



# AND NOW FOR The Ghost Walks with Nancy Carroll

Listen to some real Irish folk-tales of the spooky season

*By Ruth Tildesley*

**H**OW would you like to go to a Hallowe'en party held in a haunted castle in Ireland?

That's the spot Nancy Carroll chooses for her ideal party whenever the Fates permit.

"I'd like to give it in Castle Ree," she bubbled, "My mother used to live near the old ruins of that castle and she's told me so much about the spooks that were supposed to walk there. Maybe Castle Ree would be too dilapidated for hospitality, but anyway we'd have a haunted castle.

"In Ireland, you know, nobody dare go out the night the ghosts walk—they all stay home and cover up their heads—but we'd take plenty of holy water with us and be careful what we said about spooks, and perhaps the bad spirits would go out and do their haunting somewhere else and only the fairies would come.

"We'd all believe in fairies that night. My father truly believes in them. Do you know, when he was here visiting me I was terrified for fear people would laugh at him and break his heart? I gave a party for him one night and he was telling us about fairies and how close he came to seeing them, and someone asked why it was that no one sees fairies here.

"'God love ye,' says he, 'Fairies live in Ireland. They can't cross water. Ireland is an island and that's where they're bound to stay.'

"One night when he was a little boy, my father was sitting on the doorsteps with his parents and all the other children." Nancy's voice sank to a thrillingly low note, proper to all ghost stories. "Through the dusk they began to hear the music of a band.

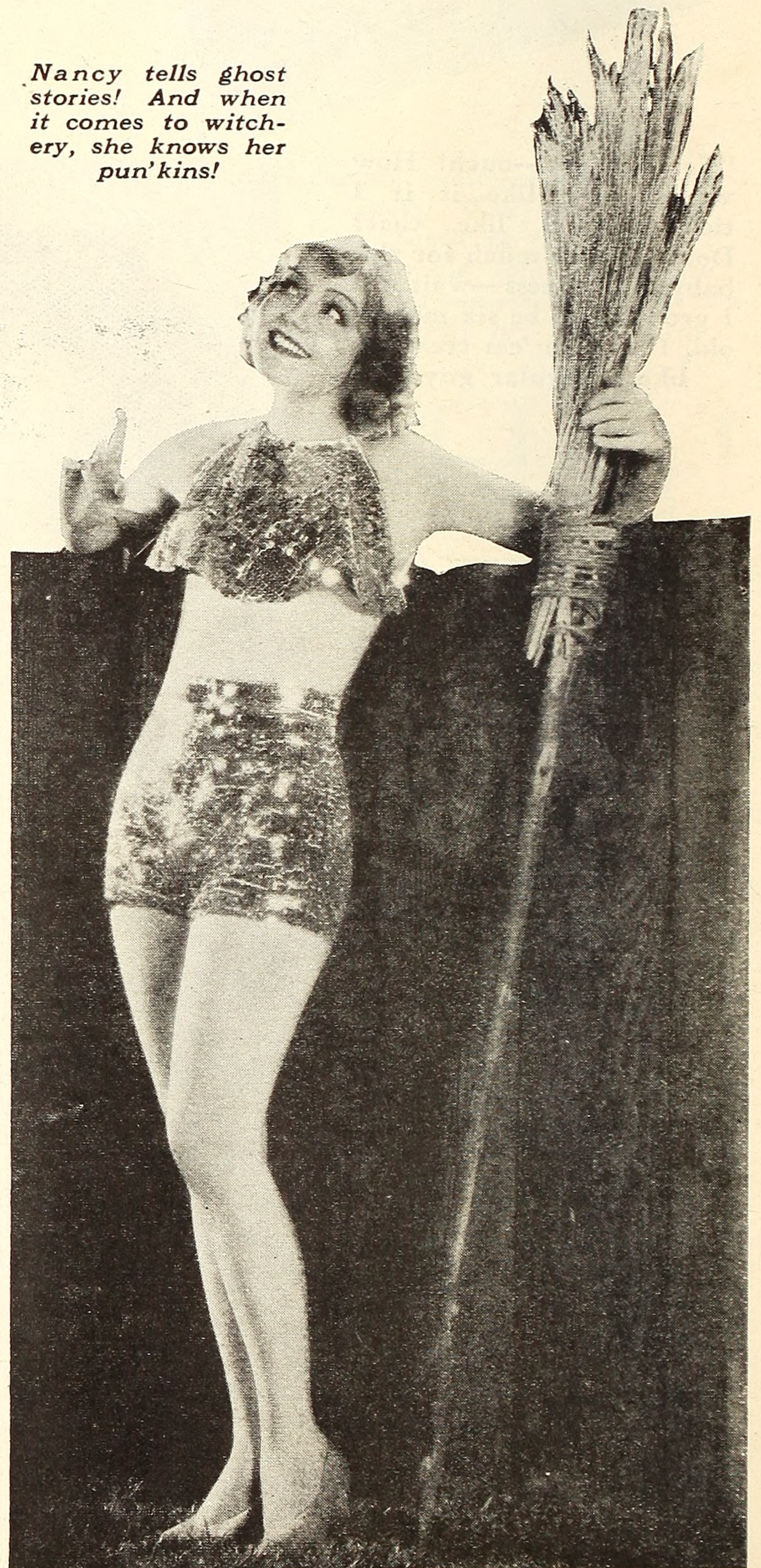
"That'll be the Killarney band!" says his mother, pleased, and began to keep time with her knitting needles.

