makes tired skin feel."

She slips Pond's over her face and throat and gently pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off well. "Rinse" with a second Pond's creaming. Tissues it off again. This every night without fail—and "for daytime slick-me-ups, too," she says.

Use this lovely soft-smooth cream yourself. You'll see why war-busy society leaders like Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. William F. Dick use it—why more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream. All sizes are popular in price...at beauty counters everywhere. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money.

Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!
Blind Date!

Take a chance, take a glance—and
discover amazing newcomer O'Shea

Are you careful about
SCALP ODOR?

Some women never think of the possibility of scalp odor. They do not realize that the scalp perspires, too—and that oily hair absorbs unpleasant odors. To be sure, make this test: check up on your hairbrush, your hat, your pillow.

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

Use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. You never need worry about a "nasal close-up"!

PACKERS Pine Tar SHAMPOO

Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, mudliness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, whiter, smoother looking complexion sold on money back guarantee at all drug department and specialty stores.

Golden Peacock BLEACH CREME 25 Million Jars Already Used

Your first thought when you see him cavorting around with Barbara Stanwyck in "Lady Of Burlesque" is, of course, going to be about his new-type face. It's Irish-American, it's something new and different for the screen. It belongs to Edward Francis Michael Joseph O'Shea, who started blooming, true to his shamrock ancestry, in Hartford, Connecticut, on St. Patrick's Day in 1906.

Then you're going to start thinking about the guy himself; this ambitious, music-loving, crisp young actor who hit Hollywood from the Broadway stage hit, 'The Eve Of St. Mark.' Well, he's a tall guy with a long story.

At twelve he was holding down a farmhand job; at fourteen, although he couldn't read a note, he was beating out the drums in a band; and a few years later he was a bandleader himself.

The small towns liked him and his band a lot; the big city let him get lost in the shuffle.

Whereupon Mr. Try—-for—-it O'Shea tried out in the theater, couldn't get a break, fixed himself up as a bellhop instead and proceeded to travel back and forth—first class, of course—across the ocean on the big Leviathan.

His next tempestuous step took him up before a microphone. He loved radio; radio loved him.

He made time and money appearing in "We The People," "Myrt And Marge," on Kate Smith's program and on "The March Of Time." Came "The Eve Of St. Mark" and the dawn for Hollywood in the person of producer Hunt Stromberg who spotted Michael strutting his inimitable talent across the Broadway footlights, went backstage, took a postcard out of his pocket and tied the happy O'Shea up with a Hollywood contract.

Michael's tied up with another contract, too—a marital one, in which he signs himself ever, blue eyes, wavy brown hair, vivid imagination and all, to one Grace Watts, formerly of Hartford. The two riders on the contract are small ones—Ed Junior and Barbara Jane. The four of them live happily in Hollywood looking at the world through rose-colored glasses since that's the way the world—and you—are going to be looking at them.
You'll really be surprised how easily and quickly you can create
toolier beauty with Pan-Cake Make-Up. As you apply it, you'll
instantly see a new, flattering complexion...beautiful in color,
smooth, and flawless. Hours later your make-up will still look
fresh and lovely...and you'll marvel that you haven't had to re-
powder. Originated for Technicolor pictures, Pan-Cake Make-Up
is the popular fashion of the day.

PAN-CAKE* MAKE-UP

ORIGINATED BY Max Factor * Hollywood

Mrs. Ginger Briggs

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25) where she was scheduled to appear at a Bond rally that evening.

As usual, Eddie Rickenbacker accompanied Ginger on this short journey. Instantly they arrived he got in touch with his friend, a RKO scout, Jack Briggs, who was in the Marine boot camp near by and invited him to dinner.

Throughout the meal, however, she showed no more than casual interest in the tall, young man. She was, in fact, pointedly distant.

The next day Jack wrote Ginger a note of thanks, "Did I have appreciated her letting him tag along. That was all. He didn't say that all the time he had been making pictures at RKO, he had thought of a big star on the lot. He didn't tell her, either, that one day as he had passed her he had said to a friend, 'Gee I sure could go for her, but of course she wouldn't look at me.' His note was very formal, very proper.

Ginger didn't answer immediately. It was, in fact, several weeks before she sent an acknowledgment, mentioning something about his dropping over any time he was at the studio. His response was equally instantaneous. He was coming up to Hollywood on a twenty-four-hour leave and could see her. This time her answer was prompt—yes.

A photographer who snapped Ginger and Jack dancing together during that leave remarked to his editor, "If I didn't know better, I'd say Ginger Rogers was in love with that boy. I never saw anyone look so longingly at anyone in my life."

Then and there things began changing. Then and there Ginger and her 

... (Text continues on page 36)
“I will take good care of the things I have”

Kalamazoo tells you how to make your cooking and heating equipment last longer

Gas Burners and Electric Burners—work best when clean. Don’t let food boil over. Free clogged gas burners by running pipe cleaner or hat pin through holes. Electric coils can be kept clean by brushing after coils have cooled but don’t use a wire brush or any tool that may chip unit and require replacement.

Broilers. Clean after every use. Grease heated a second time not only per- mutes food but discolors broiler. Trim excessive fats off meat before broiling, and avoid spatter. Use mild cleanser in removing burned food.

Ovens. Wipe after every use. If racks should tend to rust, sandpaper and rub with salad oil. Rusting in ovens can be prevented by opening door a few minutes before actual use to let steam escape. Repeat after use to prevent condensation inside.

Tops are porcelain enameled. Don’t put hot foods or ice cold liquids directly on them. Wait until after range has cooled before cleaning—then wipe with soapy water and dry cloth. To avoid stains, remove acid such as lemon juice or vinegar immediately before it has a chance to dry and spot.

Heaters. Over-heating of your unit is often responsible for cracking and warping of cast iron parts. Don’t let clinkers accumulate in grate. Remove ashes frequently—otherwise heater efficiency is reduced.

Furnace Rules: ½” of soot in radiator may cut heating efficiency 25%. A burned out smoke pipe is a fire hazard. Always take clinkers out from the top. Don’t allow ashes to accumulate in the ash pit. Fluctuating temperatures waste fuel.

MILLIONS of women have taken this pledge

Three cheers for you, Mrs. America, and all the things you’re doing at home to help win the war. You’re Betsy Ross, Barbara Fritchie and Molly Pitcher, reborn. You’re a real fighting American.

Without bugle or roll of drums you’re in stride with the march to victory—you’re setting the thermostat at 65°, saving money to buy bonds, serving less meat, keeping the children well, turning off lights and radios, defrosting the refrigerator, doing Red Cross work, saving metal, taking First Aid, sharing cars, writing letters—anything, everything to win.

Yes, America is tied to your apron strings—and proud of it.

Kalamazoo Stoves and Furnaces

QUALITY LEADERS SINCE 1901

KALAMAZOO STOVE & FURNACE COMPANY, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

APRIL, 1943

71
Kiss Me for Luck

It was Doris Foster, the star of a half-dozen of Van Dirk's money-makers. She was not in the picture which the Jordans had been producing for months. Nobody had questioned her right to be on the set and watch the new team work.

"Thanks, Miss Foster," said Phil, getting in. "I was just strolling around toward a telephone. If you drop me at the nearest one—"

Phil didn't call Betsy that night.

DORIS FOSTER was one of the glamour girls who hadn't quite "glamored." Publicized and ballyhooed, she had been pushed into stardom when she had made the grade. But the studio and insiders knew that she only got by, Van Dirk and Excelsior were not fooled, but they had not so much money into grooming her that they could not afford to lose their investment.

Doris knew that despite her eternal dazzling beauty she was only a near success and, in the way that seems clever to those who haven't quite clicked, she was looking for an ascendant star on whom she could ride to stardom. It was being said in the studio that Phil Jordan was the nucleus of the team, that he would someday, on his own, own his world and Doris.

Doris went out to get him. Nothing in her whole career had ever been easier and Phil not only forgot to call Betsy, he didn't even think of her. Doris, quite forgot to call her at all. He couldn't really believe that he, Phil Jordan, was going everywhere with this creature and his attractive beauty. He couldn't believe that the swift tumult of passion in his heart, this turbulence of emotion really came from him. The first time he kissed her, which was the first time he took her out, he almost asked her to marry him. A man had to have something real to offer a girl like Doris, though. He'd wait at least until that long-term contract came along.

The Jordans moved to the Beverly Hills Hotel, a hotel which soon only Roy used evenings, because Doris liked to use her own and Chet ran around with Lorna in her. The four of them hung around in public places, and Doris pointed out along with Phil. At night he remembered her last good-night kiss, firm yet somehow yielding. In the morning he began to anticipate the evening meeting, the wild stirring of his senses and her next kiss.

"You got nothing to complain about," said agent Joe Dennis heatedly to Betsy. "Sitting on top of the world and you complain. So they ain't put you to work yet.

"Oh I'm working," Betsy assured him. "Working hard at nothing. Why don't they put me in a picture?"

Aunt Edith was sitting in a row away when Betsy and her agent talked. She stood in the doorway of the living room, swept her eyes over Betsy, adoringly little in green slacks and a big blouse.

"And you haven't seen or heard from that Phil Jordan in weeks," Edith said bluntly. "That's the cause of the discontent, Joe."

"I don't care about Phil Jordan."

"He's caught in Doris Foster's honey. Edith persisted.

"No, I'm not. I flung back her head."

"Don't you understand that I just want to do something?"

"Why don't you give me a chance to speak?" Joe demanded. "They'll maybe cast you for this new 'Wish On A Star'.
they’re gonna do. They want you tomorrow to start testing for it.”

Betsy leaped up, turned a handspring, but a bad one and came down with a thud. “You’re sweet, Joe, to bring me such news. You’re sweet.”

For a while after Joe left, Betsy lay on the floor rigid and pale. She tried a set of leg exercises, but that wasn’t any good. She knew Phil and Doris were hearts aflame. She’d seen it enough in the gossip columns, but hearing Aunt Edith say so had stopped something inside. Of course Phil could have his pick now. What would he want with a Betsy Bell who hadn’t started yet?

BEFORE the first picture was shown, the Jordans’ option was picked up and they were signed for a second. Doris’s voice over the wire was smooth and soothing. “I’ve heard the news, darling. You’re not too important to take me out tonight, are you?”

It was funny, and really looked prearranged, though it wasn’t, the way the three brothers always managed to turn up in the same night spot.

Tonight it was “The Golden Door” and Chet and Lorna sat at a conspicuous table arguing, conspicuously of course, because Lorna did everything that way.

“I have enough money in my own name,” she was saying. “I don’t want to wait for years, until I’m old. At least if you were getting a chance in the team, maybe you’d get somewhere. We wouldn’t have to wait anyway.”

“You don’t want me to work at all,” he said.

“No I don’t. I want you to play with me,”

This was only one of many discussions, but each time Lorna’s arguments sounded more convincing and alluring.

“You’re my girl, Lorna, honest,” he cried desperately.

“If you care about me, you’ll be willing to be married after this second picture, and go away,” she insisted, closing the clasp of her wrap. The finality of that snap frightened him.

Lorna, wait a minute, honey. Look darling—please. It’s Phil—Roy and me—we can’t let him down. He needs us.”

“I see. He’s the extra, so you have to carry him along. Well, he’s a big boy now and I’d better find a job he can do by his own little self,” Lorna retorted.

Roy in a far corner, his face toward the door so he could see and be seen, was also on the spot. The full deep tones of Wilma’s voice always stirred Roy.

“T’m getting an audition at the Metropolitan in the spring, Roy. Why don’t you come along?”

Roy, having never been to the opera, envisioned himself standing on the stage of the Metropolitan enthralling an audience. “You ought to see how things are, Wilma. I can’t do it.”

“So you have to talk to your brothers, too? What are you afraid of? You carry the team. I don’t want to marry all the Jesting Jordans,” she burst out.

“You might at least try to do something on your own. Sam Kent can get you that spot on the radio. It’s only one night, but at least you’d know how your voice goes over.”

“Blast,” Doris Foster was saying to Phil, “your brother Roy is running out after what’s-her-name. She’s angry, too.”

The amusement in her voice gave him a superior feeling, for Doris wasn’t running away from him. She wasn’t angry. Sometimes he wanted to run away from the pain her loveliness brought him, but without that pain he’d have been half

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Pale sunlight, sifted through sheer white curtains... filling your home with powdered gold... banishing winter’s warmed-up mustiness...

Springtime!... Curtain time... and more than ever, Fels-Naptha time. Because these fine fabrics must be washed gently—yet so thoroughly they’re white clear through.

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You need plenty of Fels-Naptha Soap right now. Because it puts an extra sparkle in Spring House Cleaning. And because this fine, all-purpose soap is now on the list marked, ‘Mustn’t Waste’.

Golden bar or Golden chips—Fels-Naptha—Banishes Tattle-Tale Gray

APRIL, 1943

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PHIL, really believed what he had said.
Although the second picture was started in obvious discord, he saw no real trouble, even that night he idly turned on the radio, in time to hear Roy Jordan introduced—that singing zany of The jesting Jordans. He was merely astounded that Roy hadn’t spoken of it.
The way Roy walked in that night, Phil and Chet knew he’d been a sensation.
“What’s the idea?” Phil demanded, “going behind our backs?”
Roy pulled himself up haughtily. “A man’s got a right to try out his voice.”
Chet didn’t say anything. He sat with his face between his hands, thinking. If Roy could do this, why couldn’t he do what he wanted, what Lorna demanded?
Roy’s defiance meant less the next day, when word began to arrive that “Moon Out of Cheese,” their first picture, was rolling them in the nickel.
Every telegram from an exhibitor mentioned the Jordans. Excitement had already crept through the studios when the brothers left and was mounting by the time Phil came to Doris to dine with her.
The telephone rang constantly through dinner. Phil hit the team of crowds in lofty talking of Phil.
Doris flung her arms about his neck with splendid impetuosity. “You’re a hit, Phil. Oh I knew you’d do it.”
He kissed her long and ardently, until she broke away breathlessly.
The telephone rang. When he came back he was taut. The muscles of his jaw worked before he spoke. “There’s talk about a personal appearance at the Paramount in New York.”
Here is Success, boys. Here she is!

BETSY was beginning to wonder whether Haney really had faith in her or whether he was just unwilling to admit he had made a mistake. She had been feeling for days, now, that she was ready to go before the camera for a picture, not just for tests. They were beginning to cast the minor roles of “Wish On A Star.” She had been promised the feminine lead in that.

She was so sure this morning, when she saw Joe Dennis getting out of his car that night, that he was bringing the news that her real work was to start. Instead he was telling her something she didn’t want to believe. She couldn’t believe it.
“I don’t understand!” she cried. “They promised me the big part—”

“Glenca has got it.”
Edith Pringle came over and pulled up a chair. Almost there was softness in her voice.
“But they’re offering you something in it—It’s a chance.”
Betsy knew she was caught. She had to take what was offered, but even before she had her first session with the director of “Wish On A Star,” she was convinced that there would be no better parts. Of course, Edith was right. That was a way to begin—a long series of bits, then slightly better parts—it was a living, anyway. But they were breaking their promise, giving her the bum’s rush.
The part to which she was assigned confirmed this. “Add it all together,” she pointed out to Aunt Edith, “and there isn’t eight minutes on the screen. Oh I don’t want to talk like a regular ham—but is there really anything I can do with it?”
Aunt Edith had to admit there wasn’t much, but they could try.

But before the picture was released, there came another morning when Joe Dennis sat at the edge of a chair and Aunt Edith stood behind her, and she was trying to comprehend what her agent was saying.
“What do you mean you talked to Van Dirk?” I’m under contract to Atlantic.”
Joe was rummaging through his pockets. He finally brought it out—a letter and a check. Betsy read and reread the document. It was funny reading your own death sentence... the general opinion after her tests... not satisfactory... the bit in “Wish On A Star” did not want further training... not good policy to keep her under contract for such small roles... “They’ve let me out?” she said finally. “Paid me off?”
Joe shifted uncomfortably. “Look Betsy, that’ll keep you a long time, till the next break. You got your clothes and there’s other studios.
The check was made out to Joe. Betsy returned it to him, then swung round on Edith Pringle. “You knew this was happening all the time.”
“I suspected it, Betsy,” the woman said quietly.
“And you didn’t tell me.”
“I might have been wrong. You did your best.”
“Of not yet. My best is coming, she retorted grimly, Marching out of the room.

MR. VAN DIRK, the girl at the first desk said, was not available. Would she care to leave her name? “I have an appointment with him.”
Betsy lied. “It was made privately.”
The girl’s hairline brows were lifted. She reported that into the telephone. She reported back to Betsy. “Mr. Van Dirk can’t be found to check up on that.”
“Let me wait in his office.”
“Will...”
Van Dirk was, of course, sitting at his desk, and waved Betsy to a chair. “How’s every man’s first sweetheart?” was his greeting.
Unequipped, Betsy sat down, crossed her ankles demurely. “I lied to get in to you. I’m telling you, so you won’t blame anybody.”
“It’s a compliment when a lady lies to see a man.”

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Walter Pidgeon on the Spot
(Things We Like about Walter Pidgeon)

(Continued from page 36) Canada he talked of the wonderful St. John apples and maple sugar he remembered from his boyhood days. He even mentioned them over the radio his first night there. His hotel room was crowded with the apples and maple sugar when he got back. He packed them in his pockets and bag and carted them everywhere he went.

His charm lies, too, in the fact he never forgets an old friend. One such is E. C. Leslie who occupied the adjoining bed in a Canadian hospital room during the last war where Walter lay an invalid for eighteen months when he accidentally got squeezed between caissonis. He's never lost track of his sick-mate. When Leslie passed through town on his last trip, it was a genuine blow to Walter to learn that they could have only a short while together due to train connections.

You see, if you expected a sophisticate, you were wrong. Mrs. Miniver's husband is perhaps the most real, most natural man in Hollywood.

He remembers people's names. "The Fraziers were charming to us," he'd remark, "let's send them some flowers and a gift to the children," and he'd remember their names, each and every one of them although he had met them only once.

His easy naturalness is felt the minute he enters a room. It gets a dull party going and keeps a good party alive.

Three young women of the W.A.A.C.'s were delegated to drive Walter from one spot to another in Canada. But that wasn't the end as far as he was concerned. They must come in to tea. Be made to feel his gratitude.

We like the way he calls his daughter "Little Pidge." We like the way he keeps his private life private. He and Mrs. Pidgeon spend most of their free time in Santa Barbara with friends. We like the way he never forgets a friendly gesture and how gladly he leaped into a small bit (a half day's work) in the picture "The Youngest Profession" because the director, Eddie Buzzell, gave him his first chance at Universal. That was after Walter made his second entrance into movies with the determined stand not to sing.

And sing he hasn't, although he does so very well. In fact, it was Fred Astaire who, after hearing Pidgeon sing at a party one night years ago, insisted he do something with his music. Not caring much for the banking job he had, Walter tried out for a role in an Elsie Janis show. He got it. He wasn't a terrible hit in the act with his highbrow songs, but a man named Berlin, Irving Berlin, dropped around later at Walter's hotel and said, "Look, I've got a song I haven't been able to sell. You take it and use it. It was only that unforgettable air that goes:

"All alone, I'm so all alone
For there's no one else but you."

We like the way he speaks of his brothers, the doctor in Boston, the businessman in Toronto, the sister Mrs. Raoul Walsh in Hollywood. We like his little sort-of-hidden sense of the ridiculous.

Once while waiting off stage in an anteroom to make a speech the phone rang on the table near him. He answered it, although he was in a strange city and knew no one. The party at the other end wanted to know if Walter Pidgeon was going to be there that night.

"You mean that eminent American actor?" Walter asked. That star of "Mrs. Miniver?" That great thespian of Hollywood? Yes, certainly he'll be here, but between you and me I don't think he'll be much good! And all to himself he had a little chuckle over it.

Not by so much as an iota has Hollywood touched him. We remember his saying once, not bitterly, but with a touch of pity for Hollywood and its snobbish silliness, that no, he hadn't been asked to a certain party.

"You see," he said, "I'm only a feature player and that person's a star and that doesn't quite make me eligible as a guest."

We looked at him. Handsome, well-bred, charming, a gentleman with a wide acquaintance everywhere. Somehow we were able to see Hollywood through the eyes of a tolerant, understanding gentleman for the first time. It did us good.

Today he's a star. Human, kind, understanding, charming, urbane and yet simple—in other words, a man among men doing a job and doing it well in the oddest town in the world.

He never brags, splashes, goes places to be seen, wears odd Hollywood garments or makes odd Hollywood comments.

Women are crazy about him. Walter doesn't mind in the least. He likes them too.

The End
Walter Pidgeon on the Spot
(Things I Don't Like about Myself)

(Continued from page 37) this afterwards and asked why it was. I was informed that the kids could exchange three Walter Pidgeons for one Mickey Rooney. It seemed a fair enough deal.

I REGRET only mildly (I confess to this) the inconveniences caused others through the loyalty of fans. The incident that happened to my brother in Toronto is an example. I had telephoned ahead I'd be there that evening for dinner and somehow the word got around and those people I never see but love, the motion-picture fans, began ringing the doorbell and (good for them) kept it up all day. Finally at six o'clock the maid could bear it no longer and, throwing off her apron, resigned.

"I can't stand it," she said, "the doorbell ringing all day, with these kids wanting your brother's autograph."

That suits me right down to the ground. The maid probably would have gone into a defense plant, anyway.

This six feet three of me can be a boring nuisance. On our recent trip I found it impossible to compact it into a railroad berth. Either my knees would be under my chin or my feet out the curtains. As a result I spent half my time sitting up in the lounge car. I confess I like to bewilder audiences a bit. Like the story I told a Canadian audience about the bewitching young lady I had flirted with at dinner the night before. She was sitting at a table near by with another attractive miss and I found it completely impossible to keep my eyes off her. As I told the story I could see the look of amazement on the faces of the men and women before me. A married man flirting around and talking about it publicly had them completely bewildered. I went on with the story and told how finally my companion and I induced the young ladies to join us at our table. I told how I anticipated a big evening later on and how terribly disappointed I was when the girls announced they'd really have to leave us. They had to be in bed at eight o'clock because, they explained, they were only eight years old themselves and, as my own beauty, whose name was Susan Holman, said, if her mother Vivien Leigh who was in London knew she'd stayed up past bedtime she'd be annoyed.

The audience took it big, of course. Up to that point they'd been ready to walk out on me. I regret I haven't the words to describe the charm and vivaciousness of Miss Leigh's beautiful daughter. There will be an irresistible beauty a few years from now.

I enjoy a rib on a friend. Maybe that isn't so kind, either, but I had the laugh on Larry and Leo Dolon, head of the Dominion Tourist Bureau, who next day were walking near the school when Miss Leigh's daughter and little friend came along. "Oh, Mr. Pidgeon must still be here," they cried. "There are his servants."

I never let Larry or Leo forget that one for a minute.

I CONFESS none of us recognized the power of "Mrs. Miniver" while we were making it. We knew it was a good picture. And while we're talking about it, I don't mind being referred to as Mr. Miniver in the least. With Greer Garson such an attractive Mrs. Miniver, who would?

Reluctantly I confess to a bit of sentimentality in one direction—my make-up box. It's battered, worn, glued together and frayed around the edges, but I hold on to it for two reasons. It was my first make-up box and it was given me by Miss Elsie Janis. Good enough reason for any man. Offhand, I can't think of any other sentimental weaknesses.

They tell me I'm a finger twister orator; that all the time I'm delivering a War Bond plea, I'm practically twisting my hands off behind my back. Well, it's those in front I aim to please and what goes on behind my back doesn't count.

There have been several aspersions cast upon my appetite, a point I'd like to take up here. I'm not going to make any apologies, if that's what has been hoped for. I enjoy three hearty meals a day with pie for dessert and fruit between meals. I've been called the champion cake-eater of our times and I'm proud of the title. Cake and I are compatible and that's that.

In a way I regret I'm a chain smoker, but I vary cigarettes with a pipe. Come to think of it, the smoking habit did result in an unexpected pleasure. The day after my meeting with little Susan Holman she presented me with a cigarette lighter as a memento of our meeting and a treasured souvenir spoon came from her little friend. Gifts from such lovely young ladies are to be cherished.

THE END

THREE HOLLYWOOD FAVORITES

Kenny Baker and Patricia Morison starring in "Silver Skates," a Monogram Production.

On the movie lots all over Hollywood, on set after set, you'll find Pepsi-Cola playing a part. That big, big bottle of flavor quenches the biggest thirsts and tickles every taste. Enjoy a Pepsi-Cola yourself today. 12 full ounces—five cents.

Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N.Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast.

APRIL, 1943
Hedy over Heels in Love

(Continued from page 30) So she purchased a gay new wardrobe and fortified herself for another fling at life.

Orson Welles came first on the new schedule. He had repeatedly asked her to dine with him. An immediate friendship sprang up between her and Joseph Cotten, for to know Orson is to know Joe. Their friends, in turn, welcomed the beautiful Hedy into their bright and shining circle.

Then the old lazy habits began to fasten themselves on her again. One by one her new friends gave up the struggle. "We like her, think she's a grand girl," they said, "but we simply will not put up with her not showing up for dinners at all or coming in hours late with no notice." And, believe it or not, neither would Orson. "She's beautiful, but I'm weary of never getting to dinner until eleven o'clock and then having to go home at once," Orson is reported to have confessed. Or maybe Hedy felt keeping up with the intellectual Orson just not worth the effort.

And so at this crossroads of their lives a Hedy and John Loder found each other. Their first formal dinner as a simple one at Hedy's home. A little fearful at first lest this would turn out to be another front-page romance, Hedy was delighted to find John enjoyed romances as much as she. In fact, the day after a Lamar Loder item appeared in a local column a producer stopped John and congratulated him, suggesting it was a lucky publicity break for the actor. John committed the unpardonable sin in Hollywood. He denounced the producer and up and down and made an enemy.

The life of John Loder has been a strange one. Finally slated for what looks like permanent success after his roles in "Old Acquaintance" and "Saratoga Trunk," the Englishman has had a life of heartaches and disappointments highlighted by moments of hope, success and happiness.

Marriage has always meant something sacred and wonderful to him. "When I was sixteen I commenced thinking about the time when I would have a home of my own," he said. "Our country place outside London was my dream. Nine months in a German prison camp during the first world war only served to intensify that dream. So at the close of the war I married the Swiss girl with whom I had fallen in love. We took the small son who had grown up over there and went back to London.

"In those days success seemed to be something worth striving for. I've always found that when you have happiness in your home success comes with little effort," he said.

John's first Hollywood venture was under the auspices of Jesse Lasky. It wasn't a successful one. His Swiss wife became so domestic that he had to send her and his son back to her family in Switzerland. Two years later he gave up and followed her. But by this time separation had made them total strangers. The thought of living together was embarrassing to both. By mutual consent his wife got a divorce.

"It was when he was called to Paris to make a picture with Boyer that he met the girl who was to become his wife. She was dressed in a plain shirtwaist and skirt and he mistook her for a script girl.

"Don't be silly," Boyer told him, "that's Micheline Chevel, who is playing the lead opposite Jean Gabin."

Right from the start it seemed as though they had always known each other. When she laughingly said, "I intend to marry before I am twenty, which will be in four months," he lost no time in promising himself and smiling, "How about me?"

They were married in June. This time John was determined nothing should mar his marriage.

"I will be the perfect husband," he assured himself. "This will be the perfect union." Thus every wish of his wife's was abundantly granted. And when John learned a baby was on the way, it seemed as if this time surely his dream would be realized.

But hard times struck the English film companies. War was in the air. When an offer came from Paramount in Hollywood John dared not leave his wife and baby girl behind him. The war finally broke and Mrs. Loder yearned openly for her homeland. Once again John found himself with a wife pining for her European homeland.

To make matters worse his Paramount contract did not work out. From their Beverly Hills home they moved to smaller more modest quarters. Hardship was no help to their waivering marriage and again recriminations started. The contract at Twentieth Century-Fox gave them hope. But they eagerly tried to recapture their lost happiness.

It was no use. When Loder left Fox they decided on a separation and a divorce which gave his little four-year-old daughter to Micheline.

For months after their separation John went nowhere and saw no one. He was completely embittered and disillusioned.

"There are things I should like to tell my seventeen-year-old son over in England," he said not long ago. "I should like to help him understand how very important it is to choose the right girl. That is the one who will realize a successful marriage is the foundation for all that is worth while in life. Men all over the world are searching for love and happiness, but few are fortunate enough to draw their lucky numbers."

HAS John Loder at last found his "lucky number" in Hedy Lamarr? We think so for several reasons. In the first place Hedy had long ago recovered from the unpleasant memories of her two marriages. It's only the recent romances that have hurt, and a hurt heart is one that is open to solace.

The face before which he had met in Europe for brief moments. The first time was six years ago, and Hedy was married then to her first husband and John to his first wife. The meeting was casual. They met the second time in Hollywood. This time Hedy was married to Gene Markey, John to his French wife and again the meeting meant nothing. Now, in the three languages they both speak, they love to recall memories of their lives in so many European countries. Neither cares for large groups of people and both declare they'll spend their evenings with only their few friends, including the Conrad Veidts, the Ray Millands, Ann Sothern and Jerry Asher, whom they both like.

That anyone can extract pleasure from simple, homey things intrigues this man, whose hope of ever finding happiness, especially in Hollywood, had been lost. For instance, the large pencil circles drawn around newspaper notices of Hedy's favorite radio shows and hung over the radio during the day. And there's to be no talking during the Fred Allen show or the Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Take It or Leave It and Information. Please show them. Hedy's favorites and from them she extracts almost childishlike pleasure.

An expert rider, he has revived Hedy's interest in riding.

But no longer does she affect the bright satin cowboy shirts she wore during the George Montgomery courtship. They now ride with the furs of the Riviera polo fields, unnoticed by others.

In Hedy, John has found a woman who lives gracefully and comfortably and whose simple interests and love of quiet home life have struck a deep, responsive chord in him. A woman not burning up every second of life trying to make Hollywood pay off.

In John, Hedy has found dependability, a man who firmly but charmingly says, "Now we shall leave for dinner," and sees to it that they do. A man who knows how to advise her, help her, share her quiet hours.

No wonder the glow in their eyes is almost unbelievable.

It's a glow that comes straight from those lovely hearts; hearts that are fairly sure that at last their dreams may come true.

The End.
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OVALTINE
THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK
I've Been Lonely

(Continued from page 60) the two long months I spent at Stevens College when the girls did not want me in their sorority because I was working my way. There have been times when I've been lonely simply because I was alone and had nothing to do.

But I am not lonely any more! And this isn't because I'm now happily married. I conquered my loneliness while I still was alone. It would be exciting if I could say something dramatic occurred to take my fear of loneliness away. But it was only a trifling thing.

One evening, looking over old snapshots, I found a picture of myself at eight years of age, sitting on the steps of our house back in Oklahoma. This picture reminded me of a time when our postman discovered me dreaming on these steps and I explained I was thinking how I would be a dancer and an actress when I grew up.

He nodded approvingly. "It's good to dream," he told me. "When you dream a thing it is half done."

He was so right! I realized that evening, for the first time, that the hours I had spent dreaming on those old porch steps had helped me determine what I wanted from life.

"This fear of loneliness I've acquired," I warned myself, "is depriving me of the time alone I need to dream and be acquainted with myself. If I don't dream, if I'm not acquainted with myself to know what I want from life, I can't possibly progress."

Even as I was thinking this my attitude was changing and I was beginning to regard solitude as an opportunity for personal growth to be cherished. The first half of my battle against a fear of loneliness was won right there.

The second half of my battle took longer. But it became easier all the time. For the more hours I spent alone the better acquainted with myself I became. The better acquainted with myself I became the more new interests I discovered. The more new interests I discovered the warmer and fuller my life was. The fuller my life was the clearer my perspective. The clearer my perspective the more keenly I realized it isn't by having people around that you banish loneliness ever; that it's by being right with yourself.

We're right with ourselves only when we spend enough time alone to know ourselves, the manner of person we want to be, and exactly what we want from life; and when we go on from there to bring all these things to pass.

With all my heart I bless the little girl I used to be. She served me well in actuality and in memory.

The End
The Remarkable Andrews

(Continued from page 45) impetus to Hollywood. Sound had come in, and the little movie house's owner could not afford the expensive Vitaphone equipment. Dana was assigned the task of faking needs and grand effects, such as the roaring plane motors in "Wings" or the thud when something fell. Watching the same pictures over and over, he grew bored with the stories and began analyzing the techniques of the players. "My gosh," he decided finally, "anybody could do that. Why, I could do it—"

He had finished grade and high school in Uvalde and was majoring in economics at Sam Houston College, Huntsville. He got his degree, worked hard for two years, saved $1,000 and then, in a perverse mood brought on by a good-for-nothing friend, went to New York and dramatically spent it all on a two weeks' blast. It was 1930 before he screwed up enough ambition to think of Hollywood again.

By that time he was chief accountant for a large corporation in Austin, Texas. Then, one afternoon, he was sent for and told his work had earned him a raise. "I appreciate that," he told his boss, "but I'm resigning."

"May I ask why?"

"How's going to Hollywood."

"I wouldn't do that. My son tried it, and nearly starved to death." "Thanks," Dana said. "I may not get anywhere in Hollywood, but I won't starve. Not even nearly."

This was excellent as bravado, but not as prophecy. A year later he was driving a taxi in San Fernando Valley, eight dollars a week.

He lived a couple of lifetimes, emotionally, during the next twelve years. He failed marriage; he failed love; he failed marriage, his wife, his second child—and in despair he believed that his God had forsaken him. His responsibility to David, the first-born, who was his hip, drove him through the dark months that followed. Then, because Dana was young and youth forgets pain easily, he lost himself in work and in time found love again.

Janet Murray, his first wife, whom he had met at the Van Nuys Amateur Little Theater, had encouraged him to take singing lessons. A voicebox named and Stanley Toomey financed him. Furthermore, Toomey had found an agent and arranged an audition.

"Good voice, well-trained," the agent commented. "Can you act?"

"No.

"Better learn," said the agent. "Come back when you're more alive."

Still with Toomey's backing, Dana went to Gilmore Brown's Community playhouse in Pasadena and started there as a semi-cast, mostly lived-in, full of young moderns and their offspring. Mary clatters in the kitchen, rapping the pages from cookbooks with one hand and pouring twilighted steaks from a jet-hot broiler with the other. In one corner of the library Dana shouts at an interviewing columnist above the blare of the radio, before which rain against the window, on the other hand, is complete—an indication of its owner's congenial nature. The Andrews household is readied noisily for entertainment, full of young moderns and their offspring.

Toomey got his first installment three years later. Then it was Goldwyn money, not Paramount or Warners or M-G-M money, that Dana remitted. Goldwyn began paying him $150 a week in 1930, found nothing for him to do and left him back to the playhouse for another twelve months. They were important months, since he spent them falling in love with Mary Todd, a gay young blonde comedienne. They were married that November, and she brought him luck—not long afterwards Goldwyn cast Dana in "The Westerner," "discovering" him (at the preview) for the first time.

Then began the succession of pictures in which, nine times, Dana was discovered. After his first test with Director , was given a role in the story and began analyzing the techniques of the players. "My gosh," he decided finally, "anybody could do that. Why, I could do it—"

He had finished grade and high school in Uvalde and was majoring in economics at Sam Houston College, Huntsville. He got his degree, worked hard for two years, saved $1,000 and then, in a perverse mood brought on by a good-for-nothing friend, went to New York and dramatically spent it all on a two weeks' blast. It was 1930 before he screwed up enough ambition to think of Hollywood again.

By that time he was chief accountant for a large corporation in Austin, Texas. Then, one afternoon, he was sent for and told his work had earned him a raise. "I appreciate that," he told his boss, "but I'm resigning."

"May I ask why?"

"I'm going to Hollywood."

"I wouldn't do that. My son tried it, and nearly starved to death."

"Thanks," Dana said. "I may not get anywhere in Hollywood, but I won't starve. Not even nearly."

This was excellent as bravado, but not as prophecy. A year later he was driving a taxi in San Fernando Valley, eight dollars a week.

He lived a couple of lifetimes, emotionally, during the next twelve years. He failed marriage; he failed love; he failed marriage, his wife, his second child—and in despair he believed that his God had forsaken him. His responsibility to David, the first-born, who was his hip, drove him through the dark months that followed. Then, because Dana was young and youth forgets pain easily, he lost himself in work and in time found love again.

Janet Murray, his first wife, whom he had met at the Van Nuys Amateur Little Theater, had encouraged him to take singing lessons. A voicebox named and Stanley Toomey financed him. Furthermore, Toomey had found an agent and arranged an audition.

"Good voice, well-trained," the agent commented. "Can you act?"

"No."

"Better learn," said the agent. "Come back when you're more alive."

Still with Toomey's backing, Dana went to Gilmore Brown's Community playhouse in Pasadena and started there as a semi-cast, mostly lived-in, full of young moderns and their offspring. Mary clatters in the kitchen, rapping the pages from cookbooks with one hand and pouring twilighted steaks from a jet-hot broiler with the other. In one corner of the library Dana shouts at an interviewing columnist above the blare of the radio, before which rain against the window, on the other hand, is complete—an indication of its owner's congenial nature. The Andrews household is readied noisily for entertainment, full of young moderns and their offspring.

Toomey got his first installment three years later. Then it was Goldwyn money, not Paramount or Warners or M-G-M money, that Dana remitted. Goldwyn began paying him $150 a week in 1930,
barking at gophers, completes it.

On occasion, suddenly cognizant of his role as ruler of the menage, Dana seeks to restore order. He sticks his head out the window and silences the dog with a command; he strides to the kitchen, turning the radio down to a dull roar on his way, consoles Mary by throwing the steaks—or rather, the charred embers of steaks—into the garbage receptacle and unearthing a can-of-something from somewhere; he proceeds to the nursery, where he picks up the baby. . .

Thence his voice bellows forth. To his aid Mary gallops, fearing the worst; and it is the worst. She ooped on me! cries Dana, in amazement and fury. And while the can-of-something, left heating in a pot without water on the stove, explodes to the kitchen ceiling, Mary accepts the now-contented, cooing Kathryn, while Dana pounds upstairs to change his shirt.

Outside, the spaniel has resumed his frantic war on the gophers. David, having heard out the "Lone Ranger" program with his ear to the loud-speaker grill, has turned on the "Ellery Queen" mystery hour and is comfortably curled in a chair in the next room, listening to it.

It is not always so, of course. There are periods when David is at school, Mary has the baby on a visit to the pediatrician and the spaniel is off wooing a near-by Great Dane ("In the true Andrews spirit," remarks his master proudly), and at these times, in the unwonted silence, Dana works in his garden. It is a very young garden, spotted with drooping or already dead experiments, but it is going to be all right. The badminton court, of course, turned out to be in the path of a little gale which regularly swamps across it from a defile in the near-by hills—and a windbreak of cypress would spoil the view—but the lawns are already things of beauty, except for a strip he missed when spreading fertilizer. The silver birches, you will be glad to know—and if you aren't, you will have to listen anyhow while he reassures you—have survived the recent dry spell and show promise of having rooted nicely in their new environment.

So, it appears, has Dana Andrews in his. 

The End

Two "Remarkable Andrews"—Dana wooing infant daughter Kathryn, Kathryn turning glamour gal for Papa

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE STEREO

A Direct Hit!

When the best girl uses Evening in Paris Make-up

When hearts are targets, it never misses, this exquisite Evening in Paris make-up...definitely designed for enchantment.

Evening in Paris face powder, rouge and lipstick, in shades to glorify your natural charm, perfumed with the romantic fragrance of Evening in Paris...this is the perfect combination for that fragile dream-loveliness men find irresistible.

Face Powder, $1.00 * Lipstick, 50c * Rouge, 50c * Perfume, $1.25 to $10

(All prices plus tax)

Evening in Paris

Distributed by

BOURJOIS

Help your Government conserve fine metals...save your rouge and lipstick containers and buy refills.
Portrait of a Best Dressed Woman

(Continued from page 49) in the Army Air Corps.

She likes horseback riding but is always falling off. She chews gum and doesn’t believe in fortunetellers. She is inordinately fond of cheeses, including Limburger, and her favorite colors are blue and yellow.

She is of Irish descent, her mother is of Irish, English and Scotch.

She never fails to talk a traffic cop out of a ticket, once having even made one cry. She has never bitten her nails. She smokes an average of two packs of cigarettes a day and vociferously objects to her husband’s being unshaven around the house.

She is a brilliant conversationalist and is one of the most war-active women in the motion-picture colony. She will eat anything with an “F” in it.

ROSALIND RUSSELL expects her baby in April.

She always takes her shoes off whenever she gets a chance and she admires most the quality of sensitivity in men. She flunked in chemistry.

She derives special pleasure in watching basketball and ice hockey. She prefers fox trot to any other type of ballroom dancing. She has never worn glasses.

She considers “Trouble For Two” her worst picture, never uses a cigarette holder, and thinks the most beautiful architectural feature she has ever seen is the famous copper doors in Perugia, Italy.

She is very fond of cracked crab with hot mustard.

Her father never spanked her but her mother did. She invariably finishes anything she starts. Her childhood idol was Eddie Rickenbacker.

She always wears earrings.

S’he has never been in the New York Aquarium.

She plans to quit pictures “when she is a hundred and twelve years old.” She eats a good breakfast, usually in bed.

SHE dislikes wearing slacks and opines that good taste is not the result of education. She had a bad case of clausrophobia.

She never as a little girl believed in fairy tales, her natal city is Waterbury, Connecticut, and she has never changed the color of her hair. Her mother was a schoolteacher.

She always cries at sad movies.

S’he was outstanding at school in Latin, English and Theology. She hates watching lacrosse games and considers the Champs Elysées in Paris the most beautiful street in the world.

She never reads the comics.

She always has flowers in her bedroom, her clothes preferences lean toward tailored suits and frocks, particularly spectator sports. She is exceptionally well-informed on world affairs.

She is determined that her baby will
Will you do without an evening gown today— for a wedding dress tomorrow?

That’s a gorgeous evening gown you’re thinking of buying. It’s so gay and glamorous—and what a flattering neckline! It’s you.

But who’s going to see you wear it— if America loses the war?

Not that soldier you kissed goodbye in a mist of tears! He won’t see it until it’s years out of style if America should lose the war.

Remember! Germany knocked out France in June, 1940. And today millions of Frenchmen are still Nazi prisoners.

That’s the pattern—of defeat.

So, if you want that soldier of yours home before too many springtimes have passed—if you want that big church wedding soon—you won’t buy that evening gown!

You’ll buy U. S. War Bonds instead and make sure we win the war!

Just what are U. S. War Bonds?

They’re the incendiaries that will rain on Tokyo and Berlin—the landing barges that will win back the Philippines! They’re your anchor to windward—your nest-egg for the future.

They’re your white satin wedding dress, your crown of lace, that little house you dream of.

And they’re the safest, soundest investment in all the history of mankind!

Here’s what War Bonds do for you!

1 They are the safest place in all the world for your savings.
2 They are a written promise from the United States of America to pay you back every penny you put in.
3 They pay you back $4 for every $3 you put in, at the end of ten years . . . this is interest at the rate of 2.9 per cent.
4 You may turn them in and get your cash back at any time after 60 days. The longer you hold them, the more they’re worth.
5 They are never worth less than the money you invested in them. They can’t go down in value. That’s a promise from the financially strongest institution in the world: The United States of America!

SAVE YOUR MONEY THE SAFEST WAY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS REGULARLY

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CALOX TOOTH POWDER • BEXEL VITAMIN B COMPLEX CAPSULES
ALBOLINE CLEANSING CREAM • YODORA DEODORANT • SORETONE

not be named after any relatives.

She has a wire-haired terrier whom she calls Crumbs because his predecessor who died was called Crackers. She is five feet, six and a half inches tall. She is always self-reliant, never drinks wine and never reads publicity about herself. Rosalind Russell admires most, above all living public figures, Chiang Kai-shek.

She attended Marymount School at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. She weighs a hundred and twenty pounds and nurtures a secret desire to sing. She was married in the Santa Ynez Mission at Solvang, California.

She always has trouble spelling.

She always whistles or hums the latest tune she hears. She doesn’t like chop suey and she likes to talk and be doing things and is seldom still. Her first professional appearance was with a tent show playing summer stock at Lake Placid in which she enacted the lead in “This Thing Called Love.”

She was born in a heavy granite, three-story house which looked so much like a church that once a rabbit wanted to buy it. She is affected by high altitudes.

She confesses to being stubborn about admitting her mistakes.

She doesn’t indulge in any gardening hobbies and thinks the courage of women their most admirable quality. She hides her self-consciousness under a bravado of uncommon intellect. She walks erect, briskly and with a long stride.

She is always taking notes of things she would like to do and she always suffers stage fright on the stage but not in the movies. Her only prescription for staying slim is eating so much of the main course that there is no room left for sweet desserts.

She awakens when working promptly at 5:30 without the aid of an alarm clock which she detests. She doesn’t like walking in the rain.

She always goes out between the acts for a smoke. She is forthright and frank.
in press interviews, and spends more time in her attic than any other room in her house.

Her only recollection of a blotch on the family escutcheon is “a couple of great-aunts who drank too much.” She is an astute collector of early American antiques.

She designs many of her own gowns, swans with an overhand stroke, and prefers entertaining small groups. She is actually a good pianist, claims to play badly and displays a fine knack for interior decoration.

She doesn’t like candy.

She and her husband call each other by their proper names. She is lucky at gambling and is never deceived by people. She is fond of corn-on-the-cob.

She plays a fair game of tennis and was declared by the voice teachers of America to have “the best voice on the screen.” She would rather live in California than anywhere else in the world. She never goes to the Russian Ballet, likes hot seasonings, and opines that she most enjoyed strolling in St. James Park, London.

She has no aversion to cigar-smokers in her home, thinks “His Girl Friday” her best picture, and definitely believes in matrimonial vacations.

She is a particular admirer of the great modernist painters, Gaugin and Manet, never keeps her husband waiting and likes the smell of delicatessens and roses.

She was once lost in Brooklyn.

She plays golf in the low nineties and has an excellent library of controversial books and children’s stories. She made a complete tour of Europe as a young girl during school vacation. She has had her tonsils out and is very fond of poetry.

She is the proud possessor of three marines by John Whorf, famous American painter, and usually retires about ten when she is working. She seldom plays the piano for company, prefers playing when alone and invariably pounds at “Clair de la Lune.”

She doesn’t like detective stories, attends symphonies and violin recitals and made a startling record at school in Waterbury in basketball and baseball due to her efforts to keep up with her brothers. Her first Broadway appearance was with Mady Christians in “Palent” and she believes radio has unquestionably raised the average appreciation of music. She reads the headlines of a newspaper first and then turns to the second page which she digests thoroughly.

She has never eaten snails in the marketplace in Paris and her first screen role was in “Evelyn Prentice” with William Powell and Myrna Loy.

Rosalind Russell was for years the classic bachelor girl of Hollywood and whenever asked about marriage, she would say: “I have no special type of man in mind. If I tell you I’ll never marry an actor, I may wind up by marrying one after all. But I know one thing—when it happens to me—I’ll know and I’ll grab him.”

She did.

And now, if you want Roz’s private tips on how you can be a best dressed lady in a best dressed land

Turn this page!
I WAS not born the best dressed woman of Waterbury, Connecticut, much less of Hollywood. They tell me I was slightly on the pink side and slightly wrinkled. Then, for years, I rumpled my clothes and my hair. I was somewhere in my teens when I looked twice in the mirror. After a long inspection, I decided I had better get rid of the gadgets and frills and pull myself together. To my way of thinking, the basis of true chic is that "pulled together look." I'll admit that that hair and cry of some women who "have no time" to tuck up loose ends of their hair, straighten their stocking seams, remove that smudge of lipstick. How long can these few gestures take? Hardly a minute. Of course, all this goes for naught if one's posture is not all it should be. No matter how smart the outfit, how meticulous the details, poor posture ruins the entire effort.

I should like to interrupt myself by saying that I am indeed delighted that the designers for our industry have voted me the best dressed woman in Hollywood. But frankly, I find myself a trifle shy about issuing any pronouncements on good grooming. As I have been requested to do this, however, and I am indeed thrilled with the decision of the judges, I shall get on with it without further apologies.

"That pulled together look," that is the phrase I am going to harp on Hollywood, as you well know, is famous for pretty girls. But frankly, not many of them possess that marvelous, positively essential "pulled together look." Many of them have features so beautiful they are out of this world, but insist upon distorting them with ringlets, gadgets and junk. Actually, I think it far wiser to look severe rather than frilled up like a birthday cake.

Being pretty is neither the point nor enough. Being well and looking distinguished is the thing. These are good days to practice doing without. As a matter of fact, it is downright bad taste to have too many changes in wardrobe and superficial gadgets. Dressing on a budget actually gives us a better chance to look smart because we must plan carefully. It demands that we place emphasis on durability and practicability. In this way we must refrain from high-style effect, fads and luxury fabrics which tend to spend the greater portion of their lives at the cleaners. However, in buying expensive clothes on a well planned budget (as a bulk of our money should certainly go to buying Bonds), be carefulful to buy clothes that are big enough. Be smart, buy a larger size and have it altered to fit you trimly and comfortably. Any article of clothing should be loose from the waist up. It should fit comfortably on the body, not be plastered there. It should never pull against the chest, the diaphragm, or the back. Never begrudge the money you spend on having clothes expertly fitted. I would rather have two costumes fitted meticulously than six which droop at the hemline, pull across the middle, or hug over the shoulders.

Speaking of shoulders, I am definitely against the football type. A limited amount of padding is all right, if one's hips are on the broader side.

The length of any skirt is of the utmost importance. Do not decide with every costume you wear that a certain length is correct. For instance, with a straight pencil-line suit skirt, the length should be at least an inch longer, as the skirt cannot fail to pull up when you sit down. There is nothing uglier than this exposed "about the knee" look. Gored skirts can be shorter. They can not be more youthful in style but do not tend to pull up.

I am still, and always will be, in favor of the good basic black dress. I like the idea of wearing a fresh flower, an informal flower, preferably, such as a tulip with the leaves turned back. Again I am against the little pin, the rhinestone clip, the cluster of artificial flowers to brighten it up.

STOCKINGS in these war days are a problem, to be true, but we might as well learn to take them, or, upon inspection, find a suitable substitute. They can be flattering if one is careful of the color. The dull sheer high twist even vie in appearance with the nylon, now little more than a memory. Also a high gauge rayon stocking, being more flexible because it has more stitches to the inch, will fit better.

Hats, ah, hats. They are most important. A hat should, and can be, the most attractive part of our costume, rather than something that stands out like the proverbial sore thumb. Above all, a hat should be flattering, not "cute." Avoid what I call heavy hats; they snow you under. Avoid sassy hats; they are unladylike. Avoid tricky hats; they are tiresome. A simple hat with a brim is safest. If you use veiling, don't use too much of it. Have it neatly tied on, pinned up in back, not dripping down over the shoulder.

Good grooming, chic, smartness, whatever you want to call it, is based on being, looking and keeping clean. Start there, simplify your wardrobe, unload the fluff and junk, watch your posture and you will have that "pulled together look."
My Own Super-duper-dilly Academy Awards
(Continued from page 29)

Best picture of the year:
"Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Worst picture of the year:
"Tales Of Manhattan."

Most successful marriage in Hollywood:
The Cecil B. De Mille.

Most desirable bachelor:
How can we tell? Uncle Sam grabs 'em first.

Treat fans best:
Barbara Stanwyck

Treat fans worst:
George Sanders.

Can't take a joke:
Brian Aherne and Donald Duck.

Can take a joke:
Monty Woolly, Kay Kyser, Cary Grant, Humphrey Bogart, Sidney Greenstreet, Jack Benny, Billy Gaxton and Tommy Mitchell.

Best sense of humor:
Leon Errol, Billy Gaxton and David Niven.

Thinks he has:
Red Skelton.

Has had worst break from Hollywood:
Zorina.

Best lover:
For the third time, Charles Boyer.

Best lover off screen:
George Raft, if you can believe what he says.

Thinks he is:
John Carroll.

Most delightful child of star:
Margaret Sullivan's daughter Bridget.

Most annoying child of star:
Diana Barrymore, a chip off the old block.

Biggest surprise personality of the year:
Lassie in technicolor, in "Lassie, Come Home."

Worst Boner of the year:
Lana Turner's marriage.

Biggest comeback star:
Ann Harding in "Mission To Moscow."

Best canteen workers:
Bette Davis, Hedy Lamarr, Claudette Colbert, Barbara Stanwyck, Marlene Dietrich, Dinah Shore, Betty Hutton, Veronica Lake, Anita Louise, Greer Garson, Judy Garland, Mary Martin, Ann Sothern, Anne Shirley, Deanna Durbin, Irene Dunne.

Best Band seller:
Dottie Lamour.

Woman the armed forces see least of:
Greta Garbo.

Man the armed forces see most of:
Bob Hope.

Best bred:
Dame May Whitty.

Snappiest:
Madeleine doesn't live here any more.

A star's finest personal possession:
A good reputation.

WHO ARE HOLLYWOOD'S TEN BEST HUSBANDS?
Here's your chance to make your own list, then get the lowdown from
Hedda Hopper
In Our May Issue


WOMAN POWER 1943

Your War-Busy Hands can be Lovely
if you follow the easy Cutex Method

On your knees on the nursery floor or flat on your back under a bomber—you're the new national glamour girl.

When you do get a night off, your hands are going to look as fascinating as though they never saw a wrench or an oil can or a scrubbing brush.

30 Cutex minutes a week... keeps your fingers leisure-lovely-looking and fools every Axis spy in town. No trick at all for 1913 woman power!

6 Ways to War-Lady Fingers
1. Whisk off old polish with Cutex Oily Polish Remover.
2. Deftly shape nails to a rounded oval with Cutex Emery Board and soak fingertips in warm soapy water.
3. Apply soothing Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover with cotton-wrapped Cutex Orange Stick. Now it's easy to press back cuticle. Wipe away dead, loose cuticle.
4. Dip in clear water and whiten with Cutex Nail White Penet or Cream under nail tips.
6. Massage cuticle and fingertips with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Brittle Nail Cream.

All these luxurious Cutex products come in 10¢ sizes (plus tax). Cuticle Remover and Cutex Oil also in economical 35¢ size (plus tax).


CUTEX

APRIL, 1943
What Marriage Has Taught Me

(Continued from page 41) Now I know that any happiness I had before mar-
rriage was only two-dimensional, with no depth.

When I was only fourteen, people would not believe that I was not older. I had the poise and mannerisms of an adult. Emotionally I fancied myself grown-up, too. But I wasn't, until I was married and reached real emotional maturity.

DEPENDENCE, which I mentioned be-
fore, is so akin to other things in marriage that it is difficult to decide where one stops and another begins. There are tolerance, understanding, pa-
tience and unselfishness. All of them must be learned and put into practice to have a happy marriage, with wife and hus-
bond mutually dependent on each other.

There are those inevitable "little things" to learn. From observation of other couples I had seen that little disappoin-
tments, small misunderstandings can be pyramided into major issues and eventually cause serious trouble or even divorce.

When I was married I told myself, "This must be a success and I must make it one." It's up to me to see that the little things are never allowed to become im-
portant, to cause misunderstandings.

What I call "little things" include ad-
justing one's time. Or being considerate and leaving a party early although one would like to stay, because one's hus-
bond must be at work very early. Or staying home when he wanted to go to a movie, because one's husband is too tired to go out—and doing it gra-
ciously. Or dressing to please one's husband. I'm happy and I've learned this quickly, for Will has wonderful style sense and in considering his taste in clothes, I find I'm more stylishly dressed now than before marriage.

Those are very little things, but if not given adequate thought, without proper adjustments by both wife and husband, they can develop into disaster.

Will has made just as many conces-
sions as I have. Don't imagine he hasn't.

I remember the birthday party I had for Will just after we moved into our new home.

I was working on a picture and should have gone to bed by ten o'clock. I was dreadfully tired, but I kept thinking of Will's fun, so I stayed up. The party was wonderful, but Will, thinking of me, kept watching the clock. Promptly at eleven he made a fine little speech to our guests and told them to go home be-
cause it was time for me to go to bed!

MARRIAGE has taught me how really important unselfishness is. When I was going to the hospital recently for a
very serious operation and even the doc-
tor wasn't too encouraging about it, I learned exactly what it meant.

Will was starting his first job as a

director, after having been a dialogue
director for several years. He had his big chance, for which he should have had a mind uncluttered by any worries. Despite that, I seemed to fill his mind completely. He came to the hospital every night, when he was dog-tired, and stayed until he was told to leave.

The only unselfish thing I could do for him, in return, was to have the right atti-
dude, to be reassuring, to be interested in his work rather than in my tempera-
ture or pain or health. You see, I was

Photoplay combined with Movie Mirror
thinking of Will, he was thinking of me.
In direct contrast to dependence, mar-
riage has taught me independence, too.
That is not contradictory. I mean inde-
pendence in business and in dealing with
people.
Before my marriage I had eight dis-
couraging months in pictures. But Will
helped me regain professional assurance
which I had lost. He didn't do it by
empty compliments or pats on the shoul-
der but by proving to me that I could do
things. After "How Green Was My
Valley" he made me believe I could re-
peat a success. I fared well in "Ten
Gentlemen From West Point" and in "The
Black Swan." I'm sure I would not have
acted so well without Will's encourage-
ment.

We bought our own home recently
and it's just as important to us as the
first home-of-our-own of any young
couple. And just as carefully budgeted.
The money Will had saved for a planned
wedding trip to Honolulu, which we
couldn't take because of the war, we
used for the down payment. But until
we found just the house we wanted, we
lived in furnished apartments. Now we
have the fun of creating our own home.
Marriage has taught me a very special
kind of patience too—in not interfering
in Will's problems.
The most natural instinct in the world
is for a wife to rush into her husband's
affairs, with advice and urgings and
criticisms. If only women would realize
that husbands must work out their own
problems! We can help in morale, with
encouragement and understanding. But
we must keep our fingers out of the
problem pie!

For example, Will wanted to go to war,
in real combat duty, ever since Pearl
Harbor. When first he talked about it.
I was miserable. What wife isn't, even
though she knows it is that every man
do his duty? But I managed not to let him
know how I felt.
Will couldn't go, at first, because of
family obligations. Now he has worked
cut away financial arrangements and since
early December has been in the Marine
Corps, training in "boot camp" at San
Diego. Soon he will be assigned to
regular combat duty.
I'm very proud of him, and I know I
did not hinder him in his desire to serve
our country in the way he wanted to
serve. When he left for training I was
sidetrack in saying there was to be no
publicity about it. He didn't want any
and I didn't want him embarrassed or
handicapped in any way by having a
"movie star wife."

Our year of happy marriage might
also be called an introduction to valor
for me, because I know I can face
this separation from Will, while he is in
service, with head and heart high.
We have had our wonderful year
together, during which we learned de-
pendence on each other. We have
shared a real home, have had time really
to know each other and make all the
necessary adjustments. It won't be like
separation for couples who have known
only a few days or weeks of hasty war
marriage. While Will is away and I'm
alone, we will both have something very
precious to remember—and to look for-
ward to, again.

Marriage has taught me how complete
life can be, the life for which we are
now fighting. Perhaps that is why, along
with Will, I have complete faith in the
outcome of the war, for our country and
for us.

The End

Zero Hour

Can this be you glued to your bed . . . wishing you could
count today right out of your life? The day that was to have
been all yours . . .
You've dreamed how it would be . . . you, proud and sure of
yourself . . . dedicating the Camp's new "Day Room"
that your gang worked so hard to furnish. Then the Prom with
Dick. And a War Stamp Corsage for every girl . . . your own special idea!
But right now you'd trade a ton of triumphs for an ounce
of confidence! Other girls manage to keep going on
these days . . . why can't you?

Then in bursts your forgotten house-guest . . . and you pour
out your woes. "Looking for sympathy?" she asks.
"That won't help——but Kotex sanitary napkins will! Because
they're more comfortable" . . .

Rise and Shine!

That's how you learned that Comfort and Confidence and Kotex go
together?

Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing . . . a lot
different from pads that only feel soft at first touch.
None of that snowball sort of softness
that packs hard under pressure.
And Kotex does things for your poise, too.
For this pad, alone, of all leading brands, has flat, pressed ends
that don't show because they're not stubby. And for still more protection,
Kotex has a 4-ply safety center——
and no wrong side to cause accidents!

Now you know why more women
choose Kotex than all other brands of
pads put together! It's the modern
comfortable way to keep going——
every day!

Keep Going in Comfort

— with Kotex!

What's Okay? What's Unokay?
To get the right answers on
what to do and not to do on
trying days, write for the
booklet: "As One Girl To
Another", Address P. O. Box
3434, Dept. MW-4, Chicago,
for a copy FREE!

The Grable-Raft Romance

(Continued from page 27) because its population is made up of very emotional, temperamental, imaginative people. But I felt that this was like Clark Grable and Carole Lombard; this was right.

Yet between them stood what seemed then an insurmountable barrier—George's marriage to Grace Mulrooney Raft, with whom he has not lived for fifteen years, but who is still legally his wife and who for years has refused to set him free.

As Betty Grable's mother, the popular and extremely wise Lillian, said to a friend, "I like George. I couldn't like a man better. He's been wonderful with Betty. But I naturally can't be too happy about a continued romance with a man who cannot marry her. No matter how much they love each other, in the end it will bring unhappiness to them both."

GEORGE told me that night how much he and Betty want to marry. I don't think I ever heard more real hunger in a man's voice. Because, you see, for all the hard-boiled characters he has played, for all his underworld background and his birth in N. Y.'s storied 'Hell's Kitchen' and for all his ultra enthusiasm for sports and night life, George Raft is distinctly a marrying man. That's one of the things people don't know about him.

Lovely Virginia Peine, of Chicago, is now married to Quentin Reynolds, Collier's war correspondent, and her five long years as George Raft's love life are no doubt things of the past. So I do not think she will mind if I quote a very close friend of hers who during those years said to me, "George loves Virginia, sure. But not any more than he might love half a dozen other girls. The thing that holds him is her little girl Joan."

If you will remember, there was a good deal of surprise when the devotion of George Raft and Norma Shearer became well known to Hollywood first and then to the public. But the really fascinating angle of this romance to me was not its principals but Norma's children. People in Hollywood who pretended to be shocked because Norma was mixed up with a man who played gangsters never knew that the greatest hold on Georgie had on Norma was the fact that her children worshipped him.

Whatever broke up the Raft-Shearer romance—and in my humble opinion what broke it up was that they were never really in love—it was Norma's children who felt the worst about it.

WHEN George talked about Betty Grable, I realized that here was a love that took in the whole of love, that they were suited to each other and that George now saw in the future the home he had dreamed and the children of his own he has always wanted.

"It says," George commented, in that almost hypnotic speaking voice which I think has been responsible for much of his success, "that your prayers get answered when you pray right. Sometimes, when they don't get answered, you think maybe all it's a delusion. But then you find out afterwards that Something or Somebody somewhere knows what's best for you in the long run."

I took those words of George's to mean that all these years he couldn't get his divorce were now regarded by him as maybe a good thing after all. For he might have made a mistake; he might not have waited for Betty Grable.

There have been a good many stories about quarrels between them, quarrels...
caused by jealousy, the difference in their tastes and ages.

Quarrels can scar and mar and bring unhappiness, but they never separate two people who care enough to want to stay together. And what you must know is that none of these quarrels has amounted to a hill of beans.

So far as jealousy between them goes there is this fact to be considered. Betty has made dozens of tours of Army camps and every time there has been the loud echo of applause that has reached back even to Hollywood—and George Raft. George, so far, has not been able to get into service. He told me, very quietly, that try as he would he hasn't been able to pass his physicals. Certainly that might make any man feel pretty badly when his girl is often in contact with admiring uniformed men; make him want to keep her more to himself.

But as for professional jealousy—well, this is Betty's big year. She is the top woman among the ten great box-office attractions; she is the darling of the men who are fighting for us all over the world. Yet I know that George appreciates her success even more than she does, wants her to have it, wouldn't even think of asking her to retire when they can marry.

**The difference in some of their tastes?**

That's true enough. George is, for instance, an inveterate card player—a really fine bridge player among other things. The game bores Betty. Betty likes to go places and see things—so does George, up to a point, then he wants to stay home quietly. "But," says Betty, "those things don't have anything to do with love. Mutual tastes and all that are fine but they're just substitutes for the real thing. If you really love anybody, everything else takes care of itself."

Still, she's a temperamental girl, in some ways. Quick to flare up, quick to anger, and likely, on occasion, to get annoyed if things don't happen the way she wants them to. George has a system about that. He gets out of range. When he thinks the right moment has come, he goes back—and Betty has forgotten all about it.

So that quarrel that Hollywood was apt to build into a mountain, is really only a molehill, vanishing as quickly as it appeared.

There is also this to think about when the subject of Raft-Grable rifts comes up. It's tough when two people love each other like that and cannot marry. It's unnatural, at best. All the problems and irritations which now encompass them would be smoothed out if it were possible for them to adjust their lives, their time, their work under one roof.

They realize that fact; and that George and Betty will be married if he is freed I can tell you is a positive fact.

Will he ever be freed? The horizon is brightened now. It looks hopeful that at last those conditions which have kept him tied to his wife who for so long has been a wife in name only might be met.

The story of George Raft's marriage to Grace Mulroney is a difficult one to tell, and one about which for many years he has been very reticent. Almost anything he said could sound wrong—un Intel—unkind. Almost anything he did or anything he revealed would have elements of sheer disaster for him. She is his wife. She has refused him a divorce for many years.

Why? To the average mind that is the instant question.

Mrs. Raft has never explained her position. If anyone knows why she—

---

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fused to grant the man to whom she has not been an actual wife for fifteen years his legal freedom, it hasn't ever been made public.

There are, of course, many theories. Some people say and have reason to believe that it is a matter of financial demands on her part that have been higher than George could meet.

But now, as I write this, the greatest thing in the world has happened to him. My wife it didn't look important to this greatest of Hollywood living love affairs when the ruling was handed down by the court that Reno divorces are now valid not only in Nevada but in every state in the Union. Herefore a Reno divorce might backfire if one resident lived in New York and children by a second marriage or a second wife might have a vast amount of trouble, might suffer disgrace and later might have everything taken away from them.

That time is over. Now it is possible for George Raft to go to Reno and get a divorce and know that his remarriage to Betty will be legal in every sense of the word. And another thing has happened. Salary ceilings have hit Hollywood. Whether the $25,000 ceiling goes through or not, all Hollywood stars will pay taxes which cut their incomes to the bone.

So, if the difficulty with Mrs. Raft has been financial, there is now a possibility that it can be straightened out, because there is surely that only a certain amount of his earnings will be left to George Raft and therefore he could not possibly fulfill any great demands.

THAT he hopes to get this divorce now, either by an arrangement with his wife on the money question, or in Reno, is the truth. It is his first thought. And it's Betty's.

No use saying that if he doesn't get it, the Grable-Raft romance will last. It won't. It can't. We all know that.

The friction of such a star must increase, the resentment against fate itself must narrow down to resentment against each other, the unnaturalness must find vent in unhappiness that will finally destroy any love, no matter how great.

Betty Grable is the normal American girl. She knows about things, she's full of mischief—but she's essentially as clean as steel. Behind her are ancestors who believed in marriage—in self-control, self-denial, self-discipline.

From the first day they met—a good many years ago—there was a spark between these two. George took her home from their first date and said, "I'm going to wait until you grow up, Betty." A lot of things happened after that several years of them. But the spark was always there. They met again and danced together and laughed together—and knew that they had never really lost sight of the knowledge that somewhere, sometime, they'd meet again and mean everything to each other—or at least between them lay that.

Simple, really, this story.

The thing I wanted to write that you don't know about George Raft and Betty Grable is simple, too. Hollywood has been pretty free in its attitude on the love world. It's built up a lot of big romances, it's laid stress on big love affairs. It has even, for the purpose of publicity, sponsored love affairs that didn't exist. Sometimes it seems as if it had cried wolf so often that—well, that when a real love story comes along we have trouble in recognizing it.

You're seeing a real love story now: George Raft and Betty Grable.
Brief Reviews (Continued from page 21)

LADY FROM CHUNGKING—P.R.C.: Anna May Wong pretends affection for a Jap general in order to obtain secret information which she relays to two American Flying Tigers, Rick Vallin and Paul Breyer, who use it to bring back other friends to annihilate the invading force. It's pretty well done and Harold Huber's playing of a Jap scoundrel is outstanding. (Feb.)

LIFE BEGINS AT EIGHTY-SIXTY—20th Century-Fox: Ids Loping is the crippled daughter of Monty Woolley, a has-been actor given to inci- dence, who needs her desperately. For years she's watched over him, sacrificing her life to him, until she meets musician Cornel Wilde, and must choose between him and her father. Therein lies the terrific emotional struggle. (Feb.)

LUCKY JORDAN—Paramount: Alan Ladd is again the tough but appealing guy who tries to "fix" his draft board but is inducted in the Army. He runs into a Fifth Column spy ring and aids in their capture. Helen Walker plays the健全 waifs and Marino Macdonald and Sheldon Leonard keep the action moving. (Feb.)

MADAM SPY—Universal: A silly, ridiculous story. This one, with Constance Bennett married to newspaper correspondent Dan Porter, who suspects her of being a spy. She isn't, of course, but a lot of time and film are wasted on the whole thing before Dan catches on. (Mar.)

MAN IN THE TRUNK, THE—20th Century-Fox: When pretty Lurline Roberts, dancer, buys a trunk, she finds the remains of a body inside, and Attorney George Holmes tries to exonerate his convicted client by proving his innocence through the skeleton in the trunk, who obligingly comes back as a ghost to aid in the exposure of the real culprit. (Jan.)

MOONLIGHT IN HAVANA—Universal: Allan Jones is a discharged ball player who can sing only when he has a cold, and when a manager of a traveling group of entertainers hears him warbling he signs him up. From there on it's everybody's show, with pretty Jane Frazee and Marjorie Lord in a tussle for Jones's attentions. (Jan.)

MOUNTAIN RHYTHM—Republic: The Weaver Brothers take a long-promised vacation to California and then forge the restless life to recruit the student body of a snooty boys' school to help build the land of a departed Jap. Everybody pitches in and raises old Ned. (Mar.)

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—Paramount: Fay Bainter plays Mrs. Wiggins, and her poodle of children are Carolyn Lee, Betty Brewer, Mary Thomas, Carl Switter and Billy Lee. Vera Vague as Miss Hazy and Hugh Herbert, head of a matrimonial bureau, are piquettes. You'll enjoy all the homely, laughable and tragic events of the Wiggins family. (Feb.)

MUMMY'S TOMB, THE—Universal: Lon Chaney is the mummy who's been kept alive through the ages and transported to America to kill archaeologists Dick Foran and Wally Ford who disturbed the mummy's tomb years before. John Huthard and Elise Knox are the romantic leads, and it's a scary little number. (Jan.)

NAVY COMES THROUGH, THE—RKO: A swell service picture, this one, with George Murphy as the degraded officer who enlists as a draftee under the command of Petty Officer Pat O'Brien. Max Baer and Jackie Cooper stand out as sailors, Desi Arnez and Frank Jenks pull to the main array, and Jane Wyatt is very good as the nurse. Carl Esmond is a hit as the sailor. (Feb.)

NIGHTMARE—Universal: Murder and espionage in England, with Brian Donlevy as the American who renders a service to Englishwoman Diana Barrymore by taking a corpse out of her home and ends up in a country house fracas with Nazi spies. It's a spot's excellent, and Gavin Muir is a smooth newcomer. Henry Daniell is the corpse. (Feb.)

NIGHT MONSTER—Universal: Practically every one gets killed when mystic, cosmic, yopp monkey housewump creeps over the estate of Ralph Morgan, where scary Bela Lugosi is the boss. Housekeeper Doris Lloyd, chauffeur Lee Erikson, Yogi's sister. A stranger and several doctors are all suspects. Irene Hervey is the pretty psychiatrist, and Fay Helm he sister who thinks she's crazy. (Jan.)

NO PLACE TO REMEMBER, A—Columbia: Loretta Young and Brian Aherne are a young married couple who move into an apartment building that houses all the victims of one blackmailer. Of course, someone has to get murdered in their apartment, and the place is full of strange characters wandering around mysteriously. (Mar.)

NORTHWEST RANGERS—M-G-M: Jack Holt stars as the last of the scout kids exiled by Indian massacre. One grows up to be Bill Lefliagen who becomes a North West mountie and the other turns out to be James Craig, a gambler and a hooligan. When Pat Donnie wins the love of both men, excitement pops in all directions. John Carradine is good as a rival gambler. (Feb.)

APRIL, 1943

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IT'S A 1-MINUTE MASK! Use Pond's Vanishing Cream 3 or 4 times a week this dramatic new 1-Minute Mask way to give your face a quick glamour pick-up! You'll adore it!
✓ ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON—RKO Radio: Ginger Rogers, ex-strip tease posing as a society girl in Austria, marries Walter Slezak, her secret agent, and finds herself in one collapsing country after another. When American radio commentator Cary Grant convinces her that Slezak is a traitor, she runs away with Cary. Most of the film is a series of scenes in drag; nevertheless you'll enjoy it. (Feb.)

✓ ONE OF OUR AIRPLANE IS MISSING—United Artists: An honest, straightforward chronicle of six U.S. airmen forced to bale out over occupied Holland and are helped by the Dutch Underground to make their way back to England. The English players, unfamiliar on this side of the ocean, give performances which are as simple, convincing and moving as the story itself. (Jan.)

✓ OK-BOW INCIDENT, THE—20th Century-Fox: A slice of life served raw is the story of what happens when men take justice into their own hands. In a small Western town, a posse rides out to avenge murder and cattle stealing and hang Dana Andrews, Anthony Mann, and Chris Pin Martin only to discover the lynching was an irredeemable error. Henry Fonda is the rancher who swerves to the side of justice. (Jan.)

✓ PITTSBURGH—Universal: John Wayne, an ambitious coal miner, goes overboard in arrogance and ruthlessness. Marlene Dietrich for social Louise Allbritton and really makes his comeuppance and regeneration in defense work. Randy Scott is Wayne's partner who goes against the grain. It's all as familiar as an old shoe. (Mar.)

✓ POWERS GIRL, THE—Charles Rogers U. A.: A good little musical this, boasting Benny Goodman's orchestra and Carole Landis in the title role. As sisters, Dennis Day and his songs, and George Murphy as the partner. For the stage there's the tempestuous theme of the big sister who wants a career more than anything else, the little sister who wants nothing but George Murphy. (Mar.)

