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HOLLYWOOD

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

JANUARY
NSC

HOLLYWOOD

5¢ IN CANADA

5¢

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LINDA DARNELL

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HAS NELSON EDDY QUIT THE SCREEN?

Try this Bride's Beauty Secret ... go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

PN1993
.H43

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-lovely!

"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 splashing.



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.

This lovely bride, Mrs. J. D. Gover of Valley Stream, N. Y., says: "I'd been on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet only a short time when friends began to compliment me and beg for my beauty secret."



Trade-Mark Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.

FOR 30 DAYS...LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!



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 mag-

netic 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!



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with
IPANA and MASSAGE

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

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 admir-
ably foster the child.

Three strong men star in "Cargo Of
Innocents".

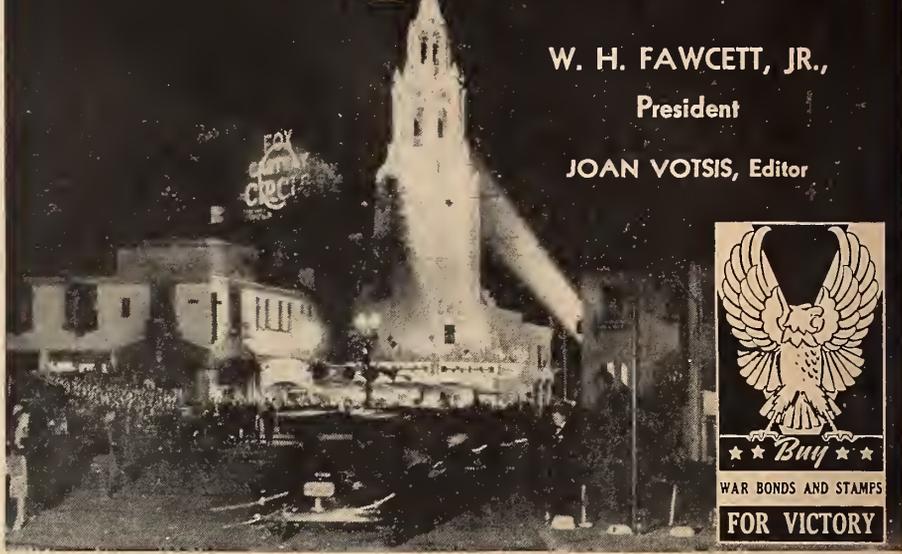
They are Robert
Taylor, Charles
Laughton and Brian
Donlevy. But more
about this anon.

It is a lionhearted
picture.

Naturally. —*Leo*



Hollywood



W. H. FAWCETT, JR.,

President

JOAN VOTISIS, Editor



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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS



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.



**GREAT
BOOK!**
**GREAT
PICTURE!**



with
ROBERT YOUNG
LARAINÉ DAY
FAY BANTER
NIGEL BRUCE
WILLIAM SEVERN
and presenting
"MARGARET" O'BRIEN

Screen Play by David Hertz and William Ludwig · Based Upon the Book by William L. White

Directed by
MAJOR W. S. VAN DYKE !!
Produced by B. P. FINEMAN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

It's a
BIG PICTURE



**DRAMA!
ROMANCE!
ADVENTURE!
THRILLS!**

The thrill hit that's already the talk of a proud nation! See the first Yanks in daring air action against the Japs!

FLYING TIGERS

Starring

John WAYNE

John CARROLL

Anna LEE

with
**PAUL KELLY · GORDON JONES
MAE CLARKE · BILL SHIRLEY**

The Flying Tigers daily risk their lives for you—keep 'em flying with War Bonds and Stamps



Women they love—
sharing the dangers
of the war-torn front!

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By **ERSKINE JOHNSON**

■ Diana Barrymore has finally discovered, after a year in Hollywood, that you don't have to be a mountebank to be a celluloid success. When she first descended on flickerville from Broadway, John's daughter immediately wooed and won a lot of enemies. She was of the Barrymore tribe and Barrymores are supposed to be on the temperamental, exhibitionist side. For several months Diana put more into Barrymore than even her father could have taken credit for. She pounded on desks, stamped her high French heels, acted without benefit of a camera and otherwise made herself thoroughly disliked. Apparently she thought it was the thing to do to land Hollywood at her feet. But when the town landed, instead, on her neck, she was quick to realize her mistake. Talk to anyone now out at Universal, where she's working in her third picture, *Nightmare*, and they'll tell you Diana is the darling of the lot.

■ Not in The Script: "I don't know what my next picture is going to be, but you can bet your bottom dollar it will be something funny. Even better than that, I'd like to play a heel. I'm fed up with being so doggedon heroic on the screen"—Gary Cooper.

■ Director Preston Sturges likes to tell people that he built a Hollywood night club, The Players, especially for Harry Rosenthal. "I like his music and I wanted him where I could find him." Harry Rosenthal is a Hollywood character, a sort of musical Alexander Woollcott. Everyone in town knows Harry—actor, pianist, orchestra leader, music store owner and wit. And everyone talks music with Harry. Mention any star and Harry knows their musical preferences and dislikes.

Harry knows, for instance, why Gail Patrick can't listen to "My Buddy." It ties [Continued on page 8]



Franchot Tone and his lovely wife, Jean Wallace, cut a mean rug at Alexis Thompson's recent Zoot Suit party. Franchot's in Metro's *Skyway to Glory*

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**"



The deft, dizzy,
different hit written
and directed by
PRESTON
(Never a dull moment)
STURGES



A Paramount Picture starring

CLAUDETTE JOEL

COLBERT · McCREA

with
MARY ASTOR · RUDY VALLEE

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



One of the town's cutest cuties is blond, peppy Marie McDonald currently appearing in Paramount's *Lucky Jordan*

up with her first romance in high school. She and the boy danced to the song at parties, sang it, adopted it for their own. One night there was a motorcycle accident. The boy was killed. Gail's enjoyment of "My Buddy" was stilled forever.

Although "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" made Mary Martin famous, her favorite song is "Gloomy Sunday." "Joan Bennett," he says, "can remember more lyrics than any professional singer I've ever met. And Judy Garland is the most serious musical-minded star."

■ Motion picture stars have to be different, even when they sign their names for autograph collectors. Mae West always uses red ink. Claudette Colbert puts capital "E's" in both of her names. Dorothy Lamour use "Dottie" instead of Dorothy; and Tyrone Power prefers plain "Ty." Hugh Herbert puts down his cinematic trade-

mark, "Woo-Woo" instead, of "Sincerely" or "Best wishes." Richard Arlen, currently working in *Wrecking Crew*, goes informal and signs his name "Dick Arlen." Gene Autry shares his autograph with his horse, writing Champ's name below his own. The Ritz Brothers invariably put down an "X," and Bob Hope writes "Hopelessly Yours."

■ Dialogue in *Here We Go Again*: Ginny Simms asks Charlie McCarthy if he's a Boy Scout. "Yeah," replies McCarthy, "The Wolf Patrol."

■ Hungarian-born Peter Lorre told the story between scenes on the set of his new film, *Background to Danger*. When Hitler was beginning his drive for power, Lorre was acting in German films, then came to Hollywood. The Nazis attempted to persuade him to return to Berlin and German pictures. Lorre, the screen killer, cabled back: "There isn't room in one country for two such murderers as Hitler and myself."

■ Real life always gets mixed up with movie scripts in Hollywood. In a new M-G-M picture, Richard Carlson portrays a young New York playwright. In real life he's achieved quite a name for himself as an author and one of his plays was produced on Broadway. In the picture, Van Heflin appears with him as the producer of his plays. Four years ago Carlson wrote *Western Waters*, a Broadway play which starred Van Heflin.

■ Leave it to Hollywood to complicate the international situation further. Not content with casting Tom Dugan, an Irishman, as Hitler; Jinx Falkenburg, the ideal



Brenda Marshall sacrifices to the scrap drive on the Warner Brothers lot one of the many keys to the city she has received from devoted fans all over the country

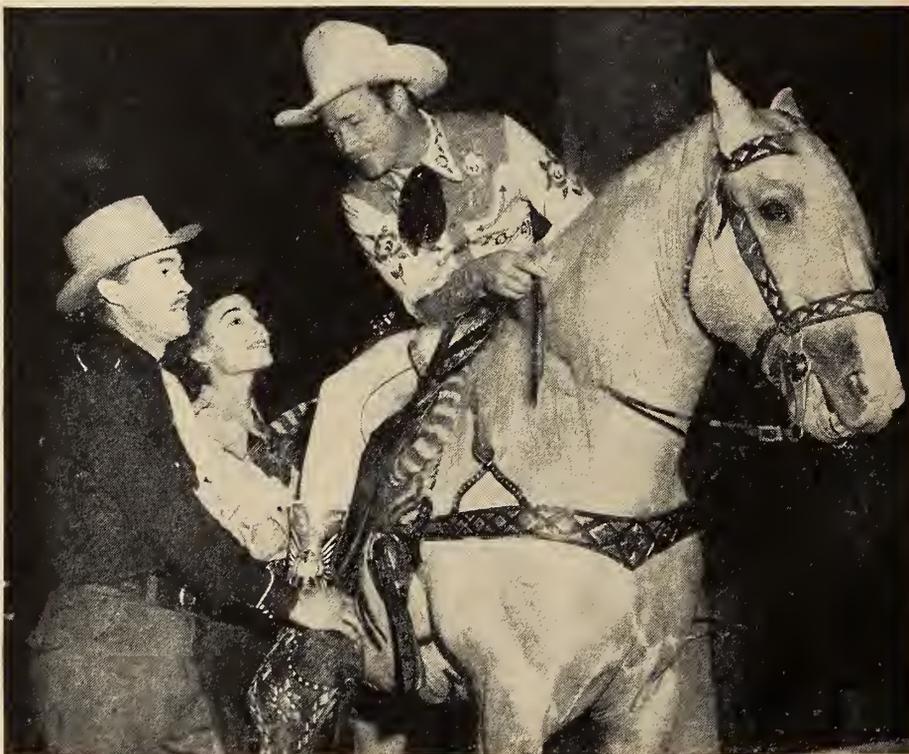
American girl, as a Russian; and all the Chinese in Hollywood as Japs; M-G-M now comes up with a picture titled *Assignment in Brittany*.

Signe Hasso, a Swede, plays the role of a German spy. Pierre Aumont, a Frenchman, plays an English spy. Susan Peters, an American, portrays a French peasant, and Miles Mander, an Englishman, plays a French colonel.

■ Freddie Bartholomew has built and installed a private telephone system between his house and the home of a neighboring girl. Says it's in the interests of science, but the girl is very attractive.

■ "Hollywood husbands are responsible for the film capital's high divorce rate." Loretta Young talking, between scenes on the set of her new

[Continued on page 10]



Roy Rogers literally took the town by storm when he recently invaded New York with the Rodeo. His beautiful white horse accompanied the cowboy star everywhere he went. Roy is shown with Fred Harmon, and one of the attractive Rodeo show-girls

Seas Ablaze

...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
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"

Tyrone Maureen
POWER · 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 Seton I. Miller · Adapted
by Seton I. Miller, from the Novel by Rafael Sabatini

20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE



No more jitterbug parts for Betty Hutton. She's being glamorized by Paramount for very oomphy and dramatic roles. The first will be in *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*. Then the platinum-haired dynamo will play Texas Guinan in the forthcoming picturization of the fabulous night club queen's life

Columbia picture, *A Night to Remember*. Says Loretta: "They don't know how to cope with an actress wife. But take my husband, Tom Lewis, for instance. There's a wise man. He doesn't let me get a word in edgewise about my career. When I start prattling about what happened on the set, he goes into a long-winded discussion about himself. Then I catch on fast. Any Hollywood husband who stands in awe of his actress wife and figures she should be treated differently from other women is headed for trouble."

■ It's Butch Dudley's first acting assignment, in fact his first visit to a studio. Butch is five years old and looks like Mickey Rooney—with more freckles. Director Clarence Brown spotted Butch on a Southern California beach, and told him to report to the studio for a screen test. Now Butch is playing Mickey Rooney's brother in a scene for the picture, *The Human Comedy*.

Butch is having trouble with his acting debut. "Please, Butch," says Director Brown, "don't stare at Mickey all the time. Don't act as if you'd never seen him before." Replies Butch: "But I haven't. He's my favorite. I might not see him again, and I want to have a good look." And it's not until Butch gets a good look at Mickey that he settles down and concentrates on his acting.

■ Unfilmed drama: Before starting work in a new western picture, *The Lone Star Trail*, cowboy singer Jimmy Wakely

received a letter from a Ft. Worth, Texas, pal, now serving with the armed forces in Australia. The friend, Frank Rforces wrote: "I'll be back because I gotta see Texas once more." The letter gave Wakely an idea for a song which he titled, "I've Gotta See Texas Just Once More." He'll sing the song in the picture and when it's published all royalties will go to Soldier Revau.

■ As you probably know, comedian Jack Oakie and his wife are separated and there's a divorce coming up. But here's what you didn't know—first news of the Oakie separation came when a studio telephoned about taking a series of photographs to be titled, "The happiest couple in Hollywood."

■ As long as it's a dream, Hollywood's film censors are willing to overlook a lot of things. One of the more hilarious moments of the New York stage hit, *DuBarry Was a Lady*, was a scene in which Bert Lahr chased Ethel Merman around a bedroom. The other day Red Skelton and Lucille Ball were to repeat the bedroom chasing episode for the film version, and the censors let out a howl. "Hey, you can't do that," they screamed. "But it's only a dream," yelled back the studio executives. The censors thought it over for a moment and decided in that case it was all right. "But please be sure," the censors added, "that the audience knows it's only a dream."



K. T. Stevens, Director Sam Wood's pretty daughter, is shown with Corporal Owen Davis, Jr., former movie actor, at one of the town's popular night spots

■ Film serial makers are having a field day killing Japs since the war lifted the Hays office ban on cinematic mass killing. As the hero in *G-Men Vs. the Black Dragon*, Rod Cameron kills twenty Nips per episode—and there are fifteen episodes.

■ With all the foreign locales in pictures of current history before the cameras, technical experts are having a field day in Hollywood. They're often very helpful, but sometimes the director becomes a trifle resentful when he feels an adviser is limiting legitimate dramatic license. Director Lewis Milestone gave three technical experts a friendly admonition when they were assigned to his latest picture, *Edge of Darkness*. He told them about the time he was directing *Two Arabian Knights*. His technical expert kept saying how wrong everything was, so Milestone tried to trip him up. The set was the sultan's palace in Arabia where they had never heard of electricity. "Say," Milestone baited, "in a place like this, how would they turn on the electric lights, with a switch on the wall, or a button on the floor?" Not hesitating a moment, the technical expert said, "Oh, always in Arabia, with a button on the floor."

■ Director Lloyd Bacon was interviewing a young newcomer for a role in a forthcoming film. The girl began rattling off a long list of totally obscure dramatic schools and little theaters. "You know," Bacon said, "you remind me of something my father said. When he became a big star in *Lightnin'*, he was invited to be the commencement speaker at the famous Sargeant School of Drama. The most im-

[Continued on page 12]



Skating goes over big with Hollywood's younger set. Helen Parrish and Charles Lang had a swell time at the Abbott and Costello skating party

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

PAULETTE GODDARD, STARRING IN "STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM", A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



Paulette Goddard says :

"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 fragrant Woodbury Cold Cream. Tissue off soil. Then swirl on a second light

film for overnight. Woodbury contains four luscious ingredients for softening and 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 find you even lovelier than before."



Beauty Isn't Rationed. Get Woodbury Cold Cream today. Big jars for months of Night Caps, \$1.25, 75¢; also 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ sizes:

Paulette's Powder Base is Woodbury Foundation Cream to give delicate underglow. Special Creams you may need are Woodbury Cleansing Cream for oily skin; Woodbury Dry Skin Cream for skin needing extra lubrication.

WOODBURY

Cold Cream

Beauty Night Cap of the Stars

portant thing in an acting career,' he told the graduates, 'is to learn all you can about acting—and then make sure to forget it.'"

■ Red Skelton jumps out of bed, runs to a mirror and looks at himself. He's wearing a nightgown of white and gold brocade, trimmed with lace ruffles, and bedroom slippers of gilded kid with enormous satin bows. It's for a scene in *Du Barry Was a Lady*, in which Skelton slipped a mickey and catapulted back into the 18th Century as King Louis XV. A bevy of chorus beauties sing, "You're King Louis." Skelton glances at his get-up including the be-ribboned shoes. Then he turns to Director Roy del Ruth and grins: "Hey, Roy, are you sure I'm not the Queen in this picture?"

■ Hollywood is talking about: The rediscovery of Susanna Foster, the Paramount thrush, as a second Carole Lombard. She'll be given a comedienne build-up—minus the singing . . . Lee Tracy back in front of a camera as a newspaperman in *Power of the Press*. In one scene he grabs a telephone and yells, "Tear out the front page! Get ready for a re-plate." . . . Jean Parker's plans to marry a certain Hollywood writer as soon as her divorce becomes final . . . New York stage actors out-numbering Hollywood actors two to one in the cast of *Edge of Darkness*—the draft board's influence . . . Irene Dunne



Warner Brothers have filmed a new version of the tuneful *Desert Song* with lovely Irene Manning contributing her thrilling voice. Irene is shown with Bruce Cabot, as a French Legionnaire, in one of the scenes from the picture



Mary Lou Cook, female member of the Merry Macs quartet, and Ensign Carl Bagee, were married in a double ring ceremony at Las Vegas. They are shown with the bride's attendant, Maxine Lewis, who is the sister of Diana Lewis Powell

finding a use for those keys to the city which celebrities are always receiving. She used them to decorate her playroom.

■ Typically Hollywood: *Private Smith, U.S.A.*, first of R-K-O's *This Is America* series, will be directed by Slavko Vorkapich, a Russian.

■ Lana Turner, who has always wanted to sing on the screen, finally gets the chance in *Nothing Ventured*. But it's only for laughs. Attending an opera with Walter Brennan, she stands up and warbles a few notes.

■ There have been some very amusing title changes from time to time in Hollywood. Such as the novel, *The Pink Chemise*, which reached the screen titled, *Come on, Marines*. But here's one that tops them all. In 1918, Fred Niblo, who was later to become the famous director, played opposite his wife, Enid Bennett, in a sweet little romance called *Love's Young Dream*. Niblo, as the hero, played a clergyman. But when the studio saw the picture in the projection room, they changed the story all around. It reached the screen as *The Bootlegger's Daughter*, with Niblo playing the villain.

■ Lum and Abner (Chester Lauck and Norris Goff) have found a natural way to plug the sale of war stamps in their latest film, *Two Weeks to Live*. As the owners of the "Jot 'Em Down" general store, they'll be seen giving customers change in war stamps.

TOP THAT 10% BY NEW YEARS



■ Mary Martin's playing Good Fairy to a group of talented youngsters. Since crashing the big money, Mary, a former Weatherford, Texas, dancing teacher, is financing fourteen of her former pupils in dancing schools in Texas and Oklahoma. Says she: "It's a lot of fun to keep my hand in the business which enabled me to achieve what success I have. And who knows, maybe some day I'll be back doing the old 1-2-3." It was while making her annual trips to Hollywood, picking up the year's new tricks in dancing, that Mary got the acting bug and crashed the screen via the Broadway stage.

■ Soldier rug cutters at the Hollywood Canteen have a new line for cutting in during dances. They address the girl with, "Pass the ammunition, baby."

■ Oddities: Cowboy star Roy Rogers made his theatrical debut as Santa Claus in a high school pageant.



A recent Hollywood engagement is that of Alexis Smith and Craig Stevens, who is now serving in the U. S. Army. Alexis is appearing in Warner Brothers' film, *The Adventures of Mark Twain*



IN WARNER BROS. RIOT



with CHARLES COBURN PERCY KILBRIDE • HATTIE McDANIEL
WILLIAM TRACY • Directed by WM. KEIGHLEY
Screen Play by Everett Freeman • From the Stage Play by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman • Produced by Sam Harris

★ Watch and Wait for the Howling Date! ★

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.



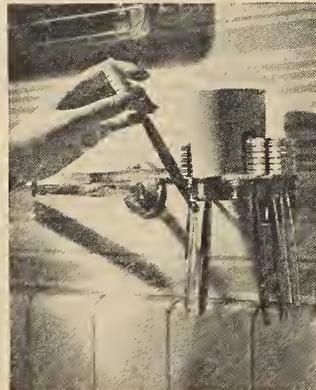
DON'T SQUEEZE tube carelessly. Roll it evenly from bottom. Replace cap. Save empty tube to exchange when you buy paste again.



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.



DON'T RUB — Dab moist brush in powder. This way all the powder is picked up by the brush. Always measure out powder for small children.



DON'T USE a worn or wilted brush. Keep new ones efficient by hanging them up to dry. Bristles stay firmer, last longer this way.



DON'T BLAME your druggist if he has to disappoint you the first time you ask for Pepsodent. He will have it for you in a few days.

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.



Alan Ladd

Paramount's great newcomer, Alan Ladd, packs a terrific wallop in *Lucky Jordan*

Hollywood Enlists Music for the Duration



One of the many name bands Hollywood has snagged is Ted Fio Rito's orchestra. Ted made his musical debut in a nightclub that burned down the next day—his music was that hot!



Bob Crosby is an old hand at music for movies. Not limited to making Dixieland jazz, Bing's younger brother also acts and sings on the screen. He's appearing in M-G-M's *Presenting Lily Mars*

■ Hollywood talent scouts who used to congregate around stock companies and little theater groups in search of new faces, now have a new hang-out. They're lurking in the blaring confines of the nation's jive and jitter palaces and plunking the young men who make music in front of the camera. It's all a war-time move to make us ease up on our war jitters. Hollywood is enlisting music for the duration. Yeah, man, and a couple of heps!

So movie fans, get ready to add to your list of screen personalities such names as Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Vaughn Monroe, Harry James, Dick Jurgens, Duke Ellington, Ted Fio Rito and Freddie Martin. And that's not all, rug-cutters! The list is growing every day as Hollywood feverishly adds more and more of the nation's hottest music-makers to its contract list. Every studio in town is falling in line with the new program to provide bigger and zippier musicals for war-time America.

This doesn't mean that propaganda pictures and films with a war motif will be shoved aside. Far from it. One prominent producer put it this way.

"These days we're all living in a fast, nervous tension, and pictures must match that high pitch. The old drawing-room comedies and dramas based around a set of peace-time problems and conventions are insignificant and stale when measured against the powerful things that are happening today.

"Primarily, there are two types of pictures that Hollywood will produce for the duration: action war films which are exciting and educational in purpose; and as an antidote, fast-moving, gay musicals full of clamor and glamour. Such pictures as *Wake Island*, *Eagle Squadron*, *Watch on the Rhine* and *The Commandos Come at Dawn* are being rushed out to fill the first category, but these are being turned out by the regular actors who have long been familiar faces in Hollywood. For the

second group, the high-voltage musicals, an entirely new set of players had to be drafted, and these swing artists and pep singers are the new contingent of war-time movie stars."

All the studios are in a whirl of excitement making plans for their super-duper extravaganzas. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was the first to hop on the music box and grab up the country's top name bands for their parade of musicals.

You'll beat your boots to Harry James in *Springtime in the Rockies* and go nuts with Benny Goodman in *Stage Door Canteen*. You'll be seeing Tommy Dorsey blow sweet and hot in *DuBarry Was a Lady*, Bob Crosby warm up the joint in *Presenting Lily Mars*, Duke Ellington in *Cabin in the Sky*, and Dick Jurgens, Vaughn Monroe and other hot rippers will have prominent spots in such song-and-dance epics as *Girl Crazy*, *Best Foot Forward*, *I Dood It*, and others which are being rushed into production.

By JANET HAYES

Twentieth Century-Fox, long a leader in the musical field, promises to surpass itself. William Le Baron, the studio's outstanding musical producer, made an interesting point. "Not only does the public want to find temporary relaxation from the worries of war, but the boys in the armed forces want musicals for their entertainment."

With that in mind, Fox signed up thirty of Broadway's most talented singers, dancers and show-girls, the largest number of girls ever given a mass contract.

By far the studio going all-out to enlist music for the duration is Warner Brothers, who are planning, among other things, a whoopla musical called *Thank Your Lucky Stars* involving everyone on the lot including—hold your breath—Bette Davis! When the queen of the dramas temporarily

abandons the hankie to do some singing and hoofing (she's taking lessons), then you know that there's music, loud and violent, in the Hollywood air.

Players who can sing and dance, as well as act, are as precious as a new tire and are assured of lusty careers for the duration. That's why hotcha Betty Hutton, "The Incendiary Blonde," was recently rated by Paramount as its most outstanding new star. The studio believes she will make more money for them than some of their bigger stars, who are not hep to the jive. Janet Blair's meteoric rise was aided by the fact that she was once Hal Kemp's vocalist and is a natural for musicals. Actresses like Ginger Rogers, Rita Hayworth and Joan Leslie, who are as strong in the music department as they are in the dramatics, can write their own tickets. Even Dick Powell was brought out of retirement and handed a fat contract by Paramount because he's in the groove.

At Columbia Studios the musical activi-

ties are rolling in high. Cole Porter is there writing tunes that will have movie fans stomping in the aisles when they hear, as well as see, *Something To Shout About*, *Pal Joey* and *Leave It to Me*. Porter, who specializes in dreamy, sophisticated numbers, has changed his style. "No more torch tunes," he says. "I'm concentrating on melodies that are gay and lively. That's what we need during grim war days."

Columbia is even going the whole hog by having an entire picture built around as many bands as they can possibly get. It's called *Reveille for Beverly* and it's based on an early-morning radio program for service men. So far Bob Crosby, the Mills Brothers, the Radio Rogues, Freddie Martin, Ozzie Nelson, Count Basie and Duke Ellington have been hired for this one picture alone.

There's no priority on music, so Hollywood has hopped on the band wagon and enlisted this million-dollar morale booster for the duration. ■

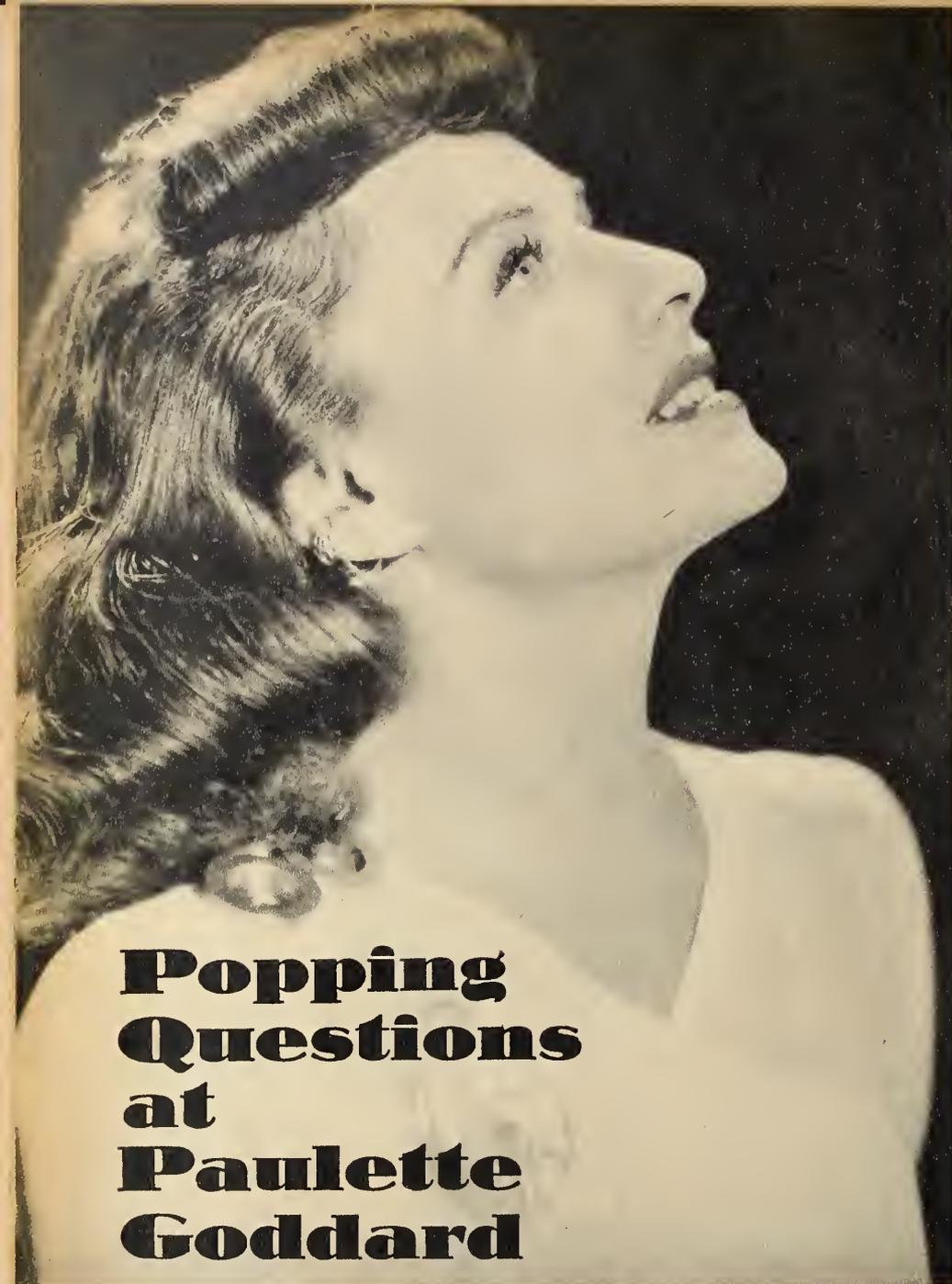


Texas-born Harry James is hailed one of the greatest trumpeters of all times. His magic trumpet will be heard in 20th Century's *Springtime in the Rockies*

Probably the biggest musical name in the country now is Tommy Dorsey, who has been playing professionally since he was a mere lad. He and the band are in Metro's *DuBarry Was a Lady*



Dick Jurgens was once expelled from school for playing "that awful jazz." He ended up leading a top-notch band, which is soon to be filmed



Popping Questions at Paulette Goddard

Quizzed by HELEN HOVER

Q. What have you put on the top of your New Year's resolutions?

A. I don't make resolutions, but if I did, topping the list would be a resolve to do more study and less needlepoint work.

Q. What false impression do you believe you give?

A. A seeming indifference when I'm really just plain nervous.

Q. In your opinion, who are the most beautiful women you've ever met?

A. I'm afraid I don't judge beauty by physical aspects alone. To me it goes hand in hand with the character and vitality of the woman. Hedy Lamarr is fabulously lovely; Mrs. Ray Milland is

as near perfect as I have ever seen. I would select Magda Lupescu for her coloring; Eve Curie for intellectual beauty; Katherine Cornell for womanly beauty; Mme. Chiang Kai-shek for energetic and vital beauty, and Helen Wills for sculptured beauty.

Q. Do you dislike giving interviews?

A. I do because it is difficult for me to discuss anything personal even with my best friends.

Q. Who is your idea of the handsomest actor?

A. Orson Welles and Philip Dorn are the most interesting looking actors, and that makes them the *handsomest* to me.

Paulette Goddard confessed all when cornered by HOLLYWOOD's quiz reporter, on the set of *The Crystal Ball*

Q. What physical feature about yourself would you want changed?

A. My high forehead, so I wouldn't have to wear bangs on the screen.

Q. What physical feature about yourself do you like best?

A. My hair. I like to arrange it in different ways.

Q. What unkindness have you done which you have regretted?

A. I left a dog I loved behind me with the maid and he pined away. I have never owned a dog since.

Q. What is your greatest eccentricity?

A. Being changeable and enjoying it.

Q. Who is your closest friend—male and female?

A. Irene Selznick and Jinx Falkenburg—Charles Chaplin.

Q. Would you like to marry and have children?

A. Certainly.

Q. What is your pet beauty secret?

A. Plenty of sleep and plenty of milk.

Q. About what are you most impressed in people?

A. An alert and good mind.

Q. With what person do you have the most fun?

A. My mother, Mrs. Alice Goddard.

Q. Who is the most interesting conversationalist you have ever known?

A. Charles Chaplin. He is tremendously well informed on almost everything.

Q. What unbecoming personal mannerism have you had to overcome?

A. An affected manner of walking

Paulette wanted role of *Louvette* in *Northwest Mounted Police*—and got it



which I must have acquired when I was a 15-year-old showgirl.

Q. What do you do with your old clothes?

A. My more sensational gowns, by Irene and Valentina, which I wear at personal appearances and can't wear twice, I give to my mother who is my size and has the style to carry off such daring clothes. I give some of the others to my stand-in, who is also my size, and I have four relatives in my outer family to whom I give my sports things.

Q. As a movie fan, what is your chief criticism of motion pictures?

A. I think movies are the finest form of inexpensive amusement, but I don't enjoy two films at one sitting.

Q. What is your worst failing?

A. Cancelling appointments at the last minute. Only my best friends could tolerate that.

Q. About what are you most careless?

A. My clothes. Valentina, who designs most of mine, says I burn my clothes just by wearing them.

Q. What type of clothes do you like least?

A. Clothes I can't play in.

Q. What is the most ingenious idea you have ever resorted to to get a role you particularly wanted?

A. I suppose it was dressing in the costume of a half-breed girl complete with make-up and tousled hair for an interview with C. B. DeMille for the role of *Louvette* in *North West Mounted Police*. I had even practiced the accent necessary for the role.

Q. About what are you most sentimental?

A. About my first job. I was a model and I earned enough money through it to pay for dancing lessons. That led to the *Follies* and eventually to pictures.

Q. If circumstances made such a step

necessary, would you be willing to give up your career for marriage?

A. I don't know about the future, but to date I have made several decisions in favor of "career," so you can see the career means a lot to me and has won out over other things.

Q. What has been the most exciting experience of your life?

A. I think it was tea and dinner at the White House. Particularly the first day when I was late for lunch and met President Roosevelt for the first time. I shall never forget it.

Q. What was your most successful bluff?

A. Lunch with Maximino Canacho. No one spoke English and I spoke no Spanish, but we managed to laugh and joke and I was invited again and again.

Q. How have you changed since coming to Hollywood?

A. I have changed completely since my arrival in Hollywood seven years ago—physically from blonde to brunette and mentally I have grown up. But then it is most normal to go through a complete change in seven years no matter what the geography of your change might be, so I don't know if Hollywood itself is responsible for the change in me during that time.

Q. What photogenic angle of your face do you consider the best?

A. Looking up.

Q. And the worst?

A. Looking down.

Q. Who is the best natured person you know?

A. Burgess Meredith. He has a splendid capacity for fun and is very good-hearted.

Q. In what way are you stubborn?

A. I will always "try" to listen to reason—then usually do as I please.

Q. Do you [Continued on page 47]



Paulette is noted for her daring mode of dress. She loves unusual and sensational clothes. The star does a mean rumba



She's crazy about shoes. This startling model was designed from ancient Greek sandals. Shoes are her only extravagance



Paulette cares little for conventions. She daringly combines a mid-rif sweater and skirt with diamond pendant and fur coat

She considers her ex-husband, Charles Chaplin, most dynamic conversationalist

Paulette has changed considerably since her arrival in Hollywood seven years ago



My Favorite Recipe



Appearing in *Flying Tigers*

JOHN WAYNE'S RECIPE FOR BAKED MACARONI

- 1 box macaroni
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1 cup chopped ripe olives
- 1 can tomato sauce
- 2 cups mushrooms
- 1 cup chopped green onions
including stems

Cook macaroni in boiling water until tender, then drain and pour cold water over it.

Put macaroni in large baking dish, then cover with layer of grated cheese, layer of mushrooms, layer of bread crumbs, layer of olives and onions. Repeat until all ingredients are used.

Pour tomato sauce over this, then sprinkle cheese and bread crumbs, mixed, over top and bake until brown.



Appearing in *Moonlight in Havana*

ALLAN JONES' RECIPE FOR CORNERED BEEF AND CABBAGE

- 5 lbs. corned beef
- 1 bunch carrots
- 1 bunch turnips
- 6 small potatoes
- 3 small, firm heads cabbage

Allow corned beef to simmer slowly . . . about three hours. When almost tender, add potatoes, turnips and carrots which have been cut in cubes. The heads of cabbage should be cut in fourths, and added about fifteen minutes before corned beef is done. Add seasoning to taste.

Serve with sliced Bermuda onions with a vinegar and oil dressing, radishes, horseradish, mustard, brown bread, Limburger cheese and near beer.



Appearing in *Flesh and Fantasy*

CHARLES BOYER'S RECIPE FOR CHEESE SOUFFLE A LA SUSSEX

- 2 tbsp. butter
- 3 tbsp. flour
- ½ cup scalded milk
- ½ tsp. salt
- Cayenne pepper
- ¼ cup grated Old English or
American cheese
- 3 eggs

Melt butter, add flour, and when well mixed, gradually add scalded milk. Then add salt, cayenne and cheese. Remove from fire; add yolks of eggs which have been beaten until lemon colored. Cool mixture and cut and fold in whites of eggs which have been beaten until stiff and dry. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake twenty minutes in slow oven.

This month we bring you the favorite recipes of six Hollywood stars. Each recipe is a gourmet's delight, yet easy to prepare

As told to ELEANOR HARRIS

DEANNA DURBIN'S RECIPE FOR ITALIAN SPAGHETTI

- | | |
|----------------------------|--|
| 1½ lbs. top-round steak | 1 tsp. paprika |
| 2 onions | 1 cup sliced mushrooms. Celery salt, garlic salt, chili powder, tomato catsup, chili sauce |
| ¼ lb. kidney suet | 1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce. Parmesan cheese. |
| 1 tbsp. butter | 1½ lbs. spaghetti |
| 1 clove of garlic | |
| 1 green pepper | |
| 1 can Italian tomato paste | |
| 1 can of tomato puree | |

Put round steak through a food chopper with the onions and kidney suet, with all skin removed. Heat butter, slice garlic and brown. Add chopped green pepper. When pepper has cooked, add hamburger steak, turning frequently until done. Add tomato paste, puree and a cup of hot water. Simmer for an hour, adding water when needed. Add paprika, mushrooms, celery salt, garlic salt, a little chili powder, Worcestershire sauce, a dash of chili sauce and catsup.
Boil spaghetti in salted water, drain in cold water. Serve with sauce and Parmesan cheese.

Appearing in Forever Yours



DIANA BARRYMORE'S RECIPE FOR CASSEROLE OF LAMB

- 2 lbs. breast or shoulder of lamb
- 2 cups diced potatoes
- 2 cups diced carrots
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 cup canned tomatoes
- Seasoning to taste

Cut lamb into small pieces, roll in flour and brown well in hot fat with the onion. Place in a well-greased casserole, adding the tomatoes, seasoning and one cup of hot water. Bake two hours, replenishing water from time to time. Add potatoes and carrots and bake for ¾ of an hour longer. Thicken the gravy with flour and serve very hot.

Appearing in Nightmare



MARLENE DIETRICH'S RECIPE FOR BANANA TRIFLE

- ½ cup milk
- ½ cup water
- 1 heaping tsp. cornstarch
- 1 even tsp. sugar
- ½ tsp. salt
- 2 bananas
- 6 ladyfingers
- ½ pint cream or whipped white of one egg

Slice bananas and lay them in a glass dish in alternate layers with four ladyfingers split in two. Heat milk and water in saucepan; add sugar, salt and the cornstarch which has been diluted in a little cold water. When thick, pour over the bananas, and let stand until cold. Then cover top with whipped cream. Split remaining ladyfingers in two, and place them upright around the edge.



Appearing in Pittsburgh 21

Hollywood's War Effort



Bette Davis, president, and John Garfield, vice-president, examine blueprints for the Hollywood Canteen. The two stars worked hard and diligently to realize their dream

■ Hollywood's war effort never ceases. In addition to strenuous bond tours, salvage campaigns and army camp tours, the big and small of movieland have contrived still another way to help. The newly opened Hollywood Canteen is being operated as a recreation center for U. S. servicemen. Together with Bette Davis and John

Garfield, every unattached star and starlet has pitched in to put the project over. A visit to the Canteen will find million dollar stars eagerly and untiringly washing dishes, waiting on tables, dancing long weary hours—all in a unified effort to make America's fighting men feel at home. It is justifiably Hollywood's pride and joy. ■

Mammoth-sized Laird Cregar and a petite hostess relax a moment before the crowd arrives



Right: Opening night at the Canteen. The happy crowd danced to the famous orchestras of Kay Kyser, Duke Ellington and Rudy Vallee



Hostesses Dolores Moran, Nan Wynn, Fay McKenzie, Julie Warren and Patti McCarthy cool off their tired feet after long hours of dancing



Marlene Dietrich signs autographs for a group of eager servicemen, while Bette Davis distributes free cigarettes



Dinah Shore, radio's foremost songstress, entertains the overflow of servicemen who await their turn to enter the Canteen



Loretta Young and sailor partner enjoy the antics of Jane Russell (wearing partner's sailor cap)



Irene Dunne dances with a young corporal who tries hard to conceal his excitement at dancing with a motion picture star



Everyone pitched in and helped to open the Canteen. Dietrich, Jane Russell and Carol Gallagher unpack the dishes

■ *Edge of Darkness* is not a pretty picture. It has no gay songs, dancing cuties, or laughs. It is a grim and ugly story of death, destruction and oppression. It will tear your heart out. But it does bring, with all its bestiality and ugliness, an unwavering ray of hope to a world badly in need of hope and faith.

One little scene, a simple one unfettered by bombast or dramatics, marks the pulse of the picture. In the gaunt bare vestry room of a Norwegian village church a group of fisherfolk are gathered around a bed on which an old man is dying. He is *Sixtus Andresen*, the aged schoolteacher, who has been mauled by the Nazi soldiers. Suddenly, off scene, a baby begins to cry. It is the child of *Solveig*, the baker's widow.

"In these times, it is a curse to have babies," an older woman says, in angry resentment of the invaders.

"Once I thought so, too," *Solveig* slowly answers. "When I learned that my husband was to be shot by the Nazis, this baby wasn't born yet. I could not see in a world as dark as this a reason for it to be born, or for me to go on living. My husband read this thought in my eyes and before they led him off he said: '*Solveig, if you do this thing you are thinking, then there is no meaning in my death. This child must see the new world that I die for.*' I had the child—and now I am glad."

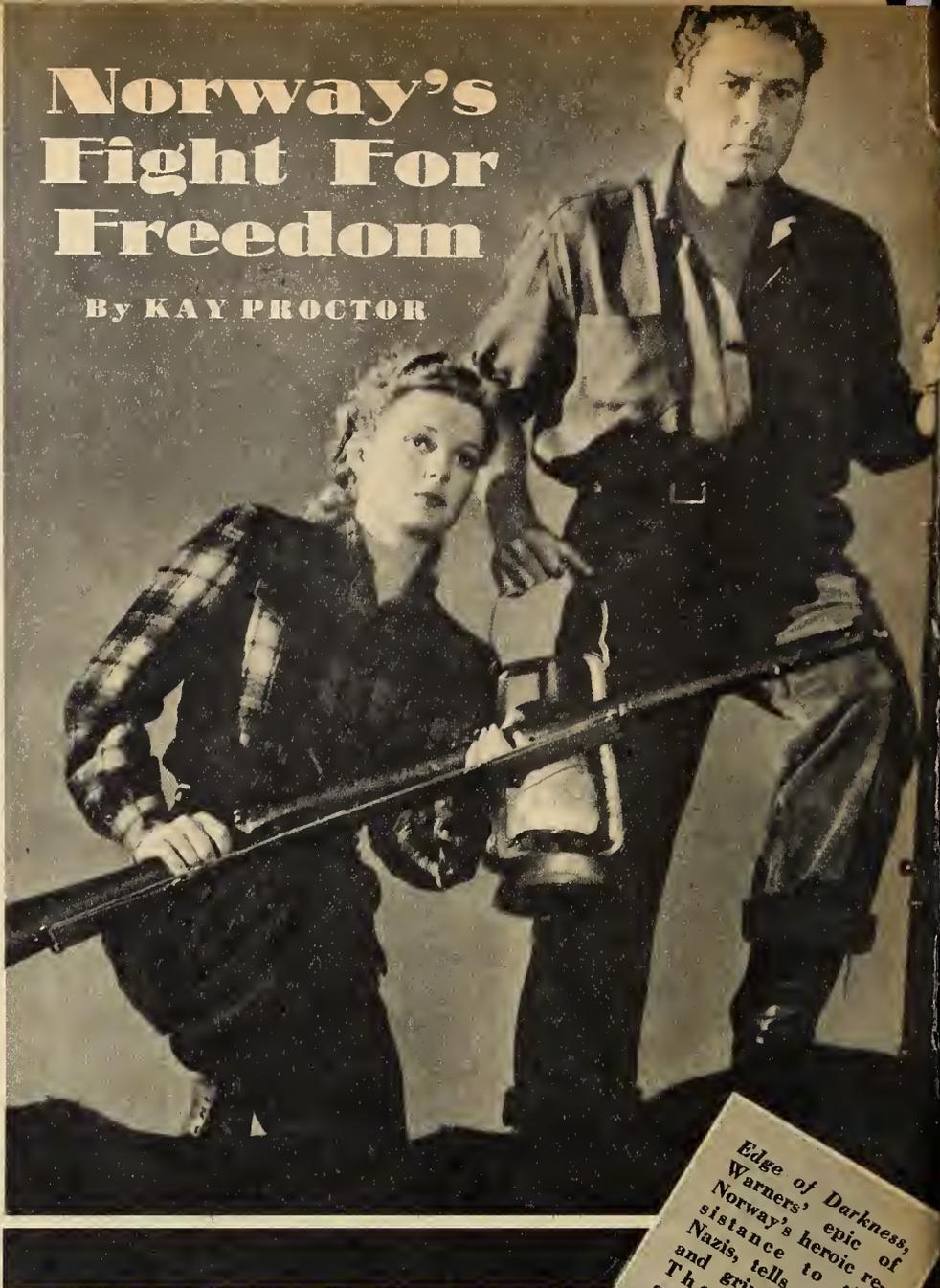
As *Andresen* begins to sink, the pastor bends his head.

"Our Father, give him strength to live," he prays. And then with great strength in his voice, "Our Father, give us strength to fight!"

Because almost every line and situation of the new Warner picture is fraught with unhappiness or violence, the cast and crew snatched eagerly at every bit of between-the-scenes nonsense which could lighten the tension and lift their spirits. Stunts and gags which otherwise would have been booed as corny brought howls of laughter and applause. There was the day, for instance, when they were shooting

Norway's Fight For Freedom

By KAY PROCTOR



Edge of Darkness, Warners' epic of Norway's heroic resistance to the Nazis, tells a dark and gripping tale. The production's great cast is headed by Ann Sheridan and Errol Flynn

In this tense scene the schoolteacher (Morris Carnovsky) defies the Nazi commandant (Dantigne) and later pays with his life. Rebellion breaks out among the village's inhabitants when they can no longer endure the brutality and destructiveness of the Nazis



a fishing wharf scene on location at Monterey. For hours they had worked in the nose-wrinkling atmosphere of dead fish. Everything was in readiness for Errol Flynn and Ann Sheridan to go into their scene when Errol drew a gayly wrapped package from behind his back and presented it to Ann with a low bow.

"A little something to inspire you, dear," he said.

"Thanks, pal, I can stand a little inspiration about now," Ann answered and began to unwrap her present.

It was a dead carp with a pink bow tied through its gills! Ann let fly. Errol ducked. The dead carp caught Director Lewis Milestone squarely amidships.

The story of *Edge of Darkness*, adapted from the novel by William Woods, begins with a Nazi flight patrol over the fictional Norwegian fishing village of Trollness. No response can be raised from the town and the Norwegian flag, instead of the Swastika, is seen flying from the main building. German troops are rushed from Bergen and find the town a shambles; obviously it has been a fight to the death between the villagers and the Nazis. The only living soul to be found is a mad man who runs down the street babbling crazily. The headquarters office of Koenig, the German commandant, too is empty; a bullet hole has punctured one letter on his nameplate on the door.

"Well, Koenig, I wish you were here to tell us what really happened," the investigating officer muses. A cutback then reveals the story, which begins with evidence of an incipient rebellion by the villagers against the German occupation forces. Ringleader of the movement is Gunner Brogge, strong and handsome young fisherman. Working in close alliance with him is fiery Karen Stensgard whose father, the town doctor, questions the wisdom of trying to fight, and whose brother, Johann, has turned quisling in far-off Oslo where he had been studying. The movement is without arms, however, and is beginning to lose all hope when word

comes that weapons will be smuggled to them from a British submarine. Until then the watchword must be "Wait" and all indignities and abuses borne in bitter silence.

Finally the arms are received as promised, but before the plans can be perfected, the villagers are betrayed by Johann. When the hidden weapons can not be found, the rage of the Nazis mounts and culminates in the killing of *Andresen* and a brutal assault upon *Karen*. Brogge makes no move to avenge her, knowing it would destroy any chance of the rebellion. Her father, however, goes berserk and kills the commandant, thus touching off the battle between the townspeople and the Nazis who, unbeknownst to the town have been heavily reinforced. Doomed though they are, the villagers fight on to the sweeping climax of the story.

In addition to Flynn as Brogge, Ann Sheridan as *Karen*, John Beal as *Johann*, Walter Huston as *Dr. Stensgard*, and Nancy Coleman as *Katja*, a featherbrained Polish girl who has turned camp follower, the cast boasts a magnificent roster of Broadway's illustrious names. Judith Anderson is seen in the powerful role of *Gerd*, Ruth Gordon is *Mrs. Stensgard*, Morris Carnovsky is *Andresen*, Charles Dingle is *Torgersen*, Tonio Selwart is *Paul*, Tom Fadden is *Hammer*, Henry Brandon is *Major Ruck*, Roman Bohnen is *Malken*, Helmut Dantine (he was the German flyer in *Mrs. Miniver*) is *Koenig*, the commandant, and Helene Thimig, wife of Max Reinhardt, is *Frida*. All names to conjure with, those! "Actors' actors," they call them, which is a coveted accolade indeed!

Three weeks filming of the picture was done on the Monterey peninsula in northern California, which necessitated transporting 200 members of the cast and crew to that spot. (And being quartered in the fashionable Del Monte resort hotel.) Only in that section of California do the pine trees and coastline resemble

the pines and rugged coast of Norway, and Director Milestone is a stickler for fidelity of detail. Over 200 residents of the peninsula got in on the fun, too, for they were recruited to play Norwegian townspeople. At one point, in fact, the manager of the Del Monte Hotel grew almost apoplectic with rage.

"We don't have trouble enough these days getting help and now you come along and pinch my bellhops, elevator boys, chambermaids, cooks and call boys!" he stormed. "How do you expect me to keep a hotel running?"

The next day the manager was in make-up, doing a bit.

There was a lot of good-natured kidding the day Ann received a semi-official notice from some of the longhairs of the village asking her to keep her "oomph" under wraps. More specifically, the notes called her attention to the city ordinance about bathing suits (three folds of cloth at the middle plus a skirt) and the scanty she had been wearing while swimming off Pacific Grove.

The next day Ann had the laugh on the company. In her mailbox at the hotel was an invitation from the soldiers at nearby Ft. Ord to swim off their beach any time she liked, and the more oomph the better!

War-time jitters and edgy nerves brought a distinctly uncomfortable situation to Tonio Selwart on another afternoon. Selwart was sitting in the cocktail lounge of the hotel one afternoon, dressed in the slate green uniform of a Nazi soldier and, as usual, wearing no make-up. He had come directly from the shooting location and was waiting for the others to join him. Being a newcomer to films, his face was not easily recognizable to the many soldiers and others gathered in the lounge, and soon he was acutely aware of unpleasant stares in his direction and a low whispering which was gathering in volume and intensity much too rapidly for his peace of mind.

"I could almost hear the people thinking," he said. "It [Continued on page 39]

Nancy Coleman has the role of a young Polish actress who becomes a camp follower of the German conquerors. Nancy had to fight for this part, as it's a radical departure from her usual roles

A grim highlight of the film is shown. A Nazi officer pursues Ann Sheridan and Judith Anderson as the terrified women attempt to escape into the forest



At Home With



The living room of Ann Miller's home is decorated in exquisite taste. Ann arranges flowers on her baby grand

The circular foyer leads to living room. Grill gates swing into a den. Stairs at right mount to bedrooms



Painted monkeys swarm over the walls of Ann's rumpus room. The huge divan and love seat match her house coat



In the jungle motif, the tropical bar of the "High Light Room" is made of palm and bamboo. The stools are topped with leopard



Ann's bedroom is trimmed in white and yellow satin with matching spread. The furniture is entirely of glass



The lovely star dabs on cologne at her white satin dressing table. She's appearing in Columbia's film musical, *What's Buzzin' Cousin?*

Ann Miller



Unusual landscaping frames Ann's spacious hilltop home. The garden in the foreground blends in with the Spanish Moroccan architecture of the house



Xmas cheer

By Mary Bailey

BEAUTY EDITOR

1 A gift from Hollywood—Max Factor Pancake Make-up set, in correct color harmony. Under \$5

2 From Tussy—a roomy purse-like fabrikoid case containing the essentials for grooming. \$5

3 Fragrance Favorites—Hudnut packs small sizes of Toilet Water and Talcum in three scents. \$2

4 Cntex Pursuit Set, just over a dollar, has essentials and trimmings for shining fingernails

5 Milkmaid Powder Mitten—terry cloth on patten side, dainty white dimity on the back. \$1.75

6 Hampden's make-up—fifteen shades of it for costume and complexion harmony. Costs \$2.00

7 Life-like animals in pure castile soap produce a practical make-believe zoo. Wrisley. Costs 25c

8 Irrcsistible's ten-cent perfumes in holiday boxes make ente and welcome stocking stuffers

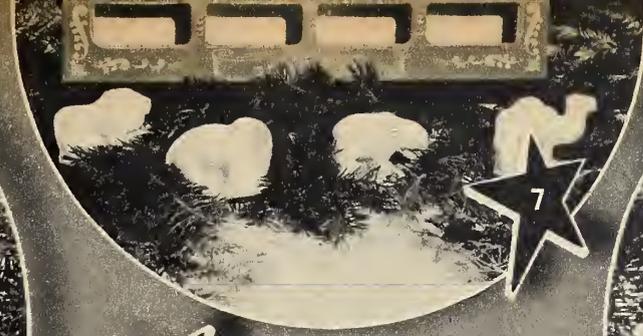
9 A handsome little kit of beauty essentials by Poud's. Cleansing, protection and finishing, 25c

10 Merry, Merry, Merry—a gay little Christmas Tree laden with Lenthieric perfume treasures. \$4.40

11 A pretty set of Cheramy's April Showers in matching perfume, cologne and talc for \$1.50

12 An efficient set of Westmore cosmetics holding five essential steps to grooming. \$1.00





By
**DORA
ALBERT**



This is the exclusive story on why Nelson Eddy bought up his lucrative screen contract

Has Nelson Eddy Quit the Screen?

■ Hollywood was thunder-struck when the news burst upon the unsuspecting town that Nelson Eddy had bought up his contract at Metro. The newspapers carried a half-dozen sensational stories purporting to give the lowdown on the situation. The rumor mongers screamed, "Nelson Eddy is through in pictures!" Others said that he had walked out on Metro because another studio had made him a better offer. One columnist even went so far as to state that Nelson had quit because Metro had asked him to give an imitation of Bing Crosby in his next picture, and that was an indignity Nelson Eddy just couldn't suffer.

To get the truth, it was necessary to talk directly with Nelson Eddy, which was something neither the rumor mongers nor the columnists had done.

The interview was held backstage at the Lux Theater in Hollywood, where Nelson broadcasts each Wednesday night. Instead of an embittered, angry young man complaining about the treatment he had received at the hands of his former studio, Nelson was calm.

"Most of the rumors you heard were false," he stated. "I know it would make a better story to say I had a terrific fight with Metro, but it isn't true. The whole thing was settled quite peacefully.

"I didn't give up my contract because another studio dangled a tempting picture in front of me or offered me something better. I've heard of such things being done, but, believe me, I wouldn't do it to my worst enemy.

"It was a good clean break for an honest reason. Metro had no scripts for me that were suitable; but I was still drawing a pretty large salary. The studio felt it ought to put me in something and hastily whipped together a story to be called *Lucky Number*."

Once he read the script, Nelson had a quick hunch the picture would not be a lucky number for him. He had just finished a picture called *I Married an Angel*, in which Nelson played the part of a young roue. If ever there was a case of miscasting, it was putting him into that role.

Neither he nor Jeanette MacDonald were enthusiastic about the picture. All the sophisticated and witty dialogue and situations had to be cut out of the plot due to censorship. Unfortunately, what was left was very dull.

"There wasn't one solitary thing I did in *I Married an Angel*," Nelson says in vindication, "but stand around and kiss thirty beautiful girls. Thirty kisses don't make a good picture—not

unless the picture also has a substantial plot."

Nelson's chauffeur saw the picture and said, "Boss, if that picture isn't a hit, it isn't your fault. You had nothing to do. Almost everything you did was cut out of the picture."

But Nelson took the matter more seriously. When fans wrote him that the picture didn't live up to their expectations, he decided not to appear in any more pictures that would disappoint them.

So for months, he idled while Metro looked around desperately for a suitable plot. Finally, they announced him for *Lucky Number*.

"It's true," Nelson said, "that I was expected to do an imitation of Bing Crosby in *Lucky Number*. Also, I was to do an imitation of Eddie Cantor, and maybe Gene Autry. But the gossips were way off the track when they hinted that I was annoyed at the thought of imitating Bing. The truth is that it was the only thing about the picture that I liked! All I had to do was to put on a cap like Bing's, toss my head on one side, and go 'Boo-boo-boo-boo,' in crooner fashion. Can you imagine me getting mad about a thing like that?"

"I wasn't mad, either, at having to return my back pay to Metro. It was a perfectly fair business deal. When a contract has to be terminated, usually either the studio or the actor pays. If the studio tosses the actor out, it usually pays him in order to get rid of him. When an actor wants his freedom, he usually pays to get rid of his contract.

"Anyway, the money I returned to Metro was money I hadn't really earned. My contract said I had to be paid whether I worked or not. But I had been idle, so why shouldn't I return money received for doing nothing?"

Nelson Eddy has made no picture since *I Married an Angel*. He works in his garden hoeing potatoes; broadcasts over the radio; and has taken part in benefits for the Army, the Navy, the Victory Committee and Russian War Relief. He also made transcriptions for Mexican Independence Day. He is perfectly contented.

But his fans are beginning to worry. "Is Nelson Eddy through with pictures?" they want to know.

"I have no definite plans for a picture," Nelson replies. "I'm not pressing studios to try to find me a story, nor is my agent frantically peddling me. But I'll be delighted to make a picture if the right script comes along. So far, several have been submitted to me, but none of them was the kind of thing I want to do.

"I'm in a sweet spot. For the first time since I came to Hollywood, I'm in a position to pick and choose. And I have made up my mind that I will never make another bad picture if I can help it.

"*I Married an Angel* was a script that had been darned and mended for years. Metro tried to do something with it, but by the time they got through, it consisted of nothing but darns and mends. I was afraid *Lucky Number* would be just as bad for me.

"I want something with a solid idea, whether it's a [Continued on page 33]



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The Girl Who Couldn't Act

By JILL LANG

Hollywood had Lucille Ball typed as a decorative show-girl who couldn't act. It took her a long time to convince them that she was a dramatic actress. Now she has the title role in Metro's *DuBarry Was a Lady*

■ Hollywood is a funny town with many peculiar notions. One of them is that people are unchangeable, that they will always remain the same as they were when they first arrived in the fabulous city.

This attitude has a definite bearing on the life history of Lucille Ball.

Lucille was brought out to California by Eddie Cantor for *Roman Scandals*. She was a show-girl then. She had been in Broadway productions, could dance, sing a bit, and look very decorative on a stage.

After the epic was finished, nearly all its other imported beauties went home. Not Lucille. She stayed in Hollywood.

She was put under contract to R-K-O as a stock player and, as it turned out, a glorified "extra." In fact, not so glorified.

Lucille sweated and slaved with the best of them. And, while doing so, she learned about pictures.

But there came a day during the filming of *The Three Musketeers*, when the revolution arrived. The company had been working out at the R-K-O ranch in the middle of San Fernando Valley. It was exactly 132 degrees, and Lucille and the other girls were all done up in heavy wigs, plumes, brocade dresses and three petticoats apiece. The result was that several girls fainted, and Lucille took the step that finally led her to stardom.

She rebelled. She announced to the assembled throng that she might never make another picture, but she was never going to play "extra" again! They could tear up her contract. She was finished.

She came back to town and into the office of the casting director. She issued her ultimatum for the second time. To her

amazement, he said, "Okay. From now on, you play bits."

But even after she started doing bit parts, as far as Hollywood was concerned she was still a show-girl. Whenever anyone suggested Ball for a part in anything, the reaction was, "Oh, Lucy? Great kid! Fine pair of legs! But she can't act!"

No one bothered to find out whether she could or not. In the beginning, it must be admitted, she was no Duse. But as time went on, she decided that her profession was worth investigating thoroughly.

By dint of reading scripts with every available person, of rehearsing with a coach until she was blue in the face, of declaiming until she was hoarse, Lucille learned something about acting. Then, she started looking for a part.

At that crucial moment, a Broadway scout popped up with an offer of a role in a Broadway production. Would Miss Ball be interested? And how! The show was called *Hey, Diddle, Diddle* and Lucille made a name for herself.

Meanwhile, R-K-O had not been idle. They had signed up Gregory LaCava to make *Stage Door* and they began sending frantic wires to Lucy to come home and be in it. She did, and bounced off the plane thinking, "Stardom, here I come!"

LaCava took one look at her and said, "Once a show-girl, always a show-girl. She won't do for a dramatic part." He refused even to test her!

The upshot was that, in her capacity of stock girl under contract to R-K-O, Lucille was called in to read opposite all the girls who were being tested for the part she had been brought back from New York to play! She threw lines around until she jittered—lines, incidentally, which got

onto the film they were shooting of her rivals. And, one morning, LaCava, after seeing Ball emote for the ninety-sixth time, finally broke down.

"She can act," he admitted. And the part was Lucille's.

Even after notices on her performance in *Stage Door* which should have made the bosses throw her a lead in a B-picture at least, nothing happened. There was no part, no build-up—just bits, and more bits.

She made seven pictures after *Stage Door* in which she did entrances and exits.

Once in a while she even had a line or two. But she was still a showgirl.

Then it happened again. She made *Five Came Back*. She played a honky-tonk girl and was sensational. It was a dramatic part and she handled it beautifully. The public loved her, the critics loved her. And the front-office put her into dancing costumes and told her to look pretty for three months. She was still a show-girl.

Finally a gent named Damon Runyon produced a picture called *The Big Street*. In the first reel the heroine has an accident which cripples her. From then on she's in a wheelchair until she dies in the last five minutes of the play. She doesn't move. She only acts, with her hands, her eyes, her voice. And, Runyon, bless his soul, picked Lucille Ball for the part.

She's at M-G-M now, starring in *DuBarry Was a Lady*. Dancing, singing, doing comedy. But she'll go on to roles that haven't a single song or a dance.

Hollywood, a little late, but on its toes, has finally decided that Lucille Ball is more than a show-girl. It's taken the sixty-seventh look, and discovered she's an actress! ■

Has Nelson Eddy Quit the Screen?

[Continued from page 30]

modern story or dates back to the Garden of Eden. Some people think period pictures are out for the Duration, but I believe that a good period picture is excellent escapist fare. I want to be the kind of hero who fights for the right, gets into a few jams, is a little foolish at times, stubs his toe and makes mistakes.

"Maybe the picture I want to do will come along in a month—in a year—or maybe in five years. If I have to wait five years for a good script," Nelson chuckled, "my hairline may have receded to here." He indicated the back of his head. "Or I may have to be wheeled on the set. But if I have to wait until I'm walking on crutches before I get a good script, that's how long I'll wait."

The chances are that you won't have to wait five years or even a year to see another Nelson Eddy picture. Leading men are scarce these days, and nearly every studio is frantically trying to put together a script that Nelson will accept.

Many fans have wondered whether Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald would ever appear together in another picture. Although Nelson first appeared on the screen without Jeanette (in *Dancing Lady*), his first real screen success came with Jeanette in *Naughty Marietta*. That's his favorite picture, and he says he hasn't really liked any picture he's made since then. *Naughty Marietta* boosted both Nelson and Jeanette to a greater success than any other singing team ever enjoyed on the screen, and that success went right on through the years.

When they were together in pictures, fans were happy. When Nelson had another leading lady, complaints were loud. When Jeanette played opposite another man, they were equally vociferous.

Nelson feels that Jeanette is the finest feminine star for film operettas. "We get along like a house afire. If I'm offered a script with a good part in it for Jeanette, I'll be delighted to be her leading man," he declares.

Nelson's answer to the question, is he through with the screen, is, "If I can't get a good script, then I'm through with pictures. I don't have to do what anybody tells me any longer. But I believe that sooner or later, a good story will come along."

When it does, Nelson Eddy will zoom to greater popularity than ever! ■

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As Jacqueline Wells (left) she didn't rate a tumble; but as Julie Bishop (above) she snagged the lead in Warners' *Action in the North Atlantic*

Ex-Nice Girl

By LAURA POMEROY

■ Julie Bishop, the startling redhead who has the lead opposite Humphrey Bogart in *Action in the North Atlantic*, is actually only a few months old!

This sounds incredible. But Julie Bishop was born in a rather incredible fashion. A girl named Jacqueline Wells had been struggling along in films for quite a time, and getting nowhere. When suddenly she changed her name and her personality—and presto—her luck changed, too. As Julie Bishop she carried off the choice feminine lead in one of Warners' important action epics.

"I feel re-born," beams Julie. "The girl I used to be is dead and buried. Until I shed Jacqueline Wells, I was the girl Hollywood overlooked."

Julie was brought to Hollywood from Dallas, Texas, at the age of five, by her mother. She was immediately installed in a dancing school, mostly to be kept out of harm's way while her mother was busy, but it served as the first step to a violent case of movie-madness. A studio asked the school for some talented children for a background scene and Julie was one of the dancing moppets. From then on she badgered her mother until the good lady finally threw up her hands and let her take dramatic lessons. That was only one step removed from the Pasadena Playhouse where Julie was subsequently discovered by B. P. Schulberg who signed her up and then let her languish. Her movie work consisted of nothing more exciting than make-up tests for six months.

"I learned how to put on false eyelashes

eight different ways," she recalls grimly. This was followed by a Western. Julie rode the horse in a manner that would have drawn sneers from her Texas cousins.

At this point she married Walter Brooks, a local society lad, and quit pictures for the social whirl. But after a year, her marriage started to wilt as quickly as her picture career. "We were two crazy kids," she admits, "who had no right to get married in the first place."

After the divorce, she was back where she had started—at the bottom of the cinematic ladder. This time Columbia signed her up. She was Jacqueline Wells then, a timid, Milquetoast type of girl with as much dash and verve as a bowl of breakfast food. While another newcomer on the lot at that time, Rita Hayworth, was getting lots of attention because of her dark electric beauty and bizarre clothes, Julie, the unspectacular, just stood around not even drawing a whistle from an office boy. When the studio did get around to noticing her, they put her into a series of little lulus destined never to attract an Academy Award. Julie's parts consist mostly of looking sweet and getting kissed by the hero. She did a whole flock of these paloozas, finishing one picture at noon and starting another after lunch, but as far as her career was concerned she might as well have stayed home.

Innately shy and reserved, all this contrived to make her more retiring than ever and she was rapidly being engulfed in an enormous inferiority complex. She never opened her mouth to ask for a role, never battled for worth-while parts, never made a splash. When her name came up, producers tried to recall her, then said vaguely, "Oh, she's that sweet girl;" and dropped the subject.

Julie was brooding about her immobile status one day, when she realized that the only way she could get ahead would be to change her type and her tactics. She disappeared from town, joined a stock company in Wisconsin and in three months the meek little violet had turned into an exciting tiger lily.

"It was getting away from people who knew me that did it," Julie explains. "In the little stock company, I was a big shot because I hailed from Hollywood, and for the first time I was fussed over. My inferiority complex began to vanish and when I returned to Hollywood I had blood in my eye and fight in my heart."

It was goodbye to Jacqueline Wells from then on. She picked her new name, Julie Bishop, for practical reasons. "Walter had given me some stunning luggage when we were married and it was monogrammed J.B., so I decided to fit my new name around the initials. Julie sounds colorful and warm, like the girl I wanted to be. Bishop sounds like a hiccup, but it was the best I could dream up."

She went calling on the casting director at Warners with her new name, a startling new haircomb and a chassis-revealing dress that made her former clothes blush. She announced that she was an actress from New York. Her bluff worked and she was given a test.

"They asked me to do a scene from *Skylark* and that was proof that my plan was working. As Jacqueline Wells I would

have been handed something like *Anne of Green Gables*. I had one bad moment, though. The cameraman had photographed me before and recognized me. He didn't give me away, but winked broadly and said, 'You look like someone who used to be in pictures, but you've got more dash.' My heart went back to normal."