"The music came closer and closer and they watched for the band to come marching down the road. But no band came. When the music was very close and not a soul in sight, my father's mother got up and ran indoors and all the other children followed her. They were all afraid to wait for the Little People.

"But my father was a brave boy and his father was a brave man, so they stayed there together on the doorstep, with their hands and their feet and their hearts turning to ice the while. When the music was right opposite them there in the road, my grandfather bowed his head in his hands, but my father stared straight at the place where the trumpets were blowing, and the fifes shrilling, and the drums going rub-a-dub-dub—and not even the dust stirring under the Little People's feet!

"I'm sending my mother and father back to Ireland now—their first visit in thirty (Continued on page 89)

*Nancy tells ghost stories! And when it comes to witchery, she knows her pun'kins!*





# The Ghost Walks with Nancy Carroll

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years—and they're so excited, God love 'em! I've never been there, but from all they've told me, it must be heaven. Suppose they're disappointed! Suppose the place is filled with black strangers!" She brushed the thought away.

"Anything can happen in Ireland, and that's why I'd like to have my party there. Do you know, my grandfather once played cards with the devil?"

"It was this way. He was a man who loved his game of cards, my grandfather. One night, there was nobody at home who would play with him, and he was very cross; he sat there, shuffling the bits of pasteboard and grumbling.

"Sure and I'd play with the devil, if he'd only come along!" he says.

"And with that, comes a knock on the door.

"Grandfather jumps and his heart skitters about, but he goes to the door, bold as brass. 'Who's there?' says he, down deep in his throat.

"The Story Teller!" comes the answer.

"In Ireland, at that time—and maybe today, for all I know—men who called themselves Story Tellers used to go from place to place weaving tales for their supper or a night's lodging or a bit of silver.

"Grandfather lets him in, and a chill breath comes with him. He has a scarf about his neck, and though the room is warm and the fire is blazing, he refuses to take it off.

"After he's told his story, he suggests a game of cards. They play and the Story Teller keeps winning. Grandfather steals little glances at him, as he sits there, studying his cards, and he sees that the man's ears are pointed, like little horns. Grandfather begins to shake and tremble so that a card goes fluttering to the floor, and when he bends to pick it up he sees that the stranger's feet aren't feet at all, but cloven hoofs!