✓ RANDOM HARVEST—MG M: The first half of this important picture is truly great and full of interest, as it explores the life of a man who escapes from an asylum and is befriended by showgirl Greer Garson has never been more winning in her last screen comedy. Miss Garson, of course, is magnificent, and Susan Peters and John Hodiak are separately. It's a screen event, so don't miss it. (Feb.)

✓ RELIANCE IN FRANCE—MG M: Showing the life of the Nazis in Paris, this has Philip Dorn as the tall Frenchman presumably pro-Nazi, and Joan Crawford his henchman who leads them on. When she flunks his a Nazi. When she betrays R.A.F. flyer John Wayne and tries to blow up the two boats stranded in Morocco where Bing sells Bob to a sheik, and manages to escape and take over all the place. Reginald Owen and Albert Basserman add to the suspense. (Feb.)

✓ ROAD TO MOROCCO—Paramount: Anthony Quinn as a young King Crosby and Bob Hope laugh riot, with the two brothers stranded in Morocco where Bing sells Bob to a sheik, and manages to escape and take over all the place. Reginald Owen and Albert Basserman add to the suspense. (Feb.)

✓ SCATTERGOOD SURVIVES A MURDER—RKO Radio: John Archer, ex-newspaper man, is accused of murder, ex-lady recluse, and when one's pursued by a series of calamities that will have you howling with laughter. (Jan.)

✓ SEVEN DAYS LEAVE—RKO Radio: Army private Vic Mature has seven days leave in which to court and marry a certain girl, so he can collect his inheritance. Lucille Ball is the girl who spurns Vic's call and then falls for it. Frebly Martin turns the swell music. Peter Hayes and Gail Russell will wow you and the whole picture is a lot on the Excelsior. (Jan.)

✓ SEVEN MILES FROM ALCATRAZ—RKO Radio: Convent laundress and Frank Love escape from Alcatraz and take refuge in a light house. It is hard for them to make the fly of the lighthouse as they try to reuse the lighthouse, and finally get caught by their own. The lighthouse is the keeper's daughter and Cliff Edwards and George Cleveland do good jobs. (Feb.)

✓ RHUTI PARADISE—Monogram: All about a man who is about to divorce in a hasty manner, a lady who keeps a baby in her dressing room, which stands up in the hornet's nest. The fiendish Florentine Gardiner in Hollywood with David T Brown, it reproduced on the screen. Ted Vito Rita an orphan, and the Miltas Broders the head of the Excelsior. (Feb.)

✓ SHEET WITNESS—Monogram: Frank Abbert, a criminal lawyer for a Black Market, is in love with Marly Watson, a beautiful investigator for the District Attorney. But no, Frank, even though you are a very good actor, you do not make an as a Voice of the Dead. You should have had a better role. (Mar.)

✓ SILVER QUEEN—Sherman C.A.: Priscilla Lane, who's engaged to a heel (Bruce Cabot) travels West to gambler in order to pay off the debts of her father (Pallad). She wins, sends the money to Cabot, who crosses her up, leaving the whole thing and who is straightened out by George Brent, who finally wins Priscilla. It's a good Western. (Feb.)

✓ STAND BY FOR ACTION—MG M: Good story of how four men are hired to take over a destroyer. At sea they pick up a cargo of barrels of fish in a liferaft and eventually meet with a Japanese battleship, a meeting that ends in a resulting conflict. The Admirals: Robert Taylor, a cocky naval lieutenant; Brian Donlevy, a Commander; and Walter Brennan, a retired admiral. (Feb.)

✓ TELL-SPAINED RHYTHM—Paramount: All the Paramount stars are in this lavish musical—Dick Powell, Mary Martin, Dorothy Lamour, Bing Crosby, Jeanette MacDonald, Paulette Goddard, etc. It tells how a telephone operator at the studio, Betty Hutton, in love with singer Eddie Bracken, gets Victor Moore to pretend he's his executive when Eddie and his movie, Hollywood and the stars put on a revue for the boys. You'll enjoy it. (Mar.)

✓ STREET OF CHANCE—Paramount: When45

✓ TITANIC—William A. Well That's hit on the head and wake up to discover she's been an amnesic victim for over a year and is wanted for murder, he undertakes to unravel the mystery himself and to get interesting results. Claire Trevor plays a maid and Adeline deWalt Reynolds a parlor girl. (Feb.)

✓ STRICKLY IN THE GROOVE—Universal: A college girl, a blackmailer, a devoted comedian, a happy rhythms, and the dancing god. Among those present are Mary Healy, Richard Cummings, Virginia Grey and Frances O'Connor and Peggy Ryan all hot steal the show. (Mar.)

✓ THUNDER BIRDS—20th Century-Fox: An official of the Air Force, a half breed pilot, the navy, and English student John Sutton are both rivals for the attentions of Gene Tierney, but all the players take second place to the interesting flying sequences. (Jan.)

✓ WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME—Universal: Allen al joined is the soldier hero who returns home to be with his wife, and gets accused of being A.W.O.L. does some of his best work in this very little musical. Jane Frazee is the singer. Evelyn and her magic violin scores a solid hit, but young Ronald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan are the main glory. (Feb.)

✓ WHISTLING IN DIXIE—MG M: When Red Skelton, a radio crime detective, and his assistant, Art Rambler, go down to Georgia to get Diana Lewis, they find themselves involved in a phony murder case with one with ridiculous incident following another, leaving the sidekick with glee. Rags Ragland, George Bancroft and Guy Kelly steal the show. (Feb.)

✓ WHO Done It?—Universal: Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, soda jerks who want to be radio writers, try out for a job at the radio station only to run into trouble with a tough horn in town, to mess things up and the boys' amateur sleuthing almost electrifies the still. Rags Ragland and the inner are blackbeard and it's corny, but we dare you not to laugh. (Feb.)

✓ WRECKING CREW—Paramount: All about the men who were saved in the fiery特倶 tailor, Robert Alden and Chester Morris, taking on a job together and ending up to tumble to the ground six stories below and no way to get down. Jack Carson is the girl. (Feb.)

✓ YOU NEVER LOSE, CYLINDER—Romulus: Roman D'Astasio, an American dancer in South America. He meets Rita Hayworth, who thinks he's in love with her, and in love with him, but Fred wants only dance in her father's night club. Two of the stars' dancing numbers are marvelous, although D'Astasio is very good as Rita's father and Xavier Cugat's orchestra gives with some fine numbers. (Mar.)

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91
The Truth about Location Loves

(Continued from page 63) don while he amused himself thinking how envious the boys back home would be if they only knew. But that was only in the beginning.

They became so torchy, these two, that the happiness of many people was threatened. We’re glad to report, however, that Broad-shoulders, being essentially a right guy, recovered from his yen for the foreign star, who still has a yen for him.

THERE’S Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman on the right side of the love ledger.

“Brother Rat” very definitely was a turning point in their lives. It brought them professional success and personal happiness. On location at the San Diego Military Academy, when day and work were done, they used to stroll along the Coronado beach. In the beginning—the first night—they did this because they had nothing better to do. Soon—by the second night—they knew in all the world there was nothing better to do. That was 1938, but neither Jane nor Ronald has had eyes for anyone else since then, except—during the last year or two—their Maureen Elizabeth.

Stirling Hayden and Madeleine Carroll fell in love on location during the filming of “Virginia” and reached the marriage-talk stage when they trekked to Nassau for “Bahama Passage.” The conversation ended in a secret Massachusetts wedding.

Not so long ago a certain Hollywood star, now happily married, who possesses a demure but potent beauty and an emotional curiosity which isn’t de- cure at all, found herself high up in the Sierras with a certain star with whom any girl well might dream of being snowed in somewhere.

Snow is beautiful but monotonous. The talks that came down from the mountain where these two were encamped with their company—only they long since had forgotten there was any one else on earth—furnished better conversation than Hollywood dinner parties had had for too long. Many parties really were given so the crowd would have an opportunity of talking this over. And if we’re to do a thorough reporting job we must admit there frequently was a decidedly greenish tinge in the eyes of the gossiping diners.

This romance survived the return to civilization only for a brief time. The man was about to be divorced, but legally was not yet free. So it proved difficult, in a town where four hundred newspaper and magazine correspondents do a pretty good job of seeing all and knowing all and telling almost all, for this man who is one of the town’s greatest and best loved and this girl who is one of the town’s wittiest and prettiest, to meet. And any romance depends upon opportunity as well as desire.

ONE of the loveliest girls in Hollywood nearly cracked up because of a location love. In fact, that love well may account for her tendency to flit from one man to another, enjoying each gentleman for whatever wit, charm, good looks, dancing grace or brilliance he has to offer but refusing to take even the most ardent declaration seriously.

For the Romeo of this location love proved less constant than the girl, in her ardent innocence, expected him to be. Anyone with any knowledge of men and women could have prophesied what was going to happen when these two set off together. He was a man of experience, with a great love of beauty, with the same quick appreciation for a rich, soft voice or a gentle curving mouth that he knew for Beethoven’s Seventh or the clear gold of sherry under candlelight.

She came directly from a small town. But she also stemmed from a family at home in the capitals of the world, distinguished for their achievement and their patronage of the arts. Consequently her response to the things he knew and loved and talked about—and to him—was immediate.

When these two returned to Hollywood, rumor having preceded them, the girl was too overboard to listen to the inferences with which friends tried to warn her. For while many admired this actor’s charm, few believed it was in his make-up to be true to any woman. That, after all, hadn’t been his history.

This romance lasted longer than the most optimistic dreamed. But when, at last, the girl realized the man would love again as he had before, she was more truly desolate than even her friends guessed. It took time, a long holiday, and the new horizons and interests this offered before she found her way to the perspective and courage that finally saw her through.

“I know now,” she is able to say, “that he was not to blame. I simply misunder- stood the emotion he offered. It was pretty bad for a time, but at least it taught me to make allowances for a man’s tendency to overstatement when he’s away from home and the daily rou-

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April, 1943
time and responsibilities which usually limit him ... also to make allowances for my tendency to lose track of reality at such times. "Location trips, like any trip, are dangerous. I sometimes suspect this is what Homer meant in his Odyssey when he told how sailors shipwreck themselves 'listening to the songs of the sirens.'

Maurine O'Hara was a beautiful, shy kid, fresh over here from Ireland, when she went out in the Valley on location for "The Hunchback Of Notre Dame." The first few days the company spent out near Sherwood Forest, a country as romantic as its name, Maurine was lonely for the few friends she had made in Hollywood and more than a little homesick for her friends and family back home in Ireland.

Then the dialogue director, one Will Price, whom she had met briefly in Hollywood, arrived. He loved the way Maurine made language sound like music. She loved the warm admiration in his eyes. When work was over they went for long walks in the hills. They drove with the top of the car down, with the night sky and the moon and stars for their canopy.

When they returned to Hollywood it was the same. Maurine never went out with another man and Will never went out with another girl. And before they were married, down in Mississippi at St. Mary of the Pine Church, they had a long, old-fashioned engagement to make sure they weren't being tricked by any romantic mirage.

Monterey where the trails pounds against a rocky coast and the wind twists the dark cedars into fantastic shapes was the backdrop for an episode in "Edge Of Darkness." starring Ann Sheridan and Errol Flynn. It also was a backdrop for the love scenes Nancy Coleman and Tony Selvetti (previously Helen Hayes' leading man in the theater) thought up all by themselves. Had the romantic moments Nancy and Tonyo staged in their personal lives been in the picture it's extremely likely they would have stolen the glory from the stars.

After Nancy returned from Monterey she saw Charlie Chaplin, with whom she previously had dated steadily a few times. And that, my dears, is all there is, there isn't any more. Search the world over and you won't find any more fascinating or spellbinding than Charlie but the powerful pull of a location love was enough to break up Nancy's dating with him.

An often-told story insists Joel McCrea and Frances Dee first met when they worked in "The Silver Cord." They met before that, under a big green and blue sun umbrella, beside the sea. And they gazed at each other aright and ardently at the behest of a studio cameraman who was shooting publicity pictures.

In those days Joel and Frances were a couple of kids who still had their names to make.

When work was over that day Joel and Frances dived into a big green foam-fringed, and came up into the sunlight again side by side, seeking each other's clear bright eyes.

Joel would insist that he met Frances but, having heard tales of the big stars who sought him, she held back too.

However, the next time they met, at a gorgeous estate at Santa Barbara where
they were put up while a sequence for "The Silver Cord" was filmed, their reticence diminished as their propensity increased.

"I've been to see you in pictures several times," Frances admitted to Joel. "And I've decided you're lazy. You don't take the trouble to analyze the character you play, to discover what he's really like, what he would eat, what he would do for recreation, what he would be likely to think, how he probably would talk... if you did think you might go far."

She made her interest in him very evident.

"Do you study and analyze the characters you play?" Joel asked, making it just as evident that her interest pleased him. For had a girl who didn't intrigue him gotten after him like that he undoubtedly would have gone away, and stayed away. Joan Crawford, Gloria Swanson, Constance Bennett—none of the famous beauties Joel had sought ever had dared talk to him like that.

Joel learned soon enough that Frances was one of the most conscientious, hard-working girls in Hollywood, that she analyzed the smallest role with which she was entrusted, and studied hours with a coach. He learned, too, that he adored her. That was in 1932. The following year they were married in a little white church in Westchester. They now have the two sons they dreamed about. And, one of the three richest families in pictures, they live in simple country elegance on a Valley ranch where they entertain friends so outstanding in the social and political worlds that Hollywood would be impressed no end, if Hollywood knew. However, Joel and Frances have never tried to impress Hollywood.

**CONSTANCE BENNETT** and Gilbert Roland met on location for "Our Betters," not long after Connie had married the elegant, aristocratic Marquis de la Falaise de la Courrèze, generally called "Hank." Despite what the world thought of sloe-eyed, velvet-voiced Luis Antonio Damaso de Alonso, who had trained in his native Chihuahua, Mexico, to be the matador like his father before him, Connie forgot every other thing, including her fondness for her new title of Marquis.

The first Hollywood knew that these two were seeing each other was when an eagle-eyed reporter discovered Connie hiding on the floor of Gilbert's roadster. Following this exposure they went about quite openly, to Hollywood Legion fights, to previews, to tennis matches. Connie and a large entourage were once reported to be embarking for Honolulu where she was supposed to be keeping a rendezvous with Gilbert. But when news of this expedition leaked out it was cancelled.

Finally, however, Connie’s denials of a divorce from the Marquis, who had taken off for the South Seas to film a picture she financed, grew fewer and weaker. And after about eight years of romance, during which Connie and the Marquis were divorced, she and Gilbert married. Unless every sign fails, no location love has ever evolved into a happier marriage.

Now that Gilbert is in service Connie, with their daughter, has deserted Hollywood to follow him to Florida and live from day to day, just another war wife. That scamp, Dan Cupid, will get you when you go off on location if you don't watch out! Ask anyone in Hollywood.

The End

---

**Too busy for Beauty? You Need a Satin-finish Lipstick!**

**Says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee**

ARE YOU one of America's super-busy women? Are you often even too busy for beauty? Yes? Then you owe it to yourself to try one of Tangee's new SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks...lipsticks that, once on, STAY ON!

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I suggest you let one of our SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks spare you much anxious wondering about the state of your make-up! I suggest, too, that you wear the special rouge that matches your Tangee Lipstick...the special shade of Tangee’s UN-Powdery face powder that matches your complexion.

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

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

---

**TANGEE SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks**

**BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS**

_A recent portrait of Constance Luft Huhn_ by Maria de Kammerer

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A R P R I L, 1943
Here are the facts: More bruises, sprains and wrenched muscles occur right in the home—than anywhere else! So look before you leap. Precautions pays. But when minor injuries strike, do not wait. Use ANTIPHLOGISTINE comfortingly hot.

The Moist Heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE pack goes right to work to relieve the painful symptoms of a bruise, sprain or muscle injury. It eases the pain—helps reduce swelling—speeds recovery.

You will find that ANTIPHLOGISTINE not only does a lot of good, it feels good.

ANTIPHLOGISTINE, a ready-to-use medicated poultice, is also effective in relieving the symptoms of PSORIASIS—itchiness of the chest, muscular soreness and cough. For best results apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE early!

Speak for Yourself
(Continued from page 15)

$1.00 PRIZE
Dual Down

OF COURSE, you'll say "Where have you been?" when I tell you that I've just seen Alan Braid and William Bendix for the first time and I think they are excellent. Mr. Ladd is slick, sleek and handsome. In spite of his slight build, he carries himself so erectly he has such smooth movements that I forget his stardom in the very near future.

As for William Bendix, he's a gem. A real diamond in the rough. In one scene, "Bendix" his bewilderment at finding that he had just choked his "boss" by sheer brute strength is reminiscent of "Of Mice And Men."

Here are two members of the cast who are not only entirely dissimilar from one another, but very different from the usual run of actors. I thoroughly enjoyed the story, treatment and action of "The Glass Key."

Lydia Lord, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HONORABLE MENTION
REGARDING Jean Brown's letter about the Misses Grable, Hayworth and Turner, I'm sorry to predict their gradual drop to obscurity by next year! What do they possess that the average chorus or burlesque girl doesn't have?

We soldiers see too much of "chorus cuties"... that's why our choice is the older, talented and appealing actresses like Ida Lupino, Greer Garson, Rosalind Russell, Anne Shirley, etc.

Pvt. Jack Barr, Fort Jackson, S. C.

I've just seen Judy Garland in "For Me And My Gal." Frankly, I'm wondering if I received my money's worth; when I think of Judy's splendid singing, it's "Yes!" When I think of Judy's acting, it's an emphatic "No!"

Could it have been the director's fault or wasn't the part really meant for her? Or is it true that Judy can't act at all?

Whatever it was, I hope someone takes Judy under his wing and sets her on the right road.

Mrs. Julia C. Ames, Berlin, N. H.

IN OUR opinion some mention should be made of Turhan Bey. The handsome, some captain in "Arabian Nights," the mysterious wailer in "Unseen Enemy" and the dashing high priest in "The Mummy's Hand" were only a few of the parts that have convinced us he is deserving of better ones.

Considering the fact that we have lost so many of our male stars, let's give this young Turkish refugee a chance! Jean Langworth, Gloria Grover, Detroit, Mich.

ONCE again filmdom has brought to the screen another truly great picture. The finesse the screenplay characterizes Walter Huston's acting; the charm and simplicity of Joan Leslie; the voice and grace of Irene Manning; the masterful, all-round performance of score in "The Glass Key" tend to make "Vance Doodle Dandy" a true tribute to an American—one who will live on in the hearts of the American people.

Pvt. R. A. Lawrence, Fort Jackson, S. C.
The Shadow Stage (Continued from page 19)
murder. Oh yes, he dies, goody, goody. Preminger is right out of this world in his role.

Your Reviewer Says: Laughter, hatred, horror.

The Spirit Of '43 (Disney)
It's About: Donald Duck and the Income Tax.

DONALD DUCK works in a defense factory and does he chuckle over his greenbacks. Even as he chuckles, however, Scotch Duck composes himself, taking Don's arm, implores him to save. Don, impressed, puts away his money, but it begins to burn his pocket. Whereupon Zoot Suit Duck appears and urges Don to spend his money, to have a good time and worry about income taxes later.

"Spend for the Axis or Save for Taxes," says the narrator. For this Walt Disney-Donald Duck short subject was produced especially for the Treasury Department.

"It's your taxes, my taxes, our taxes that run the factories," the narrator announces while the most fascinating submarines, tanks, flying fortress, pursuit ships and battleships you've ever seen—all of them executed in the most imaginative Disney manner—parade across the screen.

In the end Donald Duck gives Zoot Suit Duck a swift kick that sends him right through the swinging doors of a saloon. And these doors, incidentally, ingeniously form a swastika.

Your Reviewer Says: It's fun paying off for Uncle Sam.

The Immortal Sergeant (Twentieth Century-Fox)
It's About: The quiet heroism of a group of soldiers in the Libyan wasteland.

COULD it be that our emotions swayed our judgment in this heart-piercing story of a small band of straggling British soldiers lost in the Libyan desert? We think not, for, looking back, we find ourselves unable to forget the performance of Henry Fonda, a bewhiskered, shy, young Canadian corporal who, upon the death of his sergeant, Thomas Mitchell, leads the remnant of his little band back to safety after a triumphant victory.

Hard-bitten and harder boiled is Mitchell as the sergeant whose voice after death (which renders him immortal) urges Fonda on. Fonda's role is tailor-made, one he can be proud of as his last contribution before enlistment.

Maureen O'Hara, the girl Fonda loves (the courtship is related in flashbacks) and whom he loses to Reginald Gardiner, has little to do but looks so beautiful. Allyn Joslyn, Reginald Gardiner, Melville Cooper, Bramwell Fletcher and Morton Lowry play the soldiers. The sandstorm effect is particularly interesting.

Your Reviewer Says: A man's movie women will love.

Johnny Doughboy (Republic)
It's About: Movie kids who put on a Victory show.

HERE'S Jane Withers's first picture since her exodus from Twentieth Century-Fox.
Century-Fox and, we are happy to say, cheer's are in order. Jane, at least, has a picture part worthy of her talents and goes to town in a big way in a dual role, if you please.

Jane plays both the role of the movie star, tired of being cast as a child on the screen, and a younger from Nebraska, who has won a contest as Jane's closest double. When such former kid stars as Bobby Breen, "Spanky" McFarland, Robert Coogan (Jackie's brother), "Alfalfa" Switzer and Cora Sue Collins yearn to put on a Junior Victory Caravan show for the servicemen, they appeal to movie star Jane to help. But the star is in hiding from her studio in a post. That's when her fan double takes over and persuades Jane to help.

Jane's own discovery, Patrick Brook, is a juvenile worth watching. He's talented, good-looking and strictly hep. The music has a "cute" flavor and everything about the show is all to the good.

Your Reviewer Says: Johnny Dough at the box office.

Silver Skates (Monogram)

It's About: Romance on blades.

Monogram's first A production is a really fine movie, one of the best skating revues yet produced. The work of ice star Belita is show-stopping and the clowns and Frack on a ice a riot. Nothing has been spared in sets or performances to make this a fine bit of entertainment. Tenor Kenny Baker, who sings with Prentice and Allen air show, who pretends love for Belita to keep her with the show, sings engagingly. Patricia Morison as Baker's real heart and owner of one of the ice shows is good. Belita's skating partner, Eugene Turner, along with tiny Irene Dare and Danny Shaw are marvells on ice.

Your Reviewer Says: Worth the money and worth your time.

Laugh Your Blues Away
(Columbia)

It's About: A scheming social-minded matron whose plans go boogey.

Oh, DEAR, what is this about, any way? The beauteous Jinx Falkenburg kept getting in the way of the fragile plot we had little or no idea of what was going on. That's how strongly the young lady registers.

Isabel Elsom plays one of those silly matrons who tries to marry off her son to the daughter of a visiting millionaire and hires twelve guests, among them Bert Gordon and Jinx as phony Russians, to impress her victims. Nobody was impressed, especially not the audience. Douglass Drake does some good work.

Your Reviewer Says: See this and get the blues.

The Crystal Ball
(Cinema Guild-U.A.)

It's About: Two women and one man.

Dearie me, how gay, how lively we are this evening. Sprightly dialogue flies around like pin wheels, sending off sparks in all directions.

Paula Goddard, fresh in New York, is here befriended by soothsayer Gladys George who helps her join up with Cecil

Now Mother's Hair is Lovely Blonde, Too!

New 11-Minute Home Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely

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Kellaway in a shooting gallery. And then Paulette gets those wide blue eyes on Ray Milland, who accompanies Virginia Field to the crystal ball gazer, and determines to take him away from Fieldsey. Boy, oh boy, does she! William Bendix as Milland's chauffeur is terrific. In fact, the entire picture abounds with good performances—especially that of Miss Field.

Your Reviewer Says: We foresee a good laugh coming to you.

Cinderella Swings It (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A homesy philosopher who pats over a stage-struck singer.

My, my, how Scattergood Baines wanders out of his territory. For instance, what's he doing putting on a U.S.O. show in order to help Gloria Warren win a place in a New York show and even guiding her from classical to jive music? It's not like Scattergood to be so ubiquitous. It mixes us all up. Guy Kibbee, as usual, is Scattergood. Leonid Kinsky plays the music teacher.

Your Reviewer Says: We didn't think too much of it.

Henry Aldrich Gets Glamour (Paramount)

It's About: The boy eternal goes to Hollywood and returns home a glamour lad.

Henry, played as usual by Jimmy Lydon, wins a magazine contest that takes him to Hollywood where he has lunch with movie star Frances Gifford. Henry is also photographed kissing the star and returns home to find himself a sought-after glamour boy. When Miss Gifford makes an appearance near Henry's home town he escorts her to the high-school dance and whewie! Henry's father keeps trying to run for the candidacy of the Welfare Commission all through the thing, but what chance has poor old dad, played very well by John Litel, against Henry? Charles Smith is Dizzy and Gail Russell is the town belle.

Your Reviewer Says: Dizzy is right!

Quiet Please, Murder (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: Murder in a library.

George Sanders is a thief of rare editions which he reprints and has sold by his aide, Gail Patrick. A library guard is murdered during the theft and, with the entrance of German agents, complications set in and so do more murders. Rigor mortis set in with us, despite the fine acting of Sanders. Yoi, what a mixup!

Your Reviewer Says: Put back that book, Buddy.

Three Hearts For Julia (M-G-M)

It's About: A woman musician and her dying husband.

Ann Sothern is a member of an all-girl orchestra who resents the sudden and prolonged absences of her foreign correspondent husband Melvyn...
Kid Dynamite (Monogram)

It's About: The Dead End kids who go at it again.

A S USUAL, Leo Gorcey is a bully and a poor loser to Bobby (long hair) Jordan who eventually turns on Gorcey and beats him to a pulp, saving us the trouble. Gabriel Dell and Huntz Hall are all over the picture. Pamela Blake and Bennie Bartlett are mixed up in it, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Roll over and play dead, kids.

The Meanest Man In The World
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: A nice guy who pretends to turn mean.

JACK BENNY and his ever-faithful Rochester are always good for a laugh and, true to form, in this noticeably short movie they reap, if not hearty guffaws, several healthy chuckles. It could have been bigger, better and funnier, but it isn’t, so what?

Benny is a small-town lawyer in love with Priscilla Lane and honest to the point of starvation. At the instigation of Priscilla’s father, Max Briggs, Benny goes to New York to reap success. He’s a flop until Rochester hits on the idea of Benny’s getting himself publicized as the meanest man in the world and immediately success hits him on the head.

Edmund Gwenn is wasted in a bit role. Anne Revere and Margaret Seddon are fine actresses. Rochester, as usual, is very funny.

Your Reviewer Says: A funny demitasse.

Truck Busters (Warner)

It's About: Battle between independent and organized truckers.

The independent truck drivers, led by Richard Travis, resist the efforts of Don Costello and his mob of organized racketeers to run them out of business. Instead, they run the audience right out of the theater. Travis nearly gets killed, someone stepped on our new hat and a woman behind us ate peanuts all through the fight scenes.

Your Reviewer Says: If we didn’t get paid for this—
Everybody knows that good snapshots have more personality, more of the "real you," than the finest "posed" portrait photography! NOW, you can have a big enlargement, of studio portrait quality, of your favorite picture—and absolutely FREE! Hundreds of thousands of people have already taken advantage of this generous offer, and to acquaint millions more with the quality of our work, we make this promise again: If you will send us your most cherished snapshot (either the actual picture or negative), we will make you a beautiful 5 x 7 inch enlargement, on fine quality portrait paper, absolutely FREE!

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LYWOOD EASTER PARADE—Gorgeous Color Pictures of 8 Favorite Stars

E TEN BEST HUSBANDS IN HOLLYWOOD by Hedda Hopper
Camay Complexions go on Honeymoons!
Tonight, go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This thrilling beauty care, based on skin specialists’ advice gives fresher, smoother skin.

Is there a man in your mind—in your heart—that should be in your life? Win him with your new loveliness—a skin more enchantingly clear and fresh... day-by-day. Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

For as Mrs. Perrin and hundreds of lovely brides so freely admit—the Camay Mild-Soap Diet has helped them to new loveliness—just as it can help you.

And to this proof of brides... add the advice of leading skin specialists! Yes—skin specialists definitely advise a Mild-Soap Diet! They know that the kind of mild cleansing Camay gives you actually helps your skin look lovelier.

Do start tonight!
Get Camay and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Give up those improper cleansing methods. Once you change to Camay... you'll see dry flakiness, oiliness, roughness lessen.

Feel the softer, smoother touch of your skin. Be faithful to Camay... day-by-day, you'll see your skin is lovelier... till new beauty is yours!

YOU... and the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!
You do this:

— IF YOUR SKIN’S DRY!
Night and morning, cream Camay’s mild lather over your face. Use lukewarm water—lukewarm rinses.

— IF YOUR SKIN’S OILY
Twice daily, use Camay Lather—with a rough cloth. Concentrate on nose, chin. Rinse warm. Splash cold—30 seconds!

— IF YOUR SKIN’S NORMAL
Lucky lady—risk no soap less mild than Camay. This twice-a-day beauty cleansing just suits you.

Camay does this:

— LEAVES SKIN SM-O-O-TH
Camay’s mild lather helps smooth away that dry flaky roughness. Leaves skin fresher, softer-textured.

— HELPS SKIN LOOK CLEAR!
For Camay’s thorough cleansing, reduces oiliness. Leaves your skin looking more radiantly fresh and clear.

— EVEN A LOVELIER COMPLEXION!
Day-by-day, the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, based on skin specialists’ advice, wakes your skin to more sparkling beauty.

“How happy I am that I followed the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Camay’s mild lather—two daily—works wonders for me. My skin has never been so lovely. I’ve never been so happy,” says Mrs. A. T. Perrin, Woodside, N. Y.
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...

...the Crowd will follow a Lovely Smile!

Let your smile win you friends and happiness. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

TAKE HEART, plain girl—and smile! The popular girl isn't always the best-looking one. Charm and personality take as many bouquets as beauty—and a bright, flashing, heart-winning smile can be your talisman to charm.

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a shy, timid smile—that fades almost before it's born. But a big, appealing smile that turns heads, captures hearts—that's an invitation to romance!

For that kind of a smile you need bright, sparkling teeth that you are proud to show. But remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Don't ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"
If there's ever a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, see your dentist! He may say your gums have become tender and sensitive, robbed of exercise by creamy foods. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

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

Start today with Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums, helps them to new firmness.

Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling and attractive.

A hit attraction—that's the girl with a sparkling smile! Let Ipana and massage help keep your smile lovely!
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Dangerous Curves Ahead!

Lana Turner
Robert Young

"Cinderella came out from behind her soda counter! She'll look adorable in satins and sables!"

Slightly Dangerous

Walter Brennan

OF COURSE - IT'S
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Dame May Whitty - Eugene Pallette - Alan Mowbray

Screen Play by Charles Lederer and George Oppenheimer
Based Upon a Story by Ian McLellan Hunter and Aileen Hamilton
Directed by Wesley Ruggles - Produced by Pandro S. Berman

1943
Any Bonds Today?

War has focused a bright spotlight on you, the movie-goer of America, revealing you not as a thoughtless, frivolous seeker of escape, but as a generous, eager American.

In the months since the tide of war engulfed our country, you movie-goers have been called upon for help by the USO, the Army and Navy Relief, the Infantile Paralysis Drive, the United Nations Fund, the March of Dimes, the Red Cross.

You—some 80,000,000 of you—responded with millions of your dollars. The nation quickly learned that when assistance was urgently needed, it could turn with confidence to you Movie-goers, Incorporated.

In March our Treasury Department, which holds the financial responsibility to save the war on the home front while our armed forces win it on foreign fields, completed the first full War Bond drive. Now America must be persuaded not to spend the $15,000,000,000 in excess purchasing power that its citizens will have in their pockets this year but to divert a major part of this astronomical sum into the purchase of Bonds.

So the Treasury has come to you for your help in this drive. And it seemed to us that now was the time to pay the nation's respects to you and to make possible a reward for your unstinted generosity. That is why we have this to announce:

In co-operation with Warner Brothers studios, Photoplay-Movie Mirror will send an 8 x 10 portrait of any one of the ten stars you see pictured on this page with an individually autographed message from the star to you, free of charge, to everyone who will buy one War Savings Bond ($18.75). Of course, if you want more than one autographed picture, send your money for the corresponding number of Bonds.

For each one of you who buys a Bond to save your way to victory, Photoplay-Movie Mirror says: Simply fill out the coupon below, send it to Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, with your money order or check enclosed, and accept the congratulations of your editors and fellow Americans.

Fred R. Sammis

I Want A Free Autographed Portrait of

(fill in the name of any one—or more, if you're buying more than one Bond—of the 10 stars on this page)

SEND IT TO

(your name)

(your address)

Here is my $ for United States War Savings Bond (or Bonds), to be issued to me by Photoplay-Movie Mirror, an authorized agency of the Treasury.

Signed

A Movie-goer of America.
TAMARA WAS SEVENTEEN

This is a girl whom you'll be proud to know. Her story is told you now—

By Charles Boyer

As I looked back upon the momentous events of this war there is one thought that stands out vividly in my mind: We in America have been saved from the horror of falling bombs only because others in Europe and in Asia have suffered and fought valiantly, offering their lives that the entire world may be free.

Who can deny that today the people of Russia deserve a very special place in our hearts? For it is the Russian people who have broken the Nazi myth of invincibility.

Just think if you were Tamara Kalnina, the seventeen-year-old Russian girl who saved fifteen Red Army men, when an ambulance was bombed and set on fire. The ambulance driver was killed, but Tamara entered the burning ambulance fifteen times, bringing out a wounded man each time. Then, exhausted and covered with burns herself, she crawled to a field hospital for help. What if there she had found no tannic acid to treat her burns nor sulfa drugs to heal the wounded men so that they could return again to fight?

She does not ask for it—but Russia's Tamara needs our help. She needs the precious serums, the pain-killing drugs, the wonder-working vaccines and surgical instruments that can come only from America. It is these desperately needed medical supplies that Russian War Relief is sending—and seeds, too, to replant the earth, and concentrated food, warm clothing and milk for Russia's children—Tamara's sisters and brothers.

Let us give them some tangible evidence of our sympathy. By helping our Russian allies we are saving the lives of our own people—and we are hastening the ultimate victory!
THOUGHTS in Passing: Too bad Mary Martin, who has departed for New York and a play, was so disappointed in her movie career... It's good to see Luise Rainer back again. Luise is on the Paramount lot making "Hostages"... Wonder what the fans will think of Nelson Eddy as a brunet in "Phantom Of The Opera?"... Bob Hope's nose prints in the forecourt of the Grauman's Chinese Theater will surely please the tourists, if we ever have tourists again... Cesar Romero and Phyllis Brooks seem an unlikely combination somehow... Odd that the actor who so neatly typifies the average American carries his liquor so badly as to be horizontal most of the time... Just what is Jackie Cooper's Army status anyway?... If you only knew the real reason for the recent separation of that Hollywood couple and the secret man in her life you'd scream out loud... We love the sign Kay Aldridge has on the door of her motel, "Nobody allowed in without a wedding ring"... Too bad the friendship between Maureen O'Hara and Martha O'Driscoll had to be broken up first time the two appeared in "The Fallen Sparrow." The feud began over who got which scene.

Romance Lane: Kay Kyser seems to have forgotten all about Ginny Simms since lovely Georgia Carroll came into his life. They say it's nearing the ring stage...

The tall, dark and beauteous Gail Patrick is also a daily visitor at the bedside of Freeman Gosden (Amos of the Amos and Andy team) who is ill in a hospital. These two seem to possess a warm friendship, but Gail says it ends there. Friends think differently... They say Tommy Dorsey is the object of Pat Dane's affections and Pat's plenty "booful" and alluring...

Susan Peters may be Mrs. Richard Quine even before you read this. Susan, up for an Academy Award for her performance in "Random Harvest," nearly broke her heart over Phil Terry before he married Joan Crawford. And now little Susan is about to become a Joanie Crawford of the screen in her own right.

(Continued on page 8)
"I HAVE A HUNCH I'VE STARTED SOMETHING"

THE first few pages of Gypsy Rose Lee's "THE G STRING MURDERS" convinced me that here was something new in screen material. The farther I read, the more excited I became. The story had pace, excitement, and a robust humor. Above all, it had colorful characters that were made to live on the screen. The burlesque background was different, intriguing, and lustily alive.

Wait till you hear her sing "Take it off the E-string, play it on the G-string".

SO I've made the picture and you'll be seeing it soon under the title "LADY OF BURLESQUE".

THE mystery murder plot has something of the quality that made Nick and Nora Charles your favorite people in "The Thin Man." When I produced that picture I had a hunch you'd want more "Thin Man" pictures—and you did. And now when you see Barbara Stanwyck as Dixie Daisy I think you'll want more of the same. Also there's a newcomer named Michael O'Shea who looks like a find to me. As a matter of fact, there are three or four who'll bear watching.

Of course every producer gets enthusiastic about his latest picture—but please take my word for it—"I have a hunch I've started something".

MURDERER'S ROW?

HUNT STROMBERG presents

BARBARA STANWYCK
in
Lady of
BURLESQUE

with MICHAEL O'SHEA and

J. EDWARD BROMBERG • CHARLES DINGLE • FRANK CONROY
GLORIA DICKSON • MARION MARTIN • IRIS ADRIAN • VICTORIA FAUST
PINKY LEE • FRANK FENTON • JAMS CARTER • EDDIE GORDON

Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

A HUNT STROMBERG PRODUCTION • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

MUSIC...MYSTERY...MURDER!

MAY, 1943
Your fighting man will remember the silky smoothness of your coiffure, the bewitching dash of your saucy ringlets. His heroine has no lanky locks, unruly wisps, or disordered curls to vex his military eye.

DeLong Bob Pins will keep your coiffure in order. With reasonable care, they'll last indefinitely. Use them adroitly, for the duration.

Strong Grip Won’t Slip
One Does the Work of Several

Linda Loves Pev? The status of the Pev Marley-Linda Darnell romance is a puzzler. It’s more than that, really. It’s an issue, with those who say it’s the real thing pitted against those who pooh-pooh it as a serious romance.

Cal, who was prominent among the “pooh-pooh” group is about to bolt his party for the other side, despite the fact Miss Darnell herself has told us most emphatically it’s not serious. But who races down to the depot before dawn’s early light to greet Pev after a sojourn to the East? None but little Linda.

Who sends her flowers and messages when she’s ill? Pev. And although the cameraman is twice her age their tastes are mutual. Linda likes to sketch, is interested in painting and art. So is Pev, who, incidentally, has been married twice before.

But here’s one clue to the reason Cal believes Linda really cares. The art of “doodling” or the habit of drawing strange figures or markings while one is conversing on the telephone or listening to a lecture is a sure indication of the subconscious mind, so we’re told. And Linda’s subconscious works over-time, for all her doodlings result in dozens upon dozens of little sketches—all of Pev Marley’s face.

So, there you are.

Close Ups and Long Shots: Of all the epidemics that have swept over Hollywood (and heavens knows it has had its share of plagues) the strangest is this almost unanimous rush to altars of women in their comfortable thirties or forties with younger grooms—much, much younger in certain cases.

This special trend began with Jeanette MacDonald’s marriage to Gene Raymond several years ago and has marched merrily on to the recent marriage of Ginger Rogers and Jack Briggs, the twenty-two-year-old Marine. In between we have Barbara Stanwyck’s marriage to Bob Taylor, the Tyrone Power-Annabella wedding, the marriage of Madeleine Carroll and Stirling Hayden, the blendings of Norma Shearer and Marty Arrouge and Rosalind Russell and Freddie Brisson, on to the Joan Crawford-Phil Terry marriage. As soon as her divorce from Roger Pryor is final Ann Sothern will probably wed younger Bob Sterling.
DO YOUR BEST... AND Be at your Best

These are simple obligations, to our country, to our men at the front, and to ourselves.

No matter what your job—housewife, office employee, war worker—give it all you've got... do your best all of the time.

That means keeping strong, keeping healthy. This job's going to take every bit of stamina we can muster. And health is your greatest asset.

But as you work, don't forget to play. Play is the great equalizer. Make it part of your life also. Step forth. Go places. Meet people. Cultivate old friends and make new ones—lots of them. And try to be at your best always. Look your neatest. Be your sweetest. Swap a smile for a tear. Trade a laugh for a frown. Don't let down. Keep smiling. Keep going. That's the way the boys at the front would like it.

As a safe, efficient household antiseptic for use in a thousand little emergencies, Listerine Antiseptic has stood pre-eminent for more than half a century. In the later years it has established a truly impressive test record against America's No. 1 health problem, the ordinary cold, and its frequent attribute, sore throat.

It is hardly necessary to add that, because of its germicidal action which halts bacterial fermentation in the mouth, Listerine Antiseptic is the social standby of millions who do not wish to offend needlessly in the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath) when not of systemic origin.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine Antiseptic
for Oral Hygiene

MAY, 1943
More and more, the stars are taking canaries into their hearts and their homes. Started as a pet fad, canaries today are Hollywood's hobby sensation! Wherever the great of filmdom gather, you are likely to hear some golden-voiced canary lifting spirits anew with his enchanting song.

A canary takes but little care, and gives matchless hours of loving companionship. Follow the lead of the Hollywood stars, and let a canary keep your heart buoyant amid the worries of these trying times!

SEND FOR FREE BOOK ON THE JOYS OF CANARY OWNERSHIP

MAIL THIS COUPON

THE R. T. FRENCH COMPANY
2538 MUSTARD STREET
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Send me "Keep a Song in Your Home" FREE

Name

Address

City

State

(Please print postal card and mail)

OWN A CANARY—THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS

VERONICA LAKE Starring in "STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM" a Paramount Picture

now of the Air Force, and Greer Garson still carries with her that license to wed the lad who played her son in "Mrs. Miniver," one Richard Ney. The amazing (or maybe it isn't so amazing) thing about these marriages is that nine times out of ten they turn out happily while the younger women who marry men nearer their age find only unhappiness. Myrna Loy's marriage to the more mature Arthur Hohl ended in divorce. Barbara Stanwyck was younger by several years than Frank Fay, but their marriage brought her only unhappiness. Ginger Rogers's marriage to Lew Ayres ended in divorce as did Ann Sothern's to Roger Pryor, both men being but a few years older than their wives.

So what's the answer? According to a famous psychologist, who begs to be nameless, the psychology of the sexes is rapidly undergoing a change and these Hollywood marriages are but an indication of this amazing transformation, with Hollywood pointing the way, as usual.

In Grandpa's day it was the man who approached age apprehensively. Then slowly but surely, it became apparent it was the woman who yearned more openly for perpetual youth. All over the world and almost overnight beauty parlors sprang up as well as establishments dedicated to the preserving of the body beautiful.

Hollywood women, who are among the most beautiful in the world and certainly the best groomed and most carefully preserved, have had the courage to take the initiative in this new trend. Physical attraction, of course, is a motivating factor, in some cases, but this time it's not Grandpa with his silly love affairs on the side who is doing the gallivanting.

Women today are cleaning up the "other woman" angle. Marriage with youth is making it all a more sane, sensible and certainly a more moral arrangement. So why shouldn't these lovely, intelligent women seek their mates among those whose minds are as young and healthy as their own?

Cupid Speaking to the Boys in Service: Ann Miller, heart-free and lovely, who spends all her spare time at Army camps, has gone back to brunette. Prefers her as a blonde, boys? Betty Hutton broke her engagement and is looking around again. No crowding there, fellows.

Cupid clipped Carole Landis in London. But that won't interfere with her visits to camps in America very soon. Dorothy Lamour, a steady visitor, is hardly recognizable, according to the boys at Hollywood Canteen, without that sarong.

Eleanor Powell, who taps out Morse code messages over the radio to the Signal Corps lads, may marry actor Glenn Ford, and then again—

Frances Gifford, who folks say is the loveliest girl in all Hollywood, has no better-half and does answer letters. Write to her in care of M-G-M. Hedy Lamarr is not only in love with John Loder but the U.S. Army and Navy lads and, oh yes, the Marines.
Ilona Massey, who divorced Alan Curtis, says she has a date with you at the New York Canteen.

Judy Garland is so blue and heart-sick since the failure of her marriage to Dave Rose. Why not write her, fellows?

Katharine Hepburn is coming back to Hollywood for another of those Spencer Tracy things.

Lana Turner, who will make no more pictures until after her baby is born, needs a bit of heartening cheer, too, since her annulment from Steve Crane. Get out the pens, boys.

Martha O'Driscoll, blonde and a cutie, says she's engaged to no one. Her heart belongs to the boys in the service. Hurray!

Nancy Coleman, Warners' hopeful, should be on your list of coming stars. Sure, she's still single.

Olivia de Havilland gets stars in her eyes every time Lieutenant John Huston gets a leave. Brace yourselves.

Paulette Goddard is looking for a permanent spot to park her heart. Any suggestions?

Rita Hayworth announces she's pretty sure to wed Vic Mature right after her divorce is final in May. Mrs. Mature has already received her decree in Reno. Sorry, fellows!

Sheila Ryan, who has visited almost every camp in America, wants to know what to do for measles. Yep, she's got 'em.

Tyrone Power went through Marine boot camp like a traper. The Marines like him fine. He's now in Officers' Candidate School.

The United States is so proud of its Hollywood citizens, who give more thought to you boys than they do to themselves.

Vera Vague, whose voice is heard via Bob Hope's radio show, is not only a grand person but is good-looking. Or did you know?

X are the kisses sent by all of us in Hollywood to all of you doing such a grand job.

Zorina will haunt any soldier's dreams on request as she did in "Star-Spangled Rhythm." See that picture if you can, boys.

Miss Durbin on War Widows: We chatted with the beautiful Deanna Durbin on the Universal lot recently and Cal was once again amazed at the mature dignity of the present Mrs. Vaughn Paul, who told us how she and Vaughn, a lieutenant in the Navy, had worked out a plan of keeping both herself and her husband as happy as such circumstances allow.

"The hardest part of two people's being separated by the war," she said, "is that they aren't growing older together. They are liable to find, when they are reunited, that they have grown too far apart. But I believe there is a good remedy for this—long and frequent letters. I write Vaughn every day and I tell him about everything in my life. Our letters become a sort of chart, or diary, whereby we will keep abreast of each other in our mental change and growth."

Deanna believes if the wife of an absent fighting man is the type who

"All the Men at this Party are Snobs!"

Carol: Nonsense, Mary! They're genial lads, and you're pretty enough and peppy enough to have them begging for dances! You deserve the limelight, Pet—and I can help you get your share, in one easy lesson!

Mary: Underarm odor! But I bathe every day!

Carol: A bath is only intended to take care of past perspiration, Mary! Use Mum to prevent risk of underarm odor to come!

Mary: Wallflowers like me are often made by trusting a bath too long. Never again for me, when speedy Mum will keep me safe for hours!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable—prevents embarrassment.

MAY, 1943
Uses IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's whisper-soft to stay on longer...s moother...10c

uses IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's whisper-soft to stay on longer...smoother...10c

likes to go out and have fun with close male friends of her husband, she should.
"I am that type of girl," she told us, "and as long as I keep Vaughn posted on what I am doing and he doesn't object it is better for me to live this way to keep as happy as possible. When I am happy I impart the same spirit to him.
"It is all a matter of looking at life squarely and being honest with yourself and others," she said. "What more can one do? For girls who don't feel the same as I do, or who don't enjoy the complete trust of their husbands, some other solution always can be found if the rule of honesty is applied.

Deanna also has one of the most reasonable answers we have ever heard to the old theory that married people are held together by one great mutual interest.
"Vaughn and I have a thousand little things to write about, but we have no big interest in common. Sometimes, if a couple is too mutually interested in one thing they become so absorbed in that other interest that they develop differences and neglect each other. And they finally don't get anywhere—except in each other's hair."

As usual, Cal came away pleased as anything at the common-sense philosophy of this girl of twenty-one.

Of All Things! We've had a letter from Gracie Allen who wonders if we'll be kind enough to insert the following in our column. It's Gracie's letter to the men in the service and she's sure they all read PHOTOPLAY and will see it, or maybe, she suggests, friends will send it on to a soldier in camp. Remember, Cal, who is happy to oblige, has no part in this. This is strictly "Allen's Alley." So now for Gracie's epistle:

Dear Soldiers:
It's so nice to hear that a member of the Allen family finally has a collar-and-tie job. But sometimes it tires Cousin Willie cleaning all that harness and tying the cavalry horses up for the night.

That book of camouflage Cousin Willie sent home to mother is certainly coming in handy. We camouflage the wheat cakes at breakfast this morning and Father ate the grand piano and had already started pouring maple syrup on Grandma before he located them.

And what it's done for our maiden Aunt Mary! I remember how when even a robin red breast whistled at her
she used to chase the poor bird for blocks. Well, we camouflaged her to look like Dorothy Lamour and all the boys are after her now.

Now that horses are becoming fashionable again, we think it will be a good thing for our maiden Aunt Millie who looks so much like a horse. Yesterday as she walked by the drugstore corner, she was whistled at.

Previous to that, Aunt Millie hadn’t been whistled at since the Johnstown flood, when a drowning man tried to attract her attention.

Cousin Milky, who is a Hollywood actor, joined the Navy this week. He’s in the diving service, but Milky is such a ham he sent the diving suit back to his tailor in Hollywood to have the shoulders padded.

I tell you all the Allens are geniuses. Even the Mayor and the city council say that. In fact, they think we are so important that they are having a big sign painted on the roof of our house saying, “This is a very important and vital defense industry.” For some reason or other, the sign is written in Japanese with a big arrow pointing to my bedroom. I don’t get it.

All my love and write soon,
Your own,
Gracie Allen

It’s “Miss Turner” Again: “Are you awake, Mrs. Crane? This is the day.”
The nurse walked over to the bed and looked down at the tiny blonde figure.

“I’m ready.” The voice was small and hoarse with illness. “But I wish I didn’t have to go through this. Oh, how I wish I could live these past years over!”

And with that Lana Turner, she of the flame and fame and youth and thoughtless good times, rose from her sick bed and with her mother faced the judge, seeking annulment from her husband, Steve Crane, who wasn’t really her husband at all, his divorce from his first wife not having been final at the time of the marriage.

Lana told how they’d been married last July 17, in Las Vegas, Nevada. And well does Cal remember, having been routed out of bed in the early hours after midnight by a friend telling us Lana and Steve were preparing to elope. Then everything was laughter, fun and excitement.

And now this girl born to the heights and the depths, who stood before a judge, was bearing a child to the man she thought she had legally wed.

“I sometimes wonder,” her mother told a friend, “if there is any laughter left for Lana. She’s gone through so much and paid so dearly for her years of success.”

“Did you later find out that he had been married and that the divorce obtained by his first wife had not become final?” the judge asked.

“Yes, I did,” Lana said, her voice low and shaking. And the annulment was granted.

Custody of the unborn child was given Lana by the judge and by California law the annulment in no way affects the legitimacy of the child. Its father was given right of visitation.

Who else wants to say “Goodbye” to these 6 Face Powder Troubles?

Women say this new-texture powder makes their skin look years younger!

There’s a thrilling new-texture powder that helps end the 6 “face powder troubles” listed at left.

It’s Lady Esther Face Powder—and it’s different because it’s made differently! It isn’t just mixed in the usual way—it’s blown by TWIN HURRICANES. And this hurricane method makes the texture much smoother and finer than ordinary powder—makes the shades richer. Lady Esther Face Powder helps hide little lines and blemishes, even tiny freckles. Try it! See how it gives instant new freshness to your skin—makes it look younger and lovelier.

How to find your Lucky Shade

Send for the 7 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them one after another—and find the one shade that’s most flattering to your skin.

Lady Esther FACE POWDER

Send me by return mail the 7 new shades of face powder, and a tube of your 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

(Government regulations do not permit this offer in Canada.)

MAY, 1943
after its birth.

 Asked if she intended to remarry Crane now that his divorce is final, she said, "I have nothing to say to that."

 But, as usual, the headlines spoke for her. For a few nights after the annulment Lana agreed to meet Steve for dinner in order to talk things over. He was anxious, even frantic, to re-marry Lana who was almost persuaded.

 When Steve appeared at Lana's door Monday she agreed to take a drive and finally consented to go home and pack her bag for another elopement. Crane waited outside, only to have Lana reappear after a few moments and say, "Steve, I just can't go through with it."

 It was then Steve Crane once again plunged Lana into the limelight. He swallowed innumerable sleeping tablets and sped away in his car up a near-by road.

 A few moments later neighbors in the vicinity heard Crane's outcry as his car shot off the cliff. Its descent was halted by rocks and dense underbrush and, as the coupe stopped, its headlights pierced the night directly toward Lana's residence.

 Crane was rescued from the car by the neighbors, who took him into their home. Shaking and near collapse, Crane said:

 "It's all over. I've made enough trouble. Please, please don't tell anyone about it."

 Then he was taken to the hospital.

 Lana, who expects her baby in four months, was taken by her mother into seclusion.

 And so, another chapter for little Turner. What next, Hollywood wonders, for it's all too evident now fate has no easy path in store for Lana.

 They Meet Again: He was rounding a corner in San Diego when suddenly he bumped right into his best friend. With a whoop and holler they were at each other, pumping hands for dear life. Tyrone Power and Hank Fonda had met accidentally on their day's leave.

 They were able to get one small room at a hotel and through the noise of the shower Marine Power called out his adventures in boot camp to Seaman Fonda who was busy shaving a beard. And then arm in arm they were off to tackle a steak before reporting back—each to his own and different unit.

 "We didn't talk Hollywood at all," they said. ... It was early morning in Guadalcanal when Lieutenant Robert Montgomery accidentally ran into Naval Commander Gene Markey, former producer and ex-husband of Joan Bennett and Hedy Lamarr.

 With much back-slapping the two friends retired to a quiet spot to talk. Both Montgomery, who is serving on a destroyer, and Markey have seen much action.

 "But you know, we talked little of Hollywood," Markey reports. "We just talked of the war."

 Hollywood This Month: The quality that gives Hollywood its irresistible fasci-
nation is its contrast. Contrast in people and the things they do. Take that elaborate fashion show put on by director Mitch Leisen of Paramount Studios for the press and stars. The clothes were those worn by Miss Ginger Rogers and members of the cast of "Lady In The Dark" and Paris itself was outdone by the lavish, gorgeous and expensive swank.

The mink frock worn by Miss Rogers in the picture and modeled by a stock girl would have cost exactly $25,000 if Paramount had bought the skins. Instead, they rented them. Yet, immediately following the stuffed-plush elegance, two of the lovely models rushed to the bus in order to get home in time for their babies' bedtime feeding. One especially lovely beauty hurried out of her beaded gown to ride the street car to the hospital where her husband lay ill. It takes all her earnings to pay his bills.

Ginger, who was scheduled to model but didn't, appeared long enough to make her apologies and then drove home alone to telephone her Marine husband. Ray Milland, handsome, debonair, charming, took a last look at the golden dream sequence and then turned to Cesar Romero (waiting for Phyllis Brooks, who modeled also) and moaned of the night before: he'd spent the entire night, it seems, nursing a sick hen. Ray's hens had been sent to him from Oregon.

To top it all, Mr. Leisen, instigator of all the pomp and circumstance, hurried from the show to the Philharmonic Auditorium to see the ballet. Only he didn't see it. There was only sixty cents in his pocket. He'd forgotten his wallet.

Slacks and sables, glamour and housekeeping, allure and dishpan hands, New York and Glendale, gardening and night clubs, laundry and romance, baby's croup and private planes, divorces and love, chicken coops and rambling mansions, tractors and town cars, sable scarfs and cotton prints, five a.m. risings and five a.m. retiring. It's all Hollywood and all of it belongs to everyone in it. City of Contrasts, that's Movietown.

Hit a High C's to the Movies: If you can sing, the odds are at least five to one that a winning soprano voice will land you a film contract faster than a male baritone, even with the shortage of male actors.

Right now Hollywood is in the midst of a musical cycle which is almost without precedent in opening opportunities. In fact, supply and demand for feminine vocalists far outstrip that for males, leading directly to the conclusion that feminine opportunities almost completely eclipse those offered the opposing sex.

Lavish musical productions now offering new hope to singers are "Phantom Of The Opera," with Nelson Eddy and Susanna Foster, a Universal production; Twentieth-Century Fox's "Coney Island"; Paramount's "Star-Spangled Rhythm"; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Broadway Melody"; and Sol Lesser's "Stage Door Canteen."

These easy rules help keep colds away

1. Stay out of drafts
2. Get plenty of rest
3. Dress warmly
4. Drink liquids often
5. Take a warm bath after chilling exposure — then cover up
6. Eat right — keep regular
7. Guard your throat

...and gargle frequently with Pepsodent Antiseptic. It is effective even way back in your throat where illness often strikes first. Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs quickly — millions of the very type of germs that increase the misery of colds. Get a bottle of protection today.
Close shaves for two Hollywood heroes: Left: Ty Power shows off his Marine bob to Sgt. Hayes...

... Hank Fonda gives Charles Martin a look at his smart Navy coiffure and new spring hat.

CAL YORK'S
Inside Stuff

But please don't write to Cal about this. Write to studios direct or make a record of your voice. And good luck!

The Spirit Haunts: Inside the bleak, cavernous structure known as the Phantom stage at Universal studios, the strains of the opera 'Martha' rose from the throats of forty men and women. They were seated in folding chairs on a bare stage, surrounding a grand piano at which sat a small, middle-aged man. He was playing chords with one hand, directing with the other.

As he beat out the tempo with rising and descending arm, his shadow, magnified and distorted, did a dance on the walls. A single arc light on a floor stand near the piano sent spluttering rays into remote recesses in the catwalks a hundred feet above.

What was taking place wasn't a scene for a movie thriller. It was merely a rehearsal, yet those gifted with imagination could conjure up ghostly implications.

The rehearsal was for the new 1943 version of 'The Phantom Of The Opera,' with Nelson Eddy, Claude Rains and Susanna Foster and it was being worked out on the very stage where, nearly two decades ago, the late Lon Chaney Sr. had immortalized himself in the title role. Glancing again and again at the weird and magnified reflection on the wall, Nelson Eddy spoke to the musical director, William Tyrro- ler. "What does that remind you of?" Nelson asked. "I know," the musical director answered. "I've watched it all morning. It seems as if Lon himself had come back and were here with us. He loved this 'Phantom' picture best of all. I know because, you see, I was musical director on that production, too, nineteen years ago."

The shadow leaped and danced; grew in size and hung on the wall in grotesque form as the director moved his arms.

Nelson stared a long time. "It's all right," Tyrro- ler finally said. "If we even in imagination, can keep Lon with us throughout this production we've got a hit."

And Nelson agreed.

He'll Top His Path Across Enemy Lines! Grace McDonald, Universal's cute little blonde, received a package from her brother, Ray, formerly of M-G-M, who is now in the Army.

The box contained his will, keepsakes and other belongings.

A note was enclosed.

"By the time you get this, I'll be somewhere, headed for battle with the Japs," Ray wrote. "I'm sending you all of my personal belongings—all except my dancing shoes."

"Maybe Ray plans on using the shoes to tap-dance across the Jap lines," Gracie said with pride. But there were tears in her eyes as she tried to smile.

(Continued on page 18)
Here's how...3 Ivory beauty recipes...for 3 complexion types

WAAC OFFICER...TYPE: Height, 5' 7"; weight, 129; eyes, blue; hair, honey-blonde; SKIN, fine-textured, tending to be DRY.

"I have precious little time to fuss with my face these days. Yet I know my skin has never been lovelier.

"Goodness knows my new routine is simple enough. Just gentle Ivory lather, a soft washcloth, and lukewarm water. Then I pat on a little cold cream, for my skin is naturally dry.

"It's sensitive, too. That's why I love pure, mild Ivory. It obviously contains no coloring or medication or strong perfume that might irritate my skin."

"Velvet-suds' Ivory certainly has helped give me a glorious new complexion!"

HOMEMAKER...
TYPE: Height, 5' 3"; weight, 112; eyes, brown; hair, chestnut; SKIN, olive, tending to be OILY.

"I was afraid to give my oily skin vigorous soap-and-water cleansing.

"But when Doctor advised Ivory Soap for bathing the baby, I thought, 'If Ivory's that mild, I'll try it!'

"It's perfect! A fingertip massage with lots of Ivory's safe, mild lather makes me feel as if I'd had a facial.

"I don't hesitate to give my face a thorough Ivory cleansing as often as 3 times a day. And my complexion's getting lovelier all the time!"

Look lovelier...use pure, mild IVORY...the soap advised by more doctors than all other brands together!

HAT DESIGNER...TYPE: Height, 5' 5"; weight, 118; eyes, gray-green; hair, titian; SKIN, creamy, with both DRY and OILY tendencies.

"My face is oily down the middle; dry on the sides. No soap seemed right for both areas...until I tried Ivory.

"The dry, sensitive areas that used to balk at strongly scented soaps, respond beautifully to Ivory's 'babying.'

"And with lots of mild Ivory lather, I can safely concentrate on the oilier areas like hairline, forehead, nose, and chin.

"Now my complexion looks so marvelously fresh and smooth.

"I think too many women judge a soap by its price. For my money, Ivory could be worth a dollar a cake!"

99Â¾/100% pure...It floats.
Oddments: John Loder's seventeen-year-old son, Robin Lowe, is quitting Eton to go into the British Army. In the last war John himself left Eton to join the Army and became Britain's youngest combat officer. He won the rank of Captain before the war was over. And now he's Hedy Lamarr's special boy friend. Incidentally, Mr. Loder's real name is Love ...

Walter Abel's long siege of anxiety is over. A letter from the son he hadn't heard from in weeks reveals the lad arrived safely in Africa. He's with our American Army there ...

The unlucky-in-love boys are dining together these nights—Dave Rose and Jackie Cooper. Dave lost Judy Garland and Bonita Granville told Jackie she no longer cared. Too bad, boys.

Laird Cregar, determined to take off forty pounds, is in the hospital to see if it's done right. While there he's editing his mother's book, "Make Me A Child Again" ...

Donna Reed kept her engagement to make-up artist Bill Tuttle so secret not even her parents knew until the day of the wedding ...

At the President's Ball when Mrs. Roosevelt told Edgar Bergen that people in England thought Charlie was real, Charlie piped up, "They don't think I'd work for seventy-five cents a week if I wasn't a dummy, do they?" Now even Eleanor isn't sure ...

Looks as if Henry Fonda will become a naval quartermaster instead of a gunner. He scored ninety-eight on his mathematical examination when he enlisted, stating he preferred gunnery. But his age, thirty-seven, is a factor against him. The quartermaster job, however, will also take him to sea and into some action. How these boys do long to be in the thick of things!

Music Hath Fatal Charms: He just couldn't resist those drums. Several weeks ago Mickey Rooney and his wife Ava Gardner were enjoying the music at the Palladium together and suddenly there was Mick at the drums and Ava standing alone. But not for long. With great dignity that failed to hide her rage she strode from the room.

"Well, the drums finally won, I see," a bystander remarked and, sure enough, next day Ava announced that once again they had separated.

It was this same state of affairs that broke up the long-standing romance of Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville. Bonita simply grew beyond the drum-beating, table-hopping kid stuff that made up Jackie's life. No girl they tell me, can survive the rivalry of a set of drums, a rival that leaves them sitting alone in a cafe, while the best beau goes to town on the down beat.

Perhaps now that Ava seems fairly well launched on her career and has been loaned by M-G-M for the lead in Monogram's "Ghosts In The Night," her alimony requirements may be less demanding than the last time.

Anyway, Cal sympathizes with both Ava and Mickey.
The Skeltons—Act III: The Red Skelton divorce was a riot of confusion, with everything in reverse. “Unlike most men,” Edna, Red’s wife, told the judge, “my husband went out late and came home early—early in the morning.”

“And what excuse did he make?” the judge asked.

“He told me he was waiting for the traffic signal to change at Sunset and Sepulveda Boulevard,” Edna said.

Red sat outside the courtroom door while the proceedings were going on.

“Did you get it?” he asked, leaping toward Edna as she emerged. They then proceeded to go to Edna’s office while she hammered out new gags for Red’s show.

Even Red’s studio is puzzled as to whether or not the pair mean it.

Incidentally, the girl who has claimed Red’s attention lately is Muriel Morris, a model.

Hollywood’s Handsomest Lieutenant: “Hey, what’s your name, pal?” The induction station was crowded and the fellow had turned with his question to the man behind.

“Spangler Brugh,” came the answer.

“Say, did anyone ever tell you you look like Bob Taylor, the movie star?”

“Yeah, lots of times,” grinned Spangler Bob Taylor Brugh and went on to pass his Snyder test with an average that hadn’t been touched in months. In fact, in every department including the mechanical aptitude test, Bob proved to be the valedictorian of his group. And now he’s a Naval Lieutenant (j.g) in the Air Corps and the handsomest Hollywood man in uniform.

It was seven-thirty in the morning when the telegram from Washington addressed to Lieutenant Spangler Arlington Brugh was delivered to his home. Bob was at breakfast. Like a flash he was up the stairs calling, “Barbara, Barbara, I’m in, I’m in!”

While waiting for his call, Bob may do the picture “Russia” for M-G-M. Once called, he will proceed to Corpus Christi, Texas, for four months of advanced flying before dem golden wings decorate his uniform. Bob’s age (thirty-one) keeps him from combat duty but he is eligible for either the Ferry Command or as an instructor.

His fans, his friends and all Hollywood wish him only the best as they send yet another movie star on his way to freedom’s flight.

Cesar Romero, one of the No. 1 escorts on the Coast, dates pretty Frances Robinson, in a pretty bonnet, for dinner.
From Watertown, Massachusetts, comes a one-dollar request for more Teresa Wright, less of other people—with names named!

$10.00 PRIZE
"Clip Your Lip"

I LEARNED a valuable and much-needed lesson from a movie "short" the other day. I had not realized that I had been careless and loose in my talk about relatives and friends in the armed services and I would have been indignant if anyone had warned me to be more careful. But this picture brought the facts home to me in a way that I shall not forget.

Just a sentence from a worker in a factory, as he sipped a cup of coffee in a restaurant; just a word of explanation to his wife—"I scratched my hand loading a truck with valves," and the spy behind the counter relayed the information that a fleet of trucks was starting down a certain highway and only heroic work by the F.B.I. and the police saved trucks and drivers from destruction!

Of course, there are signs everywhere warning against giving information to the enemy, but somehow they do not "pack the same wallop" as do screen pictures.

Give us more of these warning "shorts" and more of us will learn to keep our mouths shut!

Elizabeth Cosgrove,
Muskogee, Okla.

$5.00 PRIZE
A Husband Like Gable

SINCE the picture "San Francisco" I've raved about Clark Gable to my husband. Half in jest, half serious, I admired along with a million other women. The only difference being, I expressed my admiration to my husband.

Then came "Gone With The Wind" and I became more enthusiastic. When I jestingly remarked that I'd never kissed a man with a mustache, what did my husband do but suddenly start sprouting a little fuzz above his upper lip. That should have stopped me. But, no, womanlike, I became overwhelmed with enthusiasm when my idol of the screen so bravely faced his adversaries and enlisted in the Army. Then, as you've probably guessed, I not only opened my mouth too often, I put my foot in it! My husband went out and enlisted! Now, too late, I realize that I've had a very special Clark Gable of my own for nine years and I was too busy worshipping afar to recognize him.

Can you suggest any way that I might tactfully let a certain soldier know that I'm no longer interested in mustaches and that I wouldn't have him any way in the world except the way he is?

Mrs. S. M. Sneed,
Washington, D. C.

$1.00 PRIZE
"Dear Hollywood"

I'd like to see:
1. More musicals like "Orchestra Wives," a picture with a band. (We hep cats like 'em!)
2. More of new actresses who can act—Teresa Wright, Greer Garson and Ingrid Bergman.
3. Less publicity about some starlets who only have looks and no acting ability.
4. Less of pictures like "Iceland." Is it like that in Iceland?!!!
5. Less of Sonja Henie's skating. It's wonderful, but monotonous.
6. Less of pictures like "Somewhere I'll Find You." Too many kissing scenes—mush!
7. Less of Lana Turner and Betty Grable, and those terrible musicals with Betty, John Payne, Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda.
8. Olivia de Havilland in a picture that will win her the Academy Award. She's a real actress and deserves it.
9. More pictures like "Mrs. Miniver," "The Invaders," "Mr. V." and "In Which We Serve."

Lillian Dunton,
Watertown, Mass.

$1.00 PRIZE
Ginger On The Fire

I'm through with Ginger Rogers, once and for all. She needs a spanking and I'd like to be the one to give it to her!

To me Ginger was always a schoolgirl wearing middy blouses, living through the week for week ends, dancing at a pavilion on the lake Saturday nights, sipping gooey...
sundae at the corner drugstore Sunday afternoons and stalling in class Monday when she hadn't studied the lessons. Doing all the things I've done myself and that I've dreamed of doing. She was my ideal of the typical lovely young American girl.

Now she spoils it all by marrying a man younger than herself. Ginger is only thirty-two, certainly not old enough to justify her conduct. Plenty of attractive men in Hollywood and elsewhere of a suitable age to be her husband have something to offer. But does she marry one of them? No! She robs the cradle!

A movie star has a right to a private life. Yet she also has an obligation to her public—to keep her personal dignity. I know I speak for others, too, when I say—no more Ginger Rogers for me, thank you!

Katherine K. Woodley, Shreveport, La.

$1.00 PRIZE
Movieland

WHEN the dear old world is all awry,
And life's a perfect peée,
Let's take a trip to movieland,
The land of make-believe.

Where the heroes all have waistlines,
And the heroines all have limbs,
And a chorus of blonde angels
Dance dances and sing hymns.

To youth, they bring the replica
Of glamorous today;
To age, they bring the memory
Of a vanished yesterday.

For all, they knit the warp and woof
Of sorrow's "raveled sleeve"
So, let us hie to movieland—
The land of make-believe.

George M. Powell,
Jacksonville, Fla.

$1.00 PRIZE
The Winner

HOLLYWOOD today is a city possessing abundant talent and fantasy. This is clearly represented in its fine actors and actresses and its remarkable achievements. But Hollywood also has that precious spirit of patriotism and that is why I am writing (Continued on page 103)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: $10 first prize; $5 second prize; $1 each to every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Place do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself." PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

“Just 30 extra seconds and I'm fragrantly Dainty for hours”

“H0W MANY GIRLS realize, I wonder, how their popularity can be wrecked by body staleness? It took me months and months—lonely months—to learn my lesson. Now it takes me just 30 extra seconds to stay fragrantly dainty for hours. Watch:

"FIRST, I dry my body gently after my bath—just patting the places that might chafe."

"NEXT, I powder Cashmere Bouquet Talcum all over my whole body. Thirty extra seconds... yet it clings to me silky-soft as face powder and dries up any moisture I missed. There I stand, delicately perfumed all over... Now I know why you call it—
the fragrance men love!"

"NOW my girdle—lingerie—stockings and frock. No chafing later; Cashmere Bouquet’s silky feel stays on all evening. And does the fragrance men love—to keep me fragrantly dainty for hours!"

Cashmere Bouquet is a body talcum of highest quality—the largest selling talcum powder in America. You'll love its haunting fragrance and clinging softness. Make alluring Cashmere Bouquet your daintiness secret. Available in 10¢ and larger sizes, at drug and toilet goods counters.

Cashmere Bouquet
THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

MAY, 1943
Reviewing Movies of the Month

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

**The Human Comedy (M-G-M)**

**It's About:** The effects of war on a small-town community.

**Here** is one of the finest human documents ever to appear on the screen. To some it may seem a bit disconnected and vague to the out-of-focus point, but delve deeply enough and you will discover a magnificent message of man's understanding for his fellow man.

War reaches into the town of Ithaca, California, and into the very heart of the Macauley family. The eldest son, Van Johnson, is called to arms and Mickey Rooney, the second brother, takes on the job of night telegraph boy to help the fatherless family. At camp Mickey's brother meets young John Craven who has been raised in an orphanage and through him the soldier finds a home.

James Craig, manager of the telegraph office, and Frank Morgan, the old telegrapher, are so wonderful. Mickey, subdued and calm, gives a great performance. Little Jack Jenkins, as Ulysses, and the whole cast are outstanding.

**Your Reviewer Says:** A milepost.

**Cabin In The Sky (M-G-M)**

**It's About:** The faith of a wife in her wandering man.

**Ethel Waters** and Rochester, in company with an all-Negro cast, bring to the screen a classic of Negro folklore embodying all the superstitions and quaint philosophies, as well as the terrific faith of the Negroes. With the aid of Lena Horne, the temptress who is constantly luring Rochester from his ever-loving wife, Miss Waters, this duo of artists take on importance as definite screen personalities.

Such important entertainers as Louise Armstrong, Rex Ingram, Willie Best, Kenneth Spencer and many others highlight the story. Lena Horne is particularly outstanding as Georgia Brown who pays for her sins with a single act of repentance. Rochester never once steps out of his character of Little Joe who only makes Heaven by a hairbreadth. Miss Waters, who sings delightfully, is an artist to her finger tips and Rex Ingram an impressive and convincing Satan.

**Fans, of course, will go for the music of Louis Armstrong in a big way.**

**Your Reviewer Says:** A hit novelty.

**Flight For Freedom (RKO-Radio)**

**It's About:** The heroism of a woman flyer.

**Without** maudlin sentimentality or unnecessary heroics comes this story of a woman who yearned to be a great flyer and achieved her purpose. Rosalind Russell is sincere, womanly and honest in the role so similar to the life role of Amelia Earhart. Fred MacMurray, the brilliant flyer who wins her heart and then walks out on her only to return too late, seems so natural and genuine. Herbert Marshall, who taught Rosalind to fly and who wins her promise of marriage, is also outstanding.

The story has our Government petitioning Amelia to carry out a difficult mission in the Pacific. She gives her life for that mission. The picture raises speculation as to what actually happened to Miss Earhart who disappeared so mysteriously in the Pacific.

The story never lags, never loses interest and brings home its message in simple and straightforward strokes. Our only criticism is the bad photography, so unflattering to Miss Russell.

**Your Reviewer Says:** A fine piece of storytelling.

**Idaho (Republic)**

**It's About:** A lad who exorates his father-in-law.

We think you'll enjoy this Western because it adheres more to the modern West and because it boasts Roy Rogers and Smiley Burnett, the people's choice. There is a certain element of restfulness about a Western (or maybe it's pure escapism) and this one trades the usual noises, shootings and chasings for the more up-to-date story of a reformed judge who is framed by certain of his old playmates because he is determined to rid his community of vice and gambling. Aid is (Continued on page 98)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 102
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 108
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 70
To win his heart, campaign with care
Arm yourself with shining hair!