Julie landed a contract, but for a while her old luck dogged her. She was on the verge of several good breaks, only to lose them at the last minute. She was scheduled to play the feminine lead in *International Squadron*, when it was suddenly decided to make the girl French, so the part went to Olympe Bradna. Then she was supposed to do *The Bride Came C.O.D.* but Bette Davis asked for it. She almost made *Edge of Darkness*, until it was discovered that she looked too much like Ann Sheridan, also in the cast, so Nancy Coleman got it instead.

This was getting Julie nowhere. "Let's take stock," she told herself one gloomy afternoon. "Jacqueline Wells would just sit back and take it, hoping for something to happen. But Julie Bishop has more spirit. She'd do something about it."

And she did. She proceeded to stalk into the office of a Warner producer. "Look," she said, hiking her skirt up a few inches and thrusting out a well-shaped gam. "I have legs. I can dance. I can act. Why don't I get a chance?" She finished melodramatically, "If I don't get a break, I'll jump out of the window!"

Thoroughly startled at how completely the worm had turned, she gulped and fled from the room. But the producer chuckled at the nervy redhead and remembered her name. They needed a hard-boiled chorus girl for *The Hard Way*. It was a small part, but an outstanding one. He recommended Julie for it and she was a standout. "It was the first time I ever showed my legs in a picture," she says, shining. "Imagine me, the syrupy little heroine who used to drool, talking out of the corner of my mouth!"

That woke up the studio and when they were scouting around for a girl to play a cheap night club singer who slugs wise-cracks with Humphrey Bogart in *Action in the North Atlantic*, Julie was tagged. She's a tough babe in this, which is the cause of much rejoicing on the part of the girl who was once passed over because she was "too sweet."

Jacqueline Wells is very much dead—long live Julie Bishop! ■

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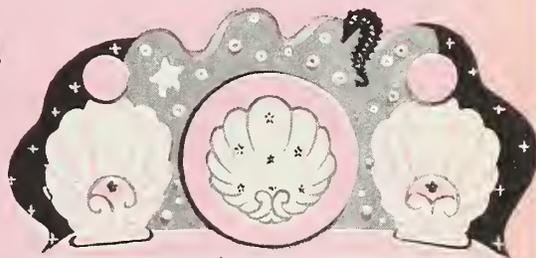
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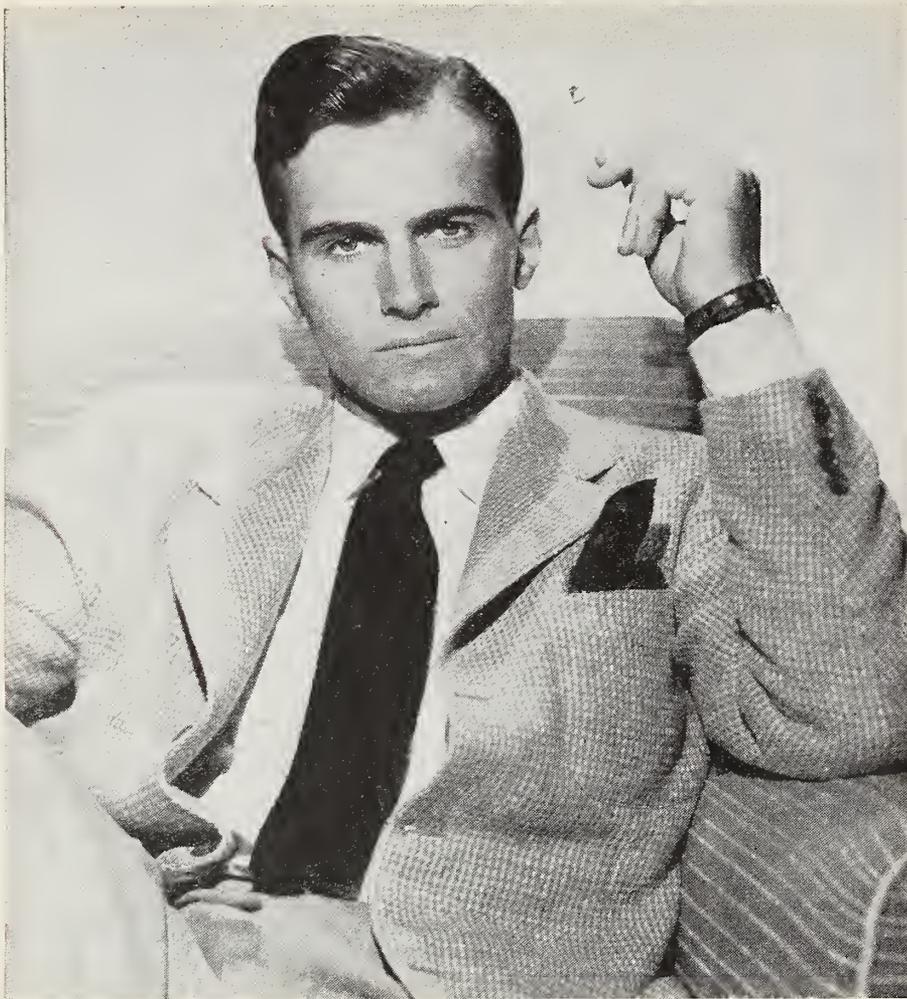
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Helmut Dantine enjoys playing Nazis if he can make them more hated, for they ruined his diplomatic career in Austria. He's in Warners' *Edge of Darkness*

Dantine the Diplomat

By DOROTHY HAAS

■ Helmut Dantine is a very diplomatic young man, by instinct and training, except on the subject of Nazism. His hate of the Heil-Hitler boys burns with a bright flame and he doesn't temper his words on that score.

So, if you hated the ruthless, arrogant Nazi flier—played by Helmut, and captured by Greer Garson in *Mrs. Miniver*, he is very happy indeed. Every time he makes one more American despise a Nazi and what he calls the "deluded and cruel mentality" behind Hitler's system, he feels as good as when he buys a War Bond!

Dantine has threefold reason to hate the Nazis, beyond just general principles. The twenty-four-year-old Vienna-born actor was imprisoned for three months in one of their concentration camps. Second, his parents are still in occupied Austria and he is never sure of their safety or welfare; recently he received a letter, after eight months of anxiety, saying they were still alive! And third, because of Hitler's occupation of his native land, he had to

give up his diplomatic career. On the other hand, because of that he came to America and became an actor. For both those facts he is grateful, but he still hates Nazis. Perhaps that is his subconscious reason for not objecting to being "typed" in hiss-provoking roles since his sterling performance in *Mrs. Miniver*.

Now under contract at Warners, he'll be making you despise him again as the Nazi commandant in *Edge of Darkness*. In *Casablanca*, as a Bulgarian refugee, he's on the receiving end of Nazi cruelty, so his propaganda batting average is still perfect!

But one might suggest to the casting department that in Dantine they're passing up good romantic leading man material. You couldn't guess through the grime of his make-up in *Mrs. Miniver* that he is a handsome young man, with charm and manners to match! His black hair, deep-set gray eyes, sparkling teeth, finely chiseled features, warm smile and broad shoulders, should not be overlooked.

Helmut—and you might like to know that the name can not be translated into English like Johann or Wilhelm, it's just Helmut—was the son of a well-to-do family. His father was an assistant to the Austrian Secretary of State, in charge of all Vienna railroads.

While attending the University of Vienna, he also studied at the Consular Academy in the once-gay city on the Danube. He was not yet twenty when he received his diploma from both institutions and an appointment to the Austrian Embassy in London.

Just before he was to leave from home for his London post, in March, 1938, the Hitler legions marched into his native land. He, along with thousands of anti-Nazis, was seized by storm troopers and herded into a concentration camp.

After three months of imprisonment, the indignity and cruelty of which he seldom discusses, he was released on the understanding that he was to leave the country. Relatives in the United States arranged for his passage to this country.

In his education for his diplomatic career, Helmut had acquired an excellent command of French, Italian and English, and the latter enabled him to enroll as a regular student at the University of California at Los Angeles, in the business administration school.

He left after the first term. His latent love for the theater, which previously had been crowded back by his diplomatic training, was the reason. But his primary interest was in directing and producing, rather than acting.

His training, however, included acting in several of the Pasadena Playhouse productions and there he was spotted by a talent scout. A few bit parts in pictures and an interlude as director of a stage play at a summer theater preceded *Mrs. Miniver*.

Helmut is unreservedly—not just politely—enthusiastic on the subject of America. Especially California.

"I know I don't have to remind anyone what American freedom means. But think of California! Where else can one go skiing in high mountains in the morning and swimming in the sea in the afternoon?" he asks. "And the food! How much we take our food for granted. You should see what people have to eat in Europe."

Dantine's large and precise vocabulary, used to advantage in his earnest conversations, puts many native Americans to shame. He is not stuffy, however; he has an active and ingratiating sense of humor, surprising in one so serious on the subject of world affairs, who has witnessed the cruelties he has.

He laughs warmly, likes to tell jokes on himself and likes American slang. He speaks of "dishing it out," "oomping it up" and what's more is "hep" on when to use them. Not so, however, when he first arrived here three and a half years ago.

While he was a student at U. C. L. A. he was telling classmates about sailing, a popular sport near Vienna, describing a tack and how to swing the main sail over hard. He didn't know the technical sailing term in English, but remembered the German, which is "halsen." Translating it in his mind, he realized that the noun root of that verb means "neck." Brightening,

he told his startled listeners, "You know what I mean? Necking!"

Another time, soon after his arrival, he was driving a borrowed car along Sunset Boulevard and unfortunately was exceeding the speed limit.

A motorcycle cop drew alongside and said, "Pull over."

"He was very pleasant, like all the police I've met here," recalls Helmut, "and I thought he was complimenting me on my new sweater! I grinned and said 'Thank you. Nice pull-over.' I drove on. Again the policeman said 'Pull over,' and jerked his thumb toward the curb. Then I understood. I explained about the sweater and he laughed. He didn't give me a ticket, which was lucky, because at the time I had no driver's license."

Helmut's contract at Warners is for acting and directing and he hopes the latter is not an empty clause. Meantime, he is studying directorial technique and has been permitted to sit in on cutting and other technical routines that actors seldom bother about.

"Everyone associated with a motion picture is important, but it is the director who has the greatest expression; the actors are his medium. Someday I hope to direct, but I must study. I'd like to start with short subjects. I've written a few."

In addition to writing, his real hobby is chess. He and Humphrey Bogart played every day during the shooting of *Casablanca*. He likes all active sports and enjoys watching football and baseball.

American girls? In his opinion, and again not just diplomatically, but warmly, they are "beautiful and charming." Especially Gwen Anderson, a young actress whom he met at the Pasadena Playhouse. She now has the name role in the Broadway success, *Janie*.

"She's a wonderful actress," says Helmut.

We might add that she is also Mrs. Helmut Dantine. ■



Pretty Kay Williams, recently movie-contracted, is now George Montgomery's steady flame. George blinks as the photographer catches the couple out dancing. He's in 20th's *Coney Island*

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WHAT would you do if your fiancé married your closest girl friend? Could you stand such a bitter blow to your pride? Would you be able to be glad because they had found happiness together? Or would you turn to hatred, living only for revenge?

"She Stole the Man I Love," in the January issue of LIFE STORY Magazine, is the true account of how one girl met this dramatic problem, how she lived to see happiness literally snatched from her grasp by the two people she loved the most! But the way she handled the situation will provide you with one of the most grippingly real stories ever published in a magazine, a story so vital you won't be able to take your eyes from its pages till you've read every word.

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Life Story

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS



Priscilla Lane—appearing in 20th Century-Fox's *The Meanest Man In The World*

Norway's Fight for Freedom

[Continued from page 25]

was as if they were saying: 'Maybe he is just an actor, but wouldn't it be a perfect chance for a real spy to pretend he was one of the actors, and thus have perfect freedom to wander around the beaches near Ft. Ord.' I was never so glad of anything in my life as when Mr. Flynn and Mr. Milestone finally came in and joined me at the table! You could feel the people relax and the tension die down."

Nancy Coleman, too, chalked up an experience she won't soon forget. For two solid hours she took terrific punishment in the scene where Dantine, as the Nazi commandant, slaps her, twists her arm, and throws her to the floor. As she walked from the scene, weary and exhausted, she was met by the still photographer.

"Come on over here a minute, Nancy," he asked. "We want you to pose with a bottle of milk featuring a victory slogan!"

"Milk?" Nancy answered. "You're sure it isn't cyanide?"

Nancy, by the way, got the role in *Edge of Darkness* through sheer will power. Her agent decreed she was not the type to play a Polish actress turned camp follower. She went directly to Milestone and subjected him to such a forceful sales talk that he finally gave her the role.

Just as *Mrs. Miniver* showed us the English people standing strong and unafraid, so *Edge of Darkness* shows us the Norwegian people valiantly refusing to become engulfed in the blackness of Nazi terrorism. To the last breath they are fighting to the edge of darkness and into the light of regained freedom. ■



Eddie Cantor makes moon-eyes at torch singer Gertrude Niesen to amuse the lookers-on at a Hollywood hang-out. Eddie heads the star-splashed cast of Warners' *Thank Your Lucky Stars*

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• It's surprising how many of life's irritations are skin troubles! That's why Noxzema is the busiest jar in millions of homes. Because it's not just a cosmetic cream. It's a *medicated formula* that contains cool, soothing, medicinal ingredients—a grand aid to healing externally-caused blemishes, chapped hands, burns, chafing, shaving irritation. It softens, helps smooth skin—softens tough whiskers, too. Apply before lathering or as a brushless shave. Scores of physicians, dentists, nurses use Noxzema. See how much it will do to help *your* family. Get a jar today at any drug or cosmetic counter! Trial size, also 35¢, 50¢.

★ **MEN IN THE SERVICE WANT NOXZEMA**—use it for *sunburn, windburn, chafing, tired, burning feet*, and especially for cool, soothing shaves! Makes shaving easier even in cold water.



NOXZEMA

For a White Christmas

By **CATHERINE ROBERTS**

FASHION EDITOR

When Santa Claus (Dad, maybe?) comes through with as handsome a present as either of these fur coats, this Christmas morning will be the high point of the year for you! They look like a million and actually are priced at a figure guaranteed not to give a budget the bends.

Of course, if Santa needs some good sound reasons why a fur jacket or coat should be presented this year, remember the following points: there are no priorities on furs and, with reasonable care, there are several years' worth of smart wear in each of the coats illustrated. That Persian paw number on Elizabeth Fraser is a utility fur by virtue of the Neva Split process which prevents the little slits and splits that used to make this a luxury pelt. The Polar-dyed wolf at left is a sturdy as well as glamorous-looking fur.

TURN TO PAGE 45 FOR CLUES ON CLOTHES



Soft, luxurious-looking, long-wearing wolf makes Elizabeth Fraser's glamour jacket. It costs \$95 at I. J. Fox, N.Y.C. Suitable for day and night over slacks or sweaters and skirts

New note in pearls; jumbo size strung with stones simulating semi-precious gems. The effect is very charming and a subtle invitation to hand-holding. May also be worn as a choker



The satiny gleam of Persian paw, reinforced by Neva Split process, makes a coat to dream of. About \$150 at R. H. Stearns, Boston. The young Columbia actress, Elizabeth Fraser, models it

HOLLYWOOD

■ Until six months ago Rhodes neither spinned nor toiled. He had no duties, except to maintain by his behaviour the prestige of his ancient lineage, his heritage of fearlessness, and his impeccable reserve.

Then there came a day when the latch on a garden gate clicked, a car drove away, and a girl could no longer restrain her tears.

At that precise moment, Rhodes became for the duration, the guardian of Brenda Marshall, the woman Bill Holden loved and left to serve his country.

Rhodes is a Rhodesian lion dog. His native land is Africa.

He is snow-white, his eyes are black and the lids so sooty-rimmed that they look as if they are the product of Perc Westmore's make-up skill. He is smooth, massive and muscular.

The Rhodesian is a hunter, the only dog with courage enough to tackle a lion in a fair fight. Originally, he had a lion's ruff on his head, an inheritance from his lion forebear. But eventually that was bred out. The courage remained.

In Rhodes that courage is coupled with an active sense of responsibility and a human quality of pity and understanding.

That first night Brenda was alone—and it was a long and sleepless night—Rhodes refused to remain in his customary place in the yard. He hurled himself against a French window, broke it, and came lumbering in to settle himself at her bedroom door. There he remained until dawn.

Since then, Rhodes has established a routine for himself. He has permanently abandoned his own special quarters in an elegant dog-house. The moment Brenda goes to her room he stretches out in the patio below her window. Through the night, he makes a periodic inspection of the grounds, to make certain there are no intruders anywhere. He uncannily divides the night hours into regular periods—so many hours below Brenda's window, and so many hours beneath the window of the room in which the baby sleeps.

The nights on which the servants are out, and the two so dear to Bill are alone in the house, Rhodes insists on coming inside. Part of the night he spends in the library, directly across from Brenda's room. If the door is closed, he scratches until it is opened and remains that way through the night. When Ginger and her mother are alone, their bedroom doors are wide open. Rhodes sees to that.

In the night he walks first into one bedroom, then into the other to make certain they are both safe. Then he goes back to his vantage point. He sleeps with one eye open.

Before Bill left, Rhodes was unconcerned about visitors, delivery boys, telegraph messengers or door-bell ringers. Today it's worth as much as a pound of your flesh to go beyond the front gate.

Some months ago, Helen Craig, John Beal's wife, came to spend the afternoon

Brenda Marshall's dog, Rhodes, appointed himself her guardian the day husband William Holden joined the Army. Brenda's in *Background to Danger*

Brenda's Guardian

By SONIA LEE



with Brenda. Now Helen and Rhodes had been friends ever since he became a member of the Holden household a year ago. But this was her first visit since Bill's absence. Rhodes stood squarely at the gate, barred her way. "You know me, Rhodes. Nice doggie." "Doggie" didn't budge. He looked apologetic but determined. Helen used a neighbor's phone, and Brenda met her at the gate.

It is now an established procedure for guests to telephone Brenda the approximate time of their arrival. She waits for them in the driveway.

Frequently Rhodes' guard duty causes complications. Recently, Brenda was beside herself with worry because an expected telegram from Bill hadn't arrived. The following morning, Brenda went to her mail box, and found a notice stating that a telegram was being held for her at the office. You guessed it! Rhodes had scared off boy and telegram.

Rhodes' duties of guardianship extend beyond the limits of home. He has constituted himself Brenda's protector on shopping tours, errands, and calls. His knowledge of Brenda's schedule for the day is uncanny. If she is to be at the

studio, then he watches her drive away in perfect contentment. But at other times, when she has a lot of running around to do, he leaps into the car, and sits there solidly.

All blandishments, all forceful efforts to make him remain at home are without avail.

Occasionally, the protection has embarrassing results. While shopping at one of the large shops, Brenda had asked that her purchases be placed in her car. When she was through with her chores, she went to the car and discovered that nary a parcel was there. After half an hour of scurrying around, she discovered that Rhodes had refused to let anyone near the car. Now Brenda carries her own parcels.

When Bill came home on leave, Rhodes took a vacation. He re-established himself in his own comfortable quarters and slept through the night. Rhodes was back on the job when Bill left.

"That Rhodes takes his duties seriously," says Brenda. "He is a daily lesson in loyalty."

"Rhodes isn't a dog. He's a member of the Holden family." ■

■ The location site on which *For Whom the Bell Tolls* company is settled is one of the toughest Hollywood has ever attempted. The members of the cast have to skim the jagged cliffs of the Sierra Nevada like mountain goats. The sun beats down hard and unrelenting, accommodations are rough and makeshift. Cook, waiter and dishwasher walk out regularly leaving a hungry and irritable crowd to shift for themselves.

But to Katina Paxinou who plays *Pilar* this is pouf—nothing. There is scarcely a hardship or a horror that she hasn't undergone in the past three years so that nothing can upset her aplomb now.

Katina Paxinou is Greece's foremost actress. She arrived in this country after a passage filled with so much terror that her survival is a miracle. In her first film, one that tells of the fighting people of Spain, she will bring an intimate understanding of the horror and the heroism that is war.

As the first lady of the Royal Theater of Greece, she could have been useful to the Nazis in influencing public opinion. Just before the Nazi invasion, a high German official came to her with a lucrative offer to do a play in Germany. With it was a promise to protect her family in Greece, too—a tempting offer indeed. She refused.

"I have a commitment in England," she said coolly.

"In three more days England will be nothing but an unimportant little island," the Nazi minister warned her.

"Nevertheless, I still choose the 'unimportant little island!'" she answered defiantly.

She went to England to perform in Ibsen's *Ghosts*. Shortly after, France fell and she was stranded in England, cut off from the usual passage home. It was urgent that she get back—her husband and daughter were there—but to do so involved travelling through the United States and returning via the back door. No ships were leaving England, but by desperate effort she was able to get on a merchant ship by signing up as a member of the crew. She was the only woman on board, and after a few days out they were torpedoed by a German submarine. She spent eighteen unforgettable hours in an open lifeboat before she was rescued by a British destroyer.

"It was February. We were in the Northern Atlantic and the ocean spray turned to ice on us," she recalls darkly. "Those eighteen hours were like eighteen years."

After a hell like that, it would have been understandable if she had fallen to pieces after the rescue. Instead she sprang back to life on the destroyer, made tea for the crew and sang for the men. They adored her.

"The gunner on the boat was a baritone. We sang duets between alarms," she explains.

When she was returned to England, America was out of the question for she arrived in time for the worst bombing of the war. She lived through ten months of continuous Nazi aerial bombardment of London.

"Day after day, night after night, it was the same," she says. "But people were



Katina Paxinou endured every hardship before she arrived in America from her native Greece. Actually a beautiful woman, she is shown at left as *Pilar*, the guerrilla woman in Paramount's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*

Gallant Lady

By DRAKE HUNT

brave and tried to live their normal lives when the world seemed falling apart."

Eventually, she was able to get passage to Lisbon. The night she was to leave, her hotel was bombed, and she lost everything she had with her, clothes, jewelry, money.

"I was stranded in my nightgown," she laughs. "I borrowed a dress from a friend and was off for Lisbon."

After an interminable wait in Lisbon, she finally clipped to America. In New York she made many appearances for Greek war relief. When Paramount learned that she was in the country they promptly asked her to test for the role of *Pilar*. Up until then endless tests had been made for the part of the heroic guerrilla woman in Hemingway's novel of war-torn Spain; Nazimova, Ethel Barrymore, even Pola Negri came out of nowhere to try out. One look at Katina and the colorful *Pilar* was found.

Recently, her husband, Alexander Minotis, with whom she had starred in the theater, arrived here after escaping from the Nazi Gestapo in his native land. They

were reunited after a two-year separation. Their meeting brought to a climax two daring odysseys of the war.

Katina Paxinou is a woman who can adapt herself to any situation. As the daughter of one of the wealthiest grain brokers in Greece, she was used to luxury all her life. Later, as a brilliant stage figure, she had one of the largest collections of gowns, furs and jewels in all of Europe. But when her boat was torpedoed, sending her nineteen trunks to the bottom of the Atlantic, she arrived in New York with only the outfit she wore and not a dollar in her purse. But it didn't bother her at all. In fact, she gave the hat off her head to another woman on board because it looked well on her. She has always had servants, but when the chef walked out on location she laughed, "Why you worry? I can cook." And she did—a native dish known as "dolmas" made of stuffed grape leaves, meat balls and lemon-cream sauce.

"Gary Cooper likes my cooking," she says shining. "He says he has never indulged when he eats it."

Impulsive always, Katina is a free

soul who has never let the fire within her be squelched. When she was sixteen she told her aristocratic family that she wanted to enter the theater. Shocked, they told her if she walked on a stage she must never come back.

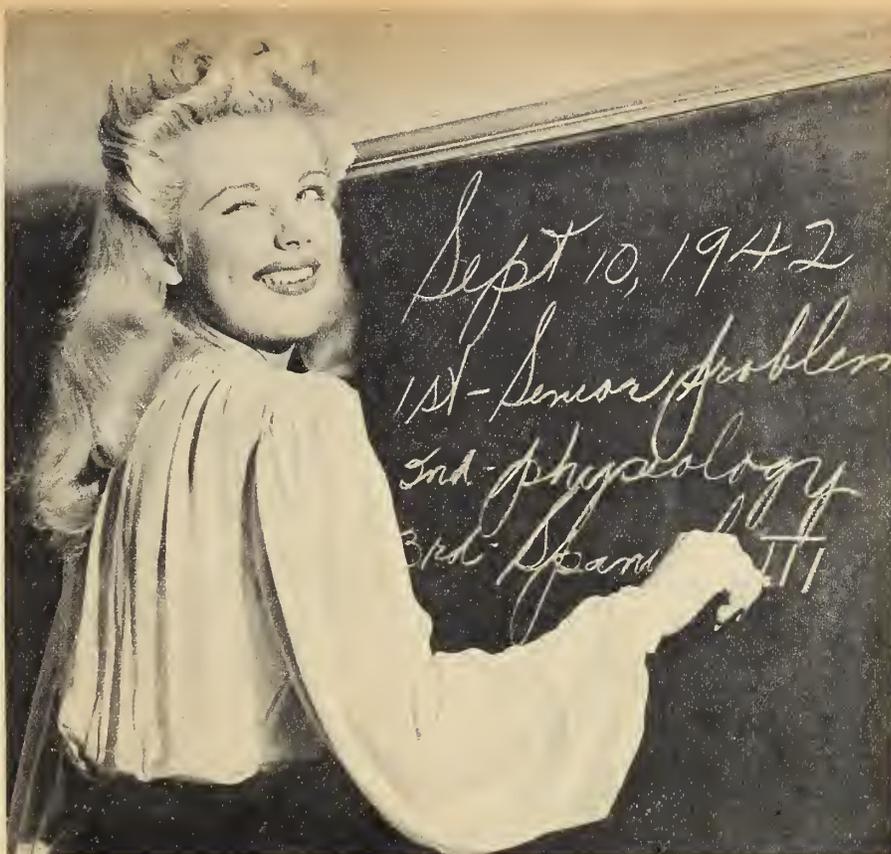
Katina did just that. She went to the home of a friend of the family, and asked him if she could use his basement to store her music. He gave her a key. Along with the music Katina moved into that basement, where she lived until she made some headway on the stage.

A striking personality and a natural actress she won success quickly. She and her husband became the outstanding actors in Greece, formed the Royal Theater and were rewarded by their King George.

In spite of her great reputation and her friendship with royalty, she has a charming simplicity and is the most democratic member of the *For Whom the Bell Tolls* troupe. Everyone adores her, and after a hard day's work in the sun she entertains them with humorous songs. "I am so happy-happy-happy," she chortles, eyes shining, hands darting excitedly. She has a boundless energy that super-charges those around her.

After watching her one day, Akim Tamiroff, who plays *Pablo*, said admiringly, "She's a new kind of animal—not Hollywood, but strange and marvelous."

But her friends have an even better name for her. They use it affectionately and with no little pride. "One-woman Greek panzer division," they call her. ■



School makes no exceptions for glamour, and even 16-year-old starlet, Dolores Moran, must do her studies every day. She attends high school on the Warner lot where she's currently appearing in *Old Acquaintance* with Bette Davis

"My hands are doing Kitchen duty right on the home front!"

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♥ Washing dishes—cooking meals—that's *my* day. It used to leave my hands red and chapped. Not any more! Not since using Hinds *before and after* housework! Hinds skin-softeners help protect my hands—like an *invisible glove*. Now my hands wash up prettier, softer than ever!



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HINDS for **HANDS**
and wherever skin needs softening!.

The American Way

■ Outstanding in the North American way of life is the freedom which women have attained. Having been raised where women are almost cloistered, there is something wonderful about the American girls. They stand on their own feet. They think, actively and concretely. They have a right to pursue a career if they want it. They are not constantly surrounded by chaperones, hemmed in, protected.

This freedom is magnificent. I wholly approve of it. To prove that point, I married a career woman, Lucille Ball.

Then, there is the American sense of humor. Cubans are an amusing people, of course, but at the same time, they are apt to take themselves and the world too seriously. The American sense of humor is more than just a thing of gags. It is a light way of living, a way which makes life much easier for everyone. Americans look at the brighter side of everything—even the war, though they fight it to the last breath. It helps them to do so. If you don't believe me, think back to the jokes which were circulated through the ranks at Bataan, and which buoyed up the spirits of the men.

Third, there is American team-work, whether it be displayed in a swing band, a football game, or the war effort. This, it seems to me, is bred into the people of the United States. In a football game, for instance, a man willingly plays guard all year, knowing he is doing the dirty work and will never get the glory, because the result is more important to him than having his name in headlines. In the war effort, thousands upon thousands of nameless men and women work together for a common cause, displaying the unity which is America's heritage.

Fourth, there is a greater opportunity for the common man to get an education in America. It was only recently that Cuba organized public schools in the rural districts, so that the laboring man would have a chance to learn. In America, the rural school has always flourished, even in the days of the pioneers.

Fifth benefit on the American side, is the lack of class distinction in this country. This touches on education again, of course, but it also provides for anyone who wants to get ahead to do so. I remember telling my father that when I first came to this country. He said to me, "How can you be a musician? What will people think," I replied that this was America, that anyone who worked here was as good as anyone else.

In Cuba there are really only two classes—the very rich and the very poor. If you are not "in," it is a monumental task to make something of yourself. It is only recently that the picture began to change. With education all Cubans will have the same advantages and the same right to pursue their ambitions, as they do in America.



Desi Arnaz compares the North American and Cuban ways of life to help the people of both countries understand one another. He's in *The Navy Comes Through*

As told to KATE HOLLIDAY

Desi Arnaz is by birth and breeding a Cuban. He was brought up in the strict social atmosphere of a Latin-American country, absorbing its traditions and conventions. At sixteen he came to the United States, finished his education, and began to absorb another set of values. Because he has incorporated both the American and the Cuban outlook into his way of living, Desi Arnaz is well qualified to speak about the advantages of both countries.—The Editor.

The Cuban Way

■ First, I believe that Cubans on the whole are more sensitive than Americans. This goes both for business and for personal relationships. They see the other man's point of view. They are not so apt to ride rough-shod over their competitors as Americans, to get to the top through sheer will-power, regardless of what they do to their fellowmen.

They are also more emotional. They do not live as lightly as North Americans, but, at the same time, they see a lot of things which can not be seen from the humorous point of view. Tenderness, simplicity, kindness. When they know someone well, they have little reserve. They love enough to hate, if necessary. They hate enough to murder. They are reserved on the surface, perhaps, but hot-blooded beneath. (Yes, what you have heard about the "fiery Latins" is, to some extent, true!)

Along the same line, they are loyal, particularly where their families are concerned. They like to be with their relatives, see them often, know what they are doing. My father, for instance, saw his mother at least ten minutes every day, even after he was married and lived away from her. His house was built directly across the street from hers. That was the Latin way.

Second, I believe that Cubans in the mass appreciate the arts more than the masses of Americans. They love music from birth. Nearly everyone on the island can sing and play the guitar. But, they don't love only popular music or painting. They like the more serious types of art. Even the uneducated will sit for hours listening to a symphony on the radio and luxuriate in it.

Third, I believe Cubans know more about America than Americans know about Cuba. This is true, I think, of all the Latin-American peoples. Perhaps the reason is partly economic, but Cubans have taken the trouble to know their neighbors. English is a compulsory subject in their schools. American politics are closely watched. American customs sweep Cuba. American music is played.

In this country, however, I have had people ask me, "Is Cuba part of the United States?" The question is amazing to me, especially when I remember that the Spanish-American War was fought by Americans to gain Cuban independence!

And, fourth, Cubans live more slowly than Americans. Here, if you don't rush, you lose out. There, life is leisurely, charming. There is time for everything. *Manana* truly never comes.

But in one respect there is no difference between the people of Cuba and the United States. They are both devoted to freedom and will fight to the last breath against any oppression that threatens them. ■

Clues on Clothes

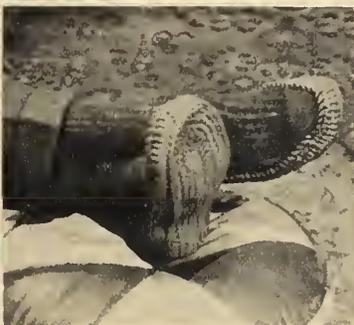
By
**CATHERINE
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100% virgin wool checked jacket and slacks, expertly tailored, make a grand holiday outfit. Slacks, \$8; jacket, \$11, at Stern Bros., N.Y.C.



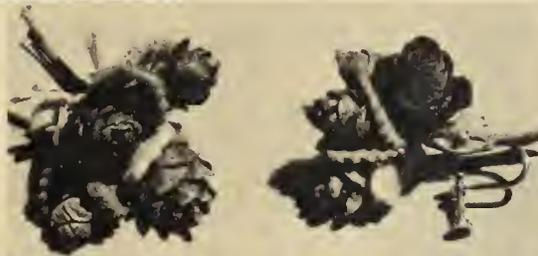
Jean Le Seyeux of Hollywood designed this cute lapel gadget of wood, felt and ruching. \$1 at all leading stores. Smart on hats



Leisure socks to make for Dad. Instructions free by writing to Catherine Roberts, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, N.Y.C.



The soft gleam and glisten of these Heller pearls will enchant the most fastidious of your friends. Earrings, \$1. Necklace about \$2 everywhere



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Introducing... Richard Ney

By ELEANOR FARRIS

NEY, RICHARD: This young actor went through Hollywood like a meteor and out again—he's now in the United States Navy. But while in Movieland he made history, with two roles. He played the son in *Mrs. Miniver* and the lead in *The War Against Mrs. Hadley* with Fay Bainter.

BORN: In New York City. Immediately thereafter he moved to Lakeville, Connecticut. He was almost buried there too, when as an enterprising ten-year-old chemist he mixed some chemicals in the cellar. Luckily he had gone outside to find a new test tube during the time the cellar blew up!

FAMILY: He's the only son of Lakeville's leading residents—Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ney. E. M. is a prominent insurance executive and, until two years ago, an actor-hater. Now all is changed. He proudly collects son Richard's fan-mail!

ROMANCE: Labeled exclusively "Greer Garson." He and the lovely Greer have taken out the license, so expect wedding bells very shortly.

EDUCATED: In New England, Virginia, Washington, D. C., and Lakeville; and at Columbia University where he majored in English. He worked his way through college via a scholarship and the library, where he handled books at fifty cents an hour. For



six weeks he was a waiter in the co-ed dining hall—until his eye got caught by a blonde and his foot by a door-sill—simultaneously. The dining hall lost eight sets of china in the resulting crash. Richard lost his job!

APPEARANCE: Mothers want to bake him cookies, daughters want to entice him home with same—because he's six feet three inches tall, weighs 169 pounds, has ash-brown hair and blue eyes. Together with his excellent taste in clothes, this combination is irresistible.

HISTORIC LANDMARKS: His entrance into Hollywood is a male Cinderella story. After two inglorious roles on Broadway, both consisting of carrying scenery across the stage, his ex-French professor suggested that he go to Hollywood. Meanwhile this adviser wrote a Hollywood agent about him. Richard arrived in Hollywood at 10:30 one bright morning, called the agent—and 2:30 that afternoon found him at M-G-M grabbing the role in *Mrs. Miniver*! Four hours in sunny California had knighted him with success.

SOCIAL LIFE: If sitting at a typewriter tapping out stories is a social life, then Richard Ney was a social whirlwind in Hollywood. That's what he did night after night. In daylight he occasionally ten-nised and fenced. On Saturday nights he gave way to his one other passion, dancing . . . and as his dancing partner was usually superb stepper Greer Garson, romance rumors were born.

HOME LIFE: It was always catch-as-catch-can with Richard, a typical careless bachelor about his lodgings. Except for his first job after college when he lived at home and reported for the *Lakeville Journal*, it's been one fox-hole after another for Mr. Ney. Yes, "fox-hole" covers his home life both when he wrote and acted in television in the New York World's Fair and when he was carting scenery on Broadway. It also covers his Hollywood era. Only a flower garden marked his West Coast retreat as different from his East Coast one!

ATTITUDE ON LIFE: At heart this actor is a writer. His friends predict that after the war, he'll wind up with a typewriter instead of a can of grease-paint. But whether he chooses writing or acting, he'll work hard at it with the zest and enthusiasm that characterizes his every action. Of course, Greer is the important part of Richard's future and has been ever since they met on the *Mrs. Miniver* set. That's what Richard hopes to go home to after the war.

Hollywood has its eye on Richard Ney who made fame in one leap. But Dick has his eye on a typewriter—his ambition is writing. He's in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *The War Against Mrs. Hadley*

Popping Questions at Paulette Goddard

[Continued from page 19]

prefer men companions of your own age, or older?

A. I never consider age in choosing a companion. Samuel Kaizer, my good friend and teacher, is 87. I enjoy his company thoroughly but I also enjoy being with Sidney Chaplin, who is sixteen.

Q. In what ways do you enjoy being "elegant?"

A. Wearing a hat when I'd rather carry it.

Q. What lesson have you had to learn to get ahead in your career?

A. I've had to learn to "take it." I used to be very sensitive and touchy, but a good deal of that has been knocked out of me.

Q. We all have some special fear, what's yours?

A. Cecil B. DeMille. You can't fool him—I learned that when I worked for him.

Q. You've met many people, who are the most charming?

A. Mrs. Roosevelt and Lord Louis Mountbatten. They are both people with brilliant minds and great accomplishments, but they make the other person feel important.

Q. What is your greatest extravagance?

A. Shoes. I love 'em—can't have enough of them.

Q. Your greatest economy?

A. Small investment businesses that pay income.

Q. Are you a good business woman?

A. Fair. I've been furnishing small

homes and renting them, and so far have been quite successful. In fact, the first house I furnished turned out to be so attractive that I moved into it myself and am still living in it.

Q. What do you remember as the nicest compliment paid you?

A. In Charleston, S. C., on my appearance at the Navy Ball I was introduced by a fourth generation Charlestonian as Paulette—"Who, folks, is just plain folks."

Q. Have you ever been in awe of anyone?

A. Yes! President Roosevelt. I have so great a respect for him that I was stunned by his presence.

Q. Are you a fussy dresser?

A. No, it only takes me about ten minutes to dress.

Q. How many servants have you?

A. Only two—a married couple.

Q. What qualities are important to you in a man?

A. Creative ability, unselfishness and good manners.

Q. How do you feel about Dutch Treats?

A. I think there's too much of this sort of thing and don't think it's a good idea. It's usually the girl's fault. If she can't have a good time going to the places the man can afford, she shouldn't go out with him.

Q. What plans have you for the future?

A. I never make plans that far ahead. There's nothing I'd rather be than an actress, and I hate to think of the day when my time is up on the screen.



Far from glaring at each other over their mutual wife, Myrna Loy's screen husband, Bill Powell, and her real one, John Hertz, Jr., New York advertising man, chat amiably over cocktails. Rumor has it Myrna may not return to movies



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Which Man Will Linda Choose?



In the early days of her career, Linda and Bob Shaw were a constant twosome. Is Bob her secret hearthrob?



Alan Gordon's favorite girl is lovely Linda Darnell, but has Linda definitely made up her mind about him?



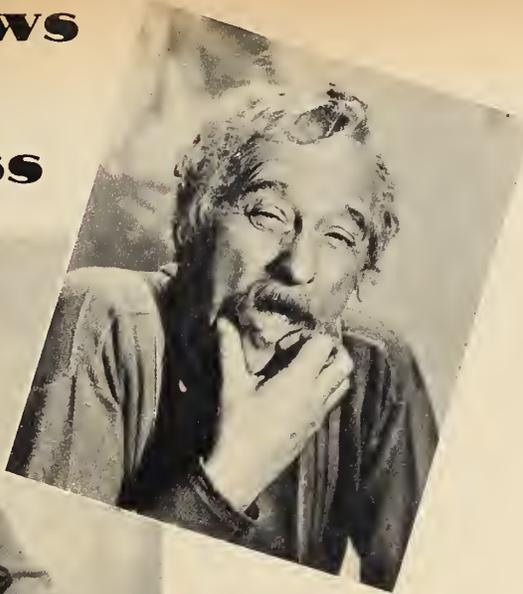
Vic Orsatti, actors' agent, suires Linda about frequently. Is it serious? They're shown at a masquerade party

Linda's newest romantic interest is George Holmes. Will he win her hand? Linda's in *City Without Men*



Linda Darnell's quiet charm, genteel manner and fabulous beauty make her one of the most sought-after stars in movieland. Recently, Linda and her most constant bean, Alan Gordon, accompanied by Lana Turner and her husband, Steve Crane, flew to Las Vegas to be married, but turned back at the last moment. What made Linda change her mind? Which man will she choose?

He Knows His Business



Acting is purely a business to Lynne Overman; he's mastered it thoroughly, as his characterization of the *Oldtimer* (above) in *The Forest Rangers* proves

By **LEE BENNETT**

Every time a Hollywood director is faced with a dull spot in a contemplated production, he sends for Lynne Overman. If the director happens to be under contract to Paramount, this is a cinch. If not, it encompasses screaming and yelling and the passing back and forth of large hunks of dough.

The result is that the dull spot in the production is dull no longer. With Overman in the part, in fact, it is usually so outstanding that the other actors begin scanning the union rules against scene-stealing. And since there is nothing in the book to prevent one thespian from taking a picture away from another, they decide that only a better performance from their corners will remedy the situation. The film therefore becomes noteworthy instead of run-of-the-mill.

For Lynne Overman knows his business. He is one of a small group of men in Hollywood who are actors, not merely personalities. He can take the common, un-lyrical lines ordinarily dished out to a supporting player and make them and the role into something that lives, and is human and convincing.

One reason for this is that Overman has been in the theater and on the screen since he was a gangling youth. Another is that he himself is a quiet, simple, calm guy who makes a living out of acting. To him, his profession is a business by which he supports his family, not a means of adulation. Therefore, he conducts it like a business. He puts the best he has into a part, using the tools fate and experience gave him; then he goes home and has a beer with his wife.

Overman was once a big name on Broadway. "I was the Alan Ladd of my

generation," he says, making that sour-puss he's made so famous on the screen.

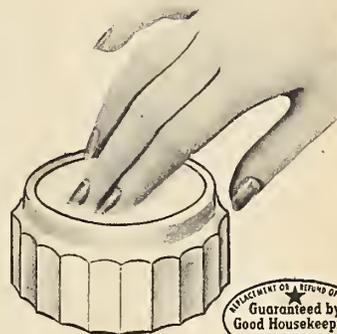
That was when he was the hit of *Oh, Boy!*, a musical which ran over a year in New York; when he did two and a half years of *Just Married* both in this country and England; when he wowed 'em in *The Hottentot* and *Little Accident*; when he played in *Yes, Yes, Yvette*, the show that brought Jeanette McDonald to the attention of Hollywood.

Sure, Overman was a big-shot. He had dough in the bank and a sharp wardrobe in his closet. But he was still Overman, a quiet, simple, calm guy with a dead pan who was making a living by putting on grease-paint. He still is.

To understand why he hasn't changed and has taken both his stage and screen success so unconcernedly, you must remember that Lynne comes from Missouri. He was born in a little town called Trenton, a few miles "up in the brush" from Kansas City.

[Continued on page 57]

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■ Pierre Aumont stood in a dense forest, through which ran a wide stream. Suddenly, in the misty light he could see young Darryl Hickman poling a flat-bottomed boat around the bend.

"Quick!" shouted Darryl. "The Nazis are coming!"

With lightning precision, Pierre Aumont sprang into the boat.

The scene was from Pierre's first American picture, *Assignment in Brittany*. But Pierre didn't need to act in order to portray the feelings of a Frenchman with the Nazis on his trail. For only a couple of years ago he himself escaped from the invaders, whose swastika flew over Paris.

His experiences in the war make even his adventurous role in *Assignment in Brittany* seem tame.

He was born Jean Pierre Aumont in Paris about thirty years ago. "Paris," he says, "was the gayest city in a very gay

world; and the theater was the gayest thing in Paris."

Certainly, it was the theater that interested Pierre most. Before he was sixteen, he enrolled as a student at the Conservatory of Drama in Paris. While still in his teens, he appeared in vaudeville comedy skits. Some of them were good, some poor, some indifferent; but no matter, Pierre played them all with zest.

Then he began appearing in French adaptations of such famous plays as *White Cargo*, *Her Cardboard Lover* and *Design for Living*.

French movie companies whipped out contracts. He was featured in pictures with such stars as Annabella, Jean Gabin and Simone Simon.

He had appeared in about fifteen French pictures, when one day early in September, 1939, word reached the studio where he was making *Manon Lescaut*, with Marta Eggerth, that war had been declared.

Pierre never made that picture. Like all Frenchmen, he had been trained for the Army. Pausing only to say a hasty goodbye at the studio, Pierre reported to his Command in the French Tank Corps. As a buck private, he was assigned to handle a machine gun in a tank. He fought with such courage that he was awarded the Croix de Guerre.

The action which won him this honor occurred when he and his

comrades were fighting in the Sedan. On three sides they were surrounded by Nazis. In order to use the one way of escape, it was necessary that someone block the Germans on the other sides. Pierre made that his business. While his tank mates escaped by the only possible route to safety, he fought off the Germans. Then, when all his comrades were safe, he got through, and made his way against great odds into the back country. For his courage under fire, he was awarded the Croix by his Commanding Officer.

But neither his courage nor that of other Frenchmen saved France. A few weeks later France capitulated. Pierre realized that if he were captured by the Nazis he would be imprisoned or forced to do slave labor. His only hope lay in escaping from occupied France.

Panic had swept France. In their haste to escape the Nazis, people made their way on mules, in shabby carts and cars of ancient vintage, sleeping where they could and eating when they could. Among those Frenchmen was Pierre. Everywhere the German army was straffing the roads and highways. He had to keep a sharp lookout for them.

He escaped to unoccupied France, and from there to Lisbon, where he succeeded in getting on a ship bound for the United States.

Ordinarily frank and amiable, he turns grimly silent when asked about the incidents that occurred during his escape.

"I had the good luck to get away from the Nazis," he says, as though that explains everything.

When Pierre arrived in New York, he ran into further difficulties. He was broke, but eager to get a job on the stage. Since he could barely speak English, there was little hope of obtaining one.

So he made his way to Canada, where the French Canadians were familiar with his French films. On the strength of those, he got jobs in the theater. While he worked, he studied English.

When he returned to New York, he spoke with only a slight accent. So impressed was Katharine Cornell by his ability, that she asked him to appear with her in *Rose Burke*. Pierre's personal notices were excellent.

At that time M-G-M was hunting frantically for an actor to play the dual role of the French Intelligence Officer and a French soldier in *Assignment in Brittany*. A harassed talent scout spotted Pierre and leaped on him with sounds of joy.

In Hollywood, Pierre, being blond, young and handsome, was promptly discovered by some of the most beautiful girls in town. The columnists have had a great deal to say about his "romance" with Hedy Lamarr. He has gone out with the delectable Hedy, but he has also gone out with Susan Peters and other lovelies.

He is ready, willing and able to take up the fight against Hitler again, this time with the American Army. Because he believes that some day France will again be free, he has not renounced his French citizenship. But Uncle Sam is willing to have "friendly aliens" fight with our own boys; and Pierre is certainly the friendliest alien you've ever met. ■

Pierre Aumont won a high French military honor for valor under fire. His first American picture is Metro's *Assignment in Brittany*



French Hero

BY GEORGE OWENS

Canary From Cleveland



It was Dolores Del Rio who inspired Janis Carter to become an actress, Janis is in United Artists' *G-String Murders*



By
**BILL
DAVIS**

It was in 1929 when Dolores Del Rio made a personal appearance in Cleveland, Ohio, Janis Carter's home town, that the young girl set her heart on a screen career. She was thrilled by the beauty and glamour of Miss Del Rio, then the reigning film queen, and after the show, she rushed backstage to catch a glimpse of her. After she had successfully battled her way through a mob of autograph seekers, the twelve-year-old chirped, "Miss Del Rio, I'm going to be a film star some day and sing just like you do." The star wrote in Janis' book—"To Janis. I hope you get your wish."

It has taken Janis a while to achieve the wish, but after much hard and diligent work, some tough knocks and a couple of lucky breaks, she made it. She's now under contract to Hunt Stromberg, pro-

ducer for United Artists, who sees a bright future for the talented young lady who sings, acts, and looks ravishingly lovely at the same time.

Music runs in Janis' family. It was no surprise that even as a very young girl she showed decided talent, which was encouraged with singing and piano lessons. While she was attending Western Reserve University, she assiduously studied music between academic classes, cramming in every bit of musical knowledge she possibly could. She sang in glee clubs, choirs and school shows. To pay for her music lessons, she waited on tables and worked at a dozen different jobs during the summer vacations.

After graduation, Janis was ready to tackle the big city.

[Continued on page 55]

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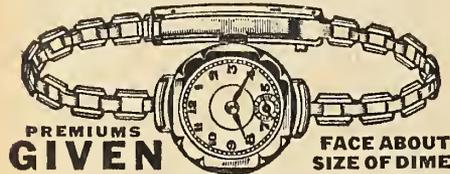
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Face Trouble

By **BOB HALL**

■ Faye Emerson is having face trouble.

Every time the pretty brown-haired, brown-eyed girl appears on the screen she looks different, without benefit of tricky make-up. Her real face is different from her film faces and just as changeable. Half the time her own friends don't recognize her!

"It's my mobile pan," she sighs. What she calls her "mobile pan," the directors and the casting office at Warners term "the face of a versatile actress." She had no previous acting experience, but was shoved into a dozen pictures during the eighteen months she was there. Warners have given the clever young actress every type of role imaginable—except the role for which she was originally signed!

It's the usual Hollywood irony. Faye was playing the comedy lead in *Here Today* at San Diego's famous Community Playhouse, when she was spotted by a scout, given a screen test and signed as a comedienne. But she's never had a comedy role on the screen!

In *Bad Men of Missouri*, her first picture, she played a tragic death scene. In quick succession she was a gangster's moll, a honky-tonk girl of gold rush days, a cynical sob-sister, a German spy, and several variations of the hard-boiled wench-with-a-heart-of-gold. In *Juke Girl* she was Ann Sheridan's girl friend, and in *The Desert Song* she plays a Moroccan girl spy.

When Jack Warner saw the rushes of Faye's scenes in that picture, he said in no uncertain terms, "That's the most beautiful woman I've ever seen in Technicolor."

A surprise to Faye, for she has been told ever since she stepped before a camera, "You're not beautiful and you're not a glamour girl, but there is character in your face."

Odd too, that Faye has never been called on to play a hard-riding girl of the Golden West, because she sticks to a saddle like the Lone Ranger, having spent much of her childhood on a New Mexico ranch. But that, too, may come.

Faye Emerson never photographs twice the same way. In each of her films she looks entirely different. She is shown in a variety of roles ranging from glamorous siren to Moroccan spy. Top right: Faye as she really is. She is seen in Warner Brothers' *The Desert Song*



Faye was born in Elizabeth, Louisiana, on July 8, 1917, but lost her Southern accent before it had a chance to develop; she left there at the age of two. She spent the next ten years in a variety of places—Chicago, Texas, California and New Mexico.

At twelve she entered a convent boarding school in San Diego. That same year saw the start of the Emerson acting.

Faye's first role was that of an aged shepherd. But her ambition was to be a devil or some other villainous character. The good sisters, however, always cast her as an angel or saint, hoping the role would be a good influence. Faye admits she was the school brat.

Later, at San Diego's Point Loma High School, Faye's ability was recognized by dramatic director William Emery Shepherd. She was in every play produced during her schooling there. One of her outstanding roles was that of a male Italian fruit peddler.

A year at San Diego State College exhausted the dramatics courses, so she left.

One day there was a mysterious telephone call for her. "Would you like to turn professional?" she was asked. Faye now confesses that she didn't know then whether "turning professional" meant she would be paid or not, but she breathlessly said yes. It meant acting, anyway. She made an appointment.

Dressed in her best clothes, with stacks of scripts under both arms, Faye prepared to read as never before. But the director, who had seen her in a college play, signed her without asking to hear a line. She was hired for the St. James Repertory Theater at Carmel—at \$15.00 a week!

Despite the slim salary, her summer with that stock company proved a wealth of experience. All other members of the troupe had years of acting behind them,

but eighteen-year-old Faye was judged so good she was given the lead in the very first play of the season, *Russet Mantle*. Varied roles in the play-a-week schedule followed, and Faye was soon a veteran.

Back in San Diego she joined the Community Theater players at the Globe, and in true Little Theater tradition did everything from bits to leads, from building scenery to painting backdrops.

Faye was romping through a comedy role at the Globe, when a Hollywood scout arranged her first screen test. That test fooled even Faye.

"When I saw it, I couldn't believe it was I," says Faye. "I kept saying, 'She photographs better than I expected, but that stage technique is too exaggerated for the screen. She'll have to stop wiggling her face.' An executive sitting next to me said, 'What's the idea of saying *she*? That's *you*!'"

Faye doesn't mind wearing tattered costumes that have been dragged through dust, as hers were for *The Desert Song*. Nor does she mind her face photographing differently in every role. But she does hope that some day she can do a straight comedy role.

"It's lots harder to make people laugh than to make them cry. After I've managed that, my goal is to play Saint Joan."

Faye's other consuming ambition is to enter politics. And against the day when she might be a candidate for office, she insists on a dignified personal life now—no phony romance stories about her. Nor are night clubs her hang-out. She lives quietly in a French Provincial house, bright with gay chintzes.

Faye Emerson may have face trouble, but it's no trouble at all to Warner Brothers, who have her marked for a big future. Her new seven-year contract with them proves that. ■



Mary Dodson, Cesar Romero and Tyrone Power stop and chat about Ty's recent enlistment in the Marines. Tyrone's new film is 20th Century-Fox's *The Black Swan*

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Holiday Economy

By
BETTY CROCKER



Shirley Deane, who was the attractive young daughter in the *Jones Family* series, and is now married with a home of her own, has some helpful suggestions for economy in decorating the festive board and planning the holiday menu

■ Holiday meals this year are difficult to plan. Rationing and shortages of many items make it impossible to get just what you want. That's what Shirley Deane discovered when she started to plan her holiday menu.

Shirley was the young daughter in the *Jones Family* pictures. Now she is married and devoting her time to home-making. This year her holiday table will be as gay as ever.

"There's more reason than ever to keep the Christmas spirit alive, because that is part of what we are fighting for," Shirley said. "I think the table should be decorated as beautifully as possible."

Now that tinsel and metals are going into war along with most everything else, her decorations were made from materials on which there are no priorities. For instance, she gathered leaves and gilded them with some gold paint. With Christmas tree balls, left over from other years, spilled among the leaves which draped her electric candelabra, Shirley contrived a lovely effect.

As for the menu, she decided on a ham baked with pickled peach juice. This is the way she prepared it:

BAKED HAM WITH PICKLED PEACH JUICE

Place a whole or half ham fat side up on rack in open roasting pan. Do not cover and do not add water. Bake in slow oven (300°), allowing 15 to 20 minutes per

pound for a large ham; 20 to 25 minutes per pound for a small ham; and 25 to 30 minutes per pound for a half ham. The shorter cooking time in each case is for tenderized hams. Roast-meat thermometer registers 170° when ham is done; 160° for tenderized hams. Ham may be basted during cooking period with pickled peach juice. The last 30 minutes of baking, score fat in diamond shapes; stick a whole clove in each diamond and rub surface with dry mustard and brown sugar moistened with ham drippings.

With the baked ham, Shirley served crusted pears. These are peeled pear halves brushed with butter. Roll in fine crushed corn flakes, then bake until brown.

Another delicacy, one of Shirley's favorites, is Stuffed Pickled Peaches.

STUFFED PICKLED PEACH

Stuff pickled peach halves with chopped cucumber, celery, nuts and a bit of salad dressing and serve in cups of curled lettuce.

For dessert, Shirley likes something light, such as a sherbet served with Russian Tea Cakes or Norwegian Butter Cookies.

RUSSIAN TEA CAKES

- 1 cup butter
- 1/2 cup confectioners' sugar
- 2 1/4 cups all-purpose flour
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 3/4 cup nuts, finely chopped

Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and cream well. Sift flour once before measuring, then again with salt and add to creamed mixture, working it in thoroughly with the hands. Blend in vanilla and nuts, also working them in with the hands. Chill dough, if desired, to make it easier to handle. Form into balls about 1 inch in diameter. Place about 2 1/2 inches apart on very lightly greased heavy baking pan. Bake 14 to 17 minutes in a moderately hot oven 400° F., until a very delicate brown. (Watch cookies carefully after they have been in the oven for a little while, as they brown all of a sudden.) This makes about 5 dozen cookies.

Roll in confectioners' sugar while still warm and again when cool. These cookies should be crisp. Store them in a can with a loose cover.

NORWEGIAN BUTTER COOKIES

- 3/4 cup butter
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- 3/4 cup cornstarch
- 1 tsp. baking powder

Melt butter over low heat, being careful not to brown it. Add sugar gradually, beating it in thoroughly with a spoon. Add the well-beaten egg, and continue beating with a spoon until mixture is smooth, creamy and somewhat thick. Blend in vanilla. Sift flour once before measuring. Then sift flour, cornstarch and baking powder together, and add to first mixture. Stir until well-blended. Drop by teaspoonsful (or force through cookie press in desired shapes) about 1 1/2 inches apart onto lightly greased heavy baking pan. Bake 16 to 18 minutes in a moderate oven 350° F., until a very delicate brown. (Watch cookies carefully after they have been in the oven for a little while, as they brown all of a sudden.) This makes about 4 1/2 dozen cookies, 2 inches in diameter.

The dough may be chilled, if desired, and then rolled into balls about 1 inch in diameter. These cookies should be crisp. Store them in a cool place, in a can with a loose cover.

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Canary From - Cleveland

[Continued from page 51]

On her first day in New York she landed a job as hostess in a Wall Street cafe. On the side she modelled for an exclusive Fifth Avenue shop. On Sundays she sang in churches. What was left of her spare time she spent practicing voice. No grass grew under her steady feet.

After working like a Trojan, she finally secured a Metropolitan audition. This was her big chance. Then came heartbreak. She was told that her voice had quality, but was not quite strong enough for opera. Janis refused to be discouraged. She felt that if she kept on practicing she might strengthen her voice enough to make the Metropolitan. But it meant years of arduous practice and sacrificing everything else for it. Was it worth it?

A theatrical agent who had seen Janis at the audition offered her a chance to sing in a Broadway show. To sing was what she wanted most, even if it wasn't grand opera, so Janis sang for fourteen months in *I Married an Angel*; then went on to *DuBarry Was a Lady* and *Panama Hattie*. Not one to waste a moment, she did photographic modeling, too. Her violet blue eyes and strawberry blond hair became famous in magazines and billboards from Maine to Mexico.

So it might be said her beauty preceded her to Hollywood, where she arrived in 1941, under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox. The studio raced her through eight pictures in swift succession. The roles weren't large enough for Janis, who must be busy every moment. She felt useless and longed for a still busier schedule. So she bent a willing ear when Hunt Stromberg invited her over to the M-G-M lot to appear in the screen version of *I Married an Angel*.

Producer Stromberg was so impressed with her ability and beauty that when he formed his own independent company, she was one of the first he put under contract. Now Janis is practicing voice again, for she's been promised starring roles in the forthcoming Stromberg musicals.

She even manages to cram into her busy days time to attend antique auction sales (her passion), collect records and do needlepoint as well as wield a mean tennis racket.

It's a far cry from the curly-headed minx who informed Dolores Del Rio in no uncertain terms of her movie aspirations—to the glamorous, poised young woman with the golden voice that is Janis Carter today. But they had something in common—the kind of determination that never let up until her wish came true. ■

Next month we pop questions at Bob Cummings. Don't miss this gay and amusing quiz

Brenda Marshall, star of Warner Bros. picture
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Brenda Marshall
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Richard Arlen is an old favorite who's still going strong. Right: Dick loves to cut up, so he's relegated to the doghouse by Wendy Barrie. He's in the new Paramount picture, *Wrecking Crew*



Perpetual Favorite

By GLORIA BRENT

■ A tired-looking jalopy with chipped paint and an asthmatic engine wheezed up to a drive-in on Sunset Boulevard. The car-hop looked at the grinning man behind the wheel, and as she left with his order she whispered to a co-worker, "Pssst—do you know who's in that broken-down buggy? Richard Arlen. Poor guy. He's certainly come down, hasn't he?"

Dick Arlen heard her and his grin became even broader. His own car was being looked over by a mechanic at the moment and Dick had borrowed a car on the garage lot. Richard Arlen may not be Hollywood's ace heart-thump and glamour boy as he was a decade ago, but he's doing very nicely, thank you. Besides the car, Dick has a penthouse, money in the bank and a smooth running film career which

nets him a tidy yearly sum in the neighborhood of \$60,000. Comedown? Hardly.

Dick is 41 years old but in appearance he hasn't changed at all from the handsome, rakish youth who was the shining light of so many of Paramount's football and adventure films. Same waistline, same hair, same shoulders, same grin. Even the same sense of humor.

Today Dick is star of a series of modern action films on the same Paramount lot and neither time nor changing circumstances have dampened the irrepressible Arlen. The sets of his pictures resemble a circus on a Saturday matinee. Dick doesn't take anything seriously. In the middle of a love scene, he'll tell the leading lady, "Aw nuts, let's skip that." He disappears between scenes, then skims back on the set riding a red scooter. The set is continually enlivened with the Arlen brand of practical jokes. He once turned around in the middle of a scene, drew a gun out

of his pocket, shot into the air and a stuffed duck hurtled down from the rafters. Dignity is unknown during the filming of his pictures and although Dick is the star, it's not uncommon for a lowly grip to call out during a piece of emoting, "No good, Dick. You're hamming it up."

The crew members presented Dick with a doghouse to which he retires when he's been particularly obstreperous. No wonder set hands beg to be assigned to his pictures.

Today Dick's pictures occupy the lower half of double feature bills, but they clean up. They don't compare in importance with his early films, which were strictly big-time, but Dick has a special reason for remaining in them—a reason based on a rare type of loyalty and friendship.

It was less than ten years ago that Dick Arlen was in such demand by producers that he turned out thirteen pictures in one year, and once worked in four films at the same time! He was the swashbuckling star of such epics as *Wings*, *The Virginian* and *Four Feathers*. Then suddenly, little was heard about him. What happened?

In 1935 the Paramount studios, to whom Dick was under contract ever since he started in 1921, went through a change of personnel and Dick was reorganized out of the studio. That wasn't particularly upsetting to Dick because he was in his heyday and every other studio wanted him. Instead of signing with one of them he decided to free-lance and pick his own stories.

"Like most actors, when left on my own I made wrong decisions," he explains. "I was offered *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* but turned it down. Frañchot Tone got the role and it made him a star. The pictures I chose to do turned out to be turkeys which didn't do my career much good. But the final gamble really did me in. I had a chance to star in an English picture and it sounded like a fine opportunity. It was to be tremendous. It was a sort of British *Union Pacific* and the American people weren't interested in a story about the building of a railroad in England. Working in that picture kept me out of Hollywood a year, and when I returned a new crop of leading men had taken hold. I had stayed away too long, and I had to re-establish myself all over again."

At this time, two bright young men, Bill Pine and Bill Thomas, were about to embark on the production of their own pictures. They had been press agents at Paramount when Dick was the fair-haired boy there and they knew only too well how popular he had been. They asked him if he would star in their productions and Dick said yes. It was a new and untried enterprise, and as such, involved an element of risk for Dick. The films were to be made on small budgets, and if they flopped Dick would be washed out for good. Before this he had turned down many offers to appear in "B" pictures, but this offer came from two pals and that made all the difference to him.

They never signed a contract—just a handshake—and after two years the arrangement continues. Since then he has received offers from other studios, increasingly heavy now since the war-time shortage of leading men, but Dick is not accepting them. There is nothing to pre-

vent him from skipping out of his present set-up with the Messrs. Pine and Thomas, but it's not in his code to do so. "A handshake has a stronger hold on me than a legal piece of paper," Dick explains.

Although Dick isn't the big name he once was, he has more fun now than he's ever had, and that's saying a lot. He's eliminating all the fuss and red tape that makes life complicated. He moved out of his large ranch house in San Fernando because it was too much trouble to maintain it, and now lives in what is probably the largest one-room apartment on top of Hollywood's leading hotel.

Dick's as handsome today as he was during the days when he was cutting film capers with Clara Bow, and his sly whimsey plus a resistance to worry have made him one of the best-liked gentlemen in Hollywood. ■

He Knows His Business

[Continued from page 49]

"My father was a horse-breeder," he says. "And as soon as I could sit up, I was on a nag."

After his parent died (Lynne was eleven), the boy ran away from home. "I've never been back since—except on a visit," he goes on. "I started to earn my living at that point. I began riding for money on what they called 'The Leaky Roof Circuit'—a series of half-mile tracks

around the Middle West. Then I rode snow horses. I finally ended up in the Gentry Brothers Dog and Pony Show, riding 'Roman.' That's where a guy stands on two horses, with a pink ribbon in his hair."

"I also blacked up and did an act in one of the troupe's side shows. I sang and danced and told jokes. (I'm still telling the same jokes!) This led to my first real professional job: as endman in the Ward and Wade Mastodon Minstrels.

"In the meantime, I had gotten an education of sorts. I had put myself through grammar school, gone to Brees Military Academy in Menkon, Missouri, and had one year at the state university. Of course, I was a brilliant student!" he says, fixing you with an unflinching eye.

The Mastodons were the beginning. After that Lynne really got his training. And, true to tradition, he got it the hard way. He played four years in musicals, doing one-night stands through the provinces around Chicago. During this period, he did every kind of a part.

Then, came the revolution. "I turned square. I went into light comedy and began doing leading men in stock, supporting 'name' stars. And, at last," he continues, "in the parlance of the trade, I was 'taken notice of.' I was twenty-four years old when *Oh, Boy!* came along. I was what they laughingly call a 'hit.'"

In the middle of the attendant festivities came the war. Lynne went into the Navy. He was an ensign on submarine patrol from Fire Island to Cape Hatteras, and later in the Azores.

After the Armistice, of course, he went back to the theater.

"For eight years," he says, "it seemed I could do no wrong. There is always a period like that in everyone's life, when you're so lucky that you begin to think you're infallible. Everything turns to gold. Then the holocaust hits you!"

But try to find a holocaust in Lynne's life. For after a series of shows, he was brought out to Hollywood to do *Little Miss Marker* with Shirley Temple. That was eight years ago. He's made five or six pictures a year ever since, has a "life contract" with Cecil B. DeMille, is scheduled for Paramount's *Dirie* with Bing Crosby, and will probably keep on working until the ripe old age of ninety-two.

Lynne is about to do his first motion picture musical. He made his stage success as a song-and-dance man, but the moguls in the studios are now worried whether he can handle the assignment!

This worry and any worry is laughable to Lynne. Not because he thinks he's so tremendous, but because he doesn't believe in it. "Worry only gets you ulcers," he says. "And my prime ambition in life is to avoid 'em. What good does it do to get all upset about things?"

That's his philosophy, and he shows it on the screen. Because he is a quiet, simple guy, he stands out in the madhouse that is Hollywood. To him, acting is a serious business. When a troubled director sends for Overman, he knows that from then on the production is as good as colossal. ■

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**She
Gets
Away
With
Murder!**

Lupe Velez' fiery temper is notorious. Hollywood agrees she gets away with murder. But Lupe never blows up without a reason. She's in R-K-O's *Ladies Day*

By CONNIE CURTIS

Lupe Velez was furious. She was burning mad. The studio had assigned their hairdresser to her when she wanted her own girl, Lillian.

"That Lupe," observed an actress in the film, "she always wants her own way. Always fighting, always in a temper about something."

Lupe was in a temper, but it wasn't the peevish, actressy kind of temperament. Lupe's mind works primitively, almost like a child's. Lillian had been her hairdresser for years, was her friend, had stuck with her a long time and it is Lupe's credo that she must fight for those who are not powerful enough to fight for themselves. But the studio had its rules and insisted that its own hairdresser, and not Lillian, must be employed to care for Lupe's tawny mop during production of the picture.

"All right," stormed Lupe. "If I can't have Lillian, I weel have no one. I do my hair myself."

When Lupe walked out on the set the first day, the director grasped his chair in amazement. Lupe's coiffure resembled that of a wild banshee! "We can't photograph you like that!" groaned the director.

Lupe smiled sweetly. Very sweetly. "Very sorree. That is the best way I can curl my hair. Maybe Lillian can fix it up to look nice again, eh?"

Lupe won. She usually gets what she wants one way or another. For fifteen years, ever since she was discovered by Douglas Fairbanks and battled with him during the filming of *The Gaucho*, Lupe's been getting away with murder. Lar-rupin' Lupe, the Mexican Wildcat, Spit-fire—these and a dozen similar nicknames identify Hollywood's stormiest petrel. For years you've been hearing these wild stories about Lupe and her famous fights with other stars. Whoopee Lupe's earned a reputation for being an uncontrollable hellcat who thinks nothing of lashing out

and letting someone have it. How does she get by with it so many years? Why does Hollywood allow her to act up as she does and get away with murder?