"Grandfather's hair is standing straight up on end by this time, and he stumbles to the door, stammering something about more wood for the fire. But he doesn't get more wood. He gets a bottle of holy water and runs back quickly and throws it on the Story Teller, and the dreadful creature vanishes in a whoosh of smoke!"

Nancy's own red-gold curls stood up a bit, too, and her bright blue eyes were twice their usual size.

"I'm horrifying myself!" she chuckled. "Everybody who comes to my party must enjoy being horrified, because that's the fun of Hallowe'en.

"I'll never forget my first Hallowe'en. We lived in New York, but in summer we'd go to New Jersey beaches, and this year we'd had such a marvelous time at the beach that mother took us down again for Hallowe'en.

"We were dressed in sheets and everywhere you looked it seemed as if there were ghosts. Finally Father made us all sit around in a ring, and he turned out the lights.

"He began to tell a story about a man who had been murdered in that very house and how his spirit always came back on the nights that shades go walking to try to gather up bits of his former body.

"He's here in the room now," says Father, in a terrible whisper. "These are his teeth!" And we passed the teeth from hand to hand—they were really kernels of corn, but they felt like teeth and everybody shrieked.

"And this is his hair—' That was corn silk, the dry pieces that feel so dead.

"And these are his eyes—' And what do you think that was? GRAPES! All clammy from being in the ice-box. I won't forget the feel of them if I live to be a hundred!

"That's the sort of entertainment my guests will get at the haunted castle party!"

# "I'm no Gigolo," says George Raft

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he was a taxi-dancer. He learned to grit his teeth and maintain an expressionless face while hefty females promenaded on his toes. He acquired the taciturnity that marks his work in the motion picture "Scarface." If you have not seen that screen drama, by all means do, for it will introduce you to Raft as mere words can not.

Many of the women he danced with were married. They were middle-aged wives who thought themselves wicked when they sneaked away for an afternoon of dancing. No doubt their husbands were trotting younger females elsewhere. But as many more of the women were not married, and from many of these Raft received insinuating invitations to become a gigolo. Some promised fine homes, servants, all the money he could spend; in short, the same promises that wealthy old men sometimes proffer pretty young girls. In both cases, the older ideas are similar.

Some young girls accept old men's invitations; others do not. Some taxi-dancers yield to the promises of old women; Raft did not. As far as fat old dowagers were concerned, he retained his youthful innocence. Young ladies? Well, er—let us return to our subject. *The idea!*

Raft refused all such vicious propositions because he possesses an inborn respect for himself. In all fairness to him, it is unjust to term him a gigolo today. In his own words, spoken somewhat bitterly, "I have been given the ill repute without the

reward that might have been mine had I done something to deserve the name." It is not right to call a man a thief until the proof is irrefutable. Raft would as soon be described a thief as a gigolo!

"I could never be a gigolo, even if my personal dislike for the vocation permitted," he says. "During the few hours I spent daily in my guise of taxi-dancer, I was sickened by the innuendoes of absurd old women, who were as silly as spinsters playing postoffice, and no more serious than a gin marriage. The one or two times during my life when I was tempted to chance a gigolo career, the thought of dwelling constantly in the company of an old hen with chickenish ideas restrained me.

"But sex really has little to do with my antipathy. Sex has its importance in life, and forever will have. My own tastes do not include women in the roaring forties, but I can conceive that other men's animi may differ from my own. My principal objection to gigolos is that they abuse masculinity. Man was placed on earth to work and provide for woman. When he shirks his duty and leans on woman for support, he misuses his purpose and his self-respect goes into the discard. I like my self-respect.

"Call me rough-neck! Call me taxi-dancer! Call me ham actor, if you wish.

"But listen, friend: *Don't call me a gigolo!*"

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Fair... <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily... <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel... <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	LIPS
Medium... <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist... <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	Dry... <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	Light... <input type="checkbox"/> Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>
Sun Tan... <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD	AGE
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