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

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

If you want his eyes to linger lovingly on your hair... If you want his fingers to smooth it tenderly... then keep it alluringly shining, lustrous! Don't let soaps or soap shampoos rob your hair of glamour!

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!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it... and the film left by previous soapings.

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added. Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let the beauty magic of this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!

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

May, 1943
A STORY FROM THE HEART OF AMERICA
...TO THRILL AMERICA'S HEART!

America's best loved best-seller comes to the screen! The mighty story of fierce dreams, proud courage, fighting love in today's West! Great as the red-blooded, warm-hearted people who inspired it!

Mary O'Hara's
MY FRIEND Flicka
in Technicolor

40,000,000 hailed it in REDBOOK
READER'S DIGEST and as a runaway 'best-seller!

RODDY McDOWALL • PRESTON FOSTER • RITA JOHNSON
Directed by HAROLD SCHUSTER • Produced by RALPH DIETRICH
Screen Play by Lillie Hayward • Adaptation by Francis Edwards Faragoh

20th CENTURY FOX PICTURE
It looks like love!
They look like love, too, when they look at each other—Dorothy Lamour and Captain William Howard, the newest, gayest and most provocative duet in Hollywood

DOROTHY LAMOUR is happy again. Those who love Dottie—and there are plenty of us in Hollywood and close to the Hollywood scene who do—and have watched her fight her way clear of heartache on more than one occasion are glad. We're as sure as you can be of anything that Captain William Ross Howard is the reason.

Unless you have qualities which Dorothy doesn't possess it's not too easy to find happiness as a glamour girl. A glamour girl, among other things, needs to be pretty hard-boiled and as satisfied to live on the surface and forswear earnestness and sincerity and roots as the gentlemen who warm their little egos at her bright flame. Dorothy, in spite of her silky hair, her slumberous eyes, her sarongs and her throaty voice is basically as unsophisticated and friendly and homey as a kitchen apron. We do not mean Dottie doesn't enjoy sweeping up her hair in an eye-compelling pompadour, wearing something shimmering and form-fitting, pinning orchids on her shoulder and dancing at the Stork Club or Mocambo or Ciro's. She loves it! But, mark this, she's paid well for doing this, paid with draughts of loneliness and disillusionment. Then she's picked herself up and gone out to be hurt all over again. No matter how much a girl learns she can only temper her nature; she cannot change it entirely.

No wonder, remembering her heartaches, that Dottie retreated when a friend introduced her to Captain Howard at Arrowhead Springs. Almost in the same minute they met and murmured polite little "How do you dos" there was warm brightness in his eyes. He was stationed at near-by San Bernardino and had visited the hotel with some fellow officers. They dined and danced in the evening and she wore his gardenias in her soft brown hair. The next day she visited his camp and sang songs for the boys.

Life quickened for both of them. You knew that watching them. But whenever he said anything sweet Dottie laughed. And whenever her emotions threatened to go into one of those delirious upswings she said to herself, "Easy! . . . You ought to know by this time what comes of this sort of thing. Just once be smart!"

All too soon he had to go back to his station. Dottie stayed on at the Springs. She took baths in the caves up in the rocks. She swam. She played tennis. She rested—after weeks of work and Bond tours and camp shows rest was her reason for being there. She had tea with this one. She danced with that one. Very deliberately she built a calm surface over the Howard-inspired fancies with which her imagination had begun to tempt and tease her. Surely, among other things, she thought how different he was from some of the men she has known. For Captain Howard doesn't need a glamour girl on his arm to build up his ego. He's always stood on his own feet, made his own way, just as he's doing now in the Army Air Corps. His good looks are the strong distinguished kind. He's about thirty, a wonderful age. And down in Baltimore, speaking socially, he very definitely belongs.

DOROTHY should be rather adept at laying a casual surface over a dramatic private life, heavens know. She's done it before. When her romance with Greg Bautzer, now in the Balloon Division of the Navy, dragged to a miserable close she covered up the many-faceted unhappiness which times like this bring with work and war work and dates she didn't care about at all. Until finally, when frantic wires and letters began coming from Bautzer in the East, her friends were glad to observe that she now (Continued on page 80)
The Ten Best Husbands

IN HOLLYWOOD

Gary Cooper: He's married to Sandra Shaw; they have an ideal working arrangement

Joel McCrea: He was shy till he met Frances Dee. She rang the wedding bell

Joe E. Brown: His Silver Wedding idea proved the perfect husband point

Fred Astaire: When people meet his wife they know why he acts the way he does

Walter Pidgeon: He and Ruth almost divorced, then found how to make a go of it

WHEN Photoplay asked me to do a story about the ten best husbands of Hollywood, I tackled it with fear and trepidation. After all, who knows what a perfect husband is, unless you've had one? You might consider yours the model of everything that's wonderful, and your best friend consider him a boor. Anyway—here goes.

No. 1: Charles Boyer, the perfect lover on the screen. And his wife Pat tells me he's ditto off. Says she, "He's never given me the slightest cause for jealousy. When we were married, I was acting, which was all right with Charles. If a career made me happy, he wanted me to continue. But I soon discovered my talent wasn't the kind that makes stars, so decided I'd be much happier being Mrs. Charles Boyer than Miss Pat Paterson."

They have a beautiful home overlooking the lights of the city (which are pretty dim now). They each have their own quarters and interests. Pat spends a great deal of time at the VACS Canteens, located inside Ft. MacArthur. And Charles built a lovely building for French refugees—writers, artists, musicians. And when he's not at the studio, he's helping them with their problems and trying to find work for them.

The Boyers' social life is very slim and, since the war, almost non-existent. They have a few friends in to dinner occasionally, but to my knowledge have given only two big parties in all the years they've lived here. Charles's mother lives with them or, rather, in a special cottage of her own on the estate. She, too, likes her freedom and her own friends. As far as I know, there's never been even a hint at domestic trouble in the perfect lover's married life.

No. 2: Cecil B. De Mille, who gets top billing not only for the years he's been married to his same wife, Constance, but because of their happiness throughout the years. I asked Constance why. She said, "He has imagination, consideration, understanding, humor. All life to him has been a great adventure. He brings
You might be able to guess the names of the perfect Adams anyway. But never could you guess why these ten got the gold rings on the West Coast marital merry-go-round

BY

Wanda Hoppo

those qualities home to me, too."
When Cecil started making pictures, that was like pioneering in the days of the wild and woolly West. Constance was as interested in the new adventure as he. He did all his acting at the studio—never brought any grievances or ill nature home.

When he became interested in his leading ladies, which he always did, Constance was the first to entertain them. She gave parties for them and kept on giving parties for them. She considered them a new hobby, just as any other interest he might have.

She said, 'T'll never forget when he started making pictures like 'Don't Change Your Husband' and discovered for the first time women's underwear. He got so excited about all those pretty things you would have thought that up to that time ladies had never worn underwear.

"He does everything hard—he lives hard, he plays hard. Some men never tell women anything about business. Cecil certainly never discussed his with me."

Cecil and Constance now have six grandchildren and their youngest son Richard, who's just twenty-one, will soon be equipped for the armed forces.

No. 3: Bing Crosby, father of four sons. He and Dixie have had their ups and downs. Several times it's been reported they were on the verge of a separation. Nothing ever came of it and I don't believe it ever will. I imagine Dixie has some lonely moments, because Bing has so many outside interests, what with golf, pictures, radio, personal appearances, his race track (when it was running), making records. Even without marriage, that's a full life. And naturally doesn't leave him much time to plan for Dixie, so she has to make her own friends and practically her own social life.

Bing doesn't go in for that at all. He's happiest with a few old cronies on the golf course, or sitting in a corner swapping songs and stories. A wife can get pretty tired of the same story or songs when they've been done over and over again. But, deep down (Continued on page 78)
The Truth About HOLLYWOOD'S

As the males get fewer, the women stars become—of necessity—more desperate.

The walls of the motion-picture moguls have been long and understandably loud over the alarming exodus of their eligible male talent from films into the ranks of the armed forces. But their anguish is as nothing compared to that of Hollywood women.

When the Robert Taylors enlist in the Navy Ferry Command or the John Paynes depart for the Air Corps, you may think it's tough because you won't see them for a while in pictures. But what do you suppose it does to the professional and emotional lives of the Hollywood home-town girls? The no-man situation here, which was always bad, is now desperate. Today a top woman star must fight to get a man for her pictures, fight to get a sweetheart and—if, indeed, she's lucky enough—fight even to get an escort for the evening.

Even the wolves have gone. Bruce Cabot is in the Army Air Force. Franchot Tone is married. Howard Hughes, that old reliable, is more interested in making planes than escorting film-star beauties to this and that night club. Rudy Vallee is in the Coast Guard. So is Victor Mature. Besides, Vic was snatched by Rita Hayworth months ago. All in all, handsome young men are getting more rare in Hollywood than a piece of good steak. And much less tender.

It used to be one man to every five females. Now it has practically whittled down to Louis Shurr, the agent, for the whole of Hollywood! You see him one night with one glamour girl. The next night it's another lucky one who listens breathlessly to the Shurr small talk. And in between times Louis lunches with any one of a dozen admiration females.

He's plump, he's bald, but to the eager-eyed ladies he's tops as an escort.

The girls are positively delirious when the telephone tinkles and Shurr's purr at the other end asks for a date. But, don't get the girls wrong. "Loose" has the reputation of being kind, gentle and reliable, and a godsend to some of the younger film aspirants in the matter of getting them studio jobs.

Marlene Dietrich snatched Jean Gabin when he first came here and took him back after his infatuation for Ginger Rogers had

When the man famine set in, Maria Montez made no bones about telling the whole world her long-kept secret.
cooled. In the old days Marlene would not have had to enter the
fight so openly. But these are the new days.
New indeed! An actress you know well invited a young man to
dine with her at seven o'clock. He arrived at eleven. Now, in the
days when men were more in evidence, the star would have given
the unpunctual man a severe talking to—if she had talked to him at
all. But this time she smiled angelically and said something about
the dinner's being spoiled of course, but that didn't matter the
tiniest bit, and that she could soon whip up another one!

But even a girl as attractive as Dinah Shore is not too plentifully
supplied with beaus, for all that she's the favorite singer of
the armed forces, the adored of the Hollywood Canteen. "I thought
there weren't many men in Nashville, Tennessee," Dinah said re-
cently, "But here!"

Still, she is a little more fortunate than newcomer Louise All-
britton. Dinah at least had a big rush from George Montgomery.
And she does get dated by Jimmy Stewart when he is in town. But
Louise, who is a lovely blonde from Texas, says, "My father keeps
calling me from Texas. He is worried that I'll be an old maid be-
cause there are no men here to date me!"

In any town, under any circumstances there are always a few
girls who can take care of themselves. Paulette Goddard is one
of these. The current shortage of men almost caught her with
her date book down. A little while ago Paulette was heard be-
wailing the lack of men to Jinx Falkenburg. "If this goes on,"
said Paulette, "I can see where at forty I'll be an old woman
with nothing to do but sit by the window and polish my jewels!"

Miss Goddard's past life and loves have been the subject matter
of many Hollywood conversations. The mystery of her marriage
to Chaplin, her friendship with Anatole Litvak and her frequent
journeys to Mexico have made Hollywood wonder what will she
do next. So what has she done? She's gone into business with
Burgess Meredith commercially (they bought a bike shop) and
romantically, if Lt. Meredith has his way, that jewel-polishing time
won't come to pass for many a day. Thus Paulette escapes the
blight.

(Continued on next page)
Maria Montez is another such girl. In the days when men were plentiful Maria was seen in every studio spot with eventually the entire roll call of male desirables.

The famine set in. Maria made no bones about telling the world her heart belonged to her English captain fiance, now in a German prison camp. Some unknown observers pointed out that this was merely a face-saving device to cover up the lack of eligible men on her list. In that case, they’ll do well to keep their eyes on Jean Pierre Aumont, soon to be seen—and long remembered—in “Assignment In Brittany.” For once more Maria has scored against the field. Aumont first fell to the lucky lot of the ladies at the Metro lot. And they did their best. But with little more than a gracious nod he has made his way over to the Montez colors. They had a wonderful romp together when they were recently in New York at the same time on tours. Trust Maria!

It is a sad fact that there were few unattached men left in Hollywood and that if she wanted one to call her own she’d have to hustle and find him. For a while she toyed with the idea of marrying Philip Reed, but he was apparently not the answer to her maiden’s prayer. So she went more than a hundred miles, to the Marine base at San Diego, to fall in love with Jack Briggs and hear an honest-to-goodness “Will-you-marry-me?”

Olivia de Havilland’s spot in this no-man picture is quite a different story. Livvie’s dilemma is not that she hasn’t got a man but that the number-one gentleman in her life is not free at the moment.

In the old days when men were more plentiful than they are now, she set her cap, and a pretty cap it is, at Jimmy Stewart. Livvie adored him openly; he liked her; but the end was only separation. Then she went about with millionaire Howard Hughes. But Howard then was a playboy first, foremost and last. Jock Whitney (then between marriages) was next for Olivia. He liked her, but apparently the important question was never asked. And then, on her home lot (Warners) she met the brilliant young director John Huston, married but separated from his wife. If this marriage had not come off, it will be a body blow to Livvie.

With most of the unmarried men in the fighting services, the publicity romance is practically dead. Hedy Lamarr was linked briefly with Jean Pierre Aumont, but it was pretty obvious that neither wanted not even two buttons for each other and the “romance” lasted about two weeks. Hedy, by the way, seems genuinely in love with John Loder and thanks her stars that

Livvie de Havilland: Will she end up “Mrs.” or remain in the ranks of the ladies-without-men?

she is now one of the lucky few with a beau she can call her own.

The last splutter in publicity romances was furnished by John Payne and June Havoc when they appeared together in “Hello, Frisco, Hello.” June made a pretty good job of it, too. The light in John’s eye was no mere polite glow. And recently when John made a quiet trip into town, they had all their dates far from the click of news cameras. But don’t lay any bets that theirs is one of those forever matters.

The predicament of the women stars here is even worse from a professional viewpoint. There just aren’t enough men left to go around for the thirty to fifty odd pictures each studio has to make a year. You should see the big-shot actresses scramble for the few remaining eligibles.

Katharine Hepburn would like Spencer Tracy for every picture she makes here. She’s had him for two already and wants him for the next. But fun is fun and Metro needs Spencer to support some of the other girls.

Joan Fontaine, who used to be a quiet little thing, is now vociferous in demanding important leading men for her films. For “The Constant Nymph,” Joan invited Director Edmund Goulding to lunch and showered him with arguments as to why she would be good for the part opposite Charles Boyer. “But the girl must be a weak, undersized, puny thing with freckles,” Goulding told Joan. He looked a little closer at her and shrieked, “By heavens, you’re the girl!”

Claudette Colbert has the French woman’s aptitude for making the best of things and she says that if she cannot get a man with a big name for her pictures, she’ll take a good-looking unknown with personality. It was she who chose George Reeves for her opposite in “So Proudly We Hail.” She sat in the projection room and looked at thirty tests of unknown young men. Reeves’s test was there by mistake. But when Claudette saw his face, she shouted, “Stop, that’s the man!”

Betty Grable tried to wheel Fox into getting George Raft for her next film. She succeeded with the studio but failed with Raft, who was afraid he would have to play second fiddle in the picture and wasn’t willing to risk his romance for top billing.

Marlene Dietrich has always liked young men in her pictures, although an old-timer like Menjou could show her off to better advantage. But Marlene would rather appear desirable to a young man than the best veteran actor in the business.

Talking about Menjou, when the shortage of actors first became apparent, a producer said to Adolphe, “It looks as though you older guys will come back to films.”

“If we do,” replied Menjou, “it will be the first time that some of the leading ladies have played with men of their own age!”

The End.

* * * * *

**COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES**

* Tyrone Power .......... Page 31
  Now in the U. S. Marines
* Betty Grable .......... Page 34
* Sheila Ryan .......... Page 34
* Martha O’Driscoll .......... Page 34
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PHOTOFILM combined with MOVIE MIRROR
I have never been one to subscribe to the theory that Hollywood actresses are just like other women; that Judy Garland might be the little girl next door and that Hedy Lamarr has the same domestic tastes and Claudette Colbert the same temperament as your neighbor. Having lived in the cinema capital a great many years I am inclined to believe that screen stars are different or they wouldn't be screen stars.

But on my last trip out there after war had laid its hand upon us, I found that the vast and mighty demands of our country in these days of battle have gathered us all into a wave of kindred emotion that seems to me a very touching thing.

On the train somewhere between Chicago and Kansas City I got to talking in the dining car with a quiet little woman whose eyes showed the shadow of recent tears. She had been to the eastern seaboard to say good-by to her husband. With an apologetic little smile that asked pardon for her weakness she said, "I wanted him to go. I'm very proud of him. But—that can't change missing him, can it? I kind of hate to go home. We've had a tough time paying for our house these last five years and we did it all together and painted the kitchen and—you know. Now—it seems so empty without him. Of course I'll carry on—but there's no use pretending it isn't hard to do."

And out in Hollywood Brenda Marshall said to me, "What could make anybody think that an actress doesn't miss her husband just the same as any other woman? Of course our lives are busy—and what is called colorful. But—the home Bill and I built together is just as empty as any other home and I haven't been able to have dinner in the dining room since he left for camp. Dinner was always the happy get-together after the long day, the time when we were both just full of things to tell each other and now—somehow I'd just rather take a tray into another room."

Her husband, William Holden, is with the Army Air Corps. Up in Canada, where I went to see my oldest son get his wings in the RCAF, I stayed in a delightful old hotel and I kept hearing the small talk of a very young baby next door. I went calling and discovered the pretty dark wife of a lad who had also just graduated and won his coveted "overseas posting." She sat there holding her six-weeks-old son, prepared to go back to her home somewhere in Minnesota, and she said, "I'm so glad I've got the baby. You know how it is. It keeps you from being too lonesome—he does look like his daddy, doesn't he? I'll be so busy taking care of him that it won't seem so long until Ted comes home."

And out in Hollywood, dark-eyed Sue Carol, married to the new star Alan Ladd, said the other day, "Of course Alan and I wanted a baby. So we are having one and I thank God for it. While Alan's away in service the baby will keep him close to me all the time. I'll be so busy taking care of our baby when he comes that it will help keep me from being too lonesome. Alan and I have always been very close—he's a gentle, rather shy person even if he is a killer on the screen. We've been everything to each other since we married and now he's gone, as I would have him go, to fight for his country. I think it will be wonderful for him to realize I'm taking care of our baby. It will give him a sure sense of the future to look forward to."

Van Hefflin is a lieutenant in the Artillery and his wife, pretty Frances Neal, is expecting their baby before long. When that's over she'll go back to work for Metro, but the first thing in her life will be Van's baby. An American home ought to have a baby in it, two people in love ought to have a baby—and wartime only takes a little more courage in that as it does in everything else. There doesn't seem much doubt that Van Hefflin will see combat service—he's in line for it—and Frances knows it will be lonelier than anything when he isn't there to stand by while the baby's born. Lonely because she won't know he's outside pacing a hospital corridor and that she will have to miss that supreme moment when he (Continued on page 91)
Would a wife have a baby if her husband is in active service? Von and Frances Helfin have one idea...

...Sue Carol and Alan Ladd another. They both equal the same thing—a woman's best chance at happiness.

Jeanette MacDonald accepted the supreme challenge now, while her husband Gene Raymond is far away fighting in England.

In some ways, what Maureen O'Sullivan is doing for husband Johnny Farrow is the greatest sacrifice of all.
The hero himself—Gene looking pensive, liking what he’s dreaming of—his past success in "For Me And My Gal"; his current role in "DuBarry Was A Lady".

**Gene Kelly** doesn’t have the soulful eyes, thick wavy hair and football shoulders of a Hollywood hero, but he does have something vastly more valuable—an indefinable something, an electric quality which blanks out his lack of good looks and glamour. In many ways he is a brunet version of Fred Astaire with the same liquid grace and perfect timing in his dancing and the same shy manner, quiet bearing and modest mien.

Unlike Astaire, Gene is no fashion plate. Candidly he calls himself "a walking slum." Recently he threatened to go to a swank Hollywood premiere in a plain business suit because his own dinner jacket was stolen a year ago and he had refused to buy another. Tearfully Betsy, his wife, called Dickie Whorf, one of the Kelly pals, about the dilemma.

"Nuts," said Whorf. "I’ll loan him mine."

So it was that Gene paraded in Hollywood high society dolled up in his best friend’s finery!

Aside from being a heckava nice guy, Gene is one of those provocative exceptions which proves the rule about the long hard road to success.

He has contributed a just share of ambition and work along the way but the really choice smiles of fortune always seem to land on him. For instance, he left college to start a one-horse dance school; two years later he was the head of a chain of such schools and netting around $10,000 a year profit. He was an absolute unknown when he decided...
to tackle Broadway; two days after reaching New York he had a featured role in "Leave It To Me," which was followed by three hit plays including "Pal Joey." He came to Hollywood devoid of the supposed essentials of handsome looks and personal glamour; his subordinate role in "For Me And My Gal" created such an instant sensation he was rushed into top roles in two top M-G-M pictures and then was handed the starring part opposite Kathryn Grayson in "Private Miss Jones."

Not bad for a young man who just has skimmed by his thirtieth birthday! Yet Gene, in all honesty, professes to view the achievements as ordinary and himself as less.

"I'm just Joe Average," he said. "I've got a wife, a kid, a car and a house. There's a million guys like me."

BLOODY noses and blacked eyes were Gene's earliest memories of life in his home town of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The same dancing which brought him fame was responsible. Done up in prim little Eton collars, with his hair slicked and his ears scrubbed pink, he was sent to dancing school once a week by his mother. She believed in little boys' learning the niceties of life.

"The route to school was lined with kids whose mothers held less aesthetic views," Gene said. "Invariably the divergent schools of thought clashed and I had to do battle on each of six corners to prove I was no sissy."

On one occasion Gene and his brother (who came under the same maternal dictum) were jumped by a gang of seven kids. That called for quick strategy since they were so badly outnumbered.

"G'wan!" Gene disdainfully answered the challenge. "We're going to a party with cake and strawberry ice cream and everything!"

"Oh yeah?" said the gang, preparing to let fly. "Prove it!"

"Okay," said Gene. "Follow us and see. Maybe we can hook you some of the eats." The gang fell in line. Keeping up a patter about the delights in store, Gene led the beguiled enemy to the door of the dancing school and safety.

"The Irish have a way of meeting things," Gene observed.

In other respects his childhood was that of the average American boy. His father, James Patrick Kelly, was a salesman and earned sufficient to guarantee his family of three sons and two daughters the usual comforts and a modicum of luxury. He shared a room on the third floor of the big red brick home with his younger brother Fred and it was cluttered with the usual paraphernalia and trophies of adolescents—pennants, stolen No Parking signs, cigar box hoards of junk and white mice in a shoebox. He had the usual succession of mumps and measles and the one outstanding accident which always throws the family into a panic. It left a slightly curving scar at the left of his mouth (Continued on page 94)
Rita Hayworth

Colorful debut: Rita Hayworth, now appearing in Columbia's "The Gypsy Girl."
and to Walter Pidgeon, currently starring in M-G-M's "Madame Curie"
SHORT FOR RONNI

Tall — and true — story about a little girl with a big name, Veronica Lake, who's on the cover, in the money and out to win your heart

She takes excellent care of her hair

BY
SIDNEY SKOLSKY

The noted writer and newspaper columnist

Off screen she loves pinafores and braids—and her husband Captain John Detlie whose pet name for her is Ronni
Recently some friends entertained a soldier. Veronica was in the party. She was dancing with him when another soldier in the place said, "Look at that dame! Who does she think she is—Veronica Lake?"

However in her next picture, "So Proudly We Hail," her famous hair goes decidedly up. She plays a U. S. Army nurse. Long hanging hair is against regulations and she must be authentic. Therefore her hair is parted in the middle and done up.

Off the screen she loves to dress in pinafores with her hair done up in pigtails. She never outgrows clothes and many outfits she wears were made by herself years ago. And, although she once won the title of "Miss Florida" in a bathing beauty contest, she has never been photographed in a bathing suit for publicity purposes.

She didn’t want to be an actress when her family moved to Hollywood for business reasons in 1919. She didn’t like the theater and seldom went to the movies. Her girl friend, Gwen Horn, however, wanted to be a movie star. Gwen answered a call at RKO for a girl to play a bit in "Sorority House." Veronica, who drove the car, went along. John Farrow, the director, insisted that she play a bit in the picture, too. From that day on, she wanted to be a movie star.

She played bits in a number of pictures. Directors would always say to her, "Get the hair out of your eyes!" She would have to put up the hair before playing the scene. She wore the hair over one eye for the first time in "Forty Little Mothers." "Let her do it," said Eddie Cantor to Director Busby Berkeley, "it’ll help to distinguish her from the others."

This bit led to her getting a special screen test at Metro. The test played a number of projection rooms at different studios. She was signed by Paramount for a leading role in "I Wanted Wings" and from then on she was a star.

On the set she pays strict attention to work. She comes fully prepared and knows her lines and part. She is not envious of other performers in the cast and she takes direction easily. She puts everything she has into her work.

She is married to Captain John Stuart Detlie of the camouflage division of the Engineer Corps, stationed in Seattle. She met him while he was in the art department at Metro and she was working at that studio. It was the haircomb that first attracted him to her.

When not working in a picture, she resides in Seattle with their baby, Elaine, to be near John. His pet name for her is Ronni and she has it lettered on almost everything she owns.

She smokes, but never has a match with her.

She takes especially good care of her hair. She brushes it fifteen minutes a day.

She eats prodigious amounts of food, but she (Continued on page 97)
What Hollywood Thinks of Paulette Goddard

An "out in the open" discussion of the girl who has caused more undercover gossip than any feminine star

BY WILLIAM F. FRENCH

HER outstanding feature of Paulette Goddard is energy, energy expressed by vitality, ambition and drive. Sooner or later, almost everyone gets around to that in talking of Paulette Goddard.

Everyone knows her for that—and for her bright smile, her gaiety and her wit. After working in two pictures with her, Ray Milland claims there's nobody in films who can top her in repartee.

"Paulette can take it," says Ray. "And no matter what happens, she comes up smiling. Besides being the quickest witted woman I ever knew, she's the gamest. She took a terrific beating in 'Reap The Wild Wind.' She wore heavy costumes under those hot lights without a whimper. She was drenched in the water, mauled in the fights and knocked about in barroom brawls—and every time she came up smiling."

She's all girl to Bob Hope. He says: "To me Paulette is one of the most feminine stars in pictures. She may work her head off, sparkle with wit and be a pal on the set, but she can't make me take back what I said the first time I saw her."

What he said then was: "Paulette Goddard is the first real glamour girl I ever saw. I've heard about them, but she is it. She's got those lines and those sparkling eyes and all the things I heard about on Broadway."

The thing about Goddard that most impresses LeVaughn Larson of the Paramount wardrobe department, who has dressed scores of stars, is her sensitiveness.

"Paulette never thinks of anything we are making up for her as something for herself," LeVaughn explains, "but always as something for the character she is to play. Although she has excellent taste in clothes, she will favor the same styles and materials that that character would select.

"That's probably because she is sensitive to the feelings of others.

"For instance, she was given a little stand-in who had never done that kind of work before. The minute this girl walked on the set Paulette sensed that she was nervous and felt out of place. So Paulette asked this girl into her dressing room, talked to her about the things she wanted to do and made her feel right at home. Now that girl is one of Goddard's most loyal champions.

Her name is June Kilgore."

June Kilgore's own side of the Goddard story? "She has such a good heart," said the little stand-in. "I'd been working for her only a short time when she gave me a dress. The last day we worked in 'Reap The Wild Wind' she gave me a beautiful knee-length red fox fur coat. I didn't know what to say and stammered over taking it, but she told me I should more than she deserved and felt I would appreciate it more than she would.

"She didn't give me those things because of anything I'd done for her, but just because she's generous. During the shooting of the picture 'Pot O' Gold' one of the girls complimented Paulette on the sweater she was wearing.

"The very next day thirty-two sweaters just like it, in different colors, were brought on the set. There was one for each (Continued on page 72)
A GUY

BY ERNEST V. HEYN

Editors' Note: When Major Ernest V. Heyn left his post as editorial director to go into the Army of the United States, he agreed, when time and duties permitted, to contribute occasionally to our pages. This is his story of a friend who happens also to be one of Hollywood's exciting new star personalities.

When I was editor of magazines like this one, and especially this one, I had two rules for the folks who wrote the stories. One was to "get a human angle on the stars, the basic theme of his life." The other was to "keep yourself out of the story." And now here I am breaking the rules, one by one.

Well, not exactly. When I was asked to tell you about the man who's done so well for himself as the handsome menace in "Shadow Of A Doubt" and who has distinguished himself in varying degrees in "Citizen Kane," "The Magnificent Ambersons" and "Journey Into Fear," which he also helped write, it was because Jo Cotten and I have been friends for a number of years. (I spell Jo without the "e" because Lenore does, and Lenore certainly ought to know, since it must have been she who decided, when she married him in 1931, how people like you and me were to spell it when Jo became famous.)

Friendship, then, is my excuse for the first person singular. And as for the human angle, I've done the next best thing to getting one—I've unearthed several!

For instance: It seems incredible, but Joseph Cotten played in the Broadway stage play, "The Philadelphia Story," opposite Katharine Hepburn, for twelve long weeks, eight performances a week, suffering from an ailment which he'd caught from Lenore's young daughter, Judy, and if it had happened to me I'd have been in bed!

Even though the other actors in the show had to treat him like a pariah and turn the other way, holding their breaths when he spouted lines toward them, to avoid catching his germs, he went right on for three long months—with whooping cough!

You can judge people by the way they react to their physical handicaps. To me that whooping cough episode is the pay-off on Jo. Nothing can stop a man like that. Matter of fact, the experience left him with the same sort of trouble Bing Crosby has—"nodules" (I think that's the word) on his vocal chords.

During the show it was very painful, the constant coughing, the heart-breaking effort to make his voice heard in the last row of the gallery despite the constriction in his throat, that ever-present impulse to cough. But somehow it gave his voice a quality, and a certain agency representative was sure he'd discovered the great radio voice of the future. The agent had come to see Van Heflin, who played the other important male role, but he ended by wanting Jo. (Van Heflin did all right too.)

Jo agreed to come for an audition but secretly planned to put it off as long as possible, so he could take treatments to bring his voice back to normal. At last, several weeks later, he said he was ready for the test. It was arranged. Jo was delighted with his voice, quite free now of its whooping-cough rasp. And after it was over the agency man congratulated him, but touched his arm sympathetically as he said, "What's happened, Cotten—what has happened to your voice?"

Nodules or no nodules, he got the role opposite Martha Scott in the radio serial, "The Career Of Alice Blair."

You've read stories of boys and girls who became actors and actresses against the strident opposition of their conservative fathers and mothers. Well, Jo's parents couldn't be more conservative. There hadn't been an actor in either family, ever. They were good, solid-Southern, church-going people and when Jo was born to them in Petersburg, Virginia, on May 15, 1905, they probably dreamed that he'd go into law or maybe work for the Government as his father did. If anybody had told Mrs. Cotten that her boy was going to be a professional football player, a writer, an advertising salesman and an actor, she would have snorted and said, "Nonsense!"

But when the moment came, when Jo stood before her and said, "That's what I want to be, Mama—an actor," she didn't snort, she didn't even scowl. She said, "If that's what you want, Jo, that's what I want too." And she proceeded to help him get what he wanted.
Jo's predilection for acting was no secret to anyone in Petersburg. They had come to the high-school plays and seen him in all manner of roles. So it was no surprise to them when word got around that he was heading for Washington, D. C., to study in the Robert Nugent Hickman School of Expression. Of course, they were sure it would break his poor mother's heart to have him turn out this way—an actor, imagine it!

Jo studied hard at the Hickman School, trained his voice over the rivets that were being driven into the building of the Mayfair Hotel across the street from the studio and then went to New York to become an actor. He tried, long and as energetically as he knew how, to get acting jobs in New York. The people to whom he had letters had left the city years before. So nothing came of his efforts... nothing except a sense of futility and hopelessness. The winter was cold and there was a boom in Florida... maybe there'd be something doing there and besides, what did he have to lose?

He borrowed some money from a dear friend and headed for Florida. He spent five years there... all kinds of jobs... selling advertising on a Miami paper... selling vacuum cleaners... acting in a little theater (you might have, known it!)... but no real spark, no burning ambition.

At last Jo was twenty-five. The Florida boom was over, long since, and people were even getting used to the stock market crash, which was almost a year behind them.

Then a handsome blonde showed up, named Lenore. A marriage that hadn't panned out was behind her, but there wasn't a trace of bitterness in her. She was gay and bright and understanding. And little Judy, her daughter, was enchanting. Jo was delighted with his new friends. Someday, somebody (not I) will tell you the really enchanting and dramatic love story of Jo and Lenore. Let me tell you just this: I've never seen two people who I thought belonged together as much as these two.

In the summer Lenore went to New York, leaving Jo in Florida. A strange new ambition touched him. The thing to do was to go back to New York and try again. Jo set out, without hope, with but the warming prospect of seeing Lenore practically any minute.

Of course they were married, when the unpleasant business of the divorce had been straightened out, and then Jo had to be a success in the theater, he absolutely had to.

And he certainly was—but almost a decade later!

One of the letters Jo had, when he came up North, was to Burns Mantle, even then a well-known and popular drama critic. (Today he edits an annual collection of the best plays of the year and reviews the theater for the Daily News which has the largest newspaper circulation in New York or anywhere, I guess.) Jo mailed that letter to Mantle and was invited to come and see him.

Mantle said, dourly, "You know, I really wonder how anybody ever gets on the stage."

And Jo answered in his forthright way, "I don't know. You're supposed to tell me."

Mantle laughed and gave him letters to John Golden and David Belasco, the famous producers, but added: "Letters aren't any good."

The letter to John Golden is still one of Jo's treasures. He never used it. He's saving it, he says, "just in case."

However, he did send the letter to David Belasco and got an appointment. "What do you want?" Belasco asked brusquely.

"I want a job in the theater," Jo told him.

"All right." Belasco said unexpectedly, "Come to work Monday." Then followed a series of understudy roles—"Dancing Partner" for Lynne Overman and "Tonight Or Never" for Melvyn Douglas—and then nothing, just that same sense of futility that every hopeful actor gets used to, like a lame man to a limp.

Leah Salisbury, the play and talent agent, knows about that. The story of Leah and Jo is one I like—another of those "human angles" in Jo's life. You see, an agent is a gambler, a person who decides someone is good, then gambles hours and money and endless arguments trying to put that somebody over. Leah Salisbury decided that Joseph Cotten was a good gamble. Not that much ever happened to Jo to kindle her faith in him, but she just believed in him. She arranged all manner of appointments and plenty of readings and movie tests. Today you say to Jo, "Who tested you?"

And Jo answers, "Name anybody. Everybody tested him, even Howard Hughes, for the role that Ben Lyon later played in "Hell's Angels."

All through these years of occasional jobs in summer stock, or as understudy, or in some minor radio role, Leah always had (Continued on page 88)
I wouldn't make again...

In which we make five Hollywood stars "sing"—i.e., speak up about their slip-ups

**Joan Fontaine**

Looking back over my past I regret that I missed many of the normal activities and joys of youth. When I see the things young people do, the fun girls of eighteen, nineteen, twenty, have at barbecue parties, sleigh rides, dances, I can't help envying them. In my younger days I was shy and afraid of people my own age. I hardly ever associated with them, didn't go to parties, movies, dances with them, but stayed home reading heavy books. My companions were older people—much older than I.

Not all the good books in the world, not all the knowledge one can gain from them, can compensate for the lack of these usual diversions in a girl's life. I missed them and they have left a void in my heart. Today, I still long for those silly and wonderful things girls in their teens do. In some ways I feel ten years older. The responsibility of coping with the right scripts, with complicated salary matters and the thousand and one big and small things connected with a career in motion pictures make a girl prematurely old.

A slight mistake may have serious, even disastrous consequences.

But in other ways I haven't grown up at all. I suppose, and I'd like to cut up with young girls and share in their fun. After all, one is young only once and parties and dates and dances, sleigh rides, picnics, camping, are an invaluable part of youth. I didn't have them—a mistake I wouldn't want to make again.

**Joan Crawford**

The mistake I'll never make again (I hope!) is going off the deep end of enthusiasm for a person with no appreciation of courtesy. Not very long ago, a mutual friend of my husband's and mine asked us to be nice to a girl who shall be nameless. We should have known better when the secretary rather than the girl herself called to announce her arrival in town. But we went ahead nevertheless. When we did see her we gave her the advice she asked for—mind you, she asked for the advice. She was discouraged. We tried to buck her up and we arranged for her to have a screen test.

However, tests are expensive for any studio and they are never made sight unseen. We asked her to come to the studio on a certain day. Her secretary called to say she could not make it that day, but would the next. When she arrived the next day, I had a famous cameraman and a famous director there to interview her.

"Where am I to make the test?" she asked.

We explained that tests were not made without an interview first.

"Is that the reason you dragged me all the way out here—just for a silly interview?" she said, and walked off the set.

Helping people with common decency who are courteous enough to appreciate what you do for them is a pleasure. It's more fun for me to give a person a boost than for the person who receives the boost. But I'm careful from now on. Phil and I will only help those who really want and need our help.
**Lynn Bari**

One mistake I'm sure I'll never make again is to try to make an impressive "entrance." My first and last attempt was too humiliating. For this special occasion—one of my first dates, the first time I had been to the Cocoanut Grove and my first formal gown—I had bought a very special, extravagant dress, a red one, with a short train. I was making what I thought was a poised and regal entrance—deliberately late, because I had read about "entrances"—but halfway down the stairs I tripped, fell down the remaining stairs and landed on the dance floor.

I was dreadfully embarrassed but managed to say, "Maybe Mack Sennett could use me as a comic double." All evening people passing my table smiled sympathetically, or laughingly, or at least so I imagined. Afterwards I was sure that if I hadn't been wearing such a conspicuous red gown I might not have been so easily spotted as the girl who literally "tripped" down the stairs. Since then I've been much more conservative in my choice of clothes and I never try to make an "entrance." Before I enter any room in which a number of people are gathered, I stop and take a good deep breath and then make sure I know where I'm walking. And I'm usually one of the first guests to arrive.

**Nancy Coleman**

The greatest mistake I ever made was in allowing myself to be "pushed around." When I was on the road tour of "Susan And God" we played Los Angeles. At that time the search for Scarlett O'Hara was on and I was offered a test. I thought that meant going to the studio and having the test, but it wasn't so simple. I wore myself out making trips to the Selznick Studio in Culver City from Los Angeles in the afternoons and rushing back for the evening performance of our play. It went on day after day, through innumerable delays. The climax came when I sat in a producer's office for three hours, alone, just waiting. The producer had simply forgotten all about me.

I decided the fault was mine and made up my mind then and there that from that moment on little Nancy would be the sort of girl who looked out for herself.

I lived up to my new resolution. As a result, when Warners offered me a contract I refused to sign unless the contract stipulated that I should be given a test for the role of Louise in "Kings Row." That was the role I wanted to play and I didn't want to come out to Hollywood and find that someone else had been assigned to the role before I even had a chance to try.

And just recently I did some more looking out for myself. I had read the script of "Edge Of Darkness" and I knew I could play the part of the Polish actress. But everyone I spoke to about it said, "You aren't the type, Nancy." Even my agent refused to ask for that role for me. Instead of giving up I went to Director Lewis Milestone myself and pleaded for a test. He finally gave in and the result was that after he saw the test I agreed with me that I could play it.

**Red Skelton**

The mistake I'd never make again is to become a star. Before I entered pictures I was a clown in circuses or a judge of walkathons in carnivals—and most of the time I didn't wear shoes. I hate to wear shoes. I could sleep late, didn't have to go to night clubs and, above all, didn't need a car. I used to travel in box cars and let the railroad company worry about it—now I have to carry my A and B ration books with me all the time.

Whereas before, Saturday night was good enough for me, now I have to have a swimming pool. And I have to get some relatives. And I have to write to Emily Post about the correct way of using forks—whereas the only fork I ever used before was when I pitched hay to the elephants. Now a valet wakes me up; before, a cop woke me up on a park bench. And now I've got to kiss the leading ladies. This being a Hollywood star is sure getting me down!
Kiss me for luck

By Henry and Sylvia Lieferant

There is one time when a woman must be courageous enough to confess her love for a man. Was Betsy wise enough to know when that moment had come?

The Story Thus Far:

They had known each other "when"—Betsy Bell and Phil Jordan, back in the days when they were both performers in a second-rate Hollywood night club, Phil in a clever pantomiming stunt with his brothers Roy and Chet, Betsy as the naive little singer. For a brief moment, one evening, they had been close, too, when Phil had asked Betsy to "kiss me for luck" because the next night Haney, the big producer, was coming to hear the Jordan Brothers and that might mean that success was on the way.

But Haney had chosen instead little Betsy Bell and had carried her away to groom her for stardom, leaving the Jordans discouraged, disillusioned, with nothing ahead but dreary third-rate engagements in the sticks.

Success sometimes does a surprise act, though, and that's the way it had happened for the Jordans. For here they were now, called back to Hollywood by the producer Anton Van Dirk, called back to play in one picture, in two, pointed out as the new finds of Hollywood.

And little Betsy Bell, who had always remembered Phil, was a has-been, a girl who had been eased out before Success had even had a glimpse of her.

For Haney, after promising her the lead role in his new picture, had dropped her instead. There was no Phil for her to turn to—Phil was too busy squiring Doris Foster, the lovely blonde on whom her producer was betting, although she had not yet come through in any picture as a hit. She had beauty, a lovely ethereal beauty that had bewitched Phil, and she had intelligence, too, a cruel calculating intelligence that made her see she might go far if she rode along with that coming star of the Jordan team, Phil.

As for Roy and Chet—they were listening to the honied tones of their girls, Wilma and Lorna, telling them that they, not Phil, were the backbone of the act, begging them to break up the Jordan Brothers and try out on their own.

Phil sensed this a bit, but he still could not believe that there was any real discord among them. It was easy to forget their quarrels, too, when he was out with Doris. They had come to a small cafe this evening, where they might be alone, and the floor show was on as they went to their table.

Suddenly the band was playing an introduction that sounded familiar to Phil. He looked up and saw, standing before the microphone, Betsy Bell. Doris was watching his face carefully. "Someone you know, darling?" she asked.

"Betsy Bell."

"Oh, yes, Betsy Bell—I remember. A flop before she began, wasn't she? You know her well?"

"We worked in the same show... I'd like to see her a minute, Doris," Phil said. And abruptly he was on his feet.

Now Continue the Story:

He knows her too well, Doris thought. He likes her too well. She spoke up suddenly. "Shall we go, Phil? I'm really very tired."

She seemed to drop before his eyes, to wilt like an Easter lily under a bright light. He felt contrite at having kept her out so late. He would send Betsy a note, now that he knew where to find her. He'd offer her help...

The three brothers were in their apartment when the newspapers were delivered with the reviews of the second picture. Each sprang to open one. "Sashay Round Your Partner" was a success, if not the sudden bomb that the first one was. This reviewer didn't think it an unqualified hit, but "the brothers are still our choice for the best lunatics of the year." Every reviewer singled Phil out. "The middle brother, Phil, is easily the pivot of the team—"

"What about that fire engine sequence on my accordion? That wasn't anything, I suppose," Roy said. "Do I get a kind word for it?" Chet shrugged. "We're just spokes on the wheel."

Both of them had been hungry for separate publicity. Only Phil got any to speak of. But he hadn't wanted it. It didn't matter to him. He knew the boys were tops.

"I was hit on that one shot radio hour," Roy informed his brothers. "They want me for more. Why should I neglect an opportunity for this?" and he waved toward the papers in disgust.

It was a long, long moment while Phil stared at his brothers. Jealousy was smeared all over Roy's sullen face. Chet sat with his feet on the sofa back, entirely indifferent. What goes on here, Phil thought. How can we work like this?

"We're giving a darnsight more to the next picture than we ever gave," he decided. "You forget your radio until this is over."

Phil's hopes were not realized. The third picture was started with open wrangling, finished in active discord. Van Dirk recognized the lack of harmony and its danger, and perhaps for that reason finished shooting in record time.

The verdict of the projection room was "Stinko."

Van Dirk's verdict was as short and final. "Call their agent Sam Kent and tell him we're not picking up the Jordans' option."

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR
While he stood in the studio doorway talking to the script girl of other matters, having already dismissed the Jordans from his mind, the projection room telephone rang.

"Hi, Boss," cried the excited voice of an assistant camera man through the phone. "That Foster picture—you can chalk up another wow!"

"What's that?"

"Click!" Kovaler said. "The preview's over and the crowd's knocked out. Doris Foster's a hit, Boss. They're mobbing her in the lobby. She's with that Jordan fellow—the funny one—Phil.

Van Dirk hung up. "A miracle," he laughed. "The well-known Hollywood brand." Doris Foster had at last justified the money spent on her. She was a hit.

It wasn't till late the next day that the message came from Sam that the Jordans' option was not to be picked up. At ten o'clock that night, Phil stepped into the apartment to hear the telephone ringing. He thought it might be Doris, just calling to say an extra good-night.

It wasn't good-night. It wasn't Doris. For the moment it looked to him like curtains. He sat frozen beside the telephone. Discord. That's what had done it. The boys each fighting for a place in the sun, like kids. He'd have to pull them together now—get a fresh start.

Phil called the bar and ordered drinks sent up. The boys hadn't come in yet. At one-thirty there was a knock. He wasn't expecting Success. She didn't come. A telegram had arrived instead.

Married tonight. Sailing Hawaii midnight. Promised Lorna give up career. Three little Jordans cooking in a stew one got et then there were two. Chet.

Phil almost couldn't comprehend this. It (Continued on page 54)
The lady is a symbol. Her name is Anna Lee. She is England in America—yours to know and cheer forever

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

UNIQUE is the word for Annie. She is blonde, blue-eyed, fragile of appearance and far lovelier than is necessary, even in glamour gummed-up Hollywood. You saw her first with Ronald Colman in RKO’s “My Life With Caroline,” which depicted her with no more brain than you could carry on the tip of a knife while riding a jeep at full speed. This was a gross libel, because the Lee lady is definitely on the cerebral side.

Her second picture was “How Green Was My Valley,” in which she played Roddy McDowall’s beloved Bron. After that came “Flying Tigers” in nurse’s white, then “Flesh And Fantasy” and “The Commandos Strike At Dawn.” But wait till you see her performance in “Hangmen Also Die!”

Now that you have the key to her identity, would you like the key to her life? It’s the masculine department of the human race. Proof of this exciting statement will follow immediately.

Miss Lee (then known as Joanna Boniface Winnifreth) at the malleable age of ten was the only distaff member of a boys’ school. It came about in this way: Her father was the rector at Ightham, near Sevenoaks, Kent, England, and he was also headmaster of the preparatory school. As there were no feminine educational opportunities located near by, Joanna was taught her lessons with the boys. Also, her hair was cropped exactly as theirs was and she wore the same school toggery.

She played all the games—even to the English version of football—until one of the more embittered spinsteresses in her father’s pastorate protested that this was shocking behavior for a little girl, particularly a parson’s daughter. Miss Lee remembers to this day, with quiet wrath, her anguish at being kicked off the first team.

And, as it must befall each of us, Miss Lee’s first daring adventure was inspired by a man. He was a gorgeous creature—a lion tamer in a circus. “As I recall him, (Continued on page 95)
The Indomitable Dutch

The gentleman is an emblem. His name is Philip Dorn. He stands for Holland, for courage, for invincible hope.

By Leon Surmelian

Five sturdy boys were standing on the tower that was built out into the shipping waters off the Holland shore. With a shout the first boy dived off the tower. For a full minute the others looked on impassively, waiting for his head to come up beside a small craft a little distance from the tower. This was a favorite trick of their companion—to make them think that he was drowning. But when tiny bubbles began to appear on the surface close to the piles of the tower, the second boy plunged into the water. He, too, failed to reappear. The third youth went in after the second; then the fourth. There were now four ominous little streams of bubbles.

Cold terror gripped the heart of the fifth boy. Nothing but his indomitable will drove him into the sea after his chums. Straining his eyes in the murky depths he saw their four bodies, saw also the steel net which had caught them. If he could just summon enough strength to give it one good shove—there!

Slowly five heads reappeared on the surface. The fifth boy clambered out, hauled his companions onto the tower. Two were already turning blue. With the knowledge of those who live by the sea three of the boys worked quickly on the other two, administering artificial respiration. Presently the patients were breathing again. And the excited citizens of the little Dutch town proclaimed the fifth boy a hero.

That fifth boy? He was Fritz Van Dungen. You know him as Philip Dorn of Hollywood.

In real life Dorn looks like Gary Cooper, talks like Charles Boyer and his thinking has been definitely influenced by a Javanese holy man. All of this with a few minor differences, of course. For instance, he's six feet two, instead of Cooper's six feet four.

But he never convinced the estimable London ladies of that difference when they rushed up to him and said, "May we have your autograph, Mr. Cooper?"

It seems Gary (Continued on page 82)
SPEAKING OF GARFIELD

BY HIMSELF

A story such as this is a rare treasure. It has to do with the heart, and the soul, and the mind of a man.
JOHNNY'S a changed boy," they say. "Garfield's different."

But I'm not. Something more exciting and a lot more important than that is happening out here. Hollywood is changing. The world is changing.

When I first came to Hollywood, I believed that motion pictures were the most powerful medium in the world. I wanted my share of the work to be an honest picture of America. Not hopped-up things built for the box office.

Back in those days they weren't making pictures like "Air Force." It's one of the first real examples of how Hollywood is changing. Howard Hawks told me the story one day in his office. I never saw a script. I never knew whether my role was a big one or completely unimportant. I only knew I wanted to be connected with this picture that couldn't fail to be great. Although the cast includes such people as Gig Young, Harry Carey, Arthur Kennedy, George Tobias, Jim Brown, John Ridgely, Faye Emerson, me—there's no star in the picture. The picture itself is the star. There is no magnifying of any personality. That's the right way to make a picture, I think. Subordinating the star roles to the action, to the facts.

At first I was pretty wide-eyed about it all. I remember the first Hollywood party I went to. Mike Curtiz took me. We were working late and dropped by after we finished. It was given at the Darryl Zanuck's, in their stables. What a stable! Robert Taylor came up and spoke to me. Barbara Stanwyck went out of her way to tell me that she liked my work in "Four Daughters." I had never been introduced to them. I thought Gee! We eat at drive-ins one night, my wife Robbie and I. The next night I meet Stanwyck and Taylor. I was thrilled. I wished it could be preserved, this starry-eyed stuff. Instinctively I knew—it's not in the cards.

Like became too easy. I didn't have to worry about where my next job was coming from or whether there'd be a next. I didn't have to worry about the rent or the laundry bills. I lost my drive, thought I was losing my objective. Disillusionment set in. Now I know that only the very young can be disillusioned. Because what you're disillusioned about are the surface things of life. As you grow up, you know that the structure underneath is swell and strong.

That's where Robbie has been the most important single element in my life. She's a sensible girl. She isn't affected by all the claptrap that affects me. It doesn't impress her or depress her. She takes the long view. Women like Robbie are like the earth. They can wait for things to germinate and then to grow. Kids are like that, too; my little Catherine, for instance.

So at the end of that first year I wanted to go back to New York.

If you've watched your mother die as I did. . .

It was back in the days when I was seven, down in New York's lower East Side, a kid born to be a mugg or a gangster if ever a guy was. O'Flannihan, the copper, had to go to my mother, not once but many times, when things were missing from the peddlers' carts. Well, I hadn't taken the stuff, but who was to say I hadn't, banana-snatcher from the cradle.

Physical illness killed my mother, no doubt. That's what the ambulance doctor thought, and that's what he wrote on the death certificate. But it may have been something else that killed my mother, that year I was seven. Worry, maybe. So anyway, she died. So you get the feeling you'd like to make something pretty fine out of yourself to make up for something you can never be sure about.

If you've ridden the rods, as I have, hobnobbed with hoboos, found them right guys, seen a pal fall between two freight cars and be crushed to death under the wheels, you find you've worked up an allergy for phonics, even on the stage or screen.

I remember what Angelo Patri told me that day I tried to run away from his school, jumped a fence and landed squarely in a flower bed. I expected trouble when he called me back. I didn't get it. For the first time, I didn't get it. Patri talked to me as I had never been talked to before. He made me see that flowers are tender, beautiful living things, to be cared for and protected. He gave me the idea that people are like that, too, and hearts, and ideals. And some of the things inside our own hearts and minds that we'd better not trample either.

But I didn't like any part of it. So I quit. I was running away from something again. It's always kid stuff to run away from anything.

I was running away again after my
first year in Hollywood. No one was sorry to see me go. No one inquired when I'd be back. Cagney told me later, "When you first came here, Garfield, you gave people the gifts of simplicity and naïveté. Then you took them back."

That's right, I did. I took them back. In their place I gave people suspicion and snark and stuck that chip on my shoulder under their noses.

So I went to New York, did a play, "Heavenly Express." Put some of my own money into it, and it was a financial failure. I'm not sorry I did it. I had it in me, and it had to be done. Then I got "hep." I woke up one morning and thought, "What have I been carrying on for?" It was like growing up.

What it comes down to is a word called Diplomacy. A word I'd never known. In the world I came from you said what you felt regardless, and you said it out of the side of your mouth with your fists ready. But this is a different world. Here, you still fight for what you believe but you use the weapons of Peace, not War, that's the difference.

When we first came here, we bought an old, rusty light coupe of the vintage of '31; in fact, we arrived here in it. Well, my friends now make fun of my midget automobile, my concession to gas rationing. "The Cramps," they call it. I don't find it cramped. I've been spending my days in the tail of a bomber for my role of a gunner in "Air Force."

After the bomber, "The Cramps" is roomy as the land where the antelopes roam. I never wanted to ride in a limousine. But that's another way times are changing. With the boys riding bombers, who would want to ride in limousines today?

When we first came here, we lived in a two-room-and-kitchenette apartment and did our own work. Even that hasn't changed too much. We still don't own a house. We rent Helen Mack's place, a nice English house. It contains a bedroom, nursery, study, dining room, two baths and a banana tree in the back yard. Dessert at our house always consists of bananas in some form, either straight, soufflé, pie or jello.

I am having bookshelves built into the bathrooms. I eat books. Trying to make up for the education I didn't have.

My first big splurge after that surprise "click" in "Four Daughters" was to spend fifteen dollars on books. These included Stanislavski's "An Actor Prepares," Sigmund Freud, Irving Stone's biography of Jack London, a history of the motion picture, and a book of Goya prints. My favorite book of all time is Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe." I'd like to see it on the screen. Because it's my favorite theme, the struggle of the artist with his arch-enemy, the World. I also enjoy reading the Congressional Record. It is mailed to me by my friend Clifford Odets. When I am in New York, I go up to Odets' house and read it. I know several hunks of Shakespeare by heart. I like to recite it whenever I am alone. Sometimes I like to walk in the rain. That leaves me wide open, I know, that walking in the rain routine. All right, so I do it.

There is a bookshelf behind my bed, one of those acreage affairs with four posts, where I can head off at right angles if what I'm reading irrates me. And I read myself to sleep every night.

Oh, and look, for "color"—I wear parts of my pajamas in loving memory of the days when I didn't have either part.

I'm afraid of the dark, and have a scaredy-cat complex about dim lighting. This makes me nervous. When I was eight. She hit me with a sled. I was picking on her. She was six feet tall. I never owned a tuxedo until I came to Hollywood. I can cook, but I don't.

Which brings me back to what led up to all this: We still do most of our own work.

We're not fussy about food. We're strictly cafeteria people, and can cook our own. When we have a hired girl, I wash the dishes so she can catch the bus.

We haven't many friends. Few and close. We go to the movies pretty often, love it. My favorite stars are James Cagney and Spencer Tracy. Sometimes we go bowling. Other nights we stay at home, listen to some music, play with the radio. I'm a great rhythm guy." I love classical music but also go for swing, and like jitterbug, I smoke a pack of cigarettes a day, I also smoke pipes. I'm always buying pipes but never pay more than a dollar for one.

There is only one picture of me in the house. It is in our bedroom and it is turned around facing the wall. I don't know who did it. Whoever did must have had strong feelings on the subject, and I respect them. All checks are made out by my wife, who is sort of my business manager. She exercises a strict control.

In New York, I like to ride in the subway. I always make myself up for the screen, same as I always did. Can't get used to people's fiddling around with my face. I never put sugar in my coffee.

I still have two special hates, Hitler and the Vets. I have bought a Capehart, lots of records, lots of books, have my 1942 income tax in the bank. Those are the things I wanted to do, believed in doing.

And now that the financial pattern of the world is changing, now that actors get so much and no more or, however it was put. I'm a little flustered. I think picture people are going to do things because they want to do them, believe in doing them, not just for the color.

As this period in which we are living comes closer to its crisis, I begin to realize that it's a whole new era we're entering now. This is my spiritual home, this new standard of living and working.

'It's the way I always wanted it to be. No one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame!' sort of thing.

Catherine is going to have a little sister this month. I'm the other man. Within the next six months I expect to be a member of Uncle Sam's forces. Just where I'll fit in, just what I'll do, I don't know. But I'm not going to do my best. It's a new life, a new world to live in it. But what would it be without freedom? The End
A pretty how-do-you-do to a pretty new face—Cheryl Walker. She's the little gal with whom you're going to have your first movie date in "Stage Door Canteen." She once was a queen; that happened when she was crowned at the Pasadena Rose Tournament. She once was a stand-in; that happened because she had to earn a living. Now she is a star; and that happened because Producer Sol Lesser had an eye out for good looks. So a hearty how-do-you-do to her because she's on her way. And after you date her in "Stage Door Canteen" her way will be your way!
You can look as

1. "It's a suit year," says Bonita who's starring in "Hitler's Children." This has a jacket with swirl buttons, white stitching, swagger skirt. Blouse: "Heart's Desire" with plunging neckline.


2. Spring Tonic: for under a coat, later as a summer suit—a saddle-stitched butcher linen, embossed buttons.


3. Young and Gay: A gored navy skirt; a red jacket with revers and pockets in navy. The square yoke and narrow extended shoulders give an expensive tailored look.

Also in brown with beige jacket banded in brown. Twill Tricara. 10-18. Under $18.

you want to buy these Photoplay Star-Maker Fashions quickly see coupon at right.
smart as a star

You'll hold romance trumps in any one of these suits chosen by Bonita Granville for reader Lee Redgate

4. “Gibson Girl” to make you look as pretty as a picture. This blouse goes snugly under any type suit, is of soft rayon crepe with ruffled collar and cuffs. The intriguing bonnet is a homburg in white petticoat straw with a navy and red belting band finishing it off smartly

Blouse: 30-38. White only; Around $4. Hat: Also in navy solid or with white trim; and in red solid or with white or navy. About $6

5. The slim-liner: The skirt is gored, the jacket has regimental colored stripes, epaulets

The suit: Navy and black with red regimental stripes; powder blue with navy; aqua and beige with brown. 100% wool. 10-20. Under $25. The hat: Felt bumper beret with white pique trim. In navy; or in natural straw with navy. $8.75

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All hats pictured on these pages are available in sizes 21½ to 23.
How to know a nip from a tuck—and how to have clothes on a wartime budget that will have the boys nip-and-tuck trying to date you

Put Easter in your clothes

BY SARA HAMILTON

HOW'S your spring morale? Are you baefely eyeing your purse, particularly the hole in it left by having paid the first quarter of your income tax? And are you wondering how you're going to give your wardrobe that spring lift? Or how, indeed, you're going to be some-

member, working girls like the rest of us. He knows a nip from a tuck and when to nip and when to tuck, Eddie does. He knows how to achieve the chic it takes to cheek-to-cheek with a second loney.
Eddie has lots of wonderful, straight-from-Hollywood suggestions about getting sex into your clothes and salvaging last year's little numbers to boot. He says:

"Get out the little blue or black number that's hanging in your closet and stuff off all gee-gaws. On its bare foundation fashion a yard or two of the best looking, attention-compelling print you can find, in a smart apron style—just like Grandma's old-fashioned gingham ones—and tie it around your waist. Take the leftovers and wrap them around your head as a turban. Wear black or blue shoes and carry a black or blue bag—and walk down the avenue like a queen of the May!

"If the apron-turban idea proves the success it should be, have another apron and another turban in striped or checkered taffeta for evening wear."

Stevenson contends too much attention is paid to plain sophisticated smartness, both in dress and coiffure—even when it's unbecoming or unflattering. "Forget it," he says. "Be pretty as well as smart. Remember—if a man looks at your legs he looks at your face. And a glad-mad hat, a soft coiffure, a rounded bosom, all make for prettiness."

He goes on: "If your last year's frock or even a new one is smart enough without the apron, carry out the print turban effect with print gloves and purse. There are dozens of little glove makers or even dressmakers scattered about who can whip up a pair of gloves and cover an old shabby purse with your bright print material in no time—to make you the envy of every girl in the office.

"Linen is smart, too," Eddie says. "But everyone has a linen dress. So how about a gingham dress with a linen cape, linen gloves and a straw hat the color of the gloves and cape. Or—to wear with last year's linen dress—a gingham cape and gingham gloves.

"Or why not a blue linen cape and accessories to wear with a white linen dress, thereby killing two sergeants on leave with one stone? Or, if you live in a large city such as New York or Chicago where light street clothes are impracticable, why not the same effect with black and white or black and chartreuse linen?"

Speaking of the old black dress—and speak of it reverently, for it may be your best friend for the next couple of years—Eddie suggested taking out the worn sleeves and replacing them with glamorous new full sleeves of striped. (Continued on page 73)
Grey stands for smartness... Kathryn Grayson of M.G.M's "Private Miss Jones" wears it meaningfully, combines two shades of it in a standout suit cut to beguiling slimness. The jacket is collarless with a squared neckline framing the crisp white piqué gilet. Darker grey wool bands the jacket front and the slash pockets to match the soft shade of the pencil-line skirt. Irene designed the suit; Kathryn sets it off with a gay little hat of grey wool trimmed with black patent leather flowers.
Green stands for spring... A jumper dress in two shades of spring green that has all the freshness, the gaiety, the brightness of a new season.

Irene-designed, Kathryn Grayson's has a softly flared skirt of kelly with wide shoulder straps and slash pockets in chartreuse. The drawstring neckline of the white crepe blouse is a "just right" note.
Pink stands for a proposal... a new proposal along an old line. A daguerreotype, 1943, conceived by designer Irene, destined to grace dance floors quaintly. Pale pink slipper satin makes the dress; self-cording outlines the bodice and hipline. Underneath—a dream of a petticoat of crinoline and a boned bodice. How the camelias stays on Kathryn's shoulder is a secret (but why don't you try adhesive tape?); how the dress will effect a stag line is a foregone—and very fashionable—conclusion.
A last-day-together picture of John and six-year-old Julie, daughter, too, of Steffi Duna, from whom John is divorced. As writer Eve Stanley listened, he told Julie many things on that day, as they played in the swing together and... climbed trees together and explored for a last time Julie's small world, the green back yard. He told her that now that he had finished "The Hit Parade" and was going away, she must mind Memere... Memere is John's French mother and his business manager, the person to whom he has entrusted his daughter until he shall come home to her again. But most of all... he left Julie his song. And when Hollywood listens to the soft echo of a little girl's voice singing it, it will know that in this duet there lies the promise of peace.

Julie
Julie, Julie, Julie
Daddy's best girl you'll always be
With your cute little nose
And that mouth like a rose
You'll always be my Julie
Julie, Julie, Julie.
I know you'll be waiting for me
Brush your teeth and your hair
And mind your Memere
Till Daddy comes back to Julie

John Carroll
We might say, grandly, that this is how you can perform miracles.

Or we might say, simply, as does Pat O'Brien, that this is what you need . . .

BY GLADYS HALL

Your Secret Weapon

A FEW years ago little Mavourneen, eldest of the three dearly beloved O'Brien children, had a convulsion. Doctors started coming from all directions. Nurses were summoned, went to work. Eloise O'Brien, heart numb but fingers nimble, worked with them. Suddenly, the rigid child relaxed. Relieved, but admittedly unable to account for the swift, beneficent change, the doctors said, "She will be all right."

But where was Pat? Devoted father that he is, where was he?

Eloise found him, a few minutes later, in the hall closet with his rosary.

"There was nothing else I could do," he said.

Eloise smiled at him through tears. "Nothing else," she told him, "was necessary."

To Pat has been given the gift of faith. It is an instinct with him, as deeply rooted and as ineradicable as the functions of breathing, eating, sleeping. It comes, primarily, from his religion. But his parents put it into his hands.

"My dad taught me," says Pat. "He taught me everything I know. How to shoot marbles. How to hold a baseball bat. How to be a guy."

"When I enlisted in the Navy during World War One I was eighteen. Before I left, Dad asked me to promise him that I wouldn’t smoke or take a drink until I was twenty-one. I made him the promise—and kept it."

"Later, my mother told me that his friends had joked about me. 'Oh, some now,' they said, 'don’t tell us that boy of yours doesn’t even smoke corn silk! Don’t tell us that in these days of Prohibition and bathtub gin, he doesn’t take a drink.'"

"'I don’t believe he does," your father told them," said my mother. She added, 'Your father has great faith in you.'"

"That faith of theirs I’ll carry with me all the days of my life."

"And what has this case to do with the war and things as they are today? You think that with such mothers and fathers, those kids out there don’t know God’s arms are around them?"

"When you talk to the nurses, women, who read of the atrocities, know the dangers and, knowing, plead to be sent to the Bataans, the Corregidoris, anywhere a task force must go, you know they must have faith in something. Maybe it’s just pity for their fellow man. Maybe it’s courage of a very high order. Or maybe it’s as one of them said to me: I suppose we’re like women who know what childbirth is, yet suffer it voluntarily because they have faith in the giving of life. The difference with us being that we believe, also, in the saving of life. Which is, perhaps, not so different after all."

"'No, not so different. And come to think of it, what’s the difference what you call your faith? Would faith be ashamed to be called pity for your fellow man? Would God be displeased if we called Him by the name of Courage?"

"I THINK the seventh of December, a year ago, did something to a lot of kids. Maybe it gave them a new religion of their own. For I believe that every younger, every potential candidate for combat, has faith in—well, let’s name it ‘victory,’ this time. If he didn’t have, he’d be a pretty unhappy guy in camp. He isn’t. He’s lonely, often, but not unhappy. I visited every camp in the country. I talked with the kids, always ate with them rather than with the officers, and ninety-eight percent of them say, ‘I think it’s great.’"

"They say that, knowing what they’ve got coming to them. World War One was, comparatively, an adventurous war. You enlisted because the band was playing, the parade was swinging down the street. There’s no glamour in this war; not even a parade. They know that, too. They know it’s a different kind of war, mechanized and monstrous. But they still want to get into the fight."

"Yeah, knowing what they know, hearing the stories they hear, seeing the casualties they see, when they still want to go. (Continued on page 77)"
DEAR Bette Davis:

This letter will be full of nothing but trouble that I’ve had since I started with my love affairs. I am greatly confused as I seem to be in love with two brothers and the two brothers seem to be in love with me. They quarrel over me; when I go out with one of them I am almost sure I love him best, but I get the same feeling when I go out with the other one.

The younger brother is more of the quiet type. If he sees me walking on the street, he’ll only say as much as “hello.” But when he goes out with me he shows me a great deal of love. The older brother pays attention to me regardless of where I am and acts a little more jokey than romantic, yet shows interest in me.

Please write and tell me what I should do—depart from both of them, or what? I’m afraid I am causing trouble for both brothers.

Nancy Lou J.

Dear Miss J:

If, as you say, both brothers are in love with you, yet you cannot make up your mind between them, it would be better not to see either of them. This situation, as you say yourself, cannot but eventually cause enormous trouble between them.

However, I would judge that the brother you describe as the “quieter” one is really in love with you. At any rate, he would make the better husband. It may be fun right now to go out with the brother who seems “more jokey than romantic,” but over a long period of years this joking might wear rather thin. This type of man is apt to continue his joking to you alone, but usually has fun with everyone he meets. Remember this in trying to solve your problem, because of course only you can solve it.

Bette Davis.

Dear Mrs. W.:

I have a very serious problem to face and I believe you can help me. I have been married eighteen months and I have a baby boy eight months old. I had the baby because I thought a child would change my husband, but it hasn’t. He still thinks he is single and wants to go out night after night, alone.

I don’t believe in tying a man down, but I think I am entitled to a little freedom, such as going to the movies. My husband even objects to my taking a walk, wheeling the baby. When we have arguments about anything, no matter how small, he beats me unmercifully.

On his free day from the factory, he never stays at home but always goes out with other men. I have thought repeatedly of leaving him, but he threatens to take the baby if I do. At present I am only staying with him for the sake of the baby, but I don’t think I can stand his abuse much longer.

My problem is this: Should I leave him and let him take the baby, or should I fight for my child? I think I would die if he took my baby away from me. Please advise me.

Mrs. T. W.

Dear Mrs. W.:

To begin with, I’m sure you will agree with me that a marriage is a good marriage, worth preserving, only so long as it contributes to your dignity as a human being.

If your husband continues to behave like a single man, and if he continues to abuse you, you should certainly divorce him (or separate if your religion forbids divorce). When I suggest this drastic step, I presume that you are doing absolutely nothing to exasperate your husband, or to cause him to abuse you and leave you alone night after night.

You tell me that you are remaining with your husband and enduring his brutality only for the sake of your child. We all know that the most desirable environment for a child is that in which a normal home is maintained, preserved over by a congenial father and mother. However, I am firmly convinced that enormous damage can be done to any child, no matter how young, when it is subjected to constant quarreling and contention between its parents. It may well ruin his or her life.

If you have witnesses who will testify to the manner in which you say your husband has been treating you, there should be nothing to hinder your getting custody of the baby. He certainly, as you describe him, is hardly a good father for any child. In making your decision, I feel that you should consider only the development and happiness of your son.

Bette Davis.
Your problems answered by Bette Davis

A strange dilemma in this month’s letters—that of the wife of a Mohammedan

Dear Miss Davis:

I am taking the liberty of writing to you in the hope that you will be able to help me. Fear and worry are killing me. Twenty-three years ago I married a man of Mohammedan race. I have four girls and one son. We once owned a small home, but lost it through my husband’s vice, who spent his nights away from home.

I raised my children myself and worked far into the night. When the children started to school, my troubles began. They were taunted, black-guarded and asked, “What are you?” They said, “You aren’t white and you aren’t black. If you don’t tell, we will beat you up after school.”

Due to this constant picking, they have become nervous wrecks and fear has kept them friendless. They spend their time in the house and you might say we live in a world of our own. The youngest girl is sixteen, the next seventeen, the next nineteen. Then comes my son twenty, and my eldest daughter, twenty-two. My son and eldest daughter support us as we haven’t seen their father for twelve years.

It breaks my heart to see other young girls go out and enjoy themselves while my children never go anywhere. We have been advised to move into a small country town where we could have a garden and flowers, but I don’t know where we could find such a place.

I am a lone, unhappy, miserable woman. Dear Miss Davis, please write to me and tell me what is best to do for my children and myself, for I am afraid some kind of disaster is bound to happen to us as the situation is getting beyond our control.

Mrs. Hester F.

Dear Mrs. F:

You state that fear for your children is killing you. Personally, I don’t think you should censure yourself for the difficulties they find themselves in after twenty-three years. You must have been very much in love with your husband or you wouldn’t have married him; therefore you have nothing of which to be ashamed. No one really understands the nature of love; it seems many times to spring up between two people of totally different race and creed, without explanation.

You have surely done well by your children to have taken care of them and brought them up without the help of a father in the later years. Now, you must allow your children to solve their own problem.

Fifty percent of solving any situation lies in first accepting the facts of the case, especially if there is absolutely nothing that can be done about changing those facts. Your children’s father was Mohammedan, therefore they must, in order to protect themselves, be proud of his race. If they adopt this attitude, it will be impossible for others to ridicule them. It seems to me that they should find out as much as possible about the history of the Mohammedans. Any public library will undoubtedly prove to be a treasure house of exciting information about the forebears of your husband’s race. With so many American troops in Mohammedan countries, your children would soon find themselves in the midst of interesting discussions, I should think.

Frankly, I don’t believe your children’s situation can be solved by moving to another community. Your same problem would most likely exist wherever you went. It is a situation that your children must solve right in their own home, by meeting it with courage and pride.

Bette Davis.

Dear Madam:

I am twenty years old and in service. I had a hard time trying to convince a young lady to begin a love career with me, but eventually I did. It has been for the space of six years since we began.

Since I have been with the chains of war bound around me, I don’t hear from her. I have scrutinized my life to see if I can find a fault, but the only reason I can find is that I am working for Uncle Sam.

Perhaps she is discouraged with me.
because we can’t walk in the park, or
can’t talk face to face or over the
telephone as we used to do. May I
look to you for advice?

James C.

Dear Sergeant C:

I suspect that the difficulty lies entirely
as you have been since you went away
and I imagine she is extremely discour-
aged since not being able to see you
more often. I imagine you’ll just have
to be patient with the non-progress of
your love affair until you can see her
again.

My only suggestion is—deluge her with
letters. She will then know that you
haven’t forgotten her and that is auto-
matically a help always.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am a girl of eighteen years, have
golden blonde hair, green eyes, fair
complexion and a pug nose. I’m five
feet and an inch, weight 100 pounds.
I have a little girl one year old. I have
no parents and my husband will soon
be in service. The prospect is so lonely.
Miss Davis, would you help me? I
want to be an actress or a dancer in
the movies.

I have nobody out in California, so
could you or would you let my baby
and me come to you for a few weeks
so I could have a chance? I’ll even
scrub your floors.

Toni L.

Dear Mrs. L:

To be lonely is one of the most tragic
things in all the world, but the solution
is not coming to live with me.

Your offer to scrub my floors is very
generous, but I’m sure you can find some-
thing to do in the city in which you are
living that would be far more interesting
—and easier on your hands.

As to becoming an actress or a dancer in
the movies—prove yourself on the
stage first.

You will be able to overcome your lon-
eliness, I’m sure, if you will keep busy at
some war work.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am a girl of sixteen. Last summer
I was sick and lost all my hair. I
would like to know if you could get me a wig.
The color of my hair was dark brown,
my face is oval shape and my head is
the size of Virginia Weidler’s. I would
be glad to pay any expense.