The truth is this: Those who know Lupe and have worked with her adore her. They know that Lupe appears to be a spitfire, but she's really a softie. They know, too, that Lupe has never picked a fight unless she was fighting for someone who wasn't big enough to fight for himself. Then Lupe really hauls off.

Like the time she was working with a well-known actress who specializes in sedate, lady-like roles. This actress was wearing a black velvet gown when a young prop boy, bringing her a glass of water, accidentally spilled it on her dress. The woman flew into a rage. "You stupid lummo," she screamed at the terrified boy. "Get out of here!" And with that she slapped him.

The boy was hurt and humiliated, but he could do nothing. To answer back might cost him his job. In a moment Lupe jumped up. She yelled at the woman, "Why did you heet him? You know he can't talk back to you. But I can. And I'll geeve you what you geeve him." And Lupe slapped the actress.

The next day the incident was whispered about in Hollywood, but the story ran that wild Lupe smacked the actress out of a savage urge. Only the grip workers and extras who had watched and silently applauded the scene knew that la Lupe had risked criticism and gossip again for the sake of another person.

That happens all the time. There was the time Lupe was telling off a certain foreign star in front of a whole company because she had insulted a chorus girl for using her chair. "Have you forgotten your past when you were a chorus girl, and a bowlegged one at that," sneered Lupe, as the star writhed. The high-handed actress was so upset she couldn't work for three days. Lupe was called to the front office. "Aha, I get a bawling out," thought Lupe, but instead she was presented with a case of champagne by the studio.

"Thanks for bringing that star down to earth," she was told. "We've been wanting to tell her off for a long time but we didn't have the nerve."

No wonder Lupe seems to get away with murder. She may be blunt in her technique, but her principles are sound and commendable. She fights only with those her own size or bigger, never with inferiors. A seamstress' assistant, against Lupe's orders, applied a certain liquid to a fragile evening gown Lupe was wearing in a picture and it burned a large hole at the neckline. The director was waiting for her to step before the camera wearing that dress and Lupe could understandably have lost her temper, but she didn't. She walked over to the director. "Look," she said ruefully, "I am so stupid. I tear this dress. Can I not do the scene with my hand near my throat? That will cover the hole and it will look graceful, too." The director agreed and the unhappy girl escaped blame.

"I am a common person," explains Lupe, "and I'll always be one. For years I have been a Hollywood star, but I have never forgotten the time when I was a shopgirl

in Mexico years ago. I was selling shoes, and once a rich customer got angry and threw a shoe at me. I could say nothing but 'Yes ma'am' to her, but I have never forgotten it. Since then I have hated conceit and pompousness and I get very, very angry when I see examples of it. "Sure," she grinned wickedly, "I always fight in front of a lot of people. That is the ham in me. Sometimes when I feel a fight coming on and there is no audience I go to the telephone and tell some people to come over.

"I get criticized for my temper, but really it is not such a bad one, for right after I lose it I apologize and the whole thing is forgotten. My temper is destructive only to me. I hurt my throat by screaming."

It's been destructive to her in another way. Lupe's much-vaunted hot-headedness has kept her from doing the roles she wants to do. It broke her heart when she wasn't even considered for *Tortilla Flat*. "I don't only want to play parts where I scream and throw things. I want to do human people. But the studio says those parts are too serious for me. They forget *Resurrection* which was so successful, where I was a soulful type."

Lupe usually manages to have the last word—and a mighty loud word at that—but once she was topped. It was at a dinner party. At her left was a newly-arrived Englishman who wasn't quite hep to Lupe's jive. Something he said irritated Lupe. "Oh nuts," she said. The Britisher blinked, then unperturbedly reached out for a glass dish on the table and calmly passed some salted almonds to her.

For once, the volatile Velez was squelched. ■



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State of Connecticut } ss.
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Side-Tracked Medico

By
JACK DALLAS



Susan Peters was all set for a great career in medicine, when she was side-tracked by a well-meaning talent scout. She's in *Random Harvest*

Times being what they are, the mere sight of a headline raises havoc with the soul of Susan Peters who has recently won her letter M, via Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Random Harvest*.

Why do headlines ruffle Miss Peters? They ruffle her because, if there is anything the war effort could do with today (in bulk), it is a good doctor. And a good doctor is what Susan Peters had her heart set on becoming until she met up with a man named Lee Sholem.

She had graduated from Hollywood High and was paying a farewell visit to the campus to clean out her gym locker when a man wearing a white shirt with a Barrymore collar sidled up to her.

"My name is Lee Sholem, and I like your looks."

"My name is Susan Carnahan, and I haven't decided."

"I'm a personal representative of Sol Lesser who is searching for the typical American girl."

"Haven't they found her yet?"

"If you'd care to be tested . . ."

"Don't be silly. The number is Granite 5-3223. Just ask for the typical American girl."

"Thank you."

"It was nothing."

Nothing was right. Or just about. She entered the typical-American-girl sweepstakes, reached the finals, and was bested by another girl from Hollywood High, a Lois Ranson, currently appearing in Westerns.

Susan would have forgotten the whole incident and returned to her castles in Spain, castles teeming with operating rooms filled with handsome male patients badly in need of swift and delicate surgery. And the only medico within miles being Dr. Susan Carnahan! But, alas!

Life had other plans for her, as she discovered the next morning when the postman rang.

Susan was handed an important-looking letter, opened it, and discovered that she had won a scholarship to Max Reinhardt's School of the Drama.

"Free things have always fascinated me" is how she explains deserting medicine for the theater.

As an apprentice she was all right. Old man Reinhardt immediately tagged her as an American Elizabeth Bergner and while she never quite lived up to that description, she did turn in a good job in a Workshop production of *Holiday*, which was pretty sensational for a girl who almost flunked dramatics at Hollywood High.

A spy who didn't know what a bad *Lady Macbeth* she had played in high school thought so too. He thought the Carnahan curves were equally sensational. He reported as much to his boss over at Warner Brothers, who sent Susan a wire inviting her to trek to Burbank and be tested.

"The studio needs someone like you," cooed Dave Trilling, the casting director. "In fact, there's a spot for you in *The Constant Nymph*, one of our little two-million dollar numbers. All we do is test you and . . ."

She was tested right out of *The Constant Nymph*, but the studio decided to give her a contract anyhow, on the theory that she was worth \$75 a week just to hang around the lot and look pretty. She certainly did little more than that. She displayed her topography, fleetingly, in *Meet John Doe*. In *Santa Fe Trail*, she married Ronald Reagan and cried with joy. After that the studio forgot she was around, let her option expire, and tossed her out into the cold. [Continued on page 63]

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- What 10-gallon hats plus 6-shooters add up to (pl.).
- She gets much fan mail, but got a Stack in *Men of Texas*.
- Something inspired by Hitler in many lands.
- Metro got him for a song; now he's famous.
- This is only fair if repeated.
- Paramount reason for MacMurray's mugging in *Forest Rangers*.
- Someone who comes before *My Gal*.
- Dorothy's domicile in South Sea setting.
- What gangster chief requires henchman to button.
- Minnie the moo-cher.
- He got a rise out of sun, but we'll give it final setting.
- Often mentioned as a cold proposition.
- Descriptive of Jimmy Stewart on screen.
- Universally a success, but he landed *Behind the Eight Ball*.
- George Washington Slept Here* (abbr.).
- This bird was crazy before Lew Lehr made monkey shine as such.
- Da-de-dummed a ditty.
- She was tops to Topsy.
- Comely chorine in *Footlight Serenade*.
- This carries its own band.
- They were bowled over when Hollywood stars had a strike.
- Autry's Sierra sweetheart.
- Where goose-steppers will soon be lame ducks (abbr.).
- The old army game started when this was shelled.
- Just a racket.
- Brendel's bandle.
- She went boom in *Sin Town*.
- Initials of Ann Ayars.
- Pippin who portrayed part of *Pat in Saboteur*.
- This isn't all, just a small particle.
- One of Jones boys; if you meet him, you're sunk.
- Her affections went Bob-Bing about in *Road to Morocco* (poss.).

DOWN

- What many things shrink from before they're pressed into service.
- Quiet, please!
- You must have "It" to succeed in this game.
- A Yank here had reel class.
- Metro wanted him to do a picture so he dood it.
- First WAVES were seen here.
- What you may do to get a perfect figure.
- Locale of *Broadway* (abbr.).
- His theme song is "Thanks for the Memory."
- Descriptive of 1 Down if given right lines.
- Speaking of pins, this shows you got the point.
- Beginning of *Take a Letter, Darling*.
- Preferred to mile by mere man.
- We can remember when Laurel and Hardy were just *Babes* in this.
- Smiled (with sound effects).
- Here's a Buck for you.
- Don't get stuck with this jewelry.
- He was well versed in role of *Edgar Allan Poe*.
- It works like a charm if you want to keep time.
- "No" in costume drama.
- It often plays a bass part in musicals.
- In a variety show, one good one deserves another.
- Burst of song which often bursts our ear-drums.
- Number of cadets counted in West Point film recently.
- Anton in *Friendly Enemies*.
- They run on the Crosby ticket.
- Kind of window that means curtains for movie hero.
- Mr. Sparks, dead panic.
- Not *Wings for the Eagle*, just one for Disney elephant.
- Sandy part in a desert scene.
- She recently came up with 9 Down in a *Spitfire* screenplay (init.).
- Miriam's monogram.

(Solution on Page 66)

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Signe Hasso was the toast of her native Sweden before she left for Hollywood. Once here, she couldn't land a part. Now she's in M-G-M's *Assignment in Brittany*

Saga of Signe Hasso

By LEON SURMELIAN

■ All roads lead to Hollywood, but Signe Hasso took the longest one on record. The German submarine threat in the Atlantic forced her to make the trip from her native Sweden by way of Russia, Siberia, Japan and the Pacific. (Of course, this was before we were at war.) It took her two and a half months to circle more than half of the globe.

This flaming-haired daughter of the Vikings, who pronounces her name Si-nee, was once the toast of Stockholm. She even has the much-coveted Scandinavian Prize to prove it. Five feet-four, curvaceous and green-eyed, Signe was one of the most popular and beautiful actresses on the Swedish stage and screen. Then R-K-O signed her for American movies in 1940, which entailed that long and dangerous journey across Europe and Asia to Hollywood.

Once here she was hailed as an exotic new find. She posed for leg art, gave scores of interviews, attended night clubs and important parties. "But," Signe sighed,

"nothing happened. They told me they couldn't find a good story for me. Months passed and I was doing nothing. I was on salary, of course, but I wanted to work for it. When I went out, people would ask me when I would start working. It was so embarrassing, I was miserable. You can be so terribly lonely even though surrounded by thousands of people."

So Signe fled from Hollywood. She flew to Washington to get her immigration papers in order. While she was there, the Swedish ambassador gave an elaborate party for her. The next thing she knew she was appearing in a Broadway play, *Golden Wings*. George Jean Nathan promptly proclaimed her "the most attractive new foreign actress in America." And most important, she was discovered by M-G-M.

Even with this sudden good fortune, the glamorous Swedish star was unhappy. Her seven-year-old son was still in Sweden. (Signe had divorced her director husband, Harry Hasso, in 1940.) She couldn't be

happy without her son, so she pulled strings, and recently he was a passenger on the famed *Drottningholm* during the exchange of Nazi and American diplomats. Mother and son went to Canada to re-enter the United States for permanent residence, only to discover that they would have to wait a year. So they hurried to Mexico, re-crossed the border a half an hour later and eagerly applied for citizenship papers.

Hollywood is to Signe "too beautiful to be true." She was very poor as a child after her father died. She claims it was the suffering and experiences of her childhood that made her an actress. An orange was a great treat. She wore second-hand shoes that were too big, and her first dress made of new material was her wedding dress when she was seventeen. She sacrificed and worked hard in order to attend the Royal Dramatic School in Stockholm.

Signe's first film for Metro will be *Assignment in Brittany*, adapted from the best seller. She will appear opposite the new French star, Pierre Aumont.

Not only can this Scandinavian beauty act, but she can write, too! Her first job in Hollywood was as correspondent for a Swedish newspaper. She's had scores of articles about Hollywood and America published. Not knowing Swedish, we can't pass on the merit of her work, but she is certainly one of the most beautiful writers.

"In Sweden," Signe explained, "they know everything about American stars. What interested my readers most was the backstage life of Hollywood—what the town was really like. So I wrote about eating in drugstores (in Sweden drugstores are strictly prescription pharmacies and very dignified). I wrote about the drive-ins, hamburgers with onions and hot dogs with mustard, and those wonderful huge markets where you wait on yourself."

It was in one of those super-markets that Signe helped her English along by getting the clerks to name all the products she bought or that she saw displayed. Now she speaks a rapid-fire, colloquial English, interspersed with the best American slang, though with a slight delightful accent.

Ingrid Bergman, another of Sweden's best, is a close friend. Also she has met Garbo and found her "very nice," but that silent lady remains a mystery even to her fellow-countrymen.

Signe lives in a charming, flower-filled home on Cheviot Hills, where she writes and studies to her heart's content. She's come a long way by a long route, but once here she's finding the shortest way to America's heart. ■

Side-Tracked Medico

[Continued from page 60]

Girls by the gross have bawled their pretty hearts out on much less provocation. Susan merely shrugged, dropped by her bank, discovered she had \$1,141 in the till, and began writing letters to medical schools demanding particulars concerning entrance requirements.

She had received a half dozen replies, when who should bump into her but a gentleman named S. Sylvan Simon, another man with an axe to grind. Mr. Simon wasn't looking for the typical American girl, but he was looking for a bright young article to play *Cora Edwards* in *Tish*. Mr. Simon said a few magic words and Susan's medical career went up in smoke—for good! She showed enough stuff in *Tish* to be entrusted with the part of *Kitty* in *Random Harvest*. Susan came through with a handsome performance, and Metro came through with a handsome contract.

Susan is more or less desperately in love with an up-and-coming actor named James Corner who did some passable playing for R-K-O before he joined the Army right after Pearl Harbor. She writes him 18-page letters, knits him sweaters that are always four sizes too small for him, and sends him fudge every Saturday. Before James she was more or less in love with Phil Terry, who now is happily married to Joan Crawford. They were actually engaged for a while. If it weren't for Phil, Susan probably would have parted with Warners instead of the other way around. She would cry on his shoulder and Phil would say: "See here, Susan! You're a big girl! What's a little thing like being ignored by unobserving picture producers?" It was like having a big brother.

With stardom on the way, Susan is concentrating on morale building and maintenance among our boys. She does it by swooping down on every Army camp in striking distance of Hollywood.

Her devotion to the services knows no limits.

"I'm limping today," she said, "thanks to six hours of horseback riding yesterday afternoon out at one of the camps. I had just finished my usual one-hour jog and was heading back for the stable when a captain and three lieutenants rode up, bound in the opposite direction. Introductions over, the captain suggested that we make it a fivesome. Did I say 'No thanks, Captain.' I did not. I tagged along and loped back more dead than alive."

"And no regrets?"

"I should say not. That's the least I can do for Uncle Sam." ■

? ? ? ? ?

Are the Mickey Roneys reconciling? Or will their separation end in divorce? Read the February issue of **HOLLYWOOD** for the inside story



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IMPORTANT PICTURES

By MURIEL STOLIER

THUNDER BIRDS ★★★½ Twentieth Century-Fox

In the magic of Technicolor this exciting and timely film was shot at the Thunder Bird Army Air Force Training Field in Arizona, where pilots of the United Nations are training. The plot is well conceived, the cast perfectly chosen and the action, especially in the air, thrilling. Two men are in love with the same girl (Gene Tierney) who lives at her grandfather's ranch near the air field. One of the men is Preston Foster, an American instructor; the other, John Sutton, a young English cadet about to be "washed out" because of his acrophobia. The girl's love wavers between the two, even after the instructor risks his life and his career to protect his student and rival. A desert sand storm and a daring parachute jump climax the action of the film.

Its color, spirit and patriotic overtones mark *Thunder Birds* as outstanding film fare.

THE NAVY COMES THROUGH ★★★½ R-K-O Radio

R-K-O deserves a Navy E for filming this splendid salute to the U. S. blue-jackets. Specifically it deals with the gun crews of the Merchant Marine who daily give their lives that the lifelines of the nation may be kept open. George Murphy is a Navy lieutenant who is charged with neglect of duty and court-martialed. Testimony against him is supplied by a petty officer (Pat O'Brien) who is the brother of the girl the accused man loves (Jane Wyatt). Comes Pearl Harbor and the petty officer is assigned to the command of the gun crew of an old merchant ship. The ex-lieutenant has signed up as a seaman on the same ship. From there on the action is swift, when a Nazi submarine refueling ship is captured, manned by the gun crew and sent on a sub-chasing expedition. Each of the crew is outstanding, from the Viennese violinist (Carl Esmond) to the ardent youth (Jackie Cooper) and the Cuban enlistee (Desi Arnaz).

Here's a film that speaks for the Navy the way the Navy speaks for itself.

THE BLACK SWAN ★★★½ Twentieth Century-Fox

Adapted from Sabatini's yarn of the swashbuckling era of pirates and buccaneers, *The Black Swan* emerges as a blood and thunder adventure story. Ty has joined the Marines and this is one of his last chores before donning a uniform. His fans will love him in the role of the dashing side-kick of the pirate captain, *Henry Morgan* (Laird Cregar). Ty has a way with a cutlass and the ladies, especially Maureen O'Hara, who succumbs to his inevitable charm only after a struggle. The pirate crew eventually reforms after a life of crime, and dedicates its fighting

talent to building up the British Empire. *Morgan* becomes governor of Jamaica and his lieutenant gets the girl. George Sanders, who plays a terrifying red-bearded butcher, fails to go straight and comes to a bad end, as does Anthony Quinn, the one-eyed scourge of the sea. The marine shots are enhanced by Technicolor, and the whole film is enlivened by Thomas Mitchell who has the enviable faculty of stealing every scene he's in.

YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER ★★★ Columbia

What makes *You Were Never Lovelier* an entertaining musical is the superb dancing of Fred Astaire. A double dose of rhythm is dished out when he and Rita Hayworth spank the plank. Between musical numbers (and there aren't enough), the plot lags somewhat. The story, whose locale is Buenos Aires, revolves about the efforts of a South American magnate (Adolphe Menjou) to marry off his daughter (Rita). She has no interest in romance whatsoever, and since she is next in line to be wed, is preventing her two love-sick younger sisters from becoming brides. Astaire is a North American dancer who left his bankroll at the races and seeks a job dancing at the magnate's nightclub. Rita mistakenly takes Astaire for the man who has been sending her mysterious orchids and love notes. These were actually sent anonymously by Menjou to interest her in romance. The tale untangles after much misunderstanding, and Astaire wins Rita by plunging into her patio in armour and on a white charger.

Gus Schilling is excellent in a small but amusing part. Rita's dresses were never more daring nor was she ever lovelier to look at.

SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES ★★★ Twentieth Century-Fox

The colorful background shots in Technicolor, the zippy music and the effervescent Carmen Miranda make *Springtime in the Rockies* a safe bet for an evening of fun. Betty Grable dances with Cesar Romero, John Payne makes love to Betty, and Carmen sings her intoxicating rhythms—what more can the paying customers ask for? What there is of the plot concerns Betty's jealousy of Payne, a co-star in a Broadway show, who likes the ladies. To make him jealous for a change, she goes off with her former dancing partner (Romero) to play an engagement at Lake Louise in the Rockies. Payne follows, and on his way West, acquires Edward Everett Horton as a valet and Carmen as a secretary. At the resort the foursome tangles when Carmen pretends that Payne is in love with her. The Brazilian fireball is a knockout not only as a singer but also as a comedienne.

[Continued on page 66]

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PHOTO STORY STILL 10 CENTS AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Important Pictures

[Continued from page 64]

up other men's homes and running off to the South Seas to devote his life to painting, only to be destroyed by his own obsession.

★★★

EYES IN THE NIGHT (M-G-M) Cast: *Ann Harding, Edward Arnold, Donna Reed.* Ann Harding's back on the screen again in a murder mystery with suspense, chills and thrills aplenty.

FLYING TIGERS (Republic) Cast: *John Wayne, John Carroll, Anna Lee.* A grand tribute to those brave sky adventurers of the Burma Road, the AVG. Wonderful air shots, action and excitement.

FOR ME AND MY GAL (M-G-M) Cast: *Judy Garland, George Murphy, Gene Kelly.* Judy was never better in this story of vaudeville and the first World War. Introduces Gene Kelly, who has a big future. Songs and dances.

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE (Warners) Cast: *Jack Benny, Ann Sheridan.* A city slicker and his wife move into a country farmhouse and the result is an amusing comedy situation.

ICELAND (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Sonja Henie, John Payne.* Just to watch Sonja Henie twirl over the ice is worth the price of admission. An adequate story but secondary to the skating sequences.

JOURNEY INTO FEAR (R-K-O) Cast: *Joseph Cotten, Dolores Del Rio, Orson Welles.* A melodrama of intrigue and espionage in a hodge-podge of American engineers, Turkish diplomats and Nazi spies.

ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING (United Artists Release) Cast: *Hugh Williams, Eric Portmann, Pamela Brown.* This is a British-made film which United Artists are releasing in this country. It's a war picture, exciting in spots, with good performances by the entire cast.

SEVEN SWEETHEARTS (M-G-M) Cast: *Van Heflin, Kathryn Grayson, Marsha Hunt.* A tulip festival provides the setting for a delightful film concerning the efforts of seven lovely sisters to find husbands.

SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU (M-G-M) Cast: *Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Robert Sterling.* Gable's last film for the duration teams him again with Lana in a fast-moving picturization of the war in the East and the last days of Bataan.

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS (R-K-O) Cast: *Dolores Costello, Tim Holt, Joseph Cotten.* Orson Welles' second film doesn't measure up to his *Citizen Kane*. Slow-moving, rather depressing story of a spoiled young man. Agnes Moorehead shows possibilities.

THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR (Paramount) Cast: *Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland.* Ginger masquerading as a 12-year-old is taken under the protective wing of a young army major with merry complications ensuing. Ginger does a grand job.

THE PIED PIPER (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Roddy McDowall, Monty Woolley, Anne Baxter.* A quiet, moving story of a reluctant hero and his trip across occupied France with the children he has promised to return safely to England. A warm, human film.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN (Columbia) Cast: *Ronald Colman, Jean Arthur, Cary Grant.* You won't want to miss this combination in an exciting and credible story of a fugitive from justice who seeks refuge in the home of a school teacher.

THE WAR AGAINST MRS. HADLEY (M-G-M) Cast: *Fay Bainter, Jean Rogers, Van Johnson.* A rich widow who refuses to face the realities of the world at war is finally brought to her senses by the example of her friends and family. An apt and moving study.

WAKE ISLAND (Paramount) Cast: *Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, Macdonald Carey.* The thrilling factual story of the heroic defense of Wake Island against the Japs. Very stirring.

★★½

PANAMA HATTIE (M-G-M) Cast: *Ann Southern, Red Skelton.* Not the gay, racy musical it was on the stage, the screen version emerges as only fair entertainment. The barest thread of a story weaves through the song and dance routines. The three gobs, Red Skelton, Rags Ragland and Ben Blue are the funniest.

THE FOREST RANGERS (Paramount) Cast: *Paulette Goddard, Fred MacMurray, Susan Hayward.* It's chief attraction is a forest fire in Technicolor. Otherwise only fair.

THE GLASS KEY (Paramount) Cast: *Alan Ladd, Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake.* A mystery yarn complete with gangsters, crooked politicians and a couple of murders. William Bendix is excellent.

Miniature Reviews

★★★★

MRS. MINIVER (M-G-M) Cast: *Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Teresa Wright.* Jan Struther's best seller adapted into a vibrant, poignant film that brings the war home. Showing how the English people can take it, it's one of the finest war films to date. Greer Garson is a good bet for the Academy Award.

ROAD TO MOROCCO (Paramount) Cast: *Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour.* The latest of the side-splitting Road series is the funniest yet. Bob and Bing vie for Dottie's affection in an African locale. Loaded with laughs.

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES (R-K-O) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright.* The life story of Lou Gehrig, who rose to the heights of baseball glory only to meet a tragic death at the pinnacle of his fame. Teresa Wright is outstanding as Mrs. Gehrig. Babe Ruth makes his screen debut as himself.

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY (Warners) Cast: *James Cagney, Joan Leslie, Walter Huston.* A rousing tribute to that grand old man of the American theater, George M. Cohan, portrayed by Cagney who was never better. All the famous Cohan songs.

★★★½

BAMBI (Walt Disney) Disney's most realistic animated cartoon is the enchanting adaptation of Felix Salten's classic. The story concerns a fawn and his life and friends of the forest. *Thumper*, the comic rabbit, is most entertaining.

BETWEEN US GIRLS (Universal) Cast: *Diana Barrymore, Robert Cummings, Kay Francis, John Boles.* Diana Barrymore's first starring role gives the talented young actress opportunity to play a variety of roles ranging from a 12-year-old youngster to the ancient Queen Victoria. Diana is remarkably good.

HOLIDAY INN (Paramount) Cast: *Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Marjorie Reynolds, Virginia Dale.* Great entertainment bubbling over with Crosby's crooning, Astaire's dancing and Irving Berlin's melodies. All about an inn opened only on holidays. Excellent performance by a talented newcomer, Marjorie Reynolds.

MY SISTER EILEEN (Columbia) Cast: *Rosalind Russell, Janet Blair, Brian Aherne.* The adventures of two small-town girls in Greenwich Village, N. Y. A comedy tale that everyone will love.

NOW, VOYAGER (Warners) Cast: *Bette Davis, Paul Henreid.* A psychiatric study of a frustrated, dowdy woman who transforms herself into a glamorous figure, and falls madly in love with a man she can never have. Stark drama.

TALES OF MANHATTAN (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Charles Boyer, Rita Hayworth, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda.* Star-studded film depicting adventures of a tail coat as it is handed down from one character to the other, bringing fortune or disgrace to the wearer. Each episode of the story is complete in itself. The huge and glittering cast is awe-inspiring.

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE (United Artists) Cast: *George Sanders, Herbert Marshall, Doris Dudley.* The story of a man who scorned society by leaving his family, breaking

I MARRIED A WITCH ★★½

United Artists

Witches, sorcerers and spirits wend their fantastic way through this tale of magic and the witches' curse. The story opens in New England in 1690 where a Puritan condemns a sorcerer and his daughter to be burned at the stake. Because of this, a curse is put upon the Puritan and his descendants, one of whom (Fredric March) runs for election as governor of the state in the twentieth century. He is hounded and harried by the two departed spirits, played by Cecil Kellaway and Veronica Lake, who had both been imprisoned in a tree for centuries but are released by a bolt of lightning. However, when Veronica falls in love with him, she loses her powers of witchcraft. Matters are further complicated by March's fiancée, Susan Hayward. The novelty of the plot adds interest to an otherwise entertaining film, abetted by the presence of Cecil Kellaway, a fine actor.

SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE ★★½

R-K-O Radio

An enjoyable musical into which only the edge of a plot intrudes. *Seven Days' Leave* will leave you laughing and humming one of any number of its melodic tunes. Victor Mature, a private in the Army, learns through the "Court of Missing Heirs" radio program that he has inherited \$100,000. The will, however, stipulates that he can't collect until he marries a certain girl (Lucille Ball), whom he doesn't even know. He is given seven days' leave from the Army to fulfill the will's requirements. He uses this time to pursue Lucille, much to the consternation of his girl friend, Mapy Cortez, a flame of a girl who should flare into big things. All of this involves much mirth and melody, including the filming of some of the outstanding radio programs and a few well-known bands. This is Vic's bow-out for the duration.

THE HARD WAY ★★½

Warner Brothers

The Hard Way is the study of a shrewd and conniving woman, who characteristically stops at nothing to get what she wants. She uses her young sister-in-law to further her ambition, encouraging her to marry a vaudeville hooper (Jack Carson) so that she and the girl can escape from their sordid existence in a mining town. When the hooper is no longer of service to her and she foresees the ultimate stardom of the girl, she manages to split the pair. This breaks the husband's heart and he commits suicide. Dennis Morgan plays the hooper's friend who tries to rescue the girl from her dominating relation. How he succeeds in breaking the spell and winning her for himself builds the story up to its climax.

Ida Lupino wins new acting honors as the psychologically warped woman, while Joan Leslie is fresh and lovely as the talented youngster.

Crossword Puzzle Solution

W	E	S	T	E	R	N	S		A	N	N	E
A		H	A	T	E		E	D	D	Y		L
S	O		G	O	D	D	A	R	D		M	E
H	U	T		N	E		Y		L	I	P	
	C	O	W		J	A	P		C	A	S	H
S	H	Y		F	O	R	A	N		U	S	A
H		L	O	O	N		S	A	N	G		N
E	V	A		B	E	T	T	Y		H	A	T
P	I	N	S		S	U	E		G	E	R	
P	O	D		T		R	O		D	I	N	
E	L		B	E	N	N	E	T	T		A	A
R		L	A	N	E		A	T	O	M		G
D	A	V	Y		D	O	R	O	T	H	Y	S

for Blondes * Brunettes * Brownettes * Redheads

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Hollywood

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PAN-CAKE MAKE-UP SET
Glamour in a holiday box, *Max Factor Hollywood*
Powder, Rouge, Tru-Color Lipstick, \$4.55
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Correct make-up shades for "her" type... *Max*
Factor Hollywood Powder, Rouge, Tru-
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"My Make-Up Secret"...autographed by famous
screen stars. *Max Factor Hollywood* \$2.50
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The popular "Trocadero"
and "Cocoanut Grove" fragrances. \$2.00
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Max Factor * Hollywood



Max Factor Hollywood
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MAKE-UP \$1.50



Max Factor Hollywood
TRU-COLOR
LIPSTICK \$1.00



Max Factor Hollywood
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SPECIAL MAKE-UP SET
Secrets of lovely beauty in a gay holiday box...
Face Powder, Rouge, Tru-Color Lip-
stick, Cleansing Cream and Brillox. \$3.55

★ ★ ★ Women in the War



"CONFUSION, rather than concealment," says Betty Rice, "is the principle of camouflage in this war. You try to confuse enemy bombardiers... make them uncertain of just which object below is their true target... make them scramble their aim, and their 'eggs' (bombs to you) where they won't do any harm."

On the easel is a model of a camouflaged airfield. On the table, the tools of her trade... including *Camels!* They're very much a part of her working kit. She says: "I smoke steadily on the job and off. And *always* Camels. They're easier on my throat."

"I scramble 'EGGS'—of enemy bombardiers,"

SAYS BETTY RICE,

who certainly knows her camouflage—
and her CAMELS

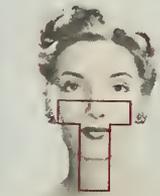
Like the men in the services... in the Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard... her favorite cigarette is Camel *

BLENDING big guns into the landscape starts this way. A model is made, camouflaged, photographed. "No camouflage, about a Camel, though," Betty Rice says. "That's a real cigarette." Right, Miss Rice! There's no confusion about why Camel is so popular. And no tricks in its making. Just costlier tobaccos—and the Camel "know-how" in the blending. And those can't be imitated.



MORALE EXPERTS SAY that it's a good idea for women in the war to be "just women" every once in a while. So here's Betty Rice following that advice...complete with king's yellow evening dress, Prince Charming escort, and very-much-part-of-the-picture Camels. It's the cigarette you find in a camoufleur's work-shop, destroyer's deck, air base... or ringside table.

The "T-Zone" where cigarettes are judged



The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you... and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!



Camel

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10¢ IN CANADA

FEBRUARY

M.S.C.

RIGHT DEPOSIT

**"WE DIDN'T
PART FRIENDS"
—ANN SHERIDAN
SPEAKS ABOUT
HER MARRIAGE**

JANET BLAIR

ANN SHERIDAN
SPEAKS ABOUT
HER MARRIAGE

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AMAZING

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THE DIAMOND MAN, Dept. 507, 207 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

FOR RING SIZE

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



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Ladies . . . have you ever wished to own an expensive diamond ring? Marching armies of Europe have brought the world's diamond centers to a virtual standstill. With genuine diamond prices shooting skyward, it might be a long, long time before your dreams come true. But here's amazing news. If you act at once, you can obtain a beautiful solitaire *replica* diamond ring, one of America's greatest imitations, during one of the greatest value-giving advertising offers in all history! Simply mail the coupon below!

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Replica Diamond Solitaire—\$1.00 plus 10% Federal Excise Tax
 Replica Diamond Solitaire and Matching Wedding Ring—Both for \$1.79 plus 10% Federal Excise Tax

Size Sterling Silver Yellow Gold-Plate

Name
 (print plainly)

Address

City State



To the girl with a soldier overseas... How much do you really want him back?

Just how much do you miss your soldier—far across the ocean?

Do you miss him so much that you'll pass up that jeweled bracelet you've set your heart on?

Do you love him so much that you'll make your old suit last another spring?

Do you want him back so badly that you'll walk to the office and to the stores when you could take the bus—and sit home in the evenings when you might go to the movies?

You do? Of course you do!

So start saving, start denying yourself little "extras" and luxuries right now. And buy United States War Bonds with every single cent that you save!

War Bonds will help bring your soldier back!

War Bonds mean reinforcements for him right now—a reserve for you both in years to come.

War Bonds mean American bombers over Germany and submarines under the China Sea—they really mean a shorter war!

War Bonds are your ballot against inflation—your insurance policy for freedom—your savings bank book after the Armistice is signed.

And over and above all that, they're the most careful and cautious, the safest and most productive investment into which you—or anybody else—could possibly put your money. Start buying War Bonds for your soldier. And start buying them today!

Here's what War Bonds do for You!

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- 3** They pay you back \$4 for every \$3 you put in, at the end of ten years . . . pay you 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 price. That's a promise from the financially strongest institution in the world: The United States of America.

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LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

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 "Cargo 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 hear echo the Happy New Year's Roar

from Lea

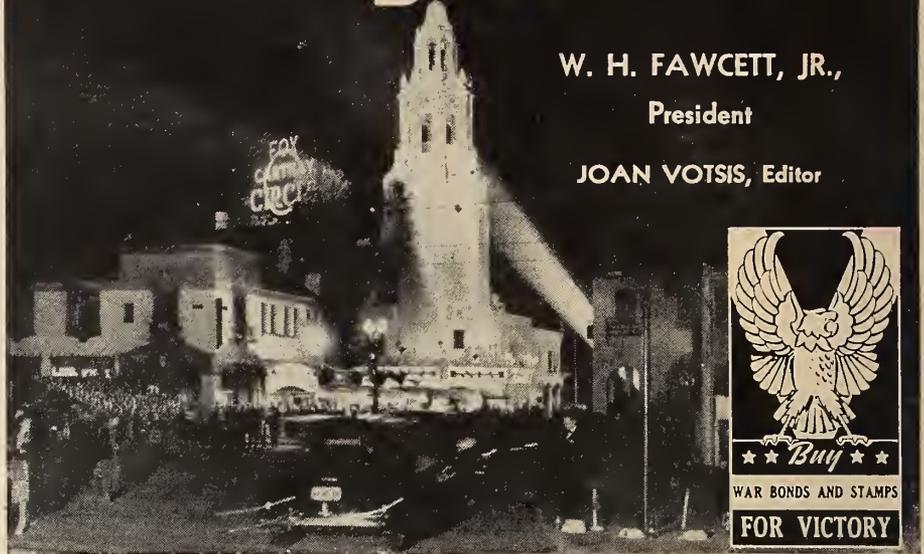


Hollywood

W. H. FAWCETT, JR.,

President

JOAN VOTSIS, Editor



Vol. 32

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HEPBURN

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.

Keeper of the Flame

with

**RICHARD WHORF · MARGARET WYCHERLY · 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

By **ERSKINE JOHNSON**



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perfect powder bases

Now, MINER'S offers you a choice of three perfect make-up bases, all created to give your complexion velvety smoothness, to camouflage blemishes and to hold powder on faithfully for hours. Cream—Liquid—Cake—which ever you prefer, keeps your skin gloriously fresh-looking all day long.

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10c•39c

Try one of MINER'S perfect powder bases today! Choose from six flattering shades... and thrill to new complexion glamour!

Sold at all cosmetic counters

MINER'S

Masters Of Make-Up Since 1864

■ When Gary Cooper completed work as *Robert Jordan* in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* he received the biggest check ever paid an actor for one motion picture. The check—and you have to accept grapevine reports because Hollywood officially discusses only feminine figures these days—was for \$325,000. It topped Constance Bennett's \$300,000 for two Warner pictures ten years ago. Cooper's salary for the film was \$175,000 for a certain number of weeks, with a guarantee of \$25,000 a week for overtime. The star started work in the picture July 2, played his last scene four months later, and the overtime, according to the grapevine, brought his total check to \$325,000. Uncle Sam, of course, will collect most of it in taxes, but it's still a new filmtown record.

■ Separation of comedian Red Skelton and his wife—with Edna Skelton continuing as his business manager and script writer—is reminiscent of Arline Judge's marriage to Director Wesley Ruggles. They separated several times but always continued living in the same house.

■ Incongruous sight: Fashion designer Vera West washing dishes at the Hollywood Canteen.

■ Betty Hutton is going to have the unusual thrill of mimicking herself on the screen. For a scene in *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*, she entertains a group of soldiers by playing phonograph records and imitating the motions of the singer. One of the singers Betty Hutton mimics is Betty Hutton.

■ Paulette Goddard is fed up with taking off her clothes "to make dull movies interesting." She wants to star in a picture with a message. As a starter she'd like to play in a film biography of Ludmila Pavlinchenko, the Russian female sniper credited with killing 312 Germans. Paulette is trying to interest some Hollywood producer in the idea.

■ It's Pat O'Brien's story about a Hollywood attorney who was drafted. First day in camp the attorney was interviewed by a sergeant, and he demanded special attention. He pointed out his many important cases, his judicial knowledge and his brilliant briefs. Finally the sergeant stopped him, saying: "Look, fellow. We're going to fight the Japs. Not sue them!"

[Continued on page 10]



It looks serious between John Payne and Jane Russell. The camera caught him down on one knee, not popping the question, but lacing up the beautiful Jane's skating shoes at a recent party. The question may be popped though before John joins the Air Corps. He's in Fox's *Hello, Frisco, Hello*



ALAN LADD

...The hottest
guy in
pictures!

BY

Roberta Gilman

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!

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."

ALAN LADD in "LUCKY JORDAN"

A Paramount Picture with HELEN WALKER • Mabel Paige
Sheldon Leonard • Marie McDonald • Directed by FRANK TUTTLE
Screen Play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

WIN THE WAR!

By W. H. FAWCETT, Jr., PRESIDENT

Hollywood

"This is not a war of soldier against soldier; it's a war of the people!"

In those dramatic closing words by the vicar, in the memorable picture, *Mrs. Miniver*, we see emphasized the whole revolutionary theme of the present global conflict. Soldiers still must fight the battles, that's true; but, in the final showdown, victory will come to the side whose civilian forces on the home-front more clearly recognize and execute the thousand-and-one sacrifices which the winning of a modern war demands.

It probably isn't too late, at this time, to make one last plea about Christmas wrappings. If you haven't already done so, bundle the paper, string, boxes, stickers, and so on, that came with your Christmas gifts, together and hold it till the government, through its salvage depots, makes a request for it. Remember



—some of the rubber bands you saved months ago may have gone into the raft that saved Rickenbacker! And, in the future, your salvage may save someone even closer to you—a brother, husband or sweetheart.

Are you keeping a close watch on your speedometer? Remember, 35 m.p.h. is the war-time limit. Leave the speeding to retreating Nazis and Japs!

I overheard a man recently say that, so far, the heating oil shortage hadn't bothered him a bit. "When we're cold," he said, "we just turn on all the gas jets



in the kitchen range and the place warms up nicely."

That's all wrong! Gas is a war fuel, just

as are coal and oil. Gas is used in many war industries—to melt the scrap you've been collecting, to harden armor plate, tank tracks, bomb casings, bullets, shells, and so on. When you waste it, you're doing just what Hitler and his friends want you to do. Keep cool and make it hot for the Axis!

Speaking of coffee, I wonder how many people realize that much of the coffee they formerly threw down the sink can now be saved by the purchase of a smaller pot. In our lush days, we all had a tendency to make a couple of extra cups of coffee in the morning, and we drank it just because it happened to be there. But that's not possible now—there just isn't enough coffee. So, if two members of your family are all that drink coffee, get a two-cup pot! You'll find your ration will go further.

Note: If you are a tenant, *read your lease carefully!* Since the OPA's maximum rent ceilings went into effect, certain unscrupulous landlords have attempted to take advantage of tenants by inserting illegal clauses into leases. If you have any doubt about *your* lease, consult your local office of the OPA. It may save you a lot of money—and a lot of headaches.

It isn't necessary for me to tell women to get out of their silk finery and into overalls; American women have shown they don't have to be told to make that sacrifice. But they should do something with that finery besides putting it away in mothballs for the duration. The government needs all the silk we can give it, silk to make powder bags, parachutes and other vital war materials. So turn in all your old and unused silk underwear and stockings to Uncle Sam *now!* And don't forget Nylon—the latter is especially valuable. Your local OCD office can tell you the address of the nearest silk-stocking depot. Cotton will feel like ermine when you know your silk makes the Axis feel like vermin.

Here's an example of genuine heroism on the home-front: My secretary reports hearing a housewife in a grocery store tell the clerk to keep the pound of coffee he offered her, before coffee rationing started.

"I have enough to last three days," she said, "so there's no point in my taking any. Save that pound for someone who has none."

I say that's heroism because this woman is doing her share to win the war just as much as a soldier who storms a machine-gun nest is doing his. Coffee is now a war-time casualty; if you waste it, or take more than your share, you are doing your part to help the enemy.

Started thinking about your income tax yet? It isn't too early, you know! This year, every single person earning at least \$9.62 a week, and every married person earning at least \$23.08 a week, during 1942, must file a return by March 15. Your government needs that money. So don't wait until March 14 to get started on your return. Do it now, and make the dictators squirm as quickly as you can.



By the way, "Save Your Pennies" used to be the best advice anyone could give. But the war, which has altered almost every other thing in our lives, is reversing that thrifty slogan too. Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross, Director of the Mint, now wants us to shake out our piggy banks and sugar bowls and return every copper we have to circulation. There's a serious shortage of one-cent pieces, due to the lack of available metal, and every penny we can put back into active use saves just that much copper for vital, war-time needs. So, be patriotic; don't be a penny hoarder!

We know you've already scraped up every piece of scrap rubber you can find, but here's something to bear in mind any time you see a single unused piece of that vital product:

Less than three used tires will provide enough reclaimed rubber to shoe **ONE COMPLETE JEEP!**

The problem of what to do with old razor blades has now been succeeded by the problem of how to keep razor blades from getting old. Because razor blades are getting scarce! The metal is needed for the war, for one thing, and besides, razor manufacturers are now busy on war contracts. Start now to make those blades do double duty! Be careful with your razor; don't drop it, or otherwise abuse it. And be sure you wash your face carefully before shaving (grit on the face is one of the prime causes for razor blade wear!). Dry the blade after every shave and use a sharpener to get the most shaves per blade.



W. H. Fawcett, Jr.

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Here's
the **BEAUTY** Soap
she uses every day

RITA HAYWORTH

COLUMBIA PICTURES STAR

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**1943's
MOST
Spectacular
SHOW!**

SEE dazzling ice routines! World-famed stars! The ice Hula! The Military Display!

SEE a romantic story that will touch your heart! See the screen's top comics! Roar with laughter!

SONGS from the top of the Hit Parade! "Johnny Doughboy" — "Song Of The Islands" — "Moonlight Cocktail" — and others!

VERA HRUBA
A blonde bombshell on twinkling skates! Tops among figure-skaters!



**ELLEN DREW
RICHARD
DENNING**

in
**Ice Capades
Revue**

with Jerry Colonna,
Barbara Jo Allen
(Vera Vague), Harold
Huber, Marilyn Hare,
Bill Shirley

Featuring The
Ice-Capades Company
with Internationally Famous
Skating Stars

including Vera Hrubá,
Megan Taylor, Lois
Dworshak, Donna
Atwood



**BUY
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS**

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE



Claudette Colbert, the lovely French star, is shown in a scene from the hilarious Paramount comedy, *Palm Beach Story*, in which she co-stars with Joel McCrea

■ Cary Grant once made his living as a stilt walker. That was a long time ago — when his name was Archie Leach. Just for a laugh, comedians Bud Abbott and Lou Costello employed a stilt walker for a scene in their new picture, *It Ain't Hay*. The stilt walker carried a sign reading: "Get your clothes from Archie Leach."

■ Miriam Hopkins has moved into the beach home of Director Anatole Litvak. Litvak, who's in the Army, loaned her the house for the duration. Miriam Hopkins, incidentally, is the former Mrs. Litvak.

■ It's between scenes on the set of *The Immortal Sergeant* at 20th Century-Fox and Thomas Mitchell is in a talkative mood. "If critics never took actors apart," he says, "actors might never improve." And he cites himself as a case in point.

"I'll never forget the first time I played an Irishman. The role was nearly the ruination of what doting friends called 'a promising career.' I gave forth with a brogue that topped any I had ever heard. The critics all agreed with the one who said, 'Mr. Mitchell merits 30 lashes with a shillalah for his version of a brogue.' That did it. I made up my mind that some day producers would ask me to play accent parts."

That day has unquestionably arrived—even to Mitchell's satisfaction. In his last six pictures for 20th Century-Fox, Mitchell has spoken with five different accents—French, Scotch, Brooklyn, Cockney and Irish.

■ When Pat O'Brien signed a paper in connection with his role in *Bombardier* at R-K-O the other day, his name stretched clear across the page. It was William Joseph Patrick O'Brien. "In legal matters," the actor explained to producer Robert Fellows, "I can still keep my promise to my grandfather." It was when Pat was headed for a legal career, that he promised not to shorten his name. Even when he went on the stage, the actor tried to use his full name in billings, but it was too long. So professionally he became plain Pat O'Brien. But on legal papers, just for a proud old Irish gentleman's sake, it's William Joseph Patrick O'Brien.

■ Lon Chaney, Jr.'s make-up man on the set of *Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man* is Max Asher, who 30 years ago was one of the top comedians of the silent films. Asher worked with the late Lon Chaney, Sr., in his first picture, a comedy, filmed by Universal in 1913. Recalls Asher: "Those were the days when Universal charged visitors 25 cents for the privilege of watching the films being made. The visitors were limited to a catwalk above the set. Your dad," he told Chaney, Jr., "used to make faces at them—and they loved him."

■ Judging by their namesakes, the most popular players in Hollywood are Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie. Madge Inman, head of the 20th Century-Fox fan mail department, reports that 571 little boys throughout the country have been



One of Harlem's outstanding boogie-woogie exponents is Hazel Scott, newly snatched for films from a New York hot spot. Her magic fingers beat it out in Columbia's *Something To Shout About*

named Tyrone, after the star. Sonja's name, has been adopted for 312 little girls. Linda Darnell has 197 girls named after her, most of them in Texas, her native state. Wonder if the papas show any signs of jealousy when a little Tyrone comes into their home.

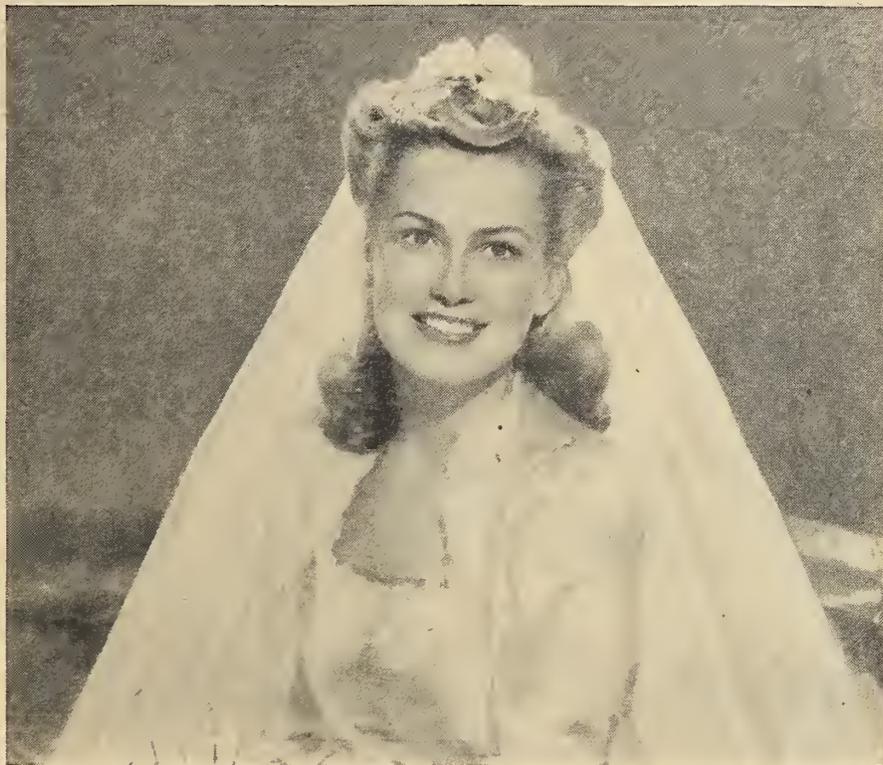
■ Hollywood's current crop of second Shirley Temples are as precocious as ever. No. 1 candidate for Shirley's place is three-year-old Patsy Nash, who has played in Paramount pictures and recently appeared in *Man of Courage*. The other day Patsy and her agent, Lou Sherrill, called on a producer to see about a role. The producer immediately took a fatherly interest in Patsy, held her on his knee and even sent out for some candy. The agent had
[Continued on page 13]



ON THE HOME FRONT

Your discarded silk or nylon hose are needed urgently for war materials. Wash them out and turn in at any hosiery counter. Do it today!

New Loveliness Beckons! go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. C. H. Bleich of New York, says: "My skin looks so much nicer. From the start I felt the Camay Mild-Soap Diet was the beauty care for me!"

Try this exciting beauty idea—it's based on skin specialists' advice—praised by lovely brides!

A SKIN that's fresher—lovelier—the kind that men can't resist—isn't that worth a little time and care? Then follow the thrilling beauty routine of so many charming brides. Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Let it help you bring out all of the hidden loveliness of your complexion.

For, like many another unsuspecting woman, you may be cleansing your skin

improperly . . . or using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

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That's why we urge you to change today to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. For at least 30 days, give your complexion the benefit of Camay's *milder* beauty care. Your skin will feel thrillingly fresh, at once. And in a few short weeks, you may see a lovelier *YOU* reflected in your mirror.



Trade Mark
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GO ON THE CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashing.



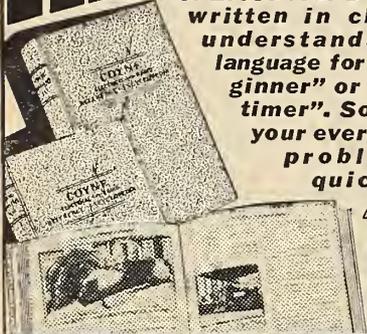
Next morning, one more quick session with this milder Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Be faithful. For it's *regular* cleansing that reveals the full benefit of Camay's mildness.

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The usual foursome of the Stephen Cranes (Lana Turner) and Linda Darnell with best beau Alan Gordon, had a gay time at a skating rink. Steve had to be held up by Lana and Linda but seemed to enjoy it. Lana's in *Careless Cinderella*



Deborah Kerr is a new face to American movie-goers. The lovely blond English girl appears in *The Avengers*, a British film that tells the thrilling story of the Commando raids on Nazi-occupied Norway. Here she is shown in a scene with Hugh Williams

tipped him off that Patsy was a whiz at crying, so the producer asked, "Can you cry, Patsy?" "Sure," replied Patsy. "Will you pay me?" They learn young in Hollywood.

■ Harry Guttman saw the handwriting on the wall, and now he's one of the most popular character actors in Hollywood. Shortly after Pearl Harbor, he invested \$2,500 in Nazi uniforms from a local costume company. He says it was the finest investment he ever made. For months now Guttman and his uniforms haven't had a day's rest. He can jump into anything from a Gestapo uniform to a get-up which outdoes even Goering's splendid creations. When the casting office can't use actor Guttman, they rent his uniforms.

■ Hedy Lamarr has re-discovered her ex-husband, Gene Markey, now in the Navy. He and Hedy are corresponding regularly and there may be a reconciliation next time he visits Hollywood.

■ It happened on Veronica Lake's War Bond tour. A very snooty young lady observed the star in a hotel. "Hmmm," she said, not recognizing her, "Veronica Lake, Junior!"

■ Typically Hollywood: An M-G-M cutie, Inez Cooper, was voted by three prominent artists the other day as the girl with the most beautiful hands. To accompany the story, the studio released a photograph of the actress. The photograph shows just about all of Miss Cooper—except her hands.

[Continued on page 14]



Joan Leslie has found a new hobby in collecting the regimental crests on the letters sent her from soldier boys all over the world. She's in Warners' *Thank Your Lucky Stars*



DEARER TO KISS a girlish Satin-Smooth Face



BEDTIME CARE FOR DRY SKIN

Cleanse your face and neck exquisitely with Jergens Face Cream. Remove the cream. Now apply a light film of fresh Jergens Face Cream; leave on overnight. In the morning, smile at a fresh, smooth skin.

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;
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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.

ALL-PURPOSE CREAM . . . FOR ALL SKIN TYPES

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Look Your
Loveliest
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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 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!

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NAME.....
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■ A Hollywood bootblack stand, near Republic studio, bears this draft-inspired sign: "Shines—By Appointment Only."

■ Overheard by Gracie Allen at the Brown Derby: "His life hasn't changed very much. He's simply exchanged a mother-in-law for a sergeant."

■ Elliott Paul left Hollywood the other day after completing the screen play for *The Last Time I Saw Paris*. Commented Paul as he climbed aboard a train for Chicago, "I hope that's the last time I see Hollywood."

■ It happened on the set of a new Paramount picture, *China*. Producer Richard Blumenthal was visiting the set and noticed a venerable Chinese actor intently studying a newspaper between scenes. Curious, Blumenthal leaned over to see what it was. The aged Chinese was studying a racing form.

■ It happened at the Hollywood Red Cross bank. Cesar Romero had just donated a pint of blood, when the attendant, a pretty young nurse, hesitated a moment and then stammered: "Could you give me just one more drop for my autograph book?" Cesar obliged.

■ Sensing the public's demand for spiritual armament in war, Hollywood is planning an ambitious program of religious pictures. Among them are Franz Werfel's *The Song of Bernadette*, and A. J. Cronin's *Keys of the Kingdom*. The big plum, however, is Producer Frank Ross' purchase of Lloyd C. Douglas' *The Robe*, which in less than two weeks exhausted its record first edition of 60,000 copies. Ross, husband of Jean Arthur, bought the novel for \$100,000. It is the story of the regeneration of a young Roman soldier during the time of Christ, and carries a timely message.

■ Overheard at the Hollywood Canteen: Eddie Cantor: "Bring in some more sandwiches for the boys." Hattie McDaniel: "No more left." Cantor: "Then see what's left in the icebox." Hattie: "There's nothing in the icebox but a marine and two soldiers." Cantor: "A marine and two soldiers! What are they doing there?" Hattie: "They just got through dancing with Betty Grable."

■ Betty Grable, who has been trying to convince her studio bosses that she should play a serious role for a change, thinks maybe her current picture, *Coney Island*, is a good beginning. She wears some very fetching tights. "Hamlet also wore tights, you know," says Betty. "If I play him first, maybe the change won't be too sudden for the audiences."

■ Charles Boyer and Barbara Stanwyck, between scenes of *Flesh and Fantasy*, were discussing what they mutually consider the foolhardiness of trying to be deceptive about one's age. "I'm over 40 and I can see no reason for attempting to conceal it," said Boyer. "And I have a definite theory on the subject of women's ages," said Miss Stanwyck. "I make no

effort to minimize my mid-thirties. It's my conviction that if you're 35 and you intimate that you're 30, no one will believe you. But if you're 35 and insist on it, you're sure to draw a sincere compliment for honesty and frankness. This, to me, is a real conquest."

■ Back in the days when few Germans took Adolf Hitler seriously, an actor named Kurt Katch frequently insulted the paperhanger on the German stage. His best act was a ribald caricature of the Nazi salute. Then Hitler rose to power and Katch fled to America. Recently the actor was cast in a new Warner picture, *Background to Danger*. He plays, ironically, a brutal Nazi officer.

■ Ida Lupino, an amateur songwriter, has turned out a romantic ballad dedicated to husband Louis Hayward, who's in the Marines. Title—"My Heart's in Blue."

■ Overheard by Shirley Deane in a Hollywood late spot: First hat check girl: "Gee, I feel so sorry for those boys in uniform that I can't even accept a tip." Second hat check girl: "Yeah, I'll be so darned glad when this war is over and we can start clipping them all alike."

■ Film writers love to poke fun at Hollywood. In a new Columbia picture, *Something To Shout About*, Don Ameche enters a small country store and asks for a telephone. The storekeeper points to an old-fashioned wall set and asks, "Do you know how to use it?" "Know how to use it!" yells Ameche. "I invented it!"

Another example: Bing Crosby and Bob Hope are tramping over the desert in *Road to Morocco*. Says Bob to Bing, "You know—I bet we meet Dorothy Lamour. We always do."



No Hallowe'en party is complete without an apple ducking, so Aviation Cadet Carl Zeiss obliges by coming up with a winner while Claudette Colbert looks on

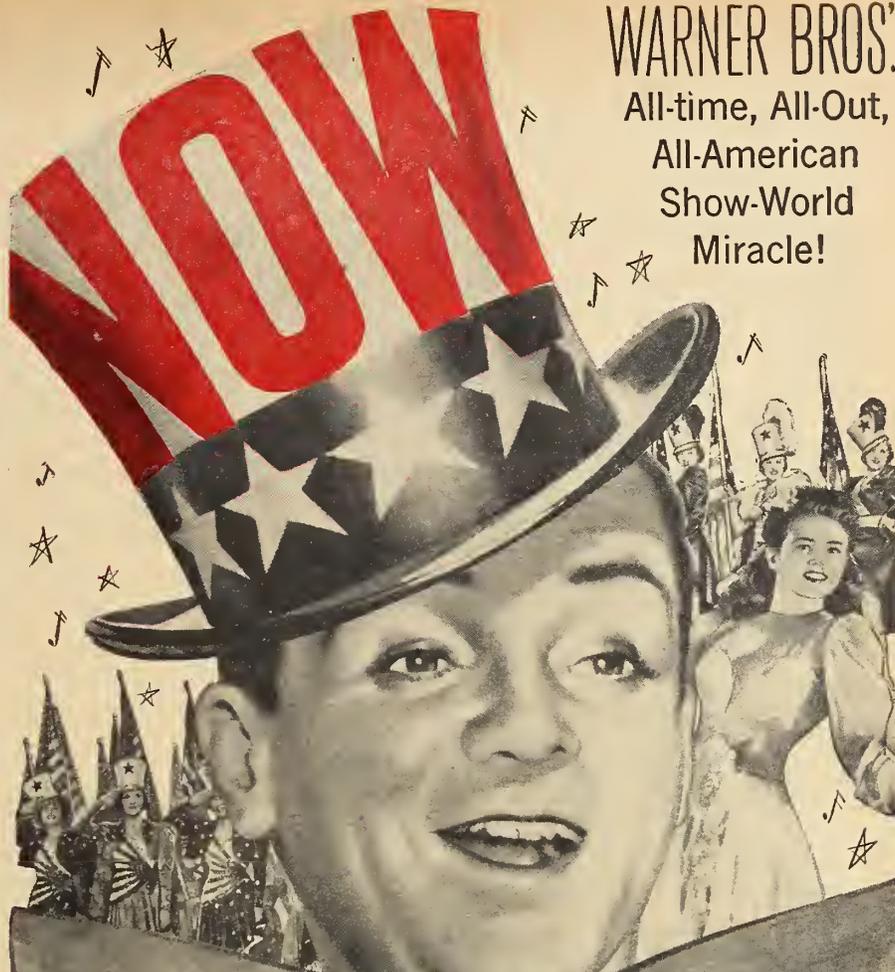


What happened to those rumors about Judy Garland and Dave Rose splitting up? The couple are shown leaving a nightclub. Dave's in the Air Corps; Judy's in M-G-M's *Presenting Lily Mars*

Also, in Republic's new western *Three Mesquiteers* there's a talking crow. The three heroes escape from jail while the jailer is asleep. When he wakes up, he shouts to the crow, "Which way did they go?" The crow answers, "They went that way."

■ She was singing for her supper and five dollars a week in one of Hollywood's not-so-glamorous nightclubs. She was just another unsuccessful film aspirant, and she was lonesome for Texas. He was a rising star already receiving a four figure salary, but he was lonesome, too, that night. Her singing made him forget a lot of things. He told her she had a beautiful voice, that someday she'd be famous. He led the customers in applause for her singing, and when he left he gave the waiter \$10. "Give it to the kid," he said, motioning to the girl. She was grateful—and flattered. She knew his name, but he hadn't bothered to ask for hers. Now perhaps he doesn't remember. It was a long time ago. Long before Paramount ever thought of co-starring Bing Crosby and Mary Martin.

■ Director Leo McCarey realized his mistake as soon as he walked into the little suburban theater. It was kids' night and he was about to sneak preview his sophisticated Ginger Rogers-Cary Grant comedy, *Once Upon a Honeymoon*. He sat down next to a little boy who already was a bit drowsy, and prepared for the worst. "This is awful," commented the kid when the picture started. McCarey agreed with him. A few reels later the kid curled up in his seat and shut his eyes. "Hey mister," he said to McCarey, "wake me up when Abbott and Costello come on, will ya?" McCarey fled from the theater.



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The hit that broke Broadway
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DURING THE "COLD" SEASON I HIDE MY HANKIES, PRAISE THE THOUGHT AND PASS THE KLEENEX TISSUES. IT'S EASY ON HUBBY'S NOSE ... EASY ON MY LAUNDRY BUDGET!

(from a letter by V. P. B., Newark, N. J.)

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(from a letter by D. M., Kansas City, Mo.)

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**BECAUSE IT SERVES
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TISSUE AT A TIME**

(* T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

MOVIE MEMOS

FROM: The Editor
TO: The Readers

General Eisenhower has pointed out that next to actual guns and ammunition what the boys in Africa need most is movies and more movies.

The prevailing man shortage in Hollywood makes the plight of the film industry more serious than even our Government officials care to disclose. At this writing there are less than 25 key personalities in the film industry who are not in actual military service. Potential Army or Navy service momentarily faces these men—if not by actual drafting, then by the public questioning of their right to stay at home and make pictures while other men of their age and physical fitness go away to war.

Our enemies haven't made the error of putting their actors into uniform merely to satisfy the questioning public. They have kept their best actors hard at work on all types of pictures, but more specifically, on propaganda so vital to a country in time of war.

This is a war of specialists, and motion picture stars are specialists in their field. Therefore, they are as important to the motion picture industry as steel is to the steel industry. And both are vital weapons toward an Allied victory!

If any more of this small group of top-notch actors, as well as the trained technicians, are drafted, picture production will suffer severely. If this should happen, not only will the home morale be adversely affected but the morale of the troops as well.

To those inquiring what Hollywood is contributing to the war effort, we report:

... Hollywood has contributed innumerable reels of 16 m.m. film to the War Department which in turn are sent to every camp in the country so that our boys in service will not be deprived of the fine type of entertainment to which they have grown accustomed. Through this medium American boys even can have their movies on army transports as well as overseas.

... Hollywood has conducted—and continues to conduct—country-wide War Bond tours. Many billions of dollars have been raised for the government by these sincere and hard-working Americans who have not only unstintingly donated their time and effort but have also paid their own expenses on these tours.

... Hollywood has organized the Hollywood Canteen, operated solely for the benefit of servicemen. The Canteen is a project which should swell the chest of every true patriot. It is thrilling to watch thousands of servicemen literally pour into this wonderful establishment for a few hours of clean fun and complete relaxation.

... Hollywood has contributed millions of dollars to every branch of United War Relief. Through these generous donations the millions of starving people who have been ground under the heel of Hitler have been fed, doctored and clothed with supplies made possible by this money.

... Hollywood has organized and contributed the services of a large unit of star-volunteers who are on constant call for camp tours all over the country. In recent months these tours have extended



"I want to be a Powers girl," confesses Carole Landis to Anne Shirley in a scene from United Artists' picturization of a model's life, *The Powers Girl*

from Iceland to Australia. Patricia Morrison, Merle Oberon, Carole Landis, Al Jolson, Jinx Falkenburg and Frank McHugh, to name only a few, have made the hazardous trip across bomb-churned waters to entertain American troops abroad.

... Hollywood has contributed the life of Carole Lombard who died so gloriously in the service of her country.

... Hollywood has contributed the services of women like Joan Fontaine who, as a graduate nurse's aid, puts in hours of hard, unglamorous work in a California hospital. It has contributed women like Kitty Kelly, a comparatively unknown movie personality, who twice a week works the "Graveyard Shift" from 1 a.m. to 8 a.m. at the Fourth Fighter Command Air Warning Service, thus releasing an able man for active duty. It has contributed women like Joan Crawford who has quietly started a string of day nurseries for the children of women who are engaged in war work.

... Hollywood has contributed the services of men like Bing Crosby who has set up a plant for the specific purpose of perfecting the inventions of our twentieth century geniuses—vital inventions such as new time bombs and an accurate gasoline gauge for airplanes which will function under all flying conditions. It has contributed the services of men like Jack Benny and Bob Hope, who exceed the military age limit, yet who spend every free moment entertaining our boys.

... Hollywood has contributed dozens of technical films for the Army, Navy, Marines and Air Forces. The public doesn't

know about these movies and never will get a chance to see them because they are produced for the specific aim of training our armed forces.

... Hollywood has contributed twenty-six shorts for the government war information program at no cost to the government and no profit to the industry, for the receipts of these films are turned over to the war charities.

... Hollywood has contributed the services of men like Walt Disney whose studio is turning out animated films on chemical warfare, camouflage, celestial navigation and aircraft identification for the instruction of our fighting men. It has contributed the services of men like Major Frank Capra who is making special movies for the Army's special service division; movies to instruct American soldiers in the background and meaning of the war.

... Hollywood has contributed more men (on a per capita basis) including actors, directors, writers, technicians, to the armed forces than has almost any other industry. To date it has contributed the services of Jimmy Stewart, Tyrone Power, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Robert Montgomery, Victor Mature, Clark Gable, Robert Preston, William Holden, Glenn Ford, Ronald Reagan, George Brent, David Niven, Richard Greene, Richard Ney, Henry Fonda, Gene Autry, Jackie Coogan, Dan Dailey, Jr., Louis Hayward, Tim Holt, Jeffrey Lynn, Burgess Meredith, Wayne Morris, Gene Raymond, Gilbert Roland, Henry Wilcoxon, and some two thousand others!

Hollywood is doing a magnificent job.



What's this? Looks like romance in a big way—and with a big guy. The six-footer out stepping with Bonita Granville is Marine Jackie Briggs. Bonita is in R-K-O's film, *Hitler's Children*

**"SHOW TIME"
IS
PEPSI-COLA TIME**

★ GEORGE JESSEL, JACK HALEY and ELLA LOGAN, stars of "SHOW TIME" now at the Broadhurst Theater in New York.

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For Lovelier Hands

Busy Rita Hayworth, appearing in *You Were Never Lovelier*, tells how she keeps her active hands so well groomed

By **MARY BAILEY**, Beauty Editor

■ There probably isn't one girl in a million who doesn't stop frequently to powder her nose and touch up her lips. But how many of you pay as much attention to your hands? People notice hands almost as soon as they do faces and the habitual care you give them amounts to well-rewarded minutes.

Certainly you know that lotion soothes and softens. But do you use it *every* time your hands are in water? And *every* time you expose them to wind and weather? (Before and after!)

Rita Hayworth has several simple little daily tricks that keep her naturally lovely hands as pretty as they are active. For instance, when she washes, she gets them *really* clean. Often, Rita says, this means sudsings with her mild toilet soap. As she dries them, she strokes her fingers back toward the wrists to make them firm and supple, gently pushing back cuticles to free them of untidy little skin particles. Lotion or hand cream is, of course, applied immediately.

Why not indulge in a weekly hand treatment, too? Do you have any ugly stains or discolorations? Cover hands lightly with a film of bleach cream to remove unsightly blemishes and leave them smoothly white. For a straight lubricating job, use emollient face cream or extra-rich hand cream. Either will do double duty if it remains overnight.

Attractive, well-cared-for hands deserve the compliment of sparkling nails, nicely tapered and gay with color. Here again, they withstand wear and tear and come up shining only if given daily thought.

Torn fingernails often can be prevented by smoothing rough edges with an emeryboard. And try a daily topcoat of colorless liquid to seal polish and help prevent chipping.

The cushions of your fingers can do all the work that nails can and they don't break! If you should get an "unlucky break," repair it at once with a "mender" or hide it with a handy artificial nail.

Once a week, nails need a complete manicure. Please, do make it a manicure, not just a change of polish. Nails should be perfectly cleaned, shaped and lubricated. This means a bit of handwork with orangewood stick, polish remover, cuticle remover and cuticle oil.

For appearance and practicality, lacquer nails according to this tested formula. First, a colorless base for easy application. Then two coats of polish and a topcoat to cut drying time and make them last.

Remember to keep your hands up—up to today's standard of efficient good grooming.



REACHING UPWARD . . .
Give hands and nails the necessary care we suggest. Ask for our specially prepared bulletins. Address requests for your copies to Mary Bailey, Beauty Editor, HOLLYWOOD, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.



*"My love has wondrous
lustrous hair"*

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



SPARKLE AND LOOK GAY, when you play! This jet-trimmed, street-length dress and the shining satin gloves represent the newest note in after-dark fashions. The simple, but dramatic, new hair-do owes much of its beauty to Special Drene Shampoo!

**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!
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



*Soap film dulls lustre—
robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Use *Special Drene*! It never leaves any dulling film. What's more, it removes the film left by previous soapings.

That's why *Special Drene* reveals up to 33% more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo!



**Special Drene
with
*Hair Conditioner***

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**



A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

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, crooked-
ness and kisses!*



**George
Murphy**

George Murphy has an enviable role in United Artists' *The Powers Girl*. Throughout the film he is constantly surrounded by many beautiful models

Can the Rooney Marriage Survive?

By MITCHELL CRAIG

■ A very unusual party was recently held in Hollywood. The host was Tommy Dorsey; and Lana Turner, her husband, Steve Crane, Judy Garland and her husband, Dave Rose, attended. The guests of honor were Mickey Rooney and Ava Gardner. The party celebrated the reconciliation of the Rooneys who had just patched up the quarrel which almost led them to the divorce courts.

This reconciliation is the third act in a real life drama which rivals in human interest any of the pictures in which Mickey has appeared on the screen.

Act One was the courtship of Ava Gardner, and her marriage to Mickey, who had been called the youngest wolf in Hollywood. The curtain scene might have been when newspapermen called upon Mickey in New York and asked him whether he and his young bride planned to have children. Mickey grinned and said, "We want everything that goes with a happy home."

Act Two would unveil the story of their marriage, with its many quarrels. They quarreled bitterly at the time of their six months' anniversary. That was patched up. But there were other quarrels. The curtain scene on this act would be Ava Gardner surrounded by newspaper reporters asking why she was seeking a divorce. Ava would be saying in a voice that trembled slightly, "Conditions haven't been happy in our home for a long time. I haven't had the sort of home life with Mickey that I wanted—the sort that any girl would want."

Act Three would show Mickey trying to forget Ava, and appearing gay and unconcerned. Shortly after the news of their separation hit the newspapers, he went out with another girl. But what flabbergasted Hollywood was that the other girl could have passed as Ava Gardner's sister, she looked so much like her!

The third act would also show Ava trying to forget Mickey. But anyone taking a good look at her could see that she was still carrying a torch for him.

The curtain scene would be the reconciliation party, with Tommy Dorsey beaming. Or it might be the scene where Ava assured reporters, "We just had a little family spat. It's all over now."

When the news of the Rooney split first leaked out, the columnists would have bet you 1000 to 1 that the Rooneys would never reconcile. But columnists can't always take a human heart apart and see what makes it beat. They didn't know the inside story behind Mickey's marriage failure.

Before he met and fell in love with Ava, writers used to say of Mickey that his heart was safely tucked away in the top drawer of his dresser. His mother was his best girl. That was the keynote of his life. Ever since he'd been a kid he'd looked out for her. She didn't like to see Mickey working in burlesque houses; but money was very scarce in the Yule family, particularly after the Yules separated.

From the beginning, Mickey was a natural born showman. It was easy for him to get jobs. So from childhood on, he worked to support his mother and himself. She repaid him with the utmost devotion. In her eyes, he could do no wrong. She catered to all his whims and fancies . . . even to the smallest detail.

When Mickey was about sixteen, his success began to go to his head. He dressed loudly, drove around in a flashy car and hired a negro valet. Hollywood wondered; but not his mother. In her eyes Mickey was perfection.

As the years went by, he lost a little of his brashness, but some of it still clung to him. Hollywood shrugged its

The Mickey Rooneys have reconciled after a separation of several weeks. Has true love averted a tragedy or is their marriage doomed? Mickey's in *Andy Hardy's Double Life*



shoulders and said that some day, when he'd taken it on the chin once or twice, he'd get over it.

Mickey went out a lot with such assorted beauties as Linda Darnell, Mildred and Gloria Lloyd, Sheila Ryan, Lois Ranson and Pat Dane. For a time Ann Rutherford stood high on his list, and rumor had it that it might lead to an altar march. But Mickey just smiled his impish grin, and assured interviewers that marriage was the furthest possible thing from his mind. His mother was still his best girl.

Then Mickey met Ava Gardner. For the first time in his life, he was hit seriously by a romance. Ava had just recently come to Hollywood from North Carolina under contract to M-G-M. Mickey was introduced to her one day in the M-G-M commissary, and was immediately bowled over. After that, there were frequent dates.

Hollywood got its first inkling of how serious the romance was when, on his twenty-first birthday, Mickey stepped out with his mother and Ava Gardner. The grin he turned on them both was proof that Mickey now felt he had two best girls. And on Ava's birthday on Christmas Eve, Mickey, gave her an engagement ring that was a stunner, an emerald-cut diamond in a platinum setting.

On January 10, 1942, they were married at Ballard, California.

Shortly afterwards Mickey and his bride came to New York on their honeymoon. Photographers took pictures of Mickey ardently kissing Ava.

"Is it all right to let the newspaper photographers take pictures of this type?" Mickey asked his confidant, Les Peterson. Les smiled his approval. Then Mickey confided to the reporters. "We've been looking as silly as this ever since we got married."

It was an idyllic note on which to begin their marriage; and the two kids probably thought that they could keep their romance pitched to the same high key for a lifetime. But they didn't take into consideration the fact that Mickey had been spoiled by his doting mother. Unconsciously, Mickey expected his bride to do everything for him that his mother had done, and at the same time be her own lovely, youthful self.

This combination doesn't come in one package, Ava had been surrounded by adulation herself, and hadn't been trained to wait hand and foot on anyone. She expected Mickey to do things for her—not the other way around.

Mickey [Continued on page 57]



Day Dreamer Deluxe

Elisabeth Fraser was just a stage-struck kid, but her day dreams came true when she walked through the wrong door. She's in *The Commandos Strike at Dawn*

By LAURA POMEROY

■ Are you a day dreamer? Do you go balmy every once in a while and fancy yourself envied, admired and queen of the May? And like the lad who sat down to play the piano, does everyone laugh at you?

Well, don't feel sheepish about it. Day dreams do pay off sometimes, and there is Elisabeth Fraser, day dreamer deluxe, to prove it. Come ridicule, come scoldings, come discouragement, Elisabeth stuck to her dreams until fancy turned into glorious fact.

You'll see Elisabeth as the cool, blond Norwegian bride in *The Commandos Strike at Dawn*. But just two years ago, Elisabeth was a plump Brooklyn school-girl struggling over her geometry. She was about as far from an acting career as she was from the China Sea. That she achieved her wildest hope is such a triumph of wishful thinking that day dreamers everywhere can feel vindicated.

What decided Elisabeth Fraser about acting was a visit to her first movie at the age of eight. It was the high spot in a life that for those tender years had been far from dull. Her father was a steamship executive and his family followed wherever he went. When Elisabeth was four months old the family traipsed to Haiti for a spell, and when she was six they lived in France.

But all of these journeys were commonplace compared to the greatest thrill of all, weeping through the performance of Janet Gaynor in *Seventh Heaven*. The family

was back on native Brooklyn soil again, but from that time on Elisabeth carried on like a soul gone moonstruck. She would walk along the street, glassy-eyed and remote, mumbling bits from pictures she had seen. Her parents were startled. Nothing like an actress had ever blossomed on the family tree and they didn't quite know what to do with their queer young daughter. They hoped she would outgrow this acting fever in school, but it became worse. She went through her classes like a sleepwalker, deaf and blind to the lessons going on.

"I was in a complete and overpowering daze about everything in school," Elisabeth reminisced. "While the teacher tried to get geometry into my noggin, I was dreaming about *Romeo and Juliet*. Abraham Lincoln was as nothing to me compared to Fredric March, and the fundamentals of algebra took second place to Helen Hayes. The only time I came to life was during the school plays, but you can't get a diploma that way.

"Finally, because the teachers got sick of seeing my face in their classes term after term, they passed me. I graduated a year after my regular class, and was promptly dubbed 'least likely to succeed.' But that didn't bother me. With school over, I could now try to get a job as an actress. I worked on the theory that a girl of seventeen who is a nuisance will eventually get a job."

The day after school was out, she read in the papers that [Continued on page 63]

Liberty Belle

By LEE BENNETT



Uncle Sam's super-salesgirl, Dorothy Lamour, has a record of War Bond sales that can't be topped. Above: her Bond tours are mobbed by eager buyers. She's in *They Got Me Covered*

■ To most of the country she's simply "Dottie."

But to Hollywood she's "Lamour, the town's First Lady."

Prestige is a curious thing in movie town. It is measured by the size of your pay check, your drawing-power at the box-office, or the executive status of the man you marry.

In the years before Pearl Harbor many a personality has been enthroned and dethroned as First Lady of Hollywood. Usually there have been two or three contenders for the crown, with no one in uncontested possession of it.

Today, Dorothy Lamour wears it. It is the measure of Hollywood's intense respect and admiration for a girl who is brilliantly and unflinchingly serving her country.

Dottie is not only the nation's Victory Girl, she is also its super-saleswoman. With the adroitness of an auctioneer she has parlayed her bond sales into astronomical figures.

Exactly how many bonds Dottie has sold taxes a mathematician. Countless thousands, in answer to her appeals, have pledged their ten per cent for the duration. It is impossible to estimate the final total in millions raised as a result of her personal efforts.

More than ever, there is an element of awe when Hollywood speaks of Dottie. She is a hard-hitting, straight-from-the-shoulder gal, with no guile or pretense in her make-up. That's something new for a star of her magnitude. Particularly now, since she has become pretty much of a national figure.

Other stars may cover their backgrounds and speak vaguely of private schools and travels abroad. But Dottie has never depended on manufactured tales to give her a phony culture. She says: "I used to run an elevator, and now I am a movie star. I figure I'm mighty lucky, and I'm not planning to forget it."

It is this quality of directness which has so endeared her to the thousands upon thousands of people she has met on station platforms, at Chamber-of-Commerce dinners, in auditoriums, factories and schoolhouses.

As tales about Dottie's tour seep into conversation, her status as unchallenged queen of Hollywood increases. Even now, she has become almost a legend.

For instance, there is the legend about how the idea of Bond tours originated. It was during the first California blackout, and Dottie was waiting for her mother and father to pick her up. It was her birthday, and she was having dinner with them. The blackout made driving impossible and restricted the use of the telephone. She spent that evening alone, in the darkness, and the loneliness and blackness completely engulfed her.

But by morning, the Bond tour as a method of patriotic service was crystallized in her mind. Y. Frank Freeman, Paramount's boss, contacted Washington, presented Dottie's plan, and very soon she was on the road as Uncle Sam's first saleswoman out of Hollywood.

She made no set speeches, worked up no stage routines to drag money out of the pockets of her fellow-citizens. She was in there punching, as the girl behind the man behind the gun. And she was telling the thousands who faced her that it was up to them to see that it was the best gun in the world, supported by the best planes and tanks and equipment. Their money would buy all these.

America bought bonds with a whoop. Thousands heard her appeal and thousands whipped out their dollars.

Sailors, marines and soldiers would hear that Dottie was hitting town, and would save their dollars so that they could buy bonds personally from her.

Children would hoard their pennies and, tongue-tied with embarrassment, would pour them into her cupped hands for stamps.

There was a girl in a Boston hospital who had been bed-ridden for months. She sent her money to Dottie's hotel, and asked that a bond be sent her. "I'd like to deliver that bond myself," Dottie said. "But how can I do it quietly, without getting into the papers?"

Newspapermen, assigned to cover her bond tour, were told the situation. They promised to remain silent about her errand.

And a sick girl had an unannounced caller, who delivered her bond and thanked her for her patriotism.

On her September bond tour, Dorothy Lamour went into eighty-five communities and made one hundred and five talks and appearances. It was gruelling, closely-timed work, with each minute precious apportioned.

When her allocated territory was covered, a call came to her from Hollywood. It was the Victory Committee calling. A star scheduled for the Chicago and Indianapolis territories had collapsed.

"Are you too tired to do it?" she was asked.

"Sure, I am tired," [Continued on page 66]

"We Didn't Part Friends!"—

Ann Sheridan

By

RICHARD BARD

■ Ann Sheridan is probably the only Hollywood glamour girl in a decade not to rely on the old Hollywood wheeze, "We parted the best of friends," in seeking a divorce from George Brent.

In an exclusive interview on her marital crack-up, Ann got down to brass tacks and decided she would give the public credit for a little common sense.

"Of course George and I didn't part the best of friends," she declared. "If we had been falling on each other's necks, the way most divorcing Hollywood couples would have you believe when they separate, we wouldn't have parted at all. I see no reflection on George by my being honest about our separation, and I'm certain the public is tired of hearing the same old refrain every time two movie people decide it's best to end their marriage."

The Brents' separation may have come as a surprise to Hollywood, but there had been a number of times when Ann and George had guessed at the inevitable outcome. "It had been the same thing on and off ever since our wedding," said Ann. "Our likes and dislikes were too different for us ever to be permanently happy in marriage.

"For one thing, George was never very enthusiastic about going out. He wanted to stay at home all the time. But I like to go out and mingle with other people and have fun now and then. What girl doesn't?"

Ann feels that before marriage two people must believe they can forget each other's faults once the knot has been tied. "George and I had gone together for what we considered a reasonable length of time, and although we knew our mutual shortcomings, it was natural for us to trust that we could adjust our lives once we were man and wife. The fact that we were not able to do this adds up to the same mistake made by many people before us. Anyway, we tried very hard, but as I see it now, we simply had too many odds against us.

"There was another unfortunate thing about our marriage. We never did have a normal home life. I had just moved into my new home before becoming George's wife, and because it had been designed for a single person, he naturally didn't like it. So part of the time he lived at my place, and the remainder of the time I lived at the bachelor home he continued to maintain. You will get some idea of what I mean when I tell you that at George's place there wasn't even a place for me to hang my clothes when I stayed there. And since my home had also been designed for a state of single blessedness, George had his problems when he came to live with me.

"I think our greatest mistake was not having a common home we could call our own. We had been so well established in

our respective residences before our marriage that we continued to put off the subject of getting a single place that would be attractive to us both. During our entire marriage there were only vague references to the type of home we could have planned had we really made up our minds to do it."

The possession of separate homes by George and Ann also caused endless speculation among Hollywood gossip-mongers on the possibility of a separation at any time. This sort of talk certainly does no good, even to the most firmly-established marriage, much less to one which had its shaky periods almost from the beginning.

It was a habit of theirs to live at whatever place was most convenient at a certain time. When George was busy on a picture at Warner Brothers and Ann had time off, she would leave him temporarily to enjoy her own home, which was still new to her. There was always a mutual understanding on this arrangement because it was more convenient for George to live in his house near the studio. Practically every time it happened, however, outsiders would take up the cry that they had been tiffing.

"But the real break came," continued Ann, "after I had been on location a couple of weeks with *The Edge of Darkness* company at Monterey, California. George had not communicated with me in any way during this time, and I was naturally angry. It turned out that we didn't see or speak to each other, even by phone, during the entire month I was away. And I was not exactly in the most pleasant frame of mind about our marriage when I did return to Hollywood.

"Oh, yes, we did decide to be intelligent about it by trying to thrash the whole thing out. We had a long conversation the night before our separation was suddenly made public. We started out talking very calmly, but the longer we were at it the angrier we became, and George finally walked

out of the house. So, you see, we never did have too much of a chance at happiness together. Maybe it was our own fault and we should have done something about it; but I still maintain that George and I just couldn't merge our likes and dislikes on certain questions. Of course, George is a charming person, but he is not the most practical man in the world."

Although Ann is completely fair to George in analyzing the cause of their separation, the fact is that she could never have had what she considers an ideal marriage with him. "We never did sit down and talk seriously about a home and family," she concluded, "and these are the things I really want.

"But even now I have no disillusionment about marriage, and I look forward to having eventually the kind of life that belongs naturally to a woman." ■



Ann Sheridan discusses frankly the failure of her tempestuous marriage to George Brent



Popping Questions at Bob Cummings

Bob Cummings knows all the answers when it comes to the monthly HOLLYWOOD quiz. He's in *Princess O'Rourke*

**Quizzed
by HELEN HOVER**

Q. Which of your personal accomplishments was the most difficult for you to acquire?

A. The ability to meet people. I've been told that I'm a good mixer, but a few years ago I was so shy I couldn't talk to people whom I didn't know well. I died inside of me when I went to night clubs or premieres because I felt so self-conscious. This was hindering me terribly. It was when I was working in *Wells Fargo* with Joel McCrea that I changed. Joel was the star, I was a minor player, but he was very friendly and helpful. He sensed that my inferiority complex was strapping me down and tried to get me to loosen up. He told me, "Some day you'll be a big actor. It will come suddenly. Relax. Don't feel that you're worse than others." That, and succeeding pep talks did the trick in making me lose my stiffness and shyness.

Q. What do you do to keep up a "front" as a star?

A. I don't believe in doing anything phony. I'm not the type to get away with "front." First of all, I play a natural, breezy type of guy on the screen, and anything pretentious off-screen would be incongruous.

Q. What was the greatest impression you ever made on your wife?

A. It happened shortly after we were married. I could fly a plane but she didn't know it. One afternoon we passed a small air field and I told her I was going to fly one of the crates. She thought I was kidding, but when I got into the plane her eyes almost popped out of her head. For extra good measure I did a few turns in the air and when I landed she looked at me as though I were a hero.

Q. How has Hollywood changed you?

A. I used to be pushed around, but I've learned to fight since coming to Hollywood. In this business, where competition is so keen, a fellow has to make a concentrated effort to look out for himself.

Q. How has marriage changed you?

A. Not at all. I'm the same guy, but



Bob readily admits he's a dummy at cards. Claims it stifles conversation anyway

with more responsibilities. It's changed my wife, however. She became a flyer and very air-minded because I'm an aviation nut.

Q. Are you gullible?

A. I'm afraid so. When people promise me something I believe them. No matter how many times a person's promises fail, I fall for the line another time.

Q. How do you judge people?

A. By the company they keep. Personal appearances are often misleading, but I've found that birds of a feather do flock together. If someone runs

around with a phony crowd, he's bound to be a phony too.

Q. What was the nicest compliment paid you?

A. A friend of mine, after seeing *Kings Row*, told me, "Bob, I hardly knew you in that part. It just wasn't you." That was a real compliment, although a backhanded one, because I didn't want to play myself in the picture. *Parris Mitchell* isn't at all like me.

Q. And the most unflattering comment you heard about yourself?

A. I was at a football game and heard a lady behind me say to her companion, "Pssst—there's that actor I told you that even if I were married to him I wouldn't go to see his pictures."

Q. What was the most amusing experience that occurred on the set of *Princess O'Rourke*?

A. Olivia deHavilland does a scene wrapped in bandages. We framed it with Director Norman Krasna to have her wrapped up so that she couldn't move—then Krasna suddenly called lunch.

Q. What film scenes do you like least to do?

A. Love scenes. They're not the glamorous things you'd imagine them to be. There are too many people staring

He's been lucky in love though. He and Vivian share one of the happiest marriages in Hollywood. Reason? Bob say it's their many common interests



at you, and too many technical details to think of, like not mussing the girl's hair, not getting smeared with lipstick and so forth.

Q. What Hollywood luxury could you do without?

A. My swimming pool. I never have a chance to use it.

Q. What causes dissension in your household?

A. The radio. My wife likes it soft, I like it to blare.

Q. What is your greatest expense as a star?

A. Trying to get a few days rest. It sometimes involves great expense finding a place, flying there because there's little time to be wasted. etc. But it's worth it because getting away from Hollywood and the same people restores your perspective.

Q. If you weren't an actor what would you most like to be?

A. An airline pilot.

Q. In what ways are you lazy?

A. My lazy streak really gives me the hardest work. I spend my spare time building things in my workshop which will save me work, like an automatic opening door, and the like. My wife says she never saw a man go through so much agony to save himself work.

Q. About what are you most ambitious?

A. About flying. I am constantly studying it, taking courses in meteorology, celestial navigation, instrument flying, etc.

Q. Are you fussy about food?

A. No. I'll eat anything, and usually do. I taught myself to like all kinds of food because I once thought I'd travel around the world and I wanted to enjoy the food peculiarities of all the countries.

Q. What mannerism have you had to overcome in films?

A. That of smiling too much. Directors used to force me to give out with the old smile, but after seeing myself, I got sick of my leering.

[Continued on page 40]



He'd rather fly than do anything else. An aviation bug, he calls it his "greatest extravagance" but "most fun"



With husband Tyrone Power in the *Marines*, Annabella goes back to her film work. She's in Fox's *Secret Mission*

"Women Must Work"

-says Annabella

By SONIA LEE

■ Annabella has the face of a gamin and the quick, mischievous smile of an unruly twelve-year-old. But when you look in her eyes, you see they are deep with the things she has learned through living and thinking. They are also the eyes of a woman who has learned how to achieve happiness.

She was on the set of *Secret Mission*, her first important picture since her marriage to Tyrone Power, three and a half years ago. Immediately upon her marriage, the usual barrage of questions faced her—"Shall she continue on the screen? Can a woman be a good wife and a successful actress?" To both, she answered an emphatic yes.

But Annabella permitted long months to go by after her marriage without even thinking of work. She was reading, digging in the garden, and concentrating on making a happy marriage. She would frequently say, "I have everything I want. I am busy. I am happy. I am not

even thinking of work. I don't need to."

And that is the key to Annabella's insistence today that women must work, not as an escape from the ghastly realities, nor solely as a means to fill empty hours.

"I have never believed in work as a means of escape," she declares. "I have always believed it a bit stupid for a woman to say, 'I'm bored. I think I'll find a job.' Work should never be a stop-gap, a second-best. You must work because there is within you a need to accomplish something. Or even to earn the money work brings. You must have a need of work as such, and not as a substitute for something else you can't find.

"Most of us today must work. I know I must. I have responsibilities. Tyrone will be in the service very shortly. I should like, if it's possible, to keep our house open, and the things we have built together intact."

Keeping that house open will present
[Continued on page 60]

Cheesecake Graduate



■ "Zing" is a word invented expressly for Janet Blair. This one woman floor show radiates a glow you feel down to your patent leathers. She's got a smile that puts to shame the Mona Lisa, a figure right out of the pages of *Esquire*, and a personality like a bunch of firecrackers popping. When this terrific bundle was delivered to the studio, they took one look and

screamed "cheesecake." They draped a sarong around those glorious curves, poured her into a bathing suit, and posed her under a sombrero. Then they discovered this flame of a girl could not only sing and dance—she could act. She was promptly graduated with honors into the ranks of stardom. Her new film is *Something To Shout About*. So is Janet. ■



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.

*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's Engaged!



ANNE'S LOVELY RING is simply set in a plain gold band. A small diamond is set on either side of the sparkling center stone.

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!



Damon and Pythias— Hollywood Style



John Shepperd (left) and Philip Dorn share one of Hollywood's most ardent friendships. They both appear in Twentieth Century-Fox's *Chetnik!*

By DOROTHY HAAS

■ Remember Damon and Pythias, those two ancient Greek lads who were such good friends that one was willing to forfeit his life for the other?

There is a reasonable facsimile of the team out in Hollywood, with each boosting the career of the other, and that, in a town where rivalry is rampant! Hollywood's own Damon and Pythias are John Shepperd and Philip Dorn.

The story behind this friendship is unusual.

Talk to one and you get a story about the other. When Shep was interviewed at lunch on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, he spent all his time between bites discussing Dorn.

"There is an actor," he exclaimed with warm enthusiasm. "He always has been good on the screen, but wait until you see him as General Mihailovitch in *Chetnik!* It's one of the greatest roles of his career. And he keeps insisting to Director Lou King that my part, as his aide de camp Alexis, be bigger, more important. Imagine that!"

"But why?"

"I did a small favor for Philip one time," Shep answered and tried to dismiss the matter.

But Philip Dorn's comment on this "small favor" was not so non-committal.

"I owe my start toward success in pictures to Shep," he declared.

Piecing their two stories together, this is what actually happened:

About three years ago, when Shep was under contract at M-G-M, like any other young contract player, he had to do his share of reading with other actors being tested for roles.

Eight times he had read the Robert Taylor role in *Escape*, while other men tested for the part of the sympathetic doctor. Each of the eight was rejected. Then someone had a brilliant idea. Why not test Shep as the doctor? The test was so good that Shep was assigned to the part. But it was his for only twenty-four hours.

The very next day someone brought Philip Dorn to the studio as a candidate for the role. He was an unknown newcomer, the role was assigned, but nevertheless, it was agreed to let him read.

Shep was called. Would he, as a special favor, back-track and read the Taylor role for one more test?

"Dorn and I were introduced," recalls Shep. "I looked at him, heard him say only a few words with his kindly voice and soft accent, and liked him immediately. I knew just as quickly that Dorn was the man for the part. Of course, I wanted it myself, but in all fairness I was sure he would be better. I just did all I could to make it a good test."

Dorn's story, however, gives Shep full credit. He says, "I was quite ill that day, in the middle of a siege of grippe. I should have been in bed, and never felt less like acting. But Shep put everything he had into those scenes. I could sense that he was trying to draw out the best in me. I didn't find out until much later that he was throwing away his own chance of having the role by making me respond to the excellence of his acting in that test. That is why I say I owe that part to Shep. And that was the beginning of my success in American pictures."

Shep played no role in *Escape*. He was assigned to other pictures, and was later contracted by Twentieth Century-Fox. He did not see Dorn for two years, until they were both cast for *Chetnik!* During production of the film, their friendship developed.

An amusing note came in one of the early scenes of that exciting picture about the Yugoslav free fighters who are giving Hitler plenty of headaches. Shep and Dorn were to ride spirited horses. Dorn had never been on a horse before; Shep has been riding since his childhood in the rolling hills of North Carolina.

"Dorn's riding was perfect," Shep related, his brown eyes bright with amusement. "You would imagine he had been in a saddle from the age of two. But what happened to me? You've guessed it. My horse stopped short on a muddy spot of ground, slipped, and I went sailing off. I knew Phil could out-act me, but I certainly thought I could out-ride him."

Shep's role of Alexis also calls for all sorts of stunts. To escape from the Gestapo he uses jiu-jitsu, overpowers guards, takes daring falls, fakes death in a thrilling tumble after supposedly being shot. To the surprise of the studio, he did them himself, without benefit of a double. Shep explained this by pointing out his stage background.

"I don't know why anyone is astonished," he said. "The studio people seem to forget that stage actors are trained for those things. We can't have a double come on stage for every fall or fight!"

Despite this [Continued on page 71]

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Just complete the statement, "I'm glad I switched to Modess because . . ."

A Nurses' Committee will select the winners. Your name will never be revealed!

2135 PRIZES IN ALL

427 big prizes—every month for 5 months

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*Maturity Value

EASY TO WIN! If you're a regular Modess user, you already know a lot of winning facts—from your own experience!

If you haven't yet tried Mo-

dess, take this wonderful chance to discover its greater safety and greater softness. The first time you use Modess, you'll find out plenty of things to write in a winning letter!



A HOUSEWIFE WRITES:

On my feet all day long, I need comfort! It's Modess for me—because it's so much softer!

3 out of 4 women voted Modess softer to the touch, in a recent nationwide survey. Modess is made of downy fluff—instead of close-packed layers. You're bound to find it softer—wonderfully comfortable!

JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES!

1. Simply complete this statement in 25 words or less: "I'm glad I switched to Modess because . . ." Use pen, pencil, or typewriter. Write on one side of the paper. Print your name and address plainly.

2. Mail to Dept. A, The Personal Products Contest, P. O. Box 12, New York, N. Y. You can enter this contest as often as you like, but each entry must be accompanied by a small piece cut from the end of a Modess box, showing the words, "The Personal Products Corp."

3. A special committee of nurses will choose the winning letters. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

4. 427 prizes, as listed above, will be awarded every month, for 5 consecutive months. Letters received before midnight, February 28, 1943, will be entered in the first month's contest. Letters received after that date will be entered in the following month's contest. Look for closing dates of succeeding monthly contests

in future Modess ads. If for any unforeseen reason this series of contests should have to be discontinued, all undistributed prizes will be awarded in the last contest to be run.

5. Letters will be judged on originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought. The judges' decision will be final. No letters returned. Letters, contents, and ideas therein become the property of The Personal Products Corp.

6. Any girl or woman in the continental United States or Canada may compete except employees of The Personal Products Corp., their advertising agency, and their families. Contest subject to all Federal, State and Dominion regulations.

7. All winners will be notified by mail within 30 days after the close of each month's contest. *Prize-winners' names will not be publicly revealed*, but a certified list will be maintained as part of the contest records.



FROM A NURSE:

Protection is what counts with me. I switched to Modess because I know it's been proved safer—far less likely to strike through.

Under the supervision of the United States Testing Company, Inc., 209 nurses in a leading hospital tested Modess napkins against nationally known layer-type napkins. The layer-type napkins "struck through" almost 3 times as often as the Modess napkins—*proving Modess far safer!*

Modess, you see, has a triple, full-length shield, instead of a single, part-way one. More protection for you!

Read these tips! They may help you write a winner!

A COLLEGE GIRL SAYS:

You bet I'm glad I switched to Modess! It fits so I never even know I'm wearing it. And it never shows—even under my smoothest-fitting dress!



First for Safety—First for Softness

MODESS

SANITARY NAPKINS

BOX OF 12—22¢ ECONOMY BOX OF 56—89¢

My Pet Superstition

Are the stars superstitious? These four Hollywood personalities frankly admit they are—about certain things. This is the third in the new **HOLLYWOOD** series of sidelights on the stars

Paulette Goddard

Appearing in *The Crystal Ball*



■ I've been superstitious ever since I got out of my crib, and I couldn't begin to list the various ways I annoy my

friends with my little idiosyncrasies.

I've lost many a beau by refusing to drive through a tunnel, or insisting on making a U-turn and driving right back through if the damage were already done. I'd rather burn my house down than open an umbrella in it. And I'm the fastest salt-tosser, knocker-on-wood and avoider-of-ladders in the Western Hemisphere. I've got all the tried and true superstitions. I seem to take a harpie-like interest in discovering them, and then I shudderingly carry them with me the rest of my life.

I even have a few superstitions all my own, patented "Goddard." I suppose everyone has. Mine are all silly, and all based on a quick hunch. I suddenly feel I have to touch every lamp in a room I'm walking through, for instance; or every third bush when I'm out on a stroll. Or I just *know* that if I don't wear a certain pair of shoes to a certain party, something awful will happen. Or I'll turn back after buying one newspaper from a newsboy, and buy ten *more* papers.

Added to all the old-fashioned superstitions, they probably make me eligible for the title, "The Most Superstitious Girl West of the Rockies!"

Fred MacMurray

Appearing in *Flight for Freedom*



■ I don't bother about walking under ladders, and a black cat is just a black cat to me, but when it comes to my saxo-

Conrad Veidt

Appearing in *Casablanca*



■ I have a pet superstition—the number 17. Seventeen has cropped up uncanonically throughout my life, sometimes in vital

ways, sometimes in trifling ones. But it has always been there, until I feel that it must be there to preserve my peace of mind—and my luck.

On my first visit to America, for instance, my house number in Beverly Hills was 817. Seventeen years later I settled in another house in Beverly Hills whose number was 617. On my first trip to this country I had Cabin 17, and 17 was on my ticket.

I was 17 years old when I acted for the first time and made up my mind to make acting my career. My first stage success, *Sea Battle*, was in 1917.

These are only a few examples of the way 17 has appeared throughout my career. But they're enough to show why, odd as it may seem, the number 17 has become very precious to me.

■ My pet superstition is the ring I always wear. If I found myself without it, I'd lie right down under a truck and ask it to run over me! I know why the ring is so important to me, too. Just once I took it off, and I almost never had the chance to put it (or anything else) on again.

I was at Lake Michigan one summer many years ago, with another girl. When

Ann Sothern

Appearing in *Three Hearts for Julia*



we decided to go in swimming, I put on my cap as usual and started to dash into the water. But my friend shrieked at me,

As Told to
ELEANOR HARRIS

Nothing's too good for you, my lad—

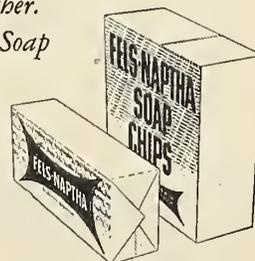


not even **FELS-NAPTHA SOAP**

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"

phone I've got to admit I'm superstitious. I've guarded that old horn for many, many years now. I can't get away from thinking it's endowed with good luck for me.

This may be because I bought it with the first money I ever earned—in a pea canning factory in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. It was during summer vacation while I was going to high school. I really think it sort of guided me through my highly checkered career right into Hollywood. I began playing it in Beaver Dam with the high school orchestra. Then it took me to Chicago with a name band. Then it—and it alone—fed my mother and me in Hollywood, when I played for big movie parties, the Elks Club and the Warner Theater orchestra on Hollywood Boulevard. Eventually it took me to New York for some hit shows—and then back to Hollywood as a star.

But in between I washed cars, sold electrical appliances from door to door, worked in a department store—and starved. It was only that tired old sax that meant steaks and excitement to me. And you couldn't pay me to part with it now. I feel plenty superstitious about that sax—yet I don't call myself a superstitious sort of guy!

"What about your ring? You'll lose it if you go in the water with it!" I argued that I'd always worn it everywhere, ever since my father had given it to me as a little girl, but she insisted that I leave it in my bag on the beach. So I did.

That's all there was to it. I waded in up to my waist, a terrific undertow got me, and I was swept out way past my depth. I was going down for the third time when a lifeguard got to me, and it took four lifeguards an hour to bring me to.

Naturally, this experience etched itself on my mind. I've never been without the ring since!

NEXT MONTH

Hollywood presents the most thrilling moments in the lives of Maureen O'Hara, Joan Bennett and George Montgomery as told by the stars themselves.

The confidence
that comes
from knowing!



Safe new way
in feminine hygiene
gives continuous
action for hours!

● Far too many women still do not know those vital facts which no woman should be denied! Your married happiness, your health and well being may depend on *up-to-date* knowledge about feminine hygiene.

The trouble is, many women who think they know have only *half knowledge* . . . and still depend on old-fashioned or dangerous information! They rely on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures . . . or risk using over-strong solutions of acids which can so easily burn and injure delicate tissues.

* * *
Today, modern well-informed women everywhere have turned to *Zonitors*—the new, safe, convenient way in feminine hygiene.

Zonitors are dainty, snow-white, greaseless suppositories which spread a protective coating . . . and kill germs instantly at contact. They deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by *destroying* odors. Cleanse antiseptically, and give continuous medication for hours!

Yet *Zonitors* are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. No apparatus, nothing to mix. At all druggists.

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. *Zonitors*, Dept. 7203-A, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name
Address
City State



The New Falcon



Tom Conway breaks his record of portraying villainous characters to step into the lead of the *Falcon* series, vacated by George Sanders

By KAY PROCTOR

■ Why a tall, handsome and extremely personable young man like Tom Conway should be going around scaring movie-goers is a Hollywood mystery which defies solving. With his good looks and charm Conway ought to be singing moonlight serenades to enraptured heroines. Instead, producers insist he go skulking about up to no good, as in *The Cat People* or his newest venture in malevolence, *I Walked With a Zombie*.

So far Conway has been pretty philosophical about it all.

"Horror pays off!" he said blithely. "Besides, every now and then I get a breather like one of the *Falcon* series, which acts as a purifying agent. Then I'm ready for a fresh dish of dastardly doings."

Horror has paid off for Conway. So adept has he proved in modern horror pictures, which depend on psychological menace and good acting rather than physical violence, grotesque make-up and scaly hands, or tombs swinging open at midnight, as to have built himself a whale of a fan following in the two years he has been in Hollywood. Maybe his face and name are not wholly familiar to the sophisticates of big cities, but in the smaller towns and cities from coast to coast, movie-goers know him and love him . . . or, rather, hate him for the villain he is on the screen.

With his advent as the new *Falcon* of that popular series, his circle of fans is destined to widen immeasurably. But once let him get his teeth into a good romantic lead like he played in England, and all America will become Conway-

conscious. He has what it takes to make the ladies cry for more.

Conway was born in Leningrad (it was St. Petersburg then) in 1904. His father was a British rope manufacturer and his mother a Russian. Thus he is a British subject. The family lived in Russia until the Revolution and then fled to England. Tom was 13 at the time. In his early schooling he had a half-hearted interest in engineering which failed to develop into a concrete ambition.

"To be honest, I had only one interest in college," Conway said, "To get through it as quickly and as easily as I could."

Following graduation he chose South Africa as the place to earn an honest living. This included everything from day labor in gold, asbestos and copper mines, to assistant superintendent of an asbestos mine, and later a bit of ranching. Malaria, however, cut the African adventure short and he returned to England to become a salesman for a safety glass manufacturer. By sheer coincidence that job led him direct to the theater. A potential customer he was trying to sell was preoccupied with casting a Little Theater play. It turned out he wanted no part of Conway's safety glass but he did want Conway—for the leading role in his show, *No. 17*. Conway made a bargain with him; in exchange for an order large enough to fill his sales quota, he would play the role.

No. 17 proved a hit—and Conway found the kind of work he liked. He's been at it ever since, first with the Manchester Repertory Company, next with a number of British stock companies, then with the

British Broadcasting Company, and finally in Hollywood since 1940.

His first American picture, made under contract to M-G-M, found him playing the heavy for the first time in his life. The novelty of the role appealed to him but that novelty was destined to wear painfully thin in the next two years. There was a brief flurry after he played in *The Trial of Mary Dugan*, when the studio said "Ah! A find in leading men!" and started the usual romantic build-up. But his very next picture found him again cast as the villain, and it was the same story for eight pictures in a row.

Conway still is a little baffled about one experience at Metro. A New York producer had been wanting him to play the lead in *Peep Show* and had postponed production until Tom might be available. Each time a starting date was suggested, the studio nixed it on the grounds Conway was needed for a new picture. Finally there came a lull and negotiations got under way again. Overnight, however, the studio again reneged; Conway was needed immediately "for one of the top roles in a very important picture."

"The top role" turned out to be the half-baked part of the villainous explorer in *Tarzan's Secret Treasure*. Any high school Thespian could have met its demands. The New York producer is still waiting to produce his show, incidentally.

Conway finished his contract at Metro and immediately moved his make-up box over to R-K-O where he has been busy ever since.

Hollywood has tried its best to kill off Conway in a startling variety of ways. In *Rio Rita* he got blown up for the dirty Nazi he was. In *The Bad Man* Wallace Beery shot him because he was a dirty oil swindler. In *Sky Murder* he got stabbed in the neck by Edward Ashley because he was a dirty fifth columnist. In *The Trial of Mary Dugan* he got stabbed in the back by John Litel (unjustly, this time) because Litel wanted his wife. In *Tarzan's Secret Treasure* he got eaten by crocodiles because he wanted to lead the world to Weissmuller's gold; and in *The Cat People* he was torn to pieces by a black panther because he kissed Simone Simon. Of them all, he preferred the latter, he says; at least he got a kiss out of it.

Conway lives rather quietly in the social whirl of Hollywood. He plays a lot of first-rate tennis, skis, and rides horseback to keep fit. He likes to design boats and is an inventive lad. One day when the thermometer was in the high nineties he took the family vacuum cleaner (the kind that lies flat on the floor) and stuck it in the icebox. One flick of the switch and he had his own air conditioning system to cool things off!

Incidentally, Conway has a kid brother who also works in the movies. His name is George Sanders. Years ago when they both were playing on the British stage people used to get them confused, so in 1937 they flipped a coin to see who would keep the family name of Sanders and who would use a new one.

British tradition was shot to pieces when Tom lost. The eldest son always carries on the family name. Tom stuck to his bargain. At least George helped him make up a new name. ■

"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.

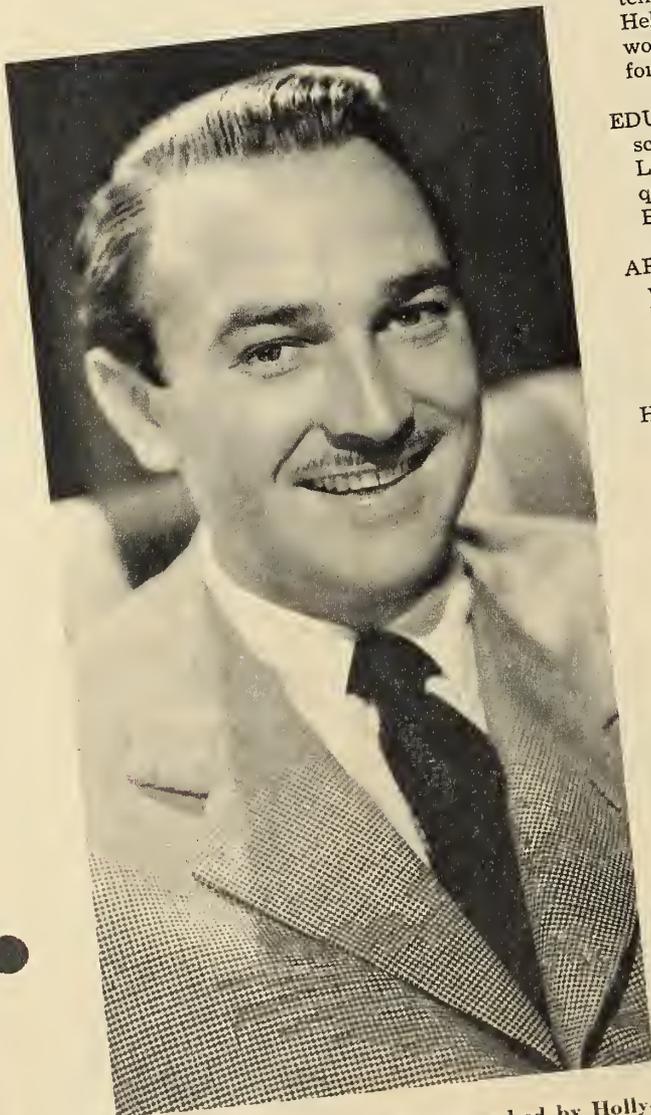
Jergens Lotion for Soft, Adorable HANDS

SCRAPBOOK SHORTS

Presenting ... Lee Bowman

By ELEANOR HARRIS

BOWMAN, LEE—Lee is tall, handsome, and has charm—so why does he always play The Other Man in pictures? There's no answer to this poser. But he's been the other man in fifty films—among them *I Met Him in Paris*, *Having a Wonderful Time*, *Love Affair*, *Society Lawyer*, *Stronger Than Desire*, *Another Thin Man*, *Dancing Coed*, *Third Finger Left Hand*, *Design for Scandal*, *We Were Dancing*, and *Three Hearts for Julia*.



Affable Lee Bowman has been marked by Hollywood as a permanent corner of the screen triangle. He's appearing in M-G-M's *Three Hearts for Julia*

BORN—He first saw the light of day in Cincinnati, Ohio. He continued to eye the light there for twenty years. Then he came West.

FAMILY—The Bowman house swarmed with Bowmans—five offspring, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Bowman.

MARRIED—To his ex-tennis opponent, dark, exotic Helene del Valle. B. T. (Before Tennis) he was Hollywood's most active escort, sighted frequently at night spots with such belles as Joan Crawford, Sonja Henie, Norma Shearer, etc. After tennis he was seen at the same places with Helene, carrying on a tumultuous romance that wound up one midnight in Baja, California, before a Justice of the Peace.

EDUCATED—At Cincinnati's grammar and high schools and at the University of Cincinnati where Lee pursued law, until one afternoon in the quiet law library when he slammed shut his Blackstone for good, and opened his Noel Coward.

APPEARANCE—He's six feet one, 175 pounds, and wears his smart sports clothes the way they should be worn. His hair is dark brown, his eyes hazel, and he's one of the best ballroom dancers on the West Coast. Furthermore, he sings.

HISTORIC LANDMARKS—A rainy Monday was the biggest landmark in Lee's life. When the downpour started, he was a struggling unknown actor in a tiny boarding-house room in New York City. By the time the downpour ended, he'd landed his first Broadway role! He soon had the lead in *Berkeley Square*, and sooner still, landed in Hollywood.

SOCIAL LIFE—Since his nightclub bachelor days, times have changed. Now his social life is at home—in his own or in friends' houses. Typical stunt comes of a Thursday night, when song-writers Johnny Mercer and Hoagy Carmichael drop by with their wives and a basket of food. Then one man and one woman (not married to each other) must get dinner, serve it, and clean up afterwards, while the other four loll. No cheating is allowed—no easy dishes like chops or Bismarck; these amateur chefs have to whip up dishes such as chicken under glass with grapes! "And," says Lee, "the food's terrific, believe it or not!"

HOME LIFE—He and Helene live in a California dream-house, with little Helene, their daughter.

ATTITUDE ON LIFE—All Lee longs for is a series of good parts, either comedy or dramatic . . . with the added spice of an occasional Broadway show.



Take a tip from Bates . . . keep your eye on 17-year-old Mimi Berry. She's headed for stardom! Though still in school, she's the prettiest girl in *Star and Garter* . . . an honor student . . . a radio actress . . . and at 17, this is her 3rd hit musical.

Background for Stardom

Mimi Berry, rising young star on Broadway, shows how new Bates spreads with matching draperies can do a complete redecorating job. There's a practical angle too. Bates bedspreads are easy to launder, wrinkle-proof, shed no lint, packable for traveling. Even the drabness of rented rooms can be instantly overcome with

Bates "Loomed to be Heirloomed" bedspreads and draperies. • "Mountain Laurel" shown above is but one of the 12 Bates patterns department stores are featuring for January. Also comes in Dusty Rose, Green, Tan, Brown, Wine. Single and double size spreads about \$4.95. Draperies per pair slightly higher than matching spread.



★ *Bates* ★

BEDSPREADS WITH MATCHING DRAPERIES

"LOOMED TO BE HEIRLOOMED" • BATES FABRICS, INC. • 80 WORTH STREET • NEW YORK CITY

That Noisy Character



By
**GLORIA
BRENT**

Marcy McGuire, R-K-O's newest little star, burst over Hollywood like a skyrocket and promptly captivated the town. She's a one-girl show in her first film, *Seven Days' Leave*

■ Now and then a newcomer to Hollywood pulls a line which is as good as money in the bank.

Marcy McGuire did just that.

After her first scene with Vic Mature in her very first picture, *Seven Days' Leave*, the beautiful hunk of man complimented her on her technique.

Marcy opened her eyes wide and without a twinkle in them replied: "Why, Mr. Mature, I pretended you were Tyrone Power!"

From then on, if Marcy had even half the talent she possesses, she would have been well on her way to success. For this was the squelch elegant which would have done credit to the tipped tongue of an Ilka Chase.

Marcy is Hollywood's newest incandescent. In the considered opinion of a critical preview audience, Marcy committed larceny in her introductory picture. She stole it right out from under the able noses of Victor Mature and Lucille Ball.

Here's another Cinderella story.

When Tim Whelan, the producer-director, saw her from a ringside seat at a Chicago night spot, he used that well-worn line—"You ought to be in pictures."

Marcy, who had been reading movie columns and fan magazines, promptly answered: "Don't kid me, mister. Hollywood is for glamour girls. I, personally, look like Mickey Rooney. Look at me—red-headed, freckled. Boy, I'd break the camera."

In Mr. Whelan's opinion Mickey was doing right well in picture-town. He thought Marcy would do the same.

There wasn't much time for testing. Marcy, with tongue in cheek, reported to the producer at the train, and was given a 16 mm. screen test on the diner of the

Santa Fe Chief, between the Chicago station and the next whistle stop.

The youngster checked it off as one of those things people from Hollywood do, and never really expected to hear another word from Mr. Whelan.

Weeks later, when she was touring army camps with the Camel Caravan, Marcy received one of those report-at-once-urgent calls from Hollywood. She and her mother hailed the first plane and out they came. Without much ado she was cast in *Seven Days' Leave* with songs especially written for her. Her part was built up from day to day as the rushes showed what a find she was. By the time the picture was finished you could see little of Ball or Mature for the antics of Marcy.

Marcy, fortunately, is not one of those dreadful child prodigies who strutted at club shindigs from the time she could toddle. On the contrary, she has one of those clever mothers who believe that an act is worth only its face value, and gains no momentum from the tender years of the performer. Marcy had her groundings in singing, dancing and dramatics and was a sound entertainer before she was permitted to inflict herself on audiences.

She was born in Kansas City, Kansas, on Washington's birthday in 1926, and had the good fortune to pick for herself a mother who was a singer and a voice teacher. From the very moment of Marcy's birth, Annona McGuire, like thousands of other mothers, set her heart on a career for her daughter. Fortunately, she had something to work with.

When Marcy was five, her parents separated and mother and daughter went to live with an uncle in Des Moines, Iowa.

Marcy went to grade school and later to Junior High. But while she was learning her two plus two's, Annona worked on Marcy's voice and other teachers coached her in dancing and dramatics.

There were offers galore for Marcy to do her stuff, before she acquired her permanent teeth. But her mother said no. There was a corner or two on Marcy's talents which required polishing. The corners were polished, and in March, 1939, Marcy entered a St. Louis Blues contest. Yes, you guessed it—she won it hands down.

From then on Marcy was consistently in the public eye. She sang in night spots and theaters; at conventions and banquets. At sixteen, she and her mother went to Chicago to conquer professional worlds.

Her first engagement in Chicago was in Harold Stokes' Revue at the Chicago Theater, and later at the Edgewater Beach Hotel.

Offers for all sorts of appearances, including radio, piled up. But Mrs. McGuire used discrimination. She vetoed one offer after another, with a keen eye on the future. Little Marcy was knocking them dead—and it was only a question of time before Hollywood would sit up and take notice . . . which it did in the person of astute Mr. Whelan.

If you trot out all the synonyms for dynamo, it will sum up Marcy. Husky prop men who specialize in totin' around massive set paraphernalia, take a good look at Marcy and suddenly grow tired. She makes them feel like decrepit old men.

While working on her first picture, she was here, there, everywhere. She frankly described herself as a "noisy character," but she is the sort of a kid who makes you feel indulgent with all the foibles of adolescence.

She has a healthy appetite. She likes everything and cleans her plate. But fortunately she doesn't gain an ounce, which causes some heart pangs on the part of glamour gals who must munch on a cracker to retain their contract weight.

Marcy has another mood. She calls it "pensive with a pout." What she has to pout about is anybody's guess, for as far as Hollywood is concerned, it has opened its arms, anointed her brow and marked her for some pretty swell things.

There is nothing much about Hollywood that Marcy doesn't like. Her raves over the climate make the ears of the local Chamber of Commerce blush with pleasure. In such a climate, Marcy insists, a girl doesn't even mind studying between scenes, in accordance with the Board of Education edict. Marcy has an Irish sense of humor and an idea that it is a pretty swell break to be able to have so much fun while working.

Marcy is polishing up on her dancing, too. She's no mean stepper and hopes to don dancing shoes for a film soon. Her aspiration is to toss a hoof with Astaire.

You can hardly believe the incredible things she does with her pretty face all for the sake of laughs. But while you laugh, there is a tug at your heart-strings. Mickey Rooney has the same power.

Hollywood has something special in Marcy McGuire. There is only one complaint against her. She makes you feel your age. ■

Can you date these fashions?

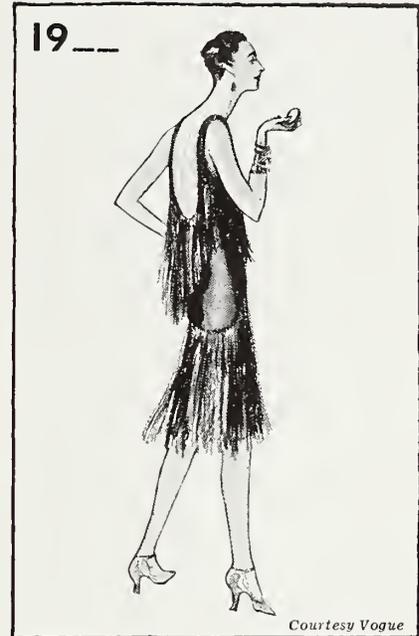
Fill in the date of each picture, then read corresponding paragraph below for correct answer.



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.



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.



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.



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.



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!



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¢.

Popping Questions at Bob Cummings

[Continued from page 27]

Q. What was your most embarrassing experience?

A. The night I introduced Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul to a friend as Mr. and Mrs. Durbin.

Q. Who is your idea of the most beautiful girl on the screen?

A. There are three: Olivia deHavilland, Ann Sheridan and Ann Sothern.

Q. Have you a temper?

A. Yes. I don't lose it quickly but it's awful when I do. I save it all and then explode.

Q. What are your plans after you retire from the screen?

A. I'd love to be an official in the government agency for flying so that I could encourage aviation.

Q. What qualities do you like most in women?

A. I like to be around a woman who relaxes me. I can't stand women who are bossy, aggressive or bickering—they give me the jitters.

Q. Do you like to have your wife visit the set when you're working?

A. It doesn't bother me in the least. We're both so busy these days that it's about the only time we get to see each

other. I'm busy at the studio all day, and at night I teach aviation, and Vivian is busy with war work.

Q. To what do you attribute the happiness of your marriage?

A. The fact that we're so much alike, and there aren't any conflicting ambitions or personalities. I'm just lucky enough to have married the right girl.

Q. Who has the last word in your house?

A. I like to think that I do, but Vivian manages to get everything she wants.

Q. How does your wife help you in your work?

A. She takes care of a lot of people who call me in Hollywood and whom I have no time to see, but don't want to offend. Vivi has them to lunch and they find that she's a better companion than I am, so there are no hurt feelings.

Q. What sort of a card player are you?

A. Terrible. I don't enjoy playing cards because there are so many other things I'd rather be doing. Card playing stifles conversation.

Q. Who does most of the talking at the dinner table?

A. I do. I get so enthusiastic about

flying and acting and enjoy talking about them, so I usually bore the daylights out of guests.

Q. What is your greatest extravagance?

A. Aeroplanes—I spend more money than I should on courses and gadgets.

Q. Of what unpleasant quality are you sometimes accused?

A. Sometimes people think I'm brash and cocky because I've played so many over-confident fellows on the screen.

Q. What is your greatest fault?

A. I do more talking than listening.

Q. And your greatest virtue?

A. If you call liking people a virtue, I guess it's mine. I don't try to find faults in people unless they're glaring, and I've never forgotten anyone who's tried to help me.

Q. What type of person irritates you the most?

A. Professional back-slappers who seldom mean a word they say.

Q. What is your idea of the most fun?

A. Getting into a plane and flying.

Q. When did you have "the last laugh," on someone?

A. About six years ago I auditioned for Billy Rose for a part in *Jumbo*. I sang for him without benefit of an

[Continued on page 65]

For pink-and-white "Natural" beauties
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- Rachel—for cream-ivory skin
- Dusk Rose—for rich rosy-tan skin
- Dark Rachel—for dark brunettes

At Beauty Counters Everywhere

Starred For Success

By
CATHERINE ROBERTS
FASHION EDITOR

■ Featured on the cover is one of the cutest girls in the movie business, Janet Blair, wearing one of the cutest spring suits you ever laid your eyes on. You remember Janet in *My Sister Eileen*, well wait until you see her in *Something To Shout About*. The suit she wore for the cover picture, designed especially for her, was so very smart that we went ahead and had it made for you! Of 100% virgin wool, sizes 12 to 20, in powder blue, oatmeal and raspberry pink.



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Natural-Born Hooper

By
**BILL
DAVIS**



Grace McDonald's dancing ambition met strong parental objection until brother Ray stepped in. Grace is in Universal's *It Ain't Hay*

Admirers of Grace McDonald have only one fault to find with her. All Gracie does, to hear them tell it, is yip about her wonderful brother Ray. And at the most ungodly moments.

Grace McDonald is justified in prattling about her wonderful brother. Without this killer-diller of a kinsman, the odds are astronomic that this year of 1943 would not find her ornamenting the next Abbott and Costello film, *It Ain't Hay*.

It all goes back a dozen years or so to the time the McDonells (McDonald is strictly Hollywood) collided with their first major parental dilemma. The problem was what to do about Gracie who had just turned fourteen, was enrolled in high school, and was already beginning to brood about her life work.

Mrs. McDonnell's mind was just about made up: Grace would become a nun. Mr. McDonnell, circulation boss for a cinema trade publication, had an opinion of his own. Grace would become a lady doctor, a great surgeon. The thing was going hot and heavy when big brother Ray put in his two-cents' worth:

"If you ask me, Gracie's a natural-born hooper—but class!"

Mr. McDonnell shot a withering glance at his scion.

"That reminds me," he said darkly,

"What do you plan to do with your life, now that you have reached man's estate?"

"Me? I'm a natural-born hooper—just like Gracie!"

Well, the parents ran a poor last—as parents mostly do—and Gracie blossomed out, a mere matter of months after that classic family row, as the junior partner of a hoofing team called The McDonalds. At first, naturally, it was strictly the hunger time in vaudeville. But not for long. In a couple of years they were doing club dates. Nothing special, mind you. And mostly way down South where Gracie picked up a Scarlett O'Hara brogue that took fifty lessons from a voice coach to get rid of after she hit Hollywood.

Gracie was seventeen when they did their first stint in a small night club. Nobody tossed any bouquets at them. Variety didn't give them a half page. Agents forged no path to their door. In short, they danced three times nightly and nobody except a few innocent tourists were any the wiser.

A couple of months of this and it started to get old. It even reached the point where Gracie began wondering aloud if maybe they hadn't made a mistake.

"We can't miss," Ray would tell his sister. "You keep standing out front looking pretty, and I'll take care of the tap-

ping. Somebody's bound to see us."

When they ran out of engagements, they were really in the soup.

Through a lucky break, they ran into a friend, Johnny Mattison, who owned a little dance studio on West 45th Street. The three of them hit it off good, so that from then on whenever the McDonalds were out of folding money they were welcome to use the rehearsal hall. One day they ran into a breezy, gabby fellow who did a fair time-step but had his heart set on becoming an actor, a fellow with the unwieldy handle of Dan Dailey, Jr.

In time the foursome became inseparable pals, discussed their squashed dreams over coffee, and planned their future. It was Ray who came up one day with a brilliant idea.

Gracie and Ray would meet a casting agent, a director or producer—and they would promptly bend his ear with the praises of Dan Dailey, Jr. Junior and Johnny would go to town with a build-up for Gracie and Ray. The cardinal rule was never to plug yourself individually.

The plan bore swift fruit. Johnny Mattison heard someone say that Dwight Deere Wiman was about to cast a show called *Babes in Arms*. Johnny, no mean hooper himself, called around to see Mr. Wiman and talked him all but numb about Gracie and Ray. Wiman gave them an audition and signed them. The ink wasn't dry on their contracts before Gracie and Ray grabbed Wiman by the arms and began to beat the drums for Dailey. Hopelessly outflanked, Wiman succumbed and signed up Junior.

After *Babes in Arms* folded, the hoofers tobogganed right back to where they started. It was Junior who got the first break in the movies. Before he began his first picture however, he started haunting the office of Metro's talent scout and doing a non-stop on his chum, Ray McDonald, "a guy with a definite future."

A month later, Ray was in Hollywood. He hadn't unpacked his suitcase before he went into the old routine about "a girl who can outdance Ginger Rogers, even if she is my sister." Naturally the publicity got around, and naturally somebody believed it. Paramount took a flyer, signed Gracie to play the lead in *Dancing on a Dime*.

She did a good job in *Dancing on a Dime*. While Paramount was trying to decide whether or not to keep her, Universal made the proper overtures, signed her and immediately handed her a singing-dancing role in a musical called *What's Cookin'?"* The minute she reported on the set, someone told her that the director wanted to see her right away. A little scared, she hurried over. The director took one look at her frightened little puss and burst out laughing. It was Johnny Mattison.

A minion of Universal for less than a year, and with eight pictures to her credit, Gracie is the darling not only of the front office which is concerned only with Gracie's box-office appeal, but with the studio publicity department which is concerned, more often than not, with making a little sweater girl a thing of interest to the general public.

With Gracie it is no trick at all. ■

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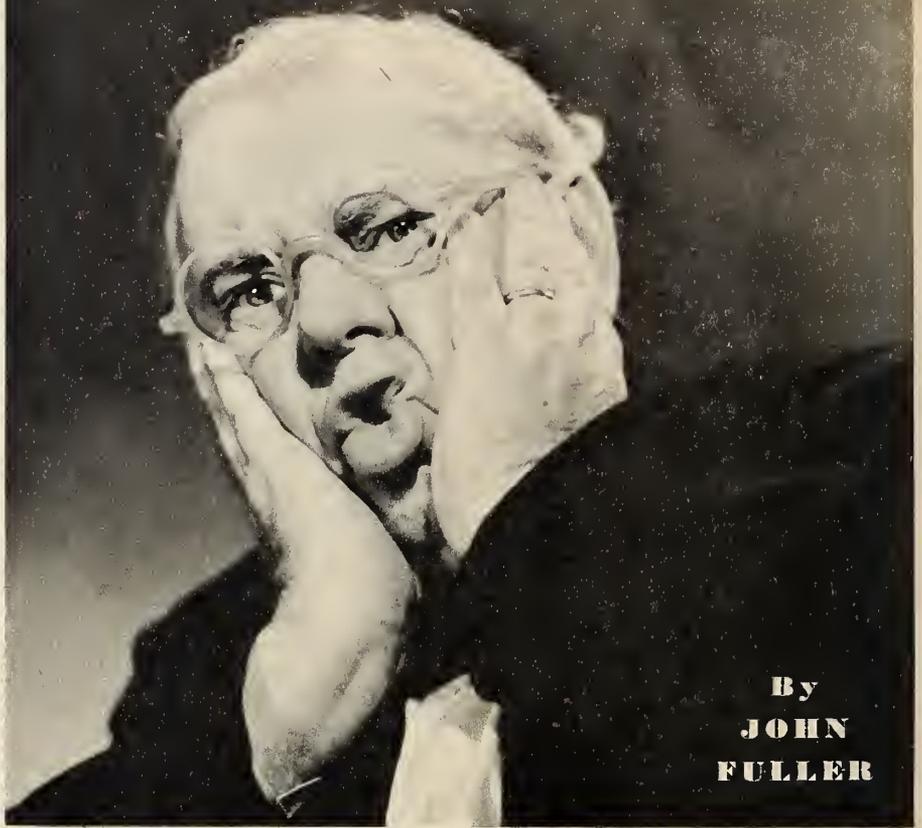
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REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR

Actor by Insult



By
JOHN FULLER

S. Z. Sakall had to be insulted before he decided to quit directing and embark on an acting career. The comedian is appearing in Metro's *The Human Comedy*

■ Rehearsal or not, the ingenue was hamming it something terrible. So terrible that she was driving the director batty.

"No! No! No!" he finally yelled, jumping up from his seat in the front row. "You are supposed to be *Juliet*—not *Sadie Thompson*!"

The ingenue put her hands on her hips and leaned over the footlights. "Supposing you show me how, *Herr Direktor*," she invited, icily.

Silence for a moment.

"If only to preserve my sanity, I accept your challenge," the voice retorted from the darkened house. A patter of feet up the stairs leading to the stage, and a pudgy, puffing, roly-poly man with apple-cheeks waddled up to the leading man in shocking-pink hose and yellow doublet, clasped his fat hands, and beseeched him:

"O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?"

Faint titters from up-stage.

"Oh, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love . . ."

Raucous laughter and guffaws all over the theater.

The little ingenue snickered, "You're a natural-born actor, *Herr Direktor*, a great comedian. As a director you are wasting your time. Why don't you quit directing and devote your energies to acting?"

For a second the pudgy, roly-poly, apple-cheeked man just stood there glaring. But all of a sudden he broke out in a smile, then a chuckle, and finally a roar.

"My dear," he said, very kindly. "I believe you're right. I am wasting my time." He turned on his heel, waddled down the stairs, picked up his cane, and marched down the center aisle and out of the theater whistling some air by Johann Strauss.

Exit a director and enter a natural-born actor, a great comedian, one Szoke Szakall, known to Hollywood by the more pronounceable handle of S. Z. Sakall.

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Surprisingly enough he was recognized as a great comedian just about on sight, so that within a year he was snagging 3,000 pengos a week and almost as many fan letters, Hungarian women being partial to pudgy, roly-poly, apple-cheeked actors. He had become quite the bulwark of the Hungarian stage when a friend of his, about to produce a musical in Vienna, came back stage and offered him the comic lead.

Sakall shook his head.

"A question of salary?" the producer wanted to know.

"Not exactly. It's a question of language: I don't know three words in German."

"That shouldn't stop you," the producer insisted. "You could learn the role by ear."

"And not know what I'm saying?" Sakall protested.

"You'd be funny merely reciting the multiplication table in Portuguese," his friend assured him.

So he went to Vienna, played the part, and was showered with "Bravo's" by the critics who spoke of his "flare for inflection." A scout for a German movie company lost no time in signing him up. In time, he learned the language, and became one of the top-ranking comedians in Europe. When Joe Pasternak came to Vienna, he took an immediate fancy to him, and invited him to come to America and make pictures for Universal.

"I don't know three words in English," Sakall protested, in good old Hungarian which Pasternak understands.

"That shouldn't stop you," Pasternak insisted. "You could learn your part by ear."

Which is precisely how he learned his first American role, that of the confused producer in the Durbin picture, *It's a Date*.

The S. Z. Sakall whom you will see doing his old stand-by, a humorous waiter, in *Casablanca*, is not the same S. Z. Sakall who came to these shores in 1939 and took an awful beating mastering his medium, Hollywood style. For three pictures he didn't know what he was saying, but he learned fast. Directors nowadays find only one fault with him: his heretofore thick accent is wearing thin. Actually, he speaks English without any accent. For the screen he assumes one, typecasting being what it is in Hollywood.

Not that he minds typecasting. Perish the thought that he hankers to play New England farmers, or British lords or deep-South cavaliers. Just so long as people find him funny and laugh at his perpetual consternation and eternal bewilderment, he will find life not only profitable, but exciting.

A player who forgets scripts and studios the minute he gets home, he spends his leisure painting. A musician, he plays the drum and the trumpet. A sporting gentleman, he cuts a svelte figure-8 on ice.

He has one unrequited ambition: he'd like to meet that little ingenue who suggested he devote his time to acting, instead of directing. So he could give the lady her comeuppance? No, not S. Z. Sakall. His heart is filled with gratitude toward her.

"After all, I have her to thank for my career—she started me on it," he added. ■

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War Romance—1918 Style

By
DON
WOOD



Fay Bainter knows what love in wartime means, for she met and fell in love with her husband, Lt. Reginald Venable during the last war. She's in Metro's *Salute to the Marines*

■ Today, thousands of girls throughout the country are going through the glorious, yet terrifying experience of a wartime romance. So many bewildering problems arise to plague and frighten war sweethearts; but on the other hand, there is an electric excitement and pride to such courtships that make peacetime romances dull by comparison.

Fay Bainter knows all this. Twenty-four years ago, Fay and Reginald Venable, her husband, were participants in the outstanding romance of the first World War. Fay was one of the leading actresses of the Broadway stage and a great belle. Reginald Venable, one of a long line of Venable's in the U. S. Navy, was a dashing young naval officer who had won promotions rapidly after his graduation from Annapolis. Their romance which flourished in the tempestuous background of that war has much in common with the romances of today's conflict.

It began one evening in March, 1918. Fay was at home shampooing her hair when a good friend, Lester Donahue, called her to tell her he was coming up with a friend who was a naval officer. Fay, with the soap still on her hair, wailed that she couldn't see anyone that evening and why couldn't he bring his friend some other night?

"He's just returned from foreign duty,"

said Donahue, "and he may not be here another night." So Fay agreed.

She fixed her hair as best she could, put on a slick blue dressing gown and waited for them. She wasn't prepared for the tall, smiling young man in his natty navies who was Lieutenant Commander Venable. And he apparently wasn't expecting anything as nice as Fay. He looked at her thoughtfully then turned to his friend and said, "You told me she was good-looking. I don't agree with you." Fay gasped. "No," he continued. "I think she's beautiful." Fay's heart leaped.

It turned out that Reginald, an admiral's aide and liaison officer, was stationed in New York for several months and he and Fay saw each other constantly from that time on. They had wonderful times.

Then came his orders to go overseas. By this time Fay and he knew they were in love and the problem which badgers young couples today loomed before them: shall we marry now?

It wasn't easy to know what to do, but Fay's mother decided for them. She asked them to wait until after the war, and they agreed.

"Being a girl in love, I didn't want to wait," says Fay, "but we decided to bow to Mother's wishes. Would I do it again? The truthful answer is I still don't know. If

my 19-year-old son were to come to me tomorrow and ask me to advise him what to do, I'd tell him he would have to work it out for himself.