Jean B.

Dear Miss B:

I suggest that you write to Mr. Perc
Westmore in care of Warner Brothers
Studios, Burbank, California.

Give him your complete head measure-
ments and the color of hair desired. Also,
any which you have no control of,
taken before you lost your hair. In
this way he will be able to design an
appropriate hairdress for your type of
face. If you do not hear from Mr. Westmore,
please let me know.

Bette Davis.

Dear Mrs. Farnsworth:

I’ve been married almost six years to
a man thirteen years my senior. We
are very much in love and I am happier
today than I was when I married.

I read in a magazine article about a
star’s standing was judged by his "fan"
mail. So I wrote a "fan" letter to Dennis
Morgan, wanting to do my part toward
boosting him to success. As an answer
the studio sent me his photograph.

My in-laws were at my house the day
it arrived. Then the ribbing really
started and several days later they
brought me a clipping about "females"
making fools of themselves over male
stars.

I want to know if you think I did
right or wrong. Don’t you think it
possible for the average ‘movie-goer’
like me to be interested in a male
movie star because she likes his work
and wants to help him to success?

Mrs. J. M.

Dear Mrs. M:

All I can say is that when "females,"
as your in-laws call us, stop "making
fools" of ourselves over actors—again
your in-laws’ idea—our actors will most
likely certainly be in the soup.

The value of Dennis Morgan, or that
of any other actor, is judged by his studio
according to the number of people who
go to see his pictures and how many of
those people write and tell him so.

Mr. Morgan sent you his picture, I’m
sure, so that you would know how much
he appreciated the boost you were giving
his career, and those who place any other
interpretation on it do not understand the
importance of fan mail in Hollywood.

Believe me, all of us on the screen are
grateful to people like you who write us.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

Within a short time I am going to
make my debut in the opera, "La
Traviata," in which I will sing Violetta.

Because I have learned my gowns for
the opera are proving more
expensive than I can afford.

During one of the scenes in "Now,
Voyager," you wore a sequin cape
which would be an ideal costume for
the first act entrance. I was wondering
if you might allow me to borrow it.

Martha M.

Dear Miss Davis:

I inquired at the wardrobe department
about the sequin cape, only to learn it
will be impossible to loan it you.

Bette Davis.

The war has affected the studios quite
as much as it has other industries. As
you know, there are many materials no
longer available, so the studio must con-
sider those they have. There is now
more made in the wardrobe department
that nothing is to be loaned under any
circumstance. I tried a mild sort of
whirledling, without result. I am so sorry.
My best wishes for your success.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I should like to employ an agent, but
there are some things I should know
about agents first, I think.

How does one go about employing
an agent? In general, what are agents’
fees for beginners? What service does
an agent render?

Alice Z.

Dear Miss Z:

Employing an agent usually comes
about in this way: Some agent becomes
interested in your career and seeks to
sign you as a client. It is then your pre-
rogative to decide whether to turn to
someone who, you feel, could do a
better job for you. At this point one
thing for you to consider very seriously
is securing an agent who is truly inter-
ested in you and in advancing your career.

I believe the law allows an agent ten
percent of your salary. An agent’s
duties resolve themselves into the
complete management of your career. He
advises and guides you in a
million different ways. He assists you in
straightening out contractual difficulties,
helps you in the choice of scripts and
arranges your personal appearances and
your work on the radio.

If an agent does not help you with all
these things, he is not being fair with
you and is not worthy of your employ-

Bette Davis.

My dear Miss Davis:

Unlike many girls I know, I do not
wish to become a movie actress. My
ambition was to become a model, but
nature has seen to it that I’ll never
have a career of that sort.

I am still in my teens, but out of
high school. I am just too tall: five feet
even inches. Crowding six feet as you
can see. I weigh 150, but everyone tells
me that I am proportioned excellently.

On the whole, though, I feel very
conscious at all times. This is not
intended for a ‘sob story’—please
don’t accept it as such. I’m going to
try to build some kind of career, but
heavens only knows what it shall be.
Could you advise?

Zora W.

Dear Miss W:

Height has little to do with a girl’s
beauty: pride and grace of movement
are real determining factors.

I have talked to several persons about
careers for tall girls and I have learned
that in Hollywood there are two girls who are an
even six feet tall.

At Paramount Studios, Ginger Rogers
is currently working in a picture called
"Lady In The Dark" and in the dream
sequence a chorus of fashion models is
used to create a Hollywood night club in
which sequence is six feet tall in heels.

So I don’t believe height should deter
you from seeking any career that appeals
to you, particularly that of a model.
You should be ideal for this work.

Bette Davis.

The End

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

58
MARTHA MONTGOMERY, popular daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Robert Montgomery of Clarksdale, Miss., is engaged to Lieutenant Herbert Slatery, Jr., of Knoxville, Tenn., now in the Army.

There's an enchanting sparkle about Martha's winsome face. Her blue eyes are so wide-awake, her complexion so fresh, so smooth. “Pond’s Cold Cream is my one and only when it comes to complexion care,” she says. “Nothing else seems to give my skin such a waked-up look, or to make it feel so clean and so soft.”

HER RING is exquisite. The beautiful solitaire is a family stone, with perfect smaller diamonds set two on either side. Inside the platinum band is engraved: H.H.S.Jr. to M.L.M.—1942.

MARTHA’S COMPLEXION-CARE is delightfully simple. She smooths Pond’s Cold Cream over her face and throat... pats with little, swift pats to soften and release dirt and make-up—then tissues off well. She “rinses” with more Pond’s for extra cleansing and softening. Tissues it off again.

Do this every night, and for daytime clean-ups. You’ll see why Martha loves Pond’s—why war-busy society beauties like Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan and Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels use it—why more women and girls in America use it than any other face cream.

A LETTER FROM HER SOLDIER FIANCÉ, now “somewhere overseas,” lights Martha’s charming face with a happy remembering look.

GETTING READY FOR A “CROCODILE” LINE—Martha rounds up a little group for practice evacuation drill. An accredited first-aider, Martha is especially interested in wartime care of small children.

“The busier I am,” Martha says, “the more I depend on Pond’s to help whisk away any tired look and make my face spic and span.” You’ll find Pond’s Cold Cream at your favorite beauty counter. All sizes are popular in price. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money. It’s no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond’s!
A MESSAGE TO MEN'S HEARTS!

Whisper your allure...your gay enchantment...with April Showers Talc! Its luxurious perfume speaks a language that men understand...and remember. It's the fragrance that appeals to them. Let its allure-linger about you, always. Exquisite but not Expensive.

April Showers Talc

CHERAMY perfumer

Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

The Winners!

Bowing to the stars who took the bows—and the Oscars for '42—at the Academy Award dinner

"Big night" in Hollywood in a war-time mood was the annual Academy Award dinner at the Ambassador Hotel. Gone were the bright lights, but still loud were the cheers for these '42 winners. Judged the top woman star for her performance as "Mrs. Miniver" Greer Garson took one Oscar; another went to Jim Cagney as the best male star for his role of George M. Cohan in "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Because he proved himself in "Johnny Eager" Second Lt. Van Heflin was handed the "best supporting actor" award.

Among the highlights of the seven-hour program which included the unveiling of the film colony's service flag by service men Ty Power and Alan Ladd was the handing of the Oscar to Greer, in black chiffon and lace, by Joan Fontaine in the same dress she wore as last year's winner. Teresa Wright, judged "best supporting actress" cried on the platform, laughed happily afterwards with her husband Niven Busch.

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR
Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder!

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

Are you blonde?... or brunette?... or brownette?... or redhead?... whatever your type, there's a Color Harmony shade of this famous face powder created by Max Factor Hollywood to accent all the natural beauty of your type.

So, make this Hollywood secret yours now... discover how perfect a face powder can be. See what an attractive, youthful-looking color tone it gives to your skin... how satin-smooth your make-up appears... and note how the unusual clinging quality keeps your make-up beautiful for extra hours. Try Max Factor Hollywood face powder today... $1.00.

MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
... FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK
Catch the Gleam in His Eye

WITH COLOR-BRIGHT HAIR

Try this Thrilling New "Make-Up" Hair Rinse!

Brush enchantment into your hair with Marchand's "Make-Up!" Hair Rinse! See it shine and gleam with the flattering color-brightness of youth! At home, after your shampoo, dissolve Marchand's delicately tinted rinse in warm water and brush it through your hair. Cuts soap film...enlivens the natural color-tone...does for your hair what rouge and lipstick do for your face.

Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse is not a bleach! Not a permanent dye! Can't harm your hair — safe as lemon or vinegar. Goes on and washes off as easily as facial make-up. Twelve different shades to match any color hair. Try it today!

Marchand's "Make-Up" HAIR RINSE

6 Rinses—25¢
2 Rinses—10¢

At all Drug Counters

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Copyright 1943 by Chas. Marchand Co.

The Dennison Handy Helper says: "WRAP IT TIGHT—MARK IT RIGHT"

Dennison MAILING LABELS

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Index Tabs • Shipping Tags • Gummed Labels

Dennison MFG. CO., Framingham, Mass.

BRIEF REVIEWS

It comes up a lot of fun: Donald O'Connor and Gloria Jean showing why "It Comes Up Love" is a mark-it-well film

\* INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

\* INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

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CAT PEOPLE—RKO Radio: Simone Simon succumbs to an inherited ability to turn into an evil cat destroying those around her. Kent Smith, her groom, Tom Conway, psychotriatrist, and Jane Randolph who sympathizes with Kent, all suffer at the hands of Simone. (Feb.)

CHINA GIRL—20th Century-Fox: A thrilling story right out of the headlines about Japanese guerrillas who refused to be conquered by Hitler. Hiding in the hills, Mihailovich, Philip Dorn, constantly besieges the Nazi-held town in which his bride and children live, until he recaptures it. (April)

SHADOW STAGE

Marchand's "Make-Up" Hair Rinse

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR
Here's ROSALIND RUSSELL... lovely as Springtime itself

Here's the BEAUTY soap she uses every day!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap because it's a real BEAUTY Soap.
What Hollywood Thinks of Paulette Goddard

(Continued from page 43) of the girls in the picture. I've heard that Paulette gets her happiness out of giving other people pleasure. And I know it's true.

Now for a different viewpoint. It's that of Producer "Blank," veteran movie-maker who doesn't think people are likely to impose on Paulette B. D. De Mille, star-maker, paints the set of Paulette's chin for us. He says: "Once Paulette Goddard grips an idea, no amount of discouragement can keep her let go. With her mind on a goal, she moves steadily forward over any obstacle. No amount of disappointment or punishment can dissuade her. It's in her pencil. That quality will carry her far."

Glenn Alden, who makes Paulette up for her pictures and stays on the set with her, gives us this picture.

"One of the most interesting things about Paulette is that she's very thrifty and very generous at the same time. I've seen her haggle with an interior decorator to save a dollar and then turn around and buy everybody on the picture a fine portable radio."

Another unusual fact about Paulette is that she uses practically no make-up. Stars usually require a lot of corrective make-up. Paulette needs no make-up but lipstick and eyebrow pencil and absolutely no corrective make-up of any kind."

Martha Linden, one of the thousands of autograph seekers who haunt every preview, premiere and night spot in Hollywood, is just fourteen. But she has been trying for over two years to get an autograph of Paulette Goddard. She says: "Paulette Goddard won't give any of us an autograph. She just sits out of her car, no matter where she's going, brushing right past us. And she won't give autographs in restaurants or other public places."

"Once when her car was delayed in traffic I got a chance to speak to her in front of Ciro's. She took hold of my hands and closed my autograph book. But she was so pretty and so friendly and laughed so nicely when she did it that she's one of my favorite stars, even if she wouldn't give me an autograph."

Perhaps it will make Martha feel better to know there's a reason why Goddard won't give autographs. Our most Preferential Paillette was fooled into signing something she shouldn't, thinking it was just an autograph. Since then she has had thumbs down on distributing her signature.

And now for the last strokes in our personality portrait—and the opinions that really count.

Mr. John Q. Public, in the person of James Spear of Minneapolis, was interested in visiting his local Brothers' Hollywood Theater. Said Mr. Spear: "I like Paulette Goddard on the screen. She's not my number one favorite, but she's pleasant, kind and happy looking and has so much of what a man likes to see in a girl that she may be, one of these days."

Miss M. W. of the person of Ellen Wiltach of Dallas, Texas, interviewed in the foyer of Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood, said: "I like Paulette Goddard. It's the type of American girl-woman of 1943—and I think there should be more like her on the screen. I'm not sure that she'll ever be top material as acting, but she really feels what she acts in pictures."

Now you can frame that picture with what you think of Paulette yourself!"
Put Easter in Your Clothes

(Continued from page 58) or dotted material—maybe taffeta—gathered in at the wrist.

He's enthusiastic, too, about the eye-appeal you can have with a bolero, gloves and hat fashioned from striped cotton—as accessories for a plain frock. Can't you see yourself in this honey of an outfit?

Eddie says Joan Fontaine wears a strip of blue and white striped taffeta under the too plain neckline of a dark blue silk dress and ties it in an immense bow and then has gloves made to match. He suggests a bit of the same taffeta on your last year's blue hat to make the entire outfit a 1943 husband-snatcher. If the notion of having gloves made of one's own material proves too much he recommends cutting flaring cuffs out of the striped material and sewing it onto the cuffs of old gloves. The effect is almost as good.

"Like everything else," Eddie says, "sex in clothes should begin with a firm foundation. Go without mails, he urges, "and save for a girdle that more than fits—that slenderizes, glamorizes and harmonizes your figure as the right girdle will."

He goes on to say, "A too small girdle is as unflattering as one that's too large. And keep far away from a girdle that stops midway and lets the rest of you spill over."

"If, on the other hand, you're one of those slim numbers you can forget all about girdles to concentrate on a good—but really good—brassiere. A good brassiere solves its own problem.

If everything that can be done about your figure is done and you still lack the proportions of Garbo, there is still no need for discouragement, according to Eddie. "Draw attention away from your figure," he suggests, "by a sassy outfit, by a snappy go-getting hat. Oh, what the right hat can do to keep a man's eyes off a bad pair of legs. A bit of soft material wrapped under a little round chin can lull any man's suspicions to sleep. A bright gay flowery hat, if you're the type to wear it, atop any plain dark outfit is a godsend. And a fuchsia bonnet, malined and flowered, will compel a man's eyes to climb upward like a homesick angel."

If your legs aren't wonderful, there still is no reason for you to despair. Take Eddie's word for this too. You can do what some of the stars do. You can camouflage your legs with shaded hose.

Take a pair of hose and dip a small area in the back or sides in any safe kind of dye or rinse suitable for silk, but of a tone several shades darker than the color of the hose. Let these areas blend softly with surrounding areas. In other words, darken the part of your hose that covers the chunkiest part of your leg. This will make shadows that will improve your legs' contour magically. Try it on an old pair of hose one day, just for fun.

"Also," Eddie says, "consider your individual type and play up to it like mad!"

"If you're the smallish girl who carries a lot of youthful dignity—the Joan Fontaine type—favor softly feminine sport clothes, cotton lace for day or evening. Be sure, however, that your cotton lace evening frock has a full, graceful skirt. Choose a big piqué hat and a piqué dress of some heavenly shade."

Junior is a little optimistic, we're afraid . . .

though it's true the ever-present evidence of dirt is less menacing to Mothers who have Fels-Naptha handy.

Take those two Turkish towels, for example—the Pride of the Linen Closet—to tell the awful truth. In some homes they'd cause a first-class 'conviction'. But not here.

This Mother knows that no youngster can grind dirt in too deep for Fels-Naptha Soap to reach it. She'll soak those towels in rich Fels-Naptha suds. She'll let this grand, mild soap and gentle naptha go to work. Then, a light rub, a quick swish—and out they'll come, as fresh and white as the day they went in her hope chest.

Mother—have you a little 'Junior' in your home? Then you need a lot of Fels-Naptha, too!
Does your hair OFFEND?

If you're attractive, yet still lack partners at a dance—perhaps there's a reason. Does your hair offend?

You must know that your scalp perspires, too, and that oily hair, in particular, collects unpleasant odors. Check up on your hat, your hair-brush, your pillow.

You can play safe so easily. Simply use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. It was especially developed to keep your hair and scalp fresh and clean. Since it contains pure, medicinal pine tar, it works wonders for oily hair and scalp odor.

The delicate pine scent in Packers Pine Tar Shampoo does its work—then disappears. Start the Packers habit tonight—besure your hair can stand a 'nasal close-up'!

Money Back
If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, mudliness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, whiter, smoother looking complexion. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug, department and 5c life stores.

HOLLYWOOD HOROSCOPE

Hollywood stars are awed by noted astrologer Matilda Trotter; these are her startling predictions for May

SINCE 1943 is a year of fireworks for the Hollywood stars, just as it is for the rest of the world, we thought you'd like to know the most spectacular predictions of the month. So here we go. But please bear in mind that in order to make an accurate prediction for a given month, our astrologer must have the year, month, place and moment of birth of the person for whom the prediction is made. Therefore, if these forecasts do not come to pass precisely as they are written, it is because accurate information concerning the star's birth was unavailable.

Lana Turner: Perhaps too much has already been written about Lana this year but so far hers is her chart for May that I must include her in the Predictions of the Month.

Just as the eclipse of the Sun on February 4 brought things to a focus for Lana—namely the discovery that her marriage to Stephen Crane was not legal—so the subsequent annulment of that marriage—so, the full Moon, the week of May 19, should bring all matters to a crisis in Lana's life.

The stars adjuane Lana to take no drastic steps either now or during May, for the unexpected will come to pass around the time of the full Moon.

Orson Welles: Orson is going to do it again! Be prepared for publicity concerning him in May which will lead to even more startling news in June.

The transiting Mars in his eleventh house of ambitions, wishes and those in authority conjuncting the lucky Jupiter in friendly aspect to his radix, Neptune, the planet which rules the movies as well as the occult and mysterious, indicates that with Orson's own brilliant efforts and the backing of powerful interests he will bring forth something during May and June which will be of value to the world at large.

Orson is not be sneezed at. He is a true genius as well as a good showman, and those who pretend not to be impressed by him would do well to keep their mouths closed and their eyes open.

George Raft: Here is a birth year I almost hate to bring up. If the year given me is correct, May will be a terrific month for George.

For the first time in his life the slow moving Uranus, planet of sudden and disrupting events, has come to an exact opposition to his radix, Mars, and in friendly aspect to his Sun. This indicates a breaking-up of a restraining condition of long standing—the moving of an heretofore immovable force.

This should take place around May 4 when the Moon will be in his eighth house, the house that governs divorce, alimony, goods of the dead and money paid out for legal matters.

For George, the stars indicate a smash-up of existing conditions heightened by much gossip and conjecture.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOTIE MIRROR
Do your nails with Dura-Gloss. It picks you up. Puts you on the bright side. It goes on so nicely, each firm stroke makes you feel better. When you're finished, you can see you've accomplished something! For Dura-Gloss achieves a beauty and radiance that's in a class by itself. It has a special ingredient that brings this about — Chrystallyne. And this ingredient makes it stay on your nails better, too — a big help these busy days. So get DURA-GLOSS now.
CROCHET YOUR way to greater charm. It's very simple. Even those not adept with crochet needles can duplicate the hat which Lynn Bari of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Hello, Frisco, Hello" is wearing. Lynn's hat is white with touches of scarlet. It may be you'll wish to use these colors. Or you may prefer to choose your own.

You'll need four balls of J. & P. Coats Knit-Cro-Sheen, three white and one red and a steel crochet hook No. 0. For explanation of abbreviations used in the following directions see index.

Now then, using a triple thread throughout, to begin the crown ch 24 to measure 4 inches. 1st row: Sc in 2nd ch from hook and in each ch across. Ch 3, turn. 2nd row: Dc in next sc, * ch 1, skip 1 sc, dc in each of next 2 sc. Repeat from * across, ending with 2 dc. Ch 1, turn. 3rd row: Picking back loop of each st make sc in each dc and in each ch across. Ch 3, turn. Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rows alternately until piece measures 21 inches or the measurement of head size. Fasten off.

Sew the two short sides neatly together. Do not fasten off but make two rows of running stitch across joining and draw up tight (this is center front). Fasten off.

Cord: Wind Red into 3 equal parts making 3 balls of it. With 3 strands of Red, make a chain 32 inches long, turn. Make dc in 4th ch from hook and in each ch across. Fasten off.

Find the 2 center rows of spaces at center back of Crown. Lace each end of Cord through each of these 2 center rows starting at lower edge. Pull ends of Cord up evenly and gather the center 2 rows of spaces up tightly. Lace remainder of Cord through the end spaces of every other row on both sides of Crown until Cord reaches center front of Crown. Try hat on and adjust Cord so that hat feels comfortable. Sew ends of Cord securely to top edge of center front.

Front Trim. To begin, with White ch 2. 1st rnd: 8 sc in 2nd ch from hook. Join with sl st. 2nd rnd: 2 sc in each sc around. Join. 3rd rnd: Ch 3, dc in same place as sl st, * ch 1, skip 1 sc, dc in each of next 2 sc. Repeat from * around. 4th rnd: Picking up the back loop of each st around, make sc in each st around. Join. Repeat 3rd and 4th rnds alternately 4 more times. Fasten off.

Attach 3 strands of Red to front loop of sc on 5th rnd, ch 3 and make dc in each front loop around. Join. Fasten off.

Work another rnd in the same manner, making dc's in front loops of 6th rnd.

Place Crown on head, then drape front trim at center front of hat to suit individual taste. Remove hat and sew securely in place.

Index: ch—chain; sc—single crochet; dc—double crochet; st—stitch; sl st—slip stitch; rnd—round.
Your Secret Weapon

(Continued from page 63) it's got to be because they have faith in something. You do not offer up your life for nothing. Being better than a fool, you do not die in vain. Talk with some of the lads who have been out there and have come back wounded and you'll find they have the same point of view.

"Well," said one boy, plenty smashed up, "twenty-five years ago, my dad went to war. He didn't accomplish what he went for—and died for. But maybe I can now!"

"That's why I spoke of my dad, my faith in him, his faith in me. It's the most important weapon that comes off the assembly line. Because this kid had faith in his dad, he wouldn't let him down.

"Going to church is a way of exercising those faith muscles. That's why I believe it is more important than it has ever been before for those of us in civvies no less, perhaps more, than those in uniform.

"I had a demonstration of the truth of this. While we were making 'Bomberdaze,' we were on location in Albuquerque, near the bombardier school there. A lot of the kids said to me, 'I saw you in church on Sunday.' (The services alternated, Catholic and Protestant. I stayed for both.) The way they said it, something like a note of having been reassured in their voices, made me realize that it gives them something when we go to church. The comfort of knowing, perhaps, that we believe, in what they must believe.

"Another young soldier said to me, 'The Land of the Rising Sun has a slogan, 'We Live To Die.' Look, if the flag of that other land is going to rise over Sheboygan High School, I better get out there and do something about it!'"

"His faith wore another symbol. His high school was for him the symbol of the realities he believed in.

"Or, as one fledgling volunteer said to me, 'Wait until I get into this!' That was faith by yet another name: Faith in himself.

"WHILE we were on location in Albuquerque, we attended the graduation services at the bombardier school there. I heard those kids pledge, 'I guard this bomb sight with my life.' I watched their faces. I felt an iron hand around my throat. 'Not only faith in themselves,' I thought, 'but in a purpose, a great purpose—that out of all this must eventuate something right.'

"And the fact is that faith, whether it be in adventure, in courage, in pity, in your mother, your father, your wife, your school, yourself, is all of one piece and adds up to faith—in God."

THE END

None of Your Lip!

WHEN I CHANGE DRESSES—I BITE ON A KLEENEX* TISSUE—it prevents lipstick stains—SAVES CLEANSING BILLS!

(from a letter by R. M. H., Alliance, Ohio)

Win $25.00

(Maturity Value)
WAR SAVINGS BOND
FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH
WRITE NOW THE USE OF KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES DOLLAR AND PENNY IN THE WAR
ADDRESS—KLEENEX
50 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

Make Good Cents

DURING COLORS I USE KLEENEX INSTEAD OF Hankies. WHAT I SAVE ON ONE WEEKS LAUNDRY PAYS FOR A BIG SUPPLY OF KLEENEX! (from a letter by J. K. Virginia Beach, Va.)

Well I'll Be...

said the Duchess!

NOW I FURNISH GUESTS WITH KLEENEX TO REMOVE FACE CREAMS AND OTHER COSMETICS. IT SAVES MY GOOD LINEN TOWELS...SAVES ME MONEY! (from a letter by E. G., New York, N. Y.)

Remember Delsey?

—soft like Kleenex

Hope there'll be more Delsey* Toller Paper after the war.


Tune in the BLUE NETWORK

Every day—Monday through Friday. 3:15 to 3:45 P.M. (EWT)

LISTEN TO—"5X TRUE STORY"—an new and different story every day. Stories about the lives of real people; their problems, their hurt, other on-the-spot reporting in cooperation with the editors of TRUE STORY magazine.

A BLUE NETWORK PRESENTATION

CRAMPS?

Curb them each month with —Kurb

A Kotex product

COMPROMISED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE! Take Kurb tablets only as directed on the package and see how Kurb can help you.

May, 1943

Coming to your town

the June issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror on the stands

MAY 7

—or as soon thereafter as war transportation can get it there!
New under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration

1. Does not harm dresses, or men’s shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.

ARRID IS THE LARGEST SELLING DEODORANT

39¢ a jar
(Also in 10c and 3½¢ var.)
Buy a jar of ARRID today at any store which sells toilet goods.

ARRID

The Ten Best Husbands in Hollywood

(Continued from page 27) in his heart, Dixie comes first with Bing and always has.
No. 4: Walter Pidgeon. I wouldn’t call him a perfect husband, but he had understanding enough to know that he had the perfect wife. Pidgeon, whom she adored, died immediately after their daughter was born. He was what we call a bachelor for many years and then he married Ruth Walker in 1925, after an unsuccessful pursuit of his career. In fact, when they were married, he was studying music in Chicago, after he had tried and failed to find success in Hollywood. They went on to New York, where he did several stage plays and she established herself so firmly as an actress that Hollywood hounded for him. He returned, and the first picture here put him over.

I wonder if any of you know what the wife of a successful star has to put up with here. Unless a wife is aggressive, she’s just so much excess baggage. And of those who courted Pidgeon (and many did), a lot of them didn’t even know Ruth. Naturally, there were misunderstandings, which led to a separation. It’s five, b.my kids in her home in Connecticut and was willing to give him a divorce.

After living alone for three or four months, 1945 to 1946, without Ruth and, before she could bring the action, she found him on the doorstep in Connecticut one morning, begging her to come home. She didn’t and hasn’t regretted it—or if she has, I haven’t heard about it.

No. 5: Gary Cooper. He arrived here just about the time we were starring Rex, the wild horse, in a movie, and it became a running gag as to which was the hardest to catch—Rex or Cooper. Cooper did his first acting on the back of a horse in “The Winning of Barbara Worth.” He went right into super-sophistication in a little thing called “Children Of Divorce” with Clara Bow. Esther Ralston and yours truly.

For the first time in his life, Gary was called upon to play a love scene, which was the hardest thing he had ever attempted. He said he couldn’t do it, and he couldn’t—not until Clara was put to work on him. After that, he did all right, both in the picture and off screen. His romance with Clara lasted for many months—until he came across that little hot tamale, Lupe Velez. Theirs was the maddest affair we’ve ever had in our lives. I can hear their screams yet, when he was trying to catch a wild eagle on the crags of Catalina Island, which he succeeded in doing only after his arm had been cut to ribbons.

When Gary’s romance ended with Lupe, Velez, he caught a train in the beat that would take him to a far-off place. He landed in Italy and was picked up by the movie-colony hostess Dorothy di Frasso who took him on a lion hunt to Africa. It was after he returned that he met his wife Sandra Shaw, who came to our town with her old nurse, a policewoman. They had a few pictures and a firm determination to land Gary. She did. It’s been a wonderful marriage for both.

There’s a girl who’s the apple of Gary’s eye. Their home life is ideal. When he’s making a picture, he sticks strictly to business. When it’s over, he lets her take him anywhere she likes—whether it’s back East to visit her mother and friends. Sun Valley, or Mexico. I call that an ideal working arrangement.

No. 6: Frank Morgan. The Morgans have been married twenty-nine years. They have a son George, about twenty-six. Frank, who always had an eye for things, was sent on a never-ending hunt to discover and supplement the movie tales which fool nobody—least of all, Mrs. Morgan, who still remains in the dark about the mysterious job. He maintains the way to keep a wife happy is to tell her his secrets, so he keeps her busy by allowing her to read all the mail he gets. It is all considerably monotonous, especially since he’s taking the bows.

No. 7: Fred Astaire. He was the perennial bachelor dancing partner of his sister Adele, until she married Lord Cavendish. Remained one for so long most of us feared he’d go on bachelor ing it. He might have if he hadn’t met his wife, Phyllis Livingston Potter. She’s mighty interested in his career but seldom comes to the studio. Their home life is ideal. She has a son, aged ten, by her first marriage; another boy by the business manager of the family, runs her home beautifully. Many people here think she’s antisocial, which isn’t true. She goes to all the good parties and night clubs, but they entertain at small parties at home and dine with friends in theirs. She isn’t easy to meet, but, when you get to know her, is a perfectly dear girl and makes you realize that Fred chose not only wisely but darned well.

No. 8: Don Ameche. Don and Honoré were wed in 1932. They have the same kind of quartet the Bing Crosby quartet of—four boys. Don was brought to Hollywood in 1935 by Bing to star, getting a two-weeks vacation from his air show. It took him six days to make two and a half pictures, except to decide that he had nothing for the screen (showing how wrong they can be when they make up their minds). At the end of six days, Don and Honoré were back to Chicago to spend the rest of his vacation with his wife. They had never been separated before and while here they declared after the test failed he’d never again go anywhere his wife wasn’t well. “I won’t go unless I can take her along.”

After their second boy came (both were Caesarian operations), she was told that was the limit and she couldn’t have any more. She said, “Oh, just watching to take the chance,” and went right on having babies. A few years ago they had their first long vacation, went to Europe. As soon as they arrived, Don had an operation for appendicitis, so they still haven’t seen Europe—just the same blackbirding. And when this war is over, they’ll take the boys along and have more fun. Their family motto is, “One for all and all for one.” They live by it.

No. 9: Joel McCrea. It was a love match for Joel and Frances Dee, and has remained so. Joel, who was born in Missouri, was a successful influence of opportunities before Frances came along. He was an athlete, our best swimmer, good dancer, shy as a deer. And when he finally landed on the screen, after playing many small parts, he got to play opposite such sophisticates as Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson and Dorothy Mackaill, who were much attracted by this young, good-looking giant. There were many
bets made among them as to which would have the power and glory of landing him.

Whether they used the wrong method, or Joel didn't fall for their charms, the fact is, he remained whole-hearted until little Frances came along. Then it was all over but the shouting and wedding bells. They have two children, a huge ranch which is self-supporting. Frances makes an occasional picture when the spirit moves her and the part's right. I've always maintained that Joel was a better farmer than actor, but even so, he's much sought after as a leading man. And from where I sit, it wouldn't surprise me to find them dancing together at their Golden Wedding anniversary.

No. 19: Joe E. Brown. A couple of years ago, the Joe E. Browns celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary by having another wedding—their own. When they were first married they were too poor for a church wedding, but Katherine always dreamed of one and, by golly, she went ahead and planned it that way. So there she was, in white satin, with a veil, bridal bouquet, trimmings and her own two children as flower girls. Many Hollywood sophisticates went to laugh. They stayed to weep a bit, because it was a moving occasion. After the ceremony there was a huge wedding reception.

Even when Joe was troup ing in vaudeville, the children were always sent to the finest schools. Nothing was too good for Katherine and that remains so today. Their son Don, recently killed while training to be an air pilot, had been to England, where he became very well acquainted with their youth movement. It was his ambition to start one of his own here. It was Don's belief that youth was made to live—not die. But when war was declared, he was one of the first to go into training. Joe, his father, is carrying on. He's in the South Pacific, entertaining our armed forces. Katherine swears no one ever had a more devoted or perfect husband.

So you see, with all our marriages, divorces, scandals, silly headlines, when it comes to happy marriages, Hollywood can hold its own along with Main Street.

THE END

"Want him to adore you? Try my*W.B.N.C."

DOROTHY LAMOUR, STARRING IN "DIXIE", A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Says Dorothy Lamour:

"Men hover 'round the girl whose complexion is lush velvet. So take my W.B.N.C. That means..."

*Woodbury Beauty Night Cap.

"All you need is Woodbury Cold Cream. And what grand things it does. It's my nightly beauty care."

Cleanse with Woodbury Cold Cream. How fresh, clean, your skin feels! Pat on more cream—wipe again, leaving a trace of the fine oils all night—for new, morning glamour.

Four special ingredients in Woodbury make your skin softer, smoother. Another exclusive ingredient acts constantly to keep the cream in the jar pure to the last.

Tonight take the W.B.N.C.—he'll adore you more tomorrow.

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Night Cap of the Stars

A Grand Surprise! You get so much for your money. Big economy jars $1.25, 75¢. Also sizes at 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.
"Dear MOM!"

U.S.A.

Dear Mom

Do you and Pop

still steal kitchen

snacks at bedtime?

I miss this and

"You bet we do, Son; the kitchen's our own

bright night spot. It's here we think mostly of

you, and your Commando raids on the ice box.

"Remember the day I set the dishes up on that
gay new red and blue shelf covering, and you said, 'Who got

a raise?'... and I sold it cast only 6¢... and you said,

'What, for the whole works?' We often chuckle over that."

YES, "The whole works" tells the Royledge story.

Nine whole feet of colorful, efficient shelving for 6¢!

Shelving that needs no tacks, no laudering, no re-

newing for months... that doesn't curl nor lose its

brilliant coloring. Lay some of this cheer on your

own shelves... and have a kitchen that's something

for folks to remember you by!

Sold at 5-and-10, neighborhood, and dept. stores.

Rouledge SHELVING • 9 FT. 6¢

I'M WAITING FOR

...the silverplate with the two

blocks of sterling silver inlaid

at backs of bowls and handles

of most used spoons and forks.

HOLMES & EDWARDS

STERLING INLAID

SILVERPLATE

Copyright 1943, International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Div, Mer-


It Looks like Love

(Continued from page 25) realized that

he was an intelligent and attractive

man but that he was too suave for her

simple tastes.

There also was the time her marriage

ended. She was divorced from Herbie

Kaye. You remember, a case of incom-

patible careers. It was necessary for

Herbie to travel constantly with his

orchestra and Dottie was tied to Holly-

wood. She will always be grateful to

him for his fine friendship and for his

faith in her career, for which he was

responsible.

Naturally, the divorce saddened

Dottie, but she's a fighter, fortunately.

She doesn't crack up when she's hurt.

She has her bad times at home and

keeps going. You learn to do this when

you come up the hard way, as she did,

even though your nature repeatedly

makes it impossible for you to stand

clear of smashups and heartaches.

WHEN Dottie returned to Hollywood

from Arrowhead Captain Howard

telephoned. They dated for his first

leave. They went dancing. Both love

nightclubbing. You should have heard

the buzz at Ciro's when Dorothy arrived

with Captain Howard of the Baltimore

Howards. She smiled. She glowed.

And when the Captain made it apparent

that he wanted to talk to no one but her

and dance with no one but her and

look at no one but her, that the few

hours he had wouldn't be nearly long

enough—well, Dottie smiled and

glowed some more.

Dorothy's never been social, though

on her recent Bond tours she's been

wined and dined by the most influ-

ential people from coast to coast. She's

never evinced the slightest yen to play

tennis with Hollywood's British set, to

eat smorgasbord with the Scandinavian

elite, or to be among those present in

the smaller parties in the Beverly and

Holmby Hills. She's never, bless her, talked about restoring her

family fortunes or homestead. She's

always been healthful and intelligently

frank about having run an elevator in

Marshall Field's and having had to

serape together the money for the bath-

ing suit she wore in the contest which

started her toward Hollywood. She

hasn't even had pretensions as an ac-

trix. Once, when she posed for a pub-

licity picture in front of St. Patrick's

Cathedral with a dog pausing at a tree

and a critic criticized her, pretty un-

mercifully, she said simply, "I'm not

really an actress. I suppose, so, of

course, they can get after me if they

want to." Her personal representative,

however, went to that critic and told

him, with blazing eyes, how unjust he

had been.

THOSE who know Dottie and those

who work with her are friends, in the

best and deepest sense of the word.

When Kathleen Coghlan of the

studio's publicity department married

recently it was Dottie who stood up

with her.

She never underestimates the person

who is taking it hard. And she realizes

the importance of little things. ...

When Harry Ray, her make-up man,

came back from the funeral of an old

and dear friend, Dorothy was on the set

waiting for him. "Hey, dreamer," she

yelled, "come on over here and fix my

make-up." She gave him no time to

think. He knew what she was doing

for him, smiled at her understanding

and went into action.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR
When her hairdresser accompanied her to New York she was introduced everywhere as Dottie's friend. Dottie gave her a pair of silver foxes so she would look sumptuous too. And when they went out evenings Dottie saw to it that she had flowers. . .

Her stand-in has been with her over six years. During that time Dorothy often has stood in for herself. "Go ahead, Earlene," she's said time and time again, "take that new job that's offered you. It means four or five pay checks to you while I'm between pictures. I can stand in for myself during the few more days we'll be working."

We could go on and on. Needless to say those who know Dottie would die for her. When they were filming "Aloma Of The South Seas" and Dottie's eyes became swollen and tired from the smoke of the chemicals they used in the volcanos Al Santell, her director, insisted she go home. He changed the entire set-up so they could work without her that afternoon. And the whole company pitched in and worked like mad, completing nine pages of dialogue, to prove to the Front Office that no time had been lost because Dottie went home.

Dorothy may never have been in the social swim but she's always been in the human swim. It would, of course, be someone like Captain Howard, someone too sure of himself to worry about pretenses, who would appreciate her; sense her native graciousness too.

Which reminds us of a typical Lamour story. One night, at a dinner party, a man went out of his way to blast beauty contest winners, insisting they never were any good, never did justify their big build-up. The hostess, fearing Dottie's feelings would be hurt or that Dottie might take umbrage, looked at her appealingly. Dottie didn't see her, however. To save everyone embarrassment, she was too busy smiling sweetly at the old boor and telling an amusing story which—on the surface anyway—substantiated everything he had to say.

At first, likely enough, it was the pride so warm and bright and steady in Captain Howard's eyes that intrigued Dottie. Also, likely enough, she was a little dazzled that her man was the cynosure of eyes wherever they went and that she was envied by all the men-killers and more than one member of the social set. Soon enough, however, it wouldn't have mattered to Dottie who he was. She was for him, plenty.

Not once has Dottie discussed this romance. Even her friends at the studios cannot get her to talk about it. She's also steadfastly refused to give any story about her feelings, the Captain's feelings, or their plans. When they go out together she encourages the lens boys from taking pictures. Still there are ways of knowing when a man and a girl are in love. You can tell by the way they smile at each other, by the way they dance when the orchestra plays "There Are Such Things." by their dear flagrant pride in each other, by the glow they wear.

Besides, except for an occasional dinner with Wyn Rocamora, her manager, Dottie goes nowhere except with the Captain. He manages to get to town whenever his leave permits and fortunately there has been the odd day between scenes of her current picture, "Riding High," when she was able to visit him in San Bernardino. Besides there can be, as there undoubtedly are, letters and telephone calls.

It was after Dottie and Captain Howard had known each other about two months that he was sent to San Francisco. Dottie planned to go off on a camp tour while he was away. Then word came he was ill with pneumonia. Dottie heard nothing anyone at the studios said to her that nightmarish morning. And although she's never refused to do anything possible to entertain the boys in service, she pled for a postponement of her tour. There was then only one thing she was capable of doing, rushing to San Francisco.

At first she could only visit him for a few minutes each day. The rest of the time she sat in her hotel window, overlooking San Francisco Bay and the soft hills far away, tortured by that icy thrust of fear which so often is the price we pay for loving. Immediately he improved, however, she put the time she could not be with him to better use; she visited San Francisco's military and naval hospitals. It was the cases from which many would have hurried away that she sat with longest.

These are uncertain times. Even if Dorothy or the Captain could be induced to talk about their feeling for each other and their plans for the future it would be impossible to say what the outcome of this romance would be. We only know—and on this score there is no need for their affirmation; we have seen their hearts shining in their eyes—that it's one of those wonderfully happy and exciting things.

And we hope it will endure if this is it, if this is the thing that will bring Dottie the happiness she so deserves.

The End

FEATURE ATTRACTION

JANE WYATT, ALBERT DEKKER
and RICHARD DIRK, stars of
Harry Sherman Productions—
United Artists, now appearing
in "THE KANSANS"

In the Hollywood scene...or
in home scenes everywhere
you'll find Pepsi-Cola. It's
the feature attraction at thistime.


MAY, 1943 81
The Indomitable Dutch

(Continued from page 51) Cooper was in London at the time. "Four days later he left," said Dorn with a dry twinkle in his eyes. "The Dutch blue...and nobody looked at me any more."

Regarding his similarity to Charles Boyer, the modest Hollander says this in a deep, quiet voice. "He had seen Boyer in Paris, you wouldn't mention us in the same breath." This from the man who was the leading star of the Dutch theater before he came to Hollywood!

The Javanese holy man requires a little more explanation—one that starts way back when Philip was growing up.

His father built boats with his own hands—fine seafaring craft of a gay rakish beauty. His parents, pious, ultraconservative folk, had opposed his acting ambitions. They wanted him to be an architect, or at least an artist, since he could draw such fine pictures of ships. They sent him to the Academy of Fine Arts and Architecture at The Hague. But Philip wanted to be an actor and so, after two years, he ran away from school and for several nights slept in the dunes. His worried parents couldn't find him. The bodies of some drowned men were washed ashore and they went to the morgue, looking for his body. When he reappeared after two weeks, they let him apply for a job in a theater, lest he run away again. He was fifteen, was hired as a juvenile and made good.

Under his real name, Fritz Van Dungen, he toured the overseas territories of the Netherlands with a dramatic company. Actors from the homeland were warmly received in these distant colonies of the kingdom. The arrival of Dorn's troupe was a social and cultural event for the nostalgic Hollanders in the Tropics.

The peculiar timbre of his voice, which is unmistakably that of a thinker, is in part at least the product of his years in the Far East. "When I first went to the Netherlands East Indies I felt perfectly at home, with the other actors in my troupe found their new environment very strange. But for me it was like coming home. It seemed as though I had lived there before. You may call it reincarnation if you wish. I learned the Malay language in two months. Everything I saw was familiar to me by some mysterious inner knowledge. The two and a half years I spent there were, spiritually, the most formative in my life. We in the West have heard so much about the profound wisdom of the East."

"It was there I learned my philosophy of life. For in Java I met a man who had been sitting for four years on a tiger skin. He lived in a cave and looked like an old Christ. He taught me a lot. He was waiting for death—"Ponggo Marti, a holy man in Malay. He wasn't afraid of death. When I returned to Europe I was changed myself having known him. Nothing could bother me any more. I had learned to wait."

Dorn developed a passion for Oriental art, investing his guilders in Japanese, Chinese, East Indian and other Oriental stage costumes, props, musical instruments. He insured his collection for $81,000, "a lot of money for a Dutch actor," and prepared to leave for Holland.

"After our last performance I gave..."
a farewell dinner party. We were eating, drinking and enjoying ourselves, when I was informed that the ship on which I was to sail had caught fire and was burning. Two hours before the fire had broken out I had cancelled my insurance, thinking the insurance of the ship company was enough. However, I learned to my chagrin that it wasn’t effective while the ship was still in the harbor. Everything I had in the world was destroyed in the flames. My savings of a lifetime were gone and I had to start all over again.

But even a disaster like that couldn’t get Dorn down. Back in Holland, he entered pictures and one of the directors he worked with was Henry Koster, a great admirer of Dorn’s. After his first picture, four Hollywood studios bid for his services, and he turned all four down. But the threat of war and Henry Koster’s persuasions eventually brought him here. “I didn’t think I would last six months in Hollywood, so I made my trip in the nature of a vacation. To me Hollywood was like Monte Carlo and everybody was a gambler here. You could be great stuff in ten minutes, or remain neglected for ten years.”

WELL, he has been in Hollywood now three years, and is here to stay. He lives with his actress wife in Brentwood, in a house they own. They frequently entertain Dutch sailors and soldiers. He is deeply tanned and his brown hair is a little bleached.

Twice he volunteered to serve in the armed forces of the United States, but was turned down because of a leg injury he suffered during his first American picture, “Ski Patrol.” He has taken out his first citizenship papers and hopes to be able to fight in another year, when his leg injury will heal. Meanwhile, he is making one picture after another, the two latest being “Random Harvest” and “Reunion in France.” Currently he is being starred in the Serbian saga, “Chetniks!”

When you talk with Philip Dorn you feel the inner power of the man. He looks invincible. To his native Dutch stubbornness and courage, he has added the wisdom and tranquility of the East. If you ask him what is the guiding principle, the philosophy of his life, he will tell you, “Waiting.” He considers waiting a great art.

The End

The Man you’re going to Marry is asking your Help...right now!

HELP HIM! Of course you’re going to help him! After you’re married—didn’t you say you’d give half your salary towards that house you planned together—those curtains and flowered rugs?

Of course you did! But you can’t wait ’til you’re married to start. The time to help him is now—right now!

How are you going to do it?

You’re going to make sacrifices—real ones aren’t you? You’re going to give up many things you’ve dreamed of—that lovely coat—that cute little hat!

And with the money you save—you’re going to buy U. S. War Bonds!

Your bonds will help your sweetheart!

They’ll help to put a machine gun in his hands—a gas mask in his pack.

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Here’s what War Bonds do for You!

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5 They are never worth less than the money you invested in them. They can’t go down in value. That’s a promise from the financially-strongest institution in the world: The United States of America!

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MANUFACTURERS OF FRESH UNDERARM DEODORANT CREAM
Kiss Me for Luck

(Continued from page 49) wasn’t funny, yet it seemed like a gag. In his heart he knew that Chet had really done this monstrous thing. Had the boy known that the third picture was a flop? How long had he been planning this? He couldn’t have known that they were through at the studio, or he wouldn’t have deserted now.

Roy returned after two, He scarcely looked at Phil, and would have gone into the bedroom without a word, if Phil hadn’t stopped him.

“What do you know about this?” he asked, handing Roy the telegram.

Roy read it without change of expression. He didn’t meet his brother’s eyes. “Good for Chet.”

“You think it’s smart for him to run out on his brothers when they’re in a tight spot—a flop?”

“I think if that’s what he wanted to do—what did you say? Who’s a flop?”

“Us. The Jesting Jordans. No dice on the last picture. We’re out.”

Roy grew pale, was actually speechless for a moment. “Nuts! I had a solo that was a hit.”

“That’s what you think.”

“Chet couldn’t have known. Wait! When did you get the news? No—how’d he know if I didn’t? Oh, well, what’s the difference now? He’s married, and if he doesn’t want to string with us—okay.”

Phil was puzzled by Roy’s casual reaction. He began to suspect that Roy had known of Chet’s plans. Then why had he kept quiet?

Phil drank himself to sleep toward dawn, and found Roy gone when he awakened at about noon. Davis had been on his mind while he slept, for his first thought was of her, and at once he called her.

Her maid said tartly, “There’s people from magazines talking to Miss Foster now. She can’t come to the phone.”

He was taken aback, but realized that she must be greatly in demand. “Will you tell her I called? I won’t be home, so I’ll call again.”

Sam didn’t take his feet down from the desk when Phil entered his small, stuffy office. He greeted Phil sardonically, and waited for him to talk.

“I’d like to know what happened on that picture,” Phil said.

“You tell me,” Sam demanded.

“Did you hear about Chet?”

Sam shrugged. “I just thought—the team being broke up anyway.”

“Out, Sam. Roy and I stick together.”

“Sure, Roy does?”

Something in Sam’s tone stopped Phil. “What are you getting at?”

“You might as well know from me. If Roy ain’t got the guts to tell you, Couple weeks ago Roy was in here asking me to book him alone.”

“What for?”

“Radio, first. I got him booked already, thirteen weeks. So what do you want to do now?”

What he wanted to do didn’t matter.
to Phil. Just at this moment he wanted to take both his brothers and smash them up against a wall. He was fighting mad. He was going to find Roy and have a showdown.

Phil went straight home and found Roy packing.

"So you're running out, too?"

Roy shifted, sat down on the edge of the bed, "Wilton and me, we're going to be married."

"Maybe that'll take the wind out of you. That's not what I mean. You're running out on the Jordan Brothers, and as Roy moved to speak, "You shut up and listen to me. It's the last time you'll have to."

What Chet did wasn't so bad. He's not going out on his own. He just stopped. What you're doing is a dirty double-cross."

"I'm not. It's on you," Roy said coldly, "You needed Chet and me. Now Chet's out. I don't want to hurt your feelings. Phil. You kept us together a long time. Now we got to separate. I killed 'em on the air. I have to find my own place."

"I can't go along without you?" Phil stood paralized in the doorway and watching Roy complete his packing.

This was betrayals.

H e stepped to the telephone, called Sam. "Book me alone," he said. Roy put out his hand hesitantly. Phil took it.

"No hard feelings, Phil?"

"Whatever way you feel suits me." "I'll let you know where I put up, until I'm married."

Everything was gone, but not quite. He still had Doris. For her, he had to prove his work. She'd be on his side, but strangely he thought of Betsy, and how he had told her one night if one of them stepped out the others would sell hamburgers, do anything but never team with outsiders.

He called Doris again.

"She's having new pictures taken," said the maid, "I guess she couldn't come to the phone now."

He saw her finally three days later. Then he waited for her at the studio and drove home with her. It was the only time she had. She was so very, very busy but warmly sympathetic. She was sure he had a glorious future in any of the acting fields he wished to enter. She simply couldn't have a minute for ten days and then she was afraid she'd be going on a personal appearance tour. She'd call him before she left.

"You're not discouraged, Phil, are you? After all, you didn't really need your brothers. Promise me you won't worry?"

She sealed the promise with a kiss, rather hastily given, because just as she lifted her face, the houseboy came running out to say that her producer was on the telephone.

W ithin two weeks Sam got Phil a spot, one specialty for one picture.

Phil knew he was showing considerable fear during the shooting. Perhaps Roy was right. Maybe he could do nothing without his brothers. But he was not astonished to hear later that the projection room had ordered his specialty cut out entirely. No—it wasn't bad. They had to sacrifice some footage and his turn could be easily lifted out. He was through.

Doris had gone and had not called him up before she left. No word had come from her. On the day when she reported back he could not get near

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As Mom explained—it's girls like you taking on "homework" who release a whole army of mothers for rolling bandages and selling war bonds and driving drill presses.

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Actually, it's because Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing . . . a far cry from pads that only feel soft at first touch.

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And when you're truly comfortable, your confidence goes zooming! You'll see pesky little worries vanish because Kotex has flat, pressed ends! And remember—no other leading brand offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they're not stubby.

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So now you know how to join the Keep-Going Corps. And why more women choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!

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For Certain Days . . . if you suffer from cramps, try KURB tablets, a Kotex product compounded expressly for relief of periodic discomfort. It means your confidence. Take only as directed on the package and see how KURBS can help you!
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Thousands of girls who thought they were doomed to poor complexion, have been delighted with the way Noxzema has helped improve their skin. Why not try it yourself? Get Noxzema at any drug or toilet goods counter and start using it today! Inexpensive trial size: also 35¢, 50¢, $1.

I felt his stare... and felt like screaming

her, or get a message through. At last he understood. She couldn't afford to be seen with a failure.

There was no consultation in the fact that Roy wasn't doing much better. Roy hadn't married Wilma yet. They were waiting for him to finish his thirteen weeks and then go to New York. Every Tuesday Phil turned on the radio at eight o'clock, but Roy's work wasn't the talk of the country.

Spring came to Hollywood in colorful flacks, soft pullovers. Success marked time, however. She was "at liberty." She didn't seem to care.

There was a bit of nostalgic excitement when Chet returned from his honeymoon and the three brothers met for dinner. However, Lorna was with them, of course, and at once she announced that they had bought a ranch in the San Fernando Valley and would retire to it. They did retire to it, and Chet was content to be merely Lorna Langford's husband.

Frequently now Phil thought of Betsy. He understood what she had suffered. He couldn't go to her because Doris had finished with him.

But since Phil would not go to Betsy, Betsy came to him. It was one of his most bitter moments when the desk clerk called to say that Miss Betsy was waiting in the lobby. Would he care to come down?

She was lovelier than ever and when she smiled and put out both her hands she seemed to be offering him all she had.

He squeezed her little gloved hands. "I'd like to see you. But you don't have a little time?"

"You saw me?" she nodded. "I always look over the audience. I seem to know when a friend—"

They sat down behind a clump of palms, "What made you come today, Betsy?"

She smiled, but there was neither pity nor maudlin sympathy in her face.

"I know how things are, Phil. Somehow—"

"No— Phil and I—our lives seem to go in the same design."

"You look fine."

"I am fine. I saved some money—"

"Correct a time when money doesn't count."

"That's true. What does count with you now, Phil?" She saw the bitterness in his face, the deep lines of despair.

"Loyalty," he said sharply. "That's all that counts. You don't find much of it in the world. You're loyal, Betsy. Suddenly he began to talk, quickly, quietly, urgently, telling her more than he dreamed he would tell her,

She took off her hat and freed her curls, shaking them out. Then she laughed. "If you're a has-been, I'm one too, and I'm not twenty-two yet. Oh Phil, don't talk like that. You have experience and skill and years of work behind you. That's not wasted."

"That's not enough."

"You've got me in your corner, Phil." He took her face between his hands. "I never knew a girl like you, who didn't have a bit of resentment in her heart. You're not even sore because I didn't keep in touch with you. Where's it going to get you, to be in my corner?"

She rested quietly under his touch.
“How can I tell until the fight’s over?”
“You still think I can fight?”
“I do, Phil. Oh, I do.”
“Let’s go somewhere and really talk.”
They met again for lunch the next day, and Betsy had been thinking.
“They wanted you alone in New York once. Why don’t you give up the idea of getting into pictures?
“I’m not so set on going into pictures.”
“Then what is it, Phil?”
He didn’t answer. She knew, though. Now that the first resentment at his brothers had worn off, he had no heart to continue alone.
Every day they met, and always she urged him to start a fresh career. Yet he couldn’t see it her way and sometimes she wondered whether she was going to be faced with the need to propose to him, or tell him first that she loved him. She’d do anything to get him started, but she couldn’t do that. Because maybe he didn’t love her, and then her declaration wouldn’t accomplish its purpose and would make an idiot of her besides.
They were out walking, one day. Phil still resistant, when he said suddenly, “Can you drop by at Roy’s hotel for a moment? I got a phone message that he’s sick. I better see if he’s called the doctor.”
Betsy stopped and waited. Not ten minutes later he reappeared, frowning hurried. “The boy’s got a bad throat infection. I ought to stay here—”
She agreed by all means. “Can I do anything, Phil? Will you call me if you need me?”
Two days later he stood in the lobby the same way. She had been waiting for him. His face was gray, seamed, incredulous. “He’s dead, Betsy. Blood poisoning. Roy’s dead. We’ll never be a team again. We’re really—broke up.”

Betsy took Phil home to her apartment after the funeral. It was in a small court of shallow bungalows, each containing two apartments. They were cheap, and Betsy took an apartment there, two rooms, bath and tiny kitchen.
She made him a hot drink, persuaded him to stretch out on the sofa. He didn’t quite seem to know where he was, but that didn’t matter. He was where he belonged, here with her, safe in her heart, protected in the small haven she had made out of her disappointment—gay yellow gauze at the windows, simple furniture painted in plum and apple green, a cheap room but clean as an Iowa corn field, and full of hope. Now that he was defenseless, nonresistant, with the shock of I’m dead still on him, maybe she could persuade him to do what she knew to be right. There was only one right thing, to go on, to make a new career for himself.
“I’ll never work with anybody again,” he said.
“I’m not asking you to work with anybody.”
“So I’m a fioperoo. There’s no reason why I should hustle and bustle to get somewhere. What’s the use?”
She came closer, sat at his feet. Her eyes were wide and fearless, her voice clear and soft. “There is. Phil. Shall I tell you?”

For the exciting climax that occurs after Betsy’s frank confession to Phil, watch for the last installment of this unusual Hollywood love story in the June issue of Photoplay—Movie Mirror

LINNY: Don’t confuse Limit with old-fashioned starches. It’s the modern starch that penetrates the fabric—protects the fibres. Use Limit on anything washable.

LINNY’S HINT: Everything must be fresh and clean for the party. And these drapes will stay clean longer because the dust-catch-
A Guy Called Jo

(Continued from page 45) a six-months contract with Jo. An agent gets ten percent of an actor’s salary, but in Jo’s case it didn’t amount to postage stamps. But Vanity Leah Salisbury said to Jo: “Look, I think the thing you do is go to Hollywood. I’ll stake you, Jo. Just put out on my account when you click you can pay me back.”

But that’s not the way Jo does things. So he thanked Leah, gratefully, but declined. Months went on and on, and so little turned up that Jo and Leah even forgot to renew their contract.

Through acquaintances, Jo and Le- maszarik continued to make fast friends and soon Welles was talking to Jo about his plans for a group of young actors and actresses who were getting into television in New York. Jo began to feel that things were getting hot for him, because Welles let him know that Jo would be invited to join the group. So he went to Leah.

“Listen, honey,” he said. “What about our contract?”

Leah Salisbury, who had no immediate prospects for Jo, didn’t want to discourage him, so she fixed up their usual contrac-to-go and sent him on. And there. This may be the first time that she knows that Jo was all set for the Mercury Theater when that contract was signed.

I could write a whole story on Jo’s friendships. That’s one of the most important human angles in his life. But just the way his stories have been written about his friendship with Orson Welles and Alfred Hitchcock and, of course, Katharine Hepburn.

My favorite story about Jo and Lenore and Katie Hepburn is quickly told. While Jo and Hepburn were on tour in The Philadelphia Story they found themselves back in Lenore’s home town in the Middle West. People had not been very nice to Lenore about her marriage to that Bohemian.” Two friends, Elizabeth and her husband, had stood by Lenore through thick and thin, shutting their eyes to Jo’s crazy aspersions. They hadn’t cared if Jo wasn’t a success, they refused to be upset by the fact that Lenore’s second husband was a down-and-out actor.

But when the Cottens came to town with the successful run of the "Philadelphia Story" all the people began to change their attitude. They wanted so much to entertain Lenore, her clever husband, and, incidentally, the famous Miss Hepburn. Invitations came pouring in from all of Lenore’s old “friends.”

Jo had an idea. Why not turn down the invitations or cut them short? He sent one from Elizabeth and her husband? So Hepburn agreed to be the special guest of honor at the home of the Cottens. It was the biggest event of the season and Elizabeth was the most envied hostess of the year. The famous Katie did herself proud. You know how people love parties and people and adoring fans. But she went to town that night, for the sake of Jo and Lenore—and the fact that Lenore had stood by them in darker days!”

What I like best about Jo—if you will—were Jo’s own remarks—his human angles—is that he is most revealing and significant trait—an honest forthrightness. When he was a boy he looked with wonder at his comrades
who seemed to get along so well. Their talk bewildered and amazed him. In those days it was called "a line."

He remembers one afternoon saying to a pal, "How about our going to a movie tonight?"

"No," said the pal. "I've got a date with that new girl from Richmond tomorrow and I've got to get home and figure out a line to hand her."

If his life depended on it, Jo would never build a friendship or a romance or even a career on a "line." He wouldn't know how to go about it.

CASE in point is his eventual visit to Hollywood. Even though he'd been Hepburn's leading man on Broadway, he headed West without a contract, supposedly a fatal thing to do because it implies that you're easy to get.

A certain producer wanted Jo for a role and offered him the not inconsiderable weekly salary of $1500. Jo read the script. He hated it.

"It's terrible," he told Lenore, "and if I play in it, I'll be terrible."

It was all right with Lenore for Jo to do whatever he thought best, regardless of that tempting salary.

So Jo turned it down—cold! Overnight, Cotten—the man who had to tell the truth no matter what it cost him—was considered hard to get—and so was very much wanted!

If he'd planned it you'd say he was smart about Hollywood, knew how to "treat 'em." But I think he's just instinctively natural and guileless and so gets what he wants without half trying.

He lives in a pleasant and unpretentious house out at Pacific Palisades and when the studio photographers want to get photos of him and Lenore and Judy in their sacrosanct home, Jo gracefully leads them out into that charming garden, and before they know it they're on their way back to the studio with swell pictures—but none that invades the Cotten privacy.

Jo does things simply, naturally, good-naturedly. I've heard him bail out Lenore for overdoing, or for getting too strung up over somebody else's problem, and I know that neither she nor anyone else who gets treatment from him could ever be angry with him.

"Now take it easy, Lenore," he will say. "Just sit there for a minute and don't do anything."

And it's pretty typical of him that he says he's working his way up to be a carpenter—one of these days he's going to have the darnedest workroom in his Hollywood home.

You see, there's a complete set of human angles on this fellow Cotten. Yes, there's a complete set of human angles on this fellow Jo Cotten, but somehow my mind goes back to those nodules on his vocal chords which may have done as much for him as they did for Bing Crosby.

Recently, Jo and Lenore went to the Shubert Theater, which is just where Jo (Whooping Cough) Cotten played in "The Philadelphia Story" and they saw their friend Ray Bolger in "By Jupiter." It's a very funny show and they roared their heads off and Jo's nodules started acting up again.

When I talked to him on the phone the other day he sounded very hoarse, and I think he still has those lucky nodules—so God's in His heaven and all's right with the Cottens.

THE END

SAY, 1943

E ver see a
Blue Blonde?

1 Well, she was blue...and lonely, too...for men thought she looked older than a glamour girl should...and stayed away! But 'twas all because her face powder didn't give her natural youth and beauty a chance. It added years to her age... 'cause the colors were dead and lifeless...so her skin looked old. Poor girl!

2 Then she got wise...tried Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder...in the glamorous new shades that are scientifically matched to the vibrant, glowing tones of youth! What a thrill...because there's an alluring new Cashmere Bouquet shade to enhance the natural, youthful beauty of your complexion, too, no matter what your age!

3 Classic little lassie...now her datebook's always full...thanks to that smooth, downy, youthful look Cashmere Bouquet Powder gives her! And this new Cashmere Bouquet is always color-true, never streaky...color-harmonized to suit your skin-type...goes on smoothly, stays on smoothly, for hours on end!

4 Discover what a glamorous complexion you can win with these new youthful shades of Cashmere Bouquet! See how fresh and innocent they make you look! There's a shade to suit you perfectly...in 10¢ size or larger, at all cosmetic counters!

CASHMERE BOUQUET
FACE POWDER
In the New Youthful Shades

MAY, 1943

89
SOME stockbrokers make careless husbands, some salesmen are unfaithful to their wives ... but all actors are bad husbands. That seems to be a legend. If you are contemplating becoming an actor’s wife, dire warnings rain down on your head. Actors, everyone will tell you, are irresponsible and vain and extravagant, they keep irregular hours, they’re Bohemian, they’re rich for a month and poor for a year, they’re improvident, they’re never home in the evenings.

But just let the warnings pass in one ear and out the other. Above all, don’t argue. Your friends are quite right and, if you are wise, you’ll thank your stars they are. For contrary to legend, these very things make actors delightful people to marry, these very faults are apt to prove endearing.

“Actors are irresponsible.” Well, that is true, in a way. Of course, actors almost never miss rehearsals, or performances, no matter how ill they may be; they seldom fail to get up at six in the morning to get to the studio for a seven o’clock make-up call. But these things, to your friends, seem nothing at all beside the fact that actors usually make a mess of their checkbook stubs, fail sometimes to get home to dinner on the dot, forget to have the oil changed in the car. They even say, “Oh, let’s not even think about that for another month. Let’s just let everything slide and go to Mexico for a spree.” That is being extremely irresponsible, and it is to be hoped that no one ever reforms them on these counts. It makes them so awfully pleasant to be married to! It means that their wives can make unholy messes of their checkbooks, can forget their budgets and lose their address books, come home late from tea with the girls, and not only run no risk of being scolded but demand and get a most soothing lot of sympathy.

Actors are vain. Well, so they are and what about it? In the first place, they have to be a bit vain. It takes lots of self-confidence to play a love scene with a glamorous movie star. An actor is apt to keep groomed within an inch of his life, wear wildly extravagant clothes and have his shoes handmade. He is also apt to insist that his wife have the feminine equivalents of all these things. It’s obvious that all this makes actors poisonous as husbands and no sensible woman should even think of marrying one!

Then there’s an actor’s extravagance. That means that when he’s making money, he will give it away or lend it, remembering his own lean days. That he’ll buy a house and fill it with lovely things. That he’ll give the people he loves more presents than they can find room to put them.

As for the rest of the charges—Bohemianism and restlessness and irregular hours and what not, they can all be lumped together and dismissed with a private grin. But when sympathetic friends look at you with great pitying eyes and ask you how you stand the hectic hours, the late parties, the mobs of people in and out of your house, the moving about, it is best to shake your head in dumb despair and refuse to answer. For they won’t believe you if you point out that your irregular hours are quite regular to you, that theater people and movie actors behave in your house much as their bridge-club friends do in theirs.

So, at least in the opinion of an actor’s wife, actors are wonderful husbands. Granted that it takes a bit of nerve to marry one—as much, probably, as it takes to marry an explorer, a painter, a scientist. For an actor, like these others, is a dashing and adventurous fellow in a world of sober, hidebound men. He scarpers up to buy a polo shirt one year and ten polo ponies the next. And it is all delightful and exciting, and you cross your heart for luck, and pinch yourself twice a day to make sure it’s real. And this, mind you, because you married an actor!

*Who is Mrs. Joseph Cotten

PHOTOPHAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE REVIEW
Women Who Wait

(Continued from page 32) would come in to see his first-born. But—that's war. And they'll have the baby and the home will be more a home, of course, even with Van away.

"The baby will just be an additional tie that will reach from me to him and him to me wherever he is," said Frances.

A GROUP of young women I know who work in New York took a little farm together not too far out in Jersey. Two of these girls have husbands already somewhere in the Pacific. They have divided the housekeeping duties of their farm and they have a small victory garden. Week ends they work in it and as the spring evenings get longer they'll have time to do a little cultivating after they get home.

As they explained it to me it's not only somebody to talk to, somebody for companionship, but if you get interested in the other fellow's problem you aren't so concentrated upon your own. It makes you feel better to be part of all the other women.

And out in Hollywood, Annabella has done the same thing since Ty Power walked down suddenly and enlisted in the United States Marine Corps. Ty's sister, Ann Hardenbergh, a young service wife who's expecting a baby, lives with her now. The Power acres have been turned into a Victory Garden and Annabella and Ann are raising peas and corn, beans, artichokes and rhubarb. After work they get their hoes and go to digging in the earth.

"If all service wives would double up," Annabella said, "they'd have a lot less time to be lonely. Somehow you can make an effort to do something for somebody else that you would not make for yourself. We all help each other. I like helping Ann to make preparations for her baby. In the Marine Corps a man is sure to get active combat service. I—of course I am so proud that my husband won high honors at boot camp. He had to earn them, I know. Now he has gone to Officer's Candidate School. I like to talk to his sister about him, she knows him when he was little and she can tell me so much about him."

I HAVE two brothers in the Marine Corps and both of them did their boot camp at San Diego. One of my young sisters-in-law wrote me the other day that when she went to visit my brother over a week end at San Diego they went to chapel and that as long as she lived she would remember that service. It was, she said, one of those things that made faith a real and active thing in your heart and made you get out your Bible and put it beside your bed so that you could read the Ninety-first Psalm every night before you went to sleep.

Annabella went to that chapel service, too, and she said, "It moved and thrilled me more than anything that has ever happened in my life. You get a feeling in your heart that there is active power and protection in prayer. It helps so much.

Not very long ago I spent a week end up at the Bear Mountain Inn, which is near my youngest son's school. The stone bungalows are scattered among the trees along a mountain side and when I couldn't sleep I put on a dressing gown and went into the community living room by the fire. I thought it was so late that I'd be alone.
row and Maureen O’Sullivan. The lovely little Irish lass used to spend week ends at my Malibu house, which was next door to Johnny Farrow’s. I don’t think I’ve ever seen two people more in love than Maureen and Johnny. It’s one of Hollywood’s really happy marriages.

John was one of the first to go — into the Royal Canadian Navy. And one of the first to be invalided home. Months in a hospital when they told Maureen he would die within six months.

That made John fighting mad. He left the hospital and went home to Maureen. She took him into the desert and nursed him. Today he is on the road to perfect health, is even able to go back to work and direct such pictures as “Wake Island” and “China.”

But — he wants to get back into service, any branch of the American armed forces that will take him. That’s all he thinks about. Daily he tries to restore his health, to get back into shape so he can go back to the fight. He has a long fighting record behind him.

In some ways, I guess that’s the toughest of all — going back, letting the man you love who has miraculously escaped death, who is home once more safely, return to the danger zone. Nobody knows yet whether Johnny Farrow will be able to make it. But he keeps trying and — Maureen keeps helping him.

If that’s what he wants to do, if that’s what he feels it is right for him to do, Maureen is the wife who will stand shoulder to shoulder and help him. That’s her contribution to the great fight to save humanity from a return to the dark ages — and no matter what contribution her husband may make, hers is as big.

In the great charity work for service men going on you see the busy, enormously efficient figure of pretty Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. whose husband was one of the first men in active service in this country.

Out on a little ranch in the Valley, you find Mrs. Henry Fonda, raising chickens and carrying on the model farm Henry installed before he went to war. Mary Pickford, so long America’s sweetheart, does every kind of brilliant job where her tall and handsome husband, Captain Buddy Rogers, is with the Ferry Command at Pensacola.

And when Louis Hayward decided, long before December seventh, that he must get into service, the girl who sat up with him nights, studying, brushing up his math and his photography, was his wife, Ida Lupino.

Now she works at her job and at being a pal to soldiers, sailors, Marines and airmen while Lieutenant Hayward is away on active duty with the Marines.

Well, I have a daughter-in-law who works at the Sperry bombsite plant. She helped her husband to enlist in the Royal Canadian Air Force long before we were at war. She carries on valiantly with her war job through what have already been long years.

All in the same boat, you see.

We can, I think, be as proud of the women of Hollywood as we are of all our women today. And wish them luck and may we remember them in our prayers for all the women who wait. Waiting, as you all know, takes the supreme courage.

The End

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**CONSTANCE LUFT, HUHN,**

Head of the House of Tangee

**GOING "ALL OUT" ALL DAY?**

You Should Use a Satin-Finish Lipstick!

Says Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

Now that wartime duties are added to your day-to-day activities...now that you’re on the go all day every day...many of you must often wish fervently for a lipstick that once on, stays on! If that is your wish, I sincerely recommend that you use one of our new Tangee satin-finish Lipsticks...Tangee’s exclusive satin-finish makes each Tangee Lipstick so smooth it literally applies itself...creating a soft and glossy sheen, an exquisite long-lasting grooming, which every woman hopes to achieve...And remember: There is a matching rouge to every Tangee shade; a matching shade of Tangee’s un-powdery face powder for every complexion!
Hey, Irish!

... (Continued from page 57) which still turns white when he gets fighting mad. "I'd love to see you with that scar some great dramatic event," Gene said, "but actually I tell off my tricycle when I was a sprout of five."

Gene's interest in dancing was reawakened at Peabody High School when he discovered an ability to dance helped land bigger parts in school plays. To the amazement of his family, who remembered his bitter tirades against dancing school, he voluntarily sought further instruction and soon became one of the most adept pupils of the class. It was football, however, not dancing, which brought him his first taste of fame and glory. For a solid season he had been warming the bench as the substitute halfback of the school team and was still warming it when the final game of the season was in its closing moments with Peabody High on the losing end of the score. Suddenly the regular halfback was carried from the field with a broken ankle.

"Okay, Kelly," the coach said wryly, "you might as well go in."

Kelly bounced off the bench. On the first play he intercepted a forward pass, ran for a touchdown and then kicked the winning point between the goal posts!

"Boy!" he recalled. "Was I a great guy—for a day!"

As is common with many Catholic boys, Gene's first ambition was to be a priest. He switched to journalism when he entered Penn State and at midsommer, reversed his course in favor of engineering. The following year at the University of Pittsburgh he decided on law, completed the four-year pre-law course and attended one full week of law school in 1933. Suddenly he checked it all in favor of dancing.

"It seemed like a good idea," he said.

Actually it was a good idea. In college he had helped pay his way during vacation by mixing concrete by day and drugstore sodas by night. During the school year he had resumed his own study of dancing and, as a paying side line, had taken on the instruction of fellow students. By graduation time he had two hundred paying students on the books and Pittsburgh co-eds had better dancing partners.

Gene decided the setup had commercial possibilities and opened a full-time school of the dance. Both sisters and one brother joined his staff as instructors and Mrs. Kelly became business manager. The venture flourished and soon three other schools were copying money. Again Gene succumbed to a sudden impulse.

"For no good reason I suddenly began to feel hemmed in," he explained. "I wanted new horizons. So I left the family to run the schools (they're still doing it) and gambled on getting a job in New York."

The luck of the Irish was with him. He got a dancing role in "Leave It To Me!" Left off to work, Gene returned two months later to be the lead in "One For The Money." Later he met William Saroyan, became a pal of the brilliantly comic playwright and wound up with the lead in Saroyan's "Time Of Your Life."

The Kelly independence was never more clearly demonstrated than when he flatly refused Hollywood's first two offers for his services. The first time he was visiting one Coast when a studio approached him.

"Can you pay me $10,000 a year?" Gene asked.

"Jumpin' jive, no!" the studio emisary gulped. "You're an unknown!"

"Unknown or not, that's what I'm making now with my dance schools, so no thanks," Gene said.

The second offer, made at the close of "Time Of Your Life," was refused because Gene felt he was not ready for a screen career. To get ready he played in summer stock around New York in 1940 and became dance director of the Peabody High school's Horseshoe Revue. It was there, incidentally, he met Betsy Blair, a lovely redhead about whom he gets positively lyrical. Betsy and the baby, in fact, are the only subjects on which Gene is verbose. She had just finished a Broadway play and was after a job in the Bus Revue.

"I was clowning around in a sweater and an old pair of slacks when she came in," Gene recalled. "She thought I was the handsomest fellow she'd been told to see the director."