"In many ways, I'm glad we didn't marry until after the war. Reggie had a job to do and dangers to face. He was in a destroyer right off Brest, and it was better that he didn't have me on his mind to add to his worries and responsibilities. That applies to all men in war. Then again, being married to a man who is away in the service is very confining for a girl. Some girls whose husbands or fiancés are away wonder whether they should go out. I don't believe that it's good for a girl to sit home night after night while her man is away. If she does, she is likely to lose her sparkle and be dull when he returns. The girl who is left behind can't let herself become an old dud. People and fun and activities are important to maintain the personality that attracted him in the first place.

"But convention makes it difficult for a girl who is married to get around without being talked about. When Reggie went overseas, I went out with friends and had many escorts. If I had sat at home, Reggie on his return might not have found me the same girl he fell in love with. To avoid gossip and complications I didn't go about with one particular man, but with many. That eliminated the possibility of encouraging one man in the idea that he might be my beau. I still think it's as good a plan to follow in 1943 as it was in 1918.

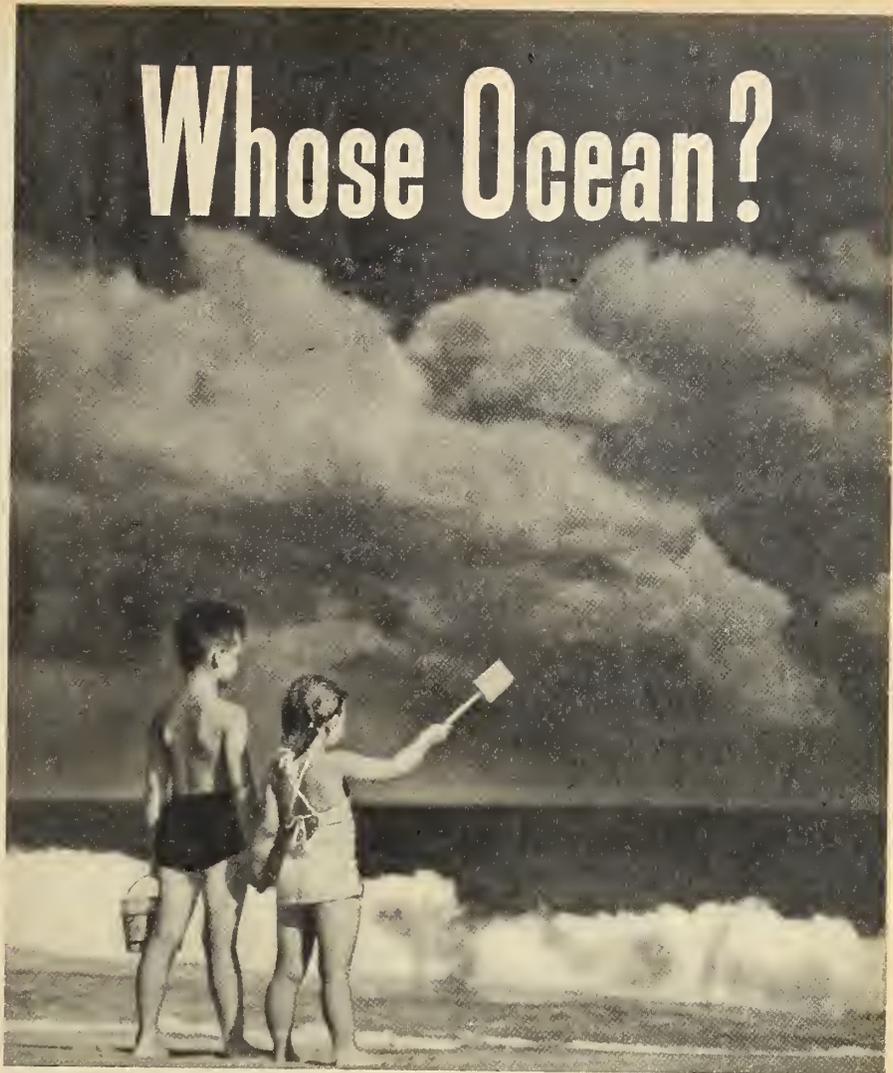
"Somehow, we didn't have that grim anxiety then that we have today. There wasn't that panicky feeling that we were facing a horrible doom and were on the brink of destruction. There was gaiety, parades and parties, and we had speeches and much hoopla. But today's young people know that this is indeed a war of survival and it is much broader and more dangerous in aspect. When my young man left for battle in the first war, I didn't have that gnawing fear. It wasn't just I, it was the general spirit then which was lighter and more optimistic. I *knew*—I can't tell you why, but I did—that he'd return home. Perhaps that's why we felt that marriage could wait until the war was over and we could be together. But there is a greater tension and anxiety today; and sweethearts of this war feel that they'd rather grab whatever brief opportunity they have for happiness while they can, for they don't know when they'll be together again."

Venable's post-war duties kept him on the East Coast and the romance continued with all the ardor and excitement of a screen play. Venable was a dashing young man who proved his love for Fay in a crazy, impetuous way. There was the time, for instance, when he sailed his boat from his base at Newport to New York in record speed just to keep a date with her. The incident created a romantic stir at the time. When the Secretary of the Navy heard about it he chuckled and said, "Thank Heaven, romance isn't dead in the Navy."

Soon after, Venable was ordered to the West Coast with the *Arizona*, which was sunk at Pearl Harbor on that disastrous

[Continued on page 63]

Whose Ocean?



On all the coasts of Europe today there's scarcely a square foot of sand where free children can play in peace.

On every sea of the Seven Seas ships and men are being sent to the bottom by torpedo and gunfire.

In a dozen conquered countries people are starving. American soldiers—*our* soldiers—American women and children—*our own people*, are in concentration camps taking orders from the brutal Japs.

Better drop those rose-colored glasses and look at the facts!

A desperate struggle is ahead of us. We must outmatch our enemies, plane for plane, ship for ship, and gun for gun, otherwise our own country will take its place on the long list of defeated nations.

Our choice is a simple one. *Fight*—or help those who *are* fighting. *Man a gun or pay for that gun. Drop a bomb or pay for the bomb.* With War Bonds. With every single nickel, dime or dollar we can.

Join the Pay Roll Savings Plan, whoever you are, wherever you work. Let your

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- You can have enough money to do a lot of things you'd like to do, and to buy the many things you'll need after the war is over, if you save enough in War Bonds every pay day NOW!
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Thoid Avenoo Riot

By
JOHN FRANCHEY

With a face as picturesque as a meat-grinder and an accent strictly from Thoid Avenoo, William Bendix has created a one-man riot on the screen. He appears in the Paramount film, *China*

■ It is the fond hope of William Bendix that, wherever they are, "Mushky," "One-Eye" and "Dan the Sheik" have forgiven him for letting them down. He was supposed to become a great baseball player and look what happened—he turned out to be a movie actor.

"Mushky," "One-Eye," "Dan the Sheik" and the rest of the Thoid Avenoo Tigers, the best amateur nine in Manhattan, have every reason to feel plenty disgusted with him, he admits. Didn't they throw a stag party for him the day he got the job as bat boy for the Giants? Later, didn't the gang buy him the snazziest going-away suitcase you ever saw—with all their names autographed with a branding iron—when he left for Texas as a rookie to join the Giants in spring training? And didn't they all send him telegrams the day the season opened wishing him a minimum of three homers, despite which he shamefully haunted the dug-out, didn't get to bat even once, and was dropped a few weeks later like a hot potato?

All these things and more the gang did, and he wants them to know that he's grateful. But a guy has to eat and if he had stuck to baseball, he'd be strictly from

hunger instead of earning \$750 a week, thanks to having almost swiped *Wake Island* from the larceny-proof Brian Donlevy, and stalking through *The Glass Key* with a brute charm that kept Alan Ladd on his toes in order to keep from being overwhelmed.

Others beside the Thoid Avenoo gang have felt keen pangs of disillusion thanks to him. Bendix pere, an accomplished musician, who married and settled down on New York's East Side after helping win the Spanish-American War, hoped to see his offspring become a figure of the concert stage—preferably via the fiddle.

Young William, according to Professor Hermann Schultz, his mentor, was not only the worst fiddle player in New York, but a saboteur to boot. He would waylay more serious students, violin cases under their arms, and lure them to the sandlots to fill in at centerfield or shortstop.

At twelve he quit grooming himself as a threat to Kreisler, spent a couple of reluctant years at Townsend Harris Preparatory School, and then kissed formal education good-bye.

After toying with the idea of giving Wall Street the trimming of its life, he decided

to settle for a job with a wholesale grocery firm, married his childhood sweetheart, settled down in Orange, New Jersey, and sired a daughter, Lorraine.

Things were rocking along nicely, when the depression hit the grocery business, and he was out of a job. Casting about for such work as his desultory schooling had qualified him, he discovered that acting was just about the only thing open. So he hustled over to the office of the New Jersey Federal Theater Project, and sketched an imaginary theatrical background covering a dozen years. To his astonishment he was accepted. To his further amazement, he discovered that he could act.

He did two years with the project before he decided to cross the river and investigate Broadway.

His Thoid Avenoo accent and personality intrigued the first producer he looked up, but the producer's play intrigued nobody. It was a miserable flop. He had been party to six successive flops when he approached William Saroyan, the mad Armenian playwright, then engaged in casting his play, *Time of Your Life*. Saroyan took one look at the rugged, battered face and the huge pair of shoulders, got a load of that Thoid Avenoo accent and yelled for someone to bring him a contract form. Which is how Bendix landed on Broadway in a smash play, as *Krupp*, the philosophic and talkative cop.

He was so good that Metro promptly signed him to play the tavern-keeper in the Hepburn-Tracy epic, *Woman of the Year*.

His first movie experience almost threw him for a loss.

"Here I am a mere amachoor, and the director takes it for granted that a guy with a weather-beaten puss like mine must have been around Hollywood for quite a while. He doesn't so much as give me a pointer. And I'm panic-stricken. In fact, I don't find out where the camera is until I've finished playing my first scene."

At that, he did a honey of a job. Hal Roach let him cavort as a whimsical character in *The Brooklyn Orchid*. He was doing turns for Roach when John Farrow, assigned to direct *Wake Island*, began casting about for the right man to play Aloysius "Smacksie" Randall from Brooklyn. An inspired underling shoved a picture of Bendix under his nose.

"Well, if it isn't old *Smacksie*, nose and all!" Mr. Farrow exclaimed.

Wake Island was a pleasure. Always a hand for guns, Bendix enjoyed spraying the desert set, which was supposed to be a replica of Wake Island, with machine gun bullets. He tells about his experience as a gunner with fiendish relish.

"There I am letting go with a gun that tosses out 750 bullets a minute, and every third bullet a tracer, and the real marines looking on, sad as hunting dogs in off-season.

"Them actors,' one of the real marines who appeared in the picture, was beefing one day, 'get all the breaks. Do we get to fire guns with real live bullets in them? No! A helluva picture this is.'"

Bendix sighs. "Mushky and the boys should-a got a load of me behind those steel-spitters. Maybe they'd have forgotten all about how I let 'em down as a baseball player." ■

"I'm the mechanic with the soft, white hands!"



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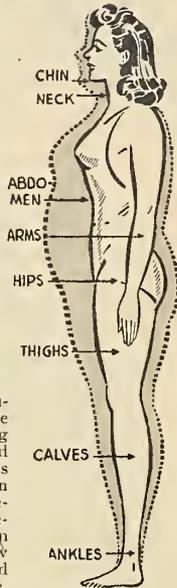
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Clues on Clothes

BY CATHERINE ROBERTS

OTHER FASHIONS ON PAGE 41



Pale pastel for winter wear accented with silvery buttons and belt trim. The trapunto quilting at shoulders and pockets is very smart. About \$12

Margaret Hayes, featured player of *They Got Me Covered* wears this Tish-U-Knit sweater as an evening ensemble. About \$4 at all leading stores



Snow white iceland wool scarf that is dramatized with sparkling sequins does wonders for dressing up a little black suit. Echo scarf, about \$4



The crush resistant Eastman acetate rayon yarn of this twill jumper remains crisp and perfect under hard wear. At D. H. Holmes, New Orleans, \$9



Jungle Oomph



A glamorous addition to the *Tarzan* series is lovely Frances Gifford, as a jungle queen in R-K-O's *Tarzan Triumphs*. Her many outdoor roles have taught her how to rough it



BUT—these charms may be wasted if she uses the **WRONG DEODORANT**



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The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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LIGHT BROWN to BLACK

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 Seal-Cote Co., Hollywood, Calif.

Toast of Texas



By
**KATE
 HOLLIDAY**



Louise Allbritton is not only the darling of her home state, but is hailed the most likeable girl on the Universal lot. Left: A scene from *Pittsburgh*

■ Louise Allbritton turned a corner of the Universal commissary and ran smack into the stocky figure of Lou Costello's brother. Completely dead-pan, he sank to his knees on the ground and began salaaming.

Not everyone on the Universal lot will go to such lengths, but they all feel the same about Allbritton. She's the swellest thing that's hit the town in years.

If the studio workers like someone, you can usually depend on her being a regular girl. Allbritton is. She's not only the delight of the men behind the cameras, but of the bosses. For the girl can act. Wait until you see her in the new Marlene Dietrich picture, *Pittsburgh*.

Allbritton's a part of the new Hollywood. She prepared for her career. Regardless of the fact that she's beautiful, ability got her into the movies, and

ability will keep her there. She comes from Texas. Wichita Falls, to be exact. (And you know how terrific they grow 'em in Texas!) Her father is the owner of all the transportation in the town, and also vice president of a trans-continental motor coach outfit. So Louise has always had pretty much what she wanted in the way of money, and a Hollywood salary is not going to change her in the slightest.

She got the acting germ when she was a freshman in high school. At that point, her mother (who was from Missouri) decided that something should be done about her daughter's Texas drawl and prescribed a public speaking class. The professor of this department also coached the school plays, and slapped her into a wisecracking, sophisticated part he had handy, muttering, "You have a future, my child!"

That began it. From then on, Louise

trod the boards until they screamed for mercy. She finished high school, went to the University of Oklahoma for two years, and spent most of her time there painting props and shifting scenery. Then she came out to California and joined the Pasadena Playhouse.

She was at Pasadena for four years, playing everything from the ancient grandmother to the heroine's little sister. Her last years were spent doing a series of plays that director Gilmore Brown produced just for her—*The Little Foxes*, *Dinner at Eight*, *The Merchant of Venice*. After that, she felt she was ready to accept a contract in Hollywood. The scouts had been out before, but Allbritton wouldn't sign.

From all this, Louise may sound like a pretty calculating gal. And, if getting what you want in the best possible way is calculating, then she is. But, going into a tough racket with all the experience and education you can secure shows plenty of intelligence.

She has more poise than most of the young players in Hollywood. Nothing can faze her. For she knows now that she has done what she could to make her chance a successful one, and she is going about it in a purely business-like way. For Allbritton, there will be none of the adjustment which so many youngsters go through before they eventually reach stardom.

Off the screen, she's wacky—and totally delightful. For, while she may have restraint about her acting and the business end of her work, she's one of the "all or nothing" girls off-screen. When she buys clothes, she goes mad. When she loses her temper, it is with such force that bystanders are shocked silent.

Her temper is the blight of her life. It's one of the explosive kind—whoom, and five minutes later all is sweetness and light. She lost it just once on the set.

"It was the first time I blew a line out here," she explained. "We had changed a scene so much that, while I knew the speeches, I didn't know their sequence. And we had only run over the final draft once.

"When I blew, the dialogue director said, 'I told them they didn't know the scene!' and I let him have it. It was all over in a minute, you know, but ghastly while it lasted. I said I was sorry immediately, and the people around began to breathe again. But, we both apologized profusely for the next five days! I don't know which of us was more embarrassed!"

She's human, but she's also pretty amazing. She can read a script three times and memorize not only her lines but all of the others. Once, at Pasadena, she leapt into the lead of a production of *Kiss the Boys Goodbye* with exactly two rehearsals. The girl playing the part fell ill the day before the opening, and Louise took over. That's trouping.

She can ride a horse like a Valkyrie, swim like a mermaid, and photographs, as someone at Universal put it—"like 'class!'"

No wonder the boys there are salaaming. You will be, too, after seeing *Pittsburgh*. ■

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Noxzema is so effective because it's not just a cosmetic cream. It's a medicated formula that not only soothes the burning, stinging soreness—but aids in healing the tiny skin cuts—helps soften the dry, rough skin and helps restore normal, soft, white loveliness.

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CHI-CHES-TERS PILLS
For "periodic functional distress"



One of the most wicked women on the screen, Marian Martin is a quiet, home-loving girl in real life. She lives at home with her family and always lends a hand with the household chores. Below: Marian helps her brother with his piano lessons. She's in *They Got Me Covered*



Blond Menace

By HELEN WELLER

right as long as she gets a high ante for such snakey chores on the screen, but the trouble is, it often interferes with her private life.

Like the time she dropped in at a friend's house one evening and found a party in progress. Her hostess prevailed upon her to stay. Marian walked over to the buffet table, and was chatting with a meek little man who was standing there. They had no more than exchanged conversation about the weather, when an irate woman stalked over to them, fuming with rage. "Aha," she screamed at Marian, "so you're up to your screen tricks again. You leave my husband alone!" And with that she slapped Marian's face and led the little man away.

Another time, Marian was walking into a church, when a fresh young bystander recognized her as Hollywood's blonde siren. "What is this," he inquired as she started to walk into the chapel, "a gag?"

That's what happens when you're not

■ No doubt it will come as a great surprise to learn that Marian Martin, the home wrecker, husband stealer, bumps tosser and the screen's tough, blonde broad supreme, is really a nice girl.

Everywhere she goes, Marian has to live down her screen reputation. With her spectacular platinum blonde hair (unperoxided) and her plushy curves (unpadded), she is doomed to be the "other woman." As soon as producers want a hot flame, Marian gets the job. This is all

only typed as a film menace, but when you look the part. Even in a cotton dirndl, Marian's theatrical beauty makes her look like a gal who knows all the answers. But her private life is so different from her professional mien, that it's incredible.

You might be a bit skeptical yourself if told that she's a well-bred girl from one of Philadelphia's Main Line families, that she seldom goes to night clubs, her friends are not in pictures but in society, that she spends most of her free time gardening, is a good cook, has never been married and lives with her mother and kid brother.

Marian started out in life as the daughter of a Bethlehem Steel Company executive and a member of one of Philadelphia's best families. She went to private schools and finished at the exclusive Bayonne School in Switzerland. The crash of 1929 shattered the family fortune and they moved to New York rather than face the city of old friends.

Marian was fifteen then, a tall, well-stacked girl with a shock of long, silvery blonde hair that people turned around to look at. She was walking along Broadway one afternoon when she saw a big crowd outside a stage door.

"What is it, an accident?" she asked.

"No, honey," said a skinny young man who stepped outside and shoved her in the door. "Earl Carroll called for chorus girls and I can see you're hired."

"But my mother won't permit me to go on the stage," said Marian weakly.

The stage manager hooted. "Don't kid us with that mama gag. You've been on the stage before. You look like a professional showgirl if ever I saw one."

When she protested further, Earl Carroll thought she was playing hard-to-get and upped her salary to \$100, twice as much as that of any of the other girls.

"I told the family about it that night. First they gasped. Their daughter a showgirl! Never! Then they looked at our shrinking finances and consented. But Mother wouldn't let me out of her sight. She went with me to the theater and always waited in the dressing room. On the stage I looked hard-boiled, as though I'd been around plenty, and men would send me orchids, and magnums of champagne. I would give my spoils to the other girls, and Mother would march me straight home to bed."

Marian soon became the most famous showgirl on Broadway, and the top musical producers—Carroll, Ziegfeld and George White—battled each other for her services. Ziegfeld called her the most beautiful girl in the world and announced that she was going to be star of his next production. Marian hadn't signed with him, so Ziegfeld sent her a wire: "One of us is going to be a fool and it isn't going to be me. Your job is waiting." She capitulated, but Ziegfeld had to pay her \$500 a week for walking out on the stage in a feather and some beads. Customers thought she was the hottest thing alive, never dreaming that Mama was waiting backstage to see that show business didn't spoil her. A Broadway night club, in danger of folding, paid Marian an additional \$500 to appear for three minutes at midnight; and business boomed. Every man in New York wanted to date her, but

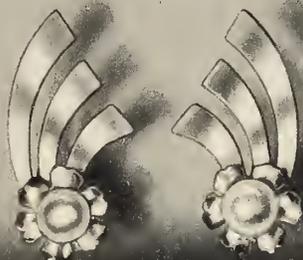
[Continued on page 56]

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Blond Menace

[Continued from page 55]

Marian lived as demurely as a girl at the "Y."

She saved her money and came to Hollywood five years ago. She didn't try to get into pictures, for Broadway was good to her. She wanted only to rubberneck. One night she walked into the Trocadero with some friends and everyone turned to look at her. Marian turned around to see the attraction, when a friend hissed, "Dopey, they're looking at you." Marian in a skin-tight black gown was something to look at twice! She sat at a table and didn't dance once. This further intrigued the customers and the club buzzed about the mysterious blonde with the sensational face and figure.

The next morning she received calls from practically every producer and agent in town who had either seen or heard about her visit to the Troc. She was pressed into action by Universal who gave her a test that is reported to have set fire to the celluloid. From that time on, Marian's hips haven't had a rest. She flings them seductively in one picture after another, and has played every type of predatory female. One fan wrote her, "It must get awfully monotonous stealing every woman's husband." Marian admits that it does. She knows that there is gold in them thar roles, but just once she'd like to play a good girl.

Being the diametrical opposite of the parts she plays should set her up as Hollywood's hardest working actress. It really is acting when Marian talks out of the side of her mouth and struts about brazenly for benefit of camera and movie patrons. She seldom appears at Hollywood night spots, partly out of a genuine disinterest in them, and also because her boy friend doesn't care for them either. He is a former war correspondent now occupying a berth in Washington, and she primly refuses to reveal his name. In her latest picture, *They Got Me Covered*, she's a bawdy burlesque strip-teaser who marries Bob Hope after a two-hour acquaintance. In real life, however, she's been going with the same boy for four years because she wants to be sure it's the real thing and will last.

This should convince even the most skeptical that Marian Martin of the films and Miss Martin of the Philadelphia Martins are blondes of a different color! ■

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**Photo
Story**

Can the Rooney Marriage Survive?

[Continued from page 23]

began to miss his mom's chili con carne. What was more important, he missed his mother's way of acting as though everything he did was right. The new Mrs. Rooney seemed to be under no such illusion.

The arguments in the Rooney household increased—and there was no one to guide the two kids. Ava admitted to columnists that she was arguing with Mickey, but said it wasn't serious. After a while she left town to visit her family in North Carolina. The columnists began to hint at a rift. Mickey's studio denied it. Ava just wanted to see her mother, they protested, and Mickey had not been able to get away from his studio work in time to accompany her.

Ava came back to Hollywood, and the dove of peace was supposed to hover over the household. Actually, it flew away very quickly. One night after a bitter argument with Ava, Mickey left their home. Shortly afterwards, Ava consulted her attorney.

But their friends felt that the two youngsters had been too hasty. How could they tell for sure in eight short months that they couldn't be happy together? They urged Mickey and Ava to try to settle their differences without resorting to the divorce courts.

At first Ava thought that a reconciliation was out of the question. But when she and Mickey met, she knew that no matter what had happened she still loved him. And Mickey had never stopped loving her. Where true love exists between two people, differences can be ironed out.

Ava found that Mickey regretted every unhappy moment he had ever caused her. He was willing to do everything he could to make her happy if she would only give their marriage another chance. So Ava and Mickey reconciled.

Because they are both so young, it is impossible to predict whether or not this reconciliation will last. Mickey and Ava married before they were ready for marriage. If their separation has taught them that marriage means compromise, sacrifice and giving in to the other person, they may still find true happiness together. ■

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By BETTY CROCKER

Wartime Winners

From Virginia's collection of ideas for snacks and hors d'oeuvres, here are some tasty delicacies with which to fill your pirate's ship.

CENTERPIECE

To make the centerpiece of the tray, cut off the crust all around a loaf of unsliced white bread, and over each side pour just enough melted butter to make it glisten. Sprinkle grated parsley all over the loaf. Set the Egg Diable atop the bread centerpiece, arrange the hors d'oeuvres with lemon slices artistically around the tray.

STUFFED EGG DIABLE

Remove shells from hard-boiled eggs, then cut in half the long way. Place yolks in separate bowl. Wash whites in cold water, then lay on dry napkin. Add to the yolks dry mustard, pimentos, Worcestershire sauce, soft butter, mayonnaise, salt and pepper to taste. Strain, and put paste, which should not be too soft, in a pastry bag and squeeze into egg whites. Decorate top with narrow green pepper slices and split anchovy filet.

STUFFED CELERY

Use Roquefort or blue cheese. Cream a bit of butter with the cheese, adding a few drops of lemon juice. Stuff celery and sprinkle with paprika.

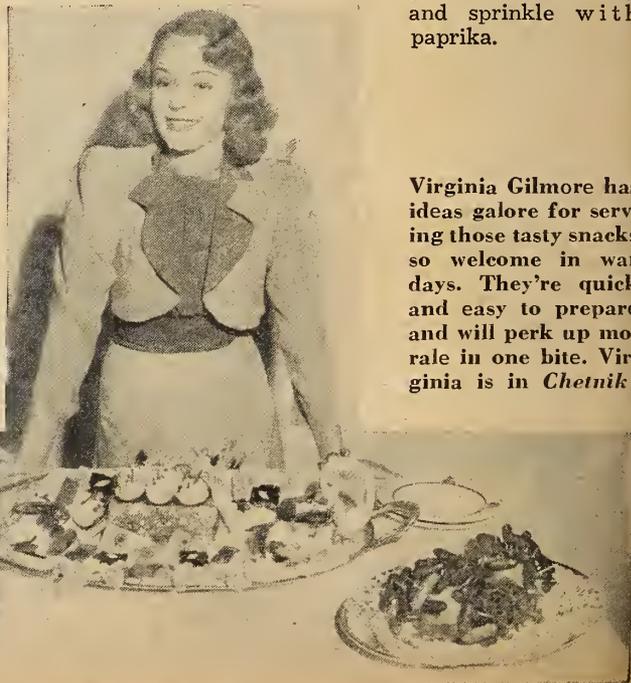
These war days, with nation-wide gas rationing in effect, most of us won't travel far. Any entertaining we do will be done at home—an evening of bridge or gin rummy—with only those friends who are near enough to walk it.

Or when your Red Cross Chapter, local Civilian Defense organization or War Relief group meet at your house, you won't have time to plan elaborate buffet suppers. You'll serve snacks that can be whipped up quickly and with a minimum of expense and effort. But you'll want them to be tasty and different to perk up spirits and put extra zest into the evening.

"Let's liven things up" is the suggestion of Virginia Gilmore, lovely Twentieth Century-Fox star. "It's not only practical, but will give morale a boost.

"Even if you just serve cheese and wafers, it's fun to make a minor production out of it and try attractive ways of serving your snacks," Virginia observed. "Here is a wartime winner that is tops. Add some hot grilled sausages or weiners and then stick them onto big red apples with toothpicks."

If you want to surprise your guests with something professional, try the pirate ship whose prows are shown in the photograph. That's done with a couple of napkins. You wet the napkins and wring them out. Lay two triangles of heavy waxed paper on the napkins and then fold the damp cloth into triangles. By simply rolling the outer edges of the triangles in toward the center, and then curving the ends as shown, you have the trick complete.



Virginia Gilmore has ideas galore for serving those tasty snacks so welcome in war days. They're quick and easy to prepare and will perk up morale in one bite. Virginia is in *Chetnik!*

MUSHROOM FILLING FOR OPEN SANDWICHES

Chop fresh or canned mushrooms very fine. Pan-fry them in butter, with a very little chopped green pepper and a hint of onion. Add just enough flour to take up the butter. When the mushrooms begin to brown, add a tablespoon or two of cream. Cool and use as a sandwich spread.

STAR SANDWICHES

Cut bread with star-shaped cutter. Spread lightly with softened butter and then with finely chopped radishes and minced chives, mixed with mayonnaise. Decorate points with finely minced parsley.

ASPARAGUS ROLLS

Cut bread 1/4 inch thick. Spread with softened butter and a thin coating of mayonnaise. Cut fresh cooked or canned asparagus into lengths to fit the slice of bread. Place one of these stalks of asparagus in middle of a slice, roll bread around it, and fasten with a toothpick. Decorate the two open ends with little sprigs of parsley. Keep under a dampened cloth. Remove toothpicks before serving.

WATERCRESS CORNUCOPIAS

Cut bread 1/4 inch thick. Spread with softened butter, then with mayonnaise and finely chopped watercress. Form a cornucopia by bringing together opposite diagonal corners of the bread, overlapping them, and fastening the edges together with softened butter. A toothpick will help hold them until they are set. Place a sprig of watercress in the opening of the cornucopia as decoration. These should be kept under a dampened cloth until time to serve.

PINWHEEL SANDWICHES

Remove crusts from bread. Cut slices lengthwise of the loaf, 1/4 inch thick. Spread these long slices with softened butter; then with any colorful sandwich spread such as tinted cream cheese, or boiled ham, pimiento and crisp bacon, ground and mixed with a little mayonnaise. Roll up the full length of the long slice like a jelly roll. Let the rolls stand, covered with a dampened cloth, for about an hour. Then slice into pinwheels about 1/4 inch thick.

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[Continued from page 27]



JUNE LANG

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many problems for Annabella. It is a large place and requires a competent domestic staff to keep it in running order. But she believes she can manage. She plans to close the upstairs, and do much of her own work. She knows how to do housework and enjoys it. She bogs down only when it comes to cleaning closets, for she discovers in them articles which lead to new tasks. For instance, a hat which must be done over. All other tasks she does swiftly and deftly, and her polished silver is mirror-clear.

"I can see the change in myself this past year," Annabella says. "Until now I wanted to make a picture for its own sake. I would have been deliriously happy if as good a role as I have in *Secret Mission* would have come my way. It would have been a satisfaction to my pride.

"Today, of course, I am delighted at the opportunity. But the reasons are different, because now it is necessary to work. It is essential that we women have something on which we can focus our attention. Work breeds courage and strength. We need both, so that we can meet whatever comes to us.

"Women have a difficult role in war—the role of waiting, of hoping, of praying—the role of uncertainty and fear. The urgent need to work can be their salvation.

"We measure things differently in these days. The entire pyramid of our lives is changed. At the top are only those who are creating and giving. Externals no longer have meaning. What we build inside ourselves, what spiritual quality we have been able to achieve, is the only true evaluation of our work or of our contributions.

"As a woman's approach to work is different, so is her approach to personal relationships different. We no longer look to things for happiness, but to people. Work puts us through the refining process.

"Then, too, work has assumed a new dignity. There will come a time very soon when the lazy woman, the woman who spends her days doing nothing of importance, will be held in contempt. These are times when all of us are re-aligning our ideas. We don't fool ourselves any more that a new dress, a bridge party, a trip is important. We know they're not. We can do without things and be happy."

Annabella believes that the new understanding of work and of its value as an emotional safety-valve makes women come closer to those who love them and to those they love.

Personal relationships have always been important to Annabella. Today more than ever. She will permit nothing to overshadow them.

"That's why I refused to sign a long-term contract," she explains. "I want to be with Ty as much as possible. I'll do every picture I can, providing the shooting schedule does not interfere with the little time we may have together. When it is no longer possible to be with him, I'll devote my time exclusively to work.

"But," Annabella grins, "as long as he is in the country, I'll be just part-time actress—and part-time camp-follower."

Big

Hit



Sydney Greenstreet renounced his stage past of comedy roles to become Hollywood's heaviest "heavy." His huge bulk lends the quality of menace to the villainous roles he portrays on the screen. He's seen in Warner Brothers' *Background to Danger*

By CHARLOTTE KAYE

It is downright disquieting to meet a gentleman like Sydney Greenstreet. You see him on the screen and get all excited because he is the very essence of the blood-chilling menace, breathing corruption and evil. Then you walk into his charming cottage in the Hollywood hills and find a genial soul with a twinkle in his eye and a chuckly sense of humor, who loves to putter about in his carpet slippers, shoots golf in the low eighties, and teases his crisp housekeeper, "Scotty," by crediting slightly naughty stories to her.

He isn't even as physically huge as he seems on the screen (remember how aware you were of his extraordinary size as the villainous *Gutman* in *The Maltese Falcon*), although his 280 pounds of solid flesh are not to be dismissed lightly, and when he walks across a room, the walls of fragile California houses do rattle under the impact.

His unglamorous bulk is a bit of a touchy subject with Mr. Greenstreet. He works, exercises and diets to keep his weight down, and for a man who likes his leisure and food, that's no fun. Like so many men who were unusually athletic in their youth, the flesh piled up when the years made such strenuous activity inadvisable.

Quite frankly, he admits to being 62. Quite possibly, too, he did not expect audiences to remember his name after his picture debut in *The Maltese Falcon*, but it was disconcerting to hear people refer to him (even with excited curiosity) only

as "that fat man!" Balm it must have been to his wounded feelings, therefore, when "that fat man" was nominated for the 1941 Academy Award for the best supporting role in his first appearance on the screen. He missed winning the coveted Oscar only by a whisker; Donald Crisp beat him with *How Green Was My Valley*.

"And don't you believe that old saw about everyone loving a fat man!" Mr. Greenstreet mourned. "They always end up making us the chaperons!"

Few actors ever came to Hollywood with the wealth of stage experience that "Tiny" (that's his nickname) Greenstreet has chalked up to his credit. He has been at this acting business since 1900, with most of those years spent trodding the American boards. Back of him are years of playing Shakespeare, stock, the classics and even musical comedy. That's why he is reveling now in the domesticity of his home in the hills. After living in theatrical trunks for almost half a century, it's pure heaven to have a front door to unlock, a garden to grow, and a teapot to put on the table at four in the afternoon.

Mr. Greenstreet was born the son of a tanner, in the seacoast town of Sandwich, Kent, England, on December 27, 1879, one of a family of five sons and three daughters. He chose to go to Ceylon as a tea planter when he was 18, instead of Cambridge as his father had planned. Two years of isolation on an Indian plantation was all he could stand and he returned to England to become an agent for a brewery. He [Continued on page 62]

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Big Hit

[Continued from page 61]

soon discovered selling was not his forte either. Having played in amateur theatrics at Harrow and Ramsgate, he decided upon acting as his life's career.

"Swell-headed young pup!" said the elder Greenstreet in disgust at the announcement. "The idea of thinking people would pay to watch you!" His mother, however, proved entirely sympathetic to the idea and advanced him the necessary funds to study with the Ben Greet School in London. In 1904 he came to America with the Ben Greet players. Here he married Dorothy Ogden, and has been here ever since.

It was not long before the young Englishman was a prime favorite with American theater-goers. He appeared in innumerable successes. Several seasons were spent touring the country with the Harry Davis stock company, and years were spent in musical comedy. Seven years ago he joined the Lunts and appeared with them in each of their outstanding productions. Picture offers were made, but "Tiny" hesitated to accept, feeling the right role had not appeared. Then came the role of *Gutman* in *The Maltese Falcon* and he knew it was the chance he had been waiting for.

"I was both excited and horribly embarrassed when I first saw myself on the screen," he said. "Suddenly I was overwhelmingly conscious of a thousand little mannerisms I didn't even know I had. It was a startling discovery."

In quick order, after *Falcon*, came the role of *General Scott* in *They Died With Their Boots On*, *Dr. Lorenz* in *Across the Pacific*, the head of the Black Market in *Casablanca*, and his latest, the heavy in *Background to Danger*. All of them are villainous roles, and that's "Tiny's" only complaint—he is afraid Hollywood is typing him for villains and nothing else.

"An actor can play anything he looks," Mr. Greenstreet said. "I daresay seventy-five per cent of the roles I played on the stage were comedy. What I want, really, is any role which has color, philosophy, and the humane quality which makes a character warm and believable. I haven't minded the villains so far; villains can be interesting people. But a musician, for example, who can play Beethoven wants to play something besides Beethoven once in a while."

What Sydney Greenstreet really wants most of all right now is to play Benjamin Franklin in a fascinating story of that period when the great American statesman, by virtue of his homespun simplicity and personal charm, was the darling of the French court.

Another thing "Tiny" wishes is that people would stop calling him "fat." He isn't. He's just "pleasingly plump." ■

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Day Dreamer Deluxe

[Continued from page 23]

Alfred Lunt and Lynne Fontanne were casting a new show, *There Shall Be No Night*. They say that fools rush in, etc. Elisabeth was that sort of fool, just a daffy, stage-struck kid from Brooklyn. It never occurred to her that only the most experienced dare try out for a Lunt-Fontanne show. A crowd of actors was waiting in the office when she got there, but bravely she faced the girl at the switchboard and said with dignity, "Please say that Elisabeth Fraser of Washington Irving High School is here." She was quickly laughed at and scurried out. While waiting for the elevator, she noticed a flight of stairs, and walked up. Soon she found herself in a half-darkened room with Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne.

Before she could beat a hasty retreat, Mr. Lunt spotted her and said, "Take off your hat." She took it off. "She's blond! She's young!" cried the actor, as though he had uncovered a great wonder. He asked her to read for him, and in her best Bette Davis manner Elisabeth acted out a scene from a school play. "Now," said Mr. Lunt, "do it again, without making so many faces."

When she was through, she looked at Mr. Lunt piteously, like a wounded pony who wanted to be put out of its misery. The great man looked her over carefully and then said, "I think you'll do. We need a Finnish girl. We'll try you out at rehearsals."

It happened like that. Without any stage experience whatsoever, and during her first job hunt, the blond kid from Brooklyn landed a part in a Lunt-Fontanne show. Yes, Mr. Ripley.

It wasn't long afterward that talent scouts, in due course, saw her in the play and made a mad scrimmage backstage to sign up the newcomer. Elisabeth became part and parcel of Warner Brothers and, as such, was shipped to Hollywood.

Here some of her spectacular luck deserted her. She used to flounce into the studio wearing old jeans and an oversized sweater that did absolutely nothing for her curves. When she came up for a part, directors would look at her and make a sour face at her limp hair, her burlap bag clothes and her crooked stocking seams.

"Trouble is," admits Elisabeth ruefully, "I was too earnest. I wanted to impress them as an actress, not as a glamour girl. Guess I overdid it."

Nothing happened during this period of her career except small roles in *The Man Who Came to Dinner* and *One Foot in Heaven*. But Elisabeth wasn't one to mark time by waiting. When she heard that Columbia studios were planning to film *The Commandos Strike at Dawn*, a story about a gentle Norwegian fishing village overrun by the Nazis, she marched up to the producer and buttonholed him for the role of the Norwegian bride. The result of this assault was a screen test, and the part.

She loved working in the picture because she used little make-up, and also there is a scene where she goes berserk and kills a Nazi. That was, for her, the

blood and action stuff. The company moved to the Vancouver Islands and Elisabeth thrived on its hardy surroundings. One lunch hour she was at the wheel of a speedboat when it suddenly got out of control and darted about in crazy circles. By no more than a hair she missed running down half a dozen fishermen, among them Director John Farrow, and then crashed into a dock. By some miracle she was unhurt but was carried out in a dead faint. When she finally opened her eyes timidly, the company congratulated her on her narrow escape.

"I certainly am lucky," she breathed. "Why, if I had run down Mr. Farrow there wouldn't have been any picture and then I'd have lost the part."

By this you may gather that acting is her great passion, but trailing it a hot second is ballet dancing. She became enamored of it when she smacked into the Ballet Russe company at the time they were making a short at Warners. She has mooned after them ever since, and has even acquired a Russian ballet dancer, George Zuritch, as her best beau. He looks gloomily at her efforts to twirl a toe, but when he tries to discourage her, a glazed and determined gleam comes into her eyes, as though she were recalling those Brooklyn neighbors who said she was crazy to try to become an actress.

"A day dreamer," recounts Elisabeth undaunted, "is always an optimist." She goes on dancing. Also acting, so the score is even. ■

War Romance—1918 Style

[Continued from page 47]

December 7th. Fay's family lived in California, so she went West, too, and it was there that they were married. They became popular members of the gay Navy group and travelled extensively abroad and through Canada and Mexico.

They're as much in love today as they were when they were married. You can tell by the way he looks at her that he considers Fay the most beautiful and fascinating woman in the world. She still calls him "my beau" and finds him the most colorful man she's ever known. "He's the only man I know who's improved with age," she says proudly. "I see some of my old beaux and they're old fuddy-duddies now. But Reggie is as vital as he was when I first met him."

They live in a large house in the dimmed out area of Santa Monica, facing the Pacific, and Venable is head of the Civilian Defense there. He is wrapped up in his duties, but he's hankering to be back in active wartime service.

"He may return to service any day now," Fay said slowly. "During the last war, although we were in love, it wasn't so difficult to be apart. But this time, if he goes, I'll feel it terribly. After twenty-one years together it's hard to be separated." ■

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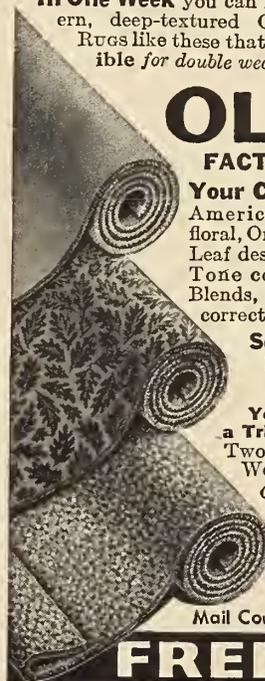
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Authentic Genius

What makes Martin Kosleck one of Hollywood's authentic geniuses is his amazing four-way talent—acting, painting, designing, dancing. He's in *Chetnik*

by JACK DALLAS

■ In Hollywood where everyone earning \$1,000 weekly or better describes himself as a genius, Martin Kosleck, who shudders at the mere mention of the word, is probably the single authentic genius there.

Hardly one of the seven arts eludes him. He paints well, dances brilliantly, designs and executes sets effectively, and writes (in three languages) skillfully enough to be included in a half a dozen anthologies. And his acting is so vivid that he was forced to go into hiding after etching so unforgettable a screen portrait of Joseph Goebbels in *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* that the Nazis bent every effort to discover his identity and whereabouts.

Acting was his ambition from the very first, but curiously enough, it was the movies that held out on him the longest. And, even more curiously, it was his talent for painting that eventually paved the way for his sortie into pictures.

In 1932, with the menace of Hitlerism spreading its dark shadow over his native Pomerania where his Russian-born father had been State Commissioner of Forests, Martin came to America, where he went directly to Hollywood to launch his picture career. He arrived in the film capital full of high hopes. Had he not, at the tender age of 17, appeared on the German stage with Dietrich? Had he not done Shakespeare with Elizabeth Bergner? And had he not trouped with Albert Basserman under the aegis of the then-titan of the European theater, Max Reinhardt?

It took him something like six months

to discover that his incredible background did him not a jot of good. Studio heads turned a deaf ear, agents quit trying to place him. His hopes momentarily dashed, he spent the next two years roaming up and down the California coast—mingling with the paisano fishermen, hobnobbing with Italian grape-growers, camping with Anglo-Saxon cowhands, and learning from all of them. He came back to Hollywood, tried the studios once more and was again rejected.

As an artistic outlet, he opened a small studio, began painting like a man possessed, and completed enough work of merit in six months to be honored with a one-man exhibit at the Los Angeles Museum.

The show was a sensation. Among its visitors was Gilmore Brown who was so impressed by the artist's sensitive interpretations that he looked him up and, without a word of inquiry about acting experience, offered him the difficult stage role of the priest in Dostoyevsky's *The Brothers Karamzov*. Martin turned in a magnificent performance.

Nothing came of his triumph. True, he did get a half dozen calls from studios but they were from their foreign departments offering him part-time work translating English dialogue into German. He hung around Hollywood until the German picture market vanished, and then, chagrined but still hopeful, he headed for New York and the stage.

Broadway was more hospitable than Hollywood. Martin landed a part in a play

starring Walter Huston and was showered with praise. By now something of a name, he was offered the role of Shakespeare's most immortal clown, *Launcelot Gobbo* in a modern-dress version of *The Merchant of Venice*. When the producer couldn't decide on a set designer he asked Kosleck for a suggestion, Kosleck recommended Kosleck. *The Merchant of Venice* was a colossal Kosleck field-day.

When the play closed, he was invited by one of the largest Manhattan galleries to hold a one-man exhibit of his paintings. The show attracted the notice of critics and collectors, one of whom was Director Anatole Litvak; another was Barbara O'Neill who had played with Kosleck in his first New York production. Barbara dragged Litvak over to meet the artist. Litvak at that time was scouting frantically about New York trying to find the right actors for his forthcoming production, *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*. He took one look at Kosleck and exclaimed, "Good Lord! This is Joseph Goebbels in the flesh! Does he act?"

This question was definitely answered on the day *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* was released. So horrifying was Kosleck's portrayal of the Reichminister of Propaganda, that the Nazis protested to the State department about the unknown actor who had impersonated the warped little lie-monger.

During the furore, Kosleck hid behind an alias. "I am a Russian and my name is Nicolai Yoshkin," he announced, and laid low until he managed to smuggle his mother out of Germany. Then he renounced Nicolai Yoshkin and became, once more, Martin Kosleck.

Confessions of a Nazi Spy made Martin Kosleck, but almost too well. He became typed as the personification of Nazi inhumanity and evil.

In *Underground*, he played the head of the Gestapo. In *Foreign Correspondent* he was a Nazi agent. In *International Lady* he portrayed a Nazi spy. After that he resigned himself to the inevitable.

Thirty-five, unmarried, of medium height, and slender, Hollywood's authentic genius leads one of the most active between-picture lives of anyone in the industry. His latest picture over, he packs himself and his painting paraphernalia off to the desert, the mountains, or the fishing coves for a session of outdoor sketching. When he's in town, he gets friends to pose for him.

An inveterate first-nighter, he is a fixture at concerts, symphonies, operas, and, above all, the ballet, for which he has a secret and frustrated passion. For a while, there was talk of producing a film based on the life of Nijinsky with Kosleck as the dancing star, but the project was finally shelved (temporarily, he hopes) when Nijinsky forbade the production of the film during his natural life.

An American citizen for five years, Martin is active in all the European refugee movements, and gives lavishly of his money and unstintingly of his time.

He doesn't even mind being typed as a professional Nazi. "Perhaps I can help teach the world to hate them," he says with quiet humor, "although I suspect the Nazis are doing a much better job of that than I ever could!" ■

Popping Questions at Bob Cummings

[Continued from page 40]

accompanist, and Rose said I was terrible and I'd never make the grade. Soon afterwards I got a job in the *Follies* with Fannie Brice, and I used the name Bryce Hutchens. Rose saw the show and told Fannie, "That's a swell juvenile you have in the show, I'd like to meet him." When he met me and recognized me as the fellow he had tossed out, he almost collapsed.

Q. What was your most harrowing experience?

A. On an instrument flight from El Paso to Midland I hit a line squall that was terrific. I was tossed around and flew on my back several times. It was the worst flight I've ever experienced, and I thought it would be my last.

Q. What bores you most?

A. Inactivity. I go crazy when I have nothing to do.

Q. What was the happiest period of your life?

A. This past year because I've been doing the pictures I like, and I've been turning my flying into service for the government.

Q. When was life gloomiest?

A. When I first came to Hollywood. I was shy and sensitive and didn't think I'd ever make good.

Q. Have you ever fictionized your past to get a break?

A. When haven't I! I don't think I ever told the truth when I was getting

started. I once pretended I was an English actor and produced phony pictures showing my name on the marquee of a London theater. It got me a job on Broadway. Later, in Hollywood, when I tried out for *So Red the Rose*, I said I was a cowboy from Texas and gave a Western name. That worked too.

Q. What is your sore spot?

A. Any criticism about my flying. I don't feel badly if my acting is hammered, but heaven help anyone who says anything against my flying.

Q. Have you ever been in awe of anyone?

A. Yes, Deanna Durbin when I first met her. She was queen of the lot, "Miss Durbin" to everyone and I was awed by her reputation and her reserved manner. I thought she was all movie star until I learned she had a certain brand of shyness. Eventually we became good friends.

Q. With what actor and actress do you most enjoy working?

A. With Sonja Henie because I like to watch her skate; with Jack Carson because he's a screwball and fun to work with.

Q. Have you a pet theory?

A. I have a belief that the salvation of the world is in flying and that the war will be won in the air. When I'm flying up there among the winds and clouds, things take their proper perspective. Wisdom comes from the air if we look for it.

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Kindly send the following Ring or Rings.
 LOVELIGHT LOVEBOND
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Liberty Belle

[Continued from page 24]

she replied, "but after all, we're not in this for fun."

She had planned to go from Boston to New York for a few days desperately needed rest. Instead, she flew to Chicago. There was a job for her to do.

Nobody today asks Dottie what she plans to do between pictures. Everyone knows. She'll be out peddling Liberty to her fellow-Americans. She'll be piling up records, like the one she recently set in Boston, when four thousand people filled a theater for *Wake Island* and subscribed sixteen and a half million dollars for the privilege of attendance.

Dottie takes superb care of her health these days, because she believes it would be unpatriotic to do otherwise. On a tour for the Treasury, you have to meet schedules and catch trains, as well as radiate the kind of vitality to inspire audiences.

So when she is on the road, she divides her life in two parts. For sixteen and eighteen hours of each day she is doing her big job. The moment she is through, it's bed for her. She doesn't waste one ounce of energy in personal, casual concerns.

On her stationery is the slogan—"Be a Fan of Uncle Sam—Buy Bonds."

Everything adds up to one sum—that Dottie's business today is Victory—and she's making that business pay for Uncle Sam.

No wonder she's Washington's darling, Hollywood's First Lady, and the whole country's favorite Liberty Belle! ■



It's Brian Aherne to the defense of the fair lady in a scene from Columbia's comedy-mystery, *A Night to Remember*. He co-stars with Loretta Young



Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed barmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c and \$1.65 (5 times as much) at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Get BROWNATONE today.

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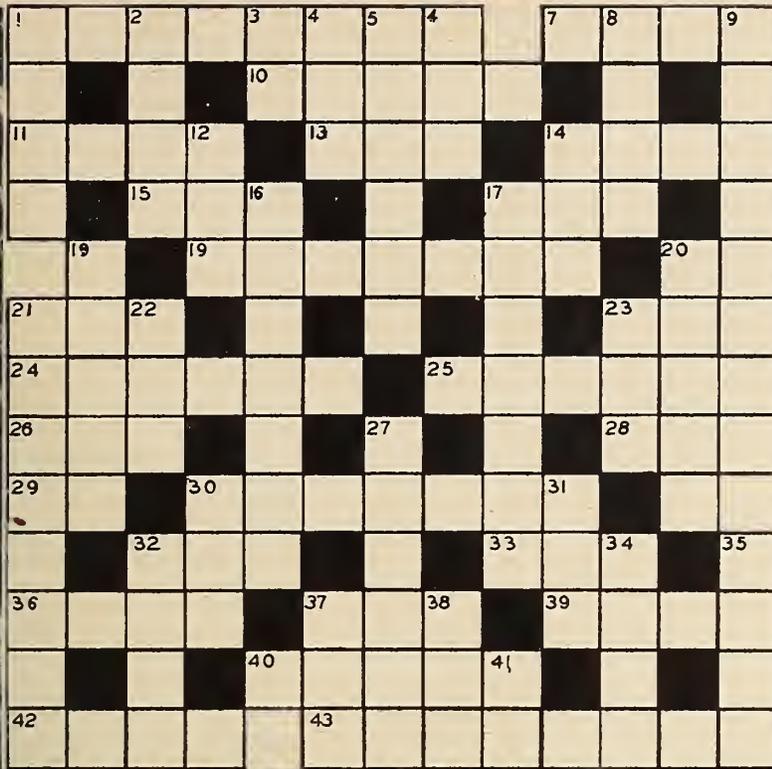
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MOVIE CROSSWORD

NEW
AFFAIR
The
ROAD
OLLYW
P
ANT
SING
Capitan
S
UR



ACROSS

1. She went from Hollywood to *Pittsburgh* in movie trailer.
7. Deep cradle rocker's part in musicals.
10. If you go to a show, this may get you in Dutch.
11. Brooklyn boy's babe.
13. It's all there is—there isn't any more.
14. What one and won are.
15. One who has small part in a picture.
17. Inspiration of *Rise and Shine*.
19. This will give you something to think about.
20. Miss Neagle's initials.
21. For crying out loud.
23. This has more keys than *Baldpate* (abbr.).
24. *The Kid* himself.
25. Harvest hero picked at Random.
26. One of *Shanghai Gesture*-rs.
28. What golfer uses for gasless driving.
29. No corn on this *Cobb*. He has many hits to his credit.
30. These, when sweet and hot, are good for a jam session.
32. Skinny thing sold for fat sum.
33. What suspicious sleuth smells.
36. Movie star's presence makes goggling fans all this.
37. There are many bonds connecting us with this Uncle.
39. The "heavy" in the metal picture.
40. Noted G-man who has his own staff.
42. When everything looks thus, you're probably at a movie.
43. He steps up a picture by just stepping in one (poss.).

DOWN

1. Side-show barkers.
2. Subtract words to add interest and multiply subscribers.
3. Initials of celluloid lover who posed as cardboard.
4. Green land (abbr.).
5. This has what it takes for a good number.
6. End of a knight with a Gala beginning.
8. Likable Ladd.
9. Tenor may seem warbly in this but it gets applause from balcony.
12. Author hopes this much of plot is used in scenario.
14. Motor boat's stream lines in sound films (sing.).
16. Place where clothes horses occupy stalls.
17. Hired man's role in *This Gun for Hire*.
18. Descriptive of talkie Toons.
20. One of the Graces, called Gracie for short.
21. Destination of high and low roadsters.
22. This might have crush on *Jungle Siren*.
23. Weighty problem for any movie star.
27. He had *Nightmare* after *Wake Island* (poss.).
30. Kind of house many expect Hitler to end up in (slang).
31. Frivolous femme who was once My Gal.
32. Number of people involved when author inserts another angle to square things.
34. When hero sees this drop, he's sure to fall.
35. What *Mississippi Gambler* gives you before taking you for plenty.
37. Neptune's home, very tidy.
38. It takes some Gaul to say this.
41. His *Wildcat* was well trained (init.).

(Solution on Page 74)

Special Easy Work For
**MARRIED
WOMEN
PAYS UP TO \$22
In A Week!**

Take Orders from Friends for Beautiful Dresses at Sensationally Low Prices
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 Address _____
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 My age is _____ My dress size _____



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HAIR**

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**Important Pictures
By MURIEL STOLIER**

**RANDOM HARVEST ★★★★★
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer**

Random Harvest is a picture that everyone will love. There is warmth and tenderness about it that will touch even the most sophisticated. In an excellent adaptation of the James Hilton best-seller, the screen play lives up to the standards of the book in every respect. Ronald Colman is superb, especially in his characterization of a man reborn from the madness of shellshock. Greer Garson, too, lives up to tradition in a magnificent role. Susan Peters wins honors in her first important part. She is very young, sincere and a remarkably good actress.

Random Harvest is a strange story, convincing and real in the hands of its outstanding cast. A shellshocked British Army officer, suffering from amnesia, escapes from an asylum and for three years lives a complete and happy life with a woman who loves and heals him. While he is away from her on a business trip, he is struck by an auto and his mind goes back to before his shellshock, forgetting about the interim, his new wife and their life together. He returns to his wealthy family and eventually becomes a great industrialist and political figure; but always he is haunted by his unknown past, those three years which he can not recall. He has acquired a new secretary who becomes so necessary to his political life that he marries her. How he recovers his lost past and unlocks the memory of those years with the woman he loves and how he regains her, is told dramatically and beautifully. Random Harvest will be one of the great pictures of 1943. Don't miss it.

**IN WHICH WE SERVE ★★★★★
United Artists**

No one can afford to miss this great and moving documentation of the British Navy in action. It will stir you to the depths and move you to tears. Filmed in England with an all-English cast, *In Which We Serve* ranks along with Mrs. Miniver, as the outstanding film to come out of World War II. Not only Noel Coward, its author, producer, director and chief actor, but all of its brilliant cast, turn in a magnificent job. It is the story of a ship, the destroyer *S. S. Torrin*, launched at the beginning of the war. We follow her brief, but glorious career, through thrilling sea battles, the nightmare of the Dunkirk evacuation, when she made trip after trip laden with the remnants of the British Army, and watch her go down at last under the fierce attack of German dive bombers in the battle of Crete. As the survivors cling to a raft on the oil-coated water, dodging machine gun fire from Nazi planes, we see, in flashbacks, snatches



John Mills and Kay Walsh

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UNLESS—**

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely every day into your intestines to help digest fatty foods and guard against constipation. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure gentle yet thorough bowel movements but ALSO pep up liver bile secretion to help digest fatty foods.

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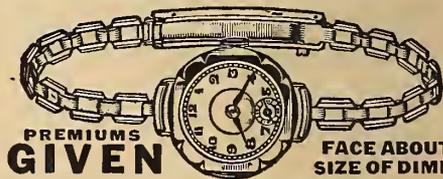
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Beauty Headliners

■ Giving a party for Valentine's Day? Why not have favors or place cards of *Irresistible and Blue Waltz Perfumes*? These ever-popular perfumes are appropriately packed with decor of hearts and cupids. Only ten cents each at your favorite dime store.

The latest addition to Chen Yu's line for complete hand and nail care is *Chen Yu Nail Cleanser and Conditioner*. Applied liberally around cuticle and under free edge of nails, then scrubbed with brush and warm water, this special compound helps soften cuticle and cleanse the nails. Sixty cents.

Hand protection in the form of a liquid glove . . . in fact, *The Liquid Glove*. Used before exposure, it forms a film to keep hands clean longer and help prevent roughness. Equally effective as an "after" lotion, it soothes and smooths chapped skin. Comes in ten, twenty-five and fifty cent sizes.



A welcome Valentine suggestion for the men in your life—Seaforth toiletries with their clean Highland Fragrance. Shaving Mug and Shaving Lotion, \$2.00

Especially for young problem skins . . . blackheads and excess oil . . . *Rose Laird* has created her *Protective Make-up Lotion*. Because this product is medicated and antiseptic, it benefits as it beautifies. Yes, beautifies, for it comes in three skin tone shades which cover the complexion range from light to dark, so the delicately tinted film it forms creates a lovely, silken finish. \$1.50.

There's renewed interest in that old-fashioned product, sachet. To bring you up-to-date, Luxor has prepared a booklet called "Make the Most of Luxor Powder Sachet," which gives a multitude of ideas for using their product. *Luxor Powder Sachet* itself makes news . . . "La Richesse," a French type scent . . . "Vision," a sweet bouquet of florals . . . "American Beauty," a tangy blend of spice and sweet.

BEAUTY NOTES . . . *Parfait's Starlet*, tinted cake make-up, complete with puff for fifty cents . . . French milled soap scented with exotic *Tabu* Perfume . . . Two new lipstick shades from *Harriet Hubbard Ayer*, Red Rose just like its name, Chinese Red with golden tones . . . Fragrances for pampered noses are *Sirocco*, Lelong's latest, and *Prince Matchabelli's Stradivari*.

. . . by Mary Bailey

of their lives before the war, or on brief leaves during hostilities, a family Christmas, a courtship, a picnic. Above all, we witness the unforgettable heroism expressed by all the ship's company from the captain (Noel Coward) to the officers and seamen.

Without embellishment or artifice, *In Which We Serve* tells one of the greatest stories ever told, one that reaffirms our faith in the future of mankind.

THE PALM BEACH STORY ★★★½ Paramount

■ Honors go to Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea (in fact, the whole cast) and Preston Sturges, its author-director, for the light-hearted, happy comedy that is *The Palm Beach Story*.



Claudette Colbert

Claudette is at her best in a part made for her. Sturges follows up his previous hits with a thoroughly delightful story that will make you forget the war. After five years of marriage to McCrea, Claudette decides she is wasting her youth and goes off to Palm Beach to divorce him. En route she meets Rudy Vallee, a millionaire who proposes marriage. McCrea follows her to Florida to get her to return to him, and complicates her romance with Vallee. In the meantime, the latter's oft-married sister (Mary Astor) makes a play to add McCrea to her long list of husbands.

The Palm Beach Story sets out to solve no world problems, but does succeed in giving the customers an evening of pure, undiluted fun.

CASABLANCA ★★★½ Warner Brothers

■ Timely is the word for *Casablanca*. Warner Brothers have chosen as a locale for this exciting film the Moroccan metropolis in newspaper headlines today. *Casablanca* is (or was, before the Americans moved



Ingrid Bergman

in) the point of embarkation from French territory to Lisbon and hence to America. The town is jammed with refugees from all over Europe, desperately trying to obtain visas from the illegal Black Market which operates in spite of Nazi control. Humphrey Bogart is an American who runs a local cafe. Into this dangerous and violent city come Ingrid Bergman and Paul Henreid, the leader of the Underground Movement in Europe and newly escaped from a Nazi concentration camp. The visa that could get him safely out of the city is in the hands of Bogart, who has reasons for not wanting to part with it. The tension is further exaggerated by the presence of the Gestapo head (Conrad Veidt) in *Casablanca*. How Henreid escapes is the climax of a film throbbing with

[Continued on page 73]



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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.

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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 dingy, dust-laden film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Called Blondex, 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, fine for children's hair. Sold at 10c, drug and department stores.

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Instrument _____ Have you Instrument? _____
Name _____ (Please Print)
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Faye Emerson chooses three smart black crepe versions of the new short dinner dress so popular in wartime. The first is yoked in gold, trimmed with nail heads. A jeweled girde highlights the second dress. The third is topped with contrasting stripes of white moire and black velvet. Faye is in Warners' Air Force

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And Help Build Up Resistance Against It!

If at such times you suffer pain, tired, nervous feelings, distress of "irregularities"—due to functional monthly disturbances—start at once—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—so helpful to relieve such distress because of its soothing effect on one of woman's most important organs.

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Sensational! DRY Window Cleaner! Uses no water, no messy liquids. Chemically Treated. Simply slide over windows; leaves glass sparkling clear. No heating water, no heavy buckets to carry. No rags, powders, sponges, chemicals. No mess or fuss. No red chapped hands. Dust, dirt, grime, fog disappear like magic. Wonderful for auto windows, windshield.

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THE second big issue of MOVIE STAR ALBUM (formerly STAR ALBUM) is now ready for you! You will find it chock-full of colorful information about your favorites, plus stunning portraits, four gorgeous color inserts ready for framing, and many features especially chosen to add to your knowledge of the film world. The new MOVIE STAR ALBUM is truly a book every fan will want to own and treasure. Get your copy today! Now on sale at newsstands everywhere for 25c.

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ALBUM**
On Sale Everywhere



**MY EYES
HAD SEEN
THE GLORY,
BUT—**

FOR just two weeks Nan Delaney, escaped convict, became Patsy Woodhull, sweetheart of the editor of the *High Meadows Clarion*. Never before had she known such peace, felt such joy at seeing smiling faces, welcoming doorsteps and happy, laughing children!

But even as she came to know this contentment as the life she loved, inevitable misgivings beset her. Could she keep it up? Was her past really behind her? Or must she forsake such happiness to square her debt with the law?

Read the tragic, poignant account of Nan's gripping experience in this bright, new story in the February LIFE STORY, now on sale at your newsstand. A confession that will tear at your heart-strings, it will be one of the most thrilling true-life stories of the year!

In this same issue of the new LIFE STORY are twenty-five other complete features and articles, plus a full-length novel! Don't miss this great issue of an even greater magazine! Get your copy today!



Life Story
25c AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Damon and Pythias— Hollywood Style

[Continued from page 30]

agility, Shep is not one of the Muscle Boys of Hollywood. Tall and slim, he is a fine horseman, swimmer and tennis player, but does not make a fetish of athletic activities. He reads widely and chooses Carl Sandburg's *Life of Lincoln* as his favorite book. He enjoys fine music and collects good records.

Shep took an active part in the recent Congressional campaign of his friend Will Rogers, Jr., writing and acting in sketches which included political speeches in dramatic form. He, however, has no political aspirations of his own.

He would like to return to Broadway to do a play, "just for the feel of the theater. Every stage actor likes to get back now and then." He doesn't underestimate motion pictures, however.

"It is a privilege to play even five minutes in a role like that of the President in *Remember the Day*. Or to read 'The Raven' as I did in *The Loves of Edgar Allan Poe*. Or to play in *Chetnik!*, which will, I believe, be important to the United Nations war effort. Eventually, I'd like to play 'character' leading men in pictures as I did on the stage."

On that score, here is Dorn's opinion. "Shep is potentially another Robert Donat, with similar acting technique and even a slight resemblance. If I were a director, that is the sort of role he'd have."

Talk of Mutual Admiration Societies—this Dorn-Shepperd combination has them all beat. They're Hollywood's own Damon and Pythias. ■



Julie Bishop had a good idea when she dug out all the useless tools accumulated in the back of her car and donated them to the scrap drive. She's in Warners' *Action in the North Atlantic*



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 acted even worse. It was just *too strong!*

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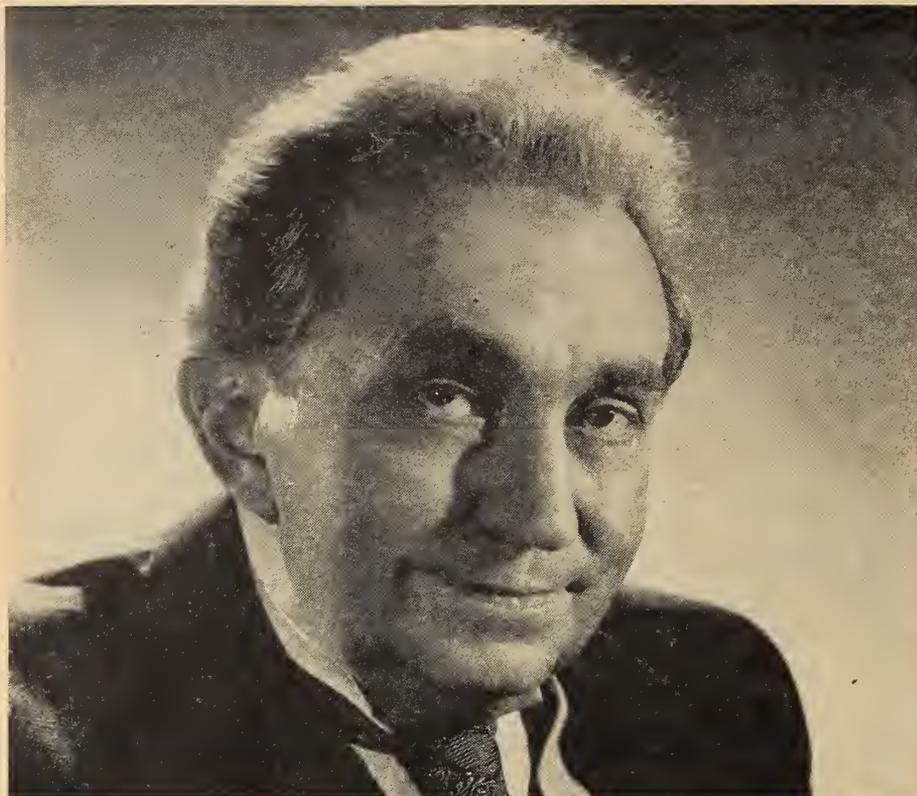
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Bad Man From Jersey



After long years of plugging, Charles Dingle won screen recognition for his fine handling of bad-man roles. His next appearance is in *Edge of Darkness*

By JILL LANG

■ Bette Davis and Ann Sheridan were lunching in the Warner commissary the other day when Charles Dingle approached their table.

"What are you playing in *Edge of Darkness*, Charlie?" asked Bette. "I hear it's a wonderful part."

"Another mean, nasty stinker," said Dingle.

"Isn't it a shame," said Ann. "He's been typed ever since *The Little Foxes*. Perhaps we should do something about it, Bette. Maybe a Let-Dingle-Be-Nice campaign."

Dingle, however, is not anxious that something be done. He's pleased that in *Edge of Darkness* he is playing his meanest role, that of a quisling Norwegian official, for it is this type of acting that has made him one of the busiest of Hollywood's free-lance character men.

Dingle is not the horrendous type like Karloff. He's just a cut-and-dried meanie.

In real life he might be one's favorite gray-haired uncle. His blue eyes are merry, his manner friendly, his conversation sprightly. But on the screen he is thoroughly hard, calculating, despicable.

Most of Dingle's life has been spent acting. He learned it the hard way, too. He carried spears, did walk-ons and bits, before he graduated to juveniles, leading men and young villains. But it was not until he started in character roles that he enjoyed any measure of success; not until

he became mean did Hollywood beckon.

November 11th to the country at large is Armistice Day, but to Dingle it has a double significance. On that date in the year 1902 he made his first stage appearance. Only fourteen but large for his age, he played a man of sixty-five in a dilly of a melodrama entitled *Forgiven, or, The Jack of Diamonds*.

That was in a small repertory company playing in Liberty, Mo. Young Charles had run away from his home in Kansas City to join the troupe. The only trouble with the job was that when he asked for his salary, he was fired.

The next step was with a permanent stock company, which remained in one city. Here there were no one-night stands, but the work was little easier. Two plays were presented each week, with concurrent rehearsals for two more. Acting then was real work!

Through such a proving ground in the Middle West went Dingle. By the time he had earned his acting spurs and gone to New York in 1916, he had played every possible kind of role. In Manhattan he was given juvenile and "young" leads. He also had long vaudeville tours as a headliner, for which he wrote his own act.

In 1920, longing for real roots somewhere, he bought a home in Union, New Jersey, which he maintained until last year. But until 1928 it was only a mailing address, for he divided his time between

New York engagements and "the road."

In that year, tired of the nomadic life and hoping for domesticity with his wife and two sons, he left the stage and became a real estate agent. There was one lush year, but with eventful 1929 came the slump.

Dingle continued to trade in lots and homes until 1935, but in the last few years of that time real estate alone could not pay the household bills. Radio was the solution.

He played in just about every soap opera which emanated from New York, to which he could commute from home. He was featured in such popular washboard weepers as *Aunt Jenny* and *Pepper Young's Family*.

After this hiatus the lure of the footlights won and Dingle returned to the New York stage in the attention-stirring *Let Freedom Ring*. That role and his lead in Paul Green's *Hymn to the Rising Sun*, which won him critical raves, marked the beginning of his career as a character actor, and his real success.

Shortly after hitting his stride, Dingle met producer Al Woods.

"You're my idea of a real actor," he told him. "Where have you been all these years?"

"For twenty-five of them," said Dingle quietly, "I've been trying to get into your office."

Dingle's reign as a mean man began with his part as *Uncle Ben* in *The Little Foxes*, a role he created on the stage. At the end of the play's run on Broadway and the road he was brought to Hollywood to recreate the role in the picture. He has remained since, with little deviation from that type casting.

Witness his parts as the arsonist mill owner who persecuted Cary Grant in *Talk of the Town*; as the appeaser newspaper publisher in *Somewhere I'll Find You*; the fee-grabbing family physician in *Calling Dr. Gillespie*. You'll see him in similar roles in *George Washington Slept Here*, and *They Got Me Covered*, as well as in *Edge of Darkness*.

Dingle likes motion pictures and Hollywood because they afford the opportunity of staying in one place, instead of trouping. He likes his home and garden, which, he admits, might be a reflection of Mid-West heritage. He was born in Indiana, grew up in Missouri.

New Jersey claimed him as resident longer than any other place, and it was not until after he made that state his home that he became a successfully nasty, mean character man.

"That, of course, is no reflection on the Garden State," says Dingle.

Naturally not! Who ever heard of a real Bad Man from Jersey? ■

.....
KILL THAT RUMOR

LOOSE TALK IS DANGEROUS

IT MAY COST YOUR SON'S LIFE
.....

Important Pictures

[Continued from page 69]

suspense and drama, and richly enacted by an outstanding cast, which also includes Peter Lorre, Claude Rains and Sydney Greenstreet.

ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON ★★★ R-K-O-Radio

■ A curious combination of comedy and tragedy characterize *Once Upon a Honeymoon*. It is mainly a comedy, but at times the laughter only thinly conceals the serious undertone of the film. When viewed through the eyes of



Cary Grant

two adventurous Americans, even the conquest of Europe may have its more humorous aspects. Ginger Rogers plays an ex-stripper with a phony Bostonian accent, who marries an Austrian baron (Walter Slezak). The couple spend their honeymoon traveling from one small European country to the other. The suspicions of the girl are raised when an American newspaper man (Cary Grant), who has been following the honeymooners, points out that each country has fallen to the Nazis as soon as her husband appeared on the scene. In the bombing of Warsaw the baron shows his true colors—he is a Nazi agent. Ginger leaves him and she and Cary manage to stay just a jump ahead of the German Army in its sweep across Europe. They meet the baron again in Paris when the Germans enter the city. How Ginger finished him off ends the film on a comedy note. Throughout, the serious side is neatly balanced by the antics of the always captivating Grant who can charm an audience in a twinkle of an eye.

PITTSBURGH ★★★ Universal

■ Against a background of the coal mines around Pittsburgh, John Wayne and Randolph Scott again fight it out over Marlene Dietrich. This time Scott gets to marry the girl. There's plenty of melodrama in the story of two coal miners who slug their way to the top of the heap, one idealistic and humanitarian, the other selfish and egotistical. Marlene falls in love with the wrong one, but learns the error of his ways when success goes to his head and he hurts everyone who helped him in the past. To further his ambitions he marries Louise Allbritton, a debutante, which breaks Marlene's heart and throws her into the arms of the other man, good, old, reliable Scott. Through his unfair dealings, Wayne goes down and down, finally suffering a reformation after the war begins, when he and Scott go back into partnership and start turning out bombers for the Government. The keynote of *Pittsburgh* is a direct appeal to all the workers to speed up the great American production record—to keep turning 'em out for victory.

[Continued on page 74]



*My new adventure
in self-confidence*

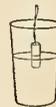
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insorber*

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Important Pictures

[Continued from page 73]

THE AVENGERS ★★★

Paramount



Deborah Kerr

■ *The Avengers* is another timely war film to come out of England. It deals with Norwegian resistance to the Nazis expressed in a wide-spread underground movement, and is climaxed by an exciting Commando raid on Norway by British troops guided by loyal natives. Hugh Williams is an English newspaper man who had been stationed in Norway before the war and possesses secret information about Nazi activities there. When the war starts he is sent back to sabotage German movements, and is helped in this work by Deborah Kerr, a Norwegian girl in love with him. Miss Kerr is blond and lovely, as well as a capable actress. Some of the final shots are documentary, having been filmed during an actual Commando raid on the Norwegian coast. As a technical fault of the film, it is slow-moving and takes a while getting started. You'll enjoy the action, however, at the climax of the film.

NIGHTMARE ★★½

Universal



Brian Donlevy

■ Murder and mystery are mixed with Nazi intrigue in an attempt to make *Nightmare* an eerie melodrama, but they succeed in presenting only a fairly entertaining, and at times confusing, film. As Diana Barrymore's latest

offering, it could hardly be termed her best. Brian Donlevy, an American gambler in London, manages to get both a Nazi spy ring and Scotland Yard after him, when he unwillingly helps Diana escape a murder charge. Sometimes slow-moving, and at best unconvincing, the film is patterned on the current crop of spy thrillers. It might be summed up in the words of the Scotland Yard man who remarks to Donlevy at the end of the picture, "We might have solved this case days ago if you hadn't interfered."

LUCKY JORDAN ★★½

Paramount



Helen Walker

■ Alan Ladd delivers his usual well-rounded performance in this rather hackneyed gangster story, brought up to date by injecting Nazi spy activities into the well-worn plot. Ladd is again cast as a gangster who, in

the final reel, goes straight. He fails in his attempt to evade the draft, but later es-

capades from the Army camp to rejoin his gang. He kidnaps a canteen worker, who is trying to reform him. In the meantime, the gang has turned fifth columnist and is delivering military information over to the Nazis. Ladd goes patriotic, double-crosses his former pals, turns them over to the FBI and returns happily to the Army. Unfortunately, Ladd seems to be definitely typed for gangster roles. He has much ability which could be used more broadly. Helen Walker is a newcomer who does exceedingly well in the part of the canteen worker. Mable Paige is outstanding in her role of the genial drunk, posing as Ladd's mother. This makes for an evening's entertainment.

Miniature Reviews

★★★★

MRS. MINIVER (M-G-M) Cast: Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Teresa Wright. Jan Struther's best seller adapted into a vibrant, poignant film that brings the war home. Showing how the English people can take it, it's one of the finest war films to date. Greer Garson is a good bet for the Academy Award.

ROAD TO MOROCCO (Paramount) Cast: Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour. The latest of the side-splitting Road series is the funniest yet. Bob and Bing vie for Dottie's affection in an African locale. Loaded with laughs.

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES (R-K-O) Cast: Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright. The life story of Lou Gehrig, who rose to the heights of baseball glory only to meet a tragic death at the pinnacle of his fame. Teresa Wright is outstanding as Mrs. Gehrig. Babe Ruth makes his screen debut as himself.

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY (Warners) Cast: James Cagney, Joan Leslie, Walter Huston. A rousing tribute to that grand old man of the American theater, George M. Cohan, portrayed by Cagney who was never better. All the famous Cohan songs.

★★★½

HOLIDAY INN (Paramount) Cast: Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Marjorie Reynolds, Virginia Dale. Great entertainment bubbling over with Crosby's crooning, Astaire's dancing and Irving Berlin's melodies. All about an inn opened only on holidays. Excellent performance by a talented newcomer, Marjorie Reynolds.

MY SISTER EILEEN (Columbia) Cast: Rosalind Russell, Janet Blair, Brian Aherne. The adventures of two small-town girls in Greenwich Village, N. Y. A comedy tale that everyone will love.

NOW, VOYAGER (Warners) Cast: Bette Davis, Paul Henreid. A psychiatric study of a frustrated, dowdy woman who transforms herself into a glamorous figure, and falls madly in love with a man she can never have. Stark drama.

TALES OF MANHATTAN (20th Century-Fox) Cast: Charles Boyer, Rita Hayworth, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda. Star-studded film depicting adventures of a tail coat as it is handed down from one character to the other, bringing fortune or disgrace to the wearer. Each episode of the story is complete in itself. The huge and glittering cast is awe-inspiring.

THE BLACK SWAN (20th Century-Fox) Cast: Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara, George Sanders. A blood and thunder adventure story of the Spanish Main in the days of the buccannery and pirates. Fast action and brilliant color photography.

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE (United Artists) Cast: George Sanders, Herbert Marshall, Doris Dudley. The story of a man who scorned society by leaving his family, breaking up other men's homes and running off to the South Seas to devote his life to painting, only to be destroyed by his own obsession.

THE NAVY COMES THROUGH (R-K-O) Cast: George Murphy, Pat O'Brien, Jane Wyatt. A splendid salute to the brave boys of the Merchant Marine is this exciting yarn of a gun crew on a sub-chasing expedition.

THUNDER BIRDS (20th Century-Fox) Cast: Gene Tierney, Preston Foster, John Sutton. Thrilling Technicolor picturization of the air

corps in training. Filmed at the Thunder Bird Air Field in Arizona. Gene is breathtaking in color.

WHITE CARGO (M-G-M) Cast: Hedy Lamarr, Walter Pidgeon, Richard Carlson. A sultry tale of the white man's disintegration in the tropics. Hedy Lamarr cavorts becomingly, clad only in copper-colored greasepaint and a "Jurong."

★★★

FLYING TIGERS (Republic) Cast: John Wayne, John Carroll, Anna Lee. A grand tribute to those brave sky adventurers of the Burma Road, the AVG. Wonderful air shots, action and excitement.

FOR ME AND MY GAL (M-G-M) Cast: Judy Garland, George Murphy, Gene Kelly. Judy was never better in this story of vaudeville and the first World War. Introduces Gene Kelly, who has a big future. Songs and dances.

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE (Warners) Cast: Jack Benny, Ann Sheridan. A city slicker and his wife move into a country farmhouse and the result is an amusing comedy situation.

ICELAND (20th Century-Fox) Cast: Sonja Henie, John Payne. Just to watch Sonja Henie twirl over the ice is worth the price of admission. An adequate story but secondary to the skating sequences.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN (Columbia) Cast: Ronald Colman, Jean Arthur, Cary Grant. You won't want to miss this combination in an exciting and credible story of a fugitive from justice who seeks refuge in the home of a school teacher.

THE WAR AGAINST MRS. HADLEY (M-G-M) Cast: Fay Bainter, Jean Rogers, Van Johnson. A rich widow who refuses to face the realities of the world at war is finally brought to her senses by the example of her friends and family. An apt and moving study.

WAKE ISLAND (Paramount) Cast: Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, Macdonald Carey. The thrilling factual story of the heroic defense of Wake Island against the Japs. Very stirring.

YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER (Columbia) Cast: Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth, Adolphe Menjou. Colorful musical romance in a South American setting. Highlighted by Astaire's superb stepping.

★★½

SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE (R-K-O) Cast: Lucille Ball, Victor Mature. Tuneful musical concerning mishaps of a soldier who has seven days' leave from the Army to fulfill requirements of a will, including marrying the girl.

THE FOREST RANGERS (Paramount) Cast: Paulette Goddard, Fred MacMurray, Susan Hayward. It's chief attraction is a forest fire in Technicolor. Otherwise only fair.

THE GLASS KEY (Paramount) Cast: Alan Ladd, Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake. A mystery yarn complete with gangsters, crooked politicians and a couple of murders. William Bendix is excellent.

THE HARD WAY (Warners) Cast: Ida Lupino, Dennis Morgan, Joan Leslie. The dramatic study of a shrewd woman who uses her young sister to further her selfish ambition. Excellent portrayal by Ida Lupino.

WHO DONE IT? (Universal) Cast: Abbott and Costello, Patric Knowles. Those two zanies cut loose again, this time in a radio murder mystery, which they do more to complicate than solve. Youngsters will love this.

Crossword Puzzle Solution

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O	D		T	R	E	A	T		E		E	
C	O	I	L		L	N	D		P	A	I	R
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Out into the night went Scott Henderson with a phantom lady! For when he went on trial for murder, bartenders, cab drivers, waiters, doormen SWORE they had seen him that night—but he had been ALONE!



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every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

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 honey", "a dream" and just plain "excellent."

M-G-M rules the raves.



The trio of star entertainers heading the cast are Ethel Waters, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson and Lena Horne.

Lena is a find. 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

Hollywood

W. H. FAWCETT, JR.,
President

JOAN VOTSIS, Editor



Vol. 32

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at his funniest yet

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**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

WIN THE WAR!

By W. H. FAWCETT, Jr., PRESIDENT

Hollywood

The head of my local civilian defense office told me the other day that, every time the United Nations score a decisive victory, the registrations for volunteer defense work fall off so badly he's ashamed to release the figure to the newspapers! To me, this information is astounding! Do people really believe, do you suppose, that one or two victories will win the war? Do they think Hitler or Tojo is going to collapse because of an Axis defeat in Africa or the Solomons?

Uncle Sam says no! Our military leaders state that when we let down—even for a moment!—we postpone the day of final victory for just twice as long! So I hope none of my readers has been lulled into relaxation by these occasional successes. Remember, we all want to get the war over quickly—and we're going to do it, too!

Meats, fats and dairy products, according to the OWI, are the commodities desired above all others by our fighting

forces and by our Allies. Accordingly, you can do a real soldier's job on the home-front by denying yourselves these war-time luxuries, even when you see them for sale or when you're entitled to them under rationing. If you

want to help win the war, your government says, you'll concentrate on such foods as liver, brains, kidneys, fresh fruits and vegetables, cereals, poultry and game. *What we eat isn't important—the fact is we're eating!* That's more than a lot of people can say.

The Bureau of Motion Pictures, Office of War Information, has available a number of very fine films which can be obtained free of charge by groups or organizations with school auditoriums equipped for showing movies. All of these films naturally are tied in with the war effort, but they include such well-known productions as *Target for Tonight*, *Winning Your Wings*, the song short *Anchors Aweigh*, and *Men and the Sea*. If you'd like to stir up war interest in your community, why not write to the Bureau, in Washington, and arrange to obtain these pictures.

After all, you know, it might make patriots of a couple of your luke-warm neighbors!

President Roosevelt officially has designated March as "Red Cross Month"—and I think that should be enough said. We all know the work the Red Cross is doing, especially in the way of war work, and the only way it can keep up this program is through your generosity. The goal set for the month is \$100,000,000, or about a

quarter of the Red Cross total for World War I. It's a lot of money, but Americans have never been pikers before, and I'm willing to bet they're not going to be this time.

Have you been kept out of a good-paying war job because of a lack of technical training? Well, you don't have to be!



The U. S. Office of Education already has trained 700,000 workers for jobs in all kinds of industries, and it's ready to train more—FREE! All you need is a high school diploma with, if possible, some college training, plus a genuine interest in obtaining a specialized war job. Courses are given at colleges all over the country, and if you're interested, why not write today to the U. S. Office of Education? They'll be glad to give you the facts.

Got those income taxes figured out yet? The time's getting short, you know, and Uncle Sam needs the money. You can wait till March 15 if you want to, but we can wait till next year or the year after to defeat the Axis if we want to, too! The point is, the sooner we do it, the sooner it'll all be over.

The OWI, which has investigated some 5,000 rumors floating around the country since Pearl Harbor, has asked me to pass



along to you a few rules about how to handle a rumor when you hear one. Briefly, here's what you're supposed to do:

1. Never repeat a rumor.
2. Don't repeat a rumor even to deny it.
3. If you know the facts that will spike a rumor, cite those facts promptly.
4. If you don't know the facts to spike a rumor, ask the rumor-monger where he got his facts.
5. Don't give a rumor the benefit of any doubt.

I heard one war-time complaint at lunch the other day that I wish I could hear more often. A businessman friend—and not a wealthy one either!—was moaning because they'd let him buy only \$5,000 worth of the Series E War Bonds

in a year and he'd already bought his share for this year!

Have any of your friends made a similar complaint? They should.

You hear them every day. "Fuel oil rationing doesn't affect us," they say. "We burn coal."

But what these folks don't seem to realize is that coal is a war fuel, too, and though we have plenty of it in the United States, we don't have an over-supply—and every extra ton we have is needed in the war effort, so badly needed that Luther Harr, United States Bituminous Coal Consumers' Counsel, recently offered this slogan for all home owners:

"Save a shovelful of coal a day."

You readers who live in cities are as familiar as I am, I believe, with the statement that "gas rationing really isn't too

bad; we always can use a taxicab." But the Office of Defense Transportation thinks otherwise. Taxis use gasoline and rubber, too, the ODT points out, and when we use these vehicles frivolously, we're hastening the day when there won't be any taxis to use! So, if you're a taxi-user, don't be misled into mis-

using them. Take a walk instead; it's great for the liver!

We all have been appalled, from time to time, by stories of the way the Axis trains its children for war. Before a child learns to play in Germany, Italy or Japan, he first learns to use a gun, a knife or a bayonet. Over here, we do things differently; our children are trained for war, too, but they're trained to be fighters in the home, to collect scrap, do first aid, repair old clothes, toys and other equipment, and in general make themselves useful civilians. If your youngsters have gotten the war bug, why not direct their steps into one of these channels? The Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, 4-H Clubs, Junior Air Reserve, National Youth Administration, Junior Red Cross, and similar organizations have vital war programs.

Maybe one of them will interest your children.

Note: A toy zinc steam roller, weighing 3½ pounds, contains enough metal to make a carburetor for ONE JEEP. Moral: Save your scrap!

W. H. Fawcett, Jr.

Dura-Gloss picks you up . . .



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.



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They're All
BIG PICTURES



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AUTRYS
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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!

HERE
THEY
ARE...

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- ★ THE OLD BARN DANCE
- ★ TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS
- ★ MEXICALI ROSE
- ★ IN OLD MONTEREY
- ★ SOUTH OF THE BORDER
- ★ GAUCHO SERENADE
- ★ RIDE, TENDERFOOT, RIDE

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brings you hilarious comedy
in every one of these hits!

BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS



They're All
REPUBLIC PICTURES

HOLLYWOOD NEWSREEL

By ERSKINE JOHNSON

■ What with shortages of sugar, tires, coffee, building materials, etc., C. B. DeMille comes out with the statement that even glamour girls are getting scarce. He says, "Glamour is the most misunderstood word in the Hollywood lexicon. It's an old Scotch word meaning a delusion of the perceptions, as though by a spell of enchantment. In the old days we used it to denote a woman who by sheer art made herself appear more beautiful than she actually was. That art had to be developed to a fine point in silent days, because everything was visual.

"Today," DeMille continues, "that is no longer the case. Personality is transmitted by the voice, too. There are still as many beautiful women as there ever were, but fewer glamour girls. A good deal of the glamour technique has been lost. But, unfortunately, the word is still loosely applied to almost any pretty girl in pictures."

■ When Charles Laughton registers a startled look for the movie cameras he insists on being startled. Usually the cue for such scenes is a pistol shot or a sudden shout. But for a scene in R-K-O's *This Land Is Mine*, the sound men, in a playful mood, rigged up a loudspeaker, attached to a phonograph playing a record of a train wreck. Then they set up a siren. The sound machinery was stepped up to its maximum capacity. Both went off at the same time. Laughton was startled.

■ Not in the Script: Jane Wyatt sat padded and primly done up in an old-fashioned costume designed from upholstery fabric (in keeping with the

studios' war conservation of materials) on the set of *Meet John Bonniwell*. Said leading man Richard Dix, "And how do you feel today?" Replied Jane, "I feel like I look—an overstuffed divan."

■ This is the story of a little boy who received a shiny toy fire engine on his eighth birthday. It was the biggest thrill of his life. And from that day on, he wanted to be a fireman. On succeeding birthdays, his parents added to his fire-fighting equipment—a helmet, a small ladder, a piece of garden hose with a shiny nozzle. But he didn't grow up to become a fireman. He became one of our biggest film stars. But he always remembered that toy fire engine and until his recent death he still liked to "chase" fires. His name—Buck Jones.

■ Dorris Bowdon is wondering whether she's being "persecuted" by her own husband, Producer Nunnally Johnson. In *The Grapes of Wrath*, produced by Johnson, she played a hungry Ookie with rags for clothes. Now she's working in *The Moon Is Down*, which husband Johnson also is producing. Over the weekend he eliminated her only love scene in the picture on grounds that it slowed down the action!

■ Hollywood has finally turned out a complete screen play of Charlotte Bronte's best seller, *Jane Eyre*, which will star Joan Fontaine at 20th Century-Fox. It took two years of writing and re-writing. Miss Bronte wrote the novel in 11 months.

[Continued on page 13]



The days of the lavish screen bathtub are not over. Olivia De Havilland proves the point in a scene from her new picture, Warners' *Princess O'Rourke*. This may go down in screen history as ranking with the fabulous tubs of the past

THERE'S A FIGHTING MAN IN YOUR THOUGHTS TODAY!

Here is what's in his heart!

The heroic epic of those valiants
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!

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IMMORTAL SERGEANT

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THOMAS MITCHELL
ALLYN JOSLYN · REGINALD GARDINER · MELVILLE COOPER
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Directed by JOHN STAHL

Produced and Written for the Screen by Lamar Trotti

20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

IT'S THE SCREEN'S GREATEST
MUSI-GAL
ICE-TRAVAGANZA



THRILL TO KENNY'S
 LOVE SONGS TO PAT



"Silver Skates"

KENNY PATRICIA
BAKER · MORISON
 AND **BELITA**
 FRICK & FRACK
 IRENE DARE · DANNY SHAW
 EUGENE TURNER
 TED FIO RITO

Produced by Lindsley Parsons
 Supervised by Wm. D. Shapiro
 Directed by Leslie Goodwins
 Musical Numbers Directed by Dave Gould
 Original Screenplay by Jerry Cady




IT'S A MONOGRAM PICTURE



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Next month **HOLLYWOOD** becomes a bigger magazine with a new title, merging with **MOTION PICTURE!**

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MOTION PICTURE combined with **HOLLYWOOD**

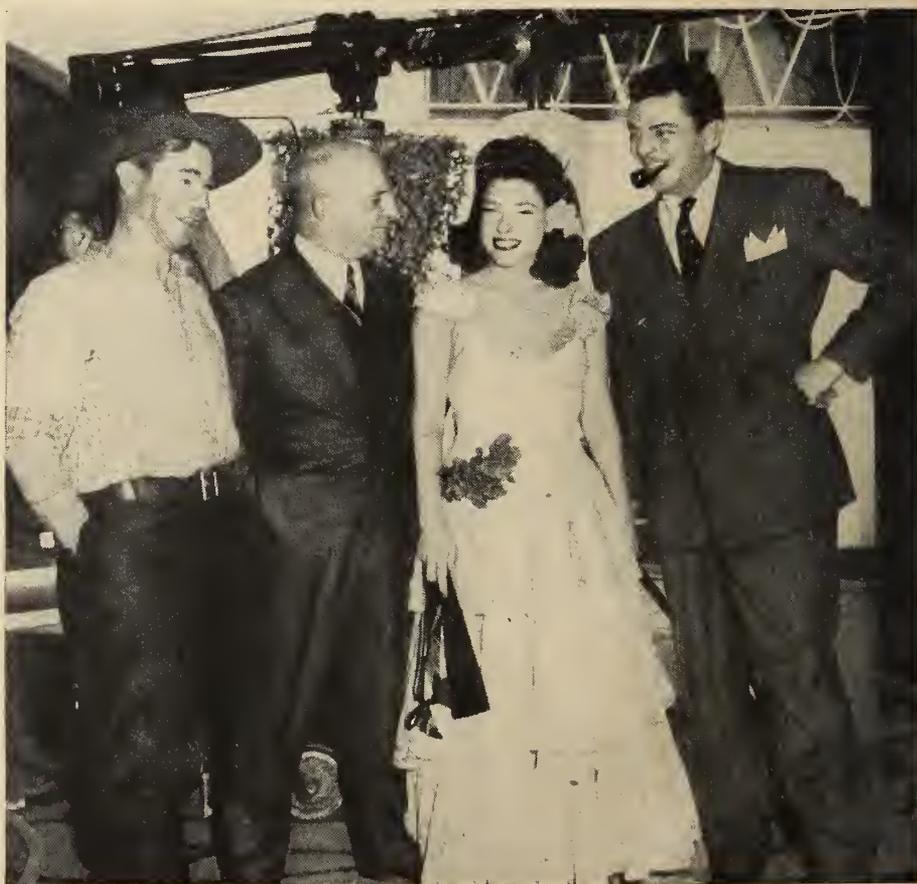
The new magazine will be larger and have many additional exciting features.

Remember the new title:

MOTION PICTURE combined with **HOLLYWOOD**

The big, new combined issue of these two famous magazines goes on sale

MARCH 12th, 1943



Between scenes of *Chatterbox*, Joe E. Brown and Judy Canova play host to John Carroll (right) and Herbert Yates, head of Republic Studios. John sneaked off the set of *Hit Parade of 1943* for a brief visit with the stars

Gloria Massey in "FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN"

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE



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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



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... FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK**





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working *more...*
a girl must
suffer less!"

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.

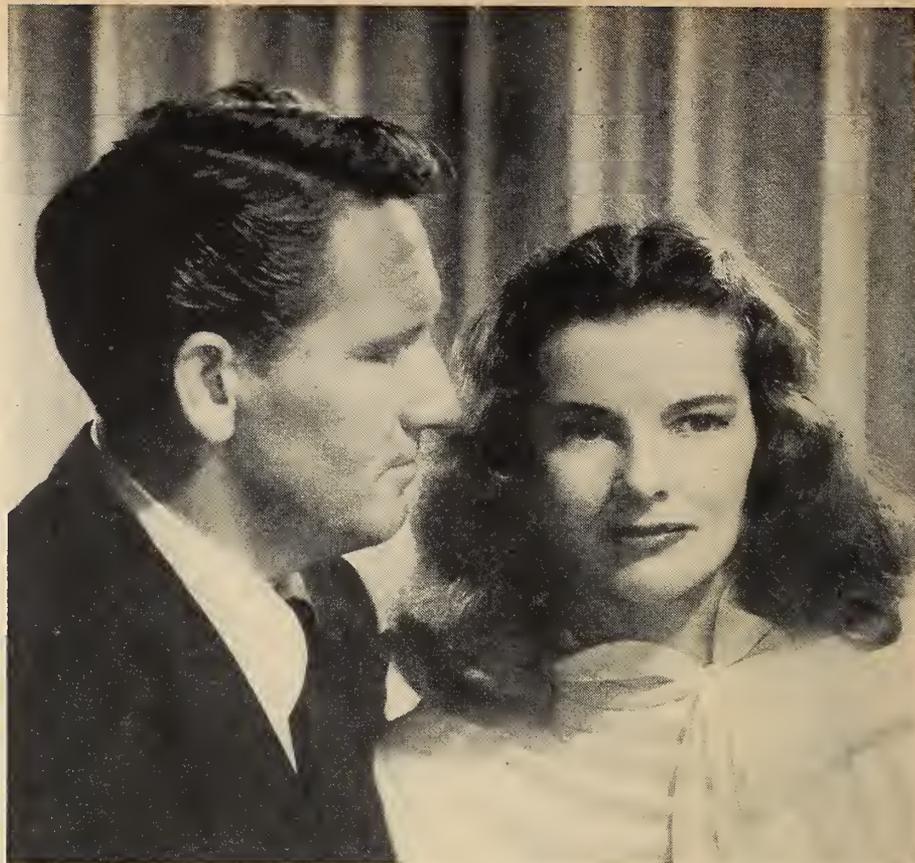
Try it. See for yourself, if you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, how needlessly you may be suffering. Midol does more than relieve that familiar "dreaded days headache". It buoys you up from blues—and through the effective action of an *exclusive* ingredient, 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



In Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Keeper of the Flame*, Katharine Hepburn co-stars once again with her favorite leading man, Spencer Tracy. As soon as the picture was completed, the unpredictable Kate flew East to appear in a Broadway play



When Julie Bishop dons a ballet costume, she means business. Here's one actress who isn't acting the ballerina when she has toe slippers on, for the Warner Brothers star studied ballet dancing for years and is expert at it

Hollywood Newsreel

[Continued from page 8]

■ A husky sailor, visiting the set of Columbia's *Destroyer*, asked Marguerite Chapman's hairdresser to ask the actress for an autographed picture. The hairdresser told him to step right up and ask Marguerite himself. "Gosh no," said the sailor. "I haven't got the nerve." The sailor had been in three Pacific engagements including Midway.

■ Barton MacLane plays a role every American will envy in R-K-O's *Bombardier*. In one scene, he spits a stream of tobacco juice into a Japanese soldier's face. MacLane, usually cast as a villain, plays a hero in this one.

■ Trend of a scene: When Republic was writing the script of *Hit Parade* of 1943, one scene read: Rosemary Lane and John Hubbard having breakfast—a small steak, a platter of eggs and bacon, etc. Then they changed it to read: "Breakfast—a small steak (if available), coffee (if available), a platter of eggs (if available), bacon (if available)."

They finally filmed the scene with Miss Lane and Hubbard having only coffee for breakfast. And the coffee wasn't coffee. It was root beer.

■ Eleanor Counts, young blond rug-cutter and Hollywood actress, who does a featured jitterbug dance with Glenn Ford in *Destroyer*, rates Brooklyn Hep Cats the best "jit" dancers in the armed forces. Eleanor, who dances three nights a week with soldiers, sailors and marines at the Hollywood Canteen, rates the U. S. fighting jitterbugs as follows: (1.) Brooklyn, New York and the East. (2.) Texas. (3.) Chicago and the Midwest. (4.) Louisiana, Kentucky and the South. (5.) California and the Northwest. Any arguments, boys?

■ Lew Rachmil, associate producer of *Meet John Bonniwell*, strolled on the set the other day. "H'ya, George," he greeted Director George Archainbaud, "what's shooting?" "The cattle stampede," replied Archainbaud. "You can't do that today," said Rachmil. "Why not?" asked Archainbaud. "Why, don't you know," dead-panned Rachmil, "it's meatless Tuesday?"

■ Allyn Joslyn told it between scenes of *The Immortal Sergeant*. Seems two actors were comparing notes on their draft status. One said he'd just been put in 4-M. "I never heard of such a classification," said the other. "What's 4-M?" "Well," explained the first actor, "they found out I'd been married four times and figured I didn't have any more fight left in me."

■ Ever wonder how comedian Bert Gordon acquired the title, "The Mad Russian"? It goes back ten years when Gregory Ratoff was producing plays on Broadway. Among them was *Girl Crazy*, in which Gordon appeared. He was so intrigued by the Ratoff personality that eventually he evolved a character around

[Continued on page 14]

"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!

(TO HERSELF)
I DON'T FEEL LIKE A STRANGER NOW, SINCE MUM MADE ME ONE OF THE GANG!

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.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

Hollywood Newsreel

[Continued from page 13]

the comical aspects of the Russian's mannerisms and accent. Even now, whenever the two meet, there's a terrific session of butchered English.

■ Hollywood still depends upon the stage as the try-out ground for primary conditioning of its talent. Universal studios named six feminine stars of tomorrow from its long contract list—Louise Allbritton, Elyse Knox, Marjorie Lord, Peggy Ryan, Jennifer Holt and Grace McDonald. Five of the six sprouted their thespian wings behind the footlights and directly won screen contracts as result of outstanding stage performances. Only Elyse Knox skipped the theater, making her professional bow as a magazine cover model.

■ For three years Maureen O'Hara has been out of breath on the screen. People are always chasing her . . . Charles Laughton in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, John Payne in *To the Shores of Tripoli*, and George Montgomery and John Sutton in *Ten Gentlemen From West Point*. "Some day," she laughs, "I hope to play a role without feeling the hot breath of a villain or a romantic wolf on the back of my neck."

■ It happened during the recording of a musical score for a new film. After hearing several rehearsals, the composer



That certain something in the eye of the air cadet above is pulchritudinous Betty Grable. It happened at a special party the stars gave for the Air Corps. Betty's in Fox's *Coney Island*

went to the conductor and said, "It's wonderful, but every time you miss the same note about half way through. What's wrong?" "Oh," explained the conductor, "I decided we could do without that note. The score doesn't need it." The composer hit the ceiling. "But you don't know what you're doing to me," he wailed. "Everyone else is Debussy. But that's *my* note!"

■ More expressive than a long, low whistle, or the wolf-cry of woo-woo over a gorgeous bit of femininity, was the remark of a visiting soldier on the set of *Hello, Frisco, Hello* at 20th Century-Fox. Introduced to Lynn Bari, he gaped open-mouthed at her, and couldn't muster the words to acknowledge the introduction. Finally, and feelingly, he managed to blurt out, "Now I know what we're fighting for."

■ Most of the Hollywoodmen going into the army these days are getting their G. I. haircuts at Westmore's Beauty Salon. G. I. with glamour. One of the barbers there makes a specialty of shearing the boys to army standards, yet still retaining that certain something.

■ As you know, comedian W. C. Fields' sequence in the picture *Tales of Manhattan* was cut from the film before its release, because it was too funny for such an otherwise dramatic film. But now it looks like the two-reel sequence, in which Fields gives a temperance lecture, will reach the screen after all. Fields is

PEPSI-COLA FOR "JANIE" AND THE GANG

HERBERT EVERS

BETTY BRECKENRIDGE

FRANK AMY

GWEN ANDERSON
(JANIE)

MARGARET WALLACE

GERTRUDE BEACH

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 thirst 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. ★

negotiating with 20th Century-Fox to purchase the film, add several more reels and release it as a comedy feature.

■ Latest novelty laugh in one of Leon Schlesinger's *Merrie Melodies* cartoons is simulated projection room trouble in which the film jumps all over the screen, then goes dark.

When you start craning toward the projection booth, Daffy Duck's voice says, "Don't worry, folks. We'll get fixed in a minute."

■ The Hays office has approved all of Barbara Stanwyck's peek-a-boo burlesque costumes for the film version of Gypsy Rose Lee's *G-String Murders* which Hunt Stromberg is producing. But they're still plenty saucy.

■ A Beverly Hills draft board almost summoned the police when a young Filipino boy listed Hedy Lamarr as his nearest of kin. That is, until he explained that he was an orphan—and Miss Lamarr's houseboy. He reported for army duty two weeks later.

■ It happened when Producer Gene Markey first applied for a commission in the navy. A bigwig investigating him asked if he were married. "Not now," replied Markey. "Ever?" he was asked. "Yes," he replied, "once to Joan Bennett and then to Hedy Lamarr." "Hmmm," commented the bigwig. "In that case I'd say you were very well married."

■ Hollywood is not only having to pull in its belt these days, but to struggle along on tarnished glamour. The other day Betty Hutton fell during a dance routine and pulled a run in her stocking. Ordinarily she never would have been permitted to go back before the camera in that condition. But it turned out that there wasn't an extra pair of silk stockings in the wardrobe department that could be spared. Instead of a new pair of stockings, Betty got a dab of make-up on the run. She hopes it won't show.

[Continued on page 16]



Little Irene D'Arce cuts a fine figure on ice. The amazing young skating champion has the juvenile lead in *Silver Skates*

"For Beauty in a Blackout try my*W.B.N.C."

JANET BLAIR, STARRING IN "SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT"—A COLUMBIA PICTURE



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¢.

Irresistible

AS HE DREAMED OF FINDING YOU!



THAT Irresistible SOMETHING IS IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



It's like the magic of moonlight, only it's more lasting! It's a pulse-stirring, heart-catching, unforgettable fragrance because it was blended with youth in mind. Wear Irresistible Perfume tonight! You owe it to him if he's in love with you... and to yourself if you want him to be! Enchanting valentine package.

10c at 5 and 10c stores everywhere



USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer... s-m-a-o-t-h-e-r... 10c

Director Bruce Humberstone wanted to recreate on the screen for *Hello, Frisco, Hello* a scene common in the 1900's—the interested reaction of the street corner gang watching a shapely lass climbing aboard a street car and exposing a good deal of leg. He had the girl, Alice Faye, who had the legs. And he had the street car. But Miss Faye's costumes were a little too much for him. They were too long and too voluminous. What to do? The street car steps were raised four inches. Alice climbed higher. The scene was perfect.

It was a personal triumph when Barbara Stanwyck gave a brief closing speech at the Hollywood Canteen the other night. Ever since she was a kid, she's shied from spontaneous speech-making and no star in Hollywood has passed up more bows in this department. Seems she can't forget the time she was chosen to give her eighth grade gradua-

tion address. She learned the speech letter-perfect. But when she faced the audience, she became so self-conscious she just said, "Silence is golden," and sat down.

Unfilmed drama: A scene is completed and Bette Davis retires to her pastel-pink portable dressing room while electricians set up new lighting effects. A workman in overalls approaches her door, hesitates a moment, then raps. He carries a small baby in his arms. Bette comes to the door, wearing horn-rimmed glasses, hugging a copy of the script, and frowning at being interrupted. "Dave!" she cries. "And that's your baby. Bring him in. Let me see him. How old is he? How wonderful! How thoughtful of you! May I hold him? Oh, I don't care if he does."

Here's the topper in how-to-become-a-movie-star. On the advice of her first dramatic teacher, Laraine Day used



Mournful-faced Arthur Treacher and Barry Fitzgerald get a last-minute going over by producer Bruce Manning for a scene in Universal's new picture, *The Amazing Mrs. Holliday*, while the star, Deanna Durbin, intently looks on. Note ingenious foot-gear worn to prevent noise from disrupting sound track



One of the skating champions adding spice to Republic's big musical ice show, *Ice-Capades Revue*, is blond Vera Hruba

to sit on the sands at Long Beach and weep. If sympathetic ladies and gentlemen stopped and tried to console her, Laraine knew she was good. If they merely glanced at her and went on, she went home and rehearsed some more.

■ Maria Montez, who can get along very well without Jon Hall, finally got the best of him in their celluloid feud. Scene in *White Savage* called for her to push him into a lake. It was only in the script but she made the most of it.

■ One of Hollywood's rare tattooed ladies—Nancy Nichols—almost lost a job the other day as a sideshow exhibit in a film because she keeps her body art up to date. Nancy was being interviewed for a carnival sequence in *Coney Island*. Everything was all right except that in a burst of patriotic spirit last month, Nancy had gotten herself a new design—a Douglas bomber. The picture has a 1906 background. Before Nancy went to work, they blacked out the Douglas Bomber.

■ Looks as if music is in M-G-M's blood. Besides all those super-musicals, you'll hear Lionel Barrymore singing a lullaby in *Dr. Gillespie's New Assistant*, and Wallace Beery warbling in *Salute to the Marines*.

■ It happened at the Hollywood Canteen. A young soldier asked Grace Leonard for a dance. "It's the last one before I go over," he said, "so please don't let anyone cut in." Every time a fellow soldier tried to cut in, the kid said, "This is the last dance before I go over—why don't cha give me a break? I'm going over after this dance." Finally Grace asked the boy, "What do you mean—you're going over? Africa or the Solomons?" "Naw," said the kid. "I'm going over to the Palladium."

[Continued on page 19]

...and now from
WARNER BROS.
 comes as exciting
 and timely a
 motion picture as
 ever you've seen!

*You can
 tell by the cast
 it's Important!
 Gripping! Big!*

HUMPHREY BOGART · INGRID BERGMAN · PAUL HENREID

THEY HAD A DATE WITH FATE
 IN

CASABLANCA

with ^{CLAUDE}Rains · ^{CONRAD}Veidt
^{SYDNEY}Greenstreet · ^{PETER}Loore.

A HAL B. WALLIS PROD'N

It's playing NOW...

—or will be soon...Why not call your theatre?

Directed by **MICHAEL CURTIZ**

SCREEN PLAY BY JULIUS J. & PHILIP G. EPSTEIN AND HOWARD KOCH • FROM A PLAY BY MURRAY BURNETT AND JOAN ALISON • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER



The one subject about which no woman should live in doubt!

Continuous action for hours with safe new way in feminine hygiene!

No woman should be denied the facts . . . the *up-to-date* facts about feminine hygiene! Your happiness, your health and well-being may be at stake, unless you know the truth!

Unfortunately, many women who think they know have only *half knowledge* . . . and still depend on old-fashioned or dangerous information! They rely on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures . . . or risk using over-strong solutions of acids which can so easily burn and injure delicate tissues.

* * *

Today, modern well-informed women everywhere have turned to *Zonitors*—the new, safe, convenient way in feminine hygiene.

Zonitors are dainty, snow-white *greaseless* suppositories which spread a protective coating . . . and kill germs instantly at contact. They deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by *destroying* odors. Cleanse antiseptically, and *give continuous medication for hours!*

Yet *Zonitors* are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. So convenient; no apparatus, nothing to mix. At all druggists.

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. *Zonitors*, Dept. F309-F, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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MOVIE CROSSWORD



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ACROSS

- Notes may be high in this but time is always given.
- Those packed by hero will send villain packing.
- Most striking thing about a policeman.
- If you must knock villain, make sure you knock him for this.
- What actors do when given a hand.
- To swing through the air with the greatest of ease.
- This was last word in recent Benny film.
- Dancer felt a bit shaky when asked to do this number.
- Kind of tails that would interest Crosby.
- Indians used to whoop it up.
- His singing is very Eddyfying (init.).
- An army man will get a kick out of this.
- This is due for opening about the first.
- Miss Tallichet's initials.
- What shooting star may use to gain his point.
- Opening line *When Ladies Meet*.
- This reminds storyteller of another yarn.
- Kind of guy often picked as victim.
- It may cut some ice with Henie fans.
- This is always in a pickle.
- A grand Guy (init.).
- He took *Skyway to Glory*.
- This part of *Lucky Legs* was filmed several times.
- "I" in a dual role.
- You can make good connections with this.
- What culprit may use for a plant.
- June in January (or any other time).
- One of his escapades was *The Talk of the Town* (init.).
- He made a hit in *Pride of the Yankees*.
- Mother Goose character who had to shell out plenty to keep his wife.
- She proved she didn't fear Hollywood's Bogeyman by marrying him.
- What dog really sank his teeth into in *Eyes in the Night*.
- Horton's middle moniker.
- Your presents might help to make this a success.

DOWN

- Kind of notes Phil Anderer signs and for which he pays and pays.
- Prima donna gets plenty of do-re-mi for this.
- First name of Miss Chase.
- Rod used by gambler which keeps him in pocket money.
- Lizzie in Tish*.
- The girl friend says she won't be this, but you just wait.
- One of Charlie McCarthy's ancestors.
- Mr. Polk's initials.
- He's in Who's Who of Whodunits.
- Go on a wild goose chase.
- Where good buys arc bid before going home.
- DeMille dance.
- This is often passed by censors.
- Something said to have a way with it.
- Plenty of jobs in this so take your pick.
- A ringer for Big Ben.
- Hero may have to trim this so he keeps a stiff upper lip.
- A Night to Remember*.
- Our Betters* (sing.).
- This was filmed as *Fingers at the Window*.
- The reel thing.
- He was king for a day.
- This isn't always taken seriously.
- The *Belle of Belle Starr*.
- He was told to play Bill Hickok and he was Wild.
- Something used in pool for divers' reasons.
- She didn't get *Seven Days' Leave* but had *Week-end in Havana*.
- Minor's mom.
- She expected a ring in *Bells of Capistrano*.
- A crow before this will give you a lift.
- When Charlie Chan is forced to use a Jimmy, former is called this.
- One they've got covered in Hope-Lamour film.

(Solution on Page 78)

■ The fine art of turning the other cheek was demonstrated the other day by Cecil B. DeMille. The occasion was a remark by 26-year-old Orson Welles that in 30 years of picture making the old master had never directed a single foot of film that was worth going to see. "Well," said DeMille, "all I can say is that I'm sorry Mr. Welles doesn't like my pictures, because I think his are fine. It reminds me of a position that Voltaire once found himself in. He was praising some young man very highly when someone interrupted to tell him that the young man had nothing but contempt for Voltaire. Naturally Voltaire was quite taken aback, but he admitted—perhaps we're both wrong."

■ Director Ernst Lubitsch was outlining a scene for *The Meanest Man in the World* to Jack Benny and Priscilla Lane. "In this next scene," he said, "you do a rumba. Like this—" Lubitsch illustrated, wiggling, shuffling and swaying. "But that's the Conga," spoke up Miss Lane. "So—" said the director. "Well, it's the Lubitsch touch—in the feet!"

■ All pianos sound just about the same to untrained ears, but musicians are sometimes fussy. Composer Arthur Schwartz once went to a New York piano store to buy himself a baby grand. There were dozens of models on the floor and Schwartz tried every one of them, but liked none. The perspiring, yet undaunted salesman suggested visiting the nearby factory. Schwartz thought it a good idea. The factory bulged with hundreds of pianos. Schwartz started playing them and finally found one he liked—on his 83rd try!



A beaming couple were Norma Shearer and husband, Martin Arrouge, at the reception following the Reginald Gardiner-Nadia Petrova nuptials

LINNY— Begins a Busy Day! BY *Tolse*

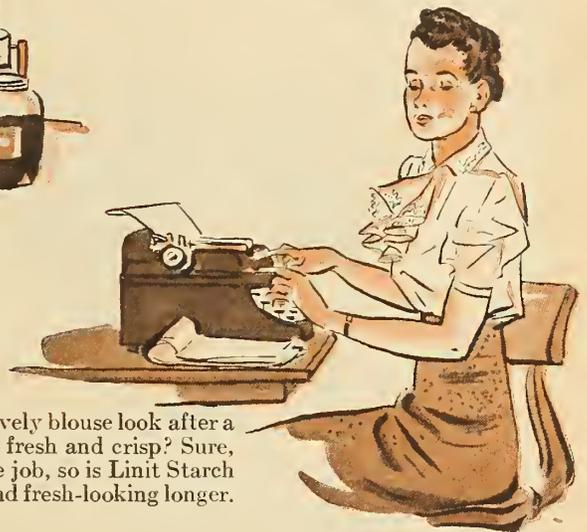


1
SUFFERING ALARM CLOCKS! Can it really be time to get up? Ooh... how I hate to leave the cuddly comfort of these smooth *Linit-ized* sheets.

2
NO RUNS! NO RIPS! NO TEARS! A little Linit Starch in the final rinse sure helps to protect precious hose... keeps 'em sleek looking, too.



3
THERE'S MANY A SLIP still fresh and new-looking because it's always laundered with Linit Starch, which penetrates and preserves dainty fabrics.



4
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 Linit 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 tubbable with Linit. This modern starch penetrates and protects fabrics, makes ironing a pleasure.



ALL GROCERS
SELL LINIT

Complexion Care

By MARY BAILEY, Beauty Editor

Lynn Bari, featured in Twentieth Century-Fox's *Hello, Frisco, Hello*, and Marjorie Hoshelle discuss their skin problems for HOLLYWOOD's readers. Marjorie is in Warner Brothers' *Edge of Darkness*

"Mine's Dry"...

■ Lynn Bari speaking, and she has some good sound advice to give those who are troubled with dry skin. "My favorite beauty aid is face cream—plenty of it and a special one for each purpose. I use cold cream to cleanse and remove make-up, dry skin cream to soften and lubricate, foundation cream for a powder base. That doesn't mean I skip soap and water, though. My face always gets a good sudsing at least once a day, sometimes twice."

Let's see what Lynn's daily beauty program consists of. First thing in the morning, she washes her face with mild soap and water. Then a thin film of dry skin cream is applied and allowed to remain for a few minutes. Excess cream is removed with tissues. Now her skin is ready for make-up, starting with her creamy powder base.

"Beauty at bedtime is most important for dry-skinned girls," says Lynn. She removes every trace of make-up on face and neck with cold cream. Just for good measure, she gives it a second cleansing. Dry skin cream is then stroked gently upward over face and throat and left on while she bathes. "Steam from the warm water helps the oil to sink in, and I wipe off any that hasn't, after my tub. This means I don't have to go to bed with my face all greased up."

Whenever Lynn "puts on a new face" during the day or evening, she first uses cold cream to cleanse and soften.



"Mine's Oily"...

■ Says Marjorie Hoshelle, "and my best friends are soap and water. At least three times a day, I cover face and neck with thick lather and scrub vigorously with complexion brush or coarse washcloth. Then I pat my skin gently with a cotton pad soaked in astringent or freshener."

Marjorie avoids beauty preparations containing rich oils. Although she likes to take off make-up with liquefying cream, this is followed immediately by soap and water washing to remove every trace. If skin gets rough or becomes sensitive, greaseless softening cream smooths it without adding oil. Powder base in cake or liquid form is much the best bet for an oily skin.

"The most important principle in combatting excessive oil is cleanliness, which means scalp as well as face. Frequent shampoos are needed, and plenty of brushwork in between. It's smart to use a special tonic occasionally to help keep scalp clean and healthy."

Let me remind you that this cleanliness campaign should be applied to your equipment, too. Never use a soiled towel, keep a supply of powder puffs on hand so you'll always have a fresh one, and make sure your hairbrush is clean.

Finally, a word about diet. Stay away from sweets, highly seasoned or fried foods, and concentrate on good-for-the-complexion items like milk, fruit, green vegetables and whole-wheat bread.



*"Her lovely, shining hair
It did my heart ensnare!"*

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



HER GLEAMING LOCKS (shampooed with Special Drene) rival the glitter of her sequin gloves and dress! The smart simplicity of her lovely hair-do is accentuated by the tricky ornaments—satin bows with tassels of silken balls cut from ball fringe.

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 . . . 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 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.



*Soap film dulls lustre—
robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film, as soaps and soap shampoos always do.

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



Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner



"I'll Love You, Randy

...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.

ROSALIND RUSSELL · FRED M_{AC}MURRAY

"FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM"

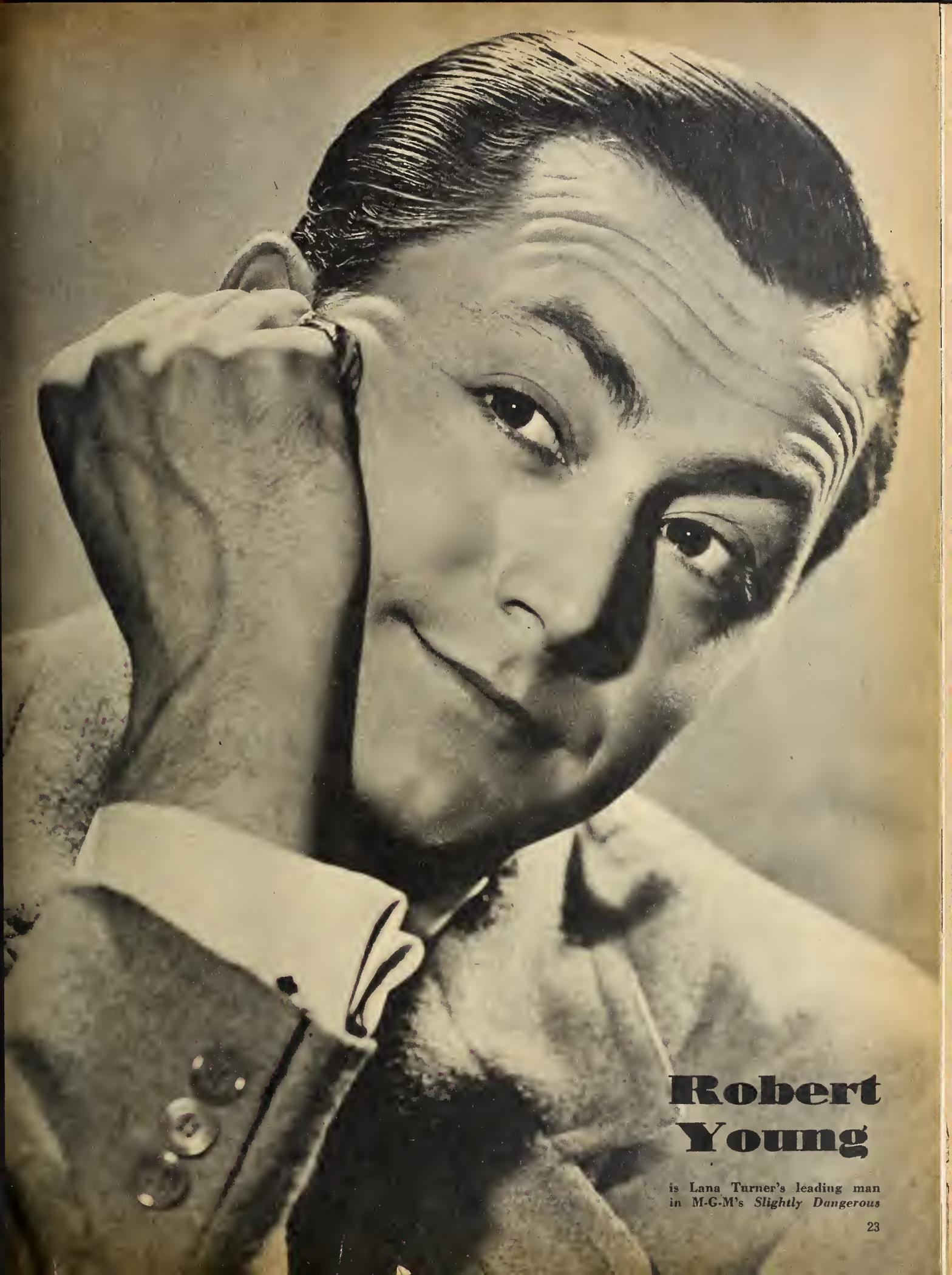
HERBERT MARSHALL

EDWARD CIANNELLI · WALTER KINGSFORD
Produced by David Hempstead · Directed by Lethar Mendes

Screen Play by Oliver H. P. Garrett and S. K. Lauren

AN RKO RADIO PICTURE





**Robert
Young**

is Lana Turner's leading man
in M-G-M's *Slightly Dangerous*



What a thrill as BING sings "Old Glory"



FRED, LYNNE, RAY and BRANCHOT—The Glamor Boys!



BOB HOPE in hot water—will have you in stitches!



PAULETTE—a sweater
DOTTY—a sarong
VERONICA—a peek-a-boo
B-A-N-G!



DICK and MARY "Hit The Road To Dreamland!"



ALAN LADD—when he shoots to kill—he'll slay you!



ZORINA—a vision in white steps out to "Black Magic!"



ROCHESTER in a suit that's zoot... with a beaut in a boat!



HUTTON BRACKEN is struttin'! wise-crackin'!
VIC is slick!

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!

*Star
Spangled
Rhythm*

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

Dietrich Does a Strip!

■ Marlene Dietrich has shelved mystery and glamour for the duration. She no longer is the gay, glamorous figure of pre-war days, surrounded nightly by half a dozen adoring swains. Her nightclub appearances are a thing of the past.

Yes, Dietrich has buckled down to do her share of war work. Her name appears high on the lists of volunteers in every phase of war work in Hollywood. She is constantly in attendance for camp shows, benefits and canteen duty.

"I've never really been a mystery woman," she explains. "The whole idea is silly. Hollywood press agents built up that angle to sell pictures. I've spent a good deal of my time debunking it.

"Little 'eccentricities' confound Hollywood. Maybe they got off on that track about me because I never was in sight Thursday evenings. The first thing that astonished me about Hollywood was the Thursday night eating out fad. On cook's night out, a movie actress not only expected to be taken to dinner, she had to be. She couldn't cook! Where I came from if a girl couldn't cook she wasn't ready for marriage. A cook book can fill in any gaps in home training. I've always regarded cooking as a great pleasure, never a tiresome task.

"No," laughed Marlene, "I'm not fantastic, I assure you. I am a woman, quite like any other woman, only my chosen profession happens to be acting. I didn't chance upon my career, either. I picked it and prepared for it. As my daughter is doing. I studied the rudiments of acting at Max Reinhardt's dramatic school abroad, as Maria has been doing in Hollywood. Then I started from the bottom. I did stage work before I was qualified to attempt film leads. There have been many moments when I have been severely discouraged."

Marlene still has her languorous movements, low voice, and unshakeable poise. But she disclaims an infallible knowledge of men. "I do not consider myself an expert on the male sex. My first studio built me up that way. A hangover from the wine, women, and song

conception of the theater. They hushed my realistic side.

"If my true opinions about men, and not what press agents thought I thought, interest you, okay here goes! First of all, I don't agree at all with a song I sang in one of my pictures that love is merely a game. I think love is a most serious matter, and that it is bad to play at it as at a game. I don't think a girl should mature too fast, or ape her elders. The first long dress, the first big dancing party, all those steps in growing up ought to be great events in a girl's life. They were in mine. I was not allowed to cram thrills and excitement all at once, at sixteen."

Marlene's daughter, who is acting at the Reinhardt school under the assumed name of Maria Manton so she will progress on her own, does not mix with the young Hollywood set. She has no dates. Her concentration on mastering the fundamentals of acting is the direct result of her home life.

Such old-fashioned mothering by such a sophisticate may seem amazing. But then the real life Dietrich does not even remotely resemble the screen Dietrich. "I don't think it is smart for a girl to experience too much too young and too fast," she continued. "I believe in good old-fashioned upbringing. I had it myself. Nor do I favor hasty marriages. Marrying too quickly, on fleeting attraction, is a major cause of divorce. The fact that you can rush into marriage doesn't mean you prove you have a man of your own; but a year's engagement may demonstrate you can hold him against all competition!

"On the screen I am the kind of woman who is imperious with her whims, and easily swept by emotions. But I am wise enough to realize that this is no way for a woman to be in real life. I have never met a 'siren' who was successful. Men don't like 'vamps'! I enact that type in my pictures because that brand of woman is not just like the woman next door and is, therefore, a diversion for an hour or so. Escape from the familiar. But be sure that making some man happy is what counts for every woman, including me!"

Marlene has little sympathy for the get-your-man rules ladled out.

"They're such poor psychology! The popular saying that a girl shouldn't show her love for a man is ridiculous. It is instinctive to be responsive. But that applies only after the man has made the advances.

"It is always a mistake to run after any man. Men are the hunters by nature. If a girl is healthy and natural the men will notice her. She shouldn't sit and wait for a man; she should go to work at something that interests her. And if she doesn't find a man

[Continued on page 61]

By
**REX
EDWARDS**

Marlene Dietrich, the screen's sizzling glam-our queen, has laid aside her mystery cloak to help Uncle Sam effect a quick victory. Miss Dietrich is in Pittsburgh

The Hollywood rumor factory worked overtime when Joan Crawford wed the comparatively unknown actor, Phillip Terry. Despite his famous wife's influence in the movie industry, Terry will carve out a career through his own efforts. Joan's in Metro's *Reunion in France*; Phil's in *Bataan Patrol*

By
KAY
PROCTOR



“I Didn't Marry Joan Crawford for Fame”—Phil Terry

■ Phillip Terry is a young man with notions and the spunk to back them up. One of those notions right now is that he is *not* going to ride to Hollywood success on the coat-tails of his wife, Joan Crawford. Twice before—once at M-G-M and again at Paramount—he had the courage to walk out on lucrative contracts when he did not like the set-up, so there is no reason to believe he will back down on his current stand. Particularly when Joan agrees with him 100 per cent!

No sooner had Phil and Joan been married (a marriage which caught all the Know-It-Alls napping!) than gossiping tongues began to wag in the usual Hollywood fashion.

“Joan Crawford and new spouse to co-star on *Broadway*,” one columnist printed.

“Crawford asks studio to co-star mate with her in new picture,” wrote another.

Back of those items, and a score like them, was the unwritten implication that Terry's film career was due to take a sudden rise because of his wife's influence and power.

As would any man, Phil began to burn. “It's not true,” he said in indignation. “We have no such plans or intentions.”

No one bothered to print that.

It is true Joan has a great faith in Phil and his future. Any woman—secretary, welder's wife or plain Mrs. Brown down the street—feels that way about her man. It's part of love and marriage.

“Naturally I am proud and grateful for

Joan's faith in me,” Phil said, “but I would never ask or permit her to go out of her way to assert that faith to her studio. It would be unfair to her, put her on the spot. It would put her in a bad light with the executives who know and trust her judgment. She got where she is by her own efforts, and I intend to do the same.

“It would endanger my career, actually, because it would be jamming me down the public's throat, and the public is quick to resent (and rightly so) any such tactics. Studios have found that out in the past when they have tried to force ‘finds’, ‘discoveries’ and ‘importations’ into public favor before the public was ready to accept them.

“Finally, it would be unfair to the studio. It should be allowed to make its decisions without pressure. If you buy something under pressure, you may tolerate it but you never have any enthusiasm or real interest in your purchase. It's like buying a new hat: if you make your own choice, you like it; if a high pressure salesman talks you into it, the chances are you will decide it stinks by the time you get it home!

“Call it a hunch, intuition or what you will, but I *know* some day I will make my mark in Hollywood. Meantime I am content to wait for that day, and to work to be ready for it. There is precious little satisfaction in success handed you on a platter; to enjoy it you must earn it by your own efforts.”

Phil started working toward his goal back in 1930 when he first decided on a picture career. He felt a sound theatrical training was an essential background to film success, and because the American stage at the time was in the doldrums (those were the depression years) he went to England for that training.

“I also had noticed that Hollywood had developed a great affection for English actors,” he observed succinctly.

He studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts and upon graduation, joined a repertory company and toured the provinces. An unexpected illness of his father caused Phil to return to California in 1935 and he set about the business of getting a job in the movies. A dreary, disheartening task it proved, too; for a solid year he could not get his nose inside an agent's office, much less a studio. Everywhere he heard the same refrain until it began to sound like a dirge:

“Not a chance, and for heaven's sake, get rid of that English accent!”

It must have given Phil considerable enjoyment some time later when a certain agent rushed up to him after the preview of *Parson of Panamint* in which he played the title role.

“You were great, my boy!” the agent gushed. “Wonderful! Come around and see me tomorrow. Together, we can do great things!”

“You don't remember me, do you?” Phil answered. [Continued on page 64]

An Open Letter to Hollywood's Fighting Men

By **HERBERT MARSHALL**
As Told to Drake Hunt

■ Dear Fellows:

This is a letter to you actors who have taken up arms in this war, from an actor who bore arms in the last war. It's a letter I've been meaning to write you ever since Pearl Harbor . . . because, if I may presume to know from my own experience in World War I, I have a message to give you. A message that will hearten you while you are carrying out the grim business at hand—dealing with your future careers after the war is over.

You see, I know you've been worried about this, I know, because I was worried about on the Argonne. I know the questions you are asking yourselves, whenever you take time out to ask them. You're saying, "After this mess is cleared up, will Hollywood open its doors to me? Will there still be a welcome for me—and a place for my career? Or will I have been forgotten and discarded by Hollywood employers and—worse—by the public?"

Well, boys, I can tell you the answer to these problems. In a word I can tell you. You will be welcomed, warmly welcomed, both by Hollywood studio heads and by the people of America who love you. You'll take off that uniform and pick up exactly where you left off.

How do I know? Because Ronald Colman, Pat O'Brien, Spencer Tracy, Brian Donlevy, Otto Kruger, myself and plenty of others were in World War I . . . and we came back to careers better than the ones we'd left behind. Much better, for that matter—most of us were just struggling kids when the war began.

But take the case I know best, because it is my own. I've never forgotten it. After two years in the London Scottish Regiment, I was severely wounded in battle, and I spent a year in the hospital being patched up. It was a pretty gloomy year, I can tell you. I had plenty of lonely nights to think about the future, and about mine in particular—which I was afraid was pretty well spiked by the war and by my injury. It hadn't been much of a career yet anyhow. I was twenty-five years old, with three years of the theater under my belt and one loving fan—my mother.

So when they finally gave me an honorable discharge from service and from the hospital, I got off the train in the London station feeling lower than anyone but a German ought to feel. I remember I was still white and shaky from the hospital, and terribly, terribly scrawny. And miserably uncertain about myself and my ability to tackle life again.

I wandered into a little London pub near the station and asked for a glass of ale, still

carrying my suitcase in my hand. I had barely swallowed one mouthful when the man next to me at the bar turned around and yelled a welcome to me. "Herbert Marshall!" he shouted. "Just the man I want—how about joining my new show? We open in four weeks!"

He was an old theater manager whom I'd worked for once. I almost dropped my glass when I recognized him. Then I completely lost my faith in myself. I told him I wasn't sure I could act any more, that I hadn't made any definite plans, that I wasn't fit for work yet . . . But the more I talked, the more he interrupted. He was sure I could play the part right now—and his faith restored mine. I finally accepted the job, and when I went out on the boards opening night I found myself feeling exactly as I had before the war started. I was saying nervously, "Hope I won't blow my lines tonight!" with the healthy, normal anxiety of opening night, and nothing more. And from then I went on up through better roles and better salaries, steadily.

But so did many others. I remember so well on a battlefield in France watching my commanding officer fall from his horse to the ground, badly wounded. Frederic Worlock was his name, and a fine actor with a splendid record, too. I'd watched him enviously as he rode around shouting orders, from my insignificant place in the ranks—remembering his great performances on the West End. I thought as he fell that day that he was gone forever . . . but a few years later we met at the first rehearsal for a trans-Canadian repertory company, and since then we've met in Hollywood a hundred times. He's acting in pictures now, since his career too started off again after the war just where he'd dropped it before the shooting started.

And it was the same way with millions of men the world over, actors or non-actors. Another man I saw fall in a shell-hole in France was one of my closest friends in my regiment . . . a young bank-teller from an obscure bank in the provinces. I thought he too was a goner. But a few years after the war he suddenly appeared back-stage in my dressing room, looking sleek and successful. "I'm manager of a big bank now," he told me proudly. And I thought again—why did all of us worry out there in the trenches? Everyone wants us back, actors, non-actors, all of us! Everyone reaches out a helping hand when the soldiers come marching home!

Naturally I know that this war is a larger one than that other one. But the principle is still the same—and the world must go on when this debacle is over. And you will go on, too, just as before. Wounds [Continued on page 65]



Robert Montgomery (Navy)



Oleg Cassini (Coast Guard)



Herbert Marshall, a private in World War I, has an inspiring message for Hollywood's fighting men



Richard Greene (British Army)



Victor Mature (Coast Guard)



Henry Wilcoxon (Coast Guard)



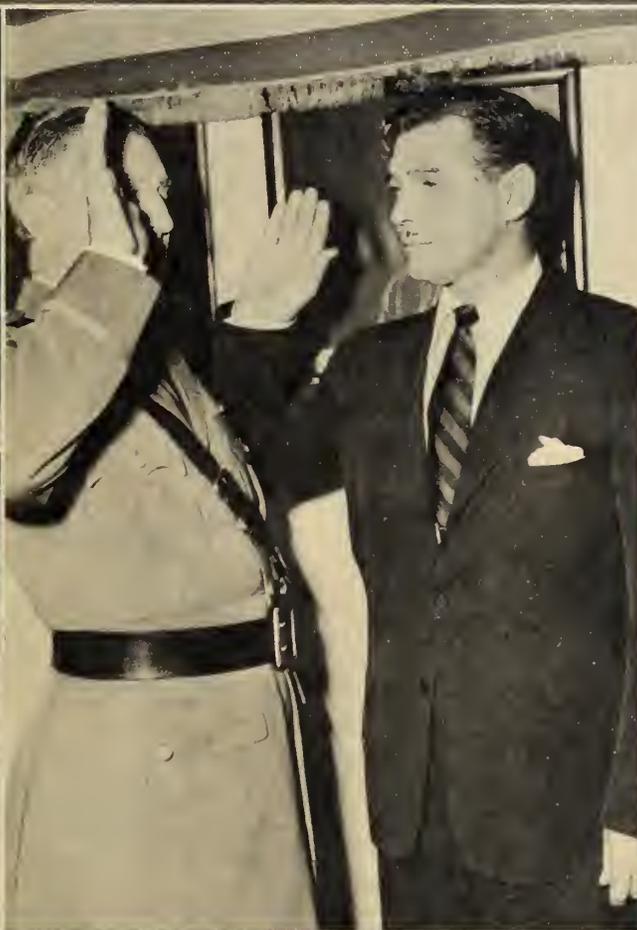
James Stewart (Army)



Ronald Reagan (Army)



Jeffrey Lynn (Army)



Clark Gable (Army)



David Niven (British Army)



William Holden (Army)



Henry Fonda (Navy)



Glenn Ford (Marines)



Douglas Fairbanks (Navy)



Robert Stack (Navy)



Richard Ney (Navy)



Tyrone Power (Marines)



Burgess Meredith (Army)



Gene Raymond (Army)

Popping Questions at Linda

By HELEN HOVER

Q. Which was your most interesting date?

A. It was with Eddie Albert. We're both crazy about geology. He took me to the *Bublichki*: a Russian cafe, and everyone greeted him. Papa *Bublichki* came over with his guitar and Eddie sang Russian songs to me. Then he began to talk about geology and astrology and the lost continent of "Atlantis." He showed me constellations and talked so interestingly and so glamorously that it's a date I will never forget.