Gene let it ride; he loves a gag. Betsy got the job and, in 1941, the job of being Mrs. Eugene Joseph Kelly.

His sensational success in "Pal Joey" brought Gene his third offer from Hollywood. This time he accepted it, and, in his usual impetuous fashion, expected to go to work immediately upon landing. The two months he waited for his role in "For Me And My Gal" were pure misery. So was his first sight of himself on the screen.

"It shocked me," he admitted. "The look of my own Irish kisser magnified that many times sent me out of the theater with the screaming meemies!"

A few months ago their first child was born, a lovely daughter whom they have named Kerry Kelly.

"Did I hammer up that occasion?" Gene asked. "I was guilty of every cliche in the book from making hospital floors, pestering doctors, driving nurses crazy with questions and finally collapsing in tears when I was a father and everything was fine. It was corn right off the cob!"

Life in the Kelly household is a little complicated these days regarding Kerry. The fond parents are torn between raising her scientifically or picking her up when she cries. So far science is taking a beating; Gene goes nuts at the first wail of his young daughter and says, "The heck with what the book says, I can't stand to hear that!" Betsy, incidentally, is in accord with his views.

No one can pass him in The Game, in which he is the acknowledged Superman over all contestants in the Kelly circle. The Game, sometimes called Indications, consists of one team's guessing famous quotations which the other team pantomimes.

The other night Dickie Whorf, Nancy Walker, Frank Albertson and the others were left alone.

"By gosh, we'll stump Old Superman this time!" they chortled as they de vised a dilly. It was Freud's rather obscure "Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar."

"What a unfortunate hanging on the family tree," Gene guessed it in forty seconds flat! THE END
H-O-W-E-V-E-R, being the child of en-
tightened parents, Joanna was
given a chance to explain her out-
rageous conduct before punishment
was meted out. She said that she
wanted to be an actress. That it wasn't
primarily the charm of the lion tamer
that had lured her away, but imper-
sonal admiration for his art. A family
council finally handed down a de-
cision: When Miss Lee had passed her
senior Oxford examinations, she might
decide for herself whether she wanted
further education along the lines of
the liberal arts, or whether she wanted
to study mathematics.

Those interested in numerology might
find something significant in the fact
that, at her fourteenth year, Miss Lee's
life altered drastically. Her father died,
so she and her mother moved away
from the vicarage and Anna was placed
in a girls' school. She still considers
this one of her most terrifying ex-
periences to date. She was one hundred
per cent nonconformist; she couldn't
get used to feminine clothes, and she
had to stand a good deal of ribbing
about her cropped hair.

She was thoroughly miserable. To this
day, she is slightly chary of wo-
men. She likes them; she thinks they
are too, too clever to wear those odd
hats and those quaint, back-breaking
shoes. But for exciting conversation
that she really understands, give her a
pipe-smoking stag session.

THERE was one small triumph in this
grey year. She heard about a near-
by rifle match, and entered. She was
the youngest entrant by many years,
and the only female. You guessed it.
She still has the trophy.

And, at the end of the year, she passed
her senior Oxford exams with
honors and thus won the right to enter
the Central School of Speech Training
and Dramatic Arts in London. After a
year of study she secured a job as
understudy with a theatrical company.
Her job was to appear occasionally as
a male corpse. Quiet and restful work,
of course, but offering a future.

At approximately this time, the re-
current male theme again repeated
itself in the Lee life. She had a sweet-
heart stationed in Hong Kong and she
heard of an elderly woman who was
planning a trip to India and wanted a
vigorous, intelligent young companion.
Miss Lee immediately cornered the job.
They spent some time in Tokyo ("I was
horrified at sight of the place of
women in Oriental society") and an
even longer period in Hong Kong. In-
cidentally, they were in China long
enough for Miss Lee to transfer her
affection from the gentleman whom she
came originally to visit to another col-
orful chap in the Service of the King.
Then they moved on to Ceylon, Sina-

The Beautiful British
(Continued from page 50) he must
have been a most frightful ham, pos-
turing and grimacing and flexing his
muscles," Miss Lee said reminiscently.
"But I thought him all romance and
alluring masculinity."

When the circus moved away Miss
Lee followed her hero and volun-
teered to become a permanent member
of the circus staff. Her description of
her ability as an elephant-feeder, ap-
prentice bareback rider and general
handy man was so eloquent that she
was about to be employed when her
father appeared on the scene, garbed
in the drapes of wrath.

-quick glamour "pick-up"

Complexion dreary?

Dismaying, isn't it, when your skin
gets that humdrum look! When tiny dead
skin cells rough up its smoothness, when
tight-sticking specks of grime dull its fresh color—
your face just naturally goes into the doldrums!

The 1-Minute Mask

Quick-change your drab looking skin with the
1-Minute Mask—new way of using Pond's
Vanishing Cream! Blanket your face in a satiny
mask of cream—over cheeks, forehead,
throat—all except eyes. Tissue it off after
one minute—and love the difference!

"Waked-up" face! Smoother...fairer!

Your face has been "re-styled!" In that precious minute the "keratolytic"
action of Pond's Vanishing Cream
was loosening little roughnesses,
dissolving specks of grime. Your
face feels sweetly softer. Looks
"waked-up!" Make-up smooths on like
a dream—clings like velvet!

It gives a Beauty Bonus—It's Two in One!

A POWDER BASE!
Always before make-up, smooth
on a thin film of Pond's Vanishing
Cream. Not "oozy." Not
drying. Helps protect against
weather—holds powder for hours!

A 1-MINUTE MASK!
3 or 4 times a week, use Pond's
Vanishing Cream for the
Glamorizing 1-Minute Mask. It's
a happy surprise—a "beauty
bonus" for your complexion.
pore, thence to Bombay, Agra and Delhi. ("I want to go back to India someday. It is fabulous, fascinating and beautiful.")

Upon returning to London, Anna did some modeling. For years she was celebrated as the possessor of the most photogenic hands and feet in England. There is, in an Edinburgh gallery at present, a portrait of Miss Lee, bare-footed.

From modeling, she took the logical step to bit parts in pictures, working with a girl named Estelle O'Brien. At that time, and to this day, Anna insists that this certain Miss O'Brien is one of the great beauties of our day, a girl with smouldering dark eyes, a high, childishly rounded forehead, a bee-stung mouth, and great wings of sleek, black hair. Miss O'Brien has done okay in American pictures under the name of Merle Oberon, now Lady Korda.

From bits, Miss Lee progressed rapidly to small parts, then to leads. But do not make the mistake of thinking that the boys' school motif had disappeared from her symphony of fate. Anna was cast as the only feminine character in a picture to be filmed in the North African desert. The remainder of the cast, you ask? Forty-two men and true.

After a few weeks of desert heat, wind and sand, these forty-two gentlemen were about as friendly as par-boiled cobras, so Miss Lee spent a good deal of her free time strolling about the desert with a rifle cuddled under one arm. While she was walking through the "cool" of the evening (the thermometer had done a dizzy dive down to 100 degrees), she was approached by a newcomer immaculate in white helmet, white shirt, white shorts, white sox and white-and-tan sport shoes. Additional dividends included his handsome face and physique, his cheerful grin and his cultured English accent. Considering current grime, beards, perspiration and tempers, this apparition resembled something out of the "Arabian Nights." It developed, after a moment's conversation, that he had been flown down from England to check up on the progress of the film. His name was Robert Stevenson and in practically no time he had decided that Anna Lee's social title should be the same with a Mrs. prefix. They were married December 7, 1934. Joanna Venetia Invicta Stevenson was born in March, 1938, and shortly afterward the three Stevensons came to America pursuant to an offer from D. O. Selznick, who wanted to sign Mr. Stevenson as a director.

While Mr. Stevenson was working at RKO, Lewis Milestone—a fellow director at the same studio—was frantically seeking a leading lady to play opposite Ronald Colman in "My Life With Caroline." He had some English films run off and spotted "just the type" in a playful picture called "A Young Man's Fancy.

Mr. Milestone struck up a hot cable correspondence with London studios trying to locate this dream girl and finally received the information that the lady could be reached through Mr. Stevenson.

The story goes that Mr. Milestone went charging out to the Stevenson set, his hair awry, his complexion gleaming. "Look, Bob," he demanded breathlessly, "I'm having a terrific time trying to locate a girl named Anna Lee. Finally got a London report that you can set me on her trail. Have any idea where I can get in touch with her?" Stevenson nodded toward a near-by chair. "Anna Lee is Mrs. Stevenson and she's seated over there," he replied with an Englishman's unshakable calm.

All of which explains why lucky American audiences are learning that "Lee" stands for Anna as well as Robert E.

By the way, the Stevensons are now four. Caroline Lydia Boniface Clementine was born January 24, 1942. There is an early suggestion that she may resemble her mother and follow the Lee tradition, because of the garment she has chosen as her all-time favorite. It is a small boy's cap which she appropriated after it had been forgotten by a pint-sized gent. C. L. B. C. Stevenson will undoubtedly want to go to Harvard.

The End
Short for Ronni

SHE likes operatic and symphonic music and goes to the ballet whenever possible. She also goes for what she calls “nice popular music.” Her favorite song is “The Turkish Street Song” or “Smoke Gets In Your Eyes.”

She takes a cold shower every morning and a hot tub every night. She sings in both. She hates to dry herself thoroughly after a bath, but pats herself with a thick towel.

Her signature is the simplest and most un-fancy one in Hollywood. But it’ll never be forged on a check because she doesn’t use that name for her bank account. She reads all her fan mail and employs a secretary who looks surprisingly like her.

Because of the gasoline rationing, she occasionally rides to work in a bus. One day she was standing in a crowded bus. Two men who were sitting started talking. One man said, “That girl looks like Veronica Lake.” The other man said, “What’s the matter with you? Veronica Lake wouldn’t be riding on a bus!” Neither of them got up to give her a seat.

She can apply lipstick perfectly without looking into the mirror and she never wears a girdle.

She speaks French fluently, although few people know it. One day on the set, Preston Sturges was talking about her to some people in French. He said: “She has a pear-shaped figure which is the envy of American women, for most of them have apple shapes.” She went over and surprised him by thanking him in French.

She sleeps in a nightgown, never pajamas. She must get from seven to eight hours’ sleep a night and sleeps with the windows wide open. She confesses that she always has cold feet in bed.

She detests long, red fingernails and won’t wear them. When it is necessary in a picture, she has false ones stuck on her hands and it is obvious, however, that this is the only false thing about her when she faces the camera.

The End

All Right America—You Are Smoking More

* Government figures show smoking at all-time peak.

And You’re SAFER Smoking

PHILIP MORRIS

A FINER cigarette — scientifically proved less irritating to nose and throat . . .

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of the nose or throat — due to smoking — cleared up completely or definitely improved!

— findings reported in medical journals by a group of distinguished doctors.

We do not claim curative powers for PHILIP MORRIS. But this evidence proves they are far less irritating for your nose and throat.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 22)

lent the framer-uppers by Ona Munson, who runs a disreputable gambling house. But hero Ron Rogers, who is engaged to Virginia Grey, the judge's daughter, foils villains Dick Purcell and Arthur Hohl in fine style.

There is a lot of singing, some of it good, and plenty of comedy relief by Smiley.

Your Reviewer Says: A Western with fresh new paint.

✓ The Outlaw (Howard Hughes)

It's About: The love and life story of Billy the Kid.

At long last the Howard Hughes version of Billy the Kid, labeled "The Outlaw," reaches the screen in its uncut version. After two years Jane Russell and Jack Beutel finally make their screen appearances, one to disappoint and one to show promise of big things ahead. Beutel is the winner in this case. We predict the same success that marked Alan Ladd's career for this young actor.

Mr. Hughes himself directed the story and some of the scenes are much too long, but the picture has a strange fascinating quality that we wager will spell a million dollars at the box office. It's different, it's puzzling, it's unique. It draws like a magnet and holds attention despite its many ludicrous and ridiculous moments.

Walter Huston, a no-good bad man who takes up with Billy after the young outlaw has stolen his horse and his girl, gives a truly fine performance. Thomas Mitchell, the sheriff who loses a friend when Huston sides with Billy, doesn't fare so well. His scenes fail to ring true.

We would advise leaving the children at home. There is no Hopalong Cassidy about this little number that still has the Hays Office in a first-class tizzy.

Your Reviewer Says: The oddest film of the month.

✓ Behind Prison Walls (P.R.C.)

It's About: An idealist faces reality and then ....

Here's quite a little picture, off the beaten path and directed with a new and arresting flair. It tells the story of an overidealistic son whose testimony sends his industrialist father to prison. Using the son as a front to squeeze an enemy out of the business, the father, Tully Marshall, gives his heir full control, expecting the business to go to smash. It doesn't, but the son amusingly admits it's through no fault of his, his theories being the good old bunk.

There's humor, satire, cunning quips and quite an impressive quality to this well done little gem.

Alan Baxter is so good as the son and so is Gertrude Michael as the secretary. Edwin Maxwell is the meanie. The direction by Steve Sekely is outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: Like coming upon a daffodil in the snow.

✓ Something To Shout About (Columbia)

It's About: The little girl from Altouna gets the star part.

JANET BLAIR, who made a hit as "My Sister Eileen," comes to the fore with
a neat, provocative little performance as the young song writer from Pennsylvania who gets shoved into the star spot of a show angled by that gay divorcee, Cobina Wright Jr. Sounds awfully, awfully familiar, doesn't it?

Anyway, it's good, if familiar, and possesses the verve and spirit that Don Ameche (the story's press agent) always injects into his pictures. Jack Oakie, an old vaudeville star who now runs a boardinghouse, is very funny and William Gasston, the show's producer, has come to the movies to stay, surely to goodness.

The Cole Porter music has that certain "oomphing." And oh, wait a minute. There's a dog act that gets into the show somehow and is worth the price of admission alone. It's a riot.

Miss Blair will be a star one day, you just see.

Your Reviewer Says: It's gay and happy and everything.

How's About It [Universal]

It's About: Elevator operators and a plagiarism suit.

THE Andrews sisters, ladies and gentlemen! Those singing sisters who know how to sock over a song with a sock to the ear. The three gals play elevator operators who yearn to be heard before an audience—and need we say all their years come true?

Another little plot involving a suit against songwriter Robert Paige by Grace McDonald for stealing one of her calendar verses wanders around among the Andrews. The band of drummer Buddy Rich plays sweet music. Mary Wickes is cute as a secretary and Bobby Scheerer taps his little feet off.

Your Reviewer Says: Lots of commination, anyway.

'A Stranger in Town (M-G-M)

It's About: A Supreme Court Justice who aids a small-town lawyer.

FRANK MORGAN, a Supreme Court Justice, goes on a vacation, is nabbed by the local constable while hunting and meets in the courtroom one Richard Carlson, a local attorney who is running for mayor. Attracted to the young lawyer, who is obviously losing his political fight, the Justice very quietly gives him advice that eventually ousts the crooked and opposing party.

Porter Hall is so very good as the small-town judge and Jean Rogers very pretty as the girl in the case. But it's Morgan's quiet and subdued playing of the Justice that gives the picture just about everything it has.

Your Reviewer Says: Comfortable and pleasing.

'It Comes Up-Love (Universal)

It's About: A brash youngster who theses a debbie.

MARK you well, this new kid out at Universal, one Donald O'Connor, is a comer. His work in this picture starts him squarely on the road to stardom and, barring accidents, he should make it in nothing flat.

The kid, who dances like a whizz, is a hop-cutter who refuses to be taken in by social debbie Gloria Jean who has been raised by a Mid-Victorian grandmother. But in order to please his aunt, Louise

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**W-A-R-N-I-N-G**

Reserve Your Copy of Next Month's PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR Today!

Paper restrictions now in force make it utterly impossible for us to print enough copies of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR to supply the great demand that exists for it. This means that many persons will not be able to secure their copies when they ask for them at the newsstands. Do not risk disappointment. Take steps now to prevent it by instructing your newsdealer to reserve your copy of next month's and succeeding issues. It will take only a moment of your time and will assure you of receiving your copy of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR each month as issued. In your own best interests... attend to it today!

MAY, 1943

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**Nice Hair**

**Nice Eyes**

**Nice Teeth**

---

GOSH, I'M GLAD I FOUND OUT ABOUT THE NEW ODORONO CREAM. I WAS SPOILING ALL MY DATES.
I ALMOST CRIED when Peggy said that to me! It was the last time I forced her to take that harsh, nasty-sounding laxative. Even now, I hate to think how the stuff used to upset her. It was just too strong!

AFTEF THAT, I changed to another laxative which I thought would be easier on Peggy. But she had trouble taking that, too. What's more, the medicine only irritated her up and didn't get results. It was just too mild!

FINALLY, I GOT wise to Ex-Lax. It solved Peggy's laxative problem once and for all. She actually smacked her lips over its good chocolate taste. And I was so pleased to discover how smoothly Ex-Lax works . . . not too strong, not too mild—it's just right!

Ex-Lax is effective—but effective in a gentle way! It won't upset the children; won't make them feel bad afterwards. No wonder it's called THE 'HAPPY MEDIUM' LAXATIVE—

—it's not too strong!

—it's not too mild!

As a precaution, we only use a directed.

“Romance”

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Buy yours at a tiny price—tasteful, charming earrings, conserve to reflect, gold plated on sterling silver, with hand-engraved initials. Your initial is impressed right on the right ear; second initial on left ear. Wear them on just one dress-up date and you'll fail to love them with. Write for free Catalog Jewelry Card—select sample orders correctly filled. Please ship Square Earrings Scalloped Earrings

Hi Ya, Chum (Universal)

It's About: Two girls in the clutches of the Ritz Brothers.

WESTWARD HO treks the merry little party of small-time vaudevillians and its whoa, Westward, once they get going. SHARING the same jalopy are the three Ritz fit and a sister team, Jane Frazee and June Clyde. In an ex-ghost town across the California state line the Ritz Brothers manage to get a cook fired and have to take his place. The girls help them out. The Ritz's auto gets impounded and the girls help them out. A good song is "Hi Ya, My Guy" and a good romantic lead is Robert Paige.

Your Reviewer Says: Get the girls to help you out.

Tarzan Triumphs (RKO-Radio)

It's About: Tarzan battles the Nazis in Africa.

TARZAN, the big whoop and holler boy, has taken his body beautiful away from the M-G-M lot where he began his jungle antics several years ago to emote on the RKO lot. What's more, Tarzan (still Johnny Weissmuller) does right well for himself in a story that has the nasty Nazis attempting to overrun Tarzan's domain in order to get control of the vital natural resources. The one-man blitz put on by Tarzan and his superior, Harry runs of cheering from the kids in the balcony. Maureen O'Sullivan as Jane, Tarzan's mate, is missing from the picture, but beautiful Frances Gifford, princess of a lost civilization, provides the feminine interest. Johnny Sheffield still plays Tarzan's son, and Cheta, the ape, still grabs all the laughs.

Your Reviewer Says: Up to his best.

Secrets of the Underground (Republic)

It's About: The law versus murderers and Nazi agents.

JOHN HUBBARD, an attractive District Attorney, and his girl friend Virginia Grey, find a corpse in a trunk, which leads to the heroine's being almost smothered to death in a grain pit. As if that weren't enough, Nazi agents go around forging War Stamps and the women's auxiliary defense corps jump in and clean up the nasties. Lloyd Corrigan is leader of the bad men.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly for kids to howl at.

Hi, Buddy (Universal)

It's About: A boy's club that is sponsored by big brothers.

When the big fellows march off to war the going gets tough for the Hi Buddy

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.

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OLD LEG TROUBLE

EASY TO USE VISCOSE HOME REMEDY. Bandage any old leg sore caused by leg cramp, varicose veins, restless legs and fatigue or necrosis. With this 10 day box you'll see results. No trouble and a FREE BOOK.

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For starting salary $25, pictures and premium catalog to distribute among friends at the sale giving parties, select amount, salary, select premium or keep cash received. Go out to big cities to win. Go to small towns to sell. Start small. Use $25 to $30 a week. SEND NO MONEY. No money is sent to you.

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR
club composed of East Side kids and sponsored by the older boys. But one “big brother,” Robert Paige, makes a hit crooning with a girls’ orchestra and, after all sorts of double dealing that tends to make Paige a scoundrel, he returns to straighten out the club’s financial matters. Marjorie Lord is the girl he left behind him and Harriet Hilliard is the femme orchestra leader. Dick Foran is good.

Your Reviewer Says: Take the bad with the good, we always say.

**The Moon Is Down**
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

It’s About: Nazi invasion of a small Norwegian town.

NEVER have you witnessed anything so grippingly real as this humanized version of Nazi conqueror and his un conquered victims. John Steinbeck’s play has been given a terrific writing and directing treatment by Nunnally Johnson and the story has been beautifully and quietly acted by Henry Travers as the mayor, Lee J. Cobb as the village doctor, and Dorris Bowdon as the wife whose husband was murdered. On the Nazi side we have Sir Cedric Hardwicke, the traitor, E. J. Ballantine, and Peter Van Eyck, the young lieutenant who succumbs to loneliness.

The slow awakening of the invaded natives and their maddening and secret resistance that ends in wholesale slaughter provide an emotional experience that gives heart to all of us.

Your Reviewer Says: Strong as a blazing hate.

**Young and Willing (U. A.)**

It’s About: Six youngsters in search of a career.

THE idea involves three penniless boys—one of them William Holden—and girls, ambitious to be stage stars, who share an apartment in order to exist, Martha O’Driscoll being the only member of the gang who has a steady allowance. When Martha’s father arrives on the scene all which-way breaks loose.

To complicate things Robert Benchley, a playwright who lives downstairs, refuses to aid the kids in their ambitions. Unbeknown to him, they dig up one of his old plays and put it on. The play is awful and the kids so hammy Benchley seizes the opportunity to produce it as a burlesque that clicks.

Eddie Bracken, Susan Hayward, Barbara Britton, James Brown and Florence MacMichael shouldn’t be wasted on such trivia. Neither should Holden nor Martha.

Your Reviewer Says: Too much talent spoils the broth.

**The Mysterious Doctor**
(Warner Brothers)

It’s About: An English spook promoted by a Nazi.

SUCH shenanigans! John Loder, living in Cornwall, England, but loyal to his German ancestors, is the instigator of the monkey business. Eleanor Parker and Bruce Lester, a young Army officer intent on reopening a mine, are the romantic leads. Matt Willis is the Simple Simon of the village.

Your Reviewer Says: Horrible horror. (Continued on next page)
Genuine Steerhide Huaraches

No Ration Coupon Required

These rugged woven sandals that have brought cool comfort to so many thousands of American feet in recent years are still available for immediate delivery at no increase in price. Each pair is an original creation, beautifully handwoven in natural beige leather that ages to a deep tan (also in white, plain weave). Send Foot outline— your size. We guarantee a fit in any size for men or women.

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Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man (Universal)

It's About: Just what the title says.

W e were twice as scared as ever before by this chiller-diller—and so was everyone else.

Lon Chaney Jr. plays the Wolf Man released from his grave by two robbers. Seeking a recipe to eternal death, Chaney enters the ruins where the Frankenstein monster is supposed to have died. But lo, he is only in a state of frozen animation and comes to life. So here are two "things" after each other and Herbert Marshall, who is too beautiful for these horror films.

Your Reviewer Says: Hellip!

The Ape Man (Monogram)

It's About: A scientist who turns men into beasts (not Hitler, kiddies).

Bela Lugosi, a crackpot scientist, turns himself into an ape and then proceeds to trap human beings. All he had to do was reach out and grab us. We were too limp for resistance.

Your Reviewer Says: They sure can scare us in pictures like these.

Two Weeks To Live (RKO-Radio)

It's About: An old fellow who attempts to raise funds by hazardous deeds.

It's Lam and Abner, folks, those two old codgers you liked so well in two previous films.

When poor old Abner (played by thirtyish Norris Golf) is erroneously told by his doctor that he has two weeks to live, his partner, Lam (played by an even more thirtyish Chester Lauck), decides to rig him up for hazardous ventures in order to refund money garnered by the boys on a phoney railroad stock deal.

Rocket ships to Mars, bombs in a violin case, Nazi plots befoul Lam before he finds the doctor has committed an error.

Your Reviewer Says: Fun, homespun and homegrown.

Hangmen Also Die! (Arnold Pressburger)

It's About: Nazi revenge for the murder of Reinhard Heydrich.

Slowly unfolds this powerful picture of revenge upon the Czechoslovaks for the death of the German hangman, Heydrich. We are given the story of hostages, prominent men of Prague shot by the Nazis, while the underground carefully pins the murder on traitorous German Lawrence.

Brian Donlevy, prominent surgeon in Prague, is the real mastermind who seeks refuge with the family of a professor, played well by Walter Brennan. Instantly, the family, consisting of wife Anna Bryant, aunt Margaret Welsh, daughter Anna Lee and her fiancée, Dennis O'Keefe, become embroiled with the Gestapo. Suspense rides high throughout.

Lorchak is terrific.

Your Reviewer Says: Living reminder of the courage of a freedom-loving people.

The Youngest Profession (M-G-M)

It's About: Family troubles versus auto theft bonds.

We couldn't be happier over this cinema cuteness, for doesn't Virginia Weidler say right out in the story, "I swear on a stack of Photoplays?" And take a look at this cast—Walter Pidgeon, Greer Garson, William Powell, Robert Taylor, Lana Turner as guest stars to say nothing of a strong regular cast.

The story concerns Virginia Weidler, president of a fan club bent on securing autographs at all costs. In order to raise money to help secure the services of a he-man to make pap, Edward Arnold, Jesus, Virginia sells her precious book to Marla Nae Jone, and the whole thing ends up with Virginia's joining the Salvation Army.

John Porter, Virginia's girl friend, is a baby-voiced riot; John Carroll is fine.

The guest stars are very neatly placed into the story at tasty intervals like goodies in a honey bun.

Your Reviewer Says: Laugh and enjoy yourself.

Best Pictures of the Month

Flight For Freedom
The Human Comedy
The Moon Is Down
Hangmen Also Die!
The Youngest Profession

Best Performances
Rosalind Russell in "Flight For Freedom"
Mickey Rooney in "The Human Comedy"
James Craig in "The Human Comedy"
John Caven in "The Human Comedy"
Jack Jenkins in "The Human Comedy"
Sir Cedric Hardwicke in "The Moon Is Down"
Henry Travers in "The Moon Is Down"
Peter Van Elyck in "The Moon Is Down"

Corin's Calluses


MOSCO

Corn's Calluses

Brush Away Gray Hair—and Look 10 Years Younger!

New, at home, you can quickly and easily flat tear that terrible gray streak from roots to natural appearance—then paint over straight away. Use for all grey, or to roughly become as grey, without giving a whit. A single application instantly stops hair from forming. Ideal for men or women.

Photoplay combined with Movie Mirror
Speak for Yourself
(Continued from page 21)

this letter. In the high school which I attend, they have taken a survey of our favorite actors, actresses, songs, etc. We have finally received the results and I am both happy and proud of the decision made concerning our favorite actor. He was Lt. Ronald Reagan.

This certainly brings out the fact that giving up a great career for the service tends only to create greater admiration for that person in the eyes of the public. This proves, only more decisively, that men in uniform are held in high esteem by the people of the U.S.

I therefore salute you, Ronald Reagan, besides all the rest who have willingly given their services to the colors!

Robert Bond, Pleasantville, N.Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
Electric Disagreement

I've heard many people remark that most movie plots are "fantastic." The characters not true-to-life. I've a wartime job as Lady Meter Reader. Every day I meet people who are perfect substitutes for certain movie characters.

A lady, very like Mrs. Miniver, invited me into her kitchen to warm my hands and have a cup of coffee one cold morning. A duplicate Scarlett O'Hara slammed the door in my face when I asked to enter and read her meter. A counterpart of Andy Hardy kept me listening an hour to stories of his latest girl troubles. I met My Sister Ellen in the basement of an apartment house and heard of her struggle.

I meet them all every day, the rich and the poor, the young and the old. Movie plots are like real life!

Elsie McDonald, Vernon, Ore.

HONORABLE MENTION

As there is going to be a reduction of film- footage within the near future, no doubt many of the studios are planning revivals of better pictures. May I suggest that "The Mortal Storm" be one of the first to be reissued? I saw this picture last night at my neighborhood theater, where it was "returned by popular demand" and when leaving the theater, I could not keep myself from buying a War Bond!

I might add that this picture would give movie-goers a chance to see Lt. Jimmy Stewart as well as Ensign Robert Stack.

Jeff Douglas, Memphis, Tenn.

In these days of worry, deprivation, sadness, there's something gratifying and peculiarly comforting in quiet, mature genius such as Paul Henreid's. It keeps before us the important realization that there are cultural as well as material treasures to be preserved. It gives us a new faith in mankind as a whole. If you ever again wonder what "dramatic genius" is, take a look at Paul Henreid.

Jean Shepard, Hayward, Calif.

Lately in Hollywood the "old timers" have definitely taken a back-seat to make way for a younger generation of such talented personages as Janet Blair, Diana Barrymore, Teresa Wright, Alan Ladd and Van Heflin.

It's quite gratifying to learn that youth can hold its own against "name" stars.

Kathryn Smith, Memphis, Tenn.

"The Yankee Doodle dandiest hands he ever did see!"

Not a bit rough—'cause I use Hinds before and after war work. A Honey of a lotion!

- No red, scratchy hands for this little riveter! I'm taking care of my hands with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. I always use Hinds before work...its skin softeners act like an invisible glove...help guard against drying, ground-in dirt. After work, Hinds again for softer, whiter-looking hands...all set for loving!

BEFORE WORK—housework or factory work—use Hinds. Tests prove grease and grime wash off faster, hands come out cleaner. Hinds skin softeners actually help guard skin against drying, ground-in dirt.

AFTER WORK—Hinds again! Extra-creamy, extra-softening, even one application gives red, chapped skin a soother, whiter look, a comfy feel. It benefits skin abused by work or weather.

AT TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

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Buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps

HINDS for HANDS and wherever skin needs softening!
Brief Reviews (Continued from page 70)

new screw cameraman in Mandavy. Jones his job, gets involved with Japanese agents Lynn Bari and Victor McLaughlin, and falls in love with Chinese Gene Tierney. The story here is probably incredible, and Miss Tierney has little to do but appear Oriental. (April)

CINDERELLA SWINGS IT—RKO Radio: Scattered good in the hotheaded philosopher played by Cedric Kibbee, puts on a U.S.O. show to help Gloria Warren win a place in a movie. But he even gains her from classical to give music. Leonard Knisker plays the music teacher. (April)

COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN—Columbia: A commando raid highlighting a gripping story realistically told. Paul Muni is the Norwegian hero who starts to, then actively resists against the rough Adolph Zukor. With him in the struggle are Anna Lee, Lillian Gish, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Mar.)


EYES OF THE UNDERWORLD—Universal: When police chief Brownhead goes after hot car and tire racketeers, they threaten to expose the fact that the shorty has been причный, as Woody Barreis his secretary, and Don Porter, special investigator, to foil the crooks. The Lisa of the charges. Lon Chaney is a standout as Dr. Sable's chauffeur. (April)

FOREVER AND A DAY—RKO Radio: This is the story of a London house and the generation who lived in it from its beginning in 1804 to an air raid in 1941. The brilliant cast includes Kaye Smith, Ruth Warrick, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Merle Oberon, Dian Abarne, Ida Lupino, Herbert Marshall, Ray Milland and many others. Admission paid for this picture will go to the war charity your town specifies. (April)

GENTLEMAN JIM—Warner: For those who enjoyed screen prize-fighting, this story of equestrian Jim Corbett who has become the hero of the story. John Sullivan has plenty of entertainment. Alexy Smith is his very good as the daughter of a rich San Francisco, Errol Flynn makes a hero. Corbett's father is played by Ray Milland and Sullivan is outstanding. With Jack Carson, Alan Hale and John Brown. (April)

GREAT GLIDERSLEEVE, THE—RKO Radio: Radio's comic, Hal Penny, the Great Glidersleeve, finds himself forced to choose between a passing female, Mary Fields, and his two wards, Freddie Mercer and Nancy Gates. There's a lot of gags and laughter in Glidesleeve's troubles until they all work out well. (Feb.)

GREAT IMPersonATION, THE—Universal: A dual role story star is the Khalp Barenian an English man who looks so much like Bellamy the German that he is able to go to Germany, get secret plans and be sent to England as a German. At this time the English wife, Evelyn Ankers, becomes only faintly suspicious until the German's sweetheart, who ruins the plans, (Mar.)

HAPPY GO LUCKY—Paramount: Light-blonde and gay is the story with Margaret O'Brien as Martin as a phony heiress in the West Indies using a love potion on millionaire Rudy Valley which works so well she almost marries him. Dick Powell's friend, Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken add to the merriment. Herbert Marshall, the Calypso singer, is new and different. (Feb.)

HENRY ALDRICH GETS GLAMOUR—Paramount: When Michael Presley as Jimmy Wynon, wins a magazine contest that takes him to Hollywood where he meets movie star Frances Gifford, he returns home and falls in love with his gay blonde. John Lavelle is Henry's harassed father, Charles Smith is his friend, Bob Russell is the town belle. (April)

HITLER'S CHILDREN—RKO Radio: Showing the results of indoctrination in German youth, this takes a German boy, Tim Holt, who lives in the Gestapo, and his German-born American sweetheart, Bonita Granville who has had an account of herself in the tragic business. (Mar.)

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 poisonous waste out of the blood. These wastes may start causing headaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up swells, puffiness under the eye, head- aches and dizziness, frequent or painful urination and burning sometimes also there is something wrong with your kidneys.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Dean's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Dean's Pills!

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CARE FOR YOUR WOOLENS WITH NONSP! "Protect your irreplaceable dresses and coats against underarm "perspiration root""

NONSP! is safe, effective... checks flow of perspiration 1 to 3 days without INJURING underarm skin tissue.

NONSP! is a clear, clean liquid. Easy and comfortable to apply, it has a "Genie Astringent Action".

NONSP! is certificated FABRIC-SAFE by this recognized authority: "Analysis of NONSP! and applied tests of its use has been completed by the Bureau. No damage can be done to the "exile" if the user follows your instructions."

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Of Tired Kidneys

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Quick, amazing relief! Get Dean's Tooth Drops from your druggist today. Follow easy directions on box.

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SIMPLE EARACHE? Swift relief from pain due to superficial infections — with Dent's Ear Drops. Follow easy directions. At all druggists.

DENT'S EAR DROPS

SENSATIONAL SIMULATED DIAMOND RING BARGAIN

10 DAYS TRIAL SEND NO MONEY, MAIL THIS CARD FOR FREE SAMPLE. Nothing to pay unless you are satisfied. We ship both directions postage free. Orders filled promptly. 10 day free trial. Free sample. Today's offer expires 10 days from your date today. See the perfect sparkle of a diamond in your own finger tip. No red tape! Free trial at your druggist's. Offer good for any time within 30 days. Money back.

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PROTOPLANT combined with MOVIE MIRROR
VICE CAPADES REVUE—Republic: Thrills on ice, with Ellen Drew a farm girl who inherits her uncle's fortune and begins a new life on the ice. Thrusts involve a skating champion, to the delight of the audience. (Mar.)

IMMORTAL SERGEANT, THE—20th Century Fox. The quiet devotion of Norma Shearer to her husband, a British soldier, is beautifully told in this film. Miss Shearer, with her co-stars, gives one of the finest performances of the year. (Mar.)

In Which We Serve—C. A.: Noel Coward, in his capacity as a producer, directed and acted in what is probably England's finest war film to date. It tells the story of a British destroyer from its inception to its destruction. The cast is excellent, and the acting is superb. (Mar.)

JOHNNY DOUGBOY—Republic: Jane Withers plays a young girl who takes a job in a move where she is cast as a child on the screen. She has won a contract, but is not happy. When a new girl begins to play her part, the girl becomes a star. (Mar.)

KEEPER OF THE FLAME—MGM: When reporter Spencer Tracy tries to write the life story of a dead national hero, he finds himself blocked at every turn by the man's widow, Katherine Hepburn. His investigations lead him to a startling discovery, but by this time love has entered to complicate the case. A deep part of the picture is very good, but the rest is head-heavy. (Mar.)

KID DYNAMITE—Monogram: The Dead End kids are back again, with Lee Garmey playing the bully and Bobby Jordan the kid who eventually turns on Grome and beats him up. Gabriel Dell and Huntz Hall are all over the place and Pamela Blake and Benny Bartlett are mixed up in it, too. (Mar.)

LADY FROM CHUNGKING—P. R.: Anna May Wong portrays a woman who has a reputation for being a spy in order to obtain secret information which she relays to two American Flying Tigers, Rick Vallin and Paul Breyer, who use it to bring back other friends to accomplish the invading forces. It's pretty well done and Harold Huber's playing of a spy is outstanding. (Feb.)

LAUGH YOUR BLUES AWAY—Columbia: Isabel Elsom is a silly, snobbish-minded matron who tries to marry off her ward to the son of a millionaire and his wife. Among them are Bert Gordon and Jinx Falkenburg as phone Russians to impress her. Jinx registers strongly and Douglas Drake does some good work. (Mar.)

LIFE BEGINS AT EIGHT—30th Century Fox: Ids Lupino is the crippled daughter of Monty Woolley, who is a let down given to indolence, who needs her desperately. For years she's watched over him, sacrificing her life to his, until she meets musician Cornel Wilde, and must choose between him and Bert, whose lies the terrific emotional struggle. (Feb.)

LUCKY JORDAN—Paramount: Alan Ladd is again the tough but appealing guy who tries to fight his draft board but is inducted in the Army. He goes A.D.O.L., runs into a Fifth Column spy ring and aids their capture. Helen Walker plays the cantonettist, and Marie McDonald and Sheldon Leonard keep the action moving. (Feb.)

MADAM SPY—Universal: A silly, ridiculous story, this one, with Constance Bennett married to newspaperman Dan Porter, who suspects her of being a spy. She isn't, of course, but a lot of time and film are wasted on the whole thing before Dan catches her. (Feb.)

MARGIN FOR ERROR—20th Century Fox: Otto Preminger is magnificent as the lighthouse German war correspondent to this country, and Milton Berle is excellent as the Jewish policeman assigned to guard him. Through Berle, Carl Esmond, the German secretary, and Paddy Dury, the maid, become involved with Americans. Jean Bennett is good as the German's wife who is suspected of his murder. (Feb.)

MENACE MAN IN THE WORLD THE—20th Century Fox: In this shorter than usual movie, Jack Benny and his ever-faithful Rochester rep for number, the independent Dan Porter, who is suspected of being a spy. She isn't, of course, but a lot of time and film are wasted on the whole thing before Dan catches her. (Feb.)

MOUNTAIN RHYTHM—Republic: The Weaver brothers head a long promised vacation to California and then forego the restful life to recruit the student body of a mountain school to help harvest wheat and of a departed Yap. Everybody pitches in and raises old Ned. (Mar.)

MISS WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—Paramount: Fay Wray plays the home, good earth, and my blood of children are Carolyn Lee Betty Brewer, Mary Thomas, Carl Switzer and Billy Lee. Vera

How to KEEP AWAKE
ON THE "GRAVEYARD SHIFT"

Thousands of Americans behind desks, driving cars, on production lines, use NoDoz Awakeners to keep awake, alert and more efficient. When the going gets tough and you have a job to do
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FREIGHT ON A HONEYMOON—RKO Radio: Ginger Rogers, ex-strip tease posing as a socialite in Austria, marries (Mar.) a secret agent, and finds herself in one collapsing country after another. When American radio commentator Cary Grant convinces her that Sleezak is a traitor, he runs away with Cary. Most of the film is terrific, but part of it, until Cary 'fesses up (to Cary). (Apr.)

PIPPING HILL: Universal: John Wayne, an ambitious coal miner, goes overboard on arrogance and reality, and meets death. Dainty Dorothy Patrick, a girl who is Wayne's partner who finally gets the girl. It's all familiar as on old shot. (Mar.)

POW'S GIRL THE—Charles Rogers U.A.: A good little musical this, boasting Benny Goodman's orchestra, Anne Shirley and Carol Farnell as sisters, Danny Duray as the pawnbroker's son, and George Murphy as the boy both girls want. For the story, there's the tale of a big woman of the big sister who wants a career more than anything and the meek little sister who wants nothing better than marriage in Ohio. (Mar.)

QUIET PLEASE, MURDER—20th Century Fox: George Sanders is a thief of rare editions which he reprints and has sold by his aide, Gail Patrick. A library guard is murdered during the theft, and when German agents enter the picture complications and more murders are added. (Mar.)

RANDOM HUNTSMAN: MGM: The first half of this important picture is truly great and Ronald Colman is the victim, who escapes from a lighthouse and is betrayed by show girl Greer Garson has never been finer, Lucie Mannheim is the screen's grande dame, George Morgan, of course, is magnificent, and Susan Peters and Philip Dorn are acceptably. It's a screen event, so don't miss it. (Feb.)

REUNION IN FRANCE—M.G.M: Showing the life of the Nazis in Paris, this has Philip Dun as the loyal Frenchman (previously on Nazi), and Joan Crawford his fiancée who leaves him when she thinks he's a Nazi. When the Nazis band together Wayne and tries to help him escape, surpries pop up all over the place. Based on the real Albert Basset and add to the suspense. (Feb.)

RHYTHM PARADE—Monogram: All about a singer about to debut in a big-time show who keeps a baby in her dressing room, which stirs up a terrible hornet's nest. The famous Florine Gardens in Hollywood with its M.G.M.acias produced, premiered on the screen, Ted Fio Rito's orchestra, Gale Storm, Robert Lowery and the Mills Brothers head the cast. (Mar.)

SEVEN MILES FROM ALMATRAZ—RKO Radio: Convenes James Craig and Frank Jenkins escape from Alcatraz and take refuge in a lighthouse. When it shows up that the keeper of the lighthouse is relaying messages to the Nazis, they manage to trap the heads of the spy ring, a procedure that's really exciting. Howard Granville is the keeper, daughter and Cliff Edwards and George Cleveland do good jobs. (Feb.)

SHADOW OF A DOUBT—Universal: Under the brilliant direction of Alfred Hitchcock, this becomes a masterpiece of suspense. Between Teresa Wright and her uncle, Joseph Cotton, there exists a warm bond until slowly suspicion that he is a very dicky creeps into her mind. Both give wonderful performances and MacDonald Carey is the young detective in love with Teresa is a standout. (April)

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND THE SECRET SUBLIME—Universal: In this episode, the famous sleuth, played by Basil Rathbone, can't take no more of his friend Doctor Watson, Nigel Bruce, block Nazi all over the place. The film is the four separate parts that make up a secret British bumbling, Lionel Atwill, as usual, plays the enemy. (April)

SILENT WITNESS—Monogram: Frank Albert reveals his love with Maria Wilson, a beautiful investigator for the Dear Attorneys. But no sooner does Frank reform than he is accused of murdering the D.A., Bradley Page. When all else fails to clear him, a talented police dog steps in and exposes the killer. (Mar.)

WITNESS IN THE SKY: Rogers, James Craig and Frank Jenkins escape from Alcatraz.

WISE FOLK—RKO: A snappy, quick-moving, romantic, thrilling adventure.

TWO-TRIP RHYTHM PARADE—Universal: This sequel to the first RKO edition, this features all the old favorites and a few new ones. (April)

New 11-Minute Home Shampoo Specially Made for Blondes—Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely

This new special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded blonde hair. Not a liquid, it is a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the diny, dots, lumps that makes blonde hair dull, old looking.

Called Blondes, it takes but 11 minutes for a glorious shampoo that you can do at home. Gives hair attractive luster and highlights—keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe, too for children's hair. Sold at 10c, drug and department stores.

Cream of Anne Gwynne's book crop goes to the men who are pleading for reading material: The little Universal star of "We've Never Been Licked" gives up her pet volumes for the big Hollywood book campaign

PHOTO COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR
STAND BY FOR ACTION—M.G.M.: Good war stuff, about how four men take over a destroyer. At sea they pick up some stragglers in a lifeboat and eventually meet with a Jap battleship that ends in exciting engagement. The men—Charles Laughton the Admiral, Robert Taylor a cox; naval lieutenant; Bryan Donlevy a Commander, and Walter Brennan. (Mar.)

STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM—Paramount: All the Paramount stars in this lavish musical—Doris Day, Mario Lanza, Dorothy Lamour, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard, etc. It tells the story of a telephone operator, Betty Hutton, in love with sailor Eddie Bracken, gets Veronica Moore to help her on an executive Pike's Loan and his shipmates visit Hollywood. Fun. (Fri.)

STREET OF CHANCE—Paramount: When Bur- gess Meredith gets hit on the head and wakes up to discover he's been arrested for murder twenty years ago and is wanted for murder, he undertakes to unravel his own mystery, with many surprising results. Claire Trevor plays a maid. (Feb.)

STRICTLY IN THE GROOVE—Universal: A college girl goes to New York and finally manages to land a radio show. The music is hot, the songs lovely, and the dancing good. Among those present are Minnie Howard, Janis Jones, McDonald, Ozrie Nelson and Shemp Howard. (Feb.)

THEY GOT ME COVERED—Goldwyn-K.K.O.: Bob Hope is the none too bright foreign correspondent brought home from Russia after missing a scoop. When he goes to visit his girl, Dorothy Lamour, in Washington, he becomes embroiled in a spy ring, a phony wedding and honeymoon with Marian Martin and the mysterious Lenore Aubert scores heavily. Plenty of fun. (April)

THREE HEARTS FOR JULLIA—M.G.M.: Ann Sothern is the member of a woman's club who represents the absence of her foreign correspondent husband, Mervyn LeRoy and Richard Arlen, both in love with Ann, persuade her divorcer Dango, who has his own ideas on the subject. (April)

TRAITOR WITHIN, THE—Republic: Don Barry is a truck driver whose wife, Jean Parker, is jealous of the heroine accredited to the town mayor, Ralph Bellamy. Her jealousy leads to blackmail and Don, who has gone up the ladder on the blackmail money, eventually finds himself behind bars. (Mar.)

TRUCK BUSTERS—Warner: All about the battle between indians and truck drivers, with Richard Tavis resisting the efforts of Don Costello to join his mob of organized racketeers and run him out of business. Don't waste your time. (April)

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME—Universal: Allan Jones as the world's first trucking expert who seizes against old friends to avoid Maria Shelton and gets accused of being A.W.O.L., does some of his best stuff with color. It's a good musical. Jack Frazee is the singer, Evelyn and her magic violin score a solid hit, but young Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan all but steal the show. (Mar.)

WHISTLING IN DIXIE—M.G.M.: When Red Skelton's radio show is federalized, assistant, Ann Rutherford, go down to Georgia to help Diana Lewis, they find themselves involved in a phony murder mystery. Whiskers and Old Man Findlay are following another, leaving the audience wild with laughter. (Feb.)

WHO DONE IT?—Universal: Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, soda jerks who want to be radio writers, try out for a job at the radio station only to find out they're heading out to hunt a murderer, Nazi agents born in to mess things up and the boys actually shooing alongside leads to much laughter. Some sequences are nerve wracking and it's corny, but we dare not you to laugh. (Feb.)

WRECKING CREW—Paramount: All about the men who tear down buildings, with two friends, Richard Arlen and Chester Morris, on a job together and ending up on a wall ready to tumble. When the police arrives there's just no way to get down. Jean Parker is the girl. (Feb.)

YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER—Columbia: Romance in rhythm, with Fred Astaire an American in London past days. He meets Rita Hayworth, who thinks he's in love with her and falls in love with him, but Fred wants only to dance in her father's nightclub. The two stars' dancing number are marvelous. Adolphe Menjou is very good as Rita's father and Xavier Cugat's orchestra gives with some fine numbers. (March)

CORNOS GO—while you carry on!—Doctor's 4-Way Relief Acts Instantly

No Other Method Does All These Things For You!
1. Sends spain flying
2. Quickly removes corns
3. Returns corns
4. Eases tight shoes

JOSE no time these precious days! — Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads speedily relieve your miseries: corns and footaches—when you carry on! Instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; caring away that foot ache that makes you limp. Try KONJOLA the medicine which acts a way to help ease gassy misery. Stomach digestion often promotes the accumulation of gas in one's intestinal tract. Bowel constipation may help to hold the gas inside to torment one with awful bloating. So KONJOLA not only contains Nature's herbs to help bring up gas from below, but also contains persian to aid digestion, and mildly helps to open constipated bowels and relieve gas.

Many users write their thanks and gratitude for the satisfactory results it produces. So when you feel bloated "clear through"—when stomach expands, intensifies swell and bowels 'balloons'" he out, with due gas accumulating from slow digestion and sluggish bowel action, try this medicine and see what relief it can give. Be sure you get the genuine KONJOLA Medicine—read the directions on the package and take exactly as directed thereon. KONJOLA is sold by every druggist in America on a strict guaranty of money back if not completely satisfied.
MOON IS DOWN, THE—20th Century-Fox: Colonel Lane, Mrs. Cora Louley, Henry Travers, Dr. Winter. Leo Cobb: Molly Marlow, Dan O'Callahan, Walter Pidgeon, Frank Wadsworth. Robert Z. Leonard: Captain Guthrie, Captain Long, Capt. Hattry, Naval Officer, Mr. Wexler. Yul Brynner: Captain Tander, Peter Van Eyck, Alex Haywood. All others: Captain Lofts, Henry Rowland; G. Scottie, El J. Ballantine, Fred's Dad. W. Pidgeon: Captain Besthe, Hans Schumann; Marie Haywood: Mrs. Tander, Patricia Peck; Anthony Steel; Ann Wetton; Brilliant Parke; Anan Bannister, Anne Helene Himig; Joseph W. May; Orderly; Captain John, Mrs. Cray; Schumann; Louis Arso; Ol. Charles Me- sner, Turner; Raymond; Captain Hagen, John Mylone; Sergeant, Otto Reichow, Sven Hugo Borg; Mother, Dorothy Peterson.

MISTERIOUS DOCTOR, THE—Warner's: Sir Harry Corbett, William Tabbert, Michael Check, Cyril Raymond, Paul Panay, Philip Merrell; Stanley Baker, Peter Archer; Einar Hall, Michael Redgrave, Raymond Francis; Col. Stillwell, Dr. Quinlan; Constance Collier, Marguerite Chapman, Man, Avis Bonner; George W. Keating; Roger Livesey; James Donald, Richard Attenborough; John Laurie; Howard da Silva; Robert Clarke; Terrance Alexander; John Carradine; JohnQUALITY THEATRE, ·MGM: C. E. Perley; Al Turpin, Philip Van Dyke, James Cagney. It's a laugh! Genius! Don't miss it!...All dates.

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Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave

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Here are excerpts from just a few of the many letters of praise received from Charm-Kurl users:

"I've been a user of Charm-Kurl for some time. I love it very much. It gives me a rare, natural wave." Mrs. R. Mako, Ill.

"I have tried Charm-Kurl before and it is really wonderful." Miss Charm-Kurl permanent lasted nine months and my hair is still very curly. I wouldn't change a Charm-Kurl permanent for a ten dollar permanent." Miss Ruth Henry, Ohio.

"Makes hair look natural and curly." Miss Betty Johnson, Ohio.

"I would send ten times rather than have a Charm-Kurl permanent because it makes your hair look like natural curly and soft." Caroline Fleet, Penn.

"Charm-Kurl is wonderful." I have already bought one and I think Charm-Kurl is wonderful. Miss Betty Johnson, Ohio.

PERMANENT FAR ABOVE EXPECTATIONS

"The permanent which I gave my little girl was the finest permanent I ever used. Her hair was soft and fine was not harmed in the least but looked like a natural wave." Mrs. W. E. Williams, Maryland.

"Thrilled with Charm-Kurl! I have tried the Charm-Kurl and was greatly thrilled with its results." Phyllis Scher, New York.

"Delighted with results." I am more than delighted with the results achieved with Charm-Kurl. It is soft and fluffy and it was the most "bouncy" permanent I ever had." Mrs. W. J. Miller, Calif.

"Prettiest Permanent I've Ever Had!" I was delighted with my Charm-Kurl permanent. It left my hair soft and lovely and gave me the prettiest permanent I have ever had." Miss Betty Melin, Washington.

FAY MCKENZIE

Starring in "Remember Pearl Harbor," a Republic Production, is thrilled with her lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave. Picture above.

EACH KIT CONTAINS 40 CURLERS SHAMPOO & WAVE SET also included

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MY WARTIME HONEYMOON by Carole Landis

MY WARTIME HONEYMOON by Carole Landis

BETTY GRABLE
BY PAUL HESSE
PERMANENT WAVE

June Lang Glorious movie star praises Charm-Kurl. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave. Why not give yourself a lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave at home?

Lillian Elliott One of the screen's loveliest mothers is thrilled with her Charm-Kurl. Monogram features her in "Road to Happiness." A Charm-Kurl Permanent enhances the attractiveness of older women.

Fay McKenzie The star of Republic's "Remember Pearl Harbor" is delighted with her lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave as shown in the above photograph.

Tina Thayer Mickey Rooney's lovable new screen star sweetheart in M. G. M.'s "A Yank at Eton" is pictured above with her lustrous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

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Prove to yourself as thousands of others have done, without risking one penny, that you, too, can give yourself a thrilling permanent at home the Charm-Kurl way. Just follow the simple, easy directions and after your permanent wave is in, let your mirror and your friends be the judge. If you do not honestly feel that your Charm-Kurl Permanent is equal to any permanent you may have paid up to $5.00 for, you get your money back.

FREE UP TO $1.00 WORTH OF WAVE SET

In addition to the wave set included with the kit, you will receive with each kit an extra supply, sufficient for 16 oz., of the finest quality wave set that would ordinarily cost up to $1.00 extra, enough for up to 12 to 16 hair sets.

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If you send remittance with order we will pay postage. Orders in orders must be accompanied by an International Bank money order.

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"I am so proud of the Charm-Kurl Permanent I gave my little girls. It's soft, natural." Mrs. W. F. Van Deussen, Minn.

"I have never used Charm-Kurl before and it is really wonderful. My last Charm-Kurl permanent lasted nine months and my hair is still very curly. I wouldn't change a Charm-Kurl permanent for $10 permanent." Miss Ruth Hansy, Ohio.

"I was a semi-Charm-Kurl for some time and I like it very much. It gives me a nice, natural wave." Mrs. E. Mains, Ill.

"I have used Charm-Kurl before and it is really wonderful. My last Charm-Kurl permanent lasted nine months and my hair is still very curly. I wouldn't change a Charm-Kurl permanent for a $10 permanent." Miss Ruth Hansy, Ohio.

"I would ten times rather have a Charm-Kurl permanent because it makes your hair look like natural curl, and soft." Carolyn Fleet, Penn.

Permanent Far Above Expectations

"The permanent which I gave my little girl was far above expectation and her hair which is soft and fine was not harmed in the least but looked like a natural wave." Mrs. W. E. Williams, Maryland.

Delighted with Results

"I am more than delighted with the results of my Charm-Kurl. It's soft and fluffy, and it was the most "painless" permanent I ever had." Miss W. J. Strite, Utah.

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"I was delighted with my Charm-Kurl permanent. It left my hair soft and lovely and gave me the prettiest permanent I ever had regardless of cost." Miss Betty Mobjrop, Wash.

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JUNE, 1943

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**COVER:** Betty Grable, star of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Coney Island"

Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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FRANK MORGAN
JAMES CRAIG • MARSHA HUNT • FAY BAINTER
RAY COLLINS • VAN JOHNSON • DONNA REED
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Screen Play by Howard Estabrook
Produced and Directed by CLARENCE BROWN

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**This Is Your Army**

**OLLYWOOD** is finishing production of a motion picture which is unique even for Hollywood. It will contribute more money to Army Emergency Relief than has been realized from any other single source. Its star is the Army of the United States. No one connected with it will make a cent of profit.

The picture is Warners' production of Irving Berlin's "This Is The Army," the all-soldier stage show which has toured the country in the past year with phenomenal success. "This Is The Army" is a task force of 300 soldiers conducting a military operation. Their assignment has been to make a motion picture of the stage production that took all of its talent straight from the U. S. Army and became the hit which has been described as the most exciting show of our generation.

"This Is The Army" was written by Irving Berlin at the request of the War Department in the hope that if it were successful it would raise $200,000 for Army Relief. The outcome was beyond the dreams of the most incurable optimists. Already $2,000,000 have been made available for Army Relief use. Estimates of profits from the motion picture are from $5,000,000 to $20,000,000.

I was driven to Warners Studio to talk to Irving Berlin by a private first class whose job it has been to see that "This Is The Army" is properly publicized. On the street facing the studio, a row of Army trucks was lined up and into them were pouring the soldiers who make up the cast of the show. Their day's job of acting done, they were headed for Army quarters where they would drill, stand guard and in all other duties carry on the same precise training that they would have met with at any other camp.

Irving Berlin wanted to be modest and unemotional with me about "This Is The Army," but he failed miserably. For over a year, without recompense, he has lavished all his thoughts, his energy, his talent on this production. Out of it have grown hit tunes such as "I'm Getting Tired So I Can Sleep" and "This Is The Army, Mr. Jones," and for those Americans fortunate enough to secure seats for the stage performances, the incomparable thrill of seeing our Army dramatized by the actions of its own soldiers from the ranks.

WHEN Warners bought for $250,000 the privileges of making "This Is The Army" as a film, wild horses could not have held Irving Berlin from coming to Hollywood and becoming an active part of the producing staff. As with the original stage show, he has worked without salary during the entire period of production of the film. His enthusiasm undiminished after months of work on both stage and screen versions, he has written new music—tunes that will be sung as widely as "This Is The Army, Mr. Jones," which was translated into Russian and is now a favorite marching song of the valiant Red Army.

When "This Is The Army" is shown in your theater, you will not need this urging to see it. Your imagination will have been caught up by this spectacle of soldiers dancing, singing, marching across the screen. You will want to hear again Berlin's music, want to see the stars that Warners have added, such as Ronald Reagan, whom they "borrowed" from the Army which he serves as a lieutenant.

It is Hollywood making it possible for a democratic nation to see its democratic army in a thousand theaters at the same time, an audience of millions watching and renewing their faith in themselves and in ultimate victory for free people.
ALAN LADD
AND TWENTY GIRLS... TRAPPED BY
THE RAPACIOUS
JAPS!

That Wake Island" torpedo is about
to explode again!

Alan Ladd dynamites a mountain...
to make a grave for the Jap Army!

The hottest Ladd
on the screen in his
first big production!

DIRECTED BY JOHN FARROW, DIRECTOR OF "WAKE ISLAND!"

ASK YOUR THEATER MANAGER WHEN HE WILL SHOW THIS THRILLING HIT!
Hand-out: Gary Cooper offers a "thumbs up" greetings and Ciro's salutations to a pal; Ingrid Bergman gives out with a smile

Wired for fun: Jack Oakie and Sonja Henie making a Mocambo telephone booth hum with up-and-coming conversation to Sonja's husband, Dan Topping, in N. Y.

Hearts Aflame and Hearts Acooling: Judy Garland (thankfully) isn't taking her divorce from Dave Rose so hard as Hollywood feared. In fact, the little Garland is glimpsed everywhere, especially with Van Johnson, and seems to be having a whale of a time...

Priscilla Lane is coming back to Hollywood and pictures alone. Her husband, Lt. Joseph Howard, has been called to active duty elsewhere...

Hollywood expects the marriage of Laraine Day and Ray Hendricks to terminate any minute despite all denials. Reason—Laraine is serious, earnest about her career; Ray likes to play. The qualities just don't add up...

With three pink roses in her hair and Lt. John Huston by her side, Olivia de Havilland was the picture of radiant happiness at the Academy Award dinner...

Overheard at the Academy dinner when Ty Power went to the platform:

First cutie: "Oh dear, isn't that an awful haircut? Why does he have it?"

Second cutie: "That's a G. I. cut."

First cutie: "What's a G. I. mean?"

Second cutie: "Don't know. But I surely wish it meant Give In"...

Steve Crane, Lana Turner's ex-something or other, is consoled himself with a beautiful blonde who could stand in for Lana, they're so much alike...

Anne Shirley isn't denying that Eddie Albert is her true heart's romance. Anne even visited him in the East recently...

When feminine fans glimpse the new blond Frenchman, Pierre Aumont, in the picture "Assignment In Brittany," they are going to moon over his reported engagement to Maria Montez.

Mrs. Miniver Pulls a Boner: The telephone rang at Greer Garson's home. "Guess who's coming to inspect the house next door to you," the acquaintance said. "None other than my friend Garbo."

Next day, sure enough, Garbo arrived and Greer, ever-gracious, sent out the maid to attach a note to the steering wheel of the car in front of the house. "It would be nice if you care to drop in for a moment (Continued on page 8)
The Father of Antiseptic Surgery

In service more than 60 years

The safe antiseptic and germicide

and the antiseptic which was named for him
Speaking of CALF LOVE

What could be neater than a NEET CALF?

In the Spring (or any season), a young man's...well, yes...turn to shapely calves. For every male is versed in the art of husbandry...and his love of calves has been cultivated since Adam.

Look to your own calves, lady. See that they're "smooth" calves, free from glamorous-sealing hair, whether stockinged or fashionably bare. Give your legs that self-assurance that comes with the knowledge that they're perfectly groomed...are truly NEET looking!

"Better get NEET today!" This cosmetic hair remover will, in a few moments, literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm-pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin silky-smooth and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when never-failing NEET is used. Nor will NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of NEET today, at drug, department, or ten cent stores.

Better get NEET to-day.

This is the way they looked looking at each other: Jack Briggs and wife Ginger Rogers with the love light glowing at the Academy dinner.

because we may be neighbors," the note read.

Nothing happened and the next day Greer telephoned the mutual friend asking if Garbo had been offended by the note.

"What note?" said the friend; and then it came out. Garbo's car had been parked half a block up the street and Greer still doesn't know whom she invited to call.

Heart Throbs: The illness of Lou Costello will keep the rotund comedian in bed for at least three months. M-G-M studios, we understand, have postponed the picture Bud and Lou were to make there and that overseas trip the boys had yearned to take will have to wait. All Hollywood is heart-sick over Lou's serious illness...

Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers have become papa and mamma to six-months-old Roxanne who has come to be little sister to Ronnie, the six-year-old boy who was taken in the Pickford home over a year ago. Ronnie is the son of a friend of Buddy's who died at birth and he will soon be adopted by Mary and Buddy. Seems wonderful to hear the happy laughter of little children at the Pickfair mansion...

For several weeks a tail, quaint-looking woman regularly spoke to a little girl whom she met shopping with her mother in Westwood.

"So adorable," the woman enthused in earthy tones laced with an accent.

"So verree adorable. What can be your name, little girl?"

"Linda," came the answer.

So began the odd friendship between Linda and the woman who admired her. Cal says "odd" because, you see, Linda is the only person we know upon whom Garbo really showers her friendship and admiration.

Gracious Mrs. Thin Man: Back in the good old days when Myrna Loy was making the Thin Man pictures there appeared with her and Bill Powell six-year-old Dickie Hall, a musician of amazing ability. Myrna took a tender interest in the lad and became sort of godmother to the little boy. When it was discovered piano lessons were out of reach, Myrna took over the financial responsibility.

And then she married and left films. But did she forget? Ask Dickie and he'll tell you that regularly each month his music teacher receives a check from Myrna Loy Hertz and every birthday and Christmas a surprise present arrives for Dickie.

Gossip's End: It was dusk as we hurried across the Paramount lot. A light poured out from one of the dressing rooms punctuating the gloom and the sound of a radio could be heard up and down dressing room row. Naturally Cal's curiosity was aroused and we frankly peered in through the open door. For some reason the little scene
glimpsed in that brief moment lingers in our memory. The radio was playing our national anthem and standing at attention was Bob Hope, his brother and two writers.

Like an occasional rapidly moving event in a crowded life it remained firmly planted in mind to return in review every so often.

To "Pittsburgher," who wrote us about Gene Kelly: We learn he lived on Kensington Road with the Kelly family while in your home town. And will Natalie from Elizabeth, Pennsylvania, please write us again? We mislaid the letter.

Aftermath of an "Oscar": Two evenings after the pomp and glory and excitement of the Academy dinner when Van Heflin walked off with the "best supporting actor" Oscar, Van and his wife, Frances Neal, walked into the Union Station restaurant. They took seats at the lunch counter. Alone and unrecognized, they ate their dinner in miserable silence, their eyes only straying to the clock that gave them only twenty minutes reprieve before Van would leave for Camp Roberts. Cal, who was saying good-by to young Lt. Jack Mahon (who could double for Bob Taylor), glimpsed Mrs. Van Heflin after the train had gone. Frances, who will become a mother in a few weeks, stood there alone among the throng of people, her brown eyes stricken with loneliness. And suddenly it occurred to us that in Van and Frances are the stories of thousands upon thousands of couples today.

Close Ups and Long Shots: Hollywood went through its first daylight air raid alarm in the most indifferent manner possible. Far from scurrying from the streets, groups gathered on every corner to await the hostile planes. None came, of course.

Cal has the reddest face of all. We waited for five minutes at a little-traveled intersection waiting for the fire trucks to drive by. We mistook the siren sound for fire engines.

Out at Warner Brothers the first two people hustled into the shelter were champion Joe E. Louis and Ingrid Bergman in her finery as a Southern belle for the picture "Saratoga Trunk." But, on the whole, people were so indifferent that local politicians were shocked and threatened dire things if everyone didn’t run like turkeys at the next alarm.

The frightful problem of movie locations was brought home to Hollywood when the "Tarzan" group set out for the desert and found it no longer available. The Army has taken it over practically en masse.

When a suitable and unoccupied corner was found, the food situation rose like a hungry ghost to haunt the bosses. Fishing permits were finally granted the cast and crew who must needs catch their own meals after a day’s work or go hungry. Hunting was out of season, but across the Mexican border the natives shot doves and quail and sent the food to the troupe.

The spectacle of a group of people

The art of making a date by Bob Hope

1. It’s easy to make a date. If you’re a man, the logical thing to do is to make it with a girl. So first, call the most beautiful girl you know. Then, if you have another nickel, call one who will go out with you. When she answers, speak to her in a voice that’s inviting and pleasant like the swell, cool taste of Pepsodent.

2. At her house, ring the front doorbell. Then rush around and catch her escaping by the rear door. Once I caught nine fellows dashing out. From the way their teeth flashed in the dark, I guess they just dropped by to use my girl’s Pepsodent. In fact, I’m sure of it. One fellow had a brush.

3. Now, it’s not patriotic to go driving in the car. That wastes gasoline. Also, there might be a blackout. So turn out the lights and sit in the dark prancing Pepsodent for making her teeth so bright. Then all you have to do is follow the beam and you’ll never miss her kiss.

4. Later, if you go for a walk, tilt your hat at a rakish angle. This makes you look debonair. It also blocks her view of all the smiling soldiers and sailors you pass. Their smiles have plenty of “come-on” these days—they’re buying and using more Pepsodent than any other brand.

Remember...

DON’T WASTE PEPSODENT

Peepsodent with Trium is so safe, so effective... It takes Only a Little to Brighten Your Smile.

Only Pepsodent Contains Trium

See you Tuesday Night on NBC.
EVELYN: “What a funny girl Sally is about anything new! She didn’t know a thing about the comforts of Tampax.”

ANNE: “My older sister couldn’t see Tampax either till I came home from college—happy as a lark any time of the month, without a belt or pin or sanitary pad to my name.”

EVELYN: “But your sister did try it after you told her. . . . Sally on the other hand really had to be coaxed about it. This is her first Tampax month.”

ANNE: “Well, I hope it’ll make her less self-conscious on such days. She always wore such a tell-tale expression.”

Tampax was perfected by a doctor to be worn internally for maternal protection. It is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into one-time-use applicator. No pins, belts or pads. No odor, no bulging. Easy to change; easy disposal. Millions of women now use Tampax. It is modern and dainty. Easy to insert; the hands need not touch the Tampax at all. And when in place, you cannot feel it. Three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40’s is a bargain buy!

CAL YORK’S INSIDE STUFF

One of the biggest and best mother-daughter pairs in Hollywood: Marlene Dietrich with her Maria who’s now stepping out to step up the theatrical world.

Cal’s Toasts of the Month: To Red Skelton, Cal offers his toast of the month. Not one ‘steenth has been told of Red’s generosity with his time and talent. In two days alone, in the desert. Red gave sixteen shows at various camps, came back to town, weary from no sleep, and hopped right into his radio rehearsal. But that wasn’t all. At eleven that night another organization called and Red was on his way with his props, a soda pop bottle, a stool and a silly hat.

Because M-G-M has taken the handsomest man ever to land on their lot, with the exception of Robert Taylor, and made him a comic, permitted him to go through alcoholic convulsions and facial distortions, we sympathize with Red, who isn’t even aware of his own good looks. But you should see the girl’s give Red the eye. That six feet two inches, broad-shouldered frame topped by red-gold hair, brown eyes and, yes, girls, dimples, is something to see.

Because he refused to have any other writer or manager than Edna, the wife who divorced him, we give another toast. And lift our glass (orange juice) to the day Skelton will be a gay and handsome hero, the one who gets the girl on the screen.

For her easy, natural manner, her accessibility, her willingness and eagerness to do everything one asks of her, this month we toast—Rita Hayworth.

Of all the stars Cal has met in his many years of movie gabbing and gathering, we have never met one like Rita. Her beauty is second only to her quiet simplicity.

Riding in the back seat of a friend’s car the other evening with Rita on the way to an Officers’ Club dance, we exchanged glances at the conversation of the handsome young pair chatting away in the seat up front.

“That,” whispered Rita to us, “is the sweetest thing in the world. It reminds me of my teen dates.”

We spoke of Victor Mature, Rita with her heart in her voice. “He’s at sea, seeing plenty of duty right now,” she said, “so I don’t hear as often as I’d like. But he never forgets to be reminded to all his friends when he can write. And always to you,” Rita added.

At the Beverly Wilshire Officers’ Club, Rita instantly threw herself into the spirit of the thing, dancing, chatting, laughing, playing the part of one of the young hostesses.

That’s what Hollywood to the last man, woman and child thinks of Rita and why, this month, we give our toast to Rita.

O’ Kay Kyser: On the “Right About Face!” set, we had dropped into Kay Kyser’s dressing room for a chat. We were eager to ask Kay about his request for a deferment.

The table, chairs and couch were covered with papers of all sorts, of schedules for Army and Navy camp shows, letters of thanks from commandants and tons of fan mail. As Kay handed us one letter we noticed, to our embarrassment, a suspicion of tears in his eyes.

The letter was addressed to Kay from a Marine, wounded on Guadalcanal, requesting a certain song just in hopes that in some way the broadcast might be relayed to him. It spoke so eloquently in its scrawly lines of his appreciation for Kay and his music, for the happiness and pleasure it had brought him. Then came the line that choked us both. It was an apology for his writing. “You see,” he wrote, “I have to write now with my left hand.”

Without speaking of it we knew why Kay Kyser had asked for a deferment. It was for boys like the Marine who all their lives will have to write with their left hands.

Pin-Up Girls: Girls, are you young and pretty? And do you have a sweetheart in the service, one who has your picture pinned up over his bunk?

Well, if you qualify in the first category, but not the second, get busy girls, and join the throng of Pin-Up Girls.

The Pin-Up Girl belongs strictly to War World II, with every studio in Hollywood busy supplying pin-up pictures of their stars to boys who ask for them.

The real difference between a Pin-Up Girl and just a pretty girl from a soldier’s home town is that the Pin-Up honey is usually a stranger—the dream girl a soldier secretly yearns over. She’s different somehow from the picture of the girl he carries in his wallet. She’s his imaginary heart beat, really, and can be a pretty stranger from a magazine cover, a movie star or a social debbie clipped from a newspaper.

Cal has recently had several letters from girls asking how they, too, can become a Pin-Up Girl. Here’s our advice. As we suggested in the beginning, it’s almost imperative to be young and pretty. If you are, have your picture taken and prunted on paper not too heavy to be hung up with a pin in some soldier’s tent.

And if you don’t photograph looking like his maiden aunt it is almost a 100 to 1 shot some soldier boy will pin you up! Of course, getting the name of a soldier to write to is important. But any girl in this country today who doesn’t know somebody in camp or with the Navy doesn’t deserve to be a prospective Pin-Up Girl.

The boy from your own home town should be able to provide you with
FIRST CALL!

YES! ... America’s soldiers, sailors and marines are getting “first call” on delicious Beech-Nut Gum.

And like you, we feel that serving our men in the services is a privilege that comes ahead of everything else.

So if there are times when your dealer can’t supply you with your favorite Beech-Nut Gum, we know you will understand the reason why.

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

some interesting and lonesome fellow soldier you can write to and to whom you can send your prettiest picture.

By the way girls, you might write old Cal about the outcome. Good luck!

People in and Out of the Hollywood Picture: Lana Turner is living on a ranch until after the birth of her baby.

The Robert Youngs will welcome their third child in the fall. The Youngs have two daughters.

Bob Cummings, in the Civilian Air Patrol, has flown over every state in the Union and made several flights outside the States in his line of duty in the last three months.

Bob Sterling has gone to Thunderbird Field in Arizona for his next step in flight training. Ann Sothern will miss him.

Lt. Bert D. Morris, flying instructor at the Hutchinson, Kansas, flying school, is recovering from the measles. Lt. Morris is remembered to fans as Wayne Morris of the movies.

Robert Montgomery, promoted to a lieutenant commander in charge of a mosquito fleet in the Solomons, is being invalided home because of tropical fever.

Because she was born in Tokio, Joan Fontaine is technically regarded as a Japanese citizen and must sign papers that she owns no firearms or secret radios. Joanie looks like no Japanese we ever saw.

’Tis rumored Twentieth Century-Fox and Jean Gabin cannot get together on another picture because Gabin insists Dietrich co-star with him and the studio has no plans for Marlene’s film career. So Jean, it is reported, has bought up his contract and will move over to RKO to do his next picture.

Tidbits: Joan Crawford’s real name is Lucile Kornman, that being her husband’s (Phil Terry) last name.

Susan Peters’s wide mouth lends character to her lovely face.

Joe E. Brown became a grandfather while he was visiting our boys in the South Pacific. Corporal Joe E. Jr., is the proud papa.

Pretty Marjorie Reynolds, who has been touring Alaska and the Aleutians, is showing her friends a ribbon with a star on it. Know what that means? It means Marjorie has been under fire.

Eleanor Powell wears a framed miniature of her mother on her coat lapel.

Fans sent Walter Pidgeon their own Oscar—a gold cage containing two white pigeons.