Q. What type of man do you like best?

A. The Cary Grant type—gay, cheerful, tender and attractive. I've never met Cary. He got married before I had a chance to, worse luck!

Q. How many pairs of stockings have you?



Young and beautiful Linda Darnell has a fetish for telling the truth. Read her amazingly frank answers to our blunt questions. Linda's in 20th's *City Without Men*

Q. What is the closest you ever came to getting married?

A. When I went to Mexico in November, 1940. I went to see Jaime Jorba, a handsome Mexican boy I've known for years, and I almost married him then. We talked things over and decided that marriage was unfeasible at the moment. His family objected to me because I am an actress, and if I married him I would have had to live in Mexico City. He was very jealous and didn't want me to look pretty for fear I would attract other men. It just wouldn't have worked out, but it was a close call to matrimony.

Q. About how many evenings a week do you go out on dates?

A. Not even once a week. Eddie Albert is in the navy now. I live very quietly. Night life seems futile in wartime, I think.

Q. Are you in love now?

A. No. Eddie Albert is one of my favorite boy friends but it's not real love. He is thoughtful, considerate and very amusing company.

Q. What percentage of your salary goes into War Bonds?



Linda's first kiss—offscreen or on—was bestowed by handsome James Ellison

A. Two pairs of silk left, and no nylons. I don't wear hose very much so it isn't as heartbreaking as it appears.

Q. In love, are you the jealous type?

A. Yes. I don't hate the girl I might be jealous of, but I am hurt and miserable at the possibility that she is more beautiful, more lovable, more the kind of girl he might like. It's a horrible state, jealousy. Jaime Jorba is the only boy I was ever jealous of.

Between picture duties Linda devotes every spare moment to rolling bandages

Linda is a camera enthusiast, takes camera everywhere. Below: In Mexico City



Darnell

A. One-third of my salary, but all of my trust fund (under the Coogan act) goes into bonds.

Q. What acting flaw have you which you'd like to overcome?

A. I lapse into "Texas" once in a while in my speech. In *Mark of Zorro* I used to forget myself and say "you-all," ruining take after take.

Q. About what are you most sentimental?

A. Anniversaries; my sister's for instance. She is very happily married and I love to plan celebrations for her wedding anniversary and her baby's birthday.

Q. What do you remember about your first kiss?

A. Jimmy Ellison delivered it in *Hotel for Women*. This is true. My first off-screen kiss came later on.



The young star's musical taste varies from Tschai-kowsky to boogie-woogie

Q. What advice would you give a girl coming to Hollywood to crash pictures?

A. Anything but come here! Do Little Theater work, be a big frog in a little puddle. Let Hollywood come to you. You'll never get anywhere without some sort of introduction.

Q. What is the greatest adjustment [Continued on page 68]

Kent Smith has a phobia about anything borrowed. So he wouldn't change his plain name. R-K-O picked him for stardom in spite of his unglamorous handle. He's in *Hitler's Children*



Mr. Smith Goes to Hollywood

By JILL LANG

There used to be a well-circulated belief in Hollywood that no one named Smith would ever be a star. That is, if he used "Smith" on the screen. But R-K-O is breaking the jinx with their new leading man, Kent Smith, who refused to change his name. Certainly his first few pictures make him star material.

Ever since Kent Smith appeared on the New York stage, where he was a popular leading man before coming to Hollywood, people have tried to make him change the "Smith." He refused, because of a phobia against using anything borrowed. When he signed his movie contract, he stipulated (in writing) that he retain his real surname.

Smith has two other distinctions, in addition to his name. He is one of the few native New Yorkers in movies. He is also one of the few actors who has always been able to support himself just by acting since he graduated from college, without recourse to mowing lawns or slinging hash.

As typically American as his name, Kent Smith looks more like an athlete or young business man than an actor. Six feet tall, tipping the scales at 170, he has brown hair and deep-set hazel eyes.

Kent was born in Manhattan on March 19, 1907, went to Lincoln School of Teachers College, one of the early progressive schools, then to Phillips Exeter preparatory school and Harvard University.

It was at Exeter that he became interesting in acting and in a strange way.

The French department wanted to do a play, but needed a tall, broad-shouldered boy for the lead. The best French students didn't qualify physically. Kent did, but he had never studied French. He was invited to try, learned his lines phonetically and was given the part.

Kent's father, a hotel manager, hoped his son would follow in his profession and had him start learning the business from the cellar up. During one vacation, while still in prep school, Kent worked in the basement storeroom and as a "checker."

"I didn't see daylight for two months. I hated it. And I didn't want to be a 'nice young man' behind the front desk. So the next vacation I found a job as a 'spudder,' stripping bark off felled trees, in a Maine lumber camp. That I liked," he says.

Kent was active in dramatics at Harvard, but his urge to make acting his life work was born in Wood's Hole on Cape Cod, where, during his freshman vacation, he was invited to participate in the annual entertainment for the benefit of the public library. He played the lead in two of Eugene O'Neill's short plays and danced an exhibition Charleston between the acts!

He and other members of the cast, Harvard and Princeton students, decided to form their own stock company. They found a movie theater in nearby West Falmouth where business was always bad the first three days of the week. They convinced the manager he'd do better with "live" shows and made a deal to split profits. [Continued on page 71]

SCRAPBOOK SHORTS

Presenting... Margaret Lindsay

By ELEANOR HARRIS

LINDSAY, MARGARET: Her years in Hollywood have netted her dozens of pictures, among them *Cavalcade*, *The Spoilers*, *Thirteen Steps to Heaven*, *The Ellery Queen Series*, and *The Crime Doctor*.

BORN: In Dubuque, Iowa, a small town on the Mississippi, densely populated with her huge family. Eventually the entire family evacuated—Margaret heading for Hollywood by way of London.

FAMILY: Her real name is Kies (pronounced Keys), and Father Kies was in the drug business in Dubuque. He had five girls and one boy. Most of the family are clustered contentedly in movieville—although only Margaret carries a make-up kit for a livelihood.

MARRIED: Not yet, but almost a dozen times—always in headlines, thanks to the prominence of her beaux. Right now she's going through a hum period.

EDUCATED: Miss Lindsay did twelve years at the Visitation Convent (which is run by French nuns), and two years at the National Park Seminary in Washington, D. C. Then she suddenly dived head-first from conventional school life into nation-wide prominence as an actress—through a trick.

APPEARANCE: Chic is the word for Margaret. For this you can thank her good taste and Adrian's designing—he does all her clothes. She wears size-ten suits in black-and-white, in yellow, in gray, or in green. Her eyes are hazel, her hair brown, and her height five feet five and a half. On her Hollywood tombstone will go the word "unique"—because she actively despises slacks and won't be caught (even dead) in them!

HISTORIC LANDMARKS: Margaret sky-rocketed into Hollywood via the neatest trick of any year... the phony pose as a British actress, at a time when only British actors interested producers. She left finishing school and sneaked quietly over to London, where for four months she aped a British accent, memorized British streets, towns, restaurants and theaters. Then she proceeded to write letters to American producers telling them she was a renowned British actress by the name of Margaret Lindsay. Back in America, she was promptly offered stardom. When the Immigration Authorities demanded to know how "Margaret Lindsay" had entered the United States without their knowledge, she told them the Iowa truth. They laughed—and kept her secret. To over-curious reporters she said stiffly (with a British accent) that she couldn't bear "these prying American journalists"—and earned peace, but was press hated. Finally, after she had a five-year contract in her purse, she told the truth. The British ruse



Margaret Lindsay won screen fame on a fluke, but had no trouble holding it once her acting was seen. She's in Columbia's *The Crime Doctor*

had taken a year and made her feel like a hunted criminal—but it won her stardom.

SOCIAL LIFE: This used to be night-life with famous play-boys—but not since December 7th. Now it's quiet little supper parties at home with friends. Also, it's a lot of war work at the Hollywood Canteen, the San Pedro Canteens, and Naval Aid Auxiliary. Since gas rationing, she's gone in for Block Parties. These work out splendidly, because Cobina Wright, Charles Winninger and Stravinsky all live on her block.

HOME LIFE: There are four Kies to the Lindsay house—her mother, her sister Mickey (who dances for a living), her seventeen-year-old brother Jack (who attends Hollywood High School), and Margaret herself. The house has eight rooms done in glowing colors and frilly white curtains, and perches on a hill three blocks above the Trocadero. It's one of the happiest households in town!

ATTITUDE ON LIFE: Here's another actress who thinks she'd like to write. However, her *Big Dream* is: a good supporting part in a Broadway play, a two-picture a year contract, and the chance to travel to the mysterious countries of the earth—China, India, Persia. But above travel, marriage and life itself she puts just one thing—acting.

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-busy 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.

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.

**Susan Huntington,
Air Cadet Stevens
Married in Alabama**

Just as this page about Susan's and 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.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely! She uses POND'S!

"SHALL I SEND HIM YOUR LOVE, TOO?"

Susan asks Jupiter—sympathetic wire-haired terrier. After a grimy day in the school shop, it's wonderful to feel frilly and feminine again. Susan, in her sweet pink negligee, is bewitching with her big dark eyes, and flower-lovely Pond's complexion.



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!

My Most Thrilling Moment

Read the most thrilling moments in the lives of Joan Bennett, George Montgomery and Maureen O'Hara—as confessed by the stars themselves

By ELEANOR HARRIS



Joan Bennett—Appearing in *Margin for Error*

■ I suppose a really thrilling moment always comes after a long period of doubt and sadness. Mine certainly did . . . many years ago. It was the turning point in my life.

I was eighteen, but I'd already been married, divorced and had a baby—and for months I'd been carrying on a losing battle to support little Diana and myself. I was a Hollywood extra, and hungry half the time. But I was too proud to ask the family for help—they were all Broadway stars.

So when I got an offer to do the ingenue role in a Broadway play called *Jarnegan*, I knew I *had* to make good. It was that or nothing—it meant keeping up the family tradition, and more than that it meant food for Diana and me. I can't tell you how hard I worked during rehearsals, fighting back an inferiority complex. I'd come home dead at night and lean over Diana's crib (who couldn't understand me, of course!) and tell her, "Your mother has just got to succeed in this play!"

My most thrilling moment came right after the curtain fell opening night. It came in one sentence from my father. He rushed back-stage, grabbed me in his arms and said, "Joan, you're going to be a great actress."

That was it—after all those months of doubt and trouble. I've never had another moment since then that gave me quite such a thrill as that did. ■

■ The most thrilling moment of my life concerns my husband, Will Price. We were being married at his parents' home in Jackson, Mississippi.

I left Hollywood on Christmas Eve, expecting to reach Jackson the next morning. We ran into a wild storm and the stewardess told me, "We're over Jackson now—but the weather's too bad to land!"

On we went to Atlanta, Georgia. A telegram from Will said, "I have gone to New Orleans to meet you. Fly there at once."

I immediately flew to New Orleans . . . where the stewardess again informed me that the weather prevented us from landing, so we went back to Atlanta. There was another wire from Will: "Know you couldn't land in New Orleans so meet me in Jackson."

I rushed around the Atlanta airport, and rounded up five other passengers bound for Jackson. Together we chartered a plane and started off again. The plane was bouncing and bumping, when the pilot shouted back at us that we were over Jackson, but he didn't dare land in such weather.

Then I got frenzied and screamed, "You've got to land—I'm getting married!"

That settled it. He grinned at me, nodded, and dived down. The most thrilling moment of my life came a few seconds later, when, after 26 hours of flying, I walked out of the plane into Will's arms! ■



George Montgomery—Appearing in *Coney Island*

■ I was fifteen years old when I had my most thrilling moment—and I've never forgotten it!

I lived with my family on a huge cattle ranch in Montana, and it was my brother Maurice's and my job to round up the cattle that had strayed into out-of-the-way pastures every day. On this particular afternoon we started off on horseback, all bundled up in heavy clothes. We'd been gone a couple of hours when a terrific blizzard hit us. It was freezing—33 below zero, and snow was whirling so heavily in the wind that we couldn't see our horses' heads.

We decided to make a run for a deserted cabin five miles away up a river. Somehow we reached it and struggled inside, pulling our horses in after us. We were there all night long and all the next day, while the wind shrieked and the icy snow piled up outside until the windows were completely hidden. And we were cold—so cold both of us had our fingers and toes frozen. We knew, too, that if the storm didn't stop in a few hours we'd be dead.

We'd been there 28 hours when suddenly a faint light began to glimmer through the snow-packed windows.

I remember Maurice saying, "Look's as if it's letting up." That was my most thrilling moment, right there. An hour later we dug our way through six feet of snow. ■



Maureen O'Hara—Appearing in *This Land Is Mine*

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USE MODESS REGULARLY? Then your own experience gives you the facts for a winning letter!

NEVER TRIED MODESS? Here's your chance to discover how much safer it is, how marvelously soft and comfortable. Try Modess—and you'll be ready to write a winning letter with enthusiasm!

EASY TO WIN! FOLLOW THESE RULES!

1. Simply complete this statement in 25 words or less: "I'm glad I switched to Modess because . . ." Use pen, pencil, or typewriter. Write on one side of the paper. Print your name and address plainly.
2. Mail to Dept. B, The Personal Products Contest, P. O. Box 12, New York, N. Y. You can enter this contest as often as you like, but each entry must be accompanied by a small piece cut from the end of a Modess box, showing the words, "The Personal Products Corp."
3. A special committee of nurses will choose the winning letters. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
4. 427 prizes, as listed above, will be awarded every month, for 5 consecutive months. First contest closes midnight, February 28, 1943. Letters received after this date, but before midnight, March 31, 1943, will be entered in the second month's contest. Look for closing dates

- of succeeding monthly contests in future Modess ads. If for any unforeseen reason this series of contests should have to be discontinued, all undistributed prizes will be awarded in the last contest to be run.
5. Letters will be judged on originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought. The judges' decision will be final. No letters returned. Letters, contents, and ideas therein become the property of The Personal Products Corp.
6. Any girl or woman in the continental United States or Canada may compete except employees of The Personal Products Corp., their advertising agency, and their families. Contest subject to all Federal, State, and Dominion regulations.
7. All winners will be notified by mail within 30 days after the close of each month's contest. Prize-winners' names will not be publicly revealed, but a certified list will be maintained as part of the contest records.

Take a tip for a prize-winning letter from what these women say:

A DOCTOR'S WIFE:



It's been proved that Modess is safer—far less likely to "strike through." So naturally Modess is my choice.

In a leading hospital, 209 nurses made a test under the supervision of the United States Testing Company, Inc. They tested Modess napkins against nationally known layer-type napkins. Results: the layer-type napkins "struck through" almost 3 times as often as Modess—proving Modess far safer!

Instead of a single, part-way shield, Modess has a triple, full-length safety shield to give you more protection.

A WAR WORKER:



I never knew what comfort was till I tried Modess! That greater softness makes a world of difference to me!

Modess is made of downy fluff—instead of close-packed layers. In a recent nationwide survey, 3 out of every 4 women voted Modess softer to the touch. The first time you try Modess you'll see what a difference that extra softness makes in comfort!

A SECRETARY:



Since I started using Modess I never have to give a thought to tell-tale outlines. Modess is really fashioned to fit!

Modess' softness makes a difference in fit, as well as comfort. Its downy fluff conforms naturally to body contours. Where some napkins have hard tab ends, Modess has sheer gauze—fancier than your finest slip!

Modess comes in 2 sizes—regular and junior. If you prefer a slightly narrower napkin, buy Modess Junior—it's ideal for young girls and small women.

First for Safety—First for Softness

MODESS SANITARY NAPKINS

BOX OF 12—22¢ ECONOMY BOX OF 56—89¢





Every spare moment of Veronica Lake's already busy life is devoted to selling Bonds for Uncle Sam. She is shown making a sale



Being a screen siren is only a portion of Veronica Lake's three-cornered life. Her new film is *So Proudly We Hail*



The most important part of Veronica's busy life is being war-wife to John Detlie, who is stationed with the Army in Seattle

■ The good people in a certain neighborhood in Seattle, Washington, would be mighty surprised if they knew that their new neighbor, the skinny little blonde with the long pigtails, shiny face and bobby socks who does her own marketing every morning and wheels her baby carriage every afternoon, is none other than Hollywood's femme fatale, Veronica Lake.

Veronica refuses to play up to her screen reputation. She dresses, acts and lives as she pleases, and she pleases to do them as Mrs. John Detlie. Veronica Lake, the star, is a person who exists only between the hours of 8 to 5 when she's working in a picture. When the last scene has been shot, slinky, seductive Lake vanishes like a puff of smoke. She has the odd idea that it is possible for an average woman to live an average life and still be a movie star.

This was comparatively simple finagling when her husband was in Hollywood working as a studio set designer. But last summer when Uncle Sam stationed him in a Seattle camp, it looked as though a conflict would set in. A choice was imminent. Which would it be: career in Hollywood or keeping house near her husband's camp?

Veronica never hesitated. She tacked a "For Sale" sign on her house in Mandeville Canyon, Hollywood, and moved into a little five-room bungalow in Seattle. And with typical Lake deadpan, she said nothing.

Aha, thought Hollywood smugly, so that's how it stands. Veronica, who had never displayed a great drive about her career, was placing love before success. That set flame to the rumors that she was planning to retire.

"Rubbish!" said Veronica flatly when she was asked about it. "Why should I retire? I will say this—if things ever got

By HELEN WELLER

to the point where my career interfered with my husband and baby, I would give up the career. But there is no interference, and I don't anticipate any yet. Just because Johnny is in uniform is no reason for me to get panicky and decide that everything I've worked for up until now must be tossed aside. Like thousands of other women whose husbands have been sent to camps in far-off towns, I made up my mind that I would be a camp-follower irrespective of where Johnny was sent. But I didn't want to jeopardize my career, if I could help it.

"As it turned out, we were lucky. Johnny was stationed in Seattle, about 1,000 miles away from Hollywood. Quite a distance, I'll admit, but it could have been much worse. He might have been sent 3,000 miles away—or overseas—so we had to be thankful for that. Then, the nature of picture work allows for long vacations. We put in long, concentrated stretches of work, but then we often have several weeks of loafing. The first few months when Johnny was in service I was too busy to have more than two weekends in Seattle. I went straight from *I Married a Witch* into *Star Spangled Rhythm*. But that was followed by a six-weeks vacation.

"I had already rented a little house in Seattle and had all our furniture moved into it. The baby was there, too, in the

care of my maid, Clara, and I had no reason to worry about her. Of course," she smiled slowly, "I missed her terribly and my nightly long-distance calls to hear her coo kept me broke. As soon as *Star Spangled Rhythm* was finished, I scooted up to Seattle and left all that Hollywood represented behind me. I wanted to be just Mrs. Detlie and didn't want any reminder of my career around me. I even skinned my hair into two braids so that my hair-comb, that so-called trade-mark, wouldn't advertise me as Veronica Lake to my neighbors.

"In Seattle I'm not a career woman at all. I'm completely oblivious of the fact that I have a career. I joined several local clubs in town and with only Clara to help, kept house. In old dungarees I fussed around our backyard and converted it into a victory garden. We have some fruit trees and last fall I picked the peaches and cherries and canned them. I was a dud at my first attempt at canning. I was either putting in too much or too little sugar and I used every pot and pan in the kitchen. But when I finally saw them stored on the pantry shelves, they looked like jewels to me.

"This may sound like a gag: you know, the Hollywood glamourpuss who is trying so hard to sound like a little homebody; but believe me, I really cooked, cleaned, took care of the baby and loved it. It was fun to figure out the right kind of drapes for the living room and make an attempt at knitting at night. Johnny had permission to live at home and that made it complete.

"Some of the people in town guessed that I was a movie star, and at the beginning of my stay there some of them stared at me when I went marketing and a few even asked for my autograph. But when they realized that I was trying to get away from that sort of thing and live like they

did, they never bothered me again. I'll always appreciate that.

"People are nice up there. They know there's a war on and that this is no time to waste adulation on a film actress who has moved into the community to be with her husband. I became friendly with our next-door neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Milane, and we visit each other often. They made me realize that I could never become so famous that I couldn't get bowled over by real people. Johnny and I are plain. We never did go in much for hoopla even in Hollywood, so it was no problem for us to get used to simple living among non-theatrical people.

"I wasn't due back in Hollywood for several weeks so I thought I would have lots of time to be with my family. But one day I was asked if I would go on a bond-selling tour throughout the country. Of course, I accepted promptly. There isn't much sense in asking our men to fight for us unless we can provide them with the guns, planes and ammunition with which to fight. I was proud that I could have some small part in the Hollywood contingent sent all over the country to raise more money, and I never regarded it as an intrusion upon my private life. It's exhausting work, going from city to city, talking to many different groups of people every day, but the satisfaction you get from doing your part makes you feel like a million dollars. If all of us pitch in and do the job that presents itself, no matter how small or insignificant it may be, the war will be won a lot quicker.

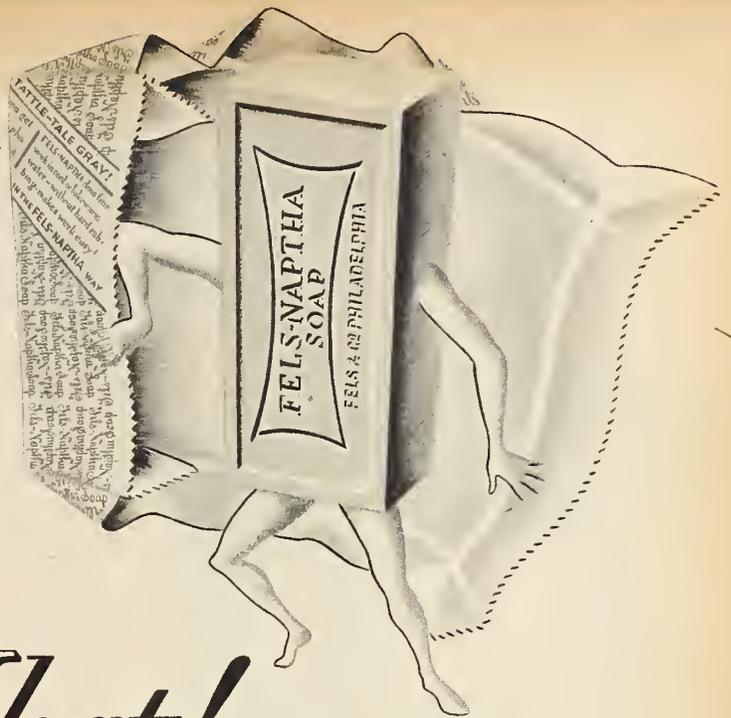
"As soon as the tour was over, I made quick tracks to Seattle again to spend eighteen days with Johnny and the baby until I had to return to Hollywood for *So Proudly We Hail*.

"The war has taught all of us a lot, and most important it has shown us women that we can crowd many things into our lives. At first, I thought my main adjustment would be to keep my home in Seattle and my career in Hollywood without losing either. But I expect to go out on many more bond tours, so that's another job to be taken on. But it doesn't frighten me at all. I know I can do all three.

"This isn't smugness or conceit. These are days when almost every American woman has her normal pattern disrupted and is rising to the changes in war-time living. So many women are setting up house in strange cities, are raising their children and assuming besides war jobs in factories or in volunteer organizations. They've learned to be several women in one and I'd be lacking their spunk and ingenuity if I couldn't meet this emergency in my own life.

"If I can be three women in one—Army wife, actress and bond salesman—I'm not doing anything extraordinary. Some sacrifices are involved, true enough. I can't be with my husband and baby all the time, as I'd like to. There are long separations and there is little time for rest. But we'll have all that back later, when victory is ours.

"In the meantime, I'm only trying to gear myself to the present tempo and do my best to keep intact my family life and the freedom to work—and these after all, are the American principles for which we are fighting." ■



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."



"I'm Glad

I Didn't Marry An Actor"

—Geraldine Fitzgerald

By DOROTHY HAAS



Sparkling-eyed Geraldine Fitzgerald explains frankly why she's glad husband Edward Lindsay-Hogg, director of the Irish Red Cross in America (shown with the actress at right), is not an actor. Geraldine's in Warners' *Watch on the Rhine*

■ "I'm glad I didn't marry an actor—for lots of reasons," said lovely Geraldine Fitzgerald, "but the most important one is because I'm an actress!"

Geraldine's Irish eyes sparkled with amusement as she tossed her long auburn hair. We were sitting in the semi-darkness of the *Watch on the Rhine* set at Warners, waiting for her to be called for a scene.

She smiled. "I like actors. I suppose I could love one—if I weren't already in love with my husband—but because I'm an actress, I am convinced it would be a mistake for me to be married to one.

"Before I hurt any of my friends' feelings, I'd better explain that I know many actors and actresses who are happily married within the profession. But for me—no. There are too many obstacles."

The gaiety was gone now. Geraldine was completely serious. "An actor and actress married to each other would know one another too well, and I believe a husband and wife should have some little secrets and not be too apparent to each

the world, and when I say 'actors' I include the female of the species, too. Think of the dinner conversations when husband and wife are both in the same profession! It's always on the same subject, there is no variety. My husband and I have completely different things to discuss, and it prevents our being 'single track.'

"When I'm in Ireland with Eddie, I'm in an utterly different world—his world—away from acting and actors. It's respite from my work. It adds up to our 'singing different tunes.' How dull it would be if we both sang the same song continually.

"And don't forget temperament," Geraldine went on. "To be a good actor, one usually is a complete extrovert. Self-interest and a degree of egomania go along with it, for an actor's stock in trade is his personal appearance, voice and physical fitness. Imagine two such temperaments under one roof!

"The time element is important in this problem, too, especially if both husband and wife are acting in pictures. They can't see very much of each other, for when they are working they go to bed almost directly after dinner, to be rested for the next day. Vacations often conflict, due to different picture assignments. If an actress' husband were a businessman, it's possible he might manage a few days' vacation with her after she has worked hard for eight or ten weeks on a picture.

"Another thing: When you're working on a picture, there is always extreme nervous tension. You're always keyed-up and nervous in the morning in anticipation of the day's work. I think one person having the jitters over breakfast is enough. Two would be one too many."

"What about children," we asked Geraldine, "and the effect on them if both parents are actors?"

"Personally, I think it's bad. It goes back to that highly emotional, single-track atmosphere in the home which I just mentioned. If one parent is interested in some other field of work, children have broader interests, too, and greater emotional stability. They grow up knowing two worlds instead of only one.

"Don't under-estimate the matter of competition," Geraldine warned. "If I were married to an actor, I would worry that I might do better than my husband. I couldn't bear it if that happened, and probably he couldn't either. That has broken plenty of marriages. As it is, the better I do, the more delighted Eddie is, because he is proud of me, not competing with me."

Geraldine illustrated her point by telling the story of a famous English stage couple, jealous of each other's successes. The husband had witnessed his wife's performance as *Lady Macbeth*, rushed backstage and congratulated her on her magnificent acting.

"Tell me, dear, [Continued on page 67]



other. Even in private life actors use their little tricks, pretenses and exaggerations, which are obvious to another actor. When a husband and wife recognize these in the other—there's trouble!"

An interesting, if somewhat startling point, certainly. Geraldine, who is Mrs. Edward Lindsay-Hogg, wife of the director of the Irish Red Cross in America, went on.

"For another thing, the world of make-believe is sometimes more real to an actor than the actual world; and if two people in one household are living in illusions, there is more difficulty. I'm convinced it is much better if one member of the marriage partnership is a realist; there is better balance.

"There's also the matter of conversation. Actors are the greatest shop-talkers in

Enduring Lacquer



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It's worth everything—just *everything* to know that once your nails are made up to perfection, they'll **STAY** that way for a very long time—without chipping. CHEN YU . . . real, durable lacquer gives you this special advantage in wear—in grooming—in charm . . . it's a true lacquer that brings to lovely hands an exquisiteness both new and lasting. Send now for two shades—*any* two . . . the coupon will bring them . . . then you'll want to get the regular sizes of CHEN YU Long-Lasting Lacquer at your favorite cosmetic counter—or perhaps a CHEN YU manicure at your favorite salon.

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Comeback for Alice— By Popular Demand

When Alice Faye left the screen to have her baby, she never expected to return. But public demand soon brought her back. She's in Fox's *Hello, Frisco, Hello!*

■ After eighteen months' absence from the screen, Alice Faye is returning in *Hello, Frisco, Hello!*

Alice comes back richer by two possessions—a fat, gurgling, blond Alice, Jr., and the comforting knowledge that audiences have missed her and refused to displace her.

Alice frankly never expected to return to the screen, although her contract with Twentieth-Century-Fox still has two years to run. She expected that her fans would quickly forget her.

For a girl who has consistently paid off at the box-office, who has been rated among the top draws of Hollywood, Alice has a singular sense of unimportance. She is still slightly dazed and awed by the clamor fans raised over her continued absence. Digging out from an ever-increasing avalanche of letters—all screaming, "We want Alice," studio executives promptly cancelled her leave of absence and put her to work.

Alice today is slim to the point where she is trying to gain some weight—at least, she won't quarrel with any extra pounds which come her way. Happiness has kindled a light behind her face, and she

by **SONIA LEE**

has the look of contentment which only a beloved woman has.

Alice has never been a girl who can turn her emotions inside out and parade them for the world. Words don't come glibly or freely from her lips. But the serenity in her eyes underscores her contentment.

Today, she has the things she has always wanted.

Long before Alice married Phil Harris, she said: "I know what I want out of life. A career is all right. I like my work, but my career doesn't own me. It wouldn't break my heart if something happened and I would suddenly find myself out of pictures.

"There is only one thing I really want. That's a good marriage and children. Maybe that sounds like a line for publicity. But I was raised to believe that the ideal life for a woman is to be a wife and a mother.

"When I marry again (and this was long before she had met Phil), I think I'll bring a lot more to marriage than I have before. Trouble does something for a woman—it opens her eyes, and makes her see things she's overlooked before. The next time I'll know what to do to insure happiness."

When Alice met Phil, it wasn't one of those immediate head-over-heels romances. Alice was cautious. She had been hurt. She couldn't insulate her heart, but she checked with her head before she married Phil.

From the day she knew a baby was on the way, Alice made plans to leave the screen immediately.

"I felt," declares Alice, "that I owed it to myself and to the baby not to work during that time. I wanted to live a quiet life, with plenty of time to rest and to plan and to dream and to be happy. I didn't want to have any of the problems or have to meet the physical and mental and emotional demands of picture-making.

"I didn't worry about being forgotten. I saw no reason why I shouldn't be. After all, there are a lot of new players constantly coming up. The public likes variety, and the disappearance of one face doesn't make much difference. I expected to be replaced in the public's memory very quickly. Frankly, at that time, I was perfectly content never to make another picture.

"I thought the studio would be indifferent to my return. When I finished *Week-end in Havana* I honestly believed it would be my final picture.

"It's pretty wonderful to realize my fans haven't forgotten me. To be wanted, to be missed, gives me a feeling of gratitude that I shall never be able to describe.

"The studio told me there were thousands of letters asking when I would make another picture. When they started piling up, executives insisted that I had a long enough vacation, and it was time for me to get back on the job.

"Now that I am working again, it doesn't seem as if I'd ever been away. But the letters I am receiving remind me how long eighteen months really is.

"It's a little tough to get going again. I am not used to the routine and about the middle of every afternoon I get sleepy. I have to sort of save my energy, too."

If you ask Alice whether she senses any change in herself due to her absence, she says: "No, I am changed only as any girl is who has had her first baby. Of course I have a daughter now, and I am a part of a family. I have a feeling of ties—but that's true of any mother. I've quieted down, certainly. And my point of interest is in my home."

Today Alice is mighty glad to be back. "After all," she points out, "there's a war going on. Everyone should work. If I can, in any way, divert people's minds, give them some relaxation from the present day strain, picture-making is worth while.

"Also, it is necessary for me to work. I have the house to maintain and other financial obligations. Phil is a Lieutenant, J. G. in the Merchant Marine, and even though he still continues to appear on the Benny program, most of the job of carrying on is up to me."

Like other women with husbands in service, Alice gets pretty lonesome, but she realizes how fortunate she is that Phil is able to come home once in a while. There isn't a day she doesn't count her blessings. ■

NEXT MONTH!

HOLLYWOOD becomes a BIGGER magazine, merging with
MOTION PICTURE!

Watch for the New Title:

MOTION PICTURE combined with HOLLYWOOD

The big, new combined issue of these two
famous magazines goes on sale

March 12th

Do you wear "Natural" powder?

Then don't MISS this heavenly NEW "Natural!"

The misty shell-pink softness of this new "Natural" gives your skin a new look! A delicate transparent glow—exquisitely blonde . . . tender . . . but radiantly alive!

Pond's new Dreamflower "Natural"—so different from heavy, chalky, ordinary blonde powders—makes your skin look fair, but never "powdery" or faded. Try this frailest, sweetest new Dreamflower shade *soon!*

"I have always worn 'Natural' Powder—but I've never found one that suits my skin so well as Pond's beautifully blended new Dreamflower 'Natural.' It is an unusually lovely shade."

MRS. FRANCIS GROVER CLEVELAND

New Pond's Dreamflower Powder

New Dreamflower Box—
dainty as a garden bouquet.
Luxurious dressing-table
box—only 49¢. Two
introductory sizes
—25¢, 10¢.



Tops the List!

"What lipstick did you last buy?" a beauty editor asked recently. Pond's "Lips" topped the list! Matching compact rouge—Pond's "Cheeks"!

Pond's "LIPS"
—stays on Longer

Actual 10¢ size

TODAY!

See all 6 new Dreamflower Powder Shades

NATURAL—for pink-and-white blondes RACHEL—for cream-ivory skin
ROSE CREAM—peach tone for golden blondes DUSK ROSE—for rich rosy-tan skin
BRUNETTE—rosy-beige for medium brunettes DARK RACHEL—for dark brunettes
At Beauty Counter's Everywhere

Out of sight -
out of mind!



Use *internal* protection—the Meds way—and forget your fears. Meds “safety-well” absorbs so much *more* so much *faster* you feel a new self-confidence.

This tiny Meds insorber



This photograph—*actual size*—shows the Meds insorber—tiny, easy-to-use. Individual applicator places it quickly, *correctly*.

*in
tumbler
test*



Dipped in water, the expanding insorber shows why Meds’ exclusive “safety-well” gives *quick* deep-well absorption—*extra* protection and comfort.

absorbs 300%



Here is the Meds insorber after absorbing 300% of its own weight in moisture! Its soft cotton expands into a protective cone-shape which adapts itself instantly to individual needs.



BOX OF 10
25c
Each with its own applicator

Meds are accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



Fool-Proof Fame

Michael O'Shea's success story confirms all the best copy book maxims about hard work, faith and ambition paying off. His reward is the lead in *G-String Murders*

■ The pretty boys on the screen almost kept Michael

by **LEE BENNETT**

“I guess that sounds corny from a jerk like me,” he says, “but I

O'Shea out of Hollywood for keeps. When the curtain came down on the opening performance of *Eve of St. Mark*, there was a new star on Broadway. Picture producers with commendable promptness immediately marked Michael O'Shea for their own. To all their offers he had one answer, “Look, I don't want to be in pictures—I wouldn't be any good. I ain't a bit pretty and those guys that I see on the screen—they're something to look at.”

It was Hunt Stromberg who sent for an ace cameraman and convinced Mike, christened Edward Frances Michael Joseph O'Shea, that there was something wrong with his judgment.

Not in years has there been so much excitement about a newcomer as there is currently about this O'Shea lad who is playing opposite Barbara Stanwyck in his first picture, *The G-String Murders*. It is being freely predicted that he'll be a great star in no time at all.

For twenty-two years Michael O'Shea built up to his hit on Broadway in Maxwell Anderson's play. They were tough years. He tells of those years colorfully and not one tinge of self-pity or resentment creeps into his accounts of the rough going.

From the time he was a youngster he had a passion for music. He couldn't read a note—he had no lessons—but if he got near enough to a musical instrument his hands would go out automatically to stroke it like other boys pet a dog or kitten.

have always been crazy about music—any kind of music.”

When he was ten years old he was sent to the Connecticut farm of his grandparents who had twelve children, all living there and all in various stages of maturity. Michael learned a lot of things fast. There were enough grown-ups around for him to learn horse-sense, and from the small fry, he says today, he learned what the expression, “every man for himself,” means.

It was the sort of concentrated existence which prepared him for the procession of clips on the chin which the next couple of decades held for him.

There was never a doubt in his mind that eventually he would be on the stage. “Maybe,” he says, “it was the show-off in me, but I knew right from the start that I had to be giving out with something for people to see.”

At fourteen, he got himself a job as a drummer with a dance hall orchestra. He did all right and graduated from orchestra to orchestra, until he had one of his own composed of five ambitious kids—all dreaming of “big time.”

Michael had learned the mechanics of conducting when he had taken over for a tongue-tied master of ceremonies. Now he was the boss of the outfit and—let him tell it from here on.

“Nights we'd be playing around—a night here and a night there, and for lunch every day we went to a restaurant where a guy gave out with a violin. For fifty cents we got a lunch and a music lesson. We learned

what a good band did. It was sort of a gypsy outfit and one day we were sitting around and one of the guys said, 'Gee, we ought to have a name for our band. Maybe if we did we'd do better.' So we thought 'Mike O'Shea and His Five Gypsies' would be a swell name for us—but there were objections to that. Heck, we didn't stroll around, we just sat in one place. And one word led to another and before we left we were 'Mike O'Shea and His Stationary Gypsies.' After a while we got haircuts and tuxedos and five more men in the band and we really stepped out."

The years went by and Mike O'Shea was learning everything about the theater that he could. He played in every branch of show business. "Gosh," he says, "I've lost count of all the turkeys I had a part in, but I was in stock and I was in vaudeville, and I did a season in burlesque just so I'd learn timing. Name me one part of show business and O'Shea's been in it."

Long before Mike knew where his next meal was coming from, when he was nineteen, he got married and within three years there were two children. "I really had to hump. I couldn't wait for jobs in the theater, I took what I could get. I had a family to look after and maybe one week I'd be in Cincinnati in a play and the next week I'd be laying bricks in Mobile, Alabama." He jerked sodas and ran an elevator. One job Mike missed was being an iceman. "Outside of that I did everything—Jack of all Trades—that was me."

Eventually he got a job as a bell boy on the luxury liner, *Leviathan*. He crossed the Atlantic thirty-six times before he decided there was no future in his work. So he remained ashore and again went back to his love. It was in 1932—you remember that year—banks closed and brother didn't have a dime—he couldn't get a job in a play but he hit in radio. He auditioned for a "G-Men" series at Columbia Broadcasting and created a new type of mug. Not the kind that talks out of the corner of his mouth, but a "sharp guy who knows the answers and is quick on the uptake."

So distinct and distinguished was his creation that very quickly an active radio career was begun. After a year of this he yearned to return to vaudeville and went on tour with his own band. In 1935 he went to Hartford, Connecticut, as a producer, director and actor in radio shows for Station WTIC. He remained there five years and then returned to New York to appear in featured spots in many trans-continental broadcasts.

When Maxwell Anderson's *Eve of St. Mark* was being cast for Broadway, Lem Ward, the stage director, chose Mike for the American Artillery man who sees hell break loose on Bataan. As rehearsals progressed, both the director and the author continually built up the part until it became one of the high spots of the play. Reviewers and audiences hailed Mike as a brilliant actor!

Even after Producer Stromberg convinced him that he would photograph well and would be suitable for the screen, Mike refused to go to Hollywood. His argument was that he had no right to quit a show which had given him his great chance!

[Continued on page 45]

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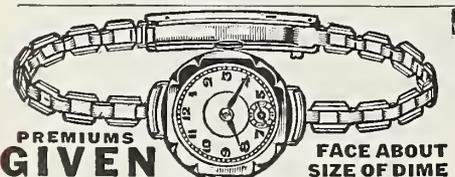
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Little Sister

It was the concert stage for Diana Lynn—until Paramount spotted her and she was typed for little sister roles. She's in *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*

■ For something like eight years little Diana

Lynn, her heart set on becoming a great concert pianist, put in six hours a day at the keyboard, practicing like mad. In spite of the fact that she can play a Beethoven sonata just about as handsomely as Jose Iturbi, all Paramount wants out of Diana—for the time being, at least—is to go right on being her own particular brand of little sister, hep-to-life and mildly cynical, the kind of a little sister she was to Rita Johnson in *The Major and the Minor* and the kind she will be to Betty Hutton in *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*.

Ironically enough, it was those 16,000 hours of practicing like mad that got Diana into pictures four years ago, when she was 13 and answered to the name of Dolly Loehr.

Paramount was getting ready to film *There's Magic in Music*, a picture glorifying the summer camp project for juvenile musicians held at Interlochen, Michigan. The first thing they did, naturally, was to audition every child musician in sight in order to recruit a crack symphony orchestra.

Next they cast about for a knee-pants Kreisler for a hot solo spot. The word was passed along and the junior fiddlers descended on the studio in brigades, conveyed by their accompanists. One of the young accompanists, a junior miss who seemed quite bored with it all, showed up fifteen minutes late, did her piece, and yawned.

"Would you mind playing a solo on the piano before you go?" the musical direc-

tor asked her.

Nonchalantly the youngster reeled off the fiery, extremely difficult "Revolutionary Etude" by Chopin, with the air of a tyke who could do it again with one hand tied behind her back.

Then, without so much as a by-your-leave, she gathered up her music, sighed, and followed the lackadaisical fiddler out the door, ready to forget the whole episode.

Diana Lynn probably would have forgotten it if she hadn't received a telephone call some four weeks later from the same now-harried musical director.

Did she know the Grieg Concerto? She did. Would she mind practicing it on the off-chance that they might find a spot for her in the picture? Not at all.

When her mother, a teacher of piano, learned of her offspring's rash promise, she was flabbergasted. "The Grieg Concerto is for grown-ups," she said sternly. "Exclusively, Mother?" inquired Diana.

She tackled Grieg with both hands and feet. Ten days later, when the musical director called to ask when she'd be ready to face the sound camera, she bowed him over by announcing, "I'm ready right now."

Ready is right.

She gave Grieg such a terrific going over that the scripters were promptly instructed to build up her part. She did so handsomely by it, that Paramount, without even the remotest idea as to when another picture would come along calling for a doe-eyed pianist, put her under contract. Two years of playing Santa Claus

and the studio decided to salvage its investment by changing her name, burying her musical past, and putting her to work at just plain acting like everyone else on the lot.

At which point along came *The Major and the Minor* with a spot for a 'teen-age girl and away went Diana to work for her salary. She looked so good in her scenes with Ginger Rogers that Paramount lost no time in picking up her option. This was fine with Diana, who has a theory that taking money without working—even from a well-heeled outfit like Paramount—is "sort of criminal."

That is the tip-off to the character of Diana Lynn, who, despite the fact that she was born in Hollywood, doesn't go for that Hollywood stuff one single bit. Take, for example, an incident that happened right after the rave notices started trickling into the studio hard on the heels of the release of *The Major and the Minor*. One of the studio photographers—the best one on the lot, as a matter of fact—called to tell her that if she would report to him, he would see that she was photographed as befitted her new station—in make-up and snazzy hair-do.

She appeared bright and early the very next morning, and to show his gratitude for her promptness, the photographer really went to town. When he showed Diana his wonderwork, she stared at the batch of stills and shook her head somberly.

"Don't you like them?" he asked.

"Frankly, no," replied Diana. "They're much too pretty."

A fat chance fame has of turning a head like Diana's! ■

Fool-Proof Fame

[Continued from page 43]

It was Maxwell Anderson who cast the deciding vote. He said to him, "Look, it's swell of you not to want to leave the show because we gave you a break. But we want you to make a lot more friends and a lot more money. You've earned every dime we've paid you and you've worked for your chance. Go ahead—take Mr. Stromberg's offer." So O'Shea signed a Hollywood contract while the tears rolled down his face.

He looks like a younger edition of Spencer Tracy. Their facial structure is amazingly similar. He has a straight-forward jaw and teeth interestingly uneven.

For twenty-two years O'Shea has waited for his big chance and, curiously enough, he is glad it has taken so long. Today he says, "I'm darned glad it was tough. I've seen a lot of kids get a quick break, and even if they have a lot of talent they haven't had enough experience to treat their break with the reverence and respect it deserves. It's darned easy to be arrogant and spoiled when you're young and suddenly the world is at your feet, but when you get older you know what it means—you've worked for it—and you're pretty careful to treat it right."

One will get you ten that here's one guy who won't "Go Hollywood!" ■

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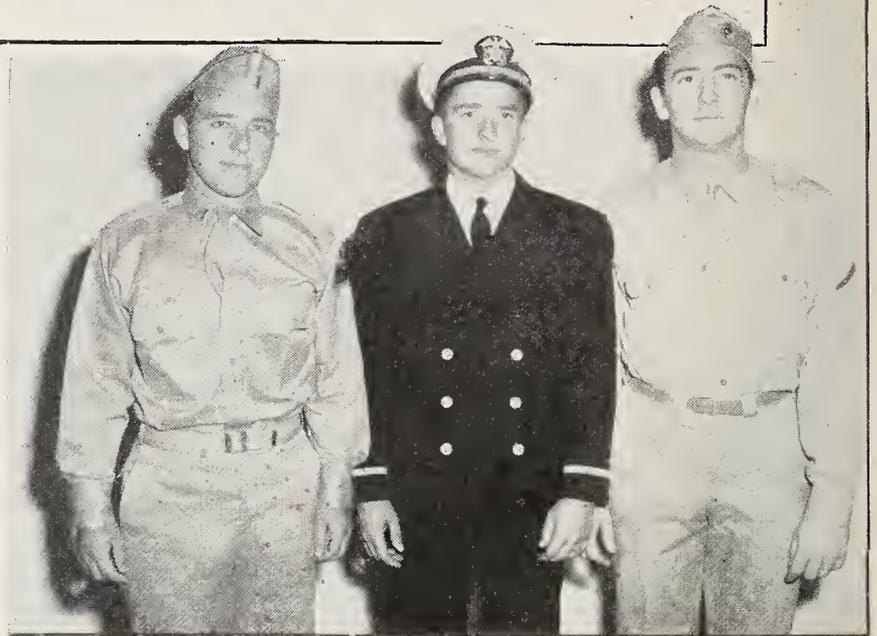


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Under Contract-- to the Marines



By **MACDONALD CAREY**
as told to **FREDDA DUDLEY**

Appropriately enough, Paramount's *Salute for Three* is Macdonald Carey's last film for the duration. He is shown (right), with his brothers, Lt. Gordon Carey, Army, and Ensign Charles Carey, Navy, after his enlistment in the Marines

I'm writing this on December 14, 1942. I've already been sworn into the Marine Corps and I have my uniform. Tomorrow morning I report for active duty, and if you think I'm not tickled pink, you should see an actor after twenty-one curtain calls.

It was while I was working in Paramount's *Wake Island*, that I became so interested in the Marine Corps, its tradition and its future, that I wandered down to a recruiting sergeant and tried out for a duration contract. They do a lot of type casting in that corps, but I almost failed to get the role I wanted.

As a matter of fact, I almost said my farewell to Hollywood before I even got into uniform. I don't think I'm revealing a trade secret when I say that nearly everyone in radio or legit hopes to get a crack at pictures at one time or another.

We may love the air around a broadcasting station or backstage, but there is nothing wrong with the west coast ozone, either. And then, think of the much larger audience you can reach through motion pictures. Naturally, I was pretty happy when Paramount tested me while I was working in New York in *Lady in the Dark*. I had been tested two years before, but that test had been slightly sour.

One morning the following things happened: my engagement to Elizabeth Crosby Heckscher was announced; I received a contract from Paramount, and a call from my draft board. It looked as if Mars had stolen the bases from Cupid and Thespis. The only thing to stop him was a fast double play, so I rushed down to the draft board, took an examination, and asked permission to marry. Love won, and Betty and I were married at Bryn Mawr on May 4, 1941.

I was still working in *Lady in the Dark*, which didn't close until June 15. Meanwhile I was doing a radio show every morning, then rehearsals in the afternoon, so our honeymoon had to be postponed. When the show closed I had heard nothing more from my draft board, so Betty and I decided to drive to California.

I had been in Los Angeles once before, but the circumstances of that previous visit had given me an exaggerated idea of the beauty of the place. You see, along in 1933 I

[Continued on page 50]



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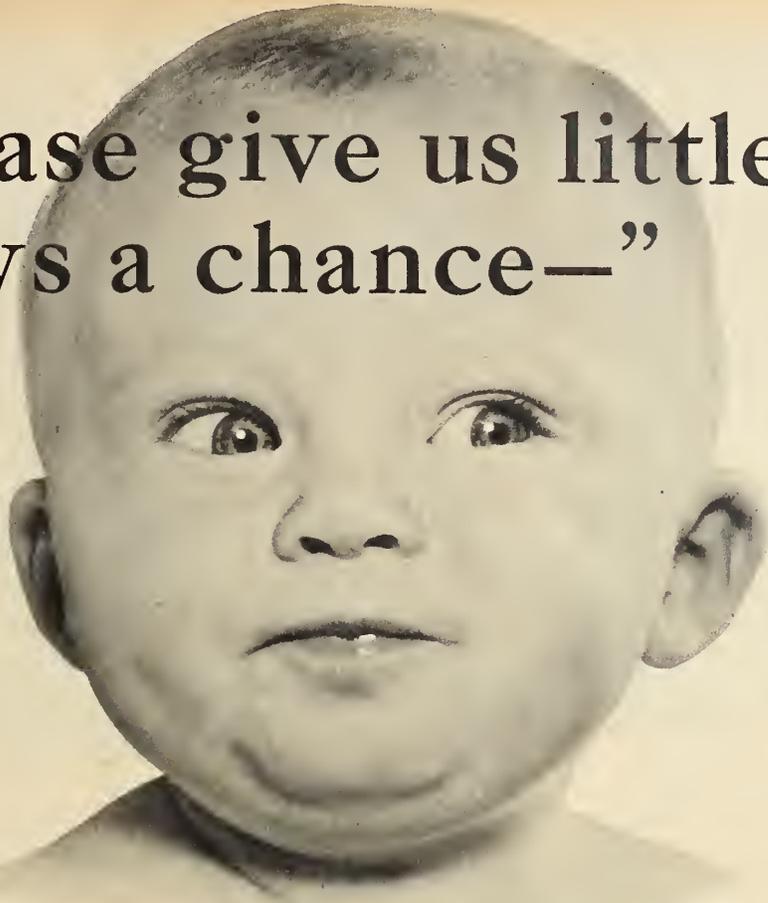
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REVEALS THE HIDDEN
BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR

Kitten Turns Tiger

By
CONNIE CURTIS

Remember little Mary Anderson? The sweet, shy, demure little Mary of *Bahama Passage* and the *Henry Aldrich* pictures?

Well look again. Mary's gone into reverse. Now she's a prize hellcat and hussy, out to give Bette Davis and Ida Lupino a run for their money.

Behind the phenomenal change in Mary Anderson is the story of a girl who, when she was good was very, very bad and when she was bad was terrific. Mary left Hollywood last year on a one-way ticket. She was out in the proverbial cold. Today, she returns a conquering heroine, with her pick of studios, stories and contracts.

To begin with, what started Mary off on the wrong foot was that she was one of the casualties of *Gone With the Wind*. At the time it was being cast, every girl in the South who wasn't bowlegged was shipped to Hollywood to test for *Scarlett*. Mary had been spotted in an amateur play in her home town of Birmingham, Alabama, and



Mary Anderson was a sweet little nobody in Hollywood until a Broadway play turned her into a hellcat. Then the movie studios promptly fought to get her back

a visit backstage convinced the talent scout that she was a real Mason-Dixon product. "How would you like to be *Scarlett*?" he asked. Mary, who had been screenstruck ever since her pigtail and barefoot days on her parents' farm, promptly collapsed. When she came to, she was clutching the cash and wherewithal to come to the Coast and test for the role.

But when she arrived, nothing happened. It was then she learned the disheartening news that she was just one of many hundreds being considered. She would have to wait until all the prospects were weeded out. And she had a heap of waiting to do.

Finally Vivien Leigh was discovered, and Mary appeared in the film as a distant relative of *Scarlett*, her sole scene played silently behind a fan.

Her mother wrote for her to come home, but instead she took a room at the Studio Club for Girls, hoarded her small capital and started looking for jobs. Bit parts followed, in which capacity she even played a blacked-up native woman in a travelogue. Max Reinhardt was the only one who thought she could act; and he gave her a scholarship at his famous dramatic school. This led to a contract with Warner Brothers, but even that ended bitterly. Enthusiastic about her new contract, she wired her brother Buddy to come to Hollywood. Buddy, too, aspired to acting, and Mary introduced him at the studio. Soon afterwards, Mary was dropped from the studio payroll and Buddy was put on!

This was no fault of Buddy's, of course, but ordinarily Mary might have been resentful. However she was suffering a lull in her career and it was comforting to

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have one Anderson in Hollywood who was working. At the mention of her name, directors would shake their heads glumly and say, "The trouble with her is she's too sweet. Gentle as a kitten. Much too goody-good." And so roles that Mary had tried out for went, at the last minute to other girls. Her screen career seemed to have reached its zenith as *Henry Aldrich's* coy 15-year-old girl friend. She says grimacing, "I was dying to act, and instead had to carry school books and make sheep's eyes at *Henry*."

All this made Mary very much available when a Broadway play, *Guest in the House* was casting. Other young actresses who were approached to play the sweet-faced vixen in it, had too many picture engagements in Hollywood. But with Mary it was different. No one stopped her when she left unhappily for New York to begin rehearsals. She and Hollywood were through.

The play opened and two months later Mary promptly became the acting "find" of the year with agents from every studio knocking at her dressing room and begging her to return to films.

The reason for this was that the play represented a new Mary Anderson. Not a shy, sugar-sweet ingenue, but a nasty little tigress whose throat you'd cheerfully cut. The advertisements for the show deftly described her as "an All-American five-letter female." Audiences hissed and booed her, waiting eagerly for the final scene where Mary gets done in. And Mary loved it.

"They hate me," she said, eyes shining. "You have no idea how happy this makes me. With all that rantin', fury and meanness, I feel re-born." The kitten had turned tiger, and learned that it pays to be bad.

With this sharp reversal in her career, Mary herself has changed. She has the same demure smile, the same big, melting eyes, the same childish lisp, but inside she's a girl who is willing to fight for what she wants, and won't take any more pushing around. She's made Hollywood recognize her as an actress—not as *Henry Aldrich's* girl friend.

Too, this new popularity, coming when her short career was dying of malnutrition, has made her a nut about acting. She practices hours before a long mirror in her bedroom, or in her dressing room on the lot. She says "no" to most of the young men who clamor around her demanding dates. She takes a long-sighted view and prefers to spend her time building up her dramatic possibilities. In New York most of her dates were reserved for Richard Watts, Jr., the dramatic critic, who holds a particularly high place in her affections because he gives her tips on acting.

Now Mary is firmly entrenched on the Fox lot with a contract. She's giving Hollywood fair warning. No more gaga roles for her . . . she's a purring kitten no longer. The kitten has turned tiger—and for good. ■

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(from a letter by E. F., San Francisco, Calif.)



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(from a letter by I. G., Fresno, Calif.)

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DR. MILES NERVINE

Under Contract—to the Marines

[Continued from page 46]

thought I was a writer, so I felt that I needed to see "Life."

I had signed on a freighter from New York, filled with visions of exotic lands. What I saw on that voyage through the canal and up the west coast was the inside of a churning, heaving, odoriferous tub. Jonah, compared to me, had accommodations in the Bridal Suite of the *Queen Mary*. When we docked I wanted to kiss the mud flats.

Meanwhile, I had heard a good deal about the behavior of Hollywood toward inductees from the New York stage. Frankly, on my return visit I was prepared for a dragon's den and was all set to be crushed by an avalanche of indifference.

To my gradual and sweet surprise I found everyone friendly, interested and eager to be of help. I sat around for four months, waiting for an assignment—or for some critical activity from my draft board—but nothing happened until I was cast in *Doctor Broadway*.

I had just finished it and was set for *Take a Letter, Darling*, when I had a call from my California board. It seemed that there had been some delay in getting my papers transferred from New York, but now I was to appear for another check-up. This time I was assured there would again be a slight delay for station identification.

After the second picture was finished, we gave up our house in Beverly Hills and went back to New York. Here we were told there would be a further delay in my induction, so I hurried back to the coast alone to work in *Wake Island*.

That picture hit me hard. I began to think, eat and sleep Marine Corps. But when I went through my physical for the Marines, what do you think happened? The Navy doctors found that I was color blind!

Have you ever planned on something with your whole heart? Have you ever talked something up to yourself until it has assumed the stature of a colossus in your mind? Then you'll know how I felt about losing a part in the cast of this biggest of all shows. It might have been easier to bear if Betty had been with me, but she was in New York.

I talked it over with some of my friends and one of them told me about the Bates Method, a system of eye-training and relaxation that works wonders. I wrote to Betty, telling her that there was no way of knowing how long I'd be here, and that I needed her—so please come home.

Then I set to work under the instruction of a Bates Method teacher in an attempt to cure my trouble. The results were amazing. I couldn't believe it myself. Within a few weeks there was a great improvement.

It began to be a race between my eyesight and the Army. Now the Army is fine—one of my brothers is a lieutenant; and the Navy is splendid—his twin is an ensign. But the Marine Corps was for me. Besides, I'm just sentimental enough to want a Carey in each branch of the service.

Every night when I went home, I sneaked up to the mail box. No news. No long important looking envelope containing one of those Mr. Carey-doesn't-dare-regret invitations.

I was working on a Hitchcock picture, and my sight was improving by the day, when I received a request from my draft board to come down for another blood test. It seems that the first tube had been broken on its way to the laboratory—which explained my long reprieve.

After I gave my blood, I returned to the Marine recruiting headquarters and went through a second physical. Before it was over, three Navy doctors had examined my eyes. They studied my charts, asked me questions, and shook their heads in wonder. But they passed me! I was sworn into the Officer Candidate's Class. I can tell you that I went out of that building and stepped into a bright pink cloud. You should have seen Betty when I told her—I think she was almost as jubilant as I was.

When I told Paramount my approximate induction date, they scheduled *Salute for Three* as my last picture for the duration. Then they drew up one of those fascinating contracts that calls for my services for at least one year after the Big Show is over.

It now appears clear that during my First Act sequence in Hollywood, I spent most of my time waving goodbye. Or rather, I hardly got close enough to Hollywood, during my seventeen months here, to be able to say goodbye.

Betty and I did the usual things that newcomers do. During our first month in town we went to Ciro's once a week. Then, having polished that off our "must do" list, we quit. We haven't been back since.

We went to the beach a lot during the summer. Since I was born in Sioux City, Iowa, water in quantity has always seemed pretty impressive. My first glimpse of ocean was caught in New York, but I never got as well acquainted with the Atlantic as I have with the Pacific. From the things I hear about the Marine Corps, I may get to know it even more intimately.

I had heard a great deal about drive-ins, but I was a little disappointed with the institution. Maybe because I was so color-blind when I first came out here that I didn't get full value from the sight of those trig uniforms in rainbow hue.

In one thing, I have been overwhelmingly surprised: the kindness of motion picture fans. I can't thank those who have written to me in any adequate manner, except to assure them that I deeply appreciate the nice things they said.

To all the directors, the actors and actresses, and the technicians with whom I have worked in Hollywood, may I express my gratitude.

That's telling Hollywood. From now on I tell it to the Marines! ■

See Important Announcement on
Page 10

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By
**JANET
HAYES**

Little Freddie Mercer is Hollywood's newest boy wonder. He not only sings and acts, but he's every bit a real rough-and-ready boy. He's in R-K-O's *Gildersleeve* series

Miniature Marvel

Freddie Mercer is a boy soprano who plays football and fights! This twelve-year-old miniature marvel from Detroit is a child actor who is not a brat. In fact, to use one of his own favorite phrases, "He's super!"

Although Freddie was originally signed for movies because of his true, clear singing voice, he has so far played straight dramatic roles on the screen. Now, however, under a three-year contract to R-K-O, he will sing out in the *Gildersleeve* series, featuring Hal Peary.

Freddie's mother, who was a church singer and talented musician, recognized her son's unique singing gift and trained his voice from early childhood.

When he was six, he and his parents spent a year traveling around the country. They stayed for several months near San Diego and there Freddie heard many Mexican folk songs. He didn't know Spanish, but started making up his own lyrics which sounded like Spanish and turned out to be his own brand of doubletalk.

When he returned to Detroit his novelty songs had become so amusing that he was signed for radio and sang over WXYZ and WWJ for two years. Meantime he was also a soloist in St. Paul's Episcopal Cathedral and later with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra—but not, of course, doing doubletalk.

A few years ago Freddie came to Los Angeles to sing at the National Music Conference. Helene Byers, one of the sponsors of the Turnabout Theater in Hollywood, heard him and sent for him.

She then built an entire matinee show, with a circus theme, around him. There Freddie was spotted by director Harold Schuster, who immediately signed him for the second lead with Roddy McDowall in *On the Sunny Side*.

Shortly after that he played young Poe in *The Loves of Edgar Allan Poe*. These roles gave him no chance to sing, but R-K-O is not wasting that talent. The very first scene he does for *Gildersleeve* has him singing.

Freddie likes making movies, but he's more interested in guns and planes than in acting. He is one of the servicemen's favorite entertainers in Southern California camps, not only because of his singing, but because he always becomes "pals" with the men. He amazes them with his knowledge of relative merits of Garand and Springfield rifles, P-38's and Grumman Wildcats.

Planes are no novelty to Freddie. He had his first ride in a plane at the age of six. At camps he is allowed to inspect new fighters and bombers. He has ridden in Jeeps and was permitted to sight and aim a .37 millimeter anti-tank gun. He was itching to fire it! Mechanically minded, he knows what makes these things tick. They're no toys to Freddie.

United States Marines are his idols. They are "super" on his list of servicemen, and he wishes he were about eight years older so he could be a member of the corps' air force.

He's not quite sure whether he would like to continue as an actor or be a chemist when he grows up. Chemistry is

one of his hobbies. Deep stuff for a twelve-year-old.

Photography is another. He develops and prints his own pictures. The men in the trick-photography department of R-K-O have taught him the tricks of the trade. He has even built a special table for his photographic work in a closet of his Hollywood apartment.

Carpentry is another enthusiasm and he wields a mean hammer and saw. He has built many model airplanes—from six-inch miniatures, to large ones with five-foot wing spreads and one-cylinder motors. These really fly.

He would rather swim than "do mostly anything." He has been riding horseback for seven years. He loves to play football and is proud of a permanent small bump on his nose, acquired in a game in Detroit two years ago.

"I usually play quarterback, because I'm light, and I can run fast with the ball," Freddie explains. "But one day I was playing center and somebody hit me in the nose with his knee. It was an awful mess for a while."

Freddie, now four feet ten inches tall, weighs 86 pounds, and that, he says, "is just right for my age." He has unruly brown hair which falls over his forehead, and sparkling dark brown eyes.

He has gone hunting and fishing with his father, a Detroit doctor, since he was knee-high to a toad, and takes great pride in keeping his .22 Winchester rifle and 10 gauge shotgun cleaned and oiled, and his rods and reels in good order.

Freddie's allowance is fifty cents a week. He likes spinach and milk, dislikes avocados. He plays a good game of chess, corresponds with servicemen he has met at camps and finds time to collect stamps. He reads *Mechanix Illustrated* and *Reader's Digest* and likes the writings of Mark Twain.

Joan Carroll, also under contract to R-K-O, and Freddie attend the same classes on the studio lot, and about eleven-year-old Joan, Freddie says, "Gee, she's super!" After classes they like to skate, paint and tell ghost stories. Shyly Freddie admits that Joan is his "girl friend," but adds that perhaps Joan wouldn't like him to say so. A diplomat!

No one else in Freddie's family has been a professional actor or singer. His real name is Musser. One of his favorite songs is "White Christmas." He misses snow in Hollywood.

His most cherished possessions are service insignias. Army, Navy and Marine "pals" have given him enough to cover a whole lapel. He's inordinately proud of them and will whip out the whole collection at the sight of a visitor. He has a cocker spaniel named "Davey," his constant companion. He likes algebra, history and spelling but dislikes English composition.

Freddie is no sissy and he knows how to use his fists. He was a good fighter in Detroit and has lost none of his prowess in California. The other day a boy older and bigger than Freddie made the mistake of remarking, "You're a sissy! A boy soprano in the movies!" Freddie lost no time in making him regret those words. Boy soprano, movie star regardless—he's a real boy! ■

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Flight From Terror

Lenore Aubert lived through terror and managed to escape when the Nazis invaded first Austria and then France. She's in the R-K-O film, *They Got Me Covered*

By MAUDE CHEATHAM

Lenore Aubert has lived drama! The sparkling Viennese star who will win you in her first American film, *They Got Me Covered*, has lived more exciting scenes than she'll ever enact on stage or screen. Her own story is the tragic drama of war-torn Europe.

With the afternoon sunshine flooding the quiet living room of her Hollywood apartment, Lenore told a few of the highlights that matched in intensity the calamitous newsreels of the day.

There was her flight from Vienna when Hitler took over Austria; her terrifying escape from Paris just ahead of the Nazi mechanized invaders, when she and her mother joined the hapless refugees choking the roads. Day after day, they trudged through rain and mud, sinking exhausted by the roadside when darkness came. Finally, when they reached Marseilles, her mother made a dramatic decision: Lenore must get to America and safety even if it meant going on alone. Thrusting the little money she had into her daughter's pocket, she turned toward Rheims, to stay with a sister until she could go to America. It was a melodramatic parting!

It took Lenore six weary months to make her way through France and Spain into neutral Portugal, where she waited ten more months in Lisbon, before boarding the overcrowded refugee ship, *Nyassa*, which carried her to New York.

"Today I can be very calm," she ex-

plained. "I do not worry, I do not fret. That is because after one has faced ghastly dangers and harrowing experiences, small troubles do not touch you. Courage comes when we need it, and even in the blackest hours I never gave up. I was sure something was guiding me.

"Knowing no one when I arrived in Hollywood, I realized I was just one in a million and my only hope was to attract attention to my acting. So, I enrolled with the Bliss-Hayden Little Theater. It was during the five nights I played the part of the actress in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, that a talent scout saw me and arranged a meeting with Samuel Goldwyn.

"You cannot possibly know what that meant to me. Goldwyn was a familiar name, synonymous with Hollywood and the movies. I never dreamed I would ever meet him, and here I was talking to him as if I had known him for years, signing a contract, and discussing a role in his new picture, *They Got Me Covered*. It was like a dream come true. Had I been given the magic power of arranging my affairs, I could never have planned anything so wonderful."

Lenore Aubert, in her early twenties, possesses not only unusual beauty, but she has "flash"—a certain intriguing vitality that captures the imagination. Sam Goldwyn says it is her expressive eyes, the most beautiful he has seen since Vilma Banky's, that attracted him. Blue-gray,

they reflect every fleeting change of emotion. Her hair is a bronze-brown.

Lenore's childhood was a series of events, all of spartan simplicity, and the only bright spots were when her mother visited her and took her to the cinema. Beauty-starved, she was thrilled with the glamour of those film dramas. She lived each scene and for weeks afterwards rehearsed them in a secret corner of the convent garden until she convinced herself she could be a great actress. Graduating at eighteen, she entered the Beer Seminar Dramatic School in Vienna, and soon won parts in both stage and screen plays. She was well on her way to fame, when in March, 1938, panic struck its blow: Hitler took over Austria.

"Hitler can never hold the conquered countries," said Lenore. "The people have been forced to bow, but in their hearts they despise and hate him with a fury that will eventually cause his destruction. We must, we will—win this war!"

She paused as she glanced around the cheerful living room, so remote from the devastation of Europe. "One sorrow mars my happiness. I want my mother to be here, sharing this beautiful life with me. After completing my picture I flew to Washington to arrange the necessary papers to bring her to America. Everyone was so very kind, so considerate, but there is a delay with the French authorities. I don't know what it is but hope it will soon be settled.

"I want to make pictures, many pictures," Lenore slipped into a gayer mood. "And I want a different kind of a role in each. There's terrific excitement in developing a new character, in dropping my own personality and becoming another person.

"I played a spy in *They Got Me Covered*. It's different from anything I have ever done, and it was a real adventure. We laughed and had fun, with Bob Hope's comedy ever on tap. Bob made my test with me, and throughout the picture, he, Director David Butler and Dorothy Lamour helped me master the Hollywood movie technique.

"Walking onto the set to make my first scene, I saw Otto Preminger waiting to play the leader of the spy ring, of which I was a member. It was a happy surprise, for we knew each other in Vienna."

"What about romance?"

"It hasn't touched me yet—seriously," was her gay retort. "I'm in no hurry. Right now, I'm too busy to think of romance, but when real love comes, I hope I'll recognize it.

"My days are full. I take language lessons, for while I have spoken English since a child, I am working to eliminate all trace of an accent so that I can play any American role. Too, I have a daily music lesson; sometime I hope to sing in a picture.

"I took this apartment when I was expecting Mother to arrive. Now, to my surprise, I find I am domestic. I'm learning to cook—by the book, and I nervously invite a few friends now and then for dinner. But my favorite menu is a Hollywood hamburger at one of your picturesque drive-ins. Oh yes, and topped off with a chocolate sundae. You see, I now qualify as—All American!" ■



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**The Gentleman
Said "No"**



A well-timed "no" lifted Allan Jones' career out of the doldrums and set it on a firm foundation. He's in Universal's *When Johnnie Comes Marching Home*

By
**EDWARD
MARTIN**

Allan Jones explodes the long accepted theory that only yes-men can survive in Hollywood.

Of course, it's a good idea to be easy to get along with in Hollywood. Or Podunk, for that matter. Every newcomer to movie town is cautioned that producers have an acute resistance to individualists.

From the very beginning Allan was an affable gent. He was cast in every limping lulu that came along and his career certainly didn't profit by them. Today he regrets that he wasn't a table-pounder by nature. It took him several years before he acquired the technique.

"I have always been a good listener and I have been easy to convince," he points out. "A lot of times I've agreed to play a role which I knew, instinctively, was wrong for me.

"It's a terrific handicap to do a role on which you aren't sold. Resentment builds up in you to the point where you walk through the picture. It isn't right, of course, to compromise with your convictions for the sake of peace. Whenever I've done it, I've been sorry, and the sum total of my efforts hasn't been satisfactory.

"One of the nagging worries which every player has to face is the possibility of misjudging the value of a role. Clark Gable, for example, was unhappy about his assignment in *It Happened One Night*. He was forced to do it, and it turned out to be an Academy Award winner. There

wasn't an actress in Hollywood who wanted the role of the girl in *Of Human Bondage*. It made an authentic star out of Bette Davis. These are the historical fragments which keep a player in line.

"Once," Allan recalls, "I went off salary in preference to doing a certain role. After about a week of solid stewing, I agreed to do it.

"Well, I played the role, and that's one of the recurrent nightmares I have. It was so bad that to this day I am still avoiding the people who've seen it. But it is difficult at times to stick by your guns.

"I believe that one of the reasons a lot of people don't get ahead is their fear of making mistakes. I know that's been my trouble in the past.

"But I have acquired a new attitude toward mistakes. I say—'Make them'—experience is still the best teacher.

"I've made a couple—and they've been the ones to teach me when to say 'yes' and when to stick to an uncompromising 'no.'

"For example, a year or so ago I was approached with the proposition of putting up an apartment building. Now, I had as much right to go into the building business as I had being a tight-rope walker.

"But that little deal certainly taught me something. It taught me that I was a singer—that my business was singing and not building. Before I was through with that project, [Continued on page 65]



Top: Gail Patrick chooses black crepe for those certain moments. The pencil slim lines are accentuated by peplum and beaded trimming. Lower: Gail looks equally as delectable in a beige jersey skirt topped with flesh-colored net and sprinkled with sequins. She's in Republic's Hit Parade of 1943



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Checkered Career



John Beal's up-and-down screen career is a result of his weakness for the foot-lights. He can't refuse a good play. He's in Warner Brothers' *Edge of Darkness*

By GLORIA BRENT

■ The early struggles of most young Hollywood actors might be copies of the same blueprint—they run so much alike. There are years of study; years on short rations and living in tents or shacks while working in Little Theaters; and years of discouragement while trying to land parts.

John Beal's career has been different. He had tough going at first, but won recognition relatively early and was proclaimed a splendid actor in both New York and Hollywood. But John Beal has had one of the most up-and-down careers since then in the history of the movies.

It was ten years ago, when John was a senior at the University of Pennsylvania, that he received his first screen test offer as the result of his roles in *Mask and Wig* production there. The offer came from Warners, but he did not take it, preferring stage experience first.

Now, a decade later, he is playing his first Warner role, as Ann Sheridan's brother, in *Edge of Darkness*. He's glad he waited, for it's just the type role he likes, a young character part.

What's more, now 33 and looking younger, he's delighted that he was turned down recently when mentioned for a juvenile part.

"They said I was 'too old.' Now I know I'm getting what I want. I'll never have to worry again that some casting department will try to make me a juvenile," said Beal

with Irish good-humor. "It's hard to become a leading man or a character if you have been stamped as a juvenile," he added. He neglected to point out that it's harder to be a good young "character."

John readily admitted that he slowed down his Hollywood career by returning each year to the New York stage, but he's not sorry That stage experience has graduated him to the parts he wants.

"The disadvantage has been that Hollywood producers and directors have short memories. Each time I'd come back here I'd find I had been forgotten! Fans are just the opposite. It's incredible how loyal they are. Sometimes when I had been off the screen for a year they would write asking 'Why don't we see you? We miss you.'"

John isn't dazzled by his present success. He remembers all too well the down curves on his career chart. He looks back over the past decade objectively and with amusement. He can laugh at his own mistakes.

He even admitted he likes being interviewed. With a gleam in his eyes and on his tongue the glibness of some ancestor who kissed the Blarney Stone, he said, "I've not been interviewed for so long that I'm having a wonderful time. You know, I spent the whole morning memorizing my list of plays and pictures, so I'd be able to rattle them off!"

Since his childhood in Joplin, Missouri, it was a toss-up for John between interest

in acting and art. At college the acting ability asserted itself. During vacations he toured with the Mask and Wig shows, and acquired experience with Jasper Deeter's Hedgerow Theater and other repertory groups. After graduation, he divided his time between studying at the Art Students League, with hopes of being an illustrator, and hunting acting jobs.

Eye trouble forced him to abandon art, and he turned full attention to the stage. He could sing as well as act and soon had bits, walk-ons and understudy jobs. His first good part in New York was in the musical satire *Wild Waves*.

John's initial movie role was a good one with Helen Hayes in *Another Language* in 1933. He returned to New York for notable success in *She Loves Me Not*. Even after R-K-O signed him to a contract for two pictures a year, he insisted on time out for stage work.

He was tested for the lead in *The Little Minister*, then waited eight weeks for a decision from the studio. Irked by the delay he hastened to New York to marry Helen Craig, whom he had met at the Hedgerow. They've been happily married eight years and on November 7th, became the proud parents of Theodora Emily Beal.

Mrs. Beal has had a brilliant stage career of her own, climaxed by the role of the deaf-mute girl in the stage play, *Johnny Belinda*.

John returned to Hollywood, made *The Little Minister* and won fame. There followed more success on Broadway, notably in *Russet Mantle* written especially for him. He was hailed by the critics as "one of the best actors in America."

There were other good parts in pictures, but each time he returned to Hollywood he had to start from scratch. After a discouraging eight months of inactivity last year, Beal changed Hollywood agents and his career started another upswing.

When Director Lewis Milestone started casting *Edge of Darkness*, he sent for Beal and assigned him a role without a test. "I know your work. You've just been in an eclipse," he said.

Once again the major studios became Beal-conscious and started clamoring for his services. But John brushed aside all the tempting contracts waved in his face, kissed Helen and Theodora Emily goodbye, and with no fanfare or publicity enlisted in the Army.

Before that he used to spend many nights each week at the Hollywood Canteen drawing black and white portraits of servicemen which he gave to them. He drew 425 of them.

John is brown-haired, brown-eyed, 5' 11" tall and broad-shouldered. He dislikes card games, enjoys gardening and is expert at modeling in clay. He sings, has even done Russian and Norwegian songs for pictures, learning them phonetically. He possesses not only a sense of humor but an active Irish wit. He admitted he is moody, but not nearly so much as he was.

"Why should I be moody? I've never been so happy in my life. I'm part of the greatest force on earth—the United States Army. And the prettiest girl in the world belongs to me. Her name is Theodora Emily Beal." ■



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Deanna Durbin's new film, *The Amazing Mrs. Holliday*, has a Chinese locale. Top left: This accounts for Deanna's pajamas as she strolls with leading man Edmund O'Brien and director Jean

Renoir. Top right: Iris Wong helps Deanna with chopsticks. Center: The star says goodbye to her voice teacher as she leaves on a camp tour. Lower: Deanna and Edmund pose between scenes

Dietrich Does a Strip!

[Continued from page 26]

thoroughly interesting, she should not have dates with him. It is better for her to stay at home and read, knit, cook, sew, or listen to music.

"I am," confessed Marlene, "personally suspicious of handsome men. They so seldom hold up. What a man thinks and feels is what counts.

"Because of my roles I'm continually asked how to 'maneuver' men. My undressed-up answer is: be straightforward and honest and skip the attempt to maneuver them. Men have a keen instinct; they sense where they stand with a woman. What's more, men don't want suspense. They want to be sure of a woman. The woman who is temperamental is immature."

"And you," she was interrupted, "are never temperamental?"

Scorning evasion, Marlene retorted, "No! I am fatalistic about my life as a woman. But the opposite about my work; in one's work it is necessary to be always trying. I worry if everything isn't just right at the studio. I don't like half-way accomplishments there, and I tell them so. I work hard at acting and I want people's respect.

"If I've seemed freakish at times, blame it on the press agent build-up. If I haven't gushed to interviewers, remember there are some things too close to the heart to be blatantly broadcast. Any reticence on my part should be credited to my notion of good taste, not to absurd temperament. I have had my share of bad hours."

She shrugged her shoulders. "But today, with what we have to do for America, why are we talking about me? There's work to be done—today, not tomorrow or next week. So let's all pitch in and finish the job in a hurry." ■

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HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME
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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, deodorizes, leaves you feeling dainty."



4. Well, I tore up that ticket. And just as she said—I find Lysol disinfectant easy to use, so economical. Wives, don't let "one neglect" dim your happiness!

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Save That Suit!

By **CATHERINE ROBERTS**
Fashion Editor



Jean tries on the coat to one of the suits left behind by her soldier husband. Although it's slightly worn in spots she knows there's enough good material to make herself a tailored outfit



With the aid of a pattern, a pair of scissors and the sewing machine, Jean puts together her new suit. It's easy with help of Government bulletins

■ Save that suit your man left behind when he joined the armed forces. The government wants us to conserve clothes—so be a smart girl and remodel your man's suit.

Don't discard any of his suits that may be frayed around the edges, for there's bound to be enough material left for you. Jean Brooks, R-K-O player appearing in *The Promised Wife*, demonstrates the simple steps in remaking one of her husband's suits.

A pamphlet entitled "Makeovers From Men's Suits" is put out by the Bureau of Home Economics of the Department of Agriculture. It is available to you for five cents from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C. This pamphlet includes many valuable tips on remaking men's suits.

The pattern companies also have very clear and easy-to-follow instructions for the making over of old clothes. The patterns are simple and you don't have to be a dressmaker to follow them. If you can sew a straight line you can make yourself a suit. Why not start right now?



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"I Didn't Marry Joan Crawford for Fame"

[Continued from page 27]

"I went to see you once and got a very chilly reception. In fact, you turned me down cold!"

For two years he batted vainly against the studio walls, meantime appearing in numerous radio plays. Finally, in 1937, Columbia tested him for a role in a story Tommy Mitchell had written. By mistake the test was sent to M-G-M and Phil wound up under contract to that studio. (It was then he first saw Joan and worked in one of her pictures although she was unaware of his existence.) Because he was a capable performer, he soon found himself working as the foil for every new personality the studio tested. Big roles were promised, but invariably they went to other players. He was supposed to play one of the leads in *Northwest Passage*, for instance; Bob Young got it. Ditto the Stewart role in *The Young in Heart*.

Being a young man of spunk, Phil took just so much and no more. He quit. In the following year he made eight pictures on a free-lance basis and then signed with Paramount. After *Parson*, Paramount announced him as one of their brightest new stars—and then shoved him into stinker roles in unimportant pictures. Again the courage of his convictions asserted itself, and he again quit.

"The law of averages and percentages can't fail," he says today. "My break is coming. Look what has happened already! I'm married to the most wonderful girl in the world!"

As might have been expected, the gossips have been busy about that marriage too. For some strange reason, particularly since the gossip always lacks personal venom or malice, Hollywood seems to resent a happy marriage and promptly starts trying to undermine it.

"Such gossip can't hurt a marriage where two people really are in love," Phil said.

It is not impossible that Phil and Joan will do a picture together sometime. Both naturally would like to, because the home recordings they have made prove that they make an excellent team. If it happens, however, it will be because it is the right thing at the right time.

If and when Phil gets a contract, you can bet he will have earned it on his own. Anyone who wants to question it better be ready to put up or shut up. ■

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"I'm Glad I Didn't Marry an Actor"

[Continued from page 38]

was it really good?" she asked. "Have you any suggestions?"

"You were wonderful—marvelous," he answered. "I have only one criticism. In the mad scene, I think it would be more dramatic if you didn't twitch the material in your dress."

"Oh, really," retorted his wife frigidly. "Well, I think your *Hamlet* stinks!"

Geraldine also pointed out the reverse of the situation. "There are periods of bad luck which all actors have, and suppose both husband and wife suffered them simultaneously! If one of the couple isn't in the profession, he can buoy the other up. Conversely, if my husband were an actor, think how guilty I would feel if I were doing well and he wasn't. And he'd feel guilty if he were working and I wasn't. When that happens to me, Eddie is pleased because he sees more of me!"

How about the love scenes an actor-husband would have with beautiful women?

"The love scenes wouldn't bother me, but publicity which often grows out of them might," she admitted. "If my husband were an actor, I think he'd feel the same about me. But to Eddie it's 'another realm' about which he says he knows nothing, except that it is strange, so it doesn't worry him. He dismisses publicity as something he doesn't understand, something extremely unimportant to him—and to our marriage.

"There is perfect honesty between us, because we don't make excuses for each other as actors do when married. He is my best critic, because he has the layman's point of view. If I should do a scene badly, an actor-husband who *knows* acting might say, 'You should not try to do that. It's not for you.' But Eddie, who knows nothing about acting technique, just says, 'That wasn't good. Why don't you do it better next time?'"

But what if Edward Lindsay-Hogg had been an actor?

"Oh, I'd have married him anyway, because I love him," said Geraldine with warm conviction. Then she added, "But I'm glad he isn't." ■

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Popping Questions at Linda Darnell

[Continued from page 31]

you've had to make since living alone?

A. Being practical, and remembering to attend to everyday things like taking care of my clothes and marketing. I came home the other night and found no food in the house. I had to go out again and buy some. I learned.

Q. Describe the place in which you live?

A. It's a four-room apartment, simply done in maple furniture, pastel green rug, green and white chintz hunting scene upholstery and criss-cross curtains of white organdy. It's not ornate or expensive, but it's the type of place which helps you relax.

Q. Do you prefer the company of men or women?

A. Men. They're more fun and franker than women. Perhaps this is because I work with men, generally, rather than women. At work I seem to see many more men than women, so I may be prejudiced.

Q. Have you ever had an unrequited love affair?

A. Well, I was in love with Clark Gable when I was ten! It lasted until I met Jaime Jorba.

Q. Do you like to be known as a "glamour girl"?

A. Good heavens, no. In fact, it's my pet peeve. It brings to mind a picture of a girl with a drooping haircomb dragging silver foxes behind her. It seems to me the so-called glamour girls are all in the same mould and for that reason aren't even interesting. I'd rather be individual than glamorous.

Q. How are you as a jitterbug?

A. I love to watch it, but can't do it. I'm envious of those who can.

Q. What was the most difficult decision you had to make?

A. When I was deciding about Jaime two years ago.

Q. Would you like to marry an actor?

A. No, but I should like to marry a man in this business, perhaps a director or someone who would understand my problems as an actress, who wouldn't complain when I had to get up at the crack of dawn to go to work, who would understand when I was late for dinner and things like that.

Q. How did you overcome a great personal failing?

A. I never used to make enough effort to do things for myself, but I'm learning to be firm with myself. I want very much to do *The Song of Bernadette*, so I approached Director Henry King in the commissary and said, "You must give me a chance. Give me a test." I really "pushed in" and put my case to him. If I don't get it, at least it won't be because I didn't try.

Q. Have you tried to get any of your sisters or brothers into pictures?

A. No, I don't want them to. Let them wait, there's plenty of time later. I missed my childhood because I started in pictures so early. I never went to school dances or rode in a striped Ford with a crowd my age. I'm lucky in many ways, but you don't get your childhood back.

Q. Are you temperamental?

A. I never have been and I don't think I ever will be. "Temperament" is just bad manners and it creates enemies. Enemies hurt one in spirit as well as reputation.

Q. In what do you sleep?

A. In nightgowns of peach or white satin with ruffles on the bottom. I love frills on the edge of skirts.

Q. Do you own a particular object to which you are sentimentally attached?

A. An ebony and silver cross given me by Jaime Jorba. It's not expensive and I wear it on a chain. It represents a time in my life that I shall never forget. Mother and I were in Mexico City when this happened and I was very much in love with Jaime.

Q. In what way are you most extravagant?

A. I love furs and have three fur coats—mink, silver fox and white fox.

Q. Would you give up your career for marriage if necessary?

A. Yes, definitely! Marriage should come first. Husbands can last if you take care of them. Careers can't last forever, especially women's careers.

Q. If you could look like someone else, who would it be?

A. Madeleine Carroll.

Q. What picture would you have liked to have done?

A. I wanted to do *Smilin' Through* but didn't. I've always wanted to be in a Cary Grant picture but missed out. I was told that I was considered for Cary's leading lady in his new picture but that certain people (I hope that didn't include Cary) thought me too young for the role.

[Continued on page 70]



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Popping Questions at Linda Darnell

[Continued from page 69]

Q. What household task do you do very well?

A. I can set a beautiful table, but that's where my domestic accomplishments end.

Q. How does your family feel about your being a famous actress?

A. Dad would rather I wasn't. Mother thinks it's fine and tells me to get in there and pitch. Undine, my elder sister, is as happy, or happier in my career, than I am. And the kids don't care.

Q. What is your pet beauty and diet secret?

A. Soap and water; and as for my diet I eat incessantly but just don't get fat.

Q. How has Hollywood changed you physically and mentally?

A. I'm not as prudish and self-conscious as I was. And physically, it's taught me to take better care of myself in order to keep fit for working. That is a good thing for any girl. It doesn't hurt to be conscious of your looks and to take care of them. When you know you have to appear on a set day after day, you try to get a lot of sleep, eat carefully and avoid doing anything that might make you ill.

Q. How do you feel on the subject of wartime marriages in direct relation to yourself?

A. I would marry now; I would never forgive myself if I waited.

Q. What are you doing for the war effort?

A. Visiting army camps and hospitals, doing bond tours and Treasury Department broadcasts and working at the Hollywood Canteen.

Q. Who is your closest friend and what have you most in common?

A. Ann Miller. We have the same agent and met through him. We agree on all things, art, geology, Mexican food and painting. We even experienced the same reaction when we saw Grand Canyon—we both cried.

Q. When something troubles you, to whom do you turn?

A. No one. I work things out by myself.

Q. What is the most you ever spent on a dress?

A. My favorite evening dress cost \$95. It was a white net gown, tight fitting
[Continued on page 81]

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Mr. Smith Goes to Hollywood

[Continued from page 31]

Their first season was so successful that the young actors cleared \$9,000.

The next season the young Thespians decided to build their own theater. The contractors they hired proved too slow for the job. Opening night was announced and tickets were sold, but the building was not near completion. The actors, themselves, put on the roof, installed the seats and built the stage—besides rehearsing and constructing scenery. Needless to add, they opened on schedule.

The theater had been built at the end of a pier on which there were also bath houses. The actors ran these, and also opened a nightclub in the theater. Members of the cast doubled as entertainers, waitresses, bus boys—everything but cooks—in the nightclub.

For three summers their theater-nightclub-bath house business prospered. Meanwhile, a leading lady was discovered by the group—Margaret Sullivan.

After graduation from Harvard, Smith moved his stock company to Baltimore where success continued. One of their biggest projects was staging *Lysistrata*, a Greek comedy strongly pacifistic, but also a bit bawdy.

Easter season was approaching and the group announced Don Marquis' play of the Crucifixion, *The Dark Hours*. But the Bishop of Maryland made a public announcement that "any company which presented *Lysistrata* was not fit to do this Holy play." As a result, the public stayed away in droves, and the company lost its entire capital and promptly folded. So Smith went to Broadway in 1932.

Kent clicked after the usual number of bit parts and soon had leads in plays including *Spring in Autumn*, *The Drums Begin*, *Saint Joan*, *Seen but Not Heard*, *The Wingless Victory* and *A Doll's House*.

In 1936 he was brought to Hollywood by Irving Thalberg to test for *Romeo and Juliet*, but nothing came of it and he returned to New York. It was while playing with Jane Cowl in *Old Acquaintance* that a Warner scout waved a contract under his nose. He came to Hollywood and was tested, but his option was allowed to lapse. R-K-O, however, had seen the test and lost no time in signing him to a contract.

Then for months he had no assignments. The studio refused to use him in bit parts, waiting for the right leading role. Eventually he worked three months on a highly technical training picture for the Army.

That was the end of vacationing. Immediately he was assigned to the romantic lead opposite Simone Simon in *The Cat People*; then into a lead with Bonita Granville in *Hitler's Children*. *This Land Is Mine* followed directly, with Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Hara. He will have little time to waste from now on.

Kent has been married six years to a non-professional, who, he says, is "the prettiest girl in town."

The Smiths have found new fields to conquer. This Mr. Smith went to Hollywood and he's not coming back until he's made "Smith" a star name. ■

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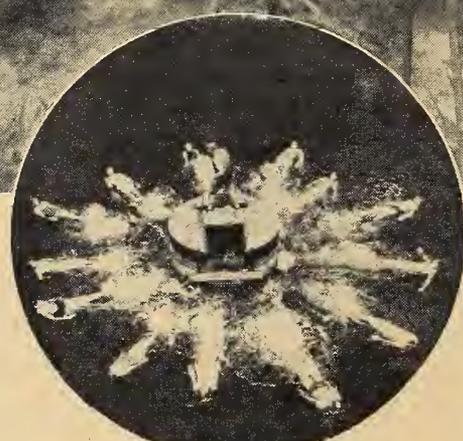
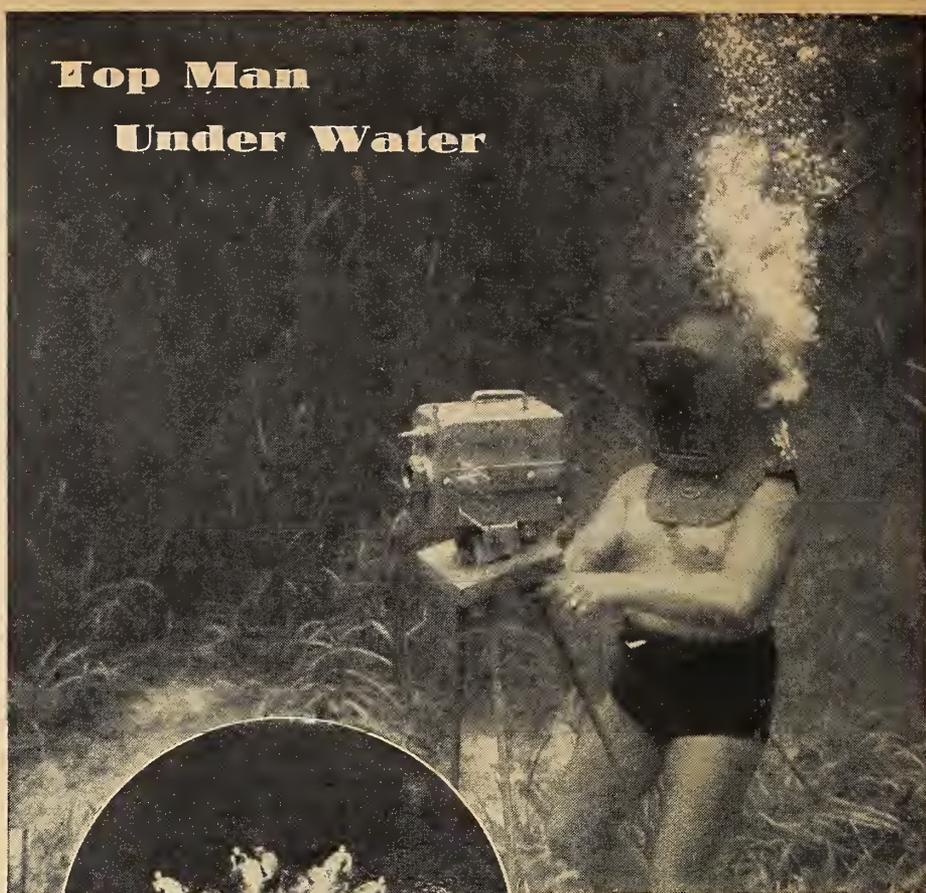
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Top Man Under Water



Newton Perry's job is indeed an unusual one. He is Hollywood's ace underwater photographer. Top: Shooting a scene

Left: Perry doesn't limit his talents to the camera. From a floating tank he directs swimmers in a water ballet

■ "He's the kind of a fellow that little boys grin at, dogs wag their tails at and follow, and women admire. Still, he's as plain and comfortable as a pair of worn house-slippers."

By **MARK OSBORNE**

That kind of a description, coming from Richard Thorpe, ace director for M-G-M, sounds like a terrific build-up for any movie personality. And especially when he is talking about a man who has saved more than three score lives, the holder of underwater swimming and diving records, an authority on wild-life, and a director, actor and technical adviser for dozens of newsreels, shorts and features.

But after five minutes with Newt Perry of Wakulla Springs, Florida, you are convinced everything said about him is true—and more.

Perry met our camera crew at the depot in Tallahassee, wearing his Sunday best, and looking highly uncomfortable out of his favorite attire, a pair of faded swimming trunks. He pulled the equipment and luggage in a station wagon and drove across town to a feed store. He explained it was between seasons for certain kinds of native squirrel feed and he wanted to pick up a half bushel of peanuts for his little furry friend's diet.

There were few "swimming holes" near his birthplace at Valdosta, Georgia, but Newton A. Perry, at eight, used to slip away after school to splash around in a small pond about three feet deep. It was too shallow for real swimming, but he loved it.

Moving to Florida when twelve years old, he was fascinated by the beautiful clear-water springs. His folks lectured him continually that he would never amount to anything, wasting so much time in the water. But the simple process of observation and imitation of other swimmers—plus a lot of actual swimming—paid-off, and he obtained his first job as a lifeguard at fourteen. He held that job for eleven years, saved sixty-two lives, and earned enough to support himself through high school and the University of Florida. It was there he won seven varsity letters in swimming, tumbling and wrestling; and, on graduation in 1934, a degree in Health and Physical Education.

While still in college, Newt met Johnny Weissmuller, and they have been mutual admirers and buddies for years, appearing on swimming programs together when Tarzan was still an amateur.

Diving for specimens of underwater

foliage and prehistoric animal bones while still in his teens, Perry became interested in deep-water photography. At Wakulla, he explores the bottom of a five-acre, clear-water spring with special underwater movie cameras to film the beauties of a submarine fairyland—schools of tame fish, areas of eel grass, water cedars, nature's flower boxes with foliage growing from the roots of submerged bee and cypress trees.

Boys and girls from neighboring high schools are Newt's star pupils at Wakulla, where he is in charge of Aquatics and Underwater Photography. Under Newt's coaching in deep-water and formation swimming, they have appeared as doubles and extras in several feature pictures and short subjects.

Hollywood has confirmed Perry's leadership in his chosen field. Two producers have installed permanent equipment at Wakulla, a 250,000-gallon-a-minute flow spring with a maximum depth of 185 feet. Special tanks, aptly labeled "holes in the water" and glass bottom boats enabled both professional and amateur cameramen to film the antics of fish and humans in the crystal-clear, sunlit waters.

Perry produced his first movie—*Chloe*, starring Louise Brooks—for Republic in 1929. He has since directed or acted as technical adviser for more than two dozen features, including water scenes for *Moon Over Miami*, starring Betty Grable and Don Ameche, and *Tarzan's Secret Treasure*, with his buddy, Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Sheffield.

He has made more underwater movies than any other person and reluctantly admits to the following records: 2 minutes and 55 seconds before the camera, without coming to the surface or using a face mask or diving helmet; deep diving at 105 feet; and swimming 110 yards under water, without the aid of equipment.

Perhaps the most unusual of his ventures are track meets—staged at depths of 10 to 25 feet. Events include sprints, low hurdles, high jumps, shot-put and discus throwing. Newt's time for the 50-yard underwater sprint is 25.4 seconds, a record not even approached so far. Deep-water parallel bar work, weight-lifting and bicycle riding earned for him the title of "Human Fish," bestowed by Grantland Rice for one of the *Sportlight* series.

Among his inventions for photographing underwater subjects, probably the best known is an "air trap." Free to enter and leave this submerged "filling station" as he pleases, a swimmer or photographer can remain below the surface indefinitely. A startling discovery, its simplicity is hard to believe. Air pressure from a surface pump keeps the water out. Another invention is a new style face mask that allows perfect vision and affords protection to the eyes and sinus.

But none of Newt's special equipment was available when he needed it the most. It happened while filming a Grantland Rice *Sportlight* that depicted life-saving, and the reactions of a couple whose car ran off an open bridge and plunged into the water.

The scene was rehearsed with dummies in a closed car. After two tests, cameramen in underwater photographing

[Continued on page 77]

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Meet the Meat Shortage

By
**BETTY
CROCKER**



Jane Wyatt faces the meat shortage by using casserole dishes. She finds this method of cooking extends her meat supply considerably. She's in *Meet John Bonniwell*

Jane Wyatt's cook departed several months ago to help build B-25's.

For that matter, most of those big, shiny Hollywood kitchens are as deserted as a Sunday highway. Domestic, too, have gone to fight the war on the home front.

Jane, who is a most capable young lady, has solved her home cooking problem with simple efficiency. Married career girls will appreciate some of Jane's ideas.

"First of all, I discovered the casserole," Jane began. "One big dish, instead of a lot of them—and there you have a simple solution to a lot of difficulties. Easy to cook, less dishes to wash, easy to serve."

Jane's cook books are well thumbed in the casserole section, and she's always on the hunt for additional recipes.

Gone are the many course dinners she used to serve in the English-type home where she lives with her husband, Edgar Ward. Jane and her husband invite no more than two couples at a time to dinner. In due time Jane goes to the kitchen, opens the oven and takes out a casserole. She bears it proudly to the table, and that is the meal.

"I use pottery casseroles," she said, "and mostly pottery dishes for the table. They're bright, informal and very practical."

Idea number two is—grow lots of vegetables. A committee promoting more Victory Gardens discovered Jane Wyatt's, and promptly named her the Victory Garden Girl. Jane finds time for gardening between pictures.

"Raise your own food, and you won't worry so much about shortages," she suggested. "I grow all sorts of vegetables: carrots, lettuce, celery, endive, water-

cross—and you should have seen my tomato crop! I can make my own vegetable salad right out of the garden. We have a couple of guava trees that bore heavily this year, and so I put up a lot of guava jelly. I even use it to flavor ice cream and sherbet."

Casserole dishes are especially worth while right now when we are limited to the amount of meat we can buy. Many of them combine a little meat with vegetables and other foods so that everyone may enjoy the good meat flavor and some of the meat itself. Dishes of this sort are "meat extenders," because they "extend" the meat to a greater number of servings.

Here are two of these meat extender casserole dishes your family will enjoy.

CORN AND SAUSAGE CASSEROLE

- 4 eggs
- 1 No. 2 can cream style corn (2½ cups)
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs (packed in cup)
- 1 lb. sausage meat
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. pepper

Beat eggs well. Thoroughly blend in corn, bread crumbs, sausage meat, salt and pepper. Pour into a greased 8-inch, round, open-faced casserole. Spread 6 tbsp. ketchup over the top. Bake 50 to 60 minutes in a moderate oven (350° F.). This makes 6 servings.

SAVORY NOODLES AND PORK

- 1 5 or 6-oz. pkg. egg noodles (2 to 3 cups uncooked)
- * ¾ lb. pork butts, ground
- 2 small onions, chopped
- 2 cups chopped celery (1 bunch)
- 1 can well seasoned tomato soup (1½ cups)
- ½ cup water
- ¾ cup grated cheese (¾ lb.)
- 1 tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. pepper
- *Other meat (beef, veal, etc.) may be used.



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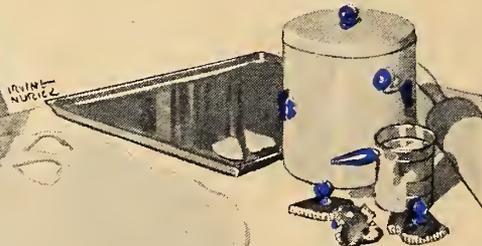


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(★ T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Important Pictures

By MURIEL STOLIER

SALUDOS AMIGOS ★★★½

Walt Disney-RKO-Radio

■ A gay and brilliant salute to our Latin-American neighbors, *Saludos Amigos* ranks tops in entertainment. Some of the best-loved Disney characters get together with a couple of new South American *amigos* for a grand fiesta, splashed with color and song.

Last summer Walt Disney toured South America with his artists, collected material and then set to work pouring out on film the vivid impressions the sunny continent made upon him. He takes us by plane, which we board with the rest of the Disney party, to the countries of Bolivia, Chile, Argentina and Brazil. We follow *Donald Duck* to Lake Titicaca, world's highest inland waterway, and laugh at *Donald's* antics as fall guy for the wily natives. We thrill at the beautiful drawings of the Andes, over which flies the little Chilean plane, finally realizing its ambition to carry the mail. We guffaw at *Goofy's* efforts to become an Argentine gaucho of the pampas. The final and best sequence brings us to Rio and a carnival, where *Donald* frantically tries to master the samba with the help of one *Jose Carioca*, a dapper parrot, who is sure to make a big hit. *Jose*, incidentally, is a legendary figure down Rio way and Disney plans on using him in future good-will films.

Saludos Amigos was drawn up with the South American audience in mind, but it is sure to go over just as big with their North American neighbors, with whom Disney films have always been a treat.

STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM ★★★½

Paramount

■ Paramount took all the stars on the lot, sprinkled well with top-notch vaudeville headliners, spiced liberally with funny situations and a carload of gags, whipped together with a score of snappy tunes—and that's how *Star Spangled Rhythm* happened.

It's a swell show, sparkling with a bright cast—Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, Fred MacMurray, Zorina, Alan Ladd, Franchot Tone and a host of others. One merry sequence follows the other as a Paramount gateman (Victor Moore) pretends, with the help of a telephone operator (Betty Hutton), that he is boss of the studio, in order to impress his son from the Navy and his sailor friends. The two gay pretenders get the whole studio to join in their farce and even stage a show for the Navy. This show is the highlight of the film with the stars burlesquing themselves. One of the best acts shows Goddard, Lamour and Lake in a song and dance routine called, "A Sweater, A Sarong and a Peek-A-Boo Bang."

You'll enjoy watching a major studio let its hair down to the rhythm of some bright melodies.

THE COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN ★★½

Columbia

■ The Commandos have captured the imagination of the world at large and Hollywood in particular. Their exploits have provided one of the most thrilling chapters in the book of history that is the present war. Their spirit and fighting might set the theme of Columbia's stirring epic, and to their valor it is dedicated.

The film does not confine itself to the British Commandos, but takes us into the lives of the people of a subjugated nation—Norway. We live with them through terror and brutality under the Nazi yoke. Paul Muni is the leader of the Norwegian underground movement in a small fishing town, and he eventually leads the Commandos in their raid on the Nazis there. Romance is subordinate to the rest of the plot, but that department is handled by Anna Lee, the English girl in love with Muni. The latter carries off most of the acting honors with his restrained and moving portrayal of the gentle character who turns violent in the face of the Nazi monster.

Most of the film was shot in Canada with actual Canadian Commandos playing their real life roles. In this way a note of authenticity rings clear in this great documentation of what war means along the once-peaceful coast of Norway.

ARABIAN NIGHTS ★★★

Universal

■ There's no lack of color and action in this fast-moving, vivid slice of adventure right out of the Orient. Caliphs, beggars, slave-dealers, acrobats, dancing girls, grand viziers and troops of bizarre horsemen all whirl through *Arabian Nights*. Two brothers (Jon Hall and Leif Erikson) vie for the caliphate. Hall is deposed, but is protected and helped by a carnival

[Continued on page 78]

Top Man Under Water

[Continued from page 73]

tanks were set up and focused. Action called for Newt to make his escape, swim to the surface, look for the girl, then surface-dive down and rescue her. She was supposed to be dazed when the automobile struck the water.

As it actually happened, the girl was knocked out by the force of the plunge and Perry was momentarily stunned when his head hit the roof of the car. The rescue act did not come off exactly as planned. But he did regain his senses in time to open the door and pull out the girl. His 220 pounds of smooth muscle stood him in good stead, and he fought his way to the surface and ashore with the unconscious girl in tow.

"To think the toughest life-saving job I ever tackled was planned in advance," Newt grinned, shaking his head, "and I didn't have brains enough to hold onto the steering wheel until the car hit the water!

"But then, it did make a pretty good shot!" ■



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Important Pictures

[Continued from page 77]

troupe, who don't know his identity. He falls in love with an exotic dancing girl (Maria Montez) and rescues her from a band of slave-traders. With the help of the troupe, including Sinbad, the sailor, and Aladdin, and especially through the cleverness of one of the tumblers (Sabu), Hall regains his throne and wins the girl.

The scenes in the leopard-guarded harem are beautiful and lush with scantily-clad lovelies lounging about in the sun or swimming in the marble pool. Complete with a duel to the death, a desert battle, a fire, a slave market and an enticing dance sequence, *Arabian Nights* provides tingling entertainment.

REUNION IN FRANCE ★★★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The action of *Reunion in France* is dated by only two years, but in view of the quick tracks history has made during that period, it seems ages ago when France was first invaded. The story concerns Nazi intrigue, British espionage and French compromise. All the characters are suspected at some time during the film of being spies for one side or the other. Correctly enough, those reeking-most of Nazi leanings turn out to be British undercover men. Joan Crawford, beautifully gowned, is a wealthy Parisienne who loses her fortune when the Nazis roll in, and turns shopgirl from necessity. She discovers that her fiance, Philip Dorn, is consorting with the invader, and to spite him she agrees to help a downed pilot of the Eagle Squadron (John Wayne) escape from France. In accomplishing this, she also uncovers some amazing facts about her fiance. All this adds up to a fairly good picture, with plenty of suspense and action and enacted by an excellent cast.

CHINA GIRL ★★½

20th Century-Fox

Against a background of Oriental treachery and intrigue, *China Girl* reels off an almost mediocre tale of an American news photographer (George Montgomery) and a high-born Chinese girl (Gene Tierney). The story moves along rapidly enough with highlights on the resistance of the Chinese to the

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Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases Cystex (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying Cystex. An iron-clad guarantee assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't delay. Get Cystex (Siss-tex) from your druggist today. Only 35c.

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Japanese invasion, but the picture remains only a fair offering. Montgomery stumbles on a nest of Jap spies in China in the persons of Lynn Bari and Victor McLaglen, who try to get him into their clutches to turn over to their boss in Tokio for questioning. The romance between Montgomery and the breathlessly lovely Gene never progresses beyond the lukewarm stage, and the ending will doubtless leave the movie-goer feeling a little frustrated. Tierney fans won't want to miss this, at any rate.

THE POWERS GIRL ★★½
United Artists

Despite the half a dozen long-stemmed Powers models draped through the film and Benny Goodman and his fabulous swing band beating it out, *The Powers Girl* doesn't quite live up to expectations. Even with such glamour and melody, it lacks a certain sparkle. The cast tries hard, however. Anne Shirley is a country schoolmarm whom George Murphy, a candid cameraman, photographs in a compromising, though actually innocent, situation. This loses Anne's job for her and she leaves for the big city to join her sister, a would-be model (Carole Landis), who wants to be a "Powers Girl." The sister realizes this ambition through the cameraman, and the situation is complicated when both girls fall in love with him.

Throughout, the Powers girls are eye-filling and decorative, especially in the big spectacular musical sequence.

HAPPY GO LUCKY ★★½
Paramount

Happy Go Lucky is as easy-going as its title. Its tunes are easy to listen to, the cast amiable, the story light-hearted. It all takes place on a Caribbean island, where life floats along without an effort. Mary Martin is an ex-hat check girl who lands on the island all set to snare a rich husband. Dick Powell and Eddie Bracken play a couple of island loafers who agree to help her. Betty Hutton is a showgirl who has her eye (as usual) on Bracken. Powell, who hasn't been seen on the screen of late, is good in a role that offers only a minimum of warbling. Mary carries on most of the musical conversation, with Betty putting in an occasional novelty song. Rudy Vallee again plays a stuffed-shirt millionaire, in which role he is rapidly becoming typed. Mary sets her cap for him, but true love, in the form of Powell, changes her mind for her.

Happy Go Lucky is fun when you're in the mood for light entertainment.

Miniature Reviews
★★★★

IN WHICH WE SERVE (United Artists) Cast: Noel Coward, John Mills. This moving documentation of the British Navy in action ranks as the greatest film of the war. Filmed in England with an all-English cast, it is the life and death account of a valiant destroyer. Don't miss it.

MRS. MINIVER (M-G-M) Cast: Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Teresa Wright. Jan Struther's best seller adapted into a vibrant, poignant film that brings the war home. Showing how the English people can take it, it's one of the finest war films to date. Greer Garson is a good bet for the Academy Award.

[Continued on page 82]

Shake Hands with a First-Class Dope!



THAT WAS ME, all right! Especially, when it came to taking a laxative. I used to punish myself with the worst-tasting medicine. And how that stuff would weaken and upset me! Aside from its awful taste, it was just *too strong!*

THEN I ADDED INSULT to injury! I went to the other extreme and started taking what turned out to be a "namby-pamby" laxative. I thought it would be easier on me, but it failed to give me relief. It was just *too mild!*



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Anything For a Laugh



By
**BILL
DAVIS**

The screwball dance routine of Lorraine and Rognan starts off conventionally (above), but ends up unexpectedly (right). The team is in *Salute for Three*

■ Practically every important figure in show business, including that fringe of folks known as critics and columnists, was at the Paramount theater in New York on the evening of December 19, 1940. It was a gala premiere and the affair was going to be interesting. The famous feudists, Jack Benny and Fred Allen, had been lured into co-starring in the picture *Love Thy Neighbor*.

Before the picture, however, there was a stage show and one of the acts was presented by a young couple known as Lorraine and Rognan. Rognan was a serious-faced, normal-acting, handsome chap in "tails." Lorraine was a trim-figured, pretty-faced, well-gowned, little, dark-complexioned girl, who at the most unexpected moment, was given to contorting her body and face.

Lorraine and Rognan "laid 'em in the aisles" that night. Their "lines" were bright and hilarious, their comedy of the "belly laugh" kind, and they wound up with a burlesque ballroom dance which left both themselves and the audience breathless. Reviews on them were "terrific." Interviewers and columnists descended upon them, asking, "Where have you two been?"

"Why, in and around New York. We've been on Broadway seven times in the past couple of years," they replied.

And that was the truth—just one of many strange facts, events and occur-

rences in the lives of this amazing team. They had done Broadway turns in several theaters before that night; but always, on previous appearances, it had happened that no one in a position to give them sparkling "write ups" or offers for movies was around to see them.

The day after their hit at that premiere, Lorraine and Rognan were swamped with film offers. (Both had been in pictures before, unheralded and unsung.) Paramount, however, had the inside track on the talents of Lorraine and Rognan. That studio signed them to work in *The Fleet's In*, which they did with huge success.

When the comedy team reached Hollywood for *The Fleet's In* they were astounded to learn they had been signed as a dance team. Four years before, they had joined up as a team. They were in Hollywood at the time and the movie city had a famous night spot known as the Trocadero which featured guest acts. Lorraine and Rognan were invited to be a guest act four days after they had shaken hands and said, "Let's be a team." There wasn't time for rehearsals of fast patter which needed the skilled timing that practice since has given them. The easiest sort of hurriedly-concocted act would be a

burlesque dance routine. They whipped up one and presented it at the "Troc." That brief turn brought them an offer at the Biltmore Bowl. Before and during that engagement, the two had time to build up an elaborate act for which their dance was only a comedy excuse to get them off stage.

But it seems that Paul Jones, a Paramount producer, had seen them in their guest-night debut at the "Troc." So, when he was told that Lorraine and Rognan could be had for his production, he never knew they were anything other than comedy dancers. Hence, they had to dance in their first movie. And today they have to grin and bear the almost universal belief that they "dance."

After *The Fleet's In*, the couple was signed to a two-pictures-a-year-contract by Paramount and took a swing around the country, to return recently in advance of starting time on their next movie, *Salute for Three*. The first thing they did on arriving was to ask the producer, director and writers of the film to see their act. They invited themselves as free guest stars at the vaudeville show at the local Orpheum and strutted all their stuff. They deliberately did not dance.

So time came for their chore in *Salute for Three*. It was to dance. Seems plans already had been made that way and couldn't be changed. So, this comedy-patter duo still hasn't uttered a single line of dialogue in a movie. Today, they eagerly accept every offer to do a benefit act (they even seek them). They have appeared at every camp show possible and played at the Hollywood Canteen eleven times in three weeks. They have made a pact not to dance a single step in any of these shows. Eventually they are going to break that dance team load around their necks.

The two are more than comedy partners. Four weeks after they met, they were engaged. Six months later, they were married. Their home life is the exact opposite of their professional work. Rognan is the clown of the family; in fact, he was once a circus clown. Lorraine is the serious one. She started out as a ballet dancer and is considered truly good. At home, it is Rognan who is likely to do a screwy Indian dance in bath towel and with dust mop on his head while Lorraine looks up from some serious reading or knitting and laughs. Rognan thinks up all the gags—and Lorraine executes them.

Jeanne Lorraine was the first of the two to start entertaining. She was born Jeanne O'Rourke, and at the age of five was singing and dancing for soldier boys at camps in 1913, just as she and Rognan are doing today. From that, she went into silent movies in Hollywood as a moppet and did pretty well until, at fourteen, she started out with Fanchon and Marco units as a toe dancer. Next step was to get a partner and go in for comedy, and that was her status up to the time she met Roy Rognan.

Rognan had started life in Sands Point, Idaho, grew up in Minneapolis where he became a gymnast at the Y.M.C.A. When he moved to Everett, Washington, he soon found four other youths who liked to "tumble." They got pretty good doing free shows and then at the age of sixteen, Rognan ran away from home and joined

a circus. He was a clown and acrobat with Al G. Barnes, later also went into Fan-
chon and Marco units with a partner.

Six years ago, Rognan went to a theater with his manager, Mark Leddy, who wanted to "catch an act" of another team he managed. The team was Lorraine and Digby. The act had gone only a few minutes when Rognan whispered to Leddy, "If I ever work with a woman partner, that's the girl I want to team with."

"Think you could do what Digby does?" Leddy asked.

Rognan said, "Sure."

A year after that (and a year before they became Lorraine and Rognan), the two met backstage at the Oriental Theater in Chicago. Rognan was visiting and watched her work from the wings. Someone introduced them, he said, "Nice act," she replied, "Thank you," and that was that.

Rognan still thought he'd someday like to team with her. Lorraine started right then thinking the same thing with (she confesses) matrimony also in the cards. Neither said anything about it, though.

A year later, both were in Hollywood without partners. Rognan's partner had inherited some oil land and decided to give up the stage to become an oil baron. Digby had been forced to quit his act with Lorraine because of an appendix operation.

Lorraine had come to Hollywood for *Turn Off the Moon*, but her role was trimmed until it was a mere bit. Rognan had waltzed into town to do a test for *The Road Back*, but the test didn't "take"

Both wired Leddy at once, without knowing the other was in town, to "get me a vaudeville partner quickly." Leddy wired both of them to get in touch with the other.

That's when their Trocadero debut came in. Six months later they were married.

This covers the Lorraine and Rognan act to date, with one exception. The missing item is Jiggs. He is a red collie dog, for years a vital part of their act. He belonged to Lorraine, originally. He was just a well-trained pet until one day in 1930, she had to fly to Florida to meet a booking.

Dogs aren't permitted on planes, so Lorraine did some clever cheating. She hustled Jiggs to the airport waiting room and proceeded to teach him to lie motionless around her neck. In surprisingly short time, he got the idea of closing his eyes, going limp and looking altogether like a red fox fur piece. Miss Lorraine actually got onto the plane and clear to Florida with no one the wiser.

Since that time, she has used the dog in her act. She always got an audience shriek when she took off her fur piece and put it on the floor, where it came to life and ran off the stage. Jiggs worked in *The Fleet's In* for their entrance. He really came out of retirement for that bit.

Lorraine still does the dog gag. She uses Inky, who is the daughter of Jiggs and another pet dog, Maggie. When Jiggs got too old to work and Inky stepped in after having been trained for this under-study's triumph for two years, Lorraine had to change her entire stage wardrobe. You see, Inky plays a black fox fur, while Jiggs was a red fox double. ■

Popping Questions At Linda Darnell

(Continued from page 70)

top, flare skirt and silver beads. I bought it for the President's birthday ball in 1941 and then couldn't go at the last minute. I was terribly disappointed.

Q. What is your favorite form of relaxation?

A. Painting. It takes the knots out of me when I'm nervous or tired.

Q. Do you "play dumb" when you're with a man on the theory that men don't like to be shown up by the weaker sex?

A. No, I'll dare 'em any time. I can shoot quite well and I always said I was going to show up Pev Marley (cameraman at 20th Century-Fox). But now that he's in the army I suppose he'll be a crack shot by the time he gets out.

Q. With what three men would you choose to be stranded on a desert island?

A. Cary Grant, Clark Gable and Director Henry King. I'll bet Cary and Clark would be a lot of fun and they're so attractive. As for Mr. King, I know him to be kind and clever and he would be a swell person to have on hand at any time.

Q. Are you a long telephone talker?

A. No.

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Important Pictures

[Continued from page 79]

RANDOM HARVEST (M-G-M) Cast: *Greer Garson, Ronald Colman*. A picture of warmth and tenderness that everyone will love. James Hilton's novel appears on the screen as one of the great pictures of the year. Superb performances by a superb cast.

ROAD TO MOROCCO (Paramount) Cast: *Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour*. The latest of the side-splitting Road series is the funniest yet. Bob and Bing vie for Dottie's affection in an African locale. Loaded with laughs.

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES (R-K-O) Cast: *Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright*. The life story of Lou Gehrig, who rose to the heights of baseball glory only to meet a tragic death at the pinnacle of his fame. Teresa Wright is outstanding as Mrs. Gehrig. Babe Ruth makes his screen debut as himself.

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY (Warners) Cast: *James Cagney, Joan Leslie, Walter Huston*. A rousing tribute to that grand old man of the American theater, George M. Cohan, portrayed by Cagney who was never better. All the famous Cohan songs.

★★★½

BETWEEN US GIRLS (Universal) Cast: *Diana Barrymore, Robert Cummings, Kay Francis, John Boles*. Diana Barrymore's first starring role gives the talented young actress opportunity to play a variety of roles ranging from a 12-year-old youngster to the ancient Queen Victoria. Diana is remarkably good.

CASABLANCA (Warners) Cast: *Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, Paul Henreid*. An exciting yarn with a North African locale that is newsworthy. Story concerns smuggling of refugees out of Europe. The terrific cast and plot make this outstanding.

HOLIDAY INN (Paramount) Cast: *Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Marjorie Reynolds, Virginia Dale*. Great entertainment bubbling over with Crosby's crooning, Astaire's dancing and Irving Berlin's melodies. All about an inn opened only on holidays. Excellent performance by a talented newcomer, Marjorie Reynolds.

MY SISTER EILEEN (Columbia) Cast: *Rosalind Russell, Janet Blair, Brian Aherne*. The adventures of two small-town girls in Greenwich Village, N. Y. A comedy tale that everyone will love.

NOW, VOYAGER (Warners) Cast: *Bette Davis, Paul Henreid*. A psychiatric study of a frustrated, dowdy woman who transforms herself into a glamorous figure, and falls madly in love with a man she can never have. Stark drama.

TALES OF MANHATTAN (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Charles Boyer, Rita Hayworth, Ginger Rogers, Henry Fonda*. Star-studded film depicting adventures of a tall coat as it is handed down from one character to the other, bringing fortune or disgrace to the wearer. Each episode of the story is complete in itself. The huge and glittering cast is awe-inspiring.

THE BLACK SWAN (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara, George Sanders*. A blood and thunder adventure story of the Spanish Main in the days of the buccannery and pirates. Fast action and brilliant color photography.

THE MOON AND SIXPENCE (United Artists) Cast: *George Sanders, Herbert Marshall, Doris Dudley*. The story of a man who scorned society by leaving his family, breaking up other men's homes and running off to the South Seas to devote his life to painting, only to be destroyed by his own obsession.

THE NAVY COMES THROUGH (R-K-O) Cast: *George Murphy, Pat O'Brien, Jane Wyatt*. A splendid salute to the brave boys of the Merchant Marine in this exciting yarn of a gun crew on a sub-chasing expedition.

THE PALM BEACH STORY (Paramount) Cast: *Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea*. A delightful comedy with a merry plot about a girl who set out to capture a millionaire and then changed her mind. Preston Sturges at his best.

THUNDER BIRDS (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Gene Tierney, Preston Foster, John Sutton*. Thrilling Technicolor picturization of the air corps in training. Filmed at the Thunder Bird Air Field in Arizona. Gene is breathtaking in color.

★★★

FOR ME AND MY GAL (M-G-M) Cast: *Judy Garland, George Murphy, Gene Kelly*. Judy was never better in this story of vaudeville and

the first World War. Introduces Gene Kelly, who has a big future. Songs and dances.

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE (Warners) Cast: *Jack Benny, Ann Sheridan*. A city slicker and his wife move into a country farmhouse and the result is an amusing comedy situation.

ICELAND (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Sonja Henie, John Payne*. Just to watch Sonja Henie twirl over the ice is worth the price of admission. An adequate story but secondary to the skating sequences.

JOURNEY FOR MARGARET (M-G-M) Cast: *Laraine Day, Robert Young*. A weepy film of war-blitzed England and the effect on the children there. Margaret O'Brien turns in a thrilling performance as one of the youngsters.

JOURNEY INTO FEAR (R-K-O) Cast: *Joseph Cotten, Dolores Del Rio, Orson Welles*. A melodrama of intrigue and espionage in a hodge-podge of American engineers, Turkish diplomats and Nazi spies.

LIFE BEGINS AT 8:30 (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Ida Lupino, Monty Woolley*. Spotlight on Woolley in this drama of a father-daughter relationship and the daughter's sacrifice until love came by.

ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON (R-K-O) Cast: *Ginger Rogers, Cary Grant*. Against the background of the Nazi conquest of Europe, Cary and Ginger spend a merry honeymoon with a third party—Ginger's husband. Cary is captivating.

ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING (United Artists Release) Cast: *Hugh Williams, Eric Portmann, Pamela Brown*. This is a British-made film which United Artists are releasing in this country. It's a war picture, exciting in spots, with good performances by the entire cast.

PITTSBURGH (Universal) Cast: *Marlene Dietrich, John Wayne, Randolph Scott*. Wayne and Scott again fight it out for Dietrich; this time it's in a coal mine. Fast action and a good yarn.

SEVEN SWEETHEARTS (M-G-M) Cast: *Van Heflin, Kathryn Grayson, Marsha Hunt*.

A tulip festival provides the setting for a delightful film concerning the efforts of seven lovely sisters to find husbands.

SOMEWHERE I'LL FIND YOU (M-G-M) Cast: *Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Robert Sterling*. Gable's last film for the duration teams him again with Lana in a fast-moving picturization of the war in the East and the last days of Bataan.

SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES (20th Century-Fox) Cast: *Betty Grable, John Payne, Carmen Miranda, Cesar Romero*. Entertaining musical featuring the swing of Harry James. Technicolor. Carmen Miranda is a stand-out as a comedienne.

TAKE A LETTER, DARLING (Paramount) Cast: *Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray*. Plot concerns a woman executive and her male secretary with ensuing complications. Comedy fare with Roz carrying off the honors.

THE AVENGERS (Paramount) Cast: *Hugh Williams, Ralph Richardson, Deborah Kerr*. Norwegian resistance to the Nazis is depicted, climaxed by a Commando raid on the coast of Norway. Fair action shots.

THE GAY SISTERS (Warner Brothers) Cast: *Barbara Stanwyck, George Brent, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Gig Young*. The rather heavy story of the three Gaylord sisters, their trials and tribulations in marriage and their attempt to regain the family fortune. Engrossing and well performed.

THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS (R-K-O) Cast: *Dolores Costello, Tim Holt, Joseph Cotten*. Orson Welles' second film doesn't measure up to his *Citizen Kane*. Slow-moving, rather depressing story of a spoiled young man. Agnes Moorehead shows possibilities.

WAKE ISLAND (Paramount) Cast: *Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, Macdonald Carey*. The thrilling factual story of the heroic defense of Wake Island against the Japs. Very stirring.

YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER (Columbia) Cast: *Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth, Adolphe Menjou*. Colorful musical romance in a South American setting. Highlighted by Astaire's superb stepping.



Noel Coward not only authored, produced and directed the magnificent English film, *In Which We Serve*, but played the leading role—that of a heroic British naval captain. This is the greatest film to come out of the Second World War

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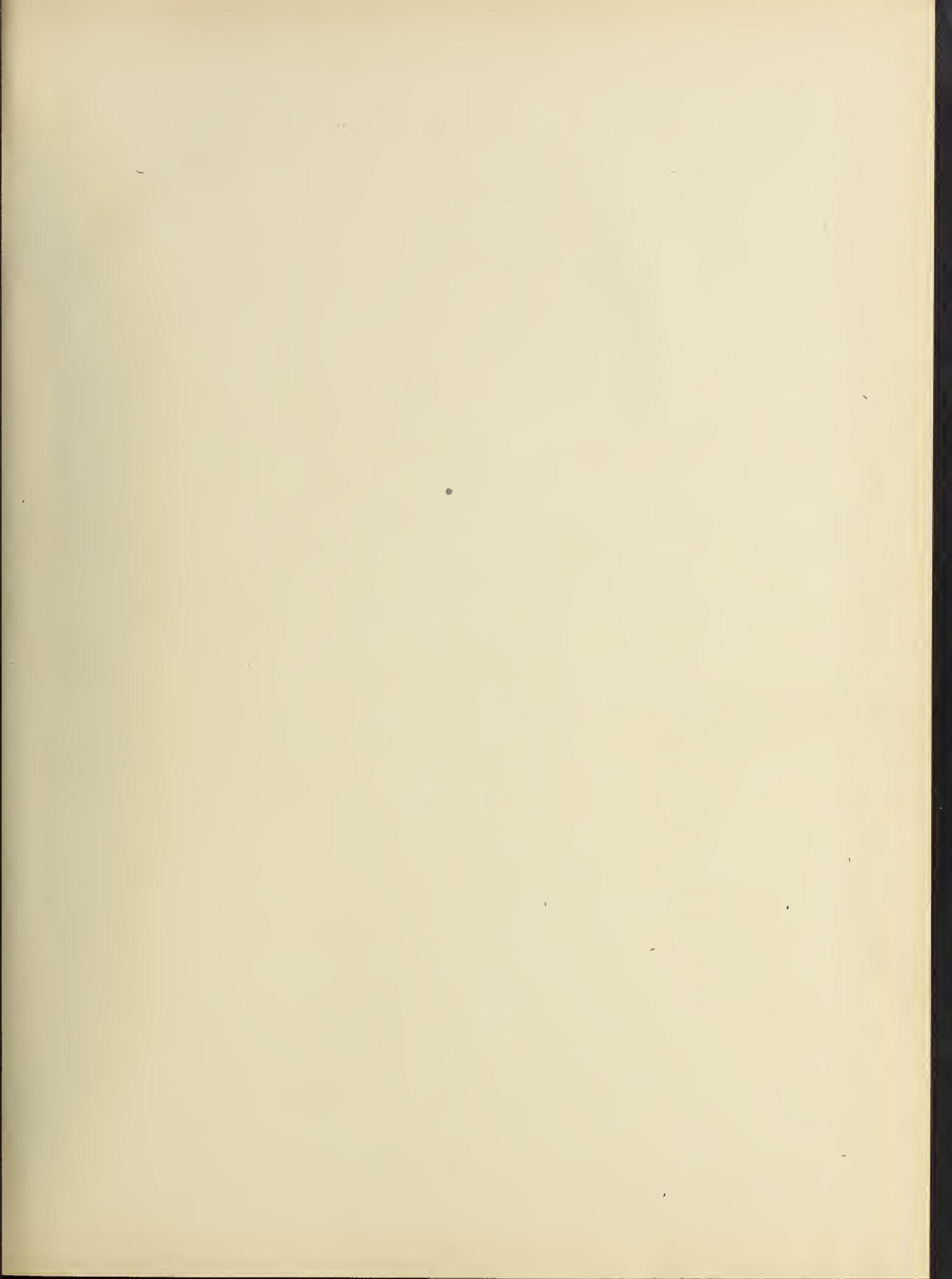


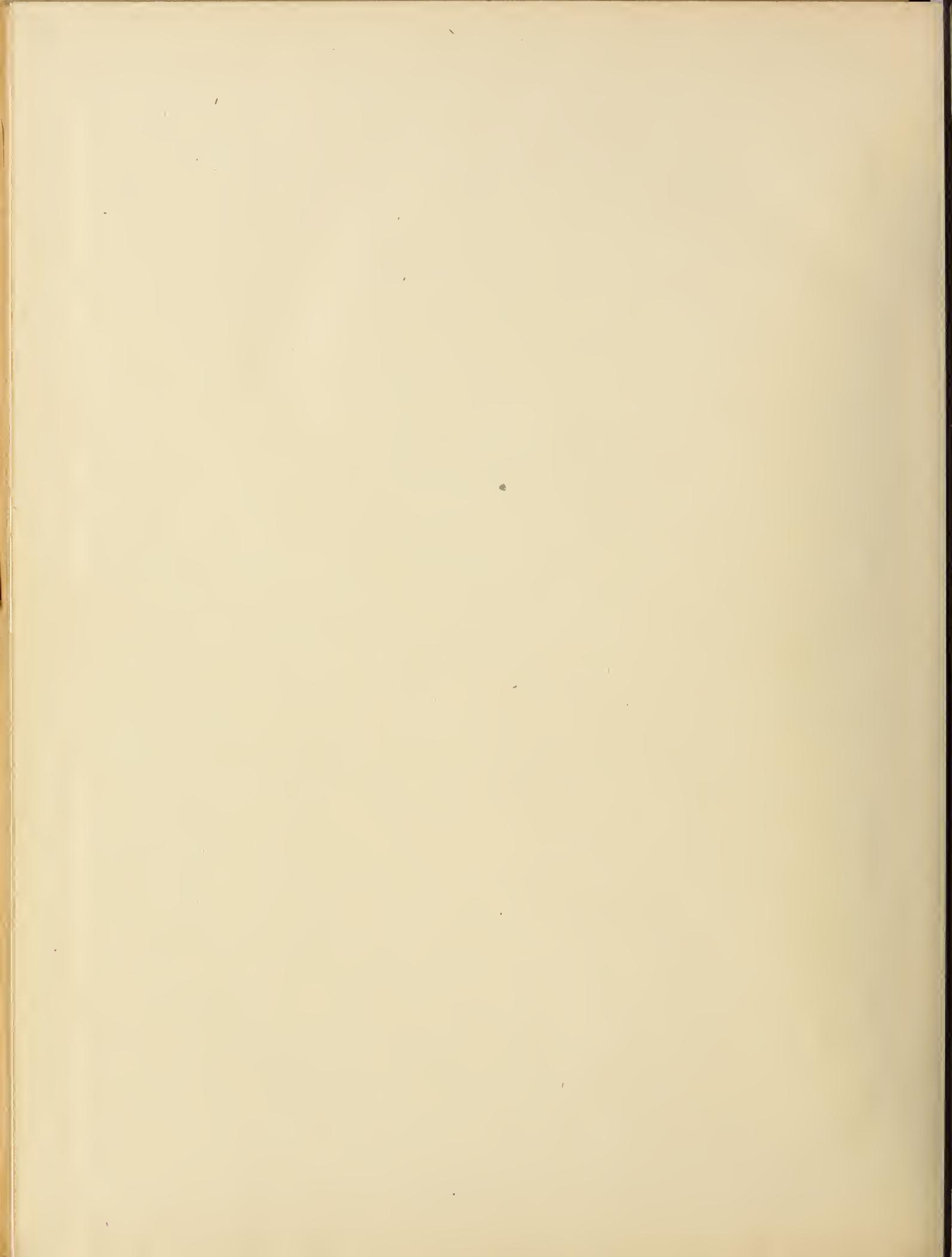
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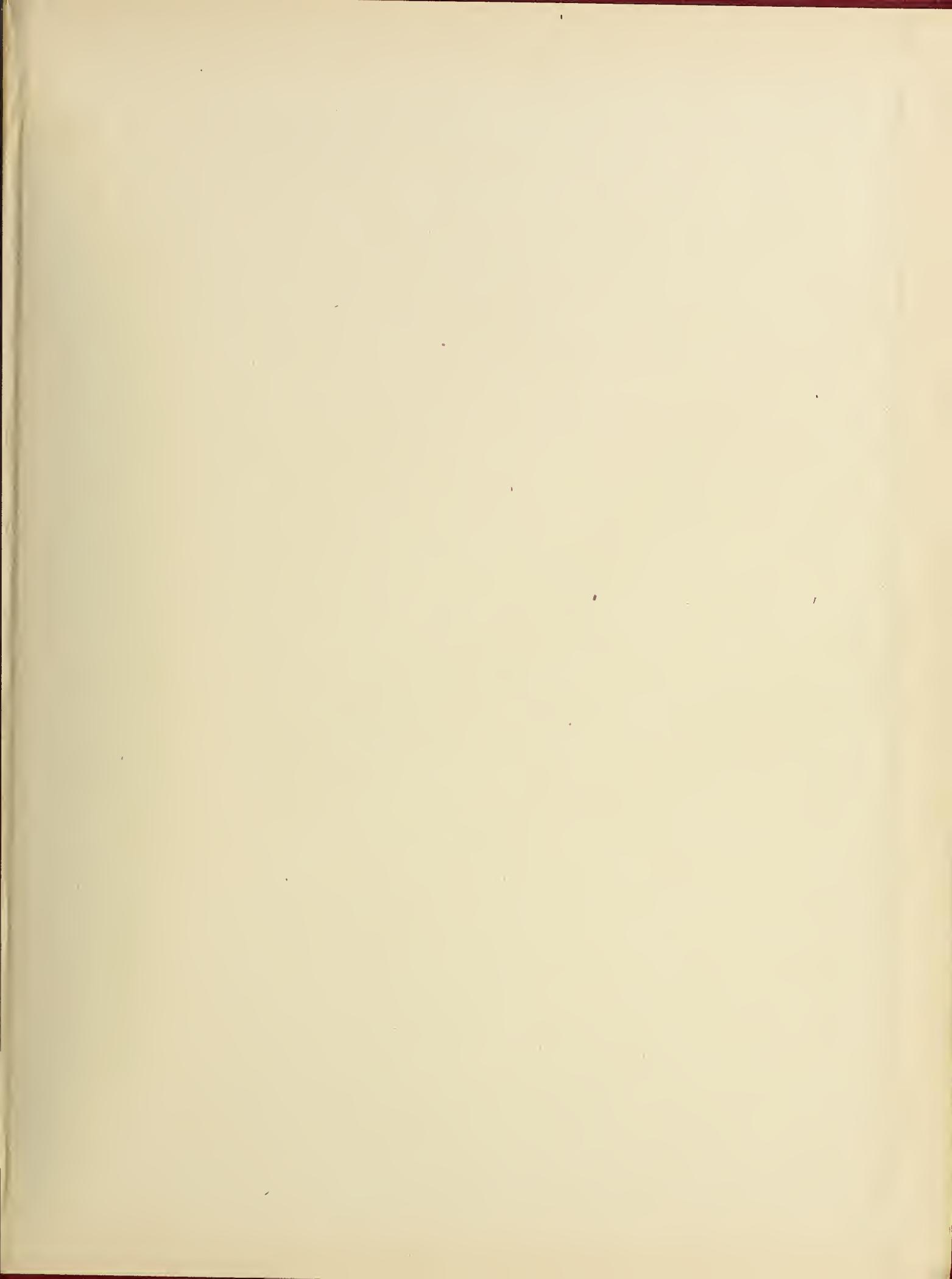


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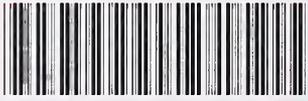
*The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)







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