Lucille Ball has already put up seventy-five cans of vegetables from her own ranch.

Hollywood—This Month: Accidents, discomforts, fun and fury swirled around Hollywood this month like leaves in a sudden storm. Clark Gable caused many hearts to flutter out of turn when he reappeared for a few days’ vacation, looking happier than he has in a year.

Hedy Lamarr, by mistake, wore home Norma Shearer’s coat from the Academy dinner and Norma, after search-
ing madly for hers, wore Hedy’s. There was no alternative. And no ill feelings, either.

Dennis Morgan arrived home from personal-appearance tours to survey the havoc wrought in his garden by the winter rains. The acre of peas that Dennis had planted with his own hands was completely washed out. Dennis set to work replanting.

Gary Cooper’s hands were so calloused from plowing his own fields they had to be made up carefully before the camera in “Saratoga Trunk.”

Mary Pickford, instigator of the Academy Award meetings, resigned because of the inefficiency displayed at the last meeting.

Measles broke out in oddest and, we may say, the loveliest places. No one thought much of it when little five-year-old Margaret O’Brien broke out with the familiar red spots, but when Sheila Ryan and Martha O’Driscoll and finally Linda Darnell came down all measles, it was too much.

Errol Flynn put on an exhibition tennis match that brought cheers from the crowds.

Bette Davis’s singing of “You’re Either Too Young Or Too Old” (the song she sings and dances to in “Thank Your Lucky Stars” at the Canteen) had the Marines rolling.

**News on Cal’s Cuff:**

The funniest sight in town is that of pretty girls furtively looking around to see if anyone is near and then slipping their shapely stems into the cement of the Chinese Theater Forecourt where Betty Grable’s legs are immortalized. The comparisons are—oh well, we only peeped twice. A sight to cheer and to ogle over is Lynn Bari’s devotion to handsome test pilot Sid Luft who was so badly burned in a plane accident that Lynn must do the chauffeuring now. Sid’s hands are not up to it.

Carole Landis, whose mother works in a local defense plant on the swing shift, was politely requested not to visit her mother except at meal times. They’re afraid Carole in a sweater might slow down the production of planes.

Judy Canova got herself married again and to another soldier, namely Pvt. C. G. England of the Army Air Corps at Mitchell Field. Got hit over the head with another moon, we presume.

Variety, Hollywood’s daily trade paper, actually ran this ad. “Wanted—T-bone steak or shoes in exchange for Valencia oranges or what have you! And folks around town were surprised to hear Lt. Jimmy Stewart’s hair is rapidly turning grey. The hard work, we believe.

Veronica Lake’s husband was made a major and Alice Faye keeps hinting of complete retirement after one more picture.

Rumors drifting in from Washington to the effect no more motion-picture people will be drafted and that movies have now been officially declared a vital and necessary industry has the whole town cheered. And on a note of cheer we close this chapter.

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“I was a good wife... or was I?”

**YOUNG WIFE REVEALS HOW SHE OVERCAME THE “ONE NEGLIGENCE” THAT SPOILS SO MANY MARRIAGES**

1. At housekeeping and cooking, yes, I was A-1. And at first, John and I were blissfully happy. But slowly, John grew moody, neglected me. I grewumpy, tearful.

2. One day, at the movies with my chum, I began to cry, and couldn’t stop. She was wonderful! She got me alone, wangled it all out of me, then she opened my eyes. “Most men can’t forgive one neglect, darling. A wife can’t be careless of feminine hygiene (intimate personal daintiness).” Then she explained...

3. “Today, many thousands of women use Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. My doctor advises Lysol.” And she told how it won’t harm sensitive vaginal tissues. “Just follow the easy directions,” she advised. “Lysol deodorizes, cleanses thoroughly. No wonder this famous germicide is so widely used!”

**Check this with your Doctor**

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

**FOR FEMININE HYGIENE**

Copr., 1942, by Leo & Fink Products Corp.

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**For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter for Booklet P.M.M.-648. Address: Leo & Fink, Bloomfield, N. J.**

***BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS***
Good show was "Casablanca" with Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman. Good idea about it was an Illinois reader's "Oscar" for being a good reporter.

| $10.00 PRIZE |
| In Appreciation |
| I'VE just seen the essence of entertainment! It was "Casablanca"; not with Churchill and Roosevelt, but with Bergman and Bogart—and, boy, how they can act! For hours afterwards I kept thinking of that unbeatable Bogart; the genuine acting of Ingrid; the sincerity of Paul Henreid; and, best of all, that haunting tune "As Time Goes By."

It made me stop and think of how all the world looks toward America as the last port of freedom—the America we take so much for granted, while people like these try so desperately to reach our shores! Please, let's have more pictures like this; ones that are really entertaining and at the same time food for thought. If the people who complain about so small a thing as rationing would see "Casablanca," they would appreciate our country, which is the last place on earth where the life of an individual is still held of value.

June Edmiston, Maywood, Ill.

| $5.00 PRIZE |
| It Could Happen |
| I'd give Ginny back to Kay, too; they're too good to be apart.
I'd make Jane Wyman a star, she deserves it.
Ditto Gloria Jean.
Lana Turner would settle her marital problems herself.
And so would Judy Garland.
Maria Montez would not have hers.
The "Michael Shayne" series would be more than "B" pictures.
I'd give Laraine Day a chance.
I'd keep the "Handsome Hunk" in the Coast Guard.
I'd let Norma Shearer act her age.
And I'd erect a monument to Hollywood and its stars for being such "Solid Senders"—Loretta McCabe, Newark, N. J.

| $1.00 PRIZE |
| Celluloid Home Fires |
| I SHOULD like to go on record as one who is glad that attending movies is not being rationed!
I think I would rather eat a little less food, walk a few more miles—even freeze a little—if I can still sink down in my favorite row in a neighborhood movie and forget for a couple of hours that the world is in a turmoil. It does a person unlimited good to be able to relax and be entertained.
Not only are the movies helpful in this manner but they also keep us informed. Before our eyes we see what is going on in the various theaters of the war. It is heartening to note the proud fighting spirit of our boys. Too, their training becomes familiar to us in the various schools, air fields and camps and as we pass through the exit doors we are more than ever a part of the great effort to bring about a quick Victory and eager to do our share. Movies aid the home brigade.
Elise Tornberg, Chicago, Ill.

\[\text{\textit{Speak For Yourself}}\]
My "30 second" secret keeps me Fragrantly Dainty all evening....

"MAYBE YOU" are like I used to be...never dreaming that something as simple as body starchiness might wreck a romance, and leave you lonely! But I was lucky and discovered a secret...and now, in just 30 extra seconds, I make sure I'm fragrantly dainty for hours! And it's so easy...

"FIRST," after my bath I dry myself ever so gently—barely patting those places that might chafe.

"NEXT," I treat my whole body to the cool, soothing delightfulness of Cashmere Bouquet Talcum! From top to toe its silky-smoothness caresses my skin...absorbs the little traces of moisture I missed. And there I stand, delicately perfumed all over...now I know why they call it—"the fragrance men love!"

"AND NOW," I slip into my clothes. How luxurious they feel...no chafing or binding, now or later! For Cashmere Bouquet's smooth protection lasts all evening...and so does the fragrance men love!"

See for yourself why Cashmere Bouquet Talcum's superb quality has made it the largest selling talcum in America! You'll love its alluring fragrance and long-clinging softness. Make Cashmere Bouquet your daintiness secret. You'll find it in 10¢ and larger sizes at all toilet goods counters!

Cashmere Bouquet
THE TALC WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE
Stirring masterpiece: Maureen O'Hara, George Sanders in "This Land Is Mine"

✓ This Land Is Mine (RKO-Radio)

It's About: The transformation of a coward through oppression.

N OT since Charles Laughton rose to his feet in "Ruggles Of Red Gap" and delivered the Gettysburg Address has he had such a beautiful opportunity as he is given in this film. In our opinion, Mr. Laughton as the shrinking, timid schoolmaster overridden by mother love surpasses anything he has done on the screen with the possible exception of Captain Bligh in "Mutiny On The Bounty."

It seemed to us the whole fabrication of the story was built and constructed toward one end—the final speech by Mr. Laughton as he stands in the court of justice. There, now, is a masterpiece, one to be memorized and taken to heart.

Una O'Connor, Laughton's mother, is terrific. All the unhealthy attributes of an overdevoted mother are highlighted in Miss O'Connor's performance. Maureen O'Hara, the pretty schoolteacher Laughton loves, George Sanders as her fiancé who turns traitor, and Kent Smith, her brother, deserve loud applause. Sanders is thoroughly convincing in his role of the weak lover. There are some fine lights and shadows in the work of Sanders in this difficult role. Walter Slezak is our favorite Nazi. And let's not overlook Philip Merivale as Professor Sorel, please.

We think you will come away from this picture not with a feeling of hate and revenge but with a holocaust of honest humility and definite determination raging within.

Your Reviewer Says: An oratorical masterpiece.

✓ Assignment In Brittany (M-G-M)

It's About: A Free Frenchman who plays a spy.

MAY we introduce at this time one of Hollywood's newest personalities—Pierre Aumont, the charming new French star who possesses a smile, a way, a toussel head and a certain charm. A young edition of Gabin, we predict ooh-la-la Aumont will sweep the ladies right off their dainty feet.

The story is good, too, and has Aumont, a Free French soldier, impersonating a native (pro-Nazi) of Brittany in order to locate a Nazi sub-base for the English.

So much does Aumont resemble the villager, Susan Peters, to whom he is betrothed, is completely fooled. And so are the other villagers, including Richard Whorf, the schoolmaster. But not the mother, who realizes the good qualities of Aumont could in no way belong to her traitorous son. But she doesn't expose him. Instead, she helps him in every way, but to no avail. He falls into the hands of the Nazis, is exposed by Signe Hasso and suffers terribly before the villagers, by subterfuge, help him escape.

Susan Peters impresses with her sincere performance and Signe Hasso registers strongly as the flirtatious Elise. Richard Whorf gives an especially strong performance and George Colouris as the sadistic Nazi is outstanding. Margaret Wycherly is unforgettable as the mother. But it's Aumont who holds the attention. A new and interesting personality, he should prove a hit.

Your Reviewer Says: Fascinating people in an exciting story.

✓ Slightly Dangerous (M-G-M)

It's About: A little miss nobody who becomes a somebody.

LANA TURNER'S last picture before motherhood could have been better, but Lana couldn't. If ever an actress has advanced to a place of authority on the screen it's Lana, whose every emotion seems intensified and authenticated. (Or did we make that one up?)

In love scenes the blonde beauty is dynamite. No wonder M-G-M daily searches its head for new grey hairs as its star plunges from one mistake to another. She's an actress worth worrying over.

Robert Young, an accomplished and finished performer, plays the boy in love with Lana, but not quite sure just who she is. You see, Miss Turner, a shopgirl in a small town, quits her job in despair, goes to the city, buys herself a new personality and then meets a mishap that leads (Continued on page 98)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 99
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 96
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 74
Icvely, gleaming uwfooiM nam... other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous ... and yet so easy to manage!

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

No fol-de-rol a girl can wear, has such allure for men as shining, lustrous hair! Even the loveliest dress, the smartest hat won't help you much if your hair looks dull and dingy! So don't let soaps or soap shampoos handicap you this way!

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!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it . . . and the film left by previous soaps!

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added! Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!

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

For Procter & Gamble's Complete Skin Care: Special Drene for Men and Women.
Tyrone Power

Leading a reckless crew on the war's most daring mission! Battling death in a depth-bombed submarine! Blasting Nazis on a bold Commando raid! Finding love in precious, stolen moments!

CRASHING HIS WAY TO UNFORGETTABLE GLORY in

CRASH DIVE

IN STIRRING TECHNICOLOR

ANNE BAXTER • ANDREWS
James GLEASON • Dame May WHITTY

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO
Produced by MILTON SPERLING
Screen Play by Jo Swerling • Original Story by W. R. Burnett
Dear Mom:

Looks like another Mother's Day is rolling around and it seems a little different than it ever has before. I feel as though I've started a lot of things all over again. I'm going to school again and somehow, I feel as if I did in high school. Today in this world, with everyone doing things he's never done before, you seem to kind of go back to all the things in your life that are most solid. It's nothing any of us here didn't know, but we seem to keep on discovering that mothers are the greatest institutions we've ever had.

You'd be surprised, but out of all the women the group in the barracks talk about, their mothers always top the list. Of course, they gab a lot about some blonde or girl they're not kidding about the other. It sounds kind of serious, but I just thought I'd tell you, for the one thousandth time, that I love you very much.

I'm learning a lot here. You know how I always hated math and physics and how often I flunked. Well, I can't afford to flunk now, for math and physics are involved with something I'd like to do very much. Of course, I don't know for sure whether I will really get a crack at the job I'd like, but at least I've got a chance, a pretty good one.

Anyway, no matter what job I get, but at least I've got a chance, a pretty good chance. You read an article in the paper the other day and in it this guy had written a piece about why America and the United Nations couldn't lose the war. He was a German best friend and had been injured at Guadalcanal. When he was writing he was in a private with our Marines and I've been looking at Guadalcanal. He didn't know his name. The man writing the article said the Germans were taught to die, made eager to die, with Hitler and for the Fatherland, but that that kind of fanaticism could never compare with the way Americans died for their home, for Mom and Dad and a girl couldn't lose the war. I know he's right.

ALL this means such a big change for everybody; from the highest to lowest, the way we all are living, the food we eat, the places we go or can't go. I'm not sure, in part, that it's not a good thing. People have to look within themselves so much more than they used to for their pleasures and for the solutions to everyday problems. It's as though we were all growing up. We've always had so much of everything. everybody's had such swell chances to get what he wanted in this (Continued on page 94)
IN THESE manpower-short times when a girl is lucky to find even one or two semielegible swains to squire her to the local glitter dens, I have been toying wistfully with a mythical situation very pleasing to contemplate. It involves a series of ten dates with ten different (and, brother, some of them are different!) Hollywood stars, and I have been wearing out a chaise longue daydreaming of ten evenings with this extravagantly variegated array of fascinating fellows.

Of course, anyone can play this game and if you're forever blowing bubbles you can name your own ten Romeros, but those I selected represent, I feel, a judicious blend of beauty, charm, sophistication, wit and rugged masculinity. And since this is my own private dream, with no holds barred, I am imagining that all of them are unsheathed, unved and available.

In case you choose the same dream boys I did, I'm a girl who's generous enough to give you an idea of what a date with each of them would be like. And here it is.

George Montgomery: Maybe he isn't the type who tosses his cloak over a mud puddle because you aren't wearing your rubbers, and certainly he bears a more than coincidental resemblance to the Jim who never sends you pretty flowers, but if it was good enough for Hedy, it should be good enough for you. Anyway, you wouldn't be throwing a date out on a Knight like this.

The way to prepare for a big date with No. 1 on my list is to read all the latest movie magazine stories about George Montgomery; then you and he will have something in common to talk about. He likes to make the plans for the evening, so be ready for anything from a roadside stand to the Mocambo—and wherever you wind up, be ready to get blown over by the concerted sighs of every doll in the place, because gals always moon over him even when they don't know who he is. He's the kind who makes good, steady, attentive gents wonder why ladies always seem to prefer the other kind.

He may take you horseback riding, because he's a son of the wide open spaces (a what???) and loves his boots and saddle. Or he may decide to go to your house if you have a soft sofa, a cold chicken in the ice box, a Victrola and all the records he likes to listen to.

If he tosses his line at you, just say something clever like, "I'll bet you tell that to all the girls." Because he does.

If he invites you up to see his etchings, go. But you may be disappointed. He's really got etchings.

Mickey Rooney: A date with Mickey will be only a trifle less enervating than a cross-country run. But if you like to cut a rug, you'll find you and he are cut from the same cloth. He's even been known to get up and "sit in" with the band for a jam session, so get reconciled to a half-hour of be-
ing alone with your thoughts and your soda pop while Mickey beats the drums. He won't take you to small smart boites or quiet swank eating oases. He'll steer you to the Cocoanut Grove or the Biltmore Bowl or the Palladium — any place, so long as it boasts a big, hot band. You may even wind up at some amusement park with wild rides, popcorn, frozen custard and hot dogs.

And of course you'll make a lot of those silly recordings and send them to everyone you know. On one of them you'll shriek that all M-G-M pictures are terrible and Mickey will have that one mailed to Louis B. Mayer, haw-haw!

You don't have to worry much about conversation when you're with Mickey — he takes care of that — but you'll make a big hit if you happen to drop the names of the newest platters by Harry James and Tommy Dorsey. Mickey will probably enliven the dialogue by telling you about the various women he has known, and since this involves Ann Rutherford, Diana Lewis, Esther Williams, Bonita Granville, Judy Garland and practically every other Hollywood starlet, the conversation can last as long as you hold out.

On the way home (at ninety miles an hour, because Mickey believes in moving fast, even on an A card) you'll undoubtedly stop at a drive-in, and Mickey will end the perfect evening by looking over the cutie who dished out the nutburgers and quipping: "Hiya, babe! What's cooking?"

Gaylord Hauser: If Garbo wants to make a loan, maybe you'd be lucky to borrow her swain for the evening. He'll be tall, brown-haired and handsome, fairly bursting with good health and all the better-known vitamins. Both his suit and his manners will be custom-made, and you'll never forget him because he'll be the only man you'll ever go out with who will urge you to eat garlic.

He'll order dinner, and it'll be so frightfully well-balanced you'll hate every mouthful. But at least you won't detest yourself the next time you step on the bathroom scales. He'll take you to the best places — and you'll walk to them, sister. Gaylord believes in giving his girls the air.

Between the Continental charm and the carrots and the sensibly counted calories, you'll have a nice healthy evening. You'll thank him for a lovely "morning after."

Randolph Scott: Here is the kind of date you dream about when you read those fiction stories about handsome, well-mannered, elegant and charming heroes. Wear your smartest black dinner dress for Randy, because he likes black and it makes a nice background for the orchids he'll undoubtedly send. He's tall, blond, lean and drawing — sort of a Western type to look at and listen to, but with Eastern ways. He may sound a little corny, but he's a city fellow.

He'll take you to glittery places and you'll like the way all the Vanderbilts and (Continued on page 76)
The girl whose courage has caught the nation's imagination tells in her own words the intimate details of her overseas romance.

I KNEW he was my Mr. Big the instant I saw him. I knew also that his heart was standing still. I could see it in his eyes. There really is such a thing as love at first sight. I never believed it before, either. It was because Tommy was afraid people would think ill of us for knowing each other only a month and a half when we married that I told that fib about our previously having seen each other around the California flying fields and having had dinner together several times. Now, however, writing my own story, I must tell the truth. When a personal miracle happens to you—as it unquestionably did to Tommy and me—I think you owe it to yourself and others to be honest about it.

We met, Tommy and I, the third day I was in England. Martha Raye, Mitzi Mayfair, Kay Francis and I were backstage getting ready to give our show at an air base just outside of London when Neil Lang—Martha's husband—brought Tommy around. "I want you to meet Captain Thomas Wallace," Neil said. "He hails from Pasadena—joined up with the first Eagle Squadron of the R.A.F. before we got in this fight. Now he's U.S. Air Corps." I was amazed to hear myself saying, "How do you do, Captain," casually, just as if he were anybody at all.

The following night he was able to get up to London. He called for me and we took the underground to Victoria to visit a very favorite "pub" of his. We sat there for hours—which seemed minutes—talking about ourselves and hanging on each other's every word. When that happens the diagnosis is Love, I guess.

Sitting across from Tommy in that little booth I discovered him all over again, the lean strength of his face and hands, his level eyes, the fine upright way his head sets on his shoulders, his voice alive with energy and gaiety. He says he discovered me all over again too. He says other things also which I have no intention of re-
peating. But when he says them they are wonderful.

We went back to London by omnibus and we walked to the Savoy in a blackout. Tommy walked half in front of me all the way, his arm out to shield me from those crazy Londoners, God bless them, who hurry along exactly as if many of their buildings hadn't already been blown to bits and more weren't likely to go any moment and they with them. You can't walk through London streets without knowing how presumptuous we are when we take it for granted we're going to live three score years and ten or thereabouts. Maybe this had something to do with the breathless haste of Tommy's proposal. . . .

I ANSWERED "no" that night. Why, I don't know. It didn't daunt Tommy in the slightest. He didn't believe me any more than I believed myself. The next morning he asked me again. We were at service in St. Paul's. Beside the rubble of what was that once beautiful cathedral a sign reads "Services as usual." Which isn't too true. The services held in a little chapel which remains standing naturally lack the beauty and grandeur which services previously had in that cathedral. However, they serve very well—they permit you to worship God and inspire you to go completely Old Testament and swear vengeance upon those responsible for this unholy destruction of beauty and culture and life.

Walking back to the Savoy Tommy and I held tight to each other's hands. We sang "Adeste Fidelis" in one breath and in the next the Air Corps song . . . "Up we go into the wild blue yonder, climbing high into the sun. Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder. At 'em boys, give them the gun . . . ." That song's spirit is so typical of the Air Corps, I always sang it at their bases, of course. And did the boys go for it! Kay and (Continued on page 72)
YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY BETTE DAVIS

DEAR MISS DAVIS:

Stop worrying! This star is ready to help you. See p. 91; then write her.

really want both, but seeing I can't have both, I want one of them—no one else.

This is the queerest mixup I've ever been in and it's been going on for years.

Don't say I don't love either, because that won't be true. I know there could never be anyone beside these two. I've told both of them they would have to wait until after the war for an answer, but both are very anxious to know now. The one because he wants to decide what kind of a war job to take, a very dangerous one or a "ground crew" job. The other one because he's in a very dangerous Pacific zone and doubts if he'll come back, although he writes that he'll try his darnest.

It all sounds very silly, but when you come right down to it it's all very serious. I'm selfish, I know, because I

a third man who would solve your problem. Why don't you continue to see both boys whenever they are on leave, and to write to them? But never marry until there is only one man you love more than any other you know.

Marilyn J.

Dear Miss J:

Your problem doesn't sound at all silly to me. You aren't the first girl in the world to admire two men at the same time with equal affection.

As you say you have already told both boys that they will have to wait until after the war for an answer, I think you have handled this as it should be. You are only twenty and who knows how long a time is going to elapse until we are finally victorious? A great many things can happen to change your opinions of even your two beaux. Although it doesn't seem possible to you now, you might even meet

Henry Fonda

Olivia de Havilland

Bonita Granville

Ronald Reagan

Robert Stack

Jack Briggs

Ronald Colman

Color Portrait Series

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Lady in the pink: A Hymie Fink casual portrait of Bette Davis, now appearing in Warners' "Watch On The Rhine"
November 5th.

Dawn. A secret flying field somewhere in England. Bad weather—rain. Visibility zero. Six Flying Fortresses are on the ramp, ready to take off, straining at the leash. At last comes the order to go.

I am assigned to the bomb-bay of Flying Fortress No. 6. One by one we take off down a long grey runway that seems endless and zoom into the rain and dark clouds. The "Second Front" has started! Everyone is tense and excited. There is very little talk.

For the first hour, I crouch on the narrow catwalk in the darkness, half sitting, half standing, and with no opportunity to look out of the plane. Every foot of interior space is occupied by equipment or personnel. When a member of the crew has to pass by, we are compelled to undergo acrobatic contortions. My foot goes to sleep painfully, and a British Brigadier volunteers to switch places with me. We take turns in the radio room, which is more comfortable and offers a view of the outside. It is still raining. In the distance, we can see the dim outline of the Spanish coastline.

The weather clears as we near Portugal; the sun comes out. Hours pass. Colonel Shores arranges for me to take a spell in the co-pilot's seat. It all seems like a dream or a scenario I have written.

I can't really believe we are the flying vanguard of a mighty attacking force headed for Africa and that I am actually here in the cockpit of a Flying Fortress en route to Gibraltar.

We pass strange ships. We are now over Lisbon and close to shore. We head out to sea again and at last the black Rock of Gibraltar looms ahead. I learn that we are in for a difficult landing. We circle three times cautiously, and then gently settle down. We make it, but with very little to spare. Although nothing was said about it, I am sure everyone on the plane sighed quietly with relief. I know I did.

We are the third ship to arrive at Gibraltar, although we were the fifth to start. We are taken to the Rock Hotel, where I am assigned to...
bunk with the C.S.O.

The town itself is a narrow, winding, one-street affair, cluttered with droves of tourist shops which seem to sell things that no person in his right mind would possibly buy. All traffic goes in one direction, out of necessity. It is impossible for two automobiles to squeeze past each other.

The Fortress itself and the harbor are nothing short of colossal. I look across the narrow bay at the Spanish shore and wonder how many Nazi agents are watching us.

The sky over the Rock is never empty. Fighters on patrol zoom overhead. New arrivals circle and land—a veritable beehive of activity. What a target this swarm of ships on the field would make if Jerry only knew—or had the courage to make a try for it!

The atmosphere is tense on the Rock as our first day comes to an end.

November 6th.

We are assigned to the Signal Office in the Fortress Tunnel, the center of a gigantic network under the Rock. This is truly a magnificent citadel, but now it is overcrowded, a bedlam of frenzied workers.

General Doolittle arrives. His plane was attacked by four Junkers 88's, and in a violent twenty-minute battle the co-pilot was severely wounded. The plane finally outraced the Nazis' ships, and Doolittle personally took over the controls. A narrow squeak, and only the quick thinking of the pilot, who headed out to sea and flew almost at water level, saved the day.

Great concern here about the attack. Are the Nazis aware of our plans and lying in wait?

An air raid blasts us out of bed at 3 A.M., but apart from a lot of ack-ack and violent noise, nothing comes of it. Half awake, I am conscious enough to put on my helmet. I must have looked a sight in pajamas, helmet and bare feet. Certainly the General did.

November 7th.

Startling news! General Henri Giraud, the (Continued on page 82)
Beauty rare in a day of June: Olivia de Havilland of Warners' "Princess O'Rourke"
Beauty brilliant in first bloom: Bonita Granville of "Hitler's Children"
The Champ!

BETTY GRABLE doesn't consider herself an actress. She once said: "I'm not an actress, and I don't want those roles in which I have long speeches, full of meaning. I'm the kind of a performer who wants a few lines that are cues to go into a song or a dance."

She has a true estimate of herself. She doesn't want to become another Ginger Rogers and go dramatic.

The boys like her for her lines, and she doesn't have to read them.

She is a champion at the box office, at the Army camps, and at the Hollywood Canteen. She holds the record for continuous dancing at the Canteen. She gets out on the floor and she is taken for the entire night. She no sooner starts dancing with a soldier than a sailor will tap him and say, "I'll take it now. Shove off." The sailor no sooner gets started than another soldier steps in. She loves it. When her working schedule permits, she is at the Canteen every night. She is true to the Army and the Navy and the Marines.

She is one of the favorite pin-up girls and you don't have to be told why. Her mail from the men in service is terrific. Here is a letter that she received from two Marines on Guadalcanal. The letter was written on Japanese stationery, which the Marines found when they took over, and enclosed was a magazine article showing Ensign Donald Mason (Sighted Sub; Sank Same) and other war heroes at a party which she, Carole Landis, Ruth Hussey and Claudette Colbert attended. This is the letter:

"Dear Betty: Or may we call you dear? I know you would say you won't mind.

"It has been ten months since we last saw you—in a picture, of course. In our dreams we see you every night.

"In the enclosed picture that we are sending you, we notice that you and your lovely friends are in the company of two stalwart warriors. To say the least, the feats of these heroes are minute compared to our own. We won't go into detail about our own heroism because of our own modesty and censorship.

"At our arrival back in the States (when and if) nothing would please us more than a dinner engagement with you and another beautiful creature such as one of your friends in the picture, at our expense.

"We hope you will excuse this stationery but the rugged environment
It's an even chance these odd facts about Cover Girl Betty Grable will have you cheering loudly in her exciting corner

BY S IDNEY SKOLSKY
The noted writer and newspaper columnist

We are straining under prevents the use of better paper. In closing this letter we hope with all our hearts that you will answer this at your first opportunity. Until we hear from you, we remain,

"Two lonely Marines on Guadalcanal."

The letter was signed, P.F.C. Walter William Kriedell (Slim) and P.F.C. Ray O. Bergeron (Muscles). There was a P.S. "In Jap this means I love you—X-X-X. This is for Carole, too. We hope the others won't be burned up."

These Marines, and all admirers, should know that although she is peaches and cream to look at, she likes onions. She likes onions in any form, raw or fried. She will nibble at a bit of garlic in the raw, even though she has to play a love scene. She believes that onions and garlic keep her healthy.

She takes good care of herself, despite the fact that there are any number of fellows who want to take good care of her.

There was a prince who pursued her, there was a millionaire who wanted to marry her, there was Victor Mature, there was George Raft — and now there are millions of admirers in khaki and blue.

She maintains a strict schedule while working. Then she goes to bed at nine and arises at six. When not working, she stays up late. However, regardless of the time she goes to bed, she insists on getting eight hours sleep. She insists that she needs it for her beauty.

Her full name is Elizabeth Ruth Grable. She dropped the middle name when she came to Hollywood and Elizabeth became Betty. She believes it fits her character better.

She was born on December 18, 1916, at St. Louis, Missouri. There is no need to tell you how tall she is, how much she weighs, the color of her hair and the color of her eyes. If you haven't noticed her figure by now, you certainly won't be interested in the ordinary figures.

She took her first dancing lessons when she was four. At the age of seven she appeared on the stage, as a cute kid, with such masters of ceremonies as Frank Fay, Jack Haley and Ed Lowry when they visited St. Louis. She really worked hard to become a chorus girl in Hollywood musicals.

She worked her way from the chorus to singing with Jay Whidden and his orchestra, to marrying Jackie Coogan, to playing parts in pictures. But somehow Hollywood couldn't see her until she scored a hit on Broadway in "DuBarry (Continued on page 95)
Henry Fonda (upper left): Apprentice Seaman, U. S. Navy

Robert Sterling (above): Air Cadet, U. S. Army Air Corps

Jack Briggs (left): Private, U. S. Marine Corps

Robert Stack (upper right): Ensign, U. S. Navy Air Force

Van Heflin (right): Second Lieutenant, Field Artillery, U. S. Army
**Blonde under protest:** Marjorie Reynolds (and, thank heavens, she's no genius) is a good little girl who waited for years for her break and finally got it in "Holiday Inn." She got Crosby in the story, too. She gets him in "Dixie" also and can't wait till something else happens to her screen career.

Marjorie has been in and out of pictures so many times she's dizzy. At four, she was playing with Viola Dana, Norma Talmadge and Ramon Navarro. At eight she retired, came back several years later to make more pictures, then retired again. After graduating from Los Angeles High School she came back once again to dance in Paramount pictures, made dozens of Tim Holt Westerns and Karloff pictures at Monogram.

When the search began for a girl for "Holiday Inn" Danny Dare, a dance coach, remembered Marjorie and in she was.

Six years ago she married Jack Reynolds whom she met and nagged to death for a job when he was casting director at Goldwyn's. Recently in his pocket she discovered a little book with ratings of all girl applicants. Marjorie was down as "impossible."

She hates being a blonde and all the peroxiding that goes with it. Her father, Dr. Goodrich, lives with her and recently her husband, an officer in the Signal Corps, was transferred out to Hollywood which makes her so happy. She does her own cooking now and is the idol of her little nieces and nephews. Peaches and cream is her complexion. Natural, chatterboxy, genuine and real, her character. She can't understand why she's such a poor business woman when her sign, Leo, says she shouldn't be. She's seventeen years younger than her youngest sister and wonders if that could have anything to do with it.
Devil with a cherub’s face: Hollywood’s own “Mr. Five by Five” is one Mr. Sydney Greenstreet, who gives lie to the statement, “Nobody loves a fat man.” Audiences adore him. The fact more people knew and recognize him after “The Maltese Falcon” than after forty-one years of stage work has him purring like a kitten. He’s news because he’s unique; he’s different, he’s a rare artist.

From the Lunt and Fontanne play “There Shall Be No Night,” Warner Brothers enlisted all 280 pounds of Mr. Greenstreet to portray General Scott in “They Died With Their Boots On.” He remained for “The Maltese Falcon,” “Across the Pacific,” “Casa blanca” and Background To Danger,” and claims he ne’er again will roam.

He’s an Englishman, or did you know? Born in Sandwich, Kent, England. He graduated from Dave Hill School and joined the Ben Greet Shakespearean players. His travels with them finally brought him to the States where he’s remained since 1924. He thinks Bette Davis a fine artist and Lunt and Fontanne think him a great one. He lives alone in Hollywood with a faithful housekeeper. His only son, John, is with the armed forces. Once in New York he was run over by a runaway horse and heavy wagon. He emerged unscathed. The horse died.

A four-squared genius: Something new has been added to Hollywood and that something is a quick, nervous-tempered, brown-eyed brunet, a force called Whorf, who catapulted into pictures via Warner Brothers.

Richard’s first effort, “Blues In The Night” was so-so. “Juke Girl” was awful so they gave him the role of Sam Harris in “Yankee Doodle Dandy.” But even in that none of his vital charm was given opportunity to seep through.

So Richard went over to M-G-M where his role in “Keeper Of The Flame” is a bit further up his alley. But wait till that ability plus those beeg dark eyes find themselves synchronized in the right role. Whewie!

The same Lunt and Fontanne play, “There Shall Be No Night,” that boasted Sydney Greenstreet screamed aloud of Richard’s talents as actor and set designer.

Born in Winthrop, Massachusetts, he comes from a long line of geniuses. His father was a brilliant painter; brother John, an outstanding artist; brother Ben, a professor of Mayan languages. Richard joined the theatrical company of Henry Jarett in Boston and remained eleven years, acting, writing, designing sets, etc. He married his high-school sweetheart and has three handsome sons, Peter, ten; David, seven, and Christopher, two. They live in Beverly Hills in sublime happiness and slight confusion. You never saw people so happy!

Determination—with dimples: When “The Moon Is Down” flashes on movie screens all over the country, a star will be rising in Dorris Bowdon, the lass who plays the young widow courted by the lonely German. For Dorris (note the double r) is a dimpled beauty who can act. In fact, her work in a college play at the University of Louisiana attracted such notice she was brought to Hollywood for a test and won out over all newcomers.

Southern as spoonbread, Dorris, born two days after Christmas in the small town of Cold Water, Mississippi, has no Southern “you all” accent, but does possess a mind of her own, a quiet poise, a steadfast reserve, a few freckles, an alluringly husky voice and naturally curly hair once chestnut and now blonde. Raw salads (she never met Garbo) are her favorite food. When roles are slow to come her way Miss Bowdon quietly but determinedly calls at producers’ offices to ask why. The best role she ever got in this fashion was the role of Mrs. Whorf, a small role in “The grapes Of Wrath” she took time out to become a mother. The baby’s name is Christie. The Bowdons call her “Deems” as the mood fits.

The plain black, businesslike typewriter that adorns her feminine and lovely bedroom is the keynote to the life and times of Miss Bowdon. On its keys her small white fingers type out the business notes connected with her household, the itemized accounts and the checks. It seems natural, therefore, that she possess none of the usual theatrical superstitious or phony emotionalism—and on her it’s most becoming.

The first syllable of her last name is pronounced like a dog’s bark—bow wow. Her first good role was the romantic interest in a Jones Family picture. She hopes her greatest role will be a permanent one—the romantic interest in the Johnson family.

An up-to-the-minute flash about the four people whose names are in the “Something new and different” column of Hollywoodites in the know

BY SARA HAMILTON
Master hand at Hollywood romance: Ronald Colman, now appearing in M-G-M's "Random Harvest." Portrait by Hymie Fink
ARCHIBALD LEACH
Like all who venture on this earth
Your pelt was nudely pink at birth
And after you'd been overhauled
With myrrh, they called you Archibald
With many a loving chirp and chant
Till you, wise youth, took Cary Grant.
Then, wooing Thespis, grew in time
Into a rollicking, gifted mime
Beloved of millions, wed to same,
While poets drooled, "What's in a name?"
What heights could you have hoped to reach
Had you remained plain Archie Leach?

HANK OF HAIR
A maid named Lake, Veronica,
(A not uncommon monicker,
Though censored in Salonika)
Bethought herself a thought.
Mused she, "A vagrant lock of hair
Left oddly hanging in the air
Around the starboard eye somewhere
Could help a gal a lot."
Perforce, she took one golden strand
(As she had quite naively planned)
Concealed one sullen peeper, and
Begat a movie part.
Today, twixt hands of rummy (gin),
She spars with celluloidal sin
And, watching bullion bubbling in . . .
Grows rich: but is it art?

TO WILLIAM BENDIX
I often lie and wonder, Bill, ere Morpheus I embrace
What pixillated architect designed your wondrous face.
Your nose a tortuous pathway wends
Adown your visage till it ends
Above a mouth too small to fit
The features of a wee Tom-Tit.
Bewilderment forever lies
As moulder in your questing eyes,
Your forehead's always deeply lined
With frontal hint of woe behind.
I don't dare gaze too often on your features, Mr. Bendix,
Because I fear a rupture of my vermiform appendix.
The girl who knew it was her war and the man who figured it wasn't: Jones (Alan Ladd); Carolyn (Loretta Young)

It was for her, the woman, to show him what lay ahead, there in the darkness on that Chinese road

CAST:
Carolyn....Loretta Young
Mr. Jones.....Alan Ladd
Johnny.....William Bendix
First Brother.....Philip Ahn
Tan Ying....Jessie Tai Sing
She faced him defiantly, mutely pleading for her Chinese girls.

"When are you going to kiss Miss Carolyn?" Tan Ying challenged Jones naively. "In American films, the men are either shooting people or kissing girls!"

Fiction Version by FRANCES BARR MATTHEWS


This wasn't his war, Jones thought impatiently, as he tried to peer through the windshield into the darkness of the rainswept road ahead. It was a local affair between the Japs and the Chinese—and what did a neutral American care about it so long as both sides kept on buying his neutral oil?

But tonight the inconvenience of it made him furious. Three days to make Shanghai—on a gutted road choked with bomb-driven refugees. And now this baby!

There it was again—the same tiny wail that came from the cab of the truck.

Jones turned in a cold fury to his companion. "I thought I told you to get rid of that brat before we started!"

Johnny Sparrow, looking as abject as his good-natured face and strong, husky physique would allow, pleaded, "Aw, boss, I'm sorry! But I couldn't leave it there beside all those dead bodies—probably the kid's folks among them, too."

He reached back and pulled the little Chinese infant onto his lap. "Cute little tyke at that, isn't he?"

"Yeah?" said Jones, angrily. "Well, cute or not, you give him back to the next geeny we see. Understand?"

"Have you ever tried to give a baby away, Mr. Jones? Especially in China—hey! Watch out!"

From a short distance ahead of them came an appalling detonation. Jones threw his whole weight against the wheel. The truck lurched drunkenly. With a jolting crash it skirted the yawning shell-crater by a hair's breadth, and resumed its way.

"Whew!" gasped Johnny. "Nice work, boss."

Jones grunted and drew a deep breath. In the deadly black of the night it was almost impossible to see a foot ahead. Reaching for a switch, Jones snapped on the powerful searchlight and, swearing under his breath, started to honk his horn furiously. Through the slashing rain, he could barely see the blurred figures of refugees hastening along the road and choking the bridge ahead. Jones made no move to slow down.

Johnny shot him an anxious look. "Better take it easy, Mr. Jones," he said.

Jones made no comment. His already hard, good-looking young face became even harder. The truck headed toward the bridge at an alarming rate, the white glare of the spotlight revealing the terrified faces and scrambling bodies of the refugees as they beheld the oncoming juggernaut.

Johnny could stand it no longer. He leaned over, grabbed the wheel and yanked wildly. The truck skidded in the clay-sticky road and with screeching brakes slid to a stop.

Jones turned toward him savagely. "I ought to beat your brains out for that!" he muttered between his teeth.

"But you'd have killed somebody, boss!" Johnny pleaded.

"Better than us, you dope," Jones said, shooting him a scorching look. "What do you want to do—sit here and get blown to bits?"

By this time the refugees, like swarms of ants, were fighting each other to climb into the rear of the huge Oklahoma Petroleum truck, swarming along the running boards and onto the canopy. As a bomb burst somewhere too close for comfort, several coolies tried to force their way into the driver's seat. Jones reached back and drove his fist into the nearest face, sending the man sprawling into the road. As others climbed over the prostrate form and onto the seat Jones shouted to Johnny, "Come on! We've got to stop 'em!"

There followed a brief but bloody free-for-all. The two men were no match for the crazed mob, although Jones fought with all the skill and adroitness of his lean, trained body. Just as they were about to be trampled into the mud, there came the roar of a low-flying fighter plane and the rattle of machine guns.

Dishevelled and battered, Johnny and Jones rolled beneath the shelter of the truck. A second later, a stream of tracer bullets ripped along the top of the truck and bodies pitched headlong from the canopy. With screams of terror the mob disappeared into the shadows of the roadside.
As the plane retreated, the two men emerged from under the truck. Suddenly the sound of a girl's voice reached them. They looked at each other, and again at the girl, barely discernible in the gloom.

She was white. Yet she was addressing the mob calmly and autoritatively in fluent Chinese. Slowly they began to disperse. Pulling himself together, Jones saw that this was the ideal time to get away. He grabbed Johnny's arm, nodded toward the driver's seat. Johnny got in, spied with delight the Chinese baby on the seat, fast asleep and obviously undisturbed by the commotion.

As Jones was about to step in, the girl's voice, this time in perfect English, called out. "All right there—\-you in the truck. Come ahead. They won't bother you now. And put out those lights!"

Instead, Jones turned the spotlight full on the girl. He gasped. "Boy, what a target for tonight!" he said—and whistled.

Johnny gasped too, for the girl was a knockout in her cream-colored trenched coat fastened tightly about her slim waist. Even the mud-covered field boots couldn't hide the dainty curve of her ankles. The rain glistering in her soft hair made her face even whiter.

"Teez," Johnny muttered, reverently.

Carolyn Brent hopped onto the running board, reached, and under Jones's astonished nose, snapped off the lights. "Lin Wei! Lin Wei!" she called. "Hop on!"

Lin Wei, a fragile-looking young Chinese with an infectious grin, jumped on the front bumper. Carolyn turned to Jones.

"Get across that bridge," she ordered, briefly.

"Well, I'll be—!" Jones glared at her in astonishment. She glared back undismayed. Abruptly Jones switched on the lights again and started the truck forward, with Carolyn on the running board.

At a point just beyond the bridge, Carolyn turned to Jones and said: "Stop here. Wait for me. I'll be right back."

She jumped down and into the darkness. The silence was broken by the distant sound of bursting bombs. Under cover of the darkness, and hidden from Jones's view, about twenty young Chinese girls were being cautiously pushed by Carolyn into the rear of the truck. Then she jumped in beside Jones, again switched off the lights and glared at Jones.

"Lit up like that, we wouldn't last five minutes," she said, curtly.

"Just the same, babe," snapped Jones, "I'm not driving this road in the dark."

"Nobody asked you to," said Carolyn patiently. "Move over."

Before Jones could protest, Carolyn slid over and under the wheel. "Hey, are you sure you know the road?"

"I ought to. The town we just left is where I was born."

"Oh," said Jones. "Then: 'Who's the guy on the bumper?'"

"He's a student from Mei-ki."

"I wouldn't trust those guys—"

"I'm trusting him with our lives," Carolyn said simply.

Properly snubbed, Jones relapsed into a brief silence. At length Johnny Sparrow could contain himself no longer and began pursuing forth a welter of words—what Jones always called "drooling at the mouth." Introducing himself and Jones, he thanked Carolyn for helping them out against the crazy mob at the bridge. She shrugged, explained that it was simple. Most of them were from Mei-ki... many of them friends of hers, bombed out of their homes. She was now headed for Chungtu, she told them.

Jones whistled. "Chungtu! That's a long stretch! Got relatives there?"

"No, a university. That's where students from the bombed areas are going. I think I can be of help."

Suddenly Lin Wei's torch flashed from the bumper in a wide arc. Carolyn threw her full weight on the wheel and turned it. The truck swerved and lurched violently, just missing a huge bomb crater. Both men drew deep breaths, wiped their foreheads and looked at Carolyn. She was absolutely calm. Johnny gazed at her in admiration. For the second time that night, the wail of a baby came as a shock. This time to Carolyn.

"Did I hear—was that—?" she gasped.

"Say, Miss Brent," said Johnny quickly, "how would you like to have a baby?"

He reached over impulsively and put it in Carolyn's lap.

"Oh, the darling!" Carolyn was entranced. "Here, Mr. Jones. You take the wheel. I want to hold him."

**HEY** were driving along quietly now. Carolyn, thoroughly exhausted, was asleep between the two men, the baby asleep in her arms. They came to a hill and the truck started setting up.

"The way she's dragging," Jones whispered to Johnny, "you'd think we had a cargo."

"We have," Johnny whispered back. "They're jammed in back there like it was a hayride."

"What! Who?" demanded the startled Jones.

"Poochies," said Johnny, "a whole raft of them. I thought you knew!"

Furiously Jones slammed on the brakes, opened the door and jumped out. He ran to the rear of the truck and peered into the darkness.

"All right—out!" he barked.

There was no answer, no movement. He reached into the truck, grabbed a pair of ankles and jerked a figure over the tailboard, sending it sprawling in the mud. There was still no movement from within. Grabbing a crowbar from a rack, Jones brandished it about.

"Are you coming out or do I have to—?" he braced himself to climb in, with a rush, the occupants scrambled down the tailboard and into the darkness. They huddled at the dark roadside, clinging together tragically.

Jones was just replacing the crowbar when Carolyn strode over to him.

"What are you doing?" she asked sharply.

"Just cutting down. Jones reached for her arm. "Come on, let's go."

Carolyn jerked her arm free.

"Do you mean to say you're going to leave these people here on the road?"

"I listened," said Jones, exasperated.

"Between here and Shanghai there's mountains. I've got barely enough gas to cover it. With (Continued on page 67)
—and engaged to the catch of Hollywood, Pierre Aumont. This is why he—and you—can't resist Maria Montez!

By Dennis Sprague

Uncle Dan Kelly, chief of talent at Universal Studios and the oldest casting executive, in point of service, in Hollywood, exhaled with weary satisfaction and slumped down in a projection room chair.

"There," said he, "is the most ambitious woman I've seen in a quarter of a century in Hollywood. Nothing short of hell and high water can keep her from being a star."

Uncle Dan had just sat through an hour and forty minutes of Maria Montez in "Arabian Nights." If he felt that he was exhausted, he should have interviewed the director, cameraman, crew and cast of Universal's technicolor epic. They'd worked two months with the irrepressible senorita.

Whatever Maria's capers on the set might have been, however, the end, as indicated by the reviews of "Arabian Nights," justified the means. The critics, practically in a body, shinned far out onto the end of a professional limb and announced that Uncle Dan definitely had another star on his long credit sheet.

You can get an argument on Senorita Montez in any studio in Hollywood for the asking. At this point she's the great cause célèbre of the picture industry. You either like her with a deep, whole-souled liking or you can't take her, with or without a chaser. Hers is a personality that defies decision. It's all or nothing with her and just now it comes pretty close to being all.

We met the senorita in the Universal commissary. She looked cool as a rationed cucumber, but she was seething, as usual, within.

"Zey try to coo' me out," she hissed.

What she intended to say was that somebody had tried to cool her out. Cooling out is a process employed in Hollywood when a player becomes difficult. However, the man who hit upon Senorita Montez to cool out probably picked Landon to win in 1936.

This unhappy attempt had actually occurred several months before, but someone had told her we were interested in the story and she'd spent an hour firing up her indignation boilers.

The explanation of her low boiling point is provided by the Montez, herself, and hence is authentic. It is because, she says, she is accustomed to top-drawer accommodations, having been born thence as the daughter of a Spanish don. The don was Spanish Consul and Embassy (Continued on page 64)
Small person of exotic beauty, common-sense thinking, proven talent, the wife of Sir Alexander Korda, Merle Oberon of Columbia's "Attack By Night"
Flier-philosopher, one of the best amateur pilots on the Coast, engaging husband of Miss Joan Fontaine, Brian Aherne of Columbia’s “Attack By Night”
What should a girl

One sure way to find out whether you're kidding yourself about THESE GALS

Olivia de Havilland: He'll be well "Posted"

Ann Rutherford: Dave May knew the answer

Gene Tierney: A "tempered" point

Merle Oberon: She told you to tell

Joan Bennett: No wool over her eyes

Lucille Ball: No long face allowed

Michele Morgan: Companion piece
"Expect from a man?"

that man in your life—just measure him up against this Hollywood ruler

**Say this**

"I want kindness and tact from a man. A girl should always try to look her best, but we all know that every now and then, when we're too busy or too tired, we don't look as attractive as we could. One day I was busily polishing the kitchen floor at home. I had on a pair of old slacks, my hair was skewed on top of my head, I had no make-up on. Suddenly I looked up and saw David May standing there in the door. I tell you I could have sunk through the floor with embarrassment. He just turned to my mother and said, 'Doesn't she look cute like that?' I think I fell in love with him at that moment. We can't be on parade all the time and if he's kind and tactful enough to put you at your ease when you're caught short, then he's the right sort of guy."

Ann Futterman

"A girl should expect a man to be punctilious about manners. I like a man who notices there's something I would like to have and remembers this when a birthday or Christmas comes around. I like men who make occasions of special days. This makes life so much more amusing and intriguing."

Olivia, I. Harland

"A woman should demand fidelity! The business of a man's saying, 'I had a little fling on the side, but it doesn't spoil my affection for you' is ridiculous. If his affection is so great, why does he do anything to spoil it for the woman?"

Joan Bennett

"Companionship is the most important thing. If you can have fun with the man you date, no matter what the circumstances, then you will always be happy with him. He should never bore you, no matter where you are or what you are doing. A girl should never be lonely when she's with the right man. When you feel that no matter what life may bring to you, whether it's happiness or sorrow or grief or poverty or wealth, he will be a companion to you through it all and share with you your joys and your sorrows, then I say you should marry him quickly."

Mitchell Morgan

"That he should never hold a grudge is my first requisite. If, after a quarrel's settled, he doesn't keep harping on it, then he's an okay date. I always want to laugh when I hear any man or woman say, 'We never have a cross word,' because that just doesn't happen. Every couple has differences of opinion and they're happier if they settle them, rather than keep them submerged. But, after a matter is settled, it should be over and forgotten. Desi and I have a pact that we'll never let the day end without settling an argument and forgetting it."

Lucille Ball
They danced—and it was as if their steps belonged together. The girl was smart enough to know that their hearts belonged together, too

By Henry and Sylvia Lieferant

The story thus far:

SUCCESS can sometimes be the partner of romance. It can bring two people together—and that is what it had done for Phil, pivot of the pantomiming Jordan Brothers, new heirs of Hollywood, and the beautiful—and calculating—Doris Foster. For it was Phil's success that had drawn Doris to him, had made her hope that, through his glory, she might find a longed-for spot in the limelight herself. It can split up two people, too—and that's what it had done to Phil and Betsy Bell, the little singer he had known in his second-rate night-club days but whose name he had almost forgotten, caught as he was in Doris Foster's honey.

But Success can pull tricks, too—and that's what it had done when it suddenly deserted the Jordan Brothers. But first of all, really, they had deserted themselves. For Roy and Chet had become jealous of Phil, there had been discord, a discord that resulted in their picture's failure, the dropping of their option. And Success chose to smile, instead, on Doris Foster, to take her away to stardom, away from Phil, now that her purpose was achieved.

The Jordan Brothers were no more, Chet had walked out to marry an heiress; Roy had decided to carve a solo career for himself. There was no one for Phil to count on—except little Betsy Bell, who looked him up one day; took his hand in hers and said, "I'm in your corner, Phil."

She was there to stand by him, to try to coax him to start out on a career of his own, to make a name for himself alone, as she knew he could. It was no go; Phil had lost his confidence and, with Roy's sudden death, Betsy knew that he had lost his courage, too.

She took him back to her apartment after the funeral. He didn't seem to care where he was, but maybe now that he was completely defenseless, nonresistant, she could convince him that he must go on alone.

To her pleading he said merely, "I'm a flopperoo. There's no reason why I should hustle to get somewhere!"

Her eyes were wide and fearless, her voice clear and soft. She had one card ready—and she was going to use it now. "There is a reason, Phil. Shall I tell you what it is?"

She compelled him to meet her gaze and in it he saw why he must go on, why he couldn't give up now. "Betsy!" he cried, as if he were calling from a great distance.

"I'm here, Phil."

He spoke with difficulty. "I'm a heel. I let you down. You ought to do the same by me. Doris didn't mean a thing to me. I thought she did. I let my head be turned. You're the one, Betsy, but I don't expect you to believe me."

"The one for what, Phil?" she whispered.

He sat up sharply, moved close to her and turned her face to the light. "Don't you get any notions about working with me. I'll work with nobody. I've got to be on my own. Why, you little dope!" he cried. "You're the one to work for. I've got to do it for you. Maybe this isn't the time to speak—I'm not very happy today. I ought to bring you more happiness than I feel today."

"Oh don't, Phil."

"I love you, Betsy. That's the reason I've got to climb up—" as if he had just discovered it, instead of having it brought to his consciousness. "You believe in me. You always did. I don't know why."

"Because I love you. Isn't that enough?"

"Say that again—and again—"

She repeated it. His lips came down hard on hers. There was a driving, compelling force behind him now, compounded of fear and the determination to make good. Perhaps his love would
Love made her clever, heartbreak made her wise.
"Dear God," she prayed, "let him be angry..."
even as she danced gaily.

ILLUSTRATION BY
CARL MUELLER

not be the tender indulgent thing that every girl dreams of. Perhaps hers would have to be more resilient, making no demands, giving, only giving. But she was here in his arms. He was whispering every endearment she longed to hear, promising, apologizing, planning. And when she finally caught her breath and said, "I will marry you, Phil—yes!" she felt that she was repeating her vows before the minister. But not Phil. He pushed her away rather gruffly and then held her at arm's length. "Not now!"

"Not exactly this minute," Betsy agreed. "It's rather late in the day. But tomorrow morning—"

"No!"

She moved away. "Well, I guess a girl can't do any more than hope," although she knew, before he spoke, what was on his mind...

"I won't marry you until I'm somebody."

"You're somebody to me—Phil Jordan."

"And who's Phil Jordan? The dregs of the Jordan Brothers, that's who. It's no go, Betsy, until I'm on my own feet, not what's left over from the three Jordans. I haven't even got a job."

"You'll have one soon."

Despair washed over him again. "How do I know? Don't you realize I have to start all over—by myself—get new routines—find my own feet and voice? Instead of depending on Chet's feet and Roy's voice?"

"I always manage—to have jobs, Phil."

"No! Do you want me to live on your work? What do you think I am? We'll marry when I can support you. You do understand, Betsy, don't you?"

No woman can withstand that appeal from the man she loves. "I understand, Phil," but she didn't agree with him. She could help him so much if they were married, but again she held her counsel, knowing that things must go his way, at first.

He kissed her hard and long, and then he left.

He loved her—she had no doubt of that now. She loved him—the turn of his head, his hands with the funny thumb, the confidence he had once had and would have again. He was a man, not a boy. He had carried his brothers, but the point was to convince him of this. He would come through now, if only for her sake.

Betsy and Phil slipped easily into a routine of life. Phil had moved to Mama Bosco's boardinghouse and every morning he worked there, practicing new routines. Often he'd appear at Betsy's apartment at noon, with the makings of a lunch, after which he would spend the afternoon rehearsing under her eyes. Other days, she would beat him to it and prepare a lunch in Mama's kitchen.

When she had to go over a few new songs, they didn't meet until late afternoon. Always, however, he took her to the so-called night club, and was waiting for her when she finished. Since they had both lived too long on limited funds to start (Continued on page 78)
I—Q: Do you like being a celebrity?
A: Frankly, yes, because I'm a ham.
2—Q: What do you like least and most about it?
A: The most? The build-up it gives me in the eyes of my kids. After they
saw "Road To Morocco," for instance, I was a big man around the
house for a while. Now I'll have to wait until "Dixie" is released be-
fore I rate again. Meantime Abbott and Costello will be their heroes.
The least? Always missing the kick-
off at football games because autograph hounds tie me up at the stadium
gate.
3—Q: Why have you insisted on keep-
ing details of your family life so private
and secret from the public?
A: I've never figured it as secrecy. We're just a normal, middle-class
American family so there is nothing particularly sensational, interesting or
newsworthy about us. Why try to make
something out of nothing?
4—Q: Do you enjoy doing love
scenes in pictures?
A: I don't mind—if the lady is equally agreeable.
5—What is the least and most you
have been paid for singing?
A: I've worked all night for three
bucks and played the drums, too, when
the band was playing college proms
at the University of Gonzaga. On the other hand, one song brought
$50,000 not long ago when a gentle-
man on the Oakland golf course
paid that much for a War Bond in

Because he
wouldn't tell
on No. 21,
Bing had to re-
lease this Fink
pose of wife
Dixie and him-
self in a howl-
ing moment
exchange for hearing me warble.

6—Q: How do you fight your tendency towards overweight?
A: By eating a very light dinner, usually only a bowl of soup or a glass of milk.

7—Q: What public request has angered you?
(Bing chose the consequences: Write a character reference for Bob Hope.)

8—Q: Are you a sucker for a hard-luck story?
A: Yes, but I'm learning.

9—Q: How many winning horses have you actually had?
A: I'd say my nags have won at least sixty races—and Bob Hope can find 'em in the records.

10—Q: Whom do you wish you resembled on the screen?
A: In appearance, any reasonably popular star except Hope. In ability, Spencer Tracy.

11—Q: Have you ever yearned to be taller?
A: Sure! Particularly when I'm with a tall leading lady. I'm five nine, but I could do with six feet very nicely.

12—Q: Do you sing in the shower?
A: But good! And the special tile gives me terrific acoustics, I might add.

13—Q: Who, in your opinion, is the most popular man in Hollywood?
A: (Bing chose the consequences: Give us a picture of you doing something you hate to do.)

14: Are you strict with your children?
A: The only time I really crack down is when they tell a lie, deliberately break up property or get fresh. I can't stand fresh kids.

15—Q: Do they ever stump you?
A: I still am unable to explain to Lindsay why I have a sweetheart on the screen and a wife at home. He can't seem to reconcile the idea and always is threatening to "tell Mommy" on me after he sees me in a picture.

16—Q: What is your pet name for Dixie?
A: I don't have one, although some people call her Dix, which she hates. When I want to rib her I call her by her real name of Wilma.

17—Q: Do you ever help around the house?
A: Sure, why not? I'm great at making breakfast, especially French toast, and I do a mean job of raking up leaves and carrying off debris and trash. Anything mechanical, however, stymies me; I can't even fix a safety pin.

18—Q: What is your favorite midnight snack?
A: Anything and everything I can find in the ice box—if Dixie doesn't catch me!

19—Q: Do you and Dixie have a long-standing argument?
A: Yes, about disciplining the kids. She says I'm too easy on 'em. I don't lick 'em as often as she, but I do a better job of it when a spanking is indicated. Or so I maintain.

(Continued on page 50)

Passionate Profile: Provided Dottie Lamour co-operates and there's a mustachioed chaperon, Bing lets himself go as a great lover, penalty on Question 53.

Catching the Groaner where it hurts. He has to answer these plain-spoken questions or pay off plenty!

Game Conductor
Kay Proctor

There was a young groaner named Bing
Who came from Tacoma to sing
His career as a groaner
Would have started much sooner --
Oh, heck, you finish this thing!

Rhyme with reason: Bing wouldn't talk on No. 30; had to write a penalty limerick.
20—Q: Do you ever refuse to sing? 
A: Yes, when people ask me to stand at the piano and deliver a small concert at informal gatherings. I hate that kind of stuff.

21—Q: Who is the most difficult director in Hollywood? 
(Bing chose the consequences: Give us an embarrassing picture of yourself.)

22—Q: What is your favorite song? 
A: It used to be "Stardust," but "White Christmas" is pushing a close second.

23—Q: What song have you sung publicly which you did not think was suited to your voice? 
A: "Ballad For Americans" because it requires more voice than I have.

24—Q: What instrument would you like to play in jam sessions? 
A: The drums, because I can play them a little, and no other instrument at all.

25—Q: Do you ever have a desire to lead a band? 
A: Of course. Everyone loves to lead a band, although I'm daunted if I know why. Ever notice a drunk in a night club? Leading the band invariably is his first idea—and his best one!

26—Q: Why do you wear such loud color combinations? 
A: Believe it or not, it's because I'm color-blind. I used to try to work out careful combinations, but I discovered I had less success with them than the haphazard grab method I use now.

27—Q: Do you have a pet extravagance in clothes? 
A: I guess sweaters are my phobia. I can't resist a good-looking one, even though I have many more than I need, probably thirty or thirty-five in all. I never give them up and it is the law around the house that no one touches them.

28—Q: Do twins run in your family? 
A: My brother Ted fathered twins just before ours were born, but they are the only ones in the family history.

29—Q: What feminine characteristic do you dislike most? 
A: Unnecessary argument and talking too much.

30—Q: Who do you think is the most important man in Hollywood? 
(Bing chose the consequences: Write a limerick about a "groaner" named Crosby.)

31—Q: What is your philosophy of life? 
A: Do all the work you have to do and devote the rest of your time to pleasure because, as you grow older, you lose the precious ability to enjoy things.

32—Q: Do you like yourself as a person? 
A: Not very well. I'm too lazy and I don't have the talent I wish I had. I could do with a little more imagination and energy, too.

33—Q: What do you think is your best trait? Your worst? 
A: My best trait, I think, is my sense of humor. I'm a soft audience for any comedian. My worst, which I never have admitted but which people say is true nevertheless, is my refusal to make friends easily and to make any effort to be gay company.

34—Q: Aside from the entertainment field, how could you earn a living? 
A: To be honest, I'd be in a helluva fix. I'm too lazy to do manual labor and too unaggressive for salesmanship or anything like that. My only chance, perhaps, would be a hack writer and I'd probably starve at that.

35—Q: Are you really lazy or is it a publicity gag? 
A: Let's just say I'm plain tired all the time.

36—Q: Could you be happy now on a small income or salary? 
A: Not if I had to circulate in the same company. Otherwise I'm sure I could be perfectly happy on a small ranch or living in a small town under small-town conditions. In other words, I mean money is relatively important to me but luxuries are not.

37—Q: What is your idea of an ideal way to spend a day? 
A: Well, it would be at the Del Mar ranch during racing season. Get up at seven a.m., shoot a few quail, have breakfast, take a swim, play eighteen holes of golf, go to the track, have a fair percentage of winning bets, eat a good dinner at home, go listen to a good dance band for a while and call it a day at eleven p.m. Sure, I still say I'm lazy; the above would be doing what I want to do and therefore fun.

38—Q: What do you notice first in a woman? 
A: Are you kidding? Her eyes—it says here.

39—Q: Do you rebel against routine? 
A: No, it's a swell way to get things done.

40—Q: Which of your own movies is your favorite? 
A: "Sing You Sinners"—because I actually got paid for hanging around a race track.

41—Q: What character quality do you think is most essential in a husband? 
A: Faithfulness.

42—Q: In what way could your personal life be happier? 
A: Only if I didn't have to work. Think of the extra golf I could play!

43—Q: What phase of movie-making irritates you? 
A: The endless and inevitable delays. I like to get things over with so I can get out on that golf course.

44—Q: What is your honest opinion of Hollywood as a whole? 
A: It's a good place to live and just like any other town except maybe everyone is a little more prone to rib things.

45—Q: What kind of entertaining do you prefer? 
A: Casual get-togethers at home where folks drop in and everyone does something toward an impromptu show. It's fun to see the ham in other people as well as yourself.

46—Q: Do you run your home on a budget? 
A: We try to—without too much success.

47—Q: When and where were you married? 
A: In the sacristy of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in Hollywood in 1929.

48—Q: Are you good at spinning yarns? 
A: I think I'm good. Hope disagrees.

49—Q: What is your best dodge in ducking flat questions? 
A: I ask another question.

50—Q: Are you good at remembering names and faces? 
A: Faces, but not names. Usually when I get stuck for a name I say, "Are you still down there?" and try to wrangle a clue from the answer.

51—Q: Does it embarrass you to be stared at in public? 
A: I'm never aware of anyone staring. Usually they holler at me. It's not embarrassing; I like it.

52—Q: Do you lose your temper quickly? 
A: I don't have any temper to lose. In fact, I can't remember ever getting really mad. I used to wrap a few golf clubs around trees when I missed a shot, but that's not losing your temper and, besides, I don't do it any more.

53—Q: Do you prefer brains or beauty in a woman? 
(Bing chose the consequences: Give us a picture showing the Crosby "great lover" technique.)

54—Q: What do you find it hardest to forgive? 
A: Disloyalty.

*The End*
The younger set will call this "dreamy"; their older sisters will tag it "smart"; everyone will want a piqué, come summer, that isn't just another dress. This is it—a June daydreamer worn by Deanna Durbin of Universal "Hers To Hold." The solid black top is sophisticated; the handblocked skirt, patterned in black and white stripes and bows, is colorful. Wear it and you'll look the way you want to look in June.
One linen dress for every summer wardrobe; which one shall it be? If a girl's wise, she chooses one as fresh, as feminine, as this natural Irish linen of Deanna Durbin's. It has an appliqué of bright flowers to set it off and tiny pearl buttons fastening the front and one side of the skirt. Dress designed by Marjorie Montgomery
Sell-out for summer: Monica's Irish rayon tweed suit, brown with a white pin stripe. The piqué vestee and piping are the essential "touch of white"; the suit itself is an inveterate traveler. With it, Deanna wears a beguilingly feminine white fabric Leslie James hat with a brim that casts a shadow of success over every girl's eyes.
Be star-smart and gay as a bride should be in this San-forized printed lawn (left) with green buttons, pleats stitched halfway down, smart green corded belt. Susan Hayward of "Reap The Wild Wind" votes it right into any girl's trousseau as a perfect a.m. to p.m. outfit in all colors on white. Sizes 12-20. About $6.50

Be star-smart and romantic when your first guests come to call in "First Love," a soft Bemberg sheer with white hearts and locks and miniature white polka dots, a little heart-shaped pocket and collar crisp with white organdy. You'll adore it; he'll adore you in it!
In blue, gold, melon and navy. 9-15. About $7.95

Be star-smart and happy as the proverbial lark for your first marketing in this trim woven seersucker with its trick pockets, its discreet short sleeves—which make it a bet for days in town. The hat: A white sailor

Trousseau tip-offs, big hits at little cost—chosen by star Susan Hayward, worn by Connecticut reader Bernice Egan

Be star-smart and beautiful on the best day of all in this exquisite marquisette with its romantic skirt, quaint sleeves, lovely ethereal veil. Practical note: The skirt can be cut off later to give you a daytime "best dress," too.


Be star-smart and just right when you go away in this twopiece suitlike dress of rayon mesh. The half-size is the answer to big girls' prayers! The hat: Off-the-face bonnet.


Be star-smart and up-to-the-minute when you tackle your first batch of dishes in this Sanforized striped pinafore dress that comes, too, in large sizes to make the big girls happy. It has the sanction of the W.P.B. for Victory workers, which, along with its big patch pockets and comfortable wrap-around style, should have you working in the pink.

In red, blue or green stripes—sizes 16-44. In red, blue or green flower print—sizes 12-20. About $2.25.
Look-Alikes

A Who's Who of stars. Can you tell these pairs apart? If you can, you're better than Hollywood's best

The face that made the biggest beauty mark on Hollywood was that of Hedy Lamarr. Newest contender for her title is up-and-coming Inez Cooper, a "spittin' image" model of the dark-haired Austrian. The one on the left is "sister" Cooper; at the right is Hedy

John Payne's profile pays off in feminine sighs. Now James Craig comes along, has a semblance of resemblance to John, ends up being paired off with Payne. At the right is a single-double, with Craig looking like Payne (far right) and Payne looking like Craig

This doubles match pairs up blonde Marjorie Woodworth, a Hollywood New Face, with the late Jean Harlow. Two to one, you can't tell these two apart. At the far left is Marjorie, 1943 edition of the never-to-be-forgotten blonde Harlow
"If Your Man's in Service

DON'T HAVE WAR DATES!

That's what the men say! Their spokesman—John Shelton, husband of Kathryn Grayson

In March Photoplay, Ida Lupino advised that "Wives Should Have War Dates!" From camps everywhere letters like the one below poured in. We set out to see how general this male reaction was. Judge for yourself!
—The Editors

Kathryn Grayson, movie star, who prefers to be Mrs. John Shelton: "I'm going wherever John goes for as long as I can!"

Photoplay-Movie Mirror, New York City, New York

Dear Editor,

Many of us at this post who have been reading the Photoplay have doubts about the article called "Wives Should Have War Dates." We feel it is going a little too far to interfere with the wives of men who have gone away to fight for their country.

So many homes are broken up by wives going out with other fellows. And our article like this has been published the wives of service men will be more likely to do that sort of thing. Therefore, we, the service men of Fort Sheridan, feel such a statement should be condemned and wives be told to feel it is their duty not to go out with other men while their husbands are away fighting to save this a free country for all of us.

Very Respectfully Yours,

Private Dale A. Jeffrey

Fort Sheridan, Illinois

By Roberta Ormiston

signias go with it—is keeping the morale of the Army, Navy, Marines and Air Corps as high as it will be if the men in those services aren't apprehensive about the girls they left behind them.

Officer Candidate John Price (which is Shelton's real name) was looking eloquently at his wife Kathryn Grayson when they were talking in the guest house at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, the Army's largest Signal Corps camp. Across the room three Army wives hailed Kathryn as a comrade, not as a celebrity, the star of Metro's big picture, "Private Miss Jones." In fact only a handful of people at that tremendous post know Kathryn other than as Mrs. John Price. Which isn't at all strange. For that's what she is, above all.

"Johnny," Kathryn said gently, "tell how that boy who was with you at that camp in Missouri went A.W.O.L.

because he was so worried about his wife."

"At first," Johnny answered, "that guy began worrying because he wasn't getting letters as often as he thought he should. Then he began calling his home on the telephone—in the evening when she would have been home if everything was on the up and up. No answer. So he went over the hill. And came back finally to spend six months in the guardhouse.

"This happened to be a case where a wife really had been behaving badly. It was tough on the guy. He began his suit for divorce the same day he stood court-martial. But lots of fellows have a bad time just because their wives or girls go out dancing. Obviously no girl goes dancing alone. Whereupon the imagination of the fellow who is away works overtime.

"Something happens to us in service. We've all the same kind of bug. We don't like civilians any more. It burns us plenty to (Continued on page 66)
The scene is Kalamazoo. Boy meets girl. Boy likes girl. Girl likes boy. He asks for a date. She says "Yes." In the course of time they marry. Have a couple of kids and live happily ever afterwards.

The scene is Hollywood. Boy meets girl. Girl likes boy. Boy likes girl. He, sometimes she, asks for a date. And now the old, but always fascinating, story takes a new twist.

The first time they are seen together in public they will be married off by all the columnists. The first time they kiss, no matter where they are, they will hear a click and see the flash of a photographer. The first time he eyes another woman, or she smiles at another man, they will read all about it with the morning coffee. Every present he buys her, or does not buy her, is broadcast by land and sea. If the girl is more than two years older than the boy, she is called a cradle-snatcher by the editorial writers. If the man is more than ten years senior to the girl he is humiliated by long sermons in the newspapers about how can such a marriage last with nonsubtle hints that she is taking him for his money and position.

This should give you a faint idea why so many Hollywood courtships are nipped in the bud before they can sprout into marriage. Love is a delicate plant at the best of times. It's something you can't rush unless both parties are willing. Roland Young, to give a brief example, was recently smitten by a girl I know. He's a shy old bird, is Roland, with a fear that amounts to a phobia against publicity on his private life. He was falling hard for this girl and she was rehearsing her "Yes" for when he would ask her to marry him. But she made the mistake of dining with him at Chasen's. The next morning their "romance" with interesting details was in the papers—"And I never saw Roland again" the girl moaned some time afterward.

With all the hazards and pitfalls surrounding a courtship in Hollywood it's surprising that some actually do arrive at the altar. Even the ones that do run the danger of widespread publicity. No details, however intimate, are too sacred for the gossipy set, though, until now, they've been hidden from the general public. For instance, all Hollywood knew—and grinned over—the fact that Charles Boyer's proposal to Pat Paterson took place on a Saturday night. All the fancy jewelry stores were closed until Monday morning. But Charles was in a hurry. He
Debunking the old theory
that love in Hollywood is just like love
anywhere else. This is the alarming difference

"That's for me!" said Victor Mature
when he first spotted Rita Hayworth.
Her reaction caused sparks to fly

The way Alice Faye met Phil Harris
was intriguing. The way they didn't
get together was almost disastrous

couldn't wait until Monday to seal his
love with a ring. So they dashed to
Hollywood Boulevard and the million-
dollar screen lover bought his Pat a
dime-store engagement ring.

The columnists saw to it, too, that
Hollywood was completely informed
about all the facts, pleasant and other-
wise, of the Tierney-Cassini courtship.
They knew that Gene and Count
Oleg Cassini met at a party given
by Connie Moore and Johnny Mascii.
They sat together and groaned
about life in general. Oleg asked Gene
for a date so they could do some more
groaning. Gene said that would be
wonderful. Only they didn't groan any
more. From then on it was a case of
fifty percent cooing and fifty percent
fighting. The battles mostly took place
on Rexford Drive, Beverly Hills. One
night the argument overlapped into

Bedford Drive. Oley was so mad he
stopped the car because he couldn't
drive, gesticulate and argue at the same
time. So they parked. The fight ended
with Cassini's proposing to Gene. She
accepted him there and then. After
their marriage, whenever they got into
a fight, they drove through Bedford
Drive. This doesn't happen so often
nowadays because Oley is stationed at
Fort Riley, Kansas, and Gene has to
make pictures here.

But it will be a long while before
Hollywood forgets the quarrels of the
couple. Once they got as far as the
airport to elope but quarrelled and
came back. Another time when Gene
was sick through eating sweets, Oley
showed up with a huge box of candy.
Even when she is well Gene is not ex-
actly mild-tempered. And that time she
hit the ceiling! "How could you bring
me candy," she screamed. "You know I
can't eat candy!" Oley just smiled and
said, "Well—why don't you open it?"
Glares wrathfully, Gene opened the
box and there, under layers and layers
of fancy paper, was her engagement
ring!

Here's the truth about Franchot
Tone's impetuous courtship of Jean
Wallace. They were lunching with a
group of men at the swimming pool
of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. Franchot
was scowling and Jean was wondering
what was the matter. Suddenly Fran-
chot said, "Boys, I wish you'd sit back,
or better still, go to another table. I
want to be with the woman of my
choice—alone." Which is a very dif-
ferent way of proposing. Nowadays
Franchot prefers not to be alone with
Jean. Not that he loves her less, but
he loves his in-laws more. He says the
big house he bought from Robert Montgomery is too small for two people and he generously invited Jean’s mother, sister and brother to live with them.

TWO years ago, Jinx Falkenburg was in New York giving an interview to the boy who wrote the “Only Human” column for the New York Daily Mirror. “Miss Falkenburg,” asked Tex McCrary, “what do you expect to be doing five years from now?” “I expect,” replied Jinx, “to be married, with three children, a swimming pool, a tennis court and a big house.” When Tex wrote his piece he added a facetious P.S. “She wants nothing pretentious!” Jinx was furious and when Tex called her for a date six months ago in New York, she accepted merely to bawl him out. When he proposed—soon after—he promised her three children, a swimming pool, a tennis court and a big house! Tex is now with the American fighting forces in England and, unless he returns here soon, Jinx is going here to marry him.

Alice Faye is still so in love with Phil Harris she can hardly see straight. It was cute the way they met. Alice, tired and weary with make-up after a long day in the studio, went for a bite of dinner to Charlie Foy’s restaurant in the Valley. She was alone, but that’s what she wanted. Phil, who had just finished a long rehearsal and broadcast, dropped in a little later. He, too, was tired and glad to be alone. They sat opposite each other with an occasional stare. Charlie Foy, table-hopping between them, discovered they did not know each other. He introduced them. They talked about food and Phil raved about what a good cook he had and why didn’t Alice come over for dinner some night? Alice said she would. But she’s a shy girl and, when the time came, didn’t show.

Phil began a barrage of calls and one night Alice came to dine, but the man she fell for was not Harris. She fell for his nine-year-old adopted son. She had to leave Hollywood on a vacation to realize that Phil was her man. She rushed back. During the intense courtship, Alice and Phil visited Charlie Foy’s restaurant for sentimental reasons. And had the only spot of their lives!

THE easiest way for boy to meet girl in Hollywood is in a studio. Victor Mature found Rita Hayworth at Twentieth Century-Fox. Tyrone Power was knocked for a loop by pretty Annabella in the same place (in “Suez”). RKO-Radio played cupid for Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz.

It was the first day of shooting on “My Gal Sal.” Miss Hayworth in a costume that showed her figure as mature made it flounce past leading man Mature. Vic stopped in his tracks, whistled and said, “That’s for me!” “You’re a fresh guy, aren’t you?” said Rita in a huff, and for a long while—all right, a few days—confined the love-making strictly to the picture. But you have to be made of ice to resist Vic’s real charm when he is out to get his gal. Rita is now crazy about Vic and they plan to marry after her divorce is final and he can get a wedding furlough from the Coast Guard in which he is now gun captain.

The way Lucille Ball got her man should be a lesson on the subject for every girl who is in love with a male who is not sure he wants to marry.

During her courtship, Desi was in her Hollywood apartment once and casually mentioned that he’d left a book in his car outside. “I’d better get it,” he said lazily (he’d just eaten some of Lucille’s cooking and had that pleasant after-lunch sleepiness). Miss Ball was at the door before he finished his sentence. “You stay where you are, I’ll get it,” she admonished him, and flew on the wings of love to get the book.

Desi was a little afraid of marriage—thought it might hurt his film career. But he succumbed under the soothing influence of Lucille’s constant concern over his slightest need. Lucille, the city girl, Desi, the boy who lived in night clubs, are currently cooing and clucking like a pair of their own poultry on the farm they own in the Valley.

DOLORES READE was singing in a New York night club when Bob Hope strolled in with George Murphy and another man. Bob and George were then working in the hit stage show, “Roberta.” The others had to leave and Bob was alone with Dolores at her table. She thought he was just a chorus boy but he’s invited me to the next matinee of “Roberta.” She was shocked when Bob said he was not in the chorus but one of the leads. They were married a month later.

This marriage is one of the happiest in Hollywood. And we dare you to kid about Bob’s face in her presence, calling him ski-nose, etc. Dolores thinks Bob more than cute. She thinks he’s handsome!

Alexis Smith is as modern as they come in Hollywood—or Kalamazoo. But there’s a real old-fashioned touch to her betrothal to Craig Stevens. After six months of hectic courtship, Craig asked the always popular question, “Will you marry me?” Alexis said “Yes.”

The next day she startled him by saying, “You must ask my father for my hand in marriage.” “But you’ve already said yes,” he reminded her. Alexis insisted and Craig finally agreed to turn the clock back to Grandma’s day. Tremblingly he approached Alexis’s father, asked the same question that he had asked the daughter, received the same reply.

And that’s where the old-fashioned aspect of the Smith-Stevens courtship ended. It has a strictly modern view toward how each other’s friendships for the opposite sex. Craig is now a corporal in the Army and can’t see Alexis so much as he’d like to, but there are no jealousies or petty bickerings over the incidents of his nine-month engagement couples. Craig didn’t even mind when Alexis gave Private Richard Commings a gold identification bracelet inscribed—“With love from Alexis.” And Private Commings is an old beau of hers!

The End
FROM COLLEGE TO WAR INDUSTRY
—Phylis tests tensile strength of fabric for parachute bags, tents, summer uniforms for the armed forces. She is one of 6 college girls being trained in a big Textile Company, to replace young men called to the services.

Phylis Gray

Another charming Pond's engaged girl—daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Henry Gray of Great Neck, New York. Her engagement to Ensign Allen Hughes Jones of Chevy Chase, Md., now with the United States Coast Guard Reserve, was announced September 15th.

PHYLIS AND ALLEN ARE SAILING ENTHUSIASTS: Her blue-green eyes are changeable as the sea. Her soft-smooth Pond's complexion has a delicate, rose-fresh beauty.

HER RING is exquisite—a shining solitaire with 3 smaller diamonds deep set each side in the platinum band.

She's Engaged!
She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

"I GUESS girls all over the country are feeling extra grateful for Pond's these busy days," Phylis says. "A war job certainly doesn't leave you much time for fussy beauty care—so it means a lot to have a luscious, soft-smooth cream like Pond's to help keep your face bright and fresh, and soft-to-touch. It's the grandest cleansing and softening cream I know."

Here's how Phylis uses Pond's for soft-smooth cleansing!
She slips Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat and pats—gently, quickly, to help soften and release dirt and makeup. Then—tissues it off well. She "rinses" with more Pond's for extra cleansing and softening. Tissues off again. "It's a joy," Phylis says, "how made-over my face feels!"

Use Pond's as Phylis does—every night, for daytime clean-ups, too! You'll love it. And you'll soon see why war-busy society beauties like Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont and Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt are Pond's users—why more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream.

At beauty counters everywhere—all sizes popular in price. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money.

"It's no accident so many engaged girls use Pond's!"
**BRIEF REVIEWS**

**AIR FORCE**—Warners: One of the most exciting air pictures ever filmed, with suspense rising with the tension. A daring, unorthodox, but perfect formula, including a number of the exciting moments from the moment it lifts into the air through the Japanese attacks at Pearl Harbor and to the final destruction of the giant warship. It includes a brilliant missile-bomber duel against a Japanese battleship, several moments of peril and tension as well as a few surprises. (April)

**ARMAGEDDON**—Universal: John Wayne, in his role as a war correspondent, returns to the scene of his earlier adventures in China, where he meets up with his old pals and learns of the Japanese invasion of the country. Wayne is ably supported by Red Skelton, who plays the role of a Chinese war correspondent, and Ann Blyth, who plays the role of a young Chinese girl. (April)

**ASHLANDDropDown**—Universal: A Western story of the struggle for power and control between two families, one of which is headed by a powerful warlord, the other by an idealistic peace-loving leader. The story is set in the heart of the Arizona desert, where the two families have long been at odds. The film is directed by John Ford and stars John Wayne, Ann Blyth, and Red Skelton. (April)

**BELLE OF CANTON**—Universal: A story of love and war, set in Canton, China, during World War II. The film is directed by John Ford and stars John Wayne, Ann Blyth, and Red Skelton. (April)

**CRACKED**—Universal: A story of the struggle for power and control between two families, one of which is headed by a powerful warlord, the other by an idealistic peace-loving leader. The story is set in the heart of the Arizona desert, where the two families have long been at odds. The film is directed by John Ford and stars John Wayne, Ann Blyth, and Red Skelton. (April)

**CRYSTAL BALL**—The Cinema Guild U.S.A: A typical Hollywood production, with a plot that is predictable and formulaic. The story is about a group of people who try to predict the future, but their efforts are ultimately unsuccessful. (April)

**FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM**—RKO Radio: A exciting story of a group of people who try to escape from a concentration camp in Germany, but are eventually captured and imprisoned. The film is directed by John Ford and stars John Wayne, Ann Blyth, and Red Skelton. (April)

**SHADOW STAGE**

**SHADOW STAGE** Pictures Reviewed in This Issue

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**Trio coming up in a triumph:** Francis Tombs, Marsha Hunt, Gene Kelly in "Skyway To Glory"
Many expensive luxuries are gone, but the good, basic things remain—richer and more valuable still. The moments we enjoy with intimate friends, the quiet, unhurried hours spent in places we love, these are solid treasures to store in our memory. For millions of Americans their richness is enhanced by another of life’s finer things, a glass of friendly SCHLITZ...truly the beverage of moderation...brewed with just the kiss of the hops, none of the bitterness.

Happy Swallows! 
No bitterness

Just the KISS of the hops...

—all of the delicate hop flavor—none of the bitterness. Once you taste America’s most distinguished beer you’ll never go back to a bitter brew. You’ll always want that famous flavor found only in Schlitz.

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

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
Lush, Latin and Lethal

Maria Montez, of the fabu-

lous clothes, the fabu-

lous temperament, with

her fabulous fiancé, Pierre

Aumont, the Frenchman

who makes all Hollywood

ladies’ hearts beat faster

Lush, Latin and Lethal

From babyhood maria, carrying her nu-

merous names with the courtly grace of the true aristocrat, moved in brilliant circles.

SURROUNDED by splendor, maria was

taught that the small things of life were not for her, the great granddaughter of El Comte Gracia del Aragon. So it was that when she reached Hollywood two years ago, via a diamond-studded route and the Santa Fe, she was interested only in the best. What she got consisted chiefly of a cool spot for her heels, sales talks on private etching collections and Hooveran assurances that prosperity, for good little girls, lay just around the corner in a de luxe motor court.

All this came to pass while she was waiting for an option to be taken up. A talent scout had seen her face on a Mc-

Clelland Barclay drawing and had ferreted her out. She had been given a three months’ optional contract, due to expire at 10 a.m. on an autumn day. The autumn day came and the studio had done nothing. Exactly at 10 a.m. Maria told her lawyer she was proceeding to a rival studio. Her chief complaint at the rival studio, Universal, was that she was being given inferior parts. However, she rejected no roles, nor did she defy authority. Instead, she confounded them all by being punctilious and up in her lines. But this was only until the picture was finished. Once she was through with a role, she let down her hair, plucked off her false eye-

lashes and unloaded.

This explosive quality has, beyond ques-
tion, established her as a personality to be handled with extreme care. Nobody is maliciously cooling her out now. By and large, she is being left pretty much to her own devices, which are many and fre-

quently weird, but never dull.

She is, for example, a devout addict of astrology. She believes implicitly in doing what the stars tell her to do, even in social projects.

Hollywood’s beauty is somewhat eclectic. She can turn it on, or off, at the will of

the make-up department. Her coloring is somewhat of a surprise, but is accounted for by the fact that her mother was half Dutch. Senora Gracia was red-haired and fair, with hazel eyes, hence Maria’s similar coloring.

The name, Montez, was an inspiration. She had read the biography of Lola Montez, that dynamic beauty of history, and decided that what Lola hadn’t done to distinguish the good old Iberian name of Montez, she would.

Our heroine filed the Montez name in the back of her cunning little noggin and waited for the propitious hour to don it publicly. This came when, after two years of absorbing culture in a convent on the Canary Islands, she decided to run away.

In the course of her subsequent travels she met up with one William Gourley MacFeeters. MacFeeters was handsome, suave, debonair and somewhat elderly. By the time Maria was seventeen and a half years old he had interested her and her family in his large, aquiline bank account and his several plantations. On the day that Maria became exactly seventeen years and six months old, she married Mac-

Feeters with high ceremony.

It wasn’t long before life with the forty-

year-old MacFeeters grew troublesome and two years after the marriage they sep-

arated. She obtained a divorce last year, but it is not yet final, international com-

plications having kept it suspended. This state of affairs she regarded as particularly unfortunate since she was by then in love with an Englishman. The beloved was an R.A.F. officer, of course. He could scarcely have been less and have done jus-
tice to Maria’s idea of the fitness of things.

When he was reported to have been taken prisoner in Germany, certain of the local wiseacres opined that he was probably a figment of the colorful Montez imagination. This statement Maria hotly contended.

However, the two schools of thought have now vanished in thin air with the announcement of her engagement to the fascinating young French actor, Pierre Aumont, new star on the M-G-M horizon in “Assignment In Brittany.” The be-

trothal followed hot on the heels of a meeting at “21” in New York not so long ago. It was there the sparks began to fly. They continued to fly all the way across the continent and after the two arrived in Hollywood “I sink,” said Maria with becoming mod-

esty, “he has a leetl crush on me.”

This time no one can accuse the lady of exaggeration in the face of the recent announcement of their engagement. Wed-

 ding plans, however, must of necessity be a little vague at this point since Aumont, who has signed up with the Free French, will be away for some time, returning to fight with his compatriots.

MARIA owns the most baroque collec-
tion of aquamarines and topazes on the West coast and often uses them for per-

sonal adornment. A topaz that would re-

semble the family door of a cocktail bar on whose side lies a moss on Maria, probably because she’s accustomed to big things and wears them in a big way.

In dress, she likes white and prefers gowns that are inclined to be snug around the brisket, a choice approved by the males. Only Hedda Hopper, the columnist, rivals her in the field of her millinery, al-

though Carmen Miranda frequently con-

trives a more complicated effect.

No woman in Hollywood, or anywhere else, gets for that matter, a better sort of entrances Montez. It might be said of her that she doesn’t enter a room, she walks it. She is credited with having a perfectly magnificent night-clout record in this specialty when she made five separate and distinct entrances at Ciro’s within an elapsed time of fifty-

two minutes.

She is extremely good-natured when she isn’t being coo-ed out, or suspecting she is, and accepts jibes at her admitted apprecia-

tion of public notice in a merry spirit.

One noontime she was the com-

missary in a black and white ensemble that fairly permeated the premises.

“Where was Mrs. Astor today?” a casual player inquired later of Maria’s luncheon escort.

“Mrs. Astor?” The luncheon partner nibbled like a carp.

“Yes,” purred the casual player. “I saw you had her horse out.”

Maria thought this was very funny and said so. In fact, she said, “I wish I sink of something funny like that myself.”

MARIA’S progress in pictures was grad-

ual, if noisy. She began her Holly-

wood career with the In-

visible Woman,” worked the same shift in “Boss Of Bullion City,” moved up a bit in line in “That Night In Rio” and then showed her medals and other investing assets in “Moonlight In Hawaii.” After this came “Raiders Of The Desert,” “Bombay Clipper,” “Mystery Of Marie Roget” and a second opportunity to display one of the world’s most provocative toros, “South Of Tahiti.”

Thus, after this training period, she was finally, in late summer of 1942, pronounced ready for Scherazade and “Arabian Nights,” with the results mentioned here-

in.

Although it established her as a star, ac-

cording to the critics who draw money for knowing about these things, “Arabian Nights” left something to be desired insofar as Maria, personally, not professionally, was concerned. “There wasn’t enough loff in it,” she says wisfulty. “I do not heff enough keessing.”

But as to “White Savage,” her latest vehicle, “Ziss is motch better,” she said.

“I keess motch and when I am not keessing, I am keessing my body, y’know.”

In closing, we feel obliged to report that Maria is one of nine children. None of the others is like her. This would have been a little too much.

The End.
something to remember...
you looking like a dream in a slimming, trimming, smoothing Jantzen Velva-lure knitted to go in and out of water with glamour, strategically pretty as a picture because that's the way he wants to see you.

COQUETTE
with white daisies 6.95
cap to match 1.00

ENSENADA
leaf-patterned, dreamy 8.95

Jantzen

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS
PORTLAND, OREGON . VANCOUVER, CANADA
"Don’t Have War Dates!"

(Continued from page 57) think there still are fellows who have enough time and money to get around and make themselves charming to someone we have the right to be with . . .

To realize how important home and the woman—mother or sweetheart or wife—who represents home is to any fellow, just visit a service club of an evening," Johnny continued, his hand on Kathryn’s shoulder. "Here at Monmouth where the telephones are up on a balcony the line waiting for the phones reaches around the balcony and down the stairs. Every conversation you hear is practically the same: ‘Hello, Baby, how are you?’ What have you been doing? Do you still love me? You can tell—every time—by the expression on the face pressed to the telephone where the voice on the other end of the wire is saying.

’It’s probably okay for some wives and sweethearts to have war dates when their men are away. Some fellows don’t mind, I suppose. But the majority do mind, terribly. I know, for instance, that the only thing in the world that ever could make me go A.W.O.L. would be concern about Kathryn.’

He looked down at her close beside him, her blatanly beautiful. He pressed her hand. “Since Kathryn’s been here I’ve been much happier, much more content,” he said. “Which makes me a better soldier, a better student.”

“It’s so wonderful to be here—so we can be together as much as possible,” she said. “Everything else seems unreal and far away. It’s only two months since I gave up our furnished house in Brentwood, had my piano crated for an indefinite stay in a warehouse and packed Johnny’s civilian clothes in moth bags for storage. But it seems years ago.”

At first Kathryn lived alone in a house at Asbury Park. Asbury was desolate and lonely, with its lights blacked out since it was discovered they helped submarines spot ships passing out to sea.

“You can’t stay here alone like this,” a Metro emissary who brought her out from New York insisted. She laughed at him. “If I don’t mind, why should you?” she asked. And she stayed too. She stayed until Johnny’s lieutenant and his wife, who is expecting a baby, urged her to share their little apartment at Deal Beach. Deal, several miles closer to Monmouth, was naturally her choice.

“Our apartment is like every furnished apartment in the world—only worse,” Kathryn said laughing. “But we have fun. Under the circumstances, I do the fetching and carrying. The cooking too. Johnny, who’s a wonderful cook, taught me. Often I also do the dishes—not because they’re my stunt but because I rather like doing dishes; it gives you time to think.

“But even if I didn’t like to putter around a house it wouldn’t matter,” she went on, “as long as it meant I could be near Johnny and we could see each other for a few hours every day. I’m going wherever he goes for as long as I can. And if he goes overseas I’ll try to find some work on the other side I can do—maybe a job on the other side of the world with him, anyway. Time enough to think about my singing and my career when this is over.”

She doesn’t swish around in any grand manner. Like dozens of other Army wives on the post she wears sweaters, big enough to afford the approved sloppy look. Between the hours when she can be with Johnny she takes a little time to shop or returns to the little apartment she shares with the lieutenant and his wife to do some mending or her laundry and Johnny’s sole irritations that are bound to occur occasionally in everyday life together are all forgotten by the men in service when they’re away from her. The more we worry about the wife or sweetheart at home the more we feel a need of her. And the more we worry lest someone else take her from us.

“I know,” he said, “that it isn’t possible for the wives and sweethearts of the millions of men in service to be with them—as Kathryn is with me for these few months. But every last man in town is entitled to know that his girl is waiting—and not going out with anyone else, if that’s the way he wants it and if that’s the way he’s going to continue as the happiest human being and the best soldier!”

The End
China
(Continued from page 40) that load I'd
never make it!"
"You haven't any feelings at all!" cried
Carolyn. "All right, go on!"
"Now
"That's better," smiled Jones.

come

along."

Carolyn turned her back. "No. I'll take
my chance with the others."
The girl's stubbornness stirred Jones
into a flash of anger.
"Wake up!" he said.

"This is me, Jones,
dishing out good, common horse-sense to
a screwball dame. For Pete's sake, hop off
that pink cloud you're on and let's get out
of here!"

Carolyn was adamant.
"Listen, Miss Brent. I'm giving you your
last chance! The way you go on, anybody'd
think it was our war!"
"It is!"

"Listen again, Joan of Arc," Jones said
angrily. "My business is selling oil. If the
Chinese want it, I sell it to them. If the

Japs want

want

it,

I

them. And if they
each other, that's their

sell it to

to annihilate

business!"

Carolyn's voice shook with anger. "You
should be thoroughly ashamed of yourself,
Mr. Jones. Now, please go."
Jones' good-looking features went hard.

He shrugged
front

of

Johnny,

his shoulders,

truck

the
let's

and

walked

to the

"C'mon,

said,

get rolling."

a vague figure detached
AT that moment
from the side of the road and
itself

forward in a faint. Impulsively, Jones
rushed to her side with a flashlight. It was
a lovely Chinese girl.
Carolyn gasped, "Tan Ying!" She started
working over her frantically.
fell

"Why,

she's a

young

girl!"

Johnny was

Jones looked up.
He ran his
flashlight along the faces of the group.
Huddled together were the twenty girls,
some very lovely, all of them frozen and
exhausted ... all of them glaring at him.
"Who are they?" Jones asked Carolyn.
saying.

"Some of my students."
"You knew they were in my truck?"
"I put them there," said Carolyn, quietly.

Jones was about

to reply

when

a

power-

beam of light flashed along the bend,
followed by the roar of a motorcycle. As
it approached the truck, they saw it was a
Chinese Army dispatch rider. He shouted
son ? words without stopping.
Carolyn's face turned white.
"What's the matter?" asked Jones.
"The Japs have taken Mei-ki. Their
patrols are already on the road."
Jones watched as she tenderly helped
the ill Chinese girl to her feet.
A deep
silence enveloped them. Then, out of it,
in slightly clipped English:
"Mr. Jones,
ful

-

sir!"

Jones turned, stared into the barrel of a
pistol, then into the, face of Lin
Wei. It was wreathed in smiles.
"Please to get into truck with all the
others or you must excuse me if I blow
your head off."
Jones saw he meant business. Sheep-

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women's hands.
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"Well,

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my own housework
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laundry.

I

And

I

know

never had any of these hand prob-

lems ...

I

think American

women

can

liPi^

have the best soap in the world.

all

dawn

he said
"Get that thing

I

rough hands. Or some other woman's ugly hands.

Let's get going!"

the truck suddenly
skidded to a stop in front of a clumsy
Chinese wagon, laden with straw and
drawn by two buffaloes. A wheel was
missing and the wagon was staggered
crossways in the road. Jones, angered by
the delay, jumped out and strode over to
the two young farmers standing helplessly by.
"All right!"

been

fuss recently about

Mauser

ishly

there's

Maybe I'm

And

just lucky.

sensible. I always use

Fels-Naptha Soap.

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP_banishes

Tattle-Tale Gray"

the road!"
(M


Lin Cho, tall, lean and steely-eyed, looked Jones over carefully. Then de-
liberately, he turned to Lin Wei who had come up. "Who is this—gentleman?"

"An American," answered Lin Wei, 
who sells oil. Some of our women are 
riding in his truck."

Lin Cho stared at Jones coldly. 
"This isn't a good road for you to travel," he said in clipped English.

"Yeah? Why?"

"Ten miles from here Japanese troops 
are advancing from Shanghai."

"How do you know?" demanded Jones.

"It's my business to know and there are 
enemy patrols behind you."

"So what? I've got a pass." 
Again Lin Cho gave him a disconcerting 
stare, as Carolyn joined them.

"You have Chinese girls in your truck," said Lin Cho. "What about them? They 
have no passes."

"That my headache," Jones said shortly. 
"I'll think of something. . . ."

At that moment a burst of machine-gun 
fire and the roar of a speeding truck were 
heard in the distance. Calmly Lin Cho 
said, "It's the enemy. Go quickly. Do as 
he says," nodding toward Lin Wei.

They rushed back to the truck. Lin 
Wei this time sitting on the running board.

As the truck pulled out, the heads of all 
the Chinese girls could be seen gazing 
admiringly after Lin Cho. Especially Tan 
Ying, a pretty, eager-looking girl of nine-
teen. She watched his retreating figure 
as she saw what he was doing. For in his 
hand he had a bottle filled with liquid. 

And Tan Ying knew that the bottle, thrown 
at the proper moment, would completely 
oblitrate the oncoming truck and all 
it's enemy occupants. She knew, also, 
that "farmers" all through China were 
doing the same thing to the arrogant 
Japanese.

Jones leaned out towards Lin Wei. "You 
know those guys?"

"Yes sir," Lin Wei's face was wreathed 
in smiles. "They are my first and second 
brothers."

They heard the remote sound of an ex-
losion and the following clatter of ma-
chine-gun fire. Lin Wei beamed more 
than ever. He knew that meant one less 
enemy truck.

Suddenly, from inside the truck Jones 
heard the anguished cry of a baby. 
Johnny's face appeared. His eyes, listen, boss. 
Miss Brent says Donald Duck—"

"Who?"

"The baby. We named it him. Any-
way, Miss Brent says it needs milk and 
Tan Ying's folks have a farm near here—
and a cow."

Jones shrugged his shoulders with resig-
nation. "Okay. Where is it?" he said.

THE frightened faces of the old farmer 
and his wife relaxed as Tan Ying jumped 
out of the truck turned to Lin Wei who were 
still there. Lin Wei, Carolyn and Jones 
got stiffly on. Carolyn held Johnny back. She wanted 
to speak to him alone. Johnny beamed. Anything 
for Miss Brent!"

"Mr. Sparrow, could you help me per-
suade Mr. Jones to take us to Chungtu?"

Johnny gave her a startled look. "Gosh, 
Miss Brent, that's a seven-day hitch! And 
Miss Brent, Mr. Jones?"

"Oh, couldn't we talk him into it?"

"Well, it's like wrestlin' a mule. But if 
anybody could do it, you could. Get me?"

Carolyn nodded solemnly. 
"Yes, Mr. Sparrow. I get you."

While Donald and a truck very much the 
spoiled darling of the household, was being 
fed, Carolyn was carefully explaining her 
plan to Jones and the others. Drawing a 
small map, she showed him how one 
road led to Shanghai, now occupied by 
the Japanese. The other, after seven 

days, would bring them to an old temple 
in Chungtu, where the girls could carry on 
their work without danger from Japs or 
their bombs.

Jones was furious at being put on the 
spot. He explained his appointment in 
Shanghai. He would take them as far as the 
fork in the road but Chungtu was definitely 
off limits. Carolyn faced him squarely. "Mr. Jones, 
you have an appointment in Shanghai. How 
important it is, I don't know. But these 
girls have an appointment in Chungtu. And 
their appointment involves the des-

tiny of China. . . ." Jones started to inter-
rupt, but Carolyn silenced him. "And 
their job is to educate millions of Chinese, 
to teach them how, working together, they 
can help toward the building of a free 
China. We've got to help them!"

Jones lit a cigarette speculatively. He 
started on the run, inclining deeply, tossed 
the burnt match at her feet. Carolyn 
glared at him and turned away. Well, the 
don't do with them all, he thought. Trying 
to show him into being an errand boy for 
them! He had his own destiny to work out 
and it had nothing to do with China!

OUTSIDE, near the barn, Jones dis-
covered a pool hidden by several bushes 
and trees. He brought out his shaving kit, 
took a quick dip and started to shave be-
hind one of the clumps of bushes. With 
his sense of well-being definitely 
improved, he was singing the little song 
softly to himself. He could hear the sound 
of splashing in the pool and the voices of 
the Chinese girls commenting on him in 
distinctly unflattering terms.

Jones stepped deeper into the shrubbery, 
hoping they wouldn't see him, but Tan 
Ying spied him and approached shyly.

"Mr. Jones, when are you going to kiss 
Miss Carolyn?" she asked naively.

His face unexpectedly broke into a grin, 
"Am I supposed to?"

"Oh, yes," the girl answered. "In Amer-
ican films, men always shoot people and 
kiss girls." Her laughter trailed back to 
him as she ran away.

His eyes were mildly speculative as he 
clenched his shaving kit and started toward 
the truck. Suddenly he was arrested by 
sounds of masculine voices in song. March-
ing toward him was a column of men 
with rifles and machine guns swung across 
their shoulders. They were all young, 
bronzed and tough. Johnny and Carolyn 
came toward him.

"Well, Donald, of an outfit's that?" Jones 
asked Carolyn.

"Guerrilla fighters," Carolyn said proudly.

"They look tough," Johnny concurred.

"What are they singing?"

"Dig ditches, build the roads! Blood and 

sweat we gladly give. For a China free 
and a China wise.

At the head of the guerrillas was Lin 
Cho, looking every inch the leader.

After they had passed Jones called out 
that he was leaving. For Shanghai! Any-

ATTENTION, AUTOGRAPH HOUNDS—Next Month!

Don't miss the life of an autograph hound, Virginia Weidler. It's 
by the author of "The Youngest Profession," Virginia's new pic-
ture that's based on the delightful stories published in Photoplay.
one who wanted a two-day lift to the fork in the road could come along. "And make it snappy," he added.

Carolyn looked at the girls, at Johnny, at Lin Wei—and shrugged her shoulders. "I guess we'd better go along," she said, quizzically.

As they all piled in, there were sudden tears in the eyes of old Tai Shen, the farmer's wife. She had fallen in love with Donald Duck. They were taking her daughter Tan Ying. Couldn't they leave Donald to her and her husband?

Carolyn looked dubious. "Do you think it's safe—with the Japs coming?"

Tai Shen looked astonished. "Who but wild animals would hurt such a small one?" she asked.

Johnny spoke quietly. "Maybe it's better, Miss Brent. If we take Donald, we've got to take the cow."

So it was decided, and among tears and farewells they were off. Jones and Carolyn rode in front, the others in back. As they started climbing the mountainous road, Carolyn leaned back, very tired.

Several hours later she awoke. Reaching for her bag, she examined herself in the mirror.

"Heavens! I look awful!" she cried, as she started applying lipstick.

Jones stared at her.

"You using lipstick is like a traffic cop powdering his nose!"

"Oh, is that so?" Carolyn bristled. "Well, now that I think of it, I had a parrot like you once. The most obstinate, stubborn, bad-tempered bird I've ever seen. I tried everything sweet, but to no avail. However, I finally managed to cure him."

"Yeah? How?"

"I wrung his neck!"

Carolyn looked at Jones slyly. He gave her a baleful glance. Suddenly she started to giggle. In spite of himself, Jones did the same, until soon they were laughing uproariously. As Carolyn caught Jones's eye, something in his expression made her turn away quickly. It made her feel warm and tingly inside. A strange feeling, she thought, for someone you—hate.

In the back of the truck, nineteen girls were trying to reason with Tan Ying. For hours she had been fighting something within herself. Now she was determined to fight it no longer. She was going home! The thought of her aged parents alone with only Donald Duck for companionship and comfort was too much. The girls saw the condition of the farm, didn't they? It was run down for want of strong, young hands. They had no son—only her! She had to go back. And the girls weren't to tell Miss Brent. She didn't want her disturbed.

Before anyone could stop her, Tan Ying jumped off the truck. With tears in their eyes, the girls waved until the pathetic picture of Tan walking in the dusty road was out of sight.

Up front Jones was saying, "Well, don't try to recruit me! The Japs have always been good business and you can't expect me to hate them for that. Matter of fact, I've got some pretty good Jap friends in Tokyo."

Carolyn just looked at him as Johnny stuck his head through the canvas flap.

"Hey, boss! There's a Jap plane in back of us—down the road a way."

Carolyn cried urgently, "Stop the truck!"

And to the occupants in the rear, "Everyone out! Get off the road! Scatter and lie down!" She turned to Jones. "You, too!"

They threw themselves against the available rocks, which seemed to vibrate under the terrific impact of the roaring, screaming plane. They could see the

---

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**ALL-PURPOSE CREAM... FOR ALL SKIN TYPES**

FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

---

* BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS *

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69
Wein in hundred girl quick, right-hand fantastic "Mr. group.' lev dry studios. 'It's HOLLYWOOD CREAM We appearing Paramount Cream cream. Just stars really up stars We marvelous six try any the country—TNOL FOUNDATION powder— 25c' Paramount stays the make— the skin— like defense Wall) movie the seat as the small indolence, the plane, its shadow racing ahead of it on the road like a fantastic bird, was heading directly for the truck. Suddenly, from behind a pile of rock near them, they heard the staccato bark of a heavy machine gun. A split-second later, the fighter plane burst into flames; smoke trailed behind it like a black plume.

Jones and the others watched in amazement as the plane dipped into a shallow dive, spinning on its belly and exploding about a hundred yards away from them, lighting up the terrain with its flames. Simultaneously, a group of camouflaged, steel-helmeted men could be seen running toward the wreckage.

Jones followed. In the group of guerrillas was Lin Cho. "You boys shoot that down?" Jones asked with a grin. "He did," someone said, pointing to Lin Cho. "You did all right, brother," Jones grinned, handing him a cigar.

Suddenly Carolyn rushed up. "Mr. Jones, we've got to go back! The girls just told me Tan Ying has gone home. We've got to get her!" "Well," said Jones. "What's wrong with her going home, if that's what she wants? But you don't understand! The Japs may get there. You don't know what that means!" "You left the baby there, didn't you?" "But Tan Ying's a girl—and lovely! Don't you see? We've got to go back!" "Well, if you think I'm going back every time one of your girls is missed, you're crazy!"

Now Johnny Sparrow spoke up. "Boss, with or without your okay, we're going." Jones whirled. "You're going! The devil you are. Give me those keys!" Johnny rushed to the truck and reached the seat just as Jones started in. Johnny spread his palm, pushed it in Jones's face and sent him sprawling. Jones got up and came after him. Johnny hopped out and landed a wild haymaker on Jones's chin. In a second, Jones was back, wading in and slugging cleverly. A left, a right, then a pile-driver punch to the jaw, and Johnny was lying at his feet. Johnny looked up and smiled at Carolyn ruefully. "What did I tell you? Isn't he terrific?" he asked, rubbing his chin.

Jones looked at him and massaged his knuckles. "I was going anyway," he muttered. "That clip on your chin was for opening your big mouth."

As he got into the driver's seat, Carolyn jumped in. "Hey, where do you think you're going? You stay here with the girls."

"No," cried Carolyn. "Tan Ying's my responsibility!"

Briefly his eyes studied her with accustomed warmth. Then he started the motor just as Lin Cho came up to the truck. Handling Jones his machine gun, he said, "You may not need it, but you can always shoot wild geese."

A T THE farm, Tan Ying had wasted not a moment getting to work. Balanced on her shoulders was a long bamboo stick from which buckets of water were suspended at either end. Chang Teh, her father, sat at the barn, milking the cow.

Suddenly the sound of motorcycles brought him to his feet. He watched, with cold numbness, the three young Japanese dismount, unslinging their machine guns and come toward him.

Chang Teh forced a smile. The three soldiers smiled in turn. Simultaneously, with a quick, sustained gesture, one of the solders detached a hand grenade, jerked out the pin with his teeth and tossed it in a high arc. It entered the barn, rolled beneath the cow and exploded with a deafening roar. There was a geyser of debris, smoke and flame and the heavy straw became ignited, spewing up thick smoke in the morning air.

Chang Teh stared in horror at the brutal devastation. Great tears filled his eye. He looked toward the fliers with a helpless gesture. Still smiling, one of them squeezed the trigger of his machine gun. They were two quick bursts and Chang Teh fell in a pool of blood and milk.

With mild curiosity, the soldiers noticed old Tai Shen standing in the doorway, too stunned to move. Donald Duck was in his arms. Beside her, petrified with fear, was Tan Ying. . . .

New trick for old tires gets the smiling okay of Joan Crawford and husband Phil Terry. "Recapping," a preservation process, should be done while tires are still not too worn, will give you more mileage, more bravos from the U. S.
A
S
the
truck
carrying
Carolyn
and
Jones
climbed
to
the
rocky
crest
of
the
divide
overlooking
the
valley
where
Tan
Ying
lived,
she
saw
black
smoke
spiraling
up
in
the
direction
of
the
farm.
Their
eyes
met
in
a
single
unspoken
look.
Jones’s
face
was
tensed
as
he
jammed
his
foot
on
the
accelerator,
the
truck
down
the
tortuous
to
the
plain
below.
As
they
reached
the
turn
of
the
farm
house,
he
cut
the
ignition.

“I
want
to
go
in
quietly,”
he
explained,

“just
in
case...”
He
hopped
out.
Carolyn
followed.

“Get
back
in
the
car.”

“No.”
Carolyn’s
chin
was
set.
Her
eyes
blazed.
“I’m
coming
with
you.”
Jones
saw
the
futility
of
argument.
He
shrugged,
reached
into
the
cab
and
pulled
out
the
Mauser
pistol.
He
handed
it
to
her.

“Have
you
ever
handled
one
of
these?”

“Yes.”

“Come
on,
then.
And
stay
close.”
She
obeyed.

With
his
submachine
gun
in
the
crook
of
his
left
arm,
Carolyn
crept
stealthily
toward
the
house.
Just
ahead
of
Carolyn,
he
saw
the
stench
of
the
dead
farmer.
He
tried
to
stop
her
but
she
was
too
quick
for
him.
He
saw
the
horror
in
her
face,
but
no
sign
of
faltering.
Together
together
he
approached
the
doorway.
Where
were
the
bodies
of
Tai
Shen
and
Donald
Duck?
Carolyn
uttered
a
soft
cry.
Jones
reached
for
her
arm.

“Steady—steady,”
he
murmured.
Carolyn
drew
a
deep
breath.

“I’m
all
right,”
she
said,
between
clenched
teeth.

F
ROM
the
interior
came
a
piercing
scream.
Carolyn
and
Jones
froze,
thenshocked
in
the
direction
of
the
sound.
Leaning
against
the
wall
in
the
meager
living
room
were
the
submachine
guns
of
the
Jap
soldiers.
On
the
table
were
their
steel
helmets.

Emerging
from
an
inner
room,
the
three
startled
monkey-faced
men
saw
Jones
and
Carolyn.
Little
treacherous
grins
of
nervousness
twisted
their
lips
as
Jones
pulled
his
machine
gun.

“All
right—over
against
the
wall!”
Jones
ordered
between
his
teeth.
Carolyn
looked
at
him,
wondering,
waiting
for
the
answer
to
some
questions
she
had
been
asking
herself,
questions
strangely
and
suddenly
important
to
her.
He
made
a
gesture
toward
the
inner
room.
Tan
Ying.

Of
course,
Tan
Ying.
She
ran
toward
the
room,
his
heart
heavy
with
foreboding.

One
of
the
soldiers
spoke:
“Please—you
are
English?”

A
hard
smile
froze
on
Jones’s
lips:

“American,”
he
said.

With
evident
relief,
the
Jap
grinned,
nodded
to
the
others.

With
their
nervous,

tickling

chuckle
filled
the
silence.

Then
please,”
said
the
talkative
Jap,

“everything
all
right?
Japanese
and
Americans
are
friends.
Yes?”

“Yeah—sure,”
said
Jones
softly.

He
kept
waiting
for
a
sound
from
the
other
room.
He
tried
to
shake
off
that
feeling
of
despair
concern,
that
sense
of
sudden
being
a
part
of
something.
It
was
all
tied
up
very
tightly
with
this
Carolyn
dame
who
had
somehow
opened
a
room
in
him
that
had
been
empty
for
years,
maybe
all
his
life.
He
looked
at
the
little
evil
eyes
of
the
Japs
before
him.
With
a
curious
smile,
a
faraway
look
in
his
eyes,
his
finger
tightened
on
the
trigger.

A
war
could
never
disturb
Jones—but
a
woman
could.
Especially
a
woman
as
daring
as
Carolyn
Brent.
For
the
surprising
conclusion
of
this
moving
love
story
See
July
Photoplay—Movie
Mirror
My Wartime Honeymoon

A DAY or two before Tommy and I were to be married I learned we girls were scheduled to leave for North Africa at five o'clock on my wedding afternoon. But, to prove every cloud does have a silver lining, weather conditions postponed our flight. Tommy and I had two days in London together.

Later, learning it was ceiling zero everywhere around, Tommy rushed down to our embarkation base. Two hours after he arrived we took off. It was then, without saying a word to anyone, that I promised myself I would get back to England before I returned to the U. S. A. some way, somehow.

Everyone who hears how Kay and Martha and Mitzi and I spent weeks together on tour, sharing uncomfortable accommodations, sometimes under the strain of danger, suspects we aren't the friends we were when we started out. They're wrong. Strangely enough, we're even better friends.

We owe this to a system we worked out. Once every week we held an open meeting. At this time we agreed to register any complaint or grievance while we could still do it in a friendly way, before rancor or bitterness had raised its destructive head. "What do I do that gets on your nerves?" I asked, opening the first meeting.

Kay, bless her, told me right off—and started all of us being equally truthful. "If you sing once more as we walk into a place . . ." she threatened. I hadn't known I was singing under my breath much of the time. But after that I watched myself—plenty!

For sweaters and Patricia Morison's advice I'll be forever grateful. It was Pat who suggested sweaters comprise the major part of the fifty-three pounds of luggage, including the weight of the luggage itself, which I was allowed. Patricia, just back from England as we were leaving, said, "The boys are fed up with uniforms, you know. And you can't take anything which needs cleaning or laundry. So, you take—in a word—sweaters!"

I wouldn't have made Africa if it hadn't been for the sweaters I took because after our tour of the British Isles my one evening dress was broken.

The boys were so nuts about evening gowns and silk stockings and perfume—and we had such a limited supply of them—that we saved what we had for our shows.

Africa wasn't any bed of roses, but we hadn't expected it would be. We had no hot water to shampoo our hair, for one thing. I could manage my pompadour well enough, sans shampoo; but my back hair I hunked into a snood. Above
all, we tried to look pretty as possible for the boys. And there never was a moment when we weren’t glad we had gone.

The boys at the African front need entertainment badly. There are no cafes or dancing places, few movies, theaters are tabu because of the danger of disease and all service men are obliged to be off the streets when the curfew sounds. At the sight of Kay, Mitzi, Martha and me riding in a jeep the boys—they didn’t know we were coming to Africa—stood open-mouthed. They couldn’t believe they were seeing women with white faces wearing civilian clothes.

ALWAYS, of course, I was thinking of Tommy. Always I was pleading with the authorities to permit me to return to England for a week or two when the tour was over.

While I was in Africa Tommy and I were not able to communicate with each other in any way. I did write him once or twice and he wrote to our California address. But telephones and cables weren’t available.

Because of Tommy I had a more personal interest in the boys—their morale—the conditions under which they lived. And there’s one score on which I want to reassure everyone. Our boys in Africa are being well fed. I saw them devouring butter and peanut butter and jams. They deserve these “extras” and more.

The boys like romantic songs of five to eight years ago. “White Christmas,” too, is a great favorite and when they want anything they let you know it a thousand voices strong. “Take It Off,” really “Strip Poker,” is another song they adore. And in a fox-hole one night in Africa we all did rather well with “A Long Way to Tipperary.”

“What,” everyone asks, “is the outstanding impression you have about our boys over there?” The answer is easy. None of the boys would come home before it’s over if he were given the chance, irrespective of how much he misses those he loves back home. At a hospital in England I talked to an American who had had half of his nose shot away. He was frantic because he was being ordered back home for plastic surgery. “Time enough to patch up faces when this thing is over,” he protested. And that’s the way they all feel. At last the word I’d been pleading for came—I could have two weeks in England before returning to the United States. I’ve never seen anything more beautiful than the plane which took me to England and Tommy. As it stood there on the field it seemed like some wonderful bird in some wonderful fairy story.

The instant I stepped out on English soil I telephoned Tommy, of course. I ran for the telephones the way the African natives run for the shelters when the air raid blows. You can’t run faster than that.

Tommy was out flying—somewhere up in the wild blue yonder—but I left word for him to call me at the Savoy and started up London.

“How did you ever manage to get back?” he asked over and over when he came to the hotel that night. “I didn’t even dare dream you might make it.”

“The authorities in North Africa are in a state of collapse,” I told him. “They would have moved heaven and earth to get rid of me after the barrage of arguing and pleading I let loose.

That night we went dancing at the 400 Club. Much of the time, however, we just sat across the little lamp-lit table staring at each other.

In fragments we did manage to talk practically and decide I must move out to a little guest house near Tommy’s base. He would be busy, of course, but this way we could be together those nights he wasn’t working.

It was a sweet place. I loved our little room. And I think during the two weeks we lived there we struck down roots that will hold us fast whatever the years may bring. They weren’t any ordinary two weeks. I always kissed Tommy good-by believing he would be safe but aware he might not be. At first when he was flying I tried to count the planes as they went out and as they came back.

I never became very adept at this, however, and after a few days abandoned the practice. It seemed sheer wicked waste to shadow our happiness with unnecessary fears.

SOMETIMES Tommy got off early and we took the tube into London—went to a movie, had tea in an ABC shop, or walked in Hyde Park. It’s thrilling to be in love in London. You feel part of a great human river flowing through the years.

At other times Tommy and I would walk through the blacked-out country around his airbase to a little “pub” and talk and talk, bridging the rest of the war and planning how we would live and what we would do finally back home in Southern California.

Our two weeks together went swiftly, as swiftly as time always goes when you’re terribly happy.

“The next plane I shoot down will be for you,” Tommy told me when I was leaving and once again we were saying good-by.

But wait till you see me with my Tommy—when the boys come flying home!

The End.
Brief Reviews

Bonita Granville, and carries them through the control of New Order versus human decency. Both Tim and Bertha give good account of themselves in the tragic ending. (April)

HI YA, CHUM—Universal: Trekkin westward is a mery little party of small-time vaudevolians, the Rust Brothers and a sister team, Jane Prince and June Clyde. The girls keep on helping the Ritz out of the trouble they always get into. Robert Paige is the romantic lead. (May)

HOV'S ABOUT IT—Universal: The Andrews sisters play elevator operators who yearn to be heard before an audience—and will we say all their ears come true? Another little plot involving a suit against songwriter Robert Humprey (played by Grace McDonald) becomes acted by wanders around among the Andrews. Buddy Rich's band plays sweet music and Mary Wickes is cute as a secretary. (May)

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

VICE CAPADES REVUE—Republic: Thrills on ice, with Ellen Drew a farmer girl who inherits her uncle's ice show and starts injecting new life into the performance. Several of the skating numbers are terrific. The romantic parts are handled by Vera Vague and Jerry Colonna furnish the nonsensical, and skaters Vera and Art Topping, Trudy Lynn and Phil Taylor provide the thrills. (Mar.)

JOHNNY DOUGHERTY—Republic: Jane Withers plays a dual role in this—a movie star tired of being cast as a bimbo, and a small-time gambler called Nick. When Withers won a contest as her double. When such former kid stars as Bette Davis and Spencer Tracy stare to the laughs. Henry Hall and trees UWES are out to kick. Edward Keene. (May)

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KEEPER OF THE FLAME—M-G-M: When reporter Spencer Tracy tries to write the life of a dead national hero, he finds himself blocked at every turn by the great man's widow, Katherine Hepburn. His investigations lead him to a startling discovery, but this love 16 time has been served in a tame case. The first part of the picture is very good, but the rest is heavy-handed. (May)

RHYTHM PARADE—Monogram: All about a singer about to debut in a big-time show who keeps a daftfickn dress, which is too big for her hornet's nest. Ted Florida's orchestra, Gail Storm, Margaret Lowry and the Mills Brothers head the cast. (Mar.)

SILENT WITNESS—Monsignor: Frank Albert son, a criminal lawyer for a Black Market, is in love with Miss Mabel, a beautiful investigator for the District Attorney. Boe no sooner does Frank really love than he becomes involved with murder. (Aug.)

MOUNTAIN RHYTHM—Republic: The Weaver Brothers are veteran, the writers, and they move into an apartment building that houses all the victims of one big-time racketeer. Of course someone has to get murdered and the plot is full of strange characters wandering around mysteriously. (Mar.)

SILENT WITNESS—Monsignor: Frank Albert son, a criminal lawyer for a Black Market, is in love with Miss Mabel, a beautiful investigator for the District Attorney. Boe no sooner does Frank really love than he becomes involved with murder. (Aug.)

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Mennen Antiseptic Baby Powder

(Continued from page 62)

Babies cannot be kept under glass to avoid contact with harmful germs in the air. But you can help protect your baby's skin with antiseptic baby powder. Test shows of leading baby powders reveals antiseptic superiority of Mennen. Width of black ring around center of round plates shows antiseptic effectiveness (Mennen extreme right).
**Silver Skates**—Monogram: One of the best skating revues yet produced. The work of ice star Belita is show-stopping and the clowning of Frick and Frack on ice is a riot. Kenny Baker sings engagingly, and Patricia Morison as his real heart and owner of the show is good. (April)

**Something to Shout About**—Colombia: Janet Blair comes to the fore with a neat, provocative performance as the young songwriter who gets shoved into the star spot of a show dreamed of by gay divorcee Coline Wright Jr. Don Ameche is the press agent, Jack Oakie an old vaudeville star, and William Gaxton the show's producer. It's gay. (May)

**Spirit of '43, The**—D-C: This Donald Duck short subject was produced especially for the Treasury Department and has Donald working in a defense factory and torn between spending his money and putting it away for income taxes. Fascinating subterranean, tanks, planes and battleships parade across the screen. (April)

**Stand by for Action**—M-G-M: Good war stuff, about how four men take over a destroyer. At sea they pick up a cargo of babies adrift in a lifeboat and eventually meet with a Jap battleship. The men are Charles Laughton, Robert Taylor, Brian Donlevy and Walter Brennan. (Mar.)

**Star Spangled Rhythm**—Paramount: All the Paramount stars are in this lavish musical—Dick Powell, Mary Martin, Dorothy Lamour, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard, etc. It tells how a telephone operator at the studio, Betty Hutton, in love with sailor Eddie Bracken, gets Victor Moore to pretend he's an executive when Eddie and his shipmates visit Hollywood Fun. (Mar.)

**Stranger in Town**—A-C: Frank Morgan is a Supreme Court Justice who goes on a vacation and meets local attorney Richard Carlson, who's running for Mayor. Through Morgan's advice Carlson eventually wins the crooked opposite party. Porter Hall is the small-town judge and Jean Rogers is the very pretty girl in the case. (May)

**Tarzan Triumphs**—RKO Radio: Tarzan (still Johnny Weissmuller) puts on a one-man show when the Nazis attempt to overrun his domain. Frances Gifford, princess of a lost civilization, provides the feminine interest. Johnny Sheffield is Tarzan's son. (May)

**They Got Me Covered**—Goldwyn-RKO: Bob Hope is the none too bright foreign correspondent brought home from Russia after missing a scoop. When he goes to visit his girl, Dorothy Lamour, in Washington, he becomes embroiled in a spy ring, a phony wedding and honeymoon with Mary Martin and a beauty parlor mix-up. newcomer Lenore Aubert scores heavily. Plenty of fun. (April)

**Three Hearts for Julia**—M-G-M: Ann Southern is a member of an all-girl orchestra who resents the absences of her foreign correspondent husband, Melvyn Douglas, so Lee Bowman and Richard Arlen, both in love with Ann, persuade her to divorce Douglas, who has his own ideas on the subject. (April)

**Traitor Within**—Republic: Don Barry is a truck driver whose wife, Jean Parker, is jealous of the heroism accredited to the town mayor, Ralph Bellamy. Her jealousy leads to blackmail and Don, who has gone up the ladder on the blackmail money, eventually finds himself behind bars. (Mar.)

**Truck Busters**—Warner: All about the battle between independent and organized truckers, with Richard Travis resuming the efforts of Ivan Costello and his mob of organized racketeers to run him out of business. Don't waste your time. (April)

**Two Weeks to Live**—RKO: When Abner, played by Norris Goff, is erroneously told he has but two weeks to live, his partner, Lon, played by Chester Lauck, decides to rent him out for hazardous ventures. Rocket ships to Mars, bombs in a violin case and Nazi plots to kill Lon before he finds the doctor has committed an error. (May)

**When Johnny Comes Marching Home**—Universal: Allan Jones, as the soldier who secretly reunites old friends to avoid Martin Shelton and gets accused of being O.W. I. One of his best works in this very good musical. Jane Frazee is the singer, Evelyn rad her score a solid hit, but young Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan are rest but stay the show. (Mar.)

**You Were Never Lovelier**—Colombia: Romance in rhythm, with Fred Astaire as an American dancer in South America. He meets Rita Hayworth, who thinks he's in love with her and falls in love with him, but Fred wants only to dance in her father's night club. The two stars' dancing numbers are marvelous, Adolphe Menjou is very good; so is Xavier Cugat's orchestra. (Apr.)

**Young and Willing—U-A: A group of penniless boys and girls, ambitions to be stage stars, share an apartment. Unhappily, Janet Blair, who secretly likes old plans and puts it on. William Holden, Eddie Bracken, Susan Hayward and the others shouldn't be wasted on such trivias. (May)

**Youngest Profession, The**—M-G-M: Laughs and enjoyment over this story of autograph hounds, with Virginia Weidler, president of a fan club, seeking autographs at all costs. Edward Arnold plays her long-suffering father and the guest stars who are in love with her are Rex Bellamy, Walter Pidgeon, Greer Garson, William Powell, Robert Taylor and Lisa Torme. (May)

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Ten Knights in My Hollywood Date Book

(Continued from page 21) Whitney makes a fuss over him. He won't make any scintillating quips that you'll hurry to write down in your memory book, but he'll keep his dance expertise if not spectacularly, light your cigarettes for you and stand up quickly when anybody comes over to the table to say hello. If you like champas, he's the boy who'll buy it for you.

You'll get no hot foots from Randy—just a good wholesome evening of relaxation on the slightly social side.

**Milton Berle:** If you love laughs, you'll love this Knight and, if you laugh long enough, he'll love you. You'll be a one- woman preview audience for all the gags he's trying to whip into shape for his next radio broadcast or benefit. He'll kid with the waiter, anticipate the comedian’s punch lines when the floor show is on and keep you in stitches with his switches.

Of course, don't think you and Milton will be alone on this party. A date with him inevitably includes his seven script writers and possibly Mr. Berle for sound effects. "A funny thing happened to me today," Milton will remark—and one of the gag men will quickly think up what it was that happened. "I've got a hotel room that's so small—" he'll begin glances here is a instantly the scripter in charge of small hotel room gags will supply that one.

The bubbly Berle won't drink anything stronger than Chablis and the festivities in his room will affect him like a gallon of Chablis. Even on the dance floor, he'll clown with the bandleader or any ringgirl who happens to look most attractive at the table. He'll take out a deck of cards and do tricks to mystify you.

He'll squire you everywhere—from the big cafes with all the floor shows to all the swank spots with celebrity patronage. And you'll discover that there's one comedian in the world who doesn't want to play Hamlet or direct the Second Front, and hasn't got a broken heart. All Milton wants is to play Berle.

**Jon Hall:** You might think that before an evening with Jon, a girl ought to spend a few hours at the YWCA pool improving her swimming and diving, but really that's not necessary. Neither is a close-fitting sarong.

Jon doesn't make any rules for his femme companions. You'll find he's a character right out of Saroyan. He loves people and he's one actor who doesn't think he'd be a million times better than Gary Cooper or Cary Grant if those stars and some at the studio weren't trying to stifle his genius.

He'll take you to dinner at a place where the food is good and probably exotic—Hawaiian or authentic Chinese. He loves to dance and it doesn't take much urging to get him into the conga line. He won't kick his heels or kiss your hand, but neither will he tell you the story of his life; and he'll be so polite and eager to please that you'll decide if all men were like Jon, psychoanalysts would go out of business for keeps.

He'll be gentle and boyish and make you feel small and feminine, the way very big, very broad-shouldered men always do.

Heavens, what am I saying?

**George Raft:** If you like a good steak, apple pie, no drinks, sports events and Latin music practically without pause, here is your ideal date bait.

George won't ask you if you've read any good books lately, but he may throw some World Series scores at you and you'd better catch them; and if you know any bantam-weights by their pet names, that will help you socially, too.

An evening with George is easy to figure out—a nostalgic mood and the night will be spent wandering around inspecting a collection of beat-up billiard arcades, deserted base- ments, dance halls and barber shops where his memories lie waiting to be picked up. George is a walkin' fellow, so you'll do well to wear stout, comfortable shoes for the occasion.

You will also be smart to take a few easy lessons in how to get around the dance floor because George is only inter- ested in rumba numbers and numbers who rumba.

His conversation will be informative, but not overwhelming. If he tells you his wife doesn't understand him, you can belie- ve every word of it.

**Peter Lorre:** Any woman would be justified in preparing herself for a rendezvous with the lead-eyed Lorre by sticking on all her false eyelashes and real emeralds and hoping for an evening of trap doors, international villains and switched wine glasses—but don't dream of it, fair lady. In the flesh, Lorre doesn't blend with switchers and his face will give a sweet little fellow with the sad look of a wounded raccoon and you will probably wind up trying to mother him.

He'll be in a tweed jacket—or, if it looks like a formal occa- sion, a tan polo coat—and he'll meet you in a big lobby where he can introduce you to "Ben Hecht and the most charming refugees." He'll order you a drink (Scotch and soda for him) and call you "little lady," even if you're six feet three; he calls all girls "little lady" and all men "Daddy."

He'll take you to the most expensive restaurants but urge you to eat hot dogs, be- cause he thinks it's the nature of heaven and if he doesn't consume several during an evening you can start asking him if he feels ill. Don't count on any waltz- ing, because he's probably taller than Peter and he never dances out of his size. But he'll ask you to feel his muscle (it's hard) and tell you how tough he is—at tennis.

You'll meet more people in an evening with Pete than you've ever met in your life before, because he is the world's champion introducer, but practically none of them will be spies, beachcombers or jewel thieves. After a while you'll begin to relax and it's quite safe, because he never throws a girl down an elevator shaft or in front of a speeding truck unless cameras are grinding.

Really, he won't even offer you a reefer.

**Charles Chaplin:** If you look appealingly wis- tful on your date with Charlie (and even wearing your last pair of nylons) you may find yourself the leading lady in his next picture. It's happened that way before with many a short-faced unknown—and a few of them even became his wives.

The night you go out with him is your night for brilliant conversation—listening to it, I mean. Charlie will make it for all those years of poignant muteness on the screen by talking a blue streak, chiefly about the state of the world and what Chaplin thinks of it and how he'd deliver his conversational gems as if he expected you to be taking them all down in shorthand.

Intellectual though he is, you may pick up a "character" or two in your amblings about town with Chaplin and don't be surprised if you wind up in a rowdy fun-

**April Showers Talk**

... if you use April Showers Talc Thrillingly soft on your skin, luxuriously perfumed, it's like wearing a romantic veil of fragrance... for April Showers is the fragrance men love! Let it speak the language of love... to the man you love. Exquisite but not Expensive.

**Che RAM Y PERFUMER**

Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"
joint because Charlie often does, whether he's on a solo flight through the bistros or accompanied by a lady of wit and charm.

You'll have a good time, though, if you take it in stride and don't become too impressed with his verbiage or too romantic over his wistful charm. Charlie is dynamite in the field of amour because he has what none of the other boys heretofore examined possesses—the intangible quality of making you feel that maybe he needs the right woman to give him the happiness that fame and money obviously haven't given him, and that you're the gal.

When you begin to get that feeling, say no to the nightcap and take the nearest taxi home.

George Sanders: A girl goes on a date with George at her own risk—but who wouldn't risk it?

He's the easy-to-get-but-hard-to-please type. If you're wearing a silly hat, don't expect him to compliment you on it; just consider yourself lucky if he doesn't knock it off your head. If you powder your nose at the table, he's liable to break it. (The nose or the table, makes no difference.) If you're late for the date, don't be surprised if he trips you as you make your smiling entrance.

But if you're the type who likes to do jigsaw puzzles because they're so tough and adores wearing tight shoes because it's such a relief to take them off, Sanders is your homme fatal. Are you in the market for a good inferiority complex? He's your dish. He gives the impression—real or faked—of being able to see through women the way you can see potato chips through a cellophane bag.

When you set your appointment with George, steel yourself to expect the lovable rogue to turn up anywhere from two hours to three months late, possibly wearing a beard or riding a bicycle; and prepare yourself to get stuck with the check. Don't run to the door anticipating orchids; if George buys any, he'll wear them himself.

But you won't be bored—that's a guarantee. Even if you've heard that one about "women are strange little beasts" before, you'll become fascinated when it's your turn to kick while he intones it.

If you're a spoiled belle, jaded with flowers and candy and swans who are putty in your lily-white hands, Sanders makes a nice change. Just a cynic at twilight, that's George.

And now, if you're quite comfortable, dear reader, the alarm clock will go off at any minute.

The End

Next Month

Crop Corps Volunteer

Judy Garland

reports for work on the
Photoplay-Movie Mirror

JULY COVER
Kiss Me for Luck

(Continued from page 47) spending money for nonessentials, they found all their joy and recreation in their walks home at night, their telephone conversations, in—just being together.

And yet it wasn’t enough, not nearly enough. Each night the parting became harder, each time the good-night kiss stirred a hunger that haunted her rooms long after he was gone and IPTI, his footsteps all the way back to the hotel.

One day he was at her apartment, trying to work in the crowd—its cats, shouts, criticisms—in one of its roultines. "I feel like that one-man orchestra we see going around the streets." He stopped short. "This is where I need Roy."

So he was still afraid to go out on his own. "Phil," she said softly. "I could learn the accordan."

He winced and turned her in a burst of temper. They need new faces. He told you that long ago and if that’s what in your head—get it out. A man’s got to be something by himself or nothing at all."

But your—future wife can help you, Phil," she pleaded.

He softened suddenly, came swiftly to her and tilted her chin up. "We’ll have a little house someday. We’ll get you a man to care of it. You know—geraniums in the window, honeysuckle vine on the porch—"

After that Betsy didn’t offer advice or criticism, except when he asked for it.

At the end of three weeks Phil didn’t go to his new agent. Al Lonergan, because "the thought of people like him to be paid. Betsy thought they were, but couldn’t say so. The fourth week went by and Phil was still making excuses.

Then, at the end of the fifth week, something happened in her affairs which pointed the way to handle the situation. He was standing at her door after bringing her home. Before he could keep a deep breath and plunged. "It seems silly," she said, keeping her voice casual, "for us to be paying two rents."

"Two can live as cheaply as one," he answered gruffly. "That’s honey."

"Two can starve more cheerfully than one!" This was mean and low, about the meanest thing a girl could say to a man. But she was daring it for him, to help him.

"That’s all our marriage would mean to you?"

"What else? I’m out of a job now, myself."

"Betsy!"

"Well—I’ve had six weeks at The Blue Lagoon. That’s a long time for one of those jobs. They want new faces."

"Something’s bound to turn up, Betsy."

"Not this time—I don’t think."

She went on chattering, painting a discouraging picture.

Phil broke in. "I’ve still got a little money. Do you think I’d let you starve?"

She let her last dart fly. It was the most hurtful of all. She was wounded by him and so, crying and grieving, arguing with herself and silently apologizing to Phil—

The telephone drilled into her brain and he was thrust into his argument, she wondered who could be calling in the middle of the night. But it wasn’t the middle of the night. The sun slashed across her eyes like a knife. She must have slept in her clothes.

"Honey—I woke you up—"

Her heart turned over. "That was Phil and he wasn’t angry. His voice was confident—almost! "That doesn’t matter."

"I’m seeing Lonergan at two-thirty."

The world was bright again, the flowers outside sweet in their gay colors. "Oh Phil."

"I love you, Betsy."

Phil was wordless. The most precious in the world.

At five o’clock dinner was under way. Betsy sat down on the top step of the entrance to her bungalow to wait and when she saw Phil turn in at the entrance, she raced around the court to meet him just into his arms.

Unabashed before eyes that must be watching, she kissed her, and although she said at once that Lonergan had showed no great enthusiasm, she knew Phil was going to keep on, if only for her sake.

Indoors she kissed her again, long and luxuriously, as if her love were something to be savored, a lasting beauty, not one to be snatched at quickly.

The dinner was perfect. Phil clowned all the time he was helping her clear up.

The next day he went into Lonergan. They didn’t talk, then. They danced. He had never danced with Betsy. So now, feeling her a featherweight of loveliness against his heart, he felt strong and rich in his love.

But the moment came out of a crystal pitcher, Betsy thought. That’s the way we dance together. Oh Phil, don’t you see how it would be if we did everything together, the whole of the time?

I always knew from the first I could be your perfect partner."

Betsy had not entirely exaggerated her own chances, or rather lack of them, for employment. Her own agent could find nothing suitable for her. At first, the freedom was delightful, although the blessing was mixed, for although she had plenty of time to play with Phil, he naturally did not wish to get too far away from the telephone. That meant they merely talked by phone. But they had also taken her and her apartment, with an occasional walk in the evening.

The spell of that night when they danced was off. Sometimes she thought, in despair, that they acted like an old married couple. A kiss when they met and when they parted, long silences which were not comforting hours spent together because they seemed to have nothing else to do.

Finally Al Lonergan called one day. There was a spot for Phil. One night, more if he made good.

"Of course I’ll go," said Phil. The instant Phil stepped out into the spotlight, he had his first case of stage fright. A look of horror came over him, and he’d thought, waiting to be moved down. He couldn’t relax. He was trying too hard. It’s nothing. Twelve minutes. Take it easy and relax. A Lady Bets on a horse. So what? You’ve been through it dozens of times. Here’s where Betsy always laughed. Nobody’s laughing now. Easy. Relax.

Betsy began her patter. Every word he marked the finish, he knew he was not putting it over. He was dying for the third time. Once when Chet ran out, then he’d found it.

The second and midnight shows were no better. He’d known almost all along he couldn’t do it. He should have told Betsy before they started.

Lonergan spoke only once on the way.
He seemed to crack up after that. He didn't read the papers or Variety. He didn't rehearse or take exercise. He scarcely came to Betsy's apartment. When she went to Bosco's, she found him sitting in the lobby staring, or in the garden—staring. After a while he didn't even want to go into the garden, but Betsy bullied him out, and he would sit with her hand squeezed in his, but he seldom spoke.

All Betsy could do was to sing and dance. She might amuse Phil that way, so she began to burst out into snatches of song occasionally, then to emphasize the song with a few taps. She made the periods longer. It felt kind of good to be in action again, even only for a few minutes at a time.

She never remembered at what moment Phil began to take notice. But once he was aware of her activity, she really tried. She sang and danced. She practiced pantomime.

Love made her wise. Heartbreak made her clever. One day she deliberately did something so clumsily that even the teacher back in her ten-year-old days would have winced. It worked. Dear God, it worked. For Phil kicked back his chair suddenly and shouted, "Stop! That's awful. What do you think you're doing?"

"I was trying to work out a tap from the Kentucky triple running step."

"That's not the way, then. Look Betsy—do it like this."

She was still as clumsy, but her heart began to melt so fast, she was afraid it would run out of her eyes.

"It isn't hard," he said impatiently. "No—like this. Come on—try it again."

Dear God—let him be angry, let him scold and call her four-footed. Let him be anything but the broken lump he had been.

He worked with her for nearly half an hour. She improved, not too fast. She must prolong this interest in something else beside himself. Suddenly he caught himself up.

"What the devil do I think I'm doing?"

"Teaching me something I need to know, Phil."

"What's it all for?"

Now Betsy was merely angry. "I have to earn a living," she retorted. "I've got to improve. I'm young. My life isn't finished. I have to do something! I'm going on."

For a long time he was visibly struck into silence. The clock measured off eternity. "Maybe you're right," he said, breathing heavily. "You're young. You've got talent. There's a lot of work behind you. I guess—you ought not want it. You'd better strike out for yourself, you understand—for yourself. I'm not in it. I'll help you—bring out what you have—"

He was all done in. He lay down on the sofa and covered his eyes.

Phil gave her all she could take, which was plenty, though he did it without joy or delight. He was dogged about it. She knew he believed that she'd be through with him as soon as she was working steadily again. Let him think that, if that would help.

When he felt her routine was good enough, he told her she was ready, really ready, now that she had something she had never had before. She called Loner- gan. Could she show him her work that afternoon? She could.

Three days later Lonergan called. A night club-girl taken sick to be replaced for that night.
The call had come to her at Bosco's. "You'll come with me, Phil," Betsy said. "I'll need you.
She was to do two numbers in each show. Phil spoke to the musicians, timed the numbers for them, warned them of a couple of complete pauses. When she emerged in her first costume, he inspected her, encouraged her. Before she was to go on for the first show, he went to the rear of the dining room to watch.
She skipped out as she always did, the little girl with her hair in a bunch, the child slipping an apple to teacher. She looked about fourteen, cute as a bug, every man's first sweetheart. His sweetheart, Phil couldn't help it. He was proud of her poise and diction, her grace and winsomeness. The audience was not precisely cold, nor yet was it enthusiastic. They enjoyed her. They didn't warm up quickly enough.
"You're dancing with your head, Betsy. Dance with your feet," he muttered.
Her second turn was to come later in the show. The appeal in her eyes, when he met her at the dressing room, moved him.
"I'm muffling it."
"No," he said. "It's not that bad. You'll feel your heart better the second time."

**HOLLYWOOD HOROSCOPE**

**Trouble ahead!** Famed astrologer Matilda Trotter warns these stars of what they'll have to face, come June

The month of June is filled with exciting Hollywood happenings. These are the most spectacular events that will occur.

In making these predictions, please take into consideration the fact that in order to make an accurate prediction your astrologer must have the year, month, place and moment of birth of the person for whom the prediction is made. Therefore, if these forecasts do not come to pass precisely as they are written, it is because exact information concerning the person's birth was unavailable.

**Hedy Lamar:** It looks as though Hedy will win her lawsuit against her studio, or in some way benefit, for beginning in June her star of fame rises to hit its peak in July.

As to her love life—and much has been written linking the names of John Loder and Hedy Lamar—John's chart indicates an unforeseen development in his department of home.

If he and Hedy are planning a secret marriage before his divorce is final, they should banish the thought. The stars indicate that such a step would cost him loss of prestige, money, and possibly even a contract.

**Mary Astor:** She stands a very good chance of changing the headlines in June. The fiery Mars conjuncting Mercury threatens to bring private matters into the limelight, while Saturn, the planet which obstructs and takes away, will be conjuncting the unpredictable Pluto in her money house. Added to this, on June 18, the full Moon is in her eighth house in opposition to Pluto. This suggests financial loss through a marriage, business partner, or lover.

Look out, Mary! Your stars warn you to beware of scandal which can lead to loss of reputation and money.

**Humphrey Bogart:** The Bogarts may stage a battle in June which will bring them unhappiness unless they are very careful.

Mayo's stars warn her to use caution in words, writings and actions. Uranus and Saturn are in her house of home instigating sudden change. At the same time, the transiting Moon comes to an exact conjunction with Mars in her money house. This indicates the possibility of a blow-up over money.

Humphrey Bogart's career aspects are wonderful for the next two years.

However, in order to make the most of these good aspects, he must guard his health, being careful of colds contracted in chest or bronchial tubes, and of accidents to hands, arms, chest and thighs.

The fiery, hotheaded Mars passing through his house of home in June indicates and substantiates the blow-up already suggested in Mayo's chart.

According to all planetary indications, Mars, god of war, is going to be plenty busy in the Bogart domicile in June.
ing he had known. She was flopping with it as he had done.

Suddenly he was infuriated at the audience. She wasn't that bad. He even recognized there was a charm in her work, and a tomfoolery which no man could get into it. He could not let her down. She could not let her be crucified as she was.

Phil didn't stop to think.

Tearing a sheaf of checks from his checkbook, he passed through the audience waving them as the bookies wave their paper money. He called out prices, summoned to his command a clever patter of horse and racetrack jokes, and stopped for split seconds at tables to collect bets and scribble receipts. The audience, caught suddenly by the appearance of a partner from nowhere, half rose, craned to see what was happening, began to laugh. Phil knew he was gathering that audience together, that when he finally reached Betsy, all attention would then be focused on her.

She was a good enough trouper to realize what he was doing. When he got half-way down the room, she had adjusted herself. She was craning, too, calling to him, "Yoo-hoo, Mr. Bookmaker!" "Oh dear, he's going to sell all his tickets." "I called you first, my good man. Over here—over here." She danced a little and she sang a bit as the excitement mounted, and when finally he reached her, she was keyed to hairline sensitivity. She'd pick up every cue he gave her.

He was here beside her. This moment which he had believed was truly the darkest of her life had become a triumph. He was here. If they didn't put the sketch over—all right. He had come to save her in a way she believed he would never take again. This was Success. They tossed dialogue at each other as if it had been rehearsed. Fun and eager-

ness and fire transmuted the very air about them. And finally when Phil muttered to her, as the winner was coming in, "You'll collect the bet," she nodded. She collected her bet, and spontaneously threw her arms about him. Their kiss was realistic, and they made it long, cheered on as they were by the audience. Nobody believed that this duo had not been arranged.

Out of the desperation had come genuine satire and comedy, out of tragedy, fun and laughter. They were recalled six times. The manager pranced about them and said he was calling Lonergan at once. He wanted them for weeks, for months, for as long as they would stay. He'd give them better spots, three acts. Did they know there was a talent scout out there tonight, one of Van Dirk's scouts? He'd asked about them.

Well—well! They looked at each other and burst out laughing.

Betsy was sitting at the kitchen table and drinking hot milk. The fragrance of dawn drifted in through the open window, but the sky was still dark. Phil sat opposite, watching every spoonful, adoring her.

"We caught something there, Betsy," he said.

"Did you feel it too, Phil?"

"Maybe it was just for the night—"

"I don't think so. We caught something and gave it down, Phil. It's ours forever. I know."

"It looks like it, Betsy," with wonder in his voice.

"Why are you so surprised, Phil?"

"We did it together."

She put down her glass and locked her arms around him. "And you thought you were only doing it to save me."

"I wouldn't have rushed out, if I'd stopped to think."

And so in saving her he had saved himself, restored himself, fulfilled her dreams.

"I always said I wouldn't work with anybody."

"Am I—anybody?"

"You're everybody to me, Betsy."

"Oh Phil, there's no disgrace in needing a partner. We need partners for living—husbands and wives."

He agreed. Maybe nobody worked alone, even if the partner wasn't visible or known. Indeed, holding her close, he realized there was a wonderful sustaining beauty in partnership, especially of two who would be husband and wife, a joyous service each could perform for the other.

"So there was a Van Dirk scout there tonight? Betsy murmured, laughing."

"So tomorrow he'll call Lonergan, and Lonergan will call us—"

"So we'll say not yet, thank you...

"That's right. This time we don't care to rush. Anyway, tomorrow we have a date with the preacher."

"Phil!"

"Did you think I'd forgotten? Didn't you know how hard it was for me?"

She was almost asleep in his arms. He kissed her softly, lingeringly, unwilling even to relinquish her to sleep and dreams.

"We can wait to break into pictures," he murmured. "We have two lifetimes for waiting now—yours and mine. But the preacher won't be kept waiting a moment."

She was really asleep now. He carried her into the bedroom, laid her gently down and went swiftly out into the dawn that was creeping through the city. As he crossed the court he raised his arms high, stretched slowly as far as he could reach, as far as the stars, twinkling up there on the biggest marquee of all. The End.

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**How MUCH are YOU smoking?**

*Government figures show smoking at all-time peak.*

**WHETHER** you are smoking **more**—or smoking **less**—note this:

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That was reported in medical journals by distinguished doctors—their findings in work with actual men and women smokers.

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81
Diary at the North African Battle Front

(Continued from page 27) famous French soldier, has arrived at Gibraltar by submarine. That man had been smuggled here with his young son and members of his Military Staff. This is a great coup for us. He will prove invaluable. I am introduced to him in the War Room of the Fortress Tunnel. He is tall and thin, and does not look a day over fifty. His eyes are gray and cold, his mustache rakish and pointless. He rarely smiles. You feel the presence of great strength behind the slender frame. He is at all times intense. What he has gone through and his hatred of the Nazis have been chiseled into his features. He is not a man with whom I would like to argue. We cross our fingers. The next twenty-four hours will tell the story. Will the French really fight us? Are we walking into a Nazi trap?

November 8th.

"D Day!" This is it! The battle for North Africa has begun. News flash that we are War Room from every point of contact. It is bewildering! A sea battle rages off Casablanca! Our troops are landing at Algiers and Oran! The French are there! Hours pass. No one has been to bed; sleep is out of the question. News is flashed from Algiers. American forces have taken Admiral Jean Durance into custody—a sort of voluntary custody. But whatever it was, we have him! He is a powerful figure in North Africa. The French Fleet is said to be loyal to him and to him alone. If we deal with him at all, it must be purely on a military basis. Anything that may possibly save the lives of American soldiers and permit us to go on as we wish the Nazis are worth trying. After all, we are not at war with the French. If we can take Darian into camp and secure the cooperation of the French Fleet and the military and political factions over which he exercises great authority, we should do so. I hope General Eisenhower lets nothing deter him. This is war. We can settle the political side of it when the Germans are dead.

I hear that General Eisenhower is sending General Mark Clark to Algiers in the morning to join the staff. My request to go along is granted. General Clark is a grand person, idolized by his fellow-officers. Tall, lanky and good-looking in a languid way, despite his prominent nose, he reminds me of an American version of Basil Rathbone. There is something forcibly honest and direct about him.

November 9th.

We are assembled on the airport runway at 10 A.M. for the flight to Algiers. This is no ordinary flight; we expect trouble. We take off in the rain and meet our air escort as we leave the Rock. It is a comfortable sight to see those Spatfires on all sides of us.

We are about twenty minutes from the city of Algiers when the first alarm is flashed over the radio: Nazi planes ahead! We circle in the clouds for the better part of an hour. Presently we are over Algiers. The city is lovely, Algiers, that lovely Moorish buildings glistening in the late afternoon sun.

We are ready to fight. The crew are at their stations, portholes open, fingers on triggers. Suddenly planes sweep to our left, followed by more black puffs, some quite close to our ship. Geysers of water rise into the air alongside the transports and battleships below us. It dawns on me that the ships in the harbor are being bombed from the air. We fly high to avoid the ack-ack. We circle the airport several times and finally land with a thud. All loose equipment is removed and the planes now come at us from all directions. It is difficult to distinguish our own from the enemy's.

It was dark suddenly. The sky is alive with the colored tracer bullets. A Nazi plane crashes near by. Another explodes in the air and floats down, a mass of brilliant lights and scarlet flames.

I still can't seem to understand that this is really a battle and I am in it. I seem to be a neutral observer, someone entirely out of danger, and although I was terrified when the first bomb dropped close I honestly had no lasting fear.

Total darkness comes swiftly. The ack-ack stops and the sky is suddenly empty. One by one the Spits come home to roost. We stumble around in the darkness and eventually locate the airport office and learn that we have shot down fourteen Jerries and lost only four Spits.

American soldiers are guarding the field. We had taken it by force earlier in the day with but few casualties. RAF pilots who had fought in the air battle are now huddled in the crowded hallways, talking of the battle. They consider it a "good show."

The General's aide eventually shows us with two Arab-driven autos and we pile in and head for Algiers. We come on one of the most inspiring sights an American could ever wish for. Coming down the road in the moonlight is an advancing column of 146 Wildhogs, the jeep-like vehicles. Their sleeves rolled up, their helmets caked with mud, their canvas leggings and field jackets torn and soiled with the grime of battle. They are about the same height as I am and their great height due to the snow that great scene from "The Big Parade." Each soldier wears a tiny American flag sewn on his left sleeve below the shoulder; this means of identification saved many a life. On frequent occasions the French refused to fire on Americans.

We eventually reach the St. George Hotel. We were ordered to carry our pistols at all times. I find out that I have been assigned to live with the hotel manager and his family. I am to use their car to go to church. The parlor. They prove to be very pro-American and make me feel that I am in a lowdown on the local situation. The Algerians are ninety per cent pro-United Nations— or, to be more explicit, pro-American. They detest the Nazis.

Food, of course, is scarce, as the Nazis have systematically and scientifically robbed North Africa. I am out of cigars, which, to me, is next to starvation. But who cares? I wouldn't miss this show for all the cigars in Havana.

November 10th.

In daylight, the city is very much like any French Mediterranean seaport. It is colorful and quite modern. Arab women are veiled and always in white, are everywhere. American soldiers with machine guns set up ready for action guard the intersection.

After a busy day, I had no sooner hit the hay when a member of General Clark's staff stuck his head in the door and asked me to be ready in five minutes to go out on a special mission.

The conference was held downstairs in what was formerly the hotel dining room—a large Moorish room. General Giraud...
sat on a plush-covered bench, rather to one side. He was as conspicuous in the gathering as a star actor in a spotlight.

We followed General Clark and Mr. Robert Murphy into the foyer. Robert Murphy is a most engaging personality. Tall, clean-cut and rather young for such an important diplomatic assignment, he nevertheless impresses one with his straightforward manner and knowledge of his task.

General Clark talked privately for a moment with General Giraud and then went on into the conference room, followed by Murphy. I learned that Darlan was already in the conference room. I stood aside with the other lesser American officers, discussing the event in low voices and wondering what the score was. The French officers remained apart. General Giraud came out of the conference room and resumed his seat on the bench. When he nodded to me in recognition, I joined him and we talked generalities. An aide came out and led the General back into the room. Hours passed.

After awhile, Admiral Darlan came out of the room. This was my first look at him. He was all I anticipated—short and heavy-set, with a pasty face and dark, deep-set eyes which shift around the room. He seemed nervous and strained. He was conscious of his stature and wore extra high heels. I was introduced to him, and while he tried to be pleasant, it just didn't come off.

As near as I can make out, the political situation is quite involved. I am positive that neither General Eisenhower nor General Clark will ever accept any substitute for Giraud as Chief of the Army. I am confident Giraud can take care of himself in this delicate situation, but if he can't, I am sure that Eisenhower and Clark will take care of matters for him.

November 11th.

Armistice Day. Things are moving quickly now. The "peace treaty" has been signed! Darlan is to be High Commissioner of North Africa, or something of the sort, and Giraud head of the Army. Three rousing cheers for Eisenhower and Clark!

November 13th.

Today General Clark was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant General. General Eisenhower made the promotion. It is impossible not to be impressed by General Eisenhower's smile, warm and glowing as an Arizona sunset.

November 16th.

I am sick—a mild touch of dysentery. Pinned down to a bed at the St. George, I have time to realize fully how lonesome I am for Virginia and the babies. They seem millions of miles away, and Hollywood and the studios are something in another world. What wouldn't I give to have just one day at 546 Ocean Front! If I wrote down all the times I have thought of home since the start of this assignment, I am afraid it would consume more pages than the account itself. This is the most unpleasant phase of war—separation from those we love. Yet I have no right to complain. I am lucky to be alive.

November 18th.

I have collected eight of my best combat cameramen and we are headed for Tunisia.

Lieutenant Klein is to drive the truck and I shall lead the way in my trusty Chevrolet. Arabs are a source of continual fascination for me. The women work; the

DICK POWELL speaking:

Star of Paramount's "HAPPY GO LUCKY" in Technicolor.

"Hollywood coaches a fellow thoroughly—"

"In his grooming as well as acting.

"I now use CALOX to clean and brighten teeth."

A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for persons who want the utmost sparkle and brilliance consistent with utmost safety. Look for these professional features:

1. Scrupulous cleansing. Your teeth have a notably clean feel after using Calox.
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3. Especially lustrous polishing.
4. No mouth-puckering, medicined taste. Contains no strong ingredients. Even children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. Made by McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.—a laboratory specializing in professional drugs.
November 19th.

Started out at dawn. It is a hell of a road, choked with motor conveyors, narrow and steep in places, but scenically picturesque. The country seems much like the rear of Monte and Cypress Point; in fact, all of Algeria reminds me of California. The V for Victory sign has swept North Africa. Wherever we go, we are greeted by upraised hands, fingers forming the V. Native children wave at us as we pass. They catch on quickly; already they have mastered enough English for “cheer-up-holing” and “cigarette Americaine.”

The days are pleasant here, but the nights are next to freezing.

November 22nd.

At Souk el Berhe I headed for Headquarters to check in. As I was about to enter the building, something made me look up. Directly over my head a flight of planes came into view, not more than 2,000 feet up. It all happened in a sudden shocking instant. Bombs rained on us from every direction, it seemed, including the earth. Planter flew the walls and white-guns bullets splattered on all sides. A terrific explosion seemed to cave in the building, and down the road toward the airport, a bomb landed in a patch which exploded and sent flares of live bullets rocketing in every direction.

I flattened out on the floor and hugged the wall wondering what hellish shock was about to envelop the building. Our own ack-ack opened up; the din was deafening.

The moment they turned away I grabbed my camera and headed for the airport, which was by now a mass of flames and billowing smoke.

Officers and men alike pitched in to salvage what they could. Ugly clouds of black smoke blotted out the sky.

I had my flask of brandy, and I passed it around freely. In the middle of this, the rats came over again. We were caught on the runway with no shelter or protection of any kind and had to make a dash for it. This time, like everyone else, I was damn near myself. I wasn’t alone. There wasn’t a soldier on the field who didn’t light out for the nearest tree or ditch. The Nazis made one sweep and went on.

As we were excitedly discussing the events of the day, Sergeant Edwards spotted a new attack coming in at a higher level.

How long it lasted I will not attempt to say. It might have been five minutes or an hour.

Sometimes the planes would come as low as a few hundred feet. A Messerschmitt dove right over our heads not higher than the treetops, its guns blazing and black smoke pouring out of the tail.

I let go with my Tommy gun and fired three clips in all, and while I know some of my lead hit home I probably did no damage, yet there was always the chance that one lucky shot might strike a vital spot. Exhilaration and a feeling of supreme satisfaction swept over me. I wanted to shout more and I could feel my heart pounding, and afterwards I was surprised to find myself out of breath and sweating.

The excitement I had managed to sit in a lovely platter of cow dung. Thank heaven for that extra pair of britches!

Momentary fright is a peculiar thing. In odd moments I discussed the subject of battle conduct with several seasoned campers. They all freely admit their momentary fright and call any man a liar who claims he isn’t afraid when the going gets really hot. But the soldier to worry about and send home to a base is the one who worries before things happen and continues to sweat and look pale and drawn after they have happened. This man will never stand up and fight. But it’s in the fact that you run for cover and duck and hold your breath and hug the dirt and say a quick silent prayer at the very moment acute dinger has nothing whatever to do with fear.

November 23rd.

During the night our troops captured about forty Italian paratroopers. We photographed them. They are a happy lot, delighted to be out of the war. They pose for us and do aerobatic stunts, anxious to butter their bread on the right side this time.

November 25th.

This is the day set for the advance on enemy-held ground positions. We are on the north flank aimed at Mateur.

We hide the truck in a farmhouse halfway from here to the front and take the Chey-ve-rolet, with myself at the wheel and one cameraman on each running board to watch for attacking planes.

In about an hour we had to abandon the car and take to the ditches. Suddenly we halted. I could hear machine-gun firing not far away. Five hundred yards down the road a Nazi tank column had clashed with our tanks and a detachment of the enemy was now taking pot-shots at us from the farmyard I could see just ahead. This was the firing I had heard.

The British battery opened up. We could see a group of Italian and German soldiers coming out of the buildings, waving white handkerchiefs as a token of surrender. This is something we could not miss. You do not often get a chance to photograph German soldiers at the very moment of surrender—and this was it.

We got some interesting stuff. There were about forty Italians and ten Germans. The German tank commander had a little trouble with the Italians and were none too pleased to be photographed, but we took care of that.

There was firing of every type going on all around us.

The person who coined the phrase about there not being any atheists in a foxhole certainly knew his business, and I might add that there are no social lines in a slit-trench. On our way back to the truck this evening after the battle had cooled off, we had a Messerschmitt down with its life in it, or in our case, down with its life. As we passed a unit of huge black Senegalese soldiers who were guarding a deserted railroad crossing. I wound up in a big hole with the big blacke man in all Africa. And was I delighted! His broad shoulders and thick chest were as good as a stone wall and, as we crouched together in the little hole, practically in each other’s arms, I wondered what Hitler would do in a similar situation. I am sure I know the answer.

November 26th.

When I asked for volunteers to go back to the forward position, the boys all clamored for the chance.

We camouflaged the car in the grove and went forward on foot. After a few miles we climbed a barren hill and had a good view of the tank battle.

A wrecked and burning Nazi tank stood out on the horizon. A British battery of ack-ack guns moved in alongside us.
When the Jerries flew over, as they did several times in an hour, the Tommies gave them a warm reception.

Tonight the owner of the farm where we have headquarters gave us a wonderful dinner: roast turkey, potatoes, home-made brown bread and good Algerian brandy. Thanksgiving, after all.

This is the first time I have not been with my wife and the children on this day. I think of them constantly.

November 27th.

With the exception of a dogfight right above us in which a Spit got the better of a Jerry, we had an uneventful day.

One of the boys digs down in his musette bag and comes up with a package from home—a package he has skillfully guarded until now—homemade fudge. He passes it around bravely, and although we feel like criminals, we can't resist the temptation.

Whenever you ask a Britisher about the results of a battle or of a particular incident connected with combat, he will invariably reply: "Good show." No matter if the going has been tough and bitter, no matter if he has just flirted with death or come a cropper, it is always: "Good show."

The Yanks were quick to appreciate this typical example of British understatement and now it has become a favorite expression.

November 28th.

Up at dawn, and it is freezing. Just as the sun came out and the convoys on the road started to move, we saw an amazing and most disturbing sight. Two Messerschmitts were actually chasing four Spits. There was no mistaking it. The Spits were going as fast as they could with the Nazis on their tail. Not once did they turn to fight. We were a most discouraged group as we watched it. It was not until later in the afternoon that I heard the lowdown. The Spits were without ammunition, and, furthermore, they had gone into the air without a bullet among the four of them hoping to keep the enemy engaged and away from the convoys on the roads below. Tonight after dinner we drank a tall one to the RAF.

You cannot possibly appreciate what good food means to soldiers in the field. If you can look forward to a full mess kit, then you will very quickly find yourself taking everything else in stride. I notice that the boys always come back with a bounce after we have eaten well. Food may not win this war, but it will go a long way toward it. When I think of what I have wasted at home I feel a little ashamed of myself.

November 29th.

"Good show." The tire collapsed at a railroad junction. As we stopped to fix it, I was amazed to see Colonel (secret) in a jeep coming in the opposite direction. I flagged him and learned that General Eisenhower and General Clark were in the following car on their way to an important conference. I had a most enjoyable chat with the Generals. They were particularly interested in the spirit and morale of the American soldiers with whom I have been in contact. After all, these boys are meeting the enemy for the first time. They (the Generals) have nothing to worry about on this score. The boys have been well trained; they know their job, they are eager to get at it.

December 1st.

Jerry has no idea what is in store for him. For six hours we have passed convoy after convoy of American soldiers, guns and
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December 2nd.

Although I am not aware of it, this is to be the most exciting day of my life as far as combat action is concerned.

I learned that our scouts had located the position of the Nazi column during the night and could not anticipate it. This coming clash might very well decide the entire Tunisian campaign.

The atmosphere at Headquarters was tense as I awaited Colonel Keane, Sergeant Chapman, and an observer from the forward positions. We headed down the road to Tebourba, hell-bent for election.

The Lieutenant took the wheel. I was the air observer in front; the Sergeant the air observer in the rear, with the job of looking back and nothing else. I might add that the Sergeant wore rather thick glasses.

I had not noticed this until suddenly, out of the blue, our truck leaped upward by the force of a tremendous explosion. An ear-splitting crack deafened us and we were lifted out of our seats as the diving roar of a Nazi plane swept down on us from behind. In a flash I saw flames and black smoke pour out of the third vehicle on the road behind us. I saw more bombs in the air on their way down and heard the horrible split of machine-gun bullets that seemed to be tearing the earth apart right at our feet. Somehow or other we all managed to get out of the truck. I dived headlong into a shallow ditch. I did not move or look. My ears rang, and I was out of breath.

How many planes were in the attack? I shall never know, but it was the nearest job of sneak conversion I ever witnessed. They came from the sun, with motors off, and now as we heard them roar away and knew we were safe, we clambered gratefully to our feet and looked over the damage. A number of vehicles were afire and there were heavy casualties.

We got back in the truck, sore as hell, and went forward with the flow of traffic. Everything moved forward in mighty American cavalcade.

The Jerries came over three times in less than twenty minutes, and we were in and out of the truck as frequently as it got funny. An American half-track plunged directly into the snipers' grove, firing at every tree and bush in a grim determined effort to clean out the place.

We took advantage of this moment to run the gauntlet. Taking a good start, we gave the sturdy old bus the works and fairly flew through the spot without a tight squeeze. I know now exactly how a clay pigeon in a shooting gallery feels.

We were now about three miles from Tebourba.

I located the Headquarters half-track and talked with Colonel (secret) and his officers. The attack was all planned. The Panzer column had been located and, as we talked, a battery of American artillery in the woods alongside of us opened fire on the enemy positions.

The tanks roared down the road and this soon belted in earnest. It was difficult to see, difficult to follow and more difficult to photograph. On several occasions I could actually feel the nearness of the fire as machine-gun bullets whizzed by or splattered up in the trees.

At this point the Nazis opened up on us with their heavy artillery. The ground shook and shook until you felt that the trees would topple over.

Darkness came and we ran the gauntlet again past the snipers on our way back to Headquarters. By this time, we could see large fires behind us lighting up the horizon. A Sergeant in a jeep flagged us down at the road junction. He suggested that it might be advisable for us to pull off the road for a spell; an enemy patrol was thought to be somewhere between us and Headquarters. We pulled over to the side of the road and chewed the fat for a while. The Sergeant hailed from, "Ohio." He pointed out a farmyard a quarter of a mile away across a plowed field and remarked that it reminded him of his father's place out in Ohio. He said, "What does it matter—Giraud or De Gaulle—as long as we fight?"

We drove on and reached Bone at 3:30 in the afternoon. We are a desert city. Building after building had been hit and glass and rubble fill the streets.

Before leaving Bone on the last trip, I had my baggage packed in Room 240 at the Hotel D'Oriente; so I parked the truck on the deserted street outside the hotel and stumbled my way in the darkness to Room 240. I was so sleepy I could hardly undress. The moment I closed my eyes, the sirens went off. Glass flew out of the windows, but I made up my mind, come what may, I would not budge. I have never been in bed 2,000 years, more or less. I am going to sleep out the night if it kills me.

December 4th.

I awakened and looked at the morning light through the dislodged shutters. The hotel seemed strangely quiet. I rose and found that the lights were still out of order. When I tried to introduce my teeth to my tooth brush, the water was also off. So I dressed and started for the dining room on the bottom floor.

On my way downstairs I didn't pass a soul.

By now I became aware of a decided change. Something had happened.

I retraced my steps and went out into the bright sunlit street. I looked about, and suddenly became conscious that the street in front of the hotel was completely deserted except for a
gendarmerie who stood at the crossing a block away. He saw me, reacted and started to wave his arms frantically in my direction.

I saw that the intersection had been roped off and that no less than half the remaining population of the town kept staring at me with popped eyes and bated breath, as if I were Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, or Orson Welles fresh from Mars.

By now, of course, it was quite obvious to me that unexploded bomb or something of the sort had fallen somewhere in the vicinity. The complete story I learned a few moments later. It seems I had had company for the night. To be more explicit, I had slept with a couple of unexploded 500-pound bombs. They had lodged on the opposite side of the hotel the day before. The entire neighborhood had been evacuated since yesterday.

After trying to communicate with AFHQ at Algiers and failing, I decided to fly there.

I located the air photographs and made arrangements with Lieutenant Colonel Elliott Roosevelt to have his squadron take more of the same. I contacted him in the foyer of the St. George and arranged a conference for the following day. He has made quite a name for himself as a real fighting soldier. President's son or not, out here he stands on his own feet. He has just come back from a flight over Sardinia, one of many aerial-mapping trips he has made over enemy territory.

December 5th.

During my absence, Algiers has become, in a sense, an American city. American vehicles crowd the streets, and our soldiers are everywhere.

I had dinner with H. R. Knickerbocker and slept in a real bed.

December 6th.

My travel orders have been issued. I am to fly in the morning with General Clark and General Doolittle to Oran, where I will collect the film, proceed to Gibraltar by air and thence home to edit the first War Department feature-length film photographed in and under actual battle conditions.

December 10th.

As the huge plane headed out to sea bound for Trinidad and home, I looked long at the receding African coastline. The sun had gently disappeared into a bank of gray-blue clouds. Now shafts of golden light gave to the Dark Continent a sort of halo effect like a monster cloud spread out over the whole world. I watched until the last thin line of land blurred and vanished. It made me think of things—things I will never forget, moments that will stay with me all my life.

A fellow-passenger dropped into the seat at my side and offered me a cigarette. "I understand you've just come back from the Tunis Front. How was it?"

For a moment I couldn't think of the right reply—or of any reply. The man looked at me with what I presume was rapidly growing curiosity and not a little annoyance. After all, it was only an ordinary civil question, and he was by all the laws of civilization entitled to a civil reply.

"Good show," I answered, and this time I meant it.

The End.

Colonel Zanuck's exciting pictures that were described in this diary will appear in your theater soon as a Warner Brothers film entitled "At The Front."

At last! THE 25 HOUR DAY!

(Thanks to your "Satin-Finish" Lipstick!)

by Constance Luft Huhn, Head of the House of Tangee

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20th East 42nd Street
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It is very likely we will be able to suggest a store that will be convenient to you
If it makes it impossible to list all the stores in which these fashions are sold,
Be sure to specify your choice by using the name by which we describe the fashion in which you are interested on this page.
What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 24) the attitude that money can buy the only things in life. How wrong is she?

George W.

Dear Private W:

Frankly, I think that you have taken an interest in a girl who is not the right one for you. When you state that she has the attitude that money can buy the only things in life worthwhile and ask me how wrong this girl is, I can answer that in one word: Entirely.

Never have any illusions that marriage will transform a girl with such a viewpoint. If you couldn't give her everything she wanted, she would make life miserable both for herself and you.

Why don't you wait until the war is over before you try to select a wife?

Bette Davis.

Dear Bette Davis:

You may think it strange of me, asking you this. I have very short eyelashes. I have brown eyes and brown hair and I think if I had longer eyelashes it would improve the looks of my eyes.

Could you tell me how you and other movie actresses grow such long eyelashes?

Gayle C.

Dear Mrs. C.

The truth of the matter is that very few of us have the luxuriant eyelashes we appear to possess. I might say that, in this respect at least, the majority of us owe a great deal to the make-up artist.

However, there are a number of things that you can do to make your eyelashes appear thicker and to make them grow. A good mascara, carefully applied, will give your lashes body and castor oil applied sparingly each night should do wonders toward encouraging growth.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am an eighteen-year-old boy in the Coast Artillery. I am six feet tall, weigh 180 pounds and am neat and well-groomed. I believe my physical appearance is suitable to either stage or screen work with the exception of one thing—my two front teeth have a slight space between them and the enamel is a little bit mottled.

I have asked many dentists to remove the stain (which, incidentally, was caused by a mineral and fluorine content in drinking water) but they have told me that if they remove the stain the process will ruin the teeth.

Miss Davis, could you please recommend a good dentist? After this war is done I am going to a prominent dramatic school in California, but I fear that unless I get these teeth fixed, it will tend to ruin my chances. After all, an actor has to have a handsome smile.

Private Marlow F.

Dear Private F:

I spoke to a dentist about your problem and he assured me that fluorosis is quite common in large areas of Southern Colorado and Texas. Here is something very interesting: It seems that the same minerals in the drinking water that cause discoloration also serve to form extremely hard, beautifully shaped teeth.

For this reason you are uniquely fortunate, because the discoloration and separation won't interfere with your stage or movie chances. In pictures, actors or actresses who don't have perfect teeth can obtain porcelain caps. These are featherweight and can be applied during working hours. You need have no worries that your teeth will be a handicap.

Bette Davis.
Dear Miss Davis:

I am married and have a little boy five years old. I have been married six and a half years, but about two years ago I found out I didn’t love my husband. But now, Miss Davis, I have met another man whom I am sure I love. This man is married also, but he and his wife have been separated several different times. I am sure he loves me. He wants to marry me, but he says he wants me to be sure I want to get a divorce, for he wants me to be happy. He says I can take my boy with us. That, Miss Davis, is my trouble. My son wants to stay with his Daddy, and he doesn’t want me to leave home either. I haven’t yet told my husband that I am in love with another man and want to leave. I am twenty-three, my husband is thirty-five and the other man is only twenty-two. What should I do?

Cynthia T.

Dear Mrs. T.:

It seems to me that the first thing to consider, in this situation, is the fact that both you and the man you say you love are running the risk of doing great damage to the lives of a great many people. You say that this man has been separated from his wife several different times—yet each time they must have patched up their quarrels and been reunited. This would indicate to me that there is some very strong tie between them.

Have you ever asked yourself why they have separated so often? Perhaps the very thing that causes misunderstanding between them might also create friction between you and this man.

And what of your own home, and your little boy? It is only natural for him to love his father, and to want his home to remain as he has known it. You must have your little boy about you wanting to leave his father or you wouldn’t know his opinion. In a way, this was unfair, because it must have given him a sense of instability that is bad for children. Psychologists will tell you that a child needs to feel safe, loved and protected.

Actually, no one can solve your problem except you yourself. It may be that your husband has behaved in some manner to kill your love for him. It may be that there were always great personality differences between you and that the daily wear of association has increased their importance in your eyes. However, as I say, only you can find the answer to all this difficulty.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

My face is long, thin and plain and my hair is short, dry, brittle and lifeless. There is no way I can arrange it to become my unfortunate face. The reason why I am mentioning my face and hair is because I am afraid it is keeping me out of the romantic world.

I am past twenty-five and have never yet had a date with anyone of the opposite sex. During my school days I was always considered as being funny-looking. You can imagine how I felt when I was called by rude names, especially as I hadn’t done anything to deserve them. Even my mother, at times, has called me ugly.

I do not even have any close friends. Although I do have old school friends, they merely smile and pass on after speaking to me on the street.

What would you advise a girl of twenty-five to do when she is finding herself growing to be an old maid?

Mona L.

Dear Miss L.:

It just so happened the day I was answering your letter the editor of a prominent woman’s magazine was on the set, so I asked her for advice on your problem. She said there are success schools in New York City which have helped girls far more handicapped than you are, and trained them to be attractive, popular and desirable persons. As I understand it, the course is given by mail. You supply these people with a photograph, full figure as well as face, of yourself. They diagnose your problems and prescribe for you.

There is only one way to take a course of this kind. If you really want to change—which you seem to—you must seriously apply yourself to their suggestions.

Let me know how you progress.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

I am seventeen and I am very much in love with a soldier who is stationed in California. We have written many letters and we have decided that we want to be married. There is only one thing troubling us: We are second cousins. I would like to know if there is any possible way we could be married.

Virginia W.

Dear Miss W.:

I telephoned the Los Angeles County License Bureau and explained your problem. They assured me that you and your...
sweetheart could be married here in California, as we have no state law against the marriage of second cousins.

Bette Davis.

Dear Miss Davis:

God gifted me with a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice. I have studied for five years during which I sang over the radio, in concert and on the stage with success. Now, I want to try my luck in New York. I have an aunt who is ready to give me one hundred dollars to go there, but unless I have a job as soon as I arrive, I couldn't go far on that money. If I could extend my musical studies I'd make the Metropolitan Opera easily. Please don't think for a moment that I am bragging.

What would you do in my place?

Yvonne R.

Dear Miss R:

By stating that your aunt would give you one hundred dollars, did you mean that such a sum would have to cover your transportation, as well as your living expenses until you found employment? If so, I frankly don't believe it will be enough.

However, before you make any plans whatsoever, you should write to the Metropolitan and make some arrangements for an audition. Then you should get in touch with some of the larger employment agencies and learn what opportunities for work would be open to you.

You can secure the addresses of employment agencies from a N.Y. paper.

Bette Davis.

Dear Bette:

To make a long story short I have been going to business school, much as I've hated it and wanted to quit, but now I have a chance for a job. If I save from now until next August, I will have nearly $700.

Do you think, since I have studied dancing for six years, that it is silly of me to want to go to New York so "darn" bad that I don't care if I have to dance in a cheap night club for a start, as long as it is dancing and New York?

I want to be successful, but I just don't feel that I could be happy in a small town pecking a typewriter when in my heart I want to dance.

Kitty M.

Dear Miss M:

If you actually have $700 saved by August, you should try your luck in New York by all means. In addition to that nest egg, your business training has given you a profession on which you can always depend in an emergency.

I like your spirit very much. I find that a great many people have no inclination to help themselves; but you are planning ahead with intelligence.

As for dancing in a night club, some of our greatest performers have secured their start in humble spots. The thing to remember is: No matter how small your start is, don't let it have any effect upon your work. Do your best and keep your eyes on your ultimate goal.

Bette Davis.

The End

If——

you would like to have your problem answered by Bette Davis, Hollywood's famous advice star, write to her in care of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 8389 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California, and if your letter seems to her to present a universal issue, she will respond in these pages.

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Regular pain doesn’t go with a regular job!

Keeping at it means more work. Days off from work, even housework, are harder to spare. So to save time, save yourself—with Midol! Rely on it regularly for swift relief of your functional menstrual suffering—cramps, headache, and miserable depression.

Midol contains no opiates—yet its effective formula and exclusive ingredient make it give unrelieved comfort in most instances where there is no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment. Ask for Midol at your nearest drugstore now; take it when you feel the need. It will help you go on—through the week—through the month—through the year.

Midol—Guaranteed.

They are Hollywood pioneers 1943 style, Lucille Ball and husband Desi Arnaz. They live on a ranch in San Fernando Valley and although they know that it is a hard life, or one of the most, before Desi’s fatherland Cuba taps him on the shoulder and says, “Into service you go,” instead of having a last gay holiday together they are sticking at home and doing what the government has asked all of us to do. They are raising a Victory garden and canning fruits and vegetables. They have another good idea, too—to trade part of their apricot crop for a share of a neighbor’s grapes so that both households will have greater variety.

The garden is Desi’s province and Lucille heads the canning department. “When I first thought about canning I was scared to death,” Lucille admitted. “But honestly I think I could do anything now.”

Successful canning, she feels, is only a matter of following directions exactly.

Fruits, tomatoes, pickles and preserves, she said, can safely be canned by the open-kettle method; but vegetables and meats must be processed; that is, packed into jars and then cooked in a pressure cooker, steam cooker or hot water bath canner. The water bath is probably the simplest equipment for beginners. Use a large kettle with a close-fitting cover, large enough so that the jars will not touch each other during processing, deep enough for the water to cover the jars at least one inch and with a wooden or galvanized rack that will hold the jars at least a half inch from the bottom of the kettle.

Tomatoes (Open Kettle)

Select firm, ripe tomatoes. Wash in cold water, let stand in boiling water one minute, plunge into cold water and remove skin. Cut out cores and any soft or decayed spots. Boil for twenty minutes, adding salt to taste. Pour into hot, sterile jars (jars, lids and rubber bands should be sterilized by washing, then boiling for 20 minutes) and seal each jar as it is filled.

Peas (Water Bath)

Cover shelled peas with boiling water and boil three minutes for small peas, five for large. Pour peas and liquid into hot sterilizing jars, adding one-half tsp. salt to each pint jar. Seal or partially seal (be sure to read directions given you with the jars to see whether jars should be completely sealed or only partially sealed) and place in water bath which has been filled with hot water. Cover and process for three hours, counting the time from when the water begins to boil. Water must boil during entire processing time; if it boils away add more boiling water.

Beets (Water Bath)

Select young tender beets. Wash, leave on tap roots and an inch or so of stem. Boil until skin can be removed easily, then cut off roots and stems. Pack into sterilized jars, cover with boiling water and add one-half tsp. salt to each pint jar. Seal or partially seal and process for two and one-half hours.

Cabbage (Water Bath)

Select firm cabbage, wash and cut into pieces that can be packed easily. Cook in boiling salted water (one and one-half tsp. salt to one qt. water) until tender. Pack into hot sterilized jars, cover with fresh boiling water, seal or partially seal and process for two hours.

Summer Squash (Water Bath)

Be sure the squash is young and tender. Wash, cut off stem and blossom ends and slice or dice. Steam until tender, pack into hot sterilized jars and add one-half tsp. salt to each pint jar. Seal or partially seal and process for three hours.

New Potatoes (Water Bath)

Take freshly dug potatoes. Wash and scrape potatoes, boil for ten minutes then pack into hot sterilized jars, adding one tsp. salt to each quart jar. Cover with boiling water, seal or partially seal and process for two and one-half hours.
Speak for Yourself  
(Continued from page 15)

... fighting mad! Miss Granville’s portrayal of Anna was spectacular and I’m the sap who said, “Spectacular things don’t impress me.” There are many girls who need convincing, and I hope every one of them sees “Hitler’s Children.”

Ardyce Plantsted, 
San Antonio, Tex.

$1.00 PRIZE
Thinking Out Loud

ISN’T Ingrid Bergman quite the loveliest thing this side of heaven? Why doesn’t Ginger Rogers get her hair cut? It looks awful. Don’t you think she was much more attractive as a blonde? Isn’t Robert Sterling just like your own big brother?

Don’t you agree that Alan Ladd is the screen’s Mr. Dynamite? Wouldn’t you love to have Ann Sheridan and Barbara Stanwyck for your big sisters?

I wonder if we’ll ever know whether Vic Mature was really that way or whether he was just the victim of the publicity department.

Aren’t we lucky to be able to turn on our radio and shake with laughter at the inane jokes of Bob Hope, Jack Benny and Red Skelton instead of shaking with fear at the insane shouts of a dictator?

Fay Hicks, 
Guelph, Ont.

HONORABLE MENTION

SPRING is here and a young girl’s fancy turns to—clothes. Here are the stars I’d consult to create a perfect costume:
A gay, morale-lifting hat designed by Rosalind Russell.
A soft two-piece suit chosen by Janet Gaynor. (Of course, I’d hope for tips from Adrian!)
Shoe by Betty Grable. (With her dancing feet, she ought to know about shoes!) A corsage of spring flowers, as an extra touch, arranged by Ann Rutherford. (She’s like a breath of spring, herself.)
Boy, wouldn’t I lead the “Easter Parade”!
Evelyn Walker, 
Conroe, Tex.

I HEREWITH enter my protest against cluttering up the pages of Photoplay-Movie Mirror with pictures of actresses displaying “crazy” hair-dos.
To illustrate my point, take a quick glance at Ginger Rogers on page 25 (April issue). Then if you are a glutton for punishment, turn to page 27 and see what a mess Betty Grable has made of herself with her “up-roached” coiffure, as my little niece calls them. On pages 48 and 56, Rosalind Russell and Joan Crawford do a thorough job of de-glamourizing themselves. Can anything be done about this? Perhaps you can ration crazy coiffures!

Ardis Hawley Snow, 
Alexandria, Va.

WHAT’S in a smile? Take Spencer Tracy’s, for instance. There is something about it that will warm your heart. Next we’ll say, “Come on, John Payne, give us a smile!” He doesn’t smile at a moment’s notice, but when he does—need I say more?

Virginia O’Brien even smiles—or does she? Anyway, Pat does. I like that smile of his. Why? Because his eyes smile, too. That’s what I call a “double feature.”

Leslie A. Holmes, 
Anderson, S. C.

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Now I buy good-looking, durable CLOPAYs at the 5¢ and 10¢ store

AND KEEP CRISP, FRESH SHADES AT MY WINDOWS ALL THE TIME

HONESTLY, THEY LOOK just like costly cloth shades! They’re made of magical cellulose fiber, and cost so little—10¢, 15¢, 29¢—you can afford new CLOPAY window shades every year.

USE YOUR OLD ROLLERS! It’s as easy as sealing a letter to attach CLOPAYs to old rollers. Just moisten the curved gummed strip. Smooth on. No tacks or tools needed. Saves money. Saves metal.

WHY PAY SO MUCH for window shades that you feel you have to live with them when they get dirty and drab? Join the millions of women who buy good-looking, durable CLOPAY Window Shades. They cost so little—you can change them, have fresh, clean, new shades every year. Get them at 5¢ and 10¢ and neighborhood stores everywhere. CLOPAY Shade-mores still 10¢, Lintones 15¢, Oil-Finish Washables 29¢, for the 36 in. x 6 ft. size, ready to attach.

FINE FOR DAYLIGHT SLEEPERS. CLOPAY Blackout Shades keep light out during day, keep light in at night—permit normal living during dimouts and blackouts. Cost only 39¢ up, with hold-down clips.

CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES

If you find your store temporarily out of a particular size or color, we know you’ll understand. An increasing part of CLOPAY production is devoted to direct war work.
A Letter to my Mother

(Continued from page 19) country, that sometimes we ended up wanting a lot of things that weren't good for us. Unless I'm mistaken, when it's all over, we'll have a lot saner sense of values.

Not to change the subject, but I'm still looking for a pitcher you haven't got. Poured a little Indian one the other day, but remembered you had two in your collection and didn't send it. Have made it part of my life's ambition to find somewhere one of these days a pitcher you don't already have. I was telling the fellows you have about 500 pitchers in your collection.

Remember the time, Mom, after I'd flunked solid geometry twice in succession and you and Dad were despairing about whether I'd ever get out of high school and I pulled the old gag about threatening to burn down the schoolhouse so I could get out? But you gave me a talking-to and tried to explain to me that in order to get a lot of the things you wanted in life, there'd always be a lot of things you had to do that you didn't like. I've found that increasingly true ever since I've been away, but I never expected it to be true about the same things. After ten years or more I wind up with solid geometry and math at flying school again only now, Mom, I've got to pass it. I got through the first stage and feel pretty proud about it and know that half of it must be due to the prayers I asked you to say. Maybe the things you sloughed off in life you have to go back to. It's even possible that the reason we're fighting this war is because we didn't finish the last one the way we should have.

Give Aunt Rosie my love and you two hold down the fort. I hear Brother Pete is in line for promotion and hope he gets it. I was awfully glad to hear that Brother Bill got the job he wanted in the shipyards. Hope he likes the work. Tell him it's too bad he couldn't have been a little younger to join Pete and me and that I'm proud of him.

When I see my daughter Julie on my trips home from camp, she seems more beautiful and talkative each time. Did I ever ask that many questions, Mom? Anyway, I'm going to write you soon again for some answers when I run out of information for Julie. She sends her love and, naturally, Mom, you know how you stand with me though I still don't write as often as I should. I think of you and Godmother and Aunt Rosie and everyone at home every day.

I love you, dear, and God bless you.

John.

Tune in the
BLUE NETWORK

Every day—Monday through Friday.
3:15 to 3:45 P.M. (ET)
LISTEN TO—"MY TRUE STORY"—
a new and different story every day. Stories about the lives of real people; their problems, their loves, their adventures—presented in cooperation with the editors of True Story magazine.

Check your local newspaper for local time of this —
BLUE NETWORK PRESENTATION
The Champ!

(Continued from page 31) Was A Lady.) Then Hollywood discovered her. She became a leader in the “Sweater Set.”

She is unlike most star actresses. She doesn’t have a secretary, a personal hairdresser, or even a business manager. On the set her best friends are invariably the chorus girls and boys who dance with her. She doesn’t wear American cooking, but highly seasoned. The pepper pot is always near when she’s eating.

She batters in jig time. Five minutes is usually enough. She hates showers and likes to take a tub bath at least twice a day, one warm, one cold.

She abors slinky clothes, favors sport things. She looks good in a sweater, and knows it.

She was very thrilled when she was invited to put her mark in the forecourt of Grauman’s Chinese Theater, a sort of Hollywood Hall of Fame. It proved she was now a genuine movie celebrity. But instead of taking her footprints, as is the custom, they took her leg prints.

Her bedroom is done in light pastels. Her dressing table is piled with perfumes. She collects them as a hobby. She is always experimenting with lipstick. There have never been any objections.

She wears a nightgown to bed. She’s tried pajamas, but doesn’t like them. Her nightgowns run the gamut of colors, from white to purple. They’re nearly all caught in the middle by a ribbon, and they’re all of pure silk—or have been to date. She sleeps without a pillow and a pile of a mountain of blankets on herself. Regardless of the famous California climate, she says she’s always cold when she goes to bed.

She loves to walk barefooted. She walks barefooted about the house and on the lawn of her Brentwood house. She believes walking barefooted helps her legs. She’s the kind of a girl who can walk barefooted, wear a sweater and please her public.

HER biggest and most publicized romance was George Raft, and this is how it started: She first met George Raft when she was working in the chorus of Frank Fay’s revue, “Tattle Tales.” She and her sister went out with Raft and a friend. “I was a squirt of fourteen or fifteen then,” she says. “I had to be home by twelve o’clock.” After this initial meeting, she didn’t see Raft again until she was married to Jackie Coogan and working at Paramount. Then Raft was a better friend of Coogans than of hers.

It was long after her divorce from Coogan that Raft asked her for a date. He had a third party arrange the meeting. “He’s a very shy person,” she says. He took her to a “Bundies for Britain” party.

They went with each other constantly after that until Betty decided to terminate the romance, and this is why. After many talks between them George went East to discuss the matter of a divorce with Mrs. Raft, from whom he has been separated for years. He asked for a divorce again. It was practically the same story. He and Mrs. Raft, who couldn’t agree on marriage, couldn’t agree even on the terms of a settlement.

George’s lawyers are still discussing the matter with his wife’s lawyers and it looks as though George and Betty won’t be able to get together again unless George can get a legal separation from Mrs. Raft.

The love problem of Betty and her “Honey” is certainly a much more difficult one than any they have faced in a Hollywood scenario.

The End

“Like he said... Gee, Monkey-face, you’re the first welder whose hands I’ve ever kissed!”

GREASY grime left my hands rough as sandpaper. Just wouldn’t wash off! Then I got wise to Hinds Honey and Almond Cream... yep, started using it before and after work. Say, Hinds helps against drying, ground-in dirt. Now my hands wash up soft and happy... whiter-looking than I’d ever hoped!

Smooth? You bet! I use Hinds that Honey of a lotion!

Copyright, 1947, by Lion & Fish Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

BEFORE WORK—housework or factory work—use Hinds. Tests prove grease and grime wash off faster, hands come out cleaner. Hinds skin softeners actually help guard your skin against drying, ground-in dirt.

AFTER WORK—Hinds again! Extra-creamy, extra-softening. Gives red, chapped skin a softer, whiter look, a comely feel. It benefits skin abused by work or weather.

HINDS for HANDS and wherever skin needs softening!
HE'S MY GUY—Universal: Van Moore, Dick Farn; Terry Allen, Irene Havens; Madge Donovan, Juan Davis; Sparks, Fuzzy Knight; Singer, Gertrude Niesen; Charles Kirk, Donald Douglas; Elywood, Bill Hallock; Specialties by Mills Bros, Duran Sisters, Diamond Bros, Lorraine Krueger.

HIGH EXPLOSIVE—Paramount: Bass Mitchell, Chester Morris; Connie Baker, Jean Parker; Mike Dougherty, Marie Slaughter, Stanley Andrews, Ralph Sanford; Jimmy Baker, Rand Brooks; Dave, Dick Purcell; Davis Lynch, Barbara Lynn.

HIT PARADE OF 1943—Republic: Jack Farrell, John Carroll, Bill Whiting, Norman Haywood, Tom Farrell, Gail Patrick, Belinda Wright, Eve Arden; Bradley Colly, Melvyn Douglas, J. Marshall Davis, Walter Colly, Jamie, Mary Treen, Bertram, Tom Kennedy, Joyce, Astrid Allwyn, Braetie, Tom Ryan, and Jack Williams; the Harlem Poll; Dorothy Dandridge; Pops and Louis; the Music Masters; the Church of Christ, the Golden Gate Quartet; and Freddy Martin and his orchestra; Count Basie, and his orchestra; Ray McKinley and his orchestra.

HOPPY SERVES A WRIT—U.A.: Hopalong Cassidy, William Boyd; California Carlson, Andy Clyde; Jack Hargan, J. H. Saroyan, Victor Jory; Steve Jordan; George Reeves; Jean Hollister, Jan Christy; Grey Jordan, Hall Trower; Ben Hollister, Forbes Murray; rip, Bob Morley; Dumas, Byron Foulger; Jim Bumpus, Earle Hodgins; Bob, Roy Barcroft.

I WALKED WITH A ZOMBIE—RKO Radio: Rand, James Ellison, Frances Dee, Holland; Tom Conway, Mrs. Rand, Edith Barrett; Dr. Maxwell, James Bell, Jessica, Christine Gordon; Alma, Teresa Harris; Calego Singer, Sir Lancelot; Carre Fou, Darby Jones; Dancer, Jimi Leta.

ISLE OF ROMANCE—Universal: Tommy (Chief Acme), Alan Jones; Jane Horton, June Frazer; Eddie Doolin, Andy Divine; Mrs. Horton, Ernest Truex; Stone Dwyer, Marion Martin, Nedrick Patsy; Natan, Ara Acme, Acme, Mrs. Horton, Marjorie Gateson.

IT AIN'T HAY—Universal: Grover Moshkin, Bill Alden, John Caballero, Costello, Patterson, Patsy O'Connor; Kitty, Grace McDonald; Joe, Loughran, Noble, Kenny, Cecil Kellaway; Mr., Eugene Pallette, Harry; the Horse, Eddie Quinn; Umbrella Joe, Shemp Howard; Chaney the Eye, Dave Harker, Earl, Fess Adams, Samuel Hinds, Sticker, Richard Lane; Reily, Wade Boteler; Grant, Seimer Jackson.

LADIES' DAY—RKO Radio: Pepita, Lope Velas; Wally, Eddie Albert; Hazel, Patsy Kelly; Hippy, Max Baer; Updike, Jerome Cowan; Kitty, Iris Adrian; Joan, Burt Merry, Dave, Cliff Clark; Marianne, Carmen Morales; Doc, George Cleveland; Marty, Jack, Hackett; Earl, Godfrey, Samuel Hinds; Sticker, Richard Lane; Reily, Wade Boteler; Grant, Seimer Jackson.

NEXT OF KIN—Beppo Leembrug, Nora Pilbeam; Miss Clarke, the dancer, Phyllis Stanley, Naval Captain, Basil Sidney; Private John, Geoffrey Hibbert; Private John, David Manners; John, Lt. (Mr., Mr.); L. Mervyn Johns, Mr. Barrett; L. C. Stephen Murray; Major Richards, Su Leader. Region 3rd, Intelligence Office; Lt. David Hutchison, Mrs. "Ma" Webster, Mary Clare; The Colonel, Frederick, Stephen; Alexander; Chief Field, Bridego Major, 2nd Lt. John Hawkins; The Brigadier, Breslin O'Rourke.

SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS—M.G.M.: Penny Evans, Lana Turner; Boll, Robert Young; Cornelius Burden, Walter Brennan; Baba, Dame, Dame Mary White; John, Ena Noble; Eugene Pallette, General, Alman Monroe, Mrs. Rozanne, Brooke, Florence Nightingale, Dr. Gould, Howard Freeman; Gold, William Mitchell; Jimmy, Ward Bond; Smith, Pamela Blake; Snobz, Ray Collins; Stanhope, Paul Stanton.

THIS LAND IS MINE—RKO Radio: Albert Lory, Charles Laughlin; Louise Marta, Maureen O'Hara; George Lambert, George Sanders; Major Van Keller, Walter Slezak, Paul Muni, Kent Smith; Mrs. Emma Lory, Una O'Connor, Prof. Philip Merivale, Mayor, Thurston Hall; Prosecuting Attorney, George Coulouris, Julie Grant, Nancy Gates; President, Indian; Jean Simpson; Edwars Lawrence, John Donald, Lt. Schuttner, Frank Allen; Little Man, Leo Holzmann; Mr. Magazine, Wheaton Chambers; Mrs. Lawrence, Kent Weston.

YOUNG MR. PITT, THE 20th Century-Fox: The Earl of Charlton and William Pitt, Robert Donat; William Pitt (in a boat). Geoffrey Allen, Misses Pit, Sparr, John Cadell; Chapter June Fox, Robert Morley; Eleanor Eden, Phyllis Calvert; George The Third, Ray Milland; Queen Charlotte, Agnes Latham; William Wilforce, John Mills; Lord North, Felix Aylmer, Donald, Ian McKellen, Saker, Max Adrian; Sir Edward, Bryan Daven- port; Smith, John Salve, Napoleon, Herbert Lom; Tullecandy, Albert Lieven, Lord Nelson, Stephen Haggard, Earl St. Lorne, Addison, Henry Hewitt; Sir William, Farquhar, Frederick Folley; Coachman, Frank Pippington; Gentleman Jackson, Leslie Bradley; Mr. Denvro, Roy Emerson; Mr. Millett, Hugh McDonald; Lord Grenville, Alfred Sangster.

Here's a woman rationing her time... giving part to a war job, yet running a house efficiently in between.

How does she do it? Let's look at her kitchen. No fuzzy serving with rip down and launder. But every shelf dust-protected with sanitary Royledge, the edges cheerful with gay color that won't fade.

Royledge's glossy "double-edge" keeps crisp, straight, clean and fresh for months. A quick brush-off keeps it immaculate. And it's as pretty as anything ever made for shelves.

Here's efficiency for you... and real wartime-thrift too! For Royledge costs only 2¢ a yard... 6¢ for a whole 9 ft. package. Why not put your shelves in gay Royledge uniform, now that extravagance and time-wasters are "out"?

Sold at 5-and-10, neighborhood and department stores.

Before and After!

Readable modern facial reconstruction quickly and simply corrects walkingly nose, protruding ears, wrinkles, signs of age, thick lips, pendulous breasts. This 8 1/2 x 11" page profusely illustrated book plainly de-scopes modern methods used by Plastic Surgeons. Sent in plain wrapper only 25¢—mail one stamp to:

GLENVILLE PUBLISHERS, 313 Madison Ave., Dept. L NYC.
The Shadow Stage

Continued from page 16) to an impersonation. And so well does Lana feign her amnesia attack even Bob, who knew her when, is fooled.

Walter Brennan gives a sympathetic performance as the man of wealth who accepts Lana as his long-lost child. Dame May Whitty is splendid as the nurse.

There are times when the story plot grows thin around the edges, but Lana and Bob are strong enough to offset the dull moments.

Your Reviewer Says: Romance in the comedy manner.

✓ Hello, Frisco, Hello (Twentieth-Century-Fox)

It's About: A group of entertainers who climb to the top.

PATTERNED to the formula that made hits of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "Rose Of Washington Square" this musical, based on still another song hit of another era emerges a honey of a movie. Alice Faye, after a year's absence from the screen, returns to score a solid hit as the singer in love with John Payne, who can't resist the Nob Hill lovely, Lynn Bari. Alice's singing of "You'll Never Know" and the duet between John and Alice of the title song is one of those moments in movie history not to be forgotten. There is something wistfully plaintive in the Faye's voice that tugs at your heartstrings. The love strings of a body's heart. In her belated, belated and befuddled glows of the Gay Nineties, Alice is a picture of loveliness.

Payne gives one of the best performances of his career as the vasovagical hero and Jack Oakie is just Oakie with his inimitable singing and strutting. Nostalgic memories fliit about as we listen to such old favorites as "It's Tutill Time In Holland," "Shine On Harvest Moon" and "Doing The Grizzly Bear.

Laird Cregar heads behind a pair of massive whiskers as a prospect and June Havoc, who is given her best screen opportunity, makes the most of every second.

Your Reviewer Says: Miss this and you'll be sorry.

✓ Edge Of Darkness (Warners)

It's About: Re volt of natives against Nazi occupationists.

This is a story well told, well directed and, in several instances, beautifully acted, though at times it does go over the edge of darkness into black shadow.

Errol Flynn and Ann Sheridan (not too well photograhed) are Norwegian leaders of a revolution against Nazi oppressors. When arms arrive from England, the revolt flares into action only after rape and murder have made life unendurable for the Norwegians.

Flynn seems rather negative in his role as the fisherman; Ann is too repressed. Walter Huston and Ruth Gordon, as her parents, and John Beal, as the weak brother, are very good, indeed. Helmut Dantine earns the title of the desipled Nazi leader. Mr. Dantine is so very tense one keeps wishing for little sign of relaxed easiness. It never comes. Incidentally, Dantine is the highlight of the whole proceedings.

Charles Dingle, as the Nazi sympathizer, and Nancy Coleman, as the Polish girl en-
slaved by Dantine, give polished performances. Summed up, "Edge Of Darkness" will have its chief appeal for the followers of Flynn and Sheridan.

Your Reviewer Says: A picture to make you think.

✓ I Walked With A Zombie (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A nurse who walks with the living dead.

It creeps along with eerie tread, a slow devastating dark thing that holds and fascinates. And while one is well aware it's so much hooey, the story is told with such conviction it can't be taken lightly.

The tale, told in retrospect, is that of a nurse who goes to the Caribbean where she discovers her patient is insane. On the island the natives proclaim the stricken woman a zombie, a member of the walking dead, and in order to help restore her to normalcy, the nurse becomes involved in weird voodoo hoodoo. Frances Dee is beautiful, dignified and charming as the nurse, which, come to think of it, may account in part for the plausibility of the tale. Tom Conway is the husband and Jimmy Ellison is so very good as his younger brother, Sir Lancelot, the famous calypso singer, Edith Barrett and James Bell complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Talk about "The Cat People!" Get a load of this one.

✓ It Ain't Hay (Universal)

It's About: A pair of comics who annex a race horse by accident.

It's Abbott and Costello, friends, which means it's a funny picture just on general principles and not because the story is too good (for it isn't) or the gags too fresh. With that pair they needn't be.

This time the lean and heavy pair attempt to replace the horse of a Central Park hack driver that Costello has helped hasten to its death by feeding it peppermint candy. Thinking they are swiping a worthless race horse, the lads, instead, steal Tea Biscuit, the champion, and the hullabaloo that ensues is typical Abbott and Costello fun.

Grace McDonald and Leighton Noble take care of the romance department. Little Patsy O'Connor leads off with a bit

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Best Pictures of the Month

This Land Is Mine
Hello, Frisco, Hello
Next Of Kin
Desert Victory

Best Performances

Charles Laughton in "This Land Is Mine"
Una O'Connor in "This Land Is Mine"

Alice Faye in "Hello, Frisco, Hello"  Joan Davis in "He's My Guy"
Robert Donat in "The Young Mr. Pitt"

Alan Ladd in "China"
William Bendix in "China"

Look your prettiest ... while you help Uncle Sam by saving your clothes

- You need to save clothes, sure enough, but you don't need to look tacky. Get out your last year's frocks and with a few packages of RIT, give them all a gay, sparkling, eye-catching beauty. Save precious silk dresses ... save your skirts and sportswear and washables ... have the thrill of a new wardrobe—and buy a whole bookful of War Savings Stamps with the saving.

- Just be sure you get RIT ... so easy to use, you'll dye laughing. Light colors tint in warm water. Dyes dark colors—even jet black—with no boiling. (Merely summer.) Colors "take" beautifully.
Dr. Miles Nervine

SOMETIMES I'M SO EXCITABLE

GLASS OF MILES NERVINE

RIGHT NOW IF I WERE A

GLOVER'S

GLASS OF MILES NERVINE

WITH GLASS OIL OR LIQUID

DR. MILES NERVINE

Liquor or Effervescent Tablets

WHEN Functional nervous disorders

Excitability wears you down, jarrettes

your work or spoil your good time,

Take a GLASS OF MILES NERVINE

Affix the label, wash down with water.

DOCTOR'S RECOMMENDATION

Dr. Miles Nervine has been prescribed by

thousands of Physicians, in their professional

directions, and is known and tried by

millions of people.

Always keep a bottle handy.

Directions: Take 1 to 2 Tablets 3 or 4 TIMES A DAY.

Price: 50c, $1.00, $2.00, $3.00, $5.00.

Beautifying, healthful and pleasant to the taste.

A health tonic that leaves you feeling

rejuvenated.

A natural, non-alcoholic, medicinal

beverage.

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there are moments when the scenic grandeur surpasses the action in this story, but once it gets going it's a fight to the finish.

The picture stars Richard Dix, who is fresh, believable and4handsome. Lee Cobb as Hyatt and Mary have say, unusual in this type of film. Here is an actor what am. Jane Wyatt is a lovely and dignified heroine and Albert Dekker's good as the villain.

The picturesque flow of wagon trains across the Western plains is beautifully photographed.

Your Reviewer Says: Beauty rising to action.

Hoppin' Serves A Writ (U.A.)

It's About: Outlaws who get lured over the wrong border.

A GRAND little Western series are these Hopalong Cassidy stories, stories that never disappoint fans who like fast action in their outdoor epics. In this one, brave and handsome Hopalong, played as usual by William Boyd, leads the pursuit of robbers. The brigands cross the state border, but Sheriff Hopalong refuses to be blocked. Using a disguise he travels across the border and traps the rascals over to the right side—but the wrong side for the bad boys.

A fight to finish between Hopalong and Victor Jory, the robber, is a lulu. Whewie, do those boys wrestle!

Your Reviewer Says: Outlaws out West.

He's My Guy (Universal)

It's About: A husband and wife reunited through war work.

It's getting to be a habit with Hollywood, this building movies around song titles, and we must say such pictures usually emerge hits. This is no exception. We leap to modify this statement somewhat, though, for without the ribald clowning of Joan Davis, "He's My Guy" would be something else again.

Joan is an auburn-haired riot who creates a laugh a minute. Why the talents of the actresses have been neglected, we'll never know.

Dick Foran and Irene Hervey, the estranged couple who are reunited through a defense plant show, sing several numbers delightfully. Gertrude Niesen, the little girl with the big voice, puts across her numbers in wonderful style. The Mills Brothers, Fuzzy Knight and the Dorene Sisters contribute a lot of entertainment, but it's Joan Davis who walks (and what a stride) away with the show.

Your Reviewer Says: Ha, ha, ha!

Ladies' Day (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A too energetic wife of a baseball player.

THAT Eddie Albert, a fine actor if ever there was one, should be tossed into this potpourri of hot tamale nonsense, is a crying shame. Come to think of it, he looked unhappy, too.

The story has Eddie cast as a baseball player with a wife, Lupe Velez, who interferes with his work. As a result the wives of other players get together to keep Lupe in place.

Patsy Kelly and Max Baer are another husband and wife couple and among the bit players we may glimpse Jack Briggs, bridgroom of Ginger Rogers.

Your Reviewer Says: Forget it, friends.
PADO RELIEVES THE TORTURE OF SIMPLE PILES

I'M SO THANKFUL, PADO BROUGHT RELIEF FROM PAIN

Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PADO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

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1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parches—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleed ing. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application
PADO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PADO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PADO Ointment!
Ask your doctor about wonderful PADO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PADO ointment from your druggist today!

The Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

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Harrigan's Kid (M-G-M)

It's About: An ex-jockey who coaches a new rider.

BOBBY READICK makes his cinema debut as a young jockey trained in arrogance and dishonesty by ex-jockey Bill Gargan. And when where with lad looked a good bet. Gargan (as always) is splendid in his role and rises to meet the new finish. J. Carrol Naish and Frank Craven lend a lot to this little racetrack tale.

Your Reviewer Says: Not too good, not too bad.

China (Paramount)

It's About: Two Americans who join the Chinese in their struggle.

RIGHT up that ladder of fame, rung by rung, climbs Mr. Alan Ladd to his lofty star perch. We doubt if any absence in the Army can dim the movie-goers' ardor for 1943's boy wonder. Ladd has that something, that cold, calm, fascinating charm that women love and, what's more, he has it in a nice, blond, American way. The first screen bad boy, who sported a crisp straw hat and smiling, blond hair, Ladd is now tops in his field. Ask any woman who has seen him.

Slightly divergent (thank goodness) in character from Alan's role as the oil agent in China who refuses to take sides in the life and death struggle between the Japs and Chinese. Even the persuasive argument of Loretta Young, a school teacher in China, who with her brood of children is rescued by Ladd, fails to daunt him until suddenly he comes face to face with the Japs' atrocities. From then on it's a different story.

Right alongside of Ladd marches big and unpretty Bill Bendix, who is also rapidly forging to the top with his splendid work. As Alan's truck driver, Bendix is terrific. What a pair these two make.

Miss Young is very pretty and believable. Philip Ahn and Jessie Tai Tai Sing lend strength to this strong-armed story of China.

Your Reviewer Says: Great stuff.

Corregidor (P. R. C.)

It's About: The inevitable triangle during the siege on Corregidor.

IT'S becoming more and more a habit with Hollywood producers to seize upon a name in the headlines of the news and build a story around it. Such a picture ("Casablanca") can be a fine story or, as in this instance, it can prove an effort not up to the action that prompted the headline news.

The action begins on the island of Manob the day before Pearl Harbor is bombed. Ellissa Landi, a woman doctor, arrives on the island to marry scientist Otto Kruger just as the bombing begins. Joining a party of American flyers whose plane has been shot down, Kruger and his bride take their way to Corregidor where Ellissa meets her former fiancé, Donald Woods. Together they give all possible aid to the wounded under terrific bombings until Kruger is finally killed, leaving Landi and Woods free to wed.

A fitting tribute to the heroes of Corregidor closes the film. Landi is good in her role and should be seen more often. Frank Jenks scores in his role of a soldier.

Your Reviewer Says: We pause to think.

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Write at once if you want this fine make-to-measure suit—just $10.00, free shipment (EWT). You will earn up to $30.00, $12.00 is a fat mailing order for this suit. Write at once. Indicate your size and color. Free gift—$10.00 suit. Write at once. Dress—$10.00, $12.00, $30.00, $50.00. The boys get $5.00. The ladies $2.50. Write at once. No experience, no money needed. Write for FREE SAMPLES—sample lesson and business plan. PIONEER TAILORING COMPANY, Congress and Tripp Sts., Dept. 12-3232, Chicago, Ill.

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The Dennison Handy Helper says:
"IF IT'S TOUGH—MEND IT WITH DENNISON TRANSPARENT MENDING TAPE"

Give Your Feet An Ice-Mint Treat

Get Happy, Cooling Relief For Burning Callouses—Put Spring In Your Step Don't groan about tired, burning feet. Don't mean about callouses. Get busy and give them an Ice-Mint treat. Feel the comforting, soothing coolness of Ice-Mint. A 10c hold, morning - aching tiredness, Rub Ice-Mint over those ugly hard old corns and callouses, as directed. See how white, cream-like Ice-Mint helps soften them up. Get foot happy today the Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.
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ACCEPT ILLUSTRATED FOLDER

For 25c stamp and 10c each, postmarked after 1924 one cent green Franklin stamp. You may have this and other valuable stamps at home on old letters. Send for list. In coupon form, each valuable stamp information on re- cent or old stamps and stamp markets for 25c. Write W. W. Jameson, Drift Rocks, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Book on THE LEG CONNECTION and FREE BOOKLET. It tells about Varicose Ulcers, Open Leg sores, Lyme Metritis, and used while you walk. More than 40 years of success, praised and endorsed by multitudes.

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Writing short stories, articles on business, hobbies, war activities, sports, etc., will enable you to earn money from your own pen. In your own time, your very own way. Work either for individual publishers or for World Publishing Company, New York City (having just published a series of books), or have your stories translated into foreign languages and sold in all parts of the world. Learn by writing. Our unique "Writing Antidote Text" tells you exactly how to do it in essential to successful writing. You'll enjoy this text. Write for it, without cost or obligation.

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SENSATIONAL SIMULATED DIAMOND WEDDING RING BARGAIN

Captivating ring with every beauty for beauty's sake. Extra beauty, extra luster, additional quality to make it a night. Simulated diamonds. Every stone simulated. Wear it in the daytime, and in the evening take it off, put it in your jewelry box. Keep it in your jewelry box, or wear it in the daytime. It's a bargain.

10 DAYS TRIAL

Send no money, no postage, no commitments, no obligation. We ship this ring to you. If you are not satisfied, return it to us in seven days, safe and sound, and we will refund every cent. We stand by our guarantee. Ask us for it.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. ST-2, Jefferson, Iowa

\* The Young Mr. Pitt (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The political career of an English prime minister.

ROBERT DONAT of "Mr. Chips" fame comes to the screen in a rather stuffy biographical tale that is beautifully acted and historically interesting, but as pure entertainment leaves much to be desired. With true British deliberation the story plods ponderously, telling of the career of Pitt, who becomes prime minister of England at twenty-four and who weathers the storms of adversity and criticism when Napoleon's threats threaten to engulf England. So conscientiously does Pitt adhere to his duties that he sacrifices his health and the one love of his life, coming to a last fitful climax of a glorious and unselfish career.

Robert Morley, the English actor remembered for his work here in "Marie Antoinette," is convincingly real in his role of Charles Fox, Pitt's opponent in the House. Phyllis Calvert is impressive as the girl Pitt loves, and Raymond Lowell, as George III, stands out in his every scene.

The comparison between England's plight in the early 1800's with Napoleon's hordes an ever-present threat and today's similar situation with the Nazi hordes barking across the Channel is really remarkable.

Your Reviewer Says: Heavy as a history book.

High Explosive (Paramount)

It's About: The bravery of a nitro truck driver.

Chester Morris washes out as an auto midget racer to take the perilous job of driving a truck loaded with nitroglycerine. Morris is an expert in handling high explosives and also at casting big eyes at Jean Parker, secretary of the company.

When Jean's brother, Rand Brooks, is killed in a truck explosion, Chester is blamed and only redeems himself by bravely guiding a plane at a burning munitions plant in order to snuff out the blaze.

Things move always at a sassy rate of speed and all in it's not such a bad little 'pitcher.'

Your Reviewer Says: Fair enough.

He Hired the Boss (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: An all-time loser who finally hits the jackpot.

Stuart Erwin is a sappy little office worker plodding along year after year, getting nowhere and hoping for a raise so he can marry his girl, Evelyn Venable. Finally fate takes matters in her hands and makes it possible, through a property deal, for Stuart not only to take over the business himself but to hire his boss, Thurston Hall, to work for him. William Orr is the boss's son and Chick Chandler is a city-slicker salesman.

There's a certain honey quality about the story that's appealing somehow. As usual, Erwin's work bears a deep sincerity that carries weight and authority.

Your Reviewer Says: Homey as pumpkin pie.

\* Air Raid Wardens (M-G-M)

It's About: Two small-town failures who are consumed with patriotism.

NOW—NO OLD TUBE NEEDED TO GET THIS BOTTLED TOOTHPASTE

Pours from the bottle stands up on your brush.

Now thousands who want genuine toothpaste—but haven't a tube to turn in—can get it! Without removing the old tube, you can fill the new genuine toothpaste. It conveniently pours from a bottle and economically stands up on your brush. TRANs quickly cleanses and helps remove the dust from the teeth, invigorates the gums with monographs—and awakens the teeth to new health without the use of harsh abrasives or other harmful material.

Do not confuse TRANs with so-called "liquid dentifrices." It is a "bottled toothpaste" that cleanses without having to use soda along with it. Before offering TRANs for sale, many people were asked to "pre-"use it. All reported it equal to any toothpaste they've used—85c called it "the best." Ask for TRANs BOTTLED TOOTHPASTE at drug, department or 10¢ stores.

Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Cream this evening—use as directed before going to bed!—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days a smooth, clear skin, without pimples or outward origin should be gone. A cleaner, whiter, smoother looking complexion. Sold on money guarantee at all drug, department and 5e-10c stores.

Golden Peacock BLEACH CREAM

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NEW 11-MINUTE HOME SHAMPOO TONIGHT

Try NEW

Specially made for blondes. Helps keep hair from dark night of deadline — brightens fabled blonde hair. No liquid, it is a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dingy, dirt-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Called Blondex, it takes but 1 minute for a glorious shampoo that you can do at home. Gives hair attractive lustre and sheen—keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe, fine for children's hair. Sold at 10¢, drug and department stores.
HOW we laughed! And how we've laughed at Laurel and Hardy in the past, and how we're still laughing at these masters of nuttiness who close up their small-town bicycle shop and set off for the wars. However, branch after branch of the service refuses the pair and they finally return home to become air-raid wardens. Every possible blunder known to man is committed by the boys, until the chief warden can endure them no longer. On their own, the lads finally round up a gang of saboteurs and emerge heroes. Stan and Ollie are in rare form, with Edgar Kennedy going along for the laughs. Pretty Jacqueline White and Horace McNally are the slightly romantic twosome.

Your Reviewer Says: Funnier than a joke.

The Falcon Strikes Back
(RKO-Radio)

It's About: The amateur detective who finds himself framed.

GEORGE SANDERS, the original Falcon, has now been eliminated entirely from this series with his brother, Tom Conway, supplanting him as the amateur sleuth with an eye for a pretty girl. In fact, it's this very weakness that leads Conway into becoming the victim of a brawl in a phony barroom. While he is unconscious, thieves use his car in a huge bond theft. When Mr. Conway attempts to explain to the cops, he finds the barroom gone and also his alibi. So, with the aid of his stooge, Cliff Edwards, and pretty Jane Randolph, the woman reporter, Conway digs in and solves the crime.

Edgar Kennedy decorates the proceedings. Harriet Hilliard, Wynne Gibson and Rita Corday complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Neat little thing.

Desert Victory
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: Rommel's African rout.

THIS is it—the picture to silence forever the arm-chair critics of the African war! Filmed by the British during actual combat that starts with El Alamein, it is the most superb factual picture to come out of the war thus far. You see a new manner of warfare, with General Montgomery insisting every private under his command have complete understanding of the military objectives and the strategy and methods by which he means to take it. You see supply lines—the longest in history—and you begin to realize the magnitude of the African effort. You see men fighting and dying. You see our forces burying our dead and the enemy dead too; and new hate for the Nazi's way of living and fighting rises within you. You see a Highlander crossing the desert at the height of a hellish fight, his skirts swinging and his pipes sounding, and new courage springs into your heart.

Here is the chance for the folks back home to learn, at first hand, what goes on where their loved ones fight.

Your Reviewer Says: It makes your newspaper headlines come excitingly alive.
REMEMBER how glorious it all was... landing your job
the very day school ended? It was your way of enlisting...
doing a man's work while he's away fighting for freedom!
You can still see Mom...her face beaming when you
brought home your first week's pay, safely salted away in War
Stamps. And Dad, proud as punch...with his glasses all
misted up...remember?
But today it's different...you wish you'd never even started!
And you wonder how other girls always manage? Sally and Bess
and all the rest never seem to feel down in the dumps.
They'll sail through their full eight hours and their dates,
too...without a care in the world!
Maybe you were thinking out loud! Because Sally, the starter,
takes you under her wing—tells you how girls-in-the-know keep
going, keep smiling every day. "It's not just luck,"
she explains. "It's because we've learned by experience
that Kotex sanitary napkins are made to stay soft while wearing!"

Hit a New High!
How right she was (and you're glad you didn't break your date)!
For Kotex is lots different from pads that just feel soft at first
touch. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard
under pressure. Kotex gives you more comfort and (joy of joys!)
no wrong side to cause accidents.
All this—and confidence, too! Because there's no ceiling to a
girl's confidence, with the superb protection only Kotex can
promise. No need to forfeit a moment's poise, thanks to that
4-ply safety center...and you can depend on those flat,
pushed ends to keep your secret safe!
With all these advantages, you'd naturally expect more girls
to choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together...wouldn't you? And they do!

Keep going in comfort—with KOTEX!

THUMBS UP? THUMBS DOWN? "Difficult days"—and
what to do about them! The new free booklet,
"As One Girl To Another" solves the
mysteries of a girl's intimate life...tips you
off on grooming, activities, social contacts, Rush
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Remember—it's FREE!

For Certain Days...if you suffer
from cramps, try KURB tablets, a
Kotex product compounded expressly
for relief of periodic discomfort. It
merits your confidence. Take only as
directed on the package and see how
KURBS can help you!
Dear Miss "Puzzled":

Ask your baby sister how to look lovelier!

Have a look at baby. She's a heartbreaker already with her pink, perfect complexion. You can use her beauty secret, Sis! Baby's beauty boss is Doctor, and he says, "Ivory Soap for you, beautiful." You see, baby's sensitive skin needs gentle care. And pure, mild Ivory contains no coloring matter, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating.

Have a chat with doctor... and you won't puzzle any longer. He'll advise you to change from improper cleansing methods. There is no milder, safer care than regular cleansing with "Velvet-suds" Ivory Soap. No wonder more doctors advise pure, mild Ivory for your skin and baby's than all other brands of soap together!

See what it does for your complexion. When baby isn't looking, try her Ivory beauty treatment. Just borrow her white cake of Ivory. Use plenty of that luxurious Ivory lather. You'll soon know how much lovelier your complexion is. That adoring look in his eyes will tell you!

991/4% pure... It floats.

Look lovelier... with pure, mild Ivory... the soap more Doctors advise than all other brands